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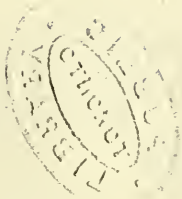

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ROSE-BELFORD'S

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AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1880.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(Manner of the Thirteenth Century.)

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

SHEPHERDS abiding without in the cold,
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Why come ye hither so far from your fold?
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

Kings from the East that are led by a Star—
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Red gold and incense why bring you from far?
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

We sail over sea from the land of the Jews;
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Of God and our Lady we give you good news—
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

Dark on the village the night had gone down;
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Bleak the night-blast blew on Bethlehem town
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

Suddenly, sweetly the angel-host sings,
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Flashing through gloom with a gold-gleam of wings—
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

Sweet is the song that they sing to us still:
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
"*Peace upon earth unto men of good will*"
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

CANADIAN LIFE IN THE COUNTRY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

'I talk of dreams.
* * * * *
For you and I are past our dancing days.'

I WAS born in the County of ——, on the 4th day of June in the beginning of this century. I have no recollection of my entry into the world, though present when the great event occurred; but I have every reason to believe the date given is correct, for I have it from my mother and father who were there at the time also, and I think my mother had pretty good reason to know all about it. I was the first of the family, though my parents had been married for more than five years before I presented myself as their hopeful heir, and to demand from them more attention than they anticipated. The Psalmist said in his day, that 'children are an heritage,' and he who had 'his quiver full of them shall not be ashamed; they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.' I do not know what effect this had on my father's enemies, if he had any; but later experience has proved to me that the couple that rear a numerous progeny go through a vast deal of trouble and anxiety. At any rate I made my appearance on the stage, and began my performance behind the footlights of domestic bliss. I must have been a success, for I called forth a great deal of applause from my parents, and received their undivided attention. But other actors came upon the boards in more rapid succession, so that in a few years the quiver of my father was well filled, and he might have met 'his enemies in the gate.'

My father, when he married, bought a farm,—all woods, of course;—these were the only farms available for young folk to commence life with in those days. There was a good deal of romance in it, doubtless. Love in a cot; the smoke gracefully curling; the wood-pecker tapping, and all that; very pretty; but alas, in this work-a-day-world, particularly the new one upon which my parents then entered, these silver linings were not observed; they had too much of the prose of life.

A house was built, a log one, of the Canadian rustic style then much in vogue, containing one room, and that not very large either, and to this my father brought his young bride Their outfit consisted, on his part, of a colt, a yoke of steers, a couple of sheep, some pigs, a gun, and an axe, My mother's *dot* comprised a heifer, bed and bedding, a table and chairs, a chest of linen, some dishes, and a few other necessary items with which to begin housekeeping. This will not seem a very lavish set-out for a young couple on the part of parents who were at that time more than usually well-off. But there was a large family on both sides, and the old people then thought it the better way to let the young folk try their hand in making a living before they gave them much. If they succeeded they wouldn't want much, and if they did not, it would come better after a while.

My father was one of a class of young men, not uncommon in those days, who possessed energy and activity. He was bound to win. What the old people gave was cheerfully accepted, and he went to work to acquire the necessaries and comforts of life

with his own hands. He chopped his way into the stubborn wood, and added field to field. The battle had now been waged for seven or eight years; an addition had been made to the house; other small comforts had been added, and the nucleus of future competence fairly established.

One of my first recollections is in connection with the small log-barn he had built, and which up to that date had not been enlarged. He carried me out one day in his arms and put me in a barrel in the middle of the floor; this was covered with loosened sheaves of wheat, which he kept turning over with a wooden fork, while the oxen and horse were driven round and round me. I did not know what it all meant then, but I afterwards learned that he was threshing. This was one of the first rude scenes in the drama of the early settlers' life to which I was introduced, and in which I had to take a more practical part in after years. I took part, also, very early in life, in sugar making. The sap-bush was not very far away from the house, and the sap-boiling was under the direction of my mother, who mustered all the pots and kettles she could command, and when they were properly suspended over the fire on wooden hooks, she watched them and rocked me in a sap-trough. Father's work consisted in bringing in the sap with two pails which were carried by a wooden collar about three feet long, and made to fit the shoulder, from each end of which were fastened two cords with hooks to receive the bail of the pails, leaving the arms free except to steady them. He had also to cut wood for the fire. I afterwards came to take a more active part in these duties and used to wish I could go back to my primitive cradle. But time pushed me on whether I would or not, until I scaled the mountain top of life's activities; and now, when quietly descending into the valley, my gaze is turned affectionately towards those early days. I do not think they were always bright and joyous, and I am sure I often chafed under the burdens imposed upon me; but now how inviting they seem.

My next recollection is the raising of a frame barn behind the house, and of a niece of my father's holding me in her arms to see the men pushing up the heavy bents * with long poles. The noise of the men shouting and driving in the wooden pins, with great wooden beetles, away up in the beams and stringers, alarmed me a great deal, but it all went up, and then one of the men mounted the plate, (the timber on which the foot of the rafter rests) with a bottle in his hand, and swinging it round his head three times, threw it off in the field. This was the usual ceremony in naming the building. If the bottle was unbroken, it was an omen of good luck. The bottle, I remember, was picked up whole, and shouts of congratulation followed; hence, I suppose, the prosperity that attended my father.

The only other recollection I have of this place was of my father, who was a very ingenious man, and could turn his hand to almost everything, making a cradle for my sister, for this addition to our number had occurred; but I have no remembrance of any such fanciful crib being made for my slumbers. Perhaps the sap-trough did duty for me in the house as well as in the bush. The next thing was our removal, which occurred in the winter, and all that I can recall of it is that my uncle took my mother, sister, and myself away in a sleigh, and we never returned to the little log house. My father had sold his farm, bought half of his old home, and came to live with his parents. They were Quakers. My grandfather was a short, robust old man, and very particular about his personal appearance. Half a century has elapsed since then, but the picture of the old man, taking his

* The term bent, whether correct or not, is used by carpenters for a part of a frame put together, and then raised as indicated.

walks about the place, in his closely-fitting snuff brown cut-away coat, knee breeches, broad-brimmed hat, and silver-headed cane is distinctly fixed in my memory. He died soon after we took up our residence with him, and the number who came from all parts of the country to the funeral was a great surprise to me. I could not imagine where so many people came from. The custom prevailed then, and no doubt does still, when a death occurred to send a messenger who called at every house for many miles around to give notice of the death and when and where the interment would take place.

My grandmother was a tall, neat, motherly old woman, beloved by everybody. She lived a number of years after her husband's death, and I seem to see her now sitting at one side of the old fire-place knitting; she was always knitting, and turning out scores of thick warm socks and mittens for her grandchildren.

At this time a great change had taken place, both in the appearance of the country, and in the condition of the people. It is true that many of the first settlers had ceased from their labours, but there were a good many left—old people now who were quietly enjoying, in their declining years, the fruit of their early industry. Commodious dwellings had taken the place of the first rude houses. Large frame barns and out-houses had grown out of the small log ones. The forest in the immediate neighbourhood had been cleared away, and well-tilled fields occupied its place. Coarse and scanty fare had been supplanted by a rich abundance of all the requisites that go to make home a scene of pleasure and contentment. Altogether a substantial prosperity was apparent. A genuine content, and a hearty good will, one towards another, in all the older townships existed. The settled part as yet, however, formed only a very narrow belt extending along the bay and lake shores. The great forest lay close at hand in the rear, and the second generation, as in the case of my father, had only to go a few miles to find it, and commence for itself the laborious struggle of clearing it away.

The old home, as it was called, was always a place of attraction, and especially so to the young people, who were always sure of finding good cheer at grandfather's. What fun, after the small place called home, to have the run of a dozen of rooms, to hunt the big cellar, with its great heaps of potatoes and vegetables, huge casks of cider, and well-filled bins of apples, or to sit at table loaded with the good things which grandmother only could supply. How delicious the large piece of pumpkin pie tasted, and how tooh-some the rich crullers that melted in the mouth, that came between meals! Dear old body, I can see her now going to the great cupboard to get me something, saying as she goes, 'I'm sure the child is hungry.' And it was true, he was always hungry; and how he managed to stow away so much is a mystery I cannot now explain. There was no place in the world more to be desired than this, and no spot in all the past the recollection of which is more bright and joyous.

My father now assumed the management of affairs. The old people reserved one room to themselves, but it was free to all, particularly to us children. It was hard to tell sometimes which to choose, whether the kitchen, where the family were gathered round the cheerful logs blazing brightly in the big fire-place, or a stretch on the soft rag-carpet beside the box stove in grandmother's room. This room was also a sanctuary to which we often fled to escape punishment after doing some mischief. We were sure of an advocate there, if we could reach it in time.

The house was a frame one, as nearly all the houses were in those days, and was painted a dark yellow. There were two kitchens, one was used for

washing and doing the heavier household work in; the other, considerably larger, was used by the family. In the latter was the large fire-place, around which gathered in the winter-time bright and happy faces, where the old men smoked their pipes in peaceful reverie, or delighted us with stories of other days, and the old lady plied her knitting,—where mother darned our socks, and father mended our boots, where the girls were sewing, and uncles were scraping axe handles with bits of glass to make them smooth. There were no drones in farm-houses then; there was something for every one to do. At one side of the fire-place was the large brick oven with its gaping mouth, closed with a small door easily removed where the bread and pies were baked, and in the fire-place an iron crane securely fastened in the jam and made to swing in and out with its row of iron pot-hooks, of different lengths, on which to hang the pots used in cooking. Cook-stoves had not yet appeared to cheer the housewife and revolutionize the kitchen. Joints of meat and poultry were roasted on turning spits, or were suspended before the fire by a cord and wire attached to the ceiling. Cooking was attended with more difficulties then. Meat was fried in long-handled pans, and the short-cake that so often graced the supper table, and played such havoc with the butter and honey, with the pancakes that came piping hot on the breakfast table, owed their finishing touch to the frying pan. The latter, however, were more frequently baked on a large griddle with a bow handle made to hook on the crane; this, on account of its larger surface, enabled the cook to turn out these much-prized cakes, when properly made, with greater speed; and in a large family an expert hand was required to keep up the supply. Some years later an ingenious Yankee invented what was called a 'Reflector,' made of bright tin for baking with. It was a small tin oven with a slanting top, open at one side, and when required for use was set before the fire on the hearth. This simple contrivance was a great convenience and came into general use. Modern inventions in the appliances for cooking have very much lessened the labour and increased the possibilities of supplying a variety of dishes, but it has not improved the quality of them There were no better caterers to hungry stomachs than our mothers, whose practical education had been received in grandmother's kitchen. The other rooms of the house comprised a sitting-room,—used only when there was company—a parlour, four bed-rooms, and the room reserved for the old people. Up stairs were the sleeping and store-rooms. In the hall stood the tall old-fashioned house clock, with its long pendulum swinging to and fro with slow and measured beat. Its old face had looked upon the venerable sire before his locks were touched with the frost of age. When his children were born it indicated the hour, and had gone on telling off the days and years until they were grown. And when a wedding day had come, it rung a joyful peal through the house, and through the years the old hands travelled on, the hammer struck off the hours, and another generation came to look upon it and grow familiar with its constant tick.

The furniture was plain and substantial, more attention being given to durability than to style or ornament. Easy chairs—save the spacious rocking-chair for old women—and lounges were not seen. There was no time for lolling on well-stuffed cushions. The rooms were heated with large double box-stoves, very thick and heavy, made at Three Rivers, and by their side was always seen a large wood-box well filled with sound maple or beech-wood. But few pictures adorned the walls, and these were usually rude prints far inferior to those we get everyday now from the illustrated papers. Books, so

plentiful and cheap now-a-days, were then very scarce, and where a few could be found, they were mostly heavy doctrinal tomes piled away on some shelf where they were allowed to remain.

The home we now inhabited was altogether a different one from that we had left in the back concession, but it was like many another to be found along the bay shore. Besides our own family, there were two younger brothers of my father, and two grown up nieces, so that, when we all mustered round the table, there was a goodly number of hearty people always ready to do justice to the abundant provision made. This reminds me of an incident or two illustrative of the lavish manner with which a well-to-do farmer's table was supplied in those days. A Montreal merchant and his wife were spending an evening at a very highly-esteemed farmer's house. At the proper time supper was announced, and the visitors with the family gathered round the table which groaned, metaphorically speaking, under the load it bore. There was turkey, beef, and ham, bread and the favourite short-cake, sweet cakes in endless variety, pies, preserves, sauces, tea, coffee, cider, &c., &c. The visitors were amazed, as they might well be, at the lavish display of cooking, and they were pressed with well-meant kindness to partake heartily of everything. They yielded good-naturedly to the intreaties to try this and that as long as they could, and paused only when it was impossible to take any more. When they were leaving the merchant asked his friend when they were coming to Montreal, and insisted that they should come soon, promising if they would only let him know a little before when they were coming he would buy up everything there was to be had in the market for supper. On another occasion, an English gentleman was spending an evening at a neighbour's, and as usual the supper table was crowded with everything the kind-hearted hostess could think of. The guest was plied with dish after dish, and thinking it would be disrespectful if he did not take something from each, he continued to eat and take from the dishes as they were passed, until he found his plate and all the available space around him heaped up with cakes and pie. To dispose of all he had carefully deposited in his plate and around it, seemed utterly impossible, and yet he thought he would be considered rude if he did not finish what he had taken, and he struggled on, with the perspiration visible on his face, until in despair he asked to be excused, as he could not eat any more if it were to save his life.

It was the custom in those days for the hired help (the term servant was not used) to sit at the table with the family. On one occasion a Montreal merchant prince was on a visit at a wealthy quaker's, who owned a large farm and employed a number of men in the summer. It was customary in this house for the family to seat themselves first at the head of the table, the hired hands then all came in and took the lower end. This was the only distinction. They were served just as the rest of the family. On this occasion, the guest came out with the family and they were seated, then the hired men and girls came in and did the same. Whereupon the merchant left the table and the room. The old lady thinking that there was something the matter with the man, soon after followed him into the sitting room and asked him if he was ill. He said no. 'Then why did thee leave the table?' said the old lady. 'Because,' said he, 'I am not accustomed to eat with servants.' 'Very well,' replied the old lady, 'if thee cannot eat with us thee will have to go without thy dinner.' His honour concluded to pocket his dignity and submit to the rules of the house.

I was sent to school quite early, more, I fancy, to get me out of the way for a good part of the day, than

from any expectation that I would learn much. It took a long time to hammer the alphabet into my head, but if I was dull at school, I was noisy and mischievous enough at home, and very fond of tormenting my sisters. Hence, my parents—and no child ever had better ones—could not be blamed very much if they did send me to school for no other reason than to be rid of me. The school house was close at hand, and is deeply graven in my memory. My first schoolmaster was an Englishman who had seen better days. He was a good scholar, I believe, but a poor teacher. The school house was a small square structure, with low ceiling. In the centre of the room was a box stove, around which the long wooden benches without backs were ranged. Next the walls were the desks, raised a little from the floor. In the summer time the pupils were all of tender years, the large onesr being kept at home to help with the work. At the commencement of my educational course I was one of a little lot of urchins, who were ranged daily on hard wooden seats, with our feet dangling in the air, for seven or eight hours a day. In such a plight we were expected to be very good children, to make no noise, and to learn our lessons. It is a marvel that so many years had to elapse before parents and teachers could be brought to see that keeping children, in such a position for so many hours, was an act of great cruelty. The terror of the rod was the only thing that could keep us still, and that often failed. Sometimes, tired and weary, we fell asleep and tumbled off the bench, to be roused by the fall and the rod. In the winter time the small school room was filled to overflowing with the larger boys and girls. This did not improve our condition, for we were more closely packed together, and were either shivering with the cold or being cooked with the red-hot stove. In a short time after, the old school house, where my father, I believe, had got his schooling, was hoisted on runners, and with the aid of several yoke of oxen, was taken up the road about a mile and enlarged a little. This event brought my course of study to an end for a while. I next sat under the rod of an Irish pedagogue, an old man who evidently believed that the only way to get anything into a boy's head was to pound it in with a stick through his back. There was no discipline, and the noise we made seemed to rival a bedlam. We used to play all sorts of tricks on the old man, and I was not behind either in contriving or carrying them into execution. One day, however, I was caught and severely thrashed. This so mortified me, that I jumped out of the window and went home. An investigation followed, and I was whipped by my father and sent back. Poor old Dominie, he has long since put by his stick, and passed beyond the reach of unruly boys. Thus I passed on from teacher to teacher, staying at home in the summer and resuming my books again in the winter. Sometimes I went to the old school house up the road, or to the one in an opposite direction, which was larger, and where there was generally a better teacher. But it was much farther, and I had to set off early in the cold frosty mornings with my books and dinner basket, often through deep snow and drifts. At night I had to get home in time to help to feed the cattle and get in the wood for the fires. The school houses then were generally small and uncomfortable, and the teachers were often of a very inferior order. The school system of Canada, which has since been moulded by the skilful hand of Dr. Ryerson into one of the best in the world, and will give to his industry and genius a more enduring name than stone or brass, was in my day very imperfect indeed. It was, perhaps, up with the times. But when the advantages which the youth of this country possess now, are compared with the small facilities we had of

picking up a little learning, it seems almost a marvel that we learned anything. Spelling matches came at this time into vogue, and were continued for several years. They occasioned a friendly rivalry between schools and were productive of good. The meetings took place during the long winter nights, either weekly or fortnightly. Every school had one or more prize spellers, and these were selected to lead the match, or, if the school was large, a contest between the girls and boys came off first. Sometimes two of the best spellers were selected by the scholars as leaders, and these would proceed to 'choose sides,' that is, one would choose a fellow pupil who would rise and take his or her place, and then the other, continuing until the list was exhausted. The preliminaries being completed, the contest began. At first the lower end of the class was disposed of, and as time wore on one after another would make a slip and retire, until two or three only were left on either side. Then the struggle became exciting, and scores of eager eyes were fixed on the contestants. With the old hands there was a good deal of fencing, though the teacher usually had a reserve of difficult words to end the fight, which often lasted two or three hours. He failed sometimes, and then it was a drawn battle to be fought out on another occasion.

Debating classes also met and discussed grave questions, upon such old-fashioned subjects as these: 'Which is the most useful to man, wood or iron?' 'which affords the greatest enjoyment, anticipation or participation?' 'which was the greatest general, Wellington or Napoleon?' Those who were to take part in the discussion were always selected at a previous meeting, so that all that had to be done was to select a chairman, and commence the debate. We can give from memory a sample or two of these first attempts. 'Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I rise to make a few remarks on this all-important question—Ahem—Mr. President, this is the first time I ever tried to speak in public, and unaccustomed as I am to—to—ahem. Ladies and gentlemen, I think our opponents are altogether wrong in arguing that Napoleon was a greater general than Wellington, ahem—I ask you, Mr. President, did Napoleon ever thrash Wellington? Didn't Wellington always thrash him, Mr. President? Didn't he whip him at Waterloo and take him prisoner? and then to say that he is a greater general than Wellington, why Mr. President, he couldn't hold a candle to him. Ladies and gentlemen, I say that Napoleon wasn't a match for him at all. Wellington licked him every time,—and—yes, licked him every time. I can't think of any more, Mr. President, and I will take my seat, sir, by saying that I'm sure you will decide in our favour from the strong arguments our side has produced.'

After listening to such powerful reasoning, some one of the older spectators would ask Mr. President to be allowed to say a few words on some other important question to be debated, and would proceed to air his eloquence and instruct the youth on such a topic, say, as this: 'Which is the greatest evil, a scolding wife or a smoky chimney?' After this wise the harangue would proceed:—'Mr. President, I've been almost mad a-listening to the debates of these 'ere youngsters—they don't know nothing at all about the subject. What do they know about the evil of a scolding wife? Wait till they have had one for twenty years and been hammered, and jammed, and slammed, all the while. Wait till they've been scolded, because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the room was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, be-

cause they came too soon for dinner, because they were a minute late—before they talk about the worry of a scolding wife. Why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammers and stones and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles, than the din, din, din, of the tongue of a scolding woman; yes, sir, I would. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little nigger is to a dark night.' These meetings were generally well attended and conducted with considerable spirit. If the discussions were not brilliant, and the young debater often lost the thread of his argument, in other words, got things 'mixed,' he gained confidence and learned to talk in public, and to take higher flights. Many of our leading public men learned their first lessons in the art of public speaking in the country debating school.

Apple trees were planted early by the boy settlers, and there were now numerous large orchards of excellent fruit. Pears, plums, cherries, currants, and gooseberries were also common. The apple crop was gathered in October, the best fruit being sent to the cellar for family use during winter, and the balance to the cider mill. These mills were somewhat rude contrivances, but answered the purpose for which they were designed. It was a universal custom to set a dish of apples and a pitcher of cider before every one who came to the house: any departure from this would have been thought disrespectful. The sweet cider was generally boiled down into a syrup, and with apples quartered and cooked in it, was equal to a preserve, and made splendid pies. It was called apple sauce, and found its way to the table thrice a day. There is no better cure for biliousness than a dish of apple sauce.

Then came the potatoes and roots, which had to be dug and brought to the cellar. It was not very nice work, particularly if the ground was damp and cold, to pick them out and throw them in the basket, but it had to be done, and I was compelled to do my share. One good thing about it was that it was never a long job. There was much more fun in gathering the pumpkins and corn into the barn, where it was husked, generally at night, the bright golden ears finding their way into the old crib, from whence it was to come again to fatten the turkeys, the geese, and the ducks for Christmas. It was a very common thing to have husking bees. A few neighbours would be invited, the barn lit with candles, and amid jokes and laughter the husks and ears would fly, until the work was done, when all hands would repair to the house, and after partaking of a hearty supper, leave for home in high spirits.

Then came hog-killing time, a heavy and disagreeable task, but the farmer has many of these, and learns to take them pleasantly. My father with two or three expert hands, dressed for the occasion, would slaughter and dress ten or a dozen large hogs through the day. There were other actors besides in the play. It would be curious, indeed, if all hands were not employed when work was going on. My part in the performance was to attend the fire under the great kettle, in which the hogs were scalded, and to keep the water boiling, varied at intervals by blowing up bladders with a quill for my own amusement. In the house the fat had to be looked to, and after being washed and tried (the term used for melting), was poured into dishes and set aside to cool and become lard, afterwards finding its way into cakes and pie-crust. Close on the heels of this, came sausage-making, when meat had to be chopped, and flavoured, and stuffed into cotton bags or prepared gut. Then the heads and feet had to be soaked and scraped over and over again, and when ready were boiled, the one being converted into head-cheese, the other into sauce. All these matters, when conducted under

the eye of a good house-wife, contributed largely to the comfort and good living of the family. Who is there, with such an experience as mine, that receives these things at the hand of his city butcher and meets them on his table, that does not wish for the moment that he was a boy, and seated at his mother's board, that he might shake off the phantom cat and dog that rise on his plate, and call in one of mother's sausages. The out-door task does not end with the first day either, for the hogs have to be carried in and cut up; the large meat tubs, in which the family supplies are kept, have to be filled; the hams and shoulders to be nicely cut and cured, and the balance packed into barrels for sale.

As the fall crept on, the preparation for winter increased. The large roll of full cloth, which had been lately brought from the mill, is carried down, and father and I set out for a tailor, who takes our measure and cuts out our clothes, which we bring home, and some woman, or perhaps a wandering tailor, is employed to make them up. There was no discussion as to style, and if the fit did not happen to be perfect, there was no one to criticise either the material or the make, nor any arbitrary rules of fashion to be respected. We had new clothes, they were warm and comfortable. What more did we want? A cobbler, too, was brought in to make our boots, my father was quite an expert at shoe-making, but he had so many irons in the fire now that he could not do more than mend or make a light pair of shoes for mother at odd spells. The work then turned out by the sons of St. Crispin was not highly finished. It was coarse and strong, but what was of greater consequence, it wore well. While all this was going on, for the benefit of the male portion of the house, mother and the girls were busy turning the white flannel into shirts and drawers, and the plaid roll that came with it, into dresses for themselves. As in the case of our clothes, there was no consulting of fashion-books, for a very good reason, perhaps, there were none to consult. No talk about Miss Brown or Miss Smith, having her dress made this way or that, and I am sure they were far happier and contented than the girls of to day, with all their show and glitter.

The roads at that time, in the fall particularly, were almost impassable until frozen up. In the spring until the frost was out of the ground, and they had settled and dried, they were no better. The bridges were rough wooden affairs, covered with logs, usually flattened on one side with an axe, and the swamps and marshes were made passable by laying logs as nearly of a size as possible close together through them. These were known as corduroy roads, and were no pleasant paths, as all who have tried them know, to ride over for any distance. But in the winter the frost and snow made good travelling everywhere, and hence the winter was the time for the farmer to do his teaming.

One of the first things that claimed attention when the sleighing began, and before the snow got deep in the woods, was to get out the year's supply of fuel. The men set out for the bush before it was fairly light, and commenced chopping. The trees were cut in lengths of about ten feet, and the brush piled in heaps. Then my father, or myself, when I got old enough, followed with the sleigh, and began drawing it, and continued until the wood-yard was filled with sound beech and maple, with a few loads of dry pine for kindling. These huge wood-piles always bore a thrifty appearance and spoke of comfort and good cheer within.

Just before Christmas there was always one or two beef cattle to kill. Sheep had also to be slaughtered, with the turkeys, geese and ducks, which had been getting ready for decapitation. After home wants were provided, the rest went to market.

The winter's work now began in earnest, for whatever may be said about the enjoyment of Canadian winter life, and it is an enjoyable time to the Canadian, there are few who really enjoy it so much as the farmer. He cannot, however, do like bruin, roll himself up in the fall and suck his paw until spring in a state of semi-unconsciousness, for his cares are numerous and imperious, his work varied and laborious. His large stock demand regular attention, and must be fed morning and night. The great barn filled with grain had to be threshed, for his cattle wanted the straw, and the grain must be got out for the market. So day after day he and his men hammer away with the flail, or spread it on the barn floor to be trampled out with horses. Threshing machines were unknown then, as were all the labor-saving machines now so extensively used by farmers. His muscular arm was the only machine he had to rely upon, and if it did not accomplish much, it succeeded in doing its work well, and provided him with all his modest wants. Then the fanning mill came into play to clean the grain, after which it was carried to the granary, from whence again it was taken either to the mill or to the market. It was also the time to get out the logs from the woods and to haul them to the mill to be sawed in the spring—we always had a use for boards. These saw mills, built on sap-streams, which ran dry as soon as the spring freshets were over, were, like the cider mills, small rough structures. They had but one upright saw, which, owing to its primitive construction, did not move as now with lightning rapidity, nor did it turn out a very large quantity of stuff. It answered the purpose of the day, however, and that was all that was required or expected of it. Rails, also, had to be split and drawn to where new fences were wanted, or where old ones needed repairs. There was flour, beef, mutton, butter, apples and a score more of things to be taken to market and disposed of. But, notwithstanding all this, the winter was a good, joyful time for the farmer,—a time in which the social requisites of his nature, too, received the most attention. Often the horses would be put to the sleigh and we would set off, well bundled up, to visit some friends a few miles distant, or, as frequently happened, to an uncle or an aunt quite a long distance away in the new settlements. The roads often wound along for miles through the forest, and it was great fun for us youngsters to be dashing along behind a spirited team, now around the trunks of great trees, or under the low-hanging boughs of the spruce or cedar, laden with snow, which sometimes shed their heavy load upon our heads.

But after a while the cold would seize upon us, and then we would wish our journey at an end. The horses, white with frost, would then be pressed on faster, and would bring us at length to the door. In a few moments we would all be seated round the glowing fire, which soon quiets our chattering teeth, thaws us out, and prepares us to take our place at the table which has been getting ready in the meantime. We were sure to do justice to the good things which the table provided.

'Oh! happy years! once more who would not be a boy.'

Many of these early days start up vividly and brightly before me, particularly since I have grown to be a man and to live amid other surroundings. None of these recollections, however, are more pleasing than some of my drives of a moonlight night, when the sleighing was good, and when the sleigh, with its robes and rugs, was packed with a merry lot of girls and boys. We had no ladies and gentlemen then. Off we would set, spanking along over the crisp snow, which creaked and cracked under the runners, making a low murmuring sound in harmony with the sleigh-bells. When could a

more fitting time be found for a pleasure-ride than on one of those clear calm nights, when the earth, wrapt in her mantle of snow, glistened and sparkled in the moonbeams, and the blue vault of heaven glittered with countless stars, whose brilliancy seemed intensified by the cold. When the aurora borealis waved and danced across the northern sky, and the snow noiselessly fell like flakes of silver upon a scene at once inspiriting, exhilarating and joyous. How the merry laugh floats away in the evening air, as we dash along the road. How sweetly the merry song and chorus echoes through the silent wood, while our hearts were a-glow with excitement, and all nature seemed to respond to the happy scene.

We were always on the *qui vive* when the frosty nights set in, for a skating revel on some pond near by, and our eagerness to enjoy the sport frequently led to a ducking. But very soon the large ponds, and then the bay, were frozen over, when we could indulge in the fun to our heart's content. My first attempts were made under considerable difficulties, but perseverance bridges the way over many obstacles, and so with my father's skates, which were more than a foot long, and which required no little ingenuity to fasten to my feet, I made my first attempt on the ice. Soon, however, in the growth of my feet, this trouble was overcome, and I could whirl over the ice with anyone. The girls did not share in this exhilarating exercise then, indeed it would have been thought quite improper. As our time was usually taken up with school through the day, and with such chores as feeding cattle and bringing wood in for the fire when we returned at night, we would sally out after supper, on moonlight nights, and full of life and hilarity fly over the ice, singing and shouting, and making the night ring with our merriment. There was plenty of room on the bay, and early in the season there were miles of ice, smooth as glass and clear as crystal, reflecting the stars which sparkled and glittered beneath our feet, as though we were gliding over a sea of silver set with brilliants.

Away, away, on the smooth ice we glide,
  Fair Cynthia shines bright above us ;
We heed not the cold, while gaily we glide
  O'er the water that slumbers beneath us.
Our hearts are light as the falling frost,
  That sparkles on the snow-banks' brow ;
The north wind's blast we feel it not,
  For we're warmed by excitement now.

Hurrah ! boys, hurrah ! skates on and away,
You may lag at your work, but never at play ;
Give wing to your feet, and make the ice
    ring,
Give voice to your mirth, and merrily sing.

(To be Continued.)

JEAN INGELOW AND HER POETRY.

BY FELIX L. MAX, TORONTO.

'As the voice of Mrs. Browning grew silent, the songs of Jean Ingelow began. They sprang up suddenly and tunefully as sky larks from the daisy-spangled meadows of old England, with a blitheness long unknown, and in their idyllic underlights moved with the tenderest currents of human life.'

I.

A NEW novel* by Jean Ingelow cannot fail to be welcomed by all to whom her former books have been such a source of pleasure. But whether it will add very much to her reputation as a novelist admits of question. There are fine touches of humor in the book, descriptions made up of pure, unstudied poetry, with true skill in the analysis of character and the springs of action ; but, till the twenty-first chapter, the reader's interest is scarcely excited ; there are many dull passages, while the author fails to present a clear idea of her purpose ;—in fact (to use Schiller's phrase in a different sense) architectural beauty, harmony and proportion in construction, are absent. But from the point where the guilty husband and the suffering wife and mother are made to meet (a scene described with much solemn power,) the style becomes more elevated, and the story grows in strength and interest, till, as the last leaf is turned, the reader's heart is stirred to its depths by the representation of some of the most tragic and pathetic conditions in human life, its sacrifice and suffering, —conditions common enough, perhaps, but which we do not always realize till brought before us by the pen of the novelist. It is this which makes fiction, in spite of its faults and unhealthful influence, a power for good in the world, teaching what a man of limited experience and with not much imaginative power can never learn from his own life.

Sarah de Berenger shows traces all through of the same genius which has made the author's other books what they are, while there is a weird gloom, a strength and intensity in the analysis of some feelings, such as the fear and dread haunting Hannah Dill and her husband, or her yearning, unsatisfied love for her unacknowledged children, which Jean Ingelow has displayed nowhere else, and which in a faint, imperfect way, reminds us of Hawthorne. But taken as a whole, though perhaps in some respects it goes deeper and is certainly more tragic, *Sarah de Berenger* is not equal to *Off the Skelligs.* It confirms an opinion which probably many of Jean Ingelow's readers hold, that since it was as a poet that she won her place in the literary world, she must not change herself from a poet to a novelist if she would rise higher.

It does not often happen that a writer who has become such a favorite, whose poems have so touched human hearts that a sincere feeling of love and gratitude for her has been awakened in return, should be so little known outside of her poetry as is Jean Ingelow.

Who is she ? But a shadow, a mere name ? We feel sure that to most of her readers she is little more.

This, indeed, is a good deal due to herself, for she dislikes publicity, and

* *Sarah de Berenger*, by JEAN INGELOW. Boston; Roberts Bros. Toronto ; Hart & Rawlinson.

has always tried to escape from the curious scrutiny of the world. But that no good magazine article to interpret her poetry has ever been written is certainly the fault of her readers. It shows that while the critical spirit of the age is in some respects keen-eyed and penetrative, it is in others singularly careless and blind.

The English 'Reviews' have been content to give but short notices of her volumes as they were issued; and of the American the only thing approaching to a satisfactory criticism is that published long ago in a second-class periodical called 'Good News.' But this is now out of print.

It speaks well for the quality of Jean Ingelow's work, that its popularity seems to be due entirely to itself and borrows none from personal interest. Yet where nothing is known of the woman and the life she lives, this sympathy and appreciation is certainly less than it might be. Besides, for a perfect understanding of her poetry as a whole, it is essential to know the circumstances amid which her genius has been developed, the conditions of birth, education, and geographical position which have determined its character.

A long and patient search, in addition to wearisome correspondence, has pursuaded us that just now it is impossible to gain a very deep insight into the life and character of this reserved, secluded poet; though the facts we have succeeded in collecting from different places (sometimes one fact or half an one in each place), will, undoubtedly, be of great service to us all. And yet our chief aim will be to show to those who have not yet come within the circle of Jean Ingelow's readers that, even without any very extensive revelations of a biographical nature, there is enough in her work to interest and charm them, if they will but pause a moment in their hurried, proseful life, and listen to her voice.

And, first, let us look at the county of Lincoln, in the eastern part of England, which has been the subject and the inspiration of some of her best poetry. It is a flat, level country, not remarkable for any magnificent scenery or wondrous beauty, bounded on the north by the river Humber as it takes its impetuous way to the sea. Along this river, extending in a south-easterly direction, are what are called the 'Wolds,'—chalk uplands covered with grass. Then come wide, long plains or 'moors' of thickly growing heather. A deep depression of the coast line on the south, then an irregular jutting out, form a large bay called The Wash, into which the river Witham flows. The land on the south is low and of equal elevation, made up of 'Fens —a term suggestive of barren desolation, and, indeed, a most appropriate one, when nothing but useless marshes or bogs were to be seen for miles, but, owing to the extensive drainage and the industry of the farmers, the soil is now very rich and productive. Some of these artificial streams are large enough to be navigable, and it is often hard to distinguish them from those formed by nature.

This part of Lincolnshire is celebrated for agricultural success, and yet the occupations of the people are mostly pastoral, because grass grows in richer luxuriance than even grain. Dotted over the fresh, green country are immense herds of cattle, horses and sheep,—everything in fact making up a scene so picturesque and beautiful that the fens of Lincolnshire have been called the Arcadia of England. The whole coast is low and sandy, and as the ocean tends to be very aggressive, large embankments have been built to keep it from flowing in. One of Jean Ingelow's most popular poems vividly described the time in 1571 when the tide broke through this old sea wall and brought ruin to the smiling fields beyond.

Among these rich level fens, just a few miles from the sea, up the river

Witham, lies the old town of Boston. Lincolnshire can boast of many grand specimens of ancient architecture, but the parish church of St. Bodolph,—a monk of the seventh century, from whom Boston took its name,—is considered the largest and finest church in all England. Inside, it measures two hundred and ninety by ninety-eight feet. Built in 1309, it has an immense tower very much resembling that of the cathedral in Antwerp. At the top there is an arched lantern in which the townspeople put a light, visible for miles and miles across the fens, and a beacon to the sailors far off on the stormy waves of the ocean.* 'From the galleries of the tower can be obtained a curious birds-eye view of the town with its irregular, open market-place, its Town-Hall and Gothic buildings,' composed of brick and stone picturesquely blended, its intricate by-lanes, its quaint old roofs and gables, and long crooked streets winding out into the green fields, all reminding us of the Middle Ages. The Witham flows right through the centre of the town, but its two parts are joined by a magnificent iron bridge. Everywhere are signs of commercial activity. The river is filled with ships carrying on trade with foreign ports, while its 'quays are overhung with enormous piles of antiquated-looking warehouses, in which is stored the corn collected from the rich district around. Its course is then to be traced across the green fields until it mingles with the German ocean.'

In this curious, old-fashioned town, within sight of the sea, Jean Ingelow was born in the year 1830. And the whole character of her poetry has been formed by the simple, pastoral scenes amid which her childhood was passed. They became so dear to her heart, so linked with all her thoughts and human affections, that when the time came to write she took them instinctively as subjects for her verse.

Scattered through her works we find countless pictures of nature which could not have been painted from imagination, however glowing and vivid,—pictures such, for example, as those in the poems called *Divided*, *The Four Bridges*, *A Birthday Walk*, and *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.* This last poem shows especially the power of memory. 'She was born on the banks of the low-lying river. Her infancy was familiar with their herds of grazing cattle, the milkers and the drivers, the melick and the cowslip, the mews and peewits on the old seawall, the towering steeple and the boundless expanse of green across which the setting sun shone like a ball of gold, while its rays streamed athwart the sward like golden breath.'*

It is poetry like hers that increases the charm which the country has always had for us, enhances 'the illusion, the glory, and the dream which have hovered over it in golden fuse from Theocritus to Cowper'† and Wordsworth. But she made the sea her especial study, and watched it in all its fitful, changing moods, with the passion and enthusiasm of a lover.

Byron's imagination was most susceptible to the majesty and terror of the ocean, and some poets have seized other qualities of its wonderful nature. Jean Ingelow is among those who, with almost equal fidelity, describe it in its calmness, or when it tosses its waves high in the storm.

Then the sadness and disappointments, the changes and partings, inseparable from the sailor's life, touched her quick sympathy, and left traces in her heart which time never obliterated. She must herself have been witness of many of the scenes which she describes

* Many memories of the old Puritans cluster around this town. Of its church John Cotton was vicar for twenty years. To escape religious persecution he came to America and settled in the city in Massachusetts which Winthrop and his comrades had named Boston in honor of their native place. In 1851 a tablet with a Latin inscription by Edward Everett was erected in the old church to Cotton's memory.

* Mr. Thompson in 'Good News.'

† Hazlitt.

with such exquisite pathos, in *Brothers and a Sermon*, and in some of her finest lyrics. As St. Bodolph, the founder of her native town, is the 'patron saint' of sailors, so is she their poet.

But some readers may think that Lincolnshire life has almost monopolized her interest. For example, varied and beautiful as her descriptions are, we miss in them that form of sublimity which is the outgrowth of a long familiarity with the grandeur of mountain scenery. Her poetry has nothing of that which makes some of Wordsworth's so majestic. The scenery surrounding Boston bears little resemblance to that of the hills of Westmoreland!

Jean Ingelow's father,—a banker, with a comfortable income,—had a refined, genial nature and cultivated literary taste. But her mother (who is still alive,) is especially distinguished for strong character, power of intellect, and that practical common sense due to her Scotch origin. She is a beautiful, lovable woman, too, and the influence of the home she has made for her children is seen in many of her daughter's sweetest poems. From her our authoress must have inherited the elements of her genius.

As a child the poet was diffident and reserved, partly because the strange, beautiful world of ideals, in which she so often wandered, was understood by so few of her companions. She was not a prodigy, by any means, in the attainment of knowledge, though fond of books, and with a very good memory. However, the poetic power to discover the inner spiritual meaning in natural objects and in human action, early showed itself,—a power which the close and loving study of Shakespeare strengthened and encouraged.

Can we not trace some resemblance to her life in the scenes described so graphically in the first few chapters of her novel *Off the Skelligs?* Note the house in which Snap and his little sister lived, 'in a quiet country town through which a tidal river flowed.' Then the old minster in which they played and recited Shakespeare, could it not be the old church of St. Bodolph, beneath the shadow of whose tower her father's house did really stand?

It was probably about the time of her father's death that Jean Ingelow moved to London, where she now lives with her mother and sister. Their house is in a quiet street in Kensington, where 'all the windows are gay with boxes full of flowers.'

'The mother,' a visitor reports, 'is a truly beautiful old lady with the sweetest, serenest face I ever saw. Two daughters sat with her; both older than I had fancied them to be, but both very attractive women. Eliza looked as though she wrote the poetry, Jean the prose, for the former wore curls, had a delicate face, and that indescribable something which suggests genius. The latter was plain, rather stout, hair touched with gray, shy yet cordial manners, and a clear, straight forward glance, which I liked so much . . . . We pleasantly compared notes, and I enjoyed the sound of her peculiarly musical voice, in which I seemed to hear the breezy rhythm of some of her charming songs.'

The quiet, uneventful London life of the poet has almost no history, and there is little of interest to record. One of the chief excellences of her poetry is its fine moral influence, the high moral ideal it sets before us. And her own life comes not far below this high ideal. It is beautiful, unassuming, and Christlike. Her face is well-known among the wretched poor of the great city to whom she goes as a light, a guide, and a consolation in their sin and unhappiness. As an example of her wide charity and self-sacrifice, the following incident speaks for itself. In London, publishers are in the habit of giving once a year a grand banquet to the authors of the city, and they call it their Copyright dinner. Borrowing the name, Jean Ingelow gives, three times a

week, what *she* calls her Copyright dinner; and who are her guests? 'The sick poor and the discharged convalescents from hospitals who either are unable to work or have not yet found employment.' At one of the few times when she has consented to speak of herself she said: 'I find it one of the great pleasures of writing that it gives me more money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women.'

If a poet's best and most spontaneous poetry is ever a record of *personal* experience, then we may feel sure that Jean Ingelow's life has not been free from grief and tears. Not courting either the sympathy or pity of the curious world, she has carefully veiled everything which could reveal her heart history; and yet she could not have put such pathos and tenderness into many of her poems if she had not suffered,—yes, and kept her nature from being embittered by that suffering. It is supposed that the last song in *Supper at the Mill* refers to herself; that she, in the days of her girlhood, was wooed by one whom she fancied she did not love. Thinking she would wait until her heart could answer unmistakably, and not dreaming of what the end would be, she allowed him to set his

> 'Foot on the ship and sail
> To the icefields and the snow.'

But she loved him after he had gone, and when the tidings came that he had perished, her heart was filled with a desperate longing which nothing could satisfy. It is impossible to discover anything really authentic to verify this conjecture; yet even if the poem does not express her own grief it 'gives speech to the sorrow of thousands.'

There is, perhaps, more reason for the supposition that the last of the 'Songs with Preludes,' called *Friendship*, is descriptive of her own brother who fell asleep far away in Australia.

That Jean Ingelow has borne all grief with fortitude and resignation her whole life shows. It has strengthened and ennobled her character, made her nature deeper and more sincere. And she is always cheerful, sometimes even joyous; though her heart may often ache wearily, her bright face is seldom shadowed for her friends. Quite an accurate idea of her personal appearance can be formed from the excellent portraits which her American publishers* insert in her poetical works, and which we here in words reproduce for the readers of the MONTHLY. The hair combed down over a full and somewhat low forehead. The eyes looking out from under projecting brows, their expression one of sweet and thoughtful tenderness. The mouth firm and decided, with a rather sad droop at the corners. By no means a beautiful face—indeed the word 'homely' (in its correct sense) being more the term chosen to define it, yet intelligence, strength, and gentleness are most pleasingly combined in its whole expression. There is altogether more in her face than one would realize at first glance, a face that will wear.

Not a brilliant conversationalist, Jean Ingelow is, still very interesting and original is she in her way of expressing her opinion. And she has definite, decided opinions on almost all subjects, for she has accustomed herself to think deeply and thoroughly, and keeps 'well up' in modern literature and philosophy. Her common sense and practical tendency prevent her from being led into many vagaries and useless speculations; while on the other hand her power to idealize life, affection, religion,—all things in fact,—gives a charm to every word she utters.

In her method of writing there is nothing forced or mechanical. She seems to have the true poetic inspiration, and thoughts flow spontaneously from a mind always sensitive and on the alert. And she draws inspiration directly from nature, not from books,

* Roberts Bros., of Boston.

though, indeed, her taste has been refined and ennobled by close study of some of the best. She does not sit in her library absorbed in the pastorals of Theocritus or Virgil, nor stand in the National Gallery before the sea-pictures of Turner; but crossing the wide fields made beautiful with verdure and flowers, the lights and shadows in the pools, and vocal with the voices of birds, she goes clear to the borders of the Wash, while the sea breezes blow her hair into disorder and touch her cheeks with freshness.

Jean Ingelow must have served a long apprenticeship in the service of poetry, and have exercised to an unusual degree her self-denial, for her first volume, dedicated to her brother, was not published till 1863, when she was thirty-three years of age. It was received at once with great favour. The London *Athenæum* recognised in it 'the presence of genius which makes itself surely felt in a glow of delight such as makes the old world young again.' It is said that this tribute so attracted the attention of 'Roberts Bros,' Boston, Mass., that very soon the American edition was issued,—twenty-five thousand copies, of which were sold almost immediately—the name of Jean Ingelow thus becoming a 'household word' on both sides of the Atlantic.

We do not hear that such instantaneous success intoxicated the poet, or made her any the less true to herself or to her art. She was welcomed by the literary men and women of London, and took her place among them with quiet, unassuming dignity.

This volume contained *Divided*, the first line of which has been rather enthusiastically called the best piece of description ever written in English; *Songs of Seven*, remarkable for lyrical sweetness and varied rhythm, in most suggestive language, expressing the chief epochs of a woman's life; *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, which Whittier thinks the best ballad of our time; besides two or three other poems which, for truthful idyllic representation of social and domestic life, we rank very high.

Since 1863, Miss Ingelow has published two volumes of poetry, in addition to a number of prose works.* In the second volume there is a wider range of subject (seen for instance in *The Story of Doom*), and in many places more perfect execution, while she indicates that 'decided individuality which was before apparent in her best efforts.'** In the third, however, she does not seem to have risen to her greatest height in beauty of versification, nor shown that advancement in thought, of which she had given such promise.

It has become almost an established principle of poetical criticism to say that a poet is to a certain extent representative, that in him, as in a mirror, the general spirit of his age is more or less clearly reflected. If his intellect is of unusual strength, he may even go beyond his age. Raised by his genius high above his contemporaries, he modifies their tastes and opinions, or creates the ideas which will agitate the minds of the future. Thus he sometimes causes one epoch in literature to be different from another.

But in modern times when poetical genius is so widely diffused, it is not often that one poet exercises an influence such as this. His power is shared by others. Hence it is not Tennyson alone, not Browning, nor Jean Ingelow, who is making English poetry what it is to-day, or indicating that of the next age. They are working together and have many helpers.

Then it is not often that one poet's mind is sufficiently comprehensive for the discernment and representation of a great number of the ideas ruling his age, but he unconsciously chooses to

* With the few fugitive poems, not included in the 'complete edition' of her poetical works, made up of these three volumes, we do not just now concern ourselves.

** Athenæum.

embody in his works those whose influence upon him is especially strong. The world does not lose a great deal by this, because the poetry which is its result goes deeper, though it has not a very extended range, and is, on the whole, satisfying to the popular taste.

The scope of Jean Ingelow's poetry is narrower than Tennyson's, because, either from necessity or from choice, she has not recognized, to the extent that he has, the force of contemporary thought. But she is a true representative poet, for all her poetry has been written either in harmony with her age, or in gentle protest against its more rash and pernicious tendencies.

To analyze that age at all thoroughly would be impossible within the limits of this article; hence but two or three of its most obvious characteristics will for a moment detain us.

It is especially distinguished by great eagerness in scientific inquiry and a powerful impetus given to all branches of knowledge. This undoubtedly tends to make poetry critical, realistic, devoid of much of that 'phenomenal language and imagery which is one of our most precious inheritances from the past,' for the poet is of course inclined to treat natural objects more 'as men know they actually are, than as they appear to the imagination, or to the uneducated eye.'* Choosing not to do this, especially if he have little dramatic insight, or aptitude for managing transcendental subjects, he pays more attention to the artistic form of his verse,—satisfied with technical perfection and beauty of mere expression. To him, with the change of one word, might then Holofernes's remark in 'Love's Labour Lost' appropriately be applied: '*Vin*, Goodman Dull! Thou has spoken no *thought* all this while.'

Jean Ingelow's chief power is not in the artistic finish of her poems, for she has both depth and originality of thought, and never sacrifices the idea to its expression; but her workmanship has few faults, and there is a rhythmic music in it all very enchanting.

Then, even though she does not make much use of the scientific terms and allusions to be found so often in Tennyson's poetry, or in the poetical prose of George Eliot, many proofs could be given that she has a clear-sighted eye for the valuable materials now ready for the poet's shaping and inventive power, and that she has used imagery both original and beautiful, because not inharmonious with the truth regarding natural objects which science makes known to us.

This pure love of truth is not the only effect of the scientific spirit of the time, its influence is indirectly seen in the wide diffusion of democratic and humanitarian principles,—these lying at the root of the hearty and systematic benevolence which is the glory of modern life. Both principles are to be found in the works of Jean Ingelow, 'informing her thought, ennobling her style.'

Then it is a characteristic of the poet of to day, not only to make use of new imagery, but to turn away from those perhaps time-worn subjects so fascinating to the imagination (such as the Gods and heroes of Greek mythology, or deeds of the days of chivalry and romance), and following Wordsworth's lead, to choose his scenes from common life and experience, thus touching a chord in men's hearts which would be unresponsive to less familiar influences. A few poets, like Morris, treat classical subjects in an interesting way, or strive to imitate Keats, but there are only two of Miss Ingelow's poems which take our thoughts back into the remote past. Her scenery is English scenery, her characters people like those we meet everyday, and the life they live has difficulties, aspirations, and affections very like our own.

This rapid attainment of knowledge, these astonishing inventions, this wide

* E. C. Stedman.

diffusion of democratic principles, not always judiciously applied, have, through natural causes, developed a general feeling of unrest and disappointment, reflected of course in much of the poetry of the age, especially in that of Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough. But there is a more healthful atmosphere pervading all that Jean Ingelow has written. She seems to have either passed above these fogs and mists which shroud in gloom so many minds or never to have felt their unwholesome influence. She indeed looks at life with a keen sympathy for suffering, and a thorough knowledge of its pain. And so there are touches of exquisite pathos all through her works, a gentle hand being laid upon the most delicate threads of our sensibility. But she is no misanthrope or weak sentimentalist. When she delineates sorrow she usually speaks of its cure, or of the way in which it can be patiently borne.

This restless spirit of enquiry in all branches of literature has also invaded the domain of religion. The majority of men are far from being credulous, inclined to blindly trust in long-established forms of belief. But in revolting against opinions which a more accurate science has shown to be incapable of proof, their tendency is also to reject those very truths which lie at the foundation of all happiness; hence disappointment and unhappiness is the result.

This spirit of scepticism, this disposition towards a hard materialism, is not favourable to the production of the noblest poetry or the most original art. Its influence is benumbing and paralyzing, and speaks not well for the imaginative literature of the future. But some poets escape from its contagion, and among these stands Jean Ingelow in all the dignity of her christian life. She seems to have broad sympathy for doubters, and a full appreciation of the difficulties inherent in these questions so universally discussed; yet she has kept herself firm and steadfast amid them all. This, we may say, is due to no prejudice or intellectual weakness.

Her poem called *Honors* deals with almost all the doubts which assail and perplex the understanding, and, unlike most poems of its kind, it offers a solution for these dark problems,—the only solution which Miss Ingelow considers possible in this world,—that found, not in the uncertain results of logical reasoning, but in faith.

The poem is remarkable for the number of ideas crowded into small compass. And it is by no means superficial. Penetrating beneath the surface it goes very far in its investigation of the deepest-rooted thoughts of the mind, and brings out into the light some of the most hidden and secret feelings of the soul.

The subject of the poem is a man at feud with life because many things have disappointed him, and who feels doubt 'fluttering birdlike in his breast.' The mysteries of human existence, its sin, its terrible suffering, haunt and perplex him. He is continually asking the question why he was created, for what end designed, while his hungry, despairing eyes seek in vain to penetrate the thick mist that veileth his 'Lo come.' The explanations which philosophy and science offer are unavailing; in them his struggling intellect cannot rest. At last the perplexed heart in very anguish and soul-need is forced to cry out for help to Him who, too, has toiled along the rough pathways of earth, but in whose nature beats the very heart of God. It is the Christ alone who can cure doubt, regret, and grief, give meaning to life's purpose, and inspiration in its work.

Scholar and Carpenter and *Brothers, and a Sermon* are poems akin to *Honors*; but of this last we shall speak again.

There are a few lines in the 'Prelude' to a song called *Dominion* which, perhaps better than any one short quo-

tation from *Honors* itself, express the lesson that it teaches:

> 'Consider it (this outer world we tread on)
> as a harp—
> A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
> We learn those airs we shall be set to play
> When mortal hours are ended. Let the
> wings,
> Man, of thy spirit, move on it as wind,
> And draw forth melody. Why should'st thou
> yet
> Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was
> lost:
> Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
> A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
> Go up as birds go up, that, when they wake,
> Shake off the dew and soar.
>
> So take joy home,
> And make a place in thy great heart for her,
> And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
> Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Art tired?
> There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sin-
> ned?
> There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head,
> The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
> Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
> "Thy Father loves thee."'

All Jean Ingelow's poetry is characterized by naturalness and ease, by quiet power—its keeping close to the level of human life. We notice an absence of extravagance which is so objectionable a feature in many of our modern works of imagination. She is calm and serene without being passionless, fired with a sublime enthusiasm for the noble and beautiful, without being carried beyond the limits of reason and common sense.

We said that the influence of Wordsworth could be seen in the way she regards nature. Not that she has imitated him, but, in common with Shelley and Tennyson, she is a true disciple of the new style of thought which he introduced. The 'boundless earth' (to use Goethe's expressive phrase) means to her something very different from that which it often means to us. 'Behind its forms, hues and sounds, there is something more than meets the external senses; something which defies anaylsis, which must be felt and perceived by the soul.' For this mysterious quality she has a clear discernment, and describes its mystical charm over her spirit in language of much grace and sweetness.

Hence her descriptions, however beautiful and truthful, are not mere 'word-paintings.' She links to natural objects the manifold impressions they create in the mind, the hundred associations they awaken; and imagination, that indefinable power which gives to the metrical arrangement of words their life and force, is everywhere at work, a transforming presence. Everywhere? Perhaps after all that is undue praise. She does once or twice descend into the common-place unaccompanied by those flashes of imagination which alone can make the common-place poetical. For instance, the first part of *Supper at the Mill.* The poem, however, is marked by truthful representation, and its realism doubtless 'belongs to the poet's picture.' But out of just such simple materials she usually produces wonderful effects.

Jean Ingelow's vividness of touch and power to give distinct images of pastoral scenes which have delighted her eyes, is also displayed when she delineates human life. Her ear has never been deaf to the 'still, sad music of humanity.' She sings of its joys and sorrows with a good deal of dramatic skill, though she has never written what can strictly be called a dramatic poem. It is her broad sympathies, the power to enter into the feelings of others, which make the characters of her narrative poems real people, not personified abstractions. They live their life, think, and act, before us with perfect truth to nature. Her mind, indeed, tends to brood over single passions, affections and motives taken out from the world of action into that of thought. And in accordance with rules of art which determine that lyrical poems shall suggest rather than definitely represent character, Jean Inglow in her lyrics analyzes such passions and affections with a good deal of psychological skill.

As Miss Ingelow's strength is not so great as that of some poets, so are her faults not so conspicuous.* But there are, in her poems, occasional awkwardnesses of expression, or carelessness in structure, now and then a false rhyme or a break in the full, free sweep of the rhythm. The style is obscure in many places because thoughts are crowded too closely, or expressed elliptically; and because the poet does not care to submit to the 'prosaic necessity of explanation,' and showing the process of transmuting the logic with which even sentiment cannot dispense into the gold of imagination.'* For an instance of this, take *A Poet in his Youth*, a poem in which she tries to escape the difficulty by ignoring it. Hence a want of sufficient premiss, of connecting links of thought.'* The same might be said of the '*Songs of the Night Watches.*' There was probably in the poet's mind some connection between the first, called *Apprenticed*, and the *Concluding Song of Dawn*, with the three poems they enclose, but she has not been able to make her readers see it.

One advantage, however, though she may crowd thoughts too closely together, she seldom fatigues us with too great splendour of rhetoric. Her poetry has little of that dazzling brilliancy and excess of colouring, so conspicuous in the diction of Shelley and Keats. Yet her figures of speech are all noble, and so suggestive that sometimes one put in the right place unfolds the whole thought.

Then, as Mr. Thompson has already remarked, the poet shows a tendency to yield too frequently to the control of the association of ideas, to wander, as her fancy leads, away from the path of the principal subject. She has made herself charming in the 'art of saying things,' but many an individual passage of exquisite beauty could be taken from some of her poems without at all destroying their harmony of proportion, or weakening the force of the thought.

About the question of Miss Ingelow's originality, we insist that her ideas and manner of expressing them are distinctly her own. She has given us glimpses of many new truths, heightened for us the beauty of nature, and made clearer its meaning; and even where she makes use of old truths she throws around them such an atmosphere of freshness that we feel a pleasure nearly equal to that caused by the discovery of a new idea.*

She has been accused of imitating Tennyson. There are few points of resemblance between them, except in the idyllic form of their verse, in the felicity of their language, and bewitching versification. They are both natives of Lincolnshire, and, of course, the scenes of which they, in their childhood, were daily witness, have determined to a great extent the nature of their poetry. But to those superfine critics who fancy themselves able to detect very subtle literary analogies, we shall leave the discussion of this subject.

Jean Ingelow need never fear the moral influence of her poetry. It is all healthful as sunlight, pure as the air, flowing inward from the sea.

And she has the true magnetic power to so impress the minds of her readers that they cannot help being lifted up beyond the influence of those thoughts which make so much of life false, selfish, and vulgar. Indeed, the hope that

'By the power of her sweet minstrelsy
Some hearts for truth and goodness she might gain,
And charm some grovellers to uplift their eyes
And suddenly wax conscious of the skies,'*

has evidently been the inspiration of

* Indeed the word strength is hardly applicable to her poetry. It has not enough to make her a *great* poet.

* Athenæum.

* For just one instance take the poem *Divided*, in which the old in age by which life is compared to a river, has never been used with more freshness, seldom touched with so new a beauty.' (*Athenæum.*)

* *The Star's Monument.*

her best work. Even those who cannot sympathize in her deep religious feeling, or in her views in relation to the objects and end of the life of man, cannot but feel a high respect for her sincerity, and the intense earnestness which animates and vitalizes every line she has written.

It would make this paper too long were we to more than hint at a few of these most prominent characteristics of Jean Ingelow as a poet. Many excellences have had to be passed over in silence; many faults, too, left for others to discover. Two or three dropped stitches may, however, be taken up again, as we give a short outline of a few of her longer poems.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON, TRURO, N. S.

THERE is a hue that fadeth,
With all the painter's care;
Charms that description shadeth,
Though a poet's hand be there.

And there's a fruit that shineth
With rich dyes, o'er and o'er;
And the hungry man repineth
To find an ashen core!

There is a tone that thrilleth
The longing listener's ear,
And his heart with gladness filleth—
As if it were sincere.

There is a blush that playeth
From dimpled cheek to chin;
And nothing that betrayeth
The guile that lurks therein.

There is a gleam that stealeth
From soft'ning eyes and bright,
And not a drug that healeth
The thrall of that false light.

And there is one that mourneth
A joy that may not be—
And his hopelessness returneth
At every thought of thee.

CHARLOTTE'S SYSTEM

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the low monotonous voice of one who read entirely from a sense of duty, and with the hope of elevating another mind, without any innate enjoyment of the subject matter, and the words were:—'It is impossible to over-estimate the effects of such a state of matters in a monarchy erected on the foundation, if not with the materials, of the feudal institutions. Whether society can exist in another form, and a lasting security be afforded to freedom, without the element of a body of considerable proprietors existing in the country, cannot yet be affirmed with certainty from the experience of mankind.'

A slight and rather weary sigh from the fire-place here interrupted the reader, who was seated by the window, and a voice asked very meekly:—'Please, have we nearly finished the chapter?'

At this remark, Charlotte, the elder sister, who was reading, looked doubly severe, and solemnly took out her watch. 'Our hour's reading is not nearly over, even if we had come to the conclusion of the chapter, but as it is, we are only just in the middle of it. I wonder you do not enjoy it more, May, it is really very instructive.'

'Yes, it s instructive enough,' murmured May, but somehow I don't enjoy it exactly, Charlotte.' She was toasting her feet on the fender while she spoke, and half making up her mind whether she would have full or only half-military heels put to her slippers the next time she wanted a pair.

Charlotte proceeded unmoved, without any other interruption from the rebellious May, till the hour was over and they had come to a nice place to stop at in the book; then she laid her marker in the place, and put it back in the book-case.

'*Requiescat in pace*,' thought May, as this was done. 'Now come and sit by the fire and let us be snug,' she demanded of her sister. But this was impossible for Charlotte, she could not be 'snug;' she never was or had been 'snug;' she was not at all a snug person. 'I must write my letters now, dear,' she replied, and out came her desk, which contained everything she required, and was always in perfect order, so different to May's, which was so crammed with letters from her dearest friends, lately received and as yet unanswered, that it would not shut. Ink could not with safety be kept in her desk, because she was constantly opening it the wrong way and spilling the ink over crested paper, envelopes, and all the varied contents usually found there. While Charlotte wrote, May yawned and slightly stretched herself in her arm-chair, till she finally settled herself for one of the long over-the-fire reveries that she was particularly fond of indulging in, much to the chagrin of her sister.

The two girls—Charlotte and May Thornton—had recently been left alone in the world by the death of their father, since which time Charlotte, who was considerable the elder, had assumed the reins of government, and most despotically did she manage affairs. Her father's manner of living

had been the grief and trial of her life. Naturally lazy and thriftless, with a comfortable private fortune, which rendered it unnecessary for him to do any hard work for his family's support, Mr. Thornton had become still more careless and untidy in his habits since his wife's death. Mrs. Thornton had done her best in her life-time to keep up to the mark, and Charlotte, who much resembled her lamented mother, likewise did her best, but she lacked the piercing eye which never failed in making Mr. Thornton uncomfortable when directed fully upon him, and her heart was softer and kinder, and her manners gentler than those of her dear Mamma. Charlotte wailed in secret that things went wrong; that meals were at any time; that the rooms could not be properly cleaned or litter removed, but while her father lived she never dreamt of exerting any authority, or of making any alteration in his mode of living. But her time had come now; she could at last carry out all her fondly cherished plans; order should reign, everything be systematized, and life be as it should be—divided into regular mathematical sections.

She rushed to the other extreme and made life a slow torture. May entirely succumbed. She was young, good-natured, and fond of her sister, hated interfering, and detested responsibility in any form. She was content to leave everything to be arranged by Charlotte, as she had been content to let things go unarranged by their father. She groaned heavily, it is true, under her sister's management, but did not dispute her authority, living in a world of her own making, and happy to have as much done and decided for her as possible, and only endeavouring to escape all work of any kind, whatever. So Charlotte did precisely as she liked, and arranged and divided not only her own daily life, but May's also to a nicety.

There were hours and times for everything; she would fain have compelled not only the body but the immortal spirit to arrange itself by her clock-work, and firmly believed that moods and feelings might be regulated as well as outward and visible actions. Thus—half an hour was allowed for breakfast, when she planned that lively and pleasant intercourse was required to ensure digestion, and to brisk one up for the work of the day. Poor May, that lively half-hour was torture to her; she hated getting up early, and once up she felt heavy and 'lumpy' as she expressed it. The evening was her liveliest time, only, unfortunately, it did not fall in with Charlotte's plan for the evenings to be employed in that way. At breakfast May always felt so particularly lazy and sleepy that it was trouble enough for her to eat without thinking of anything else. Charlotte's persistent cheerfulness at that meal was most trying to her, her bright smile and happy remarks were aggravating almost beyond endurance sometimes, and yet she submitted and even feebly tried to be cheerful too, for she knew how utterly and entirely impossible it would be to make her sister comprehend her feelings. After breakfast Charlotte took her key-basket, and withdrawing into the lower regions gave herself up to her housekeeping affairs. During this time May was expected to water and attend to all the flowers in the house, of which they had a great many. May liked this occupation, and dawdled about, clipping off dead leaves, and making up nosegays willingly enough; but she did not perform this duty at all to Charlotte's satisfaction.

For instance, Charlotte always wished her to begin at the top landing, to go from there to the tiny conservatory on the stairs, thence to the hall and drawing-room, and to wind up with the dining-room. 'In this way, May, dear,' she gently explained, 'you are sure not to forget any, and besides it is more methodical.' But May declared she must be allowed to do her own work in her own way or not at

all, and that she knew she would hate her task in a week if she had to do it, in that horrid regular manner. So Charlotte only sighed when she heard May rushing about from one room to another and knew she was just doing a little watering here, and then a little clipping there, and dodging about in her own careless way. About half-past twelve was the time for the daily walk; 'our healthy constitutional,' as it was termed by Charlotte; 'the horrid bore of going out,' as May called it.

She did not want an appetite for lunch, she always said when Charlotte placed her reasons for taking this walk before her, and she wasn't inclined for walking 'just then,' but Charlotte would only remark, with much truth, that it was a singular fact, but May never was inclined to do the thing that had to be done at a certain time, and May, conscious of her own weakness on this point, would again give in to her sister.

Lunch was an easy meal; each sister brought her book to the table and conversation was not required. After lunch they took up any branches of study they happened to be cultivating at that period. It was the time for their music, painting, German or French, as the case might be: of course Charlotte took care that each branch was duly considered, each having its especial day. Study being over, fancy work came out and visitors were received.

At dinner they talked about what each had been learning during the day, with a view to individual culture, as Charlotte expressed it. Sometimes May put in remarks about the people who had been calling, but they were treated as wholly irrelevant by Charlotte, who quickly brought back the conversation to the usual topics.

Dinner being over, came that awful reading aloud by Charlotte, the worst time of all to May, as the book chosen was so evidently meant for her mental growth and improvement. 'It is so very disagreeable being improved, when you don't want to be,' she sighed. She declared that she felt just like a puzzle which, heaven be thanked, she would fervently exclaim, is taken to pieces every night when bed-time comes, but put together by slow degrees all day long, 'and oh! how well Charlotte knows the place for each bit!' Her sister's systematic mode of living made May at heart to detest more and more everything that savoured of routine or even of order. She preferred a wilderness to a Dutch garden, she said, and inwardly rebelled at her planned-out life. Her nature was too affectionate and yielding a one to show any outward signs of her weariness, and she knew how thoroughly Charlotte was bound up in her system, and how long she had been thwarted by their father.

One thing Charlotte, with all her regulations, could not prevent,—and that was casual droppers-in. They would occasionally come in for a quiet half-hour's chat at inopportune times, to Charlotte's disgust and to May's delight, more particularly if they broke in upon the evening's reading hour. Charlotte was too much of a lady, and too thoroughly kind-hearted to show any displeasure at these unseasonable visits, but they vexed her sorely, and she would often cast about in her mind to see if by any possibility they might be prevented without hurting the feelings of their friends. As yet she had found no remedy, and so it happened that on this very evening in question, just as she was in the middle of her first letter, the warning ring was heard at the door.

'I wonder who that can be?' she said in a vexed tone, looking up from her desk.

'I dare say it is Mrs. Lyall,' replied May, composedly, 'and that she has come to tell you how ill her husband has been with influenza or something of that sort, or what horrid toothaches she has been having lately.'

The lady who now entered the room was not Mrs. Lyall, however, but a Mrs. Morris, the mother of a large family of small children, and one of Charlotte's especial horrors.

She always came to borrow a book or to ask for a receipt, and the vacant space in the book-case pained Charlotte's exact eye, and the receipt was never returned; one of the children had always somehow or other mistaken it for something else, and had either swallowed it, cut it up, or destroyed it in some mysterious fashion. This evening Mrs. Morris only wanted the pattern of that charming little morning cap that she had seen Miss Thornton in.

Charlotte inwardly sighed, not that she grudged lending the pattern, but because she knew full well that when Mrs. Morris had made herself that cap, it would be always seen a little on one side, that it would very shortly present a crushed appearance, and finally a very smutty one. Charlotte knew the stages of those caps of Mrs. Morris so well, and was quite aware also that the fact that Mrs. Morris was going to have one like her's would give her a speedy disgust for own. She brought the pattern downstairs though, and even offered to make the cap herself, an offer that Mrs. Morris gladly accepted, as she had 'hardly time for anything,' she said. 'I often envy you, young ladies,' she went on, 'being able to do just what you like all day long; what would you do, if you had the care of six little ones upon you—the constant anxiety and worry of their little ailments never off your mind?' Charlotte knew what she would do, but said nothing, while May fell to thinking how Charlotte would act under such circumstances, and she began imagining the six children on six chairs suited to their various sizes all in a row before Charlotte, and each partaking in turn of a teaspoonful of salts for their 'little ailments.'

But Mrs. Morris having begun upon the grand subject of the children was not to be nipped in the bud by any seeming lack of interest in the Misses Thornton, so she forthwith branched out in discourse in all directions; first the children as a whole—a vast subject with no 'determined scope;' then 'each considered separately,' dwelling long and lovingly upon the youngest; how sweetly it tugged at its dear papa's beard, bringing out 'quite a number of hairs, its little fists were getting so strong,' and when its inconsiderate and absurd father objected, how roguishly and prettily it laughed in his face. Charlotte was not fond of children, she usually found them very objectionable and considerably in the way; she did not understand them and consequently waxed very impatient inwardly at these lengthy recitals. Involuntarily she cast lingering glances at the writing she had been compelled to leave. At last Mrs. Morris got up to go, being driven into that resolution, not at all out of pity for her friends, but on account of her having suddenly remembered that she had promised to help Carrie with some tiresome lesson that evening and that the poor child would be waiting up for her.

The moment she was fairly gone, Charlotte went at once to her desk and never stirred from thence till the requisite number of letters were written, addressed, and all ready for the post, then getting some work she joined May beside the fire, and began to improve the occasion, with her late visitor for a text.

'You see, May, what it is to have an ill-balanced mind. Mrs. Morris says rightly she never has time for anything from morning till night, she never knows what she is going to do next, and consequently wastes half her time and gets nothing done satisfactorily, now if——. But here May interrupted with 'it must be quite impossible for any one like Mrs. Morris to plan out her time like you do yours, Charlotte; just think of those children breaking in upon you every

minute, such a disturbing element as six healthy children would upset any one's arrangements.'

'Not at all,' replied Charlotte, 'the children might be all included in her daily regulations.'

'But children are not automata,' laughed May, and then yawned very perceptibly, for she saw her sister was getting anxious to go thoroughly into the subject, so she rose, said she was dreadfully tired, and snatching up an interesting book went up to her room, where, strangely enough, all signs of fatigue instantly left her.

Charlotte remained by the fire working till the proper hour for bed-time arrived, before which time she never felt in the least sleepy, and entertained herself by thoroughly arranging Mrs. Morris' entire household in her severest and most systematic manner, and to her own perfect satisfaction; whether the arrangement would have been quite so comfortable for Mr. and Mrs. Morris and the six dreadful children was quite another matter, and not included in Charlotte's determinations.

CHAPTER II.

A few days after Mrs. Morris' untimely visit, as the sisters were sitting at breakfast, a letter arrived which put them both into a state of great excitement, for it was addressed to their lately deceased father, the writer having apparently not heard of the death of Mr. Thornton. It was from Walter Lawson, a ward of their father, who for some years had been travelling over the civilized globe, and now wrote to say that he was at last returning to England, and would, as usual, if quite convenient, make his guardian's home his head-quarters. Charlotte and May had heard from him very seldom during the last two years, for his movements had been very erratic, and most unfavourable for regular correspondence; they had written to tell him of their loss, and addressed their letter to the last post-town he had dated from, but he had not received it.

Walter wrote now from Venice, saying he would leave that city the day after he wrote, and leisurely travel homewards, thus rendering the 'if quite convenient' of his letter a mere verbal compliment.

Charlotte was extremely vexed. 'It is so very thoughtless of him,' she exclaimed, 'to give us no chance of writing to him. I don't see how we can let him stay here now,' she added, for her sense of decorum was very strong.

'Oh!' said May at once, 'I know what we can do. We can ask Aunt Dennison to come and play propriety, she has often offered us her society.'

Yes, she had, as Charlotte full well knew, for Mrs. Dennison, a widowed sister of their father, was another of Charlotte's horrors. She had occasionally visited the Thornton's during her brother's life-time, and since his death had several times hinted that she would not object to taking up her abode altogether with her nieces. She was the very impersonation of liveliness and untidiness, and Charlotte positively trembled at the thought of her entering the house and upsetting all her plans.

'Perhaps Walter will not want to stay here when he hears of Papa's death,' she remarked.

'Oh! I'm quite sure he will wish to see *us*,' said May, emphasizing the 'us,' because in her heart she meant 'me,' 'and it will be so nice and interesting, and *instructive*, too, Charlotte, dear,' she added wickedly, 'to hear all about the places and things he has seen since he left us.'

'I will think over it, and see what will be the best thing to do,' replied Charlotte gloomily, and forthwith closed the conversation by going at once to the kitchen. May was most anxious to learn what the verdict would be, and was charmed when

Charlotte said, towards the close of their morning's walk, that she had decided to write to Mrs. Dennison, inviting her to come at once on a visit, and to receive Walter in their old, friendly way. So the letter was written that evening to their aunt, who answered it immediately, and followed her letter the very next day. Charlotte tried hard to put on a cheerful smile of welcome to receive her visitor, but the thought that the hour's study of German had been cruelly disturbed weighed heavily upon her spirits, and much she feared that frequent would be the future interruptions in their quiet, orderly life. Mrs. Dennison, however, did not appear to notice her niece's gravity; she was delighted to be with the dear girls, she said, and she seemed in her highest spirits.

The remainder of that day, of course, was given up to her, May helping her to unpack, Charlotte also waiting on her, and patiently listening to her lively rattle. 'To-morrow we shall settle down nicely,' Mrs. Dennison remarked, when at last the unpacking was concluded. Charlotte devoutly hoped they would.

'I feel quite at home already,' she added, laughing. Charlotte inwardly groaned.

There was one characteristic about Mrs. Dennison that annoyed Charlotte more than all the rest of her many aggravating traits, and that was, that she was always laughing. In season, and out of season, she laughed at everything and at everybody. In relating the simplest anecdote, she laughed so absurdly that often her story was completely unintelligible, and yet she generally compelled her listeners to laugh, too, from mere sympathy. Charlotte was never so full of admiration for the wisdom of the great Hebrew King, as when she read the third chapter of his Ecclestiastes. 'To everything there is a season,' how firmly she believed that; and then, 'a time to weep, and a time to laugh.' 'Oh! if Aunt Dennison could but remember that, and keep her laughter to its proper time and hour.' Of course, Charlotte had an unconscious, mental reservation that these 'times' must be regulated by her, or else, equally of course, they would avail nothing. If Aunt Dennison had the planning out of the 'times,' it would be worse than no arrangement; Charlotte was the only fit person to do that, but she often wished that King Solomon had been a little more particular in his divisions of time, and had descended more to the details of one's daily life.

It was with a heavy heart that Charlotte arose the next morning and went down stairs, though, as far as the breakfast-time was concerned, Mrs. Dennison adhered closely to the order of the day, for she certainly made it lively, but, unfortunately, towards the close of the meal she began a story which evidently had no immediate ending, and caused Charlotte considerable anxiety.

Mrs. Dennison had her own method, too, of telling her stories, and she laughed so outrageously over them that she greatly impeded their progress.

To-day she was recounting an anecdote of a friend of hers, who had always been in the habit of exulting over the fact that she had never, when visiting London, had her pocket picked. At this point Mrs. Dennison was fairly convulsed, and May thought something good was surely coming, but the story terminated, when Mrs. Dennison found voice to proceed, in a most ordinary way; the friend, of course, *had* her pocket picked, and her purse stolen eventually, and was proportionately laughed at by her neighbours,—rather disproportionately by Mrs. Dennison. The story at last concluded, Charlotte got up from the table, and, taking up her key-basket, was about to leave the room; but she was not suffered to escape so easily. 'Oh! Charlotte, just stay a minute, dear,' said her aunt coming round to

the fire, and comfortably seating herself before it, 'there is no particular hurry, is there? and that anecdote of Mrs. Lavender reminds me, I must tell you, what occurred to Mr. Henry Davison the other day; you know him—his nose—' but here Mrs. Dennison went off into paroxysms of laughter. Once or twice she made spasmodic efforts to say something more about Mr. Davison's nasal feature, which must have been something quite out of the ordinary way, to judge by the manner the very mention of it affected her. May stood with her back to the fire laughing sympathetically, enjoying the scene immensely, and wickedly revelling in her sister's tortures.

Charlotte stood with her basket in her hand, struggling bravely to conjure up a smile on her despairing face, and vaguely wondering what possible connection there could be between Mr. Davison's nose and picking pockets. It was some time before their aunt was in a fit condition to go on; at last wiping her eyes with her handkerchief she made a convulsive effort to start afresh.

But what that story was May and Charlotte never knew, for it never came coherently to the surface. After ten minutes of vain strugglings on Mrs. Dennison's part to make it intelligible, she finally succumbed entirely and went off into a perfect succession of laughing fits, till Charlotte became quite alarmed and went upstairs in search of smelling salts, which she left May to deal with, and escaped at last to her ordinary work. Everything, however, seemed to go wrong that day, the cook had been waiting some time for her mistress, and was consequently much 'put out' when Charlotte at last made her appearance.

Then, when the walking hour arrived, Mrs. Dennison thought it looked as if it would be finer in the afternoon, and suggested that they had better have lunch first, to all of which May cordially assented. Of course, too, the usual evening reading hour was postponed, Aunt Dennison proposing instead to chat round the fire; so that when Charlotte retired for the night, she exclaimed like Titus that she had lost a day, and she made herself perfectly miserable by running over all that might have been done, had everything gone on in their usual smooth way, and she sighed while she wondered how soon that happy life would be resumed.

Aunt Dennison had been three days in the house and was allowing herself to drift into some of Charlotte's ways, when a new element of disturbance was introduced, in the person of Walter Lawson. He arrived on a dull and threatening-looking day, just as Charlotte and May (Mrs. Dennison having refused to accompany them), in spite of the weather, were setting out for their morning promenade. Charlotte was just putting on her last golosh, and her eye was already on her umbrella in its corner in the hall, when his knock came at the door.

'No walk to-day,' was her first thought, and then she said 'that must be Walter, May.'

May tried hard to look supremely indifferent, and answered carelessly that she supposed it must be, and then she darted upstairs, explaining to herself as she gained her room, that it was so horrid to be in the hall when a person arrived. She listened to hear him come in, and then heard Charlotte's welcome, subdued and quiet as the occasion demanded, and then Walter followed Charlotte into the sitting-room.

'I will wait up here,' thought May, 'till Charlotte has had time to tell him all about poor papa.'

So she remained in her room, touching up her hair, and changing her earrings, and the like, till Charlotte called her down.

Walter was, of course, very much grieved to learn the tidings of his guardian's death, and his meeting with May was more expressive of sympathy

than of any other feeling. He and May had always been very good friends from childhood. They had stolen jam together, had been found together striking lucifer matches, and in most of their juvenile scrapes had been close companions.

Before Walter's travels, there had sprung up between them a different feeling from that of friendship, and though as yet it was not very deep, it was just sufficiently so to make them think sentimentally of each other when apart, and to render them intensely self-conscious, now that they met again.

After a little talk about their affairs, and what they had been doing, and of the manner of life they were leading, Walter suggested that, instead of altogether taking up his abode with them, he would go to the hotel for a few weeks, and come to them for meals. This arrangement, he thought, would put them out less than any other, 'and if I am a minute or two late for meals, it won't signify, will it?'

'Oh! no, not at all,' exclaimed May.

'Not at all,' echoed Mrs. Denison.

Charlotte only shuddered,—a new vista of horrors was opening before her.

Walter did not notice her silence, and believed that they were all pleased with the arrangement.

He remained with them that day to lunch and dinner, returning to the town to take up his quarters at the hotel, late in the evening.

Words are not available to describe the state of poor Charlotte's mind during the next fortnight. She could not accept the position at all, and her life was aimless and wretched.

She had only just begun to taste the sweets of order when, behold, disorder once more prevailed!

May and Mrs. Dennison were perfectly regardless of her distress; May felt emancipated, and Mrs. Dennison was decidedly more comfortable and at home.

The breakfast was at any hour, it just depending on Walter's appearance, and he frequently overslept himself, and then, to Charlotte's disgust, would come cheerfully in, exclaiming how jolly it was that it did not matter one bit, his being so late, as no one could be put out by it!

After breakfast he dawdled about with May as she attended to her flowers, and made her longer than ever over them, and Charlotte one day came upon her and Walter talking in low tones in the little conservatory, and saw to her horror that May was absently clipping the live leaves off a fine geranium and leaving the dead ones on the stalk, while Walter was carelessly swinging the watering can, which still contained a little water, backwards and forwards over the drugget. She only sighed a melancholy sigh, and passed on upstairs.

'It is no good saying anything,' she murmured.

Their daily walks were now taken at the will and pleasure of Walter and May, generally in the finest part of the day; but though she gave in to them, they could not convince Charlotte of the wisdom of going out when it was most enjoyable.

'Nothing can be achieved during the day, unless we systematize our life,' she always said.

'Yes, much can be done,' returned Walter, 'for we get an amount of enjoyment and pleasure from each thing we do, if we do it at the time when circumstances make it the fittest time, which we could never have if we compelled ourselves to be always doing a certain thing at a certain time to-day, only because we did the same thing at the same time yesterday.'

But Charlotte remained firm in her own opinion, and still groaned in spirit at unperformed duties and daily irregularities. There was now no hour for reading at all—the instructive book was a thing of the past; the branches of study once taken up after lunch were now altogether dropped. May

wrote her letters and took up her fancy work just when she felt the most inclined for each, but she chiefly spent the day, with her work on her lap, by way of apology, in talking idly to Walter and her aunt. She had an immense deal to say to Walter, and of course an immense deal of listening to do also. She was greatly interested in hearing all about his travels, the people he had met with, and the things he had seen. When Walter was not there, her aunt was the chief talker, and entertained her with her choicest anecdotes, these usually being incidents out of the lives of her numerous acquaintances. May listened to them and laughed absently, with her thoughts very far away.

But she not only gave up her studies, but to Charlotte's intense grief, she would spend hours at a time when Walter was away, in merely dreaming in her easy chair, and absolutely doing nothing. Charlotte, who could not at all enter into her state of mind, began to fear that May would never be a useful member of society again, though how society at large could be benefited by the working of Charlotte's system, she did not explain to herself. She thought she would just wait and see what Walter's plans for the future were, and if, in a week or so, he showed no symptoms of settling down to something, she would then speak seriously to May about the dreadful waste of time that so much pained her. Walter had not as yet said much about what he intended to do in the future; he had no need to follow any profession, as he was tolerably well off, and was just waiting now, Micawber-like, to see what would turn up.

He quite agreed with those of his friends who told him it was wholesomer and more healthful for a young man to have some occupation, but he could not as yet make up his mind what he would like to do, and as there was really no hurry about it, he thought it foolish to worry himself. Moreover, as he had a comfortable income, and really did not require any exertions to be made in his behalf, some half-a-dozen friends were extremely anxious to obtain for him the post of correspondent, just then vacant in an old-established firm. Walter neither urged them to use their influence, or attempted to dissuade them from doing their best for him, but they were perfectly convinced that this position would be just the very thing for him.

Whenever he spoke to Charlotte and May on the subject, Charlotte used her utmost endeavours to urge him to get to some useful work as soon as possible; May said nothing at these times, but doubtless she and Walter, in their very frequent talks must have made some allusions to his future mode of life.

One day at last, however, Walter came to the Thornton's very late to lunch, but with the news that he had obtained the appointment that his friends had been interesting themselves about.

Charlotte actually smiled, and forgot the delayed luncheon.

'At last,' she thought to herself, 'we shall return to our old, industrious habits, and it will be much better for Walter, too.'

She was most affable all that day, and most anxious to know how soon it would be necessary for Walter to go to London; some of her wonted cheerfulness returned to her, and she even listened with meekness to her aunt's interrupted narrations.

May and Walter that day went for a long walk together, and when they came back were remarkably quiet all the evening.

The very next morning the blow that had been threatening some time to fall on Charlotte, and crush at once and for ever all her plans for May's benefit, came. It came just when she was beginning to hope and believe that at last there was a chance of returning to their old life.

It was a pouring wet morning, so

that even Charlotte found it impossible to take her usual 'walk abroad,' and was sitting alone in the morning room, doing some plain work.

Mrs. Dennison was in her room, where she had a blazing fire, and was occupying herself by putting some things to rights at the suggestion of her niece, who had been much troubled at the condition of Mrs. Dennison's room, with every chair laden with stray garments, and every drawer in the chest with a piece of something hanging out of it.

Walter had not made his appearance at all that day, though they had waited half an hour for him at breakfast-time. Charlotte was just indulging herself by going over all her arrangements for her own and May's mutual improvement, when they would be once more alone, when May came into the room. She evidently had something to say, and did not exactly know how to word it. She leaned against the mantel-piece, hoping devoutly that Charlotte would speak first. Soon Charlotte gave her an opening by asking her, if she knew the precise time when Walter was going away.

'I think he is going rather soon,' said May awkwardly. 'Then, May, dear, as soon as aunt leaves us, we can fall back into our old ways.' 'Oh! I don't know,' replied May, 'Walter thought——' 'He will be in London,' said Charlotte quickly.

'Yes, I know, returned May, 'what I meant is, that he thought perhaps I might like to go with him.' 'Go with him!' exclaimed Charlotte, 'you, May! What for?'

'For always, you know, Charlotte, said May guiltily, and turning towards the fire gave up her whole attention to the flame from the blazing coals. Charlotte did not speak for an instant, and then said in a constrained voice: 'You mean he wants to marry you, I suppose.' 'Yes,' answered May very meekly, 'and very soon.' 'We are in mourning,' was Charlotte's sole response, as all her cherished hopes gradually faded and withered before her.

'Yes, so we thought it could all be arranged very, very quietly, and no one need know anything about it, till it is all over, and then we shall go at once to London.'

'What do you call "soon?"' asked Charlotte glumly. 'In about a month from now,' said May, 'just to give Walter time to find out and furnish a nice house, and for me to buy and see to all my things.

Charlotte made no answer; then May came and knelt down by her sister's side, and coaxed and kissed her, and made her talk about it, and insisted upon knowing all Charlotte's views on the subject, and explained herself how happy she and Walter expected to be, having known and been attached to each other for so long.

Charlotte allowed her deep affection for May at last to get the better of all her other feelings, and came round much more easily than May had dared to expect. She could not allow her own wishes to stand in the way of May's happiness, though, at present, it seemed very, very hard to give up her sister. Walter wanted her to come and live with them, but that Charlotte said was quite impossible; she would live alone, and pursue her own course of life in her own way; but this was not permitted her, for Mrs. Dennison naturally suggested that she and Charlotte should live together. 'It seems so absurd,' she said, 'for two "lone, lorn, women," with no one depending on them, to keep up separate establishments, when they could get on so nicely together.'

Charlotte was not quite of the same opinion with regard to their getting on 'so nicely together,' but her's was not a selfish nature, so when she comprehended how much her aunt disliked living alone, as she had hitherto done, she submitted, and her heart's complaint was known only to herself.

At the end of the month Walter

and May were married, and took up their residence in London, leaving poor Charlotte endeavouring to assimilate her own nature with so different a one as that of her aunt.

Mrs. Dennison took at once a very subordinate part in the household, as she hated housekeeping, and was glad enough to leave all that part to Charlotte, but, of course, she could not submit to be drilled and trained as poor May had, and she *would* read when she liked, go out walking when she felt most inclined for exercise, and work when she listed. This 'giving in to self,' as Charlotte termed it, seemed at first to her to be most wicked, but in time she got more used to her aunt's ways, and they put her out less and less, more especially as Mrs. Dennison made real and vigorous efforts to accommodate herself to some of Charlotte's peculiarities. Charlotte still continued to regulate her own life, but gradually learnt that it was as well to allow responsible individuals, to form their own plans for themselves.

She, nevertheless, presented Mrs. Dennison on one of her birthdays with a beautifully illuminated scroll designed and painted by herself, and bearing the words from Pliny, the younger:—'I look upon a stated arrangement of human actions, especially at an advanced period, with the same sort of pleasure as I behold the settled course of the heavenly bodies.'

Mrs. Dennison accepted it with thanks, remarking, however, at the same time, that she thought considerably less of Pliny since she knew he said that.

The illumination was hung up in her room, where it always remained, a hollow mockery, and a bitter sarcasm, totally unheeded, however, by Mrs. Dennison.

They contrived somehow to be happy together, and became fond of one another in spite of their different temperaments, and each was certainly a great check upon the other, as neither could go too far on her own particular road of life, without being gently pulled up, and while Mrs. Dennison, though retaining all her own characteristics, tried hard not to let them disturb or destroy her niece's peace of mind, Charlotte discovered that the daily routine of a life ought to be subservient to, instead of controlling, the individual, and that our plans should be our servants, not our governors, and that still less should they be allowed to domineer over others.

GREETINGS.

"GOOD-DAY!" cried one, who drove to west,
"Good-day!" the other, eastward bound—
Strong, hearty voices both, that rang,
Above their waggons' rattling sound.
And I, within my snug home nest,
"Good-day! good-day!" still softly sang.
I saw them not, yet well I knew
How much a cheery word can do;
How braced those hearts that on their way
Speed, each to each, a brave "good-day!"

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, TORONTO.

III.

OF the great calamities which befell the City of London during the decade covered by the Diary—the plague and the fire—Pepys has given us many notices. His description of the fire is very full and graphic; while his allusions to the plague frequently rival even Defoe's famous history in ghastly and terrible reality.

The virulence of the latter pestilence, as is well known, was very great. Within six months upwards of one hundred thousand human beings were swept away by it. A person might be hale and hearty now, and in a few hours hence be dead and buried. Once the coachman driving Pepys was 'suddenly struck sick, and almost blind,' so that he could go no farther, and Pepys was forced to take another coach. On another occasion one of his boatmen, after having landed him, fell sick immediately, and soon died. A man whom he sent to enquire about some sick friends took the plague himself, and died. All who could left the city, and ere long the streets were empty, and grass grew up and down Whitehall court. Soon there were none to wait upon the sick. The awful gloom was intensified by the solemn tones of the death-bell, which was tolling all the time. At night a cart went round the parish, and the dead bodies were put into it, shroudless and coffinless, and taken away, and thrown into a huge grave. Well might men's hearts quake for fear. Friend dare hardly ask for friend, lest he might hear he was no more. And yet, during this terrible time, Pepys kept to his post. The entire business of the Navy Office fell upon him, but he stood nobly to his duty, holding himself in readiness to go should it please God to call him, and doing his best to keep up a good heart. It was difficult for him to do this. It was difficult for a man to live in a plague-stricken city, in fear lest his turn might come next,—more difficult even than to face the terrors of the battle-field. Day after day Pepys listened to the cry of woe. He heard of his friends falling around him. Through the night-mists he saw the flickering glare of the links guiding the dead-cart to the graveyard. He beheld upon the door of many a house the red cross, with the words beneath it, chalked out in piteously mournful language, 'Lord have mercy upon us!' —the sad sign that death was there, and sorrow and danger. Surely, Pepys deserved to be called a hero. He was worthy of the thanks of a better master than Charles for his faithful and noble devotion.

The next year came the fire, and for the fifth time London was laid in ashes. When its three days' work was done, 13,200 houses, 86 parish churches, 6 chapels, and St. Paul's Cathedral, a vast number of public offices and stately edifices, including 52 companies' halls, and 4 prisons, were ascertained to have been destroyed. The total loss of property was estimated at the time to be but little short of £11,000,000. Mr. Pepys writes: 'Captain Cocke says he hath computed that the rents of the houses lost by

this fire in the city comes to £600,000 per annum.'

The distress caused was, of course, very great. Evelyn says that 'towards Islington and Highgate one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire.' Fortunately no lives were lost.

The chief value, however, of Pepys' Diary does not consist in his description of great events, but, in his references to the social habits of his time. Here we have no book so rich and full in the English language. Pepys wrote that which everybody else omitted to write about. We think more of these glimpses into the customs of our ancestors than we do of the best and fullest description of a royal court. We only wish we had more descriptions of the social life of the people in those 'good old times,' than we at present possess. How many a dream of their alleged perfection would be dispelled! If in our day anything gets out of order, or is at all objectionable, there are always some ancient individuals to tell us that such things did not happen when they were young. Perhaps it is well that time blots out the annoyances and the evils of the past, and casts a sort of glory upon the things that pleased and gratified us. But it is unreasonable to look upon any period as perfect in itself, and, though one may look back to the days gone by, and revel in their good things, yet there is always a danger of carrying such a habit or taste to a ridiculous and silly extreme. Take, for example, the question of domestic servants. No order of beings seems more necessary to a household, and no order of beings seems to be the source of so much petty annoyance and worry. Ladies indulge in some very hard sayings concerning them, and invariably wind up with, 'I don't know what the world is coming to; girls are not what they used to be.'

Fortunately, Mr. Pepys kept servants in those good times, two hundred years ago, and he has given us a goodly number of hints concerning his experience. It was not one of the best. At one time he had a cook who would get drunk for a day or two at a time. Another servant was addicted to lying. A third put on too much style. A fourth was a thief. Others were blamed 'for not looking the flees a'days!' And though Mr. Pepys undertook to correct them—as, for instance, kicking one for leaving the door and hatch open, and cuffing another for giving him 'some slight answer,' and in a third case making his wife flog the girl, and shut her down in the cellar all night, one chilly Sunday night in February,—it seemed to do them very little good. About the time of the great fire the maid went home against her mistress' orders, and Mrs. Pepys followed her and gave her a good beating in the girl's mother's house. This is very good: 'The boy failing to call us up as I commanded, I was angry, and resolved to whip him for that, and many other faults, to-day.....I and Will got me a rod, and he and I called the boy up to one of the upper rooms of the Comptroller's house towards the garden, and there I reckoned all his faults, and whipped him soundly, but the rods was so small that I fear they did not much hurt to him, but only to my arm, which I am already, within a quarter of an hour, not able to stir almost.' So that we may readily see that Pepys had to bear in his day and generation all that we have to bear in ours, and, if the truth were known, no doubt a great deal more.

But lest any should think Pepys to have been a hard master, we may say that he took an interest in his servants, which, I fancy, we seldom take in ours. The girl who was discharged for lying was sent away 'with more clothes than have cost us £10, and 20s. in her purse.' The following is inter-

esting and to the point: 'This week my people wash, over the water, and so I have little company at home. Being busy above, a great cry I hear, and go down; and what should it be but Jane (the servant), in a fit of direct raving, which lasted half-an-hour. It was beyond four or five of our strength, to keep her down; and, when all come to all, a fit of jealousy about Tom, with whom she is in love. So at night, I and my wife, and W. Hewer called them to us, and there I did examine all the thing, and them, in league. She in love, and he hath got her to promise him to marry, and he is now cold in it, so that I must rid my hands of them, which troubles me.' Pepys, however, was a capital hand in a match, and to his credit or to Tom's, I cannot say which, the difficulty was removed, and a few months afterwards Tom and Jane were married, and that at Pepys' house on a Friday in Lent.

We should think it a mark of very great disrespect for a man to wear his hat in a church, but this was an old custom in Pepys' day, even during divine service. The hat was worn also at meals. Pepys caught a bad cold one day by leaving his off at dinner time. In high life periwigs were very fashionable. As our journalist became of more importance in the world, he began to feel the want of a wig, for, says he, 'the pains of keeping my head clean is so great.' After a time, having heard that the King and the Duke of York intended to adopt that article of fashion, the King being, as Pepys says, 'mighty grey,' he had his hair cut off and bought a periwig; 'and I, by and by, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it; and they do conclude it do become me; though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting of my own hair, and so was Besse.' Compare Mr. Pepys just here with M. Jourdain in Molière's 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.' When the Sunday after he went to church, he says, with a touch of comic vanity, 'I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing.' I may add for the benefit of those who may have to wear wigs against their will, that six months after this he writes, 'This day, after I had suffered my own hayre to grow long, in order to wearing it, I find the convenience of periwigs is so great that I have cut off all short again, and will keep to periwigs.'

In those days, Pepys tells us, people ate turpentine for the good of their health; ladies wore black patches on their faces to add to their charms; some went out in the winter to frost-bite themselves, and in the month of May they rose early in the morning and bathed their faces in the dew that had fallen on the grass, thinking that was the best thing in the world to make them beautiful. Even as late as 1791, the virtues of May-dew were still held in some estimation. There were women also that painted their cheeks, but Pepys expresses his emphatic contempt for that and hatred for the persons who did it. Others wore false hair, which Mrs. Pepys doing on one occasion, her husband, though he wore a periwig, gave her a severe reprimand, 'swearing,' says he, 'several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it.' Extravagance in dress was the order of the day, and Pepys hailed with delight the announcement made by the King in Council of 'his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter.' This, Pepys adds, is 'to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good.' The King's 'fashion' lasted as long as that fickle-minded Monarch's resolutions generally lasted, and then passed away. That there was some need of retrenchment we may gather from Pepys' own display.

Imagine one of his attires. 'A summer suit of coloured camelott coat and breeches, and a floured tabby coat

very rich.' This was adorned with lace and a belt of corresponding colour; but, when May-day came and he put on a summer suit for the first time that year, 'it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it.' However he wore it later on in the same day. 'At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I, because Betty, whom I expected was not come to go with us; and my wife, that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine; and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and against my will I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaint. The day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure.' Pepys' mentioning 'the gentlemen's' is, as his editor says, a little too much, considering that he had but recently set up his own carriage. Such a display for a man in Pepys' position could not fail to attract attention, and so he writes a few days after: 'Walked a little with Creed, who tells me he hears how fine my horses and coach are, and advises me to avoid being noted for it, which I was vexed to hear taken notice of, being what I feared; and Povy told me of my gold-laced sleeves in the Park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in Court with them, but presently to have them taken off, as it is fit I should, and so called at my tailor's for that purpose.' It seems almost a pity that Pepys could not have a coach without exciting comment, since it had been a fond dream of his for many years, and he had come by it as honestly as most officials in those times came by their equipages.

I mentioned just now the full breeches. 'Persons ecclesiastical' will remember the 74th of the Canons of 1603, where the clergy are specially enjoined not to wear 'any light-coloured stockings.' As the hose were visible to the knee this was a very necessary injunction, more especially also since gaudy colours were the general fashion, and would be most unbecoming the ministers of religion. Custom has, however, changed, and the breeches have given way to long trousers, the bishops and higher dignitaries of the church, and farm labourers in the rural districts of England and Ireland alone retaining the old style. So far as the latter are concerned in this article of dress, Pepys might have written the following of an English shepherd of the nineteenth century. He met an old man on the Downs, and says, 'We took notice of his woollen-knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet *which was mighty pretty;* and, taking notice of them, why, says the poor man, the downes, you see, are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus; and these, says he, will make the stones fly till they ring before me.'

It would weary the reader were I

to refer at length to the many costumes Mr. Pepys possessed. He paid great attention to his clothes, and seldom buys a suit without giving us all the particulars concerning it; frequently informing us when he goes out what he wears. He must, in his way, have been what we would term a 'dandy,' if I may use such an expression. His delight over a new watch is an amusing illustration of this: 'Received my watch from the watch-maker, and a very fine one it is, given me by Briggs, the scrivener. But, lord, to see how much of my old folly and childishnesse hangs upon me still, that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand, in the coach all the afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself how could I be so long without one; though, I remember, since, I had one, and found it a trouble, and resolved to carry one no more about me while I lived.'

We may pass on from the adorning of the outer man to the replenishing of the inner, and here we have an account of a grand feast day. 'My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowles and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jacke, of which I was doubtful, do carry it very well, things being put in order, and the cook come. By and by comes Dr. Clerke, and his lady, his sister, and a she-cozen, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits and lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next, a great dish of roasted fowle, cost me about 30s., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble, and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing-chamber; and my wife's a good fire, also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. At supper, had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clerke, a very witty, fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.'

Another feast: 'I had a pretty dinner . . . viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowle of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzy* and two neats' tongues and cheese, the second. Merry all the afternoon, talking, and singing, and piping on the flageolette.'

At wedding and christening feasts, Pepys must have been a welcome guest on account of his good singing powers. But when he comes home from such, or any similar entertainments, he generally makes some remark upon the good cheer. And what a wealth of things he mentions! Venison pasty and turkey, wild goose roasted, good neats' tongue, swan, pigeons and hare pie ('very good meat'), lobsters and salmon and eels, and oysters and prawns; 'all fish dinner' on Good Friday, fritters on Shrove Tuesday, cakes on Twelfth night, and the wassail-bowl and mince pies at Christmas. Among his drinks, mulled sack, burnt wine, claret, ale, small beer, buttered ale, wormwood wine, 'mum' (a German malt liquor), and horse-radish ale (as a medicine): his fruits, walnuts, China oranges, and grapes and melons from Lisbon, (the melons the first he ever saw, and the grapes so rare or rich a luxury that his wife put up some in a basket to be sent to the King), to say nothing of common English products. He tells us when he first drank tea, and calls asparagus by its old name,

* 'Tanzy' was a kind of sweet dish made of eggs, cream, etc., flavoured with the juice of tansy, which is a species of odorous herb.

now considered vulgar, of 'sparrow-grass.' At wedding feasts mince pies were provided, one for each year the parties had been married. The use of this article of food, especially at Christmas, shows that the influence of the Puritans was fast dying out, the mince pie having been forbidden by them during the Commonwealth as a relic of Middle Ages superstition; its compounds being supposed to represent the spices, etc., with which the body of our Saviour was embalmed.

Drunkenness, as always in England, so in Pepys' time, was a common vice, and though our author was ashamed to be seen in the company of a red-nosed man, he sometimes drank to excess, or, as he called it, made himself 'merry.' He tells the following, which may suffice as an illustration, after a sheriff's dinner: 'Very good cheer we had, and merry musique at and after dinner, and a fellow danced a jigg; but, when the company begun to dance, I come away, lest I should be taken out; and God knows how my wife carried herself, but I left her to try her fortune.' It is true, he made vows again and again to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, but they were broken as repeatedly. One is almost amused over the manner in which he excused himself in these cases of violation. On one occasion he went with a boon companion and 'drank a cup of good drink, which,' he adds, 'I am fain to allow myself during the plague time by advice of all, and not contrary to my oath, my physician being dead, and chyrurgeon out of the way, whose advice I am obliged to take.' The opinion, however, that spirits are a safeguard against an epidemic, though generally entertained by people addicted to their use, is well known to be disproved by facts. The following idea of Pepys' is also a very common one. After regretting the heavy expenses he had been put to in giving an entertainment, he says, 'it is but once in a great while, and is the end for which, in the most part, we live, to have such a merry day once or twice in a man's life.'

Mr. Pepys was a member of the Royal Society, and as such was, of course, much interested in science. He collected all the information he could on strange subjects. The notes which are scattered through the Diary exhibit most amusingly the credulity and nescience of the man and his age. Not that all these stories are void of truth; some are, undoubtedly, correct, but others are so palpably absurd that they never fail to provoke a smile from their very absurdity.

Here is a bit of information gained from a learned man, the founder of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford: 'At table I had very good discourse with Mr. Ashmole, wherein he did assure me that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed.' This was a commonly received opinion in olden times, but in White's Selborne we are told that Ray, speaking of frogs, 'subverts that foolish opinion of their dropping from the clouds in rain; showing that it is from the grateful coolness and moisture of those showers that they are tempted to set out on their travels, which they defer till those fall.'

This is another item: 'Discoursing with a Mr. Templer, "an ingenious man, and a person of honour he seems to be," of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and do feed upon larkes, which they take thus: They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouths uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poyson upon the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in the course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest long, about

which times they are most busy, there are fiddlers go up and down the fields everywhere, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung.' A course of dancing actually is a remedy for a tarantula bite, but the idea of a serpent sending a spray of poison into the air two or three hundred yards is very grotesque.

We are told of two clever birds in the Diary, one from the East Indies, belonging to the Duke of York, 'black the greatest part, with the finest collar of white about the neck; but talks many things, and neyes like the horse and other things, the best almost that ever I heard bird in all my life;' the other 'a sparrow that our Mercer hath brought up now for three weeks, which is so tame, that it flies up and down, and upon the table, and eats and pecks, and do everything so pleasantly, that we are mightily pleased with it.' Tame birds are common, but such a dog as is spoken of in the following extract is rare. 'To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes: and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper, which is very strange; and he tells me, that he do believe he hath killed above 100 cats. A monkey which he saw brought from 'Guiny,' would do for the 'missing-link' in Darwinism, for Pepys was persuaded that it was half human, and 'I do believe that it already understands much English, and I am of the mind that it might be taught to speak or make signs.' His wonder over that was no greater than over the first gold-fish he ever saw. 'To see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity; of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign.'

The following is a perfect chapter of strange things: 'At the coffee-house I went and sat by Mr. Harrington, and some east country merchants, and, talking of the country above Quinsborough,* and thereabouts, he told us himself that for fish, none there, the poorest body, will buy a dead fish, but must be alive, unless it be in the winter; and then they told us the manner of putting their nets into the water. Through holes made in the thick ice, they will spread a net of half a mile long; and he hath known a hundred and thirty and a hundred and seventy barrels of fish taken at one draught. And then the people come with sledges upon the ice with snow at the bottom, and lay the fish in and cover them with snow, and so carry them to market. And he hath seen when the said fish have been frozen in the sledge; so as he hath taken a fish and broke a-pieces, so hard it hath been; and yet the same fishes taken out of the snow, and brought into a hot room, will be alive and leap up and down. Swallows are often brought up in their nets out of the mud from under water, hanging together to some twig or other, dead in ropes, and brought to the fire will come to life. Fowl killed in December, Alderman Barker said, he did buy, and putting into the box under his sledge, did forget to take them out to eate till Aprill next, and they then were found there, and were through the frost as sweet and fresh, and eat as well as at first killed. Young beares appear there; their flesh sold in market, as ordinary beef here, and is excellent sweet meat. They tell us that beares there do never hurt anybody, but fly away from you, unless you pursue and set upon them; but wolves do much mischief. Mr. Harrington told us how they do to get so much honey as they send abroad. They make hollow a great fir tree, leaving only a small slit down straight in one

* Kœnigsberg in Prussia.

place ; and this they close up again, only leave a little hole, and there the bees go in and fill the bodys of those trees as full of wax and honey as they can hold ; and the inhabitants at times go and open the slit, and take what they please without killing the bees, and so let them live there still and make more. Fir trees are always planted close together, because of keeping one another from the violence of the windes ; and when a fell is made, they leave here and there a grown tree to preserve the young ones coming up. The great entertainment and sport of the Duke of Corland, and the princes thereabouts, is hunting ; which is not with dogs as we, but he appoints such a day, and summonses all the country-people as to a campagnia ; and by several companies gives everyone their circuit, and they agree upon a place where the toyle is to be set ; and so, making fires every company as they go, they drive all the wild beasts, whether bears, wolves, foxes, swine, and stags, and roes, into the toyle ; and there the great men have their stands in such and such places, and shoot at what they have a mind to, and that is their hunting. They are not very populous there, by reason that people marry, women, seldom till they are towards or above thirty ; and, men, thirty or forty years old, or more, oftentimes. Against a public hunting the Duke sends that no wolves be killed by the people ; and, whatever harm they do, the Duke makes it good to the person that suffers it ; as Mr. Harrington instanced in a house where he lodged, where a wolfe broke into a hog stye, and bit three or four great pieces off the back of the hog, before the house could come to help it ; and the man of the house told him that there were three or four wolves thereabouts that did them great hurt ; but it was no matter, for the Duke was to make it good to him, otherwise he would kill them.'

An observation on hanging may be curious to those interested in the question of capital punishment. 'Dr. Scarborough took some of his friends, and I went with them, to see the body of a lusty fellow, a seaman, that was hanged for a robbery. I did touch the dead body with my bare hand ; it felt cold, but methought it was a very unpleasant sight. It seems, one Dillon, of a great family, was, after much endeavours to have saved him, hanged with a silken halter this Sessions, of his own preparing, not for honour only, but, it being soft and sleek, it do slip close and kills, that is, strangles presently ; whereas, a stiff one do not come so close together, and so the party may live the longer before killed. But all the doctors at table conclude, that there is no pain at all in hanging, for that it do stop the circulation of the blood ; and so stops all sense and motion in an instant.' Perhaps the latter fact helped Harrison, who was 'hanged, drawn and quartered' for signing the death-warrant of Charles the First, 'to look as cheerful as any man could do in that condition ;' and three others, who when hanged at Tyburn 'all looked very cheerful.'

An experiment—which Pepys calls 'pretty,' but which most people will justly think horrible—tried at Gresham College, by letting the blood of one dog out, 'till he died, into the body of another on one side, while all his own did run out on the other side, . . . did give occasion to many pretty wishes,' among them the rather grim one 'of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop.'

Sharp practice was rife in business then as now. 'Mr. Batelier told me how, being with some others at Bordeaux, making a bargain with another man at a tavern for some clarets, they did hire a fellow to thunder, which he had the art of doing, upon a deale board, and to rain and hail, that is, make the noise of, so as to give them a pretence of undervaluing their merchants' wines, by saying this thunder

would spoil and turn them, which was so reasonable to the merchant that he did abate two pistolls per ton for the wine, in belief of that.'

I shall conclude these papers on Pepys' Diary with some extracts touching upon the superstitions of his time. These are common and void of the attractiveness of some superstitions. Pepys was very much interested in the question of Second Sight, and his correspondence contains a number of letters from different gentlemen on that subject. These friends supplied him with a number of stories, the truth of which they vouched for more or less. Here is one told by the second Earl of Clarendon in a letter dated May 27th, 1701: 'One day, I know by some remarkable circumstances it was towards the middle of February, 1661–2, the old Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman, who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife, "What is the matter, that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why dost thou not speak?"—"She's a handsome lady, indeed," said the gentleman, "but I see her in blood." Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him; and all the company going out of the room, we parted; and I believe none of us thought more of the matter; I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox: she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say, if she ever had it, she would dye of it. Upon the ninth day after the small-pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stopt; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she dyed, almost weltering in her blood.'

There are two letters from clergymen, Dr. Hickes and Dr. Wallis, who certainly ought to have known better, one would think, giving just as marvellous stories. The way by which any one may acquire this second sight, which, when once acquired, it seems, cannot be lost, Lord Ray says, in a letter he wrote on the subject: 'The Seer puts both his hands and feet above your's, and mutters some words to himself: which done, you both see them alike.'

The following, relating to 'body-lifting,' may be interesting. A gentleman who had been in France, after giving five lines of a charm, tells Mr. Pepys that 'he saw four little girls, very young ones—all kneeling each of them, upon one knee; and one begun the first line, whispering in the eare of the next, and the second to the third, and the third to the fourth, and the fourth to the first. Then the first begun the second line, and so round quite through; and, putting each one finger only to a boy that lay flat upon his back on the ground, as if he were dead; at the end of the words, they did with their four fingers raise this boy as high as they could reach; and Mr. Brisband, being there, and wondering at it, as also being afraid to see it, for they would have had him to have borne a part in saying the words, in the room of one of the little girls that was so young that they could hardly make her learn to repeat the words, did, for fear there might be some slight used in it by the boy, or that the boy might be light, call the cook of the house, a very lusty fellow, . . . and they did raise him just in the same manner. This is one of the strangest things I ever heard, but he tells it me of his own knowledge, and I do heartily believe it to be true. I enquired of him whether they were Protestant or Catholique girles; and

he told me they were Protestant, which made it the more strange to me.'

Our Diarist believed in charms, and gives us the words of several. Here is one which is to be used for a thorn-prick :

> 'Christ was of a Virgin born,
> And he was pricked with a thorn ;
> And it did neither bell, nor swell ;
> And I trust in Jesus this never will.'

There were charms also to be worn. After stating how good his health had been for a long time, he says, 'I am at a great loss to know whether it be my hare's foote, or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne.' The hare's foot was worn to prevent colic, but in this case his immunity did not arise from that, as soon after he writes : 'Homeward, in my way buying a hare, and taking it home, which arose upon my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten, in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foot hath not the joynt to it ; and assures me he never had his cholique since he carried it about him ; and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner handled his foot, but I become very well, and so continue.' Pepys wore the hare's foot to prevent colic, and some old women carry a potatoe in their pocket to prevent rheumatism, and good Romanists have about them a little wafer which they call an 'Agnus Dei,' done up daintily in some rich material, to prevent sudden death, and all three charms are of equal efficacy and equally reasonable.

The following is a cure for fever sent to Mr. Pepys by an Italian music-master : 'I did receive your last letter . . . with much grief, having an account of your painfull feaver ; I pray God it will not vex your lady too much ; and if by chance it should vex you longer, there is here a man that can cure it with simpathetical power, if you please to send me down the pearinghs of the nailes of both your hands and your foots, and three locks of hair of the top of your crown. I hope, with the grace of God, it will cure you.'

A stray ghost turns up now and then in our day, but in Pepys' time they were very common. Many of my readers may remember Clarendon's account of the 'man of very venerable aspect,' who three times appeared about midnight to an officer in Windsor Castle and predicted the death of the Duke of Buckingham. The learned historian evidently believed the story himself, for, he says, it 'was upon a better foundation of credit than usually such discourses are founded upon.' Pepys has no good ghost story to tell, but he refers to an appearance not less remarkable. 'Both at and after dinner, we had great discourses of the nature and power of spirits, and whether they can animate dead bodies ; in all which, as of the general appearance of spirits, my Lord Sandwich is very sceptical. He says the greatest warrants that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearing of the devil in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down. There are books of it, and, they say, very true ; but my Lord observes, though he do answer any tune that you will play to him upon another drum, yet one time he tried to play and could not ; which makes him suspect the whole ; and I think it is a good argument.' I do not see why the devil should be required to play an original tune on a drum in order to identification, but certain it is that in this case the whole was an imposition, proceeding from one actually in the flesh.

Most people will think of these stories as Pepys did in the following case. 'To Paul's Church ; and there I did hear Dr. Gunning preach a good sermon upon the day, being St. John's Day, and did hear him tell a story, which he did persuade us to believe to be true, that St. John and the Virgin Mary did appear to Gregory, a bishopp,

at his prayer to be confirmed in the faith, which I did wonder to hear from him.'

I will give two of Pepys' stories that amusingly and clearly illustrate in what ghost legends generally consist. Here is a short one. 'Lay and slept well till three in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but, not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little afraid, but sleep overcome all, and so lay till nigh morning.'

The other one is longer, and might be called an hour of horror: 'Waked about seven o'clock this morning, with a noise I supposed I heard, near our chamber, of knocking, which, by-and-by, increased: and I, more awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so great a while, while that increased, and at last heard it plainer, knocking, as if it were breaking down a window for people to get out; and the removing of stools and chairs; and plainly, by-and-by going up and down our stairs. We lay, both of us, afraid; yet I would have rose, but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making a noise; and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what our people did, whom we thought either killed, or afraid, as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slippers safely to the other side of the bed over my wife; and there safely rose, and put on my gown and breeches, and then, with a firebrand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw nor heard anything. Then, with fear, I confess, went to the maid's chamber-door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely, and opened my chamber-door, where all well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cook-maid up, and all safe. So up again, and when Jane come, and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said, "yes, but was afraid," but rose with the other maid, and found nothing; but heard a noise in the great stack of chimneys that goes from Sir J. Minnes through our house; and so we sent; and their chimneys have been swept this morning, and the noise was that, and nothing else. It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life, and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures how people may be surprized, and the more from an accident last night, that our young gibb-cat did leap down our stairs from top to bottom, at two leaps, and frighted us, that we could not tell well whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted.'

There is one other superstition which Pepys mentions that I may refer to here. 'Great talk among people how some of the Fanatiques do say that the end of the world is at hand, and that next Tuesday is to be the day.' This is on a par with the multitude of idle prophecies which we hear now-a-days about the nearness of that event, when, be it remembered, the Lord Jesus Christ solemnly declared that 'of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.' The time has been set again and again, and yet the event has not taken place. It was confidently expected to happen at the end of the first millenium of the Christian era; but it did not. The Reformers, regarding the Pope of Rome as the Antichrist, and their age as that in which he was revealed, concluded that the end was very nigh; and yet three centuries, and we have a future still before us: though to be sure that future may not be a very long one, as old Mother Shipton predicted, that

> 'This our world to an end shall come
> In eighteen hundred and eighty-one,'

and some one has discovered that certain proportions of length and pecu-

liarities of position in the interior passages of the Great Pyramid indicate that all will be over in 1882; and other wiseacres that since 'the perihelia of the four giant planets would be together between 1880 and 1885,' terrible disasters as a consequence will happen to the human race. We may well afford to smile at these silly conceits, uttering, however, at the same time the pious prayer of Pepys', in view of the fact that the end will come, 'Against which, whenever it does come, good God fit us all!'

At the conclusion of these somewhat rambling papers on Pepys' Diary, I can but express the hope that, whatever else I may have done, I have at least been successful in drawing the attention of my readers to a work which, by reputation, is known to everybody, but which is, I fear, read by very few. I have tried to give an idea of its contents, with a view of inciting others to its perusal. To say nothing of the instruction that may be gained, the amusement is such as few books can give. It is certainly worth every one's while to read

'THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.'

TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY GOWAN LEA.

THE wonder-land is nigh, tho' undescried,
And worlds shall enter with the early dawn;
One moment, ere night's curtain be withdrawn,
We pause to mark th' advancing human tide,

Which comes with steady flow; in joy and pride,
Its burden bearing from the ages gone;
Already building countless hopes upon—
That land it deems more fair than all beside.

Dark voiceless region, dreary, still, and cold!
Awaiting man's advent upon thy shore;
Thou dost not give him aught; he brings to thee:
His faith and love go with him evermore—
But yonder is the morn! upon the wold,
The New Year, smiling, steps from the "To Be!"

MONTREAL.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

'LET me see the blister,' said Amelius.

Sally looked longingly at the fire.

'May I warm my feet first,' she asked; 'they are so cold.'

In those words, she innocently deferred the discovery which, if it had been made at the moment, might have altered the whole after-course of events. Amelius only thought now of preventing her from catching cold. He sent Toff for a pair of the warmest socks that he possessed, and asked if he should put them on for her. She smiled, and shook her head, and put them on for herself.

When they had done laughing at the absurd appearance of the little feet in the large socks, they only drifted farther and farther away from the subject of the blistered foot. Sally remembered the terrible matron, and asked if anything had been heard of her that morning. Being told that Mrs. Payson had written, and that the doors of the institution were closed to her, she recovered her spirits, and began to wonder whether the offended authorities would let her have her clothes.

Toff offered to go and make the inquiry, later in the day; suggesting the purchase of slippers and stockings, in the meantime, while Sally was having her breakfast. Amelius approved of the suggestion; and Toff set off on his errand, with one of Sally's boots for a pattern.

The morning had, by that time, advanced to ten o'clock.

Amelius stood before the fire talking, while Sally had her breakfast. Having first explained the reasons which made it impossible that she should live at the cottage in the capacity of his servant, he astonished her by announcing that he meant to undertake the superintendence of her education himself. They were to be master and pupil, while the lessons were in progress; and brother and sister at other times—and they were to see how they got on together, on this plan, without indulging in any needless anxiety about the future. Amelius believed with perfect sincerity that he had hit on the only sensible arrangement, under the circumstances; and Sally cried joyously, 'O, how good you are to me; the happy life has come at last!'

At the hour when those words passed the daughter's lips, the discovery of the conspiracy burst upon the mother in all its baseness, and in all its horror.

The suspicion of her infamous employer, which had induced Mrs. Sowler to attempt to intrude herself into Phœbe's confidence, led her to make a visit of investigation at Jervy's lodgings later in the day. Informed (as Phœbe had been informed) that he was not at home, she called again some hours afterwards. By that time, the landlord had discovered that Jervy's luggage had been secretly conveyed away, and that his tenant had left him, in debt for rent of the two best rooms in the house.

No longer in any doubt of what had happened, Mrs. Sowler employed the remaining hours of the evening in making inquiries after the missing man. Not a trace of him had been

discovered, up to eight o'clock on the next morning.

Shortly after nine o'clock—that is to say, towards the hour at which Phœbe paid her visit to Amelius—Mrs. Sowler, resolute to know the worst, made her appearance at the apartments occupied by Mrs. Farnaby.

'I wish to speak to you,' she began abruptly, 'about that young man we both know of. Have you seen anything of him lately?'

Mrs. Farnaby, steadily on her guard, deferred answering the question. 'Why do you want to know?' she said.

The reply was instantly ready. 'Because I have reason to believe he bolted, with your money in his pocket.'

'He has done nothing of the sort,' Mrs. Farnaby rejoined.

'Has he got your money?' Mrs. Sowler persisted. 'Tell me the truth—and I'll do the same by you. He has cheated me. If you're cheated, too, it's your own interest to lose no time in finding him. The police may catch him yet. *Has* he got your money?'

The woman was in earnest—in terrible earnest—her eyes and her voice both bore witness to it. She stood there the living impersonation of those doubts and fears which Mrs. Farnaby had described in her letter to Amelius. Her position, at that moment, was essentially a position of power. Mrs. Farnaby felt it in spite of herself. She acknowledged that Jervy had got the money.

'Did you send it to him, or give it to him?' Mrs. Sowler asked.

'I gave it to him.'

'When?'

'Yesterday evening.'

Mrs. Sowler clenched her fists, and shook them in impotent rage. He's the biggest scoundrel living,' she exclaimed furiously; 'and you're the biggest fool! Put on your bonnet and come to the police. If you get your money back again before he's spent it all, don't forget it was through me.'

The audacity of the woman's language roused Mrs. Farnaby. She pointed to the door. 'You are an insolent creature,' she said; 'I have nothing more to do with you.'

'You have nothing more to do with me?' Mrs. Sowler repeated. 'You and the young man have settled it all between you, I suppose.' She laughed scornfully. 'I daresay now you expect to see him again?'

Mrs. Farnaby was irritated into answering this. 'I expect to see him this morning,' she said, 'at ten o'clock.'

'And the lost young lady with him?'

'Say nothing about my lost daughter! I won't even hear you speak of her.'

Mrs. Sowler sat down. 'Look at your watch,' she said. 'It must be nigh on ten o'clock by this time. You'll make a disturbance in the house if you try to turn me out. I mean to wait here till ten o'clock.'

On the point of answering angrily, Mrs. Farnaby restrained herself. 'You are trying to force a quarrel on me,' she said; 'you sha'n't spoil the happiest morning of my life. Wait here by yourself.'

She opened the door that led into her bed-chamber, and shut herself in. Perfectly impenetrable to any repulse that could be offered to her, Mrs. Sowler looked at the closed door with a sardonic smile, and waited.

The clock in the hall struck ten. Mrs. Farnaby returned again to the sitting-room, walked straight to the window, and looked out.

'Any signs of him?' said Mrs. Sowler.

There were no signs of him. Mrs. Farnaby drew a chair to the window, and sat down. Her hands turned icy cold. She still looked out into the street.

'I'm going to guess what's happened,' Mrs. Sowler resumed. 'I'm a sociable creature, you know, and I must talk about something. About the money, now? Has the young man had his

travelling expenses of you? To go to foreign parts, and bring your girl back with him, eh? I guess that's how it was. You see I know him so well. And what happened, if you please, yesterday evening? Did he tell you he'd brought her back, and got her at his own place? And did he say he wouldn't let you see her, till you paid him his reward as well as his travelling expenses? And did you forget my warning to you not to trust him? I'm a good one at guessing when I try. I see you think so yourself. Any signs of him yet?'

Mrs. Farnaby looked round from the window. Her manner was completely changed; she was nervously civil to the wretch who was torturing her. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, if I have offended you,' she said faintly. 'I am a little upset—I am so anxious about my poor child. Perhaps you are a mother yourself? You oughtn't to frighten me; you ought to feel for me.' She paused, and put her hand to her head. 'He told me yesterday evening,' she went on slowly and vacantly, 'that my poor darling was at his lodgings; he said she was so worn out with the long journey from abroad that she must have a night's rest before she could come to me. I asked him to tell me where he lived, and let me go to her. He said she was asleep and must not be disturbed. I promised to go in on tiptoe, and only look at her; I offered him more money, double the money, to tell me where she was. He was very hard on me. He only said, wait till ten to-morrow morning—and wished me good-night. I ran out to follow him, and fell on the stairs, and hurt myself. The people of the house were very kind to me.' She turned her head back towards the window, and looked out into the street again. 'I must be patient,' she said; 'he's only a little late.'

Mrs. Sowler rose, and tapped her smartly on the shoulder. 'Lies!' she burst out. 'He knows no more where your daughter is than I do—and he's off with your money!'

The woman's hateful touch struck out a spark of the old fire in Mrs. Farnaby. Her natural force of character asserted itself once more. '*You* lie!' she rejoined. 'Leave the room!'

The door was opened, while she spoke. A respectable woman-servant came in with a letter. Mrs. Farnaby took it mechanically, and looked at the address. Jervy's feigned handwriting was familiar to her. In the instant when she recognised it, the life seemed to go out of her like an extinguished light. She stood pale and still and silent, with the unopened letter in her hand.

Watching her with malicious curiosity, Mrs. Sowler coolly possessed herself of the letter, looked at it, and recognised the writing in her turn. 'Stop!' she cried, as the servant was on the point of going out. 'There's no stamp on this letter. Was it brought by hand? Is the messenger waiting?'

The respectable servant showed her opinion of Mrs. Sowler plainly in her face. She replied as briefly and as ungraciously as possible:—'No.'

'Man or woman?' was the next question.

'Am I to answer this person, ma'am?' said the servant, looking at Mrs. Farnaby.

'Answer me instantly,' Mrs. Sowler interposed—'in Mrs. Farnaby's own interests. Don't you see she can't speak to you herself?'

'Well, then,' said the servant, 'it was a man.'

'A man with a squint?'

'Yes.'

'Which way did he go?'

'Towards the square.'

Mrs. Sowler tossed the letter on the table, and hurried out of the room. The servant approached Mrs. Farnaby. 'You haven't opened your letter yet, ma'am,' she said.

'No,' said Mrs. Farnaby vacantly, 'I haven't opened it yet.'

'I'm afraid it's bad news, ma'am?'

'Yes. I think it's bad news.'

'Is there anything I can do for you?'

'No, thank you. Yes; one thing. Open my letter for me, please.'

It was a strange request to make. The servant wondered, and obeyed. She was a kind-hearted woman; she really felt for the poor lady. But the familiar household devil, whose name is Curiosity, and whose opportunities are innumerable, prompted her next words when she had taken the letter out of the envelope:—'Shall I read it to you, ma'am?'

'No. Put it down on the table, please. I'll ring when I want you.'

The mother was alone—alone, with her death-warrant waiting for her on the table.

The clock down-stairs struck the half hour after ten. She moved, for the first time since she had received the letter. Once more, she went to the window, and looked out. It was only for a moment. She turned away again, with a sudden contempt for herself. 'What a fool I am!' she said—and took up the open letter.

She looked at it, and put it down again. 'Why should I read it,' she asked herself, 'when I know what is in it, without reading?'

Some framed woodcuts from the illustrated newspapers were hung on the walls. One of them represented a scene of rescue from shipwreck. A mother embracing her daughter, saved by the lifeboat, was among the foreground groups. The print was entitled, 'The Mercy of Providence.' Mrs. Farnaby looked at it, with a moment's steady attention. 'Providence has its favourites,' she said; 'I am not one of them.'

After thinking a little, she went into her bed-room, and took two papers out of her dressing-case. They were medical prescriptions.

She turned next to the chimney-piece. Two medicine-bottles were placed on it. She took one of them down—a bottle of the ordinary size, known among chemists as a six-ounce bottle. It contained a colourless liquid. The label stated the dose to be 'two table-spoonsful,' and bore, as usual, a number corresponding with a number placed on the prescription. She took up the prescription. It was a mixture of bi-carbonate of soda and prussic acid, intended for the relief of indigestion. She looked at the date, and was at once reminded of one of the very rare occasions on which she had required the services of a medical man. There had been a serious accident at a dinner-party, given by some friends. She had eaten sparingly of a certain dish, from which some of the other guests had suffered severely. It was discovered that the food had been cooked in an old copper saucepan. In her case, the trifling result had been a disturbance of digestion, and nothing more. The doctor had prescribed accordingly. She had taken but one dose: with her healthy constitution, she despised physic. The remainder of the mixture was still in the bottle.

She considered again with herself—then went back to the chimney-piece, and took down the second bottle.

It contained a colourless liquid also; but it was only half the size of the first bottle, and not a drop had been taken. She waited, observing the difference between the two bottles with extraordinary attention. In this case also, the prescription was in her possession——but it was not the original. A line at the top stated that it was a copy made by the chemist, at the request of a customer. It bore the date of more than three years since. A morsel of paper was pinned to the prescription, containing some lines in a woman's handwriting:—'With your enviable health and strength, my dear, I should have thought you were the last person in the world to want a tonic. However, here is my prescription, if you must have it. Be very careful to take the right dose, because there's poison in it.' The prescription contained three in-

gredients, strychnine, quinine, and nitro-hydro-chloric acid; and the dose was fifteen drops in water. Mrs. Farnaby lit a match, and burnt the lines of her friend's writing. 'As long as that,' she reflected, watching the destruction of the paper, 'I thought of killing myself. Why didn't I do it?'

The paper having been destroyed, she put back the prescription for indigestion in her dressing-case; hesitated for a moment; and opened the bedroom window. It looked into a lonely little courtyard. She threw the dangerous contents of the second and smaller bottle out into the yard—and then put it back empty on the chimneypiece. After another moment of hesitation, she returned to the sitting-room, with the bottle of mixture, and the copied prescription for the tonic strychnine drops, in her hand.

She put the bottle on the table, and advanced to the fireplace to ring the bell. Warm as the room was, she began to shiver. Did the eager life in her feel the fatal purpose that she was meditating, and shrink from it? Instead of ringing the bell, she bent over the fire, trying to warm herself.

'Other women would get relief in crying,' she thought. 'I wish I was like other women!'

The whole sad truth about herself was in that melancholy aspiration. No relief in tears, no merciful oblivion in a fainting-fit, for *her*. The terrible strength of the vital organisation in this women knew no yielding to the unutterable misery that wrung her to the soul. It roused its glorious forces to resist; it held her in a stony quiet, with a grip of iron.

She turned away from the fire wondering at herself. 'What baseness is there in me that fears death? What have I got to live for *now*? The open letter on the table caught her eye. 'This will do it!' she said—and snatched it up, and read it at last.

'The least I can do for you is to act like a gentleman, and spare you unnecessary suspense. You will not see me this morning at ten, for the simple reason that I really don't know (and never did know) where to find your daughter. I wish I was rich enough to return the money. Not being able to do that, I will give you a word of advice instead. The next time you confide any secrets of yours to Mr. Goldenheart, take better care that no third person hears you.'

She read those atrocious lines, without any visible disturbance of the dreadful composure that possessed her. Her mind made no effort to discover the person who had listened and had betrayed her. To all ordinary curiosities, to all ordinary emotions, she was morally dead already.

The one thought in her was a thought that might have occurred to a man. 'If I only had my hands on his throat, how I could wring the life out of him! As it is—' Instead of pursuing the reflection, she threw his letter into the fire, and rang the bell.

'Take this at once to the nearest chemist's,' she said, giving the strychnine prescription to the servant; 'and wait, please, and bring it back with you.'

She opened the desk, when she was alone, and tore up the letters and papers in it. This done, she took her pen, and wrote a letter. It was addressed to Amelius.

When the servant entered the room again, bringing with her the prescription made up, the clock down-stairs struck eleven.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TOFF returned to the cottage, with the slippers and the stockings.

'What a time you have been gone!' said Amelius.

'It is not my fault, sir,' Toff explained. 'The stockings I obtained without difficulty. But the nearest shoe-shops in this neighbourhood sold

only coarse manufactures, and all too large. I had to go to my wife, and get her to take me to the right place. See! he exclaimed, producing a pair of quilted silk slippers with blue rosettes, 'here is a design, that is really worthy of pretty feet. Try them on, Miss.'

Sally's eyes sparkled at the sight of the slippers. She rose at once, and limped away to her room. Amelius, observing that she still walked in pain, called her back. 'I had forgotten the blister,' he said. 'Before you put on the new stockings, Sally, let me see your foot.' He turned to Toff 'You're always ready with everything,' he went on; 'I wonder whether you have got a needle and a bit of worsted thread?'

The old Frenchman answered with an air of respectful reproach. 'Knowing me, sir, as you do,' he said, 'could you doubt for a moment that I mend my own clothes and darn my own stockings?' He withdrew to his bedroom below, and returned with a leather roll. 'When you are ready, sir?' he said, opening the roll on the table, and threading the needle, while Sally removed the sock from her left foot.

She took a chair near the window, at the suggestion of Amelius. He knelt down so as to raise her foot to his knee. 'Turn a little more towards the light,' he said. He took the foot in his hand, lifted it, looked at it—and suddenly let it drop back on the floor.

A cry of alarm from Sally instantly brought Toff to the window. 'O, look!' she cried 'he's ill!' Toff lifted Amelius to the chair. 'For God's sake, sir,' cried the terrified old man, 'whats the matter?' Amelius had turned to the strange ashy paleness which is only seen in men of his florid complexion, overwhelmed with sudden emotion. He stammered when he tried to speak. 'Fetch the brandy!' said Toff, pointing to the liqueur case on the sideboard. Sally brought it instantly; the strong stimulant steadied Amelius.

'I'm sorry to have frightened you,' he said faintly. 'Sally!—Dear, dear little Sally, go in, and get your things on directly. You must come out with me; I'll tell you why afterwards. My God? why didn't I find this out before?' He noticed Toff, wondering and trembling. 'Good old fellow! don't alarm yourself—you shall know about it, too, Go! run! get the first cab you can find!'

Left alone for a few minutes, he had time to compose himself. He did his best to take advantage of the time; he tried to prepare his mind for the coming interview with Mrs. Farnaby. 'I must be careful of what I do,' he thought, conscious of the overwhelming effect of the discovery on himself; 'she doesn't expect *me* to bring her daughter to her.'

Sally returned to him, ready to go out. She seemed to be afraid of him, when he approached her, and took her hand. 'Have I done anything wrong?' she asked, in her childish way. 'Are you going to take me to some other Home?' The tone and look with which she put the question burst through the restraints which Amelius had imposed upon himself for her sake. 'My dear child!' he said, 'can you bear a great surprise? I'm dying to tell you the truth—and I hardly dare do it.' He took her in his arms. She trembled piteously. Instead of answering him, she reiterated her question, 'Are you going to take me to some other Home?' He could endure it no longer. 'This is the happiest day of your life, Sally!' he cried; 'I am going to take you to your mother.'

He held her close to him, and looked at her in dread of having spoken too plainly.

She slowly lifted her eyes to him in vacant fear and surprise; she burst into no expression of delight; no overwhelming emotion made her sink fainting in his arms. The sacred as-

sociations which gather round the mere name of Mother were associations unknown to her; the man who held her to him so tenderly, the hero who had pitied and saved her, was father and mother both in her simple mind. She dropped her head on his breast; her faltering voice told him she was crying. 'Will my mother take me away from you?' she asked. 'O, do promise to bring me back with you to the cottage!'

For the moment, and the moment only, Amelius was disappointed in her. The generous sympathies in his nature guided him unerringly to the truer view. He remembered what her life had been. Inexpressible pity for her filled his heart. 'O, my poor Sally, the time is coming when you will not think as you think now! I will do nothing to distress you. You musn't cry—you must be happy, and loving and true to your mother.' She dried her eyes. 'I'll do anything you tell me,' she said, 'as long as you bring me back with you.'

Amelius sighed, and said no more. He took her out with him gravely and silently, when the cab was announced to be ready. 'Double your fare,' he said, when he gave the driver his instructions, 'if you get there in a quarter of an hour.' It wanted twenty-five minutes to twelve when the cab left the cottage.

At that moment, the contrast of feeling between the two could hardly have been more strongly marked. In proportion as Amelius became more and more agitated, so Sally recovered the composure and confidence that she had lost. The first question she put to him related, not to her mother, but to his strange behaviour when he knelt down to look at her foot He answered, explaining to her briefly and plainly what his conduct meant. The description of what had passed between her mother and Amelius interested her and yet perplexed her. 'How can she be so fond of me, without knowing anything about me for all those years?' she asked. 'Is my mother a lady? Don't tell her where you found me; she might be ashamed of me.' She paused, and looked at Amelius anxiously. 'Are you vexed at something? May I take hold of your hand?' Amelius gave her his hand; and Sally was satisfied.

As the cab drew up at the house, the door was opened from within. A gentleman, dressed in black, hurriedly came out; looked at Amelius; and spoke to him as he stepped from the cab to the pavement.

'I beg your pardon, sir. May I ask if you are any relative of the lady who lives in this house?'

'No relative,' Amelius answered. 'Only a friend, who brings good news to her.'

The stranger's grave face suddenly became compassionate as well as grave. 'I must speak with you before you go up-stairs,' he said, lowering his voice as he looked at Sally, still seated in the cab. 'You will, perhaps, excuse the liberty I am taking, when I tell you I am a medical man. Come into the hall for a moment—and don't bring the young lady with you.'

Amelius told Sally to wait in the cab. She saw his altered looks, and entreated him not to leave her. He promised to keep the house door open so that she could see him, and followed the doctor into the hall.

'I am sorry to say, I have bad, very bad news for you,' the doctor began. 'Time is of serious importance—I must speak plainly. You have heard of mistakes made by taking the wrong bottle of medicine? The poor lady up-stairs is, I fear, in a dying state, from an accident of that sort. Try to compose yourself. You may really be of use to me, if you are firm enough to take my place while I am away.'

Amelius steadied himself instantly. 'What I *can* do, I *will* do,' he answered.

The doctor looked at him. 'I believe you,' he said. 'Now listen. In this case, a dose limited to fifteen

drops has been confounded with a dose of two table-spoonsful; and the drug taken by mistake is strychnine. One grain of the poison has been known to prove fatal—she has taken three. The convulsion fits have begun. Antidotes are out of the question—the poor creature can swallow nothing. I have heard of opium as a possible means of relief; and I am going to get the instrument for injecting it under the skin. Not that I have much belief in the remedy; but I must try something. Have you courage enough to hold her, if another of the convulsions comes on in my absence?'

'Will it relieve her, if I hold her?' Amelius asked.

'Certainly.'

'Then I promise to do it.'

'Mind! you must do it thoroughly. There are only two women up-stairs; both perfectly useless in this emergency. If she shrieks to you to be held, exert your strength—take her with a firm grasp. If you only touch her (I can't explain it, but it is so), you will make matters worse.'

The servant ran down stairs, while he was speaking. 'Don't leave us, sir—I'm afraid it's coming on again.'

'This gentleman will help you, while I am away,' said the doctor. 'One word more,' he went on, addressing Amelius. 'In the intervals between the fits, she is perfectly conscious; able to listen, and even to speak. If she has any last wishes to communicate, make good use of the time. She may die of exhaustion, at any moment. I will be back directly.'

He hurried to the door.

'Take my cab,' said Amelius, 'and save time.'

'But the young lady—'

'Leave her to me.' He opened the cab-door, and gave his hand to Sally. It was done in a moment. The doctor drove off.

Amelius saw the servant waiting for them in the hall. He spoke to Sally, telling her considerately and gently, what he had heard, before he took her into the house. 'I had such good hope for you, he said; 'and it has come to this dreadful end! Have you courage to go through with it, if I take you to her bed-side? You will be glad one day, my dear, to remember that you cheered your mother's last moments on earth.'

Sally put her hand in his. 'I will go anywhere,' she said softly, 'with you.'

Amelius led her into the room. The servant, in pity for her youth, ventured on a word of remonstrance, 'O sir, you're not going to let the poor young lady see that dreadful sight up-stairs!'

'You mean well.' Amelius answered; 'and I thank you. If you knew what I know, you would take her up-stairs too. Show the way.'

Sally looked at him in silent awe as they followed the servant together. He was not like the same man. His brows were knit; his lips were fast set; he had the girl's hand in a grip that hurt her. The latent strength of will in him—that reserved resolution, so finely and firmly entwined in the natures of sensitively-organised men—was rousing itself to meet the coming trial. The Doctor would have doubly believed in him, if the doctor had seen him at that moment.

They reached the first floor landing.

Before the servant could open the drawing-room door, a shriek rang frightfully through the silence of the house. The servant drew back, and crouched trembling on the upper stairs. At the same moment, the door was flung open, and another woman ran out, wild with terror. 'I can't bear it!' she cried, and rushed up the stairs, blind to the presence of strangers, in the panic that possessed her. Amelius entered the drawing-room, with his arm around Sally, holding her up. As he placed her in a chair, the dreadful cry was renewed. He only waited to rouse and encourage her by a word and a look,—and ran into the bedroom.

For an instant, and an instant only, he stood horror-struck in the presence of the poisoned woman.

The fell action of the strychnine wrung every muscle in her with the torture of convulsion. Her hands were fast clenched; her head was bent back; her body, rigid as a bar of iron, was arched upwards from the bed, resting on the two extremities of the head and the heels; the staring eyes, the dusky face, the twisted lips, the clenched teeth, were frightful to see. He faced it. After the one instant of hesitation, he faced it.

Before she could cry out again, his hands were on her. The whole exertion of his strength was barely enough to keep the frenzied throbs of the convulsion, as it reached its climax, from throwing her off the bed. Through the worst of it, he was still equal to the trust that had been placed in him, still faithful to the work of mercy. Little by little he felt the lessening resistance of the rigid body, as the paroxysm began to subside. He saw the ghastly stare die out of her eyes, and the twisted lips relax from their dreadful grin. The tortured body sank, and rested; the perspiration broke out on her face; her languid hands fell gently over on the bed. For a while, the heavy eyelids closed —then opened again feebly. She looked at him. 'Do you know me?' he asked, bending over her. And she answered in a faint whisper, 'Amelius!'

He knelt down by her and kissed her hand. 'Can you listen, if I tell you something?'

She breathed heavily; her bosom heaved under the suffocating oppression that weighed upon it. As he took her in his arms to raise her in the bed, Sally's voice reached him in low imploring tones, from the next room. 'O, let me come to you! I'm so frightened here by myself.'

He waited, before he told her to come in, looking for a moment at the face that was resting on his breast. A gray shadow was stealing over it; a cold and clammy moisture struck a chill through him as he put his hand on her forehead. He turned towards the next room. The girl had ventured as far as the door; he beckoned to her. She came in timidly, and stood by him, and looked at her mother. Amelius signed to her to take his place. 'Put your arms round her,' he whispered. 'O Sally, tell her who you are in a kiss!' The girl's tears fell fast as she pressed her lips on her mother's cheek. The dying woman looked up at her, with a glance of helpless inquiry — then looked at Amelius. There was a doubt in her eyes that made his heart ache. Arranging the pillows, so that she could keep her raised position in the bed, he signed to Sally to approach him, and remove the slipper from her left foot. As he took it off, he looked again at the bed—looked and shuddered. In a moment more, it might be too late. With his knife he ripped up the stocking, and, lifting her on the bed, put her bare foot on her mother's lap. 'Your child! your child!' he cried; I've found your own darling! For God's sake, rouse yourself! Look!'

She heard him. She lifted her feebly-declining head. She looked. She knew.

For one awful moment, the sinking vital forces rallied, and hurled back the hold of death. Her eyes shone radiant with the divine light of maternal love; an exulting cry of rapture burst from her. Slowly, very slowly, she bent forward, until her face rested on her daughter's foot. With a faint sigh of ecstasy she kissed it. The moments passed—and the bent head was raised no more. The last beat of the heart was a beat of joy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE day had advanced to evening. A few hours of repose and solitude at the cottage had helped Ame-

lius, in some degree, to recover his tranquillity. He was sitting in the library, with Sally for his only companion. The silence in the room was uninterrupted. On the open desk at his side lay the letter which Mrs. Farnaby had written to him on the morning of her death.

He had found the letter—with the envelope unfastened—on the floor of the bedchamber, and had fortunately secured it before the landlady and servants had ventured back to the room. The doctor, returning a few minutes afterwards, had warned the two women that a coroner's inquest would be held in the house, and had vainly cautioned them to be careful of what they said or did in the interval. Not only the subject of the death, but a discovery which had followed, revealing the name of the ill-fated woman marked on her linen, and showing that she had used an assumed name in taking the lodgings as Mrs. Ronald, became the gossip of the neighbourhood in a few hours. Under these circumstances, the catastrophe was made the subject of a paragraph in the evening journals; the name being added for the information of any surviving relatives who might be ignorant of the sad event. If the landlady had found the letter, that circumstance also would, in all probability, have formed part of the statement in the newspapers, and the secret of Mrs. Farnaby's life and death would have been revealed to the public view.

'I can trust you, and you only,' she wrote to Amelius, 'to fulfil the last wishes of a dying woman. You know me, and you know how I looked forward to the prospect of a happy life in retirement with my child. The one hope that I lived for has proved to be a cruel delusion. I have only this morning discovered, beyond the possibility of doubt, that I have been made the victim of wretches who have deliberately lied to me from first to last. If I had been a happier woman, I might have had other interests to sustain me under this fearful disaster. Such as I am, Death is my one refuge left.

'My suicide will be known to no creature but yourself. Some years since, the idea of self-destruction—concealed under the disguise of a common mistake—presented itself to my mind. I kept the means (very simple means) by me, thinking I might end it that way after all. When you read this, I shall be at rest forever. You will do what I have yet to ask of you, in merciful remembrance of me—I am sure of that.

'You have a long life before you, Amelius. My foolish fancy about you and my lost girl still lingers in my mind: I still think it may be just possible that you may meet with her, in the course of years.

'If this does happen, I implore you, by the tenderness and pity that you once felt for me, to tell no human creature that she is my daughter; and, if John Farnaby is living at the time, I forbid you, with the authority of a dying friend, to let her see him, or to let her know even that such a person exists. Are you at a loss to account for my motives? I may make the shameful confession which will enlighten you, now I know that we shall never meet again. My child was born before my marriage; and the man who afterwards became my husband—a man of low origin, I should tell you—was the father. He had calculated on this disgraceful circumstance to force my parents to make his fortune, by making me his wife. I now know (what I only vaguely suspected before), that he deliberately abandoned his child, as a likely cause of hindrance and scandal in the way of his prosperous career in life. Do you now think I am asking too much, when I entreat you never even to speak to my lost darling of this unnatural wretch? As for my own fair fame, I am not thinking of myself. With death close at my side, I think of my poor mother, and of all that she suffered and sacrific-

ed to save me from the disgrace that I had deserved. For her sake, not for mine, keep silence to friends and enemies alike if they ask you who my girl is—with the one exception of my lawyer. Years since, I left in his care the means of making a small provision for my child, on the chance she might live to claim it. You can show him this letter as your authority, in case of need.

'Try not to forget me, Amelius—but don't grieve about me. I go to my death as you go to your sleep when you are tired. I leave you my grateful love—you have always been good to me. There is no more to write; I hear the servant returning from the chemist's, bringing with her my release from the hard burden of life without hope. May you be happier than I have been! Good-bye!'

So she parted from him for ever. But the fatal association of the unhappy woman's sorrows with the life and fortunes of Amelius was not at an end yet.

He had neither hesitation nor misgiving in resolving to show a natural respect to the wishes of the dead. Now that the miserable story of the past had been unreservedly disclosed to him, he would have felt himself bound in honour (even without instructions to guide him) to keep the discovery of the daughter a secret, for the mother's sake. With that conviction, he had read the distressing letter. With that conviction, he now rose to provide for the safe keeping of it under lock and key.

Just as he had secured the letter in a private drawer of his desk, Toff came in with a card, and announced that a gentleman wished to see him. Amelius looking at the card, was surprised to find on it the name of 'Mr. Melton.' Some lines were written on it in pencil:—'I have called to speak to you on a matter of serious importance.' Wondering what his middle-aged rival could want with him, Amelius instructed Toff to admit the visitor.

Sally started to her feet, with her customary distrust of strangers. 'May I run away before he comes in?' she asked. 'If you like,' Amelius answered quietly. She ran to the door of her room, at the moment when Toff appeared again, announcing the visitor. Mr. Melton entered just before she disappeared: he saw the flutter of her dress as the door closed behind her.

'I fear I am disturbing you?' he said, looking hard at the door.

He was perfectly dressed; his hat and gloves were models of what such things ought to be; he was melancholy and courteous; blandly distrustful of the flying skirts which he had seen at the door. When Amelius offered him a chair, he took it with a mysterious sigh; mournfully resigned to the sad necessity of sitting down. 'I won't prolong my intrusion on you,' he resumed. 'You have no doubt seen the melancholy news in the evening papers?'

'I haven't seen the evening papers,' Amelius answered; 'what news do you mean?'

Mr. Melton leaned back in his chair, and expressed emotions of sorrow and surprise, in a perfect state of training, by gently raising his eyebrows.

'O dear, dear! this is very sad. I had hoped to find you in full possession of the particulars—reconciled, as we must all be, to the inscrutable ways of Providence. Permit me to break it to you as gently as possible. I came here to inquire if you had heard yet from Miss Regina. Understand my motive! there must be no misapprehension between us on *that* subject. There is a very serious necessity—pray follow me carefully—I say, a very serious necessity for my communicating immediately with Miss Regina's uncle; and I know of nobody who is so likely to hear from the travellers, so soon after their departure, as yourself. You are (in

a certain sense) a member of the family—'

'Stop a minute,' said Amelius.

'I beg your pardon?' said Mr. Melton, politely at a loss to understand the interruption.

'I didn't at first know what you meant,' Amelius explained. 'You put it, if you will forgive me for saying so, in rather a roundabout way. If you are alluding, all this time, to Mrs. Farnaby's death, I must honestly tell you that I know of it already.'

The bland self-possession of Mr. Melton's face began to show signs of being ruffled. He had been in a manner deluded into exhibiting his conventionally-fluent eloquence, in the choicest modulations of his sonorous voice—and it wounded his self-esteem to be placed in a ridiculous position. 'I understood you to say,' he remarked stiffly, 'that you had not seen the evening newspapers.'

'You are quite right,' Amelius rejoined; 'I have not seen them.'

'Then may I inquire,' Mr. Melton proceeded, 'how you became informed of Mrs. Farnaby's death.'

Amelius replied with his customary frankness. 'I went to call on the poor lady this morning,' he said, 'knowing nothing of what had happened. I met the doctor at the door; and I was present at her death.'

Even Mr. Melton's carefully trained composure was not proof against the revelation that now opened before him. He burst out with an exclamation of astonishment, like an ordinary man.

'Good Heavens, what does this mean!'

Amelius took it as a question addressed to himself. 'I'm sure I don't know,' he said quietly.

Mr. Melton, misunderstanding Amelius, on his side, interpreted those innocent words as an outbreak of vulgar interruption. 'Pardon me,' he said coldly. 'I was about to explain myself. You will presently understand my surprise. After seeing the evening paper, I went at once to make inquiries at the address mentioned. In Mr. Farnaby's absence, I felt bound to do this as his old friend. I saw the landlady, and (with her assistance) the doctor also. Both these persons spoke of a gentleman who had called that morning, accompanied by a young lady; and who had insisted on taking the young lady up stairs with him. Until you mentioned just now that you were present at the death, I had no suspicion that you were "the gentleman." Surprise on my part was, I think, only natural. I could hardly be expected to know that you were in Mrs. Farnaby's confidence about the place of her retreat. And with regard to the young lady, I am still quite at a loss to understand—'

'If you understand that the people at the house told you the truth, so far as I am concerned,' Amelius interposed, 'I hope that will be enough. With regard to the young lady, I must beg you to excuse me for speaking plainly. I have nothing to say about her, to you or to anybody.'

Mr. Melton rose with the utmost dignity and the fullest possession of his vocal resources.

'Permit me to assure you,' he said, with frigidly-fluent politeness, 'that I have no wish to force myself into your confidence. One remark I will venture to make. It is easy enough, no doubt, to keep your own secrets, when you are speaking to *me*. You will find some difficulty, I fear, in pursuing the same course, when you are called upon to give evidence before the coroner. I presume you know that you will be summoned as a witness at the inquest?'

'I left my name and address with the doctor for that purpose,' Amelius rejoined as composedly as ever; 'and I am ready to bear witness to what I saw at poor Mrs. Farnaby's bedside. But if all the coroners in England questioned me about anything else, I should say to them just what I have said to you.'

Mr. Melton smiled with well-bred irony. 'We shall see,' he said. 'In the meantime, I presume I may ask you (in the interests of the family) to send me the address on the letter, as soon as you hear from Miss Regina. I have no other means of communicating with Mr. Farnaby. In respect to the melancholy event, I may add that I have undertaken to provide for the funeral, and to pay any little outstanding debts, and so forth. As Mr. Farnaby's old friend and representative—'

The conclusion of the sentence was interrupted by the entrance of Toff with a note, and an apology for his intrusion. 'I beg your pardon, sir; the person is waiting. She says it's only a receipt to sign. The box is in the hall.'

Amelius examined the enclosure. It was a formal document, acknowledging the receipt of Sally's clothes, returned to her by the authorities at the Home. As he took a pen to sign the receipt, he looked towards the door of Sally's room. Mr. Melton, observing the look, prepared to retire. 'I am only interrupting you,' he said. 'You have my address on my card. Good evening.'

On his way out, he passed an elderly woman, waiting in the hall. Toff, hastening before him to open the garden gate, was saluted by the gruff voice of a cabman, outside. 'The lady whom he had driven to the cottage had not paid him his right fare; he meant to have the money, or the lady's name and address and summon her.' Quietly crossing the road, Mr. Melton heard the woman's voice next; she had got her receipt, and had followed him out. In the dispute about fares and distances that ensued, the contending parties more than once mentioned the name of the Home and of the locality in which it was situated. Possessing this information, Mr. Melton looked in at his club; consulted a directory under the heading of 'Charitable Institutions;' and drew the obvious conclusion that he had discovered an inmate of an asylum for lost women, in the house of the man to whom Regina was engaged to be married.

The next morning's post brought to Amelius a letter from Regina. It was dated from an hotel in Paris. Her 'dear uncle' had over-estimated his strength. He had refused to stay and rest for the night at Boulogne; and had suffered so severely from the fatigue of the long journey that he had been confined to his bed since his arrival. The English physician consulted had declined to say when he would be strong enough to travel again; the constitution of the patient must have received some serious shock; he was brought very low. Having carefully reported the new medical opinion, Regina was at liberty to indulge herself, next, in expressions of affection, and to assure Amelius of her anxiety to hear from him as soon as possible. But, in this case again, the 'dear uncle's' convenience was still the first consideration. She reverted to Mr. Farnaby, in making her excuses for a hurriedly-written letter. The poor invalid suffered from depression of spirits; his great consolation in his illness was to hear his niece read to him: he was calling for her, indeed, at that moment. The inevitable postscript warmed into a mild effusion of fondness. 'How I wish you could be with us. But, alas, it cannot be!'

Amelius copied the address on the letter, and sent it to Mr. Melton immediately.

It was then the twenty-fourth day of the month. The tidal train did not leave London early on that morning; and the inquest was deferred, to suit other pressing engagements of the coroner, until the twenty-sixth. Mr. Melton decided (after his interview with Amelius) that the emergency was sufficiently serious to justify him in following his telegram to Paris. It was clearly his duty, as an old friend,

to mention to Mr. Farnaby what he had discovered at the cottage, as well as what he had heard from the landlady and the doctor; leaving it to the uncle's discretion to act as he thought right in the interests of the niece. Whether that course of action might not also serve the interests of Mr. Melton himself (in the character of an unsuccessful suitor for Regina's hand), he did not stop to inquire. Beyond his duty it was, for the present at least, not his business to look.

That night, the two gentlemen held a private consultation at Paris; the doctor having previously certified that his patient was incapable of supporting the journey back to London, under any circumstances.

The question of the formal proceedings rendered necessary by Mrs. Farnaby's death having been discussed and disposed of, Mr. Melton next entered on the narrative which the obligations of friendship imperatively demanded from him. To his astonishment and alarm, Mr. Farnaby started up in the bed like a man panic-stricken. 'Did you say,' he stammered, as soon as he could speak, 'you meant to make inquiries about that—that girl?'

'I certainly thought it desirable, bearing in mind Mr. Goldenheart's position in your family.'

'Do nothing of the sort! Say nothing to Regina or to any living creature. Wait till I get well again—and leave me to deal with it. I am the proper person to take it in hand. Don't you see that for yourself? And, look here! there may be questions asked at the inquest. Some impudent scoundrel on the jury may want to pry into what doesn't concern him. The moment you're back in London, get a lawyer to represent us—the sharpest fellow that can be had for money. Tell him to stop all prying questions. Who the girl is, and what made that cursed young Socialist Goldenheart take her up-stairs with him—all that sort of thing has nothing to do with the manner in which my wife met her death. You understand? I look to you, Melton, to see yourself that this is done. The less said at the infernal inquest, the better. In my position, it's an exposure that my enemies will make the most of, as it is. I'm too ill to go into the thing any farther. No: I don't want Regina. Go to her in the sitting-room, and tell the courier to get you something to eat and drink. And, I say! For God's sake, don't be late for the Boulogne train to-morrow morning.'

Left by himself, he gave full vent to his fury; he cursed Amelius with oaths that are not to be written.

He had burnt the letter which Mrs. Farnaby had written to him, on leaving him for ever: but he had not burnt out of his memory the words which that letter contained. With his wife's language vividly present to his mind, he could arrive at but one conclusion, after what Mr. Melton had told him. Amelius was concerned in the discovery of his deserted daughter; Amelius had taken the girl to her dying mother's bedside. With his idiotic Socialist notions, he would be perfectly capable of owning the truth, if inquiries were made. The unblemished reputation which John Farnaby had built up by the self-seeking hypocrisy of a lifetime was at the mercy of a visionary young fool, who believed that rich men were created for the benefit of the poor, and who proposed to regenerate society by reviving the obsolete morality of the Primitive Christians. Was it possible for him to come to terms with such a person as this? There was not an inch of common ground on which they could meet. He dropped back on his pillow in despair, and lay for a while frowning and biting his nails. Suddenly he sat up again in the bed, and wiped his moist forehead, and heaved a heavy breath of relief. Had his illness obscured his intelligence? How was it he had not seen at once the perfectly easy way out of the difficulty which was presented by the facts themselves?

Here is a man, engaged to marry my niece, who has been discovered keeping a girl at his cottage—who even had the audacity to take her up-stairs with him when he made a call on my wife. Charge him with it in plain words; break off the engagement publicly in the face of society; and, if the profligate scoundrel tries to defend himself by telling the truth, who will believe him—when the girl was seen running out of his room? and when he refused, on the question being put to him, to say who she was?

So, in ignorance of his wife's last instructions to Amelius—in equal ignorance of the compassionate silence which an honourable man preserves when a woman's reputation is at his mercy—the wretch needlessly plotted and planned to save his usurped reputation; seeing all things, as such men invariably do, through the foul light of his own inbred baseness and cruelty. He was troubled by no retributive emotions of shame or remorse, in contemplating this second sacrifice to his own interests of the daughter whom he had deserted in her infancy. If he felt any misgivings, they related wholly to himself. His head was throbbing, his tongue was dry; a dread of increasing his illness shook him suddenly. He drank some of the lemonade at his bedside, and lay down to compose himself to sleep.

It was not to be done: there was a burning in his eyeballs; there was a wild irregular beating at his heart, which kept him awake. In some degree, at least, retribution seemed to be on the way to him already. Mr. Melton, delicately admistering sympathy and consolation to Regina—whose affectionate nature felt keenly the calamity of her aunt's death—Mr. Melton, making himself modestly useful, by reading aloud certain devotional poems much prized by Regina, was called out of the room by the courier. 'I have just looked in at Mr. Farnaby, sir,' said the man; 'and I am afraid he is worse.'

The physician was sent for. He thought so seriously of the change in the patient, that he obliged Regina to accept the services of a professed nurse. When Mr. Melton started on his return journey the next morning, he left his friend in a high fever.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY J. C., MONTREAL.

IN the quiet of my chamber, as I sit alone to-night,
And the old year slowly dying, passes from my lingering sight,
Fades the Present from my vision, and alone beside me stand
In the gathering midnight darkness, Past and Future, hand in hand.

Past is all the old year's sunshine, all its shadows in the Past,
On its newly-written story, Death has set its seal at last;
Sadly look I on the pages, once that lay so pure and fair,
Blotted now with sin and sorrow, dimmed and blurred with pain and care.

To its earliest page, my spirit takes again its rapid flight,
In this solemn hour I read it, by a new and clearer light,
All its wealth of hidden treasure, dawning hope and budding flower,
Seeds of Promise to be scattered on Life's pathway hour by hour.

Have we strewn them? Ah! neglected, many in the garner lie,
Others sown and soon forgotten, we have left to droop and die;
Vainly seek I a rich harvest, few the gathered fruits have been,
And I scarce can see them clearly, for the weeds that lie between.

But not all my bitter longing, can recall one banished hour,
Cannot add a single blossom to its small and scanty dower;
Cannot copy fair its story, or erase one spot or stain,
From the changeless Past, which ever must unchangeable remain.

* * * * * *

From my crystal painted window, look I on the street below,
Glistening in the pale, calm moonlight, lies the white untrodden snow,
But my wayward fancy sees it, in to-morrow's busy street,
And its fair, untarnished beauty, trampled down by passing feet.

Hopeless turn I to the Future, just so fair and pure and white,
Standing in its spotless beauty, in its own first dawning light;
But in that first gleam of morning, I can see another stand,
Breaks the Present on my vision, clasps the Future hand in hand.

Breaks in on my faithless dreaming, smiling calm, and grave and sweet,
Tells me of the daily washing that shall cleanse our soiléd feet,
Whispers of the grace sufficient for all hourly need and care,
Till my faithless fears change quickly, into silent, trusting prayer.

Living Present! all our power o'er the Future rests in thee,
Following thy watchword, "Duty," we can leave what is to be
In His keeping, who holds Future, Past, and Present in His hand,
Till we see with clearer vision, as before God's Throne we stand.

BURNS AND FERGUSON.

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

WHO was Ferguson and why couple his name with that of a Scottish poet, whose fame is world-wide, and whose works are known and admired even where his native dialect is as the tongue of another and unknown world? are questions that will rise to the lips of many Scotchmen, and all other readers in Canada, except the few who delight to wander amid the by-ways of literature that may be national, but is not cosmopolitan. In the noble preface to the first edition of his poems, Burns himself has given to the works of Ferguson the best introduction and recommendation they can, or could, have, when he writes: 'To the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he (Burns), with unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions.' Burns had him in his eye, when writing, rather with a view to kindle at his flame, than for servile imitation. The ploughman poet confesses that his efforts were largely inspired by Ferguson, as well as by Ramsay; and he is found writing from Irvine in 1781, 'Rhyme I had given up' (on going to Irvine), 'but meeting with Ferguson's Scottish poems I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre, with emulating vigour.' Lockhart is of opinion that it was this accidental meeting with Ferguson's works and a personal sympathy with that poet's misfortunes that largely determined the Scottish character of Burns's writings. It is questionable if Lockhart is quite right in this, for Burns had, before he saw Ferguson's works in a collected form, though he may have seen them in *Ruddiman's* (or *Walter's*) *Magazine*, already written one of the best of his songs, *Corn Rigs*, beginning 'It was upon a Lammas night,' which is in the dialect of Ayrshire. Belonging to this period were also, if I mistake not, *John Barleycorn*, *The Death and Elegy of Poor Mailie*, as well as some other songs, all in dialect, the elegy showing that Burns had already mastered that peculiar measure in which Ferguson's happiest efforts are written. Sir Walter Scott, in one of his letters, gives the impression which Burns made upon him, but what the future novelist thought of the poet is of little interest to us now, except inasmuch as it applies to his relations with Ferguson. Scott thought that Burns had twenty times the ability of Ramsay or of Ferguson, and that he talked of these poets as his models with too much humility, a humility for which Scott was at a loss to account, unless it were occasioned by Burns's 'national predilection.' It is much more probable that Burns had not yet, if indeed he ever, received an answer to his aspiration: 'O wad some power the giftie gi'e us, to see oursel's as others see us.' He was conscious of having lit his lamp at their flame; he was conscious that he had not proved a servile imitator, but he was not conscious that the world esteemed his efforts as much superior to those of his predecessors. Had Burns been capable of estimating his powers as of twenty times the magnitude of those of Ferguson—Scott's estimate—it is probable that Burns would not have spoken as he did of Ferguson's work, for the estimate which the Ayrshire plough-

man had of his own writings was simply that they were the productions of one possessed of some poetic ability. Burns certainly was intensely Scotch, but he was not so Scotch as to make believe that he esteemed what was worthless. Such national predilection would have been hypocrisy, and if there was one vice more abhorrent than another to Burns, that vice was hypocrisy. It seems rather that Burns was a conscientious admirer of Ferguson: that he was incapable of finding fault with the work of one who had preceded himself in the task of embalming Scottish life in verse; that Burns felt much the same reverence for Ferguson that the student feels for his professor or his teacher; that, indeed, what measure of success attended the pupil's efforts was entirely due to the more fortunate circumstances in which the pupil found himself. Burns would, doubtless, have considered it presumption on his part to think that Ferguson could not have produced better verses than he, had the same subjects presented themselves to each. One cannot fail to be impressed with the absence of conceit in Burns's writings, just as one has impressed upon him at every step the contempt which the plain ploughman was capable of expressing for all and every species of humbug. But this contempt was never hurled from the standpoint of conceit—it was thrown from the level of simple worth. From this level of simple worth Burns also addressed his praise, and that, always with deference; so it is not trespassing upon the borders of the improbable, to affirm, as I have done, that Burns' admiration of Ferguson emanated from singleness of heart. The personal sympathy with Ferguson's misfortunes, alluded to by Lockhart, may have caused Burns to esteem Ferguson's works, but as the dawnings of a great future, still I hardly consider it probable that Burns would have thought less of these works, as works, had Ferguson's career been other than it was. That the latter's early death exercised considerable influence on Burns, is undoubted, for did not Burns devote a portion of the proceeds of the second (or Edinburgh) edition of his poems to erecting a monument over the poet's grave? But did this influence, directly, or only indirectly, manifest itself in Burns's works? Was this influence sufficiently individualized to show its presence in what Burns afterwards wrote? That is the question which now concerns us most to answer. I think that at most Burns' sympathy with Ferguson's misfortunes was but a minor passion among the many that disturbed his sensitive heart. I am not inclined to think that it was even a great or deep sympathy, for nowhere has Burns's muse burst into song when thinking of its dead mate. Even the tombstone which Burns placed over Ferguson's grave, contains no lines other than the somewhat studied and cold—

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay!
No storied urn, nor animated bust!
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

If this were all the sympathy which was evoked from Burns by Ferguson's fate, it is not likely that the life and writings of the unfortunate poet could have exercised much influence upon his somewhat less unlucky successor, beyond the influence to which every sympathetic man is subjected by hearing of the trials and troubles of a fellow-man. There were no bands of personal friendship to draw the two together, for Ferguson was already dead one year before Burns, then a lad of scarce sixteen, with trepidation seized his pen to write, 'O once I loved a bonny lass,' responsive to the feelings aroused in his breast by the charms of his female partner in the labours of the harvest. Thus the strongest influence that could be brought to bear on Burns in moulding the character of his verse was wanting; besides, as I have just shown, the character of Burns's verse

was already marked when he first made acquaintance with the works of Ferguson. Summing up, then, the relation in which Burns stood to Ferguson, we see that it was simply one of sincere admiration.

This may have been Burns' estimate of his own merit alongside of that of Ferguson—but is it that of the world? No! The world knows little of Ferguson because the genius of Burns has quenched all lesser lights. He presents liberally all that can be asked for in Scottish poetry except the heroic, upon which Scott afterwards threw the light of his genius, though not to raise it to a higher standard than that of blind Harry. Those who have aimed to supply the same want which Burns satisfies have been forgotten, however able were their efforts, and however appreciated they were, until the spirit personified of Scottish poetry appeared in Robert Burns. Still there is a species of satisfaction felt in recalling forgotten words, just as there is a pleasure experienced in thinking of the story-books that filled our young minds with wonderment; though while we dilate upon the boldness (baldness were better) of the primitive illustrations of the tales in our day, we may be gazing upon the rich art treasures spread before the young folks now to convey to them the dramatic scope of the hoary text. In proceeding, then, upon the assumption that a comparison of the effusions of Ferguson, the primitive, with Burns, the perfect, will not be altogether devoid of satisfaction to the reader, I think that it would hardly be just were I to ask for an endorsation of any judgment I may pass upon the works of Ferguson, without first making known to the reader, or reminding him, who and what the earlier poet was. It is offering no insult to the intelligence of the reader to give a short sketch of the poet, for, perhaps, his brief wanderings on the world are better known to foreigners than to his fellow-countrymen. The history of Burns is so well known that he is to all intents and purposes a living man to-day. Ferguson is of the past; let me see if I can animate the dust that is mouldering in the city of the dead in the modern Athens.

William Ferguson, the father of the poet, was of the conventional type, poor but honest. In serving an apprenticeship to a merchant in Aberdeen he discovered and cultivated with mild enthusiasm a propensity for stringing verses together. His business and poetic gifts do not seem to have procured for him much recognition in his native town. So he emigrated to Edinburgh, a journey of considerable magnitude in 1746, when the coasting vessel was the swiftest means of communication as well as the surest, (for just about this time quite a number of Highland gentlemen—being disappointed in obtaining English coronets for themselves, through the failure of the Pretender's invasion—were not averse to the humble crowns to be found in the pockets of their more cool-headed countrymen.) William Ferguson did not have much satisfaction with his several masters, or perhaps his various masters did not have much satisfaction with him. At all events, the father of the subject of our sketch did not fall on his feet until he procured a situation in the office of the British Linen Company, where, perhaps, the many masters were too busy looking after each other to have much time to look after their servants, a state of affairs which prevailed then, as now, in such concerns. William Ferguson's wife was an estimable woman whose life was bound up in the narrow, but exalted, sphere of promoting the happiness of home.

Robert Ferguson, the poet, was born on September 5th, 1750, and about all that is of interest in his family relations, is, that he was not an only son; that he had sisters, and that (perhaps owing to many of his poems being suggested by current

topics), he never, by any chance, betrays the fact that he was not a Scottish Topsy, but had kith and kin like any ordinary poet. The folly of sending children to school to have their poor little noodles crammed with what to them is idle jingle, when they should be engaged in the exhilarating pursuit of compounding mud-pies, prevailed in those days, as now, and so it was matter of much concern to his father and mother that little Robert was of a constitution so delicate that he had reached six years, and his brain had not yet been tortured into retaining and repeating the ponderous rumbling noises—all that the Shorter Catechism is to a child. Doubtless, the worthy Mrs. Ferguson bemoaned with a heavy heart that 'puir wee Bob,' as she would call him, had not learned 'What is Justification, Adoption, and Sanctification?' And, without doubt, her neighbours would bring in their wee 'Jocks' and 'Sandies' to repeat the 'quashtions' or carritches—all, of course, for the benefit of 'the bit bairn.' In his sixth year Robert was put under private tuition, and so rapid was his progress that in six months he was prepared for entrance into the High School, then, as now, a school of high character. The future poet's bodily infirmities prevented regular application to his studies, but such was his natural ability, and so highly was he fired with ambition, that he managed to excel most of his competitors. When confined to the house, through illness, he developed a taste for reading, and found his chief delight in the Proverbs of Solomon—reading that will be delightful to everyone for all time, but of which a want of appreciation is decidedly manifest in these days of so-called advanced taste. The lad, having continued four years at Edinburgh, was removed to Dundee High School, which is now of small importance as an educational institution, though it was, at that time, one of the best. Here, under the same depressing circumstances as surrounded his career at Edinburgh, Ferguson, for two years, earned marked distinction. Like most Scotch families of the middle class, that of William Ferguson had in solemn council decided that one of its members should 'wag his pow i' a poopit,' and Robert, being the most unlikely to give as good as he got in the turmoil of commercial life, was the one upon whom the choice fell. So, his friends being appealed to, their efforts secured for Robert a bursary at St. Andrews, where he began his university career at the age of thirteen. His natural abilities speedily commanded attention, though their scope was, perhaps, somewhat obscured by the youth's propensity for fun and frolic. At that time Dr. Wilkie was professor of Natural Philosophy, and he was attracted by the sickly lad taking such a fancy to him, it is alleged, though without much appearance of credibility, that Robert was deputed to read the professor's prelections, when the latter was unable to occupy his chair. When he was entered as a Civis of the Divinity class, Robert seems to have begun to cultivate his muse, and with charming perversity, despising the theologians' idea of the time that the drama was a device of Satan to ruin men's souls, the first use which he is found making of his talent is to write two acts of a tragedy, entitled *William Wallace*. Perchance he excused himself from dallying with the devil's hand-maiden, on the score of patriotism, as did a friend of my own whose father caught him at similar work, and, wishing to advance some arguments against play-writing, stopped to punctuate his remarks with a broomstick; perhaps it would be more correct were I to say that he made his remarks with the broomstick, and let his want of breath supply punctuation. It is the aspiration of every Scottish youth to write a tragedy on Wallace. They do not know that incident is, after all, only the framework of a dramatic picture, and that Wal-

lace's life does not present anything out of which to construct more than a dramatic panorama. The aspirations of some few Scotch youths have led them on into two acts of a tragedy on this subject before their ambition became flat and unprofitable. A very few have reached five acts, but these youths died young. Robert Ferguson having stopped short at two acts, lived, but it seems that after four years, when his bursary expired, he had advanced backwards so far in his ideas about being a minister, that he decided to turn to another refuge—the law. Two years before the end of his university career, his father died, but this had no great influence upon Robert, for the last two years of his life at St. Andrews were of a piece with those during which he earned the character of being a light-headed young man. His mother was too poor to maintain him at home, and Robert was so unsettled in his habits that he could make no provision for himself. Following his restless impulse, he went to Aberdeen to see a rich uncle, who received and entertained him hospitably for six months, then turned him out of doors. The poor youth had no money and his personal appearance had become decidedly shabby. His heart burning with anger at his uncle, who had made no exercise of his influence to procure work for him, Ferguson set his face to the south, and started to walk to Edinburgh. Halting when a short distance on his way, and seizing pen and paper he sent a bitter letter to Mr. Forbes, that had the effect of drawing from the latter the offer of a few shillings, which was accepted by the poet, who excused himself in accepting the tardy aid by pleading the absolute want in which he had to undertake his long journey. Edinburgh was reached on foot, but the poor young fellow was exhausted, and was confined to bed for several days, during which his feelings found vent in writing his *Decay of Friendship*, and *Against Repining at Fortune*. Before long, Ferguson obtained a situation in the Commissary Clerk's office, but the tyranny of the deputy drove him forth into the streets once more. A considerable time elapsed before he obtained his next and last situation, one in the office of the Sheriff Clerk, where he practised until his death all he ever knew of law—transcribing law documents at so much per folio. Ferguson really did make an attempt to study law, but he abandoned it like others illustrious in literature, among whom may be named, in passing, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch, Corneille, Rowe, Scott, and Dickens. Ferguson only transcribed enough to enable him to procure simple comforts, chief among which, unfortunately, was whiskey. But while applying himself with assiduity to increasing His Majesty's revenue in this way, the poet did not neglect his muse, and almost every number of *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine* was enriched by contributions from his pen. He was speedily recognized as a man of great talent, and in the absence of men of genius, such as Scott and Burns, who came after him, was the lion of the day among that class, which then, as now, thinks that association with men of letters conceals its own illiterate conceit. From among these wealthy worshippers of what they themselves had not, Ferguson did not succeed in procuring a patron; in those days more essential for the elevation of merit to financial success than genius itself. Many there were who patronized the poor man in the worst possible way, by enticing him from the earning of his daily bread to consummating his daily death, for with pity be it said, poor Ferguson was too often snatched from sensibility by the seductive embrace of his country's Delilah—drink. As other of his finer qualities were being effaced by residence, it might be termed, in taverns, phœnix-like out of the ruins rose the strong religious principles which had been instilled into him in

his youth. In the wreck of his humanity vice fought religion, and was vanquished; but alas! the man was left lifeless—Ferguson became an idiot! He was found wandering in the streets looking for the murderers of Christ. Having seen a Jew in the street, he told a friend confidentially that he was about to have the reprobate disposed of according to law. For a time he was harmless, until by injury in falling down a stair his brain was unsettled and he became a raging maniac, with few intervals of unchained repose. In these intervals his mother and his elder sister visited him, and touching, indeed, must have been the sad interviews. On the sixteenth day of October, 1774, he had a terrible paroxysm. He fell exhausted upon the straw on the floor, and there he was found, his features in repose, and the hand outstretched towards a plaited crown of straw. Such was the end of Robert Ferguson.

That I should jog any reader's recollections of the career of Burns is unnecessary. For my present purpose what will recur to everyone of the life of the chief of Scottish poesy will be quite as fresh as the details which I have given of the poet Ferguson. They are now both known to my readers. Permit me, then, to institute a comparison between the writings of the Edinburgh scribe and the earlier works of the Ayrshire ploughman. In these poems, published in the first two editions, one may expect to find Burns' kindling at the flame of Ferguson, if at any time the greater light borrowed from the lesser. Ferguson was fond of writing pastorals in the Sicilian school. The most ambitious of these was in three parts—*Morning*, *Noon*, and *Night*. It cannot be said that this pastoral makes any great impression on the reader. The conception is devoid of dramatic strength, and borrows none of the beauty of nature which it attempts to describe. In perusing it I cannot leave out of my imagination the picture of a rural school examination when two of the hopeful 'speak their piece.' Here and there one can discern beauties which are all but hidden by uncouth expression and monotonous utterance. Perhaps an idea of the commonplace character of the diction may be appreciated when it is remembered that the best lines in *Morning* are the closing ones:

Damon—But hush Alexis, reach yon leafy shade,
Which mantling ivy round the oak hath made;
There we'll retire, and list the warbling note
That flows melodious from the blackbird's throat;
Your easy numbers shall his songs inspire,
And ev'ry warbler join the gen'ral choir.

This is easy versification, but it is not poetry, nor can it be said that the following lines from *Noon*, the best, are much, if at all, better:

Timanthes—Ah, hapless youth! although thy early muse,
Painted her semblance on thy youthful brows:
Tho' she with laurels twin'd thy temples round,
And in thy ear distill'd the magic sound;
A cheerless poverty attends thy woes,
Your song melodious unrewarded flows.

It would be labour indeed to get enthusiastic over lines like these. Even when the poet changes from self to adoration of the Author of his being, the change of theme brings no elevation of language or of conception; as witness these lines, the best that may be culled from the third section of the pastoral *Night*:

Amyntas—By Him the morning darts his purple ray;
To Him the birds their early homage pay;
With vocal harmony the meadows ring,
While swans in concert heav'nly praises sing.

There is nothing with which this pastoral can be contrasted in Burns' writings, for Burns never dealt in the abstract or sentimental. In everything that the Ayrshire ploughman wrote throbs a great human heart. His poetry is always passionate, never philosophically contemplative. Still, to do justice to Ferguson, his pastorals could not well be overlooked, but

having glanced at one, and that the best, let it suffice. A poem of Ferguson's which must ever be of interest to those who read his works is that on 'The Decay of Friendship,' composed under the painful circumstances to which I have previously adverted. This poem strongly shows that the best of Ferguson's work in the English tongue hardly rises above versification. It opens thus:

'When gold, man's sacred deity, did smile,
My friends were plenty, and my sorrows few;
Mirth, love and bumpers did my hours beguile,
And arrow'd cupids round my slumbers flew.'

Another verse I may quote to show his style:

'Sweet are the waters to the parched tongue;
Sweet are the blossoms to the wanton bee;
Sweet to the shepherd sounds the lark's shrill song,
But sweeter far is SOLITUDE to me.

Schoolboys have failed to earn distinction with better verses than these, though one cannot help admiring the alliterative effect in the last verse. His thought, it will be observed, is commonplace to-day, and was commonplace even when he wrote. There is a lack of energy and a forced fluency that are repellent; for, however choice may be a poet's diction, if it be lacking in life it cannot touch the soul of the reader. How different is Burns, when he tunes his lyre to lament the want of true friendship. He rises superior to a personal plaint, and speaks for the human race in '*Man was made to Mourn.*' In the very first verse of this remarkable poem the reader has pictured before him the dark side of the world by the simple words 'Chill November's surly blast made fields and forests bare,' and conviction already possesses him because he is prepared to hear speak an aged man, whose face was furrowed o'er with years and crowned with hoary hair. The patriarch speaks no words of peevishness, but out of the fulness of a heart that has room for a world's grief, and charity for a world's wilfulness, he says:

O man! while in thy early years
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours;
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn,
Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

I could wish to go fully into the difference here displayed between the two poets, but must hasten on with the observation that Burns never made his own sufferings the theme of his muse; he knew that he had himself to blame for all that overtook him, and was conscious of deserving greater retribution than fell upon him. Ferguson is oblivious to his own faults and failings, and meanders in sentimental pastoral scenes, obtruding his own wretchedness against the ripe joyousness of Nature. The one is selfish, and forces his selfishness into its most unnatural setting—a surrounding of inanimate nature; the other sinks self in humanity, is humanity's champion, and boldly stands forth in the setting which of all others gives force to his warfare—the sufferings of his friends, the people, one of the least deserving of whom he, by the mystic influence of genius, shows himself to be.

What I might term the companion poem to *The Decay of Friendship* is '*Against repining at Fortune.*' This is one of the best of Ferguson's English poems, but it, too, is monotonous in expression, and commonplace in thought. Towards the end of the poem one can detect a more hopeful spirit. Indeed, were it not for the last two verses, the preceding ten might almost have followed the prior poem as a sort of mild depreciation of the fancied happiness of those neglectful friends of whom he had been complaining. The two last verses are:

'Tis not in richest mines of Indian gold
That man this jewel, happiness, can find,
If his unfeeling breast, to virtue cold,
Denies her entrance to his ruthless mind.

Wealth, pomp and honour are but gaudy toys;
Alas, how poor the pleasures they impart!
Virtue's the sacred source of all the joys
That claim a lasting mansion in the heart.

There is more true poetry in the last two lines than in all that precede them; still, after all, any poet, not a poetaster, has produced lines equally good. I will not cite lines of Burns to place alongsidé of these; to do so would be superfluous, for Burns preaches virtue as the source of joy in tones of conviction that are all arresting. A belief in virtue was taught him at his father's knee, and he could not be indebted to the 'poor unfortunate Ferguson' for inspiration in his praise of virtue. I would not have touched upon these two poems of Ferguson's were it not that these being the poems to which was attached the deepest personal interest, it might fairly be expected that had Burns really been deeply impressed by the reading of Ferguson's works, the *Decay of Friendship*, and *Against Repining at Fortune*, would have given a decided bent to his writings. I may not have succeeded in showing that the two poets are diverse in their treatment of the same subject (because I have not quoted the poems in full) where diversity of treatment did not do violence to our common humanity, but my own conviction is that Burns certainly was not affected by Ferguson's writings, when he was so situated, that Burns' strongest sympathies would be lavished upon him. And if not then, when would he be?

Let us glance at Ferguson's treatment of the rivers of Scotland, and at that of Burns. Ferguson wrote an ode on *The Rivers of Scotland*; Burns on *Bruar Water*, *Bonnie Doon*, *Ayr*, and *Lugar*. What a charm is in the simple ploughman's lays. As we listen to them we hear the gurgling waters kiss the pebbled shore. How stilted is Ferguson! What a confused vision one has of Neptune, mermaids, tritons, naiads, and artificiality generally, for even his tuneful shepherd is not a rustic swain. Burns never encumbers his verse with mystic beings, who might as well not be in the scene depicted. Where supernatural apparitions are introduced by Burns, they are already looked for by the reader, as witness the appearance of 'The Sprites that o'er the Brigs of Ayr preside.' I could have liked to contrast the two poets' treatment of the seasons—Ferguson's, unequal, inconsequent, and apostrophizing, though at times rising to considerable dignity as when he sings:

'Mute are the plains; the shepherd pipes no more;
The reed's forsaken, and the tender flock,
While echo, lis ening to the tempest's roar,
In silence wanders o'er the beetling rock.'

Burns, at all times a living part of what he depicts, comprehensive even when his words are brief, sings:

'While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae,
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

. . . . .

The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.'

Or, again, when in his introduction to *The Cottar's Saturday Night*:

'November chill blows long wi' angry sough
The short'ning winter day is near a close:
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough,
The black'ning train o' craws to their repose.'

Surely Burns did not borrow any descriptive inspiration from his predecessor. Ferguson has written a poem on (bed) *Bugs*, Burns on a *Louse*; but how different is their treatment of this, surely a kindred subject. Ferguson's lines are most inflated, pompous, and ponderous. He drags in Homer on the Grecian plains, the movement of the spheres, the murmuring cadence of the floods, the Dryads near Edina's walls, Pan and his rural train of shepherds and nymphs, Chloe's bosom, alabaster fair, and so on. On the contrary, Burns possesses his reader with a creeping curiosity,

and at the same time deals a giant's blow at self-conceit.

Again, Burns had the faculty of making animals speak. *The Twa Dogs* and *Poor Mailie* are much more real to most men than Balaam's ass. Burns loved animals, and those who read his works speak with him to his old mare Maggie, to the 'wee sleekit cow'rn' tim'rous mouse,' 'to the wounded hare' and 'to the waterfowl.' Ferguson's nearest approach to investing animals with humanity, if I may be permitted to use such a phrase, is a fable entitled *The Peas nt, the Hen, and Young Ducks*, which is so trifling that one is saved the trouble of making haste to forget it.

One would think that the wild whirl of tavern-life would have drawn from Ferguson something in which he could give expression to exuberance of spirits; in which he could reproduce what was to him the greatest excitement as well as the greatest pleasure that he could experience, but no! A cold, sentimental, lifeless elegy is all that can be placed alongside Burns' *Scotch Drink* and his *Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons*. The *Daft Days*, I think one of the best of Ferguson's writings, but it is a poor substitute for the dramatic story of *Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny*, the cronies who 'had been fou' for weeks thegither.' Two verses of the *Daft Days* I shall here quote:

'Auld Reikie, thou'rt the canty hole,
A bield for many a cauldrife soul,
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll
Baith warm and couth,
While round they gar the bicker roll,
To weet their mouth.

. . . . .

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix
And rozet weel your fiddle-sticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix,
Gie's Tullochgorum.'

There is more of the personal presence in this poem than anything that Ferguson ever wrote, and it is possessed of a vivifying power that is absent in his eclogues. It is a composition which above all others would justify one in taking whatever else Ferguson wrote as 'glorious dawnings.' I have reserved, for closing, a consideration of those poems in which Ferguson is seen in his happiest vein, and towards which Burns is most closely inclined. In theme and structure there is a resemblance between Ferguson's *The Hallow Fair* and *Leith Races*, and Burns' *The Holy Fair*, as also between Ferguson's *The Farmer's Ingle*, and Burns' *The Cottar's Saturday Night*. In the *Hallow Fair* and *Leith Races*, and in the *Holy Fair*, the versification is the same, but it is a versification that was old even when Ferguson wrote, and was adopted by Burns, so far as is known, before he had ever seen any poem of Ferguson's. The versification—eight lines and a rider, '— — that day'—is a modification of *Christis' Kick of the Grene*, written by King James I., and to which Currie attributes the force and structure of most of the rural poetry, Currie making a remark, in his *Essay on Scottish Poetry*, to the effect that it is peculiar that the only nation in Europe which had an original poetry, should have had the form of its poetry handed down to its rural poets from a monarch. In Ferguson's poem on the Hallow Fair, he describes the scene at a rural fair, the chapmen selling their wares, the whisky-drinking, enlisting, fighting, and characteristic humours of such a celebration in his day. In *Leith Races* he describes meeting with a mystic being, called *Mirth*, the fairest quean 'neath the lift,' whose 'een were o' the siller sheen, her skin like snawy drift.' The two agree to go to the races, and there observe her 'power and pith.' They go, but in the agreement to go is seen the last of this sprite *Mirth*, Ferguson thereafter describing with great gusto the humours of the races as they appeared to him. Burns's poem is like a combination of the two by Ferguson. In early morning of the Sacramental Sunday he is

sniffing the caller air, when 'three huzzies cam skelpin' up the way.' The two looked like twins, and 'sour as ony slaes,' while the third, who was behind, 'came up, hap-stap-an'-loup, as light as ony lammie.' With rustic grace the poet replies to the 'curchie' of the taller one, who tells that her name is FUN, that the other two are SUPERSTITION and HYPOCRISY, that all three are on the way to the holy fair. The poet says that he will get his 'Sunday's sark on,' and join her at the fair. This is the last we see of the trio, and here observe the resemblance between the structure of the poems of Ferguson. In the eighth verse Burns would seem to imply that the three damsels were there, but nothing approaching to an interchange of sentiment takes place. Burns, like Ferguson, dwells at length on the humours of the scene, and, though the subjects be different, the treatment is, in a measure, similar. It will, however, be conceded, that Burns develops much greater power of description and moral intensity than Ferguson. So marked is this, that it is doing no injustice to Ferguson to say that Burns did not imitate him. It is impossible to suggest any other mode of treatment than that which both Ferguson and Burns followed, and besides, it is the treatment which King James gave, or Ramsay makes him give, to *Christis' Kirk on the Grene.* While inclined to set a higher value upon Ferguson's writings than, perhaps, may stand the test of common sense, I think that it would hardly be correct to add to their lustre the reflex light of Burns' *Holy Fair.*

Ferguson's *Farmer's Ingle* is a poem of very great merit, but it is essentially an effort of descriptive power, and not a heart's tribute to the dead, as was Burns' *Cottar's Saturday Night.* Ferguson described what had created admiration in him, what seemed an exceeding lovely portion of that rural life whose beauties woke response in his soul, and caused it to burst forth in song. The farmer and his 'gudame' were not a father and mother upon whose memories the flowers of love and wreaths of veneration were daily showered by a son, to stay the mildest impulse of whose wayward soul a stray thought of childhood's home was potent. Burns poured his whole soul forth to do honour to his parents, and his tribute has the intensity of despair—the despair of ever being worthy of those to whom he owed all of the heavenly that in him was for ever at war with the carnal passions of his own creation. Ferguson's poem breathes no such spirit; it is essentially contemplative. Still, it appeals strongly to the fancy, if not to the heart, as witness these two verses: (Supper is supposed to be over.)

The fient a chiep's amang the bairnies now,
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane;
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou',
Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane.
In rangles round before the ingle's low,
Frae Gudame's mouth auld warld tales they hear,
O' warlocks louping round the worrikow,
O' gaists that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shake wi' fear.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be
Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill;
That kye hae tint their milk wi' evil e'e,
And corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill.
O mock nae this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring, wi' reason clear,
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return
And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear,
The mind's aye cradled when the grave is near.

The closing lines of this last verse are singularly touching. Even Burns himself could not have more gracefully or compassionately described that terrible state 'dotage.' Burns's poem is also in Alexandrine verse, the last line being of the long measure used by Byron with such effect in his *Address to the Ocean*, and which may be likened to the roll of the breaker following the fall of wavelets on the shore. The necessity of quoting *The Cottar's Saturday Night* to show that Burns did not in writing it kindle his genius at the flame of Ferguson's muse, is spared

to me by the accepted belief that the poem is a spontaneous expression of the veneration of Burns for his parents. All are familiar with that great word-picture, in which humanity sees its heart's most heavenly pulses shrined, a picture in which Heaven is beheld on earth.

Thus far and no further do we go in our search for similarity in the writings of the two poets. Fruitless it has been, if not devoid of pleasure. What need that we persevere? Is it not daily our experience that the firmament of literature is as the firmament above us? The bright stars of the early evening pale before the moon's refulgent light, and that again is resolved, as it were, into darkness by the full glare of the sun's rays. So it is when ability fades before cultured intelligence—to fall into nothingness at the advent of genius.

BALLADS OF FAIR FACES.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

V.—At Murray, Ontario.

SHE is dead that we laughed with so often;
And all that in thought was so fair
Is a thing shut away in a coffin,
Leaving only this lock of gold hair.

She is gone—"*requiescat in pace*,"
A point on which least said is best;
Yet, at last, little golden-haired Gracie,
May your feet that have strayed, be at rest.

Can we grieve for her, think with regretting,
Of that life, not of heart or of brain?
With its innocent trick of coquetting,
And its trifling *tendresse* for champagne!

Mere beauty, mere youth we have buried,
No heart, but a pulse, has been stilled;
By no love-chase those fair feet were hurried
On the passionate pace that has killed.

She leaves, to buy back our affection,
Only the gold of her hair!
Dead flower! but what Spring's resurrection
Shall show us another as fair?

THE FUTURE OF MORALITY.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

NO one can have read the remarks of G. A. M. on Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Atlantic Monthly* article without, at least, respectful sympathy. The writer is in earnest, and he treats the subject as one in regard to which it is the bounden duty of everyone, either to speak with the utmost sincerity and simplicity, or not to speak at all. If this rule were more generally followed in the discussion of such matters, surely we should understand one another better, and the cause of truth be greatly advanced.

The position taken up by G. A. M. is that 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' is necessary to the moral life of humanity,—that it alone can 'keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt.' This may be true, but to what practical issue is it, or can it be, relevant? What men in general have to consider in connection with the doctrine of the Cross, or any doctrine, is not what it will do for them *if* they believe it, but whether it is believable. To try and influence belief by an appeal to men's interests is not right, and in matters outside of religion is generally felt to be flagrantly wrong. I fail to understand G. A. M. when he says, at the outset of his article, that 'the question for the great mass of men is not, is the Theistic or the Materialistic theory the most probable?' but that it assumes the practical shape of—'Shall we believe in God or shall we not?' Of course this way of putting it explains the *inducements to belief* afterwards presented; but how can anyone who knows what belief is imagine a man sitting down and calmly deliberating whether to believe a certain thing or not? Belief is, really, if I may use the expression, the movement of the mind in the line of least resistance; or, considered as a settled state, it is the rest of the mind following such movement. What is the line of least resistance for each man depends upon a thousand circumstances, but certainly does not depend upon his own arbitrary choice. The exercise of choice in matters of belief is always recognized as a corrupting influence. When the wish is father to the thought, we do not give much for the thought.

The misfortune to-day is, that to ever-increasing multitudes of men and women 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' is becoming less and less believable (I say 'misfortune,' adopting for the moment the point of view of G. A. M.) It is nearly fifty years since Dr. Newman wrote his verses on 'The Progress of Unbelief,' commencing 'Now is the Autumn of the Tree of Life,' yet the generation of that day was a pattern of orthodoxy compared with the generation of this. What is to be done? You cannot lure men back by telling them of the value of what they have lost, nor even, supposing it possible, by making them *feel* its value. You must either re-clothe the doctrine with the power that it had in former days, or bow beneath the inscrutable decrees of an 'Intelligence' which allows the development of human intelligence to be accompanied by such a falling away from true standards of belief and practice.

To many of us, however, the proposition that only 'the apostolic doc-

trine of the Cross' can 'keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt' is one incapable of proof. It assumes in human society an inherent tendency to corruption, an assumption at variance with known facts. Every society that has ever existed on the face of the earth has existed by virtue of a certain preponderance of socially-beneficial over socially-injurious acts. If men coming together did one another more harm than good, they could not form any society however rude, but would lead the solitary lives of beasts of prey. The higher races of men have formed societies that have lasted for centuries, gaining, through long generations, in complexity and coherence. True, social disintegration has finally overtaken some of the most advanced of these, but is not the growth of such communities a proof that there is something in human nature that does *not* tend to corruption, but that tends to higher life? We know that trees die after a certain time, but we do not say of them that they have a natural tendency to corruption. All disintegration implies antecedent integration, and the latter is at least as striking a phenomenon as the former. If it be the case that human societies like all other organic structures have their pre-appointed terms, we must still recognize and do justice to the period when the sap of youth and vigorous maturity was running in their veins,—we must 'contemplate *all* the work of time,' and not only the period of decadence.*

The dying civilisations of the past, however, have contributed to the general life of the world whatever they had that was most precious. Greece handed down her literature, her philosophy, and fragments of her art; Rome bequeathed her law, and to some extent her municipal institutions; and the experiment of civilisation is now being tried upon a vastly wider basis than ever before. The highest efforts of social construction that the world has ever seen are now being made. In spite of the 'bloated armaments' which governments hold it necessary to keep on foot, the *nations* are not really hostile to one another; race hatreds are, indeed, to a large extent, a thing of the past. Taking the broadest possible view of things, modern civilisation, strong through the very diversity of its elements, is moving up an ascending grade, and is far as yet from the summit. One quite fails, therefore, to see any justification for the statement that but for a certain very abstruse doctrine, which comes but seldom into the thoughts of the vast majority of those who nominally believe it, the forces of dissolution would gain an absolute mastery, and modern society be precipitated into the abyss. Other societies have grown to a very respectable maturity without it, and modern society which has fallen heir to all the best traditions of the past, and which is based, as they never were based, upon sentiments of universal justice, as well as upon a wide knowledge of the laws of nature, may well hope to vastly exceed them in longevity, if not to remain permanent inheritor of the earth.

The rise and development of societies is a phenomenon that has occurred under such a multiplicity of varying circumstances,—in other words, the power of mankind, considered as a species, to live a superior gregarious life has been manifested over such a wide area both in space and time—that one may well ask for proof that any particular theological doctrine is now, or has heretofore been, necessary to the accomplishment of the result. It certainly rests with those who make the assertion to prove it. Many religious systems in the past have had but slight points of contact with mor-

* 'There is a floating notion that the lives of nations are limited by some mysterious law, and that they are born, grow to maturity, and die like men. But the life of a nation is a metaphorical expression. No reason can be given why a nation should die; and no nation ever has died, though some have been killed by external force.'—*Goldwin Smith, Lectures on the Study of History*; Am. Edt., p. 67.

ality; and in many instances we have seen civilisation bearing with difficulty the burden of gross superstitions. Upon a cursory survey of history there is much to justify the dictum of Condorcet that the worst actions that men have performed have been those inspired by their creeds. There are surely no sadder or darker pages in the annals of mankind than those which tell of the wrongs that men have done to one another in the name of religion; and, if we say that Christianity—not perhaps as interpreted by G. A. M. in the present year of grace, but as interpreted by the average consciousness of mankind in different ages—has been pre-eminently the parent of persecution, we shall hardly encounter contradiction. The ordinary duties and charities of life—hospitality to strangers, love of offspring, reverence for the aged—have owed but little to religion, which has, in general, expended its chief force upon forms and observances. Religion means, etymologically, something of binding force, and it has stood in practice for that which binds to a course of conduct that would not otherwise suggest itself as necessary or proper—sometimes to courses against which the whole moral and emotional nature revolts. So it was when Abraham prepared to slay his son Isaac, when Jephthah, Agamemnon, and, a few months ago, the Adventist Freeman, offered their daughters in sacrifice. A deeply religious community will always feel the greatest horror, not at injustice or wrong in any form, but at some violation of religious ceremonial, or some act betokening non-recognition of the national god or gods. The mutilation of the Hermae at Athens created a dismay that no positive crime could have caused; and Socrates, who, in all moral respects, was an exemplary citizen, was put to death because he could not satisfy his judges that he was a worshipper of the gods in the same sense in which they were themselves. That the everyday duties of life have, as above stated, owed but little to the sanctions of religion, all literature more or less attests. After they have established themselves as results of social evolution, religion has stepped in and claimed them, in a certain way, as her domain; but the difference between a spontaneous act of kindness, such as savages even are often capable of, and an act performed in obedience to a supposed divine behest, is visible on the surface. All the grace would vanish from an act, say of hospitality, if it were visibly inspired by fear of heaven, or if it were in any way dissociated from the natural human sympathy which it ought to express. How spontaneously this particular virtue springs up among rude men, and how little it is related to, or perverted by, the religious sentiment, is nowhere better seen than in the narratives of early travel among the North American Indians. The Journals of Champlain and of the Recollet Fathers are full of examples of unforced, unaffected kindness upon the part of the Indians, both to the foreigners and to their own brethren. They had their religious observances, too; but these had little or no connection with questions of right or wrong. 'There was a beastly superstition,' says Parkman, * 'prevalent among the Hurons, the Iroquois, and other tribes. 'It consisted of a "medicine" or mystic feast, in which it was essential that the guests should devour everything set before them however inordinate in quantity, unless absolved from duty by the person in whose behalf the solemnity was ordained; he, on his part, taking no share in the banquet. So grave was the obligation, and so strenuously did the guests fulfil it, that even their ostrich digestion was sometimes ruined past redemption by the excess of this benevolent gluttony.' Well may we exclaim with the Epicurean poet, '*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!*' But the in-

* Ancien Regime, p. 36.

junctions of religion, as distinguished from those of natural morality, have generally been of this irrational and aimless character, while natural morality has progressively adapted itself to human needs and to human relations.

Now 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' is expressed in one place by G. A. M. as being the faith, held as he asserts by every one who has ever lived in the spirit of the Gospel, 'that He who bade him live in this spirit was delivered for his offences and raised again for his justification.' But can it really be true—and I would most earnestly press this point upon every sincere mind—can it really be true that we require to know that an innocent person was delivered for our offences, before we can rightly discharge our duties to our fellow-men? For this it is that is in question, and not the living of the very ideal life depicted in the 'Sermon on the Mount.' A degree of self-renunciation far below what is there described is ample for all human needs. Had it not been, civilisation would not have endured to this hour; for men in general, in their dealings with their fellows, have too often fallen short of bare justice, to say nothing at all of absolute indifference to their own rights. It is needless to say that even the most orthodox Christians do not feel it incumbent on them to lend to every would-be borrower, to hand over a cloak as a premium to the man who would unjustly take a coat, or to invite a second blow from the ruffian who has already inflicted one. Life can be very tolerable without such excessive self-renunciation as this: what is wanted is simply that every man should respect the rights of every other, and should be prepared to render to others all the kindness which he would desire to receive himself. I would not wish to put forward the views of Mr. Spencer on this subject as absolutely convincing and conclusive; but I will go so far as to say that no one can safely discuss the subject now in ignorance of what Mr. Spencer has written in his 'Data of Ethics.' I should much wish to have the calm judgment of G. A. M. upon that work, and particularly upon Mr. Spencer's discussion of the relative claims of Egoism and Altruism.

I must ask leave, however, to dwell for a moment on the terms in which G. A. M. has expressed what seems to him most vital in 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross;' and in doing so I must use great plainness of speech. Is there, then, not something strained and artificial in the words 'delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification'? Have they not the ring of a formulary, invested in imagination with a mystic or magic virtue, rather than of a true watchword of man's spiritual progress? One has to fall back on the subtleties of exegesis to get so much as a rational explanation of the expression 'raised again for our justification;' the meaning is far from apparent on the surface. And why should men be justified, *i. e.*, held guiltless of the sins they have committed, through the simple raising from the dead of Jesus? These are questions that I press with no feeling of hostility to those who hold fast to the ancient creeds, but simply in the hope that the mere putting of the questions will lead some to deal faithfully with themselves in regard to these beliefs. G. A. M. seems to appeal to the esoteric experience of Christians for testimony as to the surpassing spiritual value of the doctrine above defined; but if the question is, not as to what nourishes certain peculiar conceptions or strains of thought, or what prompts to certain quite exceptional courses of action, but as to the moral future of mankind at large, then it is not enough to say that certain *âmes d'élite* know where the sources of their spiritual strength lie. The question discussed by G. A. M. is the widest possible, and he draws a very wide conclusion, viz., that nothing

but 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' can save the world from becoming 'altogether corrupt.' That conclusion, I say, cannot be sustained by any appeal to the spiritual consciousness of a chosen few, but only by an analysis of the causes that have favoured, and of those that have impeded, civilisation in the past, and a demonstration that, wherever we look, the doctrine in question—not in such general features as might, perhaps, be recognized in every kindly deed ever performed by man for man—but in the special form assigned to it as part of a revealed creed, lies at the foundation at once of all order, and of all progress. Prove to us, I say, that men will cease to care for their children, to cherish their wives, and to sympathize with their neighbours, as soon as they cease to believe that one innocent being was 'delivered for their offences and raised for their justification.' If anything stands out clear and distinct upon the page of history, and upon the face of the whole animate creation, it is that the domestic and simpler social virtues are a natural result of the very conditions of existence.*

It is open to G. A. M., or any one, to say that man, as a spiritual being, falls far short of his high calling if he confines himself to the practice of those duties which suffice to constitute, in popular estimation, the good father, husband, and citizen. Dr. Newman has said as much as this in the verses above referred to:

'Men close the door, and dress the cheerful hearth,
Self-trusting still; and, in his comely gear
Of precept and of rite, a household Baal rear.'

More plainly still is the same thought expressed in the verses on 'Liberalism':

'Ye cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace;
Men of presumptuous heart! I know you well.
Ye are of those who plan that we should dwell
Each in his tranquil home and holy place;
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs;
Ye mark'd it spoke of peace, chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy,—and ye heard no more;
But as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace ye passed them by.'

Dr. Newman, it will be perceived, hands over to the liberal school 'peace, chastised desires, good-will and mercy,' and talks contemptuously of the 'household Baal' with his 'comely gear of precept and of rite,' by which he probably means the precepts and observances of a sound mundane morality. Supposing then we admit that, without 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross,' the world will not rise to the height contemplated by Dr. Newman or G. A. M., must we despair? I trow not. The fragments that Dr. Newman throws us are enough, it seems to me, to make a very much better world than we have now. If in every home in the land we had a 'household Baal' whose sacrifices were 'peace, chastised desires, good-will and mercy,' it would seem a little wide of the mark to talk of society becoming 'altogether corrupt.'

The idealist is naturally distressed at the thought of failure in the realisation of his ideal; but is it right for him to say that *all* is lost because his dream is not fulfilled? In his 'Lectures on the Study of History,'* Mr. Goldwin Smith has dwelt with his usual force on the advantages of 'an attainable ideal.' 'Is not man,' he asks, 'more likely to struggle for that which is within, than for that which is beyond, his reach? If you would have us mount the steep ascent, is it not better to show us the first step of the stairs than that which is nearest to

* 'It is clear that the history of the race, or, at least, of the principal portion of it, exhibits a course of moral, intellectual, and material progress, and that this progress is natural, being caused by the action of desires and faculties implanted in the nature of man.' *Goldwin Smith,—'Lectures on the Study of History.'*—Am. Ed., p. 71.

* Am. Ed., p. 113.

the skies? If all the rhetoric of the pulpit were to be taken as literally true, would not society be plunged into recklessness or dissolved in agonies of despair? *A human morality saves much that an impracticable morality would throw away;* it readily accepts the tribute of moral poverty, the fragment of a life, the plain, prosaic duty of minds incapable, from their nature or circumstances, of conceiving a high poetic ideal. On the other hand it has its stricter side. It knows nothing of the merits of mere innocence. It requires active service to be rendered to society. It holds out no salvation by wearing of amulets or telling of beads. Regarding man as an essentially social being, it bears hard on indolent wealth, however regular and pious; on all who are content to live by the sweat of another man's brow.' Will the 'moral interregnum,' of which we have lately heard, be compatible with the increasing diffusion of the standard of morals here indicated? If so, we can await its coming with much equanimity.

I am seriously of opinion that much harm is done by many well-meaning persons in disparaging the natural foundations of morality. There are those all around us who have lost faith in Christian doctrines, and who rather rejoice to be told that apart from those doctrines there is no valid reason for living a pure or honest life. It is common enough to hear loose-living men declaim with energy against any attempts to place morality on a natural basis: they will have a theological morality or none at all. Naturally enough: a theological morality can be evaded or trifled with, because everything in the theological region is confessedly so uncertain; but a morality based on natural laws looks a man straight in the face, and pronounces a condemnation upon wrong which is at once unmistakeable and irrevocable. No one can mingle much with men of the world without feeling the truth of what I say. They are willing to confess themselves 'miserable sinners,' and they want a religion which will take a heavy discount off their offences in consideration of that confession. Talk of natural sanctions and inexorable law, and, if they have read enough, they will perhaps treat you to some stale quotations from Mr. Mallock's 'Positivism on an Island,' —a kind of satire which is perfectly to their taste.

Now, if instead of all this talk about the natural tendency of society to corruption, and the inefficacy of all moral sanctions save the theological, thoughtful and earnest men—such as everyone must take G. A. M. to be—were to apply themselves to study and discern the essential qualities of actions, if they strenuously appealed to the honour of their fellow-men not to violate by injustice a social compact from which all derive so much advantage, if, in every way, they sought to make the most of that whereunto we *have* attained, and put on a cheerful courage as to the future, can it be doubted that they would accomplish a much more useful work for society? Withdrawing one's thoughts from earth is almost certain to induce gloomy imaginings as to the course of things in the world; but he only is fitted to judge the world who believes in it, through having recognized in all its phenomena the steady working of natural law. One continually hears harsh, disparaging, or desponding things said of human life and its conditions by people who, by their own conduct, have placed themselves all wrong with life, and who have never, therefore, given themselves a chance to know what joy life affords when brought under right regulation. They complain of disappointments, when what has happened has been the simple result of their own imprudence; and, as Juvenal says, they enthrone Chance because they have not taught themselves to trust to anything better. Life may be considered as a science

that has its laws, or as a game that has its rules. He who would make satisfactory progress in the science must familiarize himself with, and guide himself by, what is already known; he who would play the game successfully must observe the rules. It would be ridiculous to hear a man, who had but dabbled aimlessly in chemistry, complain that he could not achieve results with the precision of a Faraday; it would be ridiculous to hear an unskilful or reckless whist-player complain that the best 'hands' were of little use to him; and none the less ridiculous is it to hear people, who have never given to the laws of life an hour's serious study, rail at life as being unsatisfactory and delusive. It is a very pious sentiment that 'there's nothing true but heaven;' but it proceeded, as everyone remembers, from a somewhat Anacreontic source; and Anacreontic tastes and habits have not a little to do with this particular form of piety. If one were required to find a man who had no faith in this world, it would be a safe thing to look for one who had made a very ill use of it. At the same time, I fully admit that many who have lived for the best, according to their lights, adopt the same tone of disparagement in speaking of what life affords; and I can only add—more's the pity.

Paradoxical as it may seem, what is called 'worldliness' is a vice prevailing chiefly among the so-called pious. The very people who run down this world are running one another down in their efforts to get as much as possible of this world's goods, and of its honour and glory. They have a horror of scepticism, which in addition to all its other evil qualities, has the supreme drawback of being unfashionable. They are full of zeal for ceremonial, and for implicit obedience to ecclesiastical authority, but as for the 'fruits of the spirit,' you must look elsewhere for them. Society, with its pleasures and vanities, its maxims and conventions, its novelties and fashions, its rivalries and struggles, its factions and cliques, its scandals and its never-ending tittle-tattle, absorbs all their waking and even dreaming thoughts, wakes the only passions they are capable of, and stamps itself into their very souls. And yet, of course, this earth is a very dismal place, and 'there's nothing true but heaven.' They show their piety by making no attempt to turn earth into a paradise, and by placing the lightest possible estimate upon mere human duties. Their zeal on the other hand for pure doctrine is irreproachable, their attendance on church ordinances all that fashion requires, their opinions are all absolutely correct and are likely to remain so, as their power of perceiving truth stands at zero.

On the other hand, this morally repulsive worldliness is not found among those who take the world seriously, even though they confine their thoughts to it. We have those amongst modern philosophers who are called (somewhat absurdly) materialists, and truly their talk is of life and its laws, of this globe and its history and probable future; but does any one think of them as 'worldly' men. No, the word is far more likely to call up the image of some courtly ecclesiastic, or some elegant *dévote*, than that of a Herbert Spencer, a Huxley, or a Clifford. Let a man study life—the life that now is—with the object of doing and receiving as much good as possible while it lasts, and whether he believes in, or hopes for, a hereafter or not, *his* life will be purified and elevated; his worst enemies will not say he is worldly; the worldly, who, of course, are 'looking for a better city even an heavenly,' will only say that he is a fool.

I headed this article 'The Future of Morality;' and I fear I shall hardly be held to have fulfilled the promise of that title. My leading thought, however, is this, that it has a very injurious effect upon morality for men

whose opinions carry weight to speak as though it had no natural foundations of its own, but were bound up with the fortunes of a notoriously much-disputed creed. The future of morality may depend to a great extent upon whether the teachers of the people in the present crisis throw their influence on the right or on the wrong side. A teacher who cries :—'Unless you believe the apostolic doctrine of the Cross there is nothing to restrain you from any sin—' assumes a grave responsibility. I remember some severe words that were once spoken in denunciation of 'whosoever offendeth one of these little ones *that believe on me*,' and it seems to me that the words have a modern application. Faith in nature is as yet weak and small; still there are some 'little ones' that are feeling their way towards an assurance that there are natural blessings associated with right action, and that life itself, rightly understood and used, is in itself a supreme blessing. There are some such, I say; but across their path now and then falls the shadow of one who, full of scorn for the rising faith, strives to wither and blast it with words of denunciation or derision, and strives not always in vain. 'Find motives for right action in the relations of man to man! Preposterous! man is the *natural* enemy of man. Find the sources of hope, and joy, and contentment, and sympathy in this world! A vain imagination. You must believe *my* creed or sink into brutehood. If you do not believe, and yet strive to live above the brutes, you are inconsequent to fanaticism?' And in support of these appeals, all the weak spots in human character, all the miseries of human life, all the uncertainties of human calculation, all the baffled hopes of ardent souls, all the treasons to great causes,—whatever things incline men to distrust of themselves and of others—are sedulously urged; with the effect, no doubt, sometimes of winning doubters back to the creeds, but, upon a wider scale, of inducing a contempt for life and its duties, a cynical disbelief in virtue and a hardening of the heart against all better impulses. The bad seed springs up 'in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundred fold.'

The future of morality depends upon the extent to which men shall in the future be delivered from beliefs and conceptions that cramp and pervert their minds, and prevent them from realising their capacities for good, and acting upon the promptings of their better natures. As we mingle with men in the world how many prisoned souls look out upon us from the dungeons of their intellectual and spiritual captivity! In how few comparatively do we preceive any natural trust of their own intuitions, any clear vision of outward things! They do not look within, for all there is either darkness or confusion; no clear consciousness is theirs of what they either think or believe. And when they look without, it is not with the purged eyesight that comes of clear self-knowledge, but with a clouded or distorted vision that lets but little of the beauty of the universe into their souls. And what has weakened such minds, and reduced them to this condition of vassalage? Mainly, I would answer, the sedulous inculcation of irrational doctrines, and the preaching in connection with them of the duty of self-distrust. When a certain condition of weakness, physical or mental, has supervened the very thought of exertion becomes painful. Eyes long accustomed to darkness dread the light; and thus it is that the weakness and fears of men are arrayed against the very things that would give them strength and liberty. What is wanted then is the helpful hand, the cheering voice, the patient spirit, a calm, yet ardent faith, a fervent brotherly love. There is no need to attack men's special beliefs, if, by showing what the moral resources of a true humanity are, we can but cure

their inveterate distrust of humanity. For once let men realize what is possible for them, as men, and a brighter age than any the world has yet seen will be at hand.

IN A STUDIO.

BY 'FIDELIS.'

YOU smile to see the canvas bear
  The golden sunshine of September,
And trace, in all its outlines fair,
  The landscape we so well remember.

You mark the sky, so softly blue,
  The dreamy haze,—so golden mellow,
The woods, in greens of tenderest hue,
  Just turning, here and there, to yellow;

The solemn pines, above the stream,
  Where yon grey mountain rears its shoulder,
And,—on the bank,—the scarlet gleam
  Beside the lichened granite boulder.

You whisper, with a proud delight,
  That this reflection of September
Might cheer us, on the wintriest night,
  Amid the chills of dull December!

Ah, well! you kindly praise the whole,—
  You cannot see the figure in it,
That graved upon the artist's soul
  The sunshine of that golden minute!

You cannot see the earnest eyes
  That grew so dreamy and so tender,
While watching, with a glad surprise,
  The autumn landscape's golden splendour.

You cannot see the soul-lit face
  That made the landscape's central sweetness,
Adding, to nature's ripest grace,
  Its crowning charm of full completeness.

Well, love, *that* charm is left me still,
  Though vanished is that bright September,
Though leaves lie strewn and winds blow chill,
  You are my sunshine of December!

KINGSTON.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. STURT SUGGESTS A SEA VOYAGE.

MR. STURT was not Mayne's family lawyer, as Mr. Raynes had concluded, but was employed by him at the detective's suggestion for the especial purpose with which we are acquainted. To give instructions for drawing conveyances of landed property was not in his usual line of business; but, of course, he never turned away good money from his door. Moreover, Mr. Rayne's face was welcome to him as being connected, however indirectly (he had been introduced to him by his employer down at Mirton) with that great case of Walcot *versus* Everybody, which was attracting so great a share of his attention. For though all seemed lost, Mr. Bevill still kept strict, though secret, watch over 'his gentleman's' movements, and reported them to the lawyer almost daily. It was unlikely, of course, that innocent Mr. Raynes should throw even the smallest scintilla of light upon the motives of so discreet and wily a man as Walcot, but then it was Mr. Sturt's experience that light came from very unexpected places; and he was always on the look out for it. He was an astute man, nor will I do him so great a wrong—professionally—as to hint that a too delicate sense of personal honour ever stood in his way; but he was really somewhat too blunt and honest—at all events in manner—for his particular line of business. This disadvantage arose partly, perhaps, from his having so much to do with mere agents—such as Mr. Bevill himself—with whom it was well to be curt and decisive, to prevent (among other things) their ideas as to certain lines of conduct over-riding his own. With individual members of the public, even when he felt they might be pumped to advantage, he had not a winning way like Mr. Walcot, nor even a patient and courteous one, like Mr. Hayling. Fortunately his new client, though naturally taciturn, was so elated by his having got the promise of the Four-Acre Field, that he was on this occasion inclined to be garrulous.

'You found Mr. Walcot friendly, it seems,' observed the lawyer, when the business matters had been arranged.

'Well—yes—he made no objection to my proposal, that is; but he struck me as queer, sir—very queer.'

'Queer?' repeated the lawyer. 'Um—now, would you mind—I know you are a friend of the family at Halcombe, Mr. Raynes—would you mind just giving me your impressions?'

This was not the sort of proposal that would have been made to one like Mr. Raynes by a good judge of character. He was a man unequal to consecutive narration, which is as much an art in its way as speaking when on one's legs.

'Oh, I don't know about impressions; I told him the news you know—what I thought would interest him—about the young ladies at the Hall—

and he was glum—very glum. Since he'd got their money, I thought he would not have grudged their being settled in life, yet somehow he seemed to do so.'

'Seemed to grudge Miss Millicent making a great match, did he?'

'Well, yes; and even her sister's marrying the curate. I fancied, indeed, he looked blacker at that news than at the other.'

Mr. Sturt nodded encouragingly.

'You are an observant man, Mr. Raynes,' he said.

'I don't know about observant,' answered that gentleman, modestly; 'nobody can help noticing a fellow when he has fits.'

'Did Mr. Walcot have a fit.

'I think he must have had one—in his inside. I never saw a man make such faces.' And at the remembrance of them Mr. Raynes made a face himself which threw all fits—of merriment at least—completely into the shade.

'What did he make faces at? Miss Evelyn's marriage?'

'No, at something which caught his eye in the newspaper. It was quite sudden, and seemed to seize him like the spasms. He said he was subject to them, whenever he read any case of injustice and cruelty in the Police Reports.'

'In the Police Reports?'

'Well, I am not sure he said that; but what he saw must have been in the Police Reports, I suppose, or else in the criminal trials. At all events he seemed terribly shocked.'

'It must have been a very bad case,' observed the lawyer, drily.

'And yet it had its attractions, for when I was talking to him about the field he paid no sort of attention, but kept his eye on the same page. Then he apologised, and said he was not himself, inasmuch as he had just lost a dear friend.'

'Was that in the paper too?'

'So I understood him to say; though it seems funny, doesn't it? Two events in the same morning's *Times*, each of which brings on fits. If he reads the papers much it must try his constitution.'

'Was he giving his attention to the main body of the paper, or to the supplement!'

'Oh, it was not the supplement.'

'Then his lost friend must have been a remarkable man, and had a paragraph all to himself. Ordinary folks, you know, all die in the supplement.'

'I never thought of that!' said Mr. Raynes, admiringly. 'You're a deep one, Mr. Sturt, *you* are.'

'I have to do with deepish people, at all events,' observed the lawyer, deprecatingly. 'Mr. Walcot is one of them. That being the case, may I ask you, whether you do not think it possible that that whole pantomime,'——he paused, and held his finger up in an impressive manner—

'I'm all there,' interposed Mr. Raynes, with confidence; there flashed a grin across his face from ear to ear, and the next moment it became an imperturbable monument of gravity: the change could only be compared to the instantaneous action of the slide of a magic lantern.

'I say, are you quite certain, Mr. Raynes, that Mr. Walcot's emotion at the news in the paper—whatever it was—was not assumed, in order perhaps to hide his chagrin at something else; the tidings you yourself conveyed to him, for example.'

'I am quite sure,' answered Mr. Raynes, resolutely. 'He was all doubled up for the moment as though you had poked him in the ribs—like that.' And he made a playful movement at the lawyer with his forefinger, which at once caused Mr. Sturt to contract his learned person in illustration. It was as though you had suddenly touched the extremities of an immense fat spider, who becomes a mere ball upon the instant.

Mr. Sturt was by nature dignified, but no peculiarities of his clients ever

put him out of temper, though if they tried it too severely the circumstance was recorded indirectly in his little account.

'Well, as you say, Mr. Raynes, [he had said nothing of the kind], there may be little enough in all this; but, at all events, it's curious. All revelations of human nature are interesting, even if nothing comes of them.—I have your full instructions, I believe, as to the purchase of the field?'

'The Four-Acre field that borders on the sunk fence of my lawn,' said Mr. Raynes, with particularity, as though the little map which, thanks to Mr. Hayling, he had taken the precaution to bring with him, were not sufficient, and he should find himself the proprietor of some central strip of Halcombe Moor instead.

'I should wish the thing to be done as soon as may be, for Mr Walcot is rather a slippery customer.'

'Indeed!' replied Mr. Sturt, lifting his eyebrows (the only physical exercise, except blowing his nose, he ever allowed himself). 'Well, at all events, you may rely on me to lose no time.'

If Mr. Raynes could have been present in the spirit for the next two hours after his departure from the lawyer's office in the flesh, he would have had cause to doubt this last assurance of Mr. Sturt, for instead of immediately applying himself to the acquisition of the Four-Acre field, that gentleman gave his attention for that period solely to *The Times* newspaper. With business men, indeed, this is not considered to be losing time—otherwise there is more time lost in places where time is said to be money than would serve to pay off the National Debt; but the way in which Mr. Sturt went to work with his study of the paper was peculiar.

He first gave his attention to the Police Reports (which are somewhat neglected in the City, except by quiet junior partners), and at once lighted upon a case of skinning cats alive, in order, as the prisoner observed in extenuation of his conduct, 'to preserve the gloss upon the skin.'

'Ah! that's it,' exclaimed Mr. Sturt, not in sympathy with the offender, but because he had found what he sought. 'That's the paragraph, of course, by which "My gentleman," as Bevill calls him, would have explained his sudden emotion; now I wonder what it was that really moved him so! "Loss of an emigrant ship with with five hundred souls on board;" what does *he* care about lost souls? "Proposed tunnel in Mount Cenis"—he can't see his way through *that* to anything. "The interrupted communication to Australia caused by the breaking of the submarine cable last year will be, we are informed, resumed within a few days." Um! He was in Australia once; and was about to go there again. This may be worth nothing. "Failure of the Grand United Bank." *That* won't hurt him; he is much to sharp a fellow to have put his money there. I'm much mistaken if he doesn't carry it in his breast-pocket—or thereabouts; all the better for us when we do get hold of him. "Dean Asbestos at Westminster Abbey on the Future State of the Wicked." No; he doesn't look so far ahead as that. What the deuce *can* it be that made a fellow of that kind shew his hand, even for a moment, to a man like Raynes? It must have been something *vital*. I see nothing here. "Let A. B. communicate at once to C. D.; the danger is imminent." No, no; he'd never trust to the second column of *The Times* for anything. These cyphers, too, can have nothing to do with him; he's not one for child's play——"

Here the door opened, and in came, unannounced, a red-haired, red-faced man, in the uniform of a hotel porter, but with a flower in his mouth, which in the lower classes betrays a tendency to mental abstraction.

'Great news, Mr. Sturt, said he, laconically; No. 842 is going to hook it.'

'I *thought* as much,' cried the lawyer, excitedly, 'the devil is kicking him somewhere or another. Do you know where, Bevill?'

'No, indeed; I think I have found out enough in an hour and a half,' answered the other, pettishly; 'and near broke my back beside with cording his boxes. He's off to the London Docks after a ship—so much is certain; and it sails to-morrow.'

Mr. Stuart was already running his eyes down the 'shipping advertisements.'

'Are you sure you don't mean the St. Katherine's Docks,' he said.

'Perhaps; I did not hear the orders given to the cabman, myself; it was the commissionaire who told me.

'Bevill, can you go on board ship to-night, for a longish voyage?' inquired the lawyer, gravely.

'Of course I can.'

'You will afterwards, may be, have to remain in a foreign country, for an uncertain time; will that suit you?'

'To a T. I shall perfect myself in the language.'

'Very good; in this case, however, you will know nothing of it to begin with.'

'Oh, Lud; then it ain't the Continent,' muttered Mr. Bevill.

'Can you speak German?'

Here the detective brightened up again: modern languages were his strong point in his own opinion, and indeed he spoke them, not with servile accuracy, but in a most original manner.

'When I talk German, Mr. Sturt,' he replied confidently, 'it would take a cleverish fellow to find out I was not a native.'

'Well, you must talk German and nothing else throughout the voyage; and even then, though our friend does not speak it, it will be safer to take a fore-cabin ticket. He can't escape you on board ship; when he lands, you must keep your eye about him, and let us know his movements.'

Mr. Bevill winked the organ alluded to in the most significant manner. 'Enough said between friends,' it seemed to say; 'I have kept this eye on my gentleman before.'

'Here is a cheque to bearer, get it changed and buy whatever you are likely to want, but first of all secure your passage on board the *Bothnia* from St. Katharine's Docks for Christiana.'

'Christiana! Very good, sir. It's nothing to *me*, of course,' observed Mr. Bevill, indifferently, 'but in what part of the world may Christiana happen to be?'

'It is in Sweden.'

'Very good, sir. Let it be in Sweden by all means. You will excuse me, sir, but I was once on board of a ship with him, in which he didn't sail after all—very nearly sent me on a wild goose chase of 15,000 miles or so—how do you know for certain that my gentleman is *going* to Sweden?'

'Well, if you've any doubts,' said the lawyer, smiling, 'You had better ask at the booking office whether a first-class berth was not taken by one answering his description between ten and twelve this morning. But as a matter of fact he *is going*. He has been frightened by something he read in the paper this morning—I wish I knew what—and is leaving England in hot haste. He chooses Sweden, my good Bevill, because we have no extradition treaty with that country; a man may live there in peace and quietness upon an other Englishman's money, however he became possessed of it. And, even if he has committed murder, the law can't lay a finger on him.'

'Do you think it *is* murder, Mr. Sturt?' inquired Mr. Bevill, dropping his voice to a confidential tone.

'I don't know what to think, my man. It's the strangest case I ever had to do with; but that there's something wrong with Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, and *very* wrong, I am as certain as I am of my own existence.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ANNABEL'S CONFESSION.

MR. STURT had the fullest powers from Mr. Mayne to do anything that seemed likely to forward the coming off of that long looked-for return match between the latter and Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, and, as we have seen, he had not hesitated to dispatch Mr. Bevill at a moment's notice to Christiana, for thither indeed, had Mr. Walcot betaken himself. Nor until that gentleman had set sail did the lawyer think it necessary to inform his employer of what had been done. Then he wrote down to Halcombe, where Mr. Mayne was still residing, as though he was already one of the family, the details of what had happened. 'It is my fixed opinion,' he said, 'that matters have come to some sort of crisis with our opponent, which has caused him to leave England. We know he is not given to field-sports of any kind, such as fishing; and that he cares nothing for the beauties of nature; what then could have taken him at an hour's notice to such a country as Sweden, except the necessity of putting himself out of the reach of the law? Any one but yourself would doubless say, 'What is the use of sending a detective to look after a man who has thus secured impunity for his (supposed) transgression?' But I know this will not be your view. Bevill will stick to him like his shadow—a shadow thrown behind him and always unseen. He is certainly a first-rate hand. His name, from last night, when he went on board, will be Herr Landemann, a gentleman in the timber trade (a calling he professes to know something about), whose house at Hamburg has relations with London and Christiana. He wears gold spectacles, and has already a wooden look. . . . I send you, in case you may not have it at the Hall, a copy of the newspaper that contains, I am persuaded, the key of Walcot's departure. Perhaps the sharp wits of the young ladies may decipher this riddle, which has for the present baffled me. It will be well also to cross-examine Mr. Raynes afresh; the chance of whose getting that Four-Acre field is, I am afraid, very problematical. It is curious, by-the-bye, and, to me, inexplicable, why Walcot has not disposed of the Halcombe property; he would have had to do so, doubtless, at a loss, but where time (as it now seems) was of such vital consequence to him, why did he not realise? Reflect on all these matters, and give me your views.'

Mayne not only reflected, but called others into consultation. It was a blow to him that Walcot had withdrawn himself from England, and to a spot where no one could touch him, for he cherished quite as warmly as Mr. Sturt the idea that the man had committed some criminal act, and had been much more sanguine of inflicting retribution on him; but since he had undoubtedly fled his native land, a certain reticence which had been hitherto maintained about him at the Hall was no longer observed. Not only did Mayne put the case to the members of the family (which, of course, included Gresham and the curate) as Mr. Sturt had recommended, but the subject became openly talked about at the dinner table, as it had never been before. So Mr. Parker, the butler, learnt that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot had sailed for some place with the geographical position of which he was no better acquainted with than Mr. Bevill had been. 'What d'ye think?' said he to the cook at supper; 'that 'ere Walcot has gone clean away to Christianity.'

'Lor' who'd ha' thought it?' she replied. 'He give no signs of going there while he was with us, that's sure and sartin.'

'I mean Christianity, the *place*,

ma'am,' observed the Butler, with dignity.

'Ah, that's another thing, Mr. Parker.'

On which the conversation dropped, perished prematurely, through deficiency of knowledge, as when the theory of Development is started at a kettledrum.

The seed, however, was carried up to the upper regions by a nursery maid, and found root in a wholly unlooked-for quarter.

On the following morning, when Gresham, 'the early bird,' as he was now facetiously called (for he never ran the risk of losing his narrowed fortune by being in bed after seven o'clock), was taking his usual walk before breakfast with his Elise, she put the following question to him: 'You know Nannie Spence, of course, George?'

He shook his head. 'I am very sorry, but even though it argues myself unknown, I don't know the young lady.'

'Nonsense, I mean Annabel Spence, the young ladies' maid. You must have surely seen her, if only at prayers.'

'I don't look at young ladies' maids at prayers,' he replied stolidly, 'but it is true that I have seen Annabel.'

'Of course, and having seen her, you could not easily forgot her. She is very pretty, though rather strange-looking. Her hair is light, but her eyes and complexion are like a gipsy's; if she were not so young, one would think she wore a wig. Well, she is a strange girl, very reserved and reticent, but to my astonishment last night she asked to speak with me in private. We have been always very good friends, for like me, poor girl, she is an orphan, and we arrived here together, strangers to everybody, almost on the same day, but hitherto she has never given me her confidence. She did not say much on this occasion, though I could see she was deeply moved, but only begged that I would promise her an interview with Mr. Mayne. The request was strange enough, but her manner was so very extraordinary that, though she imposed secrecy, I thought I would take your advice about it.'

'Quite right, but I would not mention it to others, if I were you,' said Gresham, gravely.

'Of course not. You think with me that the poor girl may be out of her mind?'

'It is possible; but it is not likely that she will bite Mayne; and he will judge, from the communication she makes, whether she is mad or not.'

Accordingly, after breakfast, George Gresham took his friend aside, and not without a humorous twinkle in his eyes, informed him that a certain young person had expressed an earnest wish to renew her acquaintance with him; 'tender passages have passed between you, old fellow, but I sincerely hope, though she is actually in the house——'

'Who on earth is it?' inquired Mayne, turning a lively red.

'It's Annabel Spence, the ladies' maid. She wants to have another interview with you in private.'

'Never,' cried Mayne, resolutely.

'But the poor thing is really in a distressed state of mind, wishes, perhaps, to apologise——'

'I accept it, at second hand,' interrupted Mayne, with alacrity. 'Only I won't see her alone. Nothing shall induce me.'

'Then I will be a witness to the interview.'

'You won't do, my dear fellow. You don't know what a girl that is. No layman will be a sufficient security. If Dyneley will stand by me, then—if she really insists upon it—I'll see her.'

So they went across to the Manor Farm, and spoke to the Curate.

'I'll be Mayne's witness, of course,' he said, 'though it is rather hard upon the girl.'

'Hard upon the girl!' exclaimed

Mayne. 'You're as bad as Walcot. What has the girl to complain of? It is I who am the injured innocent.'

'*That*, of course, makes it much more embarrassing,' observed Gresham parenthetically.

'Yes, at least two,' replied Mayne, earnestly, 'and one of them a clergyman.'

'Well, of course, that makes it very embarrassing on account of one of them being a clergyman?' inquired Gresham, parenthetically.

'Nonsense. I mean on account of there being two persons,' exclaimed Dyneley. 'She has done very wrong, poor girl, but at the dictation of another; and we know how he has put the screw on other people, Gilbert Holm, for instance. Perhaps it was a mistake not to tell Lady Arden all about it at the time; but since that was not done, let bygones be bygones.'

'By all means,' said Mayne, precipitately. 'Tell her all is forgotten and forgiven, and that she needn't trouble herself to confess anything.'

'Nay,' said Dyneley; 'she may have some disclosure to make respecting Walcot.'

'Ah, that's another thing,' replied Mayne, thinking of his return match. 'If Gresham yonder will stop his sniggering'—this was in allusion to certain paroxysms of suppressed laughter to which that gentleman was giving way at very short intervals—'and you will stand by me—close by me.—I'll hear what the young lady has to say.'

'She had better come over to the Manor Farm,' proposed Gresham, drily.

'No, no,' replied the curate, hastily. 'She can see us in the smoking-room at the Hall.'

'Well, upon my word!' exclaimed the Incorrigible.

'I quite agree with you,' said Mayne, 'that that would be very indecorous. Besides, this poor girl [here he imitated the Rev. John Dyneley's pathetic tones] may object to smoke.'

'What do you think of the summer-house!' suggested Gresham, wickedly.

It was at last arranged that the interview should take place in the school-room, when the children should have gone out. Thither accordingly Gresham and the curate secretly repaired after luncheon, and found Annabel awaiting them. She rose from her chair as they entered, put the work on which she was engaged quietly aside, and made them a deep curtsey.

There was nothing impudent or defiant in her manner; but it was one obviously above her supposed station in life. A ladies' maid might have been excused, under the circumstances, if she had shown signs of nervousness; and one would have expected a 'sob' rather than a curtsey. Her face was pale, but very determined-looking, and it was a pretty face—soft and intellectual too, as well as pretty—in spite of that anomaly in the colours of the hair and complexion to which Elise had alluded.

'I am sorry to have troubled you, gentlemen,' said she; 'but the time has come for me to disclose certain matters. Her voice, which was soft and gentle, was in strange contrast to the expression of her features, which was that of some over-mastering passion. 'Is it certain, may I ask, that Mr. Walcot has left England for good?'

'He has left it for Sweden,' observed Mayne, with keen significance.

'I understand you,' she said, 'and I agree with you.'

Mayne was astonished, for her voice was not that which had spoken to him in the summer-house, nor yet that which had falsely accused him in the presence of Sir Robert.

'I have behaved to you very ill, Mr. Mayne, but not one-tenth part so ill as the man of whom we speak—and who set me on to do it—has behaved to me. I have tried to do you a mischief who never harmed me, but I have not perjured myself to wrong one who trusted in him, as this man has done. You may punish me with-

out mercy, only I beseech you to punish him, and without mercy also; to put him in prison, to scourge him, to kill him, if it be possible, though whatever you did to him it would fall short of his deserts.'

It was easy to see in the force and fury with which the woman spoke that this man had deserted her, and both her hearers—being men—were touched by the spectacle.

'His sin will find him out,' observed Mr. Dyneley, in his ecclesiastical manner (his natural one not being just then at his command). 'Revenge is not befitting us poor mortals, who need, ourselves, forgiveness. If this man has wronged you, Annabel——'

'*If* he has wronged me!' she broke in with impetuous passion. 'I tell you, that never since the world was made has man wronged woman as this man has wronged me. Your looks are pitiful, but I do not want your pity. I want your help to redress my wrongs, and there is only one way to do that—to avenge them.'

'I will do my best,' said Mayne; 'so help me Heaven.'

'You will?' exclaimed she sharply. 'You, whom I have done *my* best to injure? You, whom I strove to drive away from this roof in disgrace and shame? You, whose name I would have sullied, if I could, in the ears of her who loves you? I swear, up to this moment, though I knew all that, I have felt neither remorse nor regret; I have felt nothing—*nothing*—but my own fears and hopes—and of late my wrongs. *Why?* Because my whole nature has been marred and twisted by that villain to his own ends. I was the offspring of most unhappy parents; but born a gentlewoman. That matters little now; if I had good blood once, it has been poisoned. And, oh Heaven! I was so young—so very young.'

For the first time her voice trembled. She hid her face in her little hands, and rocked from side to side, as if in physical agony.

'I beg of you not to distress yourself by these references to the past,' said Mayne gently. 'We are quite prepared to take for granted any villainy committed by Ferdinand Walcot; to have been young, and unprotected, and confiding, was to have invited wrong from such a man.'

'I thank you, sir,' she answered simply; 'it seems strange, even to myself, that I should still feel the pangs of shame; but I do feel them. I felt them when I stood before Sir Robert and that other man, and uttered those lies against you; but they are keener now. You are the last man who should wish to spare me one of them. Still, since you are so kind, I will forbear to dwell on that part of my life, though the recital of it would be a part of my just punishment. Let it suffice to say that when this man had ruined me, body and soul, he set me this task to do: to blaspheme the memory of the dead woman, by representing myself as her departed spirit. Behold her!'

'Gracious Heavens!' exclaimed the curate.

She had risen to her feet, and torn away the flaxen wig that concealed her natural hair, which was now disclosed, short, black, and curling, like a boy's but exquisitely fine.

'If you have ever seen a picture of the late Lady Arden,' she continued, 'you will perceive a certain resemblance which ends, alas! with my mere looks. She was a pure, simple, kindly creature, and strove to be kind to me when I was an orphan child. I have repaid her by personating her gentle spirit, in order that a weak, but noble, nature should be induced to commit grievous wrongs on those who loved him, and who have been very kind to me. You stand with pity in your eyes—you two—instead of shrinking from me; that is because you do not believe my words, but think me mad. I tell you it is all true,—as true as hell!'

'Annabel Spence, we know it is

true,' said the curate gently. 'We pity you because you were the tool of a stronger will, on which the true guilt rests.'

'No, sir; no,' she answered sorrowfully. 'It was not his will only; I did it that he might do me tardy justice. I did it—I do not say for love of him—but for a bribe: if I succeeded in the crime proposed, I was to be his wife. I did succeed,—and he has deserted me.'

Mayne drew a long breath between his clenched teeth, and murmured 'Villain!' It was like the hissing of a serpent, and boded no less ill.

'If it is not too painful for you, Annabel,' said the Curate, 'will you supply us with the details of your deception?'

'They were innumerable, sir. I have been a fraud and a counterfeit from the first moment when—indirectly recommended by that man—I came under this roof. He taught me the dead woman's songs, and I sung them outside Sir Robert's chamber. I spoke the words Walcot put into my mouth in her living tones; at last, and without my disguise, I personated her very presence, and held converse with her unhappy husband as though I had risen from her very grave. It was through me that that unjust will was made, by which all who have shown me kindness here were recompensed by disinheritance and the wickedest of villains was enriched.'

'Poor Sir Robert?' mused the curate sorrowfully.

'Yes, indeed,' she resumed; 'he, too, is dead, and knows now that I deceived him. Miserable, crime-stricken wretch that I am! I yet dare not die, lest somewhere, somewhere—though, alas! there is no heaven for me—I may meet them both.'

'My good girl,' observed Mr. Mayne, unconscious of the inapplicability of his epithet, 'you distress yourself too much about this matter. The dead cannot be injured by the living; and, you may depend upon it, have forgiven you any harm you may have plotted against them. I am sure I can answer for Sir Robert at least, and as for the lady—she may not have thought much of your acting of her original part; we know what the professionals think of the amateurs; but not even the women, be sure, bear malice up yonder,' and he pointed through the open window to the summer sky.

The naturalness of Mayne's cheerful tones seemed to mingle with the atmosphere of morbid woe in which the unhappy girl had environed herself, as a breeze meets the mist and thins it.

'You, sir, who are all kindness and forgiveness,' she said, with a wan smile, 'judge others by yourself, and the result is harmony and happiness; the same test applied to me begets despair.'

'Annabel Spence, who educated you?' inquired Mr. Dyneley suddenly.

'Ferdinand Walcot.'

'I guessed as much,' continued the curate drily. 'You have learnt his character, and you must now make haste to unlearn his teaching. As it happens, what there is in you of good—and in spite of what you tell us, I am sure there is much good—works just now for ill with you. If you were like himself, impenitent and callous, his lessons would serve you better—for the nonce—than those you have now to learn. With all his wickedness, he is probably the less wretched of the two. But it will not always be so, Annabel, nor for long. Your eyes are opened at last. You have taken the first step that leads to peace and joy; and you shall be led thither.'

'God help me! who shall lead me?' she cried in despairing tones.

The curate's huge hirsute face was mellowed with that light of charity and loving kindness which forms, doubtless, the raw material for saints' halos. He held out his great hand to her and answered, '*I* will.'

'You're a deuced good fellow,

Dyneley,' murmured Mayne. Perhaps, like many men of his class, he had thought a clergyman would have shrunk from undertaking a case of this sort—which, indeed, was likely to prove a very delicate and difficult one; and that he would at most have prescribed for it. It is one thing to throw a plank to a drowning creature, but quite another to jump in and save her.

Then for the first time the girl burst into tears.

'Don't cry, *don't* cry,' pleaded Mayne; the tears growing nearer to his own eyes than they had been since he left his mother's knee.

'Nay, let her grief have way' whispered the curate, wisely; 'it is better outside than in, poor soul!'

Presently she grew calmer, and asked humbly whether she need assume her disguise again.

'Yes, Annabel,' said the curate gently, 'it is necessary for the present; you are no longer a counterfeit, remember, and we must not set all the tongues in the servants' hall wagging.'

'As you please, sir,' she answered gently. 'It is a very small penance for what I have done. I thought to punish myself by confessing to Mr. Mayne in person, and—oh, how kind you have both been to me!'

'Still, my poor girl, the way of transgressors must needs be hard, even when they repent,' observed the curate gravely. 'It will be necessary for you to repeat what you have said to us to Mr. Sturt, who will set it down in writing.'

'Why so?' protested Mayne; 'let bygones be bygones.'

'If you were alone concerned, I would say "by all means,"' replied the curate; 'but there are other interests to be consulted. What we have heard to-day are surely proofs of that "undue influence," if not of fraud, for which we have been looking so long. I am much mistaken if they will not upset the will.'

'But the damned scoundrel is in Sweden, out of our reach,' exclaimed Mayne.

'For shame, sir; for shame,' ejaculated the curate. 'It is shocking to exhibit such bitterness at such a time, and in the presence of this unhappy, but truly penitent, girl. Annabel, I charge you, in the name of Him I serve, and by virtue of my sacred office, to cast out from your mind all feelings of revenge and hate against this evil doer. He has wronged you, but you have wronged others; if you do not forgive him, how can you hope for God's forgiveness?'

'O, sir, you cannot guess—' murmured the poor girl.

'Yes Annabel, I *can* guess; I know that he has heaped wrong on wrong upon you, beyond all human power of forgiveness; but nay, I trust, I believe, that your poor humanity will be aided in this matter by Divine grace. You must forgive Ferdinand Walcot.'

Annabel shook her head. 'If I say it with my lips, I shall feel it in my heart,' she cried. 'But I will try.' Yes, for your sake, I will try.'

'Not for my sake, but for your own,' urged the good priest; and not for your own, so much as for His who has taught us all to forgive our enemies.'

The unhappy girl turned perplexedly from one to the other. On the face of the priest sat an inflexible determination; on that of the layman an encouraging smile.

Mr. Dyneley is quite right, Annabel,' he said; tell him you will do your best to forgive this fellow,'

'I will do my best, sir,' she answered humbly. 'I will say no more, please, gentlemen, just now.' With that she laid her face in her hands once more, and began rocking herself to and fro in a passion of tears.

'Poor soul, poor soul! we will leave her for the present,' whispered the curate. And they left her to herself and her sorrow accordingly.

'It was a sad scene, said Dyneley,

'was it not, old fellow?' as they went softly down stairs.

'Yes, indeed; I had half a mind to give a word of comfort at parting; and I would have done it but for you.'

'But for *me?* What do you mean?'

'Well, I wanted to tell her that she might forgive Walcot with all her heart and a clear conscience; for that *I* never intend to do it till I've brought him on his knees. She had only to shift the responsibility of seeing justice done on to my shoulders.'

'My dear Mayne, it is my duty to tell *you* as I told her,' said the curate, gravely, 'that vengeance is not becoming a Christian man. Heaven will take this man into its own hand.'

'Just so; all in good time, no doubt; but in the meanwhile I consider myself retained on the same side. You may think it a personal matter with me, but there you're mistaken. I am not thinking of myself, but of the wrongs of that poor girl up yonder. Forgive him? No; I'll see him *nearer* first, and then bring his nose to the grindstone, or my name is not Frederic Mayne.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE GHOST IN CONVENT GARDEN.

THE importance of the confession of Annabel Spence had not been overrated by Dyneley. In Mr. Sturt's opinion, or rather in that of his counsel, it afforded ample grounds for disputing the late Sir Robert's will, if not for a criminal prosecution of Ferdinand Walcot. The latter measure was out of the question, as that astute gentleman had withdrawn himself from British jurisdiction; but the proceedings were at once initiated in the former matter. Walcot had really told the truth to Mr. Raynes when he said that the Halcombe estate had not yet been disposed of. For some reason or other he had been in no hurry to realize the landed property that had fallen to him, and formal notice was given to the solicitors he had appointed in place of Mr. Hayling, not to part with the title deeds, the same having been obtained by fraud. These gentlemen, a most respectable firm, replied that the title deeds were not in their possession, and that for the present they were unable to communicate with their client, who had gone abroad without leaving his address.

'We know more about the gentleman than they do,' observed Mr. Sturt, triumphantly, when he received their epistle; for he had at that moment a telegram in his desk from Mr. Bevill, with a certain address in Christiana. He was much more hopeful about getting back the estates for Gresham—to whom, as next-of-kin, they would revert, in case of the will being made void—than that young gentleman was himself.

'Why I have not yet received even my poor five thousand pounds to go to law with,' was his lugubrious remark, when they were talking on this subject during the lawyer's now frequent visits to the Hall.

'And a good thing too,' said Mr. Sturt, 'for, when the limit of time allowed by law for withholding it is passed, we can bring an action against the man for *that*, and all the rest will follow. However, we have already applied to the Probate Court, and warned the tenants not to pay their rents to Walcot, which they agree to with much alacrity "Slow and sure," is our motto, but we're getting on,' concluded the lawyer, cheerfully.

'But who is to be answerable for the law expenses in the meantime?'

'Nobody; that is, anybody. Why, my good sir, you are the heir presumptive—nay, apparent—to twelve thousand a year.'

'I wish it was apparent,' sighed Gresham, ruefully. 'I wish I had even my £5,000 down.'

'I can let you have that,' answered the lawyer, confidently, 'and on very easy terms. But lor' bless you, you

won't need a tenth of it—that is for preliminary expenses.'

'I don't want to touch it; I only want the interest of it.'

'Oh, well, there will be no sort of difficulty about that. In any case—since we have stopped the sale of the land—your legacy is safe enough, and you may make certain of your little income.'

'Thank Heaven!' ejaculated Gresham.

'For a small mercy, my dear sir,' put in the lawyer, smiling, 'considering the fortune which, I hope, will be yours at no very distant date. If this Walcot had got rid of the estates, and no embargo had been laid upon his doing so, why then, indeed, we should have had a stiffish battle to fight: but as it is—though we have only taken the first step, I already see daylight—you look now as if you saw it yourself.'

'Yes, I do—sunshine,' and in truth the young fellow's handsome face was aglow with pleasure.

'Dear me, how quickly you change about,' observed the lawyer, to whom Gresham had become much more interesting since he beheld in him the probable heir of Halcombe. 'I wouldn't do anything rash, you know, if I were you, notwithstanding things look brighter. I'd keep on getting up in the morning, for example, in accordance with the terms of your legacy.'

'I'll be prudence itself,' said Gresham. 'In the meantime, could you raise me a hundred pounds on my expectations?'

'Certainly. I'll write you a cheque this moment; though I assure you, as to legal expenses, there is at present not the least necessity——'

'My good sir, I was not thinking of any legal expenses beyond a license at Doctors' Commons,' said Gresham laughing; 'I am going to get married.'

'Oh, I see!' said Mr. Sturt apologetically; 'since you said you were "Prudence itself," I did not think of that contingency.'

Gresham thought Mr. Sturt the most charming of lawyers, a tribe he had hitherto suspected of raising objections and putting difficulties in the path of pleasure; but he little knew that that gentleman had been instructed beforehand by his employer to portray his (Gresham's) future prospects in rose-colour, and especially to furnish him with any funds for which he might have occasion.

Mr. Mayne partly shared the attorney's sanguine views as to the eventual recovery of the estate, but, had he not so, would have taken the same course, to accelerate the happiness of his friend. His own marriage with Milly was not to take place so quickly as he desired—Lady Arden having insisted on a 'decent interval' between those nuptials and the family bereavement; but he did not grudge Gresham his better fortune. Nevertheless, when the party from the Hall came up to town, ostensibly for a 'change of scene,' and also to procure Elise her *trousseau*, it is probable there was an intention of making a similar provision for Millicent. It so happened, too, that for the first time in his life, since as an undergraduate he had rowed in the University Race at Putney, the Rev. John Dyneley came up to town, no doubt on urgent private affairs, since what particular business called him thither was never demonstrated.

And the effect of this was, that at the private hotel 'off' Piccadilly, where they took up their quarters, there probably never was a family—in mourning—the younger members of which were in such brilliant condition and tearing spirits, or who had three such devoted cavaliers to attend upon them.

The 'Glamorgan' itself, as the Hotel was called, was in a dim and melancholy street of severe fashion (it had been patronized of old by Lady Arden in her day of *ton*), and its 'services of solid silver,' sepulchral waiters, and a sort of ancestral fustiness which pervaded it, would have depressed any less elastic guests. But this sombre

and sublime *régime* was so utterly set at nought by the newcomers that Master Frank played at hide and seek with the chambermaids, and the Great Baba held dramatic performances—Punch and Judy entertainments, and the Marionettes—in the private sitting-room. These little people, too, unconsciously found their uses. When they were not 'playing old gooseberry' in the way of frolic and mischief, they acted as 'gooseberry pickers,' and did propriety in spite of themselves as companions to one or other of the three young couples; for Dyneley and Evelyn had somehow become as inseparable as Mayne and Millicent, or as Gresham and Elise—indeed, as nothing had been actually declared between them (and moreover Dyneley was a parson, which always gives a man 'a pull' in such cases), they had perhaps more opportunities of what Frank irreverently called 'spooning' than the others.

Gresham himself, though nearer to his bliss, had his little *têtes à-têtes* sadly interfered with by quite another sort of companionship—namely, interviews with his solicitor; for the probability of his becoming the proprietor of the Halcombe estates was growing with every hour, and would perhaps have elated him, had he not had something still brighter to think about in his approaching marriage.

Elise, on the other hand, thought a good deal of his changed prospects, but by no means with exultation. Even to have won her lover in his comparative poverty had seemed to her too great good fortune; and now that he was about to inherit such undreamt of wealth she could hardly believe that she was fated to share it. It seemed to this modest though independent little Teuton that George could have done so much better with himself, and almost that he ought to do so now. She had not even ventured to write to her aunt at Hamburg of the prospects that were opening out for her, not because they might not, after all, be realised, but from her deep sense of their incongruity; they did not dazzle her own eyes—indeed, they were not fixed on them at all—but she understood the effect that they would have upon that relative, and, indeed, upon most people. In the household in which she had once filled so humble a part, and now played so important a one, she knew, however, no jealousies were entertained against her. If Lady Arden still nourished any disappointment respecting what might have been between her eldest daughter and Gresham, she did so in secret; no change in her manner—save that it was kinder and more familiar—betrayed any sore feeling with respect to Elise's new position; George had a perfect right to choose for himself, and though he might have looked higher, she acknowledged to herself that he had not chosen unworthily. There had been, indeed, a certain concealment in the matter, at which she might have justly taken umbrage, but the responsibility for that had lain with Gresham alone,—Elise, as we know, had both condemned and protested against it—and he had confessed as much in the same breath with which he acknowledged his engagement.

Of the two sisters, it was said, by some who boasted of their acquaintanceship without having obtained any familiar knowledge of them, that they would not have taken Miss Hurt's social elevation so coolly had they not had their own lovers to think about; that being so well satisfied in fact with their own position they had no mind to quarrel with the good fortune of their governess. But both Evelyn and Millicent were in truth by nature incapable of the envious feelings which were thus imputed to them; moreover, they loved Elise, for her own sake; her kindness, her love of duty, her devotion to the children, and the simplicity and humility of her disposition, were qualities they knew how to appreciate. Nor was it the least of

her credentials that she was honoured with the approbation and estimation of the Great Baba. He always termed her 'My Elise,' and had burst into tears upon being informed that arrangements were pending under which she would be no longer his property, but another's. In the meantime, however, she devoted herself to him as much as possible, and when Gresham was closeted with Mr. Sturt, would often take him for a stroll among the shops, in the contents of which he took so absorbing an interest that his little nose stood in some danger of becoming tabular—through being so constantly flattened against the windows.

On one of these excursions a very singular circumstance took place, which neither Elise nor her small companion are ever likely to forget to their dying day, albeit (like the windows), it only made a transient impression on the latter at the time, and hardly seemed worth speaking about. Elise, too, did not speak about it at the moment; and it being remarked that she came home looking very pale and haggard, was promptly sent to lie down for an hour or so by Lady Arden; an order she obeyed with a sense of immense relief and gratitude. 'She has half tired herself to death, lugging about that monstrous Baba,' was her ladyship's reflection, 'and George will never forgive us, if he finds it out.'

In the meantime the supposed cause of her ill looks was regaled with chocolate creams (which he loved not wisely but too well, for they made him fatter than ever) and a review of his soldiery. The circumstance of slaying a staff officer on horseback with a pea from his cannon awakened a certain association in his Highness's mind.

'Do's oo know,' observed he to his aide-de-camp (Frank)' that dear Papa was never put in the pit hole after all?'

'Hus—h, dear, hush,' whispered Frank, gently. 'Baba musn't talk about such sad things.'

'But he wasn't, I tell you,' persisted this terrible child. 'He must have got out of the feather coach when Diney (Dyneley) wasn't looking, and then they popped in somebody else.'

'What is the dear child saying?' inquired Lady Arden, looking up from her desk; 'it never does to contradict him, you know, Frank.'

'Let *me* take him,' said Evelyn rising quickly, and transferring the child to her own lap. 'Let us shoot the French, and not tell stories.'

'Baba never tells stories,' observed that potentate with irritation. 'I saw Papa in the street, and wanted to run to him. But Elise said "No," "Mein Gott, no," she said, and was very fitened.'

Fortunately Lady Arden had resumed her occupation, and did not hear this, but Franky's eyes were growing enormously large, and he murmured, softly, 'Was it his ghost, Evy?'

'Hush, hush, dear; there must have been some resemblance to dear Papa in some other person, which deceived the child, of course. If Baby will come to Evy's room, she has got a macaroon for him.'

In this prospect all ideas of the other world were at once lost to his Highness, and he toddled off in an ecstacy.

An hour later Gresham came in, and was informed that Elise did not feel equal to coming down to dinner—had thoroughly overdone herself, in fact. She had written a little note to him which Evelyn slipped into his hand.

'Come with Evy,' it said, 'When you can get away without exciting remark; I want to speak to you.'

There was a little boudoir chiefly for the ladies' use, too small to be called a drawing-room, to which Evelyn presently conducted him, and where he found Elise, still very pale, and quite unlike herself.

'Good Heavens, what is the matter, darling?'

'Don't ask her many questions,' said Evelyn. 'She will tell what she can: but the fact is, her system has received a shock. I will tell you what has happened—or what she thinks has happened—and then you may ask her about it.'

Elise nodded, and smiled feebly.

'She has not been run over!' ejaculated Gresham.

'No, no; how like a man that is! There is nothing physically the matter with her, George; but her nerves are gone. Now listen. When you parted with her, at Mr. Sturt's, she took the child to Covent Garden to see the flowers. They were in the covered walk there looking at some bouquets, when Elise saw some grapes, and asked Baba whether he would like a bunch. He said "Yes," of course, and the woman was cutting one for him when he cried out, "Look, look, there's Papy!" Elise looked round and saw a figure, very like dear Papa's, only more bowed in the shoulders, going slowly down the arcade. She was herself struck by the resemblance, but replied, "No, no, dear, your poor Papa is dead and buried you know; that is only some one like him." But Baba pulled at her gown, and taking no notice of the grapes,—which was certainly remarkable——'

'A miracle,' put in Gresham smiling; 'I am prepared to believe anything after that.'

'Don't jest, George,' said Evelyn, gravely; 'for in poor Elise's eyes the thing is most serious.'

'It is as true as I sit here,' murmured Elise.

'*What* is true?' exclaimed Gresham. 'I understand that Baba saw the back of somebody that reminded him of my uncle.'

'Yes; but they followed this man,' continued Evelyn, 'and just as he reached the door of an hotel, he turned round, face to face with them—so Elise says—and then they both recognised him. Baba wanted to follow him into the hotel, but Elise was so shocked and frightened that she called a cab, and came home, where she arrived more dead than alive herself.'

'The poor dear must have overworked herself, and been in want of food,' suggested Gresham.

Elise herself sat with her eyes closed—in appearance, as Evelyn had said, 'half dead,' so that he unconsciously spoke of her like a doctor discussing his patient with her nurse.

'No; she had a very tolerable lunch, and declares she was not at all tired. She was not thinking of dear Papa until the child spoke of him, and felt in excellent health and spirits.'

Gresham perceived that the case was serious, but not unnaturally thought that ridicule was the best cure for such an hallucination.

'I really think that we have had enough rubbish in connection with my poor uncle and the other world already,' he said. 'It is so unlike Elise's good sense.'

'Of course it is,' said Evelyn, 'but that only makes the affair more remarkable: moreover there is Baba's testimony given, I am bound to say, with all the seriousness of a bench of judges.'

'My *dear* Evelyn, what a witness! a child of four years old!'

'I saw your uncle,' murmured Elise, looking slowly up, 'as plainly as I see you. He was whiter and older looking than at Halcombe, but it was the same face.'

'Then of course he recognized you, my darling,' said Gresham, smiling.

'I am not sure: I think so,' she answered, simply. 'He seemed to look mournfully upon me, and also deprecatingly. I have been thinking about that.'

'The fact is, George,' put in Evelyn—'though I am sure Elise has nothing to reproach herself with, since it is ourselves rather than Elise, if anyone, who is to blame—it struck her that he was lamenting how soon he had been forgotten. Lost in our own selfish pleasures, we have not been so

mindful perhaps as we might have been of the loss of poor Papa.'

'I don't acknowledge that,' answered Gresham. 'That is a mere morbid view.'

'So Elise has persuaded herself; but what she has got into her mind, and which I cannot argue her out of,' said Evelyn with a faint blush, 'is that Papa is displeased with her for having won your affections; since he had other plans for you.'

'Exactly,' answered Gresham, coolly: 'that explains half the mystery. Elise had her mind already prepared for this visitation. — However, my darling,' he continued, more gently, this affair shall be thoroughly inquired into. I promise you that this ghost shall be exorcised; fortunately, we have a clergyman on hand to do it. I will go down with Dyncley to Covent Garden this very evening. Do you happen to remember the name of the hotel?'

'Yes dear,' replied Elise, and this time in less depressed tones. It was evidently a relief to her that the matter was to be seriously investigated. 'I saw it written up on the coffee-room blinds. It was 'The Old Hummums.''

'Very good. No doubt the matter will admit of explanation. In the meantime pray take a reasonable view if it.'

He stooped down and kissed her tenderly; as if to make amends for his assumed severity.

'You never heard of the Old Hummums before, I suppose, by-the-bye?' he asked.

'I? No, love. But it seems to me now that I shall never forget the name.'

As he left the room, Evelyn asked him why he had put that last question.

'Well, the fact is, I thought that the poor dear had seen her apparition in a spot she knew was connected with my uncle by association. When in London he always used to put up at 'The Old Hummums,'—which is certainly rather curious.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HIGHER LAW.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

'The opening of that bead-roll which some Oriental poet describes as God's call to the little stars, who each answer, "Here am I." '—GEORGE ELIOT.

LOVE and Obedience,—these the higher law
From which Thy worlds have swerved not, singing still
Their primal hymn rejoicing, as at first
The morning stars together. I have heard
In vast and silent spaces of the sky,
What time the bead-roll of the universe
God calls in heaven, every tiniest star,
From myriad twinkling points, from plummet depths
Of dark too great for eye and sense to guess,
Send up a little silver answer, 'I am here.'
Even so the humblest of Thy little ones, dear Lord,
May through the darkness hear Thy still small voice,
And answer with quick gladness, 'Here am I,—
I love Thee, I obey Thee,—use me too!'

KINGSTON.

ROUND THE TABLE.

J. G. W. ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I had my suspicions that J. G. W., who spoke so glibly in the October number of the 'glittering generalities' that abounded in Dr. Newman's works, had but scant grounds for the charge he brought forward, and now I am certain of it. More than this, it is tolerably certain that he (or she—let us for convenience sake say 'he') scarcely knows what a generality is, and that the expression 'glittering generalities' was a mere piece of false glitter in his own writing. J. G. W., referring to my remarks in the November number, says: 'He (or she) thinks that, if the Church did something for the amelioration of slavery in distant ages, it is of little or no consequence that it has not exerted itself to put an end to the modern form of it which we know most about' This is a wholly unwarranted inference from what I said, as any one who turns to my remarks will see. I simply showed upon unimpeachable testimony that the Church had combated slavery in its most general form, and that the claim made in her behalf by Cardinal Newman was so far justified. My object was, not to defend the Church, but to show that Dr. Newman had not, as J. G. W. would have us believe, altogether sacrificed historical truth to rhetorical effect. The extinction of slavery in Europe, I now venture to add, is a much broader historic fact than the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indian colonies—a measure, however, which was due to nothing so much as to the ever increasing sense of the moral incongruity between slavery and Christianity. Had not slavery first been extinguished and become odious in Europe, it would never have been disturbed in the New World.

J. G. W. does not like my quotations from Lecky, and he makes thereanent some remarks, the oddity of which he scarcely appreciates. 'Lecky,' he says, 'rationalist though he is, is too ready to admit the statements of the ecclesiastical historians of the period, and it is well known that their evidence requires to be carefully sifted.' (The 'and' here comes in rather funnily, and does not suggest that any very rigorous logical process was going on in the writer's mind. Let that pass, however.) The inference to be drawn is that the 'rationalist' Lecky has not carefully sifted the statements of the ecclesiastical historians. What a precious specimen of a rationalist he must be! Is J. G. W. prepared to support this charge by giving instances in which Lecky has shown an open mouthed credulity in regard to what ecclesiastical historians relate; or is this simply one of his own 'generalities,' like his remark about Cardinal Newman? To put aside the testimony of Lecky, however, in this airy fashion, simply because he testifies to facts which one would prefer to ignore, is not an honest style of argument. Moreover, to reduce the matter to believing or not what 'ecclesiastical historians' have written, is to show a singular ignorance of the resources at the command of the historian; and I am led to the conclusion that J. G. W. is no more fit to set Lecky right than he is to convict Dr. Newman of the use of empty generalities.

I have said that it seems very doubtful whether J. G. W. used the expression 'glittering generalities' with any intelligent grasp of its meaning. Here is the proof. Challenged by me to produce other instances, he 'gladly complies,' by adducing as 'one of the worst,' a sentence in which Cardinal Newman makes *a very specific statement as to Catholic doctrine.* 'The Catholic Church holds it better,' &c., &c. says Cardinal Newman (it is not necessary to quote the whole passage, which is a very familiar one), and this is cited as a striking example of a 'glittering generality'! Could the power of absurdity further go? A 'generality,' if I know the meaning of language, means a general statement—the truth of which is tested by its truth in the particular instances that it

covers. Cardinal Newman may or may not state the doctrine of his Church correctly, but to call a statement of doctrine a generality is either a wilful or an ignorant abuse of language. J.G.W. himself supplies the proof that the passage in question is not, even to his mind, a 'generality,' for he proceeds to criticise it, *not as being untrue to its particulars*, but as revealing a state of mind 'seared by sacerdotalism' and 'dead to all sympathy' with the human race; whence he passes by a natural transition to witch-burning, and thence to some new systems of morality which he sees looming up. A more typical example of mental confusion never came to my notice.

I therefore again challenge J. G. W. to produce examples of the 'glittering generalities so plentifully strewed (as he alleges) through Dr. Newman's books,' and meantime I aver that the charge which he brings against Newman of indulging in these false ornaments of style, and the charge he brings against Lecky, in an equally off-hand manner, of being over-credulous in dealing with ecclesiastical historians, are mere examples of baseless—not very glittering—generalities which happened to suit the purpose he had in view.

TINEA.

FACTS.

THERE is a large class of persons who profess to found all their reasonings on facts, and who seem to find facts the easiest things in the world to get at. They constantly appeal to 'facts' with a comfortable assurance that the 'facts' are all on their side. Yet, in listening to them, I often wonder whether they really know what a fact is. They think they are in possession of a fact when they are able to utter a proposition that cannot be, in direct terms, negatived. The relevancy, the completeness, the significance of what they allege, are matters they have no appetite for discussing; and if you raise questions on any of these points, you only seem to them to be shutting your eyes to the 'fact.' The truth is, however, that the simplest fact can only be properly understood when seen in its relations. Your mental vision must take in enough to give the so-called fact a proper setting; otherwise you are but misled by what you see. The memorable 'fly on the wheel' saw, as a fact, that the wheel revolved; but, instead of being wiser, was the less wise, for that exercise of its powers of observation. And in general the fallacy of *post hoc propter hoc* consists simply in seizing a fact and neglecting its relations. A true fact is something organic; and we require to study it in its origin and development, before we are competent to cite it as a fact for purposes of argument or instruction. Well did the Epicurean poet exclaim,—

> 'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.'

The more our knowledge increases, the more we perceive how powerless we are without the comparative method. If he who knows but one language knows none; so he who knows but one of anything knows nothing of that. Above all, in the history of the human race, we need all the light that we can get from every quarter before we can appreciate facts aright; and, to the last, our judgments must remain open to revision. So, when people come brandishing 'facts,' the first thing to do is to see whether the alleged facts have a character of completeness, or whether they are but mangled fragments torn from some organic whole, and void therefore of all significance and value. This method, I know, spoils a great deal of slashing argument, and robs life of many of its pleasures to a certain class of minds; but it tends to substitute breadth for narrowness, and moderation for hot-heated partizanship. Why be in such a hurry to conclude? I would say to the people I have in view. Why so impatient to shut yourselves up in a little box of opinion? Is there no pleasure in feeling yourselves at liberty to judge of all things in a free and impartial manner, and to travel up and down the bye-ways of thought, instead of forever plodding heavily on the hard and dusty macadam? Who that knows what mental liberty is, would not rather, with Wordsworth, be

> 'A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,'

than be bound forever to the wheel of his own prejudices, even though those prejudices be all in favour of the most 'advanced' philosophy? Our business in this world is to live the fullest life possible; and that we cannot do unless we keep our minds open to suggestions

from all quarters, and unless, above all, we can 'hearken what the inner spirit sings.' A free consciousness, reflecting light and shade and colour from every part of the universe, is worth vastly more than all the pitch and toss of opinions ever practised by sophists since the world began.

L.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Distracted Young Preacher. By THOMAS HARDY. *Hester.* By BEATRICE MAY BUTT. No. 41, Appleton's New Handy Volume Series. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1879.

THE first of these two short tales is (probably unintentionally) a farcical rehash of our old friend and acquaintance, the smuggling story. With what keen joy did we follow in our school-boy days the mythical adventures of some hero of the narrow seas, till overwrought imagination could see

> 'The fire-flash shine from Reculver cliff,
> And the answering light burn blue in the skiff
> As there they stand,
> That smuggling band,
> Some in the water and some on the sand,
> Ready their contraband goods to land!'

The smugglers were always brave and generous, with a *penchant* for Jacobite conspiracies and other trifling irregularities; the Custom-house officers were always baffled, stupid noodles, with just enough pluck to show fight and make their defeat a little interesting. We thought the bold smuggler had been neglected, but quite recently he seems to have come into fashion with the taste for Queen Anne furniture, and we see his well-known features again in Besant and Rice's 'Twas in Trafalgar Bay,' and now in this little tale. It certainly was a novel idea of Mr. Hardy's to make a young Methodist minister fall in love with a female smuggler, and spend the greater part of his time in watching her illegal operations by moonlight, while he pipes out his mild expostulations. The love affair and the smuggling take up so much of the tale that the ministerial side of the young man's character is almost entirely omitted, and we can only imagine that he was made a minister in order to add piquancy to the position.

The idiotic conduct of the Custom-house officer, in sending off a lot of captured barrels across country roads by night, under charge of only four men, is also a little too much for our credulity; and the wind-up in which Lizzy, the fair smuggler, acknowledges the guilt of that occupation after the gang is broken up, is completely unnatural, since no argument, except want of success, is employed to bring about this change in her mind. We must excuse this, however, on account of Mr. Hardy's desire to settle his moral and distracted preacher comfortably for life.

We have only one more thing to draw attention to. In palpable imitation of a certain mannerism used by Kingsley, in his 'Water Babies,' our author gives long lists of places where the excisemen hunted for the hidden tubs. These words are printed in double columns like extracts from a spelling-book. Now the sooner this is put a stop to, the better. Any scribbler can fill a page with lists like this:

Horse-ponds,	Wet ditches,
Stable-drains,	Cesspools,
Cinder-heaps,	Mixens,

but there is not the slightest humour or advantage gained in doing so. Kingsley (who took his idea from Rabelais, and did not disguise it) had a meaning in the selection and juxta-position of the words in *his* lists, and the quaintness of the result was in accordance with the plan of his work. In Mr. Hardy's hands it becomes mannerism, and nothing more.

Hester is even more worthless than its companion, which does sometimes be-

come interesting. *Hester* is a tale written by an American, with the scene laid in France, and the usual disastrous results follow. The characters are not French, they do not act, speak, or think as French people would, their very names smell as of shoddy manufacture, and the heroine, in particular, has a perfectly impossible Christian name. When the authoress finds a young French girl of good family (although her genealogy is decidedly shaky as related in these pages) who is called Hester, it is possible she may find her indulging in long private conversations with a gentleman who 'kisses her passionately,' 'presses her in his arms,' and for a change (the said gentleman having married some one else in the interval) 'catches her in his arms and covers her face with kisses.' These remarkably free and easy manners may obtain in the society which Miss Butt adorns, but she must pardon our informing her that an *ingenue* is too carefully watched and guarded in good French society to be exposed to such conduct. The whole tale is full of absurdities. At one page Hester is 'certainly not beautiful,' at the next she 'strangely resembles her lovely grandmother.' A private soldier escaped from Metz relates that he casually saw a wounded officer taken prisoner. Intense excitement on the part of Hester, who believes it is her married lover! Did the soldier hear his name? No, but he wrote his initials from the saddle-cloth of his horse, 'for fear of forgetting them!' Why should this miserable private take so much trouble about a man he never saw before, except to save our authoress the trouble of devising a more probable mode of communicating this important intelligence (which leads to nothing) to Hester? Then we have the touching and truly French expression, 'and now kiss me for good-by,' which fills up the measure of disgust, and makes us think that if many good Americans like Miss Butt are to go hereafter to Paris, society there will become strangely altered for the worse.

Uncle César. By CHARLES REYBAUD. Appleton's New Handy Volume Series. New York: 1879.

VERY different is the account to be given of this tale, which is throughout racy of the French provincial life it depicts. The Faubertons are, it seems, a race or dynasty of provincial magnates, with a rooted aversion to matrimony, and whose riches and influence have, for several generations, descended from uncle to nephew, for lack of direct descendants. Uncle César, the chief character in the book appears on the high road to confirmed celibacy; he has already his nephew Theodore with him, ready to succeed to his position, but in the meantime César Fauberton intends to amuse himself. In his young days he was a dandy of the first water, fond of flirtations, handsome and a great favourite among the ladies. Now he has grown more than middle-aged he still has the relics of a fine figure and contrives by the aid of an expert tailor and wig-maker to present an almost dazzling appearance when, as mayor of the little town, he gives a ball at his hôtel. The description of the old-fashioned manners he is so pleased to keep up, is amusing and lifelike; for it is a homage that a small society readily pays to those old people who entertain it, in conforming to those trifling customs and habits which speak to us of a bygone generation. When we read the never-failing complaint which each age brings against its successor, of failing courtesy, of diminished politeness, of forgotten forms that once enshrined a soul of gentleness and self-respect, we are tempted to wonder whether this degradation is to continue for ever till good manners are absorbed in self-satisfaction. But this is a digression and we must return to our tale. Still it will not do to let the reader into the secrets of the loves of Theodore and the fair but poor Camille, they are too interesting for us to discount in this manner. It will be sufficient for us to say that on the next day after the grand ball, Uncle César is invisible. Strange rumours creep about,—he is not ill, but he shuts himself in his room, admits no one but his *valet* Cascarel, throws all his cosmetics and toilet requisites out of the window, and from a gay old gentleman with pretensions to youth, sinks into a misanthropic old bachelor. In this self-imposed imprisonment he is amused by trifles. Two sparrows that build their nest opposite his window afford him much occupation in watching them. At last, as their young fledglings are ready to fly away, he calls Cascarel, with all the caprice of an old man with nothing to do, and bids him catch them. Alas! in the attempt they all take flight,

never to return, and poor old César is left in despair, almost crying and unable to eat his breakfast. Cascarel proposes getting turtle-doves in a cage, a canary, or some other domesticated pet, but in vain, the old man is furious at the idea. The last order he gives is to bid Cascarel keep the cage, for he thinks the sparrows will return, and Cascarel leaves him 'watching the hole with all his eyes.'

But if he is miserable, so are Theodore and his mother, who don't know what to make of this lengthened penance. They are kept so close, too, in the way of household expenses, that the nephew looks to what can be cut off the old man's cutlet without being noticed, for his chief meat diet. And yet he lives on, upon his expectations! Years roll by, he has no profession, no income, and as we see, next to no dinner, he is desperately in love, and yet—he waits. One cannot imagine that all French writers are in league to vilify their young compatriots, so we are driven to the belief that a young Frenchman will waste the best years of his life in subjection to a doting old man, rather than run the risk of losing a problematical inheritance. It is the case with all the heroes of French novels. They live on with their fathers and uncles, miracles of subordination, and never venture to marry the girl of their choice, unless the relative dies or relents, and under no conceivable circumstances do they abandon the paternal table and seek their fortunes elsewhere. M. Theodore, in this story, is not rewarded for his patient forbearance in the way he expects, and we can only say that it serves him right.

The Dramatic Art of Shakespeare, with especial reference to 'A Midsummer Night Dream,' being an Inaugural Lecture delivered at McGill University, Montreal, by Prof. CHARLES E. MOYSE, B.A. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Company. 1879.

MR. Moyse finds the key-note of his lecture in the statement of M. Taine, that in all English literature the pulse of seriousness is discernible beneath the most playful exterior. A moral purpose underlies our poems and our plays. If our old writers tell an immoral tale, they adopt the least immoral phase it is capable of, and let so much of the fresh out-of-doors air of ordinary life in upon it, that the close, feverish feelings which are induced by the perusal of the French or Italian original are entirely missing.

In the elaboration of this idea Mr. Moyse points out the lesson which he conceives Shakespeare intended to impart by his 'Midsummer's Night Dream.'

'The dream is simply the experience of years narrowed to a span by the active mind of the dreamer, and intensified;' again, 'the *wood near Athens* is the world.' In other words, the dream 'is allegorical.'

We hope Mr. Moyse will feel inclined to qualify these views a little on reconsideration, and particularly to dismiss the use of the term 'allegory.' In an allegory the tale exists, and is told for the sake of the truth which it conveys, which is the *vera causa* of the work, and which usually could not be related in a vivid form without being clothed upon by the attributes of persons and of things. How does this agree with the case under discussion? The every-day life of two pairs of lovers, their jealousies and conflicting passions evolving slowly by means of natural causes—these form the central truth, according to Mr. Moyse, upon which this allegory depends. In the first place, this central truth is capable of being told directly, having already all the necessary machinery with which to display itself, and does not need the aid of allegory in order to display itself in a concrete form. And, secondly, the play does not need this 'apologia pro vita sua,' but bears upon the surface its own effective cause.

Postulate the existence of fairies and of the limited range of superhuman powers which these tricksy fays possess, practically limited here to the power of 'translating' Bottom (not 'transporting' him, as Mr. Moyse has it), and to the possession of the wonder-working flower, love-in-idleness, and with these disturbing elements at work upon our Athenian lovers, the results come naturally enough to pass. It is this marvellous power of our greatest dramatist, the power which enabled him to make his Calibans and his Ariels act upon his other characters, and be acted upon in turn by them, exactly after the fashion in which such beings, if they really existed, *would* interact with ordinary flesh and blood, that has induced so many Shakespearean

critics to attribute to these supernatural creations a deeper meaning than their creator ever intended. In the present instance, we can conceive the slow processes of ordinary events working out, in the course of years, much such a game of cross-purposes as is played by the two couples in the moonlit forest within the narrow space of a few hours; but the circumstance does not justify us in supposing that Shakespeare had such a co-respondence in his mind, far less that he intended to shadow it forth. The very fact that the allegory, if such it is, would be a lame one, should make us ponder before accepting this theory. As already mentioned, the wood is to be the world, and our lovers 'all fled into the world, and they suffered.' If this be so, in what forgotten limbo is Athens, where the first two scenes and the last Act (besides the last scene of Act IV.) take place? We cannot but think that it is like chaining a moon-beam to lade this delicate play with the weight of an allegorical meaning.

A not much less important fault is to be found in the analysis of Puck, for we make bold to say that Mr. Moyse 'mistakes his shape and making quite.' How much over-attention to derivation may deceive a scholar is evident when we find the following sentence gravely enunciated: 'He is called the *lob* of spirits, *lob* denoting heaviness, either mental or physical, probably the latter.' This is positively misleading, Let us throw philology to the winds if it is to blind our eyes to the fact that this 'physically heavy' Puck is described as, not untruthfully, boasting

> 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes.'

And, again, in answer to Oberon's injunction,

> 'About the wood go swifter than the wind.'

is represented as replying

> 'I go, I go, look how I go;
> Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.'

—not a very heavy comparison! We need not vindicate the merry, knavish 'wanderer of the night' from mental heaviness; the 'will-o'-the-wisp,' 'misleading night wanderers,' is the personification of lightness.

Neither is Puck identical with Milton's 'lubbar fiend,' despite the analogy of 'lob' and 'lubbar.' We can guess how Mr. Moyse fell into this error, and he must excuse us if we add that it smacks of superficial reading. Milton's fiend is the huge, overgrown goblin of German extraction, hard-working, stupid and good-tempered, who regularly comes at night to the favoured farm-house or mill, churns the cream, thrashes the grain, and looks for the supper which is 'duly set' for him by his grateful host. This goblin played no pranks, but worked for a small reward, only showing his teeth if some stranger ate his supper and usurped his place by the chimney-corner. But Puck is not of this calibre. His 'labouring in the quern,' which must have misled Mr. Moyse, consists in preventing the butter from coming

> 'Bootless he makes the breathless house-wife churn.'

The work which he does for those who call him 'sweet Puck' is not the household drudgery which the 'lubbar fiend' performed. Had we space, it would cost but little labour to re-habilitate Puck's moral character also, and show that he is by no means 'the incarnation of the Manichæan Ahriman!'

One more remark. What authority is there for supposing the pansy to be the 'little western flower?' Perhaps some botanical historian will enlighten us on the point whether the pansy was so cultivated in Shakespeare's time as to be properly called a purple flower. Certainly if Mr. Moyse is right in calling it an 'emblem of mischief and trouble,' its old English name of hearts'-ease was most inappropriate.

Di. Cary, a novel. By M. Jacqueline Thornton; New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

It is an offence against good manners to thrust such a novel as this upon the public. One is perplexed, in reading it, to tell what aim the authoress had in her mind when she essayed to write it. The moral of the first part of the book seems to be, 'manure your worn-out land,' a purely agricultural maxim which has never yet found its inspired poet that we are aware of.

But before long the keynote is changed, and we hear the old familiar tune 'Beware of Widows,' performed by the full force

of the orchestra. This tune appears persistently until the close of the tale; worked in with it, however, we notice a grand movement signifying a rush of Yankee emigrants to the depopulated Southern States.

Di. Cary is a lovely, but somewhat sulky being, who lives in an old house, Fleetsbay by name, on Chesapeake Bay. Her eyes, we are told, not only 'flashed magnificently, but were Babels for the varied language they spoke.' This is rather a doubtful compliment, and we are still more perplexed in forming our idea of Diana (we wish the authoress would remember the old phrase 'never say *Di*') on being told that she 'had come with a crown of thistles into her dominion of womanhood.' She has a brother, Captain Carlos Cary by name, who makes a great show in the first twenty chapters or so, and who then (like the victories of the Boojum in the 'Hunting of the Snark') gently and suddenly vanishes away, only to be seen thenceforth at long intervals. This coming and going of characters is a peculiar feature in the book.

Long after the canvas has been filled, whole groups and families are lugged in upon us, neck and crop, and we are kept perpetually on the alert, in order to remember who is who, as they pop in and out like rabbits in a warren.

Fleetsbay is a fine specimen of an old ruinous Virginian homestead after the war, and the pictures of life there would have been very interesting if presented to us with more care. The Carys are very poor,—'jaded aristocrats trying to live beyond themselves,' as Miss Gazetta Basset elegantly expresses it. This young lady (presumably named after her good parent's favorite newspaper) is, in vulgar parlance, a 'regular stunner.'

'What a round, clear cheek she had, that *lined* (!) into a tender, faultless throat! Such gloves! how they fitted!'—and so our authoress rhapsodises on, confounding person and toilette together with truly womanish appreciation. The portrait ends by describing Gazetta as '*replete* with comfortable superiority' over somebody else.

Of course, Di. has plenty of lovers. They are all very outspoken. Indeed, Virginian hospitality seems to make people (if Miss Thornton is to be credited) extremely blunt and personal in their remarks. Mr. Hunsdon, a perfect stranger, who has claimed that renowned hospitality, instantly makes himself at home, and reads his hosts a series of lectures on various topics. But he is not nearly so eloquent as another lover, Captain Wylie, who bursts into such poesy as this, 'Last night the moon was in tender sheen, but the maiden crescent must orb into golden fullness,' for which, we are glad to say, Di snubs him. He is not at all abashed, tells her that he will wait till she learns to love him, and winds up—'Let us not quarrel, my Peri! Let the future sleep on *powdered roses!*' Di treats all her lovers with sovereign contempt, and suddenly, at the last moment, succumbs to Mr. Hunsdon's fascinations, although three seconds before she would have nothing to say to him. She seems conscious of her coldness towards her lovers, indeed, in one soliloquy she remarks that no one has yet loomed up '*on the rim of her mentality.*'

On the whole we hear more of the Basset family than the Carys. Harry Poinsett, the head of the house, is a widower. He has one little girl, and an angelic governess looking after her, and a lovely, but villainous widow looking after *him*. All the household hate and scheme against the widow, and the widow reciprocates these feelings. The widower, we regret to say it, for, undoubtedly, he is meant for a hero, shuffles. There is a fine trouble over a diamond necklace of the widow's, which the angelic governess is supposed to have stolen. The widower gets it out of the A. G's boxes at an early stage of the tale, and is perplexed to guess how the—mischief!—it got there. Either the angelic is a thief, or the widow is a villain, who wishes to ruin her. With remarkable decision of character he keeps them both in the house, making love to the widow, and allowing the angelic (or diabolic) governess to bring up his child. It is true, he eventually casts off the widow, escaping from her by the skin of his teeth, and marries the angelic one, who is in a state of innocence, almost worthy of canonisation,—but he is humbug enough then to pretend that he never believed the widow's story about the jewels. Lest we should think him a weak or maudlin man, the authoress displays this forcible trait in his character,—he *keeps the necklace!* At least, we trace it in his possession to a very late date, and don't find him returning it. Let this be a warning to widows, not to put their jewels in

other people's boxes, which is, perhaps, after all, the moral to be deduced from these pages.

A Ministry of Health, and other addresses by Dr. Richardson; New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

There is a considerable amount of food for thought in this work, although, to get over the disagreeable part of our task at once, we cannot praise the mode in which Dr. Richardson has laid his ideas before the public.

Our great scientific enquirers have carried the beauty and purity of English style into fields of research hitherto abandoned to crude and pedantic pens, —and this has been pushed so far that some modern essays of this class fail to impress a casual reader with the magnitude of the thoughts enunciated, on account of the transparent clearness of the language in which they are couched. Dr. Richardson appears to think in some of his pages that to have caught a certain easy-going air of picturesqueness, is to establish his claim to rank among our grand masters. Self depreciation is often a merit among leaders of thought, —it sits with an uneasy air on men whom we should never think of bragging about, and it has this appearance when displayed by our author. Lastly, his expressions often offend against the rules of construction, as in the case of the contorted sentence 'See the learned professional what aids he calls!' The change in the natural sequence of the words, and the dropping of the word 'man' give no additional force to the thought, which is in itself so hackneyed that good taste demands its introduction in the simplest and most retiring form possible. Occasionally he uses curious expressions, such as '*incanted* visions,' for visions produced by incantations,—which simply provokes the mind to think of 'decanted spirits' and spoils the solemnity of his period.

Passing on to more important matters we are glad to be able to agree with Dr. Richardson on many of his views as to the science of health. He is an earnest pleader for a Minister of Health, with a proper department under him and a position independent of political ins and outs. Without accepting all the details, his idea is undoubtedly a good one. Another suggestion of his appears to us to strike the right nail on the head. It is, and always will be, a moot point how far Government encouragement and patronage can benefit science. Certainly payment by results will not do. The wishes of Government as to what the result should be would leak out, and men would work for that result and not for the simple truth. Can any one doubt that if the rewards of science were exclusively in the hands of a State Church, the views of that church (say as to the question of development) would materially influence the bulk of current scientific research? Our 'Descents of Man' and 'Antiquities of Man' would be replaced to a great extent by an enlarged series of Bridgewater Treatises.

Nor will endowment do. You cannot endow research. You may give a man a thousand pounds a year to investigate such and such a phenomenon, but you cannot make him do it to any effect if his heart is not in it. He may be very conscientious and potter about his laboratory for the full term you pay him for, but the thousand pounds will have gone in smoke, and science be none the richer.

What then can Government do? It can do what individual energy and private means are unable to accomplish. It can perform the Herculean task of collecting those materials upon which genius is to work. At present the sanitary reformer has to drudge through the weary labour of collecting his own statistics of disease from a hundred different sources, like the Israelites searching for the stubble wherewith to make their bricks. He comes exhausted from this mechanical and never-ending routine work to that part of his task which demands his entire capacity and should receive the full benefit of his intellect. Is it to be wondered at that the results of his investigation are not what we should expect?

It is in the power of every Government to keep such sanitary records as will enable students to arrange and systematise those great laws of health and disease, of weather, of climate, and of vitality which at present are only guessed at empirically.

In time it will, we hope, be a matter of friendly rivalry between the countries of the world, which shall best preserve these muniments of Life and Death.

How small and uninteresting such a table of statistics appears when taken by

itself, and when viewed by the uninitiated! But what a world of facts, social, moral and political, it unfolds to the careful analyser! The germ of nations, the seeds of the decay of kingly races are written in its dry, speechless columns!

What would we not give for a week's bill of health of Thebes under the greatest of its Pharaohs? of Imperial Rome, thickly clustered round the palaces of the worst of its Cæsars? We cannot hope to look on these, but we *can* provide the means by which so keen a regret may be spared posterity, as far as concerns our own country and our own era.

The Apostolic Fathers. By REV. GEORGE A. JACKSON, New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

A LITTLE volume, attractively bound and well printed. To those interested in patristic lore, and who have not much time to devote to extensive reading, the work will be found very useful. Divinity students in particular may use it with profit. The value of the writings of the old Christian Fathers, however, is purely historical. As interpreters of Scripture they are unreliable and differ from one another even more widely than do the great scholars of the contending sects of Protestantism, while from a literary point of view they are inferior in a marked degree to the heathen productions of their day.

Mr. Edward Arber's English Reprints. London: Edward Arber. Toronto: Willing and Williamson.

FEW individuals have done so much for the English scholar as Mr. Arber, Lecturer in English Literature, etc., London, England. The residents of the colonies are, in particular, indebted to him; for, by his efforts, they are enabled to provide themselves, at a trifling cost, with reprints of works the originals of which are as valuable for their intrinsic merits as for their rarity, even in England. To be worth anything, English literature must be studied from the originals; no second-hand knowledge can replace the effect of immediate soul-contact; and, even had Mr. Arber not laid us under a debt of gratitude by his scholarly prefaces and general commentaries, he deserves more, probably, than most editors, the thanks of all students of 'our wells of English undefiled.' Mr. Arber has published at his own risk, and at a surprisingly low rate, the less known or less easily obtainable works of from forty to fifty authors, extending over a period of more than five centuries—from the reign of Richard I. to that of Queen Anne. Amongst these we may mention *The Monk of Evesham, The Paston Letters, Ascham's Toxophilus, Latimer's The Ploughers, and Seven Sermons, Ralph Roister Doister, Tottle's Miscellany, Ascham's Scholemaster, Gascoigne's Steele Glass, Gosson's School of Abuse, Lyly's Euphues, Sidney's Astrophel* and *Stella* and *Sonnets, Selden's Table Talk, Raleigh's Last Fight of the Revenge, Earle's Microcosmography*, etc., A few of the publications are of interest possibly to the literary antiquarian only, but no man who professes to be an English scholar can afford to be without a set of the reprints, the whole fourteen volumes of which may be bought, post paid, for £2 6s. sterling. The *English Scholar's Library*, of which eight numbers have already been published—price 13s. 6d.—is also an invaluable contribution to our editions of early English classics; and *An English Garner*, intended for general readers, contains mater of inestimable importance to the student of English literature. The writer of this notice, who has studied with delight most of Mr. Arber's publications, heartily recommends the series to the lovers of English literature in the Dominion who desire to have an intimate acquaintance with the many phases of the national development of the Mother land.

The most expensive and, to the general reader, the least interesting of the Reprints, is *A Transcript of the Company of Stationers of London, England*, which contains all entries relating to books, the career of individual printers, binders, publishers, and other members of the company, and items affording data towards the history of wages, prices of food, etc., in London. The *Transcript Reprint* ends with the opening of the Long Parliament, as this date is a distinct and definite turning point in our printed literature, and the period selected comprehends the culmination of English action and thought. To quote from

Mr. Arber's prospectus, 'Of many books —still lost to us—the Registers are the *only* record. They are also, and ever will be, the foundation of English Bibliography ; and, besides, are *the* chief authority, for their period, in the history of English Printing. They are therefore especially valuable to the book-collectors and the administrators of public libraries. They chiefly enregister First Editions, but there are also occasionally Transfers from one publisher to another. Most of the Poems, Interludes, and plays are recorded in them : together with the earliest Voyages to the East Indies, and the publications relating to the foundation of our American colonies. In fact there is nothing like them anywhere extant in any foreign language ; so early, so precise, so voluminious, so certain, and therefore so authoritative.' While the private collector would hardly be justified in purchasing a word of this character, there can be no doubt but that in the interests of present and future Canadian scholars, our public libraries should each possess a copy. Not the least drawback to the progress of literary development amongst us is the impossibility of procuring authentic data and obtaining access to the more expensive class of works of reference. Neither our business nor our literary men are financially on a par with those of the British islands ; and what to the Canadian scholar or the Canadian Literary Institute would prove an unwarrantable expense, might, with grace and usefulness, be borne by a government that has hitherto not been conspicuous for its recognition of the requirements of literature. Nowadays, of book-making there is no end, and instead of spending their appropriations in the purchase of all the ephemeral literary and scientific works of the time, the custodians of our public libraries might, with advantage, provide for the necessities of the future of Canadia research.

To Canadian readers, however, we strongly recommend those of his volumes which Mr. Arber especially calls *English Reprints*. In the quaintness and freshness of the editor's style and remarks, there is a depth of pleasure which we should gladly know that everyone had tasted.

The Bystander: A Monthly Review of Current Events, Canadian and General. No. 1, for January. Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co.

The readers of The Monthly, who were wont to peruse with lively interest the critiques upon 'Current Events' which used to grace our pages, from the pen of a well-known and scholarly writer, will specially welcome the publication of *The Bystander*. Its appearance in separate serial form, though somewhat a novelty in journalism, is, for many reasons, an advantage. It relieves the Monthly and its writer from some embarrassments which, under the circumstances of our national and political position, were more or less always present. Of its *raison d'être* in any form, however, there can be no question. The point is far from being yet reached in this country of surplus, or even of adequate, intellectual activity and supply, and there is an imperious necessity still for the expression of outspoken and independent opinion. Not only is this the case, but the thronging interests of the time require discussion and criticism from a broad, philosophic point of view, and with all the aids which earnestness and strong conviction, coupled with clear and vigorous writing, can bring to their assistance. In the absence, in Canada, of a weekly press devoted to the work of higher criticism, there is the greater requirement of a publication that will discuss current topics with the vigour and ability that mark the editorials and criticism of the English journals. And no one can read the *Bystander* without believing that politics and literature, as well as our national, commercial, and social life, will gain in influence by the treatment of such themes in the style and with the thought characteristic of its learned writer. Great thoughts are of necessity the inspirers of great actions, and the influence of the publication, emanating from the source from which it does, can only and wholly be good. The writer's standpoint may not always be that of the reader ; but to the lover of independent thought this will be no bar to the perusal and consideration of the disquisitions of a profound intellect, and of opinions presented with all the force and charm of a cultured mind. The first number, now to hand, justifies the expectation which the announcement of its appearing has excited, and doubt-

less will be largely and eagerly read. We need hardly wish the publication success—it will command it.

A Manual of Government in Canada; or the Principles and Institutions of our Federal and Provincial Constitutions, by D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A. Toronto: J. C. Stuart & Co.

This excellent little manual reaches us as we go to press and we can at present only notice its publication, deferring a review of it until another issue. Its purpose is, in a brief and elementary manner, to give some idea of "how we are governed," and to supply, for popular use, a knowledge of the machinery of government and the principles which underlie the Canadian Constitution. Chapters are given on the Crown, the Senate, and the Commons; on the Federal System of Government in Canada; the Powers of the Central and Provincial Legislatures; and the various administrative and executive departments. Our system of representation, the rights and liberties of the people, etc., are also dealt with, as well as the facts concerning the constitution of the Provincial Governments, and other useful material which ought to be familiar to the student of Canadian history and every resident of the country.

A Few of the Issues of the Season.

In these days while 'many run to and fro and knowledge is increased,' the return of the great Christian festival would withdraw us for a time from the varied duties and eager speculations that engross us the year round to the exercise of those acts of love and brotherhood which make the season a glad one to all and serve to remind us of the occasion when—

'Shepherds of old upon Bethlehem's plain
Heard angel ministrelsy singing above;
Glory to God—'twas thus the strain—
Good-will to man; the message is Love.'

Whatever estrangements the materialistic philosophy of the day may have brought about between faith and intellect, the literature and art display of the season, at any rate, bears little mark of it; for the symbols of our common faith meet the eye as usual, in much of the issues of the holiday press. Beautiful indeed are some of these productions, and, while fulfilling a higher office, they must largely aid in developing the artistic taste of the community. Nothing could be more elegant, in the minor attractions of the book-stores, than some of the Christmas cards imported this season, the designs of which not only manifest a refined taste, but are remarkable as triumphs of art in the service of religion. The importations of Messrs. Willing & Williamson, of the city, are particularly noticeable in this respect. The novel ribbon-series of Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, consisting of religious poems and devotional books, with hand-painted floral decorations on the canvas binding, are also highly deserving of notice and merited the patronage they received. Two other issues of this house form attractive presents for the season and mark a degree of art taste in our home publishers well worthy of encouragement. We refer to a little *brochure* entitled "Pleas for Books," prettily printed on plate paper, with red line border, and tied with a ribbon, and an elegant date-block calendar for 1880 of native design and execution, with appropiate quotations from well-known authors on books and reading, on each leaf of the calendar. Messrs. Belfords, Clarke & Co. issue an *edition de luxe* of Miss Mitford's "Our Village," a volume of graceful sketches of country life which has long enjoyed public favour, and which will enter upon a new lease of life in this sumptuous edition, to which both artist and printer have done full justice. The annual volumes of the English family serials form a considerable body of attractive literature, the appearance of which adds a pleasure distinctively its own to the season. The importations of Messrs. James Campbell & Son of those favourites of the household, the *British Workman*, the *Band of Hope Review*, the *Children's Friend*, and *Infants' Magazine*, bring perennial delight to the domestic hearth and exert an influence for good which should open every door to their coming. The volume issues of the London Religious Tract Society, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, and the new annual for youth, the *Boy's Own Magazine* (Toronto: Wm. Warwick), are additional and successful claimants for public favour to which they make ade-

quate and pleasing return. The Christmas numbers of the illustrated periodicals, the varied and useful issues of almanacs, calendars, and diaries for the ensuing year, add their quota of interest to the season, and furnish suitable material for the kindly offering of friend to friend, which speaks of loving remembrance, if the tongue does not utter it.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

[The Publishers have lately received hints from many quarters conveying the idea that an extension of the minor departments of the Magazine would be favourably received, and particularly urging that a department might be opened in THE MONTHLY for the preservation of 'a good story,' an anecdote, miscellaneous ana, or some 'bit' of humour, which could either be culled by those in charge of the publication, or contributed by its many subscribers. With this idea the publishers have fallen in, recognizing the truth that life is apt to become a very humdrum affair indeed, unless relieved by a sense of humour and the opportunity occasionally to gratify it. In the introductory words which ushered the present Magazine into existence, it was remarked that 'humour is as rare as it is acceptable.' Its appreciation, there is no doubt, is universal, and we have no misgivings in opening the Department for the delectation of our readers. If, as Captain Cuttle expresses it, we shall sandwich in some 'solid chunks of wisdom,' we shall the more heartily disport ourselves in the intervals, and the lighter bits will be all the more enjoyable.]

Into whatsoever house you enter remain master of your eyes and your tongue.

Why should tailors make irresistible lovers?—Because they know how to press a suit.

Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

'Talk about the jaws of death!' exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife. 'I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life!'

When Moses wore a heavenly radiance, 'he wist not that his face shone.' The best people are those who have the least to say about their own goodness.

A traveller says he saw an English family stop before Titian's 'John the Baptist,' and heard the father sum up his impression in one sentence, 'Quite my idea of the party's character.'

When you see a man sit down in a barber's chair, pin the newspaper round his neck, and begin to read the towel, you may put him down as absent-minded.

A handbill announcing a temperance pic-nic was conspicuously headed 'N.B.' '"Take notice," I suppose,' said a man who stopped to read it. 'Oh, no,' replied his friend—'"no beer!"'

We are all sculptors and painters; our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of Omniscience alone.

The man who professes to believe that evil is only the underside of good, the dark side of the moon, and properly a

component part of human life, will never have the satisfaction of dying from inflammation of the brain.

All things must change. Friends must be torn asunder and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom and, perchance, no more. For ever and ever in the eddies of time and accident we whirl away.

A short time since, as a regiment headed by its band marched by, a little boy, standing at the window with his mother, said, 'I say, ma, what is the use of all those soldiers who don't play?'

'We wish,' says a Texas newspaper, 'that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificently healthy country Texas really is.'

There are two little girls of the same name in New London, Conn. The other night one of them said her prayers, and for fear they would be credited to the other child, she added, after the Amen, 'No. 10 Orange Street.'

An old Bridgeport (Conn.) woman, who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the past forty years, having never been sick a day in her life, is growing discouraged; some people are born to ill-luck, she says.

SCENE IN A PARIS RESTAURANT.—Customer—'Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster; it's as hard as flint." Waiter—'Beg pardon, sir. A slight mistake. That's the papier-maché lobster out of the show-case! Shall I change it?'

A Georgia coloured debating society was lately discussing: 'Which is best for the labouring man, to work for wages or part of the crop?' An old "uncle" spoke the sense of the meeting when he said: 'Bofe was de best, ef dey could only be brung togedder somehow.'

HOME RULE.—The O'Finigan—'Bedad, sorr, we were pestered wid those rascally spies of Government reporters at our meeting last night.' The O'Brady—'Rimmints o' Tory barbarism, sorr. Be more careful, sorr; stand at the door, and don't let a man in unless he comes himself.'—*Fun.*

The boy who doesn't leap over seven hitching posts, kick a lame dog, snatch a handful of navy beans in front of every grocery store, knock over a box or two, and work the handle of every pump on the sidewalk on his way home from school, is either lazy or doesn't feel well. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

We all love pleasure and abhor sorrow. No one will choose a cloudy sky and a rough path; but these evils have their good parts, and those who really long for peace and happiness will try to find out and extract them, instead of hurrying along resentfully or with forced gaiety.

Christianity means to the merchant that he should be honest; to the judge it means that he should be just; to the servant, that he should be faithful; to the schoolboy, that he should be diligent; to the street-sweeper, that he should sweep clean; to every worker, that his work shall be well done.

Charles Lamb was at a dinner-party, and a lady, who talked to him incessantly, sat next to him. At last she said, 'I don't think, Mr. Lamb, that you will be any the better for what I've been saying.' 'N-n-no!' he replied, 'but my neighbour on the other side will, for it went in at one ear and out at the other.'

The following conversation was lately overheard on the beach at Treport between two children who were playing in the sand together. The small boy said to the little girl: 'Do you wish to be my little wife?' The little girl, after reflection: 'Yes—' The small boy: 'Then take off my boots!'

Old lady (on donkey): 'Boy, boy, isn't this very dangerous?' Boy: 'Very dangerous indeed, marm. There was a lady a-ridin' up here, last year, and the donkey fell, and the lady was chucked over the cliff and killed.' Old Lady; "Good gracious! Was the donkey killed, too?' 'No, marm; that's the very donkey.'

In catechising some scholars at a Sunday school on Isaiah ix., where the passage 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light' occurs, the clergyman inquired of one of his youthful pupils, 'What arose upon the people?' The boy to whom the question was put answered very readily and complacently, "The moon, sir!"

A lady sent a note to the newspaper to get a recipe to cure the whooping-cough in a pair of twins. By a mistake a recipe for pickling onions was unconsciously inserted, and her name attached; and she received this reply through the 'Answers to Correspondents': 'Mrs. L. H. B., if not too young, skin them pretty closely, immerse in scalding water, sprinkle plentifully with salt, and immerse them for a week in strong brine.'

General Grant is a modest man, and proud of his wife's popularity. As the steamer brought this itinerant couple to the wharf at Portland, Or., the General looked at the vast multitude of people gathered on the shore to welcome him, and remarked, 'I think this demonstration must be in honour of Mrs. Grant. When I landed here alone, twenty-seven years ago, not half-a-dozen people came down to meet the steamer!'

Here is a story that shows that ancient saints—we will not say enjoyed but—possessed privileges altogether denied to modern Christians. The Dean of A— (now Bishop of B—) was in the habit, at his weekly pastoral visit, of 'expounding the Scriptures' to two maiden ladies of uncertain age, much to their gratification and edification. It so happened that the first Book of Kings formed the subject of one of these discourses, but the poor dean was somewhat startled in the course of his remarks by one of his hostesses saying rather abruptly: 'May we *really* believe Mr. Dean, that King Solomon had 700 wives?' The expounder having assured his fair questioners that he had no reason to doubt the fact, was greeted with the following remark from the second of his attentive listeners: 'Ah, *my dear Mr. Dean*, what privileges those early Christians had, to be sure!'

Certain Americans were recently entertained by certain London university men. A toast in honour of the guests was proposed. It was—'The United States, bounded on the north by Canada, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the great Atlantic, and on the west by the broad Pacific.' This, however, did not satisfy the more Republican members of the university. They proposed—'The United States, bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the Antarctic Ocean, on the east by the Gulf Stream, and on the west by the illimitable ocean.' Even that did not satisfy one member of the party. His toast was—'The United States, bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by infinite space, on the east by the procession of the equinoxes, and on the west by the day of judgment.' The toast was drank with great applause.

The Genesis of Materialism.—The preparation of the new Bible, which is to be inspired by sweet reasonableness, has not made much advance yet. We lay before our readers the improved version of the first chapter of the book of Genesis:—

1. There never was a beginning. The Eternal, without us that maketh for righteousness, took no notice whatever of anything.

2. And Cosmos was homogeneous and undifferentiated, and somehow or other evolution began and molecules appeared.

3. And molecules evolved protoplasm, and rhythmic thrills arose, and then there was light.

4. And the spirit of energy was developed, and formed the plastic cell whence arose the primordial germ.

5. And the primordial germ became protogene, and the protogene somehow shaped eozoon; then was the dawn of life.

6. And the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its own kind, whose seed is in itself, developed according to its own fancy. And the Eternal without us that maketh for righteousness neither knew nor cared anything about it.

7. The cattle after his kind, the beast of the earth after his kind, and every creeping thing became involved by heterogeneous segregation and concomitant dissipation of motion.

8. So that by the survival of the fittest there evolved the simiads from the jelly fish, and the simiads differentiated themselves into the anthropomorphic primordial types.

9. And in due time one lost his tail and became man, and behold he was the most cunning of all animals; and lo, the fast men killed the slow men, and it was ordained to be so in every age.

10. And in process of time, by natural selection and survival of the fittest, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, and Charles Darwin appeared, and behold it was very good

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

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CANADIAN NATIONALITY.

A Present-Day Plea.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS, TORONTO.

WE are on the eve of startling events. Public opinion in Canada has come to the conclusion that something must be done, or some change made, to meet the crisis that is approaching. Half a continent cannot be settled and peopled by a colony; a nation may plant colonies, a colony never can. The Canadian people have assumed the responsibility of populating the North-West, and they must rise equal to the emergency. Already they have spent $15,000,000 in the partial construction of the Pacific Railway, and it will cost nearly $100,000,000 more to complete it. The revenue of the country is only $25,000,000 a year at the most, $7,000,000 of which is required to pay interest on the public debt, leaving only $18,000,000 to meet the expenses of government, and the public works. As a colony, with our present revenue, to meet the liabilities we have undertaken will place us in irretrievable bankruptcy in the near future. The men who advocated Confederation and the acquisition of the North-West, must have seen what such would necessarily lead to. Why will they then oppose the legitimate result of their own work—Independence?

It is said there are two ways out of the difficulty—Canada must either assume nationality, or join the United States. The first is the legitimate and only solution. Generally speaking, England would never permit annexation, unless forced on her by a long and disastrous war, which would almost destroy Canada, for her soil would be the battle-ground of the contending nations. Independence could be obtained without embittering the relations which now exist. But annexation would be no remedy for the evils from

It would seem to be necessary to repeat the statement, previously made in the MONTHLY, that the Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors, whether the articles are signed or not. It has been the rule to open the pages of the Magazine for the discussion of subjects currently up in the public mind without reference to the point of view from which the articles are written, the only requirements being temperateness of tone, courtesy, and a fair ability in their treatment. The Magazine continues to be conducted on the same principles that have hitherto governed its policy. Contributors to, and critics of the Monthly, will kindly note this announcement.—ED. C. M.

which we suffer. Politically, it would only be a change of masters; and, as a means of settling and developing our country, it would be more than doubtful. Indeed, it would be the sure means of killing all our projects. No one can believe that the Americans would build our Pacific Railway to the detriment of their own Northern Pacific and the one already in operation. Neither is it likely that our sea-board would be developed to the injury of Portland, Boston and New York. Hence, annexation would be of no use to further the projects upon which, for good or evil, the Canadian people have set their hearts.

Politically, annexation would surely render Canada tributary to the States. There are those who think, and say, that suitable enactments could be made to secure the liberties of Canada; but no enactments could make a dwarf equal to a giant; and we do not see that enactments, even among Americans themselves, have much force to protect their own people when the supposed interests of one of the parties require that any particular section should be oppressed. Enactments and laws of the plainest interpretation and of the most binding force could not keep Hayes out of the presidential chair contrary to the will of the majority of the people. How then would enactments protect the people of Canada who must appear, and really are, aliens to the people of the United States? Sections of the American people, when deprived of their right by tyranny or fraud, have the memories and common sacrifices of the whole united country to fall back upon to sustain them in submitting to the usurpations. What common sacrifices or aspirations would Canadians have with the American people which would enable them to submit to such an act as that which lately deprived the people of Maine of their properly elected representatives? None whatever. Such an act, perpetrated in Canada, would be barren, unmitigated tyranny, which could not be borne, and which would likely be resisted by armed force. The only valid ground which the advocates of annexation have to stand on, is that, that the measure would give us access to the markets of the United States—a very dear privilege if it would entail the loss of our liberties—and if this result could be obtained by a means which would not also bring with it the evils of annexation, then their only argument is gone.

Canadian independence, it is submitted, would enable us to make such treaties with the United States as would give us access to their markets, as well as enable us also to gain access to the markets of the world. We cannot make such treaties at present. The Americans will not treat with an "irresponsible semi-independent power," necessarily controlled by an aristocracy which they hate; or by their rivals in trade—the British commercial class. Moreover, a just and proper treaty could not be made. To make such a treaty as would be of any use to Canada, she must have full and unrestricted access to American markets, both for her productions and manufactures. To obtain such privileges, she must be able to give similar ones as regards her own markets. The privileges of Canadian markets, to be of any use to the Americans, must be refused to the English, otherwise the Americans would get nothing for what they gave. How can a colony give privileges to a foreign nation, and refuse them to the nation to which she belongs? Hence, so long as we retain our present connexion, a proper treaty cannot be made between Canada and the United States.

Then, as our position excludes us from the markets of the United States, does it assist to open the other markets of the world to us? No; on the contrary, it is also the means of closing all other markets to us. Our mother-country is a commercial and

manufacturing nation. To support her own people, she requires to sell an immense amount of goods every year; and, whenever the required amount is not sold, she has bread riots and starvation. How can she be expected to make rivals to her own trade? How can she assist us to open the markets of the world to our products and manufactures, when her great trouble is to find markets for her own goods? Irish manufactures were killed because they interfered with British goods. Can the manufacturers of Canada expect any better fate? They cannot, for England must find markets for her goods so that her workmen shall have bread, otherwise there would be a revolution. Hence, by our position, we are shut out, not only from the markets of the United States, but also from the markets of the world.

It is said there is an offset to this state of things. If England's necessities prevent us from obtaining markets, she furnishes herself a market for all our natural products, and our efforts should be directed to agitate a commercial union with the mother country. Let her, it is said, discriminate in favour of our breadstuffs, and we ought to be content to accept her manufactures. As this argument has been extensively used by the advocates of Imperial Federation, it would be well to ascertain upon what grounds the corn laws were abolished in England, with a view to ascertaining whether English discrimination in favour of Colonial breadstuffs and provisions is possible.

The land of the United Kingdom is owned by a comparatively limited number of the people, and, beside owning the land, this same limited number is specially endowed with hereditary rank and privilege. Liberalism in England, for centuries, has consisted in lessening the privileges of the aristocracy, and dividing political power with the people. In a country, also, which does not raise within itself sufficient of any one commodity to satisfy the wants of its own people, any duty placed on the importation of that article, raises the price of it by the amount of the duty. England raises only a little over one-half of the breadstuffs and provisions required by her own people, and, consequently, any duty placed on such goods raises their price by the amount of the duty. But the moment the prices of breadstuffs rise in England, the aristocracy raise the rents of the land, consequently, placing a duty on breadstuffs and provisions in England in favour of the Colonies would only be taking money out of the pockets of the poor, half-starved working man, and putting it into the pockets of the already too-rich aristocracy, to be spent in dissipation and luxury, or to be squandered in devastating Afghanistan, or in slaughtering Zulus. How, then, could England discriminate in favour of the products of our country, or, indeed, of any country? Even now, Ireland is on the brink of rebellion from sheer distress, and the smallest rise in provisions in England would soon bring her people to the same condition: consequently, discrimination in favour of our breadstuffs in England is entirely out of the question, and the great argument in favour of Imperial Federation falls to the ground.

The above circumstances also account for the wonderful tenacity with which British Liberals stick to Free trade as a liberal doctrine in all parts of the world, though manifestly the facts and arguments which make Free trade the great liberal principle it is in England have no application whatever in Canada, where the social condition of the people is so different, and where the lands are held by the people generally.

It would seem plain, then, that the present colonial position of Canada prevents her from obtaining a proper reciprocity treaty with the United States, and shuts up the markets of the world to her goods, while giving no possibility of securing any better

position for her goods in British markets than that possessed by other countries. It would also seem that independence would enable us to make such a treaty with the United States, and treaties with other countries, as would enable us to gain access to their markets without lessening our present privileges in those of Britain. There is no question that access to these markets, especially to those of our own continent, would be to the great and lasting benefit of Canada: every one is agreed on that.

There is also no doubt that independence would elevate the character and status of our people. It would give Canada a national credit in the money markets of the world, and better enable it to raise money by borrowing, or, by the creation of a national currency, similar to that of the United States, for the purpose of building the Canadian Pacific Railway.

There is one more argument in favour of independence greater than all the others put together. Without population, a great North-West is useless to Canada. So is a Pacific Railway. If there be no one to use the railroad, the money required to build it may as well be thrown into the sea. It will be like our present school system—an immense expense to Canada for the benefit of others. Every year Canada spends millions in educating her young men, and the moment they are made fitted to be of use to her, they emigrate to the United States in thousands. In like manner, leave Canada in her present condition, and the chief use of a Canadian Pacific Railway will be to carry food to starving Indians, or to serve the Americans. Who will use it? There is not much use of expecting the people of foreign countries to come hither and occupy our lands. Our emigration agents were arrested in Germany a few years ago as frauds and cheats, in trying to get the people to emigrate to a place where they would have no country, as Canada cannot make a British subject, and she has no citizenship of her own. Then look at the statistics of British emigration for the year 1878. One-half of all the people who left the United Kingdom went to the United States, and one-tenth only came to Canada. What else is to be expected? People are running away from England, Scotland, and Ireland, because of landlordism, privileges, and aristocracy. Will they come to a colony where a scion of one of the houses which hunted them out of Scotland holds high appointment to remain, both they and their children, colonists still, when, until recently, they could get double the amount of land, with the privileges of citizenship, in the United States? We never can expect to retain even our own Canadian population until we can give them the same advantages they can get in the United States—that is, a country with all that a nationality implies and manhood suffrage. As to obtaining the people of the old countries, we must remain content, so long as we are a colony, with the poorer classes of immigrants which charity and paid passages send to our shores.

Apart, however, from the advantages or disadvantages of independence, we must make up our minds to look the inevitable in the face. We have resolved not to cast in our lot with the Americans, and their continual precarious political condition confirms our resolution. Coming events will surely force us shortly to take up the destiny which every one admits must necessarily ultimately be borne. Jingoism is on its last legs in England. It is dead now, and Afghanistan is going to be its grave. The coming elections in England will surely be won by the Liberals, and the escape of the army, lately in so much peril, will not help the Tories. The triumphant journey of Mr. Gladstone through Scotland is the latest indication of the feeling of the Scotch people towards him; and Ireland, brought to the verge of rebellion

by Jingoism, will send three-fourths of her members to support him. Beer and other political influences are exhausted in England, and, whether a remedy for the hard times or not, a change in Government will be sought as a relief from the present depression. It is the acknowledged policy of the Liberals to change all that has been done by the Tories, and the people will support them. We may certainly look for a great reaction, and the recoil may be so great as to sever the slight link which now binds our Dominion to the Empire.

It, therefore, behoves all true Canadians to be prepared for whatever may occur. There is but little to be done. A Governor elected every seven years by both our Houses of Parliament, the appointment of a small diplomatic body, and the adoption of a flag are all that is needful. Surely, a people who have an independent and final Supreme Court is equal to this. The flag may cause some difficulty, but not necessarily. We have the colours already—it is only necessary to place them. The red first, representing Englishmen and Scotchmen; the white, representing the French who first colonized Quebec and the French Canadian people who now inhabit it; and the green, though questioned by some, is acknowledged by all to represent the Irish. These colours, placed vertically, with the Union in the upper corner as now, would make a good Canadian flag and attract the regard of a majority of the people who inhabit the Dominion. The green, especially, would be worth 100,000 men to the Dominion in case of any difficulty with our neighbours, and would effectually Canadianize the Irish.

The near prospect here held out may frighten the timid, but timidity is one of the things nationality is intended to remove. 'You are big enough and strong enough for independence,' said the *Times*, 'and if not, the education of self-reliance will soon make you so.' But there is nothing to fear but weakness and cowardice. We shall have 5,000,000 of brave, hardy, industrious people, unused to luxuries and all enervating influences. We have a commercial marine second only to that of America to carry a fully developed national trade. We have 800,000 men between the ages of 16 and 45, should they be required, to defend our liberties. We have resources in natural wealth—lumber, coal, iron, and gold—almost measureless, while our agricultural lands in the North-West give double the average of the yield of the North-Western States. We are already Confederated and bound together in one Dominion, having executive, legislative, and judicial bodies, the last of which is independent, and the other two nearly so. And, lastly, we shall have the good will of England and possibly her guarantee for our independence, as she guarantees that of Belgium, in starting on our national career.

We can then look forward to the future with hope and confidence. In twenty years of Canadian independence, twelve or fourteen states will occupy what is now an unbroken solitude, whose trade, and that of the whole North-West of the continent, will flow in one stream through our territory, either through Lake Winnepeg and Nelson's River into Hudson Bay, or down the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic, fertilizing and enriching the country through which it passes. Political power follows in the steps of material wealth. Modern nations on this continent grow with prodigious strides. In one hundred years the United States have passed through all the phases of national life that took a thousand to mould Europe, and they are fast hastening to a premature old age. Our country has come into existence at a grand period of the world's history. Humanity, on this continent, has advanced beyond the evils of the old civilization. Feudalism

slavery, and extreme ignorance and poverty, have never been known to any extent among us, and we shall never be handicapped by them. Our great competitor and rival will never recover from the evils of one of them —slavery. Already she shows signs of dissolution. The evils of the old civilization amid which she was begotten, and the corruption engendered by the civil war, are doing their work. A hot-bed progress among alien and half-assimilated people will surely accelerate the end. They are in a dilemma either horn of which is fatal. They must either submit to the mob and the commune, and see their cities blaze as they did three years ago, or to a standing army and a general who will destroy their institutions and make himself dictator. In either event, disintegration is sure to follow. As power steps from the disorganized grasp of the United States, it will fall to Canada as her natural right, making her the first nation on this continent, as she is now the second. United closely, as we shall be from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a common nationality, our country will go on, increasing from age to age in wealth, in power and in glory; and it may not be too much of a stretch of the imagination to think, that as it is the latest developed portion of a new world—as it was the first, by millions of years, to nurse and cradle in her bosom the first spark of animal life in the eozoon,—it may be the country where a last great, and fully developed humanity may find its fitting habitation and abode.

ITERUMNE?

BY CHARLES E. ROBERTS.

AH me! No wind from golden Thessaly
Blows in on me as in the olden days;
No morning music from its dew-sweet ways,
No pipings, such as came so clear to me
Out of green meadows by the sparkling sea;
No Goddess any more, no Dryad strays,
And glorifies with song the laurel maze;—
Or else I hear not and I cannot see.

For out of weary hands is fallen the lyre,
And sobs in falling; all the purple glow
From weary eyes is faded, which before
Saw bright Apollo and the blissful Choir
In every mountain grove;—nor can I know
If I shall surely see them any more.

NO LAW SCHOOL.

IT has been remarked on as significant that, at recent meetings where lawyers were invited to meet the public and have a 'legal talk,' the tone adopted was one of apology. There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of unjust misconception regarding law and lawyers in the popular mind. Perhaps there is no profession in which integrity is so essential to great success as in law, nor one in which loftiness of character can play a more useful part, or is surer of grateful recognition. Our laws betray abundant marks of haste, and to some extent explain the largeness of the item for cutlery and paste in the public accounts. But if laws are, in any case, obscure, contradictory, ungrammatical, and misleading, the farmers may feel assured this arises, not from the redundancy, but from the lack, of legal acumen in our legislators.

Yet when a learned judge proved that lawyers were blameless embodiments of all the virtues, no one need be surprised that laymen opened their eyes wide, nor that one more daring than the rest ventured to demur. His demurrer is not met by pointing to the noble lives lived by lawyers of renown, the great part played by such in our constitutional history, the exploits hardly short of heroic, of courageous advocates in days of peril. Those shining and attractive persons were all drawn from the ranks of the bar, a body of men who have, in the old world, always belonged to a superior class, enjoying all the educational advantages of their time. These men, owing to the division of the legal profession into two classes, have been subjected only to those influences in the administration of law which are, if not ennobling, certainly not morally depressing; while the attorneys, breathing a much less wholesome atmosphere, seldom educated and often illiterate, brought into contact with weakness, cunning, greed, treachery, and other petty dark passions, made the name of lawyer a by-word, the slur of which, by persons unable, or too careless, to separate the advocate and lawyer, *par excellence*, from the attorney and pettifogger, has too frequently been applied to all who are engaged in the profession of the law.

Here in Canada, where the salutary division referred to does not obtain, it would be well to ponder the causes which have made the attorney the favourite villain and trickster of the novel and the stage. Some of those causes are within our control. The most virulent—ignorance—undoubtedly is. And when the immense private interests entrusted to lawyers are considered, no safeguards against characters unworthy of trusts so important can wisely be spared.

But when we, here in Canada, contemplate the legal profession, we have not merely to think of getting good attorneys; we also want a high-minded, capable, erudite bar, whence we may draw our Cokes, our Mansfields, our Currans. A distinguished lawyer, Mr. James Bethune, speaking on this subject at a public meeting of the Osgoode Hall Legal and Literary Society, pointed out that a lawyer is Prime Minister of Canada, another lawyer Prime Minister of the Province, another lawyer the leader of the Reform party in the House of Commons, another lawyer the leader of the Opposition in the Assembly, and the inference that the character of lawyers was of some importance to the public having regard to the highest interests of

the State was not far-fetched. Nor surely is it far-fetched to wonder why, the circumstances being thus, the Benchers of Osgoode Hall should retrograde rather than advance in the matter of education.

I had intended taking the question up, but found my friend, Mr. Gorham, had already done so in an essay, which will be found below, and which is written from the best possible standpoint—that of a Student.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

The law student, having paid his fees, enters on 'a profession whose general principles,' as Story says, 'enlighten and enlarge, but whose minutiæ contract and distract the mind.' Some of us who, like Story, had 'dallied with the muses in the gardens of classic and English literature,' and learned

> 'To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair,'

have shuddered at the cold and stiff embrace of the Common Law. Many of us, with Lord Brougham, may have felt it to be 'the cursedest of cursed professions,' and, like him and Story, vainly cast about us for some other venture in which to engage our time and talent. 'We have stepped across the threshold of manhood eager to realize the visionary future which imagination had painted in such enchanting colours. Pure in heart, rich in affection, and sanguine in fancy, we looked forward to life as to an Eldorado paved with the golden sands of romance. We have found on it prosaic dust.' How many of us have floundered wearily in the 'Slough of Despond,' as, with exertions renewed again and again, we have struggled through, and at last conquered the difficulties couched in what Sir Henry Spelman termed the 'barbarous jargon' of the law. It will not be inappropriate to recall the experience of Joseph Story, who, as he tells us, had 'no cheering encouragement to light up the dark and intricate paths of the law.' 'Beginning,' he says, 'my studies in this recluse and solitary manner, I confess that I deeply felt the truth of Spelman's remarks when he was sent to the Inns of Court for a similar purpose; my heart, like his, sunk within me, and I was tempted several times to give up the science from a firm belief that I could never master it.' Again he says, 'you may judge how I was surprised and startled on opening works where nothing was presented but dry and technical principles, the dark and mysterious elements of the feudal system, the subtle refinements and intricacies of the middle ages of the Common Law, and the repulsive and almost unintelligible forms of processes and pleadings, for the most part wrapped up in black letter or in dusty folios. To me the task seemed Herculean. I should have quitted it in despair if I had known whither to turn my footsteps and to earn a support.' Of his introduction to Coke on Littleton, he writes:—'It was a very large folio with Hargrave and Butler's notes, which I was required to read also. . . . I took it up, and after trying it day after day, with very little success, I sat myself down and wept bitterly; my tears dropped upon the book and stained its pages.' Have not some of us fully or partially realized these feelings of bitter disappointment? What one of us can say he has mastered 'the subtle distinctions incident to landed property,' or fathomed the mysteries and intricacies of the practice of the law without feeling in his doubt and struggles that nature never intended him for the sphere of life to which he is attempting to mould his being? What one of us dare say he has been able to mount the difficulties obstructing his path without feeling the want of some one to level and render less rocky his road? Do not many of us, having gained an eminence, look back upon the boulders of

the law, against which we wasted our strength in vain, and see with what ease we could have rolled them aside had our efforts been directed by some kind friend who had travelled the way before. Those subtle distinctions, those mysteries and intricacies, those difficulties of the path, those boulders of the law, have existed, do exist, and will continue to exist. Let us hear Sir William Blackstone on the student's introduction to its study. He says: 'We may appeal to the experience of every sensible lawyer whether anything can be more hazardous or discouraging than the usual entrance on the study of the law. A raw and inexperienced youth, in the most dangerous season of life, is transplanted on a sudden into the midst of allurements to pleasure, without any restraint or check but what his own prudence can suggest; with no public direction in what course to pursue his inquiries; no private assistance to remove the distresses and difficulties which will always embarrass a beginner. In this situation he is expected to sequester himself from the world, and, by a tedious, lonely process, to extract the theory of law from a mass of undigested learning; or else, by an assiduous attendance on the courts, to pick up theory and practice together, sufficient to qualify him for the ordinary run of business. How little, therefore, is it to be wondered at that we hear of so frequent miscarriages; that so many gentlemen of bright imagination grow weary of so unpromising a search, and addict themselves only to amusements or less innocent pursuits; and that so many persons of moderate capacity confuse themselves at first setting out, and continue ever dark and puzzled during the remainder of their lives.' Are not these words in point? Do they not fit the case of the Canadian student-at-law, who is bound to 'submit to the drudgery of servitude and the manual labour of copying the trash of an office;' compelled to run hither and thither at the bidding of a principal whose practice, at best, consists of a monotonous routine of attendance at Chambers. The student may become 'dexterous in the mechanical part of business,' but is this the object of his study? It may be an object, but it should not be the end. 'Making due allowance,' says Blackstone, 'for one or two shining exceptions, experience may teach us to foretel that a lawyer educated to the bar in subservience to attorneys and solicitors, will find he has begun at the wrong end. If practice be the whole he is taught, practice must also be the whole he will ever know; if he be uninstructed in the elements and first principles upon which the rule of practice is founded, the least variation from established precedents will totally distract and bewilder him; *ita lex scripta est* is the utmost his knowledge will arrive at; he must never aspire to form, and seldom expect to comprehend any arguments drawn, *a priori*, from the spirit of the laws and the natural foundations of justice.' To the law students in Canada who 'aspire to form and expect to comprehend arguments drawn, *a priori*, from the spirit of the laws and the natural foundations of justice' the present policy of the Benchers offers no encouragement.

Compelled to serve an apprenticeship of three or five years—compelled to bend to the study of text books unaided—what wonder if he becomes discouraged? What wonder if he contents himself with a knowledge of practice, and becomes a sharp attorney, and a mere case-mongering barrister?

Is it any wonder that the student finishes his servitude with narrowed and distracted mind, a dulled ambition and a meaner aim?

We live in an age of high pressure, and in a country where all are expected to earn their bread young. We cannot afford to spend the half of a lifetime in preparation before entering upon the object of our lives. Cast your

eyes on the three black graces. The disciples of Esculapius no longer smell of the gallipots of Galen. They have kept abreast of the times, and have their rival schools of thought. They have shaken themselves free of precedent. They no longer argue because their forefathers spent years of apprenticeship in the study of medicine that they must necessarily do so. They have harnessed philosophy and science to the car of experience, and fearlessly explore new paths. Even the divines have laid by on the shelf the black lettered folios of theology, and in the most conservative of all professions, we have active modern schools. The lights of the law alone burn in the old socket. There is heaped around them the melted wax of former tapers. The old wick is snuffed again and again in the search for truth. Why should there not be in law also a school of modern thought? Why, to aid us in keeping up with the times, should we not have a school of law, in which we may be taught the origin, the history, and the principles of law?

This enlightened Province of Ontario, in the study of the law, is at a stand-still. Look at the neighbouring Republic, the decisions of whose courts are beginning to have weight in our own; whose schools, and none more than those of law, are sending forth men who guide the councils of half a world, who are able to contend, in diplomacy, with the sages of Europe; whose suggestions are no longer lightly considered in the social and political countries of Christendom. It is a common failing among Englishmen, a failing reproduced in Canadians, to laugh at the American Republic and her institutions. While young—she has now reached her majority, though at an early age—her efforts, no doubt, were feeble, and, like those of the school-boy, did not compare favourably with those of the graduate. But we need only turn our attention to the Law School of Columbia College, in New York City, and the department of Law in the Universities of Harvard, Yale, and Michigan, to find institutions worthy of our consideration, and challenging our imitation, if we are only wise.

In Albany Law School is such an institution as could be established by the Law Society of Ontario, which should have, to quote from the circular of that school, 'a higher aim than simply teaching young men the law. It should use its best endeavours to teach those who are intending to enter the profession to be lawyers. This is an arduous and difficult task. It is training the mind to a right use of its own faculties. It is giving it a power over its own resources, and enabling it to fully avail itself of its own stores of knowledge.

'This is to be accomplished in a variety of ways, principally by accustoming the young man to do that as a student which will afterwards be required of him as a lawyer.'

We are fast approaching either the confederation of the British empire, or the independence of the Dominion of Canada. We are either to form part of a vast empire, which will be bound together by laws as yet unformulated, or we are to become a dominion, and one of the powers of the earth, recognised as an independent, self-governing body, and amenable to the laws between nation and nation; and yet notice the total want of instruction in international and constitutional law; notice the total want of instruction in the science and the art of law in all our institutions. Our Legislative halls resound with the labours of law makers. *Ignorantia legis non excusat* is echoed by judge after judge, and yet there is no centre of legal thought. To quote again from the Albany Law School Circular—'The student of medicine and surgery can resort to schools in which he can be thoroughly instructed in all the principal branches of his profession; while the student of law enjoys few opportunities of acquiring anything more

than he is enabled to obtain by reading in a lawyer's office.' Who is to blame for this want, which will soon become an urgent necessity? Who is to blame for the total want of any instruction in the subjects which lead to the degree of Barrister-at-Law? By turning to the *Canada Law Journal* of March, 1878, we find as follows:—'The consideration of the Report of the Committee on the Law School was taken up.

'Moved—That the Law School be abolished and cease, from and after the last day of Easter term next.

'Moved, in amendment, that the further consideration of the Report of the Committee on the Law School be postponed until the first meeting of Convocation in Hilary Term next, and that it be referred to the said Committee, and the Committee on Legal Education, in the meantime, to confer with the authorities of the University of Toronto, with a view to the affiliation of the Law School with that University, and to consider such amendments in the system of legal education as may appear to be desirable, the said Committee to report to Convocation at the same meeting—Lost.

'The original motion was then carried.'

Notice the wording of the amendment, 'to confer with the authorities of the University of Toronto with a view to affiliation of the Law School with that University.' There can be but little doubt that the authorities of Toronto University would have raised no serious objections to affiliation. They might have been so induced as to have taken into consideration a partial alteration of their course to the degree of LL.B., so that, on proceeding to the degree of Barrister-at-Law, by a little extra exertion, the degree of LL.B. could have been obtained. The Committee also were 'to consider such amendments in the system of legal education as might appear desirable.'

The Law Society of Ontario is a wealthy institution. At a meeting of the Benchers, in February last, the financial report for the year 1878, as adopted, shows that the Society had, invested in Dominion 5 per cent. stock, $50,000; in the Government Savings' Bank, at 4 per cent., $5,800, besides a large balance, bearing 4 per cent., in the Bank of Toronto, and recommends 'that the further sum of $10,000 be invested in Dominion stock, so as to increase the permanent reserve of the Society to $60,000.' The receipts for that year show the Notice Fees as amounting to $687; Students' Admission Fees, $8,940; Attorneys' Examination Fees, $4,350; Call Fees, $6,330; making the handsome total of $20,307, which, together with the other receipts, make up the immense sum of $42,504. The expenditure for that year was $36,233. The surplus on the whole year's operation was $6,361. Thus, at a glance, it may be seen the students' fees lack only $990 of being the half of the total receipts for the year. Have any of those contributing to that magnificent sum received any return from the Society in the way of instruction?

Each student-at-law pays into the coffers of the Law Society, at the very least, $225 in his course, and what return does he receive? It will be answered he is to be permitted to practise in the Courts of the Province. Is it forgotten that he will have to pay $17 a year for that privilege? Is it, also, forgotten that he will be taxed for the support of those courts?

Let the students who are junior members, and who are contributing to the standing of this wealthy society, demand, in tones not to be misunderstood, a method of instruction founded on correct principles and with the design of instructing them in the art as well as the science of the law; of fitting them to enter at once upon the successful practice of the profession; a course of instruction which will qualify them to take a position in the councils of their country and enable them to contend not unworthily at the diplo-

matic board with their rivals. Let them demand that which they are to be the exponents of—justice.

THOMAS A. GORHAM.

TWO WINDOWS.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

I.

ONE looks into the sun-dawn, and the steep
Curved slopes of hills, set sharp against the sky,
With tufted woods encinctured, nodding high
O'er vales below, where broken shadows sleep.
Here looking forth, before the first faint cry
Of brooding bird, that stirs a drowsy wing
Above her young, awakes the full-voiced choir,—
Ere yet the morning tips the hills with fire,
And turns the drapery of the East to gold,—
Where the far heavens unfold their glowing deep,
My wondering eyes the opening skies behold,
And ask, in the hushed silence worshipping,
If thus the gates of pearl shall slow unfold,
When earth beholds the coming of her King!

II.

This opens on the sunset and the sea,
From its high casement: never twice the same
Grand picture rises in its sea-girt frame;
Islets of pearl, and rocks of porphyry,
And cliffs of jasper, touched with sunset flame,
And island-trees that look like Eden's, grow
Palm-like and slender, in gradations fine
That fade and die along the horizon line,
And the wide heavens become, above, below,
A luminous sea without a boundary.

Nay, wistful heart, at day dawn or at noon,
Or midnight watch, the Bridegroom cometh soon,—
By yonder shining path, or pearly gate,—
The word is sure,—thou, therefore, watch and wait.

ETHEL MARCHMONT.

A Recollection of the Himalayas.

BY ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

In your patience ye are strong;
Cold and heat ye take not wrong;
When the trumpet of the angel blows Eternity's evangel,
Time will seem to you not long.

DO you remember the beautiful lines in that most weird of poems 'The Rhyme of the Duchess May,' addressed to the dead people in the churchyard? They come very forcibly upon me to-day, amidst a crowd of thoughts and images that throng my brain as I stand looking down upon a newly made grave in the cemetery at Meerut. A plain cross at the head with the single inscription 'F. C., died July 9th, 18—,' was all that marked it as the resting place of one I had known so well. I had travelled far and fast in response to the summons that bade me haste to his side; but the great Destroyer was swifter of foot than I, and I reached the station only in time to follow his body to the grave. And yet it was with no feeling of regret, with scarce one pang of sorrow, good friend as he had been to me, that I stood looking upon the clay that hid his mortal remains for ever from my sight; rather with a feeling of relief, a sigh of content, such as one breathes as the curtain falls on some great tragedy. He was at rest; all his earthly troubles were over, and, perhaps, who knows, they were together. They! who? But I must tell the story from the beginning if I am to explain that.

It was just a year ago that I fell a victim to that attack of cholera which had so nearly laid me in his place—only a year, and yet it seems separated from to-day by so long an interval that I can hardly believe the words as I write them down. I was then occupying a temporary position as magistrate and collector at one of the stations in the north-west provinces of Bengal. The hot season had been unusually severe, and prolonged somewhat beyond its normal duration, and as a consequence, when the rains at length made their welcome appearance, the parched earth, dried and heated till it seemed like a sheet of hot iron, flung off the moisture into the air in volumes of steam, and we seemed to move about in a perpetual vapour bath. As we had feared, with the advent of the rains a considerable amount of fever and cholera began to show itself, both amongst natives and Europeans. Scarcely a day passed without some death reported, and in the distant cantonment we heard with terrible frequency the 'Dead March in Saul,' whose notes, always more or less awe-inspiring, are never listened to with such a feeling of heart-sinking as in the cholera season in India. We all went about our daily work like men treading upon some hidden mine; taking, all of us, what precautions we could against the treacherous foe, avoiding fruit and vegetables, and most of us armed with an array of patent medicines of more or less undoubted efficacy, ready to be resorted to at the first symptoms of the malady. My own work happened to be unusually

severe, I remember, just about that time, and our doctor had more than once warned me that I must take more care of myself, so that it was scarcely a matter of wonder to anyone when one day, after a protracted sitting in my Kutcherry (court-house) listening with what patience I could to the involved evidences of a number of Ryots, and endeavouring, with but small success, to get at the bottom of a dispute that seemed well-nigh interminable, I felt the stifling atmosphere, thickened as it was by the steam from a crowd of oily natives, become suddenly unendurable. Court-house, officers, disputants, all seemed to swim before my eyes in a confused mass, and as I fell back fainting in my chair, I knew that I was 'down' with cholera.

Thanks to a good constitution, and the almost unremitting attentions of that cheeriest of friends, and best of surgeons, Dr. M——, I passed safely through the crisis, and recovered wonderfully quickly; and as soon as I was able to be moved, my kind friend packed me into a *doolie* with a sick-certificate, and started me for the cool fastnesses of the Himalayas to regain the strength I had lost.

I will not weary you with a description of my first view of those glorious mountains (I had been stationed entirely in the plains since my arrival in India, and had been long looking forward to such a visit as this), nor the exquisite sensation of returning vigour I experienced as the delicious bracing air fanned my fevered cheeks, and blew freshly over my relaxed frame. I recovered, as though by magic, my lost strength, and in the highest of spirits I plunged into the pleasant whirl of Hill Society. It was, as I have said, my first visit to the hills, but in India one is soon at home in any fresh station, and at Mussooria I found plenty of acquaintances, plenty more whom I knew by name at least, and with whom an introduction only was needed to put me on easy terms. There were no lack of attractions; by day every species of expedition amidst the loveliest of scenery, by night moonlight garden parties, concerts, private theatricals, balls at the large club-house succeeded each other with almost breathless rapidity. There was no lack either of pleasant agreeable companions, and but that my heart was in safe keeping far away in England it would have stood a poor chance of remaining untouched in the presence of so much beauty and fashion. As it was, my story was pretty generally known, and I was looked upon as a 'safe man,' a, by no means, unenviable position in such a society, and managed to extract my fair share of amusement from the love episodes of my neighbours.

The great event of the season, to which all Mussooria society more or less looked forward, was a grand fancy ball given at the large club-house. For weeks before the question of costumes had been discussed with feverish eagerness by men and women alike, and the limited staff of tailors in the station had their work pretty well cut out for them. The ball itself was in every way worthy of the pains which had been spent upon it, and was acknowledged by all present to be a most undoubted success. Upwards of two hundred visitors, in every variety of costume, in curious medley of incongruity, moved through the crowded rooms, or sought the cool of the verandahs in quaintly assorted pairs. I was standing at one corner of the large ball-room in conversation with a charming married lady of my acquaintance, watching the brilliant throng file past us, and indulging, I fear it must be confessed, in pretty free criticism of their characters no less than their dresses, when a face, which I had not before seen at the station, suddenly attracted my attention. 'What a beautiful girl!' I exclaimed, almost involuntarily, for, indeed, it was impossible to avoid being struck by those highbred clear cut features,

whose only fault was, perhaps, that they seemed somewhat inanimate and cold. Yet there lay behind them, visible even to a superficial observer, a certain potentiality of passion, if I may so call it, which, I felt convinced, could at times light up the eyes and colour the cheeks—nay, I was satisfied had done so ere now. She was dressed as Ophelia, and the plain white robe set off her slight, somewhat tall figure, while a mass of the most perfectly golden hair, which even the gaslight could not rob of its lustre, clustered about her shoulders, and made such a picture as would have driven Raphael crazy. I did not, at first, recognise her companion, whose bloated figure was scarcely calculated to fulfil the requirements of the character he assumed. A more repulsive Hamlet could hardly be found. He was a man of about fifty, fat and dissipated looking, with a disagreeable spoil-sport expression, a sort of suppressed sneer constantly upon his lips. As he drew closer, I recognised him as a man whom I had met several times since my arrival in Mussooria, and for whom I had, without any definite reason, save a sort of animal instinct, conceived a violent dislike. He was a retired Major, and had contrived to hoard a considerable amount of money, which, people whispered, was none too honestly come by. He was, I believe, a species of gentleman usurer, and, like most of his class, found the profession, if not a strictly honourable, at least a profitable, one; while by means of the power he held over his victims, he was enabled to keep his footing in a society to which he was in no sense an ornament. The girl I had never seen before, and was more than surprised to see her in such company. I turned inquiringly to my companion.

'Ah,' she said, 'I don't wonder you are struck. She is a Miss Marchmont, one of the Marchmonts of H——, don't you know.'

'Indeed,' I replied, more surprised than ever; 'then, what on earth, is she doing in company with that blackguard Sharpley?' I am afraid I felt very much at the moment as though I should like to kick the Major.

'Ah,' sighed Mrs. Chambers, 'you may well be surprised. Poor Ethel; with her glorious beauty! She is fit to marry a prince,' she cried with a sudden access of enthusiasm.

'Marry!' I exclaimed, 'you surely don't mean to say that——'

'Yes, I am afraid so. It is a bad business altogether, as you can easily believe of anything Major Sharpley is concerned in. She is one of a large family, and her father, a weak man, and passionately devoted to racing, has fallen more completely year by year into the Major's power, until, at last, there must be a final break-up, with nothing but disgrace and ruin for Colonel Marchmont and all connected with him. For the last three years that odious little man has been after Miss Marchmont, and using every means in his power to persuade her to marry him; but, it is needless to say, without success. Now, I have just heard, she has yielded to the pressure put upon her, and, at her father's earnest entreaty, has consented to save his honour, and the future of her younger sisters, by a sacrifice of herself. She is to marry the Major, on condition that he cancels all her father's debts.'

'Monstrous!' I exclaimed. 'Impossible; she could never consent to such a degradation.'

My friend smiled a little at my outburst, and added, 'I am afraid it is true, nevertheless, and her appearance with him to night seems to confirm it.'

I said no more at the time, but the story had made a great impression on me, and I discovered, somewhat to my own surprise, that I was exceedingly anxious to make the acquaintance of the young lady herself. It was not a matter of great difficulty to obtain an introduction, and I had to confess myself even more charmed with the girl's manner and conversation than I had been with her face and story.

Acquaintances soon ripen into friendships in such a society as ours at Mussooria, and I found myself, before many days were over, on terms of exceedingly pleasant intimacy with Miss Marchmont and her family. She had no mother, but a sister of Colonel Marchmont's acted as chaperon and housekeeper to the establishment, a Mrs. Campbell, best known in Mussooria, and, indeed, pretty well throughout all India, as a remarkable pistol shot; and in other respects an exceedingly agreeable and pleasant companion.

Just about this time Major Sharpley —to nobody's delight more than mine —was obliged to go down to Calcutta, and being, as I have said, considered 'safe' from the fact of my engagement, I was freely admitted to the society of Mrs. Campbell and her nieces, and saw the latter almost daily. As our acquaintance ripened into intimacy, I may say friendship, my respect and admiration for her increased; I was constantly struck by fresh evidences of her unselfish and loving nature, and every day increased my indignation at the thought that so much goodness and beauty should be thrown away on such a being as Sharpley.

'Ah,' I thought, 'if I could only bring Frank Courtenay up here, make them fall in love with each other—Frank would be a fool if he didn't do so instantly—and marry them off-hand,' a vague project, which, upon reflection, occurred to me as more suited to the pages of a romance than likely to be fulfilled in real life. Nevertheless the idea once formed occurred to me with a curious persistency. Courtenay had been my friend from early boyhood: we had been inseparable at school and college; and when, some years after I had obtained my first civil appointment in Bengal, his regiment, the Buffs, were ordered out to a neighbouring station, we had renewed all our old friendship, and were, so long as fate, Her Majesty's orders, permitted, as inseparable as ever. Since then we had constantly met, and he was now stationed with his depôt at Meerut, at no great distance from Mussoorie. On my arrival at the latter place, after my illness, I had written to ask him to get leave and join me there, and it was not without some thought, ridiculous as it may seem, of bringing him and Ethel together, that I now wrote and pressed my invitation upon him, receiving in answer a promise that he would, at any rate, run up and see me for a couple of days.

Meanwhile I began to feel serious apprehensions on the subject of Miss Marchmont's health. As the days went by she grew pale, thin, and listless, and more than once I noticed, when she was off her guard for a moment, an expression of pathetic weariness pervade her whole figure. I had several times contemplated speaking to Mrs. Campbell on the subject; but I desisted from a feeling of the uselessness of any attempts in that quarter; and a fear, too, lest Ethel should resent, as I felt sure she would, any interference of that nature. Still I felt that something must be done, and at last, after much hesitation, I made up my mind that I would speak to the girl herself, and see whether any words of mine could persuade her to relinquish what I felt to be a wicked sacrifice. It was not long before the opportunity offered itself. One morning, as I was dressing, I received a note from Mrs. Campbell, asking me to be her niece's escort on an afternoon ride, in the absence of Colonel Marchmont, who had gone down to some horse fair on the plains. 'Ethel looks ill,' she wrote, 'and seems to have lost her nerve, for she will not ride alone, and I am afraid to trust her with any of these hair-brained young subalterns.' Here was the very opportunity I had been looking for. I eagerly accepted the invitation, and that afternoon our ponies stood together at the door of Colonel Marchmont's bungalow. As

we let our animals stroll quietly along over the steep inclines of a mountain path at some distance from the main road, I was more than ever struck by the wistful look in the girl's eyes as she raised them languidly to the distant hills whose virgin whiteness was beginning to glow under the ardent kisses of the setting sun.

'Miss Marchmont,' I said, determined to dash at once into the subject I had at heart, 'you are not happy. At your age, and with all your advantages of mind and body, you should have no cause to grieve, as I know well you are grieving now.'

'Really, Mr. Turnbull,—' she began, but I interrupted her.

'Pardon me, Miss Marchmont, I am older than you, and have seen, perhaps, more of the world. If I risk losing your friendship, which, believe me, I should be sorry indeed to do, I must ask you one question. Do you love Sharpley? and if not, for your face gives me an answer to that, have you considered what you are about to do in marrying a man to whom you have not given your heart?'

The colour rushed to her cheeks as I spoke, and for a moment her lips curled and parted, and her eyes flashed indignantly; but the colour died away almost as quickly as it had come, and her face was ashen pale when she answered me with her eyes fixed upon the pommel of her saddle.

'I was angry for a second, for I thought you had no right to ask me such a question; but something tells me you mean kindly, and I do not know why I should not give you an honest answer. No, I do not love the Major, but I am determined to do my duty to the utmost as his wife, and that, at any rate, must bring me peace.'

Her voice was very firm as she said this, but there was a weary yearning in the tone in which she uttered the last word that was inexpressibly touching.

'I am sure you are quite wrong in your idea of duty,' I said. 'It can never be right to marry without love, as you are going to do. Believe me, Miss Marchmont, I take a great interest in your welfare: I long honestly to be your friend; to save you from what I know must bring misery to yourself and all about you.'

She did not speak, but sat still looking down upon her saddle, and playing listlessly with the ends of the reins. I went on heedlessly, scarce knowing what I said:

'I have had wonderful dreams of a happy future for you, Miss Marchmont. I have thought of you, married to an honest good man, who would love you as you deserve to be loved. Such a man, for instance, as my friend Courtenay of the Buffs—why, Miss Marchmont, what is the matter; are you ill?'

She had covered her face with her hand, and turned away from me, but I saw that a deep scarlet flush had dyed the little throat and deepened the delicate tinge of the tiny ear.

She steadied her voice with a visible effort before she replied.

'I did not know that Frank—Mr. Courtenay—was a friend of yours. I also know him.'

I was rather disconcerted for the moment by the turn matters had taken; but I thought it better to take no notice of her obvious confusion, and so I answered as unconcernedly as I could.

'Really. I am so glad to hear it. He is a capital fellow, is he not?'

She had quite recovered her usual self command by this time.

'I think very highly of him,' she said; 'but I do not wish to meet him, nor do I think he would wish to see me.'

I felt confident that there was more in this than she cared to tell me. The girl's manner, looks and words all went to convince me that she and Frank were more to each other than mere acquaintances. A hundred possibilities flashed through my mind;

but I felt that I could not continue the subject without offence, and so changed the conversation, somewhat awkwardly, I am afraid, and we chatted on ordinary topics until we reached home. After depositing Ethel in safety at her father's, I went down to the club, where I had had rooms allotted me, and that night, after dinner, I sat until late in the verandah, watching the moon rise and bathe the great hills in soft light, smoking cigar after cigar, and pondering over the meaning of what I had discovered. What a strange half-realization of my dreams. Ethel and Frank had met. Had they loved each other? I felt convinced that it must be so, and yet, what had separated them? Things were all in a muddle, was the philosophic conclusion to which I came at length. 'The times are out of joint,' in fact, I quoted to myself as I got into bed, and I fell asleep wondering whether I were not the hapless being 'born to set them right.' To my delight, the next morning brought a note from Courtenay himself, announcing his arrival for the following day. From him, at least, I should be able to learn the truth concerning his relations with Ethel Marchmont, and it was with the greatest impatience that I awaited his coming. The first thing that struck me, almost as he entered the room, was the great change in his appearance. I had not seen him for six months or more, and it seemed to me that his manner, as well as his looks, had undergone a complete transformation. There was a reckless half-defiant air about him which contrasted strangely with his usual easy indolent way, and when the first pleasure of meeting had died out of his face, he looked ill and careworn, like a man who has passed many sleepless nights. He softened a little as we talked, but even with me he seemed constrained and self-conscious, with a nervous and excited manner that I had never before observed in him. For the time I forgot Ethel Marchmont and the inquiries I had been so impatient to make concerning her.

'Why, Frank, old boy,' I said, 'what has come to you—no trouble at home, I hope? You look quite unlike your old self.'

'Oh, I'm well enough,' he replied, with a forced laugh. 'That is, I only want a little change.'

'Well, we can't have you looking like that, you know. You might be in love, with that long face of yours.'

I spoke quite without thinking, for, as I have said, Ethel and her affairs had, for the time, clean gone out of my mind; but the whole truth flashed upon me in a moment when I saw the effect of my random remark.

He did not even smile, but said, in a vexed irritable tone, 'I don't care for those sort of jokes, Turnbull. I have had pretty hard work at musketry instruction, and a touch of fever on top of it; so, I daresay, I don't look very thriving. A few days of this air will soon set me on my feet again.' Then he plunged into a rapid conversation on general topics, horses, racing, sport and what not; speaking in a forced, unnatural tone, and with the air of a man who is talking to avoid thinking.

I had made an appointment to ride that afternoon with Ethel and her father, and was pondering on the best way of imparting this information to Frank, intending, if possible, to make use of it to draw from him the secret of the love which I felt sure existed, or, at all events, had existed between them, when that gentleman took the initiative by asking me what I proposed doing for the rest of the day, declaring himself, with a touch of his old manner, ready for anything.

'I am afraid you'll have to get along without me this afternoon,' I said. 'I am engaged to ride with a very charming young lady of our mutual acquaintance, so must leave you to your own devices till dinner. I daresay I shall see you on the Mall; you're sure to find plenty of people you know; the Vaughans are here,

and the Ashleys (of the stud), and several other old Meerut friends.'

'Oh, all right then,' he replied. '*Au revoir* then till dinner-time. But who is the young lady, Turnbull?'

'Oh,' I replied as carelessly as I could, 'Miss Marchmont, a daughter of old Marchmont of H—. You know her, don't you?'

I looked him full in the face as I spoke, and read the confirmation of my suspicions in his quick start at the mention of her name, and the sudden rush of the blood to the temples, to recede with almost equal rapidity, leaving his face an ashy white as he asked eagerly:

'Do you mean Miss Ethel Marchmont?' then recovering himself with an effort, he added with an assumption of carelessness: 'Yes, I know her slightly, but I had no idea she was up here;' then after a moment's pause he continued, 'I don't think you'll see me on the Mall this evening; I find I'm a bit tired, so I think I'll stay here with my cigar. I shall find some books to amuse me, I daresay.'

'Frank,' I said, 'will you tell me what you know about Miss Marchmont. I take a very great interest in her, and—she is very unhappy.'

A hard look came into his eyes as he answered with a sarcastic little laugh: 'I think you and I must be speaking of different people. To be unhappy one must have a heart, and the Ethel Marchmont of my acquaintance is certainly not burdened with any such troublesome anachronism;' adding sternly, almost fiercely, 'I must insist upon your not mentioning Miss M.'s name to me again.' He looked so determined that I thought it best to say no more on the subject; so, with a laughing apology, I left him to join Ethel and her father. We had a somewhat gloomy ride, for Ethel was prepossessed and absent, and I could not help wondering if she had heard of Courtenay's arrival. My own thoughts, too, I could not keep from wandering, and the old Colonel had the whole field to himself, and gallantly manned the breaches in our conversation with his long-winded histories.

When I reached home again, Frank had recovered something of his old gaiety, and I forebore to touch upon the evidently unwelcome theme for that night at least.

It was not until some days later that I succeeded in getting my friend to open his grief to me. He had met Ethel some six months before while she was on a visit at Meerut, had loved her, and received in return the assurance of her affection. They had parted but three weeks ago betrothed lovers, and ten days after her return to her father's house he had received a letter from her, breaking off the engagement, and telling him of her approaching marriage with Major Sharpley.

'And did she give no *reason* for her strange conduct?' I asked.

'None.'

Then I told him what I had learned of the matter. How she had generously sacrificed her own happiness to save her family from disgrace and ruin, and how, of course, she could not write this to him without appearing to blame her father. 'She is a noble girl, believe me, Frank,' I said; 'and it will only need a few words from you, I believe, to save her from this horrid sacrifice.'

Courtenay, to my surprise, and almost indignation, did not see the matter at all from my point of view. He was still smarting under his rejection, and little disposed to admit any excuse for one who had treated him so. 'If she had a heart, she *could not* have done it. And I could have given my life for her's so gladly. No, no, she never loved me; it was but a passing fancy, and the Major's money-bags are too tempting to be resisted.'

'Ah, Frank,' I said, 'don't be so hard. See her, give her a chance to redeem her happiness and yours. Don't go down to-morrow without one

more effort to save her from her fate. Mistaken, nay wrong, she is, I grant you, but self-sacrificing and noble in all she has done. It is not too late yet, and I shall find it hard to believe in your love if you go away without making an attempt, at least, to see her.'

I was sorry for my hasty words when I saw their effect on Courtenay. He clenched his strong hands together, and his face grew white and rigid as he cried, with something like a sob: 'You don't know what you are speaking of, Turnbull. Love her! I wish to Heaven I could leave off loving her, poor weak fool that I am. I despise myself for the want of proper pride, but my love is stronger than I, and I must go on loving so long as I am myself.' And he broke down and sobbed out loud. I had never seen him so deeply affected before, and thought the kindest thing to do was to leave him to himself for a few moments. I stepped out into the verandah in the soft moonlight. I had scarcely lit my cigar when Frank joined me without a trace of his former emotion visible in his face; nor, except, perhaps, in a somewhat too demonstrative gaiety, did his manner show any change. He resolutely avoided any further reference to the subject, and our conversation for the remainder of the night was of a purely neutral character.

I rode with him the next day to the foot of the hills, and when we parted, I thought he wrung my hand a little more fervently than usual, and I fancied I saw a tear glisten in his eye as he turned away, but he did not allude to the subject of our conversation, and after what he had said, I deemed it useless to press him further. Poor Ethel! I had hoped so much from his visit, and now he was gone, and with him, apparently, all chance of repairing the breach between them. I was in very low spirits when I reached my quarters that evening, and went to bed without, I am afraid, invoking a blessing on Major Sharpley's head.

I could not make up my mind to go to the Marchmonts the next day; but the following evening found me seated in the verandah talking much as though nothing had happened to Mrs. Campbell and her niece. The former was busy polishing her 'pets,' as she called the perfect armoury of pistols which lay on the table by her. As I said, she was a noted pistol shot—it was quite a fashionable amusement at one time amongst the ladies at Mussoorie—and several of the weapons she showed me had been the gifts of admiring friends. She was displaying these trophies to me, and expatiating with some animation on their merits, when the mail came in, and Ethel called out from the other end of the verandah, where she was sitting—

'Do put down those horrid pistols, Aunt Norah, and read your letter. It is from the Nortons, I think.'

'What a hurry you are in,' laughingly cried the elder lady. 'I am coming directly. See, Mr. Turnbull,' she continued, 'these are my especial friends, these two revolvers. Isn't it curious? They are both so alike that you can't tell one from the other, and yet they were given me at different times by different people—though I believe they were bought at the same place. I wonder if my aim is good to-night,' she went on, and walking to the steep edge of the garden, she pointed the pistol at a bottle placed in the fork of a tree. 'I keep them always loaded,' she said, as she fired, and a shower of glass followed the report.

'Not so bad,' she cried, triumphantly, and, replacing the pistol on the table, she tore open the envelope of the letter Ethel held out to her. Her face grew grave as she read.

'Captain Norton has had a bad accident out pig-sticking, Ethel,' she said, 'and Mrs. Norton writes to ask if you and I can go down to her at once to help her. Her baby is very small, and the little girl ill with fever.

I don't quite see how it is to be done,' she continued.

'Of course we must go at once,' said Ethel, rising. 'Poor Mrs. Norton! Her misfortunes never do come singly. All the children are quite well, and Papa and nurse can look after them for a few days at least.'

It needed but little persuasion on her niece's part to induce Mrs. Campbell, kind hearted as she was, to consent, and once agreed, she was as eager as Ethel to be off at once.

'I am afraid we shall hardly be able to get our bearers before to-morrow, at sunset,' said she, 'so we had better arrange to start then. Mr. Turnbull,' she added, turning to me, 'would you be so kind as to make the necessary arrangements for us?'

'With pleasure,' I said, 'Mrs. Campbell, but pardon me, this is hardly a nice country for ladies to travel alone in. There are no lack of wild animals in the *Doon* through which you will have to pass, and those cowardly niggers would think nothing of leaving you at the first approach of anything like danger. Will you let me accompany you at least part of the way? My leave is up, any how, in a few days, and I cannot spend the remainder of it more pleasantly than escorting you,'

Of course there were many demurs from the ladies on the score of curtailing my leave, etc., but it was finally settled that we should start together, and after a short time I rose to take my departure, Mrs. Campbell calling after me, with a laugh:

'I shall take my revolver, Mr. Turnbull, so we shall be quite safe.'

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when we started to ride down the steep mountain path which led to the foot of the hills. I noted with pleasure how bright Ethel seemed to be, and I could not help saying to her, 'Why, Miss Marchmont, the very anticipation of the change seems to be doing you good; it is quite a treat to see you so gay.' She smiled in a way that set me wondering still more at her manner, but further conversation was cut short by our arrival at the foot of the hills where our train of bearers was impatiently awaiting us. Each *doolie* (a kind of canvass litter) has its complement of sixteen bearers (eight to carry, eight to relieve), with a chief bearer in charge of the gang, and our chiefs urged us to make no delay in settling ourselves for the journey, as it was growing late, and they were anxious to push through the thickly-wooded valley and the further range of low wild hills before nightfall. Both valley and hills were rich fields for the sportsman. Deer, leopards, and bears, and occasionally a herd of wild elephants or a tiger, were to be met with in their recesses; but we had all of us passed through the same ground so often without being rewarded by the sight of a wild cat even, that we laughed at the bearers' evident anxiety, and settled ourselves quite leisurely for an uneventful ride. I did not even think it worth while to load my rifle, but lay lazily back in my doolie, and lit a cigar.

The sky was still bright with the glow of a glorious sunset as we rounded a sharp corner in the mountain defile. I had fallen into a reverie, and was, in thought at least, far away in a little cottage home in England, when a loud cry from one of the chiefs roused me from my dreams. Before I could put my head out to inquire the meaning, there was a stop and a sudden jar, and I found myself on the ground. I sprang hastily out on to my feet in time to see the bearers flying in all directions, while all three litters lay with their occupants in the middle of the road. '*Hatti ahta hi!*' ('Elephants are coming!') cried the natives, as they hastily rushed, some to climb trees in the vicinity, others to hide themselves among the rocks which lined the empty watercourse along which our road lay. I looked in the direction to which they pointed, and there, sure enough, a thick cloud

of dust testified to the correctness of their suspicions. In another moment we could make out the black waving mass it enclosed, while we heard clearly the trumpeting of the huge brutes, apparently in a state of great excitement.

There was evidently not a moment to be lost. Escape, for the ladies at least, seemed absolutely impossible, while, if the elephants were allowed to come on they would, without doubt, trample us and our frail shelters to pieces. There was one hope of turning them. 'Give me your revolver,' I cried hastily to Mrs. Campbell, 'and do you lie still in your *doolies*. I have often been told of a herd of elephants turning tail at the report of firearms.' She handed me the pistol with wonderful coolness, merely remarking, 'What a pity I did not reload the barrel I fired last night. There are still five, however.'

I sprang to the top of the litter nearest the middle of the road, pointed the weapon straight into the now rapidly approaching mass and fired. The first shot seemed to check their speed. At the second and third they halted, and swayed from side to side. Taking advantage of their evident indecision, I fired the fourth and fifth in rapid succession, shouting at the same time at the top of my voice, and, to my intense relief, after a moment's hesitation, they turned tail and quickly trotted off. 'Thank God,' I cried from my heart, as I turned towards the ladies, who had risen from their litters, and we congratulated each other fervently enough on our almost miraculous escape. The bearers too, now the danger was past, began to come out from their hiding-places, and advanced one by one, sheepishly enough, towards us. I handed Mrs. Campbell back the revolver, saying, 'Well, one of your pets has done us good service this time at all events.'

'Yes, she said,' caressing it affectionately, 'is it not a darling?' adding, 'Luckily you did not want the sixth barrel, so it did not matter about its being *unloaded*.' As she spoke she absently 'clicked' the lock of the pistol which she was holding quite low down at her side.

A flash—a report—and Ethel, who was standing at my side, gave a little moan and staggered back, shot close by the heart. I caught her in my arms, and as I laid her gently on the ground, she turned her dying eyes upon me with a beautiful smile, and gasped: 'Tell Frank I—loved him—always—pocket—letter to my father—Frank—oh, Frank' and never moved or spoke again.

In her pocket we found a half-finished letter to her father, which she had doubtless intended to send back from our first halting place. In it she declared that after many struggles she had made up her mind that it was impossible for her to marry Major Sharpley, and that she had posted a letter to him to that effect. 'My heart is not in my own keeping,' she wrote, 'and though I have given up my happiness at your wish, I cannot be untrue to my own words. I shall, probably, never see Frank Courtenay again; but whether I do or no, I will be ever faithful to the memory of my love.'

* * * *

There is little more left to tell. Frank took the news very quietly; but he never held up his head again, and when a year later he was attacked by jungle fever, he had neither strength of body nor mind to fight against it, but laid down his arms and quietly succumbed to the foe. Has he found her at last? waiting for him on the shores of that land where men 'meet to part no more?' Who knows? I have only told the story as it occurred. Let who will, finish it for himself.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE PROFESSOR MACKERRAS.

CANADA has not yet so many literary men that she can afford to let any of them pass away without such tribute to their memory as is their due. The recent lamented death of the genial and beloved John H. Mackerras, late Classical Professor of Queen's University, is a public loss to the nobler life of the Dominion. As such, it deserves something more than a passing notice in the pages of a national review. When the prospectus of this Magazine was first issued, the name of Professor Mackerras was given as one whose writings, it was hoped, would add interest to its pages. And, but for the ever increasing weight of bodily infirmity which latterly made his own immediate duties a burden all too great for his sinking strength to sustain, it is probable that his ripe scholarship and high literary gifts would not infrequently have delighted and instructed its readers. It is doubly fitting, then, that the CANADIAN MONTHLY should contain a brief record of one whose untiring faithfulness and inspiring enthusiasm as a teacher have done much to build 'liberal education' on sure foundations, and to develop the intellectual life of a rising generation.

Professor Mackerras was not a native of Canada, but was brought hither from Scotland in early childhood. He was, however, to all intents and purposes, a most loyal and patriotic Canadian, while never losing a particle of the romantic and almost passionate devotion which bound him to the dear old traditions and associations of the home of his fathers—the 'land of the mountain and the flood.' One of his last evening appearances on a public platform, about two years ago, was the occasion of the delivery of an eloquent and spirited oration, spoken from the warmest depths of a warm heart, before the St. Andrew's Society of Kingston. He held in no esteem the modern so-called philosophy which teaches that patriotism must necessarily be a narrowing and disintegrating emotion, and his own life gave the lie to the superficial error; for no 'Canada First' man could have been more enthusiastically eager to do all that in him lay to advance the highest interests of our own Dominion.

It was in the infancy of Canadian University life that John Mackerras, a bright, ardent boy of fourteen, came fresh from the thorough teaching of an honoured father, then Grammar-school teacher at Cornwall, to take his place as a student in Queen's College. Despite his youth, he was *facile princeps* in all his classes, taking his place above young men considerably his seniors, yet so modest and lively, winning and lovable, as to be a general favourite with both professors and students. Not a few of the truest mourners of his death were those the foundations of whose love and esteem had been laid in those early student days, only to grow broader and deeper as life and time advanced. His blamelessness of character and industry as a student continued to win for him esteem through his whole college course. The old classical languages were his *forte* and his chosen field of study all his life. Yet his Hebrew

professor, during his theological course, was wont to remark with irrepressible approbation, 'That boy does everything well!' Few, indeed, who could look back over his whole career, could find in it anything to regret, which was the more remarkable, since even the most superficial observers could not fail to find in it so much to admire. It is seldom, indeed, in our complex human nature, where the best traits seem often linked with the worst, that the 'white flower of a blameless life' so conspicuously crowns a nature so abounding in ardour, enthusiasm, force of character, and consuming energy as that of John Mackerras!

After taking successively his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts,—the first in 1850 and the second in 1852, he passed through the usual theological course preparatory for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and was ordained, at twenty-one, over the charge of Bowmanville. There, notwithstanding the disadvantages of early youth and inexperience, he proved a most useful and acceptable pastor, winning, during a faithful ministry of eleven years, the love and esteem, not only of his own people, but of the community at large. In 1864 he was selected by the Trustees of Queen's University to fill the then vacant chair of Classical Literature, of which, as has been already said, he had been always an enthusiastic student. Of his career as a professor, it might have been said as one of his old professors said at his funeral of his career as a student, that 'he was distinguished by the same quickness and clearness of apprehension, the same regular and thorough performance of work, the same exactness of information, and the same firm grasp of his various knowledge, which characterized him in everything, whether great or small, in which he was engaged in maturer life.' When to these qualifications are added his enthusiastic appreciation of all that was noble and beautiful in the great poets and orators who have so moulded much of our modern thought and style—his sensibility to the poetic associations of classical legend and the wonderful works and histories of Ancient Greece and Rome—his power of inspiring young minds with some portion of his own enthusiasm, and, above all, his power of bringing the true inspiration of 'each old poetic mountain' into harmony with the inspiration which held the deepest allegiance of his inmost heart—the inspiration of the Cross—it would have been wonderful if he had *not* been a successful teacher! And when to all these qualities we add his loyal, never-flagging devotion to the interests of his *Alma Mater*; the unselfish zeal which led him to exertions in her behalf that fatally undermined a naturally vigorous constitution; the practical usefulness of his judicious counsels and the kind and genial interest which he took in each student individually, and in the various societies for improvement which they formed collectively; cordially furthering all innocent enjoyments, while he frowned down, with inflexible firmness, everything dishonourable or savouring of insubordination; it will not be thought wonderful that professors and students, moved by a common sorrow for his loss, should mourn that loss as one well nigh irreparable.

As a lecturer, Professor Mackerras's natural vivacity and imagination invested even the drudgery of the classics with an interest that relieved what was necessarily dry. To him the old sages and poets and dramatists were not names, but living men, whose characters he had studied—whose very faces he seemed to know; and many a lecture was adorned with a vivid pen and ink portrait of the author under consideration and of the peculiar circumstances under which he wrote or spoke. He was never weary of prosecuting his own studies that he might throw more light on the path in which he led his students. Accur-

acy, one of his own distinguishing qualities, he sedulously cultivated in them, and the greatest drudgery of a professor's work, the correcting of piles of exercises, received, it is hardly necessary to say, his most painstaking care. A season of dearly-earned holiday—a winter spent in Italy with the object of recruiting his impaired health—afforded him, notwithstanding the alloy of physical weakness, the richest enjoyment and most delightful recreation possible to his enthusiastic nature, in the opportunities it afforded him of exploring those classic scenes which not only delighted his appreciative eye by their natural beauty, but were endeared to his imagination by their association with so much that is noble and memorable in human thought and action. Often, after his return, did he speak with beaming countenance of the enjoyment of that winter, and he loved to point out to interested students and friends, with the aid of the fine photographs and engravings he had brought with him, the most interesting localities of Ancient Rome, or the particular spot in the old Forum where some specially memorable oration was delivered. In a lecture prepared after his return on the Ancient Drama as contrasted with its modern representative; an effort of eloquence which to his hearers it did not seem too high praise to call magnificent; he gave a most vivid presentation of the genius of the early drama of Ancient Greece; of its great masters; of the actors and surroundings and accessories of its performances, and paid a noble and worthy tribute to the great souls whose imperishable works embody their efforts to penetrate the awful mystery of human life and death, sin and retribution, the 'before and after,' and to give the problems that so held their deepest thoughts in such answers as in the absence of a more definite revelation, seemed to reach them from the Inscrutable Unseen:

> 'To welcome from every source
> The tokens of that primal Force,
> Older than heaven itself, yet new
> As the young heart it reaches to.

But his services as a professor of Queen's University would have been but poorly measured by the work of the class room. As a member of the College Senate, he was ever one of the most valued advisers and trusted friends of successive Principals. Every interest of his college, which he loved with single-hearted devotion, lay near to his heart. And at a time when heavy financial losses and the withdrawal of the Government grant imperilled its very existence, Professor Mackerras's enthusiastic eloquence, at a meeting of the friends of the College, held in Kingston, in 1869, rallied the sinking spirits of the less hopeful, and led the van of a bold movement to repair the pecuniary loss by the raising of a voluntary endowment. One of the leading clergymen of his Church said to him after the meeting: 'You have only to deliver that address throughout the country, to secure all the endowment that is needed.'

And so it proved. Not only did the influence of the speech and of the meeting reach far beyond those immediately present, stimulating the zeal and calling forth the contributions of many a distant graduate; but Professor Mackerras, in conjunction with the then Principal, Dr. Snodgrass, voluntarily traversed the length and breadth of the land, stirring up, by his energetic appeals, the Presbyterian population to come forward to maintain the existence of the University which their fathers had patriotically founded. It was not alone his love for his *Alma Mater* that prompted his zeal, though that was a strong element in it; but also his strong appreciation of the importance of maintaining intact all facilities for thorough university training which had already proved their usefulness, and grown with the youth of a growing country. In this arduous work several of his 'vacations' were spent, scorning hardships and enduring cheerfully the ex-

hausting labour of addressing numberless meetings and travelling thousands of miles by all kinds of conveyances. Little, however, as the brave spirit heeded the toil, finding relief from the pressure of graver work in the quick sense of the ludicrous which gleaned material for many a humorous anecdote from these experiences, his too unremitting exertions sowed the seeds of lasting disease which neither the most watchful care nor the tenderest nursing could afterwards eradicate. Yet he never grudged even this sacrifice, so that the College might be placed on sure foundations. For himself he sought no reward but the satisfaction of having 'done what he could.' When his much esteemed friend, the present Principal, accepted the vacated office, he rejoiced exceedingly, in the anticipation of the impulses it would give to the success of the University. And when Principal Grant inaugurated and successfully carried on a new endowment scheme for placing the still straitened University on a firmer financial footing, Professor Mackerras rejoiced with noble self-forgetfulness in the ability of another to carry on the work, in which his failing strength denied *him* the power to give other aid than a hearty God-speed. The certainty that *he* must decrease while others increased, he accepted with a cheerful self-abnegation worthy of the original speaker of the thought. He shared in the satisfaction of all the friends of the College when the laying of the foundation stone of the new building by the Governor-General and Princess afforded a tangible land-mark of progress, and though his familiar voice will never be heard in the new and spacious halls, he had at least the satisfaction of seeing the external completion of a building stately and substantial enough to be a fair omen of an assured future to the hitherto chequered life of his *Alma Mater*. When that building is formally opened, the brightness of the ceremony will be sadly shadowed by the absence of his familiar face and figure from their wonted place on an occasion which would have afforded intense satisfaction to his loyal heart.

Professor Mackerras's College work was not, however, the sole occupation of his busy life. For many years he held the responsible and arduous office of clerk of the Supreme Court of the Church, uniting in the discharge of his duties the accuracy of a careful secretary with a knowledge of ecclesiastical polity and forms of procedure which made him a valued referee on all disputed points; while his argumentative power in debate and practical common sense did good service in many an important discussion. When he laid aside his ever busy pen and rose from his place at the clerk's table to address his brethren, all knew that it was for no slight occasion, and that something would be said to which it would be worth while to listen; and some of the most effective efforts of his eloquent tongue were made at such times, when all the fire of his ardent spirit was roused by some interesting question bearing strongly on the welfare of his beloved Church. Yet, while always fearless and firm in expressing his earnest convictions, and as inflexible as energetic in his opposition where he felt it necessary to oppose, no man was less likely to make an enemy or to alienate a friend. A heart in which there was no room for bitterness—a manner full of the attractive power that we call magnetism—disarmed prejudice and animosity, and readily converted ordinary acquaintances into warm friends. That he enjoyed the cordial confidence and esteem of his brethren it is scarcely necessary to say, and many were the glad congratulations when, after his return from Europe, he resumed with apparently much of his former vigour his official duties—which he continued to discharge, despite his failing strength, up to the close of the last assembly held in Ottawa in June, 1879. His colleague in the office gave full

testimony at his funeral to the value of his unwearied services, too early lost.

His pulpit ministrations by no means ceased when he relinquished his pastorate for a professorship. For the last year or two, however, the state of his health and voice almost entirely precluded his use of a privilege which he had been ever ready to exercise when called to do so, and with growing usefulness and power, as maturer and richer thoughts, a deepening spirituality, and an intenser realization of 'things not seen,' toned down his earlier exuberance of metaphor and imagery, and gave to his preaching a simpler directness and a solemn impressiveness which spoke from heart to heart. These qualities were specially noticeable on the last occasion on which, with evident physical effort, he addressed a congregation, on the solemn recurrence of a Communion Service, on the 'walk with God;' that 'walk' in which, he firmly believed, lay the only possibility of the highest development of humanity. We are told in some quarters, in these days, that religion and morality have no real connection—that the moral life of the world may thrive very well though the Christian faith should perish. It was his ever present conviction, which he would have died to defend, had need been, which he *did* defend by his life—that whatever is truly 'pure and lovely, and of good report' in the human character must spring consciously or unconsciously, from the 'life led with Christ in God.' It was this, purifying and sanctifying to the noblest ends his naturally amiable qualities, that made his own life a 'living epistle known and read of all men,' so full of loving faithful labour for God and for man,—'without rest,' most truly—but also 'without haste,' that made it so full of kindly sympathy, of disinterested self-sacrifice—of the conscientious and unfailing discharge of every earthly duty, of the unostentatious liberality of 'a cheerful giver,' to the very utmost of his means. It was the unwavering faith in which he lived which led him to face unflinchingly the certainty of a prematurely closed career, of leaving his dearest earthly friends and objects and relinquishing cherished hopes of continued and growing usefulness. It was the same faith which enabled him to bear a lengthened season of acute suffering with patient, unquestioning submission, and which nerved him to work on to the end, amid increasing weakness and frequent pain; not only bravely and uncomplainingly, but with a bright and cheery buoyancy of spirit which made his friends often wonder whether he were really so ill as the wasted frame betokened. No man could have been more free from the slightest approach to 'cant' of any description, or to anything like precision or measurement of phrase or tone. As one who knew him well truly says, 'there was not an untrue or a selfish thread in his cord of life.' Simple and natural always, he retained almost to the last, the natural playfulness and ready humour which had made him, well or ill, one of the brightest and most attractive of companions. Yet it would be hard, in looking back from the shadow of the grave, to find a word spoken in his lightest moment which it could be judged unfitting that a Christian minister should speak. He was not much given to what is commonly called 'religious conversation,' it was his way to *live* his religion rather than talk much about it. Yet he could find time to visit the sick and the afflicted, to cheer human darkness with heavenly hope. And when he did speak, with all his unaffected simplicity, of the sacred truths which were the magnet of his own life; and more especially of that central one which drew forth his own warmest love and deepest adoration, of divine love descending to identify itself with a sinning and suffering humanity in order to raise it by the mysterious self-sacrifice of Divinity itself;

the unconscious solemnity of his expressive face, the deepening fervour of his latterly weak and broken voice, could not fail to impress the most ordinary observer with its intense and heartfelt realization.

Professor Mackerras died, as he had lived, at work. Except during a period of acute and prostrating suffering, which occurred about two years ago, he scarcely lost an hour of his college work; in which, however, he was latterly aided by an assistant. It was just at the close of the Christmas vacation, spent in Peterboro', that his exhausted vitality finally sank. The evening before he quietly passed away he sent to a beloved relative the message, 'Comfortable within, but distressed without.' It might have stood for his life-record for years past. His earthly remains were brought, by his own desire, to Kingston, to be laid in Cataraqui Cemetery. The large church, in which his funeral service was held, was filled to overflowing, and chiefly with true mourners. It is character, after all, which tells. No brilliant combination of dazzling qualities,—no power of intellect or mere earthly greatness,—could have evoked such a demonstration of genuine feeling. All felt that a good man—a great man—had gone to his rest, one who would be sorely missed—as such men are in a world like this. The occasion was rendered more touching by the circumstance that the body of his aged mother, who had died in Kingston in ignorance of his departure, lay near that of her son, and was committed at the same time to the same resting-place. It was what mother and son would both have chosen could they have had the choice, to be thus 'in death not divided.' The sorrow of students and professors, for a revered and beloved tutor, a loved and trusted colleague and associate, was manifest in their evident emotion, honourable alike to him and to them. Many who had scarcely known him personally testified to the force with which his character had impressed them. 'I never admired any one so much of whom I knew so little,' said one, and this was but one testimony out of many. His colleague and former Professor, Dr. Williamson, in his funeral address, said most truly that he felt himself among not 'hundreds of mourners, but thousands.' In many a new settlement in the Far West, or in homes more distant still, the tidings of the death of John Mackerras will bring sorrow to the hearts of widely scattered *alumni* who have drawn intellectual stimulus and moral and spiritual inspiration from his spoken words or his noble life. Those of them who may read this tribute to his memory will know that not a line is overdrawn. And to those who were privileged to take a last look at the peaceful face from which the repose of death had removed the traces of physical suffering, such a life as his—ripening and brightening to its earthly close, with a ripeness and brightness not of earth to give—seemed a pledge which the heart, at least, could not refuse to accept, of the undying continuance and progress of that nobler life which grew

> 'Not alone in power
> And knowledge, but by year and hour,
> In reverence and charity.'

Long had we trembled for the life
  That to our prayers was given,
And looked with reverence on a face
  Touched with the glow of Heaven.

The radiance of the better land
  In those clear eyes was shining;
So pure the spirit's flame burned through
  The fragile form enshrining.

We sought to cheat foreboding hearts
  With hopes to fears replying:
For listening to those cheery tones,
  We could not think him dying.

And so, as sudden came the end,
  As heavy seems the sorrow,
As though strong health had promised fair
  For many a bright to-morrow.

We little dreamed the year,
  With solemn, still transition,
Had borne that long familiar form
  Forever from our vision.

And tears, unbidden, have their way
  From eyes unused to weeping;
For life looks darker for the loss,
  Of him, not dead, but sleeping!

And yet it seems, to us who mourn,
  Even to the heaviest hearted,
That set to music is the life
  Of him who is departed;

The music of a noble heart
  That beat, with quick vibration,
To every true and earnest call
  To serve its generation.

With noble deeds that knew no stint,
  With all ungrudging labour,
Glad, while life lasted, to be spent,
  For God and for his neighbour.

We may not grudge the shortened years,
  So full of truest living,
We may not grudge the health and strength
  He gave, with 'cheerful giving.'

True life runs not by earthly suns,
  But by the spirit's growing,
And his are the eternal years
  Where endless life is flowing.

One of God's noble ones is gone,
  Yet hope smiles through our sorrow,
'The Resurrection and the Life'
  Point to a glorious morrow.

And as we feel, with clearer sense,
  That spirit brooding o'er us,
We fain would follow in the path
  Our friend has trod before us;—

That life divine, whose endless joy
  Transcends our poor expressing,
The 'walk with God,' he knoweth now
  The fulness of its blessing!

FIDELIS.

JEAN INGELOW AND HER POETRY.

BY FELIX L. MAX, TORONTO.

II.

IT is for its lyrical sweep and idyllic beauty that Jean Ingelow's poetry has won its place in the literature of England.

From among her idyls let us first take *Laurance* and *The Letter L.* They both show close observation of human life, of the delicate shades of difference between characters, and vividness in delineation. In common with all her poems their interest is enhanced by valuable thoughts not directly connected with the story, while beautiful descriptions of nature lend charm to every page.

The Letter L. is a perfect lyrical idyl. The verse is iambic and the effect is very pleasing of making the last line of each stanza shorter by one syllable than the others. The rhythm is very musical, and there seems to be a most natural connection between the words and the ideas they are designed to express.

Note the fine stroke by which we instantly see the relation which two of the characters bear to each other. When the letter is written on the sand, the girl who has been watching the writer's face instinctively feels that around that letter are twisted memories of a past in which she has had no share; and the sweet little dream of happiness in which she has been indulging is suddenly broken. Then he tells his story, using a beautiful figure to express the loss of his love, a jewel which a woman had scorned and cruelly flung away, but which the girl now sitting beside him will value as her most priceless treasure if it only may once become hers. He thinks, however, that his heart is not his to give again. But she is one of those more 'content, in their own lavish love complete, to give' than to

receive. Hence, there seems to be nothing strange in her becoming his wife,— accepting his friendship and regard without his love. His regard is indeed founded on high respect for her beauty of character; and 'trust waxeth unaware as worth is known.' So, when after a long interval he meets again the woman who had wronged him, the ideal of his youth is rudely destroyed by the humiliating truth of reality, and he is overwhelmed with shame that he has been blind to the real love which for six years had been waiting for his response.

The interest of the story thus centres around an idea which Miss Ingelow often expresses.—that there is a magnetic power in love which cannot fail to become, sooner or later, contagious. The idea reappears in *Laurance*, *When Sparrows build*, in the interviews between Japhet and Amarant in the *Story of Doom*, and in several shorter poems. Especially in this poem and in *Laurance* is it expressed with a peculiar passion and beauty.

The story of *Laurance* is told in that simple, clear way which enhances its eloquence and grace. The language, as in so many poems, is sometimes mixed with quaint and archaic expressions which seem to very naturally suit the subject. They remind us of the old town of Boston on the banks of the Witham.

The poem is the record of a strong, self-forgetful love, a kind of love very beautiful because it is so rare. Laurance has returned from college, and much to his friends' delight has chosen to remain with them instead of seeking his fortune elsewhere. One reason of this choice is apparent, for he had 'already entered on his strife—

'A stirring of the heart, a quickening keen
Of sight and hearing to the delicate
Beauty and music of an altered world,—
Began to walk in that mysterious light
Which doth reveal and yet transform;
Which gives
Destiny, sorrow, youth, and death and life
Intenser meaning; in disquieting
Lifts up; a shining light; men call it love.'

He knows that the girl he loves has no such feeling for him, but absorbed in the happiness of sometimes seeing her, and with his eyes fixed in passionate hope on the future the days slip by till at last the bitter disappointment and heartache which overwhelms so many in this world comes to him. He has discovered that she loves another, and will soon be married. He nobly resolves to hide his grief from them at home, to keep them from knowing that his heart is 'wild with a mortal pain and in the grasp of an immortal love.' The analysis of motive and feeling just here shows the poet's penetration of mind. No one but she who has herself endured sorrow could describe it with such fidelity and sympathy.

In course of time the blissful dream of happiness is broken, and to her whom he would always have wished to shield the bitterness and disappointment also come. It is but the old story of deception and betrayal told again. She finds that the man she is to marry already has a wife, and from that wife's own lips the truth is heard. A long illness follows, for

'A bitter thing it is
To lose at once the lover and the love.'

During this conflict of feeling Laurance often visits her. The touches of nature are very fine and exact just here, and will well repay study. At last his love, so steadfast and true, touches her heart hitherto so unresponsive, and she, expecting soon to die, offers to die as his wife. But as the months slowly withdraw into the past, death too withdraws, and Muriel wakes to life with the consciousness that 'it is folded fast, drawn to another life forever more.' We cannot put in plain prose the description of the struggle in her heart merging gradually into a faint, uncertain feeling of love for her husband. But one day when he is absent a picture of him is brought, and as she studies with deep and strange delight that

'Mouth for mastery and manful work,
A certain brooding sweetness in the eyes,

A brow the harbour of grave thought and hair
Saxon of hue,'

the love for which he has waited so long and won by such devotion sweeps through her heart.

The Four Bridges is also a love story, touching nature very closely though the characters are not so clearly and definitely outlined as in some of Miss Ingelow's more dramatic poems. The metre, however, is very pleasing.

The next poem of which we shall attempt to give a bare outline is that called *Brothers and a Sermon.* In as far as style is concerned Jean Ingelow's greatest beauty consists in her skilful use of rhyme and her melodious arrangement of words, but her success in this and other poems written in blank verse shows that she has considerable versatility and command over a wide range of metre.

Two brothers, strangers in a little fishing village, are lying upon a reef of rock which juts far out into the sea watching the tide bringing in the shoals of fish, meanwhile listening to the talk of an old fisherman who tells them in his quaint, rough way the story of a terrible shipwreck. The conversations throughout the whole poem show a great deal of dramatic skill and keen observation of English life; for instance the language put into the mouth of the fisherman; and that of the preacher too, who is a simple-hearted man speaking to simple listeners. He does not use words suitable to a theological professor.

Then, afterwards, the brothers leave these high cliffs and wandering aimlessly in the evening twilight find themselves within the porch of the little church where the parson of whom the fisherman had told them is preaching to the rough men and women gathered there. The whole of its grace and beauty would be spoiled were we to attempt to analyze this sermon. It would then be just a mere skeleton of some grand, living religious truths, whereas it is certainly one of the finest of all the beautiful things that Jean Ingelow has written. Her pen seems here to have been inspired. It is a poem in which she fully expresses the unrest and unhappiness of the age, and she causes the preacher to point out the sole cure for that sorrow and pain which afflicts poor, uncultured fishermen as well as those with wider wishes and broader minds. His words are full of comfort and hope for all on whom care and perplexity fall as life-burdens. *

The Monitions of the Unseen and *Dreams That Came True* are also poems touching very closely one aspect of modern life—the sorrow and suffering of the poor, and the means by which society is to relieve them. A fine and earnest ethical lesson is enforced, expressed in language of much felicity; while in the former poem there is a mystical element very fascinating to the imagination.

Though *Gladys and her Island* may be an 'imperfect fable with a doubtful moral' it is certainly a most delightful poem, full of exquisite little descriptions and very rich suggestive thought. And yet it must be confessed that Jean Ingelow's powers are not so well suited for the rather 'prosaic ingenuities' of allegory as for the simple delineation of life or of intense emotion in the form of graceful idyl or lyric.

Gladys is a young girl with an ardent poetical temperament, a nature throbbing with love for everything sublime and wondrous; but she is a teacher in a school for young ladies, and there is little in her busy, monotonous life to feed

'her hungry heart
That longed to draw things marvellous to itself,
And yearned towards the riches and the great
Abundance of the beauty God hath made.'

The poem is a good antidote to that

* Mr. Thompson informs us that 'so strictly is this a sermon in form and fact that it has been read as such, with marked effect for good, in the church assembly on Sunday, preceded and followed by the usual public prayers and hymns.'

'Gospel of Despair' with which so many literary men favour us in these days. Its leading idea is that though conditions of life are such that we are shut out from many pleasures which others enjoy and which are usually thought to be indispensible elements of human happiness, there is a world of ideal pleasure ever ready to unfold its wonders to us; that though we are too poor to enter foreign picture—galleries and study the marvels of ancient art, we can paint mental pictures for ourselves and endow them with all the splendours of our own bright and vivid fancy; that earth in all its endless variety, and humanity with all its manifold forms are given to us to study; that time, too, is ours, and by the light of history we can explore past ages and bring them within the circle of our own narrow existence: and finally, though we are too lowly born to be presented to princes or to dine with kings and queens, we can at will come into the presence of the kings and queens of literature who will give us, without asking requital, the best thoughts of their most exalted and sublime hours.

This region of the ideal which is to many the most precious reality is described by Miss Ingelow as an Island 'purple with two high peaks,' the higher peak with fell and precipice and straight steep sides enclosing the domain of history; while the other, broken with curves and covered with verdure, represents the domain of poetry; forasmuch as poetry is chiefly concerned with beauty, and curved lines in the definition of art are alone beautiful.

And so Gladys, on one of her rare holidays sees wondrous things though her feet do not wander beyond the seashore near the school.

In the midst of a brief attack of self-pity because of her hard life and peculiar temperament, (for she sometimes almost feels sorry that she has so much finer a nature, so many more aspirations than those around her who seem to be thoroughly satisfied with the monotonous pleasures of fashionable life), she is interrupted by a woman who, as she passes by, speaks to a child in her arms in such a way as to answer Gladys' unspoken thoughts. She blames Gladys for wishing to change her 'greater' for the 'less' of others. Can she be poor when she can have the *Island* with all its treasures to contemplate and enjoy?

This woman represents Imagination, and in her presence Gladys catches a glimpse of this beautiful, far-off isle. Soon a ferry-boat very conveniently approaches. Fancy, in the shape of a capricious and somewhat erratic maiden who has meanwhile appeared upon the scene takes the sail, and Imagination guides the helm and off they go, while the boat furrowed up—

'A flaky hill before, and left behind
A sobbing, snake-like tail of creamy foam.'

The island reached at last Gladys is filled with ecstasy at the beauty and variety of the vegetation, the novelty of everything she sees. We must, however, be brief in speaking of a few of these. Eden in all its happiness and peace is first entered; then soon the treasures of old Egypt are explored, its art, religion and history almost bewildering her with the multitude of ideas suggested.

Coming to a gateway, Gladys breaks a glittering cobweb which divides the actual from the possible, and what she sees cannot be understood without reference to Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The creature who hastens from her is, of course, Lord Cranstoun's elfin page, who assumed such strange shapes, and muttered so often 'lost, lost, lost!' (The word 'tint,' which Miss Ingelow uses here is the Scotch for 'lost.') William of Deloraine, who speaks of a shape in Amicegray, refers to the celebrated wizard of the 13th century, Michael Scott, whose grave in Melrose Abbey he visited one dark night, and took from

the cold hands of the dead man his mighty book which had been buried with him. The last canto of 'The Lay' explains Deloraine's prophecy of future peace, owing to the disappearance of the goblin page amid a burst of terrific thunder, accompanied by the phantom of his master the old wizard.

Late in the afternoon, Gladys arrives at the Hill of Parnassus, and hears the voices of those who have the poetic power to make the old world young again; and Gladys herself gives several instances of heroism and courage which she wishes she could embody in verse. Then she beholds three characters of three great poets—Shakespeare's King Lear, Tennyson's Œnone, Longfellow's Evangeline. And, as she lingers on the sea shore in the fading twilight, she makes the acquaintance of one of Shakespeare's heroines—Miranda of 'The Tempest,'—from Gladys' own quickened intellect many things being suggested, 'things not in the story.'

The peaks of her blest island die away in the sunset glory, and murmuring

> 'Fare you well,
> My country, my own kingdom;
> Till I go visit you again, farewell!'

the happy girl with something new and beautiful to think about once more resumes duty.

Charm of language, fresh, beautiful imagery and metre especially musical are characteristics of *The Star's Monument*.. But the parts of the poem are not in perfect proportion, and are too carelessly put together. Being a story within a story, and with but little obvious connection between the two, the interest is too much diffused. The poet would have been more successful had she made two poems instead of one. Certainly her material is fully adequate.

The Two Margarets are the last poems in Miss Ingelow's third volume. They are beautiful idyls, having the same excellences of description as her earlier efforts, with perhaps a more polished style and more unity of thought than *The Star's Monument* or *The Four Bridges*.

But it is in her short *lyrical poems* that Jean Ingelow's magic power over words and rhythm is especially discernible. The charm and naturalness of her idyls are here reproduced, enhanced by more beautiful melody,—rhythmic music which never fails to delight the ear. And the rhythm, in most cases, corresponds with exquisite effect to the thoughts expressed. 'It rises or falls, pauses or hurries rapidly on' as the imagery or the nature of the emotions dictate. And this is accomplished in such a way that we are seldom conscious of the art which produces it.

Then the grace of her transitions from one thought to another is everywhere strikingly manifest, while a unity of conception connects them all together as one whole.

There is indeed not the energetic sweep, the force and intensity of passion in these poems that there is in some English lyrics, but they show a spirituality, a delicacy of imagination, a pathos and tenderness of feeling which many grander lyrics lack. For instance, *Songs of Seven*, and *Divided*, *Looking over a gate at a pool in the field*, and *Mother showing the portrait of her child* are poems as fresh and sweet as the scent from a bank of violets; while the two former are good illustrations of Miss Ingelow's power to excite the imagination, to vividly suggest thoughts and emotions which go far beyond those directly expressed.

It is this quality which makes some of her poetry vague and obscure to the reader whose imaginative power is limited; but it proves Miss Ingelow to be a true artist.

A group of 'Songs on the Voices of Birds,' shows a good deal of variety in versification and emotion. The introduction, written in blank verse (the characters being well represented in a few words), is followed by six poems,

each different in structure. Of these, though *Blackbirds and Sea Mews in Winter Time* come not far behind, the best poems are those on *The Nightingale* which to the unsatisfied heart sings of

> 'Life's fair, life's unfulfilled, impassioned prophesies,'

and on the *Cuckoo Bird*, whose voice brought to the poet music

> 'From the spheres! as if a thought,
> Having taken wings did fly
> Through the reaches of the sky.'

This last poem, in connection with *A Lily and a Lute*, should be studied as examples of Jean Ingelow's tendency to seize and attempt to analyze very subtle and unsubstantial emotions.

In the poem called *Tired* (among the 'Songs of the Night Watches'), the mingling of beauty and pathos from a feeling of grief and regret for a lost love is very fine. There are lines here which show 'objects burnt as it were into the sharpness of outline which they only take in the intensest light of emotion.'* Can anything be more vivid than the picture of the forsaken girl rowing out into the river at night to catch one last look of the face of her false lover?

Then, though the style is somewhat obscure, *The Middle Watch* describes very well the communion of the soul with the Infinite and Divine during long hours of sleeplessness in the night silence.

Among another group of poems, *The Song for the Night of Christ's Resurrection*, written in imitation of Milton's famous ode on 'The Nativity,' displays a good deal of picturesque power and richness in allusion; and *Sailing Beyond Seas*, a sweet, pathetic little song which we often hear sung in our drawing-rooms, taken in connection with *Regret* and *A Dead Year*, illustrates the sorrow which is supposed to have overwhelmed the poet's heart. Of the 'Songs with Preludes,' *Wedlock* is very beautiful indeed, a fine example of Miss Ingelow's lyric charm and grace,—her airiness of touch.

> 'The racing river leaped and sang
> Full blithely in the perfect weather,
> All round the mountains echoes rang,
> For blue and green were glad together.

> 'This rained out light from every part,
> And that with songs of joy was thrilling;
> But, in the hollow of my heart,
> There ached a place that wanted filling.

> 'Before the road and river meet,
> And stepping-stones are wet and glisten;
> I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
> And paused to like it, and to listen.

> 'I heard the chanting waters flow,
> The cushat's note, the bees low humming,—
> Then turned the hedge, and did not know—
> How could I?—that my time was coming.

> 'A girl upon the nighest stone,
> Half doubtful of the deed, was standing;
> So far the shallow flood had flown
> Beyond the customed leap of landing.

> 'She knew not any need of me,
> Yet me she waited all unweeting;
> We thought not I had crossed the sea,
> And half the sphere to give her meeting.

> 'I waded out, her eyes I met,
> I wished the moments had been hours;
> I took her in my arms and set
> Her dainty feet among the flowers.

> 'Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
> Ah! still methinks I hear them calling;
> The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
> The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

> 'But now it is a year ago,
> But now possession crowns endeavour;
> I took her in my heart, to grow
> And fill the hollow place for ever.'

Compare with this the lyrical gems of her third volume,—*Not in Vain I Waited*, and *The Long White Seam*.

With some success, Miss Ingelow has tried her hand at sonnets, though the rhymes are not always technically accurate. *Fancy* is the best of them.

The poem ending the second volume is a very perfect ballad artistically considered. In a note, the poet tells us that it was written 'with the purpose of attaining such simplicity and plainness of narrative as might captivate the minds and memories of an ordinary set of school-children.' Her hero is Henry Winstanley, a London

* Athenæum.

silk merchant of the time of William III., who, fired with a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice and love for humanity, planned and built the first Eddystone light-house on the rocks fourteen miles south-west of Plymouth Sound. Though it took a fortune and almost a lifetime to accomplish this marvel of architecture, its strength was hardly sufficient to long withstand the terrible power of the sea, and so, during a violent storm in 1703, it was swept away by the wind and waves, and Winstanley and his workmen perished with it. But he had solved a problem as well as set the English nation a noble example of heroism, and Miss Ingelow has rescued from the past a name which England might soon have ungratefully forgotten.

Her poem for force, simplicity and lyrical sweep, reminds us of some of the best old English ballads. Its language is clear, idiomatic, suited to the time it describes, and has an animation which well expresses the nervous excitement and determined energy of the brave merchant. Miss Ingelow's effort shows that if she would concentrate her powers on this kind of poetry what a master of it she might become.

In the *Story of Doom*, her longest and most ambitious poem though indeed not equal to some of the lyrics already considered, Jean Ingelow's genius takes a higher range than before, conducts us out of the region of human life and natural scenery into that of the supernatural. Its subject is original and striking, and the whole conception of it shows strong grasp of mind, and the imaginative power to get beyond the control of modern ideas, and bring before us in clear, though necessarily broad, outlines the scenes of a pre-historic age. And yet in the poem there is wanting that mysterious principle of unity, so essential to every work of art, which can combine all its parts into one perfect whole. There are many fine ideas introduced into the narrative which are not worked out with enough patience and care, while undue prominence is sometimes given to those less necessary for the complete presentation of the subject.

The poet has made good use of the few facts in regard to the Deluge furnished by the biblical records. She accepts it as literal, and there is nothing in her most imaginative flights directly opposed to its spirit.

Thus she represents Satan as still invested with the dragon-like form which he assumed in Eden in order to tempt Eve. He has all the intellectual strength and spiritual characteristics of the fallen Lucifer, being, however, more the personification of subtlety and treachery than that of pride; but wedded to his immaterial nature and ever present to daunt it is a body of flesh subject to pain and sickness, fear and every low and beastly passion,— a condition of slavery from which death can only free him. Yet among the most terrible of the evils this body dreads death ranks first.

This conception is so unlike that of Milton (who is the author of most current ideas about Satan) that the reader is at first a little disappointed; but it shows Jean Ingelow's genius to good advantage, and she has worked it out admirably. Her highest powers have been brought to bear in the delineation of such a supernatural being. To have presented him with an individuality which keeps him 'distinct from previous representations almost accepted as models and yet to have made him consistent and impressive is an achievement deserving high praise.' *

At different times Noah has, by a phantom-like voice, been warned of the destruction soon to overwhelm the world, and in obedience to its command has commenced to build the ark which is to save him. The poem opens with an interview between him and his wife Niloiya when he has come home for a brief rest in his discouraging work of wandering over the earth

* Athenæum.

beseeching the people to repent and turn to God. He is sad and disheartened. Men scorn him and he has sometimes himself doubted the reality of this message from God, doubted the authority for his mission. And Niloiya, over whose heart human love and the grief of separation have more influence than what she thinks to be little more than an imaginary evil, does nothing to help him in his struggle. The description is fine of her change of mind under his gentle control :

> 'As the quietness of night
> Began to comfort her, the fall
> Of far-off waters and the winged wind
> That went among the trees,'

She utters the words he wishes to hear :

> 'I do avow that He which calleth thee
> Hath right to call.'

The condition of the earth is terrible. Men have forgotten Him who holds the waves and has command of the storm, and are in close fellowship with Satan. They worship him as especially their friend—'the god who gave them knowledge at so great a price and costly.' The angels, 'God's white soldiers,' too pure to live in an atmosphere tainted by human sacrifice and other abominable crimes, have departed ; but Satan's evil messengers are everywhere, sowing discord and hate. And so oppression, violence, shameless profligacy reign supreme. Men have 'lowered the stamp of the fair image of God' by taking from among those whom they had conquered the men and women of lowest stature and feeblest intellect and will, that the children of these might, on account of their very powerlessness, remain willing slaves. Then there are not only 'pigmies' but giants too on the earth, mastodons, and lizards that have a good deal of musical talent as well as the power of speech!

In the second book the universal argument that the world will not be destroyed because of the lack of precedent for such an event is further elaborated. It shows very well Miss Ingelow's reasoning power. Then Noah visits Methuselah the Elder who, in a noonday trance, foretells the coming destruction, and the survival of his race in the person of Noah. The trance ended, Noah reproaches him for his numerous crimes (for he is unfaithful to the religion of his family), and in a strange passage he explains the reason of his hating God, whom he calls the enemy. The angels had destroyed his pet lizards ! The effect of this bereavement upon him, of course, symbolizes the hardness of the human heart when afflictions come, when they occasion resistance and rebellion instead of submission and resignation. Unable to convince the old man of his guilt, Noah turns sadly away, and in the evening twilight goes into the waste to hear the Voice once more.

In the roof above Methuselah's seat two demons, invisible to human eyes, have been lying. They hear the strange words of prophecy and hurry off to the dwelling-place of their chief, stopping on the way to listen to Noah's prayer in the wilderness. Observe the fine description of the dragon's cave as an example of the poet's skill in word-painting. In strange disguise they arrive there,—in a boat which, bursting to pieces at the cavern's mouth, disclose two glowing balls. At Satan's command the spirits imprisoned therein come forth and breathlessly tell him that which the Voice has declared shall surely come to pass unless man repent. Fearful that his authority is waning, the old serpent is in an agony of despair. The idea is very fine that he dreads the influence which the expression of God's love will have upon the hearts of those threatened with destruction.

Just at this time a light among the trees is seen and an angel with a message comes. Though he does not restrict Satan's power to still tempt the human race he forbids him to reveal the fact that a Messiah has been promised to redeem it lest man should

scorn the revelation ungratefully, and thus add to the weight of his condemnation. The angel and the brightness from his presence quickly vanished, and amid the darkness caused by thunder-clouds Satan and his counsellors discuss the danger threatening them. The touches are very fine by which the poet describes these evil spirits. The vague indistinctness of the picture shows her artistic skill, because clear, unmistakeable definition would take away the mystery of the whole scene, and lessen its effect on the reader's imagination. The result of the conference is that the dragon determines to go and stir rebellion in the mighty hearts of the giants, for after all he has suffered in assuming this inconvenient form of flesh to 'ruin God's two children beautiful,' he will do his best to prevent his deed from 'confounding him in the end.'

The fourth and fifth books give glimpses of the domestic life and customs of the time. Jean Ingelow is perfectly at home when she paints a scene such as the meeting of Japhet and Noah. Between its joy and the disappointment caused by the indifference of Shem and Ham there is a noble antithesis. As we said before, the poet has certainly been very successful in making everything in the *Story of Doom* consistent with the time she has undertaken to describe—'the sense of primitiveness is well preserved.' Japhet and Amarant, Noah and Niloiya, are not modern people transported back into the dim, remote past; the life they live bears little resemblance to that of the 19th century, nor have the 'scenes in which they figure any accessaries which do not belong to the youth of the world.'

In the sixth book occurs a fine description. From the tent door Japhet lifts his eyes,

'And day had dawned. Right suddenly
The moon withheld her silver and she hung
Frail as a cloud. The ruddy flame that played
By night on dim, dusk trees and on the flood,
Crept red amongst the logs and all the world
And all the water blushed and bloomed. The stars
Were gone, and golden shafts came up, and touched
The feathered heads of palms, and green was born
Under the rosy cloud, and purples flew
Like veils across the mountains; and he saw
Winding athwart them, bathed in blissful peace,
And the sacredness of morn, the battlements
And outposts of the giants; and there ran
On the other side the river, as it were,
White mounds of marble, tabernacles fair,
And towers below a line of inland cliffs:
These were their fastnesses, and here their homes.'

It is to this place, in the hope of winning these formidable beings to the service of God, that Noah has come. He finds the Dragon already there. In forcible, eloquent language, Noah denounces their sins, and vividly describes the future; but here, as everywhere, his earnest words are received with indifference and unbelief.

The philosophy of the poem culminates in this seventh book. The whole argument relating to the possibility of miracles deserves careful study. It shows that Miss Ingelow is a deep thinker on metaphysical subjects as well as a true poet.

The ninth book contains many sublime passages. Noah has done his utmost to induce men to repent, and in agony of spirit he prays, while the darkness thickens, and the earth seems to quiver and tremble in sympathy with him. In solemn words the poet describes the feelings of those who alone are to survive this death of the world. They hide their faces in terror while Noah whispers that the door of the ark is shut.

Whether Jean Ingelow has expended all her power on these three volumes of poems is a question which time alone can decide. She may be even now living a life which will stimulate her creative power, give new strength to her imagination and enable her to strike a still deeper chord on the hidden strings of human passion, love and sorrow. If she is true to her own genius, perhaps her best poetry is yet to come.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE inquiry into the circumstances under which Mrs. Farnaby had died was held in the forenoon of the next day.

Mr. Melton surprised Amelius by calling for him, and taking him to the inquest. The carriage stopped on the way, and a gentleman joined them, who was introduced as Mr. Melton's legal adviser. He spoke to Amelius about the inquest; stating, as his excuse for asking certain discreet questions, that his object was to suppress any painful disclosures. On reaching the house, Mr. Melton and his lawyer said a few words to the coroner downstairs, while the jury were assembling on the floor above.

The first witness examined was the landlady.

After deposing to the date at which the late Mrs. Farnaby had hired her lodgings, and verifying the statements which had appeared in the newspapers, she was questioned about the life and habits of the deceased. She described her late lodger as a respectable lady, punctual in her payments, and quiet and orderly in her way of life; she received letters, but saw no friends. On several occasions, an old woman was admitted to speak with her; and these visits seemed to be anything but agreeable to the deceased. Asked if she knew anything of the old woman, or of what had passed at the interviews described, the witness answered both questions in the negative. When the woman called, she always told the servant to announce her as 'the nurse.'

Mr. Melton was next examined, to prove the identity of the deceased.

He declared that he was quite unable to explain why she had left her husband's house under an assumed name. Asked if Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby had lived together on affectionate terms, he acknowledged that he had heard, at various times, of a want of harmony between them, but was not acquainted with the cause. Mr. Farnaby's high character and position in the commercial world spoke for themselves; the restraints of a gentleman guided him in his relations with his wife. The medical certificate of his illness in Paris was then put in; and Mr. Melton's examination came to an end.

The chemist who had made up the prescription was the third witness. He knew the woman who brought it to his shop to be in the service of the first witness examined; an old customer of his, and a highly-respected resident in the neighbourhood. He made up all prescriptions himself in which poisons were conspicuous ingredients; and he had affixed to the bottle a slip of paper, bearing the word 'Poison,' printed in large letters. The bottle was produced and identified; and the directions in the prescription were shown to have been accurately copied on the label.

A general sensation of interest was excited by the appearance of the next witness—the woman-servant. It was anticipated that her evidence would explain how the fatal mistake about the medicine had occurred. After replying to the formal inquiries, she proceeded as follows:

'When I answered the bell, at the time I have mentioned, I found the deceased standing at the fireplace. There was a bottle of medicine on the table, by her writing-desk. It was a much larger bottle than that which the last witness identified, and it was more than three parts full of some colourless medicine. The deceased gave me a prescription to take to the chemist's, with instructions to wait, and bring back the physic. She said, "I don't feel at all well this morning; I thought of trying some of this medicine" (pointing to the bottle by her desk)—"but I am not sure it is the right thing for me. I think I want a tonic. The prescription I have given you is a tonic." I went out at once to our chemist, and got it. I found her writing a letter when I came back, but she finished it immediately, and pushed it away from her. When I put the bottle I had brought from the chemist on the table, she looked at the other larger bottle which she had by her; and she said, "You will think me very undecided; I have been doubting, since I sent you to the chemist, whether I had not better begin with this medicine here, before I try the tonic. It's a medicine for the stomach; and I fancy it's only indigestion that's the matter with me, after all." I said "You eat but a poor breakfast, ma'am, this morning. It isn't for me to advise; but, as you seem to be in doubt about yourself, wouldn't it be better to send for a doctor?" She shook her head, and said she didn't want to have a doctor if she could possibly help it. "I'll try the medicine for indigestion first," she says; "and if it doesn't relieve me, we will see what is to be done, later in the day." While we were talking, the tonic was left in its sealed paper cover just as I had brought it from the shop. She took up the bottle containing the stomach-medicine, and read the directions on it: "Two teaspoonsful by measure-glass twice a day." I asked if she had a measure-glass; and she said, yes, and sent me to her bedroom to look for it. I couldn't find it. While I was looking, I heard her cry out, and ran back to the drawing-room to see what was the matter. "Oh!" she says, "how clumsy I am! I've broken the bottle." She held up the bottle of the stomach-medicine and showed it to me, broken just below the neck. "Go back to the bedroom," she says, "and see if you can find an empty bottle; I don't want to waste the medicine if I can help it." There was only one empty bottle in the bedroom, a bottle on the chimney-piece. I took it to her immediately. She gave me the broken bottle; and, while I poured the medicine into the bottle which I had found in the bedroom, she opened the paper which covered the tonic I had brought from the chemist. When I had done, and the two bottles were together on the table—the bottle that I had filled and the bottle that I had brought from the chemist—I noticed that they were both of the same size, and that both had a label pasted on them, marked "Poison." I said to her, "You must take care, ma'am, you don't make any mistake, the two bottles are so exactly alike." "I can easily prevent that," she says, and dipped her pen in the ink, and copied the directions on the broken bottle, on to the label of the bottle that I had just filled. "There!" she said, "now I hope your mind's at ease?" She spoke cheerfully, as if she was joking with me. And then she said, "But where's the measure-glass?" I went back to the bedroom to look for it, and couldn't find it again. She changed all at once, upon that—she became quite angry; and walked up and down in a fume, abusing me for my stupidity. It was very unlike her. On all other occasions, she was a most considerate lady. I made allowances for her. She had been very much upset earlier in the morning, when she had received a letter, which she told me herself contained bad news. Yes; another person was present at the time—the same woman that my mistress

told you of. The woman looked at the address on the letter, and seemed to know who it was from. I told her a squint-eyed man had brought it to the house—and then she left directly. I don't know where she went, or the address at which she lives, or who the messenger was who brought the letter. As I have said, I made allowances for the deceased lady. I went down-stairs, without answering, and got a tumbler and a teaspoon to serve instead of the measure-glass. When I came back with the things, she was still walking about in a temper. She took no notice of me. I left the room again quietly, seeing she was not in a state to be spoken to. I saw nothing more of her, until we were alarmed by hearing her scream. We found the poor lady on the floor in a kind of fit. I ran out and fetched the nearest doctor. This is the whole truth, on my oath; and this is all I know about it.'

The landlady was recalled at the request of the jury, and questioned again about the old woman. She could give no information. Being asked next if any letters or papers belonging to, or written by, the deceased lady had been found, she declared that, after the strictest search, nothing had been discovered but two medical prescriptions. The writing-desk was empty.

The doctor was the next witness.

He described the state in which he found the patient, on being called to the house. The symptoms were those of poisoning by strychnine. Examination of the prescriptions and the bottles (aided by the servant's information) convinced him that a fatal mistake had been made by the deceased; the nature of which he explained to the jury as he had already explained it to Amelius. Having mentioned the meeting with Amelius at the house-door, and the events which had followed, he closed his evidence by stating the result of the post-mortem examination, proving that the death was caused by the poison called strychnine.

The landlady and the servant were examined again. They were first instructed to inform the jury exactly of the time that had elapsed from the moment when the servant had left the deceased alone in the drawing-room to the time when the screams were first heard. Having both given the same evidence, on this point, they were next asked whether any person, besides the old woman, had visited the deceased lady—or had on any pretence obtained access to her, in the interval. Both swore positively that there had not even been a knock at the house-door in the interval, and that the area-gate was locked, and the key in the possession of the landlady. This evidence placed it beyond the possibility of doubt that the deceased had herself taken the poison. The question whether she had taken it by accident was the only question left to decide, when Amelius was called as the next witness.

The lawyer retained by Mr. Melton, to watch the case on behalf of Mr. Farnaby, had hitherto not interfered. It was observed that he paid the closest attention to the inquiry, at the stage which it had now reached.

Amelius was nervous at the outset. The early training in America, which had hardened him to face an audience and speak with self-possession on social and political subjects, had not prepared him for the very different ordeal of a first appearance as a witness. Having answered the customary inquiries, he was so painfully agitated in describing Mrs. Farnaby's sufferings, that the coroner suspended the examination for a few minutes, to give him time to control himself. He failed, however, to recover his composure, until the narrative part of his evidence had come to an end. When the critical questions, bearing on his relations with Mrs. Farnaby, began, the audience noticed that he lifted his head, and looked and spoke for the first time, like a man with a settled

resolution in him, sure of himself.

The questions proceeded:

Was he in Mrs. Farnaby's confidence, on the subject of her domestic differences with her husband? Did those differences lead to her withdrawing herself from her husband's roof? Did Mrs. Farnaby inform him of the place of her retreat? To these three questions the witness (speaking quite readily in each case) answered Yes. Asked next, what the nature of the 'domestic differences' had been; whether they were likely to affect Mrs. Farnaby's mind seriously; why she had passed under an assumed name, and why she had confided the troubles of her married life to a young man like himself (only introduced to her a few months since), the witness simply declined to reply to the inquiries addressed to him. 'The confidence Mrs. Farnaby placed in me,' he said to the coroner, 'was a confidence which I gave her my word of honour to respect. When I have said that, I hope the jury will understand that I owe it to the memory of the dead to say no more.'

There was a murmur of approval among the audience, instantly checked by the coroner. The foreman of the jury rose, and remarked that scruples of honour were out of place at a serious inquiry of that sort. Hearing this, the lawyer saw his opportunity, and got on his legs. 'I represent the husband of the deceased lady,' he said. 'Mr. Goldenheart has appealed to the law of honour to justify him in keeping silence. I am astonished that there is a man to be found in this assembly who fails to sympathise with him. But as there appears to be such a person present, I ask permission, sir, to put a question to the witness. It may, or it may not, satisfy the foreman of the jury; but it will certainly assist the object of the present inquiry.'

The coroner, after a glance at Mr. Melton, permitted the lawyer to put his question in these terms:—

'Did your knowledge of Mrs. Farnaby's domestic troubles give you any reason to apprehend that they might urge her to commit suicide?'

'Certainly not,' Amelius answered. 'When I called on her, on the morning of her death, I had no apprehension whatever of her committing suicide. I went to the house as the bearer of good news; and I said so to the doctor, when he first spoke to me.'

The doctor confirmed this. The foreman was silenced, if not convinced. One of his brother-jurymen, however, feeling the force of example, interrupted the proceedings, by assailing Amelius with another question:—'We have heard that you were accompanied by a young lady at the time you have mentioned, and that you took her up stairs with you. We want to know what business the young lady had in the house?'

The lawyer interfered again. 'I object to that question,' he said. 'The purpose of the inquest is to ascertain how Mrs. Farnaby met with her death. What has the young lady to do with it? The doctor's evidence has already told us that she was not at the house, until after he had been called in, and the deadly action of the poison had begun. I appeal, sir, to the law of evidence, and to you, as the presiding authority, to enforce it. Mr. Goldenheart, who is acquainted with the circumstances of the deceased lady's life, has declared on his oath that there was nothing in those circumstances to inspire him with any apprehension of her committing suicide. The evidence of the servant at the lodgings points plainly to the conclusion (already arrived at by the medical witness), that the death was the result of a lamentable mistake, and of that alone. Is our time to be wasted in irrelevant questions, and are the feelings of the surviving relatives to be cruelly lacerated to no purpose, to satisfy the curiosity of strangers?'

A strong expression of approval from the audience followed this. The

lawyer whispered to Mr. Melton, 'It's all right.'

Order being restored, the coroner ruled that the juryman's question was not admissible, and that the servant's evidence (taken with the statements of the doctor and the chemist) was the only evidence for the consideration of the jury. Summing up to this effect, he recalled Amelius (at the request of the foreman), to inquire if the witness knew anything of the old woman who had been frequently alluded to in the course of the proceedings. Amelius could answer this question as honestly as he had answered the questions preceding it. He neither knew the woman's name, nor where she was to be found. The coroner inquired (with a touch of irony) if the jury wished the inquest to be adjourned, under existing circumstances.

For the sake of appearances, the jury consulted together. But the luncheon-hour was approaching; the servant's evidence was undeniably clear and conclusive; the coroner, in summing up, had requested them not to forget that the deceased had lost her temper with the servant, and that an angry woman might well make a mistake which would be unlikely in her cooler moments. All these influences led the jury irrepressibly, over the obstacles of obstinacy, on the way to submission. After a needless delay, they returned a verdict of 'death by misadventure.' The secret of Mrs. Farnaby's suicide remained inviolate; the reputation of her vile husband stood as high as ever; and the future life of Amelius was, from that fatal moment, turned irrevocably into a new course.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON the conclusion of the proceedings, Mr. Melton, (having no further need of Amelius or the lawyer) drove away by himself. But he was too inveterately polite to omit making his excuses for leaving them in a hurry; he expected, he said, to find a telegram from Paris waiting at his house. Amelius only delayed his departure to ask the landlady if the day of the funeral was settled. Hearing that it was arranged for the next morning, he thanked her, and returned at once to the cottage.

Sally was waiting his arrival, to complete some purchases of mourning for her unhappy mother; Toff's wife being in attendance to take care of her. She was anxious to hear how the inquest had ended. In answering her question, Amelius was careful to warn her (if her companion made any inquiries) only to say that she had lost her mother under very sad circumstances. The two having left the cottage, he instructed Toff to let in a stranger, who was to call by previous appointment, and to close the door to every one else. In a few minutes, the expected person (a young man, who gave the name of Morcross) made his appearance, and sorely puzzled the old Frenchman. He was well dressed; his manner was quiet and self-possessed—and yet he did not look like a gentleman. In fact, he was a policeman of the higher order, in plain clothes.

Being introduced to the library, he spread out on the table some sheets of manuscript, in the handwriting of Amelius, with notes of red ink on the margin, made by himself.

'I understand, sir,' he began, 'that you have reasons for not bringing this case to trial in a court of law?'

'I am sorry to say,' Amelius answered, 'that I dare not consent to the exposure of a public trial, for the sake of persons living and dead. For the same reason, I have written the account of the conspiracy with certain reserves. I hope I have not thrown any needless difficulties in your way?'

'Certainly not, sir. But I should wish to ask, what you propose to do, in case I discover the people concerned in the conspiracy?'

Amelius owned, very reluctantly, that he could do nothing with the woman who had been the accomplice. 'Unless,' he added, 'I can induce her to assist me in bringing the man to justice for other crimes which I believe him to have committed.'

'Meaning the man named Jervy, sir, in this statement?'

'Yes. I have reason to believe that he has been obliged to leave the United States, after committing some serious offence——'

'I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir. Is it serious enough to charge him with, under the treaty between the two countries?'

'I don't doubt it's serious enough. I have telegraphed to the persons who formerly employed him for the particulars. Mind this! I will stick at no sacrifice to make this scoundrel suffer for what he has done.'

In those plain words Amelius revealed, as frankly as usual, the purpose that was in him. The terrible remembrances associated with Mrs. Farnaby's last moments had kindled, in his just and generous nature, a burning sense of the wrong inflicted on the poor heart-broken creature who had trusted and loved him. The unendurable thought that the wretch who had tortured her, robbed her, and driven her to her death had escaped with impunity, literally haunted him night and day. Eager to provide for Sally's future, he had followed Mrs. Farnaby's instructions, and had seen her lawyer privately, during the period that had elapsed between the death and the inquest. Hearing that there were formalities to be complied with, which would probably cause some delay, he had at once announced his determination to employ the interval in attempting the pursuit of Jervy. The lawyer—after vainly pointing out the serious objections to the course proposed—so far yielded to the irresistible earnestness and good faith of Amelius as to recommend him to a competent man, who could be trusted not to deceive him. The same day the man had received a written statement of the case; and he had now arrived to report the result of his first proceedings to his employer.

'One thing I want to know before you tell me anything else,' Amelius resumed. 'Is my written description of the man plain enough to help you to find him?'

'It's so plain, sir, that some of the older men in our office have recognised him by it—under another name than the name you give him.'

'Does that add to the difficulty of tracing him?'

'He has been a long time away from England, sir; and it's by no means easy to trace him, on that account. I have been to the young woman, named Phœbe in your statement, to find out what she can tell me about him. She's ready enough, in the intervals of crying, to help us to lay our hands on the man who has deserted her. It's the old story of a fellow getting at a girl's secrets and a girl's money, under pretence of marrying her. At one time, she's furious with him, and at another she's ready to cry her eyes out. I got some information from her; it's not much, but it may help us. The name of the old woman, who has been the go-between in the business, is Mrs. Sowler—known to the police as an inveterate drunkard, and worse. I don't think there will be much difficulty in tracing Mrs. Sowler. As to Jervy, if the young woman is to be believed (and I think she is), there's little doubt that he has got the money from the lady mentioned in my instructions here, and that he has bolted with the sum about him. Wait a bit, sir, I haven't done with my discoveries yet. I asked the young woman, of course, if she had his photograph. He's a sharp fellow; she had it, but he got it away from her, on pretence of giving her a better one, before he took himself off. Having missed this chance, I asked if she knew where he lived last. She

directed me to the place; and I have had a talk with the landlord. He tells me of a squint-eyed man, who was a good deal about the house, doing Jervy's dirty work for him. If I am not misled by the description, I think I know the man. I have my own notion of what he is capable of doing, if he gets the chance—and I propose to begin by finding our way to him, and using him as a means of tracing Jervy. It's only right to tell you that it may take some time to do this—for which reason I have to propose, in the meanwhile trying a shorter way to the end in view. Do you object, sir, to the expense of sending a copy of your description of Jervy to every police-station in London?'

'I object to nothing which may help us to find him. Do you think the police have got him anywhere?'

'You forget, sir, that the police have no orders to take him. What I'm speculating on is the chance that he has got the money about him—say in small bank-notes, for convenience of changing them, you know.'

'Well?'

'Well, sir, the people he lives among (the squint-eyed man, for instance!) don't stick at trifles. If any of them have found out that Jervy's purse is worth having—'

'You mean they would rob him?'

'And murder him too, sir, if he tried to resist.'

Amelius started to his feet. 'Send round to the police stations without losing another minute,' he said. 'And let me hear what the answer is, the instant you receive it.'

'Suppose I get the answer late at night, sir?'

'I don't care when you get it, night or day. Dead or living, I will undertake to identify him. Here's a duplicate key of the garden gate. Come this way, and I'll show you where my bedroom is. If we are all in bed, tap at this window—and I will be ready for you at a moment's notice.'

On that understanding Morcross left the cottage.

The day when the mortal remains of Mrs. Farnaby were laid at rest was a day of heavy rain. Mr. Melton, and two or three other old friends, were the attendants at the funeral. When the coffin was borne into the damp and reeking burial ground, a young man and a woman were the only persons, besides the sexton and his assistants, who stood by the open grave. Mr. Melton, recognising Amelius, was at a loss to understand who his companion could be. It was impossible to suppose that he would profane that solemn ceremony by bringing to it the lost woman at the cottage. The thick black veil of the person with him hid her face from view. No visible expressions of grief escaped her. When the last sublime words of the burial service had been read, those two mourners were left, after the others had all departed, still standing together by the grave. Mr. Melton decided on mentioning the circumstances confidentially when he wrote to his friend in Paris. Telegrams from Regina, in reply to his telegrams from London, had informed him that Mr. Farnaby had felt the benefit of the remedies employed, and was slowly on the way to recovery. It seemed likely that he would, in no long time, take the right course for the protection of his niece. For the enlightenment which might, or might not, come with that time, Mr. Melton was resigned to wait, with the disciplined patience to which he had been mainly indebted for his success in life.

'Always remember your mother tenderly, my child,' said Amelius, as they left the burial ground. 'She was sorely tried, poor thing, in her life-time, and she loved you very dearly.'

'Do you know anything of my father?' Sally asked timidly. 'Is he still living?'

'My dear, you will never see your

father. I must be all that the kindest father and mother could have been to you, now. O my poor little girl!'

She pressed her arm to his as she held it. 'Why should you pity me?' she said. 'Haven't I got You?'

They passed the day together quietly at the cottage. Amelius took down some books, and pleased Sally by giving her his first lessons. Soon after ten o'clock she withdrew, at the usual early hour, to her room. In her absence he sent for Toff; intending to warn him not to be alarmed if he heard footsteps in the garden, after they had all gone to bed. The old servant had barely entered the library, when he was called away by the bell at the outer gate. Amelius, looking into the hall, discovered Morcross and signed to him eagerly to come in. The police-officer closed the door cautiously behind him. He had arrived with news that Jervy was found.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

'WHERE has he been found?' Amelius asked, snatching up his hat.

'There's no hurry, sir,' Morcross answered quietly. 'When I had the honour of seeing you yesterday, you said you meant to make Jervy suffer for what he had done. Somebody else has saved you the trouble. He was found this evening in the river.'

'Drowned?'

'Stabbed in three places, sir; and put out of the way in the river—that's the surgeon's report. Robbed of everything he possessed—that's the police report, after searching his pockets.'

Amelius was silent. It had not entered into his calculations that crime breeds crime, and that the criminal might escape him under *that* law. For the moment he was conscious of a sense of disappointment, revealing plainly that the desire for vengeance had mingled with the higher motives which animated him. He felt uneasy and ashamed, and longed as usual to take refuge in action from his own unwelcome thoughts. 'Are you sure it is the man?' he asked. 'My description may have misled the police—I should like to see him myself.'

'Certainly, sir. While we are about it, if you feel any curiosity to trace the stolen money, there's a chance (from what I have heard) of getting at the man with the squint. The people at our place think it's likely he may have been concerned in the robbery, if he hasn't committed the murder.'

In an hour after, under the guidance of Morcross, Amelius passed through the dreary doors of a deadhouse situated on the southern bank of the Thames, and saw the body of Jervy stretched out on a stone slab. The guardian who held the lantern, inured to such horrible sights, declared that the corpse could not have been in the water more than two days. To any one who had seen the murdered man, the face, undisfigured by injury of any kind, was perfectly recognisable. Amelius knew him again, dead, as certainly as he had known him again, living, when he was waiting for Phœbe in the street.

'If you're satisfied, sir,' said Morcross, 'the inspector at the police-station is sending a sergeant to look after "Wall-Eyes"—the name they give hereabouts to the man suspected of the robbery. We can take the sergeant with us in the cab, if you like.'

Still keeping on the southern bank of the river, they drove for a quarter of an hour in a westerly direction, and stopped at a public house. The sergeant of police went in by himself to make the first inquiries.

'We are a day too late, sir,' he said to Amelius, on returning to the cab. 'Wall-Eyes was here last night, and Mother Sowler with him, judging by the description. Both of them drunk

—and the woman the worse of the two. The landlord knows nothing more about it; but there's a man at the bar tells me he heard of them this morning (still drinking) at The Dairy.'

'The Dairy?' Amelius repeated.

Morcross interposed with the necessary explanation. 'An old house, sir, which once stood by itself in the fields. It was a dairy a hundred years ago; and it has kept the name ever since, though it's nothing but a low lodging-house now.'

'One of the worst places on this side of the river,' the sergeant added. 'The landlord's a returned convict. Sly as he is we shall have him again yet, for receiving stolen goods. There's every sort of thief among his lodgers, from a pickpocket to a housebreaker. It's my duty to continue the inquiry, sir; but a gentleman like you will be better, I should say, out of such a place as that.'

Still disquieted by the sight he had seen in the deadhouse, and by the associations which that sight had recalled, Amelius was ready for any adventure which might relieve his mind. Even the prospect of a visit to a thieves' lodging-house was more welcome to him than the prospect of going home alone. 'If there's no serious objection to it,' he said, 'I own I should like to see the place.'

'You'll be safe enough with us,' the sergeant replied. 'If you don't mind filthy people and bad language —all right, sir! Cabman, drive to The Dairy.'

Their direction was now toward the south, through a perfect labyrinth of mean and dirty streets. Twice the driver was obliged to ask his way. On the second occasion the sergeant, putting his head out of the window to stop the cab, cried, 'Hullo! there's something up.'

They got out in front of a long low rambling house, a complete contrast to the modern buildings about it. Late as the hour was, a mob had assembled in front of the door. The police were on the spot keeping the people in order.

Morcross and the sergeant pushed their way through the crowd, leading Amelius between them. 'Something wrong, sir, in the back kitchen,' said one of the policemen, answering the sergeant while he opened the street-door. A few yards down the passage there was a second door, with a man on the watch by it. 'There's a nice to-do down stairs,' the man announced, recognising the sergeant, and unlocking the door with a key which he took from his pocket. 'The landlord at The Dairy knows his lodgers, sir,' Morcross whispered to Amelius; 'the place is kept like a prison.' As they passed through the second door, a frantic voice startled them, shouting inarticulately from below. An old man came hobbling up the kitchen stairs, his eyes wild with fear, his long grey hair all tumbled over his face. 'O Lord! Have you got the tools for breaking open the door?' he asked, wringing his dirty hands in an agony of supplication. 'She'll set the house on fire! she'll kill my wife and daughter!' The sergeant pushed him contemptuously out of the way, and looked round for Amelius. 'It's only the landlord, sir; keep near Morcross, and follow me.'

They descended the kitchen stairs, the frantic cries below growing louder and louder at every step they took; and made their way through the thieves and vagabonds crowding together in the passage. Passing on their right hand a solid old oaken door fast closed, they reached an open wicket-gate of iron which led into a stone-paved yard. A heavily-barred window was now visible in the back wall of the house, raised three or four feet from the pavement of the yard. The room within was illuminated by a blaze of gaslight. More policemen were here, keeping back more inquisitive lodgers. Among the spectators was a man with a hideous outward squint, holding by the win-

dow-bars in a state of drunken terror. The sergeant looked at him, and beckoned to one of the policemen. 'Take him to the station; I shall have something to say to Wall-Eyes when he's sober. Now then! stand back, all of you, and let's see what's going on in the kitchen.'

He took Amelius by the arm, and led him to the window. Even the sergeant started when the scene inside met his view. 'By God!' he cried, 'it's Mother Sowler herself!'

It *was* Mother Sowler. The horrible woman was trampling round and round in the middle of the kitchen, like a beast in a cage; raving in the dreadful drink-madness called delirium tremens. In the farthest corner of the room, barricaded behind the table, the landlord's wife and daughter crouched in terror of their lives. The gas, turned full on, blazed high enough to blacken the ceiling, and showed the heavy bolts shot at the top and bottom of the solid door. Nothing less than a battering-ram could have burst that door in from the outer side; an hour's work with the file would have failed to break a passage through the bars over the window. 'How did she get there?' the sergeant asked. 'Run down-stairs, and bolted herself in, while the missus and the young un were cooking'—was the answering cry from the people in the yard. As they spoke, another vain attempt was made to break in the door from the passage. The noise of the heavy blows redoubled the frenzy of the terrible creature in the kitchen, still trampling round and round under the blazing gaslight. Suddenly, she made a dart at the window, and confronted the men looking in from the yard. Her staring eyes were bloodshot; a purple-red flush was over her face; her hair waved wildly about her, torn away in places by her own hands. 'Cats!' she screamed, glaring out of the window, 'millions of cats, and all their mouths wide open spitting at me! Fire! fire to scare away the cats!' She searched furiously in her pocket, and tore out a handful of loose papers. One of them escaped, and fluttered downward to a wooden press under the window. Amelius was nearest, and saw it plainly as it fell. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'it's a bank-note!' 'Wall Eyes' money!' shouted the thieves in the yard; 'she's going to burn Wall-Eyes' money!' The madwoman turned back to the middle of the kitchen, leapt up at the gas-burner and set fire to the bank-notes. She scattered them flaming all round her on the kitchen floor. 'Away with you!' she shouted, shaking her fists at the visionary multitude of cats. 'Away with you, up the chimney! Away with you, out of the window!' She sprang back to the window, with her crooked fingers twisted in her hair. 'The snakes!' she shrieked; 'the snakes are hissing again in my hair! the beetles are crawling over my face!' She tore at her hair; she scraped her face with long black nails that lacerated the flesh. Amelius turned away, unable to endure the sight of her. Morcross took his place, eyed her steadily for a moment, and saw the way to end it. 'A quartern of gin!' he shouted. 'Quick! before she leaves the window!' In a minute he had the pewter measure in his hand, and tapped at the window. 'Gin, Mother Sowler? Break the window, and have a drop of gin!' For a moment, the drunkard mastered her own dreadful visions at the sight of the liquor. She broke a pane of glass with her clenched fist. 'The door!' cried Morcross, to the panic-stricken women, barricaded behind the table. 'The door!' he reiterated, as he handed the gin in through the bars. The elder woman was too terrified to understand him; her bolder daughter crawled under the table, rushed across the kitchen, and drew the bolts. As the madwoman turned to attack her, the room was filled with men, headed by the sergeant. Three of them were barely enough to control the frantic wretch,

and bind her hand and foot. When Amelius entered the kitchen, after she had been conveyed to the hospital, a five-pound note on the press (secured by one of the police), and a few frail black ashes scattered thinly on the kitchen floor, were the only relics left of the stolen money.

After inquiry, patiently pursued in more than one direction, failed to throw any light on the mystery of Jervy's death. Morcross's report to Amelius, towards the close of the investigation, was little more than ingenious guess-work.

'It seems pretty clear, sir, in the first place, that Mother Sowler must have overtaken Wall-Eyes, after he had left the letter at Mrs. Farnaby's lodgings. In the second place, we are justified (as I shall show you directly) in assuming that she told him of the money in Jervy's possession, and that the two succeeded in discovering Jervy—no doubt through Wall-Eyes' superior knowledge of his master's movements. The evidence concerning the bank-notes proves this. We know, by the examination of the people at The Dairy, that Wall-Eyes took from his pocket a handful of notes, when they refused to send for liquor without having the money first. We are also informed, that the breaking-out of the drink-madness in Mother Sowler showed itself in her snatching the notes out of his hand, and trying to strangle him—before she ran down into the kitchen and bolted herself in. Lastly, Mrs. Farnaby's bankers have identified the note saved from the burning, as one of forty five-pound notes paid to her cheque. So much for the tracing of the money.

'I wish I could give an equally satisfactory account of the tracing of the crime. We can make nothing of Wall-Eyes. He declares that he didn't even know Jervy was dead, till we told him; and he swears he found the money dropped in the street. It is needless to say that this last assertion is a lie. Opinions are divided among us as to whether he is answerable for the murder as well as the robbery, or whether there was a third person concerned in it. My own belief is that Jervy was drugged by the old woman (with a young woman very likely used as a decoy), in some house by the riverside, and then murdered by Wall-Eyes in cold blood. We have done our best to clear the matter up, and we have not succeeded. The doctors give us no hope of any assistance from Mother Sowler. If she gets over the attack (which is doubtful), they say she will die to a certainty of liver-disease. In short, my own fear is that this will prove to be one more of those murders which are mysteries to the police as well as the public.'

The report of the case excited some interest, published in the newspapers in conspicuous type. Meddlesome readers wrote letters, offering complacently-stupid suggestions to the police. After a while, another crime attracted general attention; and the murder of Jervy disappeared from the public memory, among other forgotten murders of the bygone time.

CHAPTER XL.

THE last dreary days of November came to their end.

No longer darkened by the shadows of crime and torment and death, the life of Amelius glided insensibly into the peaceful byways of seclusion, brightened by the companionship of Sally. The winter days followed one another in a happy uniformity of occupations and amusements. There were lessons to fill up the morning, and walks to occupy the afternoon—and, in the evenings, sometimes reading, sometimes singing, sometimes nothing but the lazy luxury of talk. In the vast world of London, with its monstrous extremes of wealth and poverty, and its all-permeating malady

of life at fever heat, there was one supremely innocent and supremely happy creature. Sally had heard of Heaven, attainable on the hard condition of first paying the debt of death. 'I have found a kinder Heaven,' she said, one day. 'It is here in the cottage; and Amelius has shown me the way to it.'

Their social isolation was at this time complete: they were two friendless people, perfectly insensible to all that was perilous and pitiable in their own position. They parted with a kiss at night, and they met again with a kiss in the morning—and they were as happily free from all mistrust of the future as a pair of birds. No visitors came to the house; the few friends and acquaintances of Amelius, forgotten by him, forgot him in return. Now and then, Toff's wife came to the cottage, and exhibited the 'cherubim-baby.' Now and then, Toff himself (a musician among his other accomplishments) brought his fiddle up-stairs; and said modestly, 'A little music helps to pass the time;' and played to the young master and mistress the cheerful tinkling tunes of the old vaudevilles of France. They were pleased with these small interruptions when they came; and they were not disappointed when the days passed, and the baby and the vaudevilles were hushed in absence and silence. So the happy winter days went by; and the howling winds brought no rheumatism with them, and even the tax-gatherer himself, looking in at this earthly paradise, departed without a curse when he left his little paper behind him.

Now and then, at long intervals, the outer world intruded itself in the form of a letter.

Regina wrote, always with the same placid affection; always entering into the same minute narrative of the slow progress of 'dear uncle's' return to health. He was forbidden to exert himself in any way. His nerves were in a state of lamentable irritability. 'I dare not even mention your name to him, dear Amelius; it seems, I cannot think why, to make him—O, so unreasonably angry. I can only submit and pray that he may soon be himself again.' Amelius wrote back, always in the same considerate and gentle tone; always laying the blame of his dull letters on the studious uniformity of his life. He preserved, with a perfectly easy conscience, the most absolute silence on the subject of Sally. While he was faithful to Regina, what reason had he to reproach himself with the protection that he offered to a poor motherless girl? When he was married, he might safely confide the secret to his wife, and then Sally would live with them as his wife's sister.

One morning, the letters with the Paris post-mark were varied by a few lines from Rufus.

'Every morning, my bright boy, I get up and say to myself, "Well! I reckon it's about time to take the route for London;" and every morning, if you'll believe me, I put it off till next day. Whether it's in the good feeding (expensive, I admit; but when your cook helps you to digest, instead of hindering you, a man of my dyspeptic nation is too grateful to complain)—or whether it's in the air, which reminds me, I do assure you, of our native atmosphere of Coolspring, Mass., is more than I can say, with a hard steel pen on a leaf of flimsy paper. You have heard the saying, "When a good American dies, he goes to Paris." May be, sometimes, he's smart enough to discount his own death, and rationally enjoy the future time in the present. This you see is a poetic flight. But, mercy be praised, the moral of my residence in Paris is plain:—If I can't go to Amelius, Amelius must come to me. Note the address, Grand Hotel; and pack up, like a good boy, on receipt of this. Memorandum: The brown Miss is here. I saw her taking the air in a carriage, and raised my hat. She looked the other way.

British — eminently British! But, there, I bear no malice; I am her most obedient servant, and yours affectionately, RUFUS.—Postscript: I want you to see some of our girls at this hotel. The genuine American material, sir, perfected by Worth.'

Another morning brought with it a few sad lines from Phœbe. 'After what had happened, she was quite unable to face her friends; she had no heart to seek employment in her own country — her present life was too dreary and too hopeless to be endured. A benevolent lady had made her an offer to accompany a party of emigrants to New Zealand; and she had accepted the proposal. Perhaps, among the new people, she might recover her self-respect and her spirits, and live to be a better woman. Meanwhile, she bade Mr. Goldenheart farewell; and asked his pardon for taking the liberty of wishing him happy with Miss Regina.'

Amelius wrote a few kind lines to Phœbe, and a cordial reply to Rufus, making the pursuit of his studies his excuse for remaining in London. After this, there was no further correspondence. The mornings succeeded each other, and the postman brought no more news from the world outside.

But the lessons went on; and teacher and pupil were as inconsiderately happy as ever in each other's society. Observing with inexhaustible interest the progress of the mental development in Sally, Amelius was slow to perceive the physical development which was unobtrusively keeping pace with it. He was absolutely ignorant of the part which his own influence was taking in the gradual and and delicate process of change. Ere long, the first forewarnings of the coming disturbance in their harmless relations towards each other, began to show themselves. Ere long, there were signs of a troubled mind in Sally, which were mysteries to Amelius, and subjects of wonderment, sometimes even trials of temper, to the girl herself.

One day, she looked in from the door of her room, in her white dressing gown, and asked to be forgiven if she kept the lessons of the morning waiting for a little while.

'Come in,' said Amelius, 'and tell me why?'

She hesitated. 'You won't think me lazy, if you see me in my dressing-gown?'

'Of course not! Your dressing-gown, my dear, is as good as any other gown. A young girl like you looks best in white.'

She came in with her work-basket, and her indoor dress over her arm.

Amelius laughed. 'Why haven't you put it on?' he asked.

She sat down in a corner, and looked at her work-basket, instead of looking at Amelius. 'It doesn't fit me as well as it did,' she answered. 'I am obliged to alter it.'

Amelius looked at her — at the charming youthful figure that had filled out, at the softly-rounded outline of the face with no angles and hollows in it now. 'Is it the dressmaker's fault?' he asked, slyly.

Her eyes were still on the basket. 'It's my fault,' she said. 'You remember what a poor little skinny creature I was, when you first saw me. I—you won't like me the worse for it, will you?—I am getting fat. I don't know why. They say happy people get fat. Perhaps that's why. I am never hungry, and never frightened, and never miserable now—' She stopped; her dress slipped from her lap to the floor. 'Don't look at me!' she said—and suddenly put her hands over her face. Amelius saw the tears finding their way through the pretty plump fingers, which he remembered so shapeless and so thin. He crossed the room, and touched her gently on the shoulder. 'My dear child! have I said anything to distress you?'

'Nothing.'

'Then why are you crying?'

'I don't know.' She hesitated; looked at him; and made a desperate

effort to tell him what was in her mind. 'I'm afraid you'll get tired of me. There's nothing about me to make you pity me now. You seem to be—not quite the same—no! it isn't that—I don't know what's come to me—I'm a greater fool than ever. Give me my lesson, Amelius! please give me my lesson!'

Amelius produced the books, in some little surprise at Sally's extraordinary anxiety to begin her lessons, while the unaltered dress lay neglected on the carpet at her feet. A discreet abstract of the history of England, published for the use of young persons, happened to be at the top of the books. The system of education under Amelius recognised the laws of chance: they began with the history, because it turned up first. Sally read aloud; and Sally's master explained obscure passages, and corrected occasional errors of pronunciation, as she went on. On that particular morning, there was little to explain and nothing to correct. 'Am I doing it well today?' Sally inquired, on reaching the end of her task.

'Very well, indeed.'

She shut the book, and looked at her teacher. 'I wonder how it is,' she resumed, 'that I get on so much better with my lessons here than I did at the Home? And yet, it's foolish of me to wonder. I get on better, because you are teaching me, of course. But I don't feel satisfied with myself. I'm the same helpless creature—I feel your kindness, and can't make any return to you—for all my learning. I should like—' She left the thought in her unexpressed, and opened her copy-book. 'I'll do my writing now,' she said, in a quiet resigned way. 'Perhaps I may improve enough, some day, to keep your accounts and write your letters for you.' She chose her pen a little absently, and began to write. Amelius looked over her shoulder and laughed; she was writing his name. He pointed to the copper-plate copy on the top line, presenting an undeniable moral maxim, in characters beyond the reach of criticism:—Change Is A Law Of Nature. 'There, my dear, you are to copy that till you're tired of it,' said the easy master; 'and then we'll try overleaf, another copy beginning with letter D.

Sally laid down her pen. 'I don't like "Change is a law of Nature,"' she said, knitting her pretty eyebrows into a frown. 'I looked at those words yesterday, and they made me miserable at night. I was foolish enough to think that we should always go on together as we go on now, till I saw that copy. I hate the copy! It came to my mind when I was awake in the dark, and it seemed to tell me that *we* were going to change some day. That's the worst of learning—one knows too much, and then there's an end to one's happiness. Thoughts come to you, when you don't want them. I thought of the young lady we saw last week in the park.'

She spoke gravely and sadly. The bright contentment which had given a new charm to her eyes since she had been at the cottage, died out of them as Amelius looked at her. What had become of her childish manner and her artless smile? He drew his chair nearer to her. 'What young lady do you mean?' he asked.

Sally shook her head, and traced lines with her pen on the blotting-paper. 'O, you can't have forgotten her! A young lady, riding on a grand white horse. All the people were admiring her. I wonder you cared to look at me, after that beautiful creature had gone by. Ah, she knows all sorts of things that I don't—*she* doesn't sound a note at a time on the piano, and as often as not the wrong one: *she* can say her multiplication table, and knows all the cities in the world. I daresay she's almost as learned as you are. If you had her living here with you, wouldn't you like it better than only having me?' She dropped her arms on the table, and laid her head on them wearily. 'The dreadful

streets!' she murmured, in low tones of despair. 'Why did I think of the dreadful streets, and the night I met with you—after I had seen the young lady? O Amelius, are you tired of me? Are you ashamed of me?' She lifted her head again, before he could answer, and controlled herself by a sudden effort of resolution. 'I don't know what's the matter with me this morning,' she said, looking at him with a pleading fear in her eyes. 'Never mind my nonsense—I'll do the copy!' She began to write the unendurable assertion that change is a law of Nature, with trembling fingers and fast-heaving breath. Amelius took the pen gently out of her hand. His voice faltered as he spoke to her.

'We will give up the lessons for to-day, Sally. You have had a bad night's rest, my dear, and you are feeling it—that's all. Do you think you are well enough to come out with me, and try if the air will revive you a little?'

She rose, and took his hand, and kissed it. 'I believe if I was dying, I should get well enough to go out with you! May I ask one little favour? Do you mind not going into the park to-day?'

'What has made you take a dislike to the park, Sally?'

'We might meet the beautiful young lady again,' she answered, with her head down. 'I don't want to do that.'

'We will go wherever you like, my child. You shall decide—not I.'

She gathered up her dress from the floor, and hurried away to her room—without looking back at him as usual when she opened the door.

Left by himself, Amelius sat at the table, mechanically turning over the lesson books. Sally had perplexed and even distressed him. His capacity to preserve the harmless relations between them, depended mainly on the mute appeal which the girl's ignorant innocence unconsciously addressed to him. He felt this vaguely, without absolutely realizing it. By some mysterious process of association which he was unable to follow, a saying of the wise Elder Brother at Tadmor revived in his memory, while he was trying to see his way through the difficulties that beset him. 'You will meet with many temptations, Amelius, when you leave our Community,' the old man had said at parting; 'and most of them will come to you through women. Be especially on your guard, my son, if you meet with a woman who makes you feel truly sorry for her. She is on the high road to your passions, through the open door of your sympathies—and all the more certainly if she is not aware of it herself.' Amelius felt the truth expressed in those words as he had never felt it yet. There had been signs of a changing nature in Sally for some little time past. But they had expressed themselves too delicately to attract the attention of a man unprepared to be on the watch. Only on that morning, they had been marked enough to force themselves on his notice. Only on that morning, she had looked at him, and spoken to him, as she had never looked or spoken before. He began dimly to see the danger for both of them, to which he had shut his eyes thus far. Where was the remedy? what ought he to do? Those questions came naturally to his mind—and yet, his mind shrank from pursuing them.

He got up impatiently, and busied himself in putting away the lesson-books—a small duty hitherto always left to Toff.

It was useless; his mind dwelt persistently on Sally.

When he moved about the room he still saw the look in her eyes, he still heard the tone of her voice, when she spoke of the young lady in the park. The words of the good physician whom he had consulted about her recurred to his memory now. 'The natural growth of her senses has been stunted, like the natural growth of her body, by starvation, terror, exposure to

cold, and other influences inherent in the life that she has led.' And then the doctor had spoken of nourishing food, pure air, and careful treatment —of the life in short which she had led at the cottage—and had predicted that she would develop into into 'an intelligent and healthy young woman.' Again he asked himself, 'What ought I to do?'

He turned aside to the window, and looked out. An idea occurred to him. How would it be if he summoned courage enough to tell her that he was engaged to be married?

No! Setting aside his natural dread of the shock that he might inflict on the poor grateful girl who had only known happiness under his care, the detestable obstacle of Mr. Farnaby stood immovably in his way. Sally would be sure to ask questions about his engagement, and would never rest until they were answered. It had been necessarily impossible to conceal her mother's name from her. The discovery of her father, if she heard of Regina and Regina's uncle, would be simply a question of time. What might such a man be not capable of doing, what new act of treachery might he not commit, if he found himself claimed by the daughter whom he had deserted? Even if the expression of Mrs. Farnaby's last wishes had not been sacred to Amelius, this consideration alone would have kept him silent, for Sally's sake.

He now doubted, for the first time, if he had calculated wisely in planning to trust Sally's sad story, after his marriage, to the sympathies of his wife. The jealousy that she might naturally feel of a young girl, who was an object of interest to her husband, did not present the worst difficulty to contend with. She believed in her uncle's integrity as she believed in her religion. What would she say, what would she do, if the innocent witness to Farnaby's infamy was presented to her? if Amelius asked the protection for Sally which her own father had refused to her in her infancy; and if he said (as he must say): 'Your uncle is the man?'

And yet, what prospect could he see but the prospect of making the disclosure, when he looked to his own interests next, and thought of his wedding-day? Again, the sinister figure of Farnaby confronted him. How could he receive the wretch whom Regina would innocently welcome to the house? There would be no longer a choice left; it would be his duty to himself to tell his wife the terrible truth. And what would be the result? He recalled the whole course of his courtship, and saw Farnaby always on a level with himself in Regina's estimation. In spite of his natural cheerfulness, in spite of his inbred courage, his heart failed him when he thought of the time to come.

As he turned away from the window, Sally's door opened: she joined him dressed for the walk. Her spirits had rallied, assisted by the cheering influence of dressing to go out. Her charming smile brightened her face. In sheer desperation, reckless of what he did or said, Amelius held out both hands to welcome her. 'That's right, Sally!' he cried. 'Look pleased and pretty, my dear; let's be happy while we can—and let the future take care of itself!'

(To be continued.)

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

BY WM. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

THE above is the title of an article in which the *Mail* newspaper very courteously refers to my remarks in the last number of the MONTHLY, under the heading of 'The Future of Morality.' As the whole question at issue is one upon which the minds of all thinking men in this generation are much engaged, I shall not, perhaps, be regarded as pursuing the subject too far if I attempt a few words of reply to my candid and considerate critic.

My position, it may be remembered, was—to put it briefly—that morality is a thing of natural growth, that it consists essentially of the exercise of certain just and benevolent feelings—with their appropriate outcome in action—towards our fellow-beings, and that no system of religion, past or present, can claim to have invented it, or to be alone capable of maintaining it in vigour. No 'apostolic doctrine of the cross,' I held, was needed to save the world 'from becoming altogether corrupt.'

What has been the place in history, or what have been the special relations to morality of the great religious systems that have so powerfully swayed men's thoughts, are questions that I did not attempt to discuss; but I may here say that, in the light of the evolution philosophy, it is difficult not to believe that some great conservative purpose must have been served by systems so powerful and widespread. From a naturalistic point of view they have been the product no doubt, to a large extent, of men's needs and of the working of the blind instincts of humanity. Like the governments of the past, they have had their faults, yet, like them also, they have contributed their share to the work of human civilization. They have furnished leading strings to thought, motives to effort, and stimulus to imagination. They have powerfully helped to consolidate society, and at the same time they have strengthened the individual against society, that is to say, cherished his individual life by introducing him to a region of thought in which social distinctions and the various accidents of time and place disappear. To believe all this is only to believe in a 'soul of good' in all that has been very persistent, and at the same time very potent, upon the earth. To regard religion, as some thoughtlessly do, as having been always and everywhere and in every way the enemy of the human race, is to show a radical incapacity for dealing with historical problems. Once adopt such a view, and farewell to the 'scientific method.'

The view which the writer in the *Mail* thinks it important to put forward is that, in point of fact, the morality of to day is permeated by Christian sentiment, and essentially founded upon Christian hopes and fears. Supposing we grant that for argument's sake, what follows? That the Christian system of doctrine is true? No such conclusion is legitimate; nor would any one seriously attempt to prove the truth of Christianity from such a consideration. The early propagators of Christianity had to step forth into a world that was *not* permeated by Christian sentiment, and had to gain adherents to their cause by arguments drawn from

the nature of what they taught. The position of matters to-day is that, from every pulpit in the land, the cry goes forth that scepticism is making havoc in society; that in fact the work of the early Christian centuries is being undone. What imports it then to know that modern morality bears a Christian stamp, and that even our advanced philosophers are, so to speak, metamorphic with the glow of underlying beliefs? What we are concerned to know is how far the disintegration of belief which we see taking place around us will proceed, and what will happen if it should become complete. Any man who speaks to either of these questions will speak to the times; and, if he is earnest, will have earnest listeners. But a man who simply points to what he holds to be a present fact, without furnishing or attempting to furnish any guarantee that the fact will be an enduring one, does not say what any one particularly wants to hear, unless it be those who particularly want *not* to see the true issue that is before the world. And, after all, there are enough such to make this mode of treating the subject far from unpopular.

I find, however, in the article to which I am referring, not a few confirmations of the leading views contained in the contribution which it criticizes. 'As a matter of fact,' says the writer, 'we know that human morality has always been enforced by religious sanctions of some sort or other.' The very word 'enforced' here employed, points to the independent origin and authority of morality, for that which enforces cannot be one with the thing enforced. The fact is, as stated in my last article, that morality springs up—a natural product of human relations—and then religion steps in and takes it under its patronage, not in general, without more or less seriously perverting its character; for while it 'enforces' certain natural duties, it weakens their authority by associating them with a number of purely arbitrary precepts, and often giving to the latter a decided precedence. Thus, under the Jewish law, a man could be put to death for violating the Sabbath, while he who beat his slave to death, went unpunished, provided only the unhappy victim did not actually die under the lash. Surely, with such an example as this before our eyes, the patronage of morality by religion is not a matter for unmixed congratulation. The founder of Christianity recognised that the true moral law, that which he summed up in two great commandments, had been rendered void by the traditions of men, and that, under the blinding and paralysing influence of priestcraft, human consciences had lost nearly all spontaneity of action: so it has been in countless instances in the world's history—theology has grasped morality, and all but strangled it.

'With the question as to the dogmatic value of the various theologies,' says the *Mail*, 'we have nothing at all to do here;' it is enough to know that morality has always been enforced by religious sanctions of some sort or other. Is this said seriously? For, if so—if the writer is not assuming and taking his stand upon the supreme value and authority of the Christian theology — then I would ask why should not the fate which has confessedly overtaken the other theologies overtake the Christian also? And why should not the world survive the latter catastrophe as it has done former ones of a similar kind? Christianity, we are told, 'found hollow and worm-eaten faiths, and their consequence a decaying and utterly debased morality,' and it replaced them with something better. But how do faiths, let us ask, become hollow and worm eaten? What is a hollow and worm eaten faith? Might we not almost say, modifying a well-known phrase: *si exemplum quæris circumspice?* Is a faith becoming hollow and worm-eaten when the intelligence of the age is more and more passing it by; when its

supporters, as a rule, prefer evasion to argument; when augurs try not to laugh in one another's faces, when a vague sentimentalism succeeds to the rigorous logical processes of earlier times, and all clear statements of doctrine become increasingly unpopular; when it seems a dangerous thing to so much as touch the text of sacred writings, even with a view to bringing it nearer to the exact words of inspiration; when, for everyone who proclaims his doubts or his disbelief on the housetop, scores tell the same tale in private; and, finally, when the whole intellectual interest of the age is with those thinkers who are pursuing their several lines of thought and discovery with the least possible reference to the declarations or assumptions of the still dominant theology? If these are the signs, which of them, I ask, is lacking in our own day?

'Hollow and worm-eaten faiths:' surely the words fall with an ominous sound upon the ear. Let anyone think but of the change that has come over society within the last generation in the matter of belief in the miraculous; let any man of mature years compare the intellectual atmosphere of to-day with that which surrounded him as a youth; let him but glance at our literature, and see how it has thrown off the fetters of theology; let him but think of our science with its fundamental assumption of unvarying law, and if he does not conclude that the faith which found other faiths 'hollow and worm-eaten' is itself yielding to decay he will be blind, indeed, to the signs of the time. True the land is dotted everywhere with churches and more are rising; but are these churches, or those who minister in them, grappling with the real problems of the age, are they helping to clarify human thought, or to simplify human conduct, or are they, mainly, distracting and enfeebling the minds of their followers by impossible blendings of mundane with ultra-mundane morality, and of a natural with a non-natural order of things? In a church which I lately attended, I heard thanks offered for the interposition of Providence in the case of a fireman who had fallen through the roof of a burning house without being killed, and then a petition—almost in the same sentence—that, inasmuch as in the natural order of things a certain number of firemen would perish in the pursuit of their calling, Divine grace might be extended to them and Divine comfort to their families. Here were two absolutely contradictory ideas presented almost in a breath. If, however, the reverend gentleman who prayed in this wise were to become a life insurance agent, which of the two orders of thought would he adhere to? Would he not confine himself exclusively to the human order, and charge a premium on the lives of firemen (if he insured them at all) that would cover all the risks of their calling, without the slightest reference to the chances of Divine interposition? Would he abate the smallest fraction in his rates on the score of 'special providences?' I trow not; business is business; and when it comes to business, the faith of the most sceptical philosopher in the constancy of averages is not more profound or unfaltering than that of the man who, when on other ground, seems to recognise Divine interposition everywhere.

The question then, I say, is—when the vitality of a creed is under discussion—not how many churches that creed has called, or is calling, into existence, but what the churches are doing. If they are in the van of human progress, visibly raising men and women in moral and intellectual stature, reading, with a deeper insight than is elsewhere possessed, the riddles of human existence, carrying whatever is best in human nature to its highest expression, giving to each the highest philosophy of life that he or she can grasp, looking into the eyes of all with a gaze of utter truthfulness and of intensest faith, then, I say, the

creed that has called *these* churches into existence is, and must be, the mistress of the world. But if, on the other hand, every line of this description suggests what is wanting rather than what is present, then we may declare that these churches, numerous as they are, are built not upon a foundation of firm, vigorous and vital belief, but upon mere human weakness, and that desire for aggregation that comes of weakness, or, put it at its best, upon a social instinct which finds an ancient tradition a convenient object round which to rally.

It is admitted by the writer in the *Mail*—who in this, of course, only follows St. Paul—that those who have not had the benefit of revelation are 'a law unto themselves,' a fact which he explains by saying that the Divine Being 'has left upon the tablets of their heart the solemn traces of his creative touch.' In giving this explanation, however, he shows that he was *not* serious in professing to take up a position of neutrality among the conflicting theologies; for this is an essentially Christian assumption. The broad fact that, everywhere, we see traces, however rude, of moral feeling is precisely the foundation upon which my whole argument is built; men cannot live together unless they are partially moral; unless, in other words, some general good results from their association. To try and snatch this fact from me by expressing it in terms of a theology is, as the argument lies, a mere *petitio principii.*

We are also told that 'a break-up in beliefs has always entailed a moral cataclysm,' and that this fact may be 'gleaned anywhere and everywhere in the history of nations ancient and modern.' So it does not matter what superstitions have established themselves in any age or country: once established they are the bulwarks of morality. Surely to prove this, which I think would be difficult, is to prove too much, and the suggested analogy is not pleasant for those who wish to believe that Christianity is more than a superstition. We are threatened with a cataclysm if the dams of orthodoxy burst, and are pointed to the cataclysm that followed when the dams of various ancient mythologies burst. Had an enemy constructed this argument one could understand it; but, when seriously tendered in support of the orthodox cause, it has a distinct Hibernian flavour. If I remember rightly, the early Christian apologists accused the heathen roundly of demon-worship; there was no talk in those days of the salutary moral influence of all religious beliefs whether true or false. That we have landed in such talk to-day is a most significant fact.

It is assumed by many persons, and distinctly so by the writer to whom I am referring, that morality is everywhere purified and strengthened by alliance with theology. The contrary, however, is only too often conspicuously the case. Does devotion to a church always make a man a better citizen?—does it quicken his interest in public questions and make him more conscientious in dealing with them? I have heard men say, with something like a pious shudder at the thought, that they had never cast a vote at an election in their lives; their interest was all in 'the second coming of the Lord.' I have heard others who were pre-eminent for submission to ecclesiastical authority refusing to condemn the enormous civic offences of such a criminal as 'Boss' Tweed. To do them justice, they apparently had no organ or faculty by the exercise of which they could condemn civic misdeeds, though their zeal for religion and reverence for its mysteries were unimpeachable. I have heard religionists confess that they would rather remain ignorant of the arguments that could be brought against their creed; as what they wanted was not truth, but an easy, comfortable frame of mind. There are, indeed, large sections of the religious world where the idea of loyalty

to truth has no recognition, and where, therefore, it is enough to condemn any opinion to say that it is an 'uncomfortable' one. The most widespread symptom of all, however, and the most disheartening one, among pious people, is the absence of all high idealism, as applied, at least, to the affairs of this world. A moral 'rule of thumb' is good enough for them; and they look askance on any one who proposes to use a better.

A true morality, it will be seen more and more as time advances, requires the acceptance of this life, not as something provisional merely, but as the appointed, and, so far as we know, the only theatre of man's activity. We shall never treat life with due seriousness, we shall never make full proof of its resources, so long as we cling to the idea that it is as nothing compared with a life beyond. That detachment from the things of earth which is regarded as so eminent a spiritual grace is, from the point of view of natural morality, simple treason to humanity. Granted that there be a life beyond, surely our business is to make the best of the life that now is. If we are not faithful in that which is our own, how shall we be so in anything else? The servant who had received but one talent despised that, and hid it in a napkin; it was too small a capital, he thought, to work upon. And in the same way many to-day think this life too poor a thing to do anything with; their thoughts, their hopes are all beyond. Health, intellectual vigour, kindly social relations, the beaming faces of children looking out upon the world with a fresh curiosity and minds unwarped by superstition, the joyousness that waits upon a mind freed from all sophistry and full of light from singleness of eye—these are but shadowy or unattainable goods, and not worthy to be compared with some 'glory that is to be revealed' hereafter. And so, in the days when consistency was more common than it is now, men fled into deserts or immured themselves in monasteries, that they might give themselves wholly to spiritual things. And there they emaciated themselves and saw visions and wrought miracles, and gave themselves to profound meditations and severe ascetic exercises, but brought little to light for the improvement of human life or the increase of human happiness.

We are asked what we propose to substitute for Christianity. My answer is that no argument which I or any other can use can have any effect upon a mind not fitted to receive it. In so far as we influence men, we influence them individually, and shall the man who feels that what I say is true, turn to me and ask what new belief I propose to give him, as if he were a child whom I had robbed of a toy. Let the man who puts this question—I mean now any man—stand forth, and let me ask him: 'Are you convinced, or are you not? If you are not then your question is an idle one, seeing that no one has disturbed your belief. If you are, do you think you can throw upon *me* the responsibility of working into your scheme of life the new truths to which I have awakened you. Surely that is your business not mine. If I tell you that you are on the edge of a precipice, do I thereby incur the whole responsibility for leading you to a position of safety. If I persuade you that the bank in which your money is invested is insecure, must I proceed further and select, on my own responsibility, a new investment for you? Yet you might as well hold to the affirmative in either case, as to say that I must furnish you with a complete set of positive opinions, because I have shown you that certain of your former views were erroneous.'

The fact is, however, that no convinced person makes this preposterous demand. It is chiefly used by those who are fighting against conviction, as a means of gaining a little

breathing-time; and asked by these, it does not call for an answer.

Let me not, however, hesitate to say that many in this generation are willing to take their stand, and live their lives, upon the basis of such truth as they can discover in nature and in human relations. Nor does the universe become to us 'vague, dark and blank,' nor is 'the kindling fire of the heart' extinguished. Human ties are not less tender or precious for the knowledge that we hold our treasures in earthen vessels, and that our opportunities of ministering to their happiness are but limited. The witchery of beauty in a flower, the fading splendours of a sunset sky, do not penetrate our souls the less deeply because we compare their evanescence with our own; nor shall our hands do less faithfully that which they find to do because we know that the night cometh when no man can work. It has been said of Galileo's discovery that it had the effect of placing the earth among the stars, of making it (in men's thoughts) a heavenly body instead of a mere low-lying plain. What we need now is that some Galileo or Copernicus shall place the life of man in this world at its true level, by encouraging us and enabling us to believe that *here* we may have our heaven. By cherishing such a hope, and working towards its fulfilment, do we cut ourselves off from aught of good that blends itself with the universe? Do we tie our thoughts down to any mere system of negations? Assuredly not. Grant that we have abandoned many things that we formerly held as true, no immanent Divinity we ever recognised can have vanished from the universe. Dagon may fall in its temple, because he was wilfully set up by human hands; and some of the lamentations we hear are lamentations over the fall of a mere idol, cherished because it seemed to lend itself to the gratification, or at least to promise the gratification, of selfish and wholly unspiritual desires. We cannot answer for Dagon; he is falling every day; but we know there is that enshrined in some human hearts that survives all intellectual shocks, and sits ever

> 'Like light in the sun, throned.'

But time and language would fail us to tell what human life might be, if men but ceased to despise it, and to place elsewhere their highest hopes and aspirations, if they but thought of this earth, humble though it may be in comparison with some distant orb of which we know nothing, as their *home*, if they felt themselves responsible for its moral order and beauty, and did not indolently sigh over its miseries, and comfort themselves with the thought of some great rectification to come. What we want is a 'natural piety' that shall link our days together in continuous effort for the advancement of purely human objects, and link us in thought and sympathy with both the past and the future of mankind. Then, in the fulness of time, shall appear

> 'the crowning race
> Of those that eye to eye shall look
> On knowledge, under whose command
> Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
> Is Nature, like an open book;
>
> No longer half akin to brute
> For all we thought and loved and did,
> And hoped and suffered is but seed
> Of what in them is flower and fruit.*'

* In Memoriam.

TRUST.

THOUGH tangled hard life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will sure undo it.
Then darling, wait;
Nothing is late
In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone;
We chafe at the world's harsh drilling;
We tremble at sorrows on every side,
At the myriad ways of killing.
Yet, say we all,
If a sparrow fall,
The Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil, and falter:
But the measure to each of weal or woe,
God only can give or alter.
He sendeth light,
He sendeth night,
And change goes on forever.

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness?
The slenderest daisy rears its head
With courage, yet with meekness.
A sunny face
Hath holy grace
To woo the Sun forever.

Forever and ever, my darling, yes—
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and cares of Earth
Are winged from the first for flying.
Our way we plough
In the furrow "now";
But after the tilling and growing, the sheaf;
Soil for the root, but sun for the leaf,
And God keepeth watch forever.

—*From "Along the Way."*

THE COST OF GOVERNMENT IN CANADA.

BY W. MCDONNELL, LINDSAY.

I.

IN a late number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, some comments were made on the Indemnity question, and on the more important one of Tax Exemptions. The latter subject, though claiming much consideration at the present time, is but one of the many which should engage the serious attention of the Canadian public. We are apt to boast of our political institutions; and, to a certain extent, we have some reason for doing so; but, as times are, and as things are now drifting, another very weighty matter obtrudes itself—that is, the Cost of Government in Canada.

Not very long ago a leading Conservative paper, after having made some remarks on this subject, made the following comment:—'No country in the world pays so dearly for government, and if Ossa is to be piled on this Pelion, either the people's back will break under the burden, or they will unload and try a change, which would, in effect, be a revolution, a quiet, but still a disastrous, one for Canada.'

It may be well to ask, Is it necessary that, in order to have the Canadian people properly governed, they should have to keep, support, and indemnify their so-called rulers and statesmen as follows, viz.:—One Governor-General, at a salary of $50,000; eight Lieutenant-Governors, whose united salaries come to about $72,000; sixty-five Executive Councillors, or Ministers of the Crown, who annually require about $250,000 among them to enable them to live in proper style; thirteen 'Speakers,' who, in addition to each sessional allowance, receive $17,500 every year to keep up the dignity of office. Then, for our swarm of legislators, including 'Ministers,' 'Senators,' 'Members of the Commons,' 'Members' of petty 'Legislative Councils,' and 'Members of Local Assemblies,' we can count up 660 of all sorts and sizes—a grand battalion of law-makers—who, in addition to the amounts already mentioned, withdraw from the public funds nearly one million dollars more; and when departmental salaries and other outlays are added, the annual cost swells up to several millions. A very fair estimate of the increasing expenses for the government of the Dominion appeared a short time ago in the *Mail*, and one of its leading articles on the subject, written towards the close of the past year, concludes as follows:—'To sum up, the total cost of government—Dominion and Provincial—exclusive of the amounts spent on immigration, police, penitentiaries, debt management and interest, hospitals and charities, Indians, public works, maintenance, &c., is upward of $10,750,000 a year, or over $2.50 per head of the population. In addition to this load, moreover, we have to carry our municipal governments, of the cost of which it is impossible to form an estimate. It needs no argument to prove that all this is a tremendous tax upon the energies of the people; nor is it neces-

sary to go into arguments to show that a reduction is desirable.' In an article still later, the same paper said: 'The public burdens have become almost intolerable, and men do not hesitate to say that we have far too much government. It is certain that, unless a radical change is made, the revolution he (J. S. Macdonald) foresaw will spring up, and that before many years. The agitation against the cost of local government is not confined to Ontario; it is general throughout the Dominion. In one or two of the Provinces they have abolished, or are about to abolish, the Legislative Councils, while in others Local Union is proposed.'

Now, strange to say, that in this matter of needed retrenchment, the *Mail*, nominally a Conservative paper, is for Reform; while the *Globe*, which assumes to be Reform *par excellence*, has not yet taken the initiative, but is on this question, which is of such importance to the public, rather Tory in its proclivities, taking it for granted that things are well enough, and should be let alone. It however admits that there is a demand for economy, but declines to say how needed retrenchment is to be effected. We read in the *Globe* of June 10th last:—'The cry of economy in the administration of the finances has ever been a popular one in Canada, and the reason is not far to seek. The great majority of the people have to earn their living by hard work, either of head or hand, and with most of them economy in the management of their own affairs is a life-long habit. There is nothing they dislike more than the wasteful expenditure of either their own money or the public money, of which they are all part owners. However excellent a Government may be in other respects, let the idea once get abroad that it is extravagant in dealing with the public funds, that it is spending money on unworthy objects, or too much even on worthy ones, and it will soon be driven from power.'

The *Globe* will scarcely need to be informed that an idea *has* 'got abroad' that our multifarious governments are 'extravagant in dealing with the public funds,' and that they 'spend money on unworthy objects,' and 'too much even on worthy ones.' John Sandfield Macdonald, it will be remembered, was opposed to Confederation principally because he no doubt foresaw that it would become a den for third or fourth rate political wolves or foxes, who, to serve their own ends, and strut around in all the fancied official importance of aspiring statesmen, would proclaim the greatness of the Federal System, the necessity for 'party' even in petty Local Governments, and the greater necessity for placing additional imposts on the people to support in proper style the *parvenu* clamorous adherents of this fresh political experiment.

As it would be tedious to enumerate and classify the different legislative bodies in the Dominion, and set down the annual cost of each, let us draw breath and then see what, in addition to the cost of the Dominion Government, we have to pay for our Local Government in Ontario.

With a population in the Province of about 1,700,000, we have a

Lieutenant Governor with a salary (house rent free) of	$10,000
Six 'Ministers,' whose united salaries, as lately reduced, are	25,000
Departmental and Legislative salaries	140,000
Contingencies	32,000
Indemnity for 88 members of Assembly, as lately reduced	52,800
	$259,800

According to the estimates for 1877, the cost of the Government of Ontario was set down as follows:—

Salaries and contingencies	$159,000
Cost of legislation, *i. e.*, indemnities, salaries of	

Speaker, Clerks, &c....	122,000
	$281,000

It must be remembered that, notwithstanding the late reduction, the total amount for the indemnity of the members of the Assembly and Departmental salaries is still much more than it was under the management of John Sandfield Macdonald, and that the people are not now so able to pay as they were at that time.

Now, therefore, the great question for consideration is, cannot the people of Canada have the public affairs of the Dominion, as well as their respective Provincial affairs, managed at much less expense? It can be shown that we pay far more, in proportion to our population and resources, for our numerous Governments than is paid for the General Government, and for those of the separate States of the adjoining Republic; and we have many more representatives according to our numbers. But even could it be proved that the Americans are more extravagant than we are, we should not follow their example. We claim to be more democratic than they, and if we could teach them economy without being mean or penurious, or spending too much 'even on worthy objects,' it would be so much to our credit to be in advance of the United States.

As it has been shown that there are loud complaints against the cost and extravagance of our separate Governments, it is therefore in order for some person to suggest a remedy. But then, take care, a remedy might be but a 'rash experiment,' and we are cautioned by the *Globe* to beware of such. Better, you know, 'to bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of.' The cure might be worse than the disease, and it might be only out of the frying pan into the fire. The Reform journal referred to, says —and who knows better?—'What is wanted in this Province—as the result of the late contest proves beyond a doubt—is not a series of new startling departures in legislation, or a series of rash experiments in administration, but judicious economy and wise liberality in dealing with the public funds.' That is to say, things are well enough if you only let them alone. Beware of 'new departures,' and shun 'rash experiments.' Don't be mean in business transactions, and don't be cowed into a spirit of false economy, but show off a little—there's something even in tinsel—and encourage 'a wise liberality in dealing with the public funds.'

That's the point—but stay! If it is not this so-called 'wise liberality' which has led us into the course of extravagance against which we would urge, even of which the *Globe* affects to insinuate a complaint, and which has been such a drain on the public funds, it would be well to have the meaning of the term better explained, and to be informed how we are to bring about a reform in the shape of a judicious economy, while openly encouraging what may be called an old Tory plea of 'wise liberality.'

Yes, cautioned by the *Globe*, any remedy under present circumstances—our party in the Province being in power—must be looked at with wise suspicion. A remedy, you know, might be but a rash experiment, and experiments in general are but innovations; and though it must be admitted that these are the principal foundation-stones of progress, yet innovations, some way or other, upset old notions, and disturb things generally. They are the main hobbies of crotchety people, and as a rule should not be encouraged.

With respect to the Dominion Government but little can be said in the present article. An idea prevails that the tendency among modern statesmen is to have legislatures altogether too unwieldy. A great number of persons almost indiscriminately chosen seldom add to the wisdom of deliberative as-

semblies, and we all know by experience —and that, too, of the most costly kind —that the increased mob of law-makers, such as generally compose our parliaments, do not make them more respected, or the hap-hazard Acts which are ordinarily run through, more equitable or readily understood. The Dominion Parliament has now about 210 members. Why have so many? Scarcely one elector out of twenty will admit that the majority of these are of any more use than to fill up the required constitutional number of parliamentary representatives; and facts prove that most of those sent to represent the people in the Dominion Parliament are not men of very particular ability; for it must be said, with regret, that some of them, intellectually, would not be properly qualified to perform the duties even of much less important public positions. Nothing more is heard of them during the parliamentary session than that, if present, they vote 'straight' for the party that elected them and accept their indemnity. It is well known that there are but few men in the House competent to make laws or even to offer useful suggestions as to their enactment. One would think that the principal reason why we are to have so many representatives is that out of the total number the chances will be that a few dozen will turn up who will be competent to perform the duty of legislators. Were there but half the present number, or say only *one hundred*, the electors would, in all probability, be more careful in the selection of representatives, and there would not be the same encouragement given to so many incapable men to roam about as agitators clamorous for distinction; neither would we find so much 'successful mediocrity' acting as an obstruction to needed reforms and useful legislation.

The sub-division of counties into ridings was one of the Acts of very doubtful propriety which has tended unduly to swell the legislative bodies. Instead of this were counties grouped, giving a representative to so many thousand of the population, our Dominion Parliament would be of more reasonable dimensions, business would be facilitated, and last, but not least, by having a House with only one hundred better qualified members, many of whom would probably be men of legislative experience, the annua saving in indemnities alone would be, say $110,000.

Next we have the Dominion Senate, a body of about eighty members. For what good or useful purpose they exist is still very questionable in the minds of fully a majority of the people of Canada. Were this Senate swept out of existence to-morrow, few, perhaps, would deny that the whole country would be benefited, and that a further vast annual saving might be effected. Mr. Mackenzie, the late Premier, in his speech at Galt a few weeks ago, reflected on the action of the Dominion Senate, and said that, 'Nothing can be conceived more ludicrous, sometimes, than the proceedings of what should be an august branch of the Legislature,' and he further said, 'There may be some who doubt the necessity of its existence at all.' And as a hint of what might be an effort of future legislation with regard to the Senate, when another change of political places occurs, he added, 'This and many other questions have yet to occupy the attention of Reformers.' Mr. Mackenzie must get the credit of being deliberate in thought and by no means precipitate in action. He has now, perhaps, time to think over the matter, and if, upon his return to power, he will take measures to put an end to the existence of this costly and 'august' incumbrance, it will be hailed by the country as one of the greatest reforms of the day. Still it would be a matter for congratulation should our present rulers effect the needed reform and deprive Mr. Mackenzie of all chance of ever realizing this anticipated

triumph : even he himself would probably not regret the disappointment.

If the Dominion Senate is looked upon as an expensive incubus, how ridiculous it it that there should be Provincial Legislative Councils.

BALLADS OF FAIR FACES.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M. A.

No. 6.—In New Brunswick.

O WEARY current of Life ; languid tide !
O phantom days that pass and perish so !
Idols of cave, camp, mart, that come and go—
Ye bring one form, one face that shall abide.
And me, though dust and final darkness hide,
Thus much of mine surviving, that who so
Would see Her then, to him this verse shall show
Bright face, fair heart, and white neck's tower-like pride—
So, when this poor life-drama's tale is told,
And with the scene the actor disappears—
Be Love unfettered though by Death set free,
Her hand in mine without reproof, to hold,
To gaze without rebuke where through the years
Those pure, true eyes the better Life foresee.

No. 7.—After the Fragment of Sappho.

Blest as the gods are blest in heaven's completeness,
Who sitting silent in his place so near you,
Can, as I cannot,—soul of perfect sweetness,
See you and hear you !

Smiling like her whose smile lost Sappho sings of,
Loveless as her whose heart the Lesbian drew not,
Sphered in your languid eyes a soul the wings of
Love can pursue not !

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

BY JOHN CURRAN, ORILLIA.

THOUGH an actual residence in Ireland is necessary to a full knowledge of the relations existing between landlords and their tenants, the pinching of many on the one hand, and the exactions practised on the other, yet a view of the position of the parties can be given to outsiders that will assist them to account for the agitation for a reform in the land laws now in force.

It must be borne in mind, in dealing with the question, that the tenants have made all the improvements, fencing, draining, and erecting all dwelling and office houses, that are now found on the estates.

It should also be kept in view that when the forefathers of the present occupiers got possession of the soil, it was then waste land; that the rent then claimed by the landlords was only two or three shillings per acre; and that nothing has since been done by them but to steadily increase the rent as the tenant made the land more valuable.

The principle that the tenant has a definite right in the farm he occupies has always been recognised by custom —a custom which has always allowed a tenant to sell to another under certain conditions. Indeed, it would seem very foolish for a landlord to allow a tenant to realize twelve or fifteen or twenty pounds sterling an acre for property he had no interest in, yet these prices, and even more, have been paid, and are being commonly paid, for possession, with the full knowledge and sanction of many landlords.

But notwithstanding that the tenant has reclaimed and made all the improvements on his holding, or bought them, there is no existing law that secures to him the benefits of these improvements, or protects him against eviction. True, the custom handed down from earlier times is recognised by a great number of good landlords; but even they take advantage of their position, for though they allow tenants to sell to a proper person, yet they advance the rent entirely on the strength of what the tenant has done. Besides, they hold their tenants in a moral thraldom that is most degrading. To keep the tenants within their grasp, six month notices to quit are sent out over whole estates to every tenant by the agent semi-annually, so that the occupiers are, in these cases, not for a day out of suspense as to what may come of the proceeding. This proceeding accomplishes several objects for the agent. If five or ten per cent. is to be added to the rent—though the landlord has not spent one shilling to improve the land—the threat of eviction is very convenient, and the way prepared for it, should the tenant demur on the ground that that would be taxing his industry. Then, before an election, it is a capital means of securing votes for the nominee of the landlords, who is brought forward to support legislation that denies to tenants any rights beyond those graciously conceded by the landed gentry. Again, the power thus acquired over a tenant is used in intermeddling with his domestic affairs. On some estates a farmer's family (the females) must not dress too gaily, as that would savour of pride and independence. On others the purchase of a jaunting car is prohibited,

lest self-indulgence should beget indolence. On others again the number of hens and ducks to be kept is fixed. This last is to be seen specified in leases given for a short period on an estate in County Down. On a great many estates the tenants have to do a given number of days' work of man and horse. On the same estates they must raise puppies and train them for the squire to sport with; and they must also accept eggs sent to be hatched, and rear the fowl for use in the 'Manor House.' On all estates it is the rule to impress on tenants the necessity to preserve the game for the landlord. No tenant has the privilege, except by special permission, to shoot or snare game, though they may be destroying his grain.

A case in point. A farmer friend of mine in County Armagh had several acres of grain almost destroyed by rabbits out of the landlord's demesne; and when the game-keeper would do nothing to drive them away, he thought he might fire a few shots to preserve what grain had been left. On being charged with shooting the game, he manfully avowed doing so, and stated why it was necessary. Instead of judging reasonably, the agent and the bailiff and gamekeeper insulted him grossly—so much so, that, though the threat of eviction was not carried out, he sold out at a great sacrifice of his improvements and left his farm.

I mention this case because it bears on a particular phase of the agitation. From those interested in perpetuating the present degrading position of the Irish tenant comes the assertion that the movement is the work of Roman Catholics carried forward to promote sectarian ideas. In the case of my friend, not only is he a Protestant but an Orangeman, while the proprietor who so treated him was for many years the representative of the Orangemen of the County in parliament.

So much for the sectarian cry and so much for the stupidity that cannot detect the reason why such a cry is raised. If the people of Ulster were to take a common sense view of the situation and drop the bug-bear of popish supremacy so persistently kept before them by the tools of landlords, a reform in the land laws would speedily be enacted. Sectarian strife is, therefore, a strong card with the landlords and by it they have kept the north and the south in an antagonism that has, while standing in the way of land reform, injured every industry of the country. But even in Ireland the ignorance that gave such power over the people to landlord and priest is fast giving place to an intelligent appreciation of what ought to be. It would then be the wisdom of the landlords to agree to a fair and equitable adjustment with their tenants.

The reforms needed to put the Irish farmer in a fair position in relation to his landlord have been so misstated and misrepresented that the case is hardly intelligible to the people of this country. During thirty years of my life, in ten of which I was competent to form a pretty correct judgment, and had special opportunities of informing myself, I saw nothing, and heard no whisper, that could be construed into a desire on the part of tenants to dispossess their landlords. What they do desire, and what seems reasonable is, that they be protected in the enjoyment of the fruits of their labour. What is now a custom sporadically carried out where it obtains, and not recognized on many estates, ought to have the force of law all over the country. If a just landlord is willing that his tenant should, in a transfer to another that would in no way injure his interests, receive the market value of his good-will, why should not another and worse landlord be compelled to do likewise?

Another gross existing injustice, is the power landlords have to tax tenants who improve their farms. In circumstances where every drain and fence made, and every building erect-

ed, supplies the landlord with an excuse to put another two shillings or so per acre to the rent already paid, there is not any great motive to be industrious; and prosperity and content to any great degree cannot be expected.

But worse than even these is the moral thraldom in which tenants are kept. An agent may insult you, threaten you, abuse you, order you to vote at an election for his candidate, make your family affairs and arrangements subjects of inquiry; in fact, may bully and interfere to an unlimited degree, and you have no redress.

Now, why should such a relation be allowed to exist between Her Gracious Majesty's subjects, the one just as loyal and true as the other? Is it too much to expect common civility, or to be placed above such influences and annoyances?

Through the misrepresentations of landlords and their tools, and through the ignorance of English politicians, who get their information from parties interested in advocating the views of landowners, the Irish land system, with its obnoxious concomitants and evil results, still mars the land and causes bitter feeling, but it surely cannot long continue the reproach of English fair play and fair dealing.

When Englishmen come to fully understand that the feudal lords of Ireland—little kings within the kingdom—are trampling down the rights and manhood of their fellow-subjects, of Protestant and Catholic alike, their help to reform will not be withheld.

Their conduct may of course be modified by the apparent apathy—only apparent,—of some of the people of Ulster. In that province, as in other parts of Ireland, the masses are heartily tired of the present unsatisfactory relation existing between landlord and tenant. Hence 'tenant-right' associations are established in various counties to resist unjust demands and defend the helpless tenant who may be brought into court, as well as to promote by legislation the reforms needed. Nor will the people of Canada withhold their sympathy, when all that is asked by the tenant is: 1st, That they be secured in the possession of the land they have inherited or purchased, on payment of a fair rent; 2nd. That landlords be deprived of the power of putting on an extra rent every few years as the tenant improves his farm; 3rd. That tenants be placed beyond the bullying of agents in domestic and political matters; that the payment of rent, given and received, be on the same basis as any other commercial transaction; 4th. That the Bright Clause in the Land Act of 1870 be facilitated as much as possible by giving tenants the first chance to buy lands placed in the market, and lending them part of the purchase money; and 5th, if I may add it, to make landlords rear their own puppies and hatch their own eggs.

REPUTATION.

AN EPIGRAM.

A STRUCTURE troublesome to rear
Is Reputation, don't begin it!
Its building takes up many a year,
Its fall takes but a minute;
Though built of many a separate stone,
The whole depends on each alone.

TORONTO. GEO. E. SHAW.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AT THE OLD HUMMUMS.

IMMEDIATELY after the ladies had left the dinner-table, Gresham told the strange story of Elise's adventure to Mayne and Dyneley. Neither of them were disposed to be jocular on such a subject, though perhaps for different reasons.

'I am afraid Miss Hurt has been taking too much out of herself of late,' observed the former. 'Our life in London is a great change from the quiet routine of Halcombe. As for the ghost—I confess I don't believe in ghosts within the Metropolitan district.'

'Still, for her own sake, the matter should be investigated,' said Dyneley.

Mayne shrugged his shoulders. 'It seems to me to be a case of nerves. To treat such a hallucination seriously would be to give it a substantial form, which is the very thing to be avoided. Besides, you can't go to the Hummums, and inquire of the head-waiter whether a gentleman's ghost happened to be just now on the premises. Don't you think—with Miss Spence's experience so fresh in our minds—that we have had almost enough of ghosts.'

'That is the very observation I made myself,' observed Gresham, thoughtfully. 'Of course, the whole affair is absurd, but I am bound to say that Elise is not one of the hysterical sort. Will you come with me to the Hummums, Dyneley? We shall probably see some old gentleman who bears a strong resemblance to my poor uncle, when the matter will be explained at once. We need not be half an hour away, and Mayne can tell the ladies we have gone to smoke a cigar.'

'I will go with you of course,' said Dyneley. 'I think with you that the matter should at once be cleared up for Miss Hurt's sake. Evelyn would never think so seriously about it unless there was something in it.'

At this Mayne chuckled and muttered something about female influence, which brought the colour into the cheeks of both of them; and as they went down stairs, 'My best compliments to the ghost,' were his last words to them over the banisters.

It was certainly a somewhat ridiculous expedition. Their cab took them to Covent Garden somewhat quicker than Gresham wished, for he had not made up his mind how to proceed when they arrived at their destination.

'I suppose we had better ask to see the Visitor's List?' suggested his companion as they paused before the door of the hotel.

'All right, old fellow—only they won't show it us, even if they have one.'

Indeed the waiter informed them that 'parties' only left their names when they were going away. If the two gentlemen were in search of any particular 'party,' he could no doubt, however, give them the information desired.

Now the waiter was young, and as Gresham thought, might be new to the

place, and never have heard of his uncle; else, since the baronet's death must surely be known to the hotel household, he could hardly have brought himself to make his next inquiry; 'Is Sir Robert Arden staying in the house?'

'Sir Robert Arden? Yes, sir; came last night from Liverpool. Sitting-room No. 4, first floor.'

The two men interchanged looks of amazement.

'If you know the gentleman very well,' said the waiter, perceiving their embarrassment. 'I will take up your names, but otherwise—he has just dined, and——'

'Take this card up; I am his nephew,' said Gresham. 'We must see this out, Dyneley,' he added in a whisper. 'The man has taken a name that doesn't belong to him. I should not be astonished if we found Walcot at the bottom of this.'

'But the likeness?' gasped the curate.

'True, I had forgotten that,' answered his companion as they followed the waiter upstairs. 'This is tremendous. I would give fifty pounds if we had Bevill here.'

The waiter knocked at the sitting-room door, went in with the card, and after a slight delay came out again. 'Walk in, gentlemen,' he said.

Gresham entered first, and Dyneley, following, was careful to close the door behind them.

A tall figure, with a cigarette in his mouth, rose from the sofa to receive them; an older and thinner figure than when they had seen it last, and with a face inexpressibly weary and dejected, but the face and figure of Sir Robert Arden, and of no other.

'So you have found me out already, George?' were his first words, and he held out a wasted hand.

'Is it possible that I see you alive, uncle?' exclaimed Gresham. 'Dyneley, are we dreaming?'

'Yes, I am alive,' returned the old man, wearily, 'though it would be better for me, and for you, if it were otherwise. I trust all are well at Halcombe?'

Gresham nodded assent: he could not find voice to speak? Astounding as it was to behold this man, apparently risen from the dead, it was still stranger to hear him talk in this indifferent strain; his tone indeed was melancholy and depressed to an extreme degree, and his face wandered from one to the other with pitiful and appealing looks, but the wonder was that his own position did not seem to appear to him as in any way abnormal or inexplicable.

'You gaze at me with wonder,' continued Sir Robert, 'as well you may, but you have no reproaches to heap upon me. And yet I have behaved ill to both of you. You are a clergyman, Dyneley? what must you think of one who has left those he loved without a word, and sown distress and pain broadcast among them, at the bidding of a scoundrel?'

'We know you have been deceived, sir,' said the curate gently.

'Deceived? Yes, I have been deceived,' answered the other, with a sigh that bespoke as much bitterness as regret. It was cruel, it was vile in him. But, oh, that I could think it was *all* deceit! Can Lucifer, think you, Mr. Dyneley, have angels under him—blessed spirits that obey his wicked will?'

'No, sir,' answered the curate gravely. 'He may pretend to have such, being a liar and the father of lies, but it cannot be so.'

Sir Robert shook his head, and sighed even more deeply than before. 'You do not know what I know, you have not seen what I have seen,' he said.

'We *do* know, we *have* seen,' answered the curate, 'if, as I judge, you are referring to certain manifestations, professing to be spiritual, and in connection with one very dear to you who has passed away.'

'What do you mean?' inquired the

baronet, eagerly. 'Is it possible that my sainted Madeline—George, Dyneley, what have you got to tell me?'

'Nothing, sir, but what mere mortals can tell,' continued the curate, solemnly. 'We pretend to no cognizance of matters that have been hidden from the eyes of man since God created him. We make no claim to pry into matters beyond the grave. But by great good fortune we have found out a villain who has made use of such pretensions—his name is Ferdinand Walcot.'

'Oh, Heavens, her own brother! It is impossible!'

'We have seen the woman, Sir Robert, who, at his instigation, personated your dead wife.'

'The woman who personated *my Madeline?*'

'Yes, sir. The voice you heard was *her* voice, the face you saw was *her* face. It was Annabel Spence—the cast-off mistress of your brother-in law. She shall confess it to you, if need be, with her own lips.'

Sir Robert put up his hand with a gesture of abhorrence.

'Blasphemous and accursed deceiver,' he muttered; 'how dared she do it?'

It was not her doing, Sir Robert,' answered the curate firmly. 'She was merely the instrument of another; your poor wife was nothing to *her*, but in this Walcot—"her own brother," as you have just said—it was infamous, blasphemous, or what you will. You took a serpent to your bosom, and he stung you.'

Sir Robert held up his hand in a deprecating manner.

'Have you not even yet, sir, the courage to cast him from you?' continued Gresham. 'You have forgiven him already, it seems; it is well. But you still owe a duty to others—to those whom you yourself say you have wronged; I am not one of them, and therefore I may speak——'

'Mercy, mercy,' cried Sir Robert, clasping his thin hands together; 'give me some time, man. You don't know what you ask. Can I pluck out my own heart strings?'

'Is it possible, then,' pursued the curate, 'that, in spite of all that has happened, you still cling to this miscreant? There must surely be some misunderstanding in your mind.'

'No, no, I perceive that he has deceived me; I have known it long ago, when he left me at Marseilles to cross the world alone.'

'Then you did not return to England with him,' put in Gresham, whom a certain awful question constantly recurring within him had hitherto made silent. 'If this is indeed my uncle,' it ran, 'who then was the man I saw lying dead at Salton Point, and whom we buried at Halcombe?'

'I? No. He left the ship and me that night, and I went to Australia all alone. We had no quarrel, but there were some matters—they had reference to yourself, George—on which we had differed of late. I had already begun to repent, too, of having alienated myself from my family, and he had remonstrated strongly against what he called my weakness in that respect.'

'He felt in fact that his influence over you was losing its power?' suggested Dyneley.

'Yes; that was no doubt the cause of his deserting me so suddenly. I did not think so at the time, but during that long and lonely voyage I had plenty of time for thought, and my eyes were opened upon many things. Among others I perceived clearly how harshly, cruelly and ungratefully I had been induced to behave to those who had been so dear to me at Halcombe. As to Lady Arden, the shame that consumed me upon her account was such that, though an opportunity twice offered itself in vessels we spoke with, I had not the courage to communicate with her by letter. Before the ship reached Australia, however, I had resolved to make a clean breast of it, and would have done so on the

instant, but that the telegraph to England was out of order.'

Here Dyneley and Gresham interchanged a significant glance. It was the news then of the telegraphic communication having been re-established between the two countries that had so alarmed Walcot during his interview with Mr. Raynes, and which had caused him instantly to fly to Sweden.

'What I suffered,' continued Sir Robert, 'on finding myself cut off, as it were, from my repentance by this circumstance, no tongue can tell. The strange country, the new scenes, were lost upon me; I was consumed with an insatiable desire to make my peace with all of you; and it monopolised me wholly. I took passage home by the first ship—ah, what a voyage it was! I mixed with none of the passengers; I was a recluse feeding on my own miserable thoughts and memories. I grudged every hour of our tardy course till we came in sight of England; and then—then fear and shame took possession of me. I came up here last night, yet dared not make my presence known to any of you. What might not have happened, during my long absence, to those I had deserted; what change might not have taken place in their own feelings towards me!'

'There has been no change, my dear uncle, so far as their affection for you is concerned,' interposed Gresham, gently. 'There have been other changes, however, of which it seems, you do not know anything.'

'But you told me all were well. Oh, Heavens! what has happened?'

'Nothing has happened, sir, thank Heaven, to either Lady Arden or the children; they are even now in London.'

'So near!' exclaimed Sir Robert, with a start of joy. 'And yet,' he added, with a sigh, 'they may be no longer near in the sense of dearness. It is impossible but that my conduct must have estranged them.'

'It has not estranged them, sir. You will find a genuine and loving welcome from them; but——'

'But what, George?' inquired Sir Robert, impatiently. 'What care I what has happened, if they are alive and well, and have forgiven me?'

'The fact is,' said Dyneley, 'events have taken place which exhibit Ferdinand Walcot in the blackest colours. I have laid before you the deception practised on yourself—which you apparently admit as a fact; and yet—or so it seems to Gresham and myself—you still entertain towards him a certain misplaced kindliness, which awakens doubt—suspicion—of your own strength of purpose. Should this unhappy prejudice in his favour be made apparent to Lady Arden, reconciliation with her would, in my opinion, be rendered impossible. I must add, in my opinion, justly so.'

'And in my opinion,' said Gresham, bluntly, 'the man is only fit to be hung.'

Sir Robert turned from one to the other with a pained look. 'I had not expected this,' he said. 'I had fondly hoped you would have spared me. It is impossible indeed that you should understand what my unhappy brother-in-law has been—nay, I confess *is*—to me. If I say he has been in my eyes a link between heaven and earth, to you it must needs savour of exaggeration. Yet "sacred is the flesh and blood to which we link a faith divine." You will retort, "But he has deceived you." To some extent he may have done so; and indeed I know he has. But who shall separate the false from the true in such unsearchable things? Let it suffice that I believe what you have told me; that this man and I have parted for ever in this world. His name shall never cross my lips, but on the other hand let me not hear it associated with evil doing. The fear that it would be otherwise has—I confess it—lain at the bottom of my hesitation to communicate with Lady Arden.'

'But you do not know what the

man has done, sir,' urged Gresham, firmly.

'Nor do I want to know. Let him be dead to me and mine henceforth. To those whom he has wronged, through me, I am prepared to make every reparation in my power—though it includes my own humiliation and self-abasement. But of what he has done amiss to myself let me be the judge. What matters it to you, or any one, if I acquit him? For days, and weeks, and months, of late, he has been as it were arraigned at the bar of my own conscience. His case has been pleaded, both for and against, before me. He has been convicted of many things. I have heard, it is true, from your lips a still more damning charge than any heretofore brought against him, but I had already conceived of such an accusation; it does not take me by surprise although it pains me beyond measure; and I have no doubt that you can prove it. Nevertheless, so far as I am concerned—and it is I who am mainly concerned—I acquit—no, I cannot acquit—but I forgive him. All confidence between him and me is over and gone; but I nourish no ill-will against him. I set the white against the black; the benefits he has conferred on me against the injuries he has committed against me; and I cry quits.'

'In other words, Sir Robert,' observed Dyneley firmly, 'you prefer to persist in your infatuation. Are we to understand that you wish to remain ignorant of recent events; that you resolutely close your ears against the evidence we have to offer you of this man's treachery, fraud, and greed!'

'Yes, I do,' answered the other curtly. 'I do not wish to hear.' He rose from his chair, and paced the room with hasty strides. 'Stay, there is one thing to state, in justice to Ferdinand Walcot, before leaving this painful topic, I trust forever. He may have been treacherous, indeed I grant it; he may even in a sense have been fraudulent; though as the treachery and the fraud concerned myself alone, it is for me, not for you, to judge him; but you err when you accuse him of greed. Through all the years I have known him, and notwithstanding the influence he possessed over me, it was never used—yes, I may say "never"—to his own material advantage. I paid him a certain salary—a small one considering the services he did me in return—but that was all he ever received from me, though he well knew he had only to ask and have, had it been thousands. He was masterful, and fond of power, but loyal and just in his vicarious exercise of it; his spirit was altogether free from those gross instincts of which you speak; it was marred and soiled, no doubt, though I once thought otherwise, but it was never polluted—else'—here Sir Robert paused. 'Gresham, Dyneley, there are some matters upon which I cannot speak—and I will not—even to you.'

'There is no need, sir,' answered the curate quietly. 'Upon the matters to which, as I conjecture, you refer, we will agree to differ and be silent. But I may remind you, since you say Mr. Walcot *never* sought his own advantage, that you once made a a will in his favour?'

Sir Robert started. 'That is true,' he said. 'No doubt contingently, that is in case of my demise——'

'One moment, sir; that will was dictated to you at Halcombe under certain circumstances, and since you are now aware of them, you can hardly deny at Mr. Walcot's instigation.'

Sir Robert's pale face flushed from brow to chin. 'I suppose it was so,' he said; 'indeed it must have been so. Well, that will is now waste paper.'

'Not altogether, Sir Robert; allow me.' Dyneley took up a decanter of wine from the table, and filled the baronet's glass, 'When you have drunk that I will tell you something.'

Sir Robert obeyed mechanically; his eyes fixed themselves inquiringly

upon the curate's face, as he emptied the glass, and set it down with trembling fingers.

'That will was proved in Doctors' Commons, and Ferdinand Walcot has gone off with the money.'

Sir Robert sank into his own chair, and gazed on the speaker with wild amazement.

'*That* will—*my* will—was proved! What, as though I were a dead man—'

'You *were* dead in the eyes of the law, and of the world. Your dead body—or what was supposed to be so—was brought over from Salton Point by Ferdinand Walcot, and buried in Halcombe churchyard. I read the service over it myself.'

CHAPTER L.

POOR DYNELEY.

WHEN the new history of Credulity, Imposture, and Superstition comes to be compiled, it will have to be recorded of the dupes of Spiritualism that for the most part they were not unconscious that those who professed themselves to be links between this world and that beyond the grave made money from the exhibition of that faculty; that being possessed of certain spiritual attributes, unspeakably tender and ethereal, they turned them into hard cash; that having established relations, such as have been yearned for in vain for a hundred generations of men, with denizens of the unseen world, they took commissions for introducing them to less favoured fellow-creatures. A faith that survived this, one would think, ought to have moved mountains, instead of leaving everything—geographically or otherwise—exactly where it found it. The explanation, of course, lies in the gross view which the dupes themselves take of spiritual matters, which prevents them observing the anomaly, far less the irreverence, of the frauds of which they are the victims.

With Sir Robert Arden this was not so; he had been fooled to the top of his bent, and, even when he had suspected duplicity, had stuck to his colours; the memories of his intercourse with Ferdinand Walcot were so dear, and mingled with such unutterable mysteries, that they had survived the knowledge of his deceit and ill-behaviour. There seemed to him something of the priest's office—nay, of the priest's attributes—about Ferdinand Walcot still, though he had, as it were, poisoned the sacramental elements.

But when it was once made clear that the man had been actuated by mere greed, then in the long hoodwinked, but pure, eyes of his victim he fell to pieces at once like some rotten thing. The means which he had taken to accomplish his villainy—stupendous as they were in their ingenuity—were lost in the baronet's view in the villainy itself. That terrible revelation of the curate, 'Your body was buried in Halcombe churchyard, and myself read the service over it,' went home to Sir Robert Arden like a cannon ball; he fell back in his chair under them, as though he had indeed been dead; but his first words were not of amazement, but of self-abasement and contrition.

'I have been fooled,' he said, 'and fooled into evil doing from first to last.'

To hear him say so, with his grey hair bowed before them, and his hands clasped in mute appeal to their pity, went to the very hearts of his hearers.

So forlorn and melancholy was his condition that it was arranged that Gresham should take up his quarters at the hotel for the night, while Dyneley went back to the ladies to explain matters as best he could. This was not an easy task, nor one that could be procrastinated, since that 'little stroll to smoke a cigar' which Mayne had given as a reason for the young men's absence had extended to

some hours, and excited an anxiety it was necessary to appease. Let it suffice to say that the curate accomplished his mission without the interruption of hysterics. Lady Arden wept, but the tears she shed were those of silent joy. It was curious that the thought of doing away with all misunderstanding between herself and Sir Robert seemed to afford her a satisfaction almost equal to the knowledge of his existence.

'Thank Heaven, that villain can never again come between my husband and me,' she said.

Although, too, the absorbing topic for them all was the almost miraculous re-appearance of Sir Robert upon the stage of life, there were other matters demanding discussion of a scarcely less amazing kind.

At midnight a note was brought into Lady Arden in Sir Robert's hand writing. She kissed it reverently, and when she read it, turned to Elise Hurt.

'My dear husband,' she said, with a tear and a smile, 'has sent you a message, Elise; he is bent upon conferring happiness on others, as he ever was. He bids me tell you that his "inopportune appearance," as he terms it, is not to delay by a single hour your union with his nephew.'

'That is so like dear papa,' cried Evelyn; 'no one save himself could at such a time have been so thoughtful, even for those they love.'

Elise said nothing; her heart was too full for speech; but she raised Lady Arden's fingers to her lips, and kissed them. Not an eye of those present was dry, nor closed that night in slumber. The events that occurred and the marvels incidentally disclosed —or rather half disclosed—begot in all too overwhelming an excitement. The ladies, however, were persuaded to retire to their rooms, leaving Mayne and Dyneley alone together.

'By Jove,' exclaimed the former, giving for the first time a natural expression to his feelings, 'this is a *most tremendous* business, eh?'

Not even your eloquence, Mayne, can exaggerate or enhance its importance,' answered the curate, drily.

'But the ladies don't seem quite to see it,' urged the other. 'They perceive, of course, that a miracle has happened in this turning-up of Sir Robert; but that's nothing to what we now know has gone before it; not to mention what is to come after it; I mean its consequences. Instead of Gresham having £12,000 per year—for one thing—he will now only have what his uncle chooses to allow him. For the estates, of course, will revert at once to their former owner.'

'There will, no doubt, be great changes,' replied Dyneley, slowly; his voice was grave, and even sad; but the other was too full of excitement to notice it.

'Yes, and there *have* been, begad, too; who *was* it that got exchanged for Sir Robert, think you; died at Salton Point in place of him, and has been trespassing all this time in the family vault at Halcombe? It doesn't seem to strike you as being anything very remarkable to bury the wrong man—I suppose clergymen are used to it.'

'My dear Mayne, it is not only remarkable, but astounding. I am lost in wonder at the network of intrigue and villainy in which this fellow Walcot enmeshed us; but so far as the dead man is concerned, there seems to have been no crime involved beyond that of duplicity. One person was merely substituted for another; the man, whoever he was, came to his end by natural means; there was no foul play.'

'My dear Dyneley, for a divine of the Church of England you are really the very coolest hand; one dying person was 'merely' substituted for another, you say. But I suppose he had some hand in the substitution himself. He didn't die at Salton Point instead of somebody else to *please* Walcot, I suppose, however persuasive that gentleman's manners may have been. Moreover, even if

he did, it strikes a mere layman as rather a ghastly sort of thing for a fellow-creature to do—this sailing under false colours to the very brink of the grave.'

'It was very wrong and horrible altogether,' assented the curate in a mechanical tone. 'But the mystery will be explained, no doubt, one day.'

'One would really think by your way of speaking about it,' replied Mayne, 'that you had got hold of one end of the mystery already; it seems, however, to have escaped your recollection that Gresham himself went down to Salton Point, and *saw* his uncle after death, when, as a matter of fact, Sir Robert was on his way to Australia. The subject of miracles may pall, and fail to interest, in your reverence's case, through familiarity, but this little incident, I confess, strikes me as the most noteworthy of all.'

'Nay, it only proves that Gresham was deceived in the identity of the man in death, as we were in his burial. The difference between two dead old men is by no means so marked as between two living ones; and from what I know of Gresham's character—though he is as brave as a lion—he would shrink from such a spectacle rather than narrowly investigate it. Bevill, if you remember, never saw the body.'

'True, true,' exclaimed Mayne, beginning to pace the room, as his custom was when greatly excited; 'I wish Bevill were here now; though at the same time I would not deprive him of a certain person's company for an instant. My dear Dyneley, you will set all my blood boiling. You think I am a happy man, no doubt.'

'You ought to be,' answered Dyneley, sighing.

'Ought, yes; but "ought" stands for nothing. I shall never be comfortable, nor quiet, until I have performed my mission in life. Do you know that *that man* has got clear away to Sweden with something like sixty thousand pounds! Whatever doubts you may have had on the matter—for you did doubt: it is a peculiarity of you parsons to doubt, when everybody else is certain, and *vice versa*—it is now proved that Ferdinand Walcot has robbed Sir Robert of three thousand a year for ever.'

'He will not enjoy it,' observed the curate, calmly.

'Well, let us hope not—for ever; at present, however, he appears to be doing so. Bevill writes me that the villain is living like a fighting cock in Christiana. Whenever I think of that, you can't imagine how like a fighting cock I feel myself. I wish I had your philosophic calm, old fellow. I positively feel too savage to go to bed. I shall try the morning air, and another cigar.' And he went out.

He was mistaken in attributing to his late companion a philosophic calm, though the curate did his best to be resigned and patient. The shadow of a bitter disappointment had projected itself upon his spirit, and in that night of wonders had rendered him indifferent and unsympathetic in his friend's view. By the return of Sir Robert all the old obstacles to the curate's marriage with Evelyn had suddenly sprung up anew. At her own implied request he had, as we have seen, put off, out of respect for the baronet's memory, a direct application for her hand, and how could he make it now, when she was no longer comparatively dowerless, but had become as before the possible recipient of great possessions? Nay, although Sir Robert, it seemed, had given his consent to the union of Gresham and Elise, it was by no means likely that his nephew, having made so unwished for a choice, would now be made Sir Robert's heir. The broad lands of Halcombe were more likely to be left to his wife's family, and especially to his favourite niece, than ever. John Dyneley was too good a man to regret that the house

to which he was so closely attached, by bonds of friendship had regained its head and its protector; but the circumstance, he felt, had dashed the cup of happiness from his own lips. If it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, it is equally true that that is a very favourable gale of Fortune, indeed, which wrecks the hopes of no man.

CHAPTER LI.

A MATRIMONIAL TEA-PARTY.

UNALLOYED, for the most part, as was the joy of his family at Sir Robert Arden's return, it was by no means free from embarrassment; to put the matter vulgarly, and as I am afraid it was actually put in the domestic regions of Halcombe Hall, 'What business had he ever had to have gone away, drat him?' (But this, it is fair to add, was before it was understood that the legacies left to each member of the household were not to be revoked.) Sir Robert himself was more deeply penetrated by the sentiment thus expressed than any one. He was, to say truth, thoroughly ashamed of himself. But being as sound at heart as a bell, however wanting in moral strength and mental acuteness, he had not that fear of ridicule which in most persons under such circumstances would have been well-nigh insupportable. His chief fear was lest his late ill-judged proceedings should have done an irremediable wrong to any one but himself; extreme sensitiveness prevented his ascertaining this by direct inquiry, but his eyes and ears were open while his tongue was dumb. Unfortunately, since it was understood that concerning a certain personage (who, nevertheless, occupied everybody's thoughts) a discreet silence was to be maintained, conversation for a time between himself and family was difficult, and the wheels of domestic life were clogged and hampered. At the first meeting and for the few days during which they remained in London, Mayne was wont to declare that the whole party were only saved from total collapse by the Great Baba, to whom Sir Robert's return was merely a gratifying incident—involving endless treats and presents—without anything anomalous or remarkable about it. He considered dear Papa had played a very clever and amusing trick upon society in putting somebody else into the feather coach instead of himself, and then popping up again unexpectedly.

'*I* sord you first,' he said, as though it had been a game of Hide and Seek, in which he had been the fortunate discoverer. 'Elly (Elise) sord you second, after I cried "I spy."' All remembrance of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot had apparently vanished from his mind, until one day, fortunately not in Sir Robert's presence, he hazarded a hope suggested by the pit picture in 'Joseph and his Brethren,' that it was Mr. Walcot who had been put into the pit-hole instead of Papa.

'Let us trust so,' said Franky, piously, whose spirit, to say truth, had been slightly dashed by dear Papa's return, lest it should involve that of hateful Uncle Ferdy.

In London, Sir Robert's resuscitation was only what is, by courtesy, termed a nine days' wonder—in the metropolis no wonder lasts in reality half so long, but is overlapped by and gives place to another upon the principle of the 'dissolving views.' But at Halcombe a good deal was both said and thought about it, and for a very considerable period. An observation of Mr. Raynes upon the subject, accompanied by a most tremendous grin, was not only characteristic, but perhaps embodied the secret thoughts of a good many people.

'Well, I tell you what,' he said; 'things may be a little uncomfortable at the Hall, but they might easily have been a good deal worse. What with Gresham and the young ladies all choosing their sweethearts—which is a

kind of game everybody likes to join in —it's a deuced good thing Lady Arden herself didn't get engaged to anybody.'

Perhaps the wisest course, as well as the kindest, which Sir Robert could have taken was his insisting upon the marriage of Gresham and Elise taking place at Halcombe upon the date already fixed for it: for there is nothing like a wedding for monopolising one's neighbours' thoughts and talk, and for dwarfing all other objects of interest. But for that, the exhumation of that interloping body in the family vault —with a view of course to its identification—would have caused not a little stir, and once more turned all minds to the topic which Sir Robert would fain have had them forget.

We may here say it was exhumed in vain; neither more nor less was found there, alas, than is to be discovered after the very best and noblest of us have mingled for a few weeks with the dust we came from. It only added another mystery to the romance that overhung the Hall, and set all mouths agape. But to a secluded neighbourhood like that of Halcombe, which had had no topic to talk about since the pedlar was frozen to death on the moor early in the century, such a superfluity of incident was overwhelming.

Their power of absorption was not equal to it; and just as the boa constrictor, who is made lively with a rabbit, is, after a yoke of oxen, inclined for slumber, they become lethargic—gorged.

The marriage of George Gresham finished them; their glutted curiosity could only feebly grasp this last incident presented to their notice, and Sir Robert and his late proceedings henceforward scarcely occupied any space in their minds.

The baronet himself almost forgot his own humiliation and self-reproaches in the happiness he had conferred upon his nephew; and indeed he had hit by instinct upon the best method of rehabilitating himself in his own eyes in other cases. For example, though her presence at the Hall must needs have been distressing to him, he insisted on Annabel Spence retaining her old position there; he had had enough, he said, of punishing the innocent in place of the guilty; it was but fitting that the remembrance of his transgressions should thus be kept alive within him; and, moreover, it was the only way that just now presented itself for keeping the penitent girl under the curate's spiritual eye.

Dyneley himself was in higher favour with his patron than ever, and was admitted more than any one to his inmost confidence; which, greatly to his indignation, caused Mr. Mayne to confer upon him the title of Ferdinand the Second.

The wedding was a very quiet one, and beside Mr. Mayne there was but one marriage guest at Halcombe with whom we have any near concern. He was a friend of both bride and bridegroom, and was welcomed accordingly by the whole household, but with no one did he 'cotton' (as he himself expressed it) so closely as with Mr. Mayne. They were sailors both, and were consumed with a common passion for tobacco, which, however, the latter only smoked. Commodore Pearce (as he was always called at Halcombe, because it was understood he liked it) both smoked and chewed. That this little eccentricity was tolerated, even out of doors, by Lady Arden, was a proof alike of the Commodore's popularity with her, and of the improvement in what the doctors with euphemious vagueness termed her nerve centres. The events that had taken place within her recent experience had had both morally and physically a favourable effect upon her; her ladyship had had in her time detractors of the base sort who had asserted that 'what she wanted was a good shaking;' and this recipe, which had certainly been applied, had really achieved the best results. Like naughty children, who have been

given 'something to cry for' which they have not desired, she had now learnt not to cry about nothing. A better wife than the present Lady Arden—though built upon very different lines from those of his 'sainted Madeline'—the Baronet could have hardly found; while as a mother there was no room for improvement in her.

On the day after the departure of the young couple, Sir Robert had a long talk with Dyneley at the Manor Farm of so confidential a nature that even the above fact was hinted at.

'I am more fortunate, my good fellow,' he said, 'than I ever knew myself to be, until now; and happy far indeed beyond my deserts. How untrue in my case is the sad reflection of the poet:—

> Could the dead resume their life,
> That they would find in child and wife
> An iron welcome when they rise.

How different—though so underservedly—have matters been with *me*. And then only look at Gresham:

> The hard heir strides about his lands,
> And will not yield them for a day

has no application to him, I'm sure. One would think he had gained twelve thousand a year by my reappearance on the stage of life instead of having lost it. Of course I have made him a handsome allowance, but what is that compared with his prospects of a month ago?'

'Your nephew is incapable of a sordid thought,' replied the curate warmly, 'and is thoroughly deserving of your liberality.'

'I am sure of it; it is fortunate indeed that I have such a noble nature to deal with—I could not endure to think that my coming back was a source of disappointment to anybody.'

'I am sure you could not,' answered the curate.

'Everybody has behaved in the most frank and generous way to me,' continued Sir Robert, 'with one exception.'

'I am sorry to hear there is even one,' replied Dyneley.

'I am sorry too, especially as this has happened in a quarter where I looked for better things. Of course I make allowances for the peculiar circumstances of the case; my unexpected return has put everything so topsy-turvey that I sometimes feel I ought to have never come back at all; moreover, I had so mismanaged matters of late' (here the colour came into Sir Robert's face) 'that there is no wonder people have lost confidence in me; still I did hope that I should have been given credit by the person I have in my mind for good feeling, if not for some generosity of spirit.'

'I have never heard any one deny you those qualities, Sir Robert; if he has done so, he is one who does not know you.'

'But this person knows me very well; and yet he has not only attributed to my nature an undue regard for wealth and position, but has supposed that recent events have taught me no lesson in that respect. When a man has been deceived on the one hand, and on the other has had his eyes opened to real worth and true nobility of character, as has happened to me, is it likely that he should still set store on things evanescent and accidental, and hold lightly such qualities as goodness, truth, self sacrifice, and generosity?'

'I know no one, sir, who supposes that you hold them lightly,' answered the curate simply.

'Well, I *do*; it is the man who stands before me. How is it, if you not so misjudged me, that you have never breathed a word to me of your love for Evelyn?'

'Ah sir, I felt—I feared'——stammered the curate.

'You felt I was an ass, and feared to prove it, Dyneley. Well, it was not paying me a compliment, but let that pass. You have been punished sufficiently by your own doubts of my sanity—for they were nothing less.

When a man has been kept so long in the dark, as I have been, he does not see things so quickly as other people; if you wish to know who opened my eyes it was Mrs. George Gresham. I asked her if there was anything I could do to complete her business, and she said, "Yes; make Evelyn happy too." There is a straightforwardness about that young woman I greatly admire; moreover, the Commodore has told me such things about her—when the ship was wrecked—as convince me that Gresham has won a woman worthy of him. And I can say the same, Dyneley, in your case, with respect to Evelyn.'

The matter-of-fact and taking-for-granted method of dealing with the curate's passion saved that modest young fellow a world of embarrassment; but even as it was, he did not find it easy to express his sense of Sir Robert's kindness.

'Tut, tut; I am as pleased to give her to you,' said the baronet, 'as you are to take her, only you must not take her *away*. Halcombe and I cannot spare her; I am come over here this morning to see what can be done to the Manor Farm to make it suitable for a married parson—and at the same time, since I hate evictions, to keep on Gilbert Holm as my tenant. When you have overgrown it, you can have a wing at the Hall and welcome.'

The curate was in the seventh heaven of happiness, and therefore scarcely in the precise state of mind adapted for the consideration of building alterations; never was tenant so prompt to agree with every plan proposed by landlord.

'This is ridiculous, you know,' said Sir Robert; 'I have suggested three sorts of windows for the drawing-room, and you have said of each that "it couldn't be better." One *must* be better than the other, my good fellow. I'll see Evelyn herself about it—you'll have to ask her, I suppose, when the wedding is to be?'

'Well, yes, sir, I suppose so.' The curate was far from wishing to throw any obstacles in the way of the matter in question; and quite sympathised with Sir Robert's obvious desire that there should be as little delay as possible; but he felt he could scarcely fix a young lady's wedding-day without putting the preliminary question to her, of 'Would she marry him?'

'Young people are so different from what they were in my time,' continued the baronet, 'and take everything so precious coolly. Now, there's Mayne, for instance, a most capital fellow, no doubt, and who will make Milly an excellent husband. In his case there is plenty of money, and no sort of reason that I know of why he shouldn't marry her to-morrow; yet, when I hinted as much to him the other day, he hemmed and had, and said, "Well, not *to-morrow*, Sir Robert, the fact is I have a visit to pay to an old friend abroad first." "Well," said I, quite out of patience with the fellow, "I hope it isn't a lady friend, at all events." And he assured me that it was not. You had better talk to him, yourself, Dyneley, and find out when he does mean to marry Milly; and then you and Evy can be married the same day you know.'

The curate expressed his approval of this arrangement, and secretly resolved to carry the tardy Mr. Mayne on his shoulders, if it were necessary, to the brink of Matrimony, and then pitch him over.

CHAPTER LII.

ON BOARD THE 'RUBY.'

THERE was this redeeming point even in Sir Robert's eyes, in Mr. Mayne's desire to pay his Continental friend a visit before becoming a Benedict, namely, that he was obviously in a hurry to get that visit over. On the second day after Gres-

ham's marriage, he left the Hall, accompanied by his new friend the Commodore, and with the full permission and approbation of the only person to whom he owed allegiance. Milly knew not whither he was bound nor for how long; but she had not only confidence in his fidelity, but the conviction that it was no mere caprice that was depriving her of his presence. He had assured her of that much, and had besought her to forgive him for withholding a secret from her on the very threshold of their married life.

'On the other hand, I promise you, my darling,' he added, fondly, 'to have none such after marriage.'

There was no reason so far as she was concerned why Millicent should not have been told whither her lover was going, but it was absolutely necessary, for the present at least, to conceal it from Sir Robert; any reference to his brother-in-law was tacitly forbidden to every member of the family, nor would he have approved of any action, no matter with what object, that would have brought Ferdinand Walcot's name (and his own unhappy connection with it) into public notice. And the fact was that the destination of Mr. Frederick Mayne was Christiana, and his object the playing out of that return match with his enemy which had so long been postponed *sine die*.

There were difficulties about it that most men would have pronounced insuperable, but of these Mayne thought but lightly; there were objections to it, that in the eyes of men both wise and just might have been thought fatal, and it was for this reason that Mayne kept his own counsel on the matter. If his plan should fail, none but himself and the Commodore (who, in fact, had suggested the scheme) could be blamed for it, and only one person—the trusty Bevill—need be cognisant of his ill success. *Per contra*, if he succeeded, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot would have to return that 60,000*l.*, which he had annexed so cunningly, to its original possessor. The game was certainly worth the candle, and over and above the stakes—and what afforded even a greater attraction for the player—was the possibility of crying quits with one who had brought upon him personally an undeserved humiliation, who had committed a gigantic and successful fraud, and who doubtless considered himself too clever by half to fall within the scope of retribution.

On the second day after leaving Halcombe, Mayne set sail from Harwich in his own yacht, under the command of Commodore Pearce, who was not unacquainted with high latitudes, nor for the first time had threaded the green islands that stud the quiet firth that leads up to Christiana. Mr. Mayne had business relations, as we know, with a certain house-timber merchant of that place, with whom he had kept up constant communications of late, and whom he had informed of his present expedition. Acting under his advice, Mr. Mayne himself forebore to gratify his traveller's curiosity by going on shore at all, but on his arrival at the port kept himself in strict seclusion on board his yacht, and explored Christiana by deputy in the person of his skipper. The Commodore himself did not show much energy in investigating the public buildings or other lions of the place, but took up his quarters at the Hotel du Nord, and passed a considerable portion of his time in the reading room thereof, where he fell in (not altogether by accident) with an English gentleman resident in the town, but who had himself only settled there of late months. This personage, though of attractive appearance, good address, and of undeniably ample means, had his enemies among his fellow-countrymen in the town, who by their machinations and slanders (as he averred) had caused him to be looked upon with distrust, and prevented him from taking his proper position in local society. The cloud that overhung him was but temporary,

the calumnies that had been disseminated against him were dying out, unable to confront the quiet dignity of his blameless life, but in the meantime he was denied admittance to the Athenæum, where the chief intellectual society of the place was to be met with, and where not only English works of reference were to be found, but the London newspapers were filed, an opportunity for perusing which to an exile like himself would have been very desirable. The freeborn citizen of the United States sympathised with this victim to the exclusive and prejudiced ideas of his fellow-countrymen, and offered him, by degrees, the right hand of fellowship. It was impossible, of course, for him permanently to remedy his isolation, but such ameliorations of it as were in his power he placed at his service. Among other things, 'Would he do him the honour to dine with him on board the *Ruby*?'

Suspicion at once showed itself in Mr. Walcot's expressive features. He was not partial, he said, to being on board ship, even in harbour, and could enjoy his new friend's society on shore without trenching on his hospitality.

Then followed a few searching questions as to the yacht and its ownership, to which the Commodore replied with a frank audacity that went further, perhaps, with his new friend than the most earnest simplicity would have done. 'He was but the skipper of the vessel,' he said, 'which belonged to a rich young countryman (one Sir Charles Parker) of Mr. Walcot's, but, as a matter of fact, he had the sole control of her movements. Sir Charles was a minor, sent abroad by his guardian in the forlorn hope that his health, weakened by excesses, would be rehabilitated by a sea voyage. Unhappily the young man could persue his favourite vice as easily on board *The Ruby* as elsewhere; and the truth was he was seldom or never sober. He had not even had the curiosity to set foot on shore since he had arrived at Christiana. He did nothing but booze in his cabin and read old newspapers, of which he had an extraordinary collection.

'Do you mean that he files them?' inquired Mr. Walcot.

'Well, yes. I think he has *The Times* up to the last ten years; I reckon, however, he only reads the police cases. I can't say he is an agreeable cuss to meet at table; but if you would have come on board, we could have dined together very pleasantly and quite independent of him—he would rather have a bottle of brandy to himself than the best companion in the world.'

There the matter dropped for the time; but the fact was that this isolated Englishman was interested in certain matters that had taken place in his own country since his departure from it, and had no opportunity, or had missed it when it had offered itself, of reading any account of them. And after a day or two, during which the Commodore studiously avoided the topic of the yacht, his fish rose to this same fly.

'If your friend, Sir Charles, could be got out of his cabin for half-an-hour, Captain Yule' (for the Commodore had thought it wise to drop the use of a name which Walcot might have heard and remembered in connection with Gresham's shipwreck), 'I should feel really obliged to you if you *would* let me look at those old *Times*, some day.'

Sir Charles is never *in* his cabin after eight o'clock at night, but is swung in his berth, drunk. Why don't you come and see the papers then?'

'To be sure; there is no reason why I should not,' mused Mr. Walcot. 'Let us say to-night, then.'

'To-day I dine with the American Consul,' answered the Commodore quietly; 'but I am always aboard the craft by 7-30, lest I should be wanted to see to poor Sir Charles. I'll call for you here at 7 to a minute, if that will suit your book.'

Whether Captain Yule did really have that engagement to dinner with the American Consul or not, he appeared at the Hotel du Nord at the hour appointed, and in evening dress, having certainly paid a visit to his yacht in the meantime; and the two gentlemen started off together, arm in arm, for their destination. The yacht was anchored in the harbour, but one of her boats was waiting for them at the quay, into which they stepped, and were conveyed at once to *The Ruby*. The yacht had borne another name before Sir Charles Parker had bought her, and Captain Yule had been appointed her skipper, so that no suspicion was evoked in the visitor's mind.

There was a moment's hesitation as he left the boat to set foot upon the deck of the vessel, but he quelled it with an effort, and at once followed his host down the cabin stairs. The apartment had, as Captain Yule had promised, no other occupant but themselves: the fittings of it were handsome but plain, as becomes a sailor's drawing-room; and there was no smell of wine or spirits such as, under the circumstances, might have been anticipated. Moreover, there were a couple of well-lined bookcases, which a person of Sir Charles's unfortunate habits would scarcely have been expected to possess.

All this Walcot's quick eye took in at a glance; and it was with a somewhat uneasy air, though in a tone he contrived to render suitable to the occasion, that he inquired where, amid such order and neatness, the Baronet kept his old newspapers.

'In the billiard-room cupboard, at Halcombe,' replied the Commodore coolly, with his back to the cabin door.

Walcot's hand dropped into the pocket of his shooting jacket.

'If you take that hand *out*, Ferdinand Walcot,' said the Commodore, at the same time covering him with a revolver; 'you are a dead man. I can shoot as quick and as true as any man in the States or out of them, and before you can bring that pistol of yours to bear on *me*, you will be in kingdom come. If you shoot me you would be none the nearer to getting out of this; for a man stands on the other side of that cabin door who has come from England on purpose to renew his acquaintance with you, and who will not be baulked of it for a trifle.'

'And who the devil is he, or you, who dare to lift finger against me, or have any right to stop my coming or going?' inquired Walcot fiercely.

'Well, as to the right I am not so sure; but as to the might, I'm certain,' answered the Commodore coolly. 'You have done things yourself, as I hear, not altogether lawful; and, therefore, might make allowance for those who are driven to the same shifts. And as to who it is that has taken upon him to take such strict charge of your respectable person, here he comes to answer for himself.'

The door opened and Mayne entered, closing it carefully behind him.

At the sight of him, Walcot's keen face grew so black, that the Commodore pointed significantly to the revolver.

'It is no use,' he said; 'we are too many for you even here; and at the top of the companion stairs there are two sentries, who have orders to cut you down if you ever attempt to pass them. So 'cute a cuss as I took you to be should know when he is beaten. Come, give up that pistol.'

Walcot drew the weapon from his pocket and threw it on the table.

'What is it you want of me? *You*, sir,'—he turned to Mayne—'who call yourself an English gentleman; I appeal to *you*. I call you to witness that though I have made no resistance, I protest against this outrage.'

'Who has harmed you?' inquired Mayne, coolly.

'Harmed me? Do you not see that my liberty is threatened? I demand

protection of you as a fellow countryman. This man has induced me by a false representation to come on board this vessel of his, and now prevents me leaving it.'

'The vessel is mine,' answered Mayne, sternly; 'and you will never leave it to set foot on Swedish shore again.'

'What? Do you mean to murder me, then, out of revenge for a personal grudge? Just because I played that trick on you at Halcombe?'

'It was a very scurvy trick, indeed, Mr. Walcot, since trick you call it; but as to the wrong you did me, it is swallowed up and forgotten in a far greater wrong that you have done to another: a man who trusted in you (which I never did) as a woman trusts her priest, and whose confidence you repaid by a cunning and cruel fraud. As to moving me by soft words, you may spare your breath. I know you to be a heartless villain: you once played upon the fear of an innocent child. You have doubtless forgotten it—it is lost in the wilderness of your crimes; but if you had never done worse than tyrannise, by help of your perjured tools, over that unhappy boy, so help me Heaven! I would make you suffer it: for that I would have had you flogged with a rope's-end, and then, perhaps, let you go; but, as it is, you have sinned in other ways, and your retribution must be of another kind. That noise you hear is the weighing of *The Ruby's* anchor; she sails to-night for England, and you sail with her.'

Walcot started up in violent agitation. 'What? Would you kidnap me? Do you know that that's a hanging matter?'

'One moment,' interposed the Commodore; '*so is murder!* You must really give up that other pistol, Mr. Walcot. I must trouble you to take it out of your pocket with your left hand, or I shall shatter your right—I draw a dead bead on it as I speak—to a certainty.'

With a frightful curse, Walcot produced a second weapon and placed it by the side of its fellow.

'Thank you,' continued the skipper, quietly appropriating them both. 'I interrupted you as you were talking about kidnapping, I believe; forgive me, sir, and proceed.'

'I was about to say, Mr. Mayne,' continued Walcot, his pale face grown vivid with hate, humiliation, and baffled rage, 'that such a crime as you meditate is held outrageous in every land; that neither in Sweden nor England will it meet with palliation, no matter what the motive that actuates you to commit it. This man here, your confederate, as it seems, is either ignorant of this, or perhaps reckless of the consequences; but let me tell you that a heavy and disgraceful punishment will most surely fall upon those who remove me hence by force.'

'One must risk something, Mr. Walcot, for sixty thousand pounds,' returned Mayne, drily. 'You risked something for the same money.'

'You speak in riddles, Mr. Mayne. I have no such sum as that of which you speak.'

'Well, it may be a few hundreds more or less. Mr. Hayling has the exact figures.'

'Mr. Hayling! What has he to do with my property?'

'Oh! nothing; he has only to do with the property you are holding in trust—let us say—for your brother-in-law. Under the mistaken impression that he was dead—you see I have no wish to be offensive—you administered, it seems, to his will, and filled your own pockets. As you might feel disinclined to empty them in Sweden, I am bringing you back to England. There is nothing like one's native air, it is said, to recruit the system—perhaps it may also stimulate the conscience.'

'Oh! your intention in thus outraging the laws of nations is to extort money from me, is it?' exclaimed

Walcot bitterly. 'You little know the man you have to deal with.'

'I know so nothing of him,' replied Mayne coolly; 'and from what I do know, I think, much as he loves money, he will prefer to part with his ill-gotten gains to enduring twenty years of penal servitude!'

'Ah! I see. You flatter yourself that with the results of this honourable expedition Miss Millicent's dowry will be increased.'

'Indeed, my good sir,' replied Mayne, 'you are paying too great a compliment to my commercial intelligence. I may tell you, in confidence, that if the money were mine, you should have no choice between imprisonment and restitution; I would simply give you up to the police, who have a warrant for your apprehension, the first moment we touched shore; but the interests of other persons have to be consulted.'

'You will find that they will not be much benefited,' sneered the other.

'Very good. In that case my own particular wishes will be gratified, and you will wear a ring round your ankle for life.'

'Ah! there speaks your true nature,' exclaimed Walcot bitterly. 'Because I humbled you in the presence of another, you can never forgive me. You are one of those excellent young men of whom I have heard so much, who are incapable of a baseness—till their *amour propre* is wounded.'

This was the best move that Walcot had made yet in the losing game at which he found himself so involuntarily a player. His menaces and his appeals had been alike fruitless; but his suggestion that Mayne's behaviour was actuated by a selfish motive had, though it was untrue, a sting in it: for the young fellow had certainly not forgotten that morning on which Sir Robert had dismissed him in disgrace from Halcombe Hall.

'I don't deny, Ferdinand Walcot,' he replied, 'that I take some personal pleasure in being the instrument of your punishment; but revenge on my account forms but a small item in my satisfaction. Every one has his little prejudices, and men who ill-treat children and women are my particular abhorrence. You have made a reference to the day on which you got the better of me at Halcombe; but you omitted to mention that it was through the perjury of an accomplice—Annabel Spence——'

The face of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, which had been gradually recovering its native hue, here began to grow leaden again.

'Yes,' continued Mayne, 'she has confessed *all*. Do not flatter yourself that anything you can henceforth do, or say, can have the smallest influence on your brother-in-law. He knows you for what you are. I think I need say no more.'

'I do not believe he knows that this outrage has been committed upon me!' exclaimed Walcot, with a keen look.

'Your judgment of character is as correct as usual,' returned Mayne; 'he does not know it, nor if he did, would he, in all probability, approve of it.'

Walcot answered nothing, and would fain, no doubt, have concealed the satisfaction that flashed from his eyes.

'Moreover,' continued Mayne, 'he will never know it, until the money of which you have robbed him has been returned, or you are safely lodged in gaol.'

'That is what the law calls compounding a felony,' observed Walcot coolly.

'Just so; the law has all sorts of names for all sorts of things, and will fit your case, no doubt—though it is an exceptionally bad one—to a nicety. The dilemma to which you refer is a serious one, and has had my best consideration; the result is that you must make up your mind as to the course you will pursue before you leave this cabin. At present the

question is one of mere equity, the responsibility of which (if I am in error) I take entirely on my own shoulders. Once in the hands of the police, who are awaiting your arrival upon English soil, there will be no alternative either for yourself or for Sir Robert. Of course it will be very painful for him to have to listen in open court to the recital of your deceptions and of his own folly;—you calculated upon that, I see, as your last chance; the last chance is gone—the Law, which condemns you, will also give him no escape.'

Ferdinand Walcot had a great command of feature, but his jaw had dropped like that of a dead man. There was a long silence; then in a hoarse voice he said, 'What, in the devil's name, do you want of me?'

'I want—and I mean to have—a full confession of your crimes under your own hand, including the story of the sick man who died at Salton Point, which is still a mystery to us; and also the securities in which you have invested your ill-gotten gains. That is my ultimatum. You have time enough, even with this fair wind'—the yacht was going at great speed, by this time having reached the open water—'to make up your mind before we touch English ground; but having once done so, your decision will be irrevocable. Here are pens and paper; whatever else you wish for shall be at your service; for the rest of the voyage, however, you must excuse my company. It remains with you to decide whether, when I see you again, you will wear handcuffs or not.'

It was more than an hour after Mayne thus took his leave before the Commodore rejoined his friend upon the deck of the yacht.

'My good friend,' exclaimed Mayne, smiling, 'what on earth have you found to talk about with that scoundrel below stairs? He has the tongue of a serpent, and if you are not deaf to its charming will presently convince you of his innocence. For my part I loathe him so that I could endure his presence no longer.'

'He is a clever cuss, no doubt,' answered the other, drily, 'and also as you say, very agreeable. He has been so good as to offer me ten thousand pounds to put him ashore anywhere between this and the Sound.'

'I am afraid you would never have got the money,' said Mayne, laughing. 'He is not, strictly speaking, a man of his word.'

'Well, I guess I should,' returned the Commodore, coolly. 'While you were talking to our friend in the cabin, I was watching him pretty close; it was lucky for you, by the bye, for when you talked of giving him the rope's end he looked snakes I promise you, and when you said, "she sails to night for England, and you sail with her," you were within twenty seconds of Eternity. If he had but known how to shoot from his jacket pocket you'd ha' been there.'

'I know it, Pearce,' answered Mayne, earnestly. 'One of the things I have been thinking about, under the stars here, is what one should say—and do—to a man who had saved one's life.'

'Tut, tut; let that lie where it is. There is no such merit in a man's having sharp eyes; they are tolerably well-skinned, mine are, and I noticed that when you mentioned "securities," our friends fingers went up with a twitch, to his side-pocket. Moreover, he did not say a word—such as was only to be expected—about the difficulty of paying money in England when one has one's purse in Sweden. It was but natural, one would think, under the circumstance, that he should have asked to go ashore to get it.'

'He knew me by this time better than that, I fancy, Commodore.'

'Very likely, but still it was a chance. And there again, I never saw so clever a cuss, and at the same time such an audacious one, so utterly cast down. By the living Jingo, when he offered me that ten thousand pounds it struck me, putting this and that to-

gether, like a flash of lightning, "Why this fellow carries his fortune about with him!" I've known men, bless ye, out West, with forty, fifty thousand dollars in notes in the waistbands of their breeches!'

'But this man?' interrupted Mayne, impatiently, 'did anything happen to corroborate your suspicions in this case?'

'Corroborate? Well, I don't know about corroboration,' drawled the Commodore, at the same time transferring a quid of tobacco from the right side of his mouth to the left, 'but here's a pocket-book, which speaks for itself,' and he produced a Russia leather case of great size, both strapped and clasped. 'If that ain't full of money, its full of documents as is worth money, or my name ain't Pearce.'

'But how ever did you become possessed of it?' inquired Mayne in amazement.

'Well, I thought he might hide it, like a magpie, in some drawer or locker, or perhaps even drop it out of the cabin window in sheer malice; so I just called in Neal and Jack Bruce "to search a thief," as I told 'em, and Lor' bless yer, in half a minute our friend yonder was as bare as when his mother bore him.'

'Do you mean to say you took it from him by force?' cried Mayne, aghast with horror.

'Why, no; his clothes were on my side of the room, and he was on the other, and I just took it out of his side pocket without any force at all. It is true that he did call it "Robbery with Violence from the Person;" but that only shows what a liar he is.'

'But really, Pearce, I think this was going a little too far,' remonstrated Mayne.

'Well, give it him back again, and let him drop it into the sea: that is just the devil's trick he will be up to rather than let the man he has wronged come by his own.'

'There is something in that, to be sure,' said Mayne, reflectively. 'Moreover, the first thing the Policeman will do to whom he is given in charge will be to search him. You have, therefore, only anticipated the action of the law.'

'Of course not,' observed the Commodore, 'and if we were to hang him at the yard arm we should be doing ditto, and saving folks a world of trouble.

The last observation did not in Mayne's eyes go to strengthen the moral position, but on the whole he judged it better to keep the pocket-book which, without opening, he placed in an envelope and sealed in the presence of his companion.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE RETURN MARCH.

FOR twelve days the solitary cabin passenger on board the *Ruby* continued resolute in his expressed intention of making no terms with 'thieves and kidnappers,' as he ungraciously termed his host and the Commodore; but on the thirteenth morning, when they had come in sight of the white cliffs of Albion, Mr. Pearce announced a capitulation.

'The coon has come down, Mr. Mayne,' he said; 'only he would like to speak a few words with you before he parts with his skin.'

Mayne at once repaired to the cabin, where he found his prisoner looking thin and haggard enough, no doubt from his mental struggles (for his appetite had been excellent throughout the voyage), but perfectly calm and quiet.

'To the victor belong the spoils,' he said, pointing to the table on which lay a few sheets of manuscript. 'There is my confession, as you will term it: the narrative of how I possessed myself of the property, the whole of which, or nearly so, is already in your hands. Read it.'

The statement was drawn out at some length; but, as we are already acquainted with the principal facts, it is unnecessary to recapitulate them.

Let it suffice to relate what had happened in France and Salton Point.

Although there had been no quarrel between Sir Robert and his brother-in-law at Marseilles, the latter had had reason for supposing that his influence was on the wane. Every day it became necessary for him to combat the other's scruples as to his conduct towards the family at Halcombe, and now that he had lost the assistance of Annabel Spence, his spiritual weapons were no longer equal to this task. It was only, as it were, with a dead lift that he had persuaded the baronet to go to Australia, whither from the very first he had had no intention of accompanying him. He wished to remove him from England for as long a space as possible, in order to put a certain plan into execution, which required time for its development. The ship was to touch nowhere on its way to the Antipodes, and the Australian telegraph was out of repair, so that he would have many months before him during which no news of or from Sir Robert could reach home. Even with that advantage, the obstacles to accomplishing his purpose might well have deterred a less audacious and reckless spirit. He intended (as, indeed, it happened) to slip away from the ship on the very night of its departure, leaving his companion to cross the seas alone; then to forge a certificate of Sir Robert's death and burial in France, and to come home and prove his will, which his position as sole executor and trustee would afford him facilities to effect. But an unexpected event occurred which offered a much easier method of effecting his object. In Mr. Bevill's 'Reports' from Marseilles, there was mention, it will be remembered, of a certain Mr. Marshall, an invalid, whose acquaintance Walcot had cultivated, and with whom he had greatly ingratiated himself. This man, the victim of a complication of disorders, was in the last stage of illness. Among other things he suffered from, though he had neither kith nor kin, was home-sickness, from which the doctors denied him relief, since his strength was quite unequal to a journey of any kind. 'Let me reach England, if it is only to die,' was his passionate appeal; and in the end it was not made in vain.

After Sir Robert had taken leave of this gentleman, Walcot repaired to his hotel, and, pretending some change of purpose in his own movements, offered to be himself his escort to England. The dying man grasped at this proposal with gratitude and joy. On the same night the *Artemis* sailed for Melbourne a trader was to start for Weymouth, and on board this ship, the *Medusa*, Walcot procured accommodation as for himself and Sir Robert. The invalid was already in such a state that it was to the last degree unlikely that he should be made conscious of the substitution of names; and, indeed, so it happened. The boat that conveyed him from shore called at the last moment for Walcot on board the *Artemis*, and everything (except Mr. Bevill's witnessing that occurrence, of which, of course, Walcot knew nothing) went as smoothly as could be desired. He found himself in charge of his dying companion on board a vessel manned by foreigners, with whom, even if they had entertained any suspicion, deception was easy.

It was afterwards suggested by some who were made acquainted with these facts, that Ferdinand Walcot never intended to let his charge arrive in Weymouth a living man; that if the device of landing him at Salton Point—which the captain of the ship himself recommended—had not been put in practice, a still darker crime than any which stained Ferdinand Walcot's soul would have been laid to his charge. But of this doubt let him have the benefit. His companion, as we know, *was* landed at Salton Point,

and died there, in his bed—a natural death. Mr. Howard's testimony may be held conclusive upon that point. It was upon the whole a great satisfaction to Walcot to find in this gentleman an old friend of George Gresham's, since, provided only that he did not take upon himself to communicate with the family at Halcombe—in which case all was lost—he had in him secured a witness of the greatest value. All his marvellous powers of pleasing were exerted to win his good word, and, as we are aware, he succeeded in his object. The sick man, although prostrate and almost senseless, was indeed 'an unconscionable time in dying,' and every hour of his existence was, of course, laden with extreme peril as regarded Walcot. When he did die, he wrote at once to Gresham, but returned the letter, which he feigned to drop into the post office into his own pocket, his object being to delay the young man's arrival, if not until the body should be interred, at all events till it should be past recognition. In the meantime, under the pretence of going to London on business, he undertook that expedition to Halcombe, which so nearly resulted in his capture by Mayne and Gresham. It is difficult to account for the rashness of this enterprise, but the probability is that, judging others by himself, and the interest at stake being so enormous, he dreaded lest Sir Robert's will, the secret receptacle of which was known to him, should be discovered and destroyed. Even when he gained possession of it all was not plain sailing; tardy as was Gresham's arrival, and well as Walcot was acquainted (for he had made it his study) with that young gentleman's sensitive and somewhat fastidious nature, he could not be certain that his ghastly secret might not be discovered after all. For this reason he took occasion to drop a hint or two to the young surgeon of the morbid character of Gresham's mind, and so impressed him with the mischief likely to result from a visit to his uncle's death chamber, that, as we have seen, he almost dissuaded him from going thither at all, and rendered his momentary presence there merely formal and perfunctory.

When that last difficulty was surmounted, Walcot had merely to carry home what all men believed to be the corpse of his patron, and to enter upon his own inheritance.

Even if Annabel Spence, tired of his delays and excuses, and bereft of her last hope of his making reparation for her wrongs by marriage, had then turned upon him (as she eventually did), and exposed his treachery, he had made sure of his main object—Sir Robert's money.

For all that, Walcot did not lose an hour in realising such portions of his ill-gotten gains as were immediately convertible into cash, so as to be ready for flight at a moment's notice. That he had long ago some well-shaped intention of acting as he had done seems evident from the fact of the legacies to Gresham and the rest being made payable from the sale of the landed estate, which otherwise would have deprived him of so much ready money. Why the landed estate had not been disposed of, no matter at what pecuniary sacrifice, seems somewhat inexplicable; perhaps he shrank from beggaring his patron; perhaps, which is more likely, he hesitated to commit a fraud so gigantic, and to punish which, wherever he might hide himself, some unusual means might be resorted to. At all events, with that single exception of the Four Acre field, in which he showed a tendency to accommodate Mr. Raynes, he made no attempt to sell a rood of ground.

At the end of Mr. Walcot's statement was given an account of the investments, both English and Continental, among which the proceeds of the sale of Sir Robert's stocks and shares had been distributed; a very large amount of the securities themselves were in the pocket-book taken from his person, which likewise con-

tained memoranda as to the rest that put any concealment respecting them out of the question. With none of this, however, did Mr. Mayne concern himself. No sooner did they anchor off the port than a boat pulled from shore, bringing a stout little gentleman with a twinkling eye, but of serious deportment.

'Seeing your yacht in the offing—as I believe it is called—I could not resist, my dear Mayne, from coming on board to shake hands with you, and to take a bit of lunch.'

Nothing could be more natural, or at the same time more opportune. Mr. Sturt happened to be taking a brief marine holiday at Harwich—if you had seen him in his straw hat and the scanty jacket that afforded such development to his lower limbs, you would have understood that at once; nothing was less like his usual appearance when engaged professionally; but since he *was* there, and an old friend desired his advice upon a business matter, it was, of course, at his service.

'These securities seem all right,' he said, after he had examined them; 'and if your friend wishes to make them over to his brother-in-law, for value received (here his eye twinkled more than ever) the affair can be managed in a few days. It's a friendly settlement, as I take it, but these memoranda must be certified.'

'Just so,' replied Mayne, 'and in the meantime my friend will continue to partake of my hospitality.'

Not until the moment came for the final arrangements to be concluded did Mr. Sturt make the personal acquaintance of his new client, though when at Mirton he had been, as we know, within a few miles of him.

'What! Charles Archester!' were his first words upon beholding him.

'Archester or Walcot, it is no matter,' returned the other sternly; he was doubtless not unprepared for the recognition, but it was noticeable that his hand trembled during the process of signature that followed, as it had never done while he was writing out the confession of his crime.

Nothing more passed between them save the few grave words that business necessitated, but when the lawyer and Mayne went up on deck, the latter at once expressed astonishment at what had passed below.

'Yes; I knew that man years ago,' said Sturt. 'Nor is it the first time that I have acted for him professionally. I understand now the reason why he was so loth to accompany his brother-in-law to Australia. He has been there before as a convict.'

'A convict!'

'Yes; I was engaged for the defence at his trial, but the proofs against him were overwhelming, and the jury found him guilty without leaving the box; he was a forger. He passed under a false name, but it was understood that he was of good family and great attainments. He was said to have a sister who was passionately attached to him.'

'Poor Sir Robert must never know of this,' sighed Mayne.

'Of course not. Nobody need know save you and me. When I think of what he was when I first saw him I could almost find it in my heart to pity the scoundrel.'

'I do pity him,' answered Mayne, softly. 'What a wretched and wasted life!'

'Yes, but how he has wrecked others; remember Annabel Spence. Old Pam used to talk of Rubbish being something valuable in the wrong place. Now Pity in the wrong place—is Rubbish.'

Mayne answered nothing, but murmured to himself those classic lines in which hope is expressed that 'Auld Hornie' may mend his ways, and find things pleasant after all's done.

The thoughtful silence that had fallen upon both men was interrupted by the incisive tone of the Commodore.

'Our friend below, Mr. Mayne, would have a word with you before he starts on his home voyage.'

Walcot had agreed to leave that very afternoon by a Harwich steamer bound for Christiana; indeed the warrant that was out against him was a sufficient guarantee that he would never trouble his old acquaintances with his presence in England. Mayne at once repaired to the cabin.

Walcot was standing beside the little table, just where he had left him, with his hands folded across his breast, and his head bowed. He raised it a little on the other's entrance, and addressed him thus:

'I have done many a base thing in my life, as you are well aware, but I never yet stooped to ask a favour of an enemy. I am about to do so now.'

'There you are mistaken, Mr. Walcot. I owe you no ill-will upon my own account, nor do I wish you any harm, nor even to be hard upon you.'

'You have your foot upon my neck, that is,' answered the other grimly, 'yet forbear to tread with your whole weight. Well, that is something, and shows a certain generosity upon which I am about to trespass. Just now a man came here who recognised me as —as a convict. He told you all about it, I see. Well, I have to ask you—to beseech you—to keep that shameful knowledge from one particular person.'

'That is already granted; rest assured that Sir Robert shall never know it.'

'You are generous, indeed, but I was not thinking of him. Pray, sir, keep it also from the ears of Evelyn Nicoll.'

'Upon my honour, I will.'

'I thank you, sir.'

And after a few more words they parted.

Mayne kept this strange appeal even from Mr. Sturt, but it moved him greatly. He told him, however, what he thought was much to Walcot's credit, that the latter had refused certain pecuniary assistance from him, which he had offered at the last moment, lest poverty should be his excuse for his reverting to dishonest courses.

'You were afraid, I suppose,' said Mr. Sturt, smiling, 'that these fifty-five thousand pounds or so out of the sixty had almost denuded the poor fellow of his cash, or that the eight per cent. commission was not a sufficient recompense for his pains and trouble? I don't think you need distress yourself. Mr. Ferdinand Walcot is a gentleman, if I am not mistaken, who has feathered his nest whenever the opportunity offered, and to whose hands money has stuck whenever it has passed through them. The very ease with which he disgorged so vast a sum is proof to me that there was plenty more where that came from. However, you did quite right not to squeeze him too tightly. He is not a man to drive into a corner. And I am bound to say you have made a most capital job of it. It was risky—very risky—to the last moment. He could have kept his swag at the expense of his skin at any time. And without a policeman handy, you had no pull upon him whatsoever.'

'Ah! but I had a policeman,' replied Mayne. He whistled shrilly, and, as if from a trap-door upon the stage, there appeared at the top of the companion ladder a guardian of the law in full uniform; stout and serious-looking. He made his salute, and stood at attention.

'Take him away, take him away,' cried Mr. Sturt, hurriedly turning his back upon this apparition; 'I would not be recognised as being connected with this matter—for, though there is nothing wrong about it, it is very unprofessional, very—upon any consideration whatsoever.'

'But, my dear sir, he knows you perfectly well,' answered Mayne, laughing. 'Policeman X, don't you know this gentleman?'

To the lawyer's horror the apparition nodded assent.

'I know Mr. Sturt, of Burleigh

Gardens, as well as my own brother,' said he.

'What does he mean? Damn his impudence! Who is he?' cried the incensed attorney.

'Don't you know your own detective?' cried Mayne, holding his sides with laughter; 'why it's Mr. Landermann, of Christiana and London.'

'What, Bevill?'

'Yes, sir; it's me,' replied that worthy. 'I came with Mr. Mayne, in case my gentleman down yonder might have any special business to be done for him by deputy in Sweden; and also to make myself generally useful. Between us, I don't think Mr. Mayne and me have forgotten anything, down to these pretty little ornaments'—and he produced from his pocket a pair of handcuffs.

'I see,' exclaimed Mr. Sturt admiringly. 'You could have given your gentleman a good fright, and yet even at the very last have let him go again. Well, I must say, Mr. Mayne, that this return match of yours has been very well played out from first to last.'

CHAPTER LIV.

HAPPY HALCOMBE.

THE breaking of Mr. Mayne's news, though it was such good news to Sir Robert, was a little difficult. It was quite certain that he would never have given his sanction to that 'cutting-out expedition' on which the gallant little *Ruby* and her captain had been engaged, but now that it was over, and its end attained, there was not much left for him to object to, especially as his own legitimate share of the prize-money was fifty-five thousand pounds. Mayne told him as much as he thought proper of what occurred, and was only asked one question.

'Has this unhappy man gone back again?' and on being informed that he was, and for good and all, the baronet heaved a sigh of relief.

'This dividend, as you call it (for Mayne had laid great stress upon it not being the whole sum), is as much more than I expected, as it is more than I deserved, and I hardly know what should be due to you for salvage.'

'Oh, as to that I shall not take a shilling,' said Mayne, laughing; 'it was a private enterprise entered into for my own satisfaction, and if you will only acquit me of having wanted to escape from matrimony, I shall be more than satisfied with the result. I really had a reason for postponing the happy event, but now——'

'You may be married to-morrow so far as I am concerned, my dear fellow,' interrupted the baronet, 'and if you won't take the salvage, Milly shall.'

'Indeed, sir, Milly will have enough and to spare,' said Mayne, 'but if I might venture to suggest such a thing, and quite between ourselves, supposing you were to give it to her sister? I am sure it is what Milly would wish. Evelyn is going to marry a comparatively poor man, you see.'

'He won't be so poor as you imagine,' answered Sir Robert, drily. 'But your proposal is just what it should be, and like yourself. Well, now for the Yankee. He's a most capital fellow, and it seems devised the scheme that has restored to me my property. What can we do for *him?*'

'The Commodore, sir, will take no money; it was with great difficulty that I persuaded him to accept a present from me for which I had no further use. Since I am going to be a benedict and a landsman, I have given him *The Ruby* to do what he likes with; and he is as pleased as Punch at being captain of his own ship for the first time.'

'At least there is Mr. Bevill,' said Sir Robert.

'Indeed, sir, I am Bevill's own employer, and have been so for some time. I could not allow him to receive

douceurs from what he would call "another party." If you really do wish me to suggest a little investment, however, I will.'

'I do,' said the other, impatiently.

'Well, sir, there is Annabel Spence. She has a claim upon a certain person which has never been acknowledged, and she has been cruelly wronged by him. I could scarcely appear in such a transaction myself after the imputation the young lady was induced to put upon me, but if you—having long ago, as I feel sure, forgiven her trespass against you—would settle a thousand pounds or so upon her; she has no friend, poor girl, nor home—'

'Not another word, Mayne; you are quite right. "Let bygones be bygones" is a principle that I above all men have need to practise. The girl shall be well provided for; though as to a home, I understand she will remain with Evelyn.'

From that hour, in spite of some previous prejudice, Mayne stood in Sir Robert's favour only second to his nephew and the Curate. This was not because of his sagacity and vigour he had saved so much for him, as Mr. Sturt expressed it, 'out of the fire'—for mere material matters had never weighed with him as with most men—but on account of the magnanimity and tenderness he had exhibited towards others, and also, without doubt, for the tact and delicacy with which he had narrated his late adventure. He had referred so slightly to the object of it, that that feat of reciting *Hamlet* without any allusion to the Prince of Denmark had almost been equalled; Ferdinand Walcot was gall and wormwood and bitter aloes to his listeners, and was never uttered save with bated breath beneath the roof of Halcombe Hall. One great advantage of his antipathy in the case of the Master of the house was that it cast a deep shadow of doubt upon certain matters in which this man had affected to be his guide; in other words, the Apostleship of Ferdinand Walcot having been proved utterly false and fraudulent, he began to entertain no little suspicion of the truths of his Gospel. As time went on he learnt to cherish the memory of his departed wife without seeking to lift the veil which Heaven has placed, doubtless for their common happiness, between the Living and Dead.

As to his relations with those about him, they became more tender and gracious than they had ever been. Dyneley used to say that it seemed to him that Sir Robert almost fulfilled the dream that supposes one to have returned from beyond the grave purged from earthly follies, and convinced that the only true happiness lies in conferring happiness on others. At all events, in so doing, Sir Robert passed the remainder of his days. Moreover, having tried and faithful folks to deal with, he did not make those mistakes into which, in the practice of their benevolence, the most well-intentioned men so often fall.

There were no three happier couples, nor better suited to one another, than those who looked up to him as to a common father.

The union of Dyneley with Evelyn, and of Mayne with Millicent took place, as Sir Robert had promised himself, on the same day, by which time Gresham and his bride had returned to Halcombe, to fill up the gap in that loving household made by their temporary absence.

But Mayne and his wife were often at the Hall; and Mr. and Mrs. Dyneley settled at the Manor House, as had been agreed upon. In every sense there was never a more 'united family' than that at Halcombe; or a more paternal government than of its rule. The despotism of the Great Baba, indeed, was inflexibly maintained; but then everybody loved him as the Russians used to love the Czar.

The double marriage was celebrated with much greater *éclat* than that of Gresham and his bride had been, for

Sir Robert had now gained courage to face the world—though it was but a small one. All his friends and neighbours were accordingly invited, a circumstance that would scarcely have been worth mentioning, but that a difficulty arose as to one of them in whom we have taken a passing interest. There was no doubt of his being a neighbour, both in a scriptural and local sense, but there was a very grave doubt as to whether he should be a wedding guest. It had always, it will be remembered, been a question whether Mr. and Mrs. Raynes, of the Laurels, should or should not be reckoned among the County Society; and though Sir Robert and his lady had decided in their favour, a certain circumstance had recently come to light which rendered this nice point still nicer. This was no less than the discovery of what Mr. Raynes had been before he had taken up the *rôle* of country gentleman—a problem that had defied the intelligence of the neighbourhood for many a year. Even the subtle young people who guessed the double acrostics in the country paper had been foiled in this. How it was solved I know not; but, somehow or other, it did percolate down to Mirton Moor that Mr. Raynes had made his money as a clown in a circus. The instant that the fact was divulged, every one recognised its fitness. What man *out* of a circus had ever been seen to grin like Mr. Raynes? His wife had been the Columbine in the same travelling company, by the way, but that was nothing; the circumstance of the Mirton church-warden having been a clown, outweighed and overpowered every other feeling in the public mind; even the Master of Halcombe's experiences of the other world paled beside it.

Of course, as Mr. Raynes paid higher wages to his labourers than any other employer, it was one of his own men who first threw his late profession in his teeth. Hodge and he had had some words about turf-wittling, which ended in the son of the soil losing his temper, and saying, 'Well, at all events, I was never a fool in a circus.'

'Well, I *was*,' admitted the other frankly, 'and got 600*l.* a year by it. I wonder how long the sort of fool you are would take to realize that income.'

The young folks at Halcombe very much applauded this reply; but Lady Arden was dreadfully shocked at the revelation of Mr. Raynes' past, and I hardly think would have got over it (so far as to ask him to the wedding at least), but for her husband's advocacy of his claim to their hospitality.

'He is an honest man with a kind heart,' was Sir Robert's own view of the matter, 'and as to his having been a fool, I know one who was a great deal bigger one, and who, instead of gaining a livelihood by his folly, almost lost a fortune.'

THE END.

'CHIVALROUS HOMAGE' TO WOMEN.

BY O. S.

IN his recent biographical sketch of Thackeray, Mr. Anthony Trollope says: 'To give some immediate pleasure was the great delight of his life—a sovereign to a schoolboy, gloves to a girl, a dinner to a man, a compliment to a woman.'

The selection of gifts supposed to be appropriate to the different sexes amusingly suggests the masculine view of the way in which the good things of the world should be divided between men and women. Money which he may spend as he pleases to the boy; an article of dress, which she has not even the privilege of choosing, to the girl; to the man a dinner, the symbol of all an Englishman most prizes; to the woman the Barmecide feast of a compliment.

This appropriation of pudding to men and praise to women is quite in accordance with the theory of chivalrous homage to the weaker sex, of which Mr. Trollope so much approves, and which he particularly expounds in his book on 'Tasmania and Victoria.' In connection with some remarks on the manners of the ladies he saw during his visit to those colonies, he enumerates the privileges which the chivalrous homage of men has conceded to women, with an emphatic warning that these privileges are only granted in deference to feminine weakness, and consequently, should women ever cease to be weak, this chivalrous homage will vanish, and all respect and reverence for womanhood die out of men's hearts.

Now let us briefly consider the worth of those privileges which the chivalry of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and the men who hold his opinions, are willing to concede to women as long as they remain weak.

'Women all the world over,' says Mr. Trollope, 'are entitled to everything that chivalry can give them. They should sit while men stand. They should be served while men wait. Men should be silent while they speak.'

These are conventional rules which help to give grace and refinement to polite society; but which are seldom much observed in the privacy of domestic life, and certainly not at all by the great masses ignorant of 'culture, sweetness and light,' amongst whom a system of manners the very reverse prevails. Mr. Trollope, as a practised observer of social life, must also be aware that even in the most polished circles there are men whose outward observance of all the forms of chivalrous homage does not prevent them from treating those women who are under their control with the utmost injustice and tyranny.

But let us return to the list of women's privileges.

'They should be praised,' Mr. Trollope says, 'even without desert.' But here we must pause again, and ask, can it really be deemed a privilege, can it be anything but an insult and an injury to a woman to be praised when she does not deserve it?

'They should be courted,' Mr. Trollope continues, 'even without wit or beauty. They should be worshipped even without love.' The meaning Mr. Trollope attaches to these last two privileges requires some explanation, so we let them pass as high-

sounding phrases which might have had some reality behind them before 'Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,' but never since.

'They should be kept harmless while men suffer. They should be kept warm while men are cold. They should be kept safe while men are in danger. They should be enabled to live while men die in their defence.'

Would any unselfish, true-hearted woman desire such privileges, or take advantage of them if she could possibly help it? Is it not undeniable that in all times of trial, women will strive to take upon them, and will gladly endure even more than their full share of pain and privation; bravely bear their part in men's perils and hardships; and heroically encounter every personal risk that they may alleviate men's sufferings, or lessen their dangers? Yet it is to women capable of such noble deeds of heroism as ancient chronicles, or modern histories, record, women among whom, in our own day, a Florence Nightingale and a Grace Darling have lived and laboured, that Mr. Trollope offers the chivalrous homage of drawing rooms, and the ignoble boon of selfish ease and safety as privileges sufficient to satisfy all the needs and aspirations of

> 'A being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A traveller between life and death;'

—to women who have again and again proved their possession of those high qualities—

> 'The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,'

which Wordsworth ascribed to the 'Perfect Woman.'

Now let us turn for a moment to the Essays of Elia, and see on the essay on Modern Gallantry what Charles Lamb thought of that chivalrous homage which Mr. Trollope believes worth more to women than moral strength and intellectual enlightenment.

'I shall begin to believe,' says Lamb, 'that there is some such principle influencing our conduct when more than one-half the drudgery and coarse servitudes of the world shall cease to be performed by women. Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction, a pageant got up between the sexes in a certain rank and at a certain time of life in which both find their account equally. I shall even be disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life when I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear, to the woman as a woman, not a beauty, a fortune, or a title.'

Since Lamb wrote, there has been much improvement in the legal and social position of women; but the boasted point of chivalrous homage remains the same conventional fiction it was then. Sensible and clear-sighted women know this as a matter of course, and are perfectly well aware that the drawing room superiority it allows to women has apparently been conceded as a compensation for inferiority everywhere else. They see that 'womanly weakness,' however much admired and reverenced in theory by every chivalric gentleman, gets little consideration in practice where the drudgery of the world and who is to do it comes in question; and, therefore, instead of cherishing this weakness as a 'sacred attribute,' they will try to get rid of it, and the faults that belong to it, as quickly as they can, sure that if through such conscientious efforts at improvement they lose chivalrous homage and all it professes to give them, they will find a reality far better than any fiction, however time-honoured and attractive, could ever be.

Weakness, in fact, can never be anything but a poor and pitiable negation. All the best things earth has to bestow, and the Kingdom of Heaven itself, are won by strength. Strength

of skill, energy, and endurance—strength of courage, hope and will, give that success in practical life before which the world bows down; strength of virtue, strength of intellect, strength of sympathy and love, strength in all things pure and noble, win 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;' the delights of knowledge, the joys of beneficence. Such strength commands no merely conventional and fictitious homage, but a respect sincere and spontaneous, unsullied by those baleful flatteries and poisonous insincerities which it degrades and corrupts men to give, as well as women to receive.

And now a few words about the phrase 'chivalrous homage.' It was not for her weakness, but for far other qualities, that woman was glorified in the days of chivalry. Was it not the heroic valour and strong soul of Joan of Arc, in combination with her maiden purity and noble beauty, that inspired the chivalry of France with such an enthusiasm of courage and devotion? Would England's chivalry, with Sidney at their head, have worshipped and adored a Queen whose womanly weakness was her only claim to their devotion as they worshipped and adored, the brave and strong-minded Elizabeth? And was it not the courage and high spirit, the force of will, and greatness of mind of the great Empress-Queen, as much as her youth and beauty, which conquered the reluctance of the haughty Hungarian nobles to be ruled by a woman, and filled them with that wild fervour of devotion which found voice in the cry, 'We will die for our King, Maria Theresa!'

It was to the chivalrous ideal of womanhood that chivalrous homage was paid, and this ideal was formed out of the highest conceptions of the power and influence of women over the destiny of mankind the ages had produced. It blended the image of the divine Venus of the early Greeks, the eternal principle of beauty and love, with the Christian conception of Mary, the mother of Jesus, who, without desecration of her virgin purity, endured the pangs of motherhood, and through suffering, brought new life and redemption to the human race; intermingled with that grand heroic type of womanhood, as inspired poetess, prophetess, warrior and queen, of which examples are found in the legends and histories of all nations, and through which the women of the early Gothic tribes held so high and honourable a position.

When men fell from the lofty ideal of chivalrous knighthood, the chivalrous ideal of women fell also, and women ceased attempting to realize it in their lives. The large-minded heroic men of Queen Elizabeth's time were, through various phases transformed into the profligate fops and wits of the reign of the second Charles; and later still, into the coarser and brutal sots and sensualists of the Georgian era. In this downward course, the men were most dutifully followed by the women. The sexes are interdependent we know, and act and react on each other, but as women are the weaker, and have hitherto been under masculine control, they, like other poor dependants, naturally did their best to adapt themselves to the tastes and requirements of their lords and masters, and in so doing lost the respect and reverence which had once been given to them. A comparison between the exquisite strains in which the English poets of Elizabeth's reign sang of women's beauty and virtue, with the coarse sneers, heartless ridicule, insulting scorn and more insulting praise, bestowed upon the sex by men of such fine intellect and genius as Congreve, Prior, Pope, Swift, and Gay, would of itself suffice to prove this.

Out of the moral degradation in which contempt of women had its birth, both sexes have since emerged Nearly all the great poets of the nine-

teenth century have treated women and the relations between the sexes in a pure and noble tone. Once more all that was best and highest in women found a generous recognition in men, and their minds grew larger, stronger, and more enlightened under the genial influences of sympathy and appreciation. Stimulated by such favourable circumstances, women have risen to greater heights of genius and intellect than ever before, and many, with a noble-self sacrifice, have devoted themselves to the task of raising to a higher level, the moral and intellectual standard of their sex. Yet it cannot be denied, that of late symptoms of an evil reaction have appeared, especially among the women of what is called 'Society.' Otherwise how could such a satire as 'The Girl of the Period' have found a place in the 'Saturday Review,' or such a character as Arabella Trefoil, in Mr. Trollope's 'American Senator,' been depicted by one who professes to draw from the life and manners of the day. And more conclusive still, how could certain popular novels by lady novelists, conveying the most odious and hateful, though apparently quite involuntary and unconscious, satire on the writers and on all their sex, have ever had an existence? This reaction has, no doubt, sprung from various causes; but past experience seems to prove that as long are women are taught to believe their chief end in life is to please men, their worth and dignity can never have a sound and secure foundation. They will always be tempted to seek their object by ignoble and debasing means, and to sacrifice delicacy, truth and principle in the pursuit.

These women, who are now incurring so much ridicule and obloquy in their efforts to raise the position of their sex, do not ask for their clients anything so fanciful, capricious and unreliable as modern chivalrous homage. They know that, to the majority of women, even in the most civilised countries, it has no more existence than the laws and customs of Fairyland, and to the fortunate minority who are permitted to participate in its rites and ceremonies it is but a summer pageant, pleasant in the sunshine of prosperity, but vanishing before the cold blasts of adversity. The 'privileges' they ask for are, as they believe, far more important to the welfare and happiness of women in this workaday world than any which 'chivalrous homage,' even if it were a reality and not a pretence, could bestow, besides having the supreme merit of benefiting the whole sex, not one small class only.

It seems probable that, before long, their efforts will be rewarded with success, and woman will be permitted to occupy the place which, through all the obstacles that have opposed her progress, she has again and again proved herself capable of filling. That place is one in which she will be regarded as neither a slave nor a divinity —neither as domestic drudge, nor a drawing room idol; not raised on a pedestal over man's head, nor lowered to a footstool beneath his feet, but walking by his side, legally, politically, and socially his equal.

ROUND THE TABLE.

DRINK AS AN EXCUSE FOR CRIME.

SOME very painful thoughts are raised by the discussion which has lately taken place as to the pardoning of Ryan, the wife murderer, after he had spent a year or two in prison. With the action of the Executive I do not want to meddle; but I think we cannot too strongly reprobate the avowed sentiments of the temperance advocates who interested themselves in that cowardly culprits behalf.

I have long noticed a growing tendency on the part of judges, magistrates, moral statisticians of a certain class, and all the miscellaneous speakers of a Temperance Lecture Committee to attribute crime to King Alcohol, as they are pleased to call fermented liquors. To such a pass has this come that all the hatred and detestation inspired by the crime is gifted upon the head of the Alcoholic scapegoat, and the criminal himself,—poor blighted being! —only comes in for a good deal of pity. The sound old doctrine that drunkenness was an aggravation and not an excuse for a misdeed committed by a drunkard is forgotten. Listen to the *reductio ad absurdum* of this modern fungoid growth of sentimentalism, in the case of the man who brutally beat out his wife's brains:

'I am sorry,' says this interesting convert of the Teetotallers, 'that you did not know of my heavy drinking, *which* deranged my brain and *resulted in the death of my dear wife.*' In his prison this murderer looks at his crime as something quite apart from himself, no action of *his*, a deed done by the whiskey-bottle, not by his own hand. He can afford to express detestation of it, because (as his good friends tell him) the law which allowed him to drink whiskey is the real criminal. He becomes almost maudlin in his remarks about his '*amiable wife.*' 'No man could be happier with his wife and children' than he was, and as for himself, what says he? I am a cruel murderer, —a savage,—a man whose hand is imbrued with innocent blood? Oh! dear no! 'I am a *victim* to this dangerous traffic!' Cain and Abel have changed places, and Cain, forsooth, is the '*victim*!' He hopes no one will suffer as much as he has done—his nervous system is shattered;—his doctors tell him not to look back upon '*his misfortunes.*'

Remorse is bad;—but my theological friends must excuse me if I say that the deepest and most despondent remorse would be a wholesomer frame of mind for such a man to be in, than that self satisfaction of spirit which casts off its burden of guilt upon Alcohol, and sees nothing in the record of its past crimes but its own misfortunes and its own losses.

F. R.

THE USE OF THE WORD 'FEATURE.'

IT is not to be assumed that, in the course of our somewhat gossipy 'Table Talk,' we are to dare to undertake the onerous task of reforming the style of the *literati* of our country. Of course, not. Possibly the whole of us who surround this board, are not collectively capable of such an achievement. Still, it is probable that 'a thing or two' might be done, amongst us, in that way. At present, I beg leave only to make a few remarks upon the outrageous misapplication of only one word. Can you not, dear friends, do something in behalf of the much-murdered word, *feature?* According to the definition of one of the most approved English dictionaries, its literal meaning is 'the form, sign, or cast, of any part of the face; any single lineament.' When the *literary* meaning is so simple and so easily understood, one would suppose there could be little difficulty in perceiving where it could ever, with propriety, be *figuratively* applied. But what is there, either perceptible or conceivable, which

is not, in these times, called a 'feature?' This unfortunate word is made to do duty for almost every abstract, or collective, noun—nay, for almost every common noun, in the language. Whenever a writer of a certain class is at a loss for a name for any conception whatsoever, simple or complex, he is sure to call it—a *feature*. Do you doubt it? Take note for yourselves. I once had the curiosity, during my readings of the current periodical literature for a short period, to jot down the multitudinous meanings to supply which this abused word was misappropriated. The list would have made a more extraordinary exhibition than has ever been in any dictionary of any language. Whoever will be curious enough to try the experiment will be amused, and perhaps astonished, at the result.

This highly diversified and often very comical misapplication of the word in question, like some others which might be cited, indicates a gross indolence on the part of writers, who will not take the trouble to think what it really is that they do mean; and when thus at a moment's loss they say—*feature*. Then when writers of acknowledged reputation toss words about in this slovenly manner, of course those of lesser note follow the bad example. And when once a literary vice gets abroad, be it even the abuse of a single word, it would seem as if it were to prevail for ever. For instance, we may, every day, read of a "St. Petersburg." Where is *St.* Petersburg? Everybody in Russia probably knows, and every reader outside of it ought, by this time, to know the *locus* of *Petersburg*, built by and named for the Czar Peter I., who, whatever his other pretensions might have been, certainly never pretended to be a *saint*. But, among writers and speakers of English, *Petersburg* seems doomed to be '*St.* Petersburg' forever. Still, may not the persistent desecration of *feature* be discontinued?

P. S. H.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND 'TINEA.'

I WAS sorry to see in the last number of the MONTHLY that 'Tinea' loses temper in discussing the criticisms on Dr. Newman. He—I must say he this time—is evidently offended because I used the words 'he or she' in speaking of his former article. It was the feminine sound of the name rather than the weakness of the argument that led me to suppose it might possibly be of feminine authorship. I had no thought of giving offence.

'Tinea' does not seem to be aware that the phrase 'glittering generalities' was first used by the present English Premier. The phrase has a very happy application to many of the large, sweeping expressions by which some writers reach conclusions that are at variance with the particular facts of the case. When Dr. Newman says that 'the Church has raised the condition of woman, destroyed slavery, encouraged literature and philosophy, &c.,' the phrase of Lord Beaconsfield applies exactly. In the latter two instances, especially, the statement is totally at variance with the facts, not only of history, but of the annals of the present time. One has only to consider the conduct of the Church to such philosophers as Roger Bacon, Galileo, Bruno and others, in the one case, and the fact that slavery and the slave trade still exist in the Spanish colonies, without any protest from the Church, in the other, to be satisfied of this. If 'Tinea's' suspicions, afterwards converted into certainty, that I do not know what a generality is, were not so overwhelmingly self-evident, he would see a very good instance in his own article, where he says, that 'emancipation was due to nothing so much as to the ever-increasing incongruity between slavery and Christianity.' This in face of the facts, that when Christianity had been in existence eighteen centuries, the worst system of slavery the world had ever seen was in full force, unrebuked by any of the churches—fallible or infallible—and that it still flourishes in what Dr. Newman, at least, would describe as the most Christian country in Europe.

Coming to the other quotation from Dr. Newman, 'the Catholic Church holds it better, &c.,' I spoke of it as being doubtful whether it was really part of the doctrine of the Church of Rome. I treated it as the expression of his own individual belief, and if I did not, as 'Tinea' says, proceed to criticize it 'not as being true to its particulars, but as revealing a state of mind, &c.,' it is because the idea is so monstrously untrue to its particulars that to any

sane mind, not possessed by priestly assumptions, it is wholly unnecessary to point it out. I have not been able to find out whether this doctrine is avowed by the Church of Rome. I do not think it probable; but, though it is. it may be founded on false generalities, just as much as if it were the private opinion o Dr. Newman. It is founded on a large, vague and reckless estimate of the value of the Solar System. The mere adoption of such an idea as a doctrine by a Church does not change its nature. 'Tinea' waxes strong on this point. and gets abusive in his language; a tolerably sure sign that the facts and arguments he sets out to combat are too obstinate to be disputed.

With regard to the trustworthiness of Lecky as a historian, it is well known that opinions differ very widely. My remarks were not much concerned with the value of his work as a history; as I said before, in testing the truth of the Cardinal's statement, I preferred to appeal to the annals of our own time, and these are amply sufficient for the purpose.

It is gratifying to see that 'Tinea' expends the most of his energies and his temper on the meaning of the word 'generality,' and on the position of the word 'and' in a sentence,—I should like to know why it comes in rather 'funnily';—the most his hypercritical ingenuity could do would be to show that it was superfluous. There does not seem to be anything remarkably funny in that.

Dr. Newman's statement of belief that the telling of an untruth by a human being is a greater evil than the destruction of the Solar System, with all the sentient life on it, is so extraordinary that it is to be hoped there are few of his admirers who, any more than 'Tinea,' would venture to defend it. Dr. Newman's writings have thrown a glamour over a certain class of minds, which prevents them dealing with realities, or seeing distinctly what is going on before their eyes. 'Tinea' is not aware that there is a new foundation for morality coming into sight; he thinks my seeing it 'looming up' is part of 'the most typical example of mental confusion that ever came to his notice.' Perhaps if he had given more attention to the current thought of his day, and less to the ridiculous attempts of Dr. Newman to revive Mediævalism, with all its darkness and cruelty, he would have seen it 'looming up' too. It is 'looming up,' and its light will get stronger from year to year. At no distant day it will deliver men from the bondage of ecclesiasticism and superstition.

I am afraid the readers of the MONTHLY will get tired of the subject, or I would furnish some more instances to 'Tinea.' He may try, as in the former cases, to strip off a word here and there, but underneath he will find nuts of truth too hard for him to crack. I will only direct his private attention to the passage —I am sorry I have not the work by me to give chapter and page—where Dr. Newman lauds the Jews for the great service they have rendered to the world by their steadfast adherence to the doctrine of the Unity of God, seemingly oblivious entirely of the fact that the infallible Church has taken the lives of millions of them, for rejecting the doctrine of the Trinity! Also to another passage where he defines the nature and powers of conscience with such an amount of exaggeration and loose generality of expression as, I think, even 'Tinea' himself would decline to endorse.

The works of Dr. Newman have done much mischief in their time. They have influenced for evil a large class of minds; but their effects will be but temporary. He and they who think alike with him cannot put back the clock of time. or arrest the process of evolution. In the era which is just dawning, in the ever-increasing light and power of science, his works will soon be forgotten.

J. G. W.

FIRE-ARMS AND THEIR INDISCRIMINATE USE.

I THINK most of the readers of 'Round the Table' must have noticed the unusually great number of accidents—more or less serious, some of them fatal—which have resulted from the indiscriminate use of fire-arms during the past year. It is also a fact that the propensity, which almost every boy, sooner or later develops, to go out with a gun and shoot the first living thing he can hit, is seriously despoiling our woods and waters of our beautiful and innocent songsters and our water fowl. Some check must be put upon this evil, or we

shall soon have our woods almost lifeless wildernesses. Those who live in the country—during September and October more especially—are perpetually annoyed by the peppering of guns in the hands, not of true sportsmen, but of idle youngsters and loafers ; and they even carry their destructive propensities so far as to try to hit birds and waterfowl from the decks of our passenger steamers.

Now is it not quite time that we should have some such restriction on this sort of thing as a *shooting license* would create ? Suppose it were fixed at ten dollars—not an extravagant sum, I think—or even at five, none but *bona fide* sportsmen would take out licenses, and we should be spared the perpetual peppering of guns and the perpetual perusal of paragraphs describing the loss of life or limb by some careless or inexperienced marksman. I recommend this suggestion to the consideration of those who have the power to meet the evil by devising judicious legislation. Something must be done, and that soon, to save human as well as animal life from needless destruction. In my opinion, such a measure would, be far more reasonable, far more humane, and far more useful than is the present dog-tax, as it exists and is carried out in cities. Of course there is need for regulations which shall protect sheep from being destroyed by roving dogs, and also such as shall protect our streets from being infested by savage ones. But neither of these requirements is met by the present dog-tax, since the owners of savage dogs can, of course, protect their safety by the simple payment of one dollar—the sum charged for the smallest and most inoffensive canine pet. The tax is, moreover, I think, an unjust one. In this country there are few dogs which could be considered valuable as property ; and the only other ground on which the tax could be defended—that of protecting the safety of the streets—is, as I have said, not covered at all by this tax. It is, I think, unworthy of a free country, and oppressive to the poor man, to say that no one shall have liberty to keep a dog, however harmless, without paying a dollar for the privilege ! I have seen it pleaded that the poor man has no right to keep a dog. I think the poor man, who has few enough friends, has a right to his faithful canine friend, provided he does not stint his children for its support. And the children, in most families, would willingly share their crusts with the affectionate playmate, which is often one of their few treasures, while the dog thrives well enough, in general, on the scraps and bones that fall from the children's table. But to pay a dollar for him is, in hard times, a different matter. No one who has ever seen and appreciated Landseer's exquisite picture, 'The Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' would grudge the poor man the privilege of keeping his dog. Besides this, the regulation as it exists, even in small places, is hardening and brutalizing. Village constables are, of course, ready enough to carry out the idea to an offensive and barbarous extreme when they can get half a dollar for every untaxed dog they can find ; and village boys, and town boys too, are easily educated into cruelty when they find a poor unprotected animal on which they may wreak the instinct for torturing which lurks in so many of our youthful population. I saw, last summer, a mob of boys dragging about an unfortunate dog which had no fault but that of belonging to nobody, and which in its extreme inoffensiveness had permitted them to bind it with the ropes by means of which they were trying to haul it to a place of execution ! Most of them were sons of 'respectable parents'; and the only boy, who interposed a protest against their barbarity, was a poor little boot-black. I have no hesitation in saying that if the dog-tax were abrogated and the tax on shooting licenses imposed in its place, the interests of both morality and physical safety would be very much promoted,—and we should get rid of what is certainly an anomaly in a free community. We do need regulations for the protection of sheep ; but we need something much more effectual than the imposition of a tax upon dogs in general—great and small, savage and harmless alike.

F.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Egoist, a Comedy in Narrative ; by George Meredith. No. 90 Franklin Square Library. New York : Harper Bros. ; Toronto : James Campbell & Son, 1879.

It is seldom that the reader of modern novels comes across a tale that will bear reading twice. As a rule we are grateful if the first perusal proves attractive enough to make us persevere to the end ; and, when we have finished, we pitch away the volume without the least desire to hear it spoken of again. This is most decidedly not the case with 'The Egoist.'

To be frank with our readers we must warn them that Mr. Meredith's style is peculiar, even to eccentricity. Some examples of its crabbedness we will give; but the worst (that is, the first chapter) is soon over, and, once fairly launched in the tale, we contrive to forget the author's mannerisms in the interest we take in his characters.

But the first question we shall be asked is as to the position Mr. Meredith occupies in fiction—what school does he belong to, in short? Upon the whole we should say he has formed himself, judging from this novel, upon George Eliot, and with more success than might have been expected. The whole scope of the plot is one in which our great authoress would have felt herself at home —the dialogue is conducted in her style, —and original thoughts are enunciated in a condensed and telling form which almost parodies the construction of George Eliot's sentences. On this last point we would give the following paragraph as an example : 'In the first gush of our wisdom drawn directly from experience there is a mental intoxication that cancels the old world and establishes a new one, not allowing us to ask if it is too late.' For similarity of characters we would compare Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson to the inimitable Mrs. Cadwallader, in 'Middlemarch.' Utterly different in their positions in life, their mental calibres are yet very similar, and Mrs. Jenkinson says things that would fit the parson's wife admirably. Take her remarks on conversational powers :

'Delicate vessels ring sweetly to a finger nail. . . . most of the people one has at a dinner table are drums. A rub-a-dub-dub on them is the only way to get a sound. When they can be persuaded to do it on one another, *they call it conversation.*

But it is on Sir Willoughby Patterne and Clara Middleton that the interest of the tale centres, and Mr. Meredith displays no ordinary powers in unfolding their characters to us. Sir Willoughby is one of those men who would have been passed by with disdain by the older novelists, as affording no opportunity at all upon which to exercise their art. His better qualities are all so patent. Good sensible people go on adoring him to the end of the book without shocking our sense of the probable. And yet a more confirmed egoist it would be impossible to conceive. He conducts himself with the greatest possible show of propriety and even of generosity, but the more he does this the more we gradually learn to detect and loathe his inward leprosy. The effect of this slow unveiling of his nature upon the delicate mind of Clara Middleton and her struggles to escape from her engagement with him, form the basis of the plot, which strongly reminds us of the position which Gwendolen and Harcourt occupy towards each other in 'Daniel Deronda.' It is only the modern novelist who can depict the villain of the piece masking his evil qualities with the cloak of gentlemanly conventionality, and putting his victims in the false position of knowing his baseness while unable to appeal to any outward manifestations of it. Of course, there is a vast difference between Clara and Gwendolen. Miss Middleton has none of the pride and little of the spirit of her prototype, she never sinks to such depths nor is she capable of rising so high. It is perhaps to this absence of pride that she owes her happier fate. But to do

justice to the long duel between Clara and her lover, we must refer the reader to the book itself.

Some specimens of our author's style remain to be given. Ladies may appreciate (certainly lovers and hair-dressers will) the minuteness which penned this description of the nape of our heroine's neck. 'This way and that way the little lighter-coloured irreclaimable curls, running truant from the comb and the knot—curls, half curls, root-curls, vine ringlets, wedding-rings, fledgling feathers, tufts of down, blown wisps,—waved or fell, waved over or up or involutedly, or strayed, loose and downward, in the form of small silken paws, hardly any of them much thicker than a crayon shading, cunninger than long round locks of gold to trick the heart.' There! one draws a long breath, and yet we did not begin any where near the true beginning of this sentence! And this, too, is thrown in over and above a long half column portrait of Clara, from which we learnt that her nose was 'not actually interrogative or inviting to gambols,' and that her hair merits the epithet (slightly unmeaning we are atraid) of 'winter-beechwood.' These little eccentricities can however be pardoned for the sake of the many felicities of diction which occur when Mr. Meredith deigns to be natural. What, for instance, could be neater than the expression (anent Sir Willoughby's voyage round the world)—'holding an English review of his Maker's grotesques.'? It is indeed when the author tries to force more weight into the matter than the argument will allow that he fails the most. The second chapter is one instance of this. It is headed 'Sir Willoughby,' but its real text is a remark of Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson's to the effect that he (Sir W.) has a leg. The different constructions and meanings put upon this curious remark afford scope for much ingenuity of an amusing, but misplaced description, ending in a passage out-Hugoing Victor Hugo himself. Still speaking of the leg, he says, 'And its shadows are an ambush, its lights a surprise. It blushes, it pales, can whisper, exclaim. It is a peep, a part-revelation, just sufferable, of the Olympian-God—Jove playing carpet-knight.'

Everything, however, "pales its ineffectual fires" before the diction of the Prelude. Such a sentence as this, "Inordinate unvaried length, *sheer longiniquity*, staggers the heart, ages the very heart of us at a view," certainly staggers *us* a little. 'Monstrous monotonousness has enfolded us as with the arms of Amphritite' is another good mouth-filler. And why the north of Scotland should be described as 'the last few poor *pulmonary* snips and shreds of leagues dancing on their toes for cold' passes our comprehension. But in spite of all these defects we can and do recommend this tale as one of the best novels we have seen for some time.

The United States and the Dominion of Canada—Their Future. By ALEXANDER MONRO. St. John, N. B.: Barnes & Co., 1879.

THIS is an 'annexation bray' from the Lower Provinces of the loudest kind that has yet been heard. If Mr. Monro is to be considered as speaking for the New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians, there is, to say the least, no uncertainty about the sound he gives forth. "These Provinces," he says, "are large producers of oats, potatoes, hay, butter, beef, cheese, eggs, farm stock, and other agricultural products. And all these products could be largely increased if there was any encouragement to do so. But surplus is a drug. However, we can use what we require at home, and for the want of a free market in the States, we can sell the remainder at half price. And our loyalty has also become a drug. It is this thing called loyalty that has kept the Dominion of Canada behind even a single State of the Union in the scale of progress."

It appears from the preface of the book that Mr. Monro has not always been an annexationist. In other works of his, such as, we presume, 'The History, Geography, and Productions of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island;' and, 'The History, Geography and Statistics of British North America,' he flattered himself and his readers with the pleasing idea that the country was capable of being formed into a nation; but this was the result of too easy belief in the official and other reports representing vast areas of unoccupied lands suitable for settlement in nearly all the Provinces and Territories of British North America. Wider observation and

experience gained by more extensive travel as a Surveyor and otherwise, led him to abandon this idea for another, viz., that we are geographically unfit ever to become a nation, indeed ever to become anything worth mentioning unless we become part and parcel of the Great Republic, as predicted by John Bright, whose glowing words on the great future before us, he quotes.

The main argument of the book, to prove the hopelessness of separate nationality, and the necessity and certainty of ultimate union with the States, is the extreme length, narrowness, and disjointed character of the cultivable land belonging to the Dominion. We have length without breadth. Our actual rear is not the North Pole, but the granite Laurentides, stretching from the valley of the St. Lawrence to the Red River of the North, a distance of 2,000 miles. All that we possess south of this iron wall consists of two small areas each about 10,000 square miles, the peninsula of Ontario, and part of the lower valley of the Ottawa, with part of the St. Lawrence valley. Besides these areas, there is no land to the South of the iron wall. "The great Laurentian region, except a few isolated spots, will ever remain outside the pale of habitable and food-producing country. * * * The unfortunate position of this region of rocks so far south, or, in other words, the international boundary being so far north, can hardly be realized at present, especially in regard to the future of the Dominion of Canada."

But the Laurentides are not always in our rear, they turn at Lake Winnipeg and hide themselves in the arctic snows. What about the 1,000 miles extending from the Red River to the "Sea of Mountains" that make up British Columbia? Mr. Monro's description of this part of the Dominion, the most elaborate one he has given, will please, or would have pleased at one time, the Hudson's Bay Company. With the exception of the valley of the Red River, the unsurpassed fertility of which he admits, the vaunted fertile belt of the North West, with its arctic slope, treeless wastes, and grasshoppers, is a delusion and a snare. He quotes Archbishop Taché with approval, but Grant and Trow, Alexander Mackenzie, and the late Hon. Joseph Howe, he ranks among the "proud and boastful pioneers who have substituted fiction for truth, and awakened hopes that can never be realized."

Mr. Monro's great mistake, though he may be correct in his physical geography, lies in the assumption that a nation cannot exist except on first-class soil. On these very Laurentides and along the narrow slip of worthless lands between them and the sea, the great American nation was born, and there its wealth and influence are still wielded. There is much in the book, however, from which we can hardly dissent, and its perusal must have a powerful effect on many readers.

The Political Destiny of Canada, being determined by its Financial Policy. Reprinted from the *Canadian Spectator.* By a British Immigrant of fifty-six years standing. Montreal, 1879.

THIS *brochure* which may be noticed in connection with the work above mentioned, as a future quota to the literature of the annexation question, deals chiefly with figures, showing the rapid accumulation of our national debt, its inevitable and probably enormous growth in the future, and the consequent utter hopelessness of our financial out-look, unless we join the Union. True or false, it is powerfully written, and will set people thinking.

High Spirits: being certain Stories written in them, by JAMES PAYN. No. 88 Franklin Square Library; New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

THESE amusing little tales, for they are all short, form capital reading matter for a holiday season. Mr. Payn has a genuine vein of humour, although he will pardon us for saying that it is not always of the deepest kind. Certainly his motto, taken from Oliver Wendell Holmes.—"And yet I do not dare to write so funny as I can,"—appears a little inappropriate to us. We think Mr. Payn *has* written his funniest in these tales, even if by so saying we seem to arrogate to ourselves a greater knowledge of Mr. Payn's humour than he has himself. But the reason for our opinion is this, than even in these tales the author occasionally goes perilously near the verge of burlesque. The one

called "A Mediæval Mistake" will serve as an example, where an impossible peer, dating in the present century, apes the feudal baron, drinks "ypocras," eats porpoise, lampreys, beaver's tail, and peacock, and has in his four lovely daughters, to serve the pastry and offer the guests, golden finger cups.

It must not, however, be supposed that all the tales are like this. Most of them are stories of the present day, shortly and pleasantly told, although not tough enough in structure to bear vivisection by a critic.

The two last, "The Fatal Curiosity" and "The Cruise of the Anti-Torpedo" are the least interesting, the latter being in fact very commonplace. Among minor faults we may notice that "Jonathan Muggins, Q. C.," although a very vulgar man, would hardly put those magic letters after his signature at the end of an ordinary letter.

Church Rambles and Scrambles: by a Perambulating Curate. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1880.

MANY novelists have depicted types of clerical life and character, and generally with success. It would take too long to explain the causes which underlie the attraction in this quarter or which account for the absence of the usual percentage of failures in Clerical novels. Whether it is that there is something of a clerical nature in the outward embodiment of ministerial character which makes Rectors, Vicars, and Curates apter than the ordinary puppets on the show-board of modern fiction, we will not stay to inquire into, but will at once proceed to give some account of this, the latest, contribution to the light literature of the English Church.

'Church Rambles and Scrambles,' as the name would denote, do not plunge us into any very severe disquisition on theology or morals; nor do they lead us through the 'mighty maze' of a plot in search of a more or less problematical *denouement*. They are, in short, easily written, gossipy fragments, descriptive of clerical life and surroundings, from the stand point of an earnest Anglican Curate, whose knowledge of Canada gives him a somewhat broader view of things in general than falls to the lot of many of his brethren who have never crossed the narrow seas. The book opens in England, and it is easy to see that the author has had considerable experience among the agricultural poor there. In fact, the most powerful passages of the work consist of descriptions of poor Gile's privations and uncomplaining heroisms. Here is a picture of a rainy day and what it entails on the farm labourer—our author remarking a little grimly that 'rainy days are many in England.'

'He plods along the road for three miles to his work, with a large hunch of bread and cheese and an onion in his pocket. In the evening he returns, his coat feeling somewhat like a wet sponge. How is it to be dried? Look at the bit of fire in the grate! You could put all the live coals in a quart pot. * * * There is a rush-light on the table, whose flickering light reveals a damp stone floor. No wonder it flickers, for the sleety wind blows with searching power underneath the door. * * * The man who has been wet all day crouches over the few red coals and is soon joined by his wife, when they both together help *to keep the fire warm.*'

A not less life-like and more amusing sketch is the study of the Curate, who can't bring himself to understand that sickness, want of food, and gloomy prospects can dishearten the ordinary rustic beyond the power of a tract to revive him. The conversation which this individual has with the cottager's wife, accusing her of lack of faith because she, not unnaturally, objects to the prospect of the landlord selling up her bits of furniture, is very characteristic. It is well wound up, too, by the hearty ejaculation of the relieved housewife. 'Oh, I wur glad when he went out o' house—I never knowed anybody talk more about 'appiness, but nobody ever made me more miserable. He wur always a bustlin' about. There sartinly was a zale about the man o' some sort, but I reckon *it wur more in his shoes nor in his 'art.*'

Some very sensible remarks on the difficult and delicate subject of those severe fits of religious depression to which finely wrought natures are often liable, may be mentioned as showing that our author can rise above some customary prejudices of his cloth. If a man believes he has committed the 'unpardonable sin,' and will not listen to ordinary fair argument, we quite agree that the best thing to be done is to call

in a skilled physician and 'shut out the patient from religious disputation.' Pray for the sufferer, by all means, continues our Curate, but *not* in his presence, as that would only foster the intensely morbid personal feeling which is at the root of the evil.

The latter part of the book transports the author and some of his favourite characters to Canada. We may be allowed to remark that some of his ideas savour a little of that Churchism which is, after all, nothing but sectarianism. Unless we much misread the drift of a passage in the volume, our author considers that young children should not be brought out to Canada unless we can be assured that they will be placed with families that attend the service of the Church of England. Better leave them in poverty in England, he considers, than run the risk of their going to swell the numbers of the Methodists or Presbyterians. As he is by no means unaware of the probable fate of these children if left at home, we must conclude that he has a very exaggerated idea of the evils of nonconformity.

In other matters too, the bias of the clergyman peeps out. We may be excused for saying that there is the true clerical *non-sequitur* involved in his ardent preference for astronomy over geology. The latter he considers is a debasing study of matter and tends to materialism. Apparently he fails to see the glorious orbs whose sweep and circuit he would have us study are composed of just such matter as the ground we crumble beneath our tread, and that the mind which fails to learn lessons of wonderment and humble awe from the study of the Earth's Crust will be as impervious to all the gentle influences of Arcturus and of Orion.

The Parson o' Dumford. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. No. 87, Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

THIS is a disappointing tale. Mr. Fenn could have done better; and all his faults are intentional to the verge of criminality. He can work easily and effectively; and his command of dialect is considerable. With all these advantages, he deliberately proceeds to spoil his tale by constructing it upon a burlesque basis. For it is nothing less than burlesque to introduce such a character as Sim Slee, the Trades Union leader and professional agitator. However amusing the man may be, it is simply absurd to imagine that any body of English workingmen would submit to the leading of such an arrant wind-bag and coward as Slee is. It has been the fashion of late to write novels about strikes and lock-outs; and the master-spirit on the side of the strikers is usually depicted a stereotyped braggart like Slee. But if the unionist is an unnatural character, his protagonist, Richard Glaire, the owner of the foundry, is simply impossible. Coward is too good a name for him; he is utterly and irredeemably base, treacherous, revengeful and dastardly. In real life, no one could 'abide him' (in homely parlance); but here he gets on fairly enough, and is only jilted at the altar by the heroine. Then there is the muscular and extremely unconventional parson, who gives his name to the tale. He is good but broad, very broad; and his breadth is perpetually asserting itself so as to 'scrooge' the other characters considerably at times. The book can be read, for the tale in itself is lively; but, for reasons we have given, it affords no real satisfaction.

Family Creeds. A Romance; by WM. MCDONNELL. Belfords, Clarke & Co., Toronto and Chicago.

IT will be well for the world when it learns what this thoughtful book professes to teach, that the jangle of creeds tends to human misery. Whoever reads the work will doubt of ever finding comfort or an object to live for, in the profession or defence of theological dogmas, unrelieved by the spirit of Christianity.

THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS. Its Constitution and Laws. Ottawa, 1879.

IN one of the of the latest speeches he delivered, before leaving Ontario, Lord Dufferin congratulated the Ontario Society of Artists upon the good fortune which was sending out to this country, in the person of the wife of the new Governor-General, an accomplished modellist and sculptor, and an artist of considerable experience with pencil and

brush. The practical proof, of this anticipated good fortune, lies to some extent within the covers of the little pamphlet now before us.

It remains, of course, to be seen how far the Canadian Academy of Arts will carry out the intentions of its projectors and patrons.

The methods by which the Academy desires to promote the encouragement of Design and Art Education are announced to be, the institution of a National Gallery, the holding of periodical and peripatetic Exhibitions, and the establishment of Schools of Art and Design. The body of the Society is to consist of forty Academicians, and an indefinite number of Associate Academicians, and the governing body consists of a President, Vice-President, Council and General Assembly. The Council is made up of twelve academicians taken in rotation, six going out of office every year, and it has power to make by-laws subject to the approval of the General Assembly (which meets once a year), and to the approbation of the Governor-General. We may here mention that considerable power is reserved to the Governor-General who is, *ex officio*, a sort of superintending head to the Institution. How this is to work, when a Philistine may come to sit in the Governor-General's chair, may well be doubted, and a keen imagination might almost picture a constitutional crisis over the grave question whether the Governor's discretion should be exercised with or without the advice of his constitutional ministers. While mentioning this, which may be considered by some a defect, we would also draw attention to the somewhat unnecessary prodigality of resource which has endowed our infant Academy, in addition to the ordinary Professors, with an Antiquary, a Professor of Ancient History, and a Professor of Ancient Literature, officials who, we may safely predict, will be more ornamental than useful.

Annual exhibitions are to be held in rotation at the following cities: Ottawa, Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Toronto and Montreal, one feature of which is to be the Loan Exhibition, by no means the least interesting one, if well managed and cordially supported. One regulation we cannot too much recommend, although it will fall heavily on the ears of some of the exhibitors in Fine Art Departments at the Local Shows. 'No needle-work, artificial flowers, cut paper, shell-work, models in coloured wax, or *any such performances* shall be admitted into the Exhibition.' With these words of good omen for the future of Canadian Art, we wish good-speed to the new Academy.

MUSIC.

The Musical Record of the month of January in Toronto has been very slender. A few minor concerts were all that local effort was able to produce, while visiting performances were limited to the Remenyi Concert, on Friday the 23rd, which in some of its features was an event that will long dwell in the memory of music-lovers. Edouard Remenyi, like many others who are to-day foremost in the ranks of musical *virtuosi*, is a Hungarian, and has a romantic history. He presents one of the many instances where a passion for music has broken down all trammels of wealth and position, and has driven its possessor to the ever-fascinating platform. The great promise of his youth, through and after the stirring events of 1848, was abundantly matured and fulfilled by earnest and conscientious study; and Remenyi now comes before the Cis-atlantic world as a violinist whose style of playing and whose tone are singularly pure and free from mannerisms and eccentricities. His bowing is correct and quiet to the last degree, and gives one the idea that he is always husbanding his resources. It is

slow, but produces a full, broad tone, whether loud or soft, and from its very slowness, gives him a command over the shading and phrasing that enables him to produce instantaneous contrast without apparent physical effort. His power of tone is marvellous; at times the volume of sound produced by the violin in *forte* passages rises above and completely overpowers *fortissimo* chords on the piano in the accompaniment. His *pianissimo* passages, again, are wonderfully distinct, and always full, rich and melodious, while such *diminuendos* were never heard here before. Long, exquisite gradations of tone, brought the sound almost to nothingness, and to the last vibration the same fulness of tone prevailed. His execution is complete, and entirely free from any appearance of physical effort. His double stopping was wonderfully true, and varied, while his harmonics were brilliant, full and round, and never out of tune; they were of a strength and breadth that suggested the flute rather than the violin. Critics have been divided in opinion as to whether his power of interpretation of the compositions and ideas of others, or his own individuality were the most predominant, but in his performance in Toronto it was unquestionable that the colouring was Remenyi's. His power of expression is so great and diverse that he can give more variety in his interpretation than most other violinists, and he probably supplies effects that lay in the minds of the composers, but which have not found expression at their or their followers' hands. It is difficult to judge the correctness of an artist's taste in embellishing the compositions of others when that artist is to be heard only *one* evening, and when he is naturally expected to exhibit all his powers of *technique* at the same time, and it is especially difficult when the artist has such infinite resources as Remenyi displays. His very desire to please an enthusiastic audience leads him to give not only every bar, but every single note its fullest expression, and one leaves the concert with this heartfelt satisfaction, that if Remenyi does ornament the composer's work, he gives you nothing superficial or purposeless. Every sound and every shade you hear create the impression that they were absolutely essential to the correct and complete rendering of the number played. The programme announced by Herr Remenyi consisted of 1. Ernst's 'Otello Fantasia'; 2. A selection of Heroic and Lyric Hungarian melodies; and 3, Nos. 21 and 24 of the Paganini studies. In his rendering of the first number, all his power, pathos and expression were exhibited when he played over the beautiful theme, indeed through all his work runs a soft, not unhappy sadness that can only be called *Schwermuth*. It was the finest *legato* passage ever played in Toronto. The immense audience clamoured for re-appearances, after each performance of Herr Remenyi, the applause was loud and long; in fact no artist but Jenny Lind and Nillson ever had such receptions here. Herr Remenyi good naturedly responded in the most generous manner. In answer he played at various times: a setting of Schuberth's 'Serenade'; 'Auld Robin Gray;' 'The Campbells are coming;' 'The Carnival of Venice;' 'God Save the Queen,' and the Hungarian National Anthem. He was ably supported by Herr Julian Heinze, a pianist of no mean order, and an accompanyist of rare merit. Herr Heinze's accompaniments deserve more than a passing word; they were truly artistic, full yet never obtrusive,—characteristics as rare as they are necessary to a perfect performance. Of the remainder of the support, little that is good can be said. Mrs. Emma C. Thurston (a name that sounds suspiciously like Emma C. Thursby !) is a lady who is both in voice and method quite unfit to accompany such an artist as Remenyi. The same may be said of Mr. Edmond de Celle (!), the tenor.

The Y. M. C. A., under whose auspices this Concert was given, deserve the greatest credit for their enterprise in giving Toronto such an excellent treat, and it is to be hoped that their future efforts in this direction will meet with the same financial success as rewarded them in this instance. It is expected that they will arrange with the great pianist Rafael Joseffy, for a Concert during February. Among other events to come off during the month, is a concert on the 2nd, at which Miss Thursby will appear, assisted by Herr Franz Rummel, a pianist whose reputation is world-wide, and who met with a hearty reception at the Philharmonic Society's Concert during the visit of the Princess Louise last summer. On the 5th the Philharmonic Society perform

Mendelssohn's 'Walpurgis Night,' which they have been rehearsing for some months; and on the 6th the St. George's Church Glee Club give their second Concert.

Lovers of the Drama will be pleased to learn that the Grand Opera House will re-open on Monday the 9th February, with Miss Neilson in 'As You Like It.'

CROTCHET.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

WHAT is man? 'A pinch of phosphorus and a bucketful of water,' answers a German Chemist.

Said an author to Douglas Jerrold, 'Mr. Jerrold, I understand that you have told Mr. Blank that my last book was the worst I ever wrote.' The reply came swiftly: 'No, I did not; I told him it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.'

The *Congregationalist* tells of a washerwoman who, being commended by her pastor for her regular attendance and close attention at church, said, 'Yes, after my hard week's work is done, I git so rested to come to church, and sit and think about nothin!'

An aged lady thinking she was dying, said in a penitential mood: 'I've been a great sinner for more than sixty years, and didn't know it.' To which her old negro servant, who had lived with her from childhood, responded: 'Good gracious, I knew it all the time!'

'Your handwriting is very bad indeed,' said a gentleman to a friend more addicted to boating than to study: 'you really ought to learn to write better.' 'Ay, ay,' replied the young man, 'it is all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would find out how I could spell.'

'Man alive,' exclaimed the Judge, in a heated discussion of a tangled theological point with his friend, 'I tell you, you are a free agent. You do not have to obey any one.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Goodman, meekly, 'but I do, though.' 'Who?' shouted the Judge, 'who?' 'My wife, her two sisters and the baby,' howled the good man, meekly triumphant.

Queer women they had two hundred and fifty years ago. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says that there yet remains to be seen on a pane of glass at Little Moreton Hall, in England, the following distich, cut with a diamond, and dated 1621:—

"Man can noe more knowe woman's mynde by teares,
Than by her shadow judge what clothes shee weares."

Said the Rev. John Brown to his theological students: 'Young men, you need three things to make you good ministers—learning, grace, and common sense. As for learning I will try and set you in the way of it; as for the grace ye must always pray for it; but if ye have not brought the common sense with you, ye may go about your business.'

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And a hundred jokes are the same as one;
The paragraph fiend and the circus clown
Sigh for a find of new-laid fun.

Oh, little we reck of the moonlit gate,
Of the apple green and the noisesome dun;
For the hours fly by while the printers wait,
And a hundred jokes are the same as one.

And what is it all when all is done?
A joke is the same in a thousand climes;
Here, fill up my column with reckless fun,
Set up this joke a hundred times.

A Glasgow mason finding it necessary to flit, resolved to do so some nights before the term, and got assistance from a chum to carry the scheme into operation. While the two were carrying an eight day clock down stairs they accidentally made some noise, which brought out the landlord, who lived in the same flat. The mason, getting a glimpse of his

lordship's night-cap, with great presence of mind cried out to his fellow, 'Hold up the man's head or he'll choke!' The landlord, thinking a drunken man was getting a carry, quietly withdrew, and the procession marched past.

Writing to the editor of an English magazine, Mr. Ruskin gives utterance to the following characteristic dehortation:—'Young men have no business with politics at all; and when the time is come for them to have opinions, they will find all political parties at last resolve themselves into two—that which holds with Solomon that a rod is for the fool's back, and that which holds with the fool himself that a crown is for his head, a vote for his mouth, and all the universe for his belly.'

Brown (picking up a volume from club table): "Ullo! what's this?—'Is Life Worth Living?' What do you say, Jones?" Jones: "H'm! it depends. If I'm going to have curried lobsters and Welsh rabbit for supper, yes! If I've had curried lobsters and Welsh rabbit for supper, no! But I've not had curried lobsters and Welsh rabbit for supper, you see; and, what's more, I'm not going to. So I give it up!" Brown: "So do I!" (Exeunt, each to his respective business or pleasure, as the case may be.)

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself up in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown weary, grown grey with unblemished honour, bless God and die.

Says an English critic:—'When a bride goes to the altar conscious that she has played out all her trumps and lost the game for power, much of what the French call *l'imprevu* of marriage is gone and the girl feels that she is simply entering upon a humdrum state of life, whose petty miseries and general dreariness are known to her beforehand. If, on the other hand, it is the bridegroom who feels that he is about to enter into domestic bondage, his face may possibly not wear that serene expression which one is glad to see upon a wedding day.'

First Pagan, then Christian—this is the text on which the Calcutta comic paper preaches to its fellow religionists.

Soldiers, yours the work of vengeance!
  Slow to spare and swift to slay
Be your arms when next the Afghan
  Shall confront you in the fray.
Let your father Viking's fierceness
  Quell all thoughts of mercy, say
To the dotards who would stop ye,
  We are Odin's men to-day.
Thor and Odin against Mahomet
  Till the accursed walls are flat;
Till our comrades' bones are rescued—
  We'll be Christian after that.

The following conversation between a senior and an inquisitive freshman, says the *Amherst Student*, was overheard on East street the other evening. Freshman (confidentially): "I say, Smith, didn't you find Greek plaguey hard when you were a freshman?" Senior (nonchalantly): "Greek? No; Greek came pretty easy to me." Freshman (awe-struck): "What! Didn't you find Greek hard?" Senior (meditatively): "Hold on. Lemme see. Greek? Is Greek the stuff with the funny little crooked letters?" Freshman (in astonishment): "Why, yes!" Senior (emphatically): "Oh! yes. Greek was deuced hard!"

Teetotallers would have us believe that alcoholic drinks are poisonous. Without giving an opinion on this physiological question, we would rather refer the matter to the famed eccentric Doctor Abernethy when consulted by a worthy Scot on a kindred subject, the use of narcotics—'Tell me, doctor, does tobacco, or snuff, or ardent spirits, injure the brain?' 'Nay, verily,' said the eccentric M. D. 'Weel, I'm real glad at that,' said the querist, 'for I like a bit snuff among hauns, an' whiles a draw o' the pipe, an' when it's wonerfu' cauld I'm fond of a bit nedfu o' spirits.' 'Well,' said the fun-loving doctor, 'Drink, smoke, and snuff as much as you like, neither of these things will injure your brain, for I never saw a man that had any brains use any of the specified articles of poison.'

Soon after the late Salmon P. Chase assumed the gubernatorial chair in Ohio, he issued his proclamation appointing a Thanksgiving Day. To make sure of being orthodox, the Governor composed

his proclamation almost exclusively of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognise them, and admire the fitness of the words, as well as his taste in their selection. The proclamation meeting the eyes of a democratic editor, he pounced upon it at once, declared that he had read it before —he couldn't exactly say where ; but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end ! *That* would have been a pretty fair joke; but the next day the republican editor came out valiantly in defence of the governor, pronounced the charge false and libellous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had ever appeared in print before.

It would be idle for any one, standing beside his strawberry-bed in June, to try to determine how much of its matchless flavour the scarlet fruit owed to a congenial soil, how much to moist mulchings, how much to timely showers, how much to the kissing of the sunshine. Yet that would be an easier task than to determine the relative potency of the multitude of influences that have a hand in shaping personal character. We are apt to think that sermons and lectures and newspapers and Bible-classes and mass-meetings and magistrates must do most of the work of making men and women what they ought to be. We have great faith, nowadays, in machinery. But, if it were possible to pick out all the interwoven influences that have given form and colour to the fabric of personal character, probably every one of us would be surprised to see how much, in his own case, what is due to the life and character of the men and women whom he has known —men and women, too, who never exhorted him or elbowed him, but simply lived their faithful lives before him.

Here is a true and amusing story of the 'distress' in Ireland. The landlord is sitting in his library collecting such of his rents as he can secure, and there enters to him the occupier of a small farm. 'So you have come to pay your rent, Flanagan?' he asks. Flanagan sighs heavily, and assumes an aspect of deep distress. 'Shure, your honour, the times is cruel hard, and it's wanting to do my duty I am, but it's a mighty difficult thing to scrape a few pounds together,' he answers. 'Well, and what do you propose to do, Flanagan?' 'Well, your honour, I wish it was my rent I could pay, the whole £15 of it; but scrape and scrape as I might, it is only the £10 note I could get together, and I had to sell the pigs to make that.' Flanagan exhibited the note ; but is reluctant to part with it, and looks at it lovingly, though he cannot read the inscription. 'That's all I could find by all of pinching and scraping, your honour, and I was hoping that, seeing how bad the times is, your honour might be plazed to forget the rent for the half year, for the crops is nothing, and it's buying everything I'll have to be.' The landlord, however, stretched out his hand for the note. 'Times are hard, Flanagan, as you say, though your crops are scarcely as bad, I fancy, as you make out. I'm afraid I must take the £10, but I'll give you the change. You have taken the wrong note out of your cash box ; this one is for £100 !'

A writer in one of our weekly cotemporaries who signs himself 'Jack Spratt,' contributed the following to his paper a week or two ago. Under its grotesque garb there is more truth and true feeling than often appears under finer forms of writing :—'Yes, I know Young Mugby. He was a good plucked 'un, he was. He commenced life with 'osses an' cabs at fifteen, and he died las' week at twenty-seven. No, it ain't long for a man to work, but that Young Mugby did work. He worked among all o' his mates, and got 'em to insure their lives, and to join heaps o' benefit sossieties. An' he wur about the best cabby as I know ; that's the reason, sir, as 'ow you see so many cabs a-following him to his grave.'

He wor only a cabby, you know, sir,
An' never lived out o' the rank,
But he kinder like ruled just a king, sir,
And he knew he wor right as the Bank ;
For if ever a old whip wor dying,
With nothing to leave to his boys,
He'd send for Young Mugby, an' sighing,
Say, "Find 'em in grub and in toys."

And he worn't but so-so a scholar,
But he allus was gentle to all ;
Though his Christianity worn't on the holler,
He ever wor good to grief's call ;
An' he told us to save and be careful,
So now up aloft as he's gone;
We're 'oping he's driving God's brougham,
A-singing a cab-angel's song

ROSE-BELFORD'S

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THE NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CANADA.*

BY J. G. BOURINOT,

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I.—Political Development.

THE liberal system of government which Canada now enjoys was not the sudden inspiration of some eminent statesman or the issue of the fertile brain of some philosopher, following the example of the illustrious Locke, who devised in his closet an elaborate system of government for South Carolina, in which caciques and landgraves were to represent a colonial nobility. The Constitution of Canada is the practical outcome of the experience of astute statesmen. It has not been won in a decade or two; but is the result of three-quarters of a century of political struggle, during which English statesmen have learned many a valuable lesson in colonial administration. Previous to the American War of Independence, the English Government devoted very little attention to Colonial affairs, and appeared to have no fixed principle of policy with respect to the colonies, except that their trade should be kept as closely as possible in English hands. But when the Thirteen Colonies threw off their allegiance, and took their place among independent nations, the public men who controlled the Government of the Empire, awoke from their lethargy and went to the other extreme of constant interference in colonial affairs. Aroused at last to the importance of colonial administration, the Home Government made every effort to educate the inhabitants of Canada in the way of self-government. The political system which was to make the Canadians a self-governing people was unfortunately from the outset based on erroneous principles, and illustrated an extraordinary ignorance of the wants and necessities of the people whose interests British statesmen professed to have at heart. But it must be admitted that it was very difficult for a British minister, in those days of slow communication, to obtain

* This paper is to be read before the Royal Colonial Institute, London, in the course of the present winter. The writer, however, has left out some of the original matter, necessary to make the subject more intelligible to an English audience, little conversant with Canadian history.

a true insight into the causes of Canadian disputes, and provide some remedies for the discontent that commenced to gain ground in Canada after the war of 1812. The men who should have kept them informed as to the true situation of affairs were not always well chosen in point of political training. The military governors, who were so generally the choice of the Colonial Office, were too choleric and impatient of opposition from 'mere civilians,' and appeared to think restless colonial politicians could be managed like a regiment of soldiers. Obstinate Canadians who did not look at matters through the gubernatorial spectacles were lectured like so many unruly school-boys who did not aptly learn their lessons from the official text-books. If the birch-rod would not be actually applied to a Legislative Assembly, at all events it would be well scolded by a Sir James Craig, when it obstinately asserted its claim to legitimate influence in the government of the colony. But even though their intentions might have been most excellent, the governors were powerless in the face of a constitutional system only calculated to provoke political difficulties. It was inevitable that a system which gave all substantial power into the hands of officials, who owed no responsibility to the people, could only lead to political anarchy, according as the mass of the people understood the true meaning of representative government. British statesmen, for very many years, never could be brought to believe that the 'circumstances' of the colonies admitted the exact reproduction therein of the system of responsible government. And yet the experience of every day illustrated the impossibility of retaining power in the hands of an irresponsible Executive, only supported by a nominated branch, filled with officials, and animated by a desire to impede the legislation of a popular House, which, however factious and overbearing at times, had, at least, reason and justice on its side when it claimed a larger share in the government of the country.

In Lower Canada the gravity of the situation was increased by the progress of national rivalry and animosity; but there, as in other sections of British North America, the existing evils were the natural result of the political system. In all the Provinces, representative government was coupled with an irresponsible Executive; the same constant collision existed between the several branches of the government; the representative bodies, owing to the anomaly of their position, were frequently abusing their power; and the Imperial authorities were ever interfering in the matters which should have been wholly left to the Provincial Governors. Yet, in spite of the numerous facts showing the absurdities and dangers of the constitutional system in operation, the Downing Street authorities were long unable to appreciate the necessity for such a radical change as would give the people an actual share, not a mere semblance of a part, in the government of the country. To suppose that such a system would work well implied a belief that Canadians could enjoy representative institutions for any time without acquiring any of the characteristics of a free people. Unhappily, not till blood was shed in an ill-advised rebellion, did the British Government feel itself compelled to take some practical measures to enquire into the causes of the disaffection. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of the services of Lord Durham during this national crisis. Canada owes him a deep debt of gratitude for a report, remarkable for its fairness, for its clear appreciation of the causes of discontent, and for its wise suggestions of the remedies that ought to be provided. The result was the new Constitution of 1840, under which the Canadas were again united in one legislature, and their constitutional rights considerably enlarged;

but even then, despite the lessons taught them by the past forty years, British statesmen had serious doubts as to the wisdom of granting responsible government, in the full meaning of the term, to the people of Canada. Though Lord John Russell was far from conceding in its entirety the system as understood and contended for by Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lafontaine, Mr. Howe, and other eminent Canadian statesmen of those days, yet the effect of his policy was to virtually inaugurate responsible government in these colonies. Personal government was practically at an end, from the moment the principle was admitted that the advisers of the Governors should be changed from motives of public policy; and that they should govern in accordance with the well understood wishes of the people. Lord Metcalfe, on the question of patronage, brought himself into collision with his Government, and in order to obtain a majority in support of his views, exerted his personal influence at the elections which followed the crisis; but as it has been well observed elsewhere, the advantage which he then gained, was dearly purchased by the circumstance that the Parliamentary opposition was no longer directed merely against the advisers of the Governor, but against the Governor himself, and the British Government, of which he was the organ. The time had passed when Governors could make themselves the leaders of political parties. The action of Lord Metcalfe in this particular had certainly its effect in settling for ever the principles on which the government of Canada should be conducted. When Lord Elgin was appointed Governor-General of Canada, he received instructions to act generally upon the advice of the Executive Council, and to receive as members of that body those persons who might be pointed out to him as entitled to become so by their possessing the confidence of the Assembly. From that day to this, the representatives of the Queen in this country have consistently adhered to the principles of governing in accordance with the well-understood wishes of the people, as expressed through Parliament. In these later times on the occasion of a very perplexing crisis in the political affairs of Canada, Lord Dufferin well defined the duty of a Governor under the system of government that now prevails in the Dominion.

'My only guiding star in the conduct and maintenance of my official relations with your public men is the Parliament of Canada. . . To those men alone whom the absolute will of the Confederated Parliament of the Dominion may assign to me as my responsible advisers can I give my confidence. Whether they are the heads of this party or that must be a matter of indifference to the Governor-General. So long as they are maintained by Parliament in their positions, so long is he bound to give them his unreserved confidence, to defer to their advice, and loyally to assist them with his counsels.'

The Union of 1841 was, therefore, the commencement of a new era in the political history of British North America—an era during which all the mistakes of the old colonial system were retrieved. For half a century Downing Street had been omnipotent, and literally 'meddled only to muddle;' but with the new condition of things, British statesmen showed an anxiety in the other direction, of only exercising a nominal control over Canadian affairs, and conceding to the Canadians all those measures which they considered necessary for the self-government of the country. After having refused for years an elective Legislative Council to Lower Canada, the British Government granted it without demur to the United Provinces. As a result of the introduction of a liberal system of self-government, municipal institutions spread over the face of the country, and freed the Legislature from a vast amount of parish work, whilst it stimulated the energies of

the people and educated them in public business. School-houses went up in every direction, and it was no longer a subject of reproach that school-masters in many sections could not even teach their pupils to write. The result was, in the course of time, a system of education which is confessedly the most liberal and comprehensive in the world. Steps were taken to establish a Civil Service which can compare favourably with its English prototype, despite the effects of political favoritism and pressure which have a tendency to overcrowd departments and prevent justice being paid to real merit and usefulness.

The policy that prevailed with respect to the colonies previous to the visits of Lord Durham was one of isolation. The statesmen of Great Britain directed all their efforts to govern their colonies by means of division, and to break them down as much as possible into petty isolated communities, incapable of combination, and possessing no sufficient strength for individual resistance to the Empire. The Union of 1841 was the first great measure in the direction of the consolidation of the Empire on the northern half of this Continent. It did its work in stimulating the material progress of the Canadas and educating their public men for a larger condition of public affairs. The necessity of uniting all the Provinces became obvious when the Union of 1841 no longer worked harmoniously on account of sectional difficulties. Upper Canada would not be content with a representation equal to that of Lower Canada, with its smaller population and inferior wealth. Government was at a dead lock when the public men of both parties combined to bring about a Confederation as a solution of the difficulties which otherwise seemed insurmountable. Under this system of Confederation, Canada has reached a political status of the most perfect freedom possible for a colonial dependency. Her control over her local affairs is perfectly unlimited, and from the Island of Cape Breton to the Island of Vancouver her Government at Ottawa rules a Dominion which, if not a nation in name and fact, possesses all the elements of such. The natural aspirations of her public men have been gratified by a wider field of ambition. Not only may the Government at Ottawa appoint and dismiss the Lieutenant-Governors of each Province, but it has the territorial control of a vast region of country, far larger than many European States, and has the power of marking out new provinces and establishing therein a system of government. Responsible government no longer rests on the mere instructions of a Colonial Minister to the Governor-General, but has now virtually all the authority of an Imperial charter. The Central Government of the Empire has handed over to the Canadian Administration the entire management of the internal affairs of the Dominion, and cannot be induced by any pressure from within or without to interfere with its constitutional rights, now resting on so broad and liberal a basis. This adherence to a fixed principle has been very recently illustrated in the case of the somewhat complicated and perplexing constitutional difficulty which has ended in the dismissal of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. The despatch of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as to the complete control exercised by Canada over all her internal affairs is quite conclusive, and perfectly in accordance with the modern policy of the Imperial Government.

II. Commercial Freedom.

In no respect has the liberal policy of the Parent State towards her colonial dependencies effected so marked and important a change as in Trade and Commerce. Canada was for

many years weighed down by a system which controlled her commercial freedom, and effectually prevented her attaining that commercial expansion to which her natural resources entitled her. In the old days of French dominion, Canada was little better than a military post, whose feeble garrison was condemned to live in a state of perpetual warfare and insecurity, frequently suffering from famine, without any trade except what was monopolised by privileged companies. Under the new régime, and with the influx of a class of settlers whose instincts are all in the direction of commercial enterprise, it was natural that commerce should make a certain progress, which would have been less possible under the French system of colonial government; but still that progress was more or less trammelled, for many years, not only by the political troubles which resulted from the operation of an erroneous political system, but chiefly by the working of the restrictive commercial policy of the mother country. This policy was a system of restrictions on the imports and exports of the colonies, with the view of keeping their trade and its transport in British hands, as far as practicable. It took many years for English statesmen and economists to see the short-sightedness and tyranny of this policy. Writers of all parties, with a few memorable exceptions, concurred in lauding a policy which was considered the very corner stone of the colonial system in the British Empire. It was not till the principles of free trade began to make some headway in the mother country, and English statesmen saw the necessity of giving to Canadians the free control of their own affairs, that the Navigation Laws were repealed in their entirety, and Canada left free to trade in the manner best calculated to develop her resources.

The Canadian people have now, virtually, control over all matters affecting their Trade and Commerce, and can regulate their fiscal policy solely with a regard to their own necessities. The rights of Canada, in this particular, have always been practically admitted by the British Government, and when, some years ago, they were called in question, they were distinctly and emphatically vindicated by Sir Alexander Galt, then Finance Minister:—

'Self-Government'—we quote from his Report to the Government on the 25th October, 1859,—'would be utterly annihilated if the views of the Imperial Government were to be preferred to those of the people of Canada. It is, therefore, the duty of the present Government distinctly to affirm the right of the Canadian Legislature to adjust the taxation of the people in the way they deem best, even if it should unfortunately happen to meet the disapproval of the Imperial Ministry. Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such Acts, unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the affairs of the colony, irrespective of the views of its inhabitants. The Imperial Government are not responsible for the debts and engagements of Canada; they do not maintain its judicial, educational, or civil service; they contribute nothing to the internal government of the country; the Provincial Legislature, acting through a Ministry directly responsible to it, has to make provision for all those wants. They must necessarily claim and exercise the widest latitude as to the nature and extent of the burthens to be placed upon the industry of the people."

The broad principle, enunciated in the foregoing State Paper, has never since been questioned, but has been practically acquiesced in by the British Government. We see that very clearly in the case of the Canadian Tariff of 1879, which has been avowedly framed not only to raise a revenue to meet the absolute requirements of the country, but also to develop native manufactures and other interests which, it is claimed, cannot be fostered, except through such fiscal legislation. Whatever may be the effect of this policy—and that is a question which has nothing to do with the present argument—no Minister of the Crown in England

has argued, in or out of Parliament, that Canada has not an undoubted right, under the charter of government she now enjoys, to act as she thinks best in such matters of domestic concern.

The freedom Canada enjoys in the regulation of her home and foreign commerce is very clearly illustrated by her State Papers, which give a history of the various negotiations which have led to the extension of her commercial relations with other countries. In all treaties that may affect Canadian interests, the right of Canada to have a voice in their adoption or rejection, has been distinctly recognised for a quarter of a century. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, between the United States and the British North American Provinces, was an important concession made to colonial commerce by the Government of Great Britain, in response to the demands of the colonies. In this case, the Provincial Legislatures were allowed to accept or reject the treaty, as each might deem most expedient. This principle was still more emphatically carried out in the case of the more important Treaty of Washington, where one of the British Commissioners was Sir John A. Macdonald, the Premier of Canada. In the subsequent arrangement of the Fishery Award, in conformity with the provisions of the above treaty, one of the arbitrators was Sir Alexander Galt. The results in these cases have been, on the whole, eminently favourable to Canada, in comparison with former negotiations with the United States, which too-often ended in the injury of the colonies, as the history of the boundary line between Canada and the United States painfully attests.

Equal consideration has been given to Canadian interests on other occasions, when Canadian statesmen have been desirous of enlarging their trade relations with other colonies, even though the result might, to some extent, conflict with the commercial policy of the mother country. In a despatch of the 12th July, 1855, the Imperial policy was laid down in these words :—

> 'But this policy of freedom for the producer and trader, as well as the consumer, would be seriously affected, if colonial legislatures were to establish differential duties in favour of their own natural productions or manufactures, whether against the British or foreign producer. And a similar violation of the principles of free trade would result, if favour were shown in the legislation of a colony, to one colony over another, by the reduction or total abolition of duties in favour of particular colonies.'

But the principle laid down in this and other despatches since 1850 has been departed from as respects the dependencies of the Crown in British North America. When, in 1860, it was proposed to have free trade between the Provinces, the Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council for Trade recommended that it should be made a condition of the assent of Her Majesty's Government to the proposal in question, that any such exemption from import duty should be equally extended to all similar produce and manufacture of other countries. To this proposed condition Canada took exception, and, after some correspondence on the subject, Her Majesty's Government, in a despatch from the Duke of Newcastle, under date of 5th February, 1861, intimated that they 'had no wish to offer any obstacle to any endeavours which might be made by the respective Provincial Governments to bring about a free commercial intercourse between the North American Provinces.' The policy laid down in that despatch was carried out in 1867, which created a commercial as well as political union between the Provinces. Again, in 1868, by a despatch dated 24th July, to the Governor-General, it is declared that no objection is made 'to the power taken to admit the produce of any of the neighbouring North American Provinces free,' and a Bill, passed by the

Legislature of Prince Edward Island (not then a member of the Union) to admit Canadian flour into that Island duty free, which had passed through the United States, whilst flour produced in the latter country was liable to duty, was assented to after some discussion.

But it must be remarked here, before leaving this branch of the general subject, that so far it has not been possible to extend the same principle of reciprocity with other colonies or foreign countries with which Canada wishes freer commercial intercourse. In 1865, commissioners were sent out to the West Indies, with the object of extending commercial relations between the Provinces and those Southern countries. The Commissioners, whose mission had the approval of the British Government, were distinctly informed in their letter of instructions that 'the Government of Canada would be prepared to recommend to Parliament the reduction or even abolition of any customs duties now levied on the productions of those countries, if corresponding favour were shown to the staples of British North America in their markets.' The mission was abortive, chiefly in consequence of the fact that, as the countries in question do not enjoy responsible government, or are the possessions of foreign powers, it was impossible for Canada to come to any arrangement with their Governments, except through the medium of Great Britain, whose policy for the time being seemed opposed to the movement. At the present time, steps are being taken in a similar direction, and negotiations have been opened up with Spain and other nations, with the sanction of the British Government; and there is every reason to believe that the commercial relations of Canada with other countries will be ere long placed on a more satisfactory basis. It is only a corollary of the present policy of the Parent State towards the Confederation that the interests of the latter should be considered not only in relation to trade with other colonial dependencies, but in the case of all treaties between England and foreign powers. The British Empire should be one in fact as well as in name.

III.—Progress in Population and Wealth.

With this brief and necessarily imperfect summary of the political and commercial progress of Canada under the liberal policy of the Parent State since 1840, we may proceed to consider some of the material results that have been the logical sequence of the political freedom which the Dependency now enjoys. Under the old colonial system, so repressive of national ambition and commercial enterprise, Canada made but little progress in population and wealth. When the new Constitution came into operation in 1792, the total population of British North America did not exceed 175,000 souls, who were mostly French Canadians, living on the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributary rivers. The total population of what is now the premier Province of Ontario, was only some 20,000. In the years of discontent previous to 1840, the population and trade of the country languished, and in all British North America there were only a million and a quarter of people, of whom at least one-third inhabited Lower Canada. With the Constitution of 1840, commenced a new era of enterprise and progress. The population of the Provinces, now comprising the Dominion, rose to nearly two millions and a half from 1841 to 1851, of whom Ontario could claim a million, or an excess of a hundred thousand souls over the population of Quebec. In 1871 the total population had swollen to three millions and a half, and may be estimated at four millions at the present time, the immigration, owing to the depressed state of trade, having been comparatively insignifi-

cant during the past few years. In 1851 there were only some 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation, whereas the census of 1870 shows the total acreage occupied then in Canada was some 36,000,000, of which nearly two-thirds was improved. By 1851 the population that now filled the country raised some 16,000,000 bushels of wheat, a production not largely exceeded in subsequent years, as the aggregate yield does not now go beyond 25,000,000 bushels. But from 1851 the people began to turn their attention to other crops, so that the oat crop of 25,000,000 bushels in 1851 rose to 50,000,000 in 1871; potatoes from 15,000,000 bushels to 50,000,000; and barley from 1,500,000 bushels to 12,000,000. The yield of wheat per acre in Ontario is, as a rule, in excess of that of most States of the American Union; and it is said that in the North-West forty bushels is not an unusual return per acre on the rich alluvial lands whose power of production is certainly remarkable.

The revenue, which did not exceed a million of dollars in 1840, rose to $13,000,000 in 1864, and is now some $22,000,000, whilst each Province has a local revenue of its own to meet provincial wants, and a large sum is also annually raised in all the municipal divisions for local purposes. The debt of the country has also equally increased; but this debt, large as it is in the aggregate, instead of representing war and famine, illustrates the energy of enterprise of the people in providing canals, railways and other public works absolutely necessary to the development of the Dominion, and assuming in many cases Imperial importance.

In 1851, the total value of the trade of Canada was not in excess of $60,000,000; but, with the construction of canals and railways, the stimulus that was given by the constant influx of population and capital, the trade, in the course of the next twenty years, assumed magnificent proportions. In 1868–9, the total trade of imports and exports was valued at over $130,000,000, and in 1873 it went beyond $200,000,000; and then Canadian commerce began to recede before that wave of commercial depression which spread over the whole of this continent, until in 1878, the value of the imports and exports in the aggregate did not exceed $172,000,000. Perhaps no statistics more clearly illustrate the material progress of Canada than those which are devoted to the development of her shipping industry, and her railway system. It is the pride of Canada that the people of her Maritime Provinces have that love for the sea which is the natural heritage of the men of the North. The little Province of Nova Scotia owns more shipping in proportion to her population of some 400,000 souls than any other country in the world; and her ships are to be seen in every port to which commerce wings its flight. In 1806 all British North America only owned a total tonnage of 71,943; in 1879, she possesses some 1,350,000 tons register, representing some 7,470 vessels, valued at $40,000,000, and entitling her to rank with Norway as a mercantile power, after England and the United States. The value of the ships sold last year was over a million of dollars, but a small sum, however, compared with some years ago, when there was a greater demand for wooden ships. The tonnage engaged, inwards and outwards, between Canada and foreign ports, reached 12,054,890 tons, and adding the tonnage employed in the coasting trade, we have a total of 23,100,000 tons required for the trade of Canada—an aggregate only surpassed by the British Isles and the United States.

The era of railway construction in Canada dates from 1850. In 1847 there were only some 40 miles in operation, whilst in 1867, they had been lengthened to 2,253. At the present time there are some 7,000 miles of rails

laid, and over 1000 under construction. The Intercolonial and Grand Trunk Railways furnish an uninterrupted line of communication from Sarnia to Halifax, with many feeders to its trade joining it at important points. That gigantic national project, the Canada Pacific Railway, is at last making steady progress; and before half a decade passes away, the locomotive will not be far from the base of the Rocky Mountains. As it passes over the fertile region of the Great North West, watered by the Red, Saskatchewan, and Peace Rivers, a stream of population must necessarily obey the law which forces it to follow railway progress in a new country. Already a large city is growing up on the banks of the Red River, and immigrants can now reach it by continuous railway communication from Halifax or Quebec. The posts of the Hudson's Bay Company of Adventurers are no longer the sole representatives of civilization in what was once called with truth the 'Great Lone Land'; but settlements of enterprising farmers are already fighting with the wilderness far in advance of the railway.

> 'I hear the tread of pioneers,
> Of nations yet to be,
> The first low wash of human waves,
> Where soon shall roll a sea.'

IV.—The Future Destiny of Canada.

The Dominion possesses in the St. Lawrence a great natural artery, to which her enterprising neighbour cannot offer a rival; and it is inevitable that sooner or later the bulk of western products will find its way to Europe through the river with its splendid system of canals, which so admirably illustrate the enterprise of Canada. The Dominion, too, has ports on her eastern seaboard, open at all seasons, and nearer to Europe than any of the American harbours; and the time is not probably far distant when the great Atlantic entrepot of Canadian trade will be the port of Louisbourg, which once played so important a part in the conflict between England and France for supremacy in America. The fisheries of the Maritime Provinces are the object of the envy of the New England States, whilst her mineral resources of coal and iron on the Atlantic and Pacific Coast open up to her a great commercial future. In the North West there is a grain-producing region to be developed, beyond any now possessed by the United States. All these are the elements of a prosperous nation, whose population in a few decades must be continuous from Ontario to Vancouver. The future destiny of such a country is a question which might well attract the attention of political writers and economists. It may be said that speculation on such a subject cannot lead to any profitable conclusion; but certainly it requires no gift of prophetic foresight to see that the time must, sooner or later, come when the relations between the Parent State and Canada will be arranged on some more substantial basis. Three destinies are obviously open to Canada—Annexation, Independence, or Consolidation into the Empire. Absorption into the United States is a question which need hardly be discussed now-a-days. In old times it had its advocates, especially before the Union of 1840, when Canadians looked across the border and saw a prosperous, progressive people enjoying liberal institutions, and their natural corollaries of widely-diffused education and ever advancing commerce, whilst Canada was labouring under the disadvantages of a system which repressed all the free instincts of a people anxiously desiring self-government and that opportunity of expansion which it would give to their energies. In later times, the very free intercourse which the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 created between the two peoples, especially between New England and the

Maritime Provinces, was doubtless preparing the way, very insidiously, but not the less surely, to more intimate relations; and a similar result would assuredly arise from some such Zollverein as has had a few advocates of recent years. But in these times there is not even a fragment of an annexation party in this country, for the rash, impetuous spirits who now and then advocate it represent no party. The progress that has been made since 1867 in consolidating and developing the Dominion has naturally stimulated the pride of Canadians in their own country, and though they are prepared to do full justice to the greatness and enterprise of the Republic to their south, they do not by any means link their political fortunes together in the future, but prefer to believe that, in the work of civilizing the continent, they have each their allotted task to perform in friendly emulation, and in the consciousness that, in the vast unsettled regions which both possess, there is ample scope for the energy and industry of two peoples, sprung from the same races, and animated by the same love for free institutions.

As respects Independence, it is more probable than the destiny just discussed; but at present it cannot assume any practical shape, though the idea may obtain with the ambitious youth of the country that the time must come when Canada will have a place in the community of nations. It is true, her wealth and resources are already greater than those of several independent states on the two continents, which have their diplomatic agents abroad, and a certain influence and weight in the affairs of the world. It is true, a mere colonial system, though it has its comforts and freedom from responsibilities, has also its tendency to cramp intellectual development, and to stamp colonists as inferior to those who control directly the affairs of nations. But whatever the future has in store for them, Canadians of the present day are too wise to allow their ambition to run away with their common sense, and precipitate them into the endless expense and complications which would be the logical sequence were they to be dazzled by the glamour of Canadian nationality.

The idea of a Consolidation of the Empire is undoubtedly grand in its conception, though very difficult, certainly, in its realization. The idea has, by no means, originated with the present generation of political thinkers. Pownall, Shirley, and Otis, famous men of the old colonial times, believed that such a scheme, if carried out, would strengthen the Empire. One of the most eloquent of Canadian statesmen, the late Joseph Howe, some thirty years ago, gave utterance in a magnificent address to the feelings that animated Canadians when they looked around at isolated colonies whose interests were becoming more jarring and separate as time rolled on.

'What we require,' I quote one paragraph from his speech on the Organization of the Empire, 'is union with the Empire; an investiture with the rights and dignity of British citizenship. . . The millions who inhabit the British Isles must make some provision for the people who live beyond the narrow seas. They may rule the barbarous tribes who do not speak their language or share their civilization by the sword; but they can only rule or retain such provinces as are to be found in North America, by drawing their sympathies around a common centre—by giving them an interest in the army, the navy, the diplomacy, the administration, and the legislation of the Empire.'

Burke once said, when discussing this question—*Opposuit Natura*, 'I cannot remove the eternal barriers of the creation,' though, it must be remembered, he did not absolutely assert the impracticability of colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament. But it cannot be said towards the close of the nineteenth century that Nature interposes barriers to the

accomplishment of the idea. Electricity and steam have annihilated time and distance, while the enterprise of the press and the diffusion of political intelligence among all classes enable colonists in Australia and Canada, as well as Englishmen, or Scotchmen, or Irishmen in the British Isles, to understand and discuss intelligently all the great issues that interest England and her Colonial Empire. No one can question the ability of Australians or Canadians, educated as they are in parliamentary government, to take an intelligent and effective part in the councils of the Empire; the only difficulty that suggests itself is how they can be best brought into those councils.

The present relations between the mother-country and her dependencies, are certainly anomalous and inconsistent. The union between them is, to a great extent, purely sentimental in its character. Canada owns allegiance to one sovereign, accepts her accredited representative with every demonstration of respectful loyalty, and acknowledges her imperial obligations by sustaining a militia at her own expense, and offering some regiments in a time of imperial emergency. In all other respects, however, Canada virtually occupies the position of an independent state, without its onerous responsibilities; for she can frame her tariff, and even fix her militia expenses solely with regard to Canadian interests. On the other hand, England makes treaties with France or Spain or other countries, solely with a regard to her own commerce, and may to-morrow, in pursuance of some policy of her own, draw the whole empire into war, and though Canadians must be affected more or less by the results, they have no opportunity of expressing their approval or disapproval of that policy. Their trade may suffer, their cities and towns may be destroyed, in the progress of a conflict which, in its origin, had no interest for them as colonists, and though in the future as in the past, they will cheerfully bear their full share of the responsibilities resting on them as the people of a dependency, yet all the while they must feel that their position is one of decided inferiority, compared with that of the people of England, who can alone control the destinies of the empire in matters of such supreme moment. It may be said, that England has hitherto borne the burthen of the labour and the expense necessary to enable the colonies to arrive at manhood, and that it is their turn now to take their share in the heat and toil of the day, and relieve the old parent somewhat in the present; but it will hardly be urged, because Canada has grown to maturity, she must continue to be practically a mere infant in the management of the affairs of the great family of which she forms a part, and is to keep up the family friendships and feuds, without having an opportunity of putting in a word now and then, on the one side or the other.

In several respects certainly, the interests of the whole empire ought to be identical. It is assuredly anomalous that each section of the empire should have a fiscal policy quite distinct from that of every other section —that the defensive system of Canada should be considered without reference to the necessities of Scotland, or any other part of the empire.

The necessities of the Parent State have driven millions of people during the last half century to seek new homes in America, but only a small proportion of this population has actually settled in Canada. A writer in an English Review has recently pointed out the dangers that must accrue to England from the policy of indifference which allows this emigration to settle in foreign countries. He calculates that England has *annually*, for over sixty years, made the United States a present of nearly $100,000,000, and proceeds to show that it is only under a system of Imperial Federation that this stream of emigration can be di-

verted into a channel which will bring wealth and power to the Parent State, instead of carrying off the elements of national prosperity to enrich foreign powers, or build up new nations who will be her rivals in the future. At the present time, the statesmen of Canada are opening up to civilization a vast wilderness in the north-west, capable of giving bread to many millions, and are using their best efforts to connect that vast region with the railway system of the continent. A project like this cannot be considered as purely colonial in its conception and results. On the contrary, the construction of a Canadian Pacific Railway must have a remarkable effect on the destiny of the Empire in America; for it will carry along with it the elements of wealth, open up a road to China and Japan through British territory, and give continuity and stability to a new nationality stretching from ocean to ocean, whose future career can only be controlled by some generous and far-sighted Imperial policy in the present, which will bring the Parent State and the dependency immediately together in the closest possible union, not merely of sentiment, but of self interest.

The isolation of one section of the Empire from the other is the inevitable sequence of the present condition of things. The colonies may unite with one another for their own political and commercial purposes; but whilst such consolidation may be most advantageous to them, it can only tend to the disintegration of the Empire in the future, by making colonial interests more and more distinct from those of the Empire at large. These premises being granted—and it is impossible to see how they can be denied—the question will naturally arise as to the best means of bringing Colonial and Imperial interests into the closest harmony. How is it possible to bring together into an Imperial Federation so many diverse interests as are represented by the colonial dependencies of Great Britain? One Parliament for the Empire, composed of representatives from all sections, would be, in the opinion of most persons, more or less a political Babel. But it might not be impossible to devise a system which would enable those dependencies now enjoying parliamentary institutions to be represented in a general council of the nation. If the Federal principle could be applied to all those sections of the Empire, where such a system would be susceptible of practical application, and a Federal Parliament could be organized to deal with all great questions of peace and war, of commerce and trade, and such other matters as might affect the Empire as a whole, whilst the internal affairs of the British Isles and of each dependency would be arranged in local legislatures; then there would be a British Empire in reality as well as in name.* Or, if so grand an idea is never to be realized—and no doubt the difficulties in the way are very great—is it not possible for the genius and wisdom of the statesmen of the Empire to devise a means of giving, at least, Imperial unity in matters of commerce, defence, and emigration.

Already is the idea of a change in the relations between the different parts of the Empire gaining ground both in the colonies and England, and before many years pass away we may see the commencement of a movement in the direction of so grand a scheme. The statesmen of the mother country will be probably the first to move in this matter. The people of the Canadian Dominion are now busily engaged in carrying on the great work of internal consolidation and development of which Confederation was the beginning; and the question of Federation of the Empire in Canada as in Great Britain has not assumed a practical shape, but is still the theme of

* Since the above was written, a writer in the *Westminster Review* advocates, at some length, the application of the Federal principle to the Empire.

discussion in pamphlets and periodicals. Yet no one will be so bold as to say that the question may not, even in our own day—before a new century dawns upon us—enter the domain of practical politics. The history of modern times tells us that the measures which are mere subjects of theoretical discussion to-day become facts to-morrow. The brief review given in this paper of the constitutional changes that have taken place in Canada within three-quarters of a century proves that the force of circumstances frequently carries public men in a direction which they did not contemplate at the outset. British statesmen were actually hurried into the concession of responsible government by a combination of events which proved to them that representative institutions were practically *effete* without such a concession. The Union of the Provinces for years was discussed in Parliament and in the press; but it never assumed a practical shape until the political difficulties of Canada forced her public men to seek a solution in a Confederation. So it may be with this question of the Federation of Great Britain and her dependencies. The necessities of the Empire may, at last, bring this momentous question into the arena of practical discussion, and give it form and shape. In the meantime, however, the colonial dependencies must persevere in their work of national development in that spirit of courageous enterprise which their people inherit from the parent races, and in the hope that when the time comes for them to take a place among the nations, that place will be found, not one of isolation from the Parent State, but one of more intimate connection, which will elevate them above the humble, subordinate part they now play, and give them their true rank in that noble theatre of action which the Empire at large should offer to all its sons, whether they live in the 'old home' or in the colonial communities which encircle the globe.

SONNET.

TIS sweet to think that for our losses dire
There cometh ever some excelling gain,
And after fate, with strong-avenging ire,
Has to us brought new agonies of pain,
There will be brighter visions; we shall reign
Triumphant, throned over sullen days,
And in our van life's lofty glory-fire
Will blaze unwearied, flame eternal praise.
Love doth not fall, but to be well restored.
First baffled, he is sheltered from his craze,
Anon the later years shall hail him lord;
Those grander-rolling emphases of time
Move forward, all controlled, with one accord,
And crown him with their harmony sublime.

MONTREAL. —*C. W. R*

A ROMANCE OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

BY FRED. TRAVERS.

I.

ONE morning in May, when London about the parks was looking its fairest, I was pacing the platform of the Great Portland Street Station of the Underground Railway.

Above me was the vaulted roof of glass and iron with the rumble of drays and busses; news stalls were at my side; passengers waiting for the train were meeting and passing me; at either end of the station were the black mouths of the tunnel, with lights twinkling like stars in their depths, and the distant buzz of the approaching engine.

Nearer and nearer came the train. The engine shot from the tunnel, like a shell from a mortar, and came whizzing into the station, as if it would fly past into the darkness beyond, but was arrested by the powerful force of the air-brakes.

Thirty doors flew open; the carriages discharged and took in their living freight in thirty-five seconds; the porters slammed the door; the guard waved his green flag, and, with a shriek, we were off into the tunnel. When I had time to look about me, I found we were two in a first-class carriage—by the door, myself, and opposite, in the middle seat, as fair a vision as eyes ever looked upon.

She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed English girl, with pure honest face and rosy cheeks, as if fanned by the breezes of the Wiltshire downs, or the sea at Margate.

She sat with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to travel alone, and with that quiet dignity which indicates a power to repel any unwelcome advances on the part of a stranger.

These mental notes had hardly been made when, with a shriek, we dashed into another station. 'Edgeware Road!' shouted the guard. There was the same opening and slamming of doors, the same waving of the green flag, and we were off again, with a third occupant in the carriage. He was a slight man, with pale face and dark sunken eyes, wore a grey shooting coat, and looked like a returned Indian officer — one of those men who come back with diseased livers and moderate fortunes, to end their days at Bath or Cheltenham.

His manner was nervous and excited, and I noticed that from his seat among the cushions in the corner he cast, from time to time, furtive glances at my fellow-passenger above the pages of the *Times* which he was reading, as well as might be, by the light of the one flittering gas jet. Praed Street station was passed without adding to our company, and, in the next stretch of tunnel, the train slackened speed and came to a standstill. What could be wrong? All the accidents which had occurred in the last fortnight flashed through my mind. Were we to be overtaken and telescoped by the next train which might already be in the tunnel?

I jumped up and looked out of the window. The next moment I heard a shriek from my companion, followed by 'witch'—'vampire'—from the man in grey.

I turned and saw that he was a

raving maniac. He had clasped her by the throat, and was trying to choke her, while her beautiful blue eyes, as she resisted with all her strength, were turned to me with an imploring look.

In a tunnel, in a railway carriage, with a madman!

What a situation!

I threw myself upon him with an energy inspired by the beauty and helplessness of the girl before me. I tore his hands from her neck, and released the head which had already commenced to blacken in his grasp. But my interference with his plans seemed to give him the fury of a tiger, and as we fell together on the floor of the carriage, I knew it was a struggle for life or death.

His strength, notwithstanding his appearance, was as great as mine, though I hoped that my endurance would prove greater. We each strained every nerve and muscle for the mastery, and we alternately gained and lost the slightest advantage. Hours of suspense seemed to be compressed into the minute (for I suppose it was not more) that the train stood motionless. Would it ever move on? All the results of the madman overcoming me flashed with terrible distinctness upon my mind—the grief of my mother and sister whom I was then on my way to see, having reached London the night before after five years' residence in Canada; the breaking-up of my newly established business; the end of my earthly hopes and plans; but above all the fate of the beautiful girl for whom I already felt the passion of love. At last the train moved on, and, as if realizing that his time for vengeance was short, the maniac redoubled his exertions.

Writhing and twisting and turning, with hands seeking each other's throats, and gasping for breath, we still maintained the struggle when the train dashed into Bayswater station.

The door of our carriage was thrown open. 'Guard!' 'Guard!' called a clear voice, as our fellow-passenger stepped out upon the platform, and the next minute I was released from my most uncomfortable position.

Later, the man in grey was marched off between two policemen, after I had explained the circumstances, and had given my name and address in case I should be required at the investigation.

The train had gone on, and we had five or six minutes to wait for the next, when we took our places in another carriage.

During the rest of our journey she thanked me in warm and grateful terms for the service I had rendered her, and left me at South Kensington station. In the run between that and St. James' Park, I remembered that I had failed to learn even her name or abode. She was lost in the great world of London.

II.

Lounging about the Park in May, when the geraniums fill the shapely beds in the lawn, and the finest of England's horses are in the Row in the morning, and coronetted carriages throng the drive in the afternoon, is pleasant diversion after a long exile.

Sauntering along Piccadilly or Regent Street, or, catalogue in hand, searching out the hits in the Academy or the new arrivals in the Zoo, and, in the evening, listening to Patti or Albani at Covent Garden, or Nilsson at Drury Lane, ought to make one feel supremely satisfied with London and with life.

But when there is with it all the vision of one face, and the expectation of seeing it somewhere in the throng, and when that expectation is always being disappointed, life becomes very monotonous and weary.

I revisited all the old haunts, climbed up into the great golden ball on the top of St. Paul's, and felt it vibrate with my weight; listened to

the sweet voices of the choristers at five o'clock even-song; took passage at Westminster Bridge on a penny steamer for the tower; followed a crowd of sight-seers through that ancient prison and modern arsenal, and heard the old woman drone out her description of the Crown Jewels.

Hampton Court and Windsor were visited in turn. The palace-prison of Charles I., with the beautiful trees and river, or the stately Berkshire Castle, failed to excite more than a passing interest.

The picture-galleries of the one, and the State apartments of the other, were passed through as in a dream. My mind wandered back to the dark tunnel, the struggle with the madman, and the beautiful but unknown girl whom I had rescued, and whose face haunted but eluded me like a phantom.

Sometimes I fancied I saw her before me in the Park and hurried forward to find I was deceived; sometimes I thought I detected her figure in a distant room at the Academy, or her face in a private box at the opera, but was always mistaken.

A dozen times I travelled over the same route, at the same hour in the morning, thinking duty or pleasure might call her the same way. But no, search proved useless, and as the summer waned away I was beginning to forget her.

III.

The first week in November I was travelling through the valley of the Stroud, one of the loveliest parts of Gloucestershire. It was a dull day and travelling rather slow, as our train stopped at every station; but I found no little amusement in watching the porters at the different stations, and the different passengers who arrived or departed, and the degree of deference shown to each as he travelled first, second, or third class.

The portly rector, or the squire whose liveried footman was waiting to take his valise, and whose carriage stood at the gate, the high-bred horses champing their bits, and impatient to be off, received the most flattering tokens of respect; while the poor curate was treated with only common civility, and the bluff farmer was not noticed.

I had almost dozed off to sleep amid the comfortable cushions of the carriage, when we stopped at a small way-station. A lady got out of a carriage behind mine, and as she passed into the station followed by a porter with her bag, I recognised my unknown *inamorata*.

The train was in motion again. No time was to be lost. I seized my valise and jumped upon the platform as the train swept on.

As I reached the station a carriage drove off from the outer door.

'Whose carriage is that?' I asked of the porter who took my valise.

'Major Chesley's, the Squire of Banton.'

'And how far is Banton?'

'Four miles.'

'Was that Miss Chesley?'

'Yes, sir, and a fine young lady she is. Everyone loves her in these parts.'

'Where can I get a fly?'

'At the Dragon, a few steps up the road.'

Following the directions of the obliging porter, I secured a fly at the inn, and was soon *en route* for Banton.

On the way I had time to think, and the more I thought the more ludicrous appeared my position.

What was I to do when I got to Banton? I might ask to see Miss Chesley, and make a formal call. I might put up at the village inn, under pretence of sketching or fishing in the neighbourhood, and trust to finding opportunities of meeting her.

But no, these modes of courtship did not suit me. I determined on a *coup d'état*.

'Drive to the Hall,' I called out to the flyman.

We passed through a high iron gate,

swept through a park of stately beeches, with herds of fallow deer knee deep in fern and bracken, and drew up before a fine Elizabethan house.

My ring was answered by a portly butler, grown grey in the service of the Chesleys.

'Is Major Chesley at home?' I inquired.

'Yes, sir,' he replied, and led the way through a hall, with polished oaken floor, knocked at a door, and announced my name as he ushered me into the library.

I found myself face to face with a bright, genial-looking man, who was standing toasting his back before the fire.

I plunged at once *in medias res*, related the story of my first meeting with his daughter, my love for her, the search, and how I chanced that day to travel with her and to trace her home. I apologised for my abrupt declaration of my passion, and said I had come to explain my present position—my prospects—and to ask him to favour my suit.

'Well, this is amusing!' he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh; 'but you're evidently in earnest, and as you probably saved her life, you have the best right to her, if you can win her love.'

My financial statement was satisfactory. 'I was once in Canada and am much attached to it,' he said. 'I am a thorough Liberal, and have not the slightest objection to your being in business; so all you have to do is to win Hilda's love, and then, I think, you'll have your hands full. I'll speak to her, and see how she feels towards you.'

Excusing himself he left me, racked with anxious thought as to my fate, and pacing to and fro. I heard his returning footstep at the door, and wakened as from a dream.

His face bore an amused expression. 'Hilda, of course, remembers the assistance you rendered her in the railway-carriage,' he said; but she has not thought of you except as a kind stranger, and has even forgotten your personal appearance.'

'I am afraid, then, my fate is sealed?'

'I am afraid so, too,' he replied: 'but I tell you what I'll do. We commence shooting the pheasants tomorrow. I expect four or five men to help us, and if you'll stay and join our party, you'll be heartily welcome. I am under a lasting obligation to you, and Hilda feels at least gratitude.'

What could I do but accept so generous an invitation?

I became a guest at Chesley Hall. I met Hilda in the drawing-room, and had the honour of taking her in to dinner.

I stayed and shot, and did my share of slaughter among the pheasants. The party broke up in a few days, but still by invitation I stayed on. There was no doubt of Hilda's love for me now, and one evening, when the air was as warm as spring, as we walked beneath the beeches, I put my fate to the test.

'Yes, I will go anywhere with you through the wide world.'

We are to be married after Christmas, and our wedding-tour will be my return trip to Canada. There we shall live for a while; but when my uncle, old Darley, shuffles off this mortal coil, I shall come in for an estate in Wiltshire only second to Chesley Hall.

Then we must return to the green fields and hedges of 'Merrie England.'

FEDERATION, ANNEXATION, OR INDEPENDENCE?

BY GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM, TORONTO.

INDICATIONS are not wanting that the discussion of the above question, with regard to Canada, will ere long be brought within the domain of practical politics. Hitherto the matter has been relegated more to the arena of debating societies and magazine articles; but gradually the people of the country are being aroused to the fact that the question is to them one of prime and vital importance, and one which insists upon being answered. People are beginning to see more clearly every day, that the position in which this country at present stands to the rest of the world, is not a permanent position: that the growth and expansion of the country, in wealth, population, and territorial control, must be accompanied by a corresponding growth and expansion of the political system: that the voiceless submission to a supreme Governmental authority, though adapted to the governing of a small colony, is yet unsuited to the requirements of a vast and important country. When Canada has become a great nation, as before many years she will, we in Canada must have our due and proper voice in the direction of the supreme affairs of that nation; and in what way that voice will be best heard; what scheme of governing will best maintain the integrity of the nation, give effect to the will of the people, and further the material well-being of all will be the answer to the question we have before us. Shall we have an Imperial Federation of the British Empire, with all parts of the Empire represented in one Imperial Parliament? or shall we have annexation to the United States, with representation in the Congress at Washington? or, shall we have Canadian Independence, with our own Chief Executive officer, and our own supreme Parliament? Which? The current of events is rapidly drifting us towards one or the other of these three positions, and ultimately—perhaps sooner than many think—one or the other we must assume. As a final resting-place, there can be no intermediate position. Federation, Annexation, or Independence: which shall it be?

And first a few words to point out how the growth and development of this country must necessitate a change in the present system of governing. It may be considered in different aspects. Let us see how we stand at present in regard to war.

If England were to go to war tomorrow with any of the Great Powers of Europe, how would this affect Canada? It is evident that Canada, as a part of the British Empire, would become at once an object of attack for the power with which England was at war. It would at once be necessary for us out here to put our army upon a war footing; to fortify and protect our seaports; and to have everything in readiness to repel an attack which might be made at any moment. While England, on the one hand, could obtain no support, as a matter of right, from Canada; while she would be unable to call upon a Canadian army to assist her in the field; while Canada, on the other hand, could derive no honour or glory from the war; while she could reap no benefit from it, yet would Canada require to incur all the

heavy expense necessitated by modern warfare, in order to protect herself against possible and probable attack; in order to guard her ports from invasion; and this not from any desire of her own to take part in the war, or from any *a priori* reason why she should take part in it, but simply because she is a portion of the British Empire. It would be difficult to conceive a position more injurious to the well-being of any country than this. It is no answer that hitherto Canada has felt no ill effect from this condition of things. During the last European war in which England was engaged, Canada was not of sufficient importance to be worth attacking. Now, however, the seizing of Ottawa, the sacking of Montreal or Toronto, would be a ready and convenient means of raising funds to meet the wants of the battle-field. In the event of England's being dragged into a European war, it would of necessity follow that Canada would have to be placed on a war footing; and this, be it remembered, without yielding moral or material support to England, but merely in order to protect herself against possible invasion. Already men in this country can foresee the injurious consequences of such a position; but what will the danger be when Canada has increased to a country with a population of ten or twenty millions? Would it be possible to tolerate a voiceless submission to this state of affairs? I think not.

Again, let us consider the question of the treaty-making power.

Canada, as a colony, has no power to make treaties with foreign nations. Treaties can be made only by the Imperial authorities, and the only recognized official channel through which Canadian interests can be represented is the Governor General in correspondence with the Colonial Secretary. No matter how much, no matter how deeply, the interests of Canada may be involved, the supreme chamber in which the treaty is ratified, is a chamber in which Canada has no voice. As the country grows and develops, it cannot be otherwise but that this condition of things must be found injurious, and unsuited to the wants of the people. Already attention has been directed to this matter, as militating against the interests of the country, and if this is felt to be the case now, how much more will it be the case when the country has doubled or trebled in wealth and population? Long ere that growth has been attained, it will have been found imperatively necessary that Canada should have a voice in the matters concerning her supreme legislation. The material well-being of the country would demand the requisite changes in the political system. However strong the ties of affection and sentiment may be, if these ties should become shackles, weighing heavily upon the nation, they must, in the course of time, be removed.

There is yet a third consideration which will exhibit the necessity for a proper share in the supreme legislation of the country as the Dominion grows in national importance. I allude to the right to confer naturalization upon foreigners, and to afford protection to them when abroad.

As matters stand at present, when a foreigner comes to settle in Canada, he becomes naturalized so far as Canada is concerned, that is to say, he obtains all the rights and privileges which his English or Canadian neighbour enjoys: he can vote at elections, is eligible for any civic or Parliamentary position; is capable of holding any Government appointment, and is liable to military service in Canada—but he is *not a British subject.* Canada, being merely a colony, has no power to confer imperial citizenship upon foreigners settling in her country; she has no power to pledge the protection of England to strangers who come to live in her territory. The consequence is, that our German settler, whenever he leaves Canadian territory, ceases to have any British national standing

whatever. If he were to revisit 'Fatherland' on a summer's excursion, he could be immediately drafted by the German authorities to perform military duty. Any appeal to the British Consul would be fruitless: he is not a British subject. No matter how long he may have resided in Canada—no matter what oath of allegiance he may have taken—no matter how he may have become incorporated with the political institutions of the country—he yet remains in the national code a subject of Germany. Whenever he leaves Canadian territory, he finds that he has no national standing; he finds that there is no person or power out of Canada to whom he can appeal for aid in distress, or protection from injury. British consuls would not recognise him as a British subject; Canadian consuls—there are none, and can be none so long as the country occupies the position of a mere colony.

It scarcely needs to be pointed out how such a condition of things must militate against the material prosperity and national growth of a country. Apart from the undignified position in which it places its people among the nations of the world, one has only to reflect upon the effect it must have on any foreigner when selecting a place to which to emigrate, to see that it must greatly check the stream of emigration to the country, or divert it to other places. It cannot be otherwise but that a German, understanding this position of affairs, and understanding, at the same time, that upon going to the United States he would be immediately admitted into the full rights of citizenship, and afforded the protection of the United States Government wherever he might go, would be strongly, and not without reason, induced to accept the United States as the land of his adoption, rather than Canada. In the battle for emigrants this must be a powerful weapon in the hands of the United States agents.

I think the impartial consideration of these three positions of the question will convince any one that the political status of Canada is not a permanent one; that the national growth of the country must be accompanied by a growth and expansion of political control; and that in time the material well-being of the country, as well as the national instincts, will require that Canada should have a voice in the matters affecting her supreme legislation. If Canada is liable to be drawn into expensive and bloody wars, then must she have a voice in approving or disapproving of these wars. If the commercial prosperity of Canada depends largely upon the making of treaties with foreign countries, then must she have a voice in drawing up and ratifying those treaties. If the growth of the population of Canada depends largely upon the stream of foreign immigration attracted to her shores, then must she have a proper position accorded to her, in order to be able to protect and guard these settlers. It would be contrary to the teachings of history, contrary to the genius of human nature, and contrary to the dictates of common sense, to imagine that Canada—no matter what growth or development she may attain to—must ever remain in a position of voiceless submission to England in matters affecting her supreme legislation. In the nature of things a change must occur, perhaps, at no very distant date, and it would be wise to be prepared for it, and to endeavour to foresee what change would be best.

We may see beforehand what in a general way the nature of that change must be. In order to obviate the difficulties and anomalies seen under the three foregoing aspects, the change cannot be in the direction of a further expansion of the Colonial System. Already we, as colonists, have more uncontrolled action than is quite compatible with the stability of a permanent empire. An expansion of the Colonial System could not meet

the difficulties. No further rights of self-government here could free us from the dangers incidental to an English war. Any declaration of neutrality would be disregarded by belligerent powers, unless it were a simple declaration of independence. As long as Canada remained a colony of Britain, so long would she be liable to attack. And the only way to satisfy the conditions of the problem, the only way in which Canada could obtain a proper voice in the discussion of war questions, would either be by incorporation with, or separation from, England.

Again in the making of treaties it would be impossible that Canada, while in the position of a colony, could have the right to draw up and ratify treaties with foreign powers independently of England. In the first place, as a colony she could have no means of enforcing the observance of any treaty she might make, and it would be quite unreasonable to expect that England could be bound by, or undertake to enforce, treaties which she had no voice in making. If Canada must have a voice in the making of treaties it can only be obtained by incorporation with, or by separation from, England.

Thus, also, with the naturalization of foreigners. It is unreasonable to suppose that Canada, as a colony, could be accorded the right to pledge the protection of England to foreigners settling in her territory. England can, under the Colonial system, exert no control or supervision over a matter transacted within Canadian territory, and it would be unreasonable to expect that she would consent to make herself responsible for subjects over whom she has no control; that she would put it in the power of any colony to prepare for her innumerable troublesome questions of international rights, while the colony itself derived all the benefits from the settler and bore none of the difficulties. At the same time, also, a colony could not appoint consuls for foreign places to watch over the interests of her people —consuls, at least, who would be recognised or have any weight with foreign powers—without having the right to treat with these foreign powers and to support the action of her consuls; and this would necessitate separation from England. In order that Canada may have the proper position and rights accorded to her people, they must either be British subjects with the complete union existing between Canada and England that this would infer, or they must be Canadian subjects with separation from England.

I do not think that, ultimately, there can be any alternative position that would satisfy the requirements of the case. When a certain stage in national growth has been reached, the change indicated must necessarily be brought about. If Federal union with England, with complete incorporation in the British Empire be not adopted, then the only other course open is separation from England, and with separation we have the alternative of annexation to the United States or Independence. It behoves everyone, therefore, who has the interest of this country at heart to consider well and dispassionately which of these three conditions will be most beneficial, which will ultimately secure the most stable form of government, and which will be most likely to ensure peace and security to the nation. It is the intuitive perception of the anomalies under which we live that has given life to recent discussion. With the growth of the country these anomalies must ever become more apparent; and ere long the question as to what change must be effected will press more vehemently for an answer. It will be *the* question of the day before which all others will be dwarfed. It would be well, therefore, by full discussion of the matter, to endeavour to turn the current of public opinion into channels that will finally lead to the best results, and by as complete an under-

standing of the case as possible to arrive at the true solution of the problem.

Federal union with England implies a Federation of the British Empire; for, of course, the same forces which affect and influence Canada, equally affect and influence all the large Colonial possessions of England. In dealing with the question, then, it will be best to deal with it in the larger form of Federation of the Empire.

This Federation would necessitate the formation of an Imperial Parliament in which all parts of the Empire would be represented, in a manner similar to the Confederation system with which we are familiar in Canada. In this Imperial Parliament would be formulated and discussed measures of Imperial concern. Local affairs would be left to the consideration of local parliaments as we now have in Canada, but all the great Imperial questions of peace and war, treaties, international relations, &c., would become the peculiar province of the Imperial House. In order to carry out the Federal system in its entirety there would of necessity be established local parliaments for the management of local British affairs, perhaps one for England and Scotland and one for Ireland. In this manner the local questions, which at present clog the machinery of the Parliament at Westminster, would be got rid of and the questions presented for the consideration of the Imperial House would be only those in which a representative from Canada would have as much interest as a representative from Scotland. Canadian members of the Imperial House would be elected in Canada as we at present elect our members for the Ottawa Parliament. Of course the representation would have to be somewhat on the basis of population, with the understanding that as the population of this country increased, a somewhat proportionate increase in the number of representatives would be accorded. The total number of members in the Imperial House might at first be 300, distributed somewhat as follows:

England	180
Scotland	25
Ireland	45
Colonies	50
	300

Of the 50 Colonial members 20 should at first be the number allotted Canada and Newfoundland. *

Under some such system as this, we can see that the requirements of the case would be satisfied. The British Empire would then become one compact and homogeneous whole. Each part of the Empire would have its proper voice in the matters affecting it; and though 20 representatives may not be a large number, yet they would be sufficient to represent the Imperial interests of this country in its present size, and with the country's growth the number would be increased. With the adoption of this scheme we have the nucleus of a political system, round which, in time, would grow the mightiest Empire the world has ever seen.

Under this system it is true that we would not be free from the dangers of war—indeed so long as war exists no political system would secure to any country immunity from it—but there would be this great difference, that whereas now we have entailed upon us all the miseries and expense of a British war without giving any moral or material support to England, we would then, in combination with England and the rest of the colonies, form such a powerful organization that the probabilities of war would be greatly decreased. The strength of union could not be better exemplified than under such an example as the present. An Empire consisting of a union of England and her col-

* For a fuller discussion of this, together with the Income and Expenditure of the Empire under Federation, see the "Westminster Review" for October, 1879.

onies, even at the present time, would be the most powerful in the world, and the rapid growth of the colonial portions of the Empire would soon place it in a position of unassailable strength. With our representatives in the Imperial House we would not then be in our present condition of passive helplessness. We could take our due share in moulding the policy of the Empire and the opinions of this country would be properly represented.

And so, too, with regard to the making of treaties. The wants and requirements of each part of the Empire would be duly put forward and discussed. Any particular clause bearing upon Canada would be dwelt upon by the Canadian members and discussed in open House, and information and advice at once afforded instead of, as at present, having to be given through intricate and hidden official channels. Canada would be accorded her proper voice in the matter and could make her interests and requirements known.

Again, with regard to the naturalization of foreigners settled in a colony. Under a Federation of the Empire the consuls of England would also be the consuls for all colonial subjects. A German naturalized in Canada would be as much a British subject as a German naturalized in England. It would be the material and direct advantage of England to encourage foreign immigration to the outlying portions of the Empire, as such settlers would be a source of strength and wealth to it; and further, the position of Canada as forming an integral part of the Empire would be properly recognised throughout the world.

Under the financial aspect, the gain to Canada—and to every colony—would be great and certain. The cost of government would be reduced and the government obtained would be more certain and secure than any other. The development and growth of every colony would be more rapid than at present by reason of the stream of British and foreign emigration being directed to the colonial parts of the Empire rather than to a foreign country. Under Imperial Federation, when the growth and development of each part would directly enrich and strengthen the whole, it would be so clearly to the advantage of England to populate the outlying portions of the Empire that it would become a prime duty to encourage and assist emigrants to go there, and relieve those parts of the Empire that are over-crowded.

Under the commercial aspect the gain would be very great. Already manufacturers in England are beginning to see that the independent legislative powers of the colonies may be used—and are being used—to close up the markets for manufactured goods. Canadians have recently been taught—and the majority of them seem to believe—that their commercial prosperity depends upon their artificially enhancing the price of the manufactured articles that they use. They have been taught that the importation of cheap manufactured articles from England, instead of being a benefit, is one of the chief causes of commercial distress. The consequence is that Canada has been persuaded to legislate in no uncertain manner against British goods, and the immediate effect of this is to narrow the channels of British trade with the prospect of a still greater narrowing in the future. As England is dependent upon outside countries for fully one-half of the food she consumes, and as she is dependent on outside countries for a market for her goods, it is evidently to her a matter of life and death that she may be able to continue to trade with other countries. She must continue to purchase food and if she is prevented by artificial restraints from selling her manufactures, a period of commercial distress such as she has not hitherto known lies before her. The perception of these conditions has given life

to a scheme* recently propounded by a number of English manufacturers, by which it is proposed that England should discriminate in favour of food products imported from her colonies by admitting them free, while placing a duty on those imported from foreign countries; the colonies, at the same time, reciprocating by admitting British manufactures at a purely revenue tariff. Whether such a scheme as this is practically workable, without a larger and more complete union, may be doubtful; but the promulgation of it, at least, shews the growing need that is felt for some commercial union between England and her colonies as being a necessity to British trade. A commercial union would require a unity of action in regard to tariffs. If England placed a duty upon certain articles coming from foreign countries, Canada would have to impose a similar duty, or otherwise these articles could be imported through Canada and thus avoid the English duty, and *vice versa*. This commercial union then would necessitate, to a great extent at least, a similar fiscal policy throughout the Empire. No changes in the policy could be made in one part of the Empire without affecting every other part. Fiscal uniformity would necessitate a central governing body to direct and assimilate its policy; and this body to be in harmony with the various parts of the Empire could only be a representative body elected by the people; such an one, in fact, as I have described as the new Imperial Parliament

A federation of the British Empire seems to meet the reciprocal wants and needs of England and her colonies. By it Canada would obtain that voice in the matters of her supreme legislation which must ultimately be a necessity to her, while England would have the necessary control over her Canadian subjects. The unsettled lands of Canada offer homes for the thousands of Great Britain, who are annually driven out by the ever-increasing pressure of population; while the stream of immigration, increased and directed by Imperial power, is the fertilising influence that is required to build up Canadian wealth and prosperity. The great wheat-growing lands of the colonial possessions are capable of supplying food to the millions of the British Isles, while their development and peopling would afford an ever-growing market for the manufactures of England. This, as I conceive it, is the true 'National Policy'—a policy in which the people of England are not less interested than are the people of Canada—a policy which would reciprocally confer strength, wealth, and happiness. Does it not seem that we in Canada would do well to bend our energies towards the carrying out of this policy? Would it not be our highest wisdom to endeavour to establish such a political system as that this country, as it grows, will ultimately become an integral part of the British Empire? —ultimately, perhaps, the greatest part. The chief weakness of the colonial system of England is that it provides nothing for the growth of the national spirit in her colonies. A colony—no matter how small it may be, or how great it may become—still remains to England a colony. For the small as for the great, the only recognised official channel of communication is through the Governor in correspondence with the Colonial Secretary; the only representation of colonial interests in the Imperial House is in the person of the Colonial Secretary. As pointed out before, such representation as this utterly fails to give the colony a proper voice in legislation affecting it. As the national spirit of the country grows—as the country becomes wealthy and populous—it is absolutely necessary that she should have a voice in her supreme legislation. Would any one

* The details of this scheme were recently ublished in the Toronto *Mail*.

affirm that, had the war of independence never taken place, the vast colony forming now the United States, with over fifty million inhabitants, could hold the position to England that Canada does without voice in the chief matters of legislation? The bare statement shows the impossibility of the colonial position as a permanency. Long ere the present size of the United States had been attained, the necessity for representation or separation must have arisen. And so it must be with Canada; the day will come when the national necessities will require either representation or separation. Not that this separation will be *a priori* caused by want of loyalty to England; the sentiment of love to England is strong in this country; but when the material interests of the country necessitate that she should have a voice in the chief legislation, then, if that sentiment cannot receive its highest gratification by federal union with England, that sentiment must be sacrificed to the material interests. There can be no logical escape from this conclusion. The necessity may not arise this year, nor next, nor even ten years hence, but *ultimately* it must arise.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I would wish to point out a collateral advantage that would accrue to England from the adoption of the federal system.

We are all of us pretty familiar with the Irish question. Though we may not sympathise with Mr. Parnell in the course he is taking in preaching but slightly-modified communism; yet there are substantial Irish grievances which justify discontent. Important among these is the want of power to legislate upon their own local affairs, and a very slight acquaintance with the heterogeneous mass of legislation undertaken by Parliament at Westminster will convince any one that it is impossible for that body properly to deal with, or even to understand, all the local matters brought before it. The cry for Home Rule is the outcome of a popular necessity. But Home Rule, under the present political system, is an impossibility. If granted, it would mean the dismemberment of the United Kingdom; for it would be impossible to grant a Parliament for Ireland, and yet retain Irish members at Westminster, so long as the English Parliament continued to legislate upon English and Scotch local affairs. But Home Rule under a federation of the Empire would follow as naturally as that we here have Home Rule in each of our various Provinces. While in the Imperial House every part of the Empire would be represented, and thus a proper hold and control secured over each part of the Empire, yet each part would have its local Parliament for the management and control of local affairs. Would not this be an immense boon, not only to Ireland, but also to England?

Though the benefit resulting to England and her colonies from a Federal Union are immense, and scarcely to be overestimated; yet we cannot be blind to the fact that there would be great difficulties in the way of securing this. Not the least among these would be the stubborn resistance of the English people to change, in the political system, simply because it was change. Though a federation of the Empire is now favourably viewed by many of the leading men in England in various classes in life; though it could be shown to be most productive of beneficial results to both England and her colonies under various aspects; yet it must be a considerable time before the arguments in its favour have sufficiently permeated society to become a moving force in any political action. In the present state of public opinion, no political leader could adopt 'Federation of the Empire' as the watch-word of his party. Perhaps, too, before this proper understanding had been reached, the forces at work in Canada would have advised separa-

tion from England as the readier and better way of bringing about the desired political change. How would this affect us?

With separation from England, we have two possible modes of government presenting themselves—Annexation and Independence.

Putting aside for the nonce, all feelings of loyalty and sentiment, would Annexation to the United States give us a better and more stable form of government than Federal Union with England? At the very outset, the government of the United States is less democratic than that under which we live. There the ministry is less amenable to the will of the people than with us. There the heads of the various departments, having no seats in Congress, are not liable personally to be called upon to explain to Congress, and through it to the people, the design of their official acts. A President might select as one of his Cabinet a man who was objectionable to the people, and they would have no opportunity of vetoing that selection as we have, in an analogous instance, in the excellent provision of causing a minister to stand for re-election by his constituency before being confirmed in office. The Government of the United States is essentially the government of an oligarchy rather than the government of the people.

Even at the present time we see, in both Congress and the Senate, that the democratic party are in the majority; while the President and ministry are of the republican party. In other words, that the country is governed by the party of the minority: the government of the day is not the expression of the voice of the majority of the people. Such an anomaly would be utterly impossible under the political system of England. There the Government must always be supported by a majority of the people; and no Sovereign could carry on the government for a day, if opposed by a majority of the representatives of the people.

Again we are familiar with the difficulties that occur in the election of the President; how this election is controlled and affected by a thousand corrupt influences; how the malpractices of various returning boards are the subject of wearisome and expensive law suits; how the President thus elected is rather the representative of the superior sharpness and unscrupulousness of 'the party,' than of the voice of the majority of the people. And the muddy waves of one Presidential election have scarcely subsided, before the time arrives for another troubling of the political waters. The system of the annual election of judges, sheriffs, and other important officials, is such also as cannot commend itself to our views; it opens the door wide to corruption, and acts as a stimulus to the maladministration of justice. Many men in the United States acknowledge and deplore these defects; while they confess themselves unable to remove them. Is there anything in this, that we should prefer it to the purer and freer government under the crown of England? The United States as a nation possesses many grand qualities; but it cannot be maintained that their form of government is as good as that which we enjoy.

What would we gain under the trade aspect of the case might also be asked? The high tariff would cut us off from the cheap manufactures of England; while by far the greater part of our farm produce would not be increased at all in value. We would have to pay more for what we used, and get the same for what we sold. This would help to increase the wealth of a few manufacturers, but the great mass of the people would be poorer.

Again, would we be better if Independent? In this condition we might hope to be numbered among the fifth-rate powers of the earth, constantly overshadowed by our mightier neighbour. If our annexation were an object to the United States Government, this country would be the theatre of

constant political intrigues. If the United States had no such object in view, we might move along in quiet obscurity. Our influence would be but small in any foreign Court, and our national importance would be infinitely less than if we were an integral part of the British Empire. Any Independence, on the other hand, that looks to commercial union with the United States as the good to be effected, would be but short-lived. With this country independent, and such a commercial union in force, it would be but a question of a very few years, perhaps months, before our final absorption into the States would ensue. A commercial union that would permit an interchange of manufactures (and our manufacturers would submit to nothing less) could only be possible under a tariff, as against foreign countries, which was the same for both the United States and Canada

Our tariff would, practically, be made for us by the Congress at Washington, and any changes Congress suggested would have to be adopted at once in Canada, or otherwise the commercial union would be at an end. We would, in this case, be in the position of having to submit to a tariff which we had no voice in making. Such a condition of things could not be borne with for long, and there would arise the demand for representation in Congress; and this could only be effected by Annexation. Independence, therefore, with a commercial union with the States as its outcome—and it is this form of Independence that seems to be most favoured by those who write and speak on the subject—is merely Annexation in a slightly deferred form; and in considering the matter it would be well to keep this view constantly before us.

A calm and careful consideration of the subject will, I think, lead one to believe that the grandest future for this country, both nationally and commercially, lies in Federal Union with England. It is a union that would strengthen and enrich both countries, and can be shewn to be as vitally important for England as for Canada. The consummation of such a union as this, however, is not a work that can be easily or quickly effected. The growth of the colonial portion of the Empire has been so rapid within the last fifty years that, to the great mass of Englishmen, these countries have not yet taken form or position in the political field. The average notion of what Canada is differs but slightly from the notion of what she was fifty years ago; whereas, in reality, the Canada of to-day, and the Canada of the past, are two vastly different countries. Then British North America was but a collection of small and poor colonies, content to be colonies, and with scarcely a thought even of self-government. Now, the Dominion of Canada is a vast country, stretching from ocean to ocean, containing within its bounds a rapidly growing population of energetic and hardy men. Formerly all the energies of the people were absorbed in overcoming the difficulties and hardships incidental to the first settling of the country; the mere struggle for existence affording ample employment for their activities. Now, the national instincts, which are inherent in all men of Anglo Saxon descent, begin to make themselves felt; the national pulse begins to beat full and strong: and national feelings which cannot be disregarded, come into being. It is the disregard, or the ignorance, of this development of national feeling in her colonies that forms the capital weakness of England's Colonial Policy. The growth of this national feeling is only a question of time in any or all of the colonies, and the policy of governing which does not take account of this; does not accept this as a factor in the political calculation; does not provide for the satisfaction of this feeling, is a policy which must ultimately fail by its own incompleteness.

As a reflex of this English opinion

we have in Canada a considerable number of people who believe that the present political condition of this country is such as to require no change; people who argue that because the colonial condition has been in the past the most suitable for the requirements of the country, that therefore it must continue to be the most suitable in the future, no matter what may be the internal changes in the country or the development that may take place in her population. These people ignore or deny the growth of the national feeling and practically assert that a vast population may be found in which this feeling is non-existent. If such a population there could be, it certainly is not a population composed of men of Anglo-Saxon descent, inheriting the glorious traditions of the race, and in whom the principles of political freedom and political combination are the moving powers in all actions. For this class of the community such an article as the present must always appear as so much labour wasted: the mere discussion of the matter is futile, for no change can ever be requisite. Though they cannot be deaf to the opinions that are expressed both publicly and privately around them, yet they would assert that these opinions are not the outcome of any logical necessity, but only the mutterings of unreasoning discontent. Such, however, is not the case. The national spirit is a force which sooner or later makes itself practically felt in our politics, and they who are animated by a spirit of loyalty to our Queen, those who value British connection as our highest good and dearest birthright, should, instead of attempting to stifle the discussions that are rising among us, endeavour to guide them towards Federal Union with England as being our ultimate goal. He who denies that any change in our political system is necessary is not the most loyal to his Queen; but rather he who, while pointing out the necessity for this change, will lend all his energies to the attainment of Federal Union with England. The discussion of these matters will increase among us; it has its roots in a real need and not in any ephemeral condition of things. It is the duty of every one, in his own sphere of action, not to attempt to stem the current of these opinions; but so to divert it that it will set towards Federal Union with England rather than toward Annexation or Independence. This union should be the goal to which all our endeavours tend; it should be the final condition of every colony, the completion of our political system. Though the difficulties in the way of its attainment are great, they are by no means insuperable, and a unity of action on our part would rapidly overcome them. An object such as this is one that should enlist the sympathies of Canadians of all shades of politics. Federation of the Empire is a rallying cry which should gather all men of loyal feelings, and its consummation would secure to Canada the greatest national good. It would ensure to us the most stable form of government, the greatest immunity from war, the most rapid development of population, and the most far-reaching commercial prosperity. It is the true political destiny of this country.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE capricious influences which combine to make us happy are never so certain to be absent influences as when we are foolish enough to talk about them. Amelius had talked about them. When he and Sally left the cottage, the road which led them away from the park was also the road which led them past a church. The influences of happiness left them at the church door.

Rows of carriages were in waiting; hundreds of idle people were assembled about the church steps; the thunderous music of the organ rolled out through the open doors—a grand wedding, with choral service, was in course of celebration. Sally begged Amelius to take her in to see it. They tried the front entrance, and found it impossible to get through the crowd. A side entrance, and a fee to a verger, succeeded better. They obtained space enough to stand on, with a view of the altar.

The bride was a tall buxom girl, splendidly dressed: she performed her part in the ceremony with the most unruffled composure. The bridegroom exhibited an instructive spectacle of aged Nature, sustained by Art. His hair, his complexion, his teeth, his breast, his shoulders, and his legs, showed what the wig-maker, the valet, the dentist, the tailor, and the hosier can do for a rich old man, who wishes to present a juvenile appearance while he is buying a young wife. No less than three clergymen were present conducting the sale. The demeanour of the rich congregation was worthy of the glorious bygone of the Golden Calf. So far as could be judged by appearances, one old lady, in a pew close to the place at which Amelius and Sally were standing, seemed to be the only person present who was not favourably impressed by the ceremony.

'I call it disgraceful,' the old lady remarked to a charming young person seated next to her.

But the charming young person—being the legitimate product of the present time—had no more sympathy with questions of sentiment than a Hottentot. 'How can you talk so, grandmamma!' she rejoined. 'He has twenty thousand a year—and that lucky girl will be mistress of the most splendid house in London.'

'I don't care,' the old lady persisted, 'it's not the less a disgrace to everybody concerned in it. There is many a poor friendless creature, driven by hunger to the streets, who has a better claim to our sympathy than that shameless girl, selling herself in the house of God! I'll wait for you in the carriage—I won't see any more of it.'

Sally touched Amelius. 'Take me out!' she whispered faintly.

He supposed that the heat in the church had been too much for her. 'Are you better now?' he asked, when they got into the open air.

She held fast by his arm. 'Let's get farther away,' she said. 'That lady is coming after us—I don't want her to see me again. I am one of the creatures she talked about. Is the mark of the streets on me, after all you have done to rub it out?'

The wild misery in her words presented another development of her character which was entirely new to

Amelius. 'My dear child,' he remonstrated, 'you distress me when you talk in that way. God knows the life you were leading when I met with you was through no fault of yours. Forget it in the life you are leading now.'

But Sally's mind was still full of its own acutely-painful sense of what the lady had said. 'I saw her,' she burst out—'I saw her look at me while she spoke.'

'And she thought you better worth looking at than the bride—and quite right, too,' Amelius rejoined. 'Come, come, Sally, be like yourself! You don't want to make me unhappy about you, I am sure?'

He had taken the right way with her: she felt that simple appeal, and asked his pardon with all the old charm in her manner and her voice. For the moment, she was 'Simple Sally' again. They walked on in silence. When they had lost sight of the church, Amelius felt her hand beginning to tremble on his arm. A mingled expression of tenderness and anxiety showed itself in her blue eyes as they looked up at him. 'I am thinking of something else now,' she said; 'I am thinking of You. May I ask you something?'

Amelius smiled. The smile was not reflected as usual in Sally's face. 'It's nothing particular,' she exclaimed, in an odd hurried way; 'the church put it into my head. You—' she hesitated, and tried it under another form. 'Will you be married yourself, Amelius, one of these days?'

He did his best to evade the question. 'I am not rich, Sally, like the old gentleman we have just seen.'

Her eyes turned away from him; she sighed softly to herself. 'You will be married some day,' she said. 'Will you do one kind thing more for me, Amelius, when I die? You remember my reading in the newspaper of the new invention for burning the dead—and my asking you about it. You said you thought it was better than burying, and you had a good mind to leave directions to be burnt instead of buried, when your time came. When *my* time has come, will you leave other directions about yourself, if I ask you?'

'My dear, you are talking in a very strange way! If you will have it that I am to be married some day, what has that to do with your death?'

'It doesn't matter, Amelius. When I have nothing left to live for, I suppose it's as likely as not I may die. Will you tell them to bury me in some quiet place, away from London, where there are very few graves. And when you leave your directions, don't say you are to be burnt. Say—when you have lived a long, long life, and enjoyed all the happiness you have deserved so well—say you are to be buried, and your grave is to be near mine. I should like to think of the same trees shading us, and the same flowers growing over us. No! don't tell me I'm talking strangely again—I can't bear it; I want you to humour me and be kind to me about this. Do you mind going home? I'm feeling a little tired—and I know I'm poor company for you to-day.'

The talk flagged at dinner-time, though Toff did his best to keep it going.

In the evening, the excellent Frenchman made an effort to cheer the two young people. He came in confidentially with his fiddle, and said he had a favour to ask. 'I possess some knowledge, sir, of the delightful art of dancing. Might I teach young Miss to dance? You see, if I may venture to say so, the other lessons—O, most useful, most important, the other lessons! but they are just a little serious. Something to relieve her mind, sir—if you will forgive me for mentioning it. I plead for innocent gaiety—let us dance!'

He played a few notes on the fiddle, and placed his right foot in position, and waited amiably to begin. Sally thanked him, and made the excuse

that she was tired. She wished Amelius good-night, without waiting until they were alone together—and, for the first time, without giving him the customary kiss.

Toff waited until she had gone, and approached his master on tiptoe, with a low bow.

'May I take the liberty of expressing an opinion, sir? A young girl who rejects the remedy of the fiddle, presents a case of extreme gravity. Don't despair, sir! It is my pride and pleasure to be never at a loss, where your interests are concerned. This is, I think, a matter for the ministrations of a woman. If you have confidence in my wife, I venture to suggest a visit from Madame Toff.'

He discreetly retired, and left his master to think about it.

The time passed—and Amelius was still thinking, and still as far as ever from arriving at a conclusion, when he heard a door opened behind him. Sally crossed the room before be could rise from his chair: her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were bright, her hair fell loose over her shoulders—she dropped at his feet, and hid her face on his knees. 'I'm an ungrateful wretch?' she burst out; 'I never kissed you when I said good-night.'

With the best intentions, Amelius took the worst possible way of composing her—he treated her troubles lightly. 'Perhaps you forgot it?' he said.

She lifted her head and looked at him with the tears in her eyes. 'I'm bad enough,' she answered; 'but not not so bad as that, O, don't laugh! there's nothing to laugh at. Have you done with liking me? Are you angry with me for behaving so badly all day, and bidding you good-night as if you were Toff? You sha'n't be angry with me!' She jumped up, and sat on his knee, and put her arms round his neck. 'I haven't been to bed,' she whispered; 'I was too miserable to go to sleep. I don't know what's been the matter with me to-day. I seem to be losing the little sense I ever had. Don't you know that I would die for you, I am so fond of you—and yet I've had bitter thoughts, as if I was a burden to you, and I had done a wrong thing in coming here—and you would have told me so, only you pitied the poor wretch who had nowhere else to go.' She tightened her hold round his neck and laid her burning cheek against his face. 'O Amelius, my heart is sore! Kiss me, and say, Good-night, Sally!'

He was young—he was a man—for a moment he lost his self-control; he kissed her as he had never kissed her yet.

Then, he remembered; he recovered himself; he put her gently away from him, and led her to the door of her room, and closed it on her in silence. For a little while, he waited alone. The interval over, he rang for Toff.

'Do you think your wife would take Miss Sally as an apprentice?' he asked.

Toff looked astonished. 'Whatever you wish, sir, my wife will do. Her knowledge of the art of dressmaking is—' Words failed him to express his wife's immense capacity as a dressmaker. He kissed his hand in mute enthusiasm, and blew the kiss in the direction of Madame Toff's establishment. 'However,' he proceeded, 'I ought to tell you one thing, sir, the business is small, small, very small. But we are all in the hands of Providence—the business will improve, one day.' He lifted his shoulders and lifted his eyebrows, and looked perfectly satisfied with his wife's prospects.

'I will go and speak to Madame Toff myself, to-morrow morning,' Amelius resumed. 'It's quite possible that I may be obliged to leave London for a little while—and I must provide in some way for Miss Sally. Don't say a word about it to her yet, Toff; and don't look miserable. If I go away, I shall take you away with me. Good-night.'

Toff, with his handkerchief half way

to his eyes, recovered his native cheerfulness. 'I am invariably sick at sea, sir,' he said; 'but no matter, I will attend you to the uttermost ends of the earth.'

So honest Amelius planned his way of escape from the critical position in which he found himself. He went to his bed, troubled by anxieties which kept him waking for many weary hours. Where was he to go to, when he left Sally? If he could have known what had happened, on that very day, on the other side of the Channel, he might have decided (in spite of the obstacle of Mr. Farnaby) on surprising Regina by a visit to Paris.

CHAPTER XL.

ON the morning when Amelius and Sally (in London) entered the church to look at the wedding, Rufus (in Paris) went to the Champs Elysées to take a walk.

He had advanced half way up the magnificent avenue, when he saw Regina for the second time; taking her daily drive, with an elderly woman in attendance on her. Rufus took off his hat again, perfectly impenetrable to the cold reception which he had already experienced. Greatly to his surprise, Regina not only returned his salute, but stopped the carriage and beckoned to him to speak to her. Looking at her more closely, he perceived signs of suffering in her face which completely altered her expression as he remembered it. Her magnificent eyes were dim and red; she had lost her rich colour; her voice trembled as she spoke to him.

'Have you a few minutes to spare?' she asked.

'The whole day, if you like, Miss,' Rufus answered.

She turned to the woman who accompanied her. 'Wait here for me, Elizabeth; I have something to say to this gentleman.'

With those words, she got out of the carriage. Rufus offered her his arm. She put her hand in it as readily as if they had been old friends. 'Let us take one of the side paths,' she said; 'they are almost deserted at this time of day. I am afraid I surprise you very much. I can only trust to your kindness to forgive me for passing you without notice the last time we met. Perhaps it may be some excuse for me that I am in great trouble. It is just possible you may be able to relieve my mind. I believe you know I am engaged to be married?'

Rufus looked at her with a sudden expression of interest. 'Is this about Amelius?' he asked.

She answered him almost inaudibly —'Yes.'

Rufus still kept his eyes fixed on her. 'I don't wish to say anything rude, Miss,' he explained; 'but, if you have any complaint to make of Amelius, I should take it as a favour if would look me straight in the face, and mention it plainly.'

In the embarrassment which troubled Regina at that moment, he had preferred the two requests of all others with which it was most impossible for her to comply. She still looked obstinately on the ground; and, instead of speaking of Amelius, she diverged to the subject of Mr. Farnaby's illness.

'I am staying in Paris with my uncle,' she said. 'He has had a long illness; but he is strong enough now to speak to me of things that have been on his mind for some time past. He has so surprised me; he has made me so miserable about Amelius——' She paused, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Rufus said nothing to console her—he waited doggedly until she was ready to go on. 'You know Amelius well,' she resumed; 'you are fond of him; you believe in him, don't you? Do you think he is capable of behaving basely to any person who trusts him? Is it likely, is it possible

he could be false and cruel to Me?'

The mere question roused the indignation of Rufus, 'Whoever said that of him, Miss, told you a lie! I answer for my boy as I answer for myself.'

She looked at him at last, with a sudden expression of relief. 'I said so too,' she rejoined; 'I said some enemy had slandered him. My uncle won't tell me who it is. He positively forbids me to write to Amelius; he tells me I must never see Amelius again—he is going to write and break off the engagement. O, it's too cruel, too cruel!'

Thus far they had been walking on slowly. But now Rufus stopped, determined to make her speak plainly.

'Take a word of advice from me, Miss,' he said. 'Never trust anybody by halves. There's nothing I'm not ready to do, to set this matter right; but I must know what I'm about first. What's said against Amelius? Out with it, no matter what 'tis! I'm old enough to be your father; and I feel for you accordingly—I do.'

The thorough sincerity of tone and manner which accompanied those words had its effect. Regina blushed and trembled—but she spoke out.

'My uncle says Amelius has disgraced himself, and insulted me; my uncle says there is a person—a girl living with him—' She stopped, with a faint cry of alarm. Her hand still resting on the arm of Rufus, felt him start as the allusion to the girl passed her lips. 'You have heard of it?' she cried. 'O, God help me, it's true!'

'True?' Rufus repeated, with stern contempt. 'What's come to you? Haven't I told you already, it's a lie? I'll swear to it, Amelius is true to you. Will that do? No? You're an obstinate one, Miss—that you are. Well! it's due to the boy that I should set him right with you, if words will do it. You know how he's been brought up at Tadmor? Bear that in mind—and now you shall have the truth of it, on the word of an honest man.'

Without further preface, he told her how Amelius had met with Sally; insisting strongly on the motives of pure humanity by which his friend had been actuated. Regina listened with an obstinate expression of distrust which would have discouraged most men. Rufus persisted, nevertheless; and, to some extent at least, succeeded in producing the right impression. When he reached the close of the narrative—when he asserted that he had himself seen Amelius confide the girl unreservedly to the care of a lady who was a dear and valued friend of his own; and when he declared that there had been no after-meeting between them and no written correspondence—then, at last, Regina owned that he had not encouraged her to trust in the honour of Amelius, without reason to justify him. But even under these circumstances, there was a residue of suspicion still left in her mind. She asked for the name of the lady to whose benevolent assistance Amelius had been indebted. Rufus took out one of his cards, and wrote Mrs. Payson's name and address on it.

'Your nature, my dear, is not quite so confiding as I could have wished to see it,' he said, quietly handing her the card. 'But we can't change our natures—can we? And you're not bound to believe a man like me, without witnesses to back him. Write to Mrs. Payson, and make your mind easy. And, while we are about it, tell me where I can telegraph to you to-morrow—I'm off to London by the night mail.'

'Do you mean you are going to see Amelius?'

'That is so. I'm too fond of Amelius to let this trouble rest where 'tis now. I've been away from him, here in Paris, for some little time—and you may tell me (and quite right too) I can't answer for what may have been going on in my absence. No! now we are about it, we'll have it out.

I mean to see Amelius and see Mrs. Payson to-morrow morning. Just tell your uncle to hold his hand before he breaks off your marriage, and wait for a telegram from me. Well? and this is your address, is it? I know the hotel. A nice look-out on the Twillery Gardens—but a bad cellar of wine as I hear. I'm at the Grand Hotel myself, if there's anything else that troubles you before evening. Now, I look at you again, I reckon there's something more to be said, if you'll only let it find its way to your tongue. No; it ain't thanks. We'll take the gratitude for granted, and get to what's behind it. There's your carriage—and the good lady looks tired of waiting. Well, now?'

'It's only one thing,' Regina acknowledged, with her eyes on the ground again. 'Perhaps, when you go to London, you may see the—'

'The girl?'

'Yes.'

'It's not likely. Say I do see her—what then?'

Regina's colour began to show itself again. 'If you do see her,' she said, 'I beg and entreat you won't speak of *me* in her hearing. I should die of the shame of it, if she thought herself asked to give him up out of pity for me. Promise I am not to be brought forward; promise you won't ever mention my having spoken to you about it. On your word of honour!'

Rufus gave her his promise, without showing any hesitation, or making any remark. But when she shook hands with him, on returning to the carriage, he held her hand for a moment. 'Please to excuse me, Miss, if I ask one question,' he said, in tones too low to be heard by any other person. 'Are you really fond of Amelius?'

'I am surprised you should doubt it,' she answered; 'I am more—much more than fond of him!'

Rufus handed her silently into the carriage. 'Fond of him, are you?' he thought, as he walked away by himself. 'I reckon it's a sort of fondness that don't wear well, and won't stand washing.'

CHAPTER XLI.

EARLY next morning, Rufus rang at the cottage gate.

'Well, Mr. Frenchman, and how do *you* get along? And how's Amelius?'

Toff, standing before the gate answered with the utmost respect, but showed no inclination to let the visitor in.

'Amelius has his intervals of laziness,' Rufus proceeded; 'I bet he's in bed?'

'My young master was up and dressed an hour ago, sir—he has just gone out.'

'That is so, is it? Well, I'll wait till he comes back.' He pushed by Toff, and walked into the cottage. 'Your foreign ceremonies are clean thrown away on me,' he said, as Toff tried to stop him in the hall. 'I'm an American savage; and I'm used up with travelling all night. Here's a little order for you: whisky, bitters, lemon and ice—I'll take a cocktail in the library.' Toff made a last desperate effort to get between the visitor and the door. 'I beg your pardon, sir, a thousand times; I must most respectfully entreat you to wait—' Before he could explain himself, Rufus (with the most perfect good-humour) pulled the old man out of his way. 'What's troubling this venerable creature's mind?' he inquired of himself; 'does he think I don't know my way in?' He opened the library door, and found himself face to face with Sally.

She had risen from her chair, hearing voices outside, and hesitating whether to leave the room or not. They confronted each other, on either side of the table, in silent dismay. For once Rufus was so completely bewildered, that he took refuge in his customary form of greeting before he was aware of it himself.

'How do you find yourself, Miss! I take pleasure in renewing our acquaintance—Thunder! that's not it; I reckon I'm off my head. Do me the favour, young woman, to forget every word I've said to you. If any mortal creature had told me I should find you here, I should have said 'twas a lie—and I should have been the liar. That makes a man feel bad, I can tell you. No! Don't slide off, if you please, into the next room—*that* won't set things things right, nohow. Sit you down again. Now I'm here, I have something to say. I'll speak first to Mr. Frenchman. Listen to this, old sir. If I happen to want a witness standing in the doorway, I'll ring the bell; for the present, I can do without you. Bong Shewer, as we say in your country.' He proceeded to shut the door on Toff and his remonstrances. 'I protest, sir, against acts of violence unworthy of a gentleman!' cried Toff, struggling to get back again. 'Be as angry as you please in the kitchen,' Rufus answered, persisting in closing the door; 'I won't have a noise up here. If you know where your master is, go and fetch him—and the sooner the better.' He turned back to Sally, and surveyed her for a while in terrible silence. She was afraid to look at him; her eyes were on the book which she had been reading when he came in. 'You look to me,' Rufus remarked, 'as if you had been settled here for a time. Never mind your book now; you can go back to your reading, after we've had a word or two together, first.' He reached out his long arm, and pulled the book to his own side of the table. Sally innocently silenced him for the second time. He opened the book, and discovered—The New Testament.

'It's my lesson, if you please, sir. I'm to learn it where the pencil mark is, before Amelius comes back.' She offered her poor little explanation, trembling with terror. In spite of himself, Rufus began to look at her, a little less sternly.

'So you call him "Amelius," do you?' he said. 'I note that, Miss, as an unfavourable sign to begin with. How long, if you please, has Amelius turned school-marm, for your young ladyship's benefit? Don't you understand? Well, you're not the only inhabitant of Great Britain who don't understand the English language. I'll put it plainer. When I last saw Amelius, you were learning your lessons at the Home. What ill-wind, Miss, blew you in here? Did Amelius fetch you, or did you come of your own accord, without waiting to be whistled for?' He spoke coarsely, but not ill-humouredly. Sally's pretty downcast face was pleading with him for mercy, and (as he felt with supreme contempt for himself) was not altogether pleading in vain. 'If I guessed that you ran away from the Home,' he resumed, 'should I guess right?'

She answered with a sudden accession of confidence. 'Don't blame, Amelius,' she said; 'I did run away. I couldn't live without him.'

'You don't know how you can live, young one, till you've tried the experiment. Well, and what did they do at the Home! Did they send after you, to fetch you back?'

'They wouldn't take me back—they sent my clothes here after me.'

'Ah, those were the rules, I reckon. I begin to see my way to the end of it now. Amelius gave you house-room?'

She looked at him proudly. 'He gave me a room of my own,' she said.

His next question was the exact repetition of the question which he had put to Regina in Paris. The only variety was in the answer that he received.

'Are you fond of Amelius?'

'I would die for him!'

Rufus had hitherto spoken, standing. He now took a chair.

'If Amelius had not been brought up at Tadmor,' he said; 'I should take my hat, and wish you good-morning. As things are, a word more may

be a word in season. Your lessons here seem to have agreed with you, Miss. You're a different sort of girl to what you were when I last saw you.'

She surprised him by receiving that remark in silence. The colour left her face. She sighed bitterly. The sigh puzzled Rufus; he held his opinion of her in suspense, until he had heard more.

'You said just now you would die for Amelius,' he went on, eyeing her attentively. 'I take that to be woman's hysterical way of mentioning that she feels an interest in Amelius. Are you fond enough of him to leave him, if you could only be persuaded that leaving him was for his good?'

She abruptly left the table, and went to the window. When her back was turned to Rufus, she spoke. 'Am I a disgrace to him?' she asked, in tones so faint that he could barely hear them. 'I have had my fears of it, before now.'

If he had been less fond of Amelius, his natural kindness of heart might have kept him silent. Even as it was, he made no direct reply. 'You remember how you were living when Amelius first met with you,' was all he said.

The sad blue eyes looked at him in patient sorrow; the low sweet voice answered 'yes.' Only a look and a word—only the influence of an instant—and, in that instant, Rufus's last doubts of her vanished!

'Don't think I say it reproachfully, my child! I know it was not your fault; I know you are to be pitied, and not blamed.'

She turned her face towards him—pale, quiet, and resigned. 'Pitied, and not blamed,' she repeated. 'Am I to be forgiven?'

His generous nature shrank from answering her. There was silence.

'You said just now,' she went on, 'that I looked like a different girl, since you last saw me. I *am* a different girl. I think of things that I never thought of before—some change, I don't know what, has come over me. O, my heart does hunger so to be good! I do so long to deserve what Amelius has done for me! You have got my book there—Amelius gave it to me—we read in it every day. If Christ had been on earth now, is it wrong to think that Christ would have forgiven me?'

'No, my dear; it's right to think so.'

'And, while I live, if I do my best to lead a good life, and if my last prayer to God is to take me to Heaven, shall I be heard?'

'You will be heard, my child, I don't doubt it. But, you see, you have got the world about you to reckon with—and the world has invented a religion of its own. There's no use looking for it in this book of yours. It's a religion with the pride of property at the bottom of it, and a veneer of benevolent sentiment at the top. It will be very sorry for you, and very charitable towards you; in short, it will do everything for you except taking you back again.'

She had her answer to that. 'Amelius has taken me back again,' she said.

'Amelius has taken you back again,' Rufus agreed. 'But there's one thing he's forgotten to do; he has forgotten to count the cost. It seems to be left to me to do that. Look here, my girl! I own I doubted you when I first came into this room; and I'm sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. I do believe you're a good girl—I couldn't say why if I was asked, but I do believe it for all that. I wish there was no more to be said—but there is more; and neither you nor I must shirk it. Public opinion won't deal as tenderly with you as I do; public opinion will make the worst of you, and the worst of Amelius. While you're living here with him—there's no disguising it—you're innocently in the way of the boy's prospect in life. I don't know whether you understand me?'

She had turned away from him; she was looking out of the window once more.

'I understand you,' she answered. 'On the night when Amelius met with me, he did wrong to take me away with him. He ought to have left me where I was.'

'Wait a bit! that's as far from my meaning, as far can be. There's a look-out for everybody; and if you'll trust me, I'll find a look-out for *you*.'

She paid no heed to what he said; her next words showed that she was pursuing her own train of thought.

'I am in the way of his prospects in life,' she resumed. 'You mean that he might be married some day, but for me?'

Rufus admitted it cautiously. 'The thing might happen,' was all he said.

'And his friends might come and see him,' she went on; her face still turned away, and her voice sinking into dull subdued tones. 'Nobody comes here now. You see I understand you. When shall I go away? I had better not say good-bye, I suppose?—it would only distress him. I could slip out of the house, couldn't I?'

Rufus began to feel uneasy. He was prepared for tears—but not for such resignation as this. After a little hesitation, he joined her at the window. She never turned towards him; she still looked out straight before her; her bright young face had turned pitiably rigid and pale. He spoke to her very gently; advising her to think of what he said, and to do nothing in a hurry. She knew the hotel at which he stayed when he was in London; and she could write to him there. If she decided to begin a new life in another country, he was wholly and truly at her service. He would provide a passage for her in the same ship that took him back to America. At his age, and known as he was in his own neighbourhood, there would be no scandal to fear. He could get her reputably and profitably employed, in work which a young girl might undertake. 'I'll be as good as a father to you, my child,' he said. 'Don't think you're going to be friendless, if you leave Amelius. I'll see to that! You shall have honest people about you—and innocent pleasure in your new life.'

She thanked him, still with the same dull tearless resignation. 'What will the honest people say,' she asked, 'when they know who I am?'

'They have no business to know who you are—and they sha'n't know it.'

'Ah! it comes back to the same thing,' she said. 'You must deceive the honest people, or you can do nothing for me. Amelius had better have left me where I was! I disgraced nobody, I was a burden to nobody, *there*. Cold and hunger and ill-treatment can sometimes be merciful friends, in their way. If I had been left to them, they would have laid me at rest by this time.' She turned to Rufus before he could speak to her. 'I'm not ungrateful, sir; I'll think of it as you say; and I'll do all that a poor foolish creature can do, to be worthy of the interest you take in me.' She lifted her hand to her head, with a momentary expression of pain. 'I've got a dull kind of aching here,' she said; 'it reminds me of my old life, when I was sometimes beaten on the head. May I go and lie down a little by myself?'

Rufus took her hand and pressed it in silence. She looked back at him as she opened the door of her room. 'Don't distress Amelius,' she said; 'I can bear everything but that.'

Left alone in the library, Rufus walked restlessly to and fro, driven by a troubled mind. 'I was bound to do it,' he thought; 'and I ought to be satisfied with myself. I'm not satisfied. The world *is* hard on women—and the rights of property is a darned bad reason for it?'

The door from the hall was suddenly thrown open. Amelius entered the room. He looked flushed and

angry—he refused to take the hand that Rufus offered to him.

'What's this I hear from Toff? It seems that you forced your way in when Sally was here. There are limits to the liberties that a man may take in his friend's house.'

'That's true,' said Rufus quietly. 'But when a man hasn't taken liberties there don't seem much to be said. Sally was at the Home, when I last saw you—and nobody told me I should find her in this room.'

'You might have left the room, when you found her here. You have been talking to her. If you have said anything about Regina—'

'I have said nothing about Miss Regina. You have a hot temper of your own, Amelius. Wait a bit, and let it cool.'

'Never mind my temper. I want to know what you have been saying to Sally. Stop! I'll ask Sally herself.' He crossed the room to the inner door and knocked. 'Come in here, my dear, I want to speak to you.'

The answer reached him faintly through the door. 'I have got a bad headache, Amelius. Please let me rest a little.' He turned back to Rufus, and lowered his voice. But his eyes flashed; he was more angry than ever.

'You had better go,' he said, 'I can guess how you have been talking to her—I know what her headache means. Any man who distresses that dear little affectionate creature is a man whom I hold as my enemy. I spit upon all the worldly considerations which pass muster with people like you! No sweeter girl than poor Sally ever breathed the breath of life. Her happiness is more precious to me than words can say. She is sacred to me! And I have just proved it—I have just come from a good woman, who will teach her an honest way of earning her bread. Not a breath of scandal shall blow on her. If you, or any people like you, think I will consent to cast her adrift on the world, or consign her to a prison under the name of a Home, you little know my nature and my principles. Here'—he snatched up the New Testament from the table, and shook it at Rufus—'here are my principles, and I'm not ashamed of them!'

Rufus took up his hat.

'There's one thing you'll be ashamed of, my son, when you're cool enough to think about it,' he said—'you'll be ashamed of the words you have spoken to a friend who loves you. I'm not a bit angry myself. You remind me of that time on board the steamer, when the quarter-master was going to shoot the bird. You made it up with him—and you'll come to my hotel and make it up with me. And then we'll shake hands, and talk about Sally. If it's not taking another liberty, I'll trouble you for a light.' He helped himself to a match from the box on the chimney-piece, lit his cigar, and left the room.

He had not gone half an hour, before the better nature of Amelius urged him to follow Rufus and make his apologies. But he was too anxious about Sally to leave the cottage, until he had seen her first. The tone in which she had answered him, when he knocked at her door, suggested to his sensitive apprehension, that there was something more serious the matter with her than a mere headache. For another hour, he waited patiently, on the chance that he might hear her moving in her room. Nothing happened. No sound reached his ears, except the occasional rolling of carriage-wheels on the road outside.

His patience began to fail him, as the second hour moved on. He went to the door and listened, and still heard nothing. A sudden dread struck him that she might have fainted. He opened the door a few inches, and spoke to her. There was no answer. He looked in. The room was empty.

He ran into the hall, and called to Toff. Was she, by any chance, downstairs? No. Or out in the garden?

No. Master and man looked at each other in silence. Sally was gone.

CHAPTER XLII.

TOFF was the first who recovered himself.

'Courage, sir!' he said. 'With a little thinking, we shall see the way to find her. That rude American man, who talked with her this morning, may be the person who has brought this misfortune on us.'

Amelius waited to hear no more. There was the chance, at least, that something might have been said which had induced her to take refuge with Rufus. He ran back to the library to get his hat.

Toff followed his master, with another suggestion. 'One word more, sir, before you go. If the American man cannot help us, we must be ready to try another way. Permit me to accompany you as far as my wife's shop. I propose that she shall come back here with me, and examine poor little Miss's bedroom. We will wait of course for your return, before anything is done. In the meantime, I entreat you not to despair. It is at least possible that the means of discovery may be found in the bedroom.'

They went out together, taking the first cab that passed them. Amelius proceeded alone to the hotel.

Rufus was in his room. 'What's gone wrong?' he asked, the moment Amelius opened the door. 'Shake hands, my son, and smother up that little trouble between us this morning in silence. Your face alarms me—it does! What of Sally?'

Amelius started at the question. 'Isn't she here?' he asked.

Rufus drew back. The mere action said, No, before he answered in words.

'Have you seen nothing of her? heard nothing of her?'

'Nothing. Steady, now! Meet it like a man; and tell me what has happened.'

Amelius told him in two words. 'Don't suppose I'm going to break out again as I did this morning,' he went on; 'I'm too wretched and too anxious to be angry. Only tell me, Rufus, have you said anything to her—?'

Rufus held up his hand. 'I see what you're driving at. It will be more to the purpose to tell you what she said to me. From first to last, Amelius, I spoke kindly to her, and I did her justice. Give me a minute to rummage my memory.' After brief consideration, he carefully repeated the substance of what had passed between Sally and himself, during the latter part of the interview between them. 'Have you looked about in her room?' he inquired, when he had done. 'There might be a trifling something to help you, left behind her there.'

Amelius told him of Toff's suggestion. They returned together at once to the cottage. Madame Toff was waiting to begin the search.

The first discovery was easily made. Sally had taken off one or two little trinkets — presents from Amelius, which she was in the habit of wearing —and had left them, wrapped up in paper, on the dressing table. No such thing as a farewell letter was found near them. The examination of the wardrobe came next — and here a startling circumstance revealed itself. Every one of the dresses which Amelius had presented to her was hanging in its place. They were not many; and they had all, on previous occasions, been passed in review by Toff's wife. She was absolutely certain that the complete number of the dresses was there in the bedroom. Sally must have worn something, in place of her new clothes. What had she put on?

Looking round the room, Amelius noticed in a corner the box in which he had placed the first new dress that he had purchased for Sally, on the morning after they had met. He

tried to open the box; it was locked—and the key was not to be found. The ever-ready Toff fetched a skewer from the kitchen, and picked the lock in two minutes. On lifting the cover, the box proved to be empty.

The one person present who understood what this meant was Amelius.

He remembered that Sally had taken her old threadbare clothes away with her in the box, when the angry landlady had insisted on his leaving the house. 'I want to look at them sometimes,' the poor girl had said, 'and think how much better off I am now.' In those miserable rags she had fled from the cottage, after hearing the cruel truth. 'He had better have left me where I was,' she had said. 'Cold and hunger and ill-treatment would have laid me at rest by this time.' Amelius fell on his knees before the empty box, in helpless despair. The conclusion that now forced itself on his mind completely unmanned him. She had gone back, in the old dress, to die under the cold, the hunger, and the horror of the old life!

Rufus took his hand, and spoke to him kindly. He rallied, and dashed the tears from his eyes, and rose to his feet. 'I know where to look for her,' was all he said; 'and I must do it alone.' He refused to enter into any explanation, or to be assisted by any companion. 'This is my secret and her's,' he answered. 'Go back to your hotel, Rufus—and pray that I may not bring news, which will make a wretched man of you for the rest of your life.' With that he left them.

In another hour he stood once more on the spot at which he and Sally had met.

The wild bustle and uproar of the costermongers' night-market no longer rioted round him; the street by daylight was in a state of dreary repose. Slowly pacing up and down, from one end to another, he waited with but one hope to sustain him—the hope that she might have taken refuge with the two women who had been her only friends in the dark days of her life. Ignorant of the place in which they lived, he had no choice but to wait for the appearance of one or other of them in the street. He was quiet and resolved. For the rest of the day, and for the whole of the night if need be, his mind was made up to keep steadfully on the watch.

When he could walk no longer, he obtained rest and refreshment in the cook-shop which he could remember so well; sitting on a stool near the window, from which he could still command a view of the street. The gas-lamps were alight, and the long winter's night was beginning to set in, when he resumed his weary march from end to end of the pavement. As the darkness became complete, his patience was rewarded at last. Passing the door of a pawnbroker's shop, he met one of the women face to face, walking rapidly, with a little parcel under her arm.

She recognised him with a cry of joyful surprise.

'O, sir, how glad I am to see you, to be sure! You've come to look after Sally, haven't you? Yes, yes; she's safe in our poor place—but in such a dreadful state. Off her head! clean off her head! Talks of nothing but you. "I'm in the way of his prospects in life." Over and over and over again, she keeps on saying that. Don't be afraid; Jenny's at home, taking care of her. She want's to go out. Hot and wild, with a kind of fever on her, she wants to go out. She asked if it rained. "The rain may kill me in these ragged clothes," she says; "and then I sha'n't be in the way of his prospects in life." We tried to quiet her by telling her it didn't rain—but it was no use; she was as eager as ever to go out. "I may get another blow on the bosom," she says, "and, maybe, it will fall on the right place this time." No! there's no fear of the brute who used to beat her—he's in prison. Don't ask to see her just yet, sir; please don't! I'm afraid

you would only make her worse, if I took you to her now; I wouldn't dare to risk it. You see we can't get her to sleep; and we thought of buying something to quiet her at the chemist's. Yes, sir, it would be better to get a doctor to her. But I wasn't going to the doctor. If I must tell you, I was obliged to take the sheets off the bed to raise a little money—I was going to the pawnbroker's.' She looked at the parcel under her arm, and smiled 'I may take the sheets back again, now I've met with you; and there's a good doctor lives close by—I can show you the way to him. O, how pale you do look! Are you very much tired? It's only a little way to the doctor. I've got an arm at your service—but you mightn't like to be seen walking with such a person as me.'

Mentally and physically, Amelius was completely prostrated. The woman's melancholy narrative had overwhelmed him: he could neither speak nor act. He mechanically put his purse in her hand, and went with her to the house of the nearest medical man.

The doctor was at home, mixing drugs in his little surgery. After one sharp look at Amelius, he ran into a back parlour, and returned with a glass of spirits. 'Drink this, sir,' he said—'unless you want to find yourself on the floor in a fainting fit. And don't presume again on your youth and strength to treat your heart as if it was made of cast-iron.' He signed to Amelius to sit down and rest himself, and turned to the woman to hear what was wanted of him. After a few questions, he said she might go; promising to follow her in a few minutes, when the gentleman would be sufficiently recovered to accompany him.

'Well, sir, are you beginning to feel like yourself again?' He was mixing a composing draught, while he addressed Amelius in those terms. 'You may trust that poor wretch, who has just left us, to take care of the sick girl,' he went on, in the quaintly familiar manner which seemed to be habitual with him. 'I don't ask how you got into her company—it's no business of mine. But I am pretty well acquainted with the people in my neighbourhood; and I can tell you one thing, in case you're anxious. The woman who brought you here, barring the one misfortune of her life, is as good a creature as ever breathed; and the other one who lives with her is the same. When I think of what they're exposed to—well! I take to my pipe, and compose my mind in that way. My early days were all passed as a ship's surgeon. I could get them both respectable employment in Australia, if I only had the money to fit them out. They'll die in the hospital like the rest, if something isn't done for them. In my hopeful moments, I sometimes think of a subscription. What do you say? Will you put down a few shillings to set the example?'

'I will do more than that,' Amelius answered. 'I have reasons for wishing to befriend both those two poor women; and I will gladly engage to find the outfit.'

The familiar old doctor held out his hand over the counter. 'You're a good fellow, if ever there was one yet,' he burst out. I can show references which will satisfy you that I am not a rogue. In the meantime, let's see what is the matter with this little girl; you can tell me about her as we go along.' He put his bottle of medicine in his pocket, and his arm in the arm of Amelius—and so led the way out.

When they reached the wretched lodging-house in which the women lived, he suggested that his companion would do well to wait at the door. 'I'm used to sad sights: it would only distress you to see the place. I won't keep you long waiting.'

He was as good as his word. In little more than ten minutes, he joined Amelius again in the street.

'Don't alarm yourself,' he said;

'the case is not so serious as it looks. The poor child is suffering under a severe shock to the brain and nervous system, caused by that sudden and violent distress you hinted at. My medicine will give her the one thing she wants to begin with—a good night's sleep.

Amelius asked when she would be well enough to see him.

'Ah, my young friend, it's not so easy to say, just yet! I could answer you to better purpose to-morrow. Won't that do? Must I venture on a rash opinion? She ought to be composed enough to see you in three or four days. And, when that time comes, it's my belief you will do more than I can do to set her right again.'

Amelius was relieved, but not quite satisfied yet. He inquired if it was not possible to remove her from that miserable place.

'Quite impossible—without doing her serious injury. They have got money to go on with; and I have told you already, she will be well taken care of. I will look after her myself to-morrow morning. Go home, and get to bed, and eat a bit of supper first, and make your mind easy. Come to my house, at twelve o'clock, noon, and you will find me ready with my references, and my report of the patient. Surgeon Pinfold: Blackacre Buildings—there's the address. Good-night.'

CHAPTER XLIII.

AFTER Amelius had left him, Rufus remembered his promise to communicate with Regina by telegraph.

With his strict regard for truth, it was no easy matter to decide on what message he should send. To inspire Regina, if possible, with his own unshaken belief in the good faith of Amelius, appeared, on reflection, to be all that he could honestly do, under present circumstances. With an anxious and foreboding mind, he despatched his telegram to Paris in these terms:—'Be patient for a while, and do justice to A. He deserves it.'

Having completed his business at the telegraph-office, Rufus went next to pay his visit to Mrs. Payson.

The good lady received him with a grave face and a distant manner, in startling contrast to the customary warmth of her welcome. 'I used to think you were a man in a thousand,' she began abruptly; 'and I find you are no better than the rest of them. If you have come here to speak to me about that blackguard young Socialist, understand if you please that I am not so easily imposed upon as Miss Regina. I have done *my* duty—I have opened her eyes to the truth, poor thing Ah, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

Rufus kept his temper, with his habitual self-command. 'It's possible you may be right,' he said quietly; 'but the biggest rascal living has a claim to an explanation, when a lady puzzles him. Have you any particular objection, old friend, to tell me what you mean?'

The explanation was not of a nature to set the good New Englander's mind at ease. Regina had written, by the mail-train which took Rufus to England, repeating to Mrs. Payson what had passed at the interview in the Champs Elysées, and appealing to her sympathy for information and advice. Receiving the letter that morning, Mrs. Payson, acting on her own generous and compassionate impulses, had already answered it, and sent it to the post. Her experience of the unfortunate persons received at the Home was far from inclining her to believe in the innocence of a runaway girl, placed under circumstances of temptation. As an act of justice towards Regina, she enclosed to her the letter in which Amelius had acknowledged that Sally had passed the night under his roof.

'I believe I am only telling you the shameful truth,' Mrs. Payson had

written, 'when I add that the girl has been an inmate of Mr. Goldenheart's cottage ever since. If you can reconcile this disgraceful state of things with Mr. Rufus Dingwell's assertion of his friend's fidelity to his marriage-engagement, I have no right and no wish to make any attempt to alter your opinion. But you have asked for my advice, and I must not shrink from giving it. I am bound, as an honest woman, to tell you that your uncle's resolution to break off the engagement represents the course that I should have taken myself, if a daughter of my own had been placed in your painful and humiliating position.'

There was still ample time to modify this strong expression of opinion by the day's post. Rufus appealed vainly to Mrs. Payson to reconsider the conclusion at which she had arrived. A more charitable and considerate woman, within the limits of her own daily routine, it would not be possible to find. But the largeness of mind which, having long and trustworthy experience of a rule, can nevertheless understand that other minds may have equal experience of the exception to the rule, was one of the qualities which had not been included in the moral composition of Mrs. Payson. She held firmly to her own narrowly-conscientious sense of her duty, stimulated by a natural indignation against Amelius, who had bitterly disappointed her—against Rufus, who had not scrupled to take up his defence. The two old friends parted in coldness, for the first time in their lives.

Rufus returned to his hotel, to wait there for news from Amelius.

The day passed—and the one visitor who enlivened his solitude was an American friend and correspondent, connected with the agency which managed his affairs in England. The errand of this gentleman was to give his client the soundest and speediest advice, relating to the investment of money. Having indicated the safe and solid speculations, the visitor added a warning word, relating to the plausible and dangerous investments of the day. 'For instance,' he said, 'there's that bank started by Farnaby—'

'No need to warn me against Farnaby,' Rufus interposed; 'I wouldn't take shares in his bank if he made me a present of them.'

The American friend looked surprised. 'Surely,' he exclaimed, 'you can't have heard the news already! They don't even know it yet on the Stock Exchange.'

Rufus explained that he had only spoken under the influence of personal prejudice against Mr. Farnaby.

'What's in the wind now?' he asked.

He was confidentially informed that a coming storm was in the wind; in other words that a serious discovery had been made at the bank. Some time since, the directors had advanced a large sum of money to a man in trade, under Mr. Farnaby's own guarantee. The man had just died; and examination of his affairs showed that he had only received a few hundred pounds, on condition of holding his tongue. The bulk of the money had been traced to Mr. Farnaby himself, and had all been swallowed up by his newspaper, his patent medicine, and his other rotten speculations, apart from own proper business. 'You may not know it,' the American friend concluded, 'but the fact is, Farnaby rose from the dregs. His bankruptcy is only a question of time—he will drop back to the dregs; and, quite possibly, make his appearance to answer a criminal charge in a court of law. I hear that Melton, whose credit has held up the bank lately, is off to see his friend in Paris. They say Farnaby's niece is a handsome girl, and Melton is sweet on her. Awkward for Melton.'

Rufus listened attentively. In signing the order for his investments, he privately decided to stir no further, for the present, in the matter of his young friend's marriage-engagements.

For the rest of the day and the evening, he still waited for Amelius, and waited in vain. It was drawing near to midnight when Toff made his appearance with a message from his master. Amelius had discovered Sally, and had returned in such a state of fatigue that he was only fit to take some refreshment, and to go to his bed. He would be away from home again, on the next morning; but he hoped to call at the hotel in the course of the day. Observing Toff's face with grave and steady scrutiny, Rufus tried to extract some further information from him. But the old Frenchman stood on his dignity, in a state of immoveable reserve. 'You took me by the shoulder this morning, sir, and spun me round,' he said; 'I do not desire to be treated a second time like a teetotum. For the rest, it is not my habit to intrude myself into my master's secrets.'

'It's not *my* habit,' Rufus coolly rejoined, 'to bear malice. I beg to apologise sincerely, sir, for treating you like a teetotum; and I offer you my hand.'

Toff had got as far as the door. He instantly returned, with the dignity which a Frenchman can always command in the serious emergencies of his life. 'You appeal to my heart and my honour, sir,' he said. 'I bury the events of the morning in oblivion; and I do myself the honour of taking your hand.'

As the door closed on him, Rufus smiled grimly. 'You're not in the habit of intruding yourself into your master's secrets,' he repeated. 'If Amelius reads your face as I read it, he'll look over his shoulder when he goes out to-morrow—and, ten to one, he'll see you behind him in the distance!'

Late on the next day, Amelius presented himself at the hotel. In speaking of Sally, he was unusually reserved; merely saying that she was ill, and under medical care—and then changing the subject. Struck by the depressed and anxious expression of his face, Rufus asked if he had heard from Regina. No: a longer time than usual had passed since Regina had written to him. 'I don't understand it,' he said sadly; 'I suppose you didn't see anything of her in Paris?'

Rufus had kept his promise not to mention Regina's name in Sally's presence. But it was impossible for him to look at Amelius, without plainly answering the question put to him, for the sake of the friend whom he loved. 'I'm afraid there's trouble coming to you, my son, from that quarter.' With those warning words, he described all that had passed between Regina and himself. 'Some unknown enemy of yours has spoken against you to her uncle,' he concluded. 'I suppose you have made enemies, my poor boy, since you have been in London?'

'I know the man,' Amelius answered. 'He wanted to marry Regina before I met with her. His name is Melton.'

Rufus started. 'I heard, only yesterday, he was in Paris with Farnaby. And that's not the worst of it, Amelius. There's another of them making mischief—a good friend of mine, who has shown a twist in her temper, that has taken me by surprise after twenty years' experience of her. I reckon there's a drop of malice in the composition of the best woman that ever lived—and the men only discover it when another woman steps in, and stirs it up. Wait a bit!' he went on, when he had related the result of his visit to Mrs. Payson. 'I have telegraphed to Miss Regina to be patient, and to trust you. Don't you write to defend yourself, till you hear how you stand in her estimation, after my message. To-morrow's post may tell.'

To-morrow's post did tell.

Two letters reached Amelius from Paris. One from Mr. Farnaby, curt and insolent, breaking off the marriage-engagement. The other, from Regina,

expressed with great severity of language. Her weak nature, like all weak natures, ran easily into extremes, and, once forced into asserting itself, took refuge in violence, as a shy person takes refuge in audacity. Only a woman of larger and firmer mind would have written of her wrongs in a more just and more moderate tone.

Regina began without any preliminary form of address:—She had no heart to upbraid Amelius, and no wish to speak of what she was suffering, to a man who had but too plainly shown that he had no respect for himself, and neither love, nor pity even, for her. In justice to herself, she released him from his promise, and returned his letters and his presents. Her own letters might be sent in a sealed packet, addressed to her at her uncle's place of business in London. She would pray that he might be brought to a sense of the sin that he had committed, and that he might yet live to be a worthy and a happy man. For the rest, her decision was irrevocable. His own letter to Mrs. Payson condemned him—and the testimony of an old and honoured friend of her uncle proved that his wickedness was no mere act of impulse, but a deliberate course of infamy and falsehood, continued over many weeks. From the moment when her eyes were opened to the truth, he was dead to her—and she now bade him a last farewell.

'Have you written to her?' Rufus asked, when he had seen the letters.

Amelius reddened with indignation. He was not aware of it himself—but his look and manner plainly revealed that Regina had lost her last hold on him. Her letter had inflicted an insult—not a wound: he was outraged and revolted; the deeper and gentler feelings, the emotions of a grieved and humiliated lover, had been killed in him by her stern words of dismissal and farewell.

'Do you think I would allow myself to be treated in that way, without a word of protest?' he said to Rufus. 'I have written refusing to take back my promise. "I declare, on my word of honour, that I have been faithful to you and my engagement" (that was how I put it), "and I scorn the vile construction which your uncle and his friend have placed upon an act of Christian mercy on my part." I wrote more tenderly, before I finished my letter; feeling for her distress, and being anxious above all things not to add to it. We shall see if she has love enough left for me to trust my faith and honour, instead of trusting false appearances. I will give her time.'

Rufus considerately abstained from expressing any opinion. He waited until the morning when a reply might be expected from Paris; and then he called at the cottage.

Without a word of comment, Amelius put a letter into his friend's hand. It was his own letter to Regina returned to him. On the back of it, there was a line in Mr. Farnaby's handwriting:—'If you send any more letters, they will be burnt unopened.' In those insolent terms, the wretch wrote, with bankruptcy and exposure hanging over his head.

Rufus took Amelius by the hand. 'There's an end of it now,' he said. 'That girl would never have made the right wife for *you*, Amelius; you're well out of it. Forget that you ever knew these people; and let us talk of something else. How is Sally?'

At that ill-timed inquiry, Amelius dropped his friend's hand. He was in a state of nervous irritability which made him apt to take offence, where no offence was intended. 'O, you needn't be alarmed!' he answered petulantly, 'there's no fear of the poor child coming back to live with me. She is still under the doctor's care.'

Rufus passed over the angry reply without notice, and patted him on the shoulder. 'I spoke of the girl,' he said, 'because I wanted to help her;

and I *can* help her, if you will let me. Before long, my son, I shall be going back to the United States. I wish you would go with me!'

'And desert Sally!' cried Amelius.

'Nothing of the sort! Before we go, I'll see that Sally is provided for to your satisfaction. Will you think of it, to please me?'

Amelius relented. 'Anything to please you,' he said.

Rufus noticed his hat on the table, and considerately left him without saying more. 'The trouble with Amelius,' he thought, as he closed the cottage-gate, 'is not over yet.'

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE day on which worthy old Surgeon Pinfold had predicted that Sally would be in a fair way of recovery had come and gone—and still the medical report to Amelius was the same:—'You must be patient, sir; she is not well enough to see you, yet.'

Toff, watching his young master anxiously, was alarmed by the steadily-progressive change in him for the worse, which showed itself at this time. Now sad and silent, and now again bitter and irritable, he had deteriorated physically as well as morally, until he really looked like the shadow of his former self. He never exchanged a word with his faithful old servant, except when he said mechanically 'good-morning' or 'good-night.' Toff could endure it no longer. At the risk of being roughly misinterpreted, he followed his own kindly impulse and spoke. 'May I own to you, sir,' he said, with perfect gentleness and respect, 'that I am indeed heartily sorry to see you so ill.'

Amelius looked at him sharply. 'You servants always make a fuss about trifles. I am a little out of sorts; and I want a change—that's all. Perhaps I may go to America. You won't like that; I sha'n't complain if you look out for another situation.'

The tears came into the old man's eyes. 'Never!' he answered fervently. 'My last service, sir, if you send me away, shall be my dearly-loved service here.'

All that was most tender in the nature of Amelius, was touched to the quick. 'Forgive me, Toff,' he said; 'I am lonely and wretched, and more anxious about Sally than words can tell. There can be no change in my life, until my mind is easy about that poor little girl. But if it does end in my going to America, you shall go with me—I wouldn't lose you, my good friend, for the world.'

Toff still remained in the room, as if he had something left to say. Entirely ignorant of the marriage-engagement between Amelius and Regina, and of the rupture in which it had ended, he vaguely suspected nevertheless that his master might have fallen into an entanglement with some lady unknown. The opportunity of putting the question was now before him. He risked it in a studiously modest form.

'Are you going to America to be married, sir?'

Amelius eyed him with a momentary suspicion. 'What has put that in your head?' he asked.

'I don't know, sir,' Toff answered humbly—'unless it was my own vivid imagination. Would there be anything very wonderful in a gentleman of your age and appearance conducting some charming person to the altar?'

Amelius was conquered once more; he smiled faintly. 'Enough of your nonsense, Toff! I shall never be married—understand that.'

Toff's withered old face brightened slyly. He turned away to withdraw; hesitated; and suddenly went back to his master.

'Have you any occasion for my services, sir, for an hour or two?' he asked.

'No. Be back before I go out myself—be back at three o'clock.'

'Thank you, sir. My little boy is below, if you want anything in my absence.'

The little boy, dutifully attending Toff to the gate, observed with grave surprise that his father snapped his fingers gaily at starting, and hummed the first bars of the Marseillaise. 'Something is going to happen,' said Toff's boy, on his way back to the house.

From the Regent's Park to Blackacre Buildings is almost a journey from one end of London to the other. Assisted for part of the way by an omnibus, Toff made the journey, and arrived at the residence of Surgeon Pinfold, with the easy confidence of a man who knew thoroughly well where he was going, and what he was about. The sagacity of Rufus had correctly penetrated his intentions : he had privately followed his master, and had introduced himself to the notice of the surgeon—with a mixture of motives, in which pure devotion to the interests of Amelius played the chief part. His experience of the world told him that Sally's departure was only the beginning of more trouble to come. 'What is the use of me to my master,' he had argued, 'except to spare him trouble, in spite of himself?'

Surgeon Pinfold was prescribing for a row of sick people, seated before him on a bench. 'You're not ill, are you?' he said sharply to Toff. 'Very well, then, go into the parlour and wait.'

The patients being dismissed, Toff attempted to explain the object of his visit. But the old naval surgeon insisted on clearing the ground by means of a plain question first. 'Has your master sent you here—or is this another private visit, like the last?'

'It is all that is most private,' Toff answered; 'my poor master is wasting away in unrelieved wretchedness of suspense. Something must be done for him. O, dear and good sir, help me in this most miserable state of things! tell me the truth about Miss Sally!'

Old Pinfold put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the parlour wall, looking at the Frenchman with a complicated expression, in which genuine sympathy mingled oddly with a quaint sense of amusement. 'You're a worthy chap,' he said; 'and you shall have the truth. I have been obliged to deceive your master about this troublesome young Sally—I have stuck to it that she is too ill to see him, or to answer his letters. Both lies; there's nothing the matter with her now, but a disease that I can't cure, the disease of a troubled mind. She's got it into her head that she has everlastingly degraded herself in his estimation by leaving him and coming here. It's no use telling her—what, mind you, is perfectly true—that she was all but out of her senses, and not in the least responsible for what she did at the time when she did it. She holds to her own opinion, nevertheless, "What can he think of me, but that I have gone back willingly to the disgrace of my old life! I should throw myself out of window, if he came into the room!" That's how she answers me—and, what makes matters worse still, she's breaking her heart about him all the time. The poor wretch is so eager for any little word of news about his health and his doings, that it's downright pitiable to see her. I don't think her fevered little brain will bear it much longer—and hang me if I can tell what to do next to set things right! The two women, her friends, have no sort of influence over her. When I saw her this morning, she was ungrateful enough to say, "Why didn't you let me die?" How your master got among these unfortunate people is more than I know, and is no business of mine—I only wish he had been a different sort of man. Before I knew him as well as I know him now, I predicted like a fool that he would be just the person to help us in managing the girl. I have al-

tered my opinion. He's such a glorious fellow—so impulsive and so tender-hearted—that he would be certain, in her present excited state, to do her more harm than good. Do you know if he is going to be married?'

Toff, listening thus far in silent distress, suddenly looked up.

'Why do you ask me, sir?'

'It's an idle question, I daresay,' old Pinfold remarked. 'Sally persists in telling us she's in the way of his prospects in life—and it's got somehow into her perverse little head that his prospects in life mean his marriage, and she's in the way of *that*. Hullo! are you going already?'

'I want to go to Miss Sally, sir. I believe I can say something to comfort her. Do you think she will see me?'

'Are you the man who has got the nickname of Toff? She sometimes talks about Toff.'

'Yes sir, yes! I am Théophile Leblond, otherwise Toff. Where can I find her?'

Surgeon Pinfold rang a bell. 'My errand-boy is going past the house, to deliver some medicine,' he answered. 'It's a poor place; but you'll find it neat and nice enough—thanks to your good master. He's helping the two women to begin life again out of this country; and, while they're waiting their turn to get a passage, they've taken an extra room and hired some decent furniture, by your master's own wish. O, here's the boy; he'll show you the way. One word before you go. What do you think of saying to Sally?'

'I shall tell her for one thing, sir, that my master is miserable for want of her.'

Surgeon Pinfold shook his head. 'That won't take you very far on the way to persuading her. You will make *her* miserable too—and there's about all you will get by it.'

Toff lifted his indicative forefinger to the side of his nose. 'Suppose I tell her something else, sir? Suppose I tell her my master is not going to be married to anybody?'

'She won't believe you know anything about it.'

'She will believe, for this reason,' said Toff, gravely: 'I put the question to my master before I came here; and I have it from his own lips that there is no young lady in the way, and that he is not—positively not—going to be married. If I tell Miss Sally this, sir, how do you say it will end? Will you bet me a shilling it has no effect on her?'

'I won't bet a farthing. Follow the boy—and tell young Sally I have sent her a better doctor than I am.'

While Toff was on his way to Sally, Toff's boy was disturbing Amelius by the announcement of a visitor. The card sent in bore this inscription:—'Brother Bawkwell, from Tadmor.'

Amelius looked at the card; and ran into the hall to receive the visitor, with both hands held out in hearty welcome. 'O, I am so glad to see you!' he cried; 'come in, and tell me all about Tadmor!'

Brother Bawkwell acknowledged the enthusiastic reception offered to him by a stare of grim surprise. He was a dry hard old man, with a scrubby white beard, a narrow wrinkled forehead, and an obstinate lipless mouth; fitted neither by age nor temperament to be the intimate friend of any of his younger brethren among the Community. But, at that saddest time of his life, the heart of Amelius warmed to any one who reminded him of his tranquil and happy days at Tadmor. Even this frozen old Socialist now appeared to him, for the first time, under the borrowed aspect of a welcome friend.

Brother Bawkwell took the chair offered to him, and opened the proceedings in solemn silence, by looking at his watch. 'Twenty-five minutes past two,' he said to himself—and put the watch back again.

'Are you pressed for time?' Amelius asked.

'Much may be done in ten minutes,' Brother Bawkwell answered, in a Scotch accent which had survived the test of half a lifetime in America, 'I would have you know I am in England on a mission from the Community, with a list of twenty-seven persons in all, whom I am appointed to confer with on matters of varying importance. Yours, friend Amelius, is a matter of minor importance. I can give you ten minutes.'

He opened a big black pocket-book, stuffed with a mass of letters; and, placing two of them on the table before him, addressed Amelius as if he was making a speech at a public meeting.

'I have to request your attention to certain proceedings of the Council at Tadmor, bearing date the third of December last; and referring to a person under sentence of temporary separation from the Community, along with yourself—'

'Mellicent!' Amelius exclaimed.

'We have no time for interruption,' Brother Bawkwell remarked. 'The person *is* Sister Mellicent; and the business before the Council was to consider a letter, under her signature, received December second. Said letter,' he proceeded, taking up one of his papers, 'is abridged as follows by the Secretary to the Council. In substance, the writer states (first): "That the married sister under whose protection she has been living at New York, is about to settle in England with her husband, appointed to manage the branch of his business established in London. (Second): That she, meaning Sister Mellicent, has serious reasons for not accompanying her relatives to England, and has no other friends to take charge of her welfare, if she remains in New York. (Third): That she appeals to the mercy of the Council, under these circumstances, to accept the expression of her sincere repentance for violating a Rule, and to permit a friendless and penitent creature to return to the only home left to her, her home at Tadmor." No, friend Amelius, we have no time for expressions of sympathy; the first half of the ten minutes has nearly expired. I have further to inform you that the question was put to the vote, in this form: "Is it consistent with the serious responsibility which rests on the Council, to consider the remission of any sentence justly pronounced under the Book of Rules?" The result was very remarkable; the votes for and against being equally divided. In this event, as you know, our laws provide that the decision rests with the Elder Brother—who gave his vote thereupon for considering the remission of the sentence; and moved the next resolution that the sentence be remitted accordingly. Carried by a small majority. Whereupon, Sister Mellicent was received again at Tadmor.'

'Ah, the dear old Elder Brother,' cried Amelius—'always on the side of mercy!'

Brother Bawkwell held up his hand in protest. 'You seem to have no idea,' he said, 'of the value of time. Do be quiet! As travelling-representative of the Council, I am further instructed to say, that the sentence pronounced against yourself stands duly remitted, in consequence of the remission of the the sentence against Sister Mellicent. You likewise are free to return to Tadmor, at your own will and pleasure. But—attend to what is coming, friend Amelius!—the Council holds to its resolution that your choice between us and the world shall be absolutely unbiassed. In the fear of exercising even an indirect influence, we have purposely abstained from corresponding with you. With the same motive we now say that if you do return to us, it must be with no interference on our part. We inform you of an event that has happened

since in your absence—and we do no more.'

He paused, and looked again at his watch. Time proverbially works wonders. Time closed his lips.

Amelius replied with a heavy heart. The message from the Council had recalled him from the remembrance of Mellicent to the sense of his own position. 'My experience of the world has been a very hard one,' he said. 'I would gladly go back to Tadmor this very day, but for one consideration—' He hesitated; the image of Sally was before him. The tears rose in his eyes; he said no more.

Brother Bawkwell, driven hard by time, got on his legs, and handed to Amelius the second of the two papers which he had taken out of his pocket-book.

'Here is a purely informal document,' he said; 'being a few lines from Sister Mellicent, which I was charged to deliver to you. Be pleased to read it as quickly as you can, and tell me if there is any reply.'

There was not much to read:—'The good people here, Amelius, have forgiven me and let me return to them. I am living happily now, dear, in my remembrances of you. I take the walks that we once took together—and sometimes I go out in the boat on the lake, and think of the time when I told you my sad story. Your poor little pet creatures are under my care; the dog and the fawn, and the birds—all well, and waiting for you, with me. My belief that you will come back to me remains the same unshaken belief that it has been from the first. Once more I say it—you will find me the first to welcome you, when your spirits are sinking under the burden of life, and your heart turns again to the friends of your early days. Until that time comes, think of me now and then. Good-bye.'

'I am waiting,' said Brother Bawkwell, taking his hat in his hand.

Amelius answered with an effort. 'Thank her kindly in my name,' he said; 'that is all.' His head drooped while he spoke; he fell into thought as if he had been alone in a room.

But the emissary from Tadmor, warned by the minute-hand on the watch, recalled his attention to passing events. 'You would do me a kindness,' said Brother Bawkwell, producing a list of names and addresses, 'if you could put me in the way of finding the person named, eighth from the top. It's getting on towards twenty minutes to three.'

The address thus pointed out was at no great distance, on the northern side of the Regent's Park. Amelius, still silent and thoughtful, acted willingly as a guide. 'Please thank the Council for their kindness to me,' he said, when they reached their destination. Brother Bawkwell looked at Friend Amelius with a calm inquiring eye. 'I think you'll end in coming back to us,' he said. 'I'll take the opportunity, when I see you at Tadmor, of making a few needful remarks on the value of time.'

Amelius went back to the cottage, to see if Toff had returned in his absence before he paid his daily visit to Surgeon Pinfold. He called down the kitchen-stairs, 'Are you there, Toff?' And Toff answered briskly, 'At your service, sir.'

The sky had become cloudy, and threatened rain. Not finding his umbrella in the hall, Amelius went into the library to look for it. As he closed the door behind him, Toff and his boy appeared on the kitchen-stairs; both walking on tiptoe, and both evidently on the watch for something.

Amelius found his umbrella. But it was characteristic of the melancholy change in him that he dropped languidly into the nearest chair, instead of going out at once with the easier activity of happier days. Sally was in his mind again; he was rousing his resolution to set the doctor's commands at defiance, and to insist on seeing her, come what might of it.

He suddenly looked up. A slight sound had startled him.

It was a faint rustling sound; and it came from the sadly-silent room which had once been Sally's.

He listened, and heard it again. He sprang to his feet—his heart beat wildly—he opened the door of the room.

She was there.

Her hands were clasped over her fast-heaving breast. She was powerless to look at him, powerless to speak to him—powerless to move towards him, until he opened his arms to her. Then, all the love and all the sorrow in the tender little heart flowed outward to him in a low murmuring cry. She hid her blushing face on his bosom. The rosy colour softly tinged her neck—the unspoken confession of all she feared, and all she hoped.

It was a time beyond words. They were silent in each other's arms.

But under them, on the floor below, the stillness in the cottage was merrily broken by an outburst of dance-music—with a rhythmical thump-thump of feet, keeping time to the cheerful tune. Toff was playing his fiddle, and Toff's boy was dancing to his father's music.

CHAPTER XLV.

AFTER waiting a day or two for news from Amelius, and hearing nothing, Rufus went to make inquiries at the cottage.

'My master has gone out of town, sir,' said Toff, opening the door.

'Where?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Anybody with him?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Any news of Sally?'

'I don't know, sir.'

Rufus stepped into the hall. 'Look here, Mr. Frenchman, three times is enough. I have already apologised for treating you like a teetotum, on a former occasion. I'm afraid I shall do it again, sir, if I don't get an answer to my next question—my hands are itching to be at you, they are! When is Amelius expected back?'

'Your question is positive, sir,' said Toff, with dignity. 'I am happy to be able to meet it with a positive reply. My master is expected back, in three weeks' time.'

Having obtained some information at last, Rufus debated with himself what he should do next. He decided that 'the boy was worth waiting for,' and that his wisest course (as a good American) would be to go back, and wait in Paris.

Passing through the Garden of the Tuileries, two or three days later, and crossing to the Rue de Rivoli, the name of one of the hotels in that quarter reminded him of Regina. He yielded to the prompting of curiosity, and inquired if Mr. Farnaby and his niece were still in Paris.

The manager of the hotel was in the porter's lodge at the time. So far as he knew, he said, Mr. Farnaby and his niece, and an English gentleman with them, were now on their travels. They had left the hotel with an appearance of mystery. The courier had been discharged; and the coachman of the hired carriage which took them away, had been told to drive straight forward until further orders. In short, as the manager put it, the departure resembled a flight. Remembering what his American agent had told him, Rufus received the information without surprise. Even the apparently incomprehensible devotion of Mr. Melton to the interests of such a man as Farnaby, failed to present itself to him as a perplexing circumstance. To his mind, Mr. Melton's conduct was plainly attributable to a reward in prospect; and the name of that reward was—Miss Regina.

At the end of the three weeks, Rufus returned to London.

Once again, he and Toff confronted each other on the threshold of the

door. This time, the genial old man presented an appearance that was little less than dazzling. From head to foot he was arrayed in new clothes; and he exhibited an immense rosette of white ribbon in his button hole.

'Thunder!' cried Rufus. 'Here's Mr. Frenchman going to be married!'

Toff declined to humour the joke. He stood on his dignity as stiffly as ever. 'Pardon me, sir, I possess a wife and family already.'

'Do you know? Well—none of your know-nothing answers this time. Has Amelius come back?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And what's the news of Sally?'

'Good news, sir. Miss Sally has come back too.'

'You call that good news, do you? I'll say a word to Amelius. What are you standing there for? Let me by.'

'Pardon me once more, sir. My Master and Miss Sally do not receive visitors to-day.'

'Your master and Miss Sally?' Rufus repeated. 'Has this old creature been liquoring up a little too freely? What do you mean?' he burst out, with a sudden change of tone to stern surprise—'what do you mean by putting your master and Sally together?'

Toff shot his bolt at last. 'They will be together, sir, for the rest of their lives. They were married this morning.'

Rufus received the blow in dead silence. He turned about, and went back to his hotel.

Reaching his room, he opened the despatch box in which he kept his correspondence, and picked out the long letter containing the description by Amelius of his introduction to the ladies of the Farnaby family. He took up the pen, and wrote the endorsement which has been quoted as an integral part of the letter itself, in the sixth chapter of this narrative:—

'Ah, poor Amelius! He had better have gone back to Miss Mellicent, and put up with the little drawback of her age. What a bright lovable fellow he was! Good-bye to Goldenheart!'

Were the forebodings of Rufus destined to be fulfilled? This question will be answered, it is hoped, in a Second Series of The Fallen Leaves The narrative of the married life of Amelius presents a subject too important to be treated within the limits of the present story—and the First Series necessarily finds its end in the culminating event of his life, thus far.

THE END.

THE CHANGE REQUIRED IN THE SENATE.

BY LEX.

THERE is a good deal of talk at present about reforming the Senate of the Dominion, but no one seems certain or definite about what ought to be done. Some are in favour of making it elective; others wish to abolish it altogether. The plan proposed by Mr. Mills—to have the Senators elected by the Local Assemblies—seems to have been given up by every one, even its advocates. Canada has tried the elective system, and found it wanting, and finally gave it up as useless on the inauguration of Confederation. It was found that two bodies, directly from the people, was simply in effect an addition of members to the Lower House; while being in separate Houses, instead of being beneficial, was absolutely dangerous, because in case of a deadlock, where two bodies claimed equal authority, there must be either no legislation, or civil war. The elective principle was consequently given up, after a trial of fourteen years.

This system having been tried, and found to work badly, is what has driven people to advocate the abolition of the Senate altogether. It is very rarely that a man seeks to repair his house by pulling it quite down. Moreover, although we have not ourselves any experience of our whole country being governed by one House alone, we have the experience of the neighbouring country in that respect. For eight years before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the people of that country had only one House. The evils flowing from it were the main inducements to the adoption of the Constitution, with two Houses. It was found, that after the Revolutionary War was ended, and the combative instincts had cooled, the continental Congress degenerated into a mere collection of rings, in which a quorum could scarcely be obtained, except when some booty was to be divided. The interests of each particular State were the only interests that were thought of; and were it not for the adoption of the Constitution, instead of a United States, we would have seen the same state of affairs in North America as is witnessed in South America—a congeries of weak States in a chronic state of antagonism.

The United States system of appointing the Senate has not been such a bond to keep the States together as it was thought it would be. The Senators represent States, not the country at large, and all that was necessary to break up the Union at the time of secession, was the withdrawal of the representatives of each of the Southern States from the United States Congress. Besides this objection to the system, there is the formidable one that it makes the Local Houses sinks of iniquity. The Camerons of Pennsylvania, Jones of Nevada, Tweed in New York, and Chandler in Michigan, had all purchased majorities in the Local Houses in those States. It may not be possible that the system, if adopted by Canada, would lead to such results; but the Pacific Scandal does not lessen the belief that such results would be more than probable. It is scarcely necessary, however, to dilate on these changes, as there is little chance of

either of them being adopted. Before any of them could be adopted, the Senate must decree its own dissolution, which is not to be expected without a convulsion, which would shake our whole governmental fabric to pieces.

Now, in discussing what reform should be made in the Senate, the evils to be remedied must be considered. It has been for centuries a cardinal principle in English politics, that in making a change in any institution, only so much change as will remedy the defects should be made. The same principle should be acted upon here. The defects of the Senate are, that when it is opposed to the action of the Lower House, a deadlock occurs, for which there is no remedy, like the appointing of peers in England to obtain the necessary majority. The British North America Act does provide for the appointment of a certain number of senators in addition to what we have now; but Mr. Mackenzie appealed in vain to England to make use of this provision. Another evil is that the senators are appointed for life. This enables men who have grown too old for any useful legislation to retain their seats in the Senate. In many cases there are members of it who only attend every session for the purpose of drawing their pay; and this is not, by any means, the main objection. In a country like ours public opinion moves rapidly. So long as we are only a colony thought cannot be too advanced. Even in the decade since Confederation public sentiment has entirely changed. National feeling and sentiment have already given the strongest evidence of their presence among us; and at the next election this sentiment of Canadian nationality will be still further developed, and the country will send representatives to the Commons strongly imbued with that sentiment. They will be met, however, by the same dead colonial sentiment of the Senate, and no doubt serious complications may arise. Hence the necessity of doing something now. It would be foolish to delay till the danger arises; one might as well wait to look for a life-preserver until one is actually in the water.

Then, as it is only the present defects that are or ought to be remedied, and the Senate brought into accord with public opinion, this could be done by leaving the nominative system intact and simply nominating a certain number of senators every five years—say one-third. Allow one-third of the present oldest members to remain for five years, one-third of the next oldest for ten years, and one-third of the youngest for fifteen years. This would make the term of service for senators fifteen years. At the end of the first five years all the old men would be gone and the Government in power would have the appointment of one-third, for fifteen years, who should not be older than forty-five. It may be an objection with some, that the Government would appoint all the members of their own political party. We will not assume that any Canadian Government would be entirely lacking in patriotism; but even if they did appoint one-third all of their own party, it would not be so much out of the way. It may be assumed that any Government would have a majority. If the people elected a parliamentary majority on certain principles, would they not also elect a majority of senators if they had the choice of them? Then, if a Government nominated all of their own party, it would only be carrying out the will of the nation and doing what is now required—making the Senate in accord with the Commons. If Mr. Mackenzie had had the right to appoint one-third of the Senate when he obtained power would he have been hampered as he was by that body or will anyone say it would have been too many Reformers to appoint in what was then and is now a compact Conservative Senate? It is thought not.

This system is superior to all others

in being practicable. Indeed those who advocate any other change in the Senate must advocate this first, as the means to such change. It would be impossible to obtain the consent of the present members to abolish the Senate. This would be the result whether the Senate was abolished altogether or only the elective principle adopted; because very few of the present members could hope for re-election by the people. It may be said that an Imperial Act could be obtained to abolish it. It is doubtful; and it is time we commenced to put into practice ourselves the principle which is the foundation stone of the British Constitution—the safety of the people is the supreme law;—and do ourselves whatever the safety and welfare of the Canadian people require. It is time we began to look upon the British North America Act as what it is, a mere Act of Parliament passed for a particular and specific purpose and not a Constitution. It never was intended for a Constitution, as it does not even hint at, not to say enact, the formation and responsibility of the Cabinet. All the chief principles of our Government are unwritten; and it seems strange that our courts and legislators continually talk of that Act as the Canadian Constitution.

Hence there should be no more British legislation for Canada except what is absolutely necessary. We could easily, by preserving the nominative system, get an Act for the change above mentioned, and that is all that is required at present. Under such a change progressive sentiment would not be obstructed and stability would be assured.

The only question is whether it would be worth while to make the application. If the Liberal party succeed at the next elections in England, there will be such a reaction that Canada will stand a strong chance of being cut adrift altogether. It may be that we would have such good fortune; if so, there is no doubt we shall have a Canadian as Imperial Commissioner. (The man whose pen so materially aided to strike the shackles off the people of the Ionian Islands, is best entitled to the position, and would no doubt receive it from a Liberal English Government.)

However, whether the change comes sooner or later, as come it must, it is our duty to prepare ourselves and our institutions for it, and to sustain the burdens which increased national responsibilities may cast upon us. Among the many changes which are required, whether as regards present benefit or future responsibility, there is none so pressing as the reform of our Senate.

FASHIONABLE MURDER.

BY P. S. H.

I TAKE the following scrap from a Provincial paper, of the 14th of October, 1879, as a *text* for a few remarks I purpose making. By 'St. John,' I suspect there is meant *St. Johns*, of the island of Newfoundland.

SEALS.—Two seals were lately shot in St. John harbour by Sir H—. B—.

One thing more by way of text. The writer of those lines was a few years since told in Montreal of this trivial incident. A man was, one day, in that city driving an ass, a mule, or perhaps a dilapidated horse, which was 'baulking' and being violently beaten in consequence. A good-hearted Irishman stepped mercifully up on behalf of the quadruped of the team and said to the biped: 'Ah, why do yes be batin' a felly-craythur like that? Why but yes discoorse him, and spake kindly till him; and then he'll take it along.' The joke, which my informant seemed to see, was in the kindly Irishman referring to the ass as the fellow-creature of the driver; but it is a part of the position I am about to assume to maintain that the Irishman was right; his expression involved no joke, but only expressed a simple truth which ought to be more widely appreciated than it is.

The apparent cruelty of this our race, which for brevity's sake, rather than correctly, I will call *Englishmen*, is very remarkable. 'What an awfully dismal day! Let us go out and kill something,' is what a hypochondriacal Englishman is supposed to say to a gloomy friend during a dull day in the country; and it is very characteristic of the race. I am desirous of believing that this apparent mania for killing things, for the mere sake of killing, is not the result of any innate tendency to cruelty, but arises from thoughtlessness or needlessly corrupted feeling. Now, this knight mentioned in the above brief extract, if I were disposed to be sarcastic, I would try to say something clever about the modern phase into which Knight Errantry has lapsed, when the Flower of Chivalry dons his armour, and, in the scarcity of objectionable giants and mischievous magicians, wends forth into the world—to kill seals! I will not do so; for I do not suppose Sir H—— is any more an object for satire than thousands of his fellow-countrymen who have not yet won their spurs.

Leaving out for the present, however, all consideration of what the spirit, it not the letter, of the laws of true chivalry may require of its dubbed knights, it seems to me that the feelings of common humanity, if not crushed down or distorted by a corrupt education, must revolt at the daily instances we see and hear of, of the 'fashionable murder' of what we are pleased to call *the lower animals*. The extent to which the wholly unrestrained slaughtering of harmless beasts and birds is carried on, or attempted to be carried on, by—say the people of Great Britain, and especially by those of them who rate themselves of the 'higher classes,'—seems almost incredible. Of the man who finds it necessary, or believes it to be so, to kill that he may eat, I shall say nothing. But your English sportsman would scorn to be held one of that

class. He wishes you to understand distinctly that he kills for the sheer love of killing. Yes, even men whose highly intellectual powers and attainments are admitted, will, at certain seasons of the year, leave their seats in Parliament, or their pursuits in literature or art, or their counting houses, their luxurious do-nothing clubs, and, as if running a-muck, rush away to the fields and moors to try how many harmless deer, or grouse, or partridges, or other innocent and defenceless creatures, they can kill within a given time. And then the exultation in telling the tale of the score is a large one! If one of these more intellectual butchers is persistently remonstrated with upon the cruelty and wanton destruction of such a proceeding, he will probably at length tell you that he does not wish to be cruel; and that, after all, he does not really kill for the sake of killing; but that he goes hunting these beasts and birds solely for the enjoyment of the scenery he finds on such occasions,and for the exercise which the sport affords him as an athlete and a marksman. It certainly does seem a strange thing to add a zest to the enjoyment of attractive scenery, this dealing of death and pain amongst other living creatures who are not improbably as capable of enjoying it as the slaughterer himself. Surely, too, one can run, and leap, and swim, and climb, with pleasure and profit, without occasionally killing or maiming another who is enjoying the same cheering exercise. And why cannot marksmanship, as such, be practised without inflicting death or pain? Let the aspirant in this way outline the dimensions of his 'game' upon some rock or wall, and blaze away at that to his heart's content. Or if he is ambitious of 'taking a shy' at objects in motion, let him fire at 'messengers' going up a boy's kite string; or let him throw those wine or beer bottles, which he has just emptied, far into the nearest lake, stream, or other tide, and hit them with his shot as they float! Surely his ingenuity can devise some efficient means of exercising his marksmanship.

But what shall be said of the latest, most ingenious, and most gallant killing scheme? Let the reader imagine if he can—and it is difficult to imagine without having seen it—two, or more, entities, really calling themselves men, bravely girding up their manly muscles and nerves for the daring achievement, and with a bearing as dauntless as was ever that of King Arthur, Launcelot, or any other mediæval knight that ever drew rein in joust, entering the lists, each against every other, upon the desperate strife intent—of trying who can, within a given time, shoot the most pigeons, being propelled one by one out of a box! And this is called sport! And, as such, is indulged in and boasted of by beings who presume to call themselves gentlemen! With a still more heroic air might any bumpkin boast of his achievements in the killing line, after having eaten a hunk of mitey cheese. But the whole thing is too ridiculous and too inhuman to be further dwelt upon with patience. I fear, however, that many ages must elapse before the appeals and remonstrances of those whose views upon these matters concur with those here expressed, can produce any salutary effect upon the 'fashionable murderers' of our mother country. Probably before these slaughtering sentiments can be eradicated, what are called *game* animals shall have entirely disappeared from that country. Then probably a wail of something like remorse will swell over the land; and people will regret the inhuman propensities of themselves and their fathers when it is too late.

In this Dominion of Canada, it is surely permissible for us to believe that the case may be different. Let us hope that, whatever murderous public sentiment there may be amongst us, it is not so widespread and ineradicable but that reform, in the direction I have been indicating, may yet be pos-

sible. Let us reflect upon how much may be done in a newly-settled country, which would be utterly impracticable in an older one; how comparatively much easier it is to mould the character of a young and growing people than that of an old nation, with its innate prejudices and its habits the growth of centuries. Let us hope, then, that those amongst us who are adverse to the 'slaughtering of the innocents' who cannot speak in their own defence, may so influence the feelings of our fellow-countrymen generally as to stop at length this cruel and most needless slaughter. I cannot but think that we already have the majority of them on the humane side; but probably a large proportion even of these have not yet given much serious thought to the matter. It is certainly high time that they should do so.

It can be scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the great change which has taken place—even within the memory of persons now living, in the number of game animals—or say rather of those which are hunted—which have dwelt within the forests, and along the shores of Canada. In times past—even a hundred years since—the regions named abounded with such animals, of species which it is needless to catalogue, most of which have already become almost extinct. I speak now more particularly of the older Provinces of the Dominion. Surely the destruction has been needless; and equally certain is it that it is to be regretted. Take, for instance, our representatives of the Deer Family, common deer, once numerous throughout a portion of the older Provinces; the noble and stately moose, and the lithe and beautiful caribou. With the earliest white frequenters of our forests, the hunting and trapping of fur bearing animals was the principal pursuit; whilst those of the deer tribe were killed as food. These latter were so numerous that they could be taken in sufficient numbers to furnish the necessary food supply without making any great demand upon the fur catcher's time as such. There is no reason to suppose that he habitually killed more of them than were necessary to maintain that food supply, and so it was maintained. So it was with the pioneer husbandmen. But in process of time, and as the country became more widely settled with human inhabitants, the state of affairs became very different. The demand for food became so great in proportion to the supply of game animals, that it did not pay to hunt the latter. Everything considered, butcher meat became cheaper than venison, as it is still, the disproportion between the cost of the two becoming every day greater. Then there were still at large certain vagabondish backwoodsmen who preferred roaming the woods in pursuit of game, to cultivating the fields as industrious farmers; and these tended still more to keep down the number of game animals. However, so far as native Canadians are to be considered, this latter class of men has become somewhat rare in the five older Provinces. Rare, I mean, as among the natives of the country. At the same time, the hunters of our wild beasts and birds have increased in a probably larger proportion by accessions from abroad. Every year, numbers of men cross the Atlantic to—as they call it—'enjoy a season's shooting,' in the forests, shores, and prairies of Canada. Of all the destructive agents operating upon the game animals of the country, there can be little doubt that these are the most destructive. These are the gentlemen who destroy for the mere sport of destroying, and who speak contemptuously of the needy man who kills a game animal for food, as 'a mere pot-hunter.'

Fancy one of these valiant ones, after a run over here from England for a few weeks, going back to delight the ears of his friends with the tale of the *dozens* of moose and caribou he has gallantly slain during his brief

visit. What fun it must have been! What terror and torment he caused to his innocent victims! What a glorious destruction of life and property! As to the latter point, he would not improbably tell us that he had given all the carcasses to the poor; and, if so, we should have to reply that, in probably nine cases out of ten, the animal was killed in such a remote and nearly inaccessible spot, that the meat would not, to the poorest man in the country, be considered worth the cost of carrying it out of the woods. Can any person undertake to say one word in defence of this *outrageous* destruction of our noblest game animals? Already the deer, moose, and caribou have become almost extinct in our forests; and, except in a few still favoured localities, they have quite disappeared. In some of the Provinces there exist what are called 'Game Protection Societies;' and in some of them the Local Legislatures have passed enactments with the object of checking this wholesale destruction, and preventing the utter extinction of these animals. It is to be feared, however, that these enactments effect but a very slight check upon the evil. The imposition of a moderate license fee upon every man who wishes to carry a gun into the woods, although well enough as far as it goes, can but slightly affect the number of skilled hunters who will frequent our forests; whilst the restriction of the number of animals which a hunter may kill within a season, is a provision which may be, and is, easily evaded.

But why lay down a law that the man who has a passion for *killing something* may be permitted to shoot three, or seven, or whatever the restricted number may be, moose, &c., 'to his own gun,' in a season? Why, I would ask, not cease to shoot, or otherwise kill them, altogether? The time has long since passed when any animal of the deer tribe can be *economically* hunted in Canada, by either Indian or white man, who has to toil for his livelihood—to whom time, and the wages of well-employed time, are an object. In this country want need not drive any man to war upon wild beasts. Any man who is capable of a day's hunting in our forests may, if he chooses, obtain much more remunerative employment at something else and something harmless. It is true that there still remains amongst us some of that vagabond class, already mentioned, who would rather, at any time, go tramping about the woods than be usefully employed in some industrial pursuit; and who would not hesitate in pursuing the trail of a poor persecuted moose, to spend as much time as, if occupied in some other industrial occupation, would have enabled them to earn the full value of half-a-dozen such animals. Any course which would restrain this species of vagabondage would be a really merciful one.

It appears, then, that the *only* object to be subserved by the hunting and slaughtering of the moose, caribou, and deer of our forests, is that of gratifying one of the worst propensities of the pristine savagery of human nature—the desire to 'kill something' for the sheer love of killing. Is this a propensity which, upon any ground whatsoever, should be encouraged? On the contrary, should not every rational and just measure be taken to restrain it? I can scarcely doubt what will be the answer of every really humane man. Of the natives or permanent residents of Canada who have, or think they have, nothing better to do, and whose pecuniary means are such that they feel they can afford to spend their time in tramping and shooting about the woods, the number is small. Still, there are a few of this class. The remainder of the Nimrods that we Canadians know most of, consist, for the most part, of transient visitors from the 'Mother Country,' men with

abundance of means and too much leisure—doughty champions of that modern knight errantry which goes wandering about the world seeking what it may *kill*. Is it desirable that either of these classes should be suffered to utterly exterminate the small relict which still remains of the beautiful, and harmless, and defenceless tenants of our forests? I speak not of animals which are considered noxious to man, such as bears, wolves, 'lucifers,' and others of smaller dimensions. By the law as to self-preservation, we may justify ourselves in destroying these whenever and wherever we can, and oftentimes at no inconsiderable expense; but with our moose, caribou, and deer, with many of our fur-bearing animals, which are perfectly harmless to man, and whose fur has ceased to be of commercial value equal to, or greater than, the actual cost of procuring it; and with a very large proportion of our birds, the case is far different. Thus it is, then: These animals of the classes just named are perfectly harmless to men; their destruction cannot, except in some extreme and exceptional individual case, benefit the people of the country in ever so slight a degree; on the contrary, their destruction can only be effected by a loss to the community; consequently there can be no good reason whatever why they should be destroyed at all. Some persons may contend that these *feræ naturæ*, although harmless, yet being no good—at all events in their living state—it is therefore permissible to destroy them. To this, my reply is, that it is not right to destroy anything whatever unless a real benefit can with reasonable certainty be anticipated to accrue from that destruction. Yet the continued living existence of these creatures is a good, even when viewed from a humanly selfish point of view. They are a good, if not otherwise, through the enjoyment that is afforded to the appreciating man in seeing and admiring their stately, or graceful, forms, roaming in fearless and joyful freedom through their native homes, and adding tenfold to the charms of our grand old forests.

Notwithstanding all the legislative restrictions which have been enacted; notwithstanding the persistent individual and combined efforts of the well-disposed amongst us to prevent such a deplorable result; it is certain that, as already stated, our three Canadian representatives of the deer family are rapidly disappearing, and, at the present rate of destruction, must very soon become utterly extinct. During the autumn and winter they are mercilessly hunted by men of irksome leisure and superabundant means, partly residents of the country, but every year comprising a larger proportion of persons from abroad—the whole class calling themselves 'sportsmen.' At all possible times, in season and out of season, but especially during the deep snows of an unusually severe winter, when the poor animals can scarcely budge even to save their lives, and when even at times they seem to seek succour in the vicinity of human abodes, they are run down by dogs, snared, trapped, helplessly shot, and butchered in all sorts of ways, and in defiance of law, common sense, and common humanity, by the improvident and heartless vagabondry of our own country. As for this latter class of miscreants, remonstrance is only wasted upon them: they can only be ruled with a strong hand. With the former class of slaughterers, let us hope that the case is different, and that they may be led to see the error and inhumanity of their ways. A military gentleman, the author of several deservedly popular works, principally relating to the natural history and woodland life of these Provinces, who is a 'sportsman,' and has himself killed a moose or two, once said, in the hearing of the author of these remarks, that to see the great, tenderly appealing, melting eyes of a cow-

moose, turned up to the countenance of her slayer the moment after he had thrust his hunting knife into her throat, was a sight so touching that he thought no man would ever wish to see it twice; he, at least, did not. Would that there were more like him.

Surely fashion, and the thoughtlessness which is allied to a close adherance of fashion, must have a great deal to do with this seemingly needless and wanton butchering of harmless creatures. It is difficult to conceive that highly intellectual men, with cultured minds and refined habits, can really think at all of the cruelty and the sinful destruction of the beautiful and good which they perpetrate in one of these sporting raids of theirs. They just go on doing it under the vague impression that it is 'the thing' to do, and that it always has been done. If any of these gentlemen really have an incurable blood mania why cannot they go and refresh their killing propensities by holding intercourse with wolves, bears (especially grizzlies), hyænas, leopards, tigers, lions, crocodiles, venomous serpents, and such-like animals, which the world, as an habitation for man, could dispense with—or even rats, or mice, and other such smaller vermin; and let alone the harmless and the good? There would be something much more nearly akin to mediæval knight-errantry in assailing such 'monsters' as these. Simply speaking, it would be more manly than butchering a poor moose swamped in snow-drifts, popping at pigeons out of a trap, or shooting a lone seal whilst trying to escape from a general slaughter.

A word more as to the seal. However disquieting and harrowing it is to all except the most cruel of human natures to hear of, and still more to witness, the wholesale manner in which, upon the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts, these poor creatures are every spring slaughtered by hundreds of thousands, and even millions, within the space of a few weeks, I suppose it is needless to utter any remonstrance upon that point, whilst seal-oil and seal-skins command a high price in the markets. It is quite certain that, in view of the improvident and lavish way in which 'sealing' is carried on, the whole business must soon cease, and the hunted animal become all but exterminated. This individual seal, with the account of whose decease I commenced this paper, was some poor waif which had escaped from last Spring's havoc; and his life might have been spared under all the circumstances. Since these poor creatures have been so furiously hunted, stray individuals often wander far away from their former haunts; they are perfectly harmless; they are not indisposed to cultivate the acquaintance of kindly men—and why should they not be encouraged to do so? Reader, did you ever see a seal travelling, according to his wont, or fishing, or disporting himself, in the water? Anything more variedly and charmingly graceful than his movements it is impossible to conceive. It is a sight that might often delight the promenader upon our shores were we a less cruel people.

I must yet add a few words on behalf of the birds which, by the beauty of their plumage or the music of their song, lend a charm to our fields and woodsides. It is useless to say aught of what are called 'game birds.' They are obviously doomed, and must, within a few years, become extinct. Not so, it is to be hoped, with all. Yet, incredible as it may sound, a wanton and woful destruction has been made even of the singing birds of this country. Evilly instructed, or wholly uninstructed boys, from the time that they were old enough to carry a gun, have been suffered to play the 'sportsman' upon our beautiful and musical little feathered friends. Even adult men have been monsters enough to destroy them for committing depredations upon their fields and gardens (!)

only to find afterwards that they have been dolts enough to destroy their true friends. By-the-by, I have been assured that, within the sweep of a radius of several miles in the country around Sydney, Cape Breton, there is scarcely ever a wild bird of any sort or description to be seen. The reason assigned is that, for several years past, the French North American Naval Squadron has been accustomed to lie for a few weeks in summer in Sydney harbour, and our honoured allies have made game of all the birds. If the report is true, it is questionable whether or not the Sydney people have not been, in one particular at least, a little too hospitable.

In some of the Provinces, laws have been enacted protecting singing and other innocuous birds from the hands of the destroyer. There is reason, too, to believe that they meet with a fair degree of obedient observance, which shews that they fortunately are not in advance of the sentiment of the times. If the boys of the present generation, in the mass, evince merely a marked disposition to keep their guns and their gins away from our favourite birds, we may expect much from the next generation. And how desirable it is that we should have these merry chirpers and warblers in greater number, honestly paying their way in their services to the farmer and gardener, and increasing their present intimacy with all of us human beings who will permit it. There is no difficulty in cultivating the most intimate relations with these would-be fondlings. There are ladies amongst us who have large and diversified families of these outdoor pets, which come daily to their lady friends' windows to be fed and talked to; and the writer has himself been permitted, through long familiarity, to stroke down the back a 'wild' native bird—one that had never been caged, or housed—as she sat composedly on her nest. Let us hope that the sentiment of the great and influential majority of the people shall be in favour of protecting from murderous hands, and of cultivating the noble moose, caribou, and deer, a few of which still survive, as well as the other innocuous animals which still roam in our forests. Then, but not until then, we may pass laws for their protection which can be rendered operative. Why should they be exterminated? If they are not so to be, we must forbid their being killed *at all*. I venture to hope that these views will meet with the approval of every humane reader who may honour them with a perusal.

LEGAL EDUCATION.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, TORONTO.

AN article appeared in the last number of this magazine which well expressed the want felt by those who are preparing to become lawyers. That such an article should be written by a student at this hour in Canada is conclusive evidence that something is wrong. All the civilized world over, tutors, professors, head-masters, royal commissioners, have been now, for a long time, seeking, and continue, with unabated zeal, to seek, new means for perfecting the machinery of education. How to get knowledge into the minds of the people is of all problems that to which the ingenuity of the time bends itself most earnestly to solve. In this Province we have an educational system which is equal to that of any country in the world, if, indeed, it does not stand pre-eminent. Yet, a learned body like the Law Society, instead of co-operating with the educational forces at work around, yielding to a cry short-sighted, selfish and ignoble, have decided on a policy of inaction. To describe their conduct as a retrogradation would be to libel the past. Their attitude is as false to ancient legal tradition as to the modern spirit.

Something in the shape of a law school was in existence a couple of years ago. A few gentlemen, well instructed in their profession, were periodically hired for as much a year as a member of the Local House pockets for his month of anxious killing labour, to lecture on certain branches of law. But soon, local jealousy, whose ideal of a State is a prairie without tree or hillock, where there is nothing to qualify the howling waste of monotonous equality, took the alarm. The generous heart of man speedily resents injustice. Agitation rose high over the horrible grievance that in the capital of the Province students should enjoy advantages sharing in which was impossible for those in the backwoods. In an hour of meddlesome folly, the principle of representation had been adopted for recruiting the body of benchers. All representative bodies are cowardly; loud, and bold, as a faction-bully with his whole kennel behind him, and a single enemy in front, when supported by a popular boom, a generous people rising in their might, &c.; timid as the proverbial hare when not thus buttressed from behind. The benchers bowed the head before the boorish clamour.

It seems there was one mistaken rule the removal of which would have gone far to allay, at least so far as the country students were concerned, the local irritation. The time necessary to serve was shortened for those attending the lectures — an inducement, probably, to regular attendance. That no such inducement was necessary has been proved by subsequent experience. Whether necessary or not, the demand on the part of the country students to have the time of probation regulated solely by the examination hall was just. The only creditable reason that could be given for refusing it was, that granting it would be taking in an enlightened age an obscurantist step. There is a universe between lancing a diseased part and making the happy despatch. It would not require a Bench of Judges

to decide the question of superior liberality between yielding to the proposal for reform and wholly giving up the lectures. This last course, peevish or premeditated, was that which commended itself to the quintessential wisdom of the Provincial Bar. In the absence of any practical reason for a proceeding so strange, it seems as whimsical as the justice of the soldiers of Louis XIV., who had been ordered to kill one of two captives, but who, unable to distinguish the doomed man, in order that there should be no mistake, killed both.

There was, it should seem, a practical reason. Some of the benchers, from whom better things might have been expected, were careless whether there was a law school or not, and those who took just views, were overborne by the dead weight of the country vote. One could wish that the motive moving that enlightened mass might be described as creditable. It was not creditable. It was selfish. It trampled on country, on profession, on duty in all respects. This language is not too strong. It is used advisedly. The head of a legal firm occupies the position of parent to his students. He is a leader in his profession. He knows how much the welfare of a country depends on the character of those who administer the law. 'That other priesthood,' says Burke, when he would emphasize the relation of lawyers to the body of the people; their silent, all-searching, pervasive power. It is the same sage writer who tells us that nothing can stand long which does not stand with credit. A great profession can maintain a position of honour and respect only by having members at once worthy and proud of it. All this is presumably known to the heads of prominent legal firms. They also know that the success, and even happiness, of their students may depend, in no small degree, on having enjoyed for a few years the advantages of residence in a capital. The way the country benchers fulfilled their manifold trust in its regard was to put their knife in the Law School. By it their best students, just as they became useful, were attracted to Toronto. Their best students will probably be attracted to Toronto Law School or no Law School. In a fit of rampant localism they stabbed the young institution. The same motive has led them to reject Mr. Crooks' motion to shorten the years of studentship for those who should, while serving their term, take the degree of LL.B. at the Toronto University.

Whatever, from our point of view, may be thought of the policy embodied in Mr. Crooks' motion, of the motives of those who burked it there can be but one opinion. For and against Mr. Crooks' plan much might be said. To utilize the University for professional education is in accordance with the original idea of a University, though that idea is hardly adhered to when this is done, no security being taken that there shall have been a preliminary liberal education or something answering thereto. The disadvantages are not small. You turn out on the world men with University degrees who, by over-rating their importance, are sure to be injured by them; who have had no training in those arts of which a University is supposed to be the temple—arts which undoubtedly soften, and refine, and brighten, and, save where the material is unfavourable, ennoble; whose future cultivation is imperilled, if not effectively prevented, by what is partly the consequence of that which should be a badge of culture, the manifold conceit spawned under the prolific influence of those forcing conjunctures, small parts, meagre acquirements and cheap honours; learned men with knowledge neither of history, nor literature, nor science; not educated in any true sense; enlightened in no sense at all. An excuse moreover would be afforded to the Law School for neglecting a direct immediate duty.

That duty is plain. The government of the legal profession of this great Province is wholly in their hands. They regulate the admission of students, and prescribe the steps which must be taken ere one can issue a writ or wear a gown. The noblest section under the heading 'Powers of Benchers' in the 138th chapter of the Revised Statutes reads like a satire to-day :—'The Benchers may *make rules for the improvement of legal education;* and *may appoint readers and lecturers with salaries;* * * and may establish scholarships.' They are a wealthy body. The students' fees largely swell this wealth. Is their duty to the students, to the profession, to the Province fulfilled by providing for a certain number of examinations and paying four examiners?

It has been said in their justification that no lecturers, worth having, were to be found. Where do they find examiners? Can men be found fit to pronounce on proficiency in studies of which they do not know enough to justify their lecturing thereon? It needs no argument to refute the assertion. It is not a fact. The writer has made a point of attending the lectures given gratuitously by Mr. Ewart and Mr. Delamere, and he can testify that the lectures of these gentlemen are as useful as any lectures he had the privilege of hearing in the Temple or in Lincoln's Inn. What you want in a lecturer on law to students, certainly in their earlier years, is not profundity or largeness of grasp, but rather the faculty of guidance, familiarity with the difficulties which beset the beginner, an accurate idea of the country, and a capacity for directing the traveller the best route to take. What is needed is a surveyor who has been over the ground, and who has sufficient intelligence to indicate the results of his admeasurements and the best points from which to start. To the student just entered, a finger-post is more desirable than a philosopher.

Teachers of this class are, at all events, enough to begin with. Time and encouragement would supply us with Birbecks and Brooms. Good men cannot be expected to devote themselves to special studies for small pay. What we would propose is this: four readerships in law of $1,200 a year each, and one in jurisprudence of $1,500; no scholarships, but instead thereof a prize of $2,000, payable in sums of $500 a year to any person producing a work of five hundred pages, 8vo., which the judges would pronounce a contribution of sterling value to legal literature. We badly need good legal authors. A Canadian lawyer must be a good English lawyer; he must know the laws of the United States; he must have a perfect knowledge of Canadian law; yet he is almost without such assistance as his brethren in England and the Republic possess. This want would soon be supplied if the above proposal were adopted.

Mr. Blake is Treasurer. Some action might fairly be expected from him. If the Bar generally has lost *esprit de corps*, this virtue must surely abide in those who have climbed to the head of their profession. If Mr. Blake were not Treasurer, those who not undeservedly chant his praises would say of him, in reference to the present subject, as they do in regard to so much else—'If Blake were Treasurer, this sort of thing could never exist. A master mind like his would sway the benchers in the right direction. The energy of a great enlightened will would be felt through the whole legal body'—with much of the same sort. In the case of no man whom experience or reading makes known has achievement ever been so discounted. Greatness is always stimulating, whether with you or opposed to you. One would like at times to see a manifestation of greatness. The eye tires of the amorphous outlines of the calculating, the petty, the mean. A sympathetic

person like the writer has been more than once led to share the expectancy, if not the opinions, of the enthusiasts. He has for a moment been deluded into the idea that a forcing process would do something. But it was like coaxing chain lightning out of a hay stack. It is a paradox. Never have great possibilities barked closer at the heels of, or been farther from biting, performance. Had Mr. Blake died seven years ago, our Virgil of the near future writing the Canadian epic would have sung of him as the young Marcellus of the North. Here is something for him to do. Everyone saw him made Treasurer with approval and hope. The dawn of a better state of things, it was felt, must be at hand. As yet, he has done nothing, unless he is the author of the scheme, providing law libraries for every country town. But the distribution of libraries, unless the writer is mistaken, is not what localism wants. Nothing would appease that short of the destruction of Osgoode Hall, and setting up a Vice Chancellor in every lumber-village. Indeed, it is a question whether Mr. Mowat ought not to be asked to pass a Bill enacting that every pioneer, in addition to his axe, saw, hammer and cooking utensils, should be provided, at the public expense, with a Chief Justice and a couple of Judges. The only fruitful field for Mr. Blake's reforming energy is in the direction of devising effective legal educational machinery here in Toronto. If he neglects that his treasurership will have been like Queen Mary's pregnancy, big with hope and—disappointment.

Mr. Blake lately made an admirable little speech at the Legal and Literary Society. In this speech he let fall some remarks which would lead to the inference that he is alive not merely to the needs of the hour, as pointed out above, but realizes the gravity of the question of general education in its bearing on the character of his profession. Men are crowding into law, not a few of whom cannot speak their own language correctly. That this invasion of the Philistines has long been going forward, though not in such swarms as at present, is proved by the vocabulary of some of the Q. C.'s. Who is responsible for the silk on their backs? It would hardly be unjust to require of a Queen's Counsel that he should speak the Queen's English. Their grammar is often as original as their lexicographical aberrations. Not without successors is the late eminent lawyer who asked a witness:—'Now, now, witness on your oath, *was* you there?' —the witness, determined to be as correct as the lawyer, replying:—'I *were*, sir.' Such blemishes are the more remarkable, because brought into glaring contrast with forensic exhibitions displaying the highest qualities by men like Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Mr. Blake, Mr. Bethune, Mr. Christopher Robinson, Mr. Hector Cameron, and one or two others, and with the learning of a judiciary without a superior in the world for integrity and erudition, and whose exquisite urbanity to the bar might, with profit, be taken as a model in Westminster Hall. One never sees here that tendency to snub the bar which disfigures the demeanour of English Judges, always excepting a man whose manners are worthy of his genius, Sir Alexander Cockburn.

It may be asked what interest have the public in the general culture of lawyers. As property owners, and as owners of the more valuable wealth of citizenship in a free state, we are all deeply and vitally interested in wise legislation, and the efficient and honest administration of law. What the amateur administration of law issues in, receives, in the Lucan tragedy, ghastly illustration. The chaos in the United States is familiar to lawyers; its effects cannot be measured by occasional *causes célèbres*, significant and scandalous as they sometimes are. The unbeliever never suspects the

moral strength he takes while unconsciously breathing a Christian atmosphere. How much of all that makes life worth having depends on the laws, politics, political constitution, character of politicians and lawyers and others, it would not be possible to over-rate; how much of our power to be what we are, is drawn from the same source is hardly suspected. Less or more than man, says Aristotle, must he be who could live outside a State. What the spinal column is to the human organism, what the volition of a virtuous man is to his whole moral being, the law of a country is to its constitution and civic life. Sir William Jones, in his celebrated ode, asks, what constitutes a State? Not the battlements of fenced towers, runs his answer; not proud cities with handsome churches; not a teeming commerce; not courts, with their vanities and treacheries and pride; but men, high-minded men, enlightened, moral, strong, knowing their duties and their rights, and determined to maintain them—these constitute a State

"And sovereign law that States collected will."

Such a State could not exist—could not be approached, if every lawyer in the community was a mere costs ferret. The founders of the noblest States were great legislators, and free institutions are in hourly peril where there is not an instructed high-minded bar. The degradation of the legal profession would soon be followed by the corruption of the judiciary.

If any large number of the individuals who make up the people are incapable of taking a broad view of their interests; if it is too much to ask them to consider the well-being of the State, even with a view to their own ultimate well-being; if only mere sordid considerations can make them feel an interest in the liberal culture of the lawyers of the future—then we say that education makes people truthful, honest, honourable; that it wakes them to a consciousness of motives looking in the direction of rectitude, which have no existence for illiterate people; that it tends to qualify the degrading worship of wealth; that quickening imagination it enables men, who might otherwise prove dishonest, to realize all the miseries which follow dishonesty. An educated lawyer is, therefore, far more worthy of trust than an ignorant one, however well up the latter may be in his profession. As Mr. Blake pointed out at the Legal and Literary Society, there is nothing elevating or enlarging in legal studies, unless in the case of those 'very happily born.' The tendency of legal studies is to sharpen, not to expand, and it is well if the sharpness does not degenerate into sharp practice. Where there is not the hold which liberal culture gives, the character, under such influences, is apt to drop sheer down to utter worthlessness. Hence those occasional escapades which call for the interference of judges, and leave deluded clients robbed, and sometimes ruined. A conscienceless priesthood is not more dangerous to the morals and honour of communities, than a conscienceless legal body to their goods and chattels. The morals of priesthoods have risen with education. They have again become scandalous when ignorance has re-asserted itself, and some Jezebel insisted on 'making priests of the lowest of the people.' The application is not far to seek in the case of 'that other priesthood.'

Late, but not too late, is it to raise a barrier against the invasion of the Goths. More important than examiners in law, more important than lecturers in law, more important than Judicature Bills, is devising guarantees that only fit men shall receive a license to practise law. The union of the two branches of the profession here makes anxiety on this point more important than where they are not united. Clients have seldom to complain of

weak advocacy where the advocate is chosen by a skilled class. Where the attorney is also a barrister, he sometimes sacrifices the interest of his clients to his vanity as an advocate. Culture which hates unfitness, which teaches us, as Horace says, to choose tasks suited to our ability, and to consider well what our strength is equal to, and what it will fail creditably to support, is the only cure for such disturbing vanity. Let a certain mark of general attainments very much higher than the entrance standard—that standard itself, we assume, having been considerably raised—be required before calling a man to the bar, and without severing the two branches of the profession, you secure the advantages of severance and the advantages of union. By an elastic principle, which could work no hardship whatever, a tendency towards division of labour would have been created in accordance with natural laws. In ten years the bar of Canada would compare with any bar in the world, and the usefulness of lawyers generally in Court and office to the public be indefinitely enhanced.

PRECOCITY.—A SONNET.

BY ALICE HORTON.

A ROSY apple dropt down at my feet
Before the rest were ripe; I stooped to see
What blight, or worm, wrought its maturity,
For there had been no sun to make it sweet;
Its seeming ripeness found I a fair cheat:
'Twas a poor windfall, whose precocity
Showed that disease at its life's core must be,—
What good fruit ripens without time, or heat?
Full many a luscious fruit is late and sour,
Requiring months of sun and frost to mellow
So winter pears at Easter-tide grow yellow
When the spring buds are bursting into flower
And genius sometimes seems the best to me
That has a certain seal of ancienty.

THE MILITIA SYSTEM OF CANADA.

BY CENTURION

A YEAR ago the attention of the reading public was drawn to the question of our national defence, by a powerfully-written article, entitled 'A Plea for the Militia,' published in the February (1879) number of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY. The interest which that article evoked led to many inquiries into the condition of the Militia, and as to what was requisite in order to place it in a state of efficiency. Many persons—amongst them some prominent politicians—said, 'Let us know what you want, make a definite request, and the country will doubtless approve. But the country is ignorant as to the precise nature of your grievances, and until you state them, you cannot hope for redress.' This seems reasonable, but, unfortunately, is impossible. Doctors of medicine may agree as to diagnosis, but differ as to treatment. Similarly, every officer who has given much thought to the Militia question, will agree that there are certain evils to complain of; but it is most probable that no two will agree as to the precise remedy which shall be applied. It is, therefore, with no intention of assuming the position of a mouthpiece of the Militia Force, that the writer has undertaken the task before him. The intention is simply to place before the public, and particularly before the Houses of Parliament, a plain statement of facts with respect to the present state ef the Militia organization. Any opinion as to what is necessary in order to place the force in a better position, the writer is individually responsible for; and the weight to be attached to such opinions must, therefore, be taken as individual, and not collective.

At the time of the passage of the Militia Law (22nd May, 1868), the attention of the public was, in a particular degree, drawn to Militia matters. Since March, 1866, there had been constant rumours of Fenian attempts at invasion; the Active Militia had been frequently under Arms, and a certain amount of experience had been gained in actual service, which qualified officers to give an opinion as to what was requisite in order to place the Militia upon a proper footing. Knowing that a new Militia law was in process of incubation, many officers forwarded to the Militia Department expressions of their views. The then Adjutant-General of Militia, a most efficient and thorough soldier, who understood fully the requirements of the case, drafted a series of recommendations, which he submitted for the consideration of many prominent officers of the force, before presenting them to the Minister of Militia. All in vain, however. Recommendations were pigeon-holed, and experience disregarded; and the Militia Act of 1868 was forced upon the country in defiance of the opinions of the existing Militia force, from the Adjutant-General downwards.

Singularly enough, the Act presents few objectionable features; it is elastic and permissive in its character; and, upon the whole, has worked well. But it might have been better, and its results might have been more satisfactory, had advice been taken. It is probable that there would have been irreconcileable differences of opinion then as now, as to what should be, and what should not be, included in the Act; but certain of the things recommended must have approved them-

selves to all; and the Militia force would have been better satisfied had they not been entirely ignored in the framing of an Act for their governance.

The Militia law of 1868, provides for a Militia, to consist of all male inhabitants between the ages of 18 and 60, not exempted or disqualified by law, and being British subjects by birth or naturalization. These are divided into four classes, the *first* class being of unmarried men between the ages of 18 and 30; the *second* class of unmarried men between the ages of 30 and 45; the *third* class of married men between the ages of 18 and 45; and the *fourth* class of those who are between the ages of 45 and 60. This force is to be enumerated periodically by officers who are appointed to command them, the country being divided territorially into regimental divisions for that purpose. This force, at the last enumeration, in 1873, numbered 738,981 of all classes. The enumeration did not, however, include British Columbia, or Prince Edward Island.

We are frequently given great credit in England for the organization of so large a Militia, it being taken for granted that, as there are regimental officers appointed to this large force, it has other than a paper organization. It is an absurd supposition on its face, but is, nevertheless, current. The fact is, that beyond the purpose of its periodical enumeration, the Reserve Militia does not exist as a military body. It has never been mustered. There are not arms, accoutrements, ammunition, or uniforms sufficient for a twentieth part of its number in the possession of the country. Even the officers of the Reserve Militia do not, as a rule, adopt their military titles, or wear their uniform upon public occasions.

It is, however, eminently satisfactory that the country should know that there exists in the *first* and *second* classes of the Reserve Militia (unmarried men between the ages of 18 and 45) no less than 275,827 men who are available by law for military service, in addition to the existing Active Militia.

The Militia Act further provides for the division of the Militia into the Active and Reserve Militia; the former class being subdivided into the *Volunteer*, the *Regular*, and the *Marine* Militia. The first subdivision is the only operative force, and constitutes the 'Active Militia' of the country, no steps having been taken to organize the other subdivisions. The Volunteer Militia is composed of corps raised by voluntary enlistment, for a term of service of three years, subject to annual periods of training of between eight and sixteen days, for which they are by law entitled to fifty cents per day's drill. This force is supplied with arms, accoutrements, and clothing, and while upon duty are subject to the 'Queen's Regulations' and 'Articles of War,' *i.e.*, are liable to the same discipline and penalties as regular soldiers. The strength of this force, as prescribed by law, is 45,000, by the Act of 1868 and its subsequent amendments in 1871, when British Columbia and Manitoba were added to the strength of the Dominion. It is to this force, the only operative force under the Militia Act, that the subsequent remarks will apply. It is the first line of defence, and has been called the 'Canadian army,' both by enthusiastic Adjutants-general, and military journalists.

When, in 1868, the Active or Volunteer Militia was re-enrolled under the new Act, they were in the following proportion, according to the various arms of the service, viz.:—

Cavalry - - - -	1,386
Field Batteries (9)	719
Garrison " - -	3,315
Engineers - - -	184
Infantry and Rifles	31,566
Total - -	37,170 of all ranks.

This number, it must be remembered, was *bonâ fide*. The men were those who had joined under the Militia Law of 1863, and who re-enrolled under the new law, and having had more or less actual service from 1863 to 1868, they were fairly efficient. But though 37,000 out of the prescribed 40,000 enrolled under the Act of 1868, there were a large number—the veterans of the force as it were—who retired. Yet the Active Militia of 1868 will long be remembered by those officers of the force who had the pleasure of serving with it. The material was magnificent, the latent national spirit had been evoked by the Fenian raids, and the men serving in the ranks were actuated by a spirit of patriotism, rather than from a desire to have a fortnight's jollification at the country's expense, as is too often the motive cause in these latter days. As an illustration of this patriotic feeling, it is only necessary to quote the first clause of the report of the Adjutant-General of Militia for 1867. 'Since the spring of 1866, the Volunteer force of Ontario and Quebec has increased from 348 companies, with a nominal strength of 19,597 men, to 569 companies, with a nominal strength of 33,754 men.' This is of itself a sufficient guarantee that, when circumstances render it necessary, the military spirit of the country will be found equal to any emergency. The men who enrolled in 1866, did so with the full expectation that they would be called upon to repel an enemy from our shores, and yet in a few weeks 14,000 men were added to our defensive force. As it was in the past, so will it be in the future, unless the spirit of 1775, 1812, 1837, and 1866, has forsaken Canadian manhood.

Prior to 1870, with the exception of a camp of observation at Thorold, in 1866, the Active Militia had performed its annual drill at the headquarters of the various corps; but in 1870, a system of 'camps of exercise' was inaugurated, which bid fair to produce the happiest results so far as the efficiency of the force was concerned. The brigade camps then formed were for the double purpose of maintaining a force in hand sufficient to repel any Fenian movement, and, at the same time, to carry out the annual drill. The success of these camps was so apparent that in the following year (1871) divisional and brigade camps were formed, at which 22,544 of all ranks were assembled. During that year, owing to the impetus given by the camps of exercise, the actual numbers drilled were 34,410. In 1872, the number who performed drill in the brigade or divisional camps was 24,144. In 1873, the previous system was reverted to, and corps were allowed to perform their annual drill at their own headquarters. In consequence, the total number of those who performed drill during the year was reduced to 19,963, upwards of 10,000 less than the numbers of the previous year. The next year (1874), in consequence of the insufficient appropriation, the numbers who were to drill were limited to 42 of all ranks in each company, instead of 58 as prescribed by regulation. In 1875, owing to the introduction of brigade camps, the numbers who attended drill during the year were 28,845 of all ranks, and this number was attained with the companies at the reduced strength. Since 1875, the reduction of the Militia vote has prevented the assemblage of the Active Militia in camps, and a corresponding reduction in numbers and efficiency has become apparent.

The nominal strength of the Active Militia, is stated to be as follows:—

Cavalry - - -	1,803
Field Batteries (17) -	1,326
Garrison " - - -	3,048
Engineers - - -	232
Infantry - - -	27,990
Rifles - -	9,330
	43,720

But in 1876 there were only funds to

admit of 21,518 men performing annual drill; in 1877 only 21,012 could drill; in 1878 only 19,569, or about 4-9ths of the nominal strength of the force.

Now this reduction of strength for annual drill forms one of the prominent causes of complaint from officers of the Active Militia. An officer who has the zeal and energy to keep up a good corps, at full strength, does not like to be struck off the roll for annual drill for a whole year, neither does he like to perform drill with two officers and 40 men, when he has three officers and 55 men on his establishment. In the first case, it almost means destruction to his corps, for it is hard enough to keep men together when they meet for drill from year to year; in the second case, he must offend one officer and fifteen men by leaving them at home. One of two things should be done;—either the Active Militia force should drill in full strength every year, or the nominal strength should be reduced to suit the amount to be granted by Parliament for the maintenance of the Militia. It is an injustice to the whole force to endeavour to maintain it at a strength of 43,729, when there are only funds to drill 19,569! One might as well expect to be able to winter 43 horses in good condition with the same amount of hay and oats as is required to keep 19! Better to keep 19 well than 43 badly, and the same argument applies to the Active Militia. For years past there has been a lack of funds to ensure the proper maintenance of the force, and every department has suffered accordingly.

What is wanted, therefore, is a fixed annual appropriation for Militia purposes, be the same more or less. This sum should not be liable to reduction according to the necessities or caprices of succeeding administrations. Hitherto it has formed the item of annual appropriation upon which reduction could *apparently* be most easily effected, and has suffered accordingly. I say, apparently, because in reality the reductions have been more or less felt by every member of the force. Either he has been stinted in numbers, in pay, in clothing, in ammunition, or in equipment, as a consequence. The advisability of a fixed vote is most apparent. Knowing that a specific sum would be at his credit annually, the Minister of Militia could arrange with his department as to the precise strength of force to be maintained, the quantity of arms, clothing, ammunition, stores, etc., to be purchased, and the amount he could afford towards completing the equipment of the force, from year to year. Now, nothing is fixed, and nothing can be promised or performed until after the meeting of Parliament. No arrangements can be made about annual drill until close upon the time when that drill must be performed, and thus the convenience of every officer and man belonging to the force is postponed. Were it otherwise, officers and men could make their arrangements, and look with certainty to the time when they would be compelled to put in their drill, and as most men have to obtain permission from their employers for this purpose, it would be no small convenience to them were the time a fixed one.

The question that next arises, is the method in which the drill prescribed by law is to be performed. Economical reasons have caused the cessation of Camps of Instruction. But should they prevail in such a question? It has been shown that they are popular, by the numbers which attended them. All authorities unite in pronouncing them to have been beneficial so far as the instruction and efficiency of the force were concerned. Ten days in a brigade camp would give a young soldier a better idea of what he would be called upon to undergo in actual service, than three months company or battalion drill in a drill shed, even if the instructors were competent. The question of effi-

ciency is the one that must govern this consideration. Either the Active Militia is training for prospective duty as soldiers, or they are playing a very childish part. Either the Government is spending the money voted every year for military purposes in order to train up a reliable and efficient body of soldiers, or they are wasting the country's resources. There can be no halting place between these two opinions. If the first is the true light in which the matter is to be viewed, then financial questions should not be allowed to interfere where efficiency is concerned. By this we do not mean to imply that the country should be called upon to devote a disproportionate amount of its revenue to Militia purposes, but that the money appropriated should be so disposed of as to insure the highest state of efficiency from the numbers which can, under that appropriation, be annually trained. It must be borne in mind that soldiers cannot be made in a day, and that careful and laborious training can alone impart that respect for discipline and unhesitating obedience which constitutes the efficient soldier. Then, again, the very persons who deprecate Militia expenditure are the harshest critics when the half-trained, ill-set-up, and badly-clothed Militiaman comes to the front upon an emergency. They are apt to exclaim, 'Where has the money gone that I have for years contributed to make that man a soldier,' forgetting that the economies which he has so long and loudly clamoured for, have been the means of causing the deficiencies he rails at. But take that raw recruit into a camp of instruction, furnish him the models for his bearing and dress, rouse the spirit of emulation in his breast, while at the same time you impart the technical instruction which is necessary to his efficiency, and you will very soon see the recruit turn into a soldier.

Few persons, unless they are themselves members of the Active Militia force, recognise or realize the difficulties under which a conscientious and painstaking officer labours in the effort to keep up an efficient company. No sooner has he, by unremitting attention and laborious instruction, got together and trained a company of efficient soldiers, than the exigencies of the labour market, the natural restlessness and ambition of the native Canadian, caprice or necessity, causes it to melt away, and the task must be constantly recommenced. It is doubtful if any captain takes into camp precisely the same company in two successive years. Nor can this be altogether avoided, although it is perhaps too much facilitated by the power granted in the Militia Act to leave a corps upon six months' notice to the commanding officer. It would be better if the term of enlistment was made without this privilege, with liberty to the officer commanding to grant a discharge upon any reasonable ground for doing so. Under present circumstances a captain is too often disposed to condone than to punish a trifling offence on the part of a smart soldierlike fellow, fearing that he may take umbrage, if punished, and leave his corps. Of course this is prejudicial to discipline, and, therefore, the incitement to such a breach should be removed from the Militia Act.

Under the provisions of the Militia Act, the Dominion is divided into twelve districts, as follows:

Ontario - - -	4
Quebec - - -	3
New Brunswick - -	1
Nova Scotia - -	1
Manitoba - - -	1
British Columbia -	1
Prince Edward Island -	1
	12

These territorial districts bear no relation to the quota of men to be furnished by each, which are as follows:—

No. 1	Ontario - -	5,517
2	" - -	6.089
3	" - -	3,400
4	" - -	3,064
5	Quebec - -	3,628
6	" - -	5,719
7	" - -	5,035
8	New Brunswick	3,264
9	Nova Scotia -	4,284
10	Manitoba -	253
11	British Columbia	322
12	Prince Edward Isl'd	517
		41,092

Each of these districts is under the command of a Deputy Adjutant-General, and the districts are again subdivided into brigade divisions, each having its brigade major. By this means a cumbrous and expensive system is obtained, useless in time of peace, and worse than useless in time of war. Apart from the military anomaly of a Deputy Adjutant-General *commanding* a division in the field, is the more serious feature, that in case of war, the removal of the district staff officers (who are supposed to possess the requisite knowledge for organizing the Reserve Militia) would be to lose their services where they would be most required. It is obvious, therefore, that no command should be vested in the Deputy Adjutant-General, but that brigades and divisions in the field should be commanded by officers not upon the permanent staff, leaving the district staff where it would be most usefully employed, in organizing the reserve, and forwarding men and material to the front.

In the opinion of most officers of the Active Militia, the time has come when the grouping of regiments into brigades and divisions could be advantageously effected. It would operate beneficially upon the organization of the force, were the various arms detailed in due proportion to each brigade, and brigade commanders and their staffs appointed. Under the present circumstances, existing corps would be robbed of their most efficient officers at the most critical time, in order to furnish the brigade and divisional commanders and their staffs. It has been surmised that this would not be done, but that its obvious inexpediency would furnish the pretext for the appointment of officers of the regular army to the staff and the higher commands. No more fatal error could be committed. It would at once destroy the *esprit de corps* and *morale* of the Canadian Militia. The experience gained by filling up staff appointments with ex-army officers has not been a satisfactory one, and the prejudice against such appointments is strong and growing. If it were understood that *all* army officers were energetic, zealous, well-educated soldiers, then no objection could possibly be taken to their appointment; as it stands to reason that a man who has given all his time and brains to the intelligent study of the art of war must be better qualified for command than another whose opportunities have been more limited. But experience in Canada has proved the contrary, and in many cases the 'regular' officer has been tried, and found wanting.

Allusion has hitherto been made to the fact that the Active Militia has been designated the 'Army of Canada.' This is not correct, nor can it be, until the organization is completed. Regiments must be brigaded, and brigadiers and their staffs appointed—brigades must be formed into divisions, with their proportionate detail of Cavalry, Artillery and Engineers, their Infantry and Artillery Ammunition Reserve, Military Police, Commissariat and Medical Departments, with their several arrangements for transport and supply. Divisions must be grouped into 'Army Corps,' and 'Army Corps' into an 'Army' before the technical definition of this term is attained. At present, the initiative only is taken in these matters. We have nominally

about 13,000 men, or about four divisions of the strength fixed in the Imperial army regulations. But the arms of the service are not in the proper proportion according to that standard. We should require for four divisions

Staff - - -	212
Cavalry - - -	2,612
Military Police (mounted)	300
Artillery (72 guns) -	2,396
Engineers (4 co's) - -	808
Ammunition Train -	856
Infantry and Rifles -	31,204
Commissariat - -	1,000
Medical Dep't - -	1,516
Other Services - -	56
	40,860
Garrison Artillery - -	3,048
	43,908

The transport required for four divisions would amount to 1,280 wheeled carriages, and the horses (riding and draught) would number nearly 10,000.

Now, of all these requisites of an army we are absolutely deficient, with the exception of the nominal strength. The details for the organization of the Commissariat and Medical Departments would have to be worked out after our troops had taken the field. Considering that it is vitally necessary to feed a soldier, as well as to supply him with arms and ammunition—and to look after him in sickness, as well as in health—it is somewhat singular that no attempt has been made to establish at least a nucleus of the Commissariat and Medical Departments. Nothing short of absolute disaster could occur if the so-called 'Canadian Army' were placed in the field under the present conditions of disorganization. The question naturally arises, 'Why is not the time of peace utilized in order to make perfect the military framework?'

It will be obvious to the most unmilitary mind that an '*Army*' cannot be complete without ammunitions of war. Guns and rifles are clearly useless without ammunition. Yet, on the 31st December, 1878, there were only 150 rounds per rifle of Snider-Enfield cartridges in the country, 200 rounds per field, and 30 rounds per garrison gun. Now, according to the Soldier's Pocket Book, the supply of an army should be calculated at 1,000 rounds per man of infantry, 500 per man of cavalry, and 250 per man of other corps; while gun ammunition is calculated at 600 rounds per field gun, and from 200 to 250 per garrison gun.

Again, we have 275,000 of the first and second classes of Reserve Militia who are liable for immediate service, but we have only a reserve supply of 21,000 Snider-Enfield rifles with which to arm them, no clothing, and but few accoutrements.

We have, nominally, 161 field guns and howitzers, all but 68 are, however, smooth bores of obsolete pattern. We have also 734 garrison guns, etc., but only 35 are rifled guns, and none of these are of great penetration.

The reduction of the Militia estimates for the past five years has decreased the supply of reserve stores to a minimum; so low, that were it not for the reduction in strength of the force, there would be no reserves to speak of. Roughly estimated, the losses and wear and tear of clothing and accoutrements, cannot be calculated at less than $6 per man per annum. Consequently, if a force of 40,000 men is to be kept up, a sum, not less than $250,000 per annum, should be appropriated for the purchase of clothing and stores, to cover losses, and provide a proper reserve. But the estimates of 1878 only provided $90,000 for these services, and therefore the deficiencies have accumulated instead of the reserve. It is very doubtful if clothing and accoutrements could now be furnished from the depleted militia stores to the corps who are entitled by regulation to their issue.

Now, considering that *all* our warlike stores must be obtained from England, it is obvious that if the 'Canadian Army' is to be prepared to take the field at short notice, a very large quantity of reserve stores must be maintained in this country. The mere supply, from year to year, of the actual necessities of the Active Militia, will not suffice. Arms and ammunition must be supplied for the first levy of the Reserve Militia; guns for the armament of our fortifications—existing and required;—with the proper supply of shot, shell, and gunpowder. Not only should there be a much larger quantity of the latter than at present exists, but a large stock of nitre (saltpetre), which does not deteriorate by storage, should be kept in the country, either by Government itself, or by arrangement with the powder companies; so that if a blockade were instituted, we should still be able to manufacture gunpowder.

For the above purposes, therefore, a specific sum should be set apart each year. What more available or suitable fund could be found than the sums annually received from the sale of Ordnance lands. These lands were given to the Dominion by the Imperial Government for military purposes, why not apply the proceeds of their sale in increasing our defensive power. Up to 1878, the revenue derived by Government, since Confederation, from the sale of military stores, rent of military properties, and sale of Ordnance Lands, was $947,905 52. If these sums had been applied towards the permanent defence of the country, and the purchase of reserve stores, instead of being improperly applied towards swelling the consolidated revenue, a Canadian army would be a possibility at the present time, and could take the field with a sufficient supply of all that would be required in order to constitute it an effective force.

Much disappointment has been experienced by the Active Militia at the meagre results that have hitherto followed the appointment of a Major-General to command the Militia. It was hoped that the presence at Ottawa of an Imperial officer of high rank and extended experience as the military adviser of the Government would have very sensibly ameliorated the condition of the Force. But so far, except in the most minor details, the Government has practically disregarded the advice of its military adviser, and any benefit that might have accrued to the Force from his suggestions has been lost. Now, it is very evident that unless the Government means to profit by the presence of an experienced military officer as its adviser, that his presence is unnecessary, and is only an augmentation of the already disproportionate staff expenditure. Either the recommendations of the Major-General should be carried into effect, or he should be relieved from the undignified position he must occupy when the advice he tenders is disregarded.

This is a strong argument in favour of a fixed annual grant for Militia purposes. The Major-General could be held responsible by the Minister of Militia for the proper allocation of the sum at his disposal, so as to ensure the greatest amount of efficiency. His experience would then be useful, and he would no longer be powerless for good. He would supply the medium which is so necessary between the civil and military branches of the Militia Department; and with an efficient Head-Quarters Staff, representing each arm of the service, could do away with the necessity for retaining the larger portion of the District Staffs. Inspections could be made by officers of the Head-Quarters Staff; and if the force was brigaded under efficient officers, much loss of time and circumlocution would be avoided that is now so vexatious to a commanding officer.

But the main question to be considered is, 'Does the Government

consider the Active Militia a national necessity, and honestly desire to make it efficient; or is its maintenance looked upon as of minor importance, and useful only in so far as it is approved by the Imperial Government?' In the former case, it should be seriously considered how much (not how little) the country can afford to expend annually for its maintenance—the numbers should be adjusted to suit the appropriation—and the maintenance of an *efficient* force should be the first consideration. In the second case, it must be plain to every one that the establishment of 43,729 *nominal strength* (drilling only 19,569 annually) as the 'mock army of Canada,' is only a blind, and that, so long as the *show* of a force is maintained, it does not matter how low it may be in efficiency. In this latter case, it is an injustice to those officers who have for years past supported the whole burden of maintaining the force upon their shoulders—to whose zeal and enthusiasm is solely due the existence of a *Volunteer* Militia—to allow them to continue their labours in a thankless and unappreciated task. Better to place the matter upon a proper footing and organize the *Regular* Militia; where no strain would be thrown upon officers to maintain their corps, and no responsibility would be entailed upon them. Let the maintenance of the Active Militia be a mechanical operation of the law—take away the *esprit de corps*, and destroy the *morale* of the present organization; but do not any longer dupe those credulous and enthusiastic officers who have for years hoped against hope, and battled against every obstacle, in the vain trust that another year, or another administration, would improve their position as the 'first line' in the system of our national defence.

IRELAND!

BY T. O'HAGAN, BELLEVILLE.

HEARTS are failing, mothers wailing,
Hope is drooping o'er the land;
God of Mercy! help dear Erin,
Stay the famine with Thy hand.
Clouds are gathering, darkly gathering,
Fast the tide of woe rolls on;
Help dear Erin, oh, ye people
Till the wave of want is gone.

'Help us! help us! or we perish,'
Is the cry from o'er the deep,

And the billows of the ocean
Chant a lonely dirge and weep.
Help dear Erin! help dear Erin!
Sounds a tocsin from the dead,
Sounds the voice of armied martyrs
That a nation's glory led.

They are dying! they are dying!
Sighs the breeze upon the stream,
They are dying! Erin's children—
Oh, my God! is this a dream?
In the midst of wealth and plenty;
Hunger knocking at the door;
Shrouds of pity, shrouds of mercy,
Wrap the dead for ever more!

Cold the night, and chill the morning,
Dies the fire upon the hearth;
Dies the hope in Erin's children,
Faint each ember quenched by dearth.
Woe is Erin! woe her people!
Famine darkens o'er the land;
Tears of sorrow bathe the nation,
Suffering Erin—faithful band!

They are dying! they are dying!
Sighs the harp across the deep.
They are dying! Erin's children
Chant the psalm of death in sleep;
Tears and sorrow—hope to-morrow—
Beads of woe in silence told—
God of Erin! God of mercy!
Take the dying to Thy fold!

SELECTIONS.

PESSIMISM.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., TORONTO.

BELIEF in the literal truth of the Mosaic cosmogony, while it remained undisturbed, precluded any scientific or rational inquiry into the origin of things. That curtain being drawn aside by the hands of criticism and geology combined, we have the nebular hypothesis and the Darwinian philosophy. In the same way, dogmatic Christianity, so long as its authority endured, stilled all questionings as to the estate of man and the character of the Power which has fixed our lot and controls our destiny. Dogmatic Christianity gives in its way a complete solution of the mystery of human existence. It not only admits, but proclaims, that the present world and the condition of men in it are evil ; but it holds out a heaven beyond, to be won by obedience to the divine command in this place of trial. For the existence of evil it accounts by the fall of man, at the same time providing a supernatural remedy, in the form of a redemption, which, if men will lay hold upon its benefits, assures them of salvation. The ultimate triumph of good over evil it proclaims under the imagery of the Apocalypse. Thus, with regard to the sum of things, it is, for Christendom at least, optimistic, while it is pessimistic with regard to our present state. Its ultimate optimism is fearfully qualified, no doubt, by the doctrine of the broad and the narrow gate; but no one is hopelessly excluded from bliss by any Christian dogma except that which constitutes the most dreadful form of Calvinism.

The dogmatic system received a fatal blow when it was revealed that disorder, suffering, and death, instead of being brought into existence by the fall of man, had filled the globe for countless ages before his appearance, and that numberless races of beings, incapable of sin, had been consumed by a ravin to which no moral law or object could be assigned. A recent Christian philosopher, M. Secretan, has met the objection by giving the fall a retrospective effect, so as to involve all races from the beginning in the penalty of Adam's sin ; but this is one of those desperate attempts to make the old bottles hold the new wine which are merely adding to the confusion.

By ascetic Christianity, especially in its darker forms of self-torturing monasticism, the pessimistic view of our present state has been carried to fearful extremes. Perhaps no anchorite has gone so far as the most renowned apologist of Roman Catholicism in modern times, Joseph de Maistre, who, in a passage of the 'Soirées de St. Petersbourg,' outrunning anything in the archives of heathen superstition, proclaims that the Power under whose dominion we are here requires to be constantly propitiated by vast libations of human blood, shed in war or by the axe of the executioner,—a doctrine which it is needless to say would have appeared to St Paul one of devils. On the other hand, Protestantism and the theism which emanated from it and remained partly blended with it have given birth to an optimism not entirely consistent with Christian dogma,—the optimism of Leibnitz, of Paley's Evidences, of the Bridgewater Treatises, according to which this world, instead of being a prison house and a purgatory, is a beautiful manifestation of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity providing for the happiness of all creatures.

Now, however, the veil of Christian dogma, like that of the Mosaic cosmog-

ony, is completely rent, and reason, perhaps for the first time, gazes freely on the mystery of existence. The established optimism is confronted by pessimism, which, by the mouths of Schopenhauer, Hartman, and their school, proclaims that the world, the estate of man, and the powers from which they emanate are evil; and this belief is evidently spreading along certain lines of individual temperament and of national condition.

Besides optimism, which affirms the definite ascendancy of good, and pessimism, which affirms the definite ascendancy of evil, a third hypothesis is possible,—that of a perpetual balance and everlasting conflict of the two principles as separate and independent powers. This opinion has been associated with the name of Manes, a daring heretic of the third century, though it is very doubtful whether he really held it. Manicheism shows no tendency to revive. Any dualistic hypothesis is repelled by the manifest unity of all-pervading laws, which indicates that the empire of the universe is undivided; while if we look into ourselves, we see that though good and evil both are there, and alternately prevail according to the vicissitudes of our moral history, the being in which they commingle is essentially one.

No one will compare with philosophic pessimism, such as is now propounded, mere wails, however passionate, and whether in prose or poetry, over the unhappiness of man's lot. A cry of individual anguish or despondency denotes no settled view of the universe. Often, in the poets especially, these lamentations are merely sentimental, and form a sort of intellectual luxury, adding zest to enjoyment by their pungency. Sophocles, in whose choruses some of the most thrilling of them are found, was evidently, from his general serenity, in temperament at least, an optimist, and he distinctly indicates his belief in the supreme dominion of a power of good. Some of the utterances of the book of Job taken by themselves would sound pessimistic enough; but the end of the story is happy, and the crowning moral is optimistic. We find, however, in this book an insight into the sad side of humanity and a sympathy with a sufferer's questionings as to the benevolence and justice of the dispensation which show that the writer, if a Jew at all, was no ordinary Jew. The philosophy of the ordinary Jew was the tribal optimism of a land flowing with milk and honey for the chosen race, combined with pessimism for Egyptians, Canaanites, and other races which were not chosen.

In the weeping and laughing philosophers of Greece, Heraclitus and Democritus, we seem to come to a philosophic pessimism which, according to the temperament of the philosopher, pronounces the estate of man all misery or all folly. But even supposing the popular traditions about Heraclitus and Democritus to be true, it will not do to take Greek philosophy too seriously. The philosophy of Socrates and Plato was serious; it was an earnest attempt to meet a great outburst of profligacy, especially in the political sphere, by restoring the authority of the moral rule and settling it on an immutable foundation. But in the speculations of the Greeks generally on the mysteries of human existence, lively curiosity and intellectual ambition probably played a great part. It is difficult to suppose, for example, that Cynicism was more than a humour and a fashion. These great and terrible problems are not likely to be considered in earnest till they force themselves practically on the minds of men. They did force themselves practically on the minds of men, and of men of very deep and serious character, amidst the convulsions which attended the death of the Roman republic, and afterwards when life was made at once miserable and uncertain by the gloomy and suspicious tyranny of the empire. Lucretius, it is true, derived from Epicurus the philosophy to the service of which he nobly dedicates his high poetic gifts, and which he does his best to commend as the one haven of peace and rest for storm-tossed and perplexed humanity. But the practical earnestness, the force, the penetrating tone, of the poem on The Nature of Things, came not from the quiet garden of Epicurus; they came from the scene of civil war, massacre, fierce and restless intrigue, into which the Roman world had been turned by the parties of Marius and Sulla. What view the great Roman Stoics—great they may be truly called—took of the world and of the lot of men it would be difficult exactly to say. Certainly it was not one which led to annihilation of will and a renunciation of action, like

that of the Buddhists and the pessimist philosophers of our own day. Witness the Roman law, of which Stoics were the great architects. Witness the best work of government under the empire, which was done by Stoic emperors and statesmen. Nothing can be more gloomy than the view of life presented by Seneca, with his constant references to suicide as the grand asylum and the consoling thought. The tone of Marcus Aurelius is that of hopelessness as to the state of things around him and the out-look of humanity; but with his sadness is constantly blended a resolute determination to do his duty. Epictetus is less melancholy: the practical evils of the time bore less heavily on him than on the statesman. But in all of them we find at once an evident belief in a supreme power of good and an active devotion to duty which plainly forbid us to class them among the pessimists. Belief in duty is belief in something that upholds duty; that is, in the existence and ultimate manifestation of an overruling power of good.

The serious philosophy of the men of the Middle Ages is to be looked for in their religion. Their other philosophy was either a mere intellectual exercise, useful in its way as a whetstone of the dialectic faculty, or a fantastic attempt to arrive at truth about facts by a manipulation of words, hardly less chimerical than alchemy. The religion was dogmatic Christianity, the relation of which to the question between optimism and pessimism has already been stated. In view of its doctrine of eternal punishment, which implies the everlasting ascendency of the power of evil over a certain portion of mankind and of the universe, it is capable of being reduced to a sort of Manicheism. The doctrine of Purgatory, by which the permanent domain of Satan is indefinitely diminished, is evidently a step in the direction of optimism, though its later history has accustomed us to think of it chiefly as an instrument of priestly lucre.

Hobbes was a political pessimist of the most thorough-going kind, and in his case we see the proximate origin of the tenet as clearly as we do in that of the Russian Nihilists. The old man had been frightened out of his wits by the disturbances of the reign of Charles I., while in his crabbed and adust nature there was no spring of sympathy with the noble actors on that scene, or with the great objects to which they aspired and to which they partly attained. Rightly conceiving that the movement had been essentially a struggle against religious tyranny and reaction, he dreaded and detested religious not less than political liberty, and proposed to place the consciences as well as the persons of all citizens under the despotic control of his Leviathan; that is, as usual in the case of autocratic Utopias, of himself armed with unlimited power. His theory of human nature was, in effect, that men were a particularly ferocious and cunning race of wild beasts, whose natural state was internecine war, and who could be prevented from devouring each other only by being placed absolutely under the power of a keeper, to whom they were to surrender all rights, moral and civil, in return for the immunity from murder and robbery which would be enjoyed by them, or at least by so many of them as it did not please the keeper himself to plunder and kill. Religion with Hobbes was a state institution, and an instrument of policy. A necessarian he was, of course, and his statement of the doctrine of necessity and of its compatibility with the idea of liberty is, like all that he wrote, admirable for clearness and terseness, and might have spared some trouble to those who have reproduced it in an extended form. If he was not courageous in other respects, he had at least the courage of his absolutist opinions; for he maintains that Uriah, having like the rest surrendered his rights to the Leviathan for the general boon of political order and security, had no ground for complaining of injustice at the hands of David. He has himself, in fact, reduced his own theory to absurdity by the inferences which his undaunted logic has drawn; while it has been practically confuted, over and over again, by our experience of free institutions, both civil and religious, and the security which they afford for order, and of the behaviour of human nature under them. But like other able pessimists, he has rendered a a service by probing the weak places of the opposite theory, by fixing attention on the anarchical passions which really exist in men and showing that restraint is necessary as well as liberty; besides which he has given breadth and exactness to our ideas respecting the nature of a government.

Hobbes was closley followed in the same line by a greater man, formed in

some measure under the same influences, Exaggeration, enthusiasm, and whimsical interpretation are now the bane of biography and history, and are fast converting the annals of the race, from Cæsar down to Chaumette, into a gallery of heroes misunderstood. We hope that we shall not be adding to the now wearisome series by saying that the present course of thought lends increased interest and importance to the character and writings of Swift. A philosophical pessimist Swift can hardly be called, and his fundamental theory of men and of the universe is for the most part veiled under the conventional profession of an ecclesiastic. But the pessimistic view of human nature finds in the writings of this dark genius its most thorough-going as well as its most forcible expression. 'Study,' says the great German oracle of pessimism, 'to acquire a clear and connected view of the utterly despicable character of mankind in general.' Swift's view can hardly be called clear and connected, since it was never reduced to system, but the intensity of his misanthropic sentiment would have left Schopenhauer nothing to desire. The root of Swift's misanthropy clearly enough is to be found in a morbid character, itself probably the consequence of disease, either congenital or contracted in youth, combined with the influence of a depressing and souring lot. Born a posthumous child, bred up and supported by charity, which he fancied to be cruelly stinted though it was probably as much as the giver could afford, he was a misanthrope from his cradle. From his early years he kept his birthday as an anniversary of sorrow, celebrating it by reading the passage of Scripture in which Job cursed the day upon which it was said in his father's house that a man child was born. In his Thoughts on Religion, where, if anywhere, we have his settled opinions, he says, 'Although reason were intended by Providence to govern our passions, yet it seems that in two points of the greatest moment to the being and continuance of the world God has intended our passions to prevail over reason. The first is the propagation of our species, since no wise man ever married from the dictates of reason. The other is the love of life, which, from the dictates of reason, every man would despise, and wish it at an end, or that it never had a beginning.' His college course was one of fractiousness and disgrace; his early manhood was spent in a dependency which, though its degradation and irksomeness have been greatly exaggerated, can hardly have been soothing to his spirit. By his reckless profanity and grossness he set a black mark against himself in the outset of his clerical career, excluded himself for ever from high preferment in the English Church, and condemned himself to a deanery in place of a bishopric, and to exile in Ireland, a country which he detested and despised, though his mischief-making genius rendered him for a time its idol. The extraordinary degree of unofficial influence which he enjoyed as the companion and connection of Harley and Bolingbroke served only to tantalize his ambition and to add keenness to his ultimate disappointment. Thrice bitter it must have been to this stirring and ambitious politician, with his consciousness of great political knowledge and high debating power, to see the gate of the House of Lords, after standing ajar for three years, hopelessly closed against him forever. But something deeper than the deepest chagrin is required to account for his conduct to the two women whom, by his strange dalliance with their affections, he sent broken-hearted to their graves. There must have been some radical defect or deformity in his nature, some seeds of the fearful affliction under which he tragically died. He was one of the most savage libellers of his day, and did not stick at accusing a lady who crossed his designs of having red hair and being privy to the poisoning of her husband. 'It may be doubted,' remarks Scott, 'which imputation she accounted the most cruel insult, especially since the first charge was undeniable, and the second only arose from the malice of the poet.' Old friendship was no protection against the satirist's malignity, as appeared in the case of Steele. Swift could do generous things: he was often munificent; he was sometimes magnanimous; and he was true to his patron Harley in adversity; though it is not easy to say when his good deeds sprang from genuine benevolence, or when from the pride and ostentation of which he was undoubtedly full, and which made him specially delight in appearing as the dispenser of favours to literary men under the reign of his political patrons. But no one can imagine his views to be those of a serene

and philosophic mind calmly observing and truthfully describing human nature and the estate of man. Any such pretension is belied by the epitaph which he wrote for himself: '*Hic jacet* ——, *ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*' The man whose heart was being incessantly gnawed by a spleen which he styled indignation may be useful in the part of a Mephistopheles or an *advocatus diaboli;* he cannot be accepted as a teacher. Yet he may be well worthy of attention. When any one lifts his voice against misgovernment, he is invariably represented by the friends of the system as having a personal grievance; but if every one who had been personally aggrieved were to be disqualified for protesting, tyrants might sleep secure. So with the general dispensation under which we live. Any questionings as to its justice and beneficence are likely to proceed, not from the favoured, but from the wretched; and when all has been said about the distorting influence of the wretchedness, the arguments will remain to be discussed.

There are different kinds of satire: the epicurean, which laughs at mankind, and of which the master is Horace; the stoical, which indignantly lashes mankind, and of which the master is Juvenal; the cynical, which hates and despises mankind, and of which the master, supreme and unapproached, is Swift. Nothing in the cynical line can compete with Gulliver, either in ruthlessness or in genius. A man may have retained his social relations and perhaps his personal friends, just as he retained his deanery or his skin, but he must in heart have almost broken with humanity before he could have written and launched upon the world the description of the Yahoos. The tone of the period was optimist, especially in England. The series of civil wars and revolutions had been closed at last by a compromise which to its authors seemed admirably to combine constitutional monarchy with liberty, order with progress; Europe had been finally delivered by the arms of Marlborough from the reactionary tyranny of the French king; the union of Scotland with England had been accomplished; the halcyons of literature, art, and science were floating on the calm and sunlit sea. The spirit of a happy time was embodied in the philosophy of Locke, and in the theology of Tillotson and Stillingfleet, as well as in the social writings of Addison and Steele. The age was well satisfied with itself and with its prospects; humanity felt very dignified in its laced coat and full-bottomed wig. Into the face of this self-complacent generation, Swift flung Lilliput, Brobdignag, and the Houyhyms; dwarfing man to show his littleness, magnifying him to show his coarseness, and finally gathering from the lowest depths of his animal nature a hideous picture of his loathsomeness. Science is not spared; contempt and ridicule are poured upon the Newtons, as well as upon the statesmen of the day. In the unspeakable filthiness of Swift's poems we see only another manifestation of the same spirit; he is not pandering to a beastly or licentious imagination; he is simply dragging to light what is degraded and revolting in our nature, and destroying by defilement the self-respect of humanity. He respects no sanctuary, and takes singular delight in rending the roseate veil that shrouds the marriage-bed, and in displaying to us there also a couple of Yahoos. It would be difficult to find in his writings a sincere and disinterested profession of admiration or reverence for anything human, or a whisper of hope for the future of mankind.

If the Religion of Humanity is ever established, the Gospels and Epistles for Lent ought to be taken from the writings of Swift. From his own point of view he had studied his kind profoundly. Its littleness, its meanness, and its vileness he had thoroughly explored: 'I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained, till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer.' His cynicism, like the philanthropy of others, overflowed from man upon other creatures, and everything in nature that could justify contempt and loathing was evidently familiar and dear to him. Probably no other man ever lived who could say that he 'had *often* observed, *with singular pleasure*, that a fly driven from a honey-pot will immediately, with a very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement.' He tells, with almost unequalled force, home truths which ought to be present to the minds of all rulers and educators of mankind; but he who

should accept them unqualified by the truths on the other side would be a greater fool than the most extravagant Utopian. As a correction to political optimism of the Godwin and Jefferson type, his cynicism is particularly useful. In this respect he anticipates Carlyle, while he is wholly devoid of the mystical element which in Carlyle denotes an underlying optimism, with regard, at least, to the general constitution of the world. There have been two kinds of theoretic toryism in England, apart from the mere bias of aristocracy and wealth: that of the religious cavalier, who believed in the divine right of kings, and that of the cynic, who disbelieved in popular intelligence and virtue. Swift is a teacher of toryism of the cynical kind; probably no man held in more cordial contempt the superstitions of Filmer and Laud than he did; in fact, when he had become the under-ground pillar of a tory administration, his avowed principles remained whig, as they originally had been. In one passage he even ogles speculative republicanism; but toryism has always known him for its own. Liberals may gather from him, not any special lesson concerning the weak points of free institutions,—for with theoretic politics he deals little,—but the general habit of salutary misgiving and watchfulness against the optimistic illusions bred by over confidence in human nature. He reveals with the glare of an electric light the real difficulties with which we have to contend in advancing towards what the great English leader of the opposite party called the best form of government,—'that which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth towards the common good.'

Scott has persuaded himself that Swift 'possessed in the fullest degree the only secure foundation for excellence in the clerical profession,—a sincere and devout faith in the doctrines of Christianity.' It may be said of biographers even with more truth than of fathers of families that they are capable of anything. Swift, it seems, like a man of sense, did punctually and decorously enough whatever in the way of worshipping or preaching was required of him as a dean. He read prayers to his family; was seen engaged in private devotion; even composed a prayer, and printed a dozen of sermons, including one on brotherly love, which is from beginning to end a most virulent tirade against 'papists and fanatics,' the latter term of courtesy denoting the dissenters. He was a zealous defender of the privileges and interests of his order, writing vigorously in favour of the sacramental test, and against the commutation of the tithe on hemp. It is quite conceivable that he had his moments of religious emotion. But who can imagine that a man with a 'sincere and devout faith' could kneel down to pray, and rise up to write the Tale of a Tub, the Windsor Prophecy, or the Progress of Marriage? In the Thoughts on Religion we find the suggestive aphorism, 'The want of belief is a defect that ought to be concealed when it cannot be overcome.' Soon afterwards we are told that doubts are not wicked 'if they have no influence on the conduct of life;' if they do not prevent you from holding a deanery, trying hard to get a bishopric, advocating the sacramental test, and taking part in the persecution of dissenters. But Scott does not question the authenticity of those famous lines of Swift on the Day of Judgment, sent by Chesterfield in a letter to Voltaire, which are the very quintessence of cynical satire and (we can hardly doubt) an embodiment of the writer's real view of the world:—

> 'Offending race of human kind,
> By nature, reason, learning, blind;
> You who through frailty stepped aside,
> And you who never fell from pride;
> You who in different sects were shammed,
> And come to see each other damned;
> (So some folk told you, but they knew
> No more of Jove's design than you),
> The world's mad business now is o'er,
> And I resent these pranks no more.
> I to such blockheads set my wit!
> I damn such fools! Go, go, you're bit.'

Theistic theory and sentiment, whether in the shape of Christianity, or in any other shape, are radically inconsistent with misanthropy and pessimism; and it is hardly possible to doubt that in Swift's case the misanthropy and pessimism were sincere.

Voltaire's Candide is nothing but a squib on the extravagant optimism of Leibnitz and his school, with their pre-established harmony, their best of all possible worlds, and their attempts to conjure away the existence of evil by calling it a limitation or negation. It ends in persiflage,—'Cultivate your garden.' Of all squibs that ever were

written it is the best, at least it would be if Voltaire could only keep himself clean; but he finds it necessary once at least in every page to dip himself in the cess-pool. He was too light to have a serious philosophy; but such philosophy as he had was certainly not pessimistic. In Candide itself, the Utopians of Eldorado worship supreme benevolence with the pure rites of reason, and it is pretty clear that the writer is giving us his own ideal; while in politics Voltaire evidently thinks that the people may be made perfectly happy by a beneficent and enlightened monarch formed in his own school. There is, however, in Candide one passage which has not only a pessimistic tone but a ring of sad sincerity. 'I longed,' says a wretched old woman, 'a hundred times to kill myself, but I still loved life. This absurd weakness is perhaps one of our most fatal propensities; for can anything be more foolish than to choose always to bear a burden which one is all the time wishing to throw off; to abhor one's being and still cling to it; to caress the serpent which devours us, till it has eaten our hearts out?'

Passing over for the moment Hume, to whom we shall return immediately, we recognise in the now famous German, Arthur Schopenhauer, the originator of the pessimistic philosophy as distinguished from mere pessimistic sentiment. A claim is put in for the honour of simultaneous invention on behalf of the Italian Leopardi, with whose lamentations Schopenhauer was acquainted. But Leopardi was a good deal more of a poet than of a philosopher, and the writer of patriotic lyrics, however melancholy is their tone, can hardly have been a consistent pessimist. It has already been observed that we have no right to daff a pessimist's argument aside merely because, by his personal temperament and circumstances, he is naturally disposed to question the goodness of the dispensation. Yet it is impossible not to connect the philosophy with the special character and history of the man in such cases as those of Leopardi and Schopenhauer. Leopardi was a miserable invalid, the victim of pecuniary distress, and a sufferer from that which, in the case of a man conscious of genius, is more galling than want of health and money, —the sense of aspirations blighted and energies denied a field. It seems that the influence of the tender friendship which watched over him in his last years modified the bitterness of his soul and with it the sombre hue of his writings. With the history and character of Schopenhauer the world has now been made well acquainted. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Danzig. His father is described as a man of determined and obstinate character and a successful speculator, but with a taint of something morbid, which he probably bequeathed to his son. The mother of Schopenhauer was a lady who might have been expected to give birth to a writer, but scarcely to the founder of pessimism. She was herself the author of some art critiques and novels, and the centre of a literary circle; but she is described at the same time as a gay and rather dashing woman of the world. She seems, however, to have helped to form her son's philosophy and especially his doctrine concerning women, by the repulsive influence of her careless levity and by squandering the family fortune. Perhaps the social relations of a man of his temperament with ladies would almost suffice to account for his dislike. His literary talent is undisputed, and has helped the reception of his doctrine; but he was evidently a man of the most crabbed and bilious character. Medical science has applied its microscope to him, and supposes itself to have identified his disease. Besides his atrabiliousness, he was vexed with the infirmity of fear. During a visit which he paid to England, he formed an intense antipathy to the comfortable bigotry of the Protestant rectors, which evidently inclined him to a liking for Roman Catholic asceticism by the mere force of repugnance. Apparently he wished to distinguish himself as a teacher, and would perhaps have liked a professorial chair; though it would not be just to ascribe too much to any feeling of disappointment his intense hatred of the official teachers, notably Hegel, on whom he poured out the vials, not to say the slop-pails, of his wrath. He must in any case have seen in them deceivers of the brethren and enemies of pessimistic truth. He died unmarried. His last years were passed in retirement, with much material comfort, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Evidently, he was very conscious of his genius—he calls one of his own essays a pearl—and desirous of intellectual renown. During his life, however, his wish was not fulfilled. Germany, at that

time, was full of the bright hopes of unity, engaged in the animating struggle for that boon, and little inclined to accept the teachings of a pessimist. But now she is suffering from the disappointment that follows the attainment of felicity, from the reaction that ensues on high-nervous tension, and from the crushing pressure of taxation and the military system. Schopenhauer, accordingly, becomes a power, his doctrines mingling and harmonizing with those of the socialist leaders, whose influence is likewise the offspring of popular suffering and discontent. Overflowing into Russia, the dark stream of the pessimistic philosophy mingles with that of revolutionary revolt against the administrative abuses of the despotism; and the result is Nihilism, the most desperate of all the social insurrections, though its secrecy and the terror which it spreads have probably produced exaggerated notions of its extent. In France, it seems, a similar conjunction of pessimism with socialism is not unknown, albeit a French man of science has pronounced it impossible that the pessimistic virus should be generated in any country which drinks wine and not beer. The connection of pessimism as well as socialism with popular suffering is as clear as that of Calhoun's social theories with the possession of slaves. It is illustrated conversely by the case of the United States, where the good nature and philanthropic sentiment engendered by popular prosperity have given birth to Universalism and led to considerable mitigation of the doctrine of eternal punishment, even in churches which retain the orthodox profession.

Schopenhauer's philosophy may be succinctly described as Buddhism with a frontispiece of German metaphysics, to which his follower Hartmann has added another frontispiece of physics. He holds that this, instead of being the best, is the worst of all possible worlds. If you ask how he can be sure of this, the answer is that such a world, if another grain of evil were added to it, would cease to exist. There is no such thing as happiness. All action has its spring in uneasiness, and is painful in itself: pain is positive; pleasure is merely negative. The only enjoyment that can be called real is the contemplation of works of art, and this is confined to a few. In this last article Schopenhauer shows the influence of Goethe. Vice is that excessive measure of will which encroaches on the sphere of another will; virtue melts into mere pity for human woe. The spring of all existence, and so of evil, is will, which Schopenhauer erects into a universal substance, apart from intelligence and consciousness. Will, with its restless cravings, thrusts us into life, and deludes us with vain shows of virtue and happiness to keep us there. Our great object should be to make will desist from its cruel work by denying it, each in his own person, and throwing ourselves into a state of Lama-like passivity and resignation. Suicide of volition, in short, is the consummation at which we are to aim. Actual suicide, which seems the logical conclusion of Schopenhauer's teachings, is forbidden, as being not a negation but an affirmation of will,—a reason which would hardly have stayed the hand of Hamlet. Women, by whose allurements we are decoyed into propagating our species and keeping the race in the misery of existence, are naturally the objects of the pessimist's intense aversion. Love he thinks he has proved to be mere sensuality, stimulated by will in its craving for the realization of itself in the offspring of marriage. His counsel of perfection is monastic chastity, by which the propagation of the race would be quickly brought to an end. But in this line he appears rather to have held up a torch to emancipation than himself to have led the way. The life of an old bachelor in comfortable circumstances residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main was, it must be owned, more favourable to Lamaism and more anticipative of Nirvana than that of the work-people by whose daily labour the Lama was housed, clothed and fed. Yet could any 'affirmation of will' be more decided than the activity of an author with a strong, not to say knawing, desire of literary fame?

This we say, and everybody says, is Buddhism in a European dress. Yet in justice to Buddhism, it must be remembered that there is more than one interpretation of Nirvana, and that according to the more favourable view it is not mere annihilation, which is Schopenhauer's ideal, but the passive and impersonal bliss of the drop reunited to the sea. The sea of Divine Being, we cannot say, inasmuch as Buddhism knows no God; but the sea of Being, beyond the miseries, the chances, and the changes of the personal existence. There seems also

to be in Buddhism a more decided presentation than there is in Schopenhauer's philosophy of the principle that the blessed consummation is to be attained by virtue, though it is the virtue that grows on the banks of the Ganges, not that which grows on the banks of the Spree. The very beautiful picture of the founder of the system, drawn in Mr. Edwin Arnold's Light of Asia, is essentially sustained by the critical authorities.

At the same time, Buddhism has not failed to show the consequences of looking only at the dark side of our lot, and of merely striking the balance between the existing amounts of good and evil, without inquiring whether in the good there is any promise of ultimate victory which there is not in the evil. It may have afforded a doubtful and feeble consolation to myriads toiling and suffering under hard task-masters on the burning plains of Hindostan ; it has steeped boundless misery in a sort of spiritual Lethe ; but it has produced no effort, no society, no government, no civilization, no church, except a vast collection of monasteries filled with idleness in a dull trance.

The metaphysical reasonings by which Schopenhaur attempts to prove *a priori* that no happiness can exist we, for our part, are content to leave in the hands of his able critics, Mr. Sully and Mr. Caro. To their tribunal also we consign his theory that the world is merely a representation of the human brain. That the notions which we form by means of these five bodily senses of ours, the methodized perceptions of which are science, have no appreciable relation to the truth of the infinite is a probability, we may say a moral certainty, which physicism, in its hour of triumph, will do well to take with it in its car. But that the phenomenal universe, including the discoveries of the telescope, is a mere figment of the human brain seems a belief which will find entertainment only in a brain of very peculiar construction.

One thing, however, may be said in defence of Schopenhauer's metaphysics. He has just as good a right to call the operative and generative power in nature will as anybody else has to call it force. Development and evolution, in the same manner, if they denote anything more than the ascertained succession of phenomena, denote what is beyond the range of our perceptions That things follow each other in a certain order, science can tell. She can point, perhaps, to each link of the ascending series, from the slime of the sea up to the intelligence, the moral nature, and the æsthetic faculties of man. But how the ascent takes place ; how anything passes from one stage of its being into another stage ; how any growth, combination, or change is brought about, is a question of which she is totally ignorant, and veils her ignorance, perhaps from herself as well as from her disciples, under a set of quasi-physical terms. The only creative or generative power of which we have any actual experience is effort, by which, unless our consciousness mocks us, man modifies his own character as well as the things around him. From this, in fact, our idea of force is derived, and science would undergo no real change if we were always to use the same name. Meantime, to know but half of being, to see the phenomena and the succession of phenomena, but to see no more, is surely to be a long way from the point at which you would be able either to solve the mystery of the universe, or to pronounce that there is no solution. Schopenhauer is also nearer the truth than some other modern philosophers in his version of asceticism. It is the fashion now to speak of asceticism as a relic of the worship of a fiend who was to be propitiated only by the sacrifice of pain. No doubt in some cases, especially in that of the Eastern fakir, it is deeply tainted with a notion of this kind. But the aim of the Western ascetic, at all events in the main, has been self-purification. He has striven by mortifying the body to liberate the soul from her bondage to the flesh, and to prepare her for union with the divine. Grant that the effort has been misdirected, and that mere failure has been the result, though there would be something to be said on the other side ; still, the phenomenon will not lose all its significance, and a candid examination of it is essential to a complete history of humanity. We speak on the assumption that history is an important part of the study of man : for there seems to be a disposition in some quarters to set it aside as mere 'gossip,' which would be a very convenient arrangement for physicists determined to settle all questions without the help of any knowledge but their own.

That which has a practical and a most intense interest for us is Schopenhauer's uncompromising indictment of the goodness of the dispensation and of the character of the Power from which the dispensation proceeds. We mean the rational part of his indictment; for when a man avers that no real happiness is enjoyed by two young lovers on their wedding day, or by a philanthropist who sees his vision fulfilled, he may be left to settle his quarrel with the facts. But here the German pessimist had been anticipated by a philosopher of more weight than himself, and one not open to the *argumentum ad hominem* which may be urged with effect against Schopenhauer and Leopardi. David Hume was a man whose placidity of temperament verged upon the lymphatic. He lived the life which he had chosen for himself, and evidently was very happy in the exercise of his intellectual powers and the enjoyment of his literary reputation. If he had a fault, it was perhaps that he was too easy, too much of an intellectual epicurist, and, with all the social amiability which so greatly endeared him to his friends, lacked the motive power of earnest love of humanity which would have impelled him to push his way vigorously to the truth. Evidently, a state of scepticism was to him not painful, but luxurious; certainty would have been almost unwelcome, as the termination of a pleasant dalliance with great questions. He loved gracefully to hold out the scales of argument without pronouncing to which side in his own opinion the balance inclined. This elegant neutrality, or appearance of it, it was that made his writings peculiarly acceptable to men of the world, whom he seemed to place, with himself, above the angry insects of theological discussion. In his treatise on Natural Religion, the form of dialogue enables him to state all views without ostensibly embracing any one of them. Yet it can hardly be doubted that we have the real expression of his thoughts in the following extract, which though long is not prolix, and which sets before us with a force enhanced by the writer's general calmness of style the overwhelming enigma of man's estate.

'And why should man, added he, pretend to an exemption from the lot of all other animals? The whole earth, believe me, PHILO, is cursed and polluted; a perpetual war is kindled amongst all living creatures. Necessity, hunger, want, stimulate the strong and courageous; fear, anxiety, terror, agitate the weak and infirm. The first entrance into life gives anguish to the new-born infant and to its wretched parent; weakness, impotence, distress, attend each stage of that life; and 't is at last finished in agony and horror.

'Observe, too, says PHILO, the curious artifices of nature, in order to embitter the life of every living being. The stronger prey upon the weaker, and keep them in perpetual terror and anxiety. The weaker, too, in their turn, often prey upon the stronger, and vex and molest them without relaxation. Consider that innumerable race of insects, which either are bred on the body of each animal, or, flying about, infix their stings in him. These insects have others, still less than themselves, which torment them. And thus on each hand, before and behind, above and below, every animal is surrounded with enemies, which incessantly seek his misery and destruction.

'Man alone, said DEMEA, seems to be, in part, an exception to this rule. For by combination in society he can easily master lions, tigers, and bears, whose greater strength and agility naturally enable them to prey upon him.

'On the contrary, it is here chiefly, cried PHILO, that the uniform and equal maxims of nature are most apparent! Man, it is true, can by combination surmount all his *real* enemies, and become master of the whole animal creation: but does he not immediately raise up to himself *imaginary* enemies, the demons of his fancy, who haunt him with superstitious terrors, and blast every enjoyment of life? This pleasure, as he imagines, becomes in their eyes a crime; his food and repose give them umbrage and offence; his very sleep and dreams furnish new materials to anxious fear; and even death, his refuge from every other ill, presents only the dread of endless and innumerable woes. Nor does the wolf more molest the timid flock than superstition does the anxious breast of wretched mortals. Besides, consider, DEMEA: this very society, by which we surmount these wild beasts, our natural enemies, what new enemies does it not raise to us? What woe and misery does it not occasion? Man is the greatest enemy of man. Oppression, injustice, contempt, contumely, violence, sedition,

war, calumny, treachery, fraud,—by these they mutually torment each other; and they would soon disolve that society which they had formed, were it not for the dread of still greater ills, which must attend their separation.

'But though these external insults, said DEMEA, from animals, from men, and from the elements, which assault us form a frightful catalogue of woes, they are nothing in comparison of those which arise within ourselves, from the distempered condition of our mind and body. How many lie under the lingering torment of diseases? Hear the pathetic enumeration of the great poet:—

"Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide spread pestilence.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; DESPAIR
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch.
And over them triumphant DEATH his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good and final hope."

The disorders of the mind, continued DEMEA, though more secret, are not perhaps less dismal and vexatious. Remorse, shame, anguish, rage, disappointment, anxiety, fear, dejection, despair, —who has ever passed through life without cruel inroads from these tormentors? How many have scarcely ever felt any better sensations? Labour and poverty, so abhorred by every one, are the certain lot of the far greater number; and those few privileged persons who enjoy ease and opulence never reach contentment or true felicity. All the goods of life united would not make a very happy man; but all the ills united would make a wretch indeed; and any one of them, almost (and who can be free from every one?), nay, often the absence of one good (and who can possess all?), is sufficient to render life ineligible. Were a stranger to drop, on a sudden, into this world, I would show him as a specimen of its ills a hospital full of diseases, a prison crowded with malefactors and debtors, a field of battle strewed with carcasses, a fleet floundering in the ocean, a nation languishing under tyranny, famine, or pestilence. To turn the gay side of life to him, and give him a notion of its pleasures, whither should I conduct him? To a ball, to an opera, to court? He might justly think that I was only showing him a diversity of distress and sorrow.'

To the picture of the darker side of our lot there is, perhaps, nothing of much importance to be added, except the struggle for existence, which modern science has revealed, and which seems to involve as an essential part of the law of natural progress an immense amount not only of physical but of moral evil. If there is anything more to be said, it is that Hume, being unmarried, and with all his social qualities very much wrapped up in himself, has not laid so much emphasis, as he otherwise might have done, on the wounds and the ruin of affection.

'Is the Deity,' says Hume, 'willing to prevent evil, but not able? Then is he impotent. Is he able, but not willing? Then is he malevolent. Is he both able and willing? Whence, then, is evil?' Whence, our hearts may well repeat, is all this pain, misery, and anguish, which a being whose moral nature in any degree resembled the better part of ours, who had any share of human justice, sympathy, and mercy, would presumably prevent if it were in his power? The answer of dogmatic Christianity has already been noticed; so have the objections to that answer, arising from the manifest existence of evil and misery on this globe before the appearance of man, with the attempt of M. Secretan to meet the objections by extending backwards the operation of the Fall. Supposing Christianity to be true as an ethical system and as a general account of human nature, it will be capable of accommodation and extension without limit; but to foist upon it a philosophy of which its founders never dreamed, and which no ordinary understanding would find in it, is to make the gospel a concealment instead of a revelation of the truth. Besides, Hume would ask another question, Whence the Fall? This is not the place to inquire whether dogmatic Christianity is identical with evangelical Christianity, or whether evangelical Christianity, stripped of oriental and rabbinical forms, really says more than that man was spiritually dead and walking in darkness when life and light came into the world by Christ.

Eminent opponents of Schopenhauer take their stand on 'meliorism,' a name which they adopt as denoting a middle term between optimism and pessimism. The meliorist admits, as everybody but a Hindoo sage or a High German metaphysician would, the concurrent existence of good and evil, of happiness and

misery, of pleasure and pain, in the world. He does not attempt exactly to determine the relative proportions of the two elements; but he thinks he has satisfied himself by induction that there is a tolerable amount of happiness already, and that it is capable of being greatly increased by the adoption of methods which will constitute a new science. The treatment of happiness under the auspices of this science excludes all questions as to the existence of a Deity, or as to man's origin or destiny, dealing solely with this life and with the present world. But we are not told how men are to be prevented from thinking of these things, or how it is possible that, if they do think of them, their present sensations of pain and pleasure, happiness and misery, should not be affected by their thoughts. Anticipation, as well as the actual feeling of the moment, enters into our pain and pleasures. The present pang may be the same, but it makes all the difference to the man's sensation whether it is inflicted by a surgeon who is restoring him to health, or by a torturer who is putting him to death. The journey may be as toilsome, but the weariness will be less to a traveller going home, than to one going to prison. A hard life of duty is painful if there is no reward; but if there is a great reward in view, the pain is turned into pleasure. You may, if you think it worth while, create a factitious science by abstracting the consideration of our earthly life from all ideas that range beyond it; but you will find great difficulty in practically banishing speculative ideas and hopes which have taken firm possession of the mind of the race. You will hardly prevent those who have death always in view from continuing to ask themselves whether it is the end of existence or not. When we look up to the starry heavens, you will hardly restrain our thoughts from ranging beyond an earthly abode. Physical science just now is flushed with its splendid victories; it is inclined to assume that all ideas and aspirations will henceforth be bounded by its domain.

A melancholy temperament is considered by the meliorists to be one of the principal sources of human misery. From this they hope to deliver us, partly by physical appliances, partly by training us to direct our attention to the bright points of our lot and turn our minds away from what is less agreeable, as people liable to seasickness are kindly advised to fix their eyes on a distant object, and not think about the unpleasant motion of the vessel. In this way it seems to be hoped that the whole race will in the end become as merry as Mark Tapley. But Mark Tapley is not a man. He is an impersonation of jollity. He looks neither before nor after; if he were to begin to look before or after, the character would vanish like a ghost at cock-crow. So it would if he met with any heart-rending misfortune, such as may any day befall the happiest and most buoyant of mankind. A man loses his wife just when their hearts have been knit together, or his only child; these are every-day accidents, and how will a Mark Tapley philosophy take away their sting? Would there be any credit in being jolly beside the death-bed of affection? Religious resignation, if it is well founded, will take the sting from such misfortunes; but that is a very different affair. A cheerful temperament is, no doubt, an excellent thing, and it may be cultivated both mentally and by wise attention to physical health. But it will not prevent nature from sweeping men away by earthquake, plague, and famine, without mercy or justice. It will not alter the grim facts of the dispensation; and as the dispensation is, so men will see it, not in their convivial hours, but in their serious and reflecting moods, which make the grand tone of life. In the characters of the greatest men, and those who have done most for the race, the element of sadness has predominated, though beneath it there was a deeper spring of joy.

In some of these recipes for the cultivation of happiness there seems to be a fallacy of class. The great mass of mankind at the present time, to say nothing of the past, is a prey to evils of a much coarser kind than any of which mere temperament can be deemed the cause. Those who tell the miserable population of Hindostan, or that which, close to the Palaces of London, covers square miles with its misery, squalor, and despair, to cultivate a cheerful temperament are like the Duke of Norfolk who, in the midst of famine, advised the English peasantry to take a pinch of curry powder with their food. A similar fallacy seems to underlie the induction upon which a favourable estimate of existing happiness is based. A literary man asks perhaps a score or two of his

acquaintances whether happiness or unhappiness has predominated in their lives. They reply that happiness has predominated. But these people, however fairly selected, are all members of a well-to-do class in a civilized country. People of the indigent class, or living in countries not civilized, and being there, from their weakness, the victims of violence, might, if they could express themselves articulately, give a less favourable verdict; not to mention that the persons interrogated have probably always had, under affliction, the comforts, real or imaginary, of religion.

Death, we are told, is not to be regarded in any disagreeable light; it is rather to be looked upon as throwing a pleasant though pensive tint of elegiac tenderness over our being, and as rendering by its certain approach each particular moment of our allotted span more precious. The last reflection is eminently true in the case of the man who is to be executed to-morrow. It surely is difficult to get rid of the conviction that the more pleasant life is made the more unpleasant will be the loss of it, and the more disagreeable the thought that it may be taken from us at any moment by a whiff of infected air, or by the fall of a chimney-pot. There was a striking picture, years ago, in the London Academy of a miserable stone-breaker who had sunk placidly into his sleep beside his heap of stones. Willingness to be at rest in such a case as this we can understand, but hardly in the case of a man in a state of prosperous energy, with all the means of enjoyment and a loving family around him. If our happiness comes to consist in an increased degree, not of the pleasures which satiate and pall, but of those which belong to mutual affection, the pang will be all the sharper, and bereavement will become in its bitterness a second death. We cannot help remembering, when we hear philosophers speak so complacently of the prospect of annihilation, that none of us have yet got fairly clear of the penumbra of Christian faith and hope, or of the comforting impression that those who are parted here will in some way meet again hereafter. Examples have been held up of men of the new school of science who have rested with perfect contentment in the belief that this span was all, and have even been spurred to higher activity thereby. But these men hardly constitute a ground for a fair induction. Not only did they spend their lives in a transport of iconoclastic exertion, which allowed no space for melancholy thoughts, but they had only just emerged from a state of strong religious conviction, the influence of which, however unconscious they might be of it, could not fail to linger in their minds.

That man is fatherless, under the care of no providence, and the sport of a blind but irresistible force which in a moment wrecks his happiness, perhaps crushes myriads out of existence by a death of agony, is an idea which has hardly yet had time to present itself to us unveiled and in its full significance. Some think that it will be greatly softened if instead of blind force we teach ourselves to say law. But, in the first place, this is a comfort suited rather for the easy-chair of intellectual leisure than for rougher situations; it will not greatly relieve the mind of a man who finds himself buried alive in a coal-pit, or of a mother who sees her child in the agony of strangulation by diphtheria. In the second place, men of science have at last begun to admit what unscientific people urged long ago,—that law is a theistic term, to which untheistic science has no right. Untheistic science can take cognizance of nothing but facts, whether particular or general, and what comfort there can be in the mere generality of a cruel fact it is not easy to understand. We may make the passing remark, not irrelevant to the present subject, that with the admission that science is not entitled to speak of law is still coupled a confident assertion of the doctrine of scientific necessity. But how can there be necessity—at least, how can we have any assurance of it—without law? Can necessity be predicted of the mere recurrence of a general fact?

The struggle for existence is allowed to be an unattractive feature of the situation: but it is contended that its ugly aspect will be lessened, if not removed, by the beneficent intervention of society, which is sure to take the duty of selection into its own hands, and to exercise it by the milder agency of a control over undesirable propagation. This, in the first place, seems to imply that physical superiority, of which alone a legislator can take cognizance, is decisive, and that the world is better without such invalids as St. Paul, or Alfred, or Pascal. In the second place, it involves the assumption, which pervades all the social writ-

ings of Mr. Mill, that there is a wise and beneficent power called society, apart from and above the aggregate of individual action. Unluckily, no such earthly providence exists. There is nothing but government, with the infirmities of which and the danger of trusting it with unlimited power, or extending its sway to private conduct and to the household, experience has made us only too familiar. There is a gulf, across which we cannot at present see, between our actual political condition and that in which the world would be able to intrust its rulers with the power of regulating the union of the sexes, not to mention the other elements of the competition for existence. The nearest approach to any social action of this kind, perhaps, has been monasticism, which on the whole must have selected the physically weak for celibacy; but the net result of monasticism was not satisfactory. Moreover, it must be remembered that the struggle for existence goes on not only between individual members of society, but between nations and races. What Parliament of man or other earthly authority will ever be in a position to say to the inferior nations or races: You had better cease to beget children, so that you may quietly disappear and leave room for the Jingo, who will otherwise be placed by nature under the unpleasant necessity of slaughtering you in heaps, or otherwise exterminating you, in order to remove you out of the way of his evidently superior claim to existence?

This leads us naturally to a remark respecting human progre s, the conscious promotion of which is another of the things to which we are exhorted to look as growing sources of comfort. Let it be granted that progress, so far as it depends on the wants of the race and the supply of these wants, is almost mechanical, and certain to continue in its present course. Surely, there is also a part of it, and not the least important part, dependent on the extraordinary efforts of good men striking out against the ever-flowing current of evil and indifference, which would otherwise sweep us backwards, and thereby rendering special services of their kind. Sometimes the exercise of such energy is pleasant; but in other cases it involves a good deal of self-sacrifice, as it notably did in what few people are so fanatically anti-theological as not to deem a great gain to humanity, the foundation of Christianity. But self-sacrifice can hardly be reconciled with reason, unless it brings with it an ultimate reward. A man may submit to martyrdom for the truth's sake, if he is to pass through the gate of death to the Father of Truth; he will hardly do so if he is to go down into the pit. People, in short, will sacrifice themselves to progress and to the general good of their kind if they believe that, apart from what may happen to them in the flesh, they have a perpetual interest in the result; on the opposite hypothesis, they will not. As we have said before, you cannot, in estimating the feelings of men, eliminate anticipation. A subjective existence, to be enjoyed in the lives of posterity when you have utterly ceased to be, and the last trace of your memory has vanished, is a fantasy which may be fondled by a refined imagination, but will heal no wounds and countervail no hardships in the case of ordinary men. Here again the materialist or positivist view of life appears to have derived an idea and borrowed a hue from Christianity. Christian progress is that of the church militant gaining gradually a victory over evil, in which every Christian who acts up to his profession will have his share. This is a belief which, if sincerely entertained, cheers the most arduous, the most wearisome, and the dullest path of duty. Moreover, the end of the Christian progress is the reception into the divine essence of spirit perfected by trial and soaring away from the ruin of the material globe. The end of positivist progress is a physical catastrophe in which everything will perish. No thought very animating, or very likely to nerve men to high self-sacrifice, is produced by the prospect of a march of humanity, like that of a blind column of animals or insects, towards final and total destruction. That those who at last drop into the gulf will be improved specimens of the race, and will carry with them the accumulated results of its efforts through all the ages, is hardly a redeeming feature of the outlook. Science has begun to calculate the rate at which the sun exhausts its vital fires; who can say that the fatal period may not even be anticipated by some other astronomical agent of destruction? However that may be, the certain end of the collective effort, to which we are to immolate ourselves individually, according to positivism, is inanity and dust.

Schopenhauer has insisted on the fact that with civilization and refinement sensibility to pain and grief will increase. The reply is obvious that capacity for pleasure will increase also; but it may be difficult to strike the balance. Art, from which alone Schopenhauer thinks any real pleasure can proceed, seems certainly, as character deepens and intellect grows more subtle, to contain in it a larger element of melancholy and of craving for the unattained. But, as has already been said, the misery of the mass of mankind consists in bodily want and toil that leave little room for enjoyment; the day is far distant when the mere question of sensibility will affect more than a few.

Infinite space might be consumed in settling the account between the past and the present in respect of material happiness. The railroads, telegraphs, and cheap cottons of the present are obvious; on the other hand, in old countries crowding involves no small loss of comfort and enjoyment. To the division of labour we owe a vast increase of production; but at the same time the labour of the producer becomes far duller and more wearisome than it was when each man saw and could rejoice in the finished work of his own hands. Even the improvements which appear most completely within man's power are very long in coming, and almost seem as if they would never come. During the best period of Catholicism, morality in the vesture of religion strove earnestly, and not wholly without effect, to place restrictions upon war. But now such morality is again consigned to contempt, and Europe has developed a system of standing armies which again places assured peace at an immeasurable distance, and in the meantime makes the happiness and lives of millions the sport of imperial ambition or the dice of a political gambler.

The optimism which maintains that there is no evil in life and the pessimism which maintains that there is no good, are equally out of court. But so far as it is a question between meliorism and the opposite theory, which we suppose must be called deteriorism, the advocates of the less favourable hypothesis are not unlikely to hold their own. They may do so, at all events, if we take into consideration the whole human race, in past times as well as in the present, not merely the élite of a comparatively civilized generation.

This, however, is certain: the justice and goodness of the dispensation can be vindicated only on the hypothesis that the efforts and sufferings of the human race and perhaps not only of the human race but of sentient beings, tend towards some achievement in which each individual contributor will have his part. Even an earthly king would deem it poor praise to be told that he had made myriads of his people miserable, without compensation or redemption, in bringing the rest to a very problematical state of happiness. Love of life and fear of death are a sufficient guaranty against the universal suicide to which Schopenhauer's philosophy would logically tend, as the sexual influence is against the extinction of the race by celibacy which he actually suggests. But this proves little; the burden of life is dragged by myriads whom no one would call happy. That mere existence is a blessing to a Hindoo peasant, who maintains himself by unceasing toil on the brink of destitution, sees his children starving round him, and ends his days by famine or some fearful disease, none but the most fanatical optimist will contend. Besides, we come back to the question why the Author of all being could not or would not confer upon the Hindoo peasant, who had committed no sin before his birth, the same measure of happiness which is conferred on other men.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his recent work, on 'The Data of Ethics,' which we all expected with interest and have read with respect, says that conflicting theories of ethics embody severally portions of the truth. 'The theological theory contains a part. If for the divine will, supposed to be supernaturally revealed, we substitute the naturally revealed end towards which the power manifested throughout evolution works, then, since evolution has been and is still working towards the highest life, it follows that conforming to those principles by which the highest life is achieved is furthering that end. The doctrine that perfection or excellence of nature should be the object of pursuit is in one sense true; for tacitly it recognises that ideal form of being which the highest life implies, and to which evolution tends.' The writer can perhaps reconcile this better than we can with the mechanical theory of evolution and dissolution embodied

in his First Principles. Not only is it a 'reconciliation' with theology; it is theology itself, or something upon which theology might be built. The power which manifests itself throughout evolution clearly cannot be evolution itself. It is equally evident that 'working towards' an object is a different thing from a merely mechanical progress,—from rhythm of motion, the instability of the homogeneous, and equilibration. Let there be added a definition of the highest life, and also a statement of the grounds on which that life is to be deemed higher than another; we shall then have, not indeed supernaturalism, but the foundations of natural theology, less the mere name of Deity. It is difficult to see why even prayer should be thought wholly irrational, if it is an entreaty for help in the endeavours to reach perfection, addressed to the great Co-Worker.

It is impossible to conceive a Power working through and with intelligence and beneficence towards an end assumed to be good, yet being itself unintelligent and unbeneficent. It is almost equally impossible to conceive an intelligent and beneficent Power making worlds as a child makes houses on the sand, merely that they may perish and leave no trace behind. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul has become so entangled with animistic fancies, mediæval superstitions, and imagery of crowns and harps, or of flames and serpents, crystalized into literal belief, that the contemptuous treatment of it by certain men of science may be considered excusable, if it is not philosophic. But let it be put simply on the hypothesis that the progress by which being has risen from protoplasm to humanity and the higher forms of humanity is still continuing and destined to continue; that spirit in its turn is coming into existence; and that it will not necessarily perish with the material world. There is nothing in this from which science need shrink, unless it be a foregone conclusion that anything relating to man which does not fall within the domain of physiology must be a silly dream. The notion of selfishness or of the eternal perpetuation of self which attaches to the belief in immortality and affords abundant matter for sneers and jibes appears to be perfectly gratuitous. It is in the best men that we seem to see the dawn of immortality, and the best men are the least selfish. Spirituality is in fact emancipation from the influences by which selfishness is bred. Nor does it appear that we can set limits to the process, difficult as it may be for us to conceive of a being conscious and active, yet unlimited by self.

The eminent writer from whom we have just quoted looks forward to a millennium of his own,—the millennium of one who holds that 'the ideally moral man is one in whom the moving equilibrium is perfect.' But this millennium is a weary way off, and it is to be feared that the prospect of it will hardly have much effect in inducing even ordinary men, not to speak of human wolves like the Fredericks and Napoleons, to subordinate their 'simple representative feelings,' to their 'complex representative feelings' on proper occasions and in due proportions. More than this, the millennium when it comes will be miserably imperfect, unless Mr. Spencer can induce nature to mend her behaviour as well as man. Let humanity be brought to the acme of moving equilibrium; let the sanitary aspirations of Dr. Richardson be fulfilled by the institution of a Salutland with all possible appliances of health and a name that does not outrage etymology; still, if nature persists in her practices of storm, flood, fire, plague and earthquake, to say nothing of the burden which her stubborn and niggardly temper lays upon the sinews of toiling humanity, the happiness will be very far from perfect. It would be very far from perfect, even if it were to be lasting; but in the case of each man the moving equilibrium will be always advancing, in accordance with the law laid down in First Principles, to an inevitable 'dissolution.' Death will always impend; and, as we have already said, the greater the happiness of man is, and the more sensitive and forecasting he becomes, the more terrible in all probability death will be. Even in Mr. Spencer's philosophy we think we can discern anticipations of a condition in which to put off death would be the most absorbing of all objects, and the risk or certain sacrifice of life which men have faced from the love of their kind in doing good or in withstanding wrong would be regarded as mere insanity. Pile on the language of sentiment as you will, a man's conduct will be governed by his real interest; and his real interest must terminate with his existence. Then,

after all, comes the general dissolution; the last generation of mankind, heir of all the preceding effort, perishes in some awful catastrophe, and the moral paradise is an atomic chaos.

Suppose effort, or that which presents itself to our consciousness as effort, to be the law of the universe and the life of the power which pervades it; suppose the object of effort in the case of man to be the attainment of a moral ideal which has a value in the eyes of the Author of Being; and suppose spirit, having attained the ideal, to be destined to survive the dissolution of the material globe,—suppose all this, and reason may sanction an optimistic view, not of our present state, but of the sum of things. Otherwise, though nobody but a metaphysician of gloomy temperament will deny the existence of a certain measure of happiness among men, or at least among the more favoured portion of them, pessimism will have the best of the argument on the whole. The dispensation under which we live can hardly be called beneficent; assuredly, considering the myriads who have been and still are being sacrificed, it cannot be called just.

No man of sense, no one who has faith in reason and truth, can doubt that the time has come for a perfectly free and frank discussion of all these questions, subject only to those restraints of reverence and charity which wisdom as well as right feeling would prescribe. All who give any thought to such matters know how we stand, and what is going on beneath the surface of apparent orthodoxy and conformity, even where the crust at present remains unbroken. If a real religious philosophy is possible, this is the time for its appearance. On one side, we have the official defenders of the established creed desperately identifying all religion with the untenable; on the other hand, we have men trained exclusively in physical science, contemptuously ignorant of history and philosophy, that is of moral and social man, and determined, with a fanaticism scarcely less virulent than that of theologians, to expel all religion from the world. Between the two extremes is it not possible to find some foundation for a rational religion? It must be possible, if we are in the hands of a being who cares for us, who has power to guide us to the truth, and to whose character the better part of ours affords a real clue.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

POVERTY.

BY GEO. E. SHAW, B.A., TORONTO.

HAIL Poverty! in darkness and in light,
The last of all my friends to keep aloof;
Thou spurnest not my humble, lonely roof,
But jealously dost keep me within sight.
Thou dost preserve me from the pampering blight
Of Luxury, which heralds feebleness;
And often when I riches would possess,
Thou firmly settest my rash thought aright.
Thou sayest a fast is better than a feast,
And those who have too much are far too proud,
While higher aspirations come at least
To those to whom but little is allowed,
And that the poor alone the contract share
Of building the best castles in the air!

ROUND THE TABLE.

'GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE' THEOLOGY.

IT can scarcely be said that popular theology is a difficult thing to deal with now-a-days. It is happy itself and wants to make everybody happy. No more absolute doctrines, no more inflexible principles, no demand any longer for the subjection and humiliation of the intellect and moral nature, no more trembling before the awfulness of a revelation, nothing to vex or strain or unduly agitate the human spirit. It seems to come to every ordinarily well-conditioned man and say: 'Well, how would *you* like to suppose this universe is "fixed," governed, you know, arranged, conducted, and all that kind of thing? Because, anything you are pleased to imagine, anything your inner consciousness requires, you may without hesitation adopt as your creed. Everybody does it now-a-days, and why should you make yourself an exception? It was well enough for your ancestors, rude men and women, with strong passions and unlimited powers of endurance, not to mention their queer unbending notions as to the difference between true and false,—it was well enough for them to ponder texts in a painful effort to discover what they were enjoined to believe; but these are more enlightened days, and people make their own revelations as they go along. You do not like the doctrine of future punishment probably; very few people do at present; well, just tone it down to suit yourself; have your "doubts" or your "hopes," or whatever else you need to make yourself comfortable. For, after all, the grand use of a theology to-day is to save people from the worry of too much thought and too much earnestness, to give them the feeling of believing something without really tying them down to anything.'

The last example that has met my eye of this 'go-as-you-please' theology is the address of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at a recent celebration of the birthday of Burns. Mr. Beecher is a representative man in the widest sense of the word. He speaks to, and for, thousands whenever he opens his mouth in public. He has done much to mould public thought during the last twenty-five years, and is doing much still. We may be sure, therefore, that his way of looking at theological problems is also the way of a very large section of the religious world. Does Mr. Beecher, then, judge Burns as a theologian, in any strict sense of the word? Does he judge him in the light of any supernaturally revealed doctrines? Or is he just as free to follow his own notions and preferences in regard to the questions which he raises of the poet's position in the spiritual world, as if there were no 'place of salvation,' no special Divine method, no one foundation of all hope? This is what the eminent divine is reported as having said:

'In speaking of the hero of this evening, I am met on the threshold by one objection—his moral character. It may not seem fitting that I, as a clergyman, should eulogize him. Ladies and gentlemen, you have got nothing to do with his moral character. I don't like to hear allusions to it. He is dead and gone. The question is, what has he left behind? . . . His works did more to elevate his race than all the sermons that were preached during his life. His name will go down with glowing honours to the end of time, and methinks we shall hear his voice again. *Not to meet Burns would be to miss one of the brightest stars from out the whole galaxy of heaven. Not one speck now mars the beauty of his brow. Any man who has done so much to elevate his race is washed in the river of life.*'

All very well, all very fine; but where does Mr. Beecher find all this? On whose authority does he say it? The only answer that can be given is, that this is the view of the case which commends itself to Mr. Beecher's common sense and to his natural perceptions of justice. Mr. Beecher therefore believes in the Bible, and adheres to a system of theology, just so far as common sense and common equity permit. Yet thousands of people who admire Mr. Beecher

ask at times in alarm what would become of the world if it were not for an infallible revelation. The Brooklyn pastor would seem to answer: the world would use its common sense, as I do mine, and would probably be no worse off than it is now. To which it would be well if all the people would say Amen.

W.

CONCOCTING OF NATIONS.

One result—or at least one sequence—of the political consolidation which has produced this Dominion, seems to be a sad proclivity, among some of us Canadians, for—to coin an uncouth term in order to designate what, in my humble opinion, is an unwise practice—theoretical nation-mongering. 'This Canada of ours' is the especial object of the fancied operations to which I refer. Perhaps this exercise is a natural enough result of the very political union mentioned. Doubtless great and beneficial individual results were anticipated from that measure;—in some instances very reasonably, whilst in others quite the reverse. Doubtless, too, in a large number of these individual cases, there has been a disappointment. Can anything be more unreasonable—can anything be more really silly—than for those disappointed ones to go about incessantly carping at the Dominion of Canada as such, because it has not forthwith built up, in substantial stone and mortar, each and every one of their highly ornamented castles in the air? These people come, for the most part, under two classes. Those of one of them find our country too large, and its institutions too complex. They are weakly bewildered, and lack-a-daisically whine for a return to the old state of affairs—as if anything was ever truly undone, or accurately reproduced. Those of the other class, to which I more particularly refer, seem to consider Canada as still too small and mean a field for the exercise of their—or, I will say, of Canadian—faculties. What do they propose to do about it? Strange to say, there are still some Rip Van Winkle-ish individuals amongst us, who occasionally pipe up the cry of annexation to Yankeeland! There was a time when it was no very uncommon thing, throughout these Provinces, for young and superficial politicians, when thwarted in the pursuit of their personal aspirations, to go forth into the world foaming threats of 'Annexation.' Such proposals, if they were ever seriously intended to be such, have been so generally laughed and frowned down, that we cannot but suppose that those who renew them at this late date must be far gone in their second childhood. But even so, and granting all that may be reasonably insisted on as to the 'rights of free discussion,' cannot such people yet see that in thrusting their annexation nostrums before us, as a cure for evils which they assume, they perpetrate a gross insult upon us Canadians? I maintain — for, as I think, obvious reasons—that every publication amongst us of an 'Annexation' scheme is a gross insult to every Canadian subject of Her Majesty. Every such political projector would do well, perhaps, to 'annex' himself as early and as quietly as possible; but he trifles too seriously with the proper feelings of his neighbours, when he insists upon their becoming 'annexed' along with him.

Then we have another set of fancied malcontents, who advocate—Canadian independence; no less! Supposing that we Canadians had no feeling in this matter; that there were no moral ties connecting us with the Mother Country, and that we owed no allegiance to our sovereign—which is supposing an immense deal,—one requires a most productive imagination to conceive what preponderance of good over evil we could derive from this 'Independence' freak. It is difficult to reply to its advocates, because of the very paucity and flimsiness of the reasons furnished by them in the advocacy of their views. One false idea lies at the bottom of all the theories of these people,—as, indeed, of those of most political speculators of our day. It is, that for every projected political movement, of this or any future time, we must find some precedent. It seems scarcely necessary to say, although some people apparently persist in forgetting it, that the known history of the world affords no precedent for Canada of the present day—no precedent of the relation which she, in common with the remainder of the British Colonial Empire, bears to the Mother Country. Consequently, the former course pursued by any other colony, or off-shoot, from any other State whatsoever, affords no guide for the action of Canada. She

must pursue her own natural and reasonable course. Daily and hourly we hear people say that 'the British Constitution was not made; it grew.' Yet some of the very people who utter this—without conceiving its meaning, we must suppose—and who laud that constitution as the best ever yet known, are grandly proposing to us Canadians to reform our nationality upon an entirely artificial and arbitrary model, and one which is adverse to our better feelings, traditions, prejudices, and—I must add—our interests. We require, and, as I believe, we wish no revolutionary measures. Natural evolution, apart from all application of political quack nostrums, will bring out all that is best in us and in our country. In our now virtual independence; in our unsurpassed political freedom, and our scarcely equalled exemption from political burdens, let us go on to settle, improve, and wisely manage our magnificent domain. Let us not say that we can't do it. Such a poor, pitiful admission announces imbecility. If such things must be, it had better be left to posterity to say that we could not. If things go wrong among ourselves, let us go to work manfully and put them right, instead of madly preaching revolution. If, in the course of this evolution, our Dominion eventually becomes a part of a Consolidated British Empire, so much the better for us and for the world at large.

In reality, I anticipate no action whatever from the propagation of these revolutionary tenets. Then why notice them at all? Simply because they are a bore to the public, and to some extent worry men's minds, and distract them from the real duties they have in hand. If I supposed these avowed revolutionists really 'meant business,' I would only hint to them in the terms which the poet has put in the mouth of Claverhouse:—

"Ere the Queen's crown go down, there are heads to be broke;"—

knowing that there are few amongst us who would not willingly be in at the breaking.

P. S. H.

J. G. W., ON DR. NEWMAN.

It is not a very unusual thing for one of the parties to a controversy—or both for that matter—to wander from the point; but it is a most unusual thing for a man to forget so completely what the point in dispute is, as positively to upbraid his opponent for confining himself to it. Such, however, is the state of mind of J. G. W. He says that I expend most of my energy on the meaning of the word 'generality.' I do indeed plead guilty to expending such energy as the present discussion requires—fortunately not much—upon the question as to the natural meaning of the expression 'glittering generalities,' and upon J. G. W's singular ignoring of its meaning. And my defence is that the only question that I ever raised, or sought to raise, was as to whether Dr. Newman's writings abounded, as alleged by J. G. W., in 'glittering generalities;' and if I have confined myself to this, the readers of the MONTHLY will probably think that I have set a good example, which it might have been well if J. G. W. had followed. As to a slight verbal criticism which my last contribution contained, the Editor will bear me witness that, after sending him my manuscript, I asked him to suppress the remark in question, which, as it occurred parenthetically only, it was quite easy to do. The Editor may well be pardoned for overlooking my request; but nevertheless it was not without surprise and some regret, that I saw the remark in question in print.

J. G. W. now reminds us that the phrase 'glittering generalities' was coined by Lord Beaconsfield. What inference he wishes us to draw from the fact is not clear, unless it be that a coinage of his Lordship's, who has made so many phrases in his day, should not be subjected to too rigorous a definition or application. This inference I am not, however, prepared to draw. Grant that his Lordship meant little or nothing by the phrase, those who take it up must be supposed to mean something by it, and must be held to account if they use it without justification.

J. G. W. now attempts to show that he did not lose sight of the meaning of the expression when he applied it to Dr. Newman's statement in regard to the view of sin taken by the Catholic Church; and he also tries to explain why, having adduced this statement as an example of a 'glittering generality,' he proceeded at once to criticise it as something wholly different. I am well content to leave this very 'thin' per-

formance to the judgment of all who have taken an interest in the present discussion.

In answer to my demand for further examples, J. G. W., who professed to have such a store of them at command, now tells us that he has not 'the work' by him, or else he could produce some fine ones. Then by all means, let him get the work, and give us something at last that shall really be to the point. He need not be afraid of tiring his readers in that way for some time to come, though I should hesitate to say that they have not had enough of moral denunciation of Dr. Newman and his opinions. The latter part of the business, I should say, has been as much overdone as the 'glittering generality' part has been underdone.

When, in my last contribution, I charged J. G. W. with confusion of mind, the grounds on which I did so were obvious, I think, to the meanest intelligence. I would beg, therefore, any reader who cares to estimate the candour of my opponent—a 'liberal' assailant of Dr. Newman — to turn to what I wrote—3rd paragraph—and then to J. G. W.'s statement that I charge him with mental confusion partly because he believes in certain new systems of morality. It will be found that the statement in question is utterly without foundation. The 'confusion,' as any one can see—as J. G. W. must have seen—was in adducing as a 'generality' what was not a generality, in criticising it, not as a generality, but as an example of the baneful effect of ecclesiasticism, and then passing on to considerations wholly foreign to the matter in hand.

The Editor is possibly of opinion that this discussion has lasted long enough; but, if he allows it to go on a little longer, I trust that some light may be thrown upon the question whether or not Dr. Newman has been imposing on the literary world with 'glittering generalities,' giving us in fact a false rhetoric instead of the careful, measured and significant utterances which were supposed to be characteristic of his style. If J. G. W. can expose him to the world as a literary trickster, instead of the serious thinker and writer he has had the credit of being, the achievement will be one of some moment. A caution, however, seems here to be necessary. J. G. W. appears to imagine that every historical statement with which he does not agree, may be cited as a 'glittering generality'; but, in the language of the *Edinburgh Review*, 'this will never do.' We want the 'generalities,' and we want the 'glitter': less than this will not meet the case.

TINEA.

A PARALLEL.

Mr. Goldwin Smith was much berated by some of the party journals for having described Canada as 'rough, raw, and democratic, but our own.' An able American writer, however, 'M. W. H.,' in the New York *Sun*, does not hesitate to speak in terms, at least as plain, of American civilisation and literature. Criticising Mr. Henry James's 'Life of Hawthorne,' and accusing the author of an over-refinement of style and thought, this writer says: 'There is a ludicrous incongruity in the application of Saint-Beuvian methods to a raw and chaotic society, to a puny, callow and amorphous literature. To be in the least appropriate or helpful our American criticism must borrow the manner of the pedagogue, and not that of the courtier; we need plain speech and not pretty speech; the truth must be hammered and not filtered into us. . . We are all provincial, perhaps vulgar, and why should we be scared by words which Mr. Matthew Arnold intimates are also applicable to contemporary England?' Now in all this there is not the least disposition manifest to underrate things American. On the contrary a certain honest pride is shown in avowing the limitations of a civilisation and a literature which, with all their faults, are yet dear to the writer's heart. It is easy to recognise when the truth is spoken in love, and when compliments are paid in malice; and we may thank Mr. Goldwin Smith that he has sincerely, and in a spirit of true friendship, told us the truth about the country in which he has cast his lot. The evil-minded may find fault and try to arouse ignorant prejudice; but the common sense of the country will be with the man who, undeterred by fear or favour, speaks from moment to moment the truth that is required.

L.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Milton. By MARK PATTISON. Morley's Series of English Men of Letters. New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1880.

MILTON'S biographers have many advantages over those who relate the life of Shakespeare which cannot be all attributed to the mere fact that Milton lived at a later date than the great dramatist. Their lives in fact overlapped by a few years, and but for the comparatively early death of the elder poet, he might have heard the preludes to those strains with which the younger man was to carry on the traditions of English poetry in its highest degree. Yet we are driven to speculate about the life of Shakespeare, while the whole scheme of Milton's existence is laid open to us! In one way alone, not to mention others, we can learn much of Milton, and that is from his own writings. Without any affectation, for no man was less conceited than he; without an undue obtrusion of his personality upon his readers, for few great men have been more truly modest; Milton has himself lifted the veil that might have obscured his character, and has let the daylight into the retired chambers of his soul. He has done this in two different ways. From his twenty-third year he was in the habit of occasionally writing sonnets, usually upon some event which touched him nearly. Most of these he could never have meant, at the time he wrote them, to make public; they are too much part of himself, and partake too much of the nature of an exquisite ejaculatory prayer or a noble and ennobling resolve. But the beauty of their framing prevented them from being lost to the public, and we have now, in Milton's own words, what high thoughts and motives were his—what an exaltation he gave to the ideal of a poetic life at a time when the religious world of England looked upon verse as a snare, and when the courtly world of England was doing its best by narrow affectations to degrade the art to its lowest level. What wonderful composure do we find in that sonnet (his second? one), in which he declares himself satisfied, that though his 'inward ripeness' might appear delayed, though friends might deem his life an unprofitable one, yet

> 'It shall be still in strictest measure even
> To that same lot, however mean or high,
> Towards which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.'

The other way in which Milton was led to write about his own life was in defending himself, controversially, from the personal attacks with which his antagonists sought to destroy the effect of his arguments. It would take too long to show how many interesting facts are thus to be collected from the hints strewn broad-cast through the poet's prose works; it is enough to draw attention to them generally, and to point out that the sameness noticeable in many lives of Milton is partly attributable to the stress which all his biographers very properly lay upon this, their common material.

While upon the subject of Milton's prose works, we would remark that Mr. Pattison appears to us to take an unduly severe view of them. It is easy work now for a scholar to sit down and point from amid his hours of lettered leisure to the abuse, none the less truculent for being couched in the best Latin or the most nervous English, with which Cromwell's Latin Secretary overwhelmed his opponents. But Milton's was not a 'cloistered virtue,' it had dared the struggles and the combats of an exceptional epoch, and had come out of the fray, 'not without dust and blood' upon its garments. As to the effect of his polemical works, which Mr. Pattison considers was but small, we fancy the Parliament which voted him its thanks, and would (had he permitted it) voted him a substantial recompense, for his defence of the people of England, was perhaps in a better position to judge of this than we can be. We are too apt to judge the public of the past by the public of to-day. Because the 'Defensio' or the 'Eikonoclastes' would not persuade the England Mr. Pattison lives in, are we to jump to

the conclusion, that they must have had as like effect upon the England of Cromwell and of Pym? It must be remembered that controversies in those days were no rapier-duels, but combats *à l'outrance*. Compared with the polemical writings of the Reformation, the only ones with which they can be compared fairly, either with regard to the grandeur of the subject matter or the absorbing interest which they evoked, we must admit that Milton's controversial writings are almost mild.

It is, perhaps, an unintentional tribute that so many of Milton's critics have paid him, when they, in effect, blame him for not being further in advance of his age than he really was.

Mr. Pattison has done the main part of his work with care and a due amount of skill, and the book may be safely recommended to any one in want of a concise life of Milton and an intelligent *resumé* of critical opinion upon his works. Yet we cannot altogether praise Mr. Pattison's style. The expression '*battailous* canticles' was probably meant to be Miltonic, and the phrase 'literary *digladiations*' is certainly Johnsonese; but we must venture to condemn both, and to wonder how they slipped past Mr. Morley's notice. 'These and *other-such-like* inaccuracies' is a vulgar colloquialism, and we know no good recent authority for the use of the word 'truanted' as an active verb. There was certainly no need to cashier our old friend 'to play the truant.'

On page 190, too, we notice a clumsily constructed sentence, which, construed grammatically (and Rectors of Colleges ought not to object to their phrases being strictly analysed), asserts that Wordsworth preceded Milton in point of time. In most other respects the book shows signs of careful editing, and will fill a respectable place in the series.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802-1808. Part I. No. 97 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

THE life of the first Napoleon has yet to be written. Even as the facts of that life, as they occurred from day to day, staggered and bedazzled the observer, so as to make it almost impossible for him to form a true estimate of the General, Consul, Emperor and Exile, so even now that life as a whole appears almost too great and many-sided to be grasped by any one historian. It is true that we have passed the stage when a history, such as that compiled by Sir Walter Scott, can be accepted in despite of its inaccuracies in the relation of simple facts. It is no less true that the vehement spirit of partisanship, which colour with such opposing tints the pages of Alison on the one hand and Thiers on the other, has died away. Probably, had it not been for the inopportune appearance of that bastard Second Empire which traded for its own mean ends upon the glorious traditions of its great prototype, we should have seen by this time a fair and generally acceptable biography of the man who inherited the unsettled estate and with it the all-powerful aspirations of the French Revolution. Unfortunately the political exigencies of Napoleon III.'s reign awoke old prejudices and slumbering animosities. The events of the first Empire served as stalking-horses behind which to eulogize or to ridicule its *simulacrum*, and the stream of Time which was slowly clarifying itself so as to become a medium capable of disclosing the past instead of merely mirroring the present, was once more stirred up and muddied by the drag-nets of historical caricaturists in the interests of opposing parties.

Many interesting memoirs remain to us. The secluded years at St. Helena, so disgraceful to the Holy Alliance which demanded, and to the aristocratic England which conceded, them, afforded an opportunity for the collection and preservation of much matter of historical and personal reminiscence on the part of the Emperor himself. Several of his most attached generals have written and contributed the material for works, throwing much light upon his military genius; and the despatches and state papers of France supplement these in the fullest manner by adding the contemporaneous testimony of men whose lips were afterwards sealed to a great extent by their acceptance of office and promotion from the Bourbons.

Nor is it to French sources alone that we turn for information upon this fascinating topic. Although the ordinary English mind of the period was not able to

recognise the grandeur of Napoleon's character,—although the threatening power of the Empire was so great, and the risks and burdens of a Continental war so heavy, that the sturdy English character resented the mere idea of the approach of alarm by hastening to belittle and to vilify the Emperor,—yet there were honourable exceptions to this rule. It is with pleasure that the candid Englishman reads such a work as Napier's Peninsular War, and shares the warm indignation with which that gallant soldier repels the carping criticisms and the dishonouring suggestions of men who had sought to exalt their country and to justify their party by dragging down to their own base level the antagonist who leagued all Europe against us.

Still, the life is yet unwritten; and when it is undertaken these memoirs of Mde. de Rémusat, so late in their birth, will be of importance. She lifts the veil from the domestic life of the Palace, hidden from us until now. She shows us the family intrigues, the disputes, the reconciliations, Josephine in tears, in fits of jealousy, Bonaparte dictating a tragedy while his perspiring amanuensis 'toils after him in vain,' and all the petty details of real life and of a suddenly renovated ceremony and etiquette. It is in this capacity that Mde. de Rémusat is, and will be, of most use to the future historian, for she is here recounting facts as to which her memory could hardly betray her. We do not think that her authority will carry as much weight when she aspires to discover the secret springs of the Emperor's character.

It is indeed hardly to be expected that she could prove an impartial judge. A singular apologetic tone is noticeable throughout the book, as though it were necessary to seek condonation for the fault of the Rémusats in attaching themselves to the person of the Corsican upstart as the Royalists would call him. This alone appears strange to us, but it is natural if we look at all the circumstances. The Rémusats were of good family, and to be of good family, as those words were understood in France in the pre-Revolution days, means to be bound by a thousand ties to the system of privilege and prescription which that great movement overthrew. Yet the Rémusats were the first of the *noblesse* that listened to the promises of the First Consul and accepted office in his Court. The excuse they give is a significant one. It seemed to us then, they say, as if the past were vanished and a new future marked out for France, so that those who would fain serve their country *must* plight allegiance to the new system. Years rolled on, the new system, once so stable, was levelled to the ground, and the rule of the Bourbons returned. The Rémusats, already alienated from the Emperor, felt all the stress of old associations and of old connections. The same frame of mind which had induced them to believe that the Consulate would endure for many years, no doubt led them to credit the Restoration with an unlimited future. The Empire was like a bad dream coming between two common working days, a dream which had begun, it is true, with fair visions and lofty skies, but which had darkened and narrowed down to the troubled tossing slumber of a man sick unto death. It was inevitable that such a state of things as this should colour the authoress' views of Napoleon's actions and motives.

It cannot be too much regretted that Madame de Rémusat destroyed the original manuscript of her work upon Napoleon's return from Elba. Her doing this would lead us to suppose that even then she had recorded views that would have proved distasteful to the Emperor. But there can be little doubt that the present memoirs, commenced in 1818, are more strongly adverse to the Emperor than the first copy. And we cannot altogether rely upon it that all her statements are the expressions of her own unbiassed opinion. She appears to have been much influenced by, and to have listened much to, Talleyrand—one of the most dubious characters of the era. She frequently quotes his anecdotes, endorses his views of Napoleon, and admits (p. 20), that he 'revealed to her the chief traits in the Emperor's character.' If she accepted this arch-plotter's views as a true revelation, there can be little wonder that she failed sometimes in understanding Bonaparte's motives.

Take, for example, this passage, 'I ought now to speak of Bonaparte's heart, but, if it were possible, . . . I should say that in his creation the heart was left out' (p. 9). It would be easy to quote facts from Madame de Rémusat's

own pages to show with what tenderness the heartless monster clung to Josephine, long after all hope of her bearing him a child was gone, and when the needs of his country and his dynasty were clamouring for an heir. We say we could quote facts to this effect, for Madame de Rémusat would not allow that this showed affection, but a superstitious belief that his 'star' was bound up with that of Josephine. It is certainly hardly ingenuous to ascribe an action to an improbable and far-fetched motive whilst we reject a proximate and rational one.

Again, although not at all deficient in *esprit*, Madame de Rémusat appears to entirely fail in grasping the meaning to be extracted from the anecdotes which she quotes in support of her theory as to the Emperor's heartless condition. 'I do not know that even paternity weighed with him. It seemed, at least, that he did not regard it as his primary relation with his son. One day he . . . . took the child upon his knee, and, far from caressing, amused himself by slapping him, *though not so as to hurt him*, then, turning to Talma, said, "Talma, tell me what I am doing?" Talma . . did not know what to say. "You do not see it?" continued the Emperor; "I am slapping a King."' It is not on record that the little King of Rome so much as whimpered, but the biographer evidently considers this hard treatment. It showed that, instead of 'primarily' considering the little mortal he was dandling on his knee as his son, he thought of him as a monarch in *embryo!* It ought not to be left to a cold-blooded Englishman to point out what is too transparent to need pointing out, viz., that Napoleon was tickled at the idea of representing dramatically, and in miniature, to an actor, what had been the main business of his life upon a wide and bloody stage, the chastisement of kings by the hands of a *parvenu*.

We would gladly continue our notice of this most interesting book to much greater length if space allowed. It is full of odds and ends of history which cannot be found conveniently, if at all, anywhere else. There are many striking passages full of French *verve* and wit. Take, for instance, the remark upon the return of the French nobility to the new Court—that there is something of the nature of a ca about the *grand seigneur;* the feline animal remaining faithful to the same house, whoever may be its occupant! We can confidently recommend these memoirs to all students of French History.

Sebastian Strome. A Novel; By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

MR. HAWTHORNE has not yet succeeded in separating the ideas of strength and moral wickedness. Before opening this, his latest, tale we were convinced that Strome would be erratically wrong in his conduct, and at the same time endowed with preternatural force of character.

It is needless to say that our forecast was correct. His moral obliquity, too, has a physical parallel in the fact of his squinting with the eyes of the flesh, and this again is accented by a peculiarity in the colour of his organs of vision, one of which is blue and the other black! Our hero having, moreover, one side of his face 'less full and rounded' than the other, a head 'hollowed at the temples,' and a 'conspicuous black mole' under his left eye; there is no doubt that the author is correct in saying that his face, 'dispassionately considered, would hardly be deemed beautiful!'

If his outward man is peculiar, so too are his inward endowments. But Mr. Hawthorne gives us no clue to the genesis of his bad character. Mr. Strome, senior, is an angelic clergyman of the best class, and his mother is worthy of her husband; they bring up Sebastian wisely, educate him well, and let him choose the ministry for his future profession without any degree of constraint being put upon his wishes.

These advantages avail naught. Sebastian's first appearance on the scene is marked by a display of Machiavellian policy in which he out-manœuvres a very scheming aunt (at the expense of a half-dozen white and gray lies), and by means of which he secures an engagement with Miss Dene, a rich orphan heiress of decided character. We are not surprised afterwards to find out that the shelves of this sweet youth's library are largely laden with the works of the casuists, and that he wavers between an avowed scepticism and joining the Jesuits.

But we must not forget to describe Miss Dene. Sir Hubert Dene, her father, has taught her many useful things, not usually included in a young lady's education.

'She could not only saddle her horse and ride it, but exchange it for a better at a horse fair.' Now, knowledge of this kind can only be learned by practice, and it is rather too deep a draft upon our fund of credulity for Mr. Hawthorne to wish us to believe that an English baronet would be allowed by society to let his only daughter frequent horse fairs. But this is not all. She was out one day 'pruning' some trees with an 'axe' when a thoughtless bull chased her across a field. To take off her petticoat as she ran (?), toss it on the bull's horns, and 'tumble the huge creature dead at her feet' with a blow of her axe, was only the work of a moment. We thought the conjunction of heroine and a bull was growing stale, but must admit that Mr. Hawthorne has given a flavour of originality to the incident.

The course of true love between two such decided individuals (we do not mean Miss Dene and the bull) could hardly be expected to run smoothly. Mr. Selim Fawley, a rival of Semitic extraction, comes between them, and, aided by some remarkably disgraceful actions of Sebastian, contrives to part the lovers altogether. It would not be fair to disclose the details of the plot, which is a little intricate and not over coherent, but which interests the reader enough to deserve to have its faults passed over. Some incidents and descriptive passages are really effectively written and show signs of considerable power, as the picture of the approach to Dene Hall on a clear English spring morning after rain, when a 'few pale clouds with undefined edges, languished along the eastern quarter of the sky . . and strips of glassy water filled the wheel ruts.' In character painting too, we meet with some bold touches. Fawley, we are told, was capable of charity, 'but all his gifts *would be patterned after the boomerang*; however vigorously he might disseminate them, they were certain from their innate and essential quality to return to him with an augmented impetus.' And again, speaking of the unobtrusive but kindhearted little character, Smillett,—'men of this stamp are useful to fill the gaps left by those superior spirits who consider it sufficient to have an aim, but supererogatory to realize it.'

It must not however be thought that Mr. Julian Hawthorne's work is always at this high level. He often uses words of a curious, not to say debased, coinage. We cannot subscribe to 'the *immitigable* heavens,' 'the ponderous *oarage* of slow barges' or '*Junonian* glances. And the author must excuse us for saying that he does not know London society well enough to depict a private club with *vraisemblance*. The 'Mulberry Club' is a most peculiar institution. When we say that it is supposed to have been originally founded by the actors of Shakespere's day, and to have a relic of those times still extant, in the shape of a tankard cut out of the famous mulberry tree, and presented by the poet himself to the society, we have said enough. If Shakespere discounted his future fame during his lifetime, it was hard that he should have to discount his poor mulberry tree as well!

The tale becomes very tragic towards the end. We have been long wanting to get rid of Mr. Fawley, and at last three of the characters enter into a lively competition as to *which* shall kill him. The murder market being thus overstocked, and the supply of assassins considerably exceeding the demand, Mr. Fawley obligingly forestalls it by falling down dead in a fit, and though he does it in an extremely ungentlemanly way, we are constrained to applaud it as the first unselfish action of his life.

Civil Service in Great Britain. A History of Abuses and Reforms, and their Bearing upon American Politics. By DORMAN B. EATON. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, and Willing & Williamson.

THE Civil Service discussion, now impending at Ottawa, will doubtless send many of our public men to Mr. Eaton's well-ordered magazine of precedents and historical data. The volume traces, in a very graphic manner, the rise, development, decline, and extinction of the 'spoils' system in England; also the gradual evolution of the admirable competitive system which is now being copied in

every civilized country. Mr. Eaton has carefully read the recent historians; has had access to all the official publications on Civil Administration; and has the advantage of personal communication with Sir Charles Trevelyan, the now veteran reformer of the English Civil Service. Our author is thus able to throw upon his subject sharp side-lights from rather unexpected sources.

The Civil Service of England has passed through three well-marked eras: (1.) The period prior to 1693. (2.) The interval, 1693 to 1853. (3.) The period from 1853 to the present time.

The feudal theory made public offices the personal property of the Sovereign, as much as the crops on his estates; the former were almost as frequent in the market as the latter. In the 45th Article of Magna Charta, and in a Statute of Richard II., we have rudiments of a conviction that some qualifications are requisite for public offices. The originality of many supposed American products of political life can scarcely be conceded; General Jackson was not half as original as is commonly supposed. The pecularities of many American sheriffs and city marshals existed in full efficacy under Edward the First. Henry the Sixth prohibited bogus election returns long before Louisiana and Florida were named or thought of; James the Second manipulated and gerrymandered election districts three-quarters of a century before Elbridge Gerry or the American Republic was born; the same exemplary monarch restricted beer licenses to his staunch supporters, and introduced many other administrative novelties that the American politicians have used without proper acknowledgment.

In 1693, simultaneously with Sunderland's new device of Goverment by Cabinets, the patronage of public offices passed from the Crown and nobility to the Cabinet and to its supporters in Parliament. William III. was a strenuous administrative reformer; he spent his days frequently pruning accounts at the Navy Department and the Treasury; but for long years after his time the moral sense of the English people remained benumbed by the old custom of making merchandise of public authority. Under the party system, the whole country became divided into two political camps; the theory took firm hold that a party could be held together only by patronage, just as it was firmly believed that an army could be raised or maintained only by prospects of rapine and pillage. Under Walpole, the corruption of the Civil Service, and of every branch of the administration, was appalling; even George II. and his Queen were bribed. For a long series of years letters passing through the post-office were systematically broken open and read for political reasons. The poet Pope suffered frequent involuntary perusals; Pitt complained that even his letters to his family were constantly ransacked. Chatham and Burke were the first to recognise the imminent perils that threatened the country from its administrative abuses; and from their time down to 1853, a succession of mild reforms occurred. Even at this latter date, however, gross scandals were not infrequent; the Civil Service appointees even to the audit office, were sometimes actual imbeciles or idiots. As Sir Charles Trevelyan says in an interesting letter to Mr. Eaton, the fool of the family was thrust into the Civil Service, and the scamp of the family fought his way into the military service. The revolutionary earthquake of 1848 was sufficiently felt across the Channel to rudely awaken many Englishmen to an introspection; and it was thought high time to set the house in order. Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote (the present Chancellor of the Exchequer) were commissioned to report on the whole administrative system; their masterly Report, and the immense mass of evidence on which it was based, furnish our author with much of his raw material. Appointment by competitive examination was recommended. The almost simultaneous Report of Macaulay and Ashburton, recommending open competition for the valuable India appointments, powerfully influenced public opinion. The *Home* branch of the Civil Service was timorously handled. First, there was an easy pass examination for the nominees of the politicians. This was found utterly abortive. Then came the phase of limited competition. The best of the nominees was undoubtedly appointed; but these mominated candidates were often, in literal truth, a 'job lot;' the successful competitor was only good '*of his kind.*' This restrained competition was compared to a Derby race, at which none but 'sprained and sickly colts, ring-

boned old racers, and heavy wheezy coach-horses should be allowed to run.'

In 1870, simultaneously with the passing of the new School Act, and only twelve months before the abolition of purchased commisions in the army, the Civil Service of England was thrown open to free competition. The natural-born subjects of Her Majesty have now offered to them some hundred thousand positions, civil and military. These *life-scholarships* have stimulated, to an extraordinary degree, the education of all classes throughout the British Isles. The requirements for ordinary clerkship in the Civil Service are by no means stringent. Superior literary attainments are required in only the highest positions of trust and responsibility. To these latter positions very large salaries are attached, far larger than are paid to the most responsible officers in Canada. Under recent arrangements, these officers are relieved of mere routine or clerical work, which is now committed to the cheaper and more abundant class of office clerks. The British Civil Service not only ensures permanency of office during efficiency and good behaviour, but it offers to superannuated officers generous pensions. These allowances commence after ten years' service, the pension then allowed to retiring *employés* being ten-sixtieths of the salary at retirement. For each successive year one-sixtieth is allowed, up to forty years of service, at which the retiring annual allowance would be forty-sixtieths, or two-thirds, of the salary earned at the time of retirement.

The appearance of Mr. Eaton's valuable work is at this time especially opportune. In Canada, notwithstanding Lord Dufferin's farewell admonition, we have been drifting from our safe British anchorage towards the perilous shoals that lie on the American coast. The members of the Civil Service, Dominion and Provincial, no longer feel that confident trust that is essential to a fearless performance of their duties. The dangers that lie on the farther shore no reader of this volume can fail to vividly realize. The American service, foreign as well as domestic, has become a derision and a danger. American critics say of their consular appointments that they are enough to make the very gods of solemnity laugh; while the character of the home service is filling all patriotic Americans with the utmost apprehension for the very existence of the Republic.

Sir John, by the author of 'Anne Dysart.' No. 101, Franklin Square Library. Harper Bros.: New York.

We have read through this novel and are fairly at a loss to know what to say about it. Is there anything much more painful than to have to comment upon mediocrity, that amiable quality which will not allow its possessor so much as to go wrong to any startling or amusing extent? Every plain dinner we eat we are not called upon to eulogise or to condemn,—it is consumed, and our culinary good taste prefers to bury it in oblivion. Was not its mutton like to the mutton of yesterday and are not the sheep of the future busily preparing for us legs and loins for the assuagement of next year's appetites? This tale has evidently been produced in much the same way and we cannot spare any enthusiasm for it. The characters are fairly interesting; it is not over tedious; some pieces of description are pretty; but,—it never rises beyond mutton. On reading it over we marked two passages, one for commendation, the other for condemnation. On turning these up our matured judgment tells us that they are neither of them good or bad enough to deserve quotation and mediocrity is justified of her children to the last.

Studies of the Greek Poets. By John Addington Symonds. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

In the closing strain we find the keynote to these delightful essays on the Greek songsters. 'Nature is the first, chief element by which we are enabled to conceive the spirit of the Greeks. The key to their mythology is here. Here is the secret of their sympathies, the well-spring of their deepest thoughts, the primitive potentiality of all they have achieved in art. What is Apollo, but the magic of the sun, whose soul is light? What is Aphrodite, but the love-charm of the sea? What is Pan, but the mystery of nature, the felt and hidden want

pervading all? What, again, are those elder, dimly discovered deities, the Titans and the brood of Time, but forces of the world as yet beyond the touch and ken of human sensibilities? But nature alone cannot inform us what that spirit was. For though the Greeks grew up in scenes which we may visit, they gazed on them with Greek eyes, eyes different from ours, and dwell upon them with Greek minds, minds how unlike our own! Unconsciously, in their long and unsophisticated infancy, the Greeks absorbed and assimilated to their own substance that loveliness which is left for us only to admire. Between them and ourselves—even face to face with mountain sky and sea, unaltered by the lapse of years—flow the rivers of Death and Lethe, and New Birth, and the mists of thirty centuries of human life are woven like a veil. To pierce that veil, to learn even after the most partial fashion, how they transmuted the splendors of the world into æsthetic forms, is a work which involves the further interrogation of their sculpture and their literature.'

Mr. Symonds has approached his task with an overflowing love of Greek literature, with a keen appreciation of Greek art, and after a personal intimacy with the scenes, amid which Greek literature and art arose. He also applies, to the illustration of his subject, the genius of modern literature, French, Italian, German, and above all our own English. In this last phase of his illustration, Mr. Symond's recent study of Shelley shows his feeling and poetic insight. And here is this newer method of analysis as applied to the *Hero and Leander* of Musaeus, and to Marlowe's resetting of the same romance. 'Compared with the Greek poem, this *Hero and Leander* of Marlowe is like some radiant double-rose, placed side by side with the wild-briar, whence it sprang by cultivation. The petals have been multiplied, the perfume deepened and intensified, the colours varied in their modulations of a single tint. At the same time something in point of simple form has been sacrificed. The first thing, then, that strikes us in turning from Musœus to Marlowe is that what the Greek poet considered all-important in the presentation of his subject has been dropped or negligently handled by the English, while the English poet has been prodigal in places where the Greek displayed his parsimony. On looking further, we discover that the modern poet, in all these differences, aims at effects, not realized by ancient art. The life and play and actual pulsation of emotion have to be revealed, both as they exist in the subject of their poems, and as the poet finds them in his own soul. Everything that will contribute to this main achievement is welcomed by the poet, and the rest rejected. All the motives which had an external statuesque significance for the Greek, must palpitate with passion for the English. Those that cannot clothe themselves with the spirit as with a garment are abandoned. He wants to make his readers feel, not see; if they see at all, they must see through their emotion; whereas the emotion of the Greek was stirred in him through sight. We do not get very far into the matter, but we gain something, perhaps, by adding that as sculpture is to painting and music, so is the poetry of Musæus to that of Marlowe. In the former, feeling is subordinate, or, at most, but adequate to form in the latter, *Gefühl ist alles.*'

There can be no doubt that the modern intellect is, as Mr. Symonds above implies, too insensitive a surface for the perfect development of the faint, but exquisite, sun-pictures of these old nature artists; but there can also be no doubt that the special set which classical studies usually receive, strongly withdraws the student from the spirit of his author to mere mechanical 'properties.' For some time it has been the absurd practice at Universities, to attribute little value to the grace and skill of translation, but immeasurable importance to disputed etymologies, to conjectural readings, and scansional squabbles. The brilliant verbal criticism of Bentley, Dawes, and Porson, set up a school of imitators in Germany and England, and give a distinct flavour to University culture. Every one admits that our classical texts have been purified, and that metrical forms have been rationalized; but, after all, this is, as Dr. Johnson said of lexicography, mere pioneer's work, no matter how arduous and laborious. If one had it in hand to visit the wondrous scenery of the Yosemite Valley, it would scarcely be considered relevant to his purpose to spend all his life in mastering the different routes originally proposed for the Pacific Railway that is to take him thither; or in committing to memory the inclinations of the different gradients, and the radii of the various curves

over which he is to pass. For specific purposes, all of this information is valuable, but it contributes nothing to the main purpose of our tourist's journey: indeed, if a pleasurable tour were burdened with such preliminaries, few of us would ever wander from home. How far verbal criticism, even in the hands of its founder, may withdraw from all poetic appreciation, was well seen in Bentley, who, after his services to Horace, edited *with conjectural emendations*, the text of *Paradise Lost!* And, in our day, we find that our foremost philologist, Max Müller, regards the Greek myths as nothing better than "*a disease of language.*"

Mr. Symonds' *Studies of the Greek Poets* first appeared in England, in 1873, and they were immediately recognised as an exceedingly valuable contribution to the highest department of literary analysis. These volumes should be in the library of every literary student, classical or English. The English rendering of the illustrative passages represent "translation" in its original and true sense: these renderings are done by such hands as Worseley, Goldwin Smith, and Conington,—a sufficient stamp of quality.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Those who had the pleasure of being present at the re-opening of the Grand Opera House in Toronto, after its recent calamitous destruction, and who were witnesses of the enthusiasm which prevailed on the occasion, would be troubled by no apprehension about the decline of the stage. Of course the occasion was a special one, and there was much to call forth demonstrations of satisfaction and delight from the large and enthusiastic audience present. Still, the æsthetic and educational value of the modern theatre is now so largely recognized that audiences are much more readily attracted than formerly to its representations. Men and women of education and culture are now betaking themselves to the stage, and adopting the player's profession, as an ambitious and lucrative one. With this revival in dramatic art, the golden days of the theatre may be expected soon to return. What, in some degree, will hasten this event, managers of our playhouses, in making them attractive places of resort, may be said pretty well now to recognise. In this respect the proprietor and manager of the Toronto Opera House have convincingly shown that they are not behind caterers for public amusement in the great metropolitan cities. In the rebuilding of the theatre, they have not only surprised the citizens of Toronto by an almost unexampled exhibition of alacrity and enterprise, but they have delighted play-goers by re-establishing a native home for the Drama, which, for suitability and elegance, will compare favourably with the best modern theatres of the Old World or the New. To our public-spirited townsman, Mr. Manning, and to his able and experienced manager, Mr. Pitou, hardly any acknowledgment of the services which they have rendered to the city in restoring a building dedicated to the Drama, which we have its owner's word for, will never be used but for legitimate and laudable purposes, would be too extravagant. The structural features of the new building are much the same as those of the house which it replaces, though advantage has been skilfully taken of the opportunity to improve upon the old model, wherever an improvement was possible. In luxury of appointment, in tastefulness of decoration, in chaste elegance of ornamentation, and in the arrangements for the comfort of the audience, the house is a vast improvement on the old one, and may now be pronounced well-nigh perfect. If there is an objectionable feature, it is that the line of sight for those sitting at the sides of the dress-circle is such as to admit of only about one half of the stage being visible. This imperfection remedied, the most critical

fault-finder would be at his wit's end to point out anything to cavil at. The enlargement of the gallery has added to the capacity of the theatre, and the seating-room is now about as follows:—lower floor, 556 seats; dress-circle, 433; gallery, 600; private boxes, 48; making a total of 1,637, a figure which camp-stools and standing-room would bring up to over 2,000. The arrangements for exit are so excellent, that in case of necessity, an audience of that number could obtain egress in three or four minutes.

The opening of the theatre was fittingly inaugurated by Toronto's favourite, Miss Neilson; and her appearance to recite the excellent opening ode, written by Mr. F. A. Dixon, an old and valued contributor to this Magazine, was greeted with all the old-time enthusiasm. Miss Neilson's merits as an actress have been so often enlarged upon in these columns, that there is little to say on the general subject. It may not be uninteresting, however, to institute a comparison with her former self. She appeared in four characters, *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, *Viola*, and *Pauline*, in 'the Lady of Lyons;' twice in each of the first three, and once in the last. It was a matter for regret with many of her admirers that on the occasion of this, her last visit to Canada, she did not substitute for her repetitions of Rosalind and Viola, some of her more arduous roles, such as *Julia*, in the 'Hunchback,' *Isabella*, in 'Measure for Measure,' or *Imogen*, in 'Cymbeline.' Probably, however, a somewhat delicate physique renders it necessary for the actress to confine herself principally to lighter parts, a circumstance which may also possibly account for the omission of the scene in 'Romeo and Juliet,' where the nurse brings to Juliet the tidings of Tybalt's death. On any other ground than that suggested, the excision of this—one of the greatest scenes in the play—would be a quite inexcusable outrage on dramatic propriety. One or two innovations on the text are by no means improvements. Thus, the repeated utterance of the name of Romeo, after she falls to the ground in the scene of parting with her lover, and also after taking the sleeping potion, are unwarrantable additions, which have the disastrous effect of making the representation, to the extent indicated, that of, not a girl in love, but a love-sick girl. A great Shaksperean critic has pointed out, quite truly, that Juliet and Romeo, desperately as they are in love with each other, are *not* love-sick. The consummate art of the poet is, indeed, nowhere better exemplified than in the way in which, in this wonderful play, he keeps clear of that pitfall. How bright and healthful, for instance, is the demeanour and mental tone of Romeo, when in exile, before the news of Juliet's supposed death is brought to him; how utterly free from anything mawkish, or maudlin, or melancholic. If there is any green-sickness visible in him at any time, it is in the early portion of the play, when he is in love, not with Juliet, but with Rosalind. A careful examination of the drama will show that the Juliet of Shakspere is quite as free as Romeo from anything resembling morbid sentimentality. Even the agonizing parting from her lover has not the effect of bringing her down to that level. In the phrase—and how beautiful and touching an utterance it is—which may be taken as the key-note of this scene—

> "O, by this count I shall be much in years
> Ere I again behold my Romeo,"—

as well as in the succeeding question—

> "O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?"

there may be the foreboding of a vivid imagination—a foreboding justified by the event—but surely there is nothing which bears the faintest indication of a mind disordered or made sick by love. That even so trifling an addition to the text as that indicated, should have the effect of introducing an element into the character of Juliet which the poet was so careful to exclude, shows how rash a thing it is to attempt to improve upon Shakspere. Even the swoon, or partial swoon, into which the actress lapses at the close of the scene, is an innovation not found in the text, though possibly an allowable one, in view of the fact that, to the modern society girl, fainting is not the unfamiliar thing which it was to the robuster and less sensitively organized women of Shakspere's time. Of the closing portion of the potion scene, the actress gave a different interpretation from that given during her first visit to Toronto. On the former occasion she drank off the sleeping potion with comparative calmness, with an expression

of sublime faith, and of devotion to her lover; she then staggered slowly to her couch, sank on it, composed her body and limbs into the rigidity of death, settled her head back into the hollow of the couch, and lay, with eyes wide open and staring blindly, as pathetic a stage picture as was ever witnessed. Her present interpretation, which is to drink off the potion in a continuation of the desperate frenzy produced by the sight of Tybalt's ghost, and to fall to the ground, with upturned countenance, and with the mouth and facial muscles working violently, as though from the after effects of the previous frenzy, though requiring a greater expenditure of physical force, does not produce nearly so powerfully moving an effect as her former one. Taken as a whole, however, and with the exceptions we have indicated, Miss Neilson's Juliet is as great a piece of acting as ever. The ball-room and balcony scenes, the scene with the nurse, the parting scene with Romeo, the scene where her father and mother cast her off, and the potion and death scenes, were acted as no other woman can act them. Perhaps, however, the greatness of the actress is best displayed in the scene where the Friar gives her the potion. One actress may come near to her in one particular scene, and another actress in another, but not one approaches her in this wonderful little scene.

In her other parts, Miss Neilson showed improvement, except in *Rosalind*, which appeared to us to have lost some of its old charm by reason of having become something artificial and mechanical. Her *Viola*, on the other hand, is altogether stronger and deeper. There is far more of the feeling and loving woman, and far less of the pert and perky page. In particular, the first scene with Olivia, where Viola urges the suit of the Duke with such moving eloquence, was very nobly acted. In *Pauline* also, there was improvement. In the second and fifth acts, the actress's interpretation was always so good as to leave little room for emendation; in the third, however, there is now more reserve of force, and consequently more real strength. But the fourth she still over-acts and makes too tragic. The violence of emotion displayed here would be all the better for a little restraint. The actress would do well to remember the advice of Hamlet, that 'in the very torrent, tempest, and the whirlwind of pa sion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.'

The company which came with Miss Neilson was a fair average one. The young English actor, Mr. Compton, was a passable *Romeo*, *Orlando*, and *Claude Melnotte*; and a more than passable *Malvolio*. *Jaques*, *Touchstone*, and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, were all exceedingly well played; and the *Mercutio* was especially good, notwithstanding that he robbed his dying jest of its point by leaving out the words, 'You were wont to call me a merry fellow.' Miss Morant (who, by the way, was a member of the stock company at the Royal here, during its first season), despite a certain unpleasant shrillness of voice, made an excellent *Celia* and a charming *Olivia*; and Mrs. Tannehill gave an admirably natural rendering of the *Nurse*.

Since Miss Neilson's departure a good deal has been said in the press and elsewhere in deprecation of the enthusiasm and excitement manifested during her visit. The inhabitants of London have been held up to us as a bright and shining example of a people who never go wild over an actor or actress. The truth is that there is no populace who are more apt to go into fits of enthusiasm in such matters, as any one may know who will read the descriptions of such scenes as that which took place, for instance, when John Kemble took leave of the stage in *Coriolanus*, or, to come down to our own times, when Kate Terry made her final exit in *Juliet*. Neilsonomania may not be the highest form of enthusiasm. For ourselves, however, we think it a hopeful sign for the people of Toronto, that they are capable of being stirred into excitement by other things than party politics and faction fights, or even an aldermanic election. So thinking, we are not inclined to find fault, if, when the gifted actress, who has given us so much pleasure of the best and purest kind, came in front of the curtain at the close of her last performance of *Juliet*, and with a face quivering with emotion, with eyes bedimmed with tears, and in a choking voice, bade a heartfelt good-bye to the vast audience standing to do her honour, that audience did manifest some corresponding excitement and emotion at the thought that they were taking a last farewell of one whose like they would not soon look on again.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

There is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at $2 a day, he'd complain he had to work awful hard for a living.

A German newspaper contains an obituary with this touching and pathetic passage: 'Our dear son Gustav lost his life by falling from the spire of the Lutheran church. Only those who know the height of the steeple can measure the depth of our grief.'

A gentleman in New York was recently descanting to a friend on the soft notes of a linnet which he had heard a few days before. 'Why,' said he, 'it sang so softly at times that you couldn't hear it at all.' 'S-h-h-h!' said the other, placing his hand to his ear, 'perhaps there is one singing now.'

We commend to the average American, black or white, who goes to all the shows and 'doin's,' even if he has to borrow the money, the following sound advice: 'Always pay as you go,' said an old man to his nephew. 'But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?' 'Then don't go.'

Minister to candidate for church membership:—'Of course, Dugald, you have read the Confession of Faith?' Dugald:—No, inteet, serr, I nefer do reat ta last dying speeches of condemt creeminals, neffer inteet; and I do hope you do not think me so depased as to reat ta wan you have shust mentioned.'

A chief magistrate was entertaining the members of council at dinner. Everything was of the best, but there was an absence of wine of any kind. This did not suit one of the company (a seasoned cask); so, addressing the host he said, 'It is winter weather, and, if this cold water drinking continues, my throat will be turned into a *slide*.'

Earl Beaconsfield displayed his chivalrous nature and his tender regard for the feelings of others by twitting the Irish members of Parliament with living in garrets and subsisting on potatoes—'their native esculent in a baked condition.' At a grand banquet once Thomas Carlyle would eat nothing but a potatoe, declaring that that was what he wanted and as much as he desired.

The nervous mother of a bright little boy was alarmed lest he should take the whooping-cough, which prevailed in the neighbourhood. She talked so much about it and worried over it, that she had infected the child with her fears to such an extent that he would scarcely leave her side. One night after the little fellow had been put to bed and to sleep, a donkey was driven past the house, and when just opposite, set up his he-haw. With a shriek the little fellow was out of bed, screaming at the top of his voice, "The whooping-cough is coming, mamma; the whooping-cough is coming."

A certain man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. After that I was allowed to play, and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

Civilization may be compared to a plant. Our orthodox brother, beholding in its root the germinal source of its growth, is too prone to ignore the daily unfolding of its leaf and blossom, and to venerate only the part that is under ground. The shallow radical, on the other hand, is lost in the admiration of the flower; he revels in the fruitage of the plant, but he counsels us to cut its unsightly root. The true liberal will fall into neither extreme. To him both root and bud, both past and present, are objects of tender regard and care, since both together produce that precious fruit of modern civilization, in which in turn lies hidden the seed of future progress and perfection.

If newspaper report is to be believed, Gen. Grant seems to be making a new record, and one no less creditable to himself than some more noted victories. He has long had the name of being a free drinker; but now, a writer in the *United Presbyterian* says that 'while in San Francisco, Gen. Grant, at a banquet where the finest of California's far-famed wines were on the table, *refused even to taste*, stating at the same time that on leaving Philadelphia, two years and more ago, for this protracted tour, he had formed a purpose not to taste wine or strong drink, *and to that purpose he had strenuously adhered.*' He is also reported to have administered a public rebuke to an army officer, for profanity, stating that he made it a point never to swear.

The Baltimore *Presbyterian* says:—Hugh Miller, hewing granite—Ferguson, the astronomer, viewing the stars while attending his flock—Faraday, searching out mysteries as a book-binder—Franklin, solving problems at the case and in his gloomy sanctum—these and many such as these, out of their gloomy surroundings, poor and unknown, have wrought many noble and grand results that have left their impress on the ages, and placed their authors among the world's great teachers. They are lowly born, but endowed by the great Author of all degrees with minds, and hearts, and wills that in the end placed them high above the commonalty of men.

A lady who had much experience in teaching both boys and girls, speaking of the extraordinary obtuseness of a certain pupil, said: In a physiology class, this young lady of fifteen inquired with languid surprise, "*Is* there not a straight passage through the head from one ear to the other?" "A somewhat natural conclusion," the teacher commented dryly, "if she had ever watched the processes of her own mind." "Which would you prefer teaching," asked a visitor, "boys or girls?" "Boys, infinitely," was the prompt reply. "No boy, for instance, would ever have asked such a question as *that*. He would long before have investigated the subject with a lead-pencil. Not, probably, in his own ears," she added, meditatively, "but in his younger brother's."

Mr. Trestrail's last meeting with Guthrie was in Amsterdam, in 1867, at the Evangelical Alliance Congress in that city. The Doctor gave an account of his Ragged Schools to a vast audience, chiefly composed of foreigners. Many were able to follow him, though he spoke in English, and their astonishment was indeed great. Even the undemonstrative Dutch were aroused by his stirring appeals, and their enthusiasm rose to a high pitch when he closed by saying, 'Now, if you mean to take this work in hand, and try and rescue these forsaken ones, mind that ye provide plenty of soap and water. Begin by washing and scrubbing them well, that they may know, it may be for the first time in their lives, the feeling of being clean. Then feed them with a bountiful meal of milk and porridge; and *then* prayers! Porridge first, mind; prayers afterwards.' The people fairly shouted as they listened to this quaint but sensible advice from the eloquent Scotchman.

Two sailors, the one Irish and the other English, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball; and on asking Paddy to carry him to the doctor, according to the agreement, the other very readily complied, but had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back when a second ball struck of the poor fellow's head. Paddy, through the noise and bustle, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, but continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk, asked him where he was going? "To the doctor," says Paddy. "The doctor!" says the officer; "why, blockhead, the man has lost his head!" On hearing this, he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, "By my own soul," says he, "he told me it was his leg; but I was a fool to believe him, for he always was a great liar."

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MORALITY AND THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. J. F. STEVENSON, LL.B., MONTREAL.

THE remarks of Mr. Le Sueur on the relation of Morality to the current religious beliefs are the utterance of a man obviously in earnest, and, I believe, anxious to be just and truthful. It may seem strange to say, in the same breath, that they seem to me singularly unfair; but they do seem so. A man may be just when his arguments are unjust; a writer may be impartial, though his point of view be most one-sided and partial.

It has been held that 'the Apostolic Doctrine of the Cross alone can keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt.' There is, I think, very much to be said for this position. This, at least, is true, that the doctrine came to a very corrupt world, and acted, as we say, 'like a charm' in changing it. Look into Juvenal's satires,—untranslatable as they are for our purer modern ears,—and then look at the Church which grew up in the world of which they afford a sketch; and, although the Church was undoubtedly sufficiently imperfect, the contrast is suggestive.

But, we are told, this has nothing to do with the question, and it is strangely added that it is not, and cannot be, relevant to any practical issue. It may not be relevant to theoretical issues; but I should have thought it practical enough. What is the question with which the moral tendency of the Gospel has nothing to do? We are told what men in general have to consider is not what a doctrine will do for them if they believe it, but whether it is 'believable.' Let me try to simplify this question still further, for I get confused among the knowables and unknowables, thinkable things and things which cannot be construed in thought, of a certain school of philosophy. It appears to me that the question which concerns 'men in general' is the very ordinary one whether a given doctrine is true or untrue. If it is true, it does not much matter who finds it 'unbelievable;' if it is not true, it may be both 'believable,' and actually believed by millions of men,—but what then? The possibilities of belief are shifting, the conditions of truth are fixed.

Now does Mr. Le Sueur mean seriously to say that, in a professed revelation, it is no evidence of truth that it purifies or ennobles the moral life of those who receive it? Is it no reason for thinking Christ divine that He opens my eyes and ears to moral truth, and makes me, at least relatively, a good man? Can practical truth and goodness spring from systematic fraud or insane blundering and self-sufficiency? Will Mr. Le Sueur impeach the structure of the universe to such an extent as to maintain that? And, if he will, what guarantee has he in such a universe for the fixity of law, or the conditions of happiness, or indeed for anything else except what Milton calls 'confusion worse confounded.' There is either a rational congruity in the universe, or there is not. If there is not science, philosophy, and in fact human thinking, in general are a melancholy, or (as Hume calls them) 'whimsical,' folly, according to our mood; if there is, it becomes blankly incredible that a teaching which puts the crown of nobleness on man's moral nature, and that in the direct proportion in which he sincerely receives it, should be a fabrication or a dream. Among the 'contradictory inconceivables,' with which we are sometimes puzzled, this is, to some of us, the most contradictory and inconceivable of all.

Now observe, this is not an 'appeal to man's interests' at all, but only an attempt to find a clue to truth. We are told that an appeal to man's interests is 'not right,' and even 'flagrantly wrong,' from which it seems to follow that the utilitarian morality must be a very wicked thing, since it is an appeal to man's interests from first to last. I do not oppose the utilitarian scheme of morals, though I think it imperfect, and in need of certain supplementary ideas. But it seems a little strange that those who think a thing certainly *right* because it tends to the good of humanity, should find it so difficult to admit that a similar tendency is any ground at all for believing an alleged doctrine to be *true*. Are truth and goodness, which have been commonly thought of as in close relation to each other, to be regarded after all as utterly alien, if not completely opposed? If so, the world of thought is in 'unstable equilibrium' with a meaning very serious.

Mr. Le Sueur writes as though those who fear for the future of morality, if its religious supports be taken away, were anxious to undermine the other grounds on which it rests. Not so. They only wish to show that whoever alleges these grounds for believing in morals must in consistency go further. You are lopping off certain boughs from a tree. I see that you are unconsciously hewing at the bough on which you are yourself standing, and I call out to you to stop. Whereupon you cry: 'Rascal, why can't you leave me in safety? You want me to fall and be killed.' No, I do not. What I want you to do is to consider what you are chopping at, that you may *not* fall. It is you, not I, who are destroying the conditions of stability.

Much of what Mr. Le Sueur has written is devoted to showing that there is no connection between the principles of morals and what is called 'religion.' Now, as I do not wish to argue in the dark, I must ask what is religion? It appears to me that religion is a human quality or sentiment, which may attach itself to anything, an African fetish, Comte's preparation of his dead mistress' hands, Mr. Spencer's 'Unknowable,' or 'Our Father which is in heaven.' What religion do we mean? It is pretty clear that Mr. Le Sueur would have us think of the Gospel, or, at any rate, the facts and principles revealed in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. Is there no connection between these and human goodness? How anybody can think so, when he can buy a Bible for a few cents, and read it for himself, is one of those astonishing intellectual phenomena which seem to defy all law. What is it that is done for

morality by religion, meaning by religion the revelation, or, if you choose, the supposed revelation, of God in Christ? It is not difficult to answer. The Gospel supplies three things to morals—a basis, a type, and an impulse.

First, it supplies an unchangeable basis for the sense of obligation. In other words, it gives a meaning to the word 'ought.' It is one of the defects in the utilitarian ethics that it can never do that. It can tell me that some things are useful to me and to others; but it cannot explain the difference between the knowledge of use and the consciousness of duty. I am told that it is base and vile to be false or cruel. Very true; but why is it base? and what do you mean by vile? You surely mean something more than that these things are inconvenient. The attempts of utilitarians to evade this difficulty are amusing. Mr. Bain, for example, says the wrong is identical with the punishable, not seeing, apparently, that it is the very essence of punishment to be deserved suffering, and that the whole difficulty emerges again in the word deserved. The fact is, that a sense of right as right, and of desert or ill desert as springing from it, is intertwined with the very fibres of our nature. None can explain that; none can vindicate the *rationality* of the moral impulses, except those who trace them back to the ultimate structure of the laws of nature; in other words, to the character of the First Cause itself. But this is to make the First Cause not *it*, but *he*, it is to clothe it with consciousness and will. We have done with a vague Unknowable, and find ourselves bowed in the presence of a living God.

The Gospel gives us also a type of character as part of its contribution to practical morals. It is here that there is so wide a difference between the general sentiment of 'religion,' and the special belief in Christ. 'Religion' is, perhaps, little more than a sense of the infinite, and of our enclosure in and dependence upon it,—a sentiment which may attach itself to anything, from a monkey or a beetle to the ideal of absolute perfection. We shall gain nothing by discussing the moral relations of that. It may very well be true that '*potuit suadere malorum*,' even beyond the eloquent summary of Lucretius. But here and now our faith, if we have any, is in Christ, and it is simply idle to say that Christ does not affect the moral views and character of His followers. He was talking about duty all His life, and He poured out His life at last as a sacred seal upon the supremacy of rectitude. This is not the place to attempt any analysis of the character of Jesus, but I may remind my readers of the admiring words of Goethe, 'to this height men were fated and enabled to attain, and having attained it, they cannot again fall permanently below it.' If it be true that 'Christianity' has been the 'parent of persecution,' it is utterly untrue that the 'ordinary duties and charities of life' have 'owed but little' to it. So far from this, the 'charities' are the outgrowth of the Gospel almost exclusively. And even in the darkest days of persecution, when the scaffold and the stake were in full use, these horrors were so much the exception as opposed to the rule that society could have sustained no greater loss than that of the moral influences derived from the Gospel. Some people seem to think that executions for heresy were the lot of the masses of the people. The idea is preposterous. Mistaken and hateful as they were, for every man executed, thousands had their lives immensely ennobled by the influence of their faith. Mr. Le Sueur is fond of gathering together all sorts of hideous and horrible perversions of the religious sentiment, and quietly slipping in the assumption that they are illustrations of the normal action of the faith of Christians. He might as well charge the horrors of a lunatic's dreams against the faculty of im

agination, or the cruelties of the Gunpowder Plot against the love of one's country. I have always felt that the school of thinkers of whom we hear most to-day, are far more apt at making sweeping generalizations than at perceiving distinctions. They exaggerate a remote resemblance into identity. Belief is, with them, motion in the direction of least resistance; they call the wriggling of an eel, and the heroism of a patriot, by the common name of 'conduct,' and it results from the same defect of discrimination that they lump together all forms of the religious life, so as to see no difference between an Indian fakeer or an African rain maker, and the grandest figure in history—Jesus Christ.

The impulse to good morals which the Gospel provides, is correlative in importance with the basis and type. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of the motive indicated in the words 'the love of Christ constraineth us.' And mark, it is impulse above all things that we want. Moral philosophers, those of Mr. Le Sueur's school quite as much as others, are always crying out about the lack of available motives to virtue. Reason, they say, is so weak, or passion is so strong. I do not find them holding that 'the domestic or simpler social virtues are a natural result of the very conditions of existence;' on the contrary, they tell us that existence is compatible with a vast number of vices, both simple and complicated. Mr. Bain mourns that 'Nature has done so little for virtue.' Mr. Mill thinks that almost the whole stress of education needs to be centered upon the formation of character. Mr. Spencer is not of a widely different mind, if we may judge from his many and singularly valuable writings on the training of the young. Plato and Paul unite in the cry, 'Who shall deliver me from this body of death?' No one will deny what every clergyman knows, and many beside can testify, that rogues turn honest, the impure chaste, and the intemperate sober under the impulse of love to Christ. A man who says that virtue owes little to the Gospel takes a position in which it is not rude to say that he does not know what he is talking about. We can only save his truthfulness at the expense of affirming his ignorance. Moral corruption is so far from being incompatible with the conditions of existence that some of its saddest forms are the direct results of an elaborate civilization. What was Rome when the Gospel was first preached in its by-places? And what but love to Christ has scourged away that revel of lust and blood? The same is true in modern times. Those who have seen it know.

But anyone may see that it must be so. To deny that love to Christ is a motive to goodness, is to deny that our characters are affected by the characters of those we admire and love. It is to deny, in other words, that admiration and affection are elements in our moral training. Every teacher knows the contrary. I will not insult Mr. Le Sueur by charging him with so much absurdity. And yet, to this position he must be content to be chained if he denies the moral value of the Gospel. 'To love her was a liberal education,' said Steele of a noble woman. Can we say less of Christ?

Mr. Le Sueur seems to me to contradict himself, or to surrender his whole argument, when he talks as he does of the 'strained or artificial' character of the motives or influences involved in the words 'delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.' Those motives are simply gratitude for a vast moral benefit and love for a character surpassingly noble. Of this Mr. Le Sueur says, first, that it does not tend to make us any better, and, secondly, that it sets before us, and impels us towards, a moral ideal of unnecessary elevation. Now, these constitute two horns of a dilemma; take which you will, but

how you can possibly have both, I cannot understand. We have, indeed, a quotation from Mr. Goldwin Smith about the desirability of an attainable ideal. If that means an ideal adapted to our nature and faculties, it is right and true enough; but if it means an ideal which ceases to perform the very function of an ideal, which is to lead us upward and onward, I am bold enough to differ. The ideal is never quite realized in art, or science, or conduct. The poet or painter, the thinker, the saint, all 'follow on.' In truth it must be so, the ideal is relatively attainable only; if it were attainable absolutely, it would leave no room for growth.

If Mr. Le Sueur surrenders this, he gives up the essential nobleness of human life. And, indeed, I note with regret in his articles an undertone of willingness to be satisfied with 'small mercies' in a moral point of view. If a man is a pretty good fellow to his wife and children, does not tell lies or cheat other people, and shows a readiness to meet kindness with kindness, we are told that life will be 'very tolerable' without the 'excessive self-renunciation' of the Sermon on the Mount. Very tolerable—to whom? There are some men who would rather die, and by a very painful death, too, than lose all the heroic and saintly elements from history and the lives around us. Deeds of patriotic heroism or of uncalculating love stir their souls like a trumpet. Their eyes dim with happy tears in the presence of the morally sublime. Indeed, I hesitate to receive Mr. Le Sueur's testimony as against himself, and more than half believe he is of the number.

Very much of Mr. Le Sueur's second article is occupied in the attempt to show that Christianity is a faith hollow, worm-eaten, and rapidly passing away. He says that the cry is echoed 'from every pulpit in the land.' I wonder where he goes to church—or whether he goes at all. It is quite true that we meet plenty of this kind of statement in the writings of those who make it evident that their position, on the negative side, is already chosen; and there are not wanting timid souls who, in spite of their fervent desires, fear that what is said with so much persistency may be true. For it is just as true that fear renders us insensible to the strength of our positions, as it is that desire predisposes us to a too easy belief. Mill, who has done so much to warn us against fallacies, is as earnest in pointing out the one as the other danger. But if we take the great majority of Christian people—and I speak, not of the ignorant chiefly, but of the thoughtful and intelligent—while it is true that they are conscious of more or less difficulty in adjusting the different aspects of their thinking so as to form a consistent whole, they are possessed with a firm and unalterable faith that the main truths of the Gospel, as gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ, will stand every strain, and finally rise into universal and triumphant acceptance. I know the minds of many—very many—of these, and I claim to speak for them with something of authority.

Mr. Le Sueur enumerates what he considers the characteristics of a 'hollow and worm-eaten faith,' and says that these are to be seen if we look around us. One or two of these, as he gives them, are so exactly the opposite of what we see, that one has to exercise some self-restraint lest their flagrant falsehood should unduly discredit the rest of his reasoning. He says a faith is dying, and that this is now the case as to Christianity: 'When . . . it seems a dangerous thing to so much as touch the text of sacred writings even with a view to bringing it nearer to the exact words of inspiration.' Now I make bold to say that there was never a time when the text of Scripture was handled with one-tenth part the cour-

age and boldness that it is now, and that by Christian scholars themselves. The most fearless investigation, as rigorous and searching as that of any naturalist, is applied to the text of every part of the Bible by the scholars, whether of Germany, of England, or of America. What does Mr. Le Sueur know of the results of such research but what Christian divines have told him? Simply nothing. Did not the late Dean Alford—to name only one man—spend years over the text of the New Testament? Did he shirk his work or shrink from the frankest statement of what he found? It was my honour and privilege to know his rare transparency of character, and his fearless devotion to truth, and I am only one of scores to whom such an idea is only not outrageously offensive because it is so infinitely ludicrous.

Again, are we to forget that a number of men, chosen for their competent knowledge, are at this moment at work upon the English Bible for the purpose of bringing it into accord with our most exact knowledge of the originals? It is so far from being 'dangerous' to do this, that I have it on the personal authority of two of these revisers, one working on the Old Testament, the other on the New, that their agreement as to the desirable changes is wonderfully easy and perfect. The fact is that a true scientific method is just as desirable and just as fruitful in biblical criticism as elsewhere. We—and I speak now of biblical students—have never been so near together and never so sure of our ground.

Take another of Mr. Le Sueur's tests—'When augurs try not to laugh in each other's faces.' Now this either means nothing, or it means that clergymen are insincere in their profession of belief in the Gospel, and that on a large scale. That such a statement is rudely offensive goes without saying. But it is much more—it is entirely untrue. I know many of these men, some of them humble and imperfectly educated; some of them of moderate knowledge and ability; some illustrious for learning and genius. I say fearlessly that there is no profession in the world which contains so few members untrue to their convictions or unworthy in their lives. If a clergyman is a secret unbeliever, the last face he will dare to 'laugh' his falsehood into is that of another clergyman. I am anxious to write with courtesy, because I have a real regard for Mr. Le Sueur. But I must use plain language. His allegation is false, utterly and preposterously false. Either he knew it to be so, or he did not. If he did know, I prefer not to use the appropriate adjectives; if he did not, he has slandered a class of men of whom he knows nothing, or so little that it amounts to nothing.

It would be easy to show that the remaining tests of Mr. Le Sueur are either irrelevant or not founded in fact. It is not 'the best mind of the age' that is deserting Christianity, but only the mind that is most plastic to the philosophical fashion of the hour. Even that will not be so for long. Truth will prevail, criticism will do its work, and what 'cannot be shaken' will remain. It is not very reasonable for any man to ask us to tell him beforehand exactly what that will be. But many of us believe, with a 'full assurance of faith' that it will include all that we most value in our present convictions, that the process will issue in the firm establishment of the Gospel of our Great Master, purged of its foreign accretions, and brought so into relation with the ripest knowledge of the race that it will sway the reason and conscience of humanity with redoubled self-evidence and with all-comprehensive power.

THE SOURCE OF MORAL LIFE.

BY FIDELIS, KINGSTON.

THERE can be no question of more momentous importance than that of the true relations of morality and religion. It is not surprising, therefore, that the question whether 'Life is worth living,' without the inspiring and regulative force of religion, should now be attracting the attention of earnest thinkers, and that the controversy should have found its way into the pages of our National Review.

We have had the subject already treated with considerable variety of view, — that of the comparatively neutral observer who, looking back to the close connection of morality and religion in the past, and considering the apparently loosening hold of both in the present, fears the worst consequences to humanity in the crisis towards which he thinks it is being hurried,—that of the Christian who believes that the doctrine of the Cross is still 'the power of God unto salvation,'—and that of the sceptic who apparently denies that there is any vital connection between religion and morality at all.

Whatever be the position we may feel constrained to assume towards this great question, it is not easy to understand how the last writer can ask, as he does, concerning the second position, '—to what practical issue is it, or can it be relevant?' If religious and non-religious beliefs are to stand upon their own merits, one of these must assuredly be the moral tendency of each. To influence men's belief by an appeal to their interests is certainly wrong, when by 'interests' is meant merely the advancement of our outward life. But in the moral and spiritual region, the case is quite altered, and, to beings constituted as we are, the fact that a certain belief —or faith—tends to advance the truest and highest life of our humanity, is certainly at least a presumption in favour of its truth. The same writer admits this himself in a later paper, naïvely enough, when he says:—'The early propagators of Christianity had to step forth into a world that was not permeated by Christian sentiment, and had to gain adherents to their cause by arguments drawn from the nature of what they taught.' If the 'early propagators of Christianity' might appeal to 'the nature of what they taught,' and its moral effect—for the two are closely bound together —why may not its modern defenders appeal also to the internal value of that which they hold as man's most precious heritage? If even Mr. Spencer tells us that 'few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it,' it is, *a fortiori*, the duty of Christians to show most emphatically the disastrous effect of rejecting a system which they hold divinely fitted to be not only the very best regulative system for humanity, but—what is far more—inspiring also, as no merely human system can ever be. No reasonable human being would expect another to believe, without adequate grounds for belief. But the practical importance which we attach to a subject has much to do with the

amount of consideration we bestow upon it; and it is no dishonour to Christianity, but the very reverse, to maintain that, on account of its unspeakable practical importance to the moral life of humanity, it is not to be cast aside without a more adequate conception of that importance than seems to be possessed by those who are so ready to reject it.

In the paper entitled 'Morality and Religion,' in the February number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, the writer thus briefly defines his own position: 'that morality is a thing of natural growth; that it consists essentially of the exercise of certain just and benevolent feelings, with their appropriate outcome in action, towards our fellow-beings, and that no system of religion, past or present, can claim to have invented it, or to be alone capable of maintaining it in vigour.' This definition leaves out of view altogether the larger idea of morality as a choice between good and evil, in obedience to self evident truth. It seems simply a statement of the 'evolution theory' of morality, and as such is a begging of the great question at issue between the 'experiential' and the 'intuitional' theories, which is not likely to be settled even by Mr. Spencer's 'Data of Ethics.' Into this question, however, it is not the purpose of the present paper to enter, especially as anyone may see it ably treated in Mr. Mallock's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled 'Atheistic Methodism.' But no one on either side of the present discussion would assert that either religion, or any system of religion, 'invented morality.' To do so would be to honour neither religion nor morality, and would be as rational as to speak of sanitary systems as inventing the laws of health. Christ Himself made no such claim, when He appealed to the Jews to judge Him by His words and works. Paul made no such claim for even Moses and the Prophets when he spoke of the Gentiles as having 'the law written in their hearts.' It is assuredly true that, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has told us, every religion worthy of the name 'has been the basis of moral life, and especially of the moral life of the community; each of them after its fashion has been the support of righteousness, and the terror of unrighteousness;' that, even though 'overlaid and disguised by fable, ceremony and priestcraft,' the 'moral element has always been present in everything that could be called a religious system.' But the connection between religion and morality must be, to every theist at least, a far closer one than that of either inventing morality or enforcing it. Morality, in its larger sense, as the choice between good and evil, must include religion, and religion, as an influence, must be the very source and well-spring of moral life.

By religion, however, let it be understood that we do not mean theology, viz., what men have believed or thought or fancied about God, though undoubtedly the truth or falsehood of this must materially affect the value of their religion; but we mean the active principle which binds the soul to God, which leads it to look up to him with love and reverence, and to draw a portion of His life into its own. Now, as to the theist, God is the source of all life, *a fortiori* must He be the source of moral and spiritual life. Unless this be true, we can have no theism which has any practical interest or bearing on human life at all. And so, through all degrees, from almost total darkness to the perfect light, we may trace

> 'The mystery dimly understood
> That love of God is love of good.
> And chiefly, its divinest trace,
> In Him of Nazareth's holy face;
> That to be saved is only this,
> Salvation from our selfishness;
> From more than elemental fire
> The soul's unsatisfied desire,
> From sin itself, and not the pain
> That warns us of its chafing chain.'

But the Christian theist has no need to go far to discover the connection

between religion and morality, or even to discover what the essence of morality is. To him it is no cold philosophic abstraction called 'altruism.' It resolves itself into the dear familiar name of love. Mr. Le Sueur himself admits that 'the true moral law' is 'summed up' in the sublime definition given by Christ Himself:—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it:—'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is the morality of Christianity. It is religion and morality fused into one. And if this be essential morality, which no theist, at all events, can consistently refuse to admit,—then, assuredly, that force which can most strongly develop love to God and man, must be the most mighty moral agent. It is this transcendent power, and nothing else, that we claim for the Christian faith.

For no one will deny that love, *i. e.*, love to a person, is the very strongest motive power which can be applied to human nature. Love to a cause is strong in some natures of the higher sort; but we cannot love an abstraction as we can love a person. In its full strength it calls forth every latent capability, every dormant power, and makes easy what had seemed impossible. It is stronger than death, for it overcomes even the love of life. And when the object of the love is a noble one, the love grows nobler and ennobles the whole nature. 'For a good man some would even dare to die.' History affords no glimpses of human nature so sublime as those which exhibit the supreme devotion of men to a noble leader, or a leader who at least to them appears noble. And when the hallowing touch of a death of self-sacrifice for others adds depth and sacredness to the love, there can be no emotion in all the range of merely human feeling so tender and so strong.

But there is more still. All merely secular moralists appear to ignore, at least, one hemisphere of our being, and that unspeakably its nobler one—our spiritual nature. Were man, indeed, the mere transitory product of blind material forces, owing no allegiance and feeling no aspirations beyond these, with nothing either to draw him upward or to draw him downward from the inevitable progress of his being through the action of his 'environment,' like a mollusc on the sea-shore, with no perception of spiritual beauty or of spiritual need,—no sense of warfare between that which his higher nature admires and that which his lower nature is impelled to do; then, indeed, his so-called 'morality' might develop as instinctively as his senses or his passions, and religion, and indeed anything worth calling virtue, would be alike superfluous and inconceivable. If, in short, we lived in a world of the secular moralist's creation, his theory would be unexceptionable. *But we do not!* We live in a world where the need of God has always been one of the most urgent needs of humanity, and the thought of God its strongest controlling power; facts which such moralists utterly ignore. Miss Bevington, a writer of this class, informs us that the utility of religion is 'made up of material wholly belonging to the earthly life. Were there no sickness and no earthly hopelessness or joylessness, there is nothing to show that there would be any need of, or any demand for, celestial comfort.' Is then the deepest consciousness of humanity 'nothing?' Or is it a delusion that has forced from the noblest hearts the cry, 'My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God?' No! the delusion lies with those who, apparently for the sake of a favourite theory, throw away their noblest birthright.

But how is the thirst for God to be satisfied? How are we to love 'with all our heart and soul, and mind and strength' the Unseen and Unknown—the Absolute and Unconditioned? Him whom humanity had more or less dim-

ly seen, and ignorantly worshipped, Christianity declares unto us, for Christianity is the revelation of God in Christ. It opens to us the very mind and heart of God. It unites in one emotion the craving for the Divine and the tender love of the human, and establishes, through the Divine Spirit, the direct link of spiritual communication between us and the eternal source of our highest life.

'O love! O life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one,—
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun,
So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood,
And heart of God revealed.'

But Christianity does more still than bring the children to know and love their Father. There is another great need of humanity which all merely secular systems of ethics ignore. An able critic of the 'Data of Ethics,' remarks, that Mr. Spencer does not discuss the question how it comes to pass that '*actions most commonly and most emphatically commended are actions which most need to be enforced?*' That is to say, he ignores the great disturbing force which, call it by what name we will, draws man with a terrible attraction, from what would seem to be the natural course of following that which he confesses to be good, and impels him to that which he admits to be evil,—a force just as strong in the human heart today as it was three thousand years ago, and just as urgently needing to be guarded by enactments and penalties. This great disturbing force, the deepest consciousness of humanity has ever acknowledged as *sin*; and all the sacrificial altars of all the ages bear witness to the accompanying conviction of guilt. This sense of guilt and consequent misery and separation from God, Christianity, with its 'doctrine of the Cross,' meets as nothing else can do. In the paper entitled, 'The Future of Morality,' we have a curiously crude and incorrect statement of what Christians understand by this great central belief. Can the writer really believe that the doctrine, as *he* states it, is that which drew forth the adoring love of such intellects and hearts as those of Paul and Augustine, and Luther and Chalmers? Could it be such a faith which called forth from the great master who knew all the stops of the human heart, the immortal lines—

'Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once:
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.'

Christians are asked to believe—not that they are held guiltless because 'an innocent person' has died for their offences,—but that 'God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself'—that Divine Love itself descended into the conditions of sinful humanity, and submitted itself to the penalty of sin, that it might raise humanity, through the love and trust which we call Faith, to receive forgiveness and help, and the renewed communion with God, which must be the true source of moral life. This is what an intelligent Christianity means by 'Justification by Faith,' and the very etymology and ancient use of the word '*at one-ment*,' shows that it was so understood by the translators of our English Bible. That Augustine and Luther are sound authorities as to Christian belief, few will deny. Here, then, is what Luther himself says as to the words—'The just shall live by faith.' 'I ran through the Scriptures, as my memory would serve me, and observed the same analogy in other words—as the work of God, that is, the work which God works in us; the strength of God, with which He makes us strong; the wisdom of God, with which He makes us wise; the power of God, the salvation of God, the glory of God. Afterwards I read Augustine "On the Spirit and the Letter," where, beyond my hope, I found that he, too,

interpreted the justice of God in a similar way as that with which God endues us when He justifies us.' Christianity is no more safe than any other great truth from blundering and inadequate conceptions of it. But it is not by these, but by its own authoritative statements, interpreted by themselves, that it is to be judged. If its own claims are true, it is no mere speculative theory of certain *âmes d'élite*, but a force of the most vital importance to the moral life of the world. We do not need to be told that its central doctrine is distasteful to the pride of natural reason—conclusive evidence that natural reason never could have originated it. But it is just they who have the deepest and truest knowledge of their own hearts, and the needs of their fellowmen, and who at the same time can testify by experience of the value of the divinely-offered gifts, who can say most emphatically, with the late Bishop Ewing, 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. Has any one ever ventured to declare that God is anywhere else reconciling the world unto Himself? He may be perceived elsewhere ruling and judging the world, but where else is He to be found reconciling it? If a man really throws himself amidst the sins, the sufferings, and the deaths of the men and women around him, he will find that none but a suffering and a dying God—nay, a God who Himself bears our sins—gives sufficient witness that He is a reconciling God. But that witness, as it is the last witness that can be given, is also sufficient; and there is no sin, suffering, or death for which the Cross is not an adequate consolation.'

To sum up, then,—we find that Christianity reveals to our knowledge and love the God whom all humanity has blindly yearned to know; that it unites the two strongest forces possible to human nature—the love for the human and the love for the Divine—the 'beatific vision' of infinite perfection with the tender love and reverence for a human friend and a dying Deliverer; that in His death for sin we find peace in the assurance of Divine love and Divine forgiveness, and in His resurrection and eternal life, the pledge and promise of our own; and that, by the direct agency of the Divine Spirit, it communicates the life, moral and spiritual, which has its source in God alone. What other force, then, can so help men to fulfil 'the first and great commandment,' which falls only with theism itself, and 'the second, which is like unto it.'? For it shows us that 'One is our Father, even God, and all we are brethren;' and that, just because He is the all-loving Father, we are to be kind even to the unthankful and the evil, that we may be 'the children of our Father in heaven.' And there is no other force which can really bind together the scattered units of humanity. Why should the happiness of one life be sacrificed for another, which is of no more value than itself, or even for an aggregate of other lives, individually of no greater importance? Mere multiplication does not originate value. A continent of sand particles will not make one diamond. But the children find in a common Father their true bond of brotherhood, and love to God and love to man become indistinguishably blended in one inspiring impulse.

And as a matter of fact, Christianity has proved itself, as we expect it to prove itself, the mightiest regenerating power that has ever been brought to bear upon humanity.* Through all

* NOTE.—It is not to be forgotten that the definition of morality from which we started as common ground, although given in the form we have quoted by Christ, was simply the re-statement of what had been given long before. In the paper entitled 'Morality and Religion,' we find the morality of Mosaic law, the noblest, most humane and enlightened code ever given to an ancient people—most unfairly aspersed on the ground of a single imperfectly understood limitation of punishment. No good lawyer, at least, would have so ignored the well-known principle of judicial interpretation which reads every statute in the light of the whole spirit of the code which contains it. Is it likely that any code would in one breath command that even the *beast* of an enemy, found lying under its burden, should be assisted to rise, and in the next leave an opening for inhuman barbarity towards a *man*? No

the preparatory education of ritual and enactment and prophetic teaching, men were gradually led up to the final and full revelation by Christ of that true righteousness or holiness which is that of *character* rather than *conduct*,—of inspiring life rather than of regulative pressure,—the two differing as much as does a system of quarantine regulations from the radical cure which sends the health bounding through every vein, and invigorating every faculty. This inward life which faith in Christ imparts, has blossomed out into the noblest and tenderest lives and acts of love and charity to man that the world has ever seen—rendering superfluous, where its full power is felt, the outward machinery of enactment and law. We are told that Christianity—the religion of which the keynote is forbearing and forgiving love—'has been pre-eminently the parent of persecution!' As well tell us that truth has been the parent of falsehood! It is the pride and intolerance and narrowness of human nature which has so far counteracted the true influence of Christianity as to make persecution possible among those who profess it. We are favoured—evidently as a specimen of the 'fruits' of Christianity—with a sketch of the 'so-called pious,' which is certainly not flattering. They are at once ritualistic and saturated with worldliness, impressed with the insignificance of this earthly life and yet absorbed in its follies and conventions and vanities. We are not concerned to defend the inconsistencies of human nature, or the inadequacy of the mere surface and 'so-called' Christianity which is a shallow veneer instead of an informing impulse. But it is just ground for honest indignation when the symptoms of the disease are apparently set down as the effects of the unassimilated remedy, and the abortive results of a barren profession are placed before us as representing a Christianity which is to-day inspiring thousands and tens of thousands who are earnestly living out the faith that is in them; who, amid the wretchedness and misery of crowded cities, and the human degradation of tropical islands—amid the rigours of an Arctic climate and under the burning sun of Africa—are patiently, faithfully, lovingly toiling to raise their brothers and sisters from abject barbarism to not merely intelligent civilization, but towards those heights of purity to which Christianity calls them:—'Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect!'

These things are evidently non-existent to the gaze of those who assure us so positively that religion has but little to do with practical morality. They assure us, moreover, that its glorious hope of a nobler life beyond the grave makes this life a thing of little value and prevents our 'treating it with due seriousness.' Strange assertion! We had imagined that it was Christianity that had 'the promise of this life and that which is to come,' and that nothing could make this life of such momentous seriousness as the consciousness that its issues reach out into a vista of infinity. The 'detachment' which Christianity teaches is a detachment from the lower and transient enjoyments which belong to the life of our senses, that we may possess, even now, the enduring blessedness that belongs to the life of our spirit. This, and this alone, can teach us 'to use this world as not abusing it;' this, and this alone, is the 'faith that overcometh the world,' and makes life real and earnest in the face of disillusion and disappointment. No one can ever tell us more impressively than Christ and Christian writers that even *here* we have eternal life, and that the blessedness of heaven belongs, even now, to the 'pure in heart.' A generation ago, Frederick Robertson wrote

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laws ever more carefully protected the poor, the servant and the stranger, than did the Mosaic Code. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the great lawgiver knew what he was about, at least as well as his modern critic? We have also in a former paper a misrepresentation of Christ's moral teaching through the literalising of the poetical form of Oriental teaching, and an inaccuracy even in reporting the words themselves.

And if obedience were entire and love were perfect, then would the Revelation of the Spirit to the soul of man be perfect too. There would be trust expelling care, and enabling a man to repose; there would be a love which could cast out fear; there would be sympathy with the Mighty All of God; selfishness would pass, isolation would be felt no longer; the tide of the universal and eternal Life would come with mighty pulsations throbbing through the soul. To such a man it would not matter where he was, nor what—to live or die would be alike. Things common would be transfigured. The human would become Divine—life, even the meanest, noble. In the hue of every violet there would be a glimpse of Divine affection and a dream of heaven. Human love itself would burn with a clearer and intenser flame, rising from the altar of self-sacrifice.' Will any one dare to tell us that a faith like this 'makes life too poor a thing to do anything with,' is 'simple treason to humanity?'

But while it is true that the blessedness of heaven may begin here, in the heart, let no one mock us by trying to persuade us that, in this world of perpetual change, and crushed hopes, and baffled aspirations, and unsatisfied yearnings, and ties rudely snapped just when they are strongest and dearest, we are to find our heaven and our home! To a few it may seem so for a brief interval. But however great personal happiness may be, the sensitive ear and heart can never be long deaf to the fact that the air is full of the sound of human weeping, blended with the inarticulate wail of the animal creation. No poet was ever more alive to the beauty of the natural world and the sweetness of mere human life than Burns, but he knew the hard and bitter conditions that surround the life of nine-tenths of humanity. And so he truly sings,

'A few seem favourites of fate
In pleasure's lap carest:
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest!

But, oh! what crowds in every land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Through weary life this lesson learn
That man was made to mourn!'

This is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago. And how is it going to help this mass of 'wretched and forlorn' humanity to be told that after an indefinite number of successive generations have lived and suffered and gone out into darkness, this world may possibly, through a better knowledge of 'the laws of life,' become a more comfortable caravanserai for future equally transitory beings, who may lodge in it (for awhile) on their way from nothingness to nothingness?

Tennyson gives us the passionate outcry of the heart which has seen the light of its life quenched in darkness—utter darkness—if this life is to be 'the only theatre of man's activity':

'My own dim life should teach me this
That life should live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

'This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild poet while he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease!'

What wonder that the despairing heart, with no help or hope to nerve it to the unequal struggle through a life turned into bitterness, should find its moral nature paralyzed by the horrible sense of contrast between its ideal riches and its utter bankruptcy, and sink into pessimism, with the cynic's bitter laugh, as he prepares to 'eat, drink and be merry' while lasts this little fragment of a meaningless existance:—

'Yesterday this day's madness did prepare,
To-morrow's silence, triumph and despair,
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why,
Drink! for you know not why you go or where!'

When we find men talking, unconscious how the Christianity they reject has moulded their thoughts and words, of the 'moral resources of a true humanity,' of 'calm yet ardent faith and fervent brotherly love,' as separate from faith in, and love to, God, we know they are only holding to the shadow of the substance they would throw away; and if they could throw it away they would find that the shadow had an inconvenient tendency to follow. Yet when we are told that to lose Christ, and life, and immortality is to lose nothing material from our moral life, we can scarcely find words of reproach for those who so cheat themselves with 'vacant chaff well meant for grain,'—so strongly do we recall the touching words of Divine compassion:—'Thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked!' Here is the frank confession of one Agnostic, who does not blind himself to what he loses in losing Christianity: 'Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the "new faith" is a desirable substitute for the waning splendour of the old, I am not ashamed to confess that, with this virtual negation of God, the universe, to me, has lost its soul of loveliness, and, although from henceforth the precept to "work while it is yet day" will doubtless gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that "the night cometh when no man can work," yet, when at times I think of the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible. . . . I cannot but feel that for me, and for others who think as I do, there is a dreadful truth in the words of Hamilton—philosophy having become a meditation, not merely of death but of annihilation—the precept 'know thyself' has become transformed into the terrific oracle to Œdipus,

> "Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art."'

But we do not fear that any such catastrophe will permanently overtake humanity. If the admitted definition of morality, with which we started is correct, and Christianity is what we have claimed it to be, then the future of morality and the future of Christianity are not merely bound up together; they are one and the same. And both are in the hands of 'the Divinity that shapes our ends.' There may be a temporary and partial retrogression. Christians are prepared by their own inspired oracles to expect that, and they are probably right who see signs of it now. But Christianity is no decadent faith. It is not too much to say that the great majority of the earnest intelligence of the age is Christian still; and that, notwithstanding the causes that have been supposed to shake it, there is a firmer and more vital faith in Christianity to-day than there was half a century ago. There is more opposition, of course, because there is more activity of thought, and men actively oppose, where before they were simply indifferent. But even opposition is better than indifference, and the storms that shake, only root the tree more firmly in the soil. The Church of Christ, with all its imperfections, is still the great regenerating power of humanity. The very attacks of its enemies have the effect of quickening its vitality and rekindling the enthusiasm of its members, as the attempt to wrest from them their best treasure, gives them a redoubled sense of its ineffable value. Infidelity, in all its guises, may for a time vaunt its destructive triumphs in the borrowed language of the heavenly kingdom. But the Church of Christ knows her leader will not fail; and 'in this sign' she still goes forth conquering and to

conquer. Her workers go on and build; and like the small invisible labourers, that have built up a scattered continent in Southern seas, thousands, working patiently and obscurely, are contributing to the building up of the heavenly city. The Star of Bethlehem still lights earnest seekers to the spiritual king, and its light shall not wane till the whole sky is radiant with that fuller glory which many think is already dawning. The music of the first Christmas Carol will never die on the ear of humanity until it is lost in the grander chorus of the New Song, which shall usher in that, perhaps, *not* 'far off divine event'

'To which the whole creation moves.'

'THE MORALITY OF THE FUTURE.'

BY DELTA.

A SOMNOLENT despair has reached forth its icy fingers and laid hold upon that external portion of the great heart of society which pulsates in the outward and visible Church. Sad forebodings, dim forecastings of evil are a constant presence to many professors of Christianity. An ever-darkening gloom clouds the spirit and life of nineteenth century orthodoxy. Such grief, so far as it is real—and there is much reality in it—is entitled alike to respect and sympathy. All suffering, self-wrought or otherwise, has claims not only upon human sympathy, but human aid, for there is not a solitary ill to which flesh is heir which cannot be disinherited.

If man will but strive to drive out the evil, good will supply, spontaneously, to all appearance, the void so caused, for Nature abhors a vacuum. Indeed, under Nature's laws a vacuum is an impossibility; and, as in the natural world, so in the moral universe. The slightest evil shunned is replaced by good. There is not a single interval of emptiness.

There may be several causes which have generated this gloom of orthodoxy so prevalent at present. Temperament, for instance, may have something to do with it. The wear and tear of hard work and worry not a little contribute to this result by enfeebling the powers of mind and body. A conscious lack of power combined with the knowledge of serious defects in his weapons will discourage the boldest soldier. But it is to be feared that another cause is at work—a cause which is the strongest proof both of the actuality and possibility of the 'moral interregnum' so despairingly anticipated. That cause is, that we have projected ourselves and our creed into morality itself, beyond and above which there is no other. Self-love, and the thoughts or creeds which self has formulated, expressed or adopted, have become to many an individual, and many a sect composed of such individuals, the whole sum and substance of morality. 'Verily, we are the people and with us wisdom dieth,' is how Solomon puts it.

For such, a moral interregnum means a cessation of the personal power and authority they have enjoyed; and that has come upon us. The rule of one man's, or one sect's, will and thought is now an impossibility. This state appears likely to last; is it not well that it should?

The moral faculties are made up simply of that will-power which constitutes the life of man. The will can never cease to control the thoughts and actions. There can be, therefore, no moral interregnum. There are, it is true, good morals and bad, good wills and evil wills, ruling or causing, respectively, good or evil thoughts and conduct. Good will is the will to benefit others; evil will is the determination to benefit self at the expense of others. 'All unrighteousness is sin.' 'Unrighteousness' is that which is unjust, unloving towards others; and there is not a sin in the calendar of crime which cannot be traced directly to selfishness—self-will, self-love—as its origin.

Here it is that the unorthodoxy or inconsistency of scientific and materialistic philosophy makes itself visible. Scientific moralists are quite as loth to give up morality—that is, morality as understood by 'good will towards man'—as are religious moralists. Yet such undoubtedly good men as Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and others of their school of thought, while admitting that morality, in the broad sense defined above, is desirable as the aim or ultimate of all philosophy, can trace its reasonableness and possibility only to the fact elucidated from the laws of material being that whatsoever conduct least hinders the development of the individual and inflicts the least pain or discomfort upon self is also the best towards others. This, therefore, constitutes the true philosophy of moral conduct—utter selfishness. A scrupulous and constant care of self, co-equal and co-existent in all men, is the *summum bonum* of sociology as a science. They hope thus that evolution will evolve out of an ardent love of self and consequent hatred of all others, where self is concerned, that condition of being in which each is just and righteous. Yet if the words 'justice' and 'righteousness' are not sounds merely, but sounds expressive of ideas, they must mean at least that man loves others as much as self and deems that 'right' which leaves a straight path open to others as well as to self. Righteousness is not a regard to one's own rights only; how then can self-love lead to anything but a pretence of love to others? 'Self-love' and 'love of others' may indeed be the same stream of love or will, described in the one way or the other, according to which of two diametrically opposite directions it may take; but can the same stream of spiritual life or will, flowing out, half towards self, and half toward one's neighbour, be expected to meet and blend together within the next million years or so? A house divided against itself cannot long remain standing. The devil of self-love, living in selfishness, cannot exorcise the devil of self-love nor cast it out of the life. Yet this is the childish error into which scientific or natural religionists, who judge by appearances only, though their aim be sincere, have permitted themselves to fall.

In this fallacy they are not alone. Orthodox religionists originated the method, and its impress is not only fatally stamped upon their creeds, but has become ingrained in the very natures of men who deem themselves freed from the prejudices of education or training, and prepared to sit at the feet of Nature listening with heart and mind to her teachings. Orthodoxy throughout the ages has taught—is teaching still—that salvation for self is the starting-point of good-will towards others. The will, the desire, to save self is the 'dweller on the threshold' that ushers in to the glory of a new life. Christianity seems to have forgotten the lesson of its bitterest enemies, who perceived and said of the great Master, 'He saved others; Himself He cannot save.' The servant is not greater than his Lord. Nor can the man who cares to save others, waste time or energy, will or thought, on the comparatively trivial question of his own salvation. Orthodoxy has, in short, appealed to the lowest motive

in poor, fallen human nature, and has not, therefore, with any great power laid hold upon Eternal Life. 'The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent'—those who are full of will to reach and save others—'take it by force.' In striving for others, new powers are developed by exercise, powers which no other influence than that of unselfishness in the life can possibly bring into conscious activity.

The Positivist school of thought actually gets nearer to Christianity in spirit than scientific philosophy or orthodox religion. They live, and hope to live for ever in, and for, other lives. A dream—says the selfish world of so-called Religion and Science. Yet, if there be any who live up to the standard of Positivism, they will find the future life a reality; and by doing the will of Him who lived for others, shall, here or hereafter, learn ever more and more of the doctrine, and find eternal life.

If then both orthodox and scientific religion act only as a wet blanket upon any latent 'enthusiasm for humanity,' while 'positivism' is merely a child in darkness crying for the light, is there not proof sufficient of a moral interregnum? Where are we to seek for the reign of potent good morals, good will, among men, if the truth of natural law is scientifically proved to contain no goodness, while the proofs embodied in the creeds of orthodoxy find their summation in the unit 'number one?'

Where, indeed, but in the so-called 'unorthodox,' who seek truth by, and in, goodness? The 'mere morality' of such men—their lives far more than their thoughts—are a law unto the creeds, ruling them into subjection, making even their proud professors more than half ashamed to acknowledge their beliefs if arraigned at the bar of common sense and experience. These two latter qualities, the former but an outgrowth of the latter, respect scientific research where it deals with facts, but operate as a powerfully deterrent force from a pseudo scientific religion ostensibly deduced from mere phenomena. For is it not a self-evident truth to the dullest intellect that while a life lived so as to injure no fellow-creature yields the greatest happiness, yet that man cannot live such a life if his absorbing motive be to attain happiness. It is a feat which has never yet been performed. Science does not treat of facts, but of fancies, when it proceeds to establish data of religious ethics on a basis of expediency. If to expedite individual movement be the sole aim, obstacles must be swept from the path. It is the only expedient. Thus the logic of experience in well-doing clips the wings of scientific religion and maintains the rule of morality.

For orthodox error there is not much hope. It is dying out before the rule of unorthodox morality. For there is in heterodoxy strength and life and movement. Unorthodoxy is tremendously prevalent in the pew; nor is it unknown in the pulpit. Our Dominion is blest with at least two men, preachers, one in each of her principal cities, who are absolutely fearless in the search for truth. Orthodoxy has spent its strength upon the one, and by a narrow minded persecution has only added force to his words by increasing his audience. Seeing orthodoxy is dumb, overpowered and awed into silence by morality, what attracts the people? Hardly eloquence—save that of intense earnestness. Hardly grace or elegance of speech or expression—though neither is wanting. Morality rules the hearts of the people. They hunger after that love of truth which lives in goodness, and dares to seek the truth so loved by no other road than the doing of actual physical, mental and spiritual good, 'all to each, and each to all.' Practical goodness, mercy and peace towards all, is the path this preacher chooses by which to find truth, and point the way to other seekers.

The other, orthodoxy has let alone

severely—with a wisdom peculiar to the children of this world who do not care about encouraging the children of light. Orthodoxy hardly covets an encounter with a man who is as reckless as he is fearless—filling his hearers with a consciousness of hidden volcano fires within—of seathing scorn and burning wrath for all meanness and hypocrisy. So the creed-worshipper changes his weapons. He does not advance openly to the attack, but ignores the enemy, and steadily poohpoohs and slanders him. This preacher, zealous, eloquent and powerful though he be, is but a man and not yet an angel, and he lives out openly the life that is in him. Therefore he is unclerical, vain, conceited; a busy-body having to do with things of the world which any orthodox clergyman should have sense enough to let alone; for formalism and orthodoxy should go hand in hand. Still the man lives and grows, is useful, and his influence—the power of the truth that is in him—expands. Morality rules by him, repressing hypocrisy, malice, and all uncharitableness, by the force of a life devoted to work for others, for the highest good of the land we live in.

A remarkable similarity in the teaching of these two men, who are vastly dissimilar in their mode of life and personal characteristics, would seem almost to afford an index or outline of that coming morality which has already partially begun its reign. Both perceive a spiritual meaning, underlying and contained within the literal words of Holy Writ, treating always and ever of the inner will-life of man. Symbols of exterior natural life are used in the Divine Word to reveal the workings of the thoughts, the passions of the spiritual man that lives within the merely natural man. Every thing external corresponds exactly to the internal, because nature works from within, outwards—not from without, inwards. The objective does not give life to the subjective. Objects only arouse the life that is in the subject. The inner life or will which constitutes the real man, gains knowledge by the objects presented to it, and the combination of will and knowledge, love and wisdom, constitutes life with its consummation in action. Matter is an effect; spirit, the cause. Therefore, the spiritual will to do right, draws forth the knowledge of how to do it from the objects and experiences with which it meets till right is done. That is salvation, justice, righteousness, Christianity—call it which you will—as seen in and received from, that life of all lives, the Divine Humanity of our Lord God and Saviour. To do His will, to mingle the stream of our lives with His Life, is to these men the very law of life—the only true sociology. It is the one scientific religion which achieves the line of least resistance, not only reaching to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but accomplishing, by the only possible road, the complete happiness of all; self only happy in striving to attain that end. This is to live in a finite degree as He lived in His infinite degree.

Such is the key-note of the morality of the future as sounded by these two men. And it is in unison with the great heart of the mass of humanity which hungers not for no more systems of religion, but for the thing itself, and will believe it only when men not only see, but feel it acting upon their lives, touching them practically at every point of their existence.

Such teaching is almost as unorthodox as the following:—'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another: as I have loved you that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another. He that hateth his brother is in darkness and walketh in darkness and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes. If ye know that the Lord is righteous, know ye that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him. Let us

not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?'

Yet this is the morality of the future, which shall live and spend itself not on creeds but on deeds. It is love carried out into ultimates, shunning every act which it perceives to be inflicting injury upon others. To shun evil is the special function of man's free will or free life. Good from the Lord can then, and then only, by an inevitable spiritual law, correct itself with his will or life power, and flow out in good-will towards men, His brethren and ours. To 'cease to do evil,' and to 'learn to do well,' constitute but one action; and that act is both the religion and the morality of the future, as it has been the only true morality ever known in the past.

This law of love is true to the very constitution of humanity. Each man selfishly hungers to be loved, admired, praised, caressed—hungers so wildly, that men have tried to compel love; forgetting that love or life has been created free and cannot be constrained. It is a beneficial law of the universe, that only by giving love can love be drawn forth; obey that law and the transition is easy. If every man loved his neighbour and strove to serve him, regardless of self, each would serve, and save, and bless the other. Ever dying to self is a resurrection, here and now, to righteousness. It is the dawn of morality and the beginning of eternal life. Self-service has not been a success to the great mass of humanity, nor even to the most ardent individual lovers of self. The world is seriously entertaining the idea of trying God's way. Experience, which is only another name for Providence, has taught the lesson to those who desire to shun evil. With fresh courage, the courage of love, they begin, and will continue until a perfect morality is secured.

ÆOLIAN.

HIS soul is tuned to subtler harmonies
Than our dull music; never mortal touch
Woke such wild sweetness from the well-tuned harp;
Nor mortal touch from him can draw his best.
Ah! set him in the woodlands, or where lakes
Lend heaven a mirror for its thousand eyes,
Or where the ocean evermore complains
In lonely grandeur of its loneliness.
These rouse him to full rapture, and he breaks
Into the sweetness of an angel's song
Who wakes on earth, new-fall'n in sleep from heaven.
So the Æolian harp owns not the sway
Of harper's fingers; not the ordered laws
Of fugue, sonata, symphony; yet breathes
Its whole full heart forth to the lawless wind.

F. W. B., in the London *Spectator*.

THE 'AT HOMES' OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

BY HOWARD J. DUNCAN, WOODSTOCK.

CHARLES LAMB does not place us in the awkward position of strangers, nor does he leave us in any doubt concerning the affairs of his every-day life. He opens wide the doors of his household and invites you to inspect the workings of its inmates. 'Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness, with such tolerable comfort upon the whole that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains with the rash king's offspring to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in tastes and habits —yet, so as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our common reading table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies.' This is the introduction that Charles Lamb gives us to his sister Mary; and as we read 'Mackery End in Hertfordshire,' of which the above is an excerpt, we feel that his friendly manner has placed us on terms of intimacy. He pictures his foibles and fancies in the light pleasantry of an old friend; tells us of the pleasures he derives from the oddities of authorship, Bridget's (Mary's) dislikes thereto, and the results of their frequent controversies, in which he humorously says he is always in the right. He then tells us of the faults of his kinswoman; how she reads in company; answers 'yes' or 'no' to a question without fully understanding its purport; and although maintaining a presence of mind in matters of moment, is totally destitute of it on trifling occasions. In this way he sums up all her imperfections, but concludes by crediting her with the qualities of a loyal and high-minded woman. 'In a season of distress she is the truest comforter, but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the will to meet them, she sometime maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction.' He informs us that she was given to 'good old English reading' in her youth and 'broused at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage,' which, says he, if it diminished her chance of wedlock, made her a most incomparable old maid. 'She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best when she goes a journey with you.' And now he recalls the happy hours they whiled away in vacation at an old farm house —the delightful spot he visited when a little boy in the pleasant month of June. It was the house of 'Sarah

Battle,' whose opinions on whist are humorously given in the 'Essays of Elia.' This was one of their annual excursions to the 'native fields of Hertfordshire,' yet Lamb had little love for scenery outside the metropolis. In a letter to Wordsworth, he says 'my attachments are all local, purely local; I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The room where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes, a book case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved; old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself; my old school, these are my mistresses—have I not enough without your mountains?' London was the home of his childhood, and he clung fondly to those early scenes of life and bustle amongst which he was fostered and reared. His home-bred qualities were a constant theme for his friends, and the affection he bore for certain spots in his native city is faithfully pictured in many of his essays on venerated piles. How delighted he was when describing the place of his birth—Inner Temple—or telling us about the old school of blue coats or the old fashioned, powdered-headed, speculative bachelor clerks of the South Sea House as he knew them in years gone by. These made London dear to him and gave a pleasure to city life rarely realized by others of so quiet and poetic a disposition.

It was in the year 1809 that Charles and Mary Lamb gave the first of those brilliant series of 'At Homes,' those delightful Wednesday evening levees, at which assembled many of the *literati* of that day. They had then moved from the Mitre Court Buildings to a top story, Number 4 Inner Temple Lane, near the chambers of Mr. Special-pleader Chitty, and had ventured forth their first joint production, 'Poetry for Children.' Here, in this new home, the poet wished to spend the remainder of his days. In a letter to a distant friend, he wrote: 'Our place of final destination—I don't mean the grave, but No. 4 Inner Temple Lane—looks out upon a gloomy churchyard-like court, called Hare Court, with three trees and a pump in it. Do you know it? I was born near it, and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old.' This new home, doubtless, had many attractions for him, yet in 1823 he moved from these early scenes to a cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington, within a stone's throw of the old home of a 'fair-haired maiden' of whom he had sung in youthful verse.

The little coterie whose Wednesday evenings were spent in the sitting-rooms at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, was not made up of authors exclusively. There might be seen wits, philosophers, poets, critics, lawyers, and East India House clerks, engaged in a social *tête-à tête*, or playing whist. Perfect freedom was the characteristic of these gatherings, 'where,' says Lamb, 'we play at whist, eat cold meat and hot potatoes; and any gentleman that chooses smokes.' On the walls hung some of Hogarth's prints, the beauties of which Lamb has praised in an essay on the genius and character of that artist.

Among the number who graced those charming gatherings was Coleridge. Although a resident of the northern part of England—a Laker—he rarely missed an evening at the Lambs, when in London. Coleridge and Lamb had been associates at Christ's Hospital School in boyhood, and an affection sprung up between them which lasted without interruption until the death of the former. While yet striplings, they had put forth a small volume of poems in conjunction with their youthful friend, Charles Lloyd, which, like most productions of that day, was doomed to harsh treatment by the Reviewers.

When Coleridge went up to Cam-

bridge, Charles Lamb entered the office of the South Sea Company. There he toiled as a junior for two years. But brighter days dawned when he entered the East India House Company's employment; and, after three-and-thirty years' service with that Corporation, when, as he says, 'I had grown to my desk, as it were—and the wood had entered my soul,' he retired on a pension. He was then an old man, but, despite the hard duties of his early life, he had cultivated in his leisure the study of the old English writers and the drama, and he now sought repose in the quiet enjoyment of his books and friends. The days of servitude in the East India House were the palmiest of his life, for it was then he saw himself in a state of affluence and in the height of his powers as a writer; yet above all he cherished those days from a continued recurrence of 'the old familiar faces.' Time had not then made him think of the great change his life was to take, but in the days of his retirement, when he could pass hours in the company of his friends he bewails:

'How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.'

No doubt this singularly pathetic verse refers to his friends, Coleridge and Hazlitt. Lamb has told us that when Coleridge was a mere lad he was noted for his conversational powers, and in numerous letters he relates with affectionate remembrance the happy hours they spent together at the 'Salutation and Cat' inn, where they 'sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poetry.' But it was at these friendly gatherings—these 'At Homes'—that Coleridge won the merited reputation of the 'Conversationalist.' He was then in the noon-day of life and in the full glow of intellectual vigour. At the home of the Lambs would he sit of a winter's night, in an easy arm-chair before the grate, with snuff-box in hand, his large grey eyes sparkling beneath a 'broad and high forehead of ivory,' as he opened up a discourse on some pet theory. As he advanced with the subject, his mind seemed to grapple with the wanderings of his vivid imagination, and, lost to all before him, sport with the creatures of some fairy land. There he revealed the beauties of the future, and, in the delights of fancy, pictured the distant in all the glowing splendour of a summer noon-day. He saw the appearing realities of his dreamland, and pursued its phantoms with all the alacrity of youth. His mind soared far beyond the clouds, and in its aerial wanderings its auditors were lost in speculation, and remained transfixed to their seats in mute and respectful astonishment at the boldness of his theme.

Sometimes the little party would induce Coleridge to recite passages from his poems. 'Christabel' had not yet gone to the printer, and the guests in the parlour of No. 4 Inner Temple Lane were the first to listen to and be delighted with the weird pathos of its lines. One who has recorded a few particulars of these gatherings says, 'his voice seemed to mount and melt into air as the images grew more visionary and the suggested associations became more remote.'

Among those who enlivened the evening by the brilliancy of his conversation was William Hazlitt, then in the first days of a growing fame. As a portrait painter he had won reputation, and his name was linked with the first of living metaphysicians. He first met Lamb after the publication of his 'Essay on the Principles of Human Action.' A strong attachment sprung up immediately, and when Hazlitt died, Charles Lamb maintained the same benignity of spirit that characterized him when he learned that Coleridge was no more. No transports of grief swayed his mind, for he had early

learned that life's cup of bitterness was filled for him to overflowing. Hazlitt and Coleridge were among the warmest friends of the Lambs; and at their little home on Wednesday evenings—except when Coleridge was there, for his lengthened absence gave him priority over all others—Hazlitt dwelt with satisfaction to his auditors on the state of the stage and the acting of Kean; or perchance, if some one happened to refer to the reverses of Napoleon, he would immediately kindle 'into a fierce passion' and defend the actions of his military idol through all defeats. After showering invectives on the enemies of his hero, he expatiated on the genius of the great General and pictured in glowing terms his elevation to the gubernatorial chair. And then how happily would he picture the splendour of the coronation and the gay Parisian fetes and pageants and the brilliant successes at Jena and Austerlitz, in which the powers of allied Europe seemed sealed in awful defeat. Before them he placed a dramatic picture of the Russian invasion. He showed them the long lines of the flower of France marching through the sterile steppes of Russia, carrying everything before them, and painted the direful magnificence of the Moscow conflagration in words more expressive than the artist's brush. He saw his hero baffled and exiled, and yet the strong attachment he bore him remained unabated. Hazlitt was no sentimentalist, nor did the great disasters of Napoleon in any degree serve to bind him to misfortune out of sympathy. He prized honesty and candour too greatly, and his feeling for Napoleon was nothing short of personal affection.

It was at the home of Charles Lamb that William Hazlitt gave his first ideas of Chaucer and Spenser. There he sat in his youthful manhood, and stammered out those fine criticisms on the Elizabethan authors, and repeated with delight rich passages from Jonson and Shakespeare. Here, too, he lost his cares in discoursing on paintings, and lingered with affection on prints from the old masters. In his youth he had studied the art with a view of adopting the profession, and made a tour through England as a portrait painter. His disquisitions on painting fully reveal the great love he bore for an art in which he was unsuccessful. His most felicitous compositions are on this subject, where he loses all his apparent rigidity in the warmth of his youthful endeavours.

Hazlitt's political zeal was the cause of much of his bitterness, and it once occasioned a brief coolness between him and Lamb. It has been said that he would rather lose a friend than sacrifice a principle, and from the manner in which he treated some, we have cause to believe in its correctness.

Another name on the list of friends to the Lambs was William Godwin, philosophical tutor and father in-law to the poet Shelley. He united the peculiar gifts of a versatile novelist with the depth and research of a philosopher, and whether we view him in the light of either we cannot but admire his originality. His novels hold us spell-bound with the lessons of experience they teach. They give us an impetus, and make us feel that we are dealing with creatures of flesh and blood, whose wrongs and misdoings we should commiserate rather than censure. The characters demand sympathy, and our natures yield irresistibly to the plaintiveness of their call. His reply to Malthus, who affirmed that 'there is in the constitution of man's nature a perpetual barrier to any extensive improvement in his earthly condition,' was hailed with delight by his friends and followers.

But among those bosom friends of the Lambs, there was none more dear than 'Barry Cornwall,' the mellifluous minstrel of 'The Sea,' whose sweet songs have lost none of their originality. The wild beauty of his poesy and the cheerfulness of his disposition made him one of their most welcomed guests,

and many a pleasant hour he spent with them, discussing the merits of the older English drama and the poetry of his contemporaries. Years after the death of the Lambs, he would frequently dwell on the brilliancy of the Wednesday evening parties, and repeat with delight some of Lamb's witicisms. 'Barry Cornwall' was a dear true friend to Hazlitt. When the world looked dark and cloudy to him (Hazlitt), he cheered his loneliness by sympathising with him; and if any one were to speak disparagingly of the critic, he was among the first to administer a gentle rebuke. He has said that he despaired of the age that had forgotten to read Hazlitt.

Prominent among the associates of Lamb was Leigh Hunt, who has added so much to our common pleasure in the delicate art of story-telling. He was educated at Christ's Hospital School, and there he first saw Coleridge and Lamb visiting its cloisters. He was not, however, acquainted with them at the school. While Hunt was suffering imprisonment for libel, Charles and Mary Lamb were constant visitors to his cell, and the author of 'The Town' alluded to their kindness in verse :—

'You'll guess why I can't see the snow-covered streets,
Without thinking of you and your visiting feats,
When I call to remembrance how you and one more,
When it wanted it most, used to knock at my door.'

And again :

'But now, Charles, you never (so blissful you deem me)
Come lounging, with twirl of umbrella, to see me.'

It was characteristic of Charles Lamb's nature to take compassion on those who were unfortunate. His presence was like a ray of sunshine that cheered the lonely and neglected wanderer on his great journey through life. His mild face and 'deep-set eyes' diffused warmth and cordiality into the hearts of all who came within the genial influence of his nature. He loved Hunt the more for his misfortunes, and the poet drank of his sympathy as the flower sips the morning dew.

At the Wednesday evening parties Hunt was an almost constant attendant. He loved to sit by the fireside of those who had cheered his lonely captivity and tell of the solace he derived from the well-thumbed volumes Lamb brought him. At this time he was editor of *The Indicator*, which was published every Wednesday and read by its admirers before the party assembled. Lamb was an ardent admirer of the journal, which evoked from him an anonymous address :

'Your easy essays indicate a flow,
Dear friend, of brain which we may elsewhere seek ;
And to their pages I and hundreds owe,
That Wednesday is the sweetest of the week.
* * * *
Wit, poet, prose-man, party man, translator,
H[unt], your best title yet is *Indicator*.'

It was in this unaffected way that Charles Lamb often endeared himself to those he loved. Even in politics, which he thoroughly detested, Charles Lamb frequently served his friends with his pen in furtherance of their political schemes.

There also was to be seen Thomas Noon Talfourd, author of 'Ion.' It was in the year 1815 that he first met Lamb. He was then at Chambers in the Inner Temple under Mr. Chitty, the special-pleader; and learning that the author of 'Rosamond Gray' lived under the same roof he felt a strong desire to meet him. At a friend's house one day he met Lamb at dinner; that night they walked arm-in-arm together to their common home, the Temple, and Talfourd, nothing loath, accepted an invitation to Lamb's rooms, where, says he, 'we were soon seated beside a cheerful fire; hot water and its better adjuncts were before us, and Lamb insisted on my sitting with him while he smoked "one pipe," for—alas! for poor human nature—he had

resumed his acquaintance with his fair mistress.' And there they sat discoursing on the themes of life and death and replenishing their glasses until two o'clock in the morning. Thereafter Talfourd attended the gatherings, where he charmed all with his beautiful disquisitions on the Greek tragedy; and when 'Ion' first appeared on the boards of a London theatre Charles Lamb was among the first to eulogise it. The masterly construction of a Greek tragedy into the language and customs of our own stage fully warranted the praises bestowed on its author. He revealed the feelings of the Greek in the language of the Saxon, and wove with exquisite taste the characters of the ancients. How tenderly and yet how hopefully does Ion speak as he bids a last farewell to his love, and then how beautifully is the closing scene of his life pictured, bound to death by a mistaken oath to the gods. The last sound that dies on his ears is joyful news, and he closes his eyes in the sweet thought that the wrath of the gods has been appeased.

Talfourd was a prolific contributor to the magazines of his day, and in his collected essays we have a faithful and graphic account of some of his literary friends and contemporaries. In his work, 'The Life and Letters of Charles Lamb,' he has paid a fitting tribute to his friend, and expressed in unmistakable words the great affection he bore towards his subject.

In the foregoing I have endeavoured to give a short description of some of the friends of the Lambs. The happiest days of Charles Lamb's otherwise melancholy and sad life were spent in the Inner Temple, where he gathered about him a circle of friends, rich in thought, who savoured of his quiet and homely tastes. The story of the life of his excellent sister is a sad yet lovely chapter in his history, and his devotion to her lends a romantic charm to his toilsome life.

THE SCHOOL OF SONG.—A SONNET.

BY ALICE HORTON.

PHILOMEL, from her bush, while storms swept by,
O'erheard the forest organ's harmony;
She watched the oak trees split, and writhe, and die,
And heard the willows weeping mournfully,
And voiceless cowered within her shade until
The storm blew over, and hushed evening hours
Shining with stars, and sweet with scent of flowers,
Beguiled her into making melody.
Then tuneful sings she, but her sweetest trill
Recalls the pangs she witnessed, sitting still
Upon her sheltered spray, and, unto me,
Her song, when sweetest, has its agony;—
The unforgotten notes of some sad thrill,
That echo in her heart against her will.

CONCERNING YOUTH.

BY M.

YOUTH has always been regarded as, in some respects, the most interesting period of life. Few, of whatever years, can contemplate it—its freshness, frankness, confidence—without feeling involuntarily drawn into conscious and active sympathy with it. Few past the meridian of life can look back to their own youth without a regret that it has forever fled; and certainly not without regret that no more of its cheerful, trustful, generous temper has been preserved through the sharper conflicts and severer trials of later life. To all susceptible natures it has ever been clothed with peculiar attractiveness. How greatly, therefore, have the artists of all ages delighted to transfer its semblance to the canvass and the marble, giving us in the representations of the Holy Child and the Beloved Disciple, and in the statues of the youthful Apollo and the Chaste Huntress, some of the rarest faces and divinest forms known to art. From it, also, what inspiration have the poets drawn, and in how mellifluous strains have they celebrated its charms! Sings one in well known lines:

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
And though shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy:
Yet he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.
The youth who daily further from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.'

In similar strain sings another:

'But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy.'

Another still, poet and sage, not in rhythmical language indeed, but with genuine poetic conception and deep religious insight, exclaims: 'Childhood is the perpetual Messiah which comes into men's arms, and pleads with them to return to Paradise.' How fond the hopes and how peculiar the reverence, likewise, with which all judicious educators regard the young, recognising that upon their right development depends their own, their country's, their race's future. No mere affectation was it that led the German master, as he entered his school, to do so with a profound obeisance, saying that it was to undeveloped greatness before him that he bowed. How deep and tender the interest, moreover, with which the noblest religionists of all ages and lands have regarded the same class, perceiving its susceptibility to spiritual influences and its greater proximity to heaven. 'Good children are the jewels of the good wife,' says the Hindu Cural. Jesus took little children in His arms, made the youngest of the twelve His most confidential friend, and sincerely sorrowed when the young Jewish ruler turned away from Him.

But why speak of the interest with which youth inspires particular classes, as though it were something special and exceptional? Who knows not to some extent the same feeling? In a sense, all persons are artists, poets, educators, religionists. That is, all have the faculties in a germinal state which, developed, would make them such; and all, therefore, must more or less promptly and energetically respond to whatever appeals to those faculties.

Besides, how vividly do those who have long left it behind them remember their own youth, when the world was all before them, and no goal seemed altogether impossible of attainment. How frequently do they recall its scenes, how fondly dilate upon its experiences, how proudly rehearse its achievements! It is largely through such memories that genial age preserves its interest in youth, beholding with kindling eye its roseate health and bounding activity, and listening with attentive ear and sympathetic heart to its noble purposes and large expectations. To how great an extent moreover, does every worthy parent repeat his own youth in that of his children, sharing in them the sports that charmed, the hopes that animated, and the loves that thrilled him in the days 'lang syne!' What parent is there, therefore, that is not more or less interested in children and youth; and to whose eyes, if not to the eyes of others, his own children are not peculiarly attractive and promising?

And youth is deserving of all this interest, because of its freshness. To it, just rising into consciousness, or before its dew has disappeared, how wonderful are all things! The earth, with its mountains and plains, its forests and streams, ever-changing, and yet the same from year to year, seems both immovable and immeasurable. The sea running around all shores, now sleeping calmly, anon raging fiercely, and hiding ever in its fathomless bosom unimaginable wonders, appears alike incomprehensible and eternal. To unsophisticated youth, also, how beautiful the flowers blooming by every path, and flinging their fragrance on every breeze; and how unspeakably sublime the stellar host, blossoming along the heavenly ways, and crowning with gleaming diadem the dark brow of night. How gorgeous, too, the cloud curtains that hang around the globe, now black and heavy with smothered wrath, and anon glowing, as if on fire, with the radiance of a setting sun! Conscious existence, with its brief memories, scanty experiences, yet boundless anticipations, and which, in ever-unfolding beauty and deepening joy, is to run parallel with the life of God—how amazing this! How wondrous, likewise, all human relations—parental, filial, fraternal, social; and how vastly more wondrous still the relations in which men stand to spiritual realities, to angelic existences, to the Infinite Father! Youth, opening its eyes to all these, and getting some proximate sense of their significance, finds itself in a world of miracles. Tales of fairy-land it has little difficulty in believing; for it lives and moves in a more wondrous realm than ever was ascribed to fay or sylph. Stories of the Arabian Nights do not overtax its credulity; since frequently transpire before its eyes greater marvels than any unearthly genii could effect. To it life is a June day; the soul a half-blown rose. Why should not the latter constantly open its petals to the dew and sunshine of the former? Why should it be other than fresh and joyous? Why ever, in any degree, in any respect, *blasé?* It has not to search for new sensations: they come to it every hour. If there are any who must tire of the world, feeling delight but a name and life a burden, it is not the young. With eye for its beauties, and ear for its harmonies, and heart for its blessings, will they go forth to accept and enjoy what they can. Of its evil, they know little by experience, and they will not antedate its arrival. They will be young in spirit as in years. Looking on them, one may well exclaim, O, beautiful artlessness of youth! O, charming freshness of life's morning; when simple, sweet delights do satisfy, and when unconscious religion is the inspiration of the soul! Would that amid all the rough conflicts with men and things, this largeness of sympathy and freshness of feeling might be fully preserved! For if there be on earth a pleasing spectacle, it is a soul mature

in all its faculties, yet youthful in all its affections; manlike in understanding, yet child like in simplicity; critical in its questioning, yet hospitable in its reception of novel ideas and enterprises.

Another equally interesting characteristic of youth is enthusiasm. It is the period of warm blood, of ready confidence, of large purposes; and, of course, the period when, more than at any other, enthusiasm dominates. Not fanaticism; for fanaticism is unreasoning, coarse, degrading; while enthusiasm may be, and often is, intellectual, refined, ennobling. The one can discern nothing not in a right line with its own vision; the other takes in a wide survey of both what is before and around. The one precipitates itself on a specific end, without regard to consequences; the other consecrates itself to great principles for worthy results. While, therefore, they may touch at a given point, the one is no more the other than license is liberty, or superstition religion. Enthusiasm — divine inspiration, as the word literally means—is one of the noblest of human qualities. It is the life of every generous soul, the spring of every heroic action. The man who is never moved by it, and whose only greeting for those who are is a sneer; whose fervent indignation is never kindled by wrong or outrage, and whose glowing admiration is never awakened by striking magnanimity and unhesitating self-sacrifice; is not the man to be implicitly trusted. His repugnance to wrong, there is reason to fear, arises rather from the consideration of its general unprofitableness than from its essential antagonism to the nature of things and the heart of God. His devotion to principle, it may be suspected, is the result of shrewd calculation, rather than conscientious regard for immutable right. Should circumstances conspire sorely to tempt him, making it greatly for his personal advantage to be recreant to principle and false to sacred trusts, there is good ground to apprehend that sufficient excuses would be found for so doing. But genuine enthusiasm, a holy ardour for truth and right, not because of what they will bring but because of what they are—how greatly does this lift above temptation! And the enthusiasm of youth is seldom other than genuine.

To this enthusiasm, moreover, there is nothing impossible. There is no wrong that is not vulnerable, no ignorance that is not conquerable, and no degree of knowledge, wisdom, power, that is not attainable. Of the doubts and timidity of more advanced years it knows nothing; and to what it reckons their croakings will it pay no heed. The hopes which maturity has more or less completely abandoned will it see fulfilled. The projects which diffidence or senility sets down as chimerical, it will carry to a successful issue. No hindrance shall daunt it. It will turn the flank of every obstacle, and put to flight every foe. Its appetite is omnivorous. 'It takes in the solar system like a cake. It stretches out its hands to grasp the morning star, or wrestle with Orion.' Nor any the less generous than grand and intense is the enthusiasm of youth. How little respect has it for factitious distinctions; while unnatural burdens it would throw from weary shoulders, giving to everyone an opportunity to achieve his best. Youth is the natural democrat. A man it counts God's image; nothing less, though carved in ebony and moiling 'neath a tropic sun, and nothing more, though cut in ivory and seated on a throne. All that retards humanity is to be removed; all that hinders its rise, to be destroyed. Truth is to have free course, and righteousness to reign. The Kingdom of Heaven, the Saturnian era, the Golden Age, is to be inaugurated on earth. Mainly, what men need to persuade them to obey the *right*, thinks youth, is clearly to discern its dignity, authority, blessedness. *It* will do something to enlighten them, and

it shall go hard if humanity be not somewhat bettered by its labours.

Such the noble enthusiasm of youth. For how many a young person rising to a full consciousness of his divine energies has felt quite, or more than, all I describe! How many a one, inflamed with a noble ambition, has resolved that he would quicken some sluggish pulses, and perhaps write his name among the few that the world will not willingly let die. A story runs that the American Webster, on receiving from a college authority his graduation appointment, which assigned him a very low rank, indignantly tore the paper in pieces before the Professor's face, proudly exclaiming, 'You'll hear from Dan Webster hereafter.' An elderly clergyman declares that when he first entered his profession, so sanguine was he as to what himself and others were to do as to fancy that, in a score of years or thereabouts, the whole world would be substantially Christianized, and his occupation as a teacher of righteousness for ever superseded. And how interesting, how touching is this lofty enthusiasm, glistening in the eye, compressing the lip, flushing the cheek, and uttering itself in hurried and broken, yet strong and earnest words! Though we well know that it cannot long endure, what a charm would youth lack without it! Though it is coupled with many and serious perils, who could envy the man that has never known it—has never dreamed of worthy ends to be accomplished by himself? Let those who have it still so guard it that while it leads them not astray it shall not languish and die, leaving them scarcely else than a lifeless corpse, from which the informing soul has fled. Let them cherish and express it as not only one grand element of their life, but one mighty implement of their power. Soon enough will it begin to wane.

Another marked characteristic of youth is moral sensibility. Proverbially is the conscience tenderer and the instincts keener in early than in later life. The former has not then been seared by vicious indulgence; nor has the latter been benumbed and paralyzed by the at-once chilling and fetid air of worldliness. Who, accordingly, cannot remember, if not his first, yet one of his earliest transgressions, which burned itself into his memory as it were fire, causing him to mourn and weep as has no subsequent sin, and making it seem for a time as though life thereafter could scarcely be worth living; but which since he has come to think lightly of, and perhaps to laugh at himself for having regarded at all? And in the light of highest truth, shall we say that the earlier and graver estimate was less correct then the later and more trifling one? Shall we not rather say that the former decision was quite as near exactness as the latter; and that the wide difference between them is due quite as much to the weakening and perversion of our moral sensibilities as to the attainment of broader and sounder views of right and wrong? Besides, who does not know how often the moral instincts of a child or an unsophisticated youth at a single stroke cut clear through all the wretched sophistry with which their elders, seeking to evade the demands of principle, frequently involve the simplest subjects. Who, too, in the presence and under the clear eye of such a one, has not sometimes felt keenly rebuked for his compromises of righteousness, and recognised more clearly the majestic grandeur and supreme authority of duty? The child poorly comprehends the ordinary excuses for prevarication. Youth expects men to make good the full import of their words. So far as genuine moral integrity is concerned, therefore, heaven is nearer to most of us in the earlier than in the later portions of life. The young heart, untainted with evil, is in closer harmony with the Divine will. Its unbiased verdict on simple questions of right is more trustworthy than that of those

long in contact with, and more or less under the influence of, the world. And how exceedingly interesting to every ingenuous mind is this moral sensibility! How sad the thought that intercourse with men and things will ever weaken or corrupt it! Nor need it. A natural, healthful development is possible, as well as desirable. Let the young, therefore, see to it, as they value present peace, as they would promote their future welfare, as they would achieve the best purposes of life, that they preserve this moral sensitiveness in something of its original susceptibility and purity. Let no miserable sophisms about the necessity of success, no biting sarcasms about tender consciences, no stinging jests about unmanly cowardice, ever tempt them to deny its dictates. Far better bear with all these than with the tortures of a wounded spirit. Far less dreadful the sharpest scorn of men than the displeasure of God.

There is, also, the determining influence of youth upon subsequent life. This is a very familiar consideration, often urged, but whose importance is seldom appreciated. 'The boy is father to the man.' The biases received in early life reach through all subsequent years. Impressions made in youth are hardest to efface. How many such, which those past middle life long since learned were wholly groundless, still linger in their minds, and not unfrequently startle by their power! How distinctly do the old, having been blessed with a religious parentage, recall the time, as though 'twere yesterday, when first, at mother's knee, they clasped hands and lifted eyes in the attitude of worship. The habits formed in youth are exceedingly tenacious also. What one learns to delight in then is seldom afterward regarded with aversion; and what is heartily disliked then, few, at a later period, learn very fondly to love. 'The prayers of my childhood,' wrote Adam Clarke in the evening of his days, 'are still dear to me; and the songs I then sung I remember with delight.' John Quincy Adams at fourscore, after a more exciting life than many have led, and with the cares of high office resting on him, declared that such was the force of habit that every night, as he laid his head upon his pillow, he involuntarily repeated the simple petition taught him by his mother more than three-fourths of a century before. Moreover, few elderly or even middle-aged persons ever considerably change the direction or temper of their lives. Many, aroused by some strong appeal, or deeply moved by some peculiar experience, do at times attempt to alter or broaden the current of their being. Some make desperate efforts to break the thraldom of a vicious habit, or to develop some coveted power or grace. But how few really succeed; so that what was begun as a stern and perhaps irksome duty becomes an easy and gladsome manifestation of the nobler nature! How few can any reader recall that he has known thus to do; while many are they that can easily be recalled who have continued all their days, perhaps, growing ever more completely the slaves of some wretched habit that they carelessly suffered themselves to become addicted to in youth! Not, of course, that reformation is not possible at any period of life. The door of hope is never closed: the obligations to right living are never suspended. Here and there may be one of sufficient force of will to accomplish a desirable change after character is fully formed and even hardened into bone. Here and there may be a Paul, who, after spending half his life in deriding a higher principle, may devote the other half with equal earnestness to its defence and diffusion. Happy for every such one if something very like a miracle be not required to initiate the change. Here and there may be found a Franklin, who can take up and master a new language or science, after he has passed the biblical limits of threescore years and ten. But Franklins are very rare.

The great majority of those who in the noon or past the meridian of life make any effort greatly to change their character, rarely succeed; as witness the thousands of drunkards that within the last forty years have signed the pledge, and after awhile relapsed into their former slavery. Young man, who may chance to read these lines, what you will be in your prime, what you will be in your age, you are now determining. Almost without figure of speech may you be said to be living *now* your prime and your age, as well as your youth. May you, therefore, now live wisely and well. May you start right in the race; for a false step taken now, you can only with immense difficulty retrace.

Vernal freshness, self-forgetting enthusiasm, tender moral sensibility, and an almost inevitably determining power upon subsequent life, then, are some of the more salient characteristics of youth. In view of them, well may it always have been regarded with lively interest. Well may the wise have sought so earnestly and provided so amply for its culture. Well may genial and sagacious old age fondly turn to it, saying, 'Go on; take up my unfinished task, achieving a nobler goal, meriting a worthier plaudit than I.' Happy they—too happy if they but knew it—who yet rejoice in their youth. Let them retain it as long as they can. Full soon will come the heavier responsibilities of greater years: they need not be assumed before their time. Above all, let the young strive to preserve through all their days the temper and genius of youth. Let them take it with them into their severest experiences—into whatever exalted positions they may reach. Let its simple straight-forwardness, its noble ardour, its genuine moral susceptibility possess and rule them. In short, if they would secure all the best uses of the world, make life a continual growth in power, feel their heart beating with the Infinite Heart, let them accept the word of the poet, which is equally the word of the philosopher and the saint, 'Be true to the dream of thy youth.'

IRELAND'S FAMINE.—1880.

BY A. H. CHANDLER.

A CRY is heard across the wintry sea,
From Arra's hills, beside the Shannon fair:
"Ierne" strikes the lyre in despair,
Oh! listen to her wail of agony,
While starving children, in great misery,
Cling to her skirts, who cannot longer bear
Gaunt Famine's pangs: Haste! "Canada" and share
With blest Columbia kindly sympathy.

Lo! millions then shall heed the loud lament,
With messages, the lightning swift employ,
Of love and pity—waft a generous store
Of largess from the whole wide Continent—
Make "Erin's harp" re-throb with tenderest joy,
So often thrilled by Carolan and Moore.

Dorchester N. B.

THE MODERN THEATRE AND INTELLECTUALITY.

BY HIRAM B. STEPHENS, MONTREAL.

THE question as to the moral influence of the modern stage can not be said to be a new topic; but it seems that social scientists feel it incumbent upon them to revive discussion upon it at intervals. In considering the influence of the stage, the statement has been made by some that there has been a deterioration in the quality or merit of the plays presented; this appears to me to be a very superficial view of the case. As an abstract fact, this may be true; allowing, moreover, that the state of the drama is attributable to the demands of public taste, the necessary conclusion is that the public taste is in a very bad condition, with which conclusion I can not agree. The principal reason given as an evidence of dramatic decline is that burlesques, extravaganzas and musical absurdities meet with much greater success than the legitimate drama; I am of opinion that the comparison of a burlesque with a standard play is unjust to both, as the purpose of one is to amuse, of the other to instruct, so that they can not both be criticised on the same premises; we might just as well try to compare a landscape with an architectural drawing. It will be as well to cast a rapid glance over the stage's past history, and by comparing the state of the stage with the intellectuality of the people at each specified time, we may perhaps be in a proper position to comprehend the present dramatic taste.

Before the invention of printing, the only channels through which the people could be educated were the pulpit and the stage, and they exercised an all-powerful influence upon a necessarily illiterate audience. From the introduction of Christianity down to about the twelfth century we find no evidences of theatrical representations, the classical dramas of the Greeks having been discarded or rather set aside on account of the mythological tenets contained in them—this statement refers to Europe,—as the people of India and China had theatres during this time. Miracle plays, the first dramatic efforts, were introduced by the Church and were in fashion till succeeded by the Moralities. The miracle plays or Mysteries were brought from the East by the Crusaders (the first having been composed by Gregory Nazianzen), and consisted of religious subjects, the Deity, Messiah, and Virgin Mary being represented bodily on the stage; priests often took part in them, and they were often represented at church doors; the Pope gave an indulgence of a thousand days to persons who took the pleasant trouble to attend them, so impressed was he with the influence they exerted over the public mind. In reading the descriptions of them at the present day, one is horrified at their blasphemous and outrageous indecencies; in amusing the public they pandered to a vitiated taste; in striving to instruct they were almost useless, as the most absurd anachronisms were frequent, such as, in the scene of the Deluge, the simultaneous appearance of the Messiah, Virgin Mary, Mohammed, and Virgil. The intellectual condition of the people at this

time was deplorable ; crime, lust and rapine were rampant; morals were bad or unknown ; all these marked indelibly the miracle plays.

The moral plays or Moralities succeeded the Miracle plays about the middle of the fifteenth century, and were of a much higher moral character, furnishing therefore indisputable evidence of an improved condition of mental qualities ; these plays were influenced to a certain extent by the Reformation and were allegorical or symbolical. To these succeeded the mixed drama, the earliest specimen of which, according to Collier, is the 'Kynge Johan' of Bishop Bale which was performed after Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne ; these early plays retained some of the characteristics of the moral plays—the changes from miracle to moral plays, and from moral plays to drama were not abrupt, but gradual. The oldest known comedy is 'Ralph Roister Doister,' written by Nicholas Udall. The first tragedy was acted in 1562, and was called 'Gorboduc,' and is the earliest known play in the English language which was written in blank verse. The first period of this stage of the drama is so involved in descriptions of 'interludes' and 'Lords of Misrule,' that it is not possible to describe it without taking up too much space. At first play-actors were not legally recognised, and playing was frowned upon, but this did not last. Passing by Christopher Marlowe, Greene, Nash and others, we meet Shakespeare, whose works surpassed immeasurably all efforts of previous writers and have never been equalled since.

The intellectual condition of the people had been steadily improving ; this was due to the Reformation and the invention of printing, which was gradually diffusing a knowledge of the Bible and was materially educating the people. The thirst for intellectual draughts had become so great that even in their amusements they demanded and exacted a great degree of merit, though a depraved taste was not yet eradicated ; so authors and dramatists had to yield in order to live : there are some noble exceptions.

In continuation, through the bigotry of Puritans, theatres suffered and were not restored till the time of Charles II. After the austerity and bigotry of the Puritans the taste was low and licentious (witness Wycherly, Congreve, etc.) down to the end of the first half of the eighteenth century. At this time was introduced the orchestra, opera music, and costume by Davenant.

Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Otway, are perhaps the principal dramatic authors of this period. Dryden had a great facility of versification; his characters are unnatural, his plots silly, and his witticisms, sophistries ; he altered Shakespeare with consummate impudence. He is ingeniously ridiculed in Buckingham's *Rehearsal* as *Bayes*. Wycherley is described well in the following lines :

> 'Of all our modern wits, none seem to me,
> Once to have touched upon true comedy,
> But hasty Shadwell and *slow* Wycherley.'

Leigh Hunt says his style is 'pure and unaffected,' and he has 'wit at will,' but too artificial. Friendly Congreve, 'unreproachful man,' as Gay called him ; in his plays his love is sorry, his belief in nothing abundant, the whole 'set but a mass of wit and sarcasm.'

The artificial and unnatural state of society was the cause of these immoral plays being written and acted. In this case, the state of the stage was a reflection of the mental and moral condition of the people. In the last half of the eighteenth century, manners, plays and conversation assumed an over-scrupulous strictness; this was the reaction. From this time downward to about fifteen years ago, the theatre occupied a very dignified position and its history shows a series of dramatic conquests. It is only necessary to

mention the names of Garrick, Siddons, Macready, Kean, Elliston, Vestris, Foote, Kemble, Mathews, Forrest, to show the richness of this period of theatrical representations.

'The schoolmaster was abroad,' books were being rapidly printed, the diffusion of knowledge was general, the religious spirit was becoming more tolerant, law was gaining more respect and control; so that theatrical representations of a high intellectual character were necessary, as the reading public wished to compare their literary impressions with theatrical spectacles.

It has been said that the dramas of modern writers are inferior to those of past days in literary merit; if by literary merit is meant poetical drama this statement is undoubtedly true, as the introduction of painted scenery surely lessened the necessity of an author's poetical descriptions. When no scenery was in use the dramatist was obliged to paint such word-pictures as would succeed in exciting the imagination of the audience and in making visible to the mind by description what was invisible to the eyes. Of course, after the introduction of scenery, this stimulus was lacking, and it would appear that it has had a very deleterious effect upon dramatic poetry; there are comparatively few good modern plays. However, the old dramatists have left an almost inexhaustible store and one which may be said to be richer than those of the French, German, Spanish and Italian schools. Of course there are certain immoral defects, though I cannot attribute such a defect to the immortal Shakespeare; he has never made vice with a pleasing and attractive appearance, as we see in the character of Macheath in the 'Beggar's Opera.'

To proceed, however: latterly the public taste has been for dramatic absurdities, operas and plays requiring no mental effort. In the olden time, as before stated, the means of education consisted solely in the pulpit and the stage; these have both become, at the present day, greatly subservient to literature and the press; further, it may be said that a re-action against the intellectuality of the theatre of the preceding period has set in, or more probably that the intellectuality of the public has become unduly strained by the abundance of literature, and that the mind needs relaxing from the too-engrossing cares of modern trade. In these days of critical thought and wonderful theories, the demand for excellence in the theatres can be but small, as in the ordinary every-day affairs of men their powers are over-wrought, leading to a demand for entertaining amusing trifles. The philosophy of the present day is too critical, and the majority of philosophers aim at sensation; the world's present literature is deluged with metaphysical theories, ethereal dreams of the Spencerian method, materialistic or rationalistic speculations. The rebellion against these will probably be abrupt and severe, though when it will come to a head no one can tell. The reading public is at present surfeited with these theories, the majority of which are useless for practical purposes, and contain so many contradictions that a critical examination leads to the result that the philosopher does not know himself what he believes. It appears to me that this critical philosophy has a tendency to mar the beauty and secrecy of life, just as

> 'A finger breadth at hand will mar
> A world of light in heaven afar;
> A mote eclipse yon glorious star,
> An eyelid hide the sky.'

That these theories are for the 'fit and few' is no excuse for their failure in adaptation to the requirements of the public; the proper critics are the *mobile vulgus*, who soon set the proper value upon any theory or art. There are, no doubt, a few critical questions that can only be settled by the few. Take Milton, for example;

some critics estimate him as unsurpassed, but it can hardly be disputed that he is not greatly valued by the many, and this on account of the Manichean tendencies of his Paradise Lost, and Regained. Johnson, than whom few could be found more fastidious, says: 'Let him who is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is on the wing, let him not stop at correction or explanation. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable; and when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.' This shows that he, an excellent authority, evidently believed in the capability of the so-called ordinary mind to estimate at its proper value literary merit. In music, the usual dictum of 'æsthetical' critics is that the classical music of the great composers is 'caviare to the general,' that only the 'fit and few' can enjoy it. This cannot be true, or, if true, the fault is in the music, as it must influence 'the many' in order to be of great merit; the same in oratory; is not the orator he who influences 'the many'? Of course, the man who uses this influence in times of excitement, and appeals to the wicked passions of men, is deservedly scouted as a demagogue, and his influence soon wanes and decays.

At present, the 'intellectual theories' of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer and others are vigorously opposed, and appear to be yet in a crude state, and are not to be adopted without the severest criticism (though the spirit of this criticism of their truth-searches must not be too antagonistic) nor dismissed from study because contrary to accepted beliefs or preconceived opinions. A delay in accepting new theories only serves to ripen the truth of them if they are true and, if not true, the falsity as surely comes to light. Chalmers says, 'There is a great purpose served in society by that law of nature in virtue of which it is that great bodies move slowly' (Bridgewater Treatise). In all communities which are advancing, there seem to be two elements, an innovating one and a combating one; this is surely beneficial, as if there were only one element, it would probably happen that everything would be believed, or, on the other hand, nothing new would be accepted. Tucker, in his 'Light of Nature,' says, 'For my part, as well persuaded as I am, that two and two make four, if I were to meet with a person of credit, candour and understanding who should call it in question, I would give him a hearing.' These extracts show concisely the proper spirit in which to investigate new theories; it is no argument to say that because a theory is contrary to our opinions it is untrue; the point is, *prove* it so, or else abandon the old opinions or reconcile them with the new. If we say or think with some that the present thoughts and reasonings of philosophers are irreligious and sceptical, may we not find the cause in the cold-blooded machinery of the Church during the past fifty years? In studying the religious history during this time, one is struck with an illiberality of feeling, with the unalterable hostility to relaxation and pleasure; the Wesleyan system—also that of Whitfield and others—show, it seems to me, more of hell and damnation than of love and mercy. Every effort was made to interdict pleasure; any attempts to unravel the mysteries of creation or to prove the truth of accepted creeds was regarded as blasphemous by certain classes of men; even now geologists and philosophers with new creeds are regarded as atheistical if they do not conform their opinions to the *dicta* of

certain self-appointed censors. This class, however, has been gradually lessening, and the more liberal-minded opponents of the new creeds are investigating and testing these new beliefs. There is no accepted belief or opinion, no matter how old or long established, which was not at some time or other a novelty or heresy; in fact, some of the most bitterly persecuted heresies have become accepted truths, though we cannot say at what time these may, in their turn, be displaced by newer ones. There is no science, whether of religion, mathematics or anything else, that is exact, for the reason that its axioms have been made or explained by man, who is fallible; but we must not overlook the great amount of truth conveyed in them, and must not become pessimists.

The revolt of reason which has taken place against the domineering spirit of religious bigotry may perhaps be carried too far, as it is terribly fascinating to exercise the reason in endeavouring to pry further into the secrets of life and to dream dreams of a blissful state when by 'differentiation' all the nations of the earth shall be united in one community. This extreme tension of thought is dangerous to the truly religious spirit, as it creates doubt and scepticism, unless kept within proper control; the argument, however, that things are 'spiritually discerned,' I do not believe, unless we understand by 'spiritually' the meaning to be 'rationally;' therefore any apparently plausible and candid interpretations of creeds, texts and theories must be studied, as a duty to one's self, for the reason that man is a responsible being. Once more, we are deluged with books and newspapers and we seek relief in sensation, we must read light novels and see burlesques for relief; this is the reaction from the tension and may only be a temporary frivolity.

What then is the proper life? Carlyle says, Work! and that the thinker is nothing but a lichen; but if the thinker gives expression to and interchange of his thought it is surely action. Knowledge of life is not of any practical use or benefit unless acted upon; an observer of social and political problems effects but little good unless his observations are disseminated and made subject to criticism by those affected. Whither all this intellectuality of the present day is tending, who can say? The attendance at churches has declined, perhaps owing to the advanced position of the press, and the sermons are listened to with more submission than study. In fact, to a great many, the idea of attending a church in these days is repugnant; just as some are bitterly opposed to theatres.

There are signs of an abatement of this stern and long-continued opposition to theatres. A meeting of the British Social Science Congress took place recently at Manchester. It is curious that, at this meeting, more than one clergyman advocated the claims of the theatre as a beneficial agent, instead of following the usual custom of abusing it to an extreme degree. An essay was read by a clergyman advocating the establishment and support of a National Theatre in order to provide rational amusement. I have read somewhere that, in London, comparatively uneducated people support the legitimate drama at Sadler's Wells; whilst educated 'West-Enders' require farces, and ballets. This seems to support the statement that intellectuality has been the cause of the decline of the drama. The statement that when the Shakespearian drama is well-acted it is well-supported is not correct, as all the revivals of Shakespeare have been quickly abandoned, and only attracted for a time by their pageantry. The success of Miss Neilson is due not to her playing Shakespearian characters but to her beauty and natural grace; her success would be fully as great if she took other characters; of course her abilities are equal to her good looks, otherwise, her reputation

would never have been what it is. As to the immorality of modern plays and players, the plays are what the public demand, the players are neither better nor worse than members of other professions. Very few sensible persons object to theatrical representations; and those that do, object for the reason that the associations connected with them are pernicious and are too exciting on the youthful mind. If the effect is for good it can hardly be too exciting, and if the associations are bad, the theatre itself is not culpable but rather those attending it, thus showing that the onus of proof rests on those who assert that the theatre is immoral. A bishop, at the Social Science Congress in Manchester, said that immoral plays were supported by the aristocratic classes, and that the taste and morals of the middle classes were much purer, and that he believed the theatre to be a powerful instrument for good; he said that an archdeacon, an acquaintance of his, had acknowledged that he had been saved from a gambler's fate by witnessing the play of the 'Gamester.' When we think that for years the clergy have, with bigoted zeal, endeavoured to make people think that theatres were hot-houses of sin, it is extremely pleasant to read such sentiments as the above, coming from the lips of high dignitaries. On the other hand, it will be said that for one example of good effected, a great many may be given showing that a great deal of harm has been done. I think, if these cases be carefully examined into, it will be found that the evil has come from the abuse of theatrical pleasure, or over-indulgence, or, perhaps, the persons upon whom it has had an evil effect were immoral otherwise and merely 'took in' the theatre in their course of dissipation.

Those who are stained with gross moral defects are sometimes, perhaps very often, possessed of noble qualities; and it is questionable whether they do not really exert a greater influence upon men than those whose morals are of the milk-and-water type. It seems to be the case that there are characters in whom the proportions of morality and immorality are perhaps about equal; and these characters conceal their immoralities and show their moralities as prominently as possible to the world in an unctuous sort of way. The unobservant and careless spectator does not discriminate between this moral hypocrisy and the true moral life. The appearance is taken for the reality. We have al met with, in everyday life, the person who, by a dignified reserve and a solemn face, together with a few expressive gestures, succeeds in gaining a reputation for extreme cleverness, erudition, and intellectuality. Any attempt made by one suspicious of his abilities is baffled by the dignified reserve of this superior being. He may manage to go through this life without discovery; but he leaves no impress upon his time—he will be unknown to posterity. The resemblance between this individual's career and that of the previously described moralists is very close—the moralist specimen being much more common. This is a sad evidence of the superficiality of the present age. An intellectual man developed has been defined as 'one who knows everything of something and something of everything;' a moral man may be defined as one who knows not bigotry and practises charity. Those who deny any rights to the drama cannot properly lay claim to come within either of these definitions. They refuse to examine or criticise the merits or demerits, and, by lowering the position of the theatre, think that they elevate themselves—rather a pharisaical mode of argument. The individual critic or scientist in these days is not so prominent nor so influential as he was; theories, problems, and literary successes come in what may be called oases of plenty; and it would appear, in fact it must be the case if we believe in any sort of theory of pro-

gression, that these oases are dependent upon and are the natural effects of antecedent causes. Just so sure as dissipation brings physical ruin, does bigotry and mental oppression bring revolt; and it is sad to think what evil bigoted human actions have caused in this way, though the persons who performed them were actuated by good motives, but, through perverted vision, mistook the cruelty of a bigot for the zeal of a hero. 'Tis a curious study in psychology that a man sincerely wishing to do right does wrong. Take the instance of Calvin, who fanatically put to death Servetus; we must either allow that he had good motives and was moved by a desire to do right or else that his motives were evil and cruel. He surely knew that it was wrong, according to Scripture, to take life in a spirit of bigotry; but allowed his conscience to assure itself that he was doing right. On the other hand, upholding the action himself, we cannot assume that he thought himself influenced by cruel motives.

In conclusion: a few remarks upon modern philosophy and the antagonistic cavillings against it. The principal objection is that it induces a feeling of scepticism and infidelity. Better it is that the danger of experiencing a period of infidelity should be incurred than that the mind should be in a state of quiescence. There is implanted within the breast of every one a dissatisfaction with the present, and an irrepressible feeling that advance is necessary. The earnest seeker after truth, vacillating between imperfect science on the one hand and a perfect divine faith on the other, will advance, slowly it may be, towards a clear discernment that the two are not irreconcilable; the great risk to every one is that of hastily jumping at conclusions. Supposing that we allow that the whole school of modern science and philosophy is full of mischievous errors: these will serve a good purpose, and will, by provoking discussion, help us in our progress towards absolute truth. The refutation of error does not constitute the establishment of truth absolutely; it removes the stumbling blocks. Some say that there is a limit to man's powers; and that only a certain amount of knowledge is attainable by, and necessary for, life. If this is the case, we must perforce rest content with it; but the difficulty is in the query as to where that limit is, and whether we have yet reached it. Is it not more philosophical to think that our powers are illimitable with one exception, and that we should study out all problems of science no matter what they are, until we approximate as near as we can to absolute truth? In studying the system of Spinoza, one can see that his religious belief has too deeply marked it, and that prejudice has affected too many of his conclusions. Scientists often commence an investigation with the desire to prove a certain pet theory, and every discovery is perhaps unconsciously made to conform to the theory—this combined, with religious or other prejudices, is certain to colour and affect their deductions. The Socratic philosophy means the desire for perfect knowledge and divine truth; but when this desire is directed towards proving by scientific reasonings what are purely matters of feeling, such as the immortality of the soul, freedom of will, the existence of the Deity, then philosophy starts on false premises. Supposing that we could prove the existence of God on purely scientific grounds, would we not lose by it, and make the existence dependent, in our minds at least, upon this proof? The same may be said of attempts to find the creative power. Nevertheless, any attempt to confirm by analogy and to corroborate the truth, is justifiable and allowable; but 'who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?' That religion requires science to confirm it, is not to be believed; but that science can confirm religion is a totally different question. The proof that religion does not re-

quire science may be found in the fact that, except in a few isolated instances, scientific allusions are not to be found in Holy Writ. I would say that our clear duty is to examine in a spirit of charity all theories, to accept the better for the good, and not to condemn with bigoted zeal science because it may seem to be at variance with religious truth. If we have the religious truth, science cannot conflict with it; but if we have true science and it conflicts with religion, then our ideas of religion are wrong. Let us seek and we shall find.

BALLAD OF THE POET'S THOUGHT.

BY CHARLES E. D. ROBERTS, B.A., CHATHAM, N.B.

A POET was vexed with the fume of the street,
With tumult wearied, with din distraught;
And very few of the passing feet
Would stay to listen the truths he taught.
And he said—"My labour is all for naught;
I will go, and at Nature's lips drink deep"—
For he knew not the wealth of the Poet's Thought,
Though sweet to win, was bitter to keep.

So he left the hurry and dust and heat,
For the free green forest where man was not;
And found in the wilderness' deep retreat
That favour with Nature which much he sought.
She spake with him, nor denied him aught,
In waking vision or visioned sleep,
But little he guessed the wealth she brought,
Though sweet to win, was bitter to keep.

But now when his bosom, grown replete,
Would lighten itself in song of what
It had gathered in silence, he could meet
No answering thrill from his passion caught.
Then grieving he fled from that lonely spot
To where men work, and are weary, and weep;
For he said—"The wealth for which I wrought
Is sweet to win, but bitter to keep."

L'ENVOI.

O Poets, bewailing your hapless lot
That ye may not in Nature your whole hearts steep,
Know that the wealth of the Poet's Thought
Is sweet to win, but bitter to keep.

SOCIETY IN DUBLIN THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago one saw some remains in the Irish Metropolis of the brilliant society that had survived the national freedom. I can remember, as a child, seeing old Lord Plunket, the great Chancellor, the prosecutor of Robert Emmet, the wielder of the nationalist thunder in the last Irish Parliament. He was then very old, but able to walk in his garden at Old Connaught. His grandson, Mr. David Plunket, is now M. P. for Dublin University and well sustains the family traditions of incisive eloquence. The mannerism of some of the great orators of the Irish Commons, the cutting sarcasm and incessant antithesis of Flood and Grattan, produced a school of imitators among the first generation of those who succeeded them as members of the Imperial Parliament. An instance of this occurred on one occasion when an Irish member happening to walk to the House of Commons with a political opponent, one of the then powerful House of Annesley, learned that Annesley's sister was that night to occupy a place in the visitors' gallery. It seems incredible, but it is, I believe, a fact, that the Irish member in question in the heat of debate made use of the following words: 'The Annesleys, Mr. Speaker, have ever been traitors to their country, personally and politically worthless, from the toothless hag that sits grinning in the gallery to the white-livered recreant who stands cowering on the floor.' It is needless to add a duel was the result, and indeed, in a society tolerant of such language, what other remedy existed?

At the time I speak of, many survivals of the old fire-eating customs still were to be found in Dublin. Who does not remember the erect figure and beautiful white hair of Sir Edward Stanley—poor Destene's second when O'Connell, without it is believed intending it, shot him dead in a duel forced on the great Agitator by his opponent. O'Connell, it is well known, would never after this accept a challenge, and to the last the memory of Destene weighed heavily on his forgiving and benevolent heart. In many families the duelling pistols were carefully preserved and kept ready for use, long after the ordeal by battle had become obsolete. They were certainly admirable weapons for nice accuracy of aim. A small bolt attached to the lock, by being slipped back, made the trigger so easily pulled that the slightest touch sufficed to discharge the weapon without disturbing the aim. This was called the 'hair trigger.' The favourite place for duelling appointments was called the 'fifteen acres,' a portion of the beautiful Phœnix Park, but so flat and treeless as to present no object by which the aim of either combatant could be adjusted. Among the last representatives of the duello, was Mr. Collis, a well-known and much respected member of the bar. This gentleman, though of a generous nature, had a sharp tongue, and would often say things which seemed to disprove the theory, often urged in apology for duelling, that it tends to check the disposition to hurt the feelings of those we mix with. Thus, in

a dispute at the Dublin Society Council with a most respectable clergyman, who happened to be chaplain *to the Loch Hospital*, Mr. Collis said, 'I will not be put down by you who live on the wages of the filthiest vice!' On another occasion Mr. Collis actually challenged a Dublin tradesman, a tenant of his, with whom he had a dispute as to rent. Mr. Collis, a most punctual and orderly man, was first on the ground. 'Sir,' said he, when his tardy opponent appeared, 'you have neither the honour of a gentleman, nor the punctuality of a tradesman!' For the later years of his life, this gentleman led a most peaceable existence. As Librarian of the Royal Dublin Society, he was especially noted for his kindness to the young men who frequented that library as students.

I well remember O'Connell. When I saw him most often he was in his decadence, the slow political collapse which followed when Celtic Ireland found out that the most influential leader she had ever possessed shrank from actual revolution. My grandfather had married an O'Connell, a near relation of the popular leader, and hence there was some kindly intercourse between the latter and my father, who was a Conservative or rather Tory, and enthusiastic for all the institutions which it was O'Connell's mission to denounce. In those days I attended as a day-scholar the large and flourishing classical school of the Rev. Daniel Flynn in Harcourt Street—how many a morning I have met the 'Liberator' with his huge figure and massive face, as wrapt in his blue cloak fastened by a 'repeal button,' *i.e.*, a gilt button with the national harp for device, he stepped from his house in Merrion Square. Evil days had come to the old Tribune of the People, the land he loved darkened by famine, the cause he had upheld so long in the hands of violent rash-headed young men—power falling from his hands,—yet he would always have a kindly smile and often stop and speak to me as I passed him. In 1844 I had seen him in full possession of his marvellous faculties; I had seen then and later, even up to the year of his death, how utterly he was loved and trusted by the Catholics. He deserved it all by what his voice had won for them. And had he raised his voice for armed revolt the Nation would have followed as one man. For no nationalist leader ever had his sway with the Irish people. 'Lord Edward' was indeed popular in 1798, but he had not the magic influence of oratory which brought the thousands and thousands to hear O'Connell's prophesies of the coming greatness of Ireland. I seem to see him as I saw him in my boyhood—to see the majestic figure, his hand upraised to the dark heights above him, to hear his voice as he adjured the people 'by yonder blue mountains, where you and I were cradled!' I saw his funeral train pass Sackville Street, Dublin. It was a dark lowering day, such days as came one after another as if their gloom would never end, in that terrible winter of cholera and famine. But amid all the depression, all they suffered themselves, the hearts of the Irish Catholics could still turn from their own terrible calamities to mourn for O'Connell. It was a national mourning. Catholic Dublin in all her representative poverty and squalor, followed the hearse to Glasnevin Cemetery.

The intellectual greatness of the political leaders of Grattan's time found their last representative in O'Connell. The others were clever lawyers, adroit debaters. Whiteside was ever most eloquent, but none of them could lead the nation. The Young Ireland leaders were transparently honest, they meant to fight, but they had no influence beyond a few young men in the cities. I have heard our own D'Arcy McGee perorating to a mob in Abbey Street, Dublin, against the English soldiers then quartered in the city. McGee spoke passionately—so much

so that as his body swayed from the window where he spoke, a woman within held her arm around him to prevent his losing balance. In the midst of it all, old General Blakeney, the Commander-in-Chief, who was a prime favourite with the Dublin mob, rode by. He had been seriously ill, and this was his first appearance in public since recovery. 'Boys dear, three cheers for the Gineral!' cried a voice—and instantly the rebel orator's audience left him to cheer the 'tyrant' he was denouncing. I remember another instance of the national humour recognising the absurdity of revolution in 1848. A Dublin blacksmith, at the time that poor Smith O'Brien's pikes were openly sold, assumed the designation, very often claimed by Dublin tradesmen, of '*Pike maker* to the Lord Lieutenant.' These pikes could have hurt nobody. Six-foot spears made top-heavy with cumbrous battle axes, they were very different from the long sharp spear blades, some of which, made and used in 1798, were to my knowledge still treasured in Catholic families when it was thought O'Connell meant war.

One more recollection and this brief jumble of rambling remembrances shall close. In the first Kaffir war, a gallant young ensign passed from the drawing-room of one of the pleasantest Catholic families in Merrion Square to encounter the Kaffir assegai on the battle-field, where now stands Fort Elizabeth. It was natural that the fond mother in Dublin should dwell much on her boy's account of his adventures. One thing only troubled her loving heart. It was in accordance with the fitness of things that the dusky warriors should die under the sword of her boy—but the good lady did not wish their punishment to extend any further. Africa was a hot country she had been told, but by all accounts Purgatory was much hotter. So some of the gold fees which the good doctor, her husband, earned so abundantly, were, it is said, laid out for the benefit of the souls of the heathen who had died or might die, by the 'Young Captain's' prowess. Now as to this story, the critical historian must remark, that the Kaffirs being outer heathens were precluded from all possibility of even such approach to salvation as is consistent with admission to Purgatory. Masses for their souls could not be offered. But it is historic sober truth that the following ballad written on the supposed circumstances was in those days chanted with great glee by the professional ballad singers of the period, under the windows of one great house in Merrion Square, North:

DIRGE.

I.

Oh, pray for them poor haythen Kaffirs! How quare!
The nagurs they knew not the Captain was there,
Oh, pray to the Vargin to pardon the guilt
Of the sowls of the Kaffirs young Corrigan kilt!

II.

Like the cats of Kilkenny, those pretty pusheens,
Sure the Captain he cut them to small smithereens—
Sure his sword it was all dripping red to the hilt
With the blood of the Kaffirs brave Corrigan kilt!

III.

Musha! dear dirty Dublin grew sad at the tale,
And the boys they were silent that shouted 'Repale!'
And with people the churches and chapels were filt
That prayed for them Kaffirs brave Corrigan kilt.

THE STORY OF A BLUE-STOCKING.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL, TORONTO.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN had sailed for Europe, leaving the household in charge of Barbara. This young lady was a grave, deep-thinking personage—in fact, a blue-stocking of the most pronounced description, whose studious proclivities had won for her the reputation of being a sensible, trustworthy girl, and one well suited to have the care of the house in her parents' absence. This opinion was not entirely merited, for Barbara's insatiable thirst for knowledge frequently carried her off to the clouds, and her sister Bessie, the only member of the household who particularly required watching, was not above taking advantage of the dazed condition of her elder sister's faculties when her mind was brought suddenly down to the contemplation of sublunary affairs.

Barbara entertained the most supreme contempt for everything in the shape of a man—with two exceptions. Her father, an accomplished scholar, whom she loved and venerated, and young Dr. Grey, who had visited at their house for years, and whom she had always looked upon as the future husband of her sister. For herself, the possibility of matrimony had never suggested itself to her mind for a moment; but with Bessie it was different. The child was a mere helpless butterfly, and a husband was a necessity.

Bessie had no objection to husbands, in a general way, but she had a decided talent for flirtation, which was necessarily undeveloped so far, owing to her mother's lynx-eyed regard for the proprieties, but which she intended now to indulge.

As for Dr. Grey—she shrugged her pretty shoulders with a smile, and expressed herself to the effect that Barbara was as blind as a bat, or an owl, or anything elsetlearned and stupid!

Bessie was much more charitably disposed to the members of the nobler sex than her scholarly sister; and when handsome, fascinating Mr. Lloyd Venner appeared upon the horizon of the social circle to which she belonged, she was interested at once, and exercised all her arts to win him to her side. She was quite successful, and, as there was a dash and dazzle about this young gentleman that pleased and captivated her, he soon became a frequent visitor at her house. Bessie's innocent susceptible heart was not slow to follow her fancy's lead, and after a short and partly secret acquaintance, she had promised to be his wife.

'What an obnoxious odour tobacco has!' exclaimed Barbara one morning, on returning from Madame Steinhoff's Seminary, where she gave lessons in Astronomy.

'Do you think so, dear?' said Bessie, sweetly. 'I thought it was rather wholesome! I have read, too, of beings of your order, women as well as men, deriving positive inspiration from the use of it. Had you not better learn to smoke Barbara, for the good of your intellect?'

'I am not aware that my intellect requires any artificial stimulus of the kind, Bessie; besides, I would wish my inspiration to come from a higher

source! Don't try to be smart, child, it only amounts to rudeness, and is excessively underbred!' And she turned to leave the room with her beautiful pale face slightly ruffled with annoyance. As she passed the grate-fire she stood still, then pointed with her sunshade to a tiny object that lay on the fender.

'Ah!' she said, and looked at her sister with a kind of horror in her large violet eyes. Bessie shrugged her shoulders and looked cross.

'Excuse me, Bessie,' said her sister, 'but when the olfactory and optic nerves afford such corroborative evidence, I may, without impertinence, inquire if *you* have contracted the pernicious habit which you were so good as to advise me to adopt?'

'Barbara, for goodness sake, don't be a goose as well as an owl!' cried Bessie, impatiently. 'Who ever heard of a lady smoking! Lloyd was here this morning, of course, and as *I* like the perfume of cigars, I told him he might smoke one. There, I hope you are satisfied!' And she snapped her fine white teeth together viciously. She had hoped to turn her sister off the scent, in more senses than one, by leading her into a discussion. She had failed, however, and was consequently in rather a bad temper.

'Has Mr. Venner really been here?' asked Barbara, with grave questioning eyes, a suspicion of her own defective stewardship slowly dawning upon her mind.

'Yes, he was!' said Bessie sharply. 'And as he did not come to see *you*, why, it's all right. You need not look at me like that, Barbara, for I have promised to marry Lloyd Venner, and that before papa and mamma return from Europe; and as you are powerless to prevent it, you had better make the best of it!' And Bessie confronted her bewildered sister with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. Her lover had that very morning exacted the promise of which she spoke, and she had been tremblingly regretting it, and wondering at the same time how it could possibly be accomplished, for Lloyd Venner had gained such an influence over the foolish girl that the thought of refusing his demands did not occur to her. However, when her sister entered and aroused her temper, by her antagonism to her lover, she fired up at once, and gathering courage with every word, stood before her the picture of wilful determination.

Barbara sank into a sofa, her head resting on her large shapely white hand. She was gradually realizing the importance of the events which were passing in the household, to the significance of which her own negligence had rendered her blind. She recalled the presence of the two seamstresses that worked so busily in Bessie's dressing-room, and remembered that when she had spoken to the latter about them, she had answered that 'she was in need of a lot of new winter dresses.' And then poor Barbara remembered, also, with a sharp pang of self-reproach, that, although her last letter to her father had been begun with the express purpose of introducing Mr. Lloyd Venner to his notice, she had forgotten all about that insignificant, but exceedingly troublesome, personage, in the interest of a certain philosophical argument into which her treacherous pen had carried her. Now, thoroughly aroused, she resolved to send a peremptory summons to her parents to return home at once; in the meantime, she would watch day and night, if she had to lock her study-door, and sit with hands folded in the drawing-room. Bessie should never wed that dreadful young man while the worthy, the noble Dr. Grey stood waiting for her hand.

'Bessie, reflect upon what you are doing,' she said; 'we know nothing of this stranger whom you have allowed thus to blind your better judgment. Think of Dr. Grey, who has loved you so long and so patiently,

and remember, Bessie, my dear child, what a dreadful, what a wicked thing it would be to take such an ignoble advantage of your mother's absence.'

'Dr. Grey, indeed!' cried Bessie, with a laugh. 'Let me tell you, my dear old Bookworm, for I fear you will never find out for yourself, that it is you, not my unworthy self, that your excellent Doctor wants for his wife!'

Her sister looked at her with displeasure gathering in her face.

'What possible good can it do you to make such an absurd statement? Really, Bessie, I gave you credit for some sense!' she said severely.

'Well, I never gave you credit for any. So I'm not disappointed. Ha, ha, ha! But, Barbara, do be rational for once—marry the man who has been in love with you for years, and let me marry the one who wants me! Do, you dear old duck!'

And she threw her arms persuasively around her sister's neck. She did not repulse her, but after a moment's thought she said seriously: 'Bessie, you are so much in the habit of calling me by the name of some bird that I suspect you of a latent talent for the study of ornithology, I would advise you, my dear, to forget this vexatious affair in the pursuit of it.'

Bessie burst into a loud ringing laugh and ran from the room, firmly convinced that she could hood-wink her sister yet.

Barbara followed her at once. She dismissed the two seamstresses, paying them up to the expiration of the time for which Bessie had engaged them. Bessie did not mind this at all, for her trousseau was almost completed, and the best part of it securely packed away in a friend's house.

Mr. Venner was in the habit of visiting his betrothed every evening; he did not press her to name the day of their marriage, and as it was impossible for her parents to return within a certain time, Bessie was content to wait. Her sister was now always present at their interviews, and her lover was so evidently annoyed and displeased that poor Bessie was troubled and anxious. Once or twice in the hall where she bade him good-night, he had even been rough and unkind in his manner, and as time went on, she was much perplexed. The truth was, Mr. Lloyd Venner was rather tired of the girl he had entrapped so easily and had begun to think the game was not worth the trouble, or the sacrifice of his freedom. One evening he did not come as usual, and Bessie, after flitting nervously around for a while, sat down to read. Presently Barbara entered with a shade of anxiety upon her face.

'Bessie, have you seen papa's gold-headed cane?' she said. 'That valuable one that the students gave him, I mean, and which he prizes so highly?'

'No, I don't remember having seen it for some time.'

'It usually stands in the hall, but is not there now; I have questioned the servants but they know nothing about it.'

'Nor do I, Barbara. It has evidently been stolen.'

At this moment the door bell rang, and a look of happiness flashed into Bessie's face while her sister's darkened with annoyance.

These expressions changed places, however, when the door opened, and Dr. Grey came in. He was a fine-looking young fellow with a tall, powerful figure, intellectual face and head, and a general air of talent and capability about him. His hair and moustache were blond, eyes clear, blue, and large, and features handsome and regular. Barbara glanced from him to her sister with a look that said, 'Look on this picture, and on that!' After he had taken a seat she told him about the loss of the cane, but he could only agree with her that it had been stolen from the hall. They talked together and Bessie read, or pretended to do so. She was disappointed at the non-

appearance of her lover, although she half-dreaded his coming now, for she knew that he hated Dr. Grey, while the but partially-concealed contempt with which he was regarded by the latter, made her face burn in spite of her love. But besides this, there was another cause for her disappointment. Bessie was little more than a child, though a wilful one, and Mr. Venner had promised to bring with him this evening a set of pearls, necklet, earrings, and pin—which Bessie had consigned to his keeping to have re-set. She was impatient to see how they were improved by the new setting, and when ten o'clock arrived without bringing either lover or jewels, she arose to go to bed with tears of vexation in her eyes. Before she had said good-night the bell rang again, and a servant entered and handed her a letter. She took it with a gratified smile as the man retired, saying no answer was required. Bessie just glanced at her sister and Dr. Grey for permission, and then tore it open. In a few moments they were both startled by a sharp cry, and turning quickly around, saw Bessie lying on the floor. She had slipped from the sofa in a dead faint. Her sister took the crushed paper from her hand, and Dr. Grey, seeing she began to recover almost immediately, lifted her gently on to the lounge.

'Read this?' said Barbara, handing him the letter. He glanced at her white face and blazing eyes, wondering to see such a change upon a reposeful countenance, then after a moment of hesitation, took the paper and read:

'DEAR MISS BROWN.—I find that constant contact with that iceberg of a sister of yours has cooled the love I once professed for your foolish little self. You will consequently excuse my future absence from your house, under the circumstances. Hoping you won't spoil your pretty eyes over my loss—you have still Dr. Grey, you know—I will say adieu.

'LLOYD VENNER.

'P. S.—I forgot to take the pearls to Stag's, so will keep them as a souvenir. 'L. V.'

'Dastard!' muttered Dr. Grey, between his clenched teeth. 'The infamous scoundrel!' And then as a shudder ran through the pitiful little form on the sofa, he knelt beside it and chafed the cold hands tenderly.

Bessie opened her eyes, and seeing the kind friendly face bending over her, she threw her arms around his neck and burst into a passion of sobs and tears upon his shoulder. Dr. Grey was not in the least disconcerted; he looked upon Bessie quite as a sister, and had known her almost from babyhood. He petted and soothed her into calmness, and turned to give some directions to her sister; she was gone. Barbara thinking that, at last, matters had adjusted themselves between these two as she wished, had glided from the room with all the discretion of a practised matchmaker.

Dr. Grey gave his instructions to Bessie, exacted a promise that they should be obeyed, and left the house.

He returned next evening. Barbara was alone. He laid her father's cane upon the table.

'That villain has had enough of that!' he said, with a grim smile. 'But the pearls he had changed into gold; and, for Bessie's sake, I let them go!'

'Good heavens, is it possible?' exclaimed Barbara, betrayed into a demonstrative expression for once.

'Yes, Miss Barbara, the man is a thief—and worse! But we will hear no more of him; he has left the city.'

'I am glad and grateful,' she said, and before he could say another word she had left the room. He bit his lip and sighed, but sat down and waited for a few moments. Bessie came in looking both pale and wan. She started when she saw her father's cane lying on the table, and caught

hold of a chair, but only for a moment. Then she set her lips firmly together, and went over to the young doctor.

'Are you better?' he asked, with a smile.

'Oh, yes! Did you want me particularly, Harold?'

He looked at her inquiringly. She coloured faintly, then laughed softly and said:

'Barbara told me you wanted me! Harold, my sister is under the impression that you—that you always want me, and, as it's just a little awkward sometimes, I wish you would make her understand that it isn't me you want.'

And she gave him her hand and smiled in his face. He pressed her hand eagerly in his.

'Bessie, do you think I have any chance?' he cried. 'I have never dared to breathe a word to her. Your sister is not like other women, Bessie, you know.'

'Oh, but she is a woman all the same, and she loves you, too, only she doesn't know anything about it,' Bessie said, sagely.

Dr. Grey looked at her with an expression of half delight and half doubt.

'Try and see!' said Bessie. 'Only let me give you a piece of advice—put it to her in the plainest possible terms or she won't understand you.'

At this moment Barbara entered the room, and seeing the two sitting hand in hand, she beamed upon them and walked over to a little writing-desk. She did not write, however, but sat looking out of the window with a pensive face and a longing, far-away look in her beautiful eyes.

Bessie smiled and slipped away.

Harold Grey rose and stood beside the woman he had loved silently so long. She lifted her eyes and met his with all the strength of love beaming in them. She coloured very faintly, then she, too, rose and they stood looking at each other.

'Is it all settled? Has Bessie promised to marry you?' she asked, laying her hand upon his arm. He captured it with his other hand and held it tightly.

'It isn't settled at all, Barbara, but I want you to settle it now, this minute. Dearest Barbara, your sister Bessie is a sweet little thing, but I don't want her for my wife! I want you! I have always loved you, and you, if any one, must be my wife! Will you, darling?'

He gazed down upon her, smiling into her eyes when he found she did not draw back from him, and wondering if he had made himself sufficiently plain.

'How very strange!' murmured Barbara.

'I do not think it strange that I should love the loveliest and sweetest woman in all the world!' cried Dr. Grey, gaily. 'But tell me, Barbara, will you marry me?'

She looked at him with a sweet, half-bewildered smile.

'Why, yes, if you wish it, Harold—with pleasure.'

He drew her to his heart and pressed one passionate kiss upon her lips. She trembled all over, and blushed pink to the tips of her fingers.

Then she said softly:

'I believe I love you, Dr. Grey.'

'Then, am I the most blessed of men!' he said.

She clasped her hands together and placed them on his shoulder, and laid her smooth flushed cheek upon them, looking up at him dreamily.

'The sensation is very agreeable—very exhilarating!' she murmured, and then joined in the burst of merriment which the remarks drew from her lover, and from Bessie who had just opened the door. So Barbara married Dr. Grey, and Bessie went to live with them. She never found any one to build up her faith in mankind which Lloyd Venner had so cruelly shattered to its foundation. She was quite content to be 'old maiden aunt' to her sister's children, who

loved her almost as dearly as they did their beautiful mother.

Dr. Grey worships his wife, and if she is more frequently in his study than in the drawing-room—much, much oftener in his laboratory than in her kitchen, he is pleased and happy to have it so.

THE FISHERMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY GOWAN LEA.

THE water rushed, the water swelled,
A fisherman sat near,
And, musing, watched his line within
The cool and purling mere.
And as he sits, and as he lists,
The rising waves divide,
When forth there springs a water sprite
And sits down by his side.

She sang to him, she spake to him ;
" My fishes dost thou lure
With this thy worldly wit and guile
From element so pure ?
Couldst thou but know our peaceful life—
How free from every care,
Thou wouldest, even as thou art,
Descend our joy to share.

" Do not the sun and moon come down
To lave within the sea,
Arising from the ocean's breast,
In fuller radiancy ?
Doth not reflected heaven allure
Thee to this watery blue,
Nor even thine own countenance
In this eternal dew ? "

The water rushed, and as it touched
His naked feet, new bliss
Awoke within his yearning heart,
As it had been love's kiss.
She spake to him ; with liquid voice
And clear, her accents fell ;
Half drew him in : he sank beneath
The magic of her spell.

Montreal.

CHIVALRY OR NOT CHIVALRY? CHIVALRY CERTAINLY.

BY O. YESSE.

THE question before us is as simple as need be. Is there or is there not from men towards women what we call chivalry, and do men prove it by their actions?

We may pass over the offence of making a young lady a present without giving her 'the privilege of choosing' what it shall be. I saw, the other day, a list of wedding gifts, a whole column of the paper long. It would have taxed the bride-to-be's ingenuity, that would. Nor need we dwell on the 'unsubstantial pudding'—a mere *vol au vent*—of a compliment. We all take kindly to them. I know I do, and do not enquire too curiously into them. Why should the men have them all? Ladies like them too, perhaps just the shadow of a shade better.

Let us turn to the solid pudding. Mr. Trollope said, it seems, 'they should be kept harmless while men suffer. They should be kept warm while men are cold. They should be kept safe while men are in danger. They should be enabled to live while men die in their defence.' Let us see whether this be true.

Some years ago, a ship called the *Northfleet*, at the outset of her voyage to Australia, with a large number, some hundreds, of emigrants—men, women, and children—was wrecked, as well as I remember, by collision with another vessel, off Dungeness in the British Channel. There was no hope but she must go down. There was panic and tumult of course. There was an indiscriminate rush, they knew not whither; for safety, they knew not where. The captain, with a rifle in his hand from the ship's armoury, commanded them to fall back. They should all be saved, he told them, as far as time would allow, and he would be the last man to leave; but the women and children should go first, and he would shoot any man on the spot who should disobey, or in any way obstruct the performance of his orders. One man did disobey, and the captain shot him—shot him dead. The boats were got out, properly manned, and the greater part of the women and children were saved; but time was short; the ship went down with all remaining on board, the captain with them. This is no scenic effect, got up for show; it is historically true. If this was not chivalry towards women, please say what it was? If this was not being kept safe while men were in danger; if this was not being enabled to live while men died in their defence; please say what it was? But we have not done with it. Let us suppose that time had sufficed, and that all had been saved. A curious question arises as to the nature of the captain's act in shooting that man. Would he have been tried for murder, and, if not, why not? What right had he to shoot him? On what principle did he do it? Had not the man as much right to have his life saved as the women had their's? Was life not as dear to him as to them? Was he better prepared to meet a sudden and frightful death than they were? Were its terrors greater for them than for him? These questions are answered in one word—Chivalry. Had the captain

been tried and inevitably found guilty of the homicide, does anyone imagine that he would have had any more than a nominal punishment? And that this course would not have met with universal approval? One word answers it all—Chivalry—the highest form of chivalry of men towards women, chivalry rising above the strongest trial to which human nature can be subjected; chivalry undeniable, indisputable. And this was no isolated case. It can be matched by thousands of others. It is no more than every captain would do, has done. This captain was a Quixote *after* 'Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.' It is the rule. If two persons are drowning, the woman is saved rather than the man. If two persons are falling into the flames, the woman is saved rather than the man. It is no more than firemen, lifeboat-men do every day. The chivalry of men would cry shame on them were it otherwise.

But, we are asked, 'would any unselfish, true-hearted woman desire such privileges, or take advantage of them, if she could possibly help it?' Is it not an 'ignoble boon' to offer to such noble, heroic women as Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling? The answer is that those women on board the *Northfleet* were not heroines. They were a promiscuous lot of women taken at random from human nature as it stands. They were such as other women are, true-hearted and unselfish, some of them, we will not libel them by doubting. But we may well doubt whether among them all, one hundred and fifty say (but, for that matter, we might as well say a hundred and fifty thousand), there was one Florence Nightingale or one Grace Darling. The fact is before us; they did take advantage of the privilege, and who shall condemn these poor terrified women? Not I, for one. How many of us cherish these transcendental notions? When captives are to be decimated, and the lot falls on one unhappy wretch, do the other nine contend which of them shall take his place? When an unfortunate conscript is drawn, do the other young men rush forward to see who shall soonest be his substitute?

The great and fatal mistake—and they will persist in making it—of all these lady-writers is that they believe—or affect to believe, it cannot be more than that—that womankind is made up of Florence Nightingales and Grace Darlings and Maria Theresas. They are there, to be sure; but I can give these writers a hand, I can go a step higher than they do, I can cap the climax for them, I can crown the apex with Sisters of Charity. If there be angels on earth, methinks they be these. All this is grand and good to look upon. But there is a reverse to the medal. Look upon that picture and on this; there is the other extremity. Whom have we here, squatting on an inverted basket? A fish-fag, wrapped in a man's old coat and hat, talking billingsgate, reeling with gin, odorous of fish, and sucking a short black pipe. 'Well, what is all that to you,' she says, 'if I am a "drudge," I earns an honest living, and that's more nor some does. There's worse nor me.' Ah, there are, my good woman, much worse. Let us take the train to Tooting Common, and pay a visit to this baby-farmer. She makes a living by starving infants to death, or rather, she gets her hanging for it. Can this be a woman? Can maternal instincts come to this? Even so. It is a dreadful thing to hang a woman, but it has been done, and done righteously. We have no partialities, no preference for one sex over the other. Crime is crime, find it where you may.

There is another line which has extremities too; we find Howard at one end, and Burke and Hare at the other; greater monsters, perhaps, have not lived. What would you? There are saints and sinners, male and female; there must be scaffolds, and halters, and hangmen.

Between these extremes, then, we have every conceivable grade, fair and foul, no two alike. A baby-farmer is a rare monster, but a Florence Nightingale is just as remarkable a phenomenon. We never hear of another; we never hear of a second Grace Darling. With the best will in the world to multiply them, if they could (we may make sure of that), these ladies bring them up again and again; they ring the changes upon marvellously few of their select women. We might almost fancy women crying, 'Save us from our friends!'

Let us change the picture again. The varieties are infinite. Gaze at this drawing-room beauty, shimmering in all the sheen of gauze, and lace, and jewels. Her dress is made by a 'woman's tailor,' with so exact a nicety, that every line and every part of her form is seen in its proportionate relief. There is all the beauty and grace of the sculptured and pictured Venuses in that glorious little gallery called the Tribune, at Florence; all the charms of those famous nudities without their immodesty. Her beauty is heightened with all the devices with which Piesse and Lubin can supply her—Piesse and Lubin, who begin their advertisement in the mother-tongue, but are soon driven to the mystery of French, and, having exhausted that, have still 'many little secrets' behind, which can be trusted to no language, however little generally understood by any 'Peeping Tom,' who might pry into them. What business is it of his? I am not quite clear about that. As long ago as the *Spectator*, one of his correspondents asked him whether he would not be justified in putting away a woman who was not the same woman that he had married? And Hawthorne tells a story of a bride who was upset out of a coach, on her wedding-day, and literally fell all to pieces, so that her husband looked about to see what had become of her. (Of course, we may expect that Hawthorne and Addison—what, the mild, gentle Addison?—will be credited with 'coarse sneers, heartless ridicule, and insulting scorn' like 'Congreve, Prior, Pope, Swift, and Gay.') Our drawing-room belle is surrounded by admirers; she sits upon beauty's throne; she has the ball at her feet; kick it, my lady, while you can. Here are some of society's artificialities of Chivalry. We care not to discuss them. Drawing-rooms are no strangers to mock-jewellery now-a-days.

Would you see the other side of the canvass? It is well to see all. Take my arm, get your hat and overcoat from a flunkey in primrose plush in the hall, give him his tip, and pass out. Button your coat well up—'the wind bites shrewdly, it is bitter cold.' Ah! whom, we had almost said what, have we here? A wretched creature, shivering and starving, half-clad (but that she might be in the ball room) in frowsy rags; a tattered shawl drawn close round her head and face (seamed and distorted with the small-pox) which she clutches with a bony hand over her flat bosom. There is an odour of uncleanness. Cast it not up to her, it is not her fault—now. Gently lay a coin, and see that it be not a small one, on her outstretched palm, and pity her from the very bottom of your heart. Do not follow her to the den where she makes her lair. There is nothing to see there; no rose-coloured curtains; no baths with hot and cold water laid on; no Turkish towels; no fresh air; no fire with night-dress airing before it; no clean sheets; no change of linen. There are no cosmetics, none of the making up of a beauty; Piesse and Lubin do not deal with this class of customers.

Well, between those extremes which, after all, we have but faintly shadowed out, there is every imaginable gradation (we have already said so, we believe), some who touch the highest, who are an honour and glory to womanhood; some who are only a short step above the lowest. There is no standard of womankind. There is no

hall-mark; the 'best Sheffield plate' is as good as silver—to look at. One is almost ashamed of uttering such truisms.

It is infinitely amusing to have put before us little selected bits, as so much gospel, from Wordsworth or whom not. We are innocently asked to take his word for a 'Perfect Woman.' Yes, willingly; but then how many perfect women are there! Was there ever one? Was ever either man or woman perfect? And one of the drollest of all droll things is to find Charles Lamb quoted seriously. The most fantastic of all writers he was; never happier than when delivering himself of some grotesque eccentricity; the more extravagant, the more he split his sleeve, and the more we all grinned with him. Men, he said, are divided into two orders, the borrowers and the lenders; the former are all that is open, free, frank and big-hearted, the latter a parcel of miserable curmudgeons, actually asking for their own. Charles Lamb of all men! The very fact that he spoke of 'more than half the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world being performed by women' is enough to make one set it down as some maggot of his own. And so we find it. The truth is absolutely the contrary. Take the vast bulk of drudgery and coarse servitude performed by humanity, and you will find an enormous preponderance done by men. Look at navvies; look at scavengers; look at stablemen; how many more? Pshaw! these Charles Lamb bubbles are burst with a breath.

But, admitted that women perform drudgery. Who is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred inflicts that drudgery upon women? We hear of 'standing at the wash-tub' as about the lowest depth of drudgery, yet what woman hesitates to make another woman stand at the wash-tub for her? When women, of all ranks, themselves perform all the drudgery which they would scorn to task another woman with, then let us hear of the drudgery inflicted upon women. Lady Transcendentalissima comes to this at last, that she cannot perform the drudgery of drawing on her stockings or brushing her hair. She keeps her maid up with aching eyelids three fourths of the night because my lady cannot go through the drudgery of putting herself to bed. And, as for making her own dresses or clothes, what does Lady Transcendentalissima reck of the girls sewing with closing eyes and aching brains, for twenty hours at a stretch, kept awake with strong coffee, under a cruel task-mistress?

Or look at it in this way. If the widow Jones, left with a large family, is not to get bread for her children by honest labour, is to be above drudgery, how is she to get it? Is she to waste her time in idleness, and come upon the town or township for relief? Is she to be degraded to a pauper? Or is her neighbour Smith, who has enough to do to make both ends meet, to support the late Jones' progeny as well as his own, to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for both? And then, when the Miss Joneses grow up, are they to be kept loitering about the streets, looking into the shop windows, with all their glittering temptations? Are they not to be allowed to go out to service, where they will be under wholesome discipline and learn to manage their own households when in good time they shall have them? where they may honestly earn those fripperies and fineries which they prize so highly, and which they *will* have, honestly if they can, but in some way or other. They may come to be thrown on the streets in a very different sense, and then there will be lamentations over their ruin. Yes, their ruin is very shocking, it makes every true heart bleed; but whose fault has it been? The fault of those visionaries who have told them that drudgery, as they choose to call it, is a degradation to a woman. Rap, if you please. Arise—oh, no, I beg his pardon—descend the spirit of Charles Lamb. Well, sir,

what have you to say for yourself? 'Pooh! Pooh!' it says, 'if I chose to play the fool, and wear the cap and bells, and you were simple enough to take it all seriously, are you going to put it all off on my shoulders? I was thought to do it very charmingly well, and I am really very much mortified that you should have taken me for a wise man. Did you not know that idleness is the root of all evil? In my time every schoolboy was told that.'

I live in an average, ordinary community. I have had long and very favourable opportunities of examination. I have made an approximate calculation, and I venture to assert—let those disprove it who can—that the labour performed by men is at least seven times as much as that done by women; and more, if the women were multiplied by seven, they could not do the men's work. I was greatly pleased, when I arrived at this result, to find that women could dispense with doing more. Please to propose a recipe for knocking off that one-seventh. 'Barkiss is willin'.' Such terms as 'coarse drudgery' would not be of my choosing; I would rather speak of the 'dignity of labour.'

I have got thus far without much difficulty. But what remains to be noticed is so extremely damaging to women that I hardly know how to deal with it without an appearance of unfairness, which I am particularly anxious to avoid. If I were a woman with this great cause—whatever it may be—so much at heart, I would say, 'My dear sisters, beware of the pen; it is a dangerous little implement, and, in our hands, is apt to play most mischievous pranks.' I have but this very moment read a 'Lady's Letter' in an old country paper. She speaks of some ladies at the Grosvenor Gallery so 'disguised and disfigured by extraordinary eccentricity of dress as to cause quite a sensation in the crowd, and to be actually mobbed.' These same ladies she afterwards finds at the Albermarle Club, a mixed club of men and women, where, with others of the same stamp, they behave in an exceedingly unladylike manner, which is their frequent habit. Presently, she has occasion to speak of cats, which, it seems, are taking the place of lap-dogs. She remarks upon 'the inconsistencies of a cat's nature, its varying humours and strange fancies, and of its feminine characteristics generally, which any one who has made the female mind his study will easily recognise as the elements of worry and uncertainty which are sure to find their way into matrimonial establishments.' Pray do not lose the full force of that—read it again. Yet this very lady, having volunteered all this, about which she might have kept silence, says 'she is sorry that the enemies of female enfranchisement should thus have other arguments given them wherewith to revile.' To *revile!* Now all that is these ladies to a nicety. They cut one another up with a sharper pen than any man ever uses, and then they say that men 'revile.'

It would have been better not to have told the story about Maria Theresa. It is very well told, but it comes to this—that the highest compliment that could be paid her was to call her a 'king;' to liken her to a man; to attribute to her masculine excellence and superiority. This is not much. Well it were if there were no worse to come. It was unwise to say that 'weakness, in fact, can never be anything but a poor and pitiable negation. All the best things earth has to bestow, and the kingdom of heaven itself, are won by strength—strength of energy, courage, intellect, virtue, love, and strength in other ways' which need not be all enumerated. It was unwise to say so, because very soon afterward we are told that 'women are the weaker,' so weak that when 'the large-minded, heroic men of Queen Elizabeth's time' were transformed into 'profligate fops,' and 'coarse, brutal sots and sensualists,' they were, 'in this downward course, most dutifully followed by women.'

That is, they have not the 'strength' to strike out their own path, and to keep to it, but can only follow where men lead. Far, indeed, very far be it from me to say what may be the feminine of profligate fops and of coarse brutal sots and sensualists; but that is what we are given to understand that women became; insomuch that they were the objects of 'heartless ridicule and insulting scorn,' from the same class of men who have, both before and since, treated of them in a 'pure and noble tone.' It seems a little difficult to understand why heartless ridicule and insulting scorn should excite indignation in any one who applies to whole generations of men such terms as profligate fops, and to other whole generations of men such terms as coarse and brutal sots and sensualists. It would appear that from the 'moral degradation' of that pit women would not have 'emerged,' except by the helping hand which the 'generous recognition' of men, who had again changed, held out to them. There is here no intentional misrepresentation nor exaggeration, yet I am startled at what I have written. I desire to refer the reader to the February number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. Let it not be taken on my authority, but on that of the writer there.

Then it is admitted that 'of late symptoms of an evil reaction have appeared, especially among the women of what is called "society."' Otherwise such a satire as the Girl of the Period, we are told, could never have appeared. Nor, which is 'more conclusive still, could certain popular novels by lady novelists, conveying the most odious and hateful, though apparently quite involuntary and unconscious satire' (which makes it so much the worse) 'on the writers and on all their sex, have ever had an existence.' This, one would think, is about as strong as it could be made, yet is understated. Nothing more damaging to the estimation in which women ought to be held could possibly be imagined than the books which they write about themselves. Examples are at hand in abundance, but they shall not be inflicted upon the reader. I do not find any attempt to account for this 'evil reaction.' We are told 'that it has no doubt sprung from various causes.' What causes? There is no hint here that women have been dragged down by men. It is left in mystery. Were there any sufficient or satisfactory causes, it was most important that they should be stated. In their absence we are compelled to believe in their non-existence. We *are* told, however, that 'past experience seems to prove that, as long as women are taught to believe their chief end in life is to please men, their worth and dignity can never have a sound and secure foundation. They will always be tempted to seek their object by ignoble and debasing means, and to sacrifice delicacy, truth, and principle in the pursuit.' It is most devoutly to be wished, on behalf of both men and women, that past experience proves no such thing, for it is difficult to say to which of the sexes it is the more discreditable. Let us rejoice that all this is mere matter of opinion; that a margin is left us at least. Past experience *seems* to prove. They will always be *tempted*. Are we to understand that they resist the temptation or yield to it? If the former, how does this writer know that such temptation is ever felt? It is so much waste paper. We have nothing to do with temptations. An offence must be known to have been committed before anyone can be charged with it.

We must suppose that it is not said without authority that women 'are taught to believe their chief end in life is to please men.' But then comes the question, who teaches them? And what force does this teaching carry with it? It is answered for us at page 301 of the September Number of this Magazine for 1878 in an article called 'Women's Work.' There we are told that it is 'natural' for mothers to set before daughters as the

end and aim of their being that they may be well married. Well, if this teaching is *natural*, it will continue, because a nature which has existed for all time, and which, like all nature, is ineradicable, will certainly not be set aside by any crotchets of 1880, or of any other particular period. Let us devoutly hope then, I say, that women may continue to desire to please men—for they *will* continue—without all the disastrous consequences to the feminine character that are here associated with that desire; that the everlasting relations between the sexes may endure without women losing their worth and dignity, without their resorting to any ignoble and debasing means, without their sacrifice of delicacy, truth, and principle. A most comprehensive degradation of character, indeed!

Let us do this writer no injustice if we can help it. There may be some limitation intended. It may be meant that, if it be made not the chief, but only the partial end in life, all these pernicious results may not ensue. Very good. But it is certainly strongly suggested that, *so far* at least as it *is* made the end of life, *so far* must these bad consequences follow. It would certainly be the obvious conclusion that it must be a question of degree only. There must be more or less of ignoble and debasing means, and all the rest of it. You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled at all, even though you do not bury your whole hands in it.

The life of women consists of two momentous periods—before marriage and after it. Let us take the first in order of time. This happens to *all* women, whether ultimately married or not. Now, all the world knows that, at that time—the younger years of life—it *is* woman's chief end in life to please men. If we had not the authority for it that I have quoted above, and of all the multitude of women's own books, we might read it for ourselves in the Great Book of Nature. They may be students, writers, poets, artists, actresses, musicians—nay, as we have seen, the other day, mathematicians, they will still have the same end in life. They will still desire to please men, to marry; to fulfil their destiny, to become wives and mothers. Else they are not women. 'And what for no?' Are we to suppose that this cannot be with perfect innocence, without loss of worth and dignity, without resorting to ignoble and debasing means, without sacrifice of delicacy, truth, and principle? Forbid the idea! Otherwise, what sort of women must men have to make wives of? Deterioration of character such as that is irremediable. A woman is not untrue to-day and true to-morrow; she may be, but it will be by mere accident; you cannot count upon it.

Then let us take the period after marriage. Let us imagine a gentle, simple, pure, true, kind-hearted woman; no genius, with no special pursuit, with no turn for anything. Her whole aim in life is to please her husband—we may surely, without any great stretch, suppose him worthy of it—she shares his joys and his griefs, his successes and his misfortunes; she exults in his glory; when the world frowns upon him, she clings to him. She is proud of her children because they are his; she delights in the ordering of her household because it is for his comfort. She has never heard of Woman's Rights, and would not know what they meant if she had. She may be a poor, spiritless creature, but she fulfils her destiny; she does her duty; she carries an easy conscience, and she is happy. Read Washington Irving's 'Sketch' of 'The Wife,' written in the kindliest possible spirit towards women, but before Rights came into fashion. Shall it be said that such women lose their worth and dignity, resort to ignoble and debasing means, and sacrifice their delicacy, truth, and principle?

Here then we have two periods in

the lives of women. In the one they do, and in the other they may, make it their chief end and aim to please men. This may be matter for censure, according to opinion. But it is safe to say that the judgment delivered upon it in this case is outrageously severe. It is difficult to account for the use of such words. Try changing them in form, but not in substance—unworthy and undignified, ignoble and debasing, indelicate, untrue, and unprincipled. The best hope is that it is an instance of betrayal by the pen. If it should have been written by an avowed advocate of 'Women's Rights,' who dreams of seeing 'Woman walking by the side of Man, legally, politically, and socially his equal' (socially women are a great deal more than the equals of men already) passes comprehension.

What sort of opinion of men must be entertained by women, who think that they render themselves most acceptable to them by loss of worth and dignity, by ignoble and debasing means, by sacrifice of delicacy, truth and principle, I have not thought it worth while to consider. To appreciate this duly, it must be taken in conjunction with the 'profligate fops,' and 'course and brutal sots and sensualists.'

When compliments of this kind are flying about one's head, it is best for him to retire out of the way.

MARY MAGDALEN:

AN EASTER POEM.

BY FIDELIS.

IN the still garden—wet with early showers,
  Ere yet the Easter sun had risen fair,
Or waked to opening life the April flowers,
  She walked—sad-hearted—there.

And, when the voice her heart might well have known
  Broke gently on her sorrow and despair,
She mourning said, "My Lord is taken hence,
  Alas! I know not where!"

Then, only, when He spoke her name aloud,
  As He alone could say it—sorrow passed
Into adoring joy, as low she bowed
  Before her Lord— at last!

So often, in this dim gray life of ours
  That holds but promise of the day to be,
We wander weary and disconsolate—
  Still asking—"Where is He?"

We thought that He had our Redeemer been,
  Looked for His loving Presence evermore,
And now, men tell us we may look in vain
  For Him—from shore to shore!

For they have sent their curious gaze afar,
  And found Him not in matter or in thought,
Through boundless space, to Earth's remotest star,
  They tell us "He is *not*."

And, looking far away, with tear-dimmed eyes,
  And hearts that ache for lack of outward sign,
We miss the very Presence by our side,
  So human, so Divine!

So, knowing not the voice that spoke so clear,
  From heart to heart, all through our wandering way,
We mourn as lost the Lord who is so near,
  Whom *none* can take away!

We touch His garment, and we know it not,
  Yet healing flows through every throbbing vein;
His smile of peace breaks through our troubled thought,
  Like sunshine through the rain.

His voice is speaking through our dreariest hours,
  In tenderest tones—had we but ears to hear—
His loving hand is ever clasping ours,
  When none, we think, is near!

When the sad heart is sore with thankless toil,
  And conflict all unknown to outward sight,
He stills the tossing tempest of the soul,
  And gives "songs in the night."

And even when our faith, we think, is dead,
  And dearest hopes to disappointment turn,
Unknown, He joins us on our sorrowing way
  And makes our cold hearts burn.

But when, in some sharp crisis of our life,
  The dumb heart sinks without a hope or claim,
The Lord reveals Himself in power at last,
  And speaks our very name.

And losing doubt in certainty most sweet,
  And filled with shame for blindness lasting long,
We own our Master, cast us at His feet,
  Loved, yet unknown so long.

Then, the dim dawn turns to the Easter Day,
  We go, with hearts that love and gladness fill,
To tell of Him they have *not* taken away,
  The Lord is with us still!

A CRITICISM OF MR. NORRIS'S ARTICLE ON 'CANADIAN NATIONALITY.'

BY BENJAMIN W. R. TAYLER, HALIFAX.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the last number of this Magazine urges a plea for a distinct Canadian nationality, which, although by no means a novel subject, should certainly be credited with a decided originality of handling. Unfortunately, however, originality does not constitute, in the minds of thoughtful men of sober judgment, a desideratum for novel experiments, such as suggested by the writer of the article in question, and experience teaches that it is not always wise to depart from well-regulated custom, unless such custom has been found insufficient, or until new ways and means have been devised which are superior to the old ones.

It would be useless to deny that a proper sense of our importance as a Dominion has sprung up in the breasts of the majority of the Canadian people; but opinions, privately and publicly expressed, rather show a desire for closer connection with the Mother Country than for absolute independence. Take, for instance, the utterances of the press of Canada. With only a couple of exceptions, they maintain a tone of unswerving loyalty to the Empire, and the exceptions mentioned are confined to two or three weekly or monthly publications, which, if we except one of them, have really little or no influence among us. Two questions which would naturally be asked by a disinterested outsider would be, 1st, Has the Dominion of Canada any desire for absolute independence? 2nd. Does England desire a severance of the connection which binds to her four millions of loyal Canadian subjects? To both these questions the answer would be: No! In the first place, if Canada wished to assume independence, the press (which, after all, is the great exponent of public opinion) would not be slow in according publicity to such expressions. Read the leading organs of public opinion in Canada. Would any right-thinking man question the devoted loyalty to the Imperial Crown? Would it be possible for those journals to publicly declare that, above all things, British connection was desirable, and privately hold opposite opinions? If such were the case they would be traitors to themselves and to their patrons; and, in a land where the liberty of the press is guaranteed, Editors need not be in terror of imprisonment and stripes for giving expression to what they deemed the best course to pursue in ensuring the welfare of their country. In the second place, passing events prove undeniably that the British Government is becoming more alive every day to the importance of its colonial possessions, and, rather than weaken the ties which bind us together, is seeking to strengthen them in more ways than one.

It seems a pity that the writer of the article on 'Canadian Nationality' should betray his political predilections with regard to Imperial affairs, and uphold English Liberalism as the embodiment of all that is perfect, while he denounces the Conservative party with such choice epithets as 'Tories' and 'Jingoes.' He states that 'Jingoism is on its last legs in England . . . and Afghanistan is to be its grave.' Does he expect the Canadian people to consider him as an oracle on such subjects, and this in face of the triumphant election of the Conservative candidate for Liverpool?

Possibly, however, an overthrow of the Beaconsfield Government would, in a certain measure, promote the views of so-called Colonial Emancipators, for Mr. Gladstone, backed up by John Bright and other Liberal lights in England, have been notoriously antagonistic to the colonies, while it has been the fixed policy of Lord Beaconsfield and his Cabinet to spare no expense in protecting our fellow-colonists, as witness the very cases cited —the wars in Zululand and Afghanistan. Millions have been expended from the Imperial Treasury for the purpose of increasing colonial defences since the advent of the Conservative Government in England, which were never thought of during the Gladstone Administration; and it is not hazarding a rash opinion, but uttering a well-attested fact, when the statement is here made that the Colonies have never been so well cared for by the Home Government at any period in their history as during the last seven years.

Now, supposing that Canada was an independent country, 'with her independence guaranteed by England,' as the writer humorously expresses it, how would independence elevate the character and status of the people? Would it elevate them socially? Why then hold the opinion that we require no social elevation, being, like the American people, without hereditary rank and landed privileges? I fail to see how independence would affect us socially, unless the snobbery of some of our wealthier classes were put a stop to by national legislation. Would independence enable us to secure more favourable loans in the British or any other money market? Would it put an end to the bitter party-spirit that dominates our politics? Would it increase the revenue? Would it lessen taxation? And, lastly, would the people of the Maritime Provinces submit to a nationality in which the influences of the Upper Provinces would so largely predominate? The argument used that the United States show signs of an early dissolution has no bearing on the subject whatever, and even this statement may be reasonably questioned, for we hear every day that that country is more prosperous now than at any time since the Civil War; but admitting the assertions as correct, 'that they are in a dilemma, either horn of which is fatal,' that 'they must submit either to the mob and the commune, and see their cities blaze away as they did three years ago, or to a standing army and a general who will destroy their institutions and make himself dictator.' Admitting these possibilities, what guarantee have we that we may not be in a similar position at the end of the first century of our existence, were our independence assured? If 'nations on this Continent grow with prodigious strides' and 'the United States are fast hastening to a premature old age,' what miracle would prevent us from sharing the same fate? Surely the writer of 'Canadian Nationality' perceives that the very arguments advanced by him are, if carefully looked into, condemnatory of his theory.

'There is little to be done,' he writes. 'A Governor elected every seven years by both Houses of Parliament, the appointment of a small diplomatic body, and the adoption of a flag, are all that is needful.' This is indeed a charming solution of a very difficult question. Pray what more power would be placed in the hands of a Canadian Governor than in one of Imperial appointment? And if the elections, which take place every four years, should cause a change of Government ere the Governor's term of office has expired, what a delightful prospect it would be for future politicians to contemplate, a strong Protectionist Conservative Governor and an out-and-out Liberal Free-Trade Cabinet. Then political questions rivalling in intricacy the Letellier affair would crop up, and how would these questions

be settled? By referring them to England as that question was? Oh, certainly not! because you know we are independent of England. By international arbitration? The internal affairs of a country cannot be submitted to outside arbitration. By civil war? That would seem to be the only way out of the difficulty, and we would indeed present a pitiable sight to the civilized world. Instead of its bearing any similarity to the American Civil War—instead of its being North *versus* South, or East *versus* West—it would be a bitter fight for temporary superiority in every section of the Dominion. Tory would be arrayed against Grit, and the scenes of the French Revolution of 1790 would be a camp-meeting in quietness compared to the fierce conflicts of the Canadian people. This question alone presents such a variety of other minor ones that the mind is appalled in thinking of them. The 'adoption of a flag' is evidently meant by the writer as a grim bit of humour. The 'red, white, and green, vertically placed,' is as original a device as could be possibly thought of, and I would advise the writer, in all friendliness, to open up communication with the numerous Central and South American States, and offer to supply them with new devices for flags after every successful revolution. As revolutions take place regularly every month in those highly-favoured countries, the inventor would reap a rich reward for his ingenuity. But why should the colours be chosen to represent only the English, Scotch, French and Irish, and why preserve their old national colours in the assumption of a new nationality? Are the Germans to be neglected, and how about the Icelanders, and Russian Mennonites, the Indian aborigines, and the Chinese in British Columbia? Why not string the thing out to infinity and make a rainbow of the affair, and have for a national coat-of-arms the beaver, dressed *à la* John Bull, having a green feather and a white lily twined in its hat (the latter being of Canadian manufacture, of course) playing the Canadian National Anthem on a Scotch bagpipe. This would strike terror to the hearts of all our enemies, especially the Americans; and the inspired bards of Canada would write national patriotic hymns, something like the following which I read in an American paper a few years ago:

'The beaver gaily climbs to the top
Of the lofty maple tree,
And shrieks aloud its clarion notes
In wild triumphant glee.
With attitude erect and fierce,
He dares the eagle's beak;
And flaps his tail in the summer breeze,
With a wild, defiant shriek.'

Independence may seem to some the acme of happiness, power, and prosperity; but Canada has a far brighter future before her by continuing loyal to the Crown, than by assuming a separate nationality. The British nation is waking up to the importance of Imperial Federation, the solidification of the Empire, and proper representation of Colonial interests in an Imperial Parliament. This would place us on a surer footing and safer foundation than independence, and as representation would probably be proportionate to the population, Canada, as the future home of the millions of English, Scotch, and Irish immigrants, would have a powerful voice in the counsels of the Empire. I am not, however, discussing the question of Imperial Federation, but nevertheless, believe, that it will be the inevitable outcome of a sound and healthy public opinion, which will bind the Colonies more closely to the Mother Country, and will be the means of a proper solidification of that Empire 'over which the sun never sets.'

DOWN SOUTH IN A SAIL-BOAT.

BY ROBERT TYSON, TORONTO.

I.

SINCE Mr. Macgregor made his celebrated trip in the first *Rob-Roy Canoe,* much attention has been given to 'cruising' by those owners of boats and canoes who can command leisure-time for voyaging in their own little craft. The many interior water-courses of this great continent afford an inexhaustible variety of cruising grounds. There are few better things than a boat-cruise to tone up the nervous system and brush away the cob-webs generally, in the case of the average city man of sedentary pursuits. The monotony, foul air, and muscular inactivity of his daily life give place to adventurous novelty, pure air, and steady exercise. He usually comes back 'feeling like another fellah,' and all the more appreciative of home comforts from having been awhile without them.

The writer hereof recently made a boat-trip from Toronto to the Gulf of Mexico. Considerable preliminary knowledge is desirable for a long trip like this; knowledge both about the country to be travelled and the best kind of craft to use. The lack of this in my case led to some mistakes and mishaps, whilst furnishing me with a large quantity of that high-priced article called experience. A frequent plan for a voyage of this kind is to use a light canoe; depend chiefly on the oars for propulsion; carry a small tent; and cook and sleep on shore. Another plan is to take a larger boat, fitted with a rain-proof shelter; to use sail more; and to cook and sleep on board of the boat whilst it is either anchored or hauled ashore. I adopted the second plan, intending to use my sail almost exclusively, as I was too weak for continuous rowing. My intention was to live in the open air for some months; my object, health.

First, then, a brief description of my boat. She was nearly sixteen feet long, four feet wide, and sixteen inches deep, partly decked over with half-inch pine, leaving only an open cockpit about seven feet long in the centre, surrounded by a high combing. Water-tight compartments occupied the extreme stem and stern; they were made of galvanized iron, fitted to the boat's shape, and complete in themselves. She was clinker-built, had a deep oaken keel, and was rigged with main-sail and jib. Under the aft-deck was a nest of drawers, containing provisions, books, toilet requisites, etc., etc. One has to be exceedingly methodical with the multifarious articles needed in a cruise, or they will be a constant source of bother and confusion. Unarranged, they have a continual tendency to collect in the bottom of the boat, when a little trampling makes the thing complete. My clothing was all kept in water-tight bags, made of cotton duck, and dressed over with a mixture of linseed oil and beeswax. When these were filled, and tied securely round the neck, you might pitch them overboard for a cruise on their own account, and their contents would still remain 'dry goods.' These bags served for pillows. My four blankets were also in a water-proof bag: 'Keep your blankets dry,' is a fundamental rule for the *voyageur.* My gun, water-proof coat, towels, etc., were thrust

into straps nailed at intervals around and below the combing. The outfit comprised also a 15-lb. anchor, 120 feet of 7-16ths of an inch Manilla rope for a cable, two good pulley blocks, and a mariner's compass.

The result of all this was a strong, handsome, comfortable craft, which sailed well, and lay very close to the wind; but she had some serious defects, about which I will be frank. Her weight was excessive, and part of it too high up. At first she carried too much sail and too heavy a boom; but this I changed *en route*. Her long deep keel made her rather slow in 'going about' and turning with the oar, and awkward to haul ashore. Though standing up stiffly under a moderate breeze, and having a 'good run aft,' she was rather too flat in the floor, and much too sharp in the bow, especially above water. Considering her great weight, she was not hard to row. I named her *The N. H. Bishop*, after an American gentleman living at Lake George, N.Y., who, in 1875 and 1876, travelled from Pittsburg to Florida in a duck-boat. He afterwards wrote an account of his voyage, which was not published when I started.

I desired to make the whole journey by water, and my projected route was *via* Lake Ontario, from Toronto to Port Dalhousie; through the Welland Canal to Port Colborne; *via* Lake Erie to Cleveland or Toledo; and thence by canal to the Ohio River, at Portsmouth or Cincinnati, making a total journey of between 500 and 600 miles. From Cincinnati I had a noble waterway of 1,500 miles on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans.

A mere outline of my journey to Cincinnati will be sufficient. With a companion, I set sail in my boat from the boat-house of G. & J. Wharin, Toronto, on October 2nd, 1879, and coasted along the Lake to Port Dalhousie. We were capsized in a squall near Port Credit; righted the boat without assistance, went ashore, 'fixed' things up, and proceeded to Port Dalhousie. Lake Erie being dangerous for small boats in the fall, we embarked ourselves and boat on the schooner *A. Muir*, which took us through the Welland Canal, and along Lake Erie to Detroit. This was the terminus of my friend's journey, and I proceeded alone in my boat to Toledo, sailing along the western shore of the Detroit River and Lake Erie. At Toledo I found that the canal authorities had dispensed with most of the lock tenders, in consequence of the keen railway competition; so that I would have either to do, or to hire, the lockage through forty or fifty locks, besides paying the clearance fee of five dollars. Desiring to avoid this, I forwarded my boat and went by railway to Cincinnati; which I reached on Friday, October 24. Here a chance inquiry at a bookseller's led to my introduction to members of the Cincinnati Canoe Club (a jolly brotherhood of five), from whom I received a cordial welcome as a brother canoeist. Mr. Lucien Wulsin gave me letters of introduction to Louisville, Kentucky; and Mr. George B. Ellard took me under his wing generally. Chief-Justice Longworth, of the Court of Common Pleas of the State of Ohio, is the founder of the Club, and is an active member. Their head-quarters is at Ross Lake, Carthage, a large pond ten miles from the city. Here they keep their canoes, seven in number, and have a small frame club house. In the summer they usually make a long trip down some river; last summer it was the Alleghany. They meet weekly at the club-house, with a coloured cook to attend to creature comforts for them. On the day of my visit there was a race between two Rob-Roy canoes — the *Skipjack*, Commodore Longworth, and the *Kelpie*, Commander Ellard. A third Rob Roy, the *Pollywog*, was prevented by the illness of its owner from entering the contest; but the *Pollywog* sufficiently distinguished herself by capsizing and throwing into three feet of water a

visitor who essayed to paddle in too careless a manner. I hasten to remark that the *Pollywog's* victim was *not* the writer of this history. Notwithstanding the crankiness of these little canoes, the race was made under sail—twice to windward round a buoy and return—ten strokes of the paddle allowed in 'going about,' there being no rudders. The *Skipjack* carried two leg-o'-mutton sails and a jib, the top clew of the jib being fastened to one of the rings of the foresail, in lieu of a halyard. Portions of bamboo fishing-rods formed the booms. Mr. Longworth had the jib-sheet in his teeth, the fore-sheet in one hand, and the main-sheet looped to his toe, in pursuance of the golden rule in sailing small boats—never tie your sheet. Mr. Ellard had only two sheets to manage, the *Kelpie* being jibless, with a lug foresail and a leg-o'-mutton mainsail. The prize contended for was a handsome breast-pin, the property of the Club, bearing the word 'Champion,' and the holder is liable to instant challenge on club days. Sometimes a condition of the race is that all the canoes are to be capsized on a given signal, the contestants having then to clamber back into their canoes and finish the race; but that was not so to-day. The racers managed their canoes with considerable adroitness in the gusty wind of the pond. Indeed, their skill was needed in order to keep right-side up. Sometimes one of them would suddenly thrust his leg and paddle-arm out to windward, by way of 'shifting ballast.' These canoes under sail are fairy-like little craft. Some chaff took place about my Scotch bonnet before the start. It was found to add a seamanlike finish to Mr. Ellard's resolute countenance, and he wore it during the race. The Judge suffered a defeat, but consoled himself by ascribing it to the head-gear of his opponent. It took all the heart out of him, he said, to sail against such a fierce-looking pirate.

Mr. Longworth has the reputation of great ability, impartiality, and uprightness as a judge. His father, who is reputed to be a millionaire, was the introducer of the Catawba wine-grape into Ohio. They reside together on the beautiful estate at Rookwood, in the old family house, which is decorated and furnished after the most finished style of the quiet modern art-taste. The picture-room contains valuable works by Leslie, Knalbach, and other artists of European fame. But I must not gossip. Nor will I bore my readers with details of the kind hospitality of my Cincinnati friends towards the Canadian stranger. Owing to mishaps on the lakes and other causes, I had undergone severe fatigue and nervous worry, and was in no enviable condition on reaching Cincinnati. Alone in a strange city, in poor health, with discouraging experience behind and a doubtful journey a-head, the cordial and warm-hearted reception I met with cheered and recuperated me more than I can express.

A few words concerning Cincinnati. It is a smoky city of 350,000 inhabitants, but with many interesting features. Its site is on a natural plateau, by the Ohio, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, up which the city has climbed and overflowed, as it were. Street-cars of the city proper connect with other cars which are hauled up steep inclined planes by wire ropes and large drums, worked by powerful stationary steam-engines. Ready communication is thus had with the tops of the steep hills around, an altitude of three hundred feet, whence other street car lines connect with the suburbs. Cincinnati is rich in beautiful suburbs, stretching for miles over the rolling uplands and pleasant valleys which are the natural features of its surroundings. Clifton is simply the most beautiful place I ever saw. Imagine our suburb of Rosedale magnified twenty times, and infinitely diversified and adorned, and you will get an idea of it. There are several fine pub-

lic parks, and the finest zoological gardens in the States. The population of the city is a very musical one, and contains a large German element. A beautiful suspension-bridge, of great span, hung on enormous iron cables, crosses the Ohio between Cincinnati and Covington. There are also very fine railroad bridges.

Tuesday, October 28, was the day of my first introduction to river life. Mr. George W. Pickard, a member of the Cincinnati Shooting Club, helped me to get my boat put into the water, towards afternoon, and saw me off with hearty good wishes. A strong and gusty wind was blowing up the river. The only way to get along was by sailing close-hauled, backward and forward across the stream, gaining a little on the wind at each crossing, both by the method of sailing and by the current, thus making a zigzag course. Boating readers are familiar with this operation of 'tacking,' or 'beating up.' In my case it was 'beating down.' I made about six miles before anchoring for the night. I watched for a passing steamer, in order to find where the 'steamer channel' was; then chose a shallow anchorage on the other side. It was a lovely spot. The river runs through a gorge, between steep hills varying in height from 200 to 500 feet, sometimes wooded to the crest, sometimes clear or partly cleared, broken by ravines, and dotted here and there with dwellings. You know the beautiful effect of hills and water against a background of sky—some of the nearer hills bathed in sunlight and bright colour, others of a dark green, while the distant ones soften down to a blueish grey. A calm bright moonlight night succeeded to the blustering day. With blankets, two waterproof bags for pillows, and a mattrass improvised from some spare clothing, I made a comfortable bed upon the smooth inside lining of the boat, having first swept it carefully with the 'ship's broom'—a corn duster. My 'bed-room ceiling' was a water-proof hatch-cloth, buttoned to carriage-knobs around the outside of the combing, and kept from sagging down by three light curved cross-ribs, which are taken out in the day time. A foot or two of this hatch-cloth was left unbuttoned, and thrown aside above the sleeper's head, in order to give fresh air. (At first I had a sort of waterproof hood to protect this open space from rain and dew, but I unfortunately lost it on the lakes.) Well, I put my big revolver in a handy position, and was soon asleep. After some hours I awoke, and heard a fine tenor voice singing, 'Way down the Suwanee river,' accompanied by the occasional splash of an oar. I lay and listened. His articulation was slow and clear, and every word was distinctly audible in the still night air. The effect was charming. Presently he began 'The sweet bye and bye.' I looked and saw that it was the boatman on a passing flat-boat. He continued singing at intervals until his voice faded away in the distance, and I slept again.

Wednesday, October 29.—The wind got up with the sun, and soon blew blustering and squally up stream, sometimes shifting some points every few minutes as the squalls came down the gorges. I was tired, and lay most of the day in the bright warm sunshine, writing my journal and reading; then sailed three or four miles, and anchored again. The water in the river is lower than it has been for many years, and the current is consequently very slow. Only light-draught steamers are running, but some of these are very large vessels. They are nearly all stern-wheel boats, propelled by one large paddle-wheel at the stern, as wide as the hull of the boat, and looking just like an undershot water-wheel of a mill. The hull of the vessel is low, broad, and flat, and the upper works are built up in two storeys or decks, somewhat as on lake steamers, except that a large portion of the

lower deck, where the freight and boilers are, is left entirely open at the sides. Forward at the bow are two gangways, with derricks for hoisting them. Two slowly-puffing steam-pipes stand side by side aft, and two smoke funnels side by side forward. These steamers can run their noses on a bank or bar, and back off again without injury, being protected by strong iron boiler-plating. When a stern-wheel boat is towing barges, she does not pull them, but pushes them ahead of her, lashed side by side, and securely fastened to her broad prow. The barges thus miss the heavy wash of the stern-wheel, and if the tow runs aground on one of the numerous shallows, or 'bars,' why only the barges stick, and the steamer is free to help them. Some of the stern-wheels raise very large waves, and I get a rocking as the vessels pass, but not enough to cause discomfort or risk a wetting.

Thursday, October 30.—Tacked down nearly all day against a head-wind, but only made eleven or twelve miles, owing to the shiftiness of the wind and the slowness of the current. There is much that is new and strange in this river life, and I enjoy the novelty of it. In the bright freshness of these sunny mornings I have felt delighted to think that I am really looking on the hills of Kentucky—a name of romantic charm to me since I first met with it, when a boy, in the pages of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

This morning I passed Home City, laid out for a town by a Cincinnati Building Association. The Association have shown excellent taste, both in the selection of a site and the use they have made of it. Here the hills on the Ohio side sink to a wide plateau well above high water, nearly as level as a railroad embankment, and well wooded. On the river front stand detached villas and smaller houses, but all pretty and tasteful. There is not a mean building among them. The effect is fine, and shames some places I know, where the people use the river front for out-buildings and the backs of houses. 'James' River Guide,' with its maps and letter-press, enables me to identify the places I pass, adding much to the interest of the journey. It also gives distances.

In the late afternoon, and towards sunset, I felt lonely amid the solitude of the great river. The feeling vanished after dark, when I lay reading and writing by the light of my lamp under the hatch-cloth. I anchored just below the mouth of the Great Miami river.

Friday, October 31.—It had been a keen night, and the boat was covered with hoar frost. I bustled about, lit the coal-oil stove, got some hot porridge, lifted the anchor, and started just as the sun came up. My stove is a single-wick 'Florence,' number '0,' with oven. It works admirably, cooks almost anything, and is a great addition to a boatman's comfort. I have it fixed just underneath the forward deck, so that it is completely protected from wind, except when the wind is aft; then I have to protect it by dropping the hatch-cloth over the opening. A tin reservoir, fitting the boat's shape, and holding three gallons of coal-oil, is kept underneath the forward deck, together with a smaller can for filling. My cooking utensils and table dishes are of granite ironware, which is much cleaner and nicer than tin. I passed Aurora, where the river takes a sharp bend, and, as usual, the high hills are on the convex side of the curve, with lower ground on the concave side. One of the main streets of Aurora skirts the river, and the ground slopes riverward in such a manner that I was enabled to look in upon the daily life of the town while passing, as if I had been actually in its streets. At the town of Rising Sun, nine miles further on, there is a characteristic feature of the river at low water. A shoal or bar occupies three-fourths of the river's bed; it is covered at high water, but is now bare. The whole volume

of the river goes through a deep 'chute,' one-fourth of the usual width, causing a rapid current, which shot me quickly past the town. I was now favoured with a wind a point or two free for my course, and steadier, in consequence of the decreasing altitude of the hills. As I turned a sharp bend at Millersburg, the wind naturally became dead aft, and I sped on merrily. Near Gunpowder Creek I passed a flat-boat which was moored by the shore. At the boat's stern some clothes were hanging on a line to dry, and three children looked out at me as I passed. I felt a strong inclination to tie up for the night and make the acquaintance of the inmates. However, I passed on for another mile or two, and anchored near Big Bone Lick Creek, Kentucky. The creek derives its odd name from the fact of large tusks and bones having been found there. My anchorage ground was a shallow place, where a big snag stood a little distance out in the stream, to warn off intruding steamers. I utilised the snag by fastening a stern-line to it. This has been a fine bright day; I have made a run of twenty-eight miles, and 'feel good' generally.

Saturday, November 1.—Morning broke with a thick fog. The fog slowly lifted, picturing the Kentucky shore in fantastic frames of vapour, and the cheery old sun came out. Head wind again, light, and I moved slowly towards the town of Patriot, three miles a-head. On the way a man, rowing a scow-built skiff, overtook me, and we entered into conversation. He told me that he was the owner of the flat boat which I had passed on the previous night; that his wife and four children were aboard, and he was going down the river to one of its tributaries called Green River, 250 miles below Louisville, as work was slack at the neighbourhood of Lime Landing, whence he was starting, and the place did not suit his wife's health; that his name was Richard Snow, and that he was a carpenter by trade. I gave him some particulars in return. He proposed that we should journey down the river together, saying that I would lose no time by it, as the fact of his boat going night and day would more than compensate for the sailing of my boat in head winds, and that in fair winds he could make good progress with his large square sail. I was welcomed on board his boat by Mrs. Snow, and gazed at curiously by the little ones, one of whom had been under the impression that I wore my hair braided and hanging in two tails behind. A closer inspection of the long ribbons of my Scotch bonnet gave the youngster a more correct impression. The oldest child, a pretty little girl of eight, was suffering from a brief illness of a malarial nature. Next in age were two stout hearty little fellows, of six and four years, and Mrs. Snow was nursing a baby. An illustrated Guide-book of Cincinnati, which I brought, was hugely appreciated by the sick little girl. The craft I am now on is one of a type peculiar to the large American rivers, variously known as 'shanty-boat,' 'family-boat,' or 'flat-boat,' and presenting a distinctive and interesting feature of river life. Snow's craft is a fair specimen. It consists of a large scow-built hull, forty-four feet long, twelve feet wide, and two feet deep strongly built of two-inch oak. On this is erected a frame-house, about seven feet high, thirty-two feet long, and the full width of the boat. The sides are of tongued and grooved lumber, and the roof of thin siding, curved over like a street-car, and battened. There is a door at each end, with small windows at the sides. Aft the roof is continued on posts, so as to form a sort of verandah; and forward an open space is left for working the boat. Here are two rough oars or sweeps, twelve feet long, each projecting about six feet inboard. These serve to steer or propel the boat. The current is the chief thing relied on to carry the vessel along. The large square sail can only be used when the wind

is aft, or nearly so. Inside, the house is divided into two good-sized rooms, and contains a cooking-stove, a bed, and a few simple articles of furniture. The verandah is used as a sort of scullery, etc.

Tuesday, November 4.—I have now had three days with my flat-boat companions. So far as I can see, the domestic life aboard is about the same as that in the home of any respectable working man, making allowance for the difference of situation. This is by no means the case on all of these flat-boats. In many of them the inmates are rough and dirty enough—'water-tramps'—idle rascals who steal farmers' pigs and chickens, and 'live by their wits' generally. Two things are usually to be found in a shanty-boat which we have not—namely, whiskey and playing-cards. There is an annual migration southward by means of these boats in the Fall, and often the owners of the boats sell them in the spring, after having passed the winter in trapping and shooting down the Mississippi, and return on the steamers. All sorts of people are to be found on these craft, from the respectable hunter, trader, or traveller, down to the professional thief. When at Patriot, I had some conversation with an elderly unmarried man named Green, who owned a shanty-boat of smaller size than Snow's. He told me that he cultivated a piece of land near Patriot, and that every year he loaded his boat with some of his produce, and spent the winter South. He had this year apples and cider to dispose of. A shot-gun and ammunition are usually to be found on every boat. The drift-wood and other timber on the bank furnish the flat-boat with an inexhaustible supply of stovewood for the mere labour of cutting. Akin to the shanty-boats are the produce-boats. They are a class of large flat-boats, used for conveying merchandise down the river, usually about 100 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 10 feet high. They are steered by large sweeps at sides and stern, worked from the roof, which extends the whole length of the boat. The crew have a small cabin at the end, and the whole boat is closed in.

Wednesday Evening, November 5.—We have made very slow progress; only about thirty-seven miles since I joined Snow. The wind, which usually drops at night, perversely blew upstream for three nights in succession. In this sluggish current, a light adverse wind stops us. Snow was evidently too sanguine about his boat's speed. We laid up to-night about four miles above Madison. The family-boat is tied to the bank with two or three lines, and planks are fixed so as to keep her from bumping on shore.

Thursday, November 6.—I have left the Snows, and am going on alone again. We parted with an interchange of good wishes and of little presents. Mrs. Snow baked a nice light loaf of corn bread and some cakes for me, and her husband fetched some sweet milk. I called in at Madison, Ia., leaving my boat in charge of one of the clerks of the 'wharf-boat' while I went up in the city. Every town and city on the Ohio has one or more of these wharf-boats. They are floating warehouses, at which the steamers land freight and passengers. Moored by the bank, they change their moorings to suit the rise and fall of the river. The close of the day brought me just below Hanover Landing, having made nine or ten miles against a light, shifty, baffling breeze. As the river banks changed into mere black belts in the gathering darkness, I slowly made my preparations for the night, in luxurious appreciation of the fact that it was bed-time.

Friday, November 7.—An adverse wind again met me. The general direction of the Ohio river is westward by a little south, and at this season westerly winds prevail. These hill-side banks tend to deflect the wind along the course of the stream when the latter bends northward or southward; hence these almost continuous

up-stream breezes which have so retarded my progress to warmer latitudes. Towards evening I ran in near a house on the Indiana shore to make enquiries. A hearty-looking old man came down the bank to meet me. He said that my boat was 'a real nice little trick.' By the way, this observation has been made to me by river men at least a dozen times since I left Cincinnati. This use of the word 'trick' is a peculiarly American one which I first heard on the Ohio. My present interlocutor was James King, called 'Old Uncle Jim,' by the steamboat men. Uncle Jim came aboard my boat for a talk. He had sailed on the lakes, and he gave me his opinion about boats and boat rigs. 'I told the women that you must be from Canada,' said he, 'because I saw the English flag at your gaff'—alluding to a handsome St. George's Cross which I carried. He enquired also about the 'burgee' at my masthead—blue with a white ball. This was presented to me by Mr. Bishop, and consists of his own colours reversed. Going a mile or two further down the stream, I rested and dozed at anchor until nine o'clock. I had not heard from home for about two weeks, and was becoming very impatient of the delay in reaching Louisville, where letters were awaiting me. It was a clear starlit evening, with no wind, and I decided to go on all night if possible. A steamer ran her bow ashore a little further down the river, and took in some freight that I had heard men getting ready. It is remarkable at how great a distance you can hear voices and other sounds on this river when the air is still. I felt like bending to my oars, and pulling right through to Louisville, *à la* Hanlan: but knowing such a performance could not last half-an-hour in my present condition, I prepared to take it easily. A word about my rowing arrangements. A light crotch about three feet high is hinged on the aft deck. When the sail is furled one end of the main boom rests in the crotch, whilst the other end is hoisted up on the mast to a level with the top of the crotch, and clear above the head of anyone in the rowing-seat, which is at the forward end of the cock-pit, and moveable. The forward row-locks hold a pair of spoon oars, and the aft row-locks are arranged to support the oars in such a manner that they lie along the gunwale ready for instant use. Carefully husbanding my little strength, I pulled slowly and easily, keeping steady headway on the boat, and getting the benefit of what current there was. It was a lovely night. Right astern was the Great Bear, lower down than in our more northern latitude: indeed the last star in the handle of the 'big dipper' was out of sight for a long while. To my right the glorious Orion was just rising, and on the left Aquila and Lyra were hastening downward. The moon was in her last quarter, and would rise at midnight. I passed a large produce boat, which two men were helping down the slow current with a pair of long sweeps. I exchanged a few words with them, and was encouraged to notice how quickly my gentle strokes in the mirror like water shot me ahead of the heavy flat-boat. Keeping steadily on, I presently had moonlight. Another long interval: then bright Venus peeped out from amongst the Kentucky trees, and immediately hid herself. For awhile she played hide-and-seek among the tree-tops, and then rose bright and clear above them. When day broke I was in sight of Twelve-mile Island, so called from its distance from Louisville. Near this, on the Indiana side, is a fine piece of natural scenery—an almost perpendicular rocky wall, apparently 300 feet high, with trees at the bottom, trees on a narrow terrace halfway up, and trees, singly and in groups, on the top, bright with autumn foliage. In changed proportions this rocky wall continued for some distance; and further up there is a fine echo, as I ascertained when shouting across the river to a man on

shore, of whom I wanted information. The great river opens out wide as you approach the island, and the scenery is charming. A head wind now commenced to blow, and soon became so fierce and squally that I dropped anchor close by the island, at the inside channel.

Sunday, Nov. 9.—The wind kept me prisoner all of yesterday, and part of to-day. I miss my lost 'hood.' It rained last night, and I had to cover the cock-pit entirely with the hatch-cloth, leaving only some small lateral openings, scarcely large enough for good ventilation. The rain was heavy, and put the water-proof qualities of my hatch-cloth to a test which was quite satisfactory to the occupant of the dry, warm nest underneath. My anchor and cable are exceedingly useful. It is sometimes neither convenient nor safe to moor to the bank, and, besides, one is much more free from intrusion when swinging at anchor. So far, I have not had occasion to use more than fifteen or twenty feet of cable, as I always get a shallow place. The boat has never budged from her anchorage. Whilst upon the Ohio, I have been using only the mainsail. The boat does well enough without a jib, though, of course, she carries too much of a 'weather helm'—that is, tends strongly to luff up into the wind. It is a good fault when not excessive. I am decidedly of opinion that, for a solitary sailor, *one sail only* is much safer—he has but the one sheet and the one pair of halyards to attend to, and is not bothered with his jib-sheet and jib-halyards. I find that the absence of the bowsprit is a great convenience, both in using the anchor and in running alongside anything.

Monday, November 10.—Louisville and letters at last! As I approached the city, my lazy style of rowing elicited some chaff from the coloured men along the levee—'When you expec' to get dar?' 'Get a stern-wheel,' etc. I passed two men who were fishing up coal from a sunken barge by means of an instrument like a large landing-net, with a grapnel at its mouth. One man held the handle while another dragged the grapnel along the bottom, and thence to the surface by means of a windlass. From them I got the usual compliment about my boat, and some information about localities in the city. I noticed an odd name on one of the Jeffersonville and Louisville steam-ferries—'Shallcross.' Was it a pun? Leaving my boat in charge of the wharf-master at the foot of Third Street, I was soon devouring my Post Office budget from Toronto. Letters of introduction from Mr. Wulsin, of Cincinnati, made me acquainted with Mr. A. H. Siegfried, of the Louisville *Courier Journal;* Mr. J. H. Empson, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Jewel, each a 'paddler of his own canoe.' These gentlemen 'took me in charge.' Mr. Jewel, I learned, had a relative in Toronto. Mr. Siegfried is an ardent canoeist, and has travelled thousands of miles in this way. He and some of his Louisville friends recently descended the Upper Mississippi in canoes, from its source at Lake Itasca. It is a wild and solitary region ''way up there,' and one rarely visited by white men.

Louisville is a fine city, about twice the size of Toronto. I had a good bird's eye view of it from the roof of the splendid building of the *Courier-Journal* newspaper, but my brief stay forbade a closer acquaintance. A magnificent railway-bridge crosses the Ohio here. Immediately below the city are a series of rapids, known as the Falls of Ohio. These are the only obstructions to navigation on this river, and a canal has been constructed around them. At high water the current down the rapids is smooth and steamers run them, but at low water the rocks which stud the channel are left bare, and it becomes impassable except for small craft of very light draft. So low was the water

now that it was not thought prudent to take my boat over the rapids. The expense of lockage through the canal was too great; I might have avoided it by waiting till some large vessel was ready to go through, and passing in along with her, but I was in haste to get on. Therefore my boat was taken by waggon a distance of three or four miles to Portland, a town just below the Falls, whither I proceeded by street-car to meet her. Mr. Jewel kindly gave me his company and assistance. Arrived there, the boat was launched, mast stepped, rigging set up, and careful directions given me by my friend about finding the channel next morning. A friendly grasp, hearty good wishes, and I was once more alone.

Tuesday, November 11.—The river at low water spreads out below the falls into a wide shallow sheet of water, with one crooked channel. After dodging a stern-wheel steamer, whose motions rather puzzled me, I drifted rapidly down the 'chute' in front of the city of New Albany, opposite Portland. Clustered above and below the rapids, are the five cities and towns of Jeffersonville, Louisville, Shippingsport, Portland, New Albany, aggregating a large and busy population. The river soon resumed its usual width of about half a mile, and, alas, its usual feature of a gusty blow up-stream. Tired with recent exertions, I did not go far.

Wednesday, November 12.—Half a gale from the west has been blowing all day, and I have not left my last night's anchorage, which was nearly opposite the house of a farmer named Emery Baird, Franklin Township, Floyd County, Indiana. Mr. Baird paid me a visit, and we had a long chat. He had been recently to Toronto. I am only about five miles from New Albany. I saw two more men dredging for coal recently. There is a good deal of coal got from the river, part of the cargoes of coal barges which have come to grief in their descent of the Falls and elsewhere. The bar near which I am anchored has been ploughed from end to end, to get at the coal which drifted on and became embedded in the bar when it was covered with water.

Thursday, November 13.—Off again, after a farewell visit from Mr. Baird. Need I state the direction of the wind? Two men were ploughing for coal on a low bar further down. I have not seen a clinker-built skiff on the Ohio such as the *Bishop*. There is one type of skiff which prevails all along the river; built, apparently, of three boards, probably 3-4ths inch thick, one at each side, and one for the bottom. The bottom board may be in two or more pieces. The boards at the side are curved, so as to meet in a sharp bow, and aft they are brought up to meet a triangular stern. I see occasionally a sail used, usually a leg-o'-mutton, but always with the wind aft or abeam; and the steering is done with an oar at the stern. The skiffs never have a rudder. They are cheap and serviceable, costing from ten to twenty-five dollars each, and are plentiful as blackberries. Snow called his skiff *The John Boat*, and occasionally *The Joe Boat*.

For a few hours in the middle of the day I had some rough and lively sailing under double-reefed canvas, the *Bishop* punching the chopping swells with her sharp bow in a way that reminded me of Lake Ontario. I passed a sort of perambulating grocery, bearing on a large sign the words 'Kentucky Trader.' It was built after the style of Snow's boat, but much larger, and very neatly painted. Two other trading flat-boats have come under my notice—one labelled 'Cheap Store Boat,' and the other yellow painted, and bearing the word 'Photographer,' in large old English letters. At sunset I stuck on a shoal a mile and a half above Salt River. I stepped overboard, waded about by way of taking soundings, and found that the boat was on a gravelly ridge. I easily

pushed her over the ridge, then selected a place of the exact depth I wanted, and carefully deposited the anchor there, as I stood in the water. If this method of bringing a ship to anchor is not quite in accordance with precedent, I ask the indulgence of the naval authorities. Finding the temperature of the water just agreeably cool, I took a bath—in two sections—and much enjoyed it. Think of that, ye snowed-up northerners: a bath after sun-set, in the open air, a light breeze blowing, and in the middle of November! Twelve and a half miles to-day.

I have had a pleasant hour or two with the stars, by the help of a lamp and a Star-atlas. I was much interested in identifying two stars of the second magnitude, which cannot be seen in the latitude of Toronto—Alpha and Beta of 'the Crane.' They were low down on the southern horizon, and the time was not long between their rising and setting. The third star in the constellation is higher up, but below the 'Southern Fish,' whose principal star is Fomalhaut.

Friday, November 14.—This has been a day of changing scenes, some of which I will give you—

1. River covered with angry-looking white caps, clouds scudding overhead, and my boat tugging up-stream at her anchor.

2. Wind changed, and boat rapidly passing Salt River, down a strong chute.

3. Boatman in a light rain, with a slight neuralgia. Wind in no particular direction; he rather down in spirits.

4. Boatman jubilant, sailing before a gentle down-stream breeze for a few miles.

5. Boatman tacking against head-wind, then taking in sail in view of coming thunder-storm.

6. In the midst of a down-pour of rain, boatman is pulling gently to get round a bend in river; waterproof cap and cape on, feet and nether limbs warm and dry under hatchcloth, which is drawn closely around his waist. Sense of enjoyment in being 'in the midst of it,' like children in a 'water-fight.' Sail furled and boom in crotch out of the way.

7. Boatman scudding under bare pole before a most furious squall of wind and rain.

8. Boatman carefully mooring his boat in the gathering darkness, with a view to probable rise of the river during the night, consequent on heavy rain.

9. Boatman at this present writing. Little Florence shedding a cheerful glow in his lowly dwelling; he warm and dry, listening complacently to the steady patter of a heavy rain on his canvas roof, thankful for shelter, satisfied with having made ten or twelve miles in such an unpromising day, and sure of no intruders.

10. Good night, my hearties!

(To be continued.)

WHAT'S SHAKESPEARE?

I have lived to know some hundreds of persons in my native land without finding ten who had any direct acquaintance with their greatest benefactor—Shakespeare.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

The English people of the present day are falsely reputed to know Shakespeare.

GEORGE ELIOT.

NOT long ago two well-dressed, intelligent-looking young men stopped at a bookseller's shop in a certain large town, apparently attracted by an advertisement-card printed in coloured letters, and placed conspicuously in the window.

'I say,' says one, 'what's the show?'

'Don't you see?' said the other. 'Readings from Shakespeare.'

'Well,' said the first speaker, 'what's Shakespeare?'

'Oh,' said his companion, 'it's a man that wrote a lot of plays.'

Lovers and students of Shakespeare, jealous for his fame, may try to account for the dense ignorance of the one young man, and the shallow knowledge of the other, by supposing that they had just emerged from some settlement in the backwoods, to which the light of modern culture had not yet penetrated; but in fact no such explanation is needed. Even in this age of schools and schoolmasters, of cheap editions and universal reading, men and women are to be found with no small amount of school education, and a wide acquaintance with the popular literature of the day, who, though they might smile superior at the idea of asking, 'What's Shakespeare?' know little more about him than that he was 'a man who wrote a lot of plays.' It is true that to all except the dullest and most illiterate, the word Shakespeare is synonymous with fame and greatness; but as to the origin of that fame the source of that greatness, they are as ignorant as Sancho Panza of the spirit which inspired his master. And not only is this true of that large class who, on the one hand, find their chief mental pabulum in newspapers and novels, and on the other in religious tracts and journals, but there are many who are considered well-read and highly cultivated persons, who have some knowledge of the classics, and a wide acquaintance with modern literature, who have never read one of his plays in their lives. There are, indeed, Shakespeare Societies in England and elsewhere, but their labours are chiefly critical, and not likely to attract or interest those who do not already belong to the Shakespeare cult. To learn how ignorant of even the plots and characters of his plays a fashionable audience at a fashionable London theatre can be, we have only to take up *Blackwood's Magazine* for last December, and read an article on the recent performances of The Merchant of Venice at the Lyceum. To witness this play, with Mr. Henry Irving as Shylock, and Miss Ellen Terry as Portia, the *elite* of London society assembled, and the writer in *Blackwood* calls 'shame on that unpardonable ignorance' which obliged numbers of people to con the play in their books, as if it were the libretto of some new opera, instead of watching the business on the stage. Let us then, in this month of April, to which Shakespeare's birth has given no 'uncertain glory,' but a splendour

that grows brighter as men's power of perceiving it grows clearer, consider what it is that makes ignorance of his works 'shameful and unpardonable' in all who are born to speak the English tongue, and have been taught to read it.

It is certainly remarkable that, though Englishmen are accused of being the most narrow-minded, conventional, and exclusive people on earth, England has given birth to the most cosmopolitan genius of which the world can boast; for such, in spite of his insular birth and breeding, Shakespeare is unanimously acknowledged to be. And yet the English people may fairly claim him as their representative man. All the great qualities of their greatest men, all the characteristics they most admire and applaud, are to be found in his works. Wisdom and piety, without cant or Puritanism, pity and tenderness without weakness or sentimentality; the utmost sincerity and plain speaking; the keenest wit, the finest humour; with a sound common sense and practical prudence never at fault. 'It is we,' says Coleridge, 'we English, who are Shakespeare.' 'He is the articulate voice of England,' says Carlyle. 'He is the man,' says Emerson, 'who carries the Saxon race in him.' But great as this is, Shakespeare is much more and greater. To his English temperament and traits of character is added a genius so wide and world-embracing that it has carried his works into all civilised countries, and won the homage of their greatest men. Well may England glory in him as a prouder and more imperishable possession than her long roll of triumphs by sea and land, her ships, her commerce, and her colonies: a possession that would remain to prove her past greatness if the little isle itself, 'set in the silver sea,' were to sink forever beneath the waves. 'Here is an English King,' says Carlyle, 'whom no Parliament, no time, or chance, can dethrone.'

But it was all at once, even in England, that Shakespeare received his crown. It has been made a matter of wonder that his greatness was not more clearly seen by his contemporaries; but what truly great man has ever been understood and appreciated while he lived? Time only can stamp him and his achievements at their true value. The wonder is that the son of a Stratford yeoman, a poor player, acting and writing for his bread, should have had so much applause and consideration awarded to him as he received. Most probably, however, he owed more of the favour and admiration bestowed upon him to his sweet and happy temper, his noble, gentle, genial nature, than to his surpassing genius. '*I loved the man*,' said Ben Jonson—surly, scornful, rough-tongued Ben, who was often, no doubt, mortified and indignant at the superior popularity * of one, who with all his 'excellent phantasy,' 'brave notions,' and admirable wit, was, as Ben believed, so inferior to himself in the true theory of art as well as in learning. Yet he 'loved the man,' and wrote a noble eulogy on him.

> 'Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
> He was not of an age, but for all time.'

Milton, in his golden youth, when filled with chivalrous romance, and mediæval lore, he meditated an epic on King Arthur and his dream of a perfect realm in which pure and noble men and women were to dwell, instead of the mournful drama of a lost Eden and a fallen race which replaced it, in his blind and embittered old age, wrote of him lovingly as 'my Shakespeare'—

> 'Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,'

and the sacred epithet 'Delphic' applied to his lines, 'unvalued,' like the

* In a burlesque of the day one of the speakers sneers at the writers who parade their classic learning in their plays, and says:—'Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down; aye, and Ben Jonson, too.'

Sibyl's leaves, but building for him in men's hearts 'a live-long monument,' seems to show that the great Puritan poet had then some glimpse of the true supremacy of him who was the poet of no sect, or party, but of all mankind.

But the reign of fanaticism was close at hand. The great civil war broke out, and when the Puritans came into power all profane poetry, and, above all, dramatic poetry, was put under a ban. The theatres were closed, and if Shakespeare was ever mentioned it was, no doubt, in much the same terms of reprobation as Scott put into the mouth of Trusty Tomkins in the novel of Woodstock. After the Restoration the theatres were opened under the King's patronage, and art and literature again became the fashion. But it was a degraded art and a corrupt literature. The great dramas of the Elizabethan era were put aside as antiquated and unpolished; and plays, as profligate as the manners and morals of Charles and his courtiers, took their place on the stage. Dryden, certainly, had some perception of Shakespeare's dramatic skill and power, but after all it was only a purblind one, for in spite of his well-known couplet,

> 'Shakespeare's magic cannot copied be;
> Within that circle none durst walk but he,'

he assisted Davenant in making a new stage version of The Tempest in which the ideal beauty of that wonderful creation is utterly and vilely destroyed; both Davenant and Dryden, with a degree of stupidity and self conceit astonishing (though not without parallel) * in men of such large intellect and poetic power—believing that they were doing the greatest homage possible to Shakespeare, 'the untaught genius of a barbarous age,' by adapting his 'rough-drawn plays, to the taste of an age superior in refinement, wit, and gallantry. Dryden afterwards altered and re-arranged Troilus and Cressida for the stage, but apparently some startling recognition of Shakespeare's pre eminence and his own presumption had seized him while at work, for in the prologue he apologises for his temerity through the mask of Shakespeare's 'awful ghost,' and owns that in altering

> 'He shook and thought it sacrilege to touch.'

Meaner playwrights followed Dryden's example, without any fear or consciousness of 'sacrilege;' and several of Shakespeare's comedies, mutilated and mangled, and with new titles, were put on the stage by Shadwell and Cibber. Even the pathos and grandeur of King Lear could not save it from suffering a degrading transformation under the hands of Tate.

Gradually, however, the 'wronged great soul' of the mighty Master asserted its supremacy. Rowe brought out an edition of his works which did something towards restoring the plays as Shakespeare wrote them to English readers. Other editions followed, by Pope, Warburton, Johnson and others; and the notes, comments, and criticisms which accompanied them, imperfect and inadequate as they were, helped to increase the study of his works among all who had, or affected to have, any literary taste and culture. But Garrick's acting did most of all. All the rank, fashion, and intellect of London crowded to see Shakespeare's greatest characters, not, as it seemed, on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, but living and acting on the world's great stage as if the Master Magician himself had called them from the shades to live their lives over again. Shakespeare became the fashion now as he had never been before—read by a few, talked of by everyone. Gold-

* Goethe, when manager of the Weimar Theatre, made what he considered an improved version of Romeo and Juliet for the stage. In this version some of the most dramatic scenes and effective speeches are left out. The brilliant Mercutio is transformed into a dull and pompous coxcomb; the Queen Mab lines are omitted; and all those inimitable touches and traits which give such truth and life to the character of the nurse are totally effaced.

smith in his 'Vicar of Wakefield' makes the 'town ladies' in their imitation of fashionable conversation mingle Shakespeare with pictures, taste, and the musical glasses, and old King George hardly dared to whisper to Miss Burney 'Is not there great stuff in Shakespeare, what, what? But we mustn't say so, mustn't say so, what, what, what?'

Yet, much as the English nation admired and applauded their great dramatist and poet, it was little more than an ignorant admiration and a blind applause, till the Germans taught them how to understand and appreciate his works, and showed them the light in which the author of such works should be regarded. Not as a happy accident or freak of nature, writing his incomparable plays as chance dictated, careless and unconscious of what he was doing, but the outcome of all nature's best and highest forces; an unrivalled artist as well as a matchless genius. Lessing and Herder by their criticisms, Wieland by his prose translations, Goethe in his youthful enthusiasm for truth and nature, were among the foremost of those who inaugurated the Shakespeare cult in Germany. The translation of his works by Tieck and Schlegel made them familiar to all German readers, and the worship of Shakespeare replaced the reign of Voltaire. He whose plays had been stigmatised by Frederick the Great as ridiculous farces, worthy only of the savages of Canada, was now proclaimed the greatest intellect the world had ever seen, the crowning glory of the Teutonic race.

'A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house;' and it is in perfect accord with this order of things that English scholars and critics should require an impulse and pressure from some outside school of thought and criticism before they were able to discern in the 'Warwickshire Peasant,' not only the first of dramatists, the truest and most life-like poet and painter of men and manners, but the greatest intellectual power the world had ever known. This impulse was given by the great German school of criticism, so 'like a fire to heather set,' the foremost minds in England kindled with responsive enthusiasm, and marvelled at the lack of insight which had hitherto made them add to all their praises of Shakespeare's genius apologies and excuses for the want of artistic proportion and symmetry in his works; whereas these faults had, in fact, no existence except in their own defective powers of vision.

It is not, however, only the Teutonic races that delight to do honour to Shakespeare. His genius is so wide and comprehensive that all humanity lives and breathes and 'finds itself' in the men and women he has created. Voltaire, though disgusted with the English poet's sins against classicism and the orthodox rules, was compelled to acknowledge that he was 'a genius full of force and fertility, nature and sublimity,' 'with scenes beautiful, passages grand and terrible, which you remembered in spite of yourself.' This is, in fact, no meagre praise coming from one so wedded to classic taste and orthodox rules, and it is no small tribute to Shakespeare's power; but such qualified admiration was considered little less than libellous by Victor Hugo and the Romantic School. As before in Germany, Shakespeare became the rallying cry of all who upheld truth to nature, and life-like presentment of character and passion, against the bondage of artificial and arbitrary rules. Talma, the great actor, said to Victor Hugo, in his old age, 'All my life I have sought for truth, but hardly elsewhere than in Shakespeare have I found it.' And yet Shakespeare's plays were only known to him through the absurd rhyming version of Ducis. The difficulty of fitly reproducing Shakespeare in the French language seems almost invincible, yet many translations have

been attempted—notably one by M. Guizot. The best French version is by M. Francis Victor Hugo, son of the poet—evidently a labour of love, and written, no doubt, under the critical superintendence of his father, who, himself the greatest genius France has produced, awards to Shakespeare the foremost place among the foremost men of all the world. Italy has not been backward in paying homage to the mighty magician who has made Venice, Verona, Padua, Mantua—Rome herself, enchanted cities to many who know little, and care less, about their ancient glory. His works have been translated again and again into Italian, and a translation by Signor Carcano, an Italian Senator, which has lately been published, has gained for the author the honour of being elected a Vice-President of the London New Shakespeare Society, of which the poet Browning is President. There are translations of all his works in Spanish, and, besides other translations in Portuguese, King Louis of Portugal is now engaged on one, of which Hamlet and the Merchant of Venice have already appeared. Even classic Greece, 'land of lost gods and god-like men,' recognises the genius of the great poet of the Goths, and his plays have been rendered into modern Greek. In fact they have been translated, in whole or in part, into every language in Europe, and of some of them there are versions in Hindostani and Tamil. Into whatever lands men of culture of the English race penetrate they carry their Shakespeare with them, and year after year his empire becomes wider. More critical thought and labour have been given to his works than any other book, except the Bible, has ever received. 'Literature, philosophy, and thought are Shakespeareized,' says Emerson. 'His mind is the horizon beyond which, at present, we do not see.'

Could anything except genius command such world-wide fame and influence as Shakespeare now possesses, ever increasing with men's progress in intellect and insight, and apparently with no limit except that which is set by the capacity to comprehend his greatness? And, therefore, it may be truly called 'shameful and unpardonable' in those

> 'Who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake,'

and can read his works, to remain ignorant of the treasures he has bequeathed to the world. Treasures of beauty and wisdom; lessons of generosity, faithfulness, pity and kindness; lifting us out of the narrow region which, for the most part, surrounds us, where the selfish and mercenary struggles of trivial lives for base and contemptible ends—the strife for wealth and precedence, for ease and luxury—are continually going on, into a region of finer air and nobler scenery, where faithful love and disinterested friendship, truth and honour, high thoughts and heroic deeds seem the only things worth living for.

What more I would like to say about Shakespeare's teaching, and its especial value in this somewhat prosaic age and country, must be reserved for another paper. O. S.

MR. SPENCER AND HIS CRITICS.

BY WM. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

MR. SPENCER, in his 'Data of Ethics,' has not written a popular treatise on morals, nor has he appealed to any lower tribunal than the highest intelligence and the maturest judgment of his generation. The more I think of his book, the more it seems to me a sign that shall be spoken against, but a sign, at the same time, in which, or by which, great victories will be won for the human race. I am far from saying that it tells us everything we might wish to know in regard to the springs of conduct, or the special sources of moral energy; but I contend that it tells us much that is of supreme importance, and that anything we may require to add to the statements it contains will not be found in conflict with the writer's main positions.

Mr. Spencer, it must be understood, undertakes to trace for us the evolution of morality as an objective process. Morality, like everything else, must have a history. What is that history? This is the question to which Mr. Spencer addresses himself. If we can trace the development of morality in the past, we shall be better able to understand its characteristics in the present, and its probable course in the future. Mr. Spencer says truly that morality is a certain aspect of *conduct* in general; it is, as he holds, *developed* conduct; and, in order that we may understand what conduct is, he asks us to examine it in its earliest manifestations, and to follow it through the ages, as it gains in definiteness, in complexity, in range, and in the importance of its reactions upon consciousness. This is a view, the legitimacy of which it seems impossible to dispute. When our attention is arrested by any structure in nature, we, very properly, ask, 'How has it come to be what it is?' Did it spring into existence at once, in the form under which we behold it now, or was it shaped by slow degrees? If the latter, what were the stages through which it successively passed?' Do not tell us that the same questions cannot profitably be asked in regard to morality until the questions have been fairly put and answered according to the best obtainable knowledge.

The great objection hitherto made to the scientific study of history, or of any moral subject, has been that all calculations based upon general laws of growth or progress are liable at any moment to be thrown into confusion by the appearance upon the scene of forces or of influences of a wholly exceptional character. Thus the birth of some man of transcendent abilities may alter, it is said, the whole course of a nation's history. The answer to this objection is two-fold: first, that the great man or hero is himself a product of antecedent conditions, and is born into a society more or less fitted to feel and submit to his influence; secondly, that the effects wrought by exceptional characters are but exceptional, and that the great stream of human development follows its course but little affected by accidents here or there. Mr. Spencer, therefore, and those who think with him, may, without in the least com-

promising their system, make large admissions as to the influence of certain special agencies. They do not necessarily blind themselves to the course of history in the ordinary sense of the word, because they make a special study of the development of conduct. The line of observation and argument pursued in the 'Data of Ethics' is hopelessly antagonistic only to that form of supernaturalism which disbelieves totally in evolution, preferring to regard human history as the theatre of forces having no relation to preceding conditions, and acting consequently as simple disturbers of the natural equilibrium of society. The adherents of this school must only fight the development theory as best they may. The battle is engaged, however, along the whole line, and to defeat evolution, you must defeat it not in ethics only, but in biology and physics as well. As long as the two latter divisions hold their ground, be sure that any victory over the first can be but momentary.

It is obvious that the method pursued by Mr. Spencer must give rise to many misapprehensions. The first thought that suggests itself to even an attentive and earnest reader is, that he has left out of sight, and is prevented by his principles from doing justice to, a number of very important considerations. Our individual consciousness tells us nothing of the dependence of present modes of conduct upon past; but it tells us much of the special motives which influence us from moment to moment. So a wave of the sea, if we could imagine it conscious, might know much of the pressure of adjacent waves and its own adjustments of form in consequence of that pressure, but might know nothing of ocean currents or the attraction of sun and moon, We feel the influence of some potent personality, but think little of the causes that have fitted us to do so; yet, to be able to trace and understand those causes, would give us a far more comprehensive theory of our moral nature than to be able to analyse and measure with the utmost accuracy the special personal influence by which we are so strongly affected. In a word, what may be called the accidents of our life fill an altogether larger space in consciousness than the general laws in virtue of which we are substantially what we are. Mr. Spencer has undertaken to trace those general laws, leaving accidents out of sight as much as possible; and, naturally, consciousness protests. If, however, we only call to mind, and impress upon ourselves, what it is that Mr. Spencer attempts, we shall recall many of our criticisms, and find it better to listen attentively to what he has to say.

Again, with every action there goes a certain accompaniment of individual feeling. We have a sense of its voluntariness, and a consequent sense of responsibility. To us, each action stands and is seen in relation to the sum of our own individual actions, and the proportion which it bears to that sum is very different from the proportion it bears to the whole sum of action in general. It is easy, therefore, to conceive how different the subjective view of action must be from the objective, and how far a history of action such as Mr. Spencer undertakes to write, must be from such an account as we might gather from the dicta of consciousness. But if our individual lives are but links in one great chain of life, which we have learnt in these latter days to extend to the lowest forms of the animate creation, can the individual consciousness, however bright and penetrating we may suppose it, be trusted in its affirmations regarding the genesis of action and the development of moral feeling? What can mere consciousness—apart from knowledge derived from external sources—tell us of our bodily constitution and development? It is occupied almost solely with sensations of pleasure and pain; it knows what are proximate causes of one or the other;

but what the laws are that rule the human organization, it is wholly ignorant. We have absolutely no consciousness of the nature of digestion or respiration; we only know in a rough way what creates disturbances in one region or the other, and what promotes comfort. Is it likely that we shall know any better from a simple questioning of our individual consciousness how our actions are produced, or what is their essential character and true significance? It seems to me that the feelings accompanying moral action are no safer guides to a true understanding of that action than the feelings accompanying digestion are to a true understanding of digestion. The objective method of study, as applied to human conduct, has this great advantage, that, while looking at things from the outside, and grasping the *enchainement* of cause and effect through all past time, it can also take account of the direct revelations of consciousness, so far as these seem to furnish any safe guidance. Mr. Spencer, it may be presumed, knows something personally of the inner life of humanity. He has written this treatise in full view of all that his personal experience has taught him of the motives by which men are swayed and we must suppose that, in his mind at least, there is no contradiction between his philosophical theories and the teachings of life or the affirmations of consciousness. It is well to bear in mind that philosophers after all are men first and philosophers only afterwards.

The adverse criticisms that have been offered upon Mr. Spencer's last work may be said to resolve themselves into two leading objections—first, that he does away with the essential distinction between right and wrong, and, second, that, for regulative purposes, his system is wholly unadapted to human wants. I propose to consider these points separately.

Let us, in the first place, try to understand clearly what Mr. Spencer's view is. Looking at conduct objectively he sees, as we advance from lower to higher forms in nature, an ever-increasing and improving adaptation, first to the preservation of individual life, and next to the preservation of the life of progeny. The lowest creatures in the animal kingdom possess little or no power of self-protection, and are therefore, broadly speaking, wholly at the mercy of their environment. With greater complexity of structure comes greater power of providing for wants and averting dangers; while the interests of the progeny become more and more a care to the parent animals. The time comes, in process of evolution, when the individual acquires the power of choice between opposite courses of action. One sense may prompt to a certain line of action, and another to a different one. Smell, for example, may attract to food, but sight may reveal an enemy of superior power; or certain mental images which the sight of offered food, or of the apparatus in which it is placed, calls up may inspire caution and compel abstinence. Mr. Spencer here shows that the interest of the individual is generally concerned in obeying the higher or more lately-developed sense, instinct or faculty, in preference to the simpler and more primitive impulse; and this distinction between actions inspired by more far-reaching and those inspired by less far-reaching perceptions, he considers as homologous to the distinction which emerges in the human region—and which, as civilization advances, becomes ever more pronounced—between right and wrong. In the one case the individual weighs present gratification against his permanent interests as an individual; in the second he weighs his interests as an individual against those of the social body in which he is included. In either case he does well if he yield to the larger thought—that which summons to self-control, and which promises a continuance and enlargement of his activities. From this point of view

the conduct which places a man in harmony with society is simply an extension, a further development, of the conduct which places him in harmony with himself, by subordinating his momentary desires to his permanent interests. In the one case he says, 'I have a larger life to consider than that of this moment; I have all my past, the memory of which I would not wish to extinguish; I have all my future, which I am not prepared to sacrifice.' In the latter he says, 'I have a larger life to consider than that which is made up of my personal pains and pleasures; I have inherited sympathies and acquired attachments; the good-will of my fellow-man is much to me, and I feel that apart from the support and assistance that they render me, and apart from the activities I exercise as a member of society, I should be a miserably contracted creature. Shall I therefore in the interests of my narrower self make war upon my larger and better self by pursuing anti-social courses of action?' The argument in both cases is the same; the only difference is that in one case length of life is at stake, and in the other breadth of life; but all higher action, it may be assumed as a principle, tends to life. 'Do this and ye shall live;' in these words lie all that the evolution philosophy has to teach on the subject of morals; for they summon to right action, and they point to the reward—LIFE.

I fail to see that under this mode of treatment the distinction between right and wrong is in danger of disappearing. Those possibly who have considered it a pious thing not to know why right is right or why wrong is wrong may resent being told that a *rationale* of the antagonism between the two has been discovered. They may insist that they have hitherto done right and avoided wrong from motives far transcending in elevation any regard for perpetuation or improvement of life, their own or others'; and it would be ungracious, doubtless, to contradict them. But for all that, as a motive to sway the mass of mankind, the thought that right action tends to life and higher life, that wrong action tends to lower life and ultimately to extinction of life, should scarcely, one would think, be a sterile or inoperative one. Much would depend no doubt upon the mode in which the thought was presented by those who have it in their power to influence public opinion. That the minds of a large portion of the community have been so poisoned by the drugs of a false theology as to be incapable of responding to any teaching based on the pure laws of nature there is only too much reason to believe; but I should refuse to admit as valid against the evolutionist system of morals any argument drawn from their present condition or requirements.

The objections made to Mr. Spencer's explanation of the difference between right and wrong are very similar to those made to the Darwinian theory of the descent of man. In the dispute which raged more violently some years ago than it does now in reference to this question, an angelic character pronounced himself 'on the side of the angels,' as was but natural. It was thought utterly derogatory to man's dignity to suppose that his ancestry could run back into the brute creation; and so to-day it seems to threaten the stability of all moral distinctions to connect moral actions, by any process of filiation, with actions which, as we understand morality, present no moral character whatever. But just as no theory of man's origin can make him other than he actually is to-day, so no theory of the origin of morality can affect the fact that in the conscience of the modern civilized man there is a great gulf fixed between right and wrong. But, some will say, upon the evolution theory the highest morality is but self-seeking. Be it so, but if my self embraces other selves, if my personality has globed itself out

till it includes a large portion of humanity, I can afford to be self-seeking without any falling away from nobility or disinterestedness. When Jesus said, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall save it,' he meant, as we have always understood, that a careful study and pursuit of narrow personal interests would involve the sacrifice of wider and nobler interests; and that on the other hand by a surrender of our lower selves, we could rise to higher life. From whichever point we view it, he bids us aim at *life*, and so far he might be accused of prompting to self-seeking; but when we once see how life may be understood, and what it may be made to include, we perceive how pointless is the objection. It is indeed difficult to imagine how any person, except one who had been restrained from evil simply by superstitious fears, could feel himself less bound to do right and avoid wrong, because he had been shown that right actions to day are the lineal descendants of all those actions, conscious and unconscious, by which life has been preserved, and improved in the past, and that wrong actions claim their paternity in whatever in the past has tended to disintegration, degradation and death. Who would not rather be on the side of the forces of life, in harmony with and aiding the upward movement of nature, than helping to tear down the good work that the toiling ages have wrought?

Can such a system, however, possess any binding force? Here we find ourselves face to face with the question whether the evolutionist theory of morals is really adapted to take the place of those regulative systems which Mr. Spencer represents as ready to pass away. One thing is certain: it does not act upon the mind in the same way as systems which appeal to supernatural terrors and hold out a prospect of supernatural rewards. It will not awaken as powerful emotions as theology has in the past awakened; for theology has connected with theologically-right action rewards wholly incommensurate with the merit of such action, and with theologically-wrong action punishments equally incommensurate with its demerit; while the natural theory of morals can only point to the natural results of actions and promote as best it can a disposition to respect natural laws. No doubt this is tame work after what we have been accustomed to; but everything grows tame, in a sense, as civilization advances. We no longer torture criminals, nor feast our piety with *autos-da-fe*. We no longer thrash knowledge into school-children; and we are so dead to the necessity of cultivating national spirit that we forbid prize-fighting. Upon every hand, the drastic methods of the past are discredited, for we find, in point of fact, that gentler methods are better. Sangrado no longer depletes our veins of the blood needed for carrying on the processes of life; we keep our blood and let nature have her way as much as possible. No doubt there is further progress to be made in the same direction; and who shall say that a system of rational rewards and punishments in *this* life, such as the evolution philosophy unfolds, may not be found more efficacious than the monstrous rewards and punishments of the supernatural sphere. Such a system may not inspire death-bed terrors, but neither will it provoke life-long jeerings; and, if once understood theoretically, its gentle—though not always gentle—pressure would rarely be absent from consciousness. The villain, it may be said, will think little of sacrificing his higher social to his lower personal self; and in his case, therefore, the system would be inoperative. Precisely, and how does Monsieur the villain comport himself now? Does he occupy a front seat at church (something here whispers that sometimes he does, but that is another kind of villain, and there is no use in mixing up matters), and send his children to

Sunday School, and show in every way the great influence which theological instruction has had upon his mind? Or we may ask whether, in the 'ages of faith,' the villain was an unknown character. History tells us that when supernatural hopes and fears—above all fears, which are more potent than hopes—were at their highest, precisely then was there most of violence and crime. And when natural morality finally succeeds to supernatural, it is safe to predict that it will find some heavy arrears of work on hand.

We need not trouble ourselves, then, with considering how the lowest types of humanity will act under the supposed *régime;* what we are concerned with is the effect likely to be produced upon the mass of society. As regards men in general, will natural morality exert a sufficient regulative force? To this question I should be inclined to answer unhesitatingly yes, provided only proper means be taken to bring the new system home to people's understandings. No one will pretend that the theology now in possession exerts all the regulative influence that could be desired. For one thing, it cannot make itself believed by large multitudes; and, in the second place, very many of those who do believe it, or who profess to do so, are far from leading edifying lives. Every leading religious denomination has numerous representatives in our jails and penitentiaries, as official documents show; while, if we turn to the records of the insolvency courts, we shall find ample evidence that men can be at once zealous supporters of a church and sadly inexact—to say the least—in money matters. Why do I mention these things? Surely not to cause any one pain, but simply to show how the question stands. Some people argue as if we had *now* a perfect regulative system, which the new opinions are in danger of disturbing. But no; we have a very imperfect regulative system, upon which it is hoped a great improvement may be made. Theologians have, for some time past, been sensible of the shortcomings of the old teaching, for they have been trying to graft upon it the idea of the *naturalness* of the rewards and punishments to be meted out to right and wrong-doers respectively. We hear now that sinners will not be overtaken by any external penalties, but will be left to the simple and inevitable consequences of their own misconduct. They would not be happy, we are told, in heaven, because their characters are not adapted to that abode of bliss; and upon the whole, therefore, they are better off on the other side of the great gulf. How all this can be reconciled with the teaching of the Bible, where Hell is represented, not as prepared by the sinner for himself, but as prepared by God for the devil and his angels; and Heaven, in like manner, as something specially prepared for the righteous, who there enjoy a felicity with which the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared, it is not for me to say. One thing is clear, however, and that is, that such glosses as these are recognitions of, and concessions to, the principle of development. Heaven, according to this hypothesis, is the developed life of righteousness, and Hell the developed life of moral rebellion; but though theology may dally with this view, it can never do more than dally with it; it can never make it its own, seeing that the text of the Bible so plainly declares the cataclysmal nature of the change which takes place at death. But if theology has to dally with development, how much better founded, and how much better adapted for acting upon men's minds, must a system be which, from first to last, assumes development, and which is not checked in its exposition and application of natural laws by any stereotyped creed or text?

In the new system we really have the reconciliation of self-interest and

duty, for we see self-interest merging into duty, and we see duty bringing the highest rewards that self-interest could desire. To say that this system will be powerless for regulative purposes, is to take a thoroughly unnatural view of human nature. It is to assume some tendency in man to evil, over and above the promptings of the self-protective instinct. Now this surplusage of evil in human nature, I, for one, strenuously deny. Every man comes into the world with a problem to solve, upon the solution of which his whole course in life depends; and that problem is the due balancing of higher and lower instincts in the interest of higher life. To suppress the lower at the bidding of the higher, would, as Mr. Spencer shows, be to suppress life itself. This would be casting aside the problem, not solving it. What is important to remember is, that in the lower there is nothing essentially bad, and that the conflict between lower and higher goes on in the region of purely personal desires before it is carried into the region of social relations. An enlightened interpretation of self-interest in regard to personal matters is thus a preparation for enlightened and worthy action in the social region. For example, the man who has strenuously controlled appetite in the interest of health, and who has realized the satisfaction and happiness that comes of doing so, will be better fitted to control selfish, in the interest of social, impulses than one who had never learned to control appetite at all. He comes to this higher test fortified by self-conquest, and with an increased sense of the dignity and worth of life,—prepared moreover to believe that the path of true happiness is an ascending one. Let these truths—for they *are* truths—be believed and taught; let men see the path along which their moral development has lain in the past, and along which it must lie in the future, and we shall have little reason to regret the lures and terrors of the old theology. Either this, or there is some radical flaw in the constitution of things, by reason of which they tend to corruption,—a belief which some may hold on theological grounds, but which I venture to say would never commend itself to any unbiassed intelligence, irreconcilable, as it is, with the actual existence o' good in human nature and human institutions.

The question, however, may finally be asked whether a naturalistic system of morals will ever excite the enthusiasm, ever create the same intense longing after purity of heart, that has been produced under the influence of the Christian creed. Will it ever show us the 'quick-eyed sanctity' which Dr. Newman mentions as a peculiar fruit of the spirit? Will it ever call forth such a pleading for fuller and higher spiritual life as we find in Charles Wesley's hymn:

> 'I want a principle within
> Of jealous, godly fear,
> A sensibility to sin,
> A pain to feel it near.
>
> 'I want the first approach to feel
> Of pride or fond desire,
> To catch the wandering of my will,
> And quench the kindling fire.
>
> 'Quick as the apple of an eye
> O God, my conscience make!
> Awake my soul when sin is nigh
> And keep it still awake.'

We have in these verses the expression of a passionate desire for conformity to a Divine ideal, and the question is, whether we can expect any approach to the same earnestness in pursuit of such excellence or elevation of character as the evolution philosophy indicates as attainable. If allowance be made for the solemnity imparted to the above utterance by the momentous character of Christian beliefs, I see no reason why the moral enthusiasm of humanity should not flow in as full tide through the new channel as through the old. After all, there are but few in every generation who are fired by an intense desire for the highest holiness; and some, it must be remem-

bered, who appear to have very lofty spiritual ambitions, give occasion for the remark that they might better have aimed at humbler achievements. We may, therefore, reasonably hope that, when once it is understood where the hopes of humanity lie, there will be no falling off, to say the least, in the number of those who will strive after nothing short of the highest ideal their minds are capable of conceiving.

In conclusion, let us see what answer can be given to certain specific objections that have been made by able writers to Mr. Spencer's theories on this subject. 'The Bystander' thinks that Mr. Spencer's indignation 'against Jingoes and their political burglaries; against Fifeshire militiamen who, so long as they are sent to war, are ready to fight on either side; against Christian bishops who lend their sanction to invasion of Afghanistan,' is, upon his own principles, unscientific; inasmuch as all these might retort that their actions were the natural product of their particular stage of development. To this, I reply that Mr. Spencer's indignation is the measure of his own moral development, and signifies his instinctive recoil from courses of conduct which show the moral sense in a very backward state. Even when we understand how bad actions have come to be performed, and are prepared to make allowances for the perpetrators, we shrink from and denounce them none the less. We surely should allow the philosophers some common human privileges. As to the supposed answer of the burglarious Jingo, the unprejudiced militiaman, and the filibustering bishop, it is in substance, though not in form, the answer commonly made to moral remonstrance by people who cannot understand the grounds of the remonstrance. It matters not whether you come in the name of a scientific morality or of a traditional theology, the man who 'will have none of your reproofs' replies promptly: 'I see no harm in it.' Talk to him of God: he has, *comme tout le monde*, one of his own, who permits that wherein he indulges; and you will have much work to persuade him that your God is of higher authority than his. It will be as tough a task as explaining to him a chapter of the 'Data of Ethics.'

Prof. Calderwood, writing in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*, raises the objection that, whereas it is admitted by Mr. Spencer that the words *good* and *bad* are most emphatically applied to those deeds by which men affect one another, this ought not to be so, upon Mr. Spencer's own principles: on the contrary, 'no ethical judgments should be so direct, unhesitating or emphatic as those which pronounce upon the actions contributing to personal satisfaction.' The answer to this is simple enough. The historical antecedents or the remote types of moral actions are not themselves necessarily moral. Purposive action in the lower animals is not moral, though it may be said to be a preparation for morality. We pronounce our most emphatic judgments upon those acts by which men affect one another, because in them we see most conspicuously the conflict of higher and lower impulses, and because members of society must have an especial interest in what men do as *members of society*. Every right action done adds to the security and happiness of life, every wrong action implies some diminution of happiness, and seems to threaten the general welfare. The whole of morality is based upon the fact, that 'there is a lower and a higher;' and wherever the two come plainly into conflict our feelings are more or less strongly engaged. Thus, if we see a man struggling with intemperance and enduring keen suffering in the attempt to conquer the vice, we commend him—even though he may have no wife and children to excite our interest—as much as if we saw him performing, at great cost to himself, an act of

social justice. And why? Because we feel so deeply that the struggle is one in the interest of higher, fuller, life and happiness.

Professor Calderwood appears to think that he raises a serious difficulty when he asks: 'How comes it to pass that actions most commonly and most emphatically commended are actions which most need to be enforced?' I observe that a recent critic* of Prof. Calderwood's work on 'The Relations of Mind and Brain,' while giving the author credit for general intelligence, says that upon occasions he is positively 'obtuse.' I should certainly be inclined to say that he was in one of his 'obtuse' moods when he put the above question. We commend certain actions more than others because the motives that prompt them are higher, because they imply a more distinct step in moral evolution, because the interest of the community is more concerned in their performance. Now, the Professor wants to know why such actions 'most need to be enforced.' The first thing to say in answer is that such actions are not commonly 'enforced' at all. The acts we praise most highly are acts of patriotism, of eminent public spirit, of devotion to duty under trying circumstances. The acts we 'enforce' are acts which, when done, we do not so highly praise, such as simple fulfilment of contract, and the performance of ordinary civic duties. It is possible, however, that Professor Calderwood, when he uses the word 'enforced,' does not mean legal enforcement, but merely the pressure of public opinion. His question would then be in substance: How is it that the actions which we most commend are those which most need to be commended? But he might as well ask how it is that the actions we most *condemn* are those which most need to be condemned, why the actions we laugh at are those that especially call for ridicule, and so on, through a whole series of ineptitudes. Why certain actions are especially praised I have explained above, and it is manifest, from the nature of the actions referred to, that this social approval must powerfully reinforce the motives which prompt to such actions, but which, without social support, might not have vigour enough to fully assert themselves against countervailing motives. It is impossible, in fact, to understand why the praise is given without understanding at the same time why it is needed.

Again, Professor Calderwood cannot understand how, on utilitarian principles, which he regards Mr. Spencer as adopting, *intention* should make so much difference in actions. 'Two men might lose their lives by the hands of two of their fellows, and we should call the one a case of murder and the other a case of accidental death.' Why?—if actions are to be judged solely by their consequences. This is almost too puerile; but, since a Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh has raised the question, let me simply remark that while the act of carelessness has no *ulterior* consequences, the act of felony has—or will have if left unpunished—the direst consequences to society. Further, in so far as an act of carelessness is felt to menace society as being likely to lead, if unchecked, to further carelessness, *we do view the matter seriously* and visit it both with punishment and reprobation. The ship-master who, through carelessness, loses his ship, has his certificate cancelled or suspended. The engine-driver or conductor, through whose carelessness life is sacrificed, finds himself a criminal in the eye of the law. There is this difference, however, between the worst act of carelessness and an act of malignity, that, in the first case, the doer of the act generally suffers more or less in its consequences, and is therefore in a measure punished already; while the wilful offender does not feel the wrong he has done, and consequently throws upon society the whole burden of his punishment.

* London *Spectator*, 6th March, 1880.

Dr. McCosh, in the *Princeton Review* (Nov., 1879), touches, perhaps, a weak point in Mr. Spencer's book when he quotes from the chapter on 'Absolute and Relative Ethics' the statement that 'conduct which has any concomitant of pain or any painful consequence is partially wrong.' I think we may fairly question Mr. Spencer's right to take the word 'wrong' and divorce it so violently from its universally understood meaning as he does in this passage. If he had said that no action can be a *perfect action* 'which has any concomitant of pain or any painful consequence,' the statement might have passed with the explanation he gives. But to speak of an action which is *the very best that can be done under given circumstances* as 'partially wrong' is to strain language unduly. How can it be partially wrong—to cite Dr. McCosh's examples—to submit to an amputation in order to preserve life, or to conquer a vice by painful effort?

Mr. McCosh is probably right, also, in holding that the teaching of the chapter on 'Absolute and Relative Ethics' is of somewhat questionable tendency, as leaving altogether too much room for what he calls 'the crooked casuistry of the heart.' Mr. Spencer's essential meaning I hold to be right; but I hardly think that, considering the novelty of his views, he has been sufficiently guarded in his use of language. He might have said, without in any way betraying his fundamental principles, 'The distinction between right and wrong is one that emerges in the region of human, and particularly of social, life; though right and wrong actions, considered as respectively making for or against the preservation and improvement of life, have their analogues in regions lower than the human. A *perfect* action is one all the consequences and relations of which are satisfactory, as tending to happiness or life; and, therefore, no action which has any accompaniment of pain—though the motive of the doer may be of the highest—can be a perfect action. The motive is pure and good, but it has a setting of painful circumstances, and the action as a whole belongs to an imperfect system of life. In practical life we have often to choose between evils, but he who does not choose for the best when he sees it, violates the highest law of existence.' The gist of Mr. Spencer's teaching, in so far as it assumes a moral character might I think he summed up in these words. Taking the book as a whole, and looking, as we are bound to do, at its inner sense, it must, I think, be acknowledged that, while it does not deal with motives or the subjective aspect of morality, the view which it presents of the connections of moral action, the width of its survey over nature, the conclusive manner in which it demonstrates the healthfulness of what is right and the rightness of what is healthful, should tend to confirm in right determinations even those who miss from it what they deem of most importance. To those, on the other hand, who have long been wistfully looking for an exposition of the natural laws and sanctions of morality, it will be a word spoken with power, and in many ways a help towards higher life. There is but little scandal after all, if we come to think of it, in supposing that action which we call moral may be a developed form of action to which the name cannot be applied; but there is great edification in the thought, now brought home to our understandings, that, by every truly moral act, we help to build up and improve the life of the world and make ourselves co-workers with the principle of life everywhere.

ONE DAY IN SEVEN

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

CONSEQUENT upon the endeavour by an American amusement purveyor to establish in Toronto that institution of continental Europe, and, of late years, the United States, the Sunday Evening Concert, a discussion has arisen upon the observance of one day in seven—without discrimination designated Sunday, the Sabbath Day, the Lord's Day, and the Day of Rest, terms which each have a distinctive meaning, and which each convey very different impressions to those who have enquired into the origin and history of the weekly cessation from labour. Although the Sabbath observance, more than any other religious question, has become the issue on which battle is being done between those who would force that observance on all and sundry at the spear's point, and the unorthodox, who object to such enforced observance, as persecution; and although, while the orthodox anathema is more loud and shrill, the still small voice of scepticism is listened to by a wider and more intelligent audience, and is heard in the domestic hearth, in the press, even from not a few pulpits;—still the ultra-orthodox, would they but study the facts of the case, would hardly be so brusque in their belief that the manner of their observance of the Sabbath is alone in accordance with the true Christian spirit. For, it is not going beyond what is visible to all but the wilfully purblind, to point out that Christian thinkers and teachers most profound and conscientious, men like Norman Macleod and Robertson, of Brighton, have given unmistakeable emphasis to their conviction that the Sabbatarian celebration of the Lord's Day is without religious moment or usefulness, and has been transformed into a most oppressive civil ordinance.

As to the vexed question of the origin of the Sabbath, as Proctor contends in his 'Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews,' it by no means follows that previous to the use of the religion of Hebraism, there was no break from labour. Ewald (History of Israel, Vol. 1) shews that in the earliest chapter of the 'Book of Origins,' named after Moses, the names and traditions come down to us of far remoter races and religions. The observance of religious days was found in the earlist Aryan as well as Semitic sacred books; being found, as Professor Max Müller has shewn, in the Vedas. Long before the Hebrew Exodus, nations had divided time into lunar months, and subdivided their periods into divisions of seven, which, besides being about a fourth of the lunar month, corresponded with the number of celestial bodies known to the astronomers of old as moving upon the sphere of the fixed stars.

Whatever the date and exact origin of so venerable an institution of the Hebrew religion, it seems identified peculiarly with the Sinaitic legislation, and not to be traceable in the Heroic age in Canaan, or in that of the Egyptian captivity. The history of the Sabbath from this onward to the era of Christ is a record of ceremonial being heaped on ceremonial, some doubtless made for the glory of God. Most of them, however, there is reason to believe, were dictated by the temporal policy of the sons of Levi.

Strength is imparted to this pre-

sumption by a careful study of Christ's attitude towards the Sabbath. While it is true that he proclaimed the end of the old dispensation, it is observable that he never gave utterance to any irreverent word, and never so comported himself that either word or act could be construed by his most subtle enemy into blasphemy. Surely had Christ himself believed that, in the manner of the observance of the Sabbath, his Father was glorified, or had he even detected a grounded belief in the Jews that Jehovah was magnified in the Sabbath as then celebrated, he would not have persistently and in the broadest daylight have flung himself into violation of the prevailing mode of observance, thus provoking a challenge of his being in very deed the Son of God. That the ceremonial observances of the Sabbath had outgrown their scriptural warrant is emphasized by the fact that Christ found it necessary to give utterance to the saying recorded in Mark ii. 27: 'The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.' In this connection Rev. Mr. Plumptre, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, says: 'Hardly less significant than the positive was the negative side of his teaching. There is no mention of the Sabbath in either St. Matthew's or St. Luke's report of the Sermon on the Mount. He never mentions it, as many a Scribe would have done when he is asked what were the great Commandments of the Law (Mark xii. 29-30). In his answer to the question of the young ruler, whom he told to keep the commandments, and who asked him which, he mentions all duties toward man, but not this of keeping the Sabbath holy (Mark x. 19). Without formally repeating, while in fact recognising the moral element, and as it were idea of law, he tacitly allows the latter to slip into the background of duties. It already takes its place in his teaching among the things that are decaying and waxing old, and are ready to vanish away.'

Thus Christ died and was translated without leaving any command for the observance of any Sabbath Day. The early believers met together on Saturday evening to celebrate the Feast of the Lord's Supper, instituted by Christ. By degrees, however, the celebration passed midnight and grew into a Sunday morning observance, from which subsequently the breaking of bread was eliminated. The Jewish Sabbath had been observed as a day of fasting and the Lord's Day as a day of feasting, and though the author whose words have just been quoted, does not deal with the change in the comprehensive manner of other writers on the subject, his comments are worth reproducing upon the singular train of consequences whereby that 'which had started as, in part at least, receiving its holiness from one day, now imparted a consecrated character to another.' He says, 'Thenceforth the Lord's Day was recognised through all the Churches of the East and West as a day for joy, for rest also—where rest was possible—for works of kindness and divine service, and, above all, for sharing in the great act of worship which gave the day its name. Here the Church, with a wonderful consent, far more impressive, it seems to me, and far more authoritative than any formal decree of the apostles could have been, found what were her wants, the moral element of the Sabbath and its power to edify or tranquillize, without its rigour—the joy without the severity. There was no handle for harsh judgments, or the minute precision of casuists. The degree in which it was to be observed varied with the circumstances of each church or town or household.'

It is thus seen that if the Lord's Day was observed, it was not absorbed in religious ceremonies by the early Christians. The first step in that direction was the edict of Constantine, A.D. 341, wherein he proclaimed that all should rest on the venerable day of the sun, with the exception of those

engaged in husbandry, and even these latter were to cease from their rougher work, repairing where they could to the villages to procure provisions, 'be civilized and be taught.' The Christian soldiers on this day were to go to church and the heathen were to meet in a field and utter a prayer which the Emperor composed for them, probably addressed to Apollo, who was, previous to the conversion of the potentate, the guardian deity of Constantine. Historians regard this edict, and the companion one establishing markets on Sunday, as belonging to that period in Constantine's life, when he was hovering between two religious beliefs, anxious to please the Christians, and afraid to offend the heathen. The next recognition of the Sabbath is in an edict of Leo, the philosopher, fully a century later, when the exemption in favour of husbandmen is withdrawn. In this edict occur the words, 'For if the Jews did so much reverence their Sabbath, which was only a shadow of ours, are not we, who inhabit light and the truth of grace obliged to honour that day, etc.' This edict was supplemented by the deliverance of the Churches of Gaul, Auxerre, Mascon, and Orleans, whose tendency was towards a rigid Sabbatarianism. Up till this period it is observable that no schoolmen had asserted that observance of the Sabbath or the Lord's Day was incumbent upon Christians; much less had they sought to exercise religious terrorism over their following. Now, however, in the fifth century a change is seen, for the schoolmen began to aggravate the existing amount of ignorance, and slowly but steadily persevere in imposing Sabbatarian rules for the restraint of conscience and demeanour. Hessey fitly likens the state of society that ensued to that of Canaan at its settlement by the Israelites.

Hence onward to the Reformation, the history of Sunday is the record of a Christianized Sabbath, infinitely more exacting than the Jewish holyday; indeed a day of tyrannical restrictions and oppressions, lit up by the glare of the most hellish of human passions. Says one writer: 'The period which we commonly think of as the darkest of the dark ages was conspicuous for what we now know as a rigid Sabbatarianism.' The recoil at the Reformation was intense, for Luther and his followers returned to the primitive Christian idea of the Lord's Day, entirely rejecting the Jewish superstructure reared by the schoolmen. We now come to a different phase of the evolution of the one day in seven. Hardly has the Reformation been an established fact in England, than the people are forthwith divided into two parties, the liberal and the 'unco guid.' When the reign of Elizabeth is reached, these parties are seen in hostility to each other, and as the Stuart period is traversed, they have come into open conflict. It is beyond the scope of this article to enter into an examination of the history of the question at this period. Suffice it to say that the Roundheads added bit by bit of the Judaic economy, beginning with the Decalogue, until they had reared a structure more massive than that which their fathers and grandfathers had overthrown. It would seem to one, after he carefully considers the history of this period, that by their fine style of living, the Cavaliers created hostility to their every act among the Roundheads, who were thereby led to perpetrate much injustice. This ingrained belief in the wickedness of everything that a Cavalier did, appears to be the mainspring of the Puritan legislation on the observance of the Lord's Day. In view of the prosecution which suggests this article it may be interesting to note that the theatre of that day was one of the abominations which the Puritans set themselves to overthrow. Truly it was an abomination, and on no day more than Sunday did it show forth in its hideous apparel. All that was corrupt and festering in society

was to be seen at the play in the Elizabethan period. John Milton, among other writers, speaks of the licentious remissness of Charles I.'s 'Sunday theatre;' so that it is evident the abortive attempt at legislation against 'heathenish plays' in the reign of Elizabeth did not impose any check upon the character of the stage. To resume—the observance of the one day in seven, framed as it was by the Puritans on the basis of the old dispensation, has come down to the present day without a break in its retrograde movement from Calvinism to Judaism. As it stands to-day, Sunday presents the most exaggerated example of Judaism in the world's history. Of late years, however, it is noticeable that public opinion has been travelling on lines similar to those of the early Reformers, looking towards a demolition of the Jewish superstructure and a reversion to a simple Christian remembrance of Christ's resurrection, with increasing freedom, as moral strength increases, to the people. These recurring struggles between Sabbatarians and resistants, if a word may be coined, have almost invariably resulted in favour of the latter, the exception being where they have attempted to hasten natural progression, thus demonstrating that the sense of the people is towards a voluntary observance of one day in seven as a religious ceremony or duty, combined with liberty to employ the cessation from labour as free-will may dictate.

To sum up our historical retrospect we find that the Jewish Sabbath displaced the weekly cessation from toil; that Christ proclaimed the freedom of his followers from its observance; that Christ instituted no substitute for the Jewish Sabbath; that succeeding generations engrafted upon a voluntary commemoration of Christ's resurrection, Jewish observances not binding upon Christians, save by voluntary submission; that this voluntary observance was made a yoke; that the yoke was thrown off; that it is again re-imposed at this day.

Let us turn now briefly to examine the character of the Jewish Sabbath. The religion of the Jews, unlike that of the Christians, had not as its inspiration a life beyond the grave. True, the Jews had an idea of immortality, but their undying life was the perpetuation of their family importance among the tribes: it was to build up and strengthen their 'houses.' Thus we find in the Jewish religion a vast amount of provision made for the regulation of the physical nature, even their morality being enjoined in such a way as to appear as if it were necessary to the maintenance of their physical robustness more than for the satisfaction of the desires of their higher nature. Indeed, beyond the one grand religious idea of homage to the great I AM, the religion of the Jews seems to have been a religion of health. So deeply did these provisions enter into the every-day life of the Jews that one is impelled towards the idea that the Sabbath itself was ordained as a health ordinance, quite as much as, if not more than, a day of worship. The more one penetrates into the history of the Sabbath, the more warranted does this impulse appear. We find Cox in his *Sabbath Law and Duties* saying: 'I have studied the Fourth Commandment for many years without finding in it a syllable that prohibits recreations; nor have I succeeded better in trying to discover in it an injunction of the public and private exercises of God's worship, as either the whole or any part of the duties of God's Day.' He is forced to conclude that if the Fourth Commandment enjoins aught beyond the mere rest which it specifies, it actually enjoins by implication, worldly recreations. Plumptre in his article, to which reference has elsewhere been made, says: 'As there is a divine activity which does not break in upon the rest of the eternal Sabbath (John v. 17), so there may be a human

activity, human work compatible with the principle of the weekly Sabbath.' In favour of the opposite view let the following be culled from the *Westminster Review:* 'The leading object of the Jewish Sabbath was not religion in our sense of the term, but relaxation. Religion, however, was so far connected with it that the people attended on the Sabbath Day, whenever they could conveniently do so, the morning and evening sacrifices. The interval between, we may be morally certain, was devoted, at the pleasure of the individuals, to the miscellaneous objects of rational recreation : visits to friends, pleasant walks, social pastime, the song and the dance.'

Wherein objection lies most strongly against the course of subsequent tinkers, with the observance of one day in seven, is that they took only such portions of the Jewish Sabbath as pleased their fancy, and engrafted them upon the Lord's Day. Everything that was austere in the Jewish ritual, and which suited either their æsthetic tastes or gave a semi-divine countenance to their own personal dicta, was extracted by the schoolmen and embodied in the Christian order of observance. This assumption of spiritual and temporal power, passing long without question, culminated in a tyranny which provoked the Reformation. The character of Sunday had now been transformed into ultra-Judaism, and it is no wonder that the sincere followers of Christ revolted from the imposition. Concerning this period, Dr. Hessey writes : 'Reaction from these views which set in with the Reformation was intense and even violent, though the traces of it have been almost entirely lost in the traditions of our modern Protestantism. For strangely, as it is unknown to the community and purposely (as it would almost seem) kept out of sight by the clergy in general of the British Churches, it is a fact, notorious and indubitable to the ecclesiastical students, that all great continental Reformers, and hardly less those of England and Scotland also, with one voice and consent repudiated the Sabbatarian theory, which is now the prevailing rule amongst us. Not only Luther and his disciples, not only Zwinglius, as well as the intermediate school which laboured fruitlessly on the continent, but with more effect in England, to establish a position tolerant and comprehensive of the differences of these two leading Reformers, the school of Melancthon and Bucer, and Peter Martyr, but (what is too remarkable to pass over without emphatic notice) Calvin himself and the founders of the Church which adopted his doctrines and discipline, expressly based the observance of Sunday on exclusively Christian grounds, disallowing the obligation of the Jewish law in this matter as well as in other points of Mosaic ritual. Nay, of all those great Christian worthies, Calvin seems to have carried his opinions furthest, not unsupported by the lesser luminaries of his school. Were John Knox to return to Scotland now, his views on this point would utterly scandalize the ministers and elders of that Church which regards him as its ecclesiastical ancestor ; and even south of the border he would be loudly condemned by the very persons who regard his name as the badge of the narrowest and most intolerant Puritanism.'

It is evident then, that the Fathers of the Reformation recognised a difference between what was man's duty in regard to Sabbath observance and the service which monastic enactment sought to impose upon him, an enactment which has since been supplanted by civil penalty. Summing up this discursive enquiry into the character of the Jewish Sabbath and the Lord's Day, in the light of the Fathers' teaching, the conclusion that must unavoidably be come to is that what was originally as much a health provision as a day of worship, has been

entirely perverted, and that it has been perpetuated in an ordinance which is in conflict with the opinions of those who accomplished its temporary overthrow. Furthermore, submission to the new order of things has clearly been shown to be a matter entirely of conscience, though, as all know, it is enforced, or is sought to be enforced, by criminal and civil enactment.

With these conclusions terminates the present paper. In a future issue a return will be made to the subject, dealing with the observance of one day in seven, in the light of conscience, necessity, and expediency, and taking up the Sunday observance question from a Canadian legal standpoint.

POEMS OF MODERN THOUGHT.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, TORONTO.

PESSIMISM.

O WEARY heart, O restless heart,
O void of strength and will,
O worn and hopeless as thou art,
I would that thou wert still!
If *here* there is no Love to soothe—
If *there* no Power to save,
I would that thou wert quiet now,
Within the quiet grave.

OPTIMISM.

CONTENT thee. Be the evil hour
Sufficient for the day,
And take in peace, from Passion's power,
Thy solitary way.
Good Lady Fate, or soon or late,
Will help us with the knife
For Doctor Death to amputate
The Cancer we call Life.

WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?

BY SAXE HOLM.

I WAS on my knees before my chrysanthemum-bed, looking at each little, round, tight disk of a bud, and trying to believe that it would be a snowy flower in two weeks. In two weeks my cousin Annie Ware was to be married: if my white chrysanthemums would only understand and make haste! I was childish enough to tell them so; but the childishness came of love,—of my exceeding, my unutterable love for Annie Ware; if flowers have souls, the chrysanthemums understood me.

A sharp, quick roll of wheels startled me. I lifted my head. The wheels stopped at our gate; a hurried step came down the broad garden-path, and almost before I had time to spring to my feet, Dr. Fearing had taken both my hands in his, had said,—'Annie Ware has the fever'—had turned, had gone, had shut the garden gate, and the same sharp, quick roll of wheels told that he was far on his way to the next sufferer.

I do not know how long I stood still in the garden. A miserable sullenness seemed to benumb my faculties. I repeated,—

'Annie Ware has the fever.' Then I said,—

'Annie Ware cannot die; she is too young, too strong, and we love her so.'

Then I said again,—

'Annie Ware has the fever,' and all the time I seemed not to be thinking about her at all, but about the chrysanthemums, whose tops I still idly studied.

For weeks a malignant typhus fever had been slowly creeping about in the lower part of our village, in all the streets which had been under water in the spring freshet.

These streets were occupied chiefly by labouring people, either mill operatives or shopkeepers of the poorer class. It was part of the cruel 'calamity' of their 'poverty' that they could not afford to have homesteads on the high plateau, which lifted itself quite suddenly from the river meadow, and made our village a by-word of beauty all through New England.

Upon this plateau were laid out streets of great regularity, shaded by grand elms, many of which had been planted by hands that handled the ropes of the *Mayflower*. Under the shade of these elms stood large, old-fashioned houses, in that sort of sleepy dignity peculiar to old New England. We who lived in these houses were also sleepy and dignified. We knew that 'under the hill,' as it was called, lived many hundreds of men and women, who were stifled in summer for want of the breezes which swept across our heights, cold in winter because the wall of our plateau shut down upon them the icy airs from the frozen river, and cut off the afternoon sun. We were sorry for them, and we sent them cold meat and flannels sometimes; but their life was as remote from our life as if they never crossed our paths; it is not necessary to go into large cities to find sharp lines drawn between the well-to-do and the poverty-stricken. There are in many small villages, 'districts' separated from each other by as distinct a moral distance as divides Fifth Avenue from the Five Points.

And so it had come to pass that while for weeks this malignant fever had been creeping about on the river shore, we, in our clearer, purer air, had not felt even a dread of it. There had not been a single case of it west of the high-water mark made by the terrible freshet of the previous spring. We sent brandy and wine and beef-tea into the poor, comfortless, grief-stricken houses; and we said at tea time that it was strange people would persist in living down under the bank: what could they expect? and besides, they were 'so careless about drainage and ventilation.'

Now, on the highest and loveliest spot, in the richest and most beautiful house, the sweetest and fairest girl of all our village lay ill of the deadly disease.

'Annie Ware has the fever.' I wondered if some fiend were lurking by my side, who kept saying the words over and over in my ear. With that indescribable mixture of dulled and preternaturally sharpened sense which often marks the first moments of such distress, I walked slowly to my room, and in a short time had made all the necessary preparation for leaving home. I felt like a thief as I stole slowly down the stairs, with my travelling-bag in my hand. At the door I met my father.

'Hey-day, my darling, where now? Off to Annie's, as usual?'

He had not heard the tidings! Should I tell him? I might never see him again; only too well I knew the terrible danger into which I was going. But he might forbid me.

'Yes, off to Annie's,' I said in a gay tone, and kissing him sprang down the steps.

I did not see my father again for eighteen days.

On the steps of my uncle's house I met old Jane, a coloured woman who had nursed Annie Ware when she was a baby, and who lived now in a little cottage near by, from whose door-steps she could see Annie's window, and in whose garden she raised flowers of all sorts, solely for the pleasure of carrying them to Annie every day.

Jane's face was positively grey with sorrow and fear. She looked at me with a strange sort of unsympathizing hardness in her eyes. She had never loved me. I knew what she thought. She was saying to herself: 'Why not this one instead of the other?'

'O Auntie!' I said, 'I would die for Annie; you know I would.'

At this she melted. 'O honey! don' ye say that. The Lord'—but she could say no more. She threw her apron up over her head and strode away.

The doors of the house stood open. I walked through room after room, and found no human being. At last, at the foot of the stairs in the back part of the house, I came upon all the servants huddled together in a cowering, weeping group. Flat on the floor, with his face to the wall, lay black Cæsar, the coachman. I put my hand on his shoulder. He jerked away impatiently.

'Yer jest lemme lone, will yer?' he said in a choking voice; then lifting up his head, and seeing it was I, he half sprang to his feet, with a look of shame and alarm, and involuntarily carrying his hand to his head, said:—

'O miss! who's gwine to think yer'—here he too broke down, and buried his face in his great hands.

I did not speak, but the little group instinctively opened to let me pass up the stairs. I had a vague consciousness that they said something as I turned into a little cross-hall which led to Annie's room; but without attending to their words I opened her door. The room was empty; the bed stripped of clothes; the windows wide open. I sank into a chair, and looked from side to side. I was too late, after all! That was why none of the servants dared speak to me. A little slipper of Annie's lay on the floor by the bed. I took it up and turned it over and over in my hands. Then I

became conscious that my Aunt Ann was speaking to me—was calling me by name, earnestly, repeatedly, with terror in her voice.

'My dear, dear child; Helen, Helen, Helen, she is not dead. She is in my room. Come and see for yourself.'

I had seen my Aunt Ann every day for nineteen years—I never knew her until that moment; I never saw her real face until that moment.

I followed her slowly through rooms and passage-ways till she reached her own chamber. The door was open, the room was very dark. On the threshold she paused, and whispered, 'You must not be frightened, darling. She will not know you. She has not known any one for six hours.'

I knelt down by the bed. In a few moments my eyes became used to the darkness, and I saw Annie's face lying motionless on the farther edge of the bed, turned to the wall. It was perfectly white except the lips, which were almost black, and were swollen and crusted over with the fearful fever. Her beautiful hair fell in tangled masses, and half covered her face.

'She seems to be lying very uncomfortably,' said Aunt Ann, 'but the doctor ordered that she should not be disturbed in any way.'

I looked at my aunt's face and listened to her voice in bewilderment. The whole world had for years called her, and with apparent justice, 'a hard and unsympathising woman.' No human being had ever seen a really free unconstrained smile on her face, or heard from her lips an impulsive word. When it was known that the genial, rollicking, open-hearted Henry Ware was to marry her, everybody shuddered. As years went on, everybody who sat by Henry Ware's fireside and was kindled and made welcome by his undiminished and unconquerable cheeriness, felt at the same time chilled and paralyzed by the courteous, unexceptionable dignity of Mrs. Ware. Even I, having the freedom of a daughter in their house, and loving my uncle hardly less than I loved my father, had never once supposed that anybody could love Aunt Ann, or that she she would permit it. I always felt a little terror when I saw Annie kiss her, or my uncle put his arm around her. My own loving, caressing, overflowing mother had given me by inheritance, and had taught me by example, a type of love which knew no life without expression. And very well I knew that sweet mother of mine, whom the whole town loved, and who herself loved the whole world, seemed always turned into stone by the simple presence of Aunt Ann.

And now Aunt Ann was sitting on the floor by my side, clinging to my hand, resting my head on her bosom, and, as I felt instantly and instinctively, revealing in her every tone, look, word, such intensity and passionateness of feeling as I had never in my whole life seen before. I saw then that she had always held me side by side with her own child in her heart, and that she knew the rare quality of the love I had for Annie.

'I ought not to have let you come here,' she said, more as if speaking to herself than to me; 'they, too, have but one.'

'But, Aunt Ann, you could not have kept me out,' I whispered.

'Yes, I knew that, my child,' she replied; 'but no one else would know it.'

From that moment there was between my Aunt Ann and me a subtle bond which partook of all the holiest mysteries of love. There were both motherhood and the love of lovers in my love for Annie. Annie's mother felt them, and was willing to have her own motherhood added to and ministered to by them. From that moment I believe not even her husband seemed so near to her in her relation with her child as I.

I will not write out the record of the next two weeks. They seemed, as they passed a thousand years; and yet, in looking back on them, they seem only

like one terrible breathless night. My aunt and I alone did all that was done for Annie. There were whole days and whole nights during which she talked incessantly, sometimes with such subtle semblance of her own sweet self, that we could hardly believe she did not know what she said; sometimes with such wild ravings that we shook in terror, and could not look at her nor at each other. There were other days and nights through which she lay in a sleep, which seemed no more like real sleep than the shrill voice of her ravings had seemed like her real voice. These were most fearful of all. Through all these days and nights, two men with white faces and folded arms walked up and down in the rooms below, or crouched on the thresholds of our doors, listening for sign or word from us. One was Annie's father, and the other was her lover, George Ware. He was her second cousin, fifteen years older than she, and had loved her since the day she was one year old, when at the ceremony of her christening, he, a proud shy boy of sixteen, had been allowed to carry her up stairs with her sweet name resting fresh and new on her little dewy forehead. Ah, seldom does such love spring and grow and blaze on this earth as had warmed the very air around Annie from the moment of her birth. George Ware was a man of rare strength, as this love showed; and with just such faithfulness as his faithfulness to Annie, he had loved and cared for his mother, who had been for twenty years a widow. They lived on the outskirts of the town, in a small house almost buried in the heart of a pine wood. The wood was threaded in all directions by miles of narrow paths which shone in the shaded sunlight as if they were satin-floored. For nineteen years it had been George Ware's joy to roam these paths with his cousin Annie; first, the baby whom he drew in her wicker waggon; next, the wayward little child who walked with stumbling steps and clung to his finger; next, the gay school-girl who brought all her perplexities and all her joys to be confided to him under the pines; next, the shyer and more silent maiden who came less often, but lingered helplessly until twilight made the fragrant aisles solemn and dim as cloisters; at last, the radiant, the child-like woman, the promised wife!

No winter could set a barrier across these pine-wood paths. When the whole country about lay blocked and drifted, and half buried with snow, all these spicy foot-roads were kept clear and level, and ready for Annie's feet. Whole days of George Ware's strength went into the work and joy of doing this. In open spaces where the snow had drifted deep, he wrought it into solid walls almost as high on either hand as Annie's head. In dark nooks, where the spreading pines and hemlocks lay low and wide, he tossed the snow into fantastic and weird masses on the right and left, and cleared great spaces where he knew the partridge-berry would be ready with a tiny scarlet glow to light up the spot.

This was George Ware's wooing. It never stepped into the glare, the contention of profaner air. It was not a seeking, a finding, a conquest; but a slow, sure growth of possession, which has an eternal foundation and seemed as eternally safe as the results of organic law.

George's picture hung in Annie's room, opposite the foot of her bed. Opposite the foot of the bed in her mother's room hung a large engraving of of the Sistine Madonna. I fancied that in Annie's quieter moments her eyes rested with a troubled look upon this picture, and one day, when she was in a deep sleep, I exchanged the pictures. I felt as if even lifeless canvass which had George's face painted upon it, might work her good.

At last there came a night,—they said it was the fourteenth, but the words conveyed no meaning to me,—there came a night when Dr. Fearing, who had been sitting by Annie's bed for two hours, watching her every

breath, sprang suddenly to his feet, and beckoned to my aunt and me to follow him into the next room. He shut the door, walked very swiftly up to us, looked first into her face then into mine; then felt her pulse, and then mine, and then turning to me, said,—

'It will have to be you.' We looked at him in sudden terror. The tears were rolling down his wrinkled cheeks.

'What is it, William?' gasped Aunt Ann.

'It will have to be you,' he went on, looking me in the face, and taking no notice of her question; 'your pulse can be trusted. There has been a change. When Annie wakes out of this sleep she will know you. It may be in two hours, and it may not be for six. But if in that first moment she is alarmed, or agitated in any way, she will die.'

'O William, let me stay. I will be calm,' moaned my poor aunt.

Then I observed, for the first time, that she had called him 'William.' And then, for the first and last time, I heard Dr. Fearing call my Aunt Ann 'darling,' and I remembered in that instant that it had been said once in my hearing, that it was because of his love for Mrs. Henry Ware that Dr. William Fearing had lived and would die a lonely man.

'Darling,' he said, and put one hand on her shoulder, 'you would kill your child. I forbid you to cross the threshold of that room till I come back. You will thank me to-morrow. Can you not trust me, Ann?' and he looked down from his full height, this brave old man, into the face of the woman he had loved, with a look like the look of one who dies to save another. It was but for one second, and then he was again the physician, and turning to me, went on, 'I have another patient to whom I must instantly go, and whom I may not be able to leave for hours. You can do all that I would do — I believe,' — then he felt my pulse again, and nodding his head with a sort of grim professional satisfaction, which no amount of emotion could wholly divert from its delight in the steady nerves and undisturbed currents of a healthy body—resumed, 'You have but one thing to do: when she wakes, look perfectly composed; if she speaks, answer her in a perfectly natural voice; give her two drops of this medicine, and tell her to go to sleep again. If you do this, she will fall asleep at once. If you show the least agitation, she may die—probably will!'—and Dr. Fearing was gone.

My aunt sat silently weeping. I kissed her without speaking, and went back to my chair by Annie's bed. I dropped the two drops of medicine into a spoon, and propped the spoon carefully on a little silver tray, so that I could reach it instantly. It was just three o'clock in the morning. Hour after hour passed. I could not hear Annie's breath. My own dinned in my ears like the whir of mills. A terror such as I can never describe took possession of me. What if I were to kill Annie? How could I look composed? speak naturally? What would she say? If I could but know and have my answer ready!

I firmly believe that the dawn of light saved my senses and Annie's life. When the first red beam shot through the blinds at the farther end of the room, tears came into my eyes. I felt as if angels were watching outside. A tiny sunbeam crept between the slats and fell on the carpet. It was no more than a hair's breadth, but it was companionship to me. Slowly, steadily it came towards me. I forgot all else in watching it. To this day I cannot see a slow-moving sunbeam on a crimson floor without a shudder. The clock struck six, seven, eight, nine. The bells rang for schools; the distant hum of the town began. Still there was no stir, no symptom of life, in the colourless face on the pillow. The sunbeam had crept nearly to my feet. In-

voluntarily I lifted my right foot and stretched it out to meet the golden messenger. Had I dared to move I should have knelt and reached my hand to it instead. Perhaps even the slight motion I did make, hastened Annie's waking, for at that instant she turned her head uneasily on the pillow and opened her eyes. I saw that she knew me. I wondered how I could have distrusted my own strength to meet her look. I smiled as if we were at play together, and said—

'Good morning, dear.'

She smiled languidly and said, 'How came I in mamma's bed?'

I said, quietly, 'Take this medicine, darling;' and almost before the drops had passed her lips her eyes closed, and she had fallen asleep again.

When Dr. Fearing came into the room at noon, he gave one swift, anxious glance at her face, and then fell on his knees and folded his face in his hands. I knew that Annie was safe.

Then he went into the next room, silently took Aunt Ann by the hand, and leading her back to Annie's bedside, pointed to the little beads of moisture on her forehead and said,—

'Saved!'

The revulsion was too much for the poor mother's heart. She sank to the floor. He lifted her in his arms and carried her out, and for the rest of that day my Aunt Ann, that 'hard and unsympathising woman,' passed from one strange fainting-fit into another, until we were in almost as great fear for her life as we had been for Annie's.

At twilight Annie roused from her sleep again. She was perfectly tranquil, but too weak to lift even her little hand, which had grown so thin and wrinkled that it looked like a wilted white flower lying on the white counterpane.

Hour by hour she gained strength under the powerful restoratives which were used, and still more from the wonderful elasticity of her temperament. From the very first day, however, an indefinable terror of misgiving seized me as often as I heard her voice or looked into her eyes. In vain I said to myself: 'It is the weakness after such terrible illness;' 'it is only natural.' I felt in the bottom of my heart that it was more.

On the fourth day she said suddenly, looking up at the picture of George Ware,—

'Why! Why is Cousin George's picture in here? Where is the Madonna?'

I replied: 'I moved it in here, dear, for you. I thought you would like it.'

'No,' she said, 'I like the Madonna best: the dear little baby! Please carry George back into my room where he belongs.'

My heart stood still with terror. She had never called George Ware her cousin since their engagement. She especially disliked any allusion to their relationship. This was her first mention of his name, and it was in all respects just what it would have been a year before. Dr. Fearing had forbidden us to allude to him, or to her wedding-day, or, in fact, to any subject calculated to arouse new trains of thought in her mind. I wondered afterward that we did not understand from the first how he had feared that her brain might not fully recover itself, as the rest of her exquisitely organized body seemed fast doing.

Day after day passed. Annie could sit up; could walk about her room; she gained in flesh and colour and strength so rapidly that it was a marvel. She was gentle and gay and loving; her old rare, sweet self in every little way and trait and expression; not a look, not a smile, not a tone was wanting; but it was the Annie of last year, and not of this. She made no allusion to her wedding, the day for which had now passed. She did not ask for George.

To be continued.

ROUND THE TABLE.

NEWSPAPER GOSSIP.

WHAT can be done to keep our local newspaper press from degenerating almost entirely into a receptacle for mere gossip? If we take up one of our smaller sheets, we shall find, as a rule, though there are honourable exceptions, that the dearth of anything like *news* is really appalling, and that its place is filled up with petty items of floating local gossip with a sensational inquest or murder thrown in to flavour the insipid concoction. We are told, not only what A and B and C have done or are doing, but also what D and E and F are intending to do at some future period, and possibly something that G and H did *not* do at all, but which somebody has said they did; whereupon G and H find it necessary to contradict the statement, and so we have the space still further occupied with the merest trifling, till one wonders why one takes local papers at all! This very *feminine* tendency is not creditable to our local editors, nor fair to their readers; while it is anything but elevating to the public taste. One can pity the sorrows of a hard-worked editor who, in so uninteresting and unprogressive age as ours, finds it so hard to gather from his exchanges items of general political or scientific or social or religious interest—so hard to find material for articles which might be general and profitable to all—and so, in despair, fills up his columns with a series of "little Pedlington" items which it is sheer waste of time to read through. But it does more harm than this. The perpetual publishing of the private affairs of private individuals cultivates a taste for publicity most destructive to the dignity and delicacy of feeling, without which our national character will have to stand a good many degrees lower than that of its progenitors. The American character, we can all see, has been much deteriorated by the overweening mania for publicity which does not respect even the sacredness of home life. We are in danger here of following their example. Let newspaper editors remember that it is *not fair* to their readers generally to fill up their columns, even partially, with matters which interest only one or two private individuals, while items of general interest are thereby excluded. There should be no "personals" but such as relate to public men, whose actions are of *public* interest, and a certain class of polluting sensational garbage should be rigorously excluded. I heartily wish we could have some kind of press censorship which should protect the interests of the reading public by sifting out the trifling gossip and poisonous criminal details from the *legitimate news* for which newspapers were intended, and to which they should be confined.

MR. BEECHER AND BURNS.

A guest at the Table enquires on the ground of what theology Mr. Beecher expresses an enthusiastic hope of meeting Burns in Heaven. I must say, by the way, that as Mr. Beecher is so frequently grossly mis-reported by the ordinary press, I doubt very much whether "W's" quotation correctly gives his language on the occasion referred to. Judging by other instances of flagrant perversion of his words, I think the probability is that it does not. However apart from this, I should say from what I know of Mr. Beecher's usual teaching, that he would reply to "W" that he professes no other theology than that taught by his Master—Christ—that "repentance and remission of sins" is the very keynote of his commission to preach the gospel; and that the free and full forgiveness promised to the true penitent is the fundamental condition for entering on the higher life. No one who has any true insight into the life and character of Burns will deny that, great as were his sins, his penitence was sincere. The publican, the Prodigal Son, and the penitent thief were all probably as great sinners as Burns; yet "W" would hardly question the correct "theology" of the hope as applied to them. Why then in the case of another penitent—Robert Burns? F.

ROMANISM v. UNITARIANISM.

In the November number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY there appeared a paragraph in "Round the Table" which interested me so much that I thought of replying at the time, but was prevented from doing so by other engagements. It interested me because it seemed a sincere and honest expression of the writer's feelings; and because the problem touched upon is one which must often, in this age of infinitely divergent opinions, perplex thoughtful minds. "How two devoted seekers after truth, both earnestly imploring the guidance of Heaven," says M. E. S. S., "should be led into Romanism on the one hand, and Unitarianism on the other, is incomprehensible to me." To myself, thinking both these systems of belief largely founded on error, it is very difficult to comprehend. But I think that there are considerations which might at least throw some light on it. The natural bias of our minds, the habits of thought and predispositions contracted by education, all tend to colour our views of truth, and it is not God's way of work-working, miraculously to neutralise these. If, as I believe He has done, He has given us in the Bible a revelation so clear, that he who runs may read, and has given us minds capable of comprehending it, the difficulty *must*, it seems to me, lie in *ourselves* if we come to such very opposite conclusions. Might we not do more to divest ourselves of the mists with which human sophistry and human pride have so often obscured the simple Word of Life? God has promised His Divine Spirit to all who ask it; but to receive it in its full illuminating power, they must be willing to come in the simple trusting spirit of a little child. To me, it seems that coming to the New Testament in *this* spirit, one could hardly land *finally* in either Romanism or Unitarianism.

But, furthermore, God works in the sphere of the spiritual, as well as that of the physical, by laws, and in His infinite patience and wisdom, often by slow and gradual steps. It may be *that all the circumstances, the mental constitution and educational influences being taken into consideration*, the partial approximation to truth arrived at by two such "devoted seekers" as have been described, is a necessary intermediate step towards the possession of that greater fulness of light which will eventually—it may be very gradually—break in upon them;—so gradually, perhaps, that they themselves will hardly be aware of the transition, until they find that it is daylight instead of dawn. At all events M. E. S. S., by his (?) own avowal, has reached the great central truth, that *God is Love*—the central ray which must expand into and illuminate every subordinate truth. Keeping fast hold of this clue, it seems to us that M. E. S. S. will find, as his knowledge of himself and of human life deepens, that Unitarianism is very inadequate expression, either of the inexpressible and infinite depths of that Love, or of the almost infinite needs of man's weak and sin-laden nature. Divine Love *giving itself* to raise us to the Divine, is, it is more and more manifest to me, at least, the only adequate expression of Infinite Love answering the deepest cry of the human heart. But at least let us be thankful for the truth that God is Love, and so many different forms of thought may find a meeting-place in this.

F.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Southey, by EDWARD DOWDEN. *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley; New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: Jas. Campbell & Son.

ROBERT SOUTHEY fills, more exactly perhaps than any of his predecessors whose lives and works have been so ably summarized in this series, the position which is implied by the term 'man of letters.'

Of Milton, of Burke, of Shelley, and of Johnson, it may well be said that they were lettered men, but they were also something beyond and above this. They were not only capable of using to

the uttermost those tools of human speech and those forms of thought with which their age furnished them; but, had need been, they could themselves have forged their own weapons and stood the brunt of battle self-furnished and self-contained. Accident of birth ruled that these heroes should show their sacred light in the guise of Men of Letters; but we can believe with Carlyle that a more congenial age would have left them still heroes, but heroes visible to all men as prophets or as kings. Southey cannot be fairly ranked with such as these.

Literature was the husk which protected the rich ripening kernel of these great men's souls. To Southey it was more than this. The kernel had dwindled into a nonentity, the husk of softened relaxed texture and sweet unpronounced flavour remained the only product and ultimate aim of his being. Save as a literary man Southey is inconceivable. *As* a literary man (perhaps hovering perilously near what Fichte calls the 'Hodman' class) his industry and application were wonderfully meritorious. Whatever industry and regularity *could* do, he did. He wrote,—ye gods! what did he not write? Dramas and poems of inordinate length, volumes of occasional pieces, histories, biographies, reviews, essays and articles, all poured from his pen. That pen was never idle,—if no work was on hand huge folio volumes of commonplace-books must store up facts, gathered from miscellaneous reading, for future use. Then there was letter writing, a severe demand upon one's faculties and time in his days, but one from which he seems never to have shrunk. Bravely and cheerfully he wrote them all, and not without much praise and some more substantial recompense.

We almost feel ungrateful in recording the tolerably unanimous verdict of the present day upon his multifarious labours. For Southey, in spite of the applause he gained, fondly looked forward to that appreciation which he expected posterity alone would be qualified to pronounce. Wordsworth was comparatively disregarded, and yet his little knot of friends prophesied that the public would come round in time to admire and love his works. Was Southey to blame for fancying that this foretold burst of poetic enthusiasm would also lift his little vessel on its flow and carry him higher and higher toward the kindred stars? At any rate it is clear that he entertained such hopes, and at least as clear that they were utterly unfounded. Posterity reads his poems a great deal less than his contemporaries did and his essays and political works not at all.

For it is but too clear that Southey was no true poet. Mr. Dowden is a sympathetic biographer; he gives a full full and fair history of Southey's life, which contained sufficient chances and changes to admit of many graceful illustrations, such as we might well expect could be culled from the voluminous works of a true poet. Accordingly we do find some verses aptly enough introduced; but we shall look in vain for one really good thought or even for a turn of language that deserves a better epithet than felicitous. The best Mr. Dowden can say of his blank verse is that it is at its highest when most nearly imitating that of Landor, a poet of a much higher calibre. On returning to Southey's own style Mr. Dowden compares it to a smooth clear stream, lapsing away, 'never dangerously swift, nor mysteriously deep.' We need hardly wonder at this when we find that, on going over a poem for the second time, 'it did not cost Southey a pang to draw the pen across six hundred lines.' If the first rush of enthusiasm produced nothing worth preserving in six hundred lines, it need not surprise us that further elaboration, while perhaps improving the poem as a whole, left its backbone of poetic feeling still deficient in stamina.

It is upon his shorter prose works with their clear narrative and condensed nervous language that Southey's fame is now most safely rested. His singularly amiable personal character, and his close connection with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor and De Quincey, will ensure interest in his life for generations to come. But we very much doubt whether the public will demand any more detailed work than the present volume. In it, Mr. Dowden has struck the right key, seeking to interest us in Southey the man, and from thence to lead us on to his works, rather than to demand our attention to his life on the score of our presumed admiration for his poems. The account of Southey's childhood is prettily told, his home at Keswick with his own children growing up around

him is touchingly pictured. We get pleasant glimpses of Coleridge's household, and little Hartley, prematurely grave while being taken on a wheelbarrow excursion, accounting for his taciturnity by the frank avowal: 'The pity is I'se always thinking of my thoughts.' We see the peaceful life draw to its close among his beloved books, old folios, dark quartos, parchment-covered missals and illuminated manuscripts, until, unable to read any longer, the old man could only crawl round the room and mechanically take down a favourite book from the shelf, hold it tenderly in his hand a little while, and put it back again. When even this last sad pleasure was over, and Robert Southey died, it was with a conscience, so far as we can tell, void of offence towards all men, and the memory of a life well spent in generous deeds and active exertions.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802-1808, Part II., No. 98 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The same lack of appreciation which we noticed in the first part of Mme. de Rémusat's Memoirs is still perceptible. The larger and broader side of Napoleon's character, his faculties as a statesman, a legislator, and an administrator appear lost upon his chronicler. If we are wrong in saying this, we can at least confidently affirm that his great qualities are relatively lost and obscured by the disproportionate attention the lady bestowed upon his little infelicities of manner and apparent harshness of temperament. We say apparent, because it is clear to us that Napoleon was not the Corsican ogre which contemporary English opinion painted him, nor the murderer under disguise of judicial forms that Legitimist circles chose to consider him. Mme. de Rémusat fails to notice this. The one chief crime that sullies the great Emperor's laurels, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, seems to have overcome her powers of impartiality, and all subsequent actions are viewed through the blood-red haze that exhaled from the *fosse* of the fortress-prison of Vincennes.

It is not for us to condone or explain away that action. That it was a mistake, all the world has long agreed. Opinion has also concluded that Cromwell was in error when he ordered the execution of Charles I. But are we to imagine that the feelings evoked by these deaths were not anticipated and weighed anxiously and carefully by the great men whose fiats consigned those high born victims to the fate of the criminal? These arguments that suggested themselves so readily to us, can we suppose that they never raised a suspicion in the minds of the great Captains who had, by sheer force of ability, ridden safely over the waves of revolution and of war? The idea is ridiculous. Cromwell and Napoleon may have failed to give sufficient weight to the sentimental feelings that swayed the opinion of their people, but they must have weighed them, and cannot have lowered the opposing scale until after a severe and protracted struggle. What reasons of state, what ideas, more or less mistaken, of duty to country, of present peace and future prosperity that scale may have contained, no one can now tell so well as those men, who, solitary in their greatness, saw the issue trembling upon their lightest breath. As Napoleon was more alone in this act than Cromwell was in his, so must his responsibility be the greater.

The opening episode of this Part is Moreau's conspiracy. Had Mme. de Rémusat wished to do Napoleon justice, what an opportunity she had here! She depicts him as determined to secure a condemnation of Moreau, not in order to kill him, but to remove his rivalry by the equally effective process of a pardon. She depicts his anxiety for this result as extreme. Of this power and the utter absence of any check or control upon that power, there can be no doubt. And yet, the judges dared to acquit Moreau of the heaviest charge and did not subject him to the sentence of death! From such judges and in such a state of public sycophancy and adulation, does not this independence speak volumes? In spite of the unfortunate tendency of French criminal jurisprudence to lean heavily against the man accused of plotting the overthrow of the State, these timid judges had the courage to render a true deliverance! If they knew the intention to pardon, their independence would have appeared to themselves altogether Quixotish and unnatural, and merely resulting in the nation losing an effective tableau of generous forgiveness on the

part of its head. If they were in ignorance of Napoleon's real intentions, how did they dare to come between him and his prey unless they put a far juster, fairer, and milder construction upon his temper than it receives from Mme. de Rémusat? It may be said that one judge, Lecourbe, was dismissed for his part in the transaction. But with what motive? Actions are easily chronicled, and it costs your memoir-writer only a splurt of a pen to tag on to each its appropriate motive. Luckily we are not confined to the reason the chronicler chooses to give us, but may exercise our discretion in finding another that may fit the circumstances better.

We are told that the judges had privately expressed their conviction of Moreau's guilt to the Emperor, and that Lecourbe at the trial spoke strongly in favour of the General's innocence. Napoleon appears to have dismissed Lecourbe with the stinging epithet, 'a prevaricating judge,' the signification of which phrase Mme. de Rémusat complacently remarks no one could guess. We see no difficulty in the riddle ourselves. A judge who leads his sovereign to believe in a traitor's guilt while inwardly persuaded of his innocence may well be called a prevaricator, if no harsher term must be employed. When that sovereign is an absolute monarch, dependent upon his servants for the truth of the reports brought to him, upon which he has to frame the daily conduct of his realm, what punishment would be too great for the trusted councillor who deceived that master in the points best known to himself? To lead Napoleon on into a fruitless contest, to commit his Imperial dignity to a struggle to obtain a conviction, and to compromise his standing in the eyes of his people, while cherishing all the time the intention of frustrating the hopes he raised,—are these no crimes? Or, is not the feeling of having been thus duped sufficient to account for the anger in which the untoward result, no doubt, plunged the Emperor.

But how did he show his anger? In severe looks and cross words. Very humiliating in a hero, no doubt. But none the less did he pardon a large number of the other conspirators, whose lives were at his mercy, including the Duc de Polignac. Still, his manner of doing it was ungracious. As a monarch, he would, no doubt, have been more charming had he preserved his *aplomb* and kept his stock of pardons and good breeding intact.

This number takes us through the brilliant scenes of the Coronations at Paris and Milan, and the visit of the Pope to France, through his surprise at Ulm, to the campaign of Austerlitz. We hear a good deal more of the Emperor's gallantries, which were perhaps hardly worthy of so light a name. M. de Talleyrand appears from time to time, and affords an opportunity for remarks that serve to measure Mme. de Rémusat's ideas of morality. We need not give the details of the life of this priest, whose vows were broken as freely as he shattered all the ordinary restraints of honour. After living for some years with a mistress he was compelled by Napoleon to marry her, and a Papal dispensation obtained. This, Mme. de Rémusat considers a thousand pities, as he might otherwise have become reconciled to the Church, 'resumed the Roman purple in the autumn of his days, and at least repaired *in the eyes of the world* the scandal of his life.'

Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies. By ALPHEUS TODD, Librarian of Parliament; author of 'Parliamentary Government in England,' etc. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

THIS elaborate and eminently satisfactory treatise is a fitting sequel to the author's larger work on 'Parliamentary Government in England.' The latter holds a high place, if not the very highest, as a constitutional authority in the Mother Country; and we believe the present volume will hold an equally unique position throughout the Empire. The exposition of modern and more enlightened views of colonial rule which are embodied, with us, in the convenient, though not quite accurate, phrase of 'responsible government,' is full, complete, and exhaustive. Moreover, the cases and precedents, illustrative of the principles laid down, are drawn from all the self-governing dependencies of the Crown, and cover all moot questions of special moment up to the date of publication. As a more extended survey of the work may appear in a future number of the MONTHLY, it is only proposed here to commend it to the reader's careful

study, by a brief glance at some of its salient features. The most obvious remark to make, at the outset, is the prominence given by Mr. Todd to the power of the Crown, and, derivatively, of Colonial Governors and Lieutenant Governors. At the period when public, and especially partizan, feeling was aroused upon the Letellier case, we had occasion to state, with some warmth and persistency, the constitutional position of the subject-matter in controversy. It was satisfactory then, and more satisfactory now, to find that so eminent an authority as the Librarian of Parliament is clearly and emphatically on the same side. There were many reasons of expediency for doubting the prudence of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor's action. The imputation of party predilection, on his part, was certainly not made without cause ; yet, on the other hand, there were constitutional principles at stake which, as they are paramount to any temporary exigencies of party, should be maintained at all hazards. Mr. Todd, in a brochure published at the time, and with greater fulness in the present work, lays down the prerogative rights of a Governor with clear and irrefragable force and accuracy. The ascendency of one party or the other may vary the attitude of Parliament in reference to questions of this sort ; but the maxims of the Constitution remain the same, and as they were settled long before the attempt to warp them from political considerations, they will assuredly survive the temporary passions of the hour.

The heterodox notion that the Crown has ceased to be anything but an ornamental figure-head of the body politic cannot be too soon abandoned, because if it should ever come to be accepted, overtly or by implication, the balance of the Constitution would inevitably be destroyed. It is difficult to understand how men have come to believe that the royal authority is no longer a potent energy in constitutional government, unless it be, as our author suggests, on account of the non-obtrusion of prerogative before the public. But the fact that although Ministers are responsible to Parliament for all acts performed in the name of the Sovereign or the Governor, is by no means inconsistent with the exercise of substantial power by the head of the Government. It is only proper that this authority should be exerted at fitting occasions either by way of stimulant, or of restraint. In the last resort, Ministers must either yield or resign, and the ultimate appeal lies to the people as between the advisers who resist and those who assume responsibility for the action of the Crown. The rule is not personally amenable either to Parliament or to the people ; but its chosen advisers must answer for all measures primarily to the one, and ultimately to the other. By preserving intact this delicate adjustment of prerogative to responsibility, the successful working of the British constitution can alone be secured. It is singular that while a great deal of political heresy is proclaimed, with confidence, in popular harangues, English statesmen of both parties have always adhered steadfastly to the orthodox view. It matters not whether it be Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone who has occasion to expound his views upon the sphere and influence of royal authority, the result is the same. The publication, by Sir Theodore Martin, of the Prince Consort's Memoirs proves conclusively the reality and practical vigour of the Sovereign's prerogative. It is high time therefore, that, in the Colonies, as well as in England, the true position of a constitutional ruler, under parliamentary government, should be clearly laid down, and strenuously vindicated. This task Mr. Todd has undertaken, and performed with admirable lucidity, power, and completeness in the work before us.

We have only space now to give a brief *résumé* of the contents of the treatise. The first chapter lays a basis or groundwork for the main theses developed thereafter, by a glance at the relation of the sovereign to parliamentary government in England. Then, in natural order, follows an exposition of parliamentary institutions in the Colonies. Clearly if the system, as transplanted in British dependencies, was, *mutatis mutandis*, to be, as Governor Simcoe phrased it, 'an image and transcript of the British Constitution,' the key to its theory, and the guide to its practical operation must be sought in England. The third chapter is occupied with what has long been wanted, an historical account of the introduction of parliamentary government into the various colonies. Mr. Todd begins with Earl Durham's celebrated Report of 1839 and gives a succinct, yet comprehensive, abstract of the instructions and despatches under which

the new system was inaugurated. The administrations of Lords Sydenham and Metcalfe are then reviewed; full credit is given to the enlightened rule of Lord Elgin under whom responsible government was definitively established; and so on to Confederation in 1867. A similar step was taken, as regards Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in 1848; and on the other side of the line, parliamentary rule was conceded to Tasmania and Victoria in 1855; to New South Wales, South Australia and New Zealand in 1856; to Queensland, in 1860; and to Western Australia in 1875. 'The latest of the British colonies admitted to the privileges of local self-government was the Cape of Good Hope.' In each case, where difficulties were encountered at the start, Mr. Todd sketches the measures adopted for their removal.

The fourth chapter on the practical operation of parliamentary government in the colonies embraces too many topics to be even glanced at in this cursory notice. It is divided into three parts, dealing respectively with Imperial control over the colonies, the dominion of a central colonial government over the subordinate provinces, and local self-government. Each of these parts is again divided into sections in which each feature or department of authority is separately treated. The copiousness of the information given not merely shows careful and extended research, but gives satisfactory evidence also of profound thought and study even to the minutest details. The Letellier case, to which reference has been made, is discussed at length in pages 405 to 425. Chapter v. examines formally the position and functions of a Colonial Governor, and with it the work ends. We can commend the work, with complete confidence, to all who desire to become thoroughly grounded in the principles and practice of our constitutional system. It is fortunate for the Dominion of Canada, that its treasures of learning, as well as its records, are in the custody of a gentleman who can use them with so much advantage to the people of Canada and of the Empire. The style of the work is singularly pure and lucid, to such a degree indeed, that even those who dislike constitutional studies will find not one dull page in a treatise which they may read with equal pleasure and instruction.

The Statesman's Year-Book for 1880, by FREDERICK MARTIN. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

This admirable annual of Mr. Martin, of which the present volume is the seventeenth issue, supplies a statistical and historical summary of the States of the civilized world, of the greatest value to the accurate and intelligent reader. The work comprises some eight hundred pages, giving a *précis* of the facts embraced under the following heads: The Constitution and Government; The Revenue and Expenditure; The Trade and Industry; The Area and Population, and The Public Debt; etc., of each country in the world, together with the names of its diplomatic and consular representatives, the members of its government, its rulers, and the strength and cost of its military establishments. So extensive and generally accurate a compilation as this makes the work invaluable as a reference book, not only to journalists, librarians, and parliamentarians, but to students of modern history, and to all mercantile and public men.

Design and Darwinism, a Lecture (published by request), by REV. JAMES CARMICHAEL, M.A., Hamilton. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1880.

This little *brochure*, from the pen of the Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, is a laudable attempt, in a popular form, to rescue the Teleological argument of Divine Design in Nature from its supposed overthrow by Mr. Darwin's theory of the derivative origin of species. The bearing of Evolution on the doctrines of Natural Theology is sufficiently alarming to incite the pulpit to deal with its hypotheses, though the cause for alarm rests more upon the assumptions of Mr. Darwin's followers than upon Mr. Darwin himself. It would be unwise, however, if the pulpit should take up the discussion of the subject without sufficient preparation, and the more so if taken up with any strong prejudice against it. We do not say that Mr. Carmichael is chargeable on either of these grounds; but we think it possible that more thought on the subject, even if there were no further reading, would have led Mr. Car-

michael to modify his condemnation of Darwinism and still maintain his loyalty to Christian belief. The cardinal demand of Theology, it has been said, is not a system which may be adjusted to theism, nor even one which finds its most reasonable interpretation in theism, but one which theism only can account for. To a public teacher of Mr. Carmichael's honesty and breadth of view, *this* surely is not what he would demand from Science. Mr. Carmichael's essay should be in the hands, however, of those who accept Science as the only gospel worth a thought. The reader will be a little puzzled by the erratic punctuation which the author has, no doubt inadvertently, allowed, and occasionally by a little hastiness in the construction of his sentences. On page 25, Mr. Carmichael says: 'If Natural Selection, as defined by Mr. Darwin, proves triumphant, it can only be so on the ruins of Divine Design.' This quotation illustrates both our complaints.

The Scot in British North America. By W. J. Rattray, B.A. Vol. 1. Toronto: Maclear & Co., 1880.

First Notice.

This handsomely printed volume is the first of a series which promises exhaustive treatment of one the most important factors in the history of the Dominion. The history of the Scottish race in Canada, a race which like that of the Northern Etrurians in Rome, or the Norse in England, is likely to influence the future type of nationality in proportion to the the strength of character, the political and social vigour, which Mr. Rattray, in the book before us, has traced from the beginnings of Scottish history. A great part of the present volume is taken up with a *resumé* of this subject, which Mr. Rattray treats from an entirely original point of view; his work is that of an historical critic, and he does not shrink from analyzing the theories as to Scottish religion and national character of even so severe a judge as the late Mr. Buckle. These early chapters are written in a manner whose unaffected charm will carry the reader over an interesting, although almost an unoccupied, field; the interest deepens as we read of the great religious revolt under Knox and Melville, which did so much to form that national type of character—cautious, inquiring, persistent—that analyzing, doubting, truth-seeking temperament which, in David Hume and John Stuart Mill, has left its mark on the mind of the world. The military history of the Scotch in the Maritime Provinces and in Quebec, forms the subject matter of the second part of this volume. It is curious to see how many historic names—the Frasers, the Macdonalds, the Macleans, the Camerons, etc.—are identified with the earliest history of British occupation of this country. The account given of the origin of many of these families, now long established and widely spread amongst us, will make this work 'the book of gold' to all of Scotch descent in Canada. The philosophical tone in which many vexed questions are treated, the uniform courtesy with which widely-differing creeds and opinions are discussed, joined with the genuine originality and weight of the thoughts, make Mr. Rattray's book a most valuable contribution to that native Canadian literature, against which nameless journalists, not too proud to gain daily bread by the Canadian press, are but too ready to sneer. We know of no book on Scottish history which treats that important and most interesting period with such vigorous freshness. Mr. Rattray writes in full accord with the latest results of modern thought in its adaptation to historical criticism, as represented by such writers as Mr. Lecky. The book is got up to do credit to the Canadian publishing trade.—the paper, the letter-press, and the exceedingly handsome binding, are a fit vehicle for one of the most interesting and pleasing works which, even in these hard times, have appeared to confute the maligners of our native literature. Of course, the interest of Mr. Rattray's work will much increase with that part of his series which will treat of the civil history of Canada; still, the volume before us is the most promising contribution we have yet seen to the historical literature of the Dominion, and the talented author and his enterprising publishers should be encouraged at once by a large sale for the book, so far as it has appeared. In our next number we hope to give a more extended notice of the book; meantime we hasten to give it our heartiest welcome and our warmest recommendation.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE principal musical event of the month was the visit of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company. There was a time when the people of Toronto used to look upon Mr. Max Strakosch as the *entrepreneur, par excellence*, of Italian Opera for the North American continent, and when lovers of music amongst us felt secure in relying on him for worthy representations of the works of the masters, and for faithfully carrying out any pledges which he might make to the public. That time, we think, has now gone by. The scratch company which he brought here in the fall of 1876, did much, by their slovenly performances, in which the prompter was one of the principal *operæ personæ*, to shake confidence in him; and the recent visit of his present company has gone far towards destroying what little may have remained. Of five leading ladies advertised by him, only two, Miss Litta and Miss Lancaster, put in an appearance; while in other respects the performances were by no means such as the published advertisements gave one a right to expect. The operas produced were 'William Tell' and 'Carmen.' On the first evening the audience was large, and was prepared to be pleased with anything. In spite, however, of the beautiful singing of Matilda's *aria d'entrata*, by Miss Litta, in the only scene in which that charming singer condescended to appear; of the fine rendering of the great trio in the second act by Signors Petrovich, Storti, and Castelmary; and of the unobtrusive, graceful, and moving acting of Miss Lancaster, as Tell's son, *Jemmy*, the inartistic chorus-work, and the senseless and outrageous mutilation of the opera, gradually made their influence felt, and the curtain fell amid some very earnest hissing, an incident almost unprecedented, we believe, in the performance of Italian opera in this city. There were, of course, some redeeming features. Miss Litta, by her singing in the only scene in which she appeared, sustained the very favourable impression which she created here last year, as *Marguerite*, in 'Faust'; and Signor Storti gave a rendering of the title *rôle*, which, notwithstanding that the singer occasionally taxed his vocal resources to the utmost, was, on the whole, powerful and dramatic. The chorus was strong in male voices, but sadly deficient in female ones, which moreover, had apparently been selected for their experience, rather than for their musical quality. The orchestra was well balanced, and well under control.

The performance of 'Carmen,' though by no means completely satisfactory, was more so than 'William Tell,' inasmuch as the opera was given almost entire, and not mutilated by the ruthless excision of some of its best portions. Mdlle. Valerga acted the part of the title *rôle* with spirit and discretion. She did not colour it so highly as some other ladies have done, for which, no doubt, her audience was duly grateful. We have one exception to take to an otherwise excellent performance. At the close of the third act, where her lover, Don José, is leaving her for the purpose of going to his dying mother, she rushes towards him with a drawn knife for the purpose of stabbing him, and is only restrained from executing her intention by the intervention of her companions. This incident is an innovation quite unwarranted by the text, and utterly out of keeping with the nature of the situation. In a musical sense Mdlle. Valerga was far less satisfactory than in a dramatic one. The numbers allotted to the fair but frail cigar-maker, she sang tolerably well, considering the means at her disposal; but her voice is quite inadequate to meet the demands which the exacting music of the part makes upon it. Signor Lazarini, the *Don José*, has an agreeable tenor voice and sings well, but his acting is merely conventional; and Mr. Gottschalk's fine sympathetic baritone told well in the music allotted to the *Toreador*, though his interpretation lacked the fire and energy which Sig. Pantaleoni threw into the part last season. Miss Lancaster, who, by her conscientious singing and acting, has made herself an established favourite here, was as charming as ever in the

grateful part of *Michaela*, and won a well-merited special recall at the close of the third act. Signor Tagliapietra, who took a subordinate *rôle* in each opera, is, we regret to say, but a shadow of his former self. His voice is gone. It was, indeed, difficult to believe that the singer who filled the insignificant parts of *Gessler* and *Morales* was the same person as the one, who, by his superb singing and acting, and his majestic stage presence, did so much towards making the engagement of the Mohalbi Opera Troupe, when it appeared here some years ago, the success which it actually was. 'Carmen,' we think, will never become a popular opera in Toronto. The libretto is quite unworthy of the musical setting, and the music requires repeated hearing to be fully appreciated. Modelled apparently in accordance with the theories of Wagner, it has no ear-catching melodies which the listener carries away with him. Its fascination is of an altogether different kind. Sensuous and bizarre on the surface, it has, especially in the wonderful orchestration, a deep, sad undertone, ominous of the tragical close, which constitutes its real though secret charm. This quality it is, which, when one has fully felt it, makes the music haunt one like a spell.

If Mr. Strakosch's Opera Troupe was, in a certain sense, 'a fraud,' the French Opera Bouffe Company of Mr. Grau, which appeared at the Royal Opera House, was a worse one. The names of three leading ladies, Mdlles Paola Marié and Leroux-Bouvard, and Mdme Angèle, were paraded conspicuously all over the city and in the newspapers, but not one of the owners of them appeared. In this case the imposition was carried so far as to put the name Paola Marié on the book of an hotel in the city, and to insert it, as well as that of Mdme Angèle, in the playbills. Mdme Angèle, we understand, was in the city, but was too unwell to appear; but Mdlles Paola Marié and Leroux-Bouvard were, it is said, nearer New York than Toronto. M. Capoul appeared in one of the three performances given, that of 'La Fille de Madame Angot.' His voice was never a particularly good one, and it is not now what it once was; but he showed, by his intensely dramatic singing, what great results may sometimes be achieved with comparatively slender means. The lady who permitted herself to be set down on the playbills of 'La Fille de Madame Angot' and 'Madame Favart' as Paola Marié, but who, we understand, was really Mdlle Bazin, is possessed of a powerful but somewhat coarse mezzo-soprano voice, and sings and acts with true French spirit and verve. The best feature of the performances, however, was the really admirable chorus, which was as good as that of Mr. Strakosch's company was indifferent. The orchestra, on the other hand, was so abominably loud as to drown most of the solo singing.

The dramatic bill of fare for the month, at the Grand, was of a miscellaneous character. Herr Bandmann and his company, and the Berger Concert Troupe have been in Toronto before, and their merits are sufficiently well known. The principal novelty was the Canadian local burlesque on 'Pinafore,' known as 'H. M. S. Parliament,' in which Sir Samuel Tilley and the N. P. are so mercilessly satirised that, notwithstanding the disclaimer of the author (who, by the way, is an old contributor to the MONTHLY), it is hard to acquit him of the charge of partisan bias. The piece is a really very clever and effective *jeu d'esprit*, and is worthy of note as being, we believe, the first important native Canadian product in the dramatic line. The principal feature of the performance was the marvellously faithful portrait, at full length, which Mr. Arnold gave of Sir John A. Macdonald.

The only other item of the month which calls for notice was the appearance, for one night only, of Miss Lotta and her company, in 'Musette,' a play written by the American dramatist, Mr. Frederick Marsden. The plot is sufficiently hackneyed, and the drama altogether is of somewhat slight texture; but its author's name is a sufficient guarantee that it is well written, which is more than can be said of most American plays. As for Miss Lotta herself, she is outside the pale of the critical canons of the dramatic art, and to attempt to subject her to them would be very much like breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. The dictum of one who knew something whereof he spoke, that the office of the drama is 'to hold the mirror up to nature,' it would be absurd to apply in her case. Her aim is simply to amuse; and as, according to common report, she has several hundred thousand reasons

for believing that her efforts in that direction have been successful, she probably cares little whether so desirable a consummation has been brought about by legitimate artistic means or not. Amusing she undoubtedly is. She sings and dances well; she has abundance of animal spirits; and she is as lively as a cricket, and as saucy as an American spoilt child is commonly reputed to be. But an actress, in the true sense of the word, she undoubtedly is not. She is thoroughly self-conscious, having her eye always on the audience, and never on the persons she is playing with. She does not identify herself with the character she is representing, but is always simply and solely—Lotta. Her tricks and airs and graces, and her 'cunning' ways, are all *put on*; they are not the genuine and irrepressible outcome of the nature of the person she is supposed to represent, but merely affectations. An item went the rounds of the papers lately to the effect that, when Miss Neilson, Miss Mary Anderson, and Miss Lotta recently appeared simultaneously in three theatres in Boston, Lotta drew two thousand dollars a week more than either of her rivals. If this be so—and we see no reason to doubt the statement—all that we have to say is, so much the worse for Boston's boasted culture. Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson are great dramatic artists, the one *in esse*, the other *in posse*. Lotta is—a performer, —a distinction with a profound difference. The *Musette* of the play in which she appeared here is supposed to be a mischievous young English girl, or rather child. Toronto play-goers have had the character presented to them to the life at least once. Miss Marion Elmore, who, when the Colville Folly Company visited Toronto a season or two ago, took the part of the female babe in the burlesque of the 'Babes in the Wood,' enabled them to enjoy that treat. Her personation (particularly in the school-room scene) was so unstudied, so perfectly free from self-consciousness, and so thoroughly natural, that it was not like acting at all, but might have been taken for the real thing itself. The difference between a delightful bit of genuine acting such as this, and the performance of Miss Lotta, is precisely the same as that between diamonds and paste. The one is true; the other false. The *Musette* of Lotta reproduces no being that was ever seen on the face of the earth; but approaches most nearly to that odious product of American civilization, the saucy, precocious, spoilt child, who 'bosses' the household of which it is a member; says the most insolent things to, and plays the rudest practical jokes upon, its father's guests, or, for that matter, its father himself; flirts with its boy lovers with all the arts and all the self-consciousness of an old coquette, well up in the business; and, in general, asserts itself with so much self-will, that its elders and betters have nothing else to do but to efface themselves. In England, a child who should do and say half the rude things that *Musette* does, would be well spanked and sent off to bed. This sort of creature appears to be getting altogether too common across the lines. It appears in American literature, as well as in American life and on the American stage. An embryonic type of it, of a comparatively innocuous variety, was presented for our admiration in 'Helen's Babies.' The genuine article, in its most disagreeable form, obtruded itself as an unpleasant novelty upon the consciousness of Lord Dufferin, and he took occasion, in one of his public speeches, to give expression to the disgust with which it inspired him. Any N. P. which would prevent the importation of this particular American product into Canada,—we do not mean upon the stage, but in real life,—would be an unadulterated blessing. If the degeneration of the race of American children goes on in the future at the same rate as it appears to have done in the past, a real child, artless, free from self-consciousness, and capable of such a thing as blushing, will, in a few generations, become as great a rarity throughout the United States, as an honest politician or a Mohican Indian.

The company which came with Miss Lotta was a remarkably good one, and contributed very greatly to the success of the play. Every part, down to the smallest, was satisfactorily filled. Two were played so exceptionally well as to deserve special mention. Mr. Marble, as Musette's lover, an awkward, bashful lout of a boy, was nearly as amusing as Lotta herself, and far more natural; and Mr. Anderson, as *Adelante*, the ex-gipsy chief, gave so powerful and impressive a rendering of the death-scene in the second act, as to receive an enthusiastic call before the curtain at its close.

Miss Lotta's success in her particular

line has, as might have been expected, produced a host of imitators. Two of these, Miss Minnie Palmer and Miss Annie Pixley, recently appeared at the Royal here. Miss Palmer, who came with a play called 'Our Boarding School,' has little but her beauty and her sweet singing voice to recommend her. She has few of the virtues and most of the vices of the original whom she copies; and to her borrowed stock of the latter commodity she has added some native to herself. Miss Pixley, however, is an actress of a different order. Her *M'liss*, in the dramatisation of Bret Harte's well-known story, is a genuine child of nature, and, barring a few touches of self-consciousness and some other trifling blemishes, as unstudied as it is delightful. The imitator here, has far surpassed her original.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

Little Nellie was looking at some pictures of wild animals when Mr. Jorkins called, and appealed to that gentleman to explain one of the pictures. 'That is a wild boar,' said he, and the little lady looked at it thoughtfully and replied—'It doesn't look like you, does it, Mr. Jorkins?' 'I hope not,' responded the guest. 'Why?' 'Because,' said the artless infant, 'mamma said, when your card was sent up, "There is that old bore Jorkins again!"'

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never goes rusty. You always find those men the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy.

Lady: 'But tell me, Miss Jenkines, why you are not satisfied,'—Governess: 'Well, the fact is, madam, I should be perfectly contented to stay if Master Tommy were not so plain, but I am afraid of his being taken for my little boy some day, when we are out walking, and that would be so very unpleasant!'

Macready was one of the most careless actors at rehearsals, and was often an enigma to the country actors. At one time he was playing Virginius, in which his natural and colloquial style threw the actors off their guard. One in particular imagined the 'star' to be addressing him in familiar conversation. For instance, the lines—

'Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in?
Or will you do so?'

were spoken very naturally, and the actor replied. 'Oh, I don't mind, Mr. Macready! Just as you like—the way they do it in London.' Another instance occurred when he was rehearsing *William Tell*. The line was, 'Do you shoot?' 'A little,' was the answer; 'but I don't fancy them cross-bows, Mr. Macready, though I'm fond of a gun.'

It is related that Archdeacon Denison was once closely pressed in an argument, but was evidently resolved to die hard; and at length his antagonist, a virtuous engineer of the Smiles ideal, lost patience at the regular warfare of the Archdeacon. 'Look here, sir,' he exclaimed despairingly, 'do you acknowledge that two and two make four?' 'I am not prepared to make an admission of that importance,' replied the Archdeacon, 'till I have given the subject the maturest consideration. Sometimes it is supposed they make twenty-two.'

In a Connecticut district school, a few days since, a little boy six years old was seen to whisper, but denied doing so when reproved by the teacher. He was told to remain after school, when the teacher, trying to impress upon his youthful mind the sinfulness of not speaking the truth, asked him if they did not tell him in Sunday-school where bad boys went who told falsehoods.

Choking with sobs, he said: 'Yes, marm, it's a place where there is a fire, but I don't remember the name of the town.'

A Glasgow minister was recently called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife, 'My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?' 'Oh, yes, sir; we gang to the Barony Kirk.' 'Then why in the world did you send for me? why didn't you send for Doctor Macleod?' 'Na, na, we wadna risk him. De ye ken it's a dangerous case of typhus?'

The late Charles Lever, when Consul at Trieste, accompanied his daughter on a visit to London. Lord Lytton, hearing of his arrival, invited him to dinner. 'Ah, Lever,' said he, greeting him, 'so glad you were able to come! You will meet your chief—Clarendon'—then Minister for Foreign Affairs. But Lever had omitted the formality of applying for leave. 'I fear I must retire,' he replied, making for the door, which at that instant opened, Lord Clarendon being announced. After shaking hands with the host, his lordship espied Lever before he could make good his retreat.—'Ah, Mr. Lever, I didn't know you were in England! I didn't even know you had asked for leave.'—'No-n-no, my lord,' stammered the witty novelist; 'I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship to come and ask for it in person!'

The clergyman in a certain town having, as the custom is, published the banns of matrimony between two persons, he was followed by the clerk reading the hymn beginning with these words, 'Deluded souls that dream of Heaven!'

The London *Times* says:—'If the affairs of the world were brought to a sudden close at this moment, it would be a curious matter of speculation how many people would be even with their work. One ingenious person did, we believe, attempt such an estimate, and his conviction was that, taking into account the few cases of superhuman excellence in which people would be in advance, we should, on an average, be found to be a quarter of a year behindhand all round, alike in work and in income.'

It is an affecting sight, says the Boston *Transcript*, to see two young men only about twenty or twenty-five years of age, in soldier's blue upon our streets turning a hand-organ and collecting nickles on this gala day. It is all the sadder when it is remembered that the war closed fifteen years ago, and that at the time when those veterans suffered and bled for their country they could not have been more than five or ten years of age.

'Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?' asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. 'Yes, my friend,' replied the man of quills. 'A considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the nob to the right.'

Talleyrand wrote a lord who had bored him: 'Dear Lord Blank,—Will you oblige me with your company on Wednesday next at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever people, and do not like to be the only fool among them.'

A Farmer in a village in Hampshire, was invited to attend a party at the squire's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said: 'Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?' 'Why, really, sir, I can't say,' said he, 'for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever did eat.'

A small girl in her first school experience, said: 'Mother, you told me the other day that the ocean was big, but it says in my reader that two drops make the ocean.' Both parents protested that there was some mistake, and asked her to consult the mysterious text-book again. 'Well, mother,' said she the next day, 'I was right. The reader says, "Drop added to drop makes the ocean."'

'I was at church to-day, and enjoyed it greatly.' 'Ah!' said his pious landlady. 'I am glad of that. I didn't see you, though. On which side did you sit?' 'Ahem—yes—ahem!' stammered the disconcerted Jones; 'I sat on the—outside.'

'I don't see how there ever came to be so many words in the world!' exclaimed a girl who was studying her spelling-lesson. 'Why, sis,' said her brother, 'they come through folks quarreling. Then, you know, one word always brings on another.'

The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

The eyes of the multitude are not strong enough to look upon the truth, and, generally, where they blink most there is most truth.

Let a woman once think you unconquerable, and unless she is unlike all other women, she will exert all her energy to conquer you.

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

Drop by drop falls into the clear wellspring of youth the bitter water of experience; and there is no filterer this side of the grave that can restore the old purity.

Man is never wrong when he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the rock is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

Quaint old Fuller says: 'Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched.'

Lord Chesterfield heard it remarked, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. 'True,' said the earl, 'and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at.'

'If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?' said a sceptic to a clergyman. 'Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it!' was the caustic reply.

Men of power are seldom wordy or diffuse—they indulge not in decorative trappings of rhetoric—but by a few bold master-strokes, give determined expression to the essential and central idea, to which all minor thoughts are subordinate.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing—they appear to be so when we look back to them—and they take up more room in our memories than all the years which succeed them.

Sir J. Mackintosh asked a deaf and dumb pupil, in Paris: "Doth God reason?" He replied: "To reason is to hesitate; to doubt, to inquire; it is the highest attribute of limited intelligence. God sees all things, foresees all things, knows all things; therefore, God doth not reason."

A man of an exceedingly contracted mind, was one day complaining to an acquaintance that he had an acute pain—a little sharp pain, not bigger, seemingly, than the point of a pin. It's amazing,' he continued, 'don't you think it is? What do you suppose is the cause of it?' 'Why really, I don't know,' replied the other, 'what part of you should be subject to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul.'

The female heart may be compared to a garden, which, when well cultivated, presents a continued succession of fruits and flowers to regale the soul and delight the eye; but, when neglected, produces a crop of the most noxious weeds—large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmness and richness of the soil from which they spring. Let the mind of the young and lovely female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of women, though undiminished in power, will be like the diamond of the desert, sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the social and moral habit.

The Editor of the Fort Plain *Register*, proud of the telephone connecting his house and office, shouted to his wife, 'Mr. Skidd will dine with us to-day,' and, turning to the prospective guest, said, 'Now you can say a word to her;' but as he was about to do so, the words came distinctly, 'Tell him we don't keep a restaurant on washing day.' Skidd made no excuse, and went to an eating-house.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

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IMPERIAL FEDERATION AND CANADIAN DEFENCES.*

BY MAJOR AND BREVET LIEUT.-COL. SALTER M. JARVIS, QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.

WHILE Imperial Federation is a scheme which has as yet few earnest advocates—earnest in the sense in which Wilberforce and other great social reformers devoted the aims and energies of a lifetime, to the furtherance of the questions which they severally advocated—the many reject it as being altogether outside the pale of practical politics, the impossible dream of enthusiasts. Be this as it may, and it is impossible to ignore the many difficulties which attend its consummation, the idea is a grand one—one calculated to appeal to the nobler impulses of the Anglo-Saxon race, whose energy and tenacity of purpose have brought to a successful issue many a project which appeared equally difficult of realization. It were strange if the genius of a race that has ever led the van in all that pertains to humanity, civilization, science, and enlightenment, that has been preëminently successful in planting and maintaining colonies in every corner of the globe, should fail in uniting to itself, in one grand consolidation, its several offshoots, and if, when once the necessity for action presses sufficiently home, men will not be found, in the mother country and the colonies, of sufficient grasp of mind and earnestness of purpose to conduct to a satisfactory conclusion a conception involving such infinite possibilities. It may be observed how strong in all ages have been race instincts towards aggregation, and no time should be lost in directing Anglo-Saxon sentiment into this channel, and in educating public opinion for the effort. The primary object of those who have the success of the movement at heart should be to endeavour to counteract the effects of the vicious policy years ago inaugurated by the Manchester School, suggestive of the idea then more or less openly expressed, and now probably secretly entertained, that the sooner the colonies accepted and acted upon their destiny—separation from the mother country—the better. It behoves England to declare, in no uncertain tones, how highly she prizes her connection with her colonies, and that any movement having for its object the disintegration of the Empire will meet with

* A Paper read before the Militia Institute, Toronto, March 30th, 1880.

her strongest opposition. It is equally incumbent upon her, with the vast resources at her command, to approach this important question in no niggard spirit, and in working out the details of the scheme, to evince a generous and liberal-handed policy towards the several component parts of the structure of which she will form the crowning stone. The expression 'Empire' conveys widely diverse impressions to the British people. On those who, characterized by a narrow utilitarianism, submit all questions to a rigid pounds, shillings, and pence test; who profess to see nothing worthy of commendation in their own country; who delight to institute comparisons between their own and foreign lands, to the disparagement of the former; who are known as the Manchester School, and are championed by wordy agitators; the expression seems to exert a peculiarly irritating effect. Many fear that among that school of political thought, which draws its inspiration from Lord Beaconsfield, popularly known as the 'Jingo Party,' the idea of Empire has awakened a vaulting ambition for conquest. But however ready the nation has of late years been to endorse the policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, in restoring the country to its old position of prestige and influence in the Councils of Europe, from which the masterly inactivity and timid policy of the Liberals had allowed her to lapse, there are not a few who are now forming the opinion, that the foreign policy of the country is becoming a trifle too accelerated; that, before any further foreign obligations or responsibilities shall be undertaken, a pause is necessary for the settlement of many internal questions of vast and pressing moment, and among them Imperial Federation is of prime importance. The following extract from the *Broad Arrow* of the 24th January, 1880, aptly expresses the meaning which the word 'Empire' conveys to the sound common sense and patriotism of the nation.

'There is no British Empire, except on paper. If our rulers could but see the necessity of making an empire out of the disorganized masses of protoplasm which lie about in colonies of various kinds, in islands, and races, and governments, what a thrill of power would run through us all! Confronted by mighty monarchies armed to the teeth, would it not be wiser to concentrate our resources to perfect the union between all parts of our territories, and to make it impossible for an enemy to assail or ravage any of our colonies, than to tremble for our security before border potentates, and to spend our strength in petty enterprises. The only Imperial party we have in the country at present mistakes obesity for growth; growth it certainly is, but not the growth of health, of perfect life, and of progressive development. It is the commonest accretion, not evolution. But what do we mean by a real empire? A complete and perfect organization of its whole strength, so that it can be brought to bear upon an assailant, an enemy, an invader. Territorially, we are an empire. Have we an Imperial army composed of as many free units as constitute the empire itself? Have we thought out, begun, or laid down, any plan to provide for common action in a struggle involving our very existence? Have we arranged for an Imperial navy composed of tributary squadrons? Have we perfected a system of self-defending arsenals and coaling stations? Are there no assailable and practically undefended parts of the empire sure to be despoiled, if ever we should be engaged in any serious or prolonged European contest? If we lessen our powers of offensive and defensive warfare, whilst we extend our territories, multiply our obligations, and increase our large debt, we are so much the weaker, not so much the stronger. Let the powers we have be well organised, and let each addition be well accommodated to what already exists, and we shall

be mighty, irresistible, the mistress and arbiter of the world. There will thus be no reason to fear Russia or Germany, or France, or the United States, or any combination of them. . . . . The British Empire is a loosely connected mass, which may, at any moment, unless things are altered, fly asunder with an explosive force that would carry ruin and devastation to our hopes, our commerce, and our greatness. We want a statesman of the semi-military type, not a *dilletante* Anglo-Indian, with theories hung around his neck like the beads of a devotee. The empire wants organizing rather than extending, it wants rest from external troubles while the work is done. Some persons may say it needs a great calamity to prove the necessity to us all. Would it not be better to avoid courting the calamity out of "pure cussedness," as our Yankee friends express it, and take a leaf out of Prince Bismarck's book! There is force, and patriotism, and money enough to effect all we desire. The main thing is to generate the will power, and to discover the man. . . . At present, both seem wanting. It is time we aroused ourselves, and resolved upon having a real empire with an Imperial army, and an Imperial navy, and a perfect system of defence for every part of Her Majesty's dominions.'

To the region of politics belongs the discussion of the details of this plan, yet it may be of interest briefly to touch upon some of the problems, pressing for solution in England, which point to the present time as ripe for the agitation of this important question. Next to Belgium, England in proportion to her area, is the most thickly populated country in the world; her population per square mile is nearly double that of India and Japan, and more than three and a half times that of the Chinese Empire. In the face of her rapid decline, from the position of being 'the workshop of the world,' once enjoyed, how to furnish her immense population with the means of livelihood and at the same time satisfy the ever-increasing craving of the masses for landed property, is persistently making itself felt. To those toiling on without much hope in life, the subject under discussion should possess an absorbing interest, as pointing to a means of escape from their present hopeless condition, and to a chance of acquiring a home of their own, not among foreigners and aliens, but in lands blessed with institutions excelling even those under which they have been born and reared. To the manufacturing and mercantile classes, and to capitalists, reciprocal trade between the several parts of the empire, and the confidence inspired by the settlement of the vexed question of the destiny of the colonies, would open new and much needed avenues for trade and manufactures, and extensive fields for the employment of a plethora of idle capital; while to the privileged class of the aristocracy and land holders, who know not from day to day whence to expect an onslaught upon their cherished and time-honoured institutions, a scheme tending to divert the attention of the masses from the contemplation of the huge disparity between their lot and that of their more fortunate superiors will commend itself. The maintenance of their institutions, the safety of their order, lands, and family possessions, urge upon them to view it with favour.

It has been calculated that through the tide of emigration to the United States, England has, during the past fifty years, presented the former country with $100,000,000, a state of things which certainly should not be allowed to continue, but undoubtedly will, till the present anomalous relations between the mother country and the colonies, shall be terminated. To the most superficial observer, it should be patent, that failing a confederation of the empire, a separation of the chief colonies must soon follow; then England, deprived of the many advantages

flowing from her connection with them in the past, advantages which must be infinitely multiplied in the future, will assuredly take second rank among the great powers of the world. This is one side of the shield, what does the reverse present? In the past with all her faults, no nation with power so vast has been actuated by such a desire to use it beneficially; in the future, as remarked by Mr. Cowen, a life-long radical, in a speech recently delivered at Newcastle, to secure the existence and rivet the cohesion of her vast domain, blessed as it is with the highest form of freedom the world has ever seen, and to carry, to distant countries and to succeeding ages, the loftiest idea of civilization, is Britannia's mission. Before passing to the military aspect of the question, it will be in place to touch upon a few points which should render the scheme of peculiar interest to Canadians, and which have been so clearly brought forward by Mr. G. C. Cunningham, in the March number of THE MONTHLY, on 'Federation, Annexation, and Independence.' In common with other leading colonies, Canada cannot much longer satisfactorily maintain her present relations with the mother country, relations in which she is liable to all the disagreeable consequences of a war into which England may be drawn, and which Canada is powerless to avert. She has no authority to enter into a treaty with a foreign country regarding her most vital interests without the sanction of England, and is unable to confer rights of citizenship upon her people, such as will be respected, or would avail abroad. Undoubtedly, the last named disability has ever been a most potent factor in the hands of American emigration agents to divert the stream of European emigration to the United States. A large proportion of those who emigrate do so to escape the grinding military service to which they are liable, and how can they be expected to give the preference to a country, which, however desirable in other respects, is helpless to protect them from enforced military service, during a transient visit, perchance, to their native land. In view of these, among other circumstances, it is not assuming too much to assert that a change must soon come about. In the case of Australia and New Zealand, the choice lies between federation and independence: a third course, that of annexation to the United States of America, lies open to Canada; and the contemplation of such a destiny will, if I mistake not, be found a most powerful factor, in deciding the people of the Dominion to cast in their lot with the mother country and the sister colonies in the scheme of confederation; for it is pretty generally conceded that independence must result in annexation, a conviction endorsed by one who is no friend of British connection, but whose ability as a writer and thinker commands respect for all his utterances. Apart from the greater material advantages which a scheme of confederation, as contrasted with annexation, possesses for Canadians, and distinct from the deep-seated prejudice entertained against American institutions, whose flaws are becoming daily more apparent, the writer above referred to, in casting the political horoscope of Canada, cannot, from his very cosmopolitanism, enter into or comprehend that spirit, call it sentimentality if you will, which actuated our United Empire Loyalist forefathers to sacrifice their all for British connection, a spirit reproduced in 1866 in some of their descendants, prompting them to throw up their prospects in the United States and to return and bear arms in their country's cause, in what they considered the hour of her need;—a spirit at the present time widely diffused throughout the land. The expression, '*Britannicus sum*' will possess for Canadians a meaning such as '*Romanus sum*' never conveyed to a citizen of the Roman empire. However great the influence which a strong national

sentiment may exercise upon the destinies of a people, the fact must not be ignored that material and commercial interests are most powerful factors in shaping them. Upon such data, those who predict the ultimate annexation of Canada to the United States, base their opinions. Occasions, however, continually arise where commercial advantages give place to political objects, and Canadian dislike to American institutions would furnish a case in point. To the Americans, reciprocal trade with this country, which would discriminate against British manufactures and products, would be acceptable, as a means to an end more intensely desired by them—the political acquisition of Canada—and who doubts for a moment that such an end would not be attained by such means? To accomplish this object, have not all their hostile and irritating trade and tariff legislation for years been directed? and will it not be continued, even should we become independent? The importance to Canada of reciprocal trade with the United States, upon a fair basis, no one will pretend to deny; but this is exactly what our neighbours will never concede, except in a shape which cannot but sever our connection with England, and ultimately drive us into the American union. But when our destiny, as part and parcel of the British empire, becomes an accomplished fact, is it at all outside the limits of possibility to expect the establishment of reciprocal trade upon a broad and liberal basis between all nations and countries speaking the English tongue with a tariff discriminating against the products and manufactures of other nations? Would not such a state of affairs do more than anything else one can imagine to bring about what Cobden so earnestly but vainly worked for, the free interchange of products among all the nations of the earth? It will certainly be found that, as an integral portion of the British empire, and when the hope of absorbing us has been finally abandoned, we shall receive a much greater degree of deference at the hands of our American neighbours, than under any other circumstances. Could England be prevailed upon to recognise the importance of her being independent of foreign nations for her food supply, and to admit the ability of the Dominion of Canada to supply it, she would hasten the endeavour to form a Commercial Zolverein with her colonies, and would terminate a policy of late so suicidal to her interests, of throwing open her ports to nations which have, in nearly all instances, met her liberal advances with bitterly hostile tariffs. One of the prominent features of the scheme of federation will undoubtedly be the organization of a comprehensive system of Imperial defences, and the formation of a force of such strength and efficiency as to make foreign nations refrain from assuming an attitude of hostility; and such as will command for the empire, among the peoples of the earth, that weight and influence due to its power.

To sketch such a plan is not my intention, seeing that to the members of this Institute one was very ably presented in the paper read by Lt.-Col. Scoble, in October last, on the 'Utilization of Colonial Forces in Imperial Defence,'—a paper which has been highly endorsed by the officer, then commanding Her Majesty's forces in North America; and having been recently published in the Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, will, undoubtedly, receive the attention which it merits. It would appear that till some plan for the consolidation of the forces of the empire shall be earnestly and comprehensively entered upon, then, and not until then, can it be truly said of Canada that her ability to repel attack is the best guarantee of her immunity from it. To say that the defences of the Dominion are eminently unsatisfactory, is to give utterance to a truism. In what respect this is so, the Annual Reports of the Lt.-General commanding the militia, and

the contributions of Col. Strange, Col. Fletcher, Captain Columb, 'Centurion,' and other Imperial and Colonial writers, to the literature of the subject, clearly demonstrate, but I may be pardoned if I recapitulate a few of them. Two years ago, when war seemed imminent between England and Russia, the appearance off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of several fast sailing cruisers, of whose existence no one previously seemed particularly aware, suggested to Englishmen and Canadians some unpleasant subjects for reflection; to the former, that however much they might outstrip other nations in the number of their heavy armoured vessels, well adapted for certain services, they could claim no such superiority in the particular of swift cruisers, and that it was competent for less powerful maritime nations availing themselves of the recent invention of torpedoes for the protection of their coasts and harbours to devote their energies to the fitting out, at comparatively trifling expense, of a class of vessels of sufficient armament to inflict untold injury upon British commerce and the outlying defenceless portions of the Empire. It was also unpleasantly brought home to them that they were wholly dependent upon the American port of San Francisco for the repairs and refitting of the Pacific squadron, and that Esquimault, their only coaling station on the Pacific, within their own dominions, lay defenceless at the mercy of one of these adventurous cruisers. Canadians awoke to the fact that should the *Cymbria*, or one of her sister vessels, elude the Atlantic squadron, nothing need hinder her, if sufficiently armed, from reducing the antiquated fortress of Quebec, and laying that place and Montreal under contribution.

A contemplation of the defenceless state of Montreal should convey to Canadians a sense of humiliation; what more tempting objective could be presented to an enterprising enemy having such a base of operations as Albany, and such facilities for transport thither to the frontier? What does a capture of Montreal involve, but the cutting of the Dominion in two; the shutting off of English aid from Ontario and the West; the easy capture of Ottawa and increased facilities for the reduction of Quebec? The government which was instrumental in diverting the Imperial guarantee of £1,000,000 from the design of placing Montreal in a position of security, to the purposes of the Pacific Railway; which released the British Government from their undertaking to supply Montreal, Quebec, and the works at Lévis with proper modern armament; and which has systematically applied the proceeds of sales of ordnance lands to the general purposes of the country, instead of to their legitimate objects, deserves the severest censure. Tardy steps, it is true, have been taken to mount some rifled ordnance upon the fortifications of Quebec, to convert at Montreal, under the Pallisser system, some of our old smooth bores, and to establish at Quebec a factory for the manufacture of small arms and ammunition; but on the whole, in the item of warlike stores and *materiel*, what a poverty-stricken aspect does the country present? There has been as yet next to no attempt to utilize the invention of torpedoes in the defence of our coasts and harbours, or to organize the splendid material afforded by our merchant marine, for the protection of our commerce in case of need. It has been laid down by competent military authorities, that our ability to maintain naval supremacy on Lake Ontario is indispensable to the safety of the Province of Ontario: the shabby treatment in years past of those very efficient bodies of men—the Naval Brigades—once always available for manning gunboats on the Lakes, but whose services are now lost to the country through the action of the government, taken in connection with the total absence of any effort at marine

organization, indicate how our rulers persistently ignore all advice regarding the defence of the country. In the militia, the only re-assuring feature is the inborn soldierly instincts of the force, and the persistent faithfulness and tenacity with which it has held together under circumstances calculated to dishearten the most sanguine. All Imperial officers who have been brought into contact with them have united in tribute to the intelligence and soldierly qualities of Canadians. A review of the management of the militia by successive administrations, during the past 20 years, almost warrants the conclusion that our rulers disbelieved in the necessity of a force at all, but maintained one out of deference, perchance, to the old world prejudice of the British Government. How to spend as little as possible; to make the greatest parade over it, and accomplish a minimum of results from the expenditure, seems to have been their aim. The functions of the staff of an army have been compared to those performed in the human body by the bones, muscles, nerves, etc., and a commissariat and supply department have been likened to the vital principle. Pursuing the simile, in the total absence of such organizations, what an embryo is the Canadian militia! It is but calculated to deceive the superficial observer, by the pretentiousness of its numbers in proportion to the population of the country. The militia do not ignore the fact that the construction of the Pacific Railway, and other vast and important undertakings, preclude the possibility of a large expenditure for their purposes, and however gloomy the outlook which this concession involves for those who for years under every discouragement, through evil report and good report, hoping against hope that time would bring some ameliorating influences, have stuck to the force, they are prepared to struggle cheerfully on, were they once assured that in future the militia grant, however small, would be fixed, not subject from year to year to the whim of ministers, and would be expended in a manner calculated to secure the best results. The authorities have all along been proceeding on a wrong principle, the folly of endeavouring to train 40,000 men on a sum barely sufficient for 10 or 12,000; and, having regard to the resources of the country, the superiority of a small force well-drilled and equipped, with capabilities for expansion in time of need, are sufficiently patent: but the baneful influence of party politics in this country would seem to preclude the convictions, which must be entertained on this subject, being acted upon. There is something radically wrong when a hesitation prevails in applying the knife in cases where a moribund existence has been for years dragging on. Losing sight of the intelligence of the class of men who enter the ranks, which enables them to become efficient in an exceedingly short time, the Militia Department has directed all its energies to the slip-shod training of the men, to the almost total neglect of the much more pressing necessity for a thorough qualification of staff and regimental officers. Many an officer, who has held a commission in the force for nearly a score of years, and has become utterly wearied of its endless and purposeless routine, might well thus reason: Led to regard the Field Exercise and the Queen's Regulations, as the Alpha and Omega of professional requirement, in all these years what particular knowledge of the profession of a soldier, beyond that of the most rudimentary character, have I acquired? What do I know of outpost duty? Do not the vast strides in military science suggest to me how important it is that I should learn to control and manœuvre my men in the improved system of attack and defence? In view of the terrible destructiveness of the latest arms, should not I know something about hasty entrenchments? What do I know of the resources of my own district? Am I capable of

intelligently reading and of accurately constructing maps, or am I versed in numberless other matters pertaining to 'minor tactics?'

Should opportunities be afforded Canadian officers of becoming familiar with the many branches of knowledge required by the advance of the times, opportunities which I think would be generally embraced, there would be no occasion should an Imperial force ever be raised in Canada to fill any of the positions in the regiments composing that force from the ranks of English officers. The same sympathy would never exist between the rank-and-file of a Canadian force, if officered by Englishmen, however great their qualifications, as would exist, were the officers drawn from the Canadian Militia. Once qualify your officers and non-commissioned officers, and there will be no difficulty with the men. How to do this, in an inexpensive way, is the question. Much has been written upon the subject replete with capital suggestions, but generally impracticable on the score of expense. The Military College at Kingston will in years to come supply a want long experienced; the Schools of Gunnery at Quebec and Kingston are now and have been for years doing immense practical good, but is not the necessity most pressing that they should be at once implemented in the manner often recommended by Lieutenant-General Sir E. Selby Smyth, to afford to cavalry, engineer, and infantry officers and non-commissioned officers, facilities for a thorough course of instruction. It cannot be too strongly urged that no officer should receive a commission, or subsequent promotion, before his qualifications are *carefully* tested. By all means, assuming that the grant for militia purposes cannot be increased, let the force be reduced in numbers; let an efficient staff, a system of commissariat supply and ambulance, be organized; let facilities be afforded to officers and non-commissioned officers of all branches, of acquiring the higher attainments, indispensable to their keeping pace with the times; and above all, and this cannot be pressed with too great insistence, let divisional and brigade camps be the rule, not the exception,—not such as were held in the past, where we marched, countermarched, and marched home again,—where 'pomp and circumstance' were the great desiderata; but practical work-a-day camps, where both staff and regimental officers would have opportunities of putting into practice what they should have attained some insight into before receiving their appointments. Failing the government having sufficient determination to make the necessary reduction in the force,—a step which would undoubtedly meet with the strongest opposition from members of Parliament who can seldom be accused of possessing much breadth of view on militia questions, the following ideas have occurred to me: I must first disclaim any wish to belittle the importance to the country, which the rural battalions under happier circumstance might become; they are its backbone and sinew, and in case of war, upon them would assuredly fall the great brunt of fighting. I would suggest the classification of the active militia. That portion, principally city and town corps, whose opportunities of assembling for drill and of acquiring the rudiments of training are more extended, would be designated as class A, and be formed into brigades and divisions, with a proper staff complement; the remainder would be class B. The latter class would be properly enrolled, armed, and equipped, but the arms and equipment would only be issued upon occasions of training, to which I shall presently refer. One-half of class A should every year receive at least 20 days' training, 8 at head quarters, and 12 in camps of instruction, and the officers and non commissioned officers of class B should at camp be attached to class A, for the purpose of acquiring a practical knowledge of

their duties. That portion of class A which did not in any given year attend a camp of instruction, should put in, say 12 days' drill at battalion head-quarters. Every third year, class B might be trained, say for 16 days, half of the time at company head quarters, the balance of the time in camps of instruction. The divisional and brigade staff of class A would be available for duty on such occasions. For the purpose of verifying the rolls in other years, class B should muster for one day at company head-quarters, and the men should be paid for assembling. Rifle practice, under competent musketry instructors, should on all occasions be encouraged and insisted upon for both classes.

It seems to me that under such an arrangement, without materially increasing the present grant, results might be obtained which, if not all that could be desired, would be a step in advance, and would be calculated to render the force more contented, satisfy the country that good results were attending the expenditure, and enable the force to enter with greater credit into whatever form of military organisation may be ultimately adopted for the defence of an United British Empire.

In order that the views of the force on many subjects on which they are most vitally interested may have expression, a commission should at once be issued, to which should be invited officers from all parts of the country, not of the fossil type interested in perpetuating the present regime of stagnation, but men whose record has been such as to ensure their bringing to their deliberations carefully matured suggestions and ideas abreast of the times.

Before concluding this paper I should like to allude to a matter of great interest to all classes of Canadians. Reference has already been made to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway — a work evidently a great tax upon the resources of a young and sparsely populated country —a work, the completion of which is at present more necessary for Imperial than Dominion interests, and one which many thoughtful men do not hesitate to declare will and Canada, if unaided, in national bankruptcy. I have also touched upon the defenceless state of the Pacific Coast. It is encouraging to note how persistently, for the last few years, Imperial officers, notably Captain Columb, R.M.A., have urged upon the British Government the importance of Esquimault as a coaling station, the necessity of forming there an extensive naval arsenal, with proper armament, and, mark this! how indispensable it is to have this arsenal connected with the Atlantic by means of the Pacific Railway as an Imperial work.

For many a year it will be sufficient for Canada, I mean the older Provinces, to have access to her fertile prairie lands, which can be effected at comparatively trifling expense. The necessity, however, to the mother country, to have railway communication with the Pacific Coast on commercial and strategic grounds, and the advantage of easy access for her surplus population to a country of agricultural capacity sufficient to furnish the whole of the food supply for which England now greatly depends on foreign countries, point to the propriety of the British Government making the completion of this railway an Imperial undertaking, carrying it onward from the Province of Manitoba to the West, over the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific.

If a United British Empire is ever to become a reality, the mother country must take the initiative in approaching the question in no niggard spirit; and if any colony deserves liberal treatment at the hands of the parent state, it is Canada, whose interests have over and over again been sacrificed, sometimes to Imperial neces-

sities, but oftener through the crass ignorance and criminal incapacity of the British commissioners, who negotiated treaties which lost to Canada, amongst other things, territories of great importance,—providing her, as they would, with a more extended Atlantic seaboard. I contend that as a recompense for past neglect and indifference, in these particulars, it would be but justice to Canada, not a favour, were the British Government to complete the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway. Then Canada, released from a burthen in excess of her strength and resources will find, much sooner than can otherwise be expected, means to place her defences upon a footing so secure that the expression '*In pace paratus*' will have an intelligent, and reassuring meaning to those domiciled within her wide, extended, and fertile confines.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES RITCHIE.

OUT of the deep, a servant of despair,
A mourner, rose into the gladsome light,
A conqueror over dull and cheerless care,
And felt new glories in the freer air,
As when the fitful vapours of the night,
Moved by the sun, are potently dispelled;
This hero of the faithful waiting years
Was blessed by peace, and all his murmurs quelled;
And evil in him, soft-subdued, rebelled
No longer; for, like maiden who endears
Herself unto expectant lover sad,
The calm that ruled his spirit made him glad,
And he did fain forget all sorrows once he had.

Montreal.

MODERN CONTROVERSY.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON, ITHACA, N.Y.

HOW modern controversy, pessimism arraigned against optimism, and *vice versâ*, reminds one of the old story of the two knights coming from opposite sides upon a statue of truth—a solitary statue standing in the midst of a forest and holding a shield of which one side was gold and the other silver. Each insists upon what he sees before him: 'The shield is gold.'—'No, it is silver.' And they enter a contest and couch the lances in defence of their asseverations.

Reasoners are generally ready to admit that there are different sides to a question; but they are so tenacious of their own sentiments that they do not consider it worth their while to examine those sides; they will not or cannot put themselves in the proper mind-attitude to fairly judge their opponents.

Optimism, pessimism, *meliorism* go on arguing, judging, deciding from their own point of view, whilst there stands truth, representing all and everything they so vociferously claim in her behalf. It would only need to look at the other side of the shield to agree. Extremes meet—in the end, no doubt; but as guides to that end, they are neither safe nor agreeable leaders. The timorous apprehensiveness of the pessimist, who sees in every dark cloud a destructive storm, so harasses the traveller on the way that he cannot enjoy any of its blessings; the advance of science proves the defeat of religion; the zig-zag movement of civilisation is a downward movement. In his fear for morality, he recommends for a corrective a new examination of the Scriptures, a sort of *spiritus-geologico* investigation of the Rock of Ages, in order to determine whether that Rock which has stood the fiercest persecutions, pestilences, wars and famines, can stand the noisy beat of the great waves of modern unbelief.

The optimist, on the other hand, exulting and butterflying over chasms, taking no note of the graver incidents on the route, fills the mind with false imagery and leads the traveller into marshes. The meliorist, a *tertium quid*, steps between as a peace-maker and attempts to show how mental serenity may be reduced to a science, and happiness manufactured to order; and all three together arrive at nothing better than at more or less eloquent jousts of rhetoric.

Unbelief, the struggle for existence, decline of morality are the great cries at the present day, and one might think, hearing with what vehemence these moral excrescences are pointed out as the dangerous coast against which we are destined to come to wreck, that these things were the consequence of our more complex civilisation and had never existed before, whereas they are as old as the world.

What else but a struggle for existence was the parting of Abram and Lot. 'Neither was the land able to bear them.'* Unbelief has stood against faith from time immemorial. The great social and political problems—liberty, equality, fraternity—which puzzle the statesmen of to-day, have puzzled Draco, Lycurgus, and Solon. Already three thousand years ago, did science vex the speculative mind of

* Gen. xiii. 6.

the world with the knotty query: What creature is that which moves on four feet in the morning, two feet at noonday, and on three towards the going down of the sun? Œdipus whilst he solves the riddle's literal meaning becomes himself the victim of its spiritual meaning; the sphinx throws herself into the sea only to rise with more stony obstinacy on the sands of the desert. The solution of the riddle becomes a second riddle. The query is still: What is man? what his destiny? The intellectual force of almost every age has set itself to the ungrateful task, and all the light that has been thrown upon the subject is the artificial light of a mass of subtle obscurities—burying its vitality instead of calling it into action. Instead of man we have a manikin flexible and agile and susceptible of the most extraordinary contortions, but dead—a mere combination of atoms.

Erudition is no doubt necessary for the collecting of facts, the distinguishing among them, and selecting the more trustworthy sources of learning: the study of history would be nothing without it; but erudition is not all-sufficient. There is no lack of erudite systems to better the human race, and every new day ushers in new and ingenious methods to correct evil and further the good; but where are the results? Their unproductiveness shows plainly that they were inapplicable to human nature; that they are mere learned productions, drawn from their authors' moral consciousness, and of which may be said what was said of a certain book, namely, that it contained much that was true and new, but that the true was not new, and the new not true. That we have reached a critical period, a sort of intellectual interregnum, or state of anarchy of ideas, no one doubts. We are living in a perfect chaos of conflicting opinions; but what of it? What is there more than a difficult pass on our journey's road.

The anxious moralist who makes of morality a thing absolute and not relative, must necessarily see in the advance of science and the apparent retreat of religion a loss, and he finds himself logically compelled to point to paganism as an example of religion being the only safe-guard of morality. But even paganism will not sustain him throughout, and presents more than one objection to his argument. The sacred rites of India, for example, are anything but conducive to what we understand by morality. The pariah, neglectful of them, and hunted down by the religious community as the refuse of mankind, has often proved himself a much more moral character than the Brahmin who persecuted him. The gay Panathenæ processions of Greece were no very moral proceedings; it was the philosopher who scorned them that was at that time the truly moral man. The fear of the gods did not prevent the old Romans from going after their own wicked devices, and it was that *animistic fancy* of Numa Pompilius, which intellectual morality brands as a *Nemesis*, that after all told best upon the moral tone of the people.

Spiritualism and astrology have never done any very serious harm in the world, and scarcely deserve to be made so much of. They are as old as the world, and have threaded their Will-o'-the-wisp way, through its successive ages, in a wandering sort of fashion, running along side of civilisation, as it were, in and out its darker corners, but never materially interfering with any of its great movements. Call it an abuse of faith, a gypsy-faith, impatient of rule and order, and which prefers the by-paths of life to its main-road; the open-sky to the more civilised shelter of a roof.

No, morality is not a fixed quantity; the New Testament clearly teaches that. The Jews were indubitably the chosen people of God; yet is their code of morals not the one Christ would have us absolutely centre in. He points to a higher one; or

else what mean the parables of the pharisee and publican, the young man who seeks eternal life? He had kept the commandments from his infancy; but was it enough? No; we are taught that there is a morality we must disengage ourselves from, if we would have *eternal life;* a morality that was meant only for a stepping stone—that occult corner-stone which the builders rejected, and which is become the head of the corner. *And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.**

It is from the bonds of this, so to say, leading-string morality that science is gradually liberating us; and it is towards this grand emancipation that the whole stream of humanity is tending. That our time is one of much doubt and little faith is not to be wondered at. We are literally submerged by a mass of philosophical writings, the only practical results of which seem nothing more than to undo each other. No sooner has one learned work gained some ground when another appears, with newer proofs, upsetting the former—a succession of brilliant reputations which more or less attain their end as they more or less succeed in proving their predecessors in fault, or in flattering the scientific tendency of the age. That all this may be largely attributed to the love of novelty no unprejudiced mind will deny.

The course of erudition may be said to flow classically pure down to the sixteenth century. Saint Thomas, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, were all text-searchers From Italy it passes over into France, Germany, and England, and comes at last to a certain stand-still; the classics are all published, commented, explained; there remains nothing to be done but to accept them in their simple greatness. But speculative Germany wants new fields of labour. There opens a sixteenth century of German erudition with a Wolf, a Niebuhr, an Ottfried Müller, for leaders, and behold a host of philosophical writings appear in France and England which gather so thickly around the great fountains of early learning as to form a new power, usurping the old. Like Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha's incomprehensible fugues, they spread their intricate cobweb-compositions over all the 'gilt moulding and graining' of the original temple.

System no doubt is a necessary element in study. System means order; but amongst the number of systems in our day, there are those that are founded on minor virtues—on the love of novelty, on erudition, eloquence, or elegance of style; and it is they that make confusion. The searcher after truth will neither seek novelty nor avoid it; he accepts it when it presents itself. Much of the philosophic literature of the present day, in its endeavours at new discoveries, only covers up what has already been discovered. We have the adjective *velate*, but, in juxtaposition to *Revelation* we should also have the noun *velation*, so much of modern controversy succeeding only in splendidly draping the former with hangings impenetrable to light.

Fortunately the great truth—Christianity and its sign, planted as it were in the centre of time, and symbolizing the mystery of sacrifice—sacrifice past, present and future, objective and subjective, though it may be darkened cannot be impaired. All this anti-Christian warfare, all these desperate assaults on faith, instead of invalidating Christianity, only serve to set its supernatural essence more in light; for, despite all their philosophic antagonism, the Christian doctrine not only holds good, but spreads its truth in every direction. If we may judge the tree by its fruit, we have no cause to despair; for never were the fruits of Christianity more wholesome and more abundant; never was the idea of human brotherhood better realized.

Those, who, in the view of the growing intellectuality of the times, are in

* Matt. xxi. 44.

fears for religion, and advocate science as a substitute, can scarcely have had an experimental idea of religion. The expression *to experience religion* may provoke a smile; it has become strangely trite of late, not to say ludicrous, and no wonder when we think of some of the mechanical methods employed in certain quarters to bring that experience about; but it is nevertheless the only one that justly defines the situation. One must have *experienced* religion to know what it is. He only who has had his religious sensibilities duly aroused will understand how impossible it is for science to take its place. Religion is not a human institution, a thing subject to the vacillations of intelligence, to new inventions or new theories; it has its root in the heart. If the ground-work of our being were reason, science might suffice; but the soul anchors in sentiment, not in reason. Science, the decomposer and analyst, limited to the visible and palpable, is only one means to an end, and faith in its synthetic action towards the invisible and infinite is another. The two are quite distinct forces, and have different sources; they may be friends or foes, but from the very nature of their essence they must remain the two opposite poles they are. In the course of their growth it is to be hoped that their branches will meet and arbour the globe over, but at their present height they are too far apart and stand defiant, or rather appear to stand defiant.

Their respective functions have perhaps never been more clearly set forth than in Mr. Henry James', sr., *Substance and Shadow, or Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life.* The author shows conclusively how science, emancipating the race by making it gradually the conqueror of nature, brings it eventually to its destined end —namely, a state of 'philosophic sanity or complete fellowship with God.' 'If religion,' he says, 'is bound to undergo the slow sepulture of science, with no hope of any subsequent resurrection in living or glorified form: if, in other words, science constitutes the perfected form of the mind, the full measure of its expansibility, I, for one at least, have no hesitation in saying that it would have been better for the race to have remained to this day in its cradle, hearkening to the inspiration of naiad and dryad, of sea-nymph and of faun, than to have come out of it only to find its endless spiritual capacities, its capacities of spontaneous action, hopelessly stranded upon these barren rocks of science, ruthlessly imprisoned in her lifeless laws or generalizations.'

The Italians, who bring into all things a certain substantial exactness, bring the same into their methods of thought. They have two terms for Christianity: *Cristianesimo* and *Cristianità.* By *Cristianesimo* they mean doctrine, faith, religion, revelation, divine institution; by *Cristianità* the generality of men that follow in the track of that institution, namely, what is commonly meant by Christians. The *Cristianesimo* is not progressive, because it is complete in itself; a complete revelation, not derived from any other, or attached to any other, but self-subsisting and implying a duration equal to that of the human race. But the *Cristianità* can and does progress; now outwardly, in extending to new territories and gaining new people; now inwardly in advancing in Christian virtues, or in destroying unchristian institutions, such as slavery; in short, the *Cristianesimo* does not itself progress, but causes the *Cristianità* to progress.

Any earnest student of history—profane or sacred—cannot fail to see, in observing the course of events, that the teachings of the Divine Master produced wheat or tares, according to the ground into which they fell—here, mere ecclesiasticism; there, true piety; cruel violence in one place, sublime piety in another. The Word made flesh, and its symbolic sign have the same significance now as they had

eighteen hundred and more years ago, and will have the same forever more.

That at the present juncture of things the philanthropist should be staggered and question their drift is not to be wondered at. Humanity never presented a more problematic amalgamation of crimes and virtues, of great interests and petty ambitions. Since the fall of ancient civilisation, great changes have taken place in the machinery of society. The healthy balance of mind and body of the earlier races, the result of out-door life and gymnastics, has disappeared. Man has become nervously sensitive and over-critical. Vague longings carry him beyond the limits of the attainable; he wants more than he can digest. He approaches the moment when he will lose his balance if he does not reverse his steps. The history of the human race, as well as that of literature, teaches us how nations and letters recover their equilibrium; they turn into opposite directions. We find, moreover, that in this zig-zag movement, in this continuous equilibration, they reach ever higher planes. In view of these facts, it may not be over-presumptuous to predict in the coming change a revulsion in favour of the Church.

The question that may here arise is: Will the same forces that have heretofore sustained the Church still serve? Has civilisation not impaired them?

It is certain that man, since his creation, had always to have his religion proportioned to his intelligence. At all times the fetich or sanctification of palpable objects had to be made ancillary to his moral development. Even at this late day certain localities in Italy, Brittany, and Ireland, are in some sort idolatrous. Religion, if religion at all, should meet all human wants. The advanced Protestantism of Schleiermacher and Bunsen may become the religion of the more intelligent portion of mankind, and even, perhaps, draw within its ranks the wandering deistic tribes of the Voltaire and Rousseau schools: but it is a philosophical religion, and can reach only a certain portion of the people. The 'weak things' of this world would starve under it. We can no more dispense with Roman Catholicism than we can dispense with mother's milk for babes. That it will have to adapt itself to the exigencies of the time there is no doubt. It will have to abandon its ancient furniture, its Alexandrine trappings, and feudal incumbrances. It need not throw them away; they can be stowed in the ship's hold, and from engines once become ballast now. Only thus will the Church retain her ancient rights and hold on humanity.

The advocates of progress may say what they will: nature in all her changes and transformations remains in some respects materially the same. As in the days of the ancient Egyptians, so in ours: the statue of Isis must remain veiled. Our sense of vision is growing stronger with every age, and we are undoubtedly travelling sunward; but before our eyes can bear the full glory of the heavenly orb, we may have to travel through many ages yet. We think we can bear much, but whenever a fuller light is let on, we wince and are dazed.

It is a prevalent idea among the advocates of progress that Catholicism is inert and incapable of moving along with the great current of modern thought, but this is a mistake. The careful observer, who will take the pains to investigate the matter, will find that its slow movements are pregnant with action.

There are, at the present day, among the high clergy of Italy, even among the Cardinals, a large number of ripe scholars and liberal minds. Luigi Tosti is one of them. Tosti is a Benedictine Monk of *Monte Cassino*, and an enlightened and energetic worker in the fields of his Church.

The clergy of Italy enjoy far greater freedom than the clergy of

France. In France the priesthood is subject to a severe administrative discipline. 'My clergy is like a regiment,' said Cardinal Bonnechose in the Senate, during the Session of 1865, 'when it has orders to march it marches.' But in Italy, certain ecclesiastics have a sort of half independent position. Tosti, for example, lives in his cloister as independently as a Professor of Oxford in his college. He can travel, read, think, print what he likes. M. Taine represents him as a man of profound scholarship, fond of speculative study, acquainted with modern philosophy and the new exegesis, a distinguished historian—in short one of the generous and broad minds of the time. His aim is to bring the Church into unison with science. Whilst he allows the latter all her analytical rights and prerogatives, he claims that faith, in its *alto sintetico*, spontaneously and without analysis or reasoning, arrives at a perfect understanding of God first and Christ next. He maintains that it is this generous and passionate faith by which we embrace beauty, goodness and truth in themselves and at their source, which is alone capable to unite men into a fraternal community, and incite them to noble deeds, to self-sacrifice and devotion. This fraternal community, he says, is the Catholic Church, which, whilst it holds the gospel-doctrine immutable, must, and will, accommodate herself to the changes of society, and it can the better do that as it contains within itself an inexhaustible variety of forms.

And the Church is, in fact, undergoing now just such a transformation. Any one watching its movements attentively can see how it is gradually tending towards scientific progress.

Nor is science superbly holding back, as one might suppose from the attitude of some of its prouder advocates. There is a bend on her part too, and a decided one. The leaders of knowledge, speculative and positive, feel darkly, in the midst of the mass of accumulated learning they lie smothered under, for that *missing link* that should hold them connected with the God of the Universe. Their great rallying cry, *experience*, has not so deafened their affections that they cannot hear the heart's whispers; and these whispers reach further than they are willing to acknowledge. The supernatural has hold of *them* if they have no hold of *it*. It is but a short time ago that we heard M. Renan himself acknowledge the supernatural (for who admits spirituality admits the supernatural). Speaking in one of his lectures of sacrifice among the ancient Jews as a means of atonement, he said that the heathen nations surrounding them made sacrifices also, but that these nations were destined to perish, lacking the *spiritual* life of the Jewish cosmology; they had no prophets—*divinely inspired* teachers. Did the learned Professor suspect how the whole of his lecture gave *cause gagnée* to the Gospels?

No; Christianity has nothing to fear from science, notwithstanding outward appearances. True, the first is by far the most flourishing; it has conquered for itself field and town, whilst the Holy See goes a-begging. The Protestant Church in France is financially in a very critical way; its ministers have increased, but their salaries are being reduced to a mere pittance. The Ferry-laws have made terrible havoc with the time-honoured authority the Catholic clergy had heretofore enjoyed in school and college. The courteous reverence with which the priests had always been met in street and hall is set aside, no one thinks now of lifting the hat to him because he is a priest; he is a man like any other; but what is refused to his personality is not therefore refused to the essence of his calling. All this means nothing worse than the gradual emancipation of the human race. We are leaving the nursery, where for centuries our instinctive consciousness surrounded by

images of affection and tenderness developed into feelings of religious awe, respect and love, the same as a child entertains for his parent, and we are emerging or have emerged into scientific consciousness. It is, as Mr. James says, 'the difference between the child and youth, between diffidence and self-confidence.'

The consequences are obvious; the mind, intoxicated by the new wine of knowledge, becomes confirmed in all manner of pride and self-assertion, loses its innocence and hardens into sentiments of unhesitating and noisy independence. Often famished from feeding on husks, it reaches such a state of intellectual misery, that unless it remembers the Father's House and its abundance of bread, and looking into itself, resolves returning home, it has no other alternative than suicide, or a life of sullen despondency.

Viewed from this point, Father Tosti's *alto sintetico* would seem the safest route of the two.

Yet, need we Science and its brave pioneers. The Church scarcely realizes as yet the excellence of their services. Religion, hid under the different vestments it had to clothe itself in for the better comprehension of the various generations of men, meets in science the earnest and diligent inquirer that would fain possess her in her naked truth. He cannot trust her—being a thing divine—he can only disrobe her; and the more he disrobes her, the better shall we see and appreciate her real loveliness.

The philanthropist who, with Hume and his followers, objects to the general administration of the world, and would fain do away with calamities and discomforts, forgets altogether that the whole spiritual, moral and physical machinery of the universe pivots on the law of contraries. How could we have light without darkness? How could good exist without evil, strength without weakness, beauty without ugliness, riches without poverty? He is but a poor philosopher who makes riches and health, or any of the goods of this world the only end of creation; or who imagines that ills do not bring with them their compensations, or the favours of fortune their antagonisms.

So that, without being absolutely a Mark Tapley, one might still take comfort, even whilst admitting that there are such things as earthquakes, plagues, famines, unbelief, natural selection, etc. It needs but the looking at the other side of the shield.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

SUNSHINE plays on the hillside steep,
  Or kisses the daisied meadow,
Leaving the forest and waters deep,
  To quiet shadow.

When we pass thro' this life, this life below,
  When we find no flowery meadow,
Shall we wait and wait for the sun's bright glow,
  Or rest in shadow?

WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?

BY SAXE HOLM.

II.

THE whole year had dropped out of her memory; part of her brain was still diseased. No human touch could venture to deal with it without the risk of the most terrible consequences.

Dr. Fearing's face grew day by day more and more anxious; he was baffled; he was afraid. He consulted the most eminent physicians who had had experience in diseases of the brain. They all counselled patience, and advised against any attempt to hasten her recollections upon any point; they all had known similar cases, but never one so sharply defined or so painful as this. Still they were unanimous in advising that nothing should be said to startle her; that all must be trusted to time.

Through these terrible days George Ware was braver than any one else. His faith in the absoluteness of his hold on Annie was too great to be disturbed. He was by nature as patient as he was resolute. He had not wooed his wife for eighteen years to lose her now in any way except by death, he thought. He comforted us all.

'Do be brave, sweet mother of Annie,' he used to say to my poor Aunt Ann; 'all will be well. It is nothing to me to wait another year, after having waited all these. It is not even hard for me to go without seeing her, if that is best.'

Nevertheless, his face grew thin and his eye heavy and his form bent, as week after week passed, and he came daily to the house, only to be told the same weary thing, that Annie had not asked for him. The physicians had said that it would be better that she should not see him until she had of her own accord mentioned his name. Her nerves were still in such a state that any surprise threw her into palpitation and alarm which did not pass off for hours. No human being could tell how great might be the shock of seeing his face; how much it might recall to her; and whether, if it recalled all, she could bear it. From the outset George believed the physicians were wrong in this; but he dared not urge his instinct against their knowledge; and he was patient of nature, and so the days went on, on, on; and there was no change except that Annie grew steadily better and our hearts grew steadily sicker and sicker until we almost looked back with longing on the days when we feared she would die. And yet in every respect, except the memory of her lover, Annie was the same as before. The closest scrutiny could discover no other change in her, except perhaps that she seemed even gayer than she used to seem, and a shade less tender, but this also was as she had been before she had promised to be George Ware's wife.

One morning George brought me a small bunch of lovely wild things from the pine woods, Tiarella leaves just tipped with claret colour by the early frosts, sprays of Linnea, two or three tiny white maiden's hair ferns, all tied by a knot of partridge-berry vines thick-set with scarlet berries.

'Give these to Annie for me, will you, dear Helen?' he said, 'and observe very carefully how she is affected by them.'

I remember that it was just one

year ago that day that he had asked her to be his wife, and I trembled to think of what hidden meanings I might be messenger of in carrying her this silent token. But I too felt, as George did, that she was drifting farther and farther away from the memories we desired she should regain; and that no physician's knowledge could be so true as love's instinct; and I asked no counsel of any one, but went swiftly to Annie with the leaves in my hand.

'O you darling! How perfectly lovely,' she exclaimed with a laugh of of delight. 'Why these must have come from George's woods? Have you been up there?'

'No, dear,' I said, 'George brought them for you, this morning.'

'Oh, the good darling!' she exclaimed. 'Is it decided about his going to India?'

I could not repress a little cry of anguish and terror. A year before, there had been a plan for his going out to India on a mercantile venture, which promised great profit. It had been given up, partly because his mother felt that she could not live without him, partly because he felt that he could not longer live without Annie.

'What is it, dear?' she said, in her softest, most sympathizing voice, with a little flush of alarm on her pale cheek; 'what hurt you? are you ill? Oh, my poor Helen, you are all worn out with nursing me. I will nurse you presently.'

'Only a little twinge of my old neuralgia, dear,' I said faintly; 'these autumn winds are setting it at work again.'

She looked anxiously at me for a few seconds, and then began to untie the bunch of leaves, and spread out the long vines on the bed.

'Oh, if I only had some moss,' she said.

I ran to the green-house and brought her handfuls of beautiful dripping mosses from the rocks in the fernery. She filled a saucer with them, putting the Tiarella leaves all round the rim, and winding the Linnea vines in and out as they grow in the woods. Then she leaned back on her pillows and began breaking the partridge-berry vines into short bits, each with a scarlet berry on it. These she set upright in the moss, changing and re-arranging them so often that I wondered what could be her purpose, and leaned forward to see.

'No, no,' she said playfully, pushing me back, 'not till it is done.'

Presently she said, 'Now look!'

I looked and saw a perfect, beautifully formed G made by the scarlet berries on the green moss.

'There,' she said, 'I'll send that back to George, to show him that I have found him in the berries; or, no,' she added, 'we'll keep it till he comes to see me. The doctor said I could be carried down-stairs to-morrow, and then I shall begin to "receive,"' and she laughed a gay little laugh, and sank back tired.

That moment stands out in my memory as the saddest, hardest one of all. I think, at that moment, hope died in my heart.

When I told George of this, and showed him the saucer of moss—for she had ordered it to be set on the drawing-room table, saying, 'It is too pretty to stay up here with bottles and invalids,'—he buried his face in his hands for many minutes. When he lifted it, he looked me steadily in the eye, and said,—

'She has utterly forgotten this whole year. But I will win her again.'

Then he knelt down and kissed every little leaf and berry which her hands had touched, and went away without speaking another word.

It was decided after this that it could do no harm for him to see her. Indeed, he now demanded it. His resolution was taken.

'You need not fear,' he said to Dr. Fearing, 'that I shall agitate her by approaching her as if she were my own. She is not my own. But she will be.'

We all sat with trembling hands and beating hearts as the hour approached at which we knew the experiment was to be made.

Annie had been carried down-stairs, and laid upon a lounge in the western bay-window of the library. The lounge was covered with dark green damask. Old Cæsar had so implored to be allowed to carry her down, that Annie had insisted that he should be gratified; and she went down as she had so often done in her childhood, with her soft white face lying close to his shining black one.

As he put her down, in her rose-coloured wrapper, on the dark-green damask, he knelt before her and burst out in spite of himself, into a sort of wild chant of thanksgiving; but as we entered the door he sprang up ashamed, and, turning to Aunt Ann, said: 'Beg pardon, missis, but this rose yere was too much pink rose for old Cæsar!'

It was 'too much pink rose' for any human eyes to see unmoved. We all cried: and Annie herself shed a few tears, but finally helped us all by saying, gayly,—

'You'll make me ill again if you all go on like this. I hate people that cry.'

No stranger's eye would have detected the thousandth part of a second's pause which George Ware's feet made on the the threshold of that room when his eyes first saw Annie. Before the second had ended, he was simply the eager, glad, affectionate cousin, and had taken calmly and lovingly the child's kiss which Annie gave him as she had given it every day of her life.

We could not speak. My uncle tried to read his newspaper; my aunt's hands shook in their pretence of sewing; I threw myself on the floor at the foot of Annie's lounge and hid my face in its cushions.

But George Ware's brave voice went steadily on. Annie's sweet glad tones, weak and low, but still sweeter than any other tones I ever heard, chimed in and out like fairy bells from upper air. More than an hour passed. I do not know one word that we said.

Then George rose, saying: 'I must not tire you, little Annie, so I am going now.'

'Will you come again to-morrow?' she asked, as simply as a little child.

'Yes, dear, if you are not the worse for this,' he replied, and kissed her forehead and walked very quickly away without looking back. I followed him instantly into the hall, for I had seen that in his face which had made me fear that, strong man as he was, he would fall. I found him sitting on the lowest step of the staircase, just outside the door.

'My God, Helen,' he gasped, 'it isn't only this last year she has forgotten. She has gone back five years.'

'Oh no, dear George,' I said; 'you are mistaken. She remembers everything up to a year ago. You know she remembered about your going to India.'

'That is nothing,' he said impatiently. 'You can't any of you see what I mean, I suppose. But I tell you she has forgotten five years of me. She is to me just as she was when she was fourteen. Do you think I don't know the face and voice and touch of each day of my darling's life? oh, my God! my God!' and he sank down on the stair again in a silence which was worse than groans. I left him there and went back to Annie.

'How old Cousin George looks,' she was saying, as I entered the room; 'I didn't remember that he was so old. Why, he looks as old as you do, sweet papa. But then,' reflectively, 'after all, he is pretty old. He is fifteen years older than I am—and I am nineteen: thirty-four! that is old, is it not papa?' said she, half petulantly. 'Why don't you speak, any of you?'

'You are getting too tired, my darling,' said her father, 'and now I shall carry you up-stairs.'

After Annie was asleep, my Aunt Ann and I sat for hours in the library, going over and over and over, with weary hopelessness, all her words and looks, and trying to comfort each other. I think each knew the utter despair of the other's heart.

From this time George came and went with all his old familiarity: not a day passed without his seeing Annie, and planning something for her amusement or pleasure. Not a day passed without her showing in many ways that he made a large part of her life, was really a central interest in it. Even to us who knew the sad truth, and who looked on with intentness and anxiety hardly less than those with which we had watched her sick-bed weeks before—even to us it seemed many times as if all must be right. No stranger but would believe them lovers; not a servant in the house dreamed but that Miss Annie was still looking forward to her wedding. They had all been forbidden to allude to it, but they supposed it was only on account of her weakness and excitability.

But every day the shadow deepened on George Ware's face. I could see, though he would not admit it, that the same despair that filled my soul was settling down upon his. Dr. Fearing, too, who came and spent long evenings with us, and cautiously watched Annie's every tone and look, grew more and more uneasy. Dr.——, one of the most distinguished physicians of the insane, in the country, was invited to spend a few days in the house. He was presented to Annie as an old friend of her father's, and won at once her whole confidence and regard. For four days he studied her case, and frankly owned himself baffled, and unable to suggest any measure except the patient waiting which was killing us all.

To tell this frail and excitable girl, who had more than once fainted at a sudden noise, that this man whom she regarded only as her loving cousin had been her promised husband—and that having been within two weeks of her wedding-day, she had now utterly forgotten it, and all connected with it—this would be too fearful a risk. It might deprive her forever of her reason.

Otherwise, she seemed in every respect, even in the smallest particular, herself. She recollected her music, her studies, her friends. She was anxious to resume her old life at all points. Every day she made allusions to old plans or incidents. She had forgotten absolutely nothing excepting the loverhood of her lover. Every day she grew stronger, and became more and more beautiful. There was a slight undercurrent of arch mischievousness and half petulance which she had never had before, and which, added to her sweet sympathetic manner, made her indescribably charming. As she grew stronger she frollicked with every human being, and every living thing. When the spring first opened and she could be out of doors, she seemed more like a divine mixture of Ariel and Puck than like a mortal maiden.

I found her one day lying at full length on the threshold of the greenhouse. Twenty great azaleas were in full bloom on the shelves—white, pink, crimson. She had gathered handfuls of the fallen blossoms, and was making her grey kitten, which was as intelligent and as well trained as a dog, jump into the air to catch them as she tossed them up. I sat down on the grass outside and watched her silently.

'Oh, you sober old Helen,' she said, 'you'll be an owl for a thousand years after you die! Why can't you caper a little? You don't know how nice it is.'

Just then George came slowly walking down the garden path, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

He did not see us. Annie exclaimed,—

'There's Cousin George, too! Look at him! Wouldn't you think he had just heard he was to be executed at twelve to-day! I don't see what ails everybody.'

'George, George,' she called, 'come here. For how many years are you sentenced, dear, and how could you have been so silly as to be found out?' And then she burst into a peal of the most delicious laughter at his bewildered look.

'I don't know, darling, for how many years I am sentenced. We none of us know,' he said, in a tone which was sadder than he meant it should be, and sobered her loving heart instantly. She sprang to her feet, and threw both her arms around his right arm, a pretty trick she had kept from her babyhood, and said,—

'Oh you dear, good darling, does anything really trouble you? How heartless I am. But you don't know how it feels to have been so awfully ill, and then to get well again. It makes one feel all body and no soul; but I have soul enough to lòve you all dearly, you know I have; and I won't have you troubled; tell me what it is this minute;' and she looked at him with tears in her eyes.

One wonders often if there be any limit to human endurance. If there be, who can say he has reached it? Each year we find that the thing which we thought had taken our last strength, has left us with strength enough to bear a harder thing. It seemed so with such scenes as this, in those sunny spring days when Annie Ware first went out into life again. Each day I said, 'There can never be another moment quite so hard to meet as this!' and the next day there came a moment which made me forget the one which had gone before.

It was an ill fortune which just at this time made it imperatively necessary for George to go to the West for three months. He had no choice. His mother's whole property was at stake. No one but he could save it; it was not certain that he could. His last words to me were,—

'I trust more in you, Helen, than in any other human being. Keep my name constantly in her thought; write me everything which you would tell me if I were here.'

It had become necessary now to tell the sad story of the result of Annie's illness to all those friends who would be likely to speak to her of her marriage. The whole town knew what shadow rested on our hearts: and yet, as week after week went by, and the gay, sweet, winning, beautiful girl moved about among people again in her old way, people began to say more and more that it was, after all, very foolish for Annie Ware's friends to be so distressed about her; stranger things had happened; she was evidently a perfectly well woman; and as for the marriage, they had never liked the match—George Ware was too old and too grave for her: and, besides, he was her second cousin.

Oh, the torture of the 'ante-mortems' of beloved ones, at which we are all forced to assist!

Yet it could not be wondered at, that in this case the whole heart of the community was alive with interest and speculation.

Annie Ware's sweet face had been known and loved in every house in our village. Her father was the richest, most influential man in the county, and the most benevolent. Many a man and woman had kissed Henry Ware's baby in her little waggon, for the sake of Henry Ware's good deeds to them or theirs. And while Mrs. Ware had always repelled persons by her haughty reticence, Annie, from the first day she could speak until now, had won all hearts by her sunny, open, sympathising nature. No wonder that now, when they saw her again fresh, glad, beautiful, and looking stronger and in better health than she had ever done, they said we were wrong, that Annie and Nature were right, and that all would be well!

This spring there came to our town a family of wealth and position who had for many years lived in Europe, and who had now returned to make America their home. They had taken a furnished house for a year, to make trial of our air, and also, perhaps, of the society, although rumour, with the usual jealousy, said that the Neals did not desire any intimacy with their neighbours. The grounds of the house which they had hired joined my uncle's, and my Aunt Ann, usually averse to making new acquaintances, had called upon them at once, and had welcomed them most warmly to the house. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Neal and two sons, Arthur and Edward. They were people of culture, and of wide experience; but they were not of fine organization nor of the highest breeding; and it will ever remain a mystery to me that there should have seemed to be, from the outset, an especial bond of intimacy between them and my uncle and aunt. I think it was partly the sense of relief with which they welcomed a new interest —a little break in the monotony of anxiety which had been for so many months corroding their very lives.

Almost before I knew that the Neals were accepted as familiar friends, I was startled one morning, while were at breakfast, by the appearance of Annie on her pony, looking in at our dining-room window. She had a pretty way of riding up noiselessly on the green grass, and making her pony, which was tame as a Newfoundland dog, mount the stone steps, and tap with his nose on the panes of the long glass door till we opened it.

I never saw her so angelically beautiful as she was this morning. Her cheeks were flushed and her dark blue eyes sparkled like gems in the sun. Presently she said, hesitating a little,—

'Edward Neal is at the gate; may I bring him in? I told him he might come, but he said it was too like burglary;' and she cantered off again without waiting to hear my mother's permission.

All that morning Annie Ware and Edward Neal sat with me on our piazza. I looked and listened and watched like one in a dream or under a spell. I foresaw, I foreknew what was to come; with the subtle insight of love, I saw all.

Never had I seen Annie so stirred into joyousness by George's presence as she seemed to be by this boy's. The two together overflowed in a sparkling current of gayety, which was irresistible. They seemed two divine children sent out on a mission to set the world at play. What Edward Neal's more sensuous and material nature lacked, was supplied by the finer, subtler quality of Annie's. From that first day I could never disguise from myself that they seemed, as far as mere physical life goes, the absolute counterparts of each other.

I need not dwell on this part of my story. When young hearts are drawing together, summer days speed on very swiftly. George Ware, alas! was kept at the West week after week, until it came to be month after month. My uncle and aunt seemed deliberately to shut their eyes to the drift of events. I think they were so thankful to watch Annie's bounding health and happiness, to hear glad voices and merry laughs echoing all day in their house, that they could not allow themselves to ask whether a new kernel of bitterness, of danger, lay at the core of all this fair seeming. As for the children, they did not know that they were loving each other as man and woman. Edward Neal was only twenty-one, Annie but nineteen, and both were singularly young and innocent of soul.

And so it came to be once more the early autumn; the maple leaves were beginning to be red, and my chrysanthemums had again set their tiny round disks of buds. Edward and Annie had said no word of love to

each other, but the whole town looked on them as lovers, and people began to reply impatiently and incredulously to our assurances that no engagement existed.

Early in October, George came home, very unexpectedly, taking even his mother by surprise. He told me afterwards that he came at last as one warned of God. A presentiment of evil, against which he had struggled for weeks, finally so overwhelmed him that he set off for home without half an hour's delay. I found him, on the night after his arrival, sitting in his old place in the big arm-chair at the head of Annie's lounge; she still clung to some of her old invalid ways, and spent many evenings curled up like a half-shut pink rose on the green damask cushions. He looked worn and thin, but glad and eager, and was giving a lively account of his Western experiences, when the library door opened, and coming in unannounced, with the freedom of one at home, Edward Neal entered.

'O Edward, here is Cousin George,' exclaimed Annie, while a wave of rosy colour spread over her face, and half rising, she took George's hand in hers as she leaned towards Edward.

'Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Ware,' said Edward, with that indefinable tone of gentle respect which marks a very young man's recognition of one much older, whom he has been led to admire. 'Annie has been talking to me about you all summer. I feel as if I knew you almost as well as she does. I 'm heartily glad to see you.'

A man of finer grain than Edward Neal would have known the whole truth in that first second, by the blank, stern look, which spread like a cloud over George Ware's face; but the open-hearted fellow only thought that he had perhaps seemed too familiar, and went on—

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Ware. It must appear strange to you that I took the liberty of being so glad; but you don't know how kindly I have been allowed to feel that your friends here would permit me to call all their friends mine,' and he glanced lovingly and confidently at my aunt and uncle, who answered by such smiles as they rarely gave. Oh, no wonder they loved this genial, frank sunny boy, who had brought such light into their life.

In a moment George was his courteous self again, and began to express his pleasure at meeting Mr. Neal, but Annie interrupted him.

'Oh, now don't be tiresome; of course you are to be just as good friends with Edward as you are with me: sit down Edward. He is telling us the most delicious stories. He is the dearest Cousin George in the world,' she added, stroking his hand which she still kept in hers.

It gave Edward no more surprise to see her do this than it would have done to see her sit in her father's lap. Even I felt with a sudden pang that George Ware seemed at that moment to belong to another generation than Edward and Annie.

Edward seated himself on a low cricket at the foot of the lounge, and, looking up in George's face, said most winningly—

'Please go on, Mr. Ware.' Then he turned one full, sweet look of greeting and welcome upon Annie, who beamed back upon him with such a diffused smile as only the rarest faces have. Annie's smile was one of her greatest charms. It changed her whole face; the lips made but a small part of it; no mortal ever saw it without smiling in answer.

It was beyond George Ware's power long to endure this. Probably his instinct felt in both Edward's atmosphere and Annie's more than we did. He rose very soon and said to me, 'If you are going home to-night, Helen, will you let me walk up with you? I have business in that part of the town; but I must go now. Perhaps that will hurry you too much?' he added, with a tone which was almost imploring.

I was only too glad to go. Our leave-taking was very short. A shade of indefinable trouble clouded every face but Edward's and Annie's.

George did not speak until we had left the house. Then he stopped short, took both my hands in his, with a grasp that both hurt and frightened me, and exclaimed—

'How dared you keep this from me! How dared you!'

'O George,' I said, 'there was nothing to tell.'

'Nothing to tell!' and his voice grew hoarse and loud. 'Nothing to tell! Do you mean to say that you don't know, have not known that Annie loves that boy, that puppy?'

I trembled from head to foot. I could not speak. He went on—

'And I trusted you so; O Helen, I can never forgive you.'

I murmured, miserably, for I felt myself in that moment really guilty—

'What makes you think she loves him?'

'You cannot deceive me, Helen,' he replied. 'Do not torture me and yourself by trying. Tell me now, how long this "Edward" has been sitting by her lounge. Tell me all.'

Then I told him all. It was not much. He had seen more that evening, and so had I, than had ever existed before. His presence had been the one element which had suddenly defined that which before had been hardly recognised.

He was very quiet after the first moment of bitterness, and asked me to forgive his impatient words. When he left me he said—

'I cannot see clearly what I ought to do. Annie's happiness is my only aim. If this boy can create it, and I cannot—but he cannot; she was as utterly mine as it is possible for a woman to be. You none of you knew how utterly! Oh, my God, what shall I do!' and he walked away feebly and slowly like an old man of seventy.

The next day Aunt Ann sent for me to come to her. I found her in great distress. George had returned to the house after leaving me, and had had almost a stormy interview with my uncle. He insisted upon asking Annie at once to be his wife; making no reference to the past, but appearing at once as her suitor. My uncle could not forbid it, for he recognised George's right, and he sympathized in his suffering. But his terror was insupportable at the thought of having Annie agitated, and of the possible results which might follow. He implored George to wait at least a few weeks.

'What! and see that young lover at my wife's feet every night!' said George, fiercely. 'No! I will risk all, lose all, if need be. I have been held back long enough,' and he had gone directly from my uncle's room to Annie herself.

In a short time Annie had come to her mother in a perfect passion of weeping, and told her that Cousin George had asked her to be his wife; and that she had never dreamed of such a thing; and she thought he was very unkind to be so angry with her; how could she have supposed he cared for her in that way, when he had been like her elder brother all his life.

'Why, he seems almost as old as papa,' said poor Annie, sobbing and crying, 'and he ought to have known that I should not kiss him and put my arms around him if—if'—she could not explain; but she knew!

Annie had gone to her own room, ill. My aunt and I sat together in the library silently crying; we were wretched. 'Oh, if George would only have waited,' said Aunt Ann.

'I think it would have made no difference, Aunty,' said I.

'No, I am afraid not,' replied she, and each knew that the other was thinking of Edward Neal.

George Ware left town the next day. He sent me a short note. He could not see any one, he said, and begged me to give a farewell kiss for him to 'the sweet mother of my Annie.

For mine she is, and will be in heaven, though she will be the wife of Edward Neal on earth.'

When I next saw our Annie she was Edward Neal's promised bride. A severe fit of illness, the result of all these excitements, confined me to my room for three weeks after George's departure; and I knew only from Aunt Ann's lips the events which had followed upon it.

George Ware's presence on that first evening had brought revelation to Edward Neal as well as to all the other members of that circle. That very night he had told his parents that Annie would be his wife.

The next night, while poor George was swiftly borne away, Edward was sitting in my uncle's library listening with a blanched cheek to the story of Annie's old engagement. My uncle's sense of honour would not let him withhold anything from the man seeking her for his wife. The pain soon passed by, when he was told that she had that very day refused her cousin, and betrayed almost resentment at his offer. Edward Neal had not a sufficiently subtle nature, nor acquaintance enough with psychological phenomena to be disturbed by any fears for the future. He dismissed it all as an inexplicable result of the disease, but a fixed fact, and a great and blessed fortune for him. My uncle, however, was less easily assured. He insisted upon delay, and upon consulting the same physicians who had studied Annie's case before. They all agreed that she was now a perfectly healthy and strong woman, and that to persist in any farther recognition of the old bond, after she had so intelligently and emphatically repudiated all thought of such a relation to her cousin, was absurd. Dr. Fearing alone was in doubt. He said little; but he shook his head and clasped his hands tight, and implored that at least the marriage should be deferred for a year.

Annie herself, however, refused to consent to this; of course no satisfactory reason could be alleged for any such delay; and she said as frankly as a little child, 'Edward and I have loved each other almost from the very first; there is nothing for either of us to do in life but to make each other happy; and we shall not leave papa and mamma, so why should we wait?'

They were not married, however, until spring. The whole town stood by in speechless joy and delight when those two beautiful young beings came out from the village church man and wife. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The peculiar atmosphere of almost playful joyousness which they created whenever they appeared together was something which could not be described, but which diffused itself like sunlight.

We all tried resolutely to dismiss memory and misgivings from our hearts. They seemed disloyalty and sin. George Ware was in India. George Ware's mother was dead. The cottage among the pines was sold to strangers, and the glistening brown paths under the trees were neglected and unused.

Edward and Annie led the same gay child-like lives after their marriage that they had led before: they looked even younger and gayer and sunnier. When they dashed cantering through the river meadows, she with rosy cheeks and pale brown curls flying in the wind, and he with close crisp black hair, and the rich, dark, glowing skin of a Spaniard, the farming men turned and rested on their tools, and gazed till they were out of sight. Sometimes I asked myself wonderingly, 'Are they ever still, and tender, and silent?' 'Is this perpetual overflow the whole of love?' But it seemed treason to doubt in the presence of such merry gladness as shone in Annie's face, and in her husband's too. It was simply the incarnate triumph and joy of young life.

The summer went by; the chrysanthemums bloomed out white and full in my garden; the frosts came, and then the winter, and then Annie told me one day that before winter came

again she would be a mother. She was a little sobered as she saw the intense look on my face.

'Why, darling, aren't you glad? I thought you would be almost as glad as I am myself?' Annie sometimes misunderstood me now.

'Glad! O Annie,' was all I could say.

From that day I had but one thought, Annie's baby. Together we wrought all dainty marvels for its wardrobe; together we planned all possible events in its life: from the outset I felt as much motherhood to the precious little unseen one as Annie did. She used to say to me, often,—

'Darling, it will be half my baby, and half yours.'

Annie was absolutely and gloriously well through the whole of those mysterious first months of maternity which are to so many women exhausting and painful. Every nerve of her body seemed strung and attuned to normal and perfect harmony. She was more beautiful than ever, stronger than ever, and so glad that she smiled perpetually without knowing it. For the first time since the old days, dear Dr. Fearing's face lost the anxious look with which his eyes always rested upon her. He was more at ease about her now.

Before light one Sunday morning in December, a messenger rang furiously at our bell. We had been looking for such tidings, and were not alarmed. It was a fearful storm; wind and sleet and rain and darkness had attended the coming of Annie's little 'Sunday child' into its human life.

'A boy—and Miss Annie's all right,' old Cæsar said, with a voice almost as hoarse as the storm outside; and he was gone before we could ask a question farther.

In less than an hour I stood on the threshold of Annie's room. But I did not see her until noon. Then, as I crept softly into the dimly-lighted chamber, the whole scene so recalled her illness of two years before that my heart stood still with sudden horror, in spite of all my joy. Now, as then, I knelt silently at her bedside, and saw the sweet face lying white and still on the pillow.

She turned, and seeing me, smiled faintly, but did not speak.

At her first glance, a speechless terror seized me. This was my Annie! The woman who for two years had been smiling with my Annie's face had not been she! The room grew dark. I do not know what supernatural power came to my aid that I did not faint and fall.

Annie drew back the bed-clothes with a slow, feeble motion of her right hand, and pointed to the tiny little head nestled in her bosom. She smiled again, looked at me gently and steadily for a second, and then shut her eyes. Presently I saw that she was asleep; I stole into the next room and sat down with my face buried in my hands.

In a moment a light step aroused me. Aunt Ann stood before me, her pale face all aglow with delight.

'O Helen, my darling! She is so well. Thank God! thank God!' and she threw her arms around me and burst into tears.

I felt like one turned to stone. Was I mad, or were they?

What had I seen in that one steady look of Annie's eyes? Was she really well? I felt as if she had already died!

Agonizingly I waited to see Dr. Fearing's face. He came in before tea, saw Annie for a few minutes, and came down stairs rubbing his hands and singing in a low tone.

'I never saw anything like that child's beautiful elasticity in my life,' he said. 'We shall have her dancing down stairs in a month.'

The cloud was utterly lifted from all hearts except mine. My aunt and uncle looked at each other with swimming eyes. Edward tried to laugh and look gay, but broke down utterly, and took refuge in the library, where I found him lying on the floor, with his face buried in Annie's lounge.

I went home stupefied, bewildered. I could not sleep. A terror-stricken instinct told me that all was not right. But how should I know more than physician, mother, husband?

For ten days I saw my Annie every day for an hour. Her sweet, strange, gentle, steady look into my eyes when we first met always paralyzed me with fear, and yet I could not have told why. There was a fathomless serenity in her face which seemed to me superhuman. She said very little. The doctor had forbidden her to talk. She slept the greater part of the time, but never allowed the baby to be moved from her arms while she was awake.

There was a divine ecstacy in her expression as she looked down into the little face; it never seemed like human motherhood.

One day Edward came to me and said—

'Do you think Annie is so well as they say? I suppose they must know; but she looks to me as if she had died already, and it were only her glorified angel-body that lies in that bed?'

I could not speak to him. I knew then that he had seen the same thing that I had seen; if his strong, rather obtuse, material nature had recognised it, what could so blind her mother and father and the doctor? I burst into tears and left him.

At the end of a week I saw a cloud on Dr. Fearing's face. As he left Annie's room one morning, he stopped me and said abruptly—

'What does Annie talk about?'

'She hardly speaks at all,' I said.

'Ah,' he said. 'Well, I have ordered her not to talk. But does she ask any questions?' he continued.

'No,' I said; 'not of me. She has not asked one.'

I saw then that the same vague fear which was filling my heart was taking shape in his.

From that moment he watched her hourly, with an anxiety which soon betrayed itself to my aunt.

'William, why does not Annie get stronger?' she said suddenly to him one day.

'I do not know why,' he answered, with a solemn sadness and emphasis in his tone which was, as I think he intended it to be, a partial revelation to her, and a warning. Aunt Ann staggered to a chair and looked at him without a word. He answered her look by one equally agonized and silent, and left the room.

The baby was now two weeks old. Annie was no stronger than on the day of his birth. She lay day and night in a tranquil state, smiling with inexpressible sweetness when she was spoken to, rarely speaking of her own accord, doing with gentle docility all she was told to do, but looking more and more like a transfigured saint. All the arch, joyous, playful look was gone; there was no added age in the look which had taken its place; neither any sorrow; but something ineffably solemn, rapt, removed from earth. Sometimes, when Edward came to her bedside, a great wave of pitying tenderness would sweep over her face, giving it such a heavenly look that he would fall on his knees.

'O Helen,' he said once, after such a moment as this, 'I shall go mad if Annie does not get well. I do not dare to kiss even her hand. I feel as if she never had been mine.'

At last the day and the hour and the moment came which I had known would come. Annie spoke to me in a very gentle voice, and said—

'Helen, darling, you know I am going to die?'

'Yes, dear, I think so,' I said, in as quiet a voice as hers.

'You know it is better that I should, darling?' she said, with a trembling voice.

'Yes, dear, I know it,' I replied.

She drew a long sigh of relief. 'I am so glad, darling; I thought you knew it, but I could not be sure. I think no one else understands. I hope dear mamma will never suspect. You will not let her, if you can help it;

the dear doctor will not tell her; he knows, though. Darling, I want you to have my baby. I think Edward will be willing. He is so young, he will be happy again before long; he will not miss him. You know we have always said it was partly your baby. Look at his eyes now, Helen,' she said, turning the little face towards me, and into a full light.

I started. I had never till that moment seen in them a subtle resemblance to the eyes of George Ware. We had said that the baby had his mother's eyes—so he had; but there had always been a likeness between Annie's eyes and George's, though her's were light-blue, and his of a blue so dark that it was often believed to be black. All the Wares had a very peculiar luminousness of the eye; it was so marked a family trait that it had passed into almost proverbial mention, in connection with the distinguished beauty of the family. 'The Ware eye' was always recognisable, no matter what colour it had taken from the admixture of other blood.

At that moment I saw, and I knew that Annie had seen, that the baby's eyes were not so much like her own as like the deeper, sadder, darker eyes of her cousin—brave, hopeless, dear George, who was toiling under the sun of India, making a fortune for he knew not whom.

We neither of us spoke; presently the little unconscious eyes closed in sweet sleep, and Annie went on, holding him close to her heart.

'You see, dear, poor mamma will not be able to bear seeing him after I die. Common mothers would love him for my sake. But mamma is not like other women. She will come very soon where I am, poor mamma; and then you will have to take papa home to your house, and papa will have comfort in little Henry. But he must be your baby, Helen. I shall speak to Edward about it soon.'

She was not strong enough to talk long. She shed no tears, however, and looked as calm as if she were telling me of pleasant plans for a coming earthly summer. I also was perfectly calm, and felt strangely free from sorrow. Her absolute spirituality bore me up. It was as if I spoke with her in heaven, thousands of centuries after all human perplexities had passed away.

After this day she grew rapidly weaker. She had no pain. There was not a single physical symptom in her case which the science of medicine could name or meet. There was literally nothing to be done for her. Neither tonic nor stimulant produced the least effect. She was noiselessly sinking out of life, as very old people sometimes die, without a single jar, or shock, or struggle. Her beautiful serenity and entire freedom from suffering blinded Aunt Ann's eyes to the fact that she was dying. This was a great mercy, and we were all careful not by a word or look to rouse her to the truth. To all her mother's inquiries Annie invariably replied, 'Better, dear mamma, better, only very weak,' and Aunt Ann believed, until the very last, that the spring would make her well again.

Edward Neal's face during these weeks was like the face of a man lost in a trackless desert, seeking vainly for some sign of road to save his life. Sickness and death were as foreign to the young, vital, irrepressible currents of his life, as if he had been a bird or an antelope. But it was not now with him the mere bewildered grief of a sensuous animal nature, such as I should have anticipated that his grief would be. He dimly felt the truth, and was constantly terrified by it. He came into Annie's presence more and more reverently each day. He gazed speechlessly into her eyes, which rested on him always with angelic compassion and tenderness, but with no more look of human wifely thought than if he and she were kneeling side by side before God's white throne. Sometimes he dared not touch even

so much as the hand on which his own wedding ring rested. Sometimes he would kneel by the bedside and bury his face and weep like a little child. Then he would throw himself on his horse and gallop away and not come home until twilight, when he was always found on Annie's lounge in the library. One night when I went to him there he said, in a tone so solemn that the voice did not sound like his,—

'Helen, there is something I do not understand about Annie. Do people always seem so when they are going to die? I do not dare to ask her if she loves me. I feel just as much awe of her as if she had been in heaven. It seems sometimes as if I must be going mad, for I do not feel in the least as if she had ever been my wife.'

'She never has, poor boy,' I thought, but I only stroked his hair and said nothing; wondering in my heart at the certainty with which in all natures love knows how to define, conquer, reclaim his own.

The day before Annie died she asked for her jewel-case, and spent several hours in looking over its contents and telling me to whom they should be given. I observed that she seemed to be searching uneasily for something she could not find.

'What is it, dear?' I said. She hesitated for a second, and then replied,—

'Only a little ring I had when I was a girl.'

'When you were a girl, my darling!' I exclaimed. She smiled gently and said,—

'I feel like an old woman now. Oh, here it is,' she added, and held it out to me to open for her the tiny padlock-shaped locket which hung from it. It had become so tightly fastened together that it was with great difficulty I could open it. When I did so, I saw lying in the hollow a little ring of black hair, and I remembered that Annie had worn the ring when she was twelve years old.

She asked me to cut a few of the silky hairs from the baby's head, and then one little curl from her own, and laying them with the other, she shut the locket and asked for a piece of paper and pencil. She wrote one word with great difficulty, folded the ring in the paper, wrote another word on the outside, and laid it in a corner of the jewel-case. Then she sank back on the pillows, and slipping her left hand under her cheek said she was very tired, and almost instantly fell into a gentle sleep. She did not wake until twilight. I was to sleep on the lounge in her room that night, and when she woke I was preparing it.

'Darling,' she said, 'could you sleep as well in my big chair, which can be tipped back?'

'Certainly, sweet,' I said; 'but why?'

'Because that can be drawn up so much nearer me; it will be like sleeping together.'

At nine o'clock the nurse brought the baby in and laid him in Annie's bosom, sound asleep. Annie would not let him lie anywhere else, and was so grieved at any remonstrance, that the doctor said she must be indulged in the desire. When she was awake and was not speaking to us, her eyes never left the baby's face.

She turned over, with her face to the chair in which I lay, and reached out her left hand towards me. I took it in mine, and so, with our hands clasped above the little sleeping baby, we said 'good-night' to each other.

'I feel much better to-night than I have for some days, dear Helen,' she said; 'I should not wonder if we all three slept until morning.'

Very soon I saw that she was asleep. I watched her face for a long time; it was perfectly colourless and very thin, and yet there was not a look of illness on it. The ineffable serenity, the holy peace, made it look like the face of one who had been transfigured, translated; who had not known and who never could know any death. I

cannot account for the sweet calm which I felt through all these weeks. I shed no tears; I did not seem even to sorrow. I accepted all, as Annie herself accepted it, without wonder, without murmur. During the long hours of this last night, I lived over every hour of her precious, beautiful life, as I had known and shared it, until the whole seemed to me one fragrant and perfect flower, ready to be gathered and worn in the bosom of angels. At last I fell asleep.

I was wakened by a low murmur from the baby, who stirred uneasily. Annie's hand was still locked in mine; as I sought to disengage it cautiously, I felt, with a sudden horror, that the fingers were lifeless. I sprang to my feet and bent over her; she did not breathe. Out of that sweet sleep her body had passed into another which would know no waking, and her soul had awakened free. Slowly I withdrew the little sleeping baby from her arms and carried it to the nurse. Then I went to Dr. Fearing's room; he had slept in the house for a week; I found him dressed, but asleep on a lounge. He had lain in this way, he told me, for four nights, expecting that each would be the last. When I touched him on the shoulder he opened his eyes, without surprise or alarm, and said,—

'Did she wake?'

'No,' I replied, and that was all.

The day was just breaking; as the dark grey and red tints cleared and rolled away, and left a pale yellow sky, the morning star, which I could see from Annie's bedside, faded and melted in the pure ether. Even while I was looking at it, it vanished, and I thought that, like it, Annie's bright soul, disappearing from my sight, had blended in eternal day.

. . . .

This was four years ago. My Aunt Ann died, as Annie had said she would, in a very few months afterwards. My uncle came, a broken and trembling man, to live with us, and Edward Neal gladly gave his little son into my hands, as Annie had desired. He went abroad immediately, finding it utterly impossible to bear the sight of the scenes of his lost happiness. He came back in two years, bringing a bright young wife with him, a sunny-haired English girl, who, he said, was so marvellously like Annie. She is like the Annie whom he knew?

Every day their baby boy is brought to our house to see his brother; but I think two children of one name never before looked so unlike.

My little Henry is the centre of his grandfather's life and of mine. He is a pensive child, and has never been strong; but his beauty and sweetness are such that we often tremble when we look in his face and remember Annie.

George Ware is still in India. Every ship brings brave sweet letters and gifts for the baby. I sent him the little paper which I found in the corner of Annie's jewel-case, bearing his name. I knew that it was for him when I saw her feeble hands laying the baby's hair and hers together in the locket.

In November Annie's grave is snowy with white chrysanthemums. She loved them better than any other flowers, and I have made the little hillock almost into a thicket of them.

In George Ware's last letter he wrote:—

'When the baby is ten years old I shall come home. He will not need me till then; till then, he is better in your hands alone; after that I can help you.'

THE END.

RECENT NOTES BY MR. RUSKIN.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

DURING the years of 1878 and 1879 there have been exhibited in London, under the auspices of the Fine Art Society, loan collections of drawings, by recently deceased artists. These interesting exhibitions have been increased in value by the notes written by Mr. Ruskin in illustration of the drawings. As these notes are most instructive and not very easily procured, it may not be unacceptable to the readers of this magazine to have a short summary presented to them, containing as much of Ruskin and as little of other matter as possible.

The drawings first exhibited were those of J. M. W. Turner, R. A.—one hundred and twenty in number—and all lent by Mr. Ruskin himself, whose admiration of and power of understanding this master has justly led people to call him the Apostle of Turner. The pictures were arranged, with but very few exceptions, in the order in which they were painted, No. 1, being 'a drawing of his earliest boyhood,' entitled, 'The Dover Mail,' and the last ones being executed between 1840 and 1845, Turner dying in 1851. Ruskin divides them into ten groups, viz.: 1, School Days; 2, The Rock Foundations, Switzerland; 3, Dreamland, Italy; 4, Reality, England at Rest; 5, Reality, England Disquieted; 6, Meditation, England Passing away; 7, Minstrelsy, The Passionate Pilgrim; 8, Morning, By the Riverside; 9, Again the Alps; 10, Sunset. Of these the group entitled, Dreamland, is the most beautiful, and Ruskin says, that of 'all these drawings there is but one criticism possible,—they "cannot be better done." Standards of exquisitest, landscape art, the first of such existent among men, and unsurpassable.'

Of 'Vesuvius Angry,' a lovely water colour, representing the mountain in a state of eruption, and a fellow picture to the one next it, called 'Vesuvius Calm,' Ruskin says, 'I am very thankful to possess these companion drawings, but chiefly this one, because the engraving from it was the first piece of Turner I ever saw.

'It was published by Smith and Elder in their annual, "Friendship's Offering," when I was a mere boy; and what between my love of volcanoes and geology—my delight in Miss Edgeworth's story of ''The Little Merchants,"—and my unconscious sense of real art, I used to feast on that engraving every evening for months, and return to it again and again for years, before I knew anything either about drawing, or Turner or myself. It is a most valued possession to me now, also, because it proves irrefragably that Turner was *reserving* his power, while he made all these tender and beautiful drawings; that he had already within himself the volcano of a fiercer fire; and that it was no change of principle or temper, but the progressive expression of his entire mind which led him, as life wore on, to his so-called "extravagant work."'.

For these two drawings, Turner himself only received 15 guineas each, but the pair cost Ruskin over 550 guineas at Christie's.

The drawing in group 5, called 'On the March, Winchelsea,' which repre-

sents a regiment of tired soldiers staggering up a hill to their quarters, was given to Ruskin by his father, for a birthday present, and it used to hang in his rooms at Oxford. 'No mortal would believe,' he says, 'and now I can scarcely understand myself, the quantity of pleasure it gave me. At that time I loved storm, and dark weather, and soldiers. *Now*, I want blue sky, pure air, and peace.'

In this collection, Castle and Abbey alternate with sea-pieces and waterfalls, mountain scenery and cloud effects. Truly to appreciate Turner's wonderful versatility, we ought to 'remember what division of subject there used to be among old painters—how Hobbima and Both were always in thickets, Cuyp in calm fields, Vandevelde on grey sea—and then think how this man is woodman or seaman, or cragsman, or eagle in cloud, at his will.'

An interesting account of how the very beautiful picture of the 'Pass of the Splugen' came into Mr. Ruskin's hands, may be gathered from this little note book. Between the years 1840 and 1845, Turner, contrary to his usual custom, made some sketches of Alpine Scenery, intending if he could get orders to realize ten drawings from them. Those who gave orders for pictures were to choose the sketches that they wished realized. But before they were shown to any one Turner painted four of the drawings as specimens. One of these was the Splugen Pass, of which Ruskin says he 'saw it in an instant to be the noblest Alpine drawing Turner had ever till then made.' However, as his father was abroad, Ruskin was not able to buy it, and the other friends of Turner who saw it did not seem to appreciate it, or quite understand any of these drawings, and complained that his style was changed. The three others were nevertheless sold, and some sketches chosen to be realized, but the 'Pass of the Splugen' remained.

'When Turner came to hear how things were going on,' writes Mr. Ruskin, 'three out of the four pattern drawings he had shown were really bought—'

'And not *that*,' said Turner, shaking his fist at the 'Pass of the Splugen;'—but said no more!

'I came and saw the "Pass of the Splugen" again, and heard how things were going on, and I knew well why Turner had said, "And not *that*."'

'The next day another friend, Mr. Munro, of Novar, came and looked at it, and *he* also knew why Turner had said "not *that*," and made up his mind and bought the "Pass of the Splugen."'

This picture was afterwards sold at Christie's, and was not at first included in this collection. But before Mr. Ruskin had finished writing these notes, he was taken very seriously ill. His illness caused the very gravest anxiety to his friends and admirers, and the readers of this magazine cannot have forgotten the numerous bulletins of his health that were issued in the daily papers.

However he got better, though he himself says that 'without abandoning any of my former aims, I must not for many a day—if ever—resume my former activities.' On his recovery his friends presented him with 'the long-coveted drawing of the Splugen,' which was at once added to the collection.

These ten drawings were valued at only eighty guineas each, but Ruskin afterwards sold *one* of them for a thousand pounds.

Besides the works of Turner, there were exhibited at the same time, and in the same gallery, several drawings by Ruskin, to serve as illustrations of Turner's manner and style, and to act as guides to the student, by this means enforcing upon his notice certain rules and principles of art often forgotten or unheeded. In this way Ruskin particularly directs the pupil towards Truth and Accuracy, urges him to endeavour to see what *is* beau-

tiful before he tries to render it; reminds him that too much care and thought cannot be bestowed upon a picture, though too much misdirected execution may. Speaking of one sketch of Turner's, he says: 'Assuredly from twenty minutes to half an hour was all the time that Turner gave to this drawing; but, mind you, the twenty minutes to half an hour, by such a master, are better in result than ten years' labour would be—*only after the ten years' labour* has been given first.'

Be sure of your facts, is the lesson Ruskin is never weary of inculcating.

The Master's words, 'Love the Truth, and the Truth will make you free,' may be applied usefully to all arts and sciences.

'No judgment of art is possible to any person who does not love it,' Ruskin tells us; 'and only great and good art can be truly loved; nor that without time and the most devoted attention.'

'Foolish and ambitious persons think they can form their judgment by seeing much art of all kinds. They see all the pictures in Italy;—all the architecture in the world—and merely make themselves as incapable of judgment as a worn-out Dictionary.'

'To have well studied one picture by Tintoretto, one by Luini, one by Angelico, and a couple of Turner's drawings, will teach a man more than to have catalogued all the galleries of Europe.'

This short notice of Ruskin's Notes on the Turner Drawings, must not be closed without some mention made of that story which is in everybody's mouth,—namely that Turner said: 'Ruskin saw things in his pictures that he himself had not thought of.'

Ruskin says that 'nothing puts me more "beside myself" than this vulgar assertion.'

The Rev. W. Kingsley, who adds a word or two at the end of the book, in speaking on this subject, remarks: 'By anything like a full rendering of a natural scene ideas will be caused in the spectator like those the actual scene would have excited, and so thoughts may arise in the mind of anyone in looking at a good picture which really belong to the picture but which had not been dwelt on definitely by the painter.

'Had anything like this been the burden of the story, it might have been credible; but it must have been invented for the purpose of disparaging both Turner and Ruskin by some one who knew neither.'

Of the 184 sketches by Prout and Hunt exhibited last year, one hundred and nineteen were by Prout, and sixty-five by W. Hunt. They were shown in the same gallery in Bond Street, as were the Turner drawings of the year before. The change from the noise and confusion of fashionable and busy Bond Street into this quiet, cool room, hung with heavy curtains to keep out what little sound could enter, was most remarkable. How light and pleasant it was; and the absence of a crowd of sightseers, who merely meet because it is 'the thing' to do, was indeed pleasurable!

Those who entered this gallery were only a few, silent admirers who came to look and learn.

How one is teased at the Royal Academy by stupid, irrelevant remarks made in loud tones *meant* to be heard; how one is pushed and jostled and crushed! How some persons *will* forget that they are not the only visitors in the room, and endeavour to get a favourable view of a pet picture by standing a few feet away from it, and flinging back their heads; the result instantly being, either that the individual falls into the arms of some one behind, who was poking over the catalogue and unprepared for the attack, or else the space in front is immediately filled up and he is compelled to pass on. But there was nothing of this in Bond Street. Those who paid their shilling and passed through the quiet passages, decorated

with charming photographs after Reynolds and Gainsborough's most attractive paintings, such as the 'Strawberry Girl,' and 'Innocence,' and some of the lovely duchesses and countesses of the period,—found all quiet and peaceful within, and could give themselves up for a few hours of real and undisturbed enjoyment.

The great strides made during the last half century in water-colour painting, render it difficult at the present time to give Prout and Hunt their right position as artists. No other branch of pictorial art has made such wonderful progress; yet every lover of what is simply beautiful cannot but admire the apple-blossom, the lilac, or the fungus of Hunt. While those who remember the 'perhaps slightly fenny atmosphere of English common sense,' to which artists then restricted themselves, will delight in Prout's truthful delineations of the old churches, abbeys and streets of France and the Netherlands. Ruskin informs us 'that it became by common and tacit consent Mr. Prout's privilege, and it remained his privilege exclusively, to introduce foreign elements of romance and amazement. In contrast with our Midland locks and barges, his "On the Grand Canal, Venice," was an Arabian enchantment; among the mildly elegiac country churchyards of Llangollen or Stoke Pogis, his "Sepulchral Monuments at Verona" were Shakespearian tragedy; and to us who had just come into the room out of Finsbury or Mincing Lane, his "Street in Nuremburg" was a German fairy tale.'

Both W. Hunt and S. Prout were Londoners, Prout living at Brixton, and Hunt, Ruskin tells us 'was only properly at home in the Hampstead Road, and never painted a cluster of nuts without some expression, visible enough by the manner of their presentation, of the pleasure it was to him to see them in the shell, instead of in a bag at the green grocers.'

They were not fashionable men, nor men of great means, and their evenings were usually spent in their own quiet homes, for 'a spring *levée* of English peeresses and foreign ambassadors could not be invited by the modest painter whose only studio was his little back-parlour, commanding a partial view of the scullery steps and the water-butt.'

Hunt's peculiar style and manner of drawing can be best described by the following quotation from the Notes:—'Mr. Hunt's early drawings depended for their peculiar charm on the most open and simple management of transparent colour; and his later ones, for their highest attainments, on the flexibility of a pigment which yielded to the slightest touch and softest motion of a hand always more sensible than firm.' 'The feelings shown in the works of Hunt, and of the school with which he was associated, directly reverse those of the preceding age. So far from being garlanded into any polite symmetry, his primroses, fresh from the bank, and hawthorns, white from the hedge, confess at once their artless origin in the village lane,—having evidently been gathered only at the choice, and thrown down at the caprice, of the farmer's children, and cheerfully disclaim all hope of ever contributing to the splendours or felicities of the great. The bloom with which he bedews the grape, the frosted gold with which he frets the pine, are spent chiefly to show what a visible grace there is in the fruits of the earth, which we may sometimes feel that it is rude to touch, and swinish to taste; and the tenderness of hand and thought that soothe the rose-grey breast of the fallen dove, and weave the couch of moss for its quiet wings, proffer no congratulation to the spectator on the future flavour of the bird in a fire.'

Ruskin divides Hunt's work into six classes: Class I.—Drawings illustrative of rural life in its vivacity and purity. Of this class there were several examples. Class II.—Country

life with endeavour to add interest to it by passing sentiment, such as 'The Wanderers,' and 'Devotion.' Class III. —Country life with some expression of its degradation, either by gluttony, cowardice, or rudeness, of which 'The Gipsies,' 'very powerful and historic in its kind,' and 'Boy startled by a Wasp,' are examples. Class IV.—Flower pieces, including some fruit pieces and the fungi. There were eight fine specimens of this class in the room, the best being 'A Bird's Nest, with May-blossom,'—'a little overworked,' says Ruskin, 'but very glorious,—soft and scented, I think, if you only wait a little, and make-believe very much.' Class V.—Fruit pieces. Class VI.—Dead Animals. Of the Fruit pieces is one entitled 'Love what you study, study what you love,' which calls forth Ruskin's remark, 'All modern painters in a nutshell of a sentence, and the painted nutshell perfect.'

Sir F. J. Palgrave says of Hunt, in one of his Handbooks: 'His marvellous feeling for colour and originality of execution could not exist, however limited his range of subjects, without the companionship of true imagination. Within what he attempts, the supremacy of William Hunt is absolute. Whilst Lewis has brought the life of Italy and Egypt home, with equal insight and power of rendering, Hunt has glorified our own fruits and flowers for us with a mastery almost unknown to any former painter.'

Samuel Prout was born in 1783, and died in 1852. He was an indefatigable worker, and though he suffered much towards the end of his life from the effects of a sun-stroke in his youth, yet he laboured on to the very end. He travelled much on the continent of Europe, whence he brought home numberless sketches of cathedrals, churches, palaces, corners of quaint streets, and anything that struck him as being picturesque.

Prout was nothing of a colourist, 'his method of work was entirely founded on the quite elementary qualities of white paper and black Cumberland lead; and expressly terminated within the narrow range of prismatic effects producible by a brown or blue outline, with a wash of ochre or cobalt.'

Mr. Ruskin in his preface tells us how much he himself owed to a little drawing of Prout's, called 'The English Cottage,' which was bought by his grandfather, and 'hung in the corner of our little dining-parlour at Herne Hill as early as I can remember, and had a most fateful and continual power over my childish mind. Men are made what they finally become, only by the external accidents which are in harmony with their inner nature.

'I was not made a student of Gothic merely because this little drawing of Prout's was the first I knew; but the hereditary love of antiquity and thirst for country life, which were as natural to me as a little jackdaw's taste for steeples or dabchicks for reeds, were directed and tempered in a very definite way by the qualities of this single and simple drawing.'

It adds greatly to the interest taken in Prout's drawings, when we recollect that many of the originals he sketched from will never be seen again. Those monasteries, hospitals, chapels and churches, are not now what they once were, and 'one day perhaps, even France herself will be grateful to the wandering Londoner, who drew them as they once were, and copied, without quite understanding every sign and word on them.'

The drawings in the exhibition were arranged to 'illustrate the outgoing course of an old-fashioned continental tour, beginning at Calais and ending at Rome.'

No. I.—The sketch of Calais 'on the spot,' was one of Prout's finest drawings; perfectly accurate and without mannerism. Another fine one is the Church of St. Wulfran, Abbeville,

which 'faithfully represents this western pile of tracery and fretwork, with the filial richness of the timber houses that once stood round it.

It would be merely doing the work of a catalogue to run over the names of the old streets, buildings, etc., which are mentioned in the Notes, and but one more, No. 19, 'Antwerp,' need be here alluded to. Mr. Ruskin is so peculiarly himself in his description of this sketch, that it must not be passed over. He says of this drawing —'Altogether magnificent: the noble street scene, requiring no effort to exalt, no artifice to conceal, a single feature in it. Pure fact—the stately houses and the simple market and the divine tower. You would like advertisements all along the house-fronts, instead, wouldn't you? and notices of sale—at a ruinous sacrifice—in the shop-windows, wouldn't you? and a tramway up the street, and a railway under it, and a gasometer at the end of it, instead of a cathedral. Now, wouldn't you?'

Of the accuracy and patient labour shown in Prout's drawings, too much cannot be said. What he saw he drew, with all its faults as well as all its beauties. He was no poet, only a faithful draughtsman and conscientious worker. 'He reflected the scene like some rough old Etruscan mirror —jagged, broken, blurred if you will, but *it*, the thing itself still; while Turner gave *it* and himself too, and ever so much of Fairyland besides.'

Mr. Ruskin thanks his many friends for their readiness to aid him in these exhibitions by their cheerfulness in lending pictures; but who is to thank Mr. Ruskin?

All artists, collectors and students, cannot but appreciate the labours he took upon himself in preparing these elaborate Notes and in arranging the two Collections. Those who know anything at all of him, cannot but be aware of the high principles that guide him in all he does. Alike in his life and in his writings his earnest endeavour to improve the condition of his kind is manifest.

These exhibitions have added one more debt to that which the world already owes him. We can thank him best by listening to him; he asks no more, for it is plainly evident that what he has done and is still doing is truly, 'All for Love, and nothing for Reward.'

AN APPEAL TO MAY.

COME forth and cheer us, dainty May!
Come forth! thou canst no more delay;
Thy tender buds, in haste to blow,
Are checked and chilled by frost and snow;
We sigh for thee, both night and day,
Then come and cheer us, gentle May!

The poets shout thee to the skies,
But lo! their murmur fainting dies;
'Tis frozen in the cloudy grey,—
Now colder greetings welcome May;
Then melt it, Love, and make it thine,
And all shall hail thee, May divine!

From *Apple Blossoms.*

SPECTATORS.

BY 'ABERCONWAY,' CHATHAM.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance where the dying sounds
Fall a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.'
—COWPER.

OLD Sir John de Mandeville, returned from his numerous and widely extended journeyings in many lands, tells us, with the most charing simplicity, that in all his wanderings he had found but two classes of people in the world, namely, 'men and women.' How many varieties of the species the delightful old simpleton expected to find we know not. Perhaps his too fertile imagination had peopled those strange lands beyond the sea with all kinds of uncouth monsters, giants, dwarfs and centaurs; and now after a long, vain search for them, disappointed and chagrined he volunteers to inform his fellow countrymen that they need not go beyond the shores of their own native isle to see all the varieties of human character which are worth the seeing; or it may be that forestalling Darwin he had been searching for the 'missing link' as fruitlessly as his more famous countryman. Now, I suppose that most of us when looking at our fellow-creatures in the general are apt to mentally divide them roughly into two classes, according as they do or do not conform to our ideal man, that ideal, of course, depending upon our individual temperament and circumstances. Chamford, the caustic wit and artificial fop, of the French Revolutionary period, said he had found that 'society is composed of two great classes, those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.' A still more ill-natured cynic whose name I unfortunately now forget, said, 'all mankind are either knaves or fools.' For this man I am really sorry, as he had lost all faith in human nature, and could have no hope either in this world or the next. Of a much more agreeable character is the gentle Elia's quaintly humorous essay on 'The Two Races of Men,' wherein he classifies them as 'Borrowers and Lenders,' investing the subject in all the charms with which his singularly rich and kindly fancy beautified everything he touched. For my own part, however, I prefer to regard mankind as actors and spectators. I am rather encouraged in this on finding that I am supported by no less a person than that 'great secretary of all learning,' Lord Bacon, who recognised the distinction as natural and fundamental, claiming of the two first men born into the world, one was the typical spectator, and the other was the typical actor. In his 'Advancement of Learning' he says: 'In the first event after the fall we find an image of the two states, the contemplative and the active figured out in the persons of Abel and Cain by the two simplest and most primitive of trades, that of the shepherd and that of the husbandman.' I therefore cannot claim

any novelty or originality for this view of human nature; indeed, I do not wish to do so, for I am not a philosopher, but a plain and unpretending citizen, rather given to observing my neighbours and moralising upon their state, nevertheless with the best of intentions and perfectly willing that they should return the compliment. The actor then I take to be the positive form of human nature, the spectator the negative. I like and admire the actor, although I must confess myself a member of the gentle fraternity of the spectators, nay, perhaps it is for this very reason that I like him. He is the complement of my own nature. To him everything has an intense personal interest. He is all action and vigour full of bounding life and joyous hope, there is even a certain aggressiveness about him, a more or less violent self-assertion which is positively charming. His healthful influence is like the sunlight, and half an hour in his company refreshes one like a ramble along the breezy hillside on a spring day. To the spectator on the contrary, everything has a merely objective interest if I may so express it. Neither the great events of past ages nor the everyday affairs of his own times move or touch him with a real personal interest, save as they may furnish themes for thought or form the subject of an essay. This lack of personal interest in human affairs I observe to be the result of quite different causes, operating upon diverse temperaments and constituting different varieties of the spectatorial character. Some are spectators from excessive sensibility, tender exotics to whom life itself is only possible in the warm and sheltered nooks of ease and leisure, utterly unable to stand the storms and rough blasts of the active working world. Speaking of certain poets who have possessed this moral quality of excessive sensibility, Oliver Wendell Holmes has somewhere very happily described them as the 'Albino poets,' and I would here beg leave to call this variety of the spectator 'the Albino spectator' poor flaccid, pulseless creatures, who claim our commiseration and sympathy. The merely idle man can hardly be called a spectator, although to a casual observer he may appear to have some of the attributes of that character, but he lacks the spirit, 'the vision and the faculty divine,' that discerns in all things something of the spiritual, that finds 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything,' which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the spectator. The ideal spectator then is not made up of indifference and apathy in most cases, perhaps as much the result of a sluggish liver as of original mental disposition; but he is one whose habitual mental attitude is contemplative, and whose faculties are keenly alive to the perception of the good and the beautiful. Such a nature as this can only flourish in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, and it finds its proper exercise in the field of literature more especially in that form called the essay. It is here that it disports itself and feels at ease. The severer and more protracted labours of the philosopher and the historian call for robuster intellects, but the essay is the peculiar province of the spectator. We accordingly find that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, during which general culture and refinement have been most widely diffused, have been peculiarly rich in essay writers. And what a genial kindly company they are from Joseph Addison to Charles Lamb. What rich side lights do their charming writings throw upon human nature; how they abound in elevated sentiment, delicate fancy and quiet wisdom! What an almost inexhaustible fund of entertainment have they provided for our leisure hours! The commonest and most prosaic object of our everyday life is suddenly invested with a charm and is made to reveal its higher and diviner meaning. We rise from the perusal of their pages better men, with healthier feelings, broader

sympathies, and filled with the conviction that let cynics say what they will there is more of good than evil in the world. Among moderns, I think, Montaigne must be considered the finest representative spectator. The more so because, in his case, we cannot have the slightest suspicion of physical causes having anything to do in forming the character. Montaigne, then, at the early age of thirty-eight, while the fire of youth still coursed through his veins, and while in the enjoyment of good health, social position, leisure, ample means, and all the nameless advantages which gentle birth and liberal education could confer, withdrew from the gay and busy world of Paris to the seclusion of his chateau in Gascony, there to devote himself to the uninterrupted pursuit of his favourite studies and meditations. It was there that he found the delightful occupation of writing those marvellous essays which have been the wonder and delight of each succeeding generation. What a wonderful succession of kaleidoscopic views they are. As we read, that old Gascon life rises up vividly before us as a thing of to-day. The writer becomes our companion with whom we are on familiar terms of friendship. He introduces us to his wife and daughter and even to his cook; he takes us into his garden and points out the pleasant features of the Gascon landscape; we hear the murmuring rustle of the leaves as they are stirred by the summer wind. In a word we become inmates of that quaint old château, and we see how his life flows smoothly and evenly on, spent in the quiet contemplation of the changing seasons. There is nothing of the heroic about this while he trimmed his vines and watched his peaches ripen; earnest and active spirits were battling in the cause of civil freedom and religious liberty; but for him the battle-field had no charms, the clash of arms no music, even the shrieks and cries of St. Bartholomew fell a low murmur on his ease-dulled ears, awakening no stronger feeling perhaps than feeble pity. This is not the highest ideal of life certainly. Considering his exalted position and the influence he might have exerted on behalf of the mighty questions which were agitating the leading minds of that age, he deserves our censure, but we cannot forget that what his own age and country lost in the soldier we have gained in the charming, genial, kindly and observant essayist; and that while most of the active spirits of that age have gone and left scarcely more than a name behind, he is continuing to delight each succeeding generation with his wit and wisdom. There is another feature of Montaigne's writings which is peculiarly characteristic of the spectator, that is a certain sober tinge of melancholy. Seated in the cold regions of solitary thought he sees all the kingdoms of the earth and their glories pass before him in sombre saddenly pageantry, and what a strange panorama he looks down on. Human nature in all its manifold aspects, with all its hopes and joys, its disappointments and its sorrows. Go where we will we find that it is man that gives all else its value and its meaning. We go to novelist and to poet to see the faint reflection of this human nature, when had we but eyes to see we should find tragedy and comedy enough in every hour of our everyday life; for as Carlyle says, 'There is something of the Godlike, something inscrutable and mysterious in the meanest tinker that sees with eyes.' What wonder then that the spectator to whom the commonest object and most trivial incident has a hidden meaning, pregnant with things spiritual, who ever lives in the very presence of the supernatural and the mysterious, what wonder then, I say, that his mind and feelings should become somewhat tinged and saddened by the 'divine melancholy'? Unfortunately when unrelieved by knowledge and culture this is apt to degenerate into a morbid habit of introspection, surely resulting in a moral dyspepsia.

DOWN SOUTH IN A SAIL-BOAT.

BY ROBERT TYSON, TORONTO.

II.

Saturday, November 15.—Wind as usual. Surely this is monotonous! I could have sailed *up* stream from here to Cincinnati in less than one-third of the time it has taken me to come *down*. Brandenburg, Kentucky, where I called to-day, is a quaint, odd place. All the stores are clustered together in one straight street, rough-hewn out of a soil of stones, and looking not unlike the bed of a mountain torrent. The remainder of the village is perched on the tops and sides of adjacent bluffs. It seems full of life and business. I have now reached a portion of the river where, for forty or fifty miles, its bed is narrower and the current proportionately swifter.

Sunday, November 16.—An orange tint was in the east, and the morning star was bright, when I woke this morning. The bright freshness of these early mornings is delightful, after the sound refreshing sleep which my life in the open air has brought me. As I write, about 10 a.m., the day is one of Sabbath stillness and calm. It is medicine to lie in the bright warm sunshine, seeing the river banks gliding slowly but steadily by, and listening to the peaceful sounds from shore, which come mellow but distinct over the calm water—the sound of voices in conversation, now a burst of laughter, the tinkling of cow-bells, the chirrup of birds, the distant crowing of cocks, and the cawing of rooks. Now I hear a child's voice. A road runs along the rocky cliff, half-way up, with here and there a house. Further on are some flat-boats, with the occupants of which I exchange greetings. Being Sunday, there are many people on the river's bank and in skiffs, and I often make enquiries, or exchange a 'good-day' with them. Horsemen are frequent.

Afternoon.—Passing the two Blue River islands, I neared Leavenworth, and a party of young men in a skiff came alongside. One of them told me in the course of conversation that his name was Breden, and that he had a namesake in Toronto, a druggist. Three other boats had by this time clustered around us, and the five boats drifted sociably toward the town. A steamer had just arrived at the wharf-boat, and we consequently encountered the gaze of an interested crowd, one of whom enquired if I was the man whom the *Courier-Journal* said was going from the lakes to New Orleans in a sail-boat. Leavenworth is prettily situated on a high plateau, with a background of hills. I ascended to the post office, the door of which had been opened for a short time; meanwhile Mr. Breden took charge of my boat. The following instructive scene took place at the post-office:—

Stranger.—'I am sorry to trouble you on Sunday, but I am anxious to get a letter to-day.'

Young lady.—'Your name, sir?'

S.—'Robert Tyson—T–y–s–o–n.'

Y. L.—(Looks in the 'T' box.)—'There is no letter for Robert Tyson.'

S.—(Aghast)—'That is very strange. I expected a letter from Toronto, Canada, and I am *sure* my correspondent would not fail me. Have you anything for "Lyson?" The letter may have got into the "L." box?'

Y. L.—'There is a letter for Robert Lyson, from Toronto, Canada; the first letter might be a "T," but it has been put in the "L" box.' (Hands S. a letter, the address looking as much like Lyson as Tyson, and a little more so.)

S. thanks her joyfully, and forthwith plunges into the letter.

Now, as my dear wife did not herself address that envelope, although she was the writer of the letter, I will make bold to draw a moral; to wit:—If you want to make sure of your letters reaching their destination, do not dash off the address in your ordinary hand-writing, but write it rather slowly, rounding off each letter as if you were setting a child's copy.

My eye took in a pretty panoramic view as I descended—the river stretching away in the distance; the wharf-boat with steamers alongside, and the little *Bishop*, whose temporary occupant was taking a brief cruise on his own account. I changed places with him, and was soon bowling down the river before a favourable wind, which carried me well into the horse-shoe Bend. The river here doubles back on itself for some miles, in the shape this name indicates. Here is another of those almost perpendicular high rocky walls, with debris leaning against it, and trees growing thickly. They are a frequent feature of the river. This one extends all round the outside of the curve, and gave me the impression of being shut in by a lofty amphitheatre of rock—a peculiar and at night somewhat sombre feeling. The sun, low down, was hidden by one part of the rock, while another part was bathed in his light.

Anchored near a farm house, on the Kentucky side. The master thereof came down and exchanged a few words with me. The chilly night sent me quickly to my own warm nest. Twenty-two miles to-day.

Monday, November 17th.—Raining heavily. My farmer friend, Mosgrove by name, came down and invited me to his house to have a cup of coffee. I accepted his invitation, and waded ashore. The cup of coffee developed itself into a dinner. Verily I am amongst a hospitable people. The kindness which I have met on this journey is remarkable. My host and I sat talking by a big old-fashioned chimney, wherein a jolly fire of three-foot logs was blazing. He was a Tennessee man, and had served four years in the Confederate army. His manner was quiet, and his speech deliberate; a good-looking, well-made man, with jet black hair and beard. The building containing Mr. Mosgrove's kitchen and dining-room was separate from the rest of the house, and had formerly been the negroes' quarters. I went out with Mr. Mosgrove to get some persimmons—the favourite fruit of coons. When mellowed by the frost they are a sweet fruit, and are very good; but before being frozen they are uneatable owing to a strong taste like alum, which puckers up one's mouth. Mosgrove was about sending a quantity of apples to be made into 'apple-brandy,' a spirit of which a great deal is distilled from apples, in the neighbourhood. He recommended it as a cure for dyspepsia, taken after every meal; but his wife seemed doubtful of its virtues!

Late in the afternoon, dropped down the river for a dreary four miles, under a leaden sky, amid fog and drizzle. I moored amongst some snags at dusk, after a dear-bought experience of some of the peculiar qualities of a snaggy shore. I never had so much work and worry in mooring. Besides the visible snags, there were other logs and snags—pesky things—a few inches under water, just in the spots I had selected, lying in wait to catch my unwary keel.

Tuesday, Nov. 18th.—This has been a big day's sailing. After tacking down one bend, I got a fair wind along the return bend, and all the rest of the day. Alton, Concordia, and Stephensport were successively passed, each on

its level river bank, with a background of hills. These three places look exceedingly pretty from the river, with their neatly painted frame houses and well-finished brick erections. Their situation illustrates a frequent feature of the Ohio river. Imagine a valley, wholly or partially surrounded by hills, like an amphitheatre; the bottom of the valley an almost level floor or plateau of alluvial soil, and considerable in extent. Through this more or less level plateau the river has cut its way, sometimes near the centre, but more frequently washing the base of the hills at one side. These plateaus are locally known as 'bottoms,' and are usually very fertile. Stephensport is at the mouth of Sinking Creek, an eccentric stream which hides itself from public gaze for five or six miles in the bowels of the earth, then reappears in the light of day, and goes on to the Ohio like any other orderly 'crick.' Opposite Stephensport is Rome–one of the many Romes in the United States. Alas for Imperial Rome (Perry county, Indiana)—only five houses are visible to the naked eye from that side of the river, though my guide-book says it is a county-seat. Some men were building a freight-boat there, and one of them kindly undertook to mail a postal-card for me. As I sailed quietly on to my anchorage, I cast many an admiring look on Stephensport and its vicinity—a lovely scene in the mellow light of declining day. With much satisfaction, I scored 35 miles.

Wednesday, Nov. 19.—Boat covered with hoar-frost this morning, but its occupant slept warm and well. I was now about 21 miles from Cannelton, where I hoped to get letters and money from home. Owing to miscalculation about remittances, my available funds were reduced to 70 cents, and my provisions to a few days' stock. By sunset I had made 19 miles. I continued beating up against a west wind by the light of the moon, till the wind got disagreeably strong, when I anchored on a gravel bar, two miles from Cannelton. Presently the wind shifted to the north, and began to blow like the deuce. I put additional gaskets on the sail, and let out a few feet more cable to increase the grip of the anchor. All night long the gale raged. I afterwards heard that it was a terrible night on the great lakes—a night of disaster and shipwreck. For my part, I kept watch nearly all night; the possibility of being sent adrift, asleep, on so wild a night, precluded rest. From time to time I peeped above the hatch-cloth at my landmarks—the dark outline of a clump of trees on the Indiana side, and a 'government light' on the Kentucky side. They were always there. My trusty anchor and cable did their duty well, and the boat, when morning broke, had not budged.

Thursday, Nov. 20. — The north wind brought the frost on its wings; its violence was but little abated, and the morning was bitterly cold. Crouching under the shelter of the hatch-cloth and combing, I attended to breakfast and other domestic duties. I then got under the lee of the bank to a certain extent, and pulled half a mile, when the bank curved away from between me and the wind, and I was drifted back up-stream faster than I could pull my heavy boat. The situation was most tantalizing. Hawesville, opposite Cannelton, was in full sight. One mile further, and I should get letters, warmth and shelter. I fastened the boat, and lay down behind its protecting sides. The cold wind caught me by the nose and made my eyes water when I raised my head above my 'wooden wall.' I was warmly clothed, and ran no risk of freezing for awhile. Presently I saw a figure approaching along the beach, sharply outlined against the sky. I had been reading about the feudal times, and I amused myself by fancying the approaching man to be clad in armour, with a lance on his shoulder; his outline really looked like it. My feudal knight soon changed into a

brisk old fellow with tightly buttoned coat, and high boots, and a pair of oars over his shoulder. He was a fisherman seeking a lost skiff. I made a proposition to him about pulling me to Cannelton; he went forward, and on his return I agreed to give him 40 cents from my 70 to pull me in. We unstepped the mast, and after a tough pull he landed me at the foot of a coal slip, near some potteries; telling me that the watchman of the potteries would find me a warm place to sleep, and would probably look after my boat for a trifle. I hastened up to the Post Office. No letter for me. I began to feel like a homeless vagrant, without shelter from the pitiless blast. Investing nearly all my few remaining cents in some provisions, I returned to my boat: on the way I saw the fisherman, and told him the fix I was in. Got supper and some hot tea, and lay down in the boat. Soon I heard a cheery voice—'Hallo are you in bed?' It was my brisk friend the fisherman. He told me that that watchman, Dean by name, was now there, and that I had better go; adding 'he said you were welcome, unless you were raging drunk, and tearing up and down.' I thought I could convince Mr. Dean about this, and went up with blankets and pillow. Half an hour afterwards I was safely ensconced in a warm corner of the middle story of a three-story building which contained pottery in various stages of development. The floors were of open slats, allowing heat and air to come through freely: on the ground floor was a large furnace, kept going all night to prevent the wet clay from becoming frozen or unworkable. The air though warm was pure and fresh. O, ye gods! here was luxury for a poor penniless, storm-pelted traveller.

Friday, Nov. 21.—The mail boat had come in during the night, but a negative again met me at the post office. Owensboro,' 35 miles further, was the next point I had named for letters, and I hastened to start for that town.

The river had begun slowly to rise, and the current was a trifle better. A light wind carried me past Tell City and Troy. Many of the frame houses in the Ohio river towns are prettily and tastefully painted; I particularly noticed an hotel in Troy, the walls of which were tinted a kind of greenish grey that harmonized admirably with the green venetians. I have also seen brown shades on the walls and blinds well worked in. The river banks were now generally much lower, and the high bluffs were scarce. As a consequence, I had winds from the side, instead of all ahead or all astern. Evening came; it was calm, though frosty, and I determined to push on during the night. Behold me, then, having swallowed a cup of hot tea, gently stroking the water: with feet and lower limbs so comfortably swathed in blankets that soon the warm blood goes tingling through my cold feet, and the monotonous plashing of the oars lulls me to a sort of half-dreamy content. I look out for steamers, though. After some hours, my keel grated on the bottom near the Kentucky shore. I had run into a kind of 'pocket' at the head of Puppy-creek bar. Here I remained, very cold, till daylight showed me the head of Yellowbank Islands, about three miles from Owensboro.' After awhile, the tired and sleepy owner of the *Bishop* languidly rowed alongside the upper wharf boat at Owensboro,' and landed amidst an interested crowd. Captain Triplett, the wharf-master, kindly took charge of my boat, and I hastened up to the post office, only to meet another disappointment. The vagrant feeling stole over me again. I was sorely perplexed, for there had been plenty of time to get a letter at Owensboro,' and my wife is a most punctual correspondent. True, there was a third place I had named for a letter at a later date—Evansville—but I knew no reason why my letter should be there rather than at Owensboro.' I was in no condition to go on.

The cold had not abated, my provisions were scanty, and head winds might involve a period of three or four days in making the journey of 35 miles to Evansville. Captain Triplett invited me up to his office, and two reporters 'interviewed' me there—one of them Captain Triplett's son, of the *Examiner*, with whom I was very pleasantly impressed. I took Captain Triplett into my confidence; and he readily lent me some cash on my proposing to hand over some little things as security; he also introduced me at the Planters' House Hotel. I felt exceedingly grateful to Captain Triplett for his friendly and generous treatment of a stranger in a bad fix.

Sunday, Nov. 23.—A chance inquiry at the post-office this morning informed me that Owensboro' and Cannelton were not exchange offices for Canadian money orders, and that Evansville was. Here was new light; here was a reason why my letter should be at Evansville; for my cash always comes by money order. Sunday is not altogether a day of rest on a Kentucky wharf-boat, and I found Captain Triplett at his office. Whilst there, an arrival took place of importance to me.

This was a clinker-built boat, nearly the size of my own, containing boxes, packages, a valise, &c., and rowed by its only occupant, a tall, spare man, of apparently forty-five or fifty, remarkably impassive and unemotional in manner. His name was R. A. Corbett. He had come from Jamestown, N. Y., where he lived, down the Conewango and Alleghany rivers into the Ohio, and was on his way into Arkansas for a two months' hunting tour, whence he would make his way back by another route. I learned afterwards from him that he was also on the look-out for a suitable location to which to remove his family. He had come already over 1,100 miles in his boat, chiefly by rowing. He carried a small sprit sail, but had not used it much, owing to the head winds. His boat was built by himself, of white cedar, and was very light—under 100 pounds. Dimensions: 16 feet long, 4 feet 3 inches beam.

Mr. Corbett and I dined sociably together, at the Planters' House, and agreed to pursue our journey together. We witnessed, this afternoon, the baptism of some thirty coloured people by immersion in the river Ohio, in connection with a revival which is going on in the neighbourhood. They passed the Planters' House in procession, on their way to the river.

Reminders of home continue to meet me. The wife of Mr. O. Hughes, of the Planters' House, formerly lived in Toronto. I owe Mr. and Mrs. Hughes thanks for some kindly services outside of our mere business relations.

Owensboro' is a nice-looking little town, but it exports immense quantities of whiskey and tobacco. I suppose it is better for them to send it away than to keep it there. The tobacco is in big hogsheads, and I saw a long, close line of them being slowly rolled down the steep levee, checked at the bottom by a thing like a great mallet or maul, worked by a negro. Usually, opposite the wharf-boats, the bank is graded down uniformly, though steeply, and paved with a kind of rough cobble-stone, and the mule teams and waggons scramble up and down to and from the wharf-boats, sometimes with much swearing and whip-cracking. Gangways connect the wharf-boats with the levee, and the wharf-boats have of course to be shifted up or down the grade as the river rises and falls.

Monday, November 24.—Corbett and I made good time before an easterly wind, and reached Evansville at seven o'clock—thirty-five miles. During the last few days the river's banks have become much lower, and the hills are unfrequent. Corbett slept in the boat with me; there is comfortable room for two. He spread his tent over the

boom and out to the combing, around which we fastened it, making a cosy little apartment.

Tuesday, November 25.—We find the privacy of the tent a great advantage when lying at a city. I have got my letters and cash at last. Now I feel like a man of independent means —quite superior to that penniless vagrant who owed a night's lodging to the kindness of the Cannelton Potteries' watchman.

The letter brought a satisfactory account of the proceeding of the deputy who was doing my work during my absence.

I arranged about the repayment of Captain Triplett, laid in a month's provisions, and executed a score of little commissions, the need for which had been accumulating.

Evansville is a bright, fresh, business-like city, with nothing 'one horse' about it, and it reminds me strongly of the best business part of Toronto, though the streets are somewhat wider. Like Toronto, it has recently built a new post office. This is a handsome and well-fitted building, of a striking and unique style of architecture. Louisville, although a much larger place than Evansville, does not so favourably impress a stranger at first sight; being an older place it has a more dingy look, and the streets are narrower. I am not aware, however, that Evansville has any building to compare with the *Courier-Journal* office. The river presents a busy scene from the top of the Evansville Levee — a curve of water, with steamers, wharf boats, produce boats, flats, etc., clustered thickly on it by the city front.

Wednesday, November 26.—I stayed up writing during a great part of last night. Corbett turned out for a start at early dawn. The river rose considerably yesterday, and is now some five feet higher than it recently has been, which increases the current. The morning was still, and my considerate friend Corbett quietly hitched my boat to his, and pulled easily along with the current, leaving me to take another nap. We had gone six miles or more by the time I turned out and hoisted my sail. The wind was favourable, and pretty strong; we bowled along, and at half past twelve had made twenty-four miles; so we rewarded ourselves by going into a creek to have dinner. A bend in the river just changed our good wind into a head one. Corbett, rowing, got ahead and out of sight of me during the afternoon. The hour following sunset found me sailing along the Kentucky shore, making the river vocal with the name of my fellow-voyager, sung out at regular intervals. After a while an answering hail from out the darkness repaid my persistency. Guided by Corbett's voice, I headed for shore, and found him with stove up, and tent pitched, all ready for the night. We were less than two miles from Mount Vernon, Ind., and had made more than twenty-six miles.

Thursday, November 27.—A rainy day. After passing Mount Vernon, I saw Corbett row up to a flat boat, bearing the inscription 'Store Boat Emma.' I followed him; but we were not asked inside; for the first time in our experience. The *Emma* contained a family on their way to settle lower down the river, with their household stuff, including pigs and live stock, as our noses plainly told us. Still seeking shelter, Corbett tried another boat, a forlorn looking craft, and I joined him as he left it. 'I wasn't sorry to get away from that boat,' he remarked; 'there are three of the hardest looking fellows on it that I have ever seen on this river. I don't think they would stick at robbery or something worse.' I saw Corbett visit another flat boat, still in search of shelter, and then he forged ahead out of sight. I went on slowly and passed quite close to a 'Government light.' These lights are placed at intervals all along the river banks for the guidance of steamboat

pilots. I had often seen them from the river in the daytime, each looking like a square piece of white paper stuck on a stick of red sealing wax studded with cross pieces. Near at hand, I found it to be a red-painted pole, with steps for ascent, and having a white receptacle for the lamp at the top.

A little further on I found Corbett at a store boat kept by a man named Emerson, into which his belongings had been removed. Eleven miles to-day. I sat for an hour or two by the stove with Emerson and his wife —individuals of comfortably stout proportions—and their two boys. Our conversation was of the most dismal nature, Emerson being one of those men who revel in horrors. He began by some cases of severe sickness in the neighbourhood; then went on to sudden deaths; next to shooting of horse thieves and general rowdyism near the Indian reservation in Texas, where he said men carried pistols in their sashes and knives in their boots, and where a corpse with a bullet in it, lying along the roadside, was no uncommon occurrence. Then he passed on to Kentucky, where, he said, things were getting nearly as bad as in Texas, 'only they don't show 'em; they keep 'em in their pockets.' Minute particulars of some of the deadly family feuds in that State followed; then an incident on the store boat twenty years ago, when he found a dead man under the bow of his boat, which lay with the bow upstream. 'We had been a-smellin' him for a week before we found him,' he said, 'and we had been a-usin' the water from the other end of the boat—drinkin' the water off a dead man. We did not know where the smell came from, till we found him. It made us feel mighty sick at our stomachs when we did find him.' The recollection seemed to afford him much pleasure, for he repeated twice, with a chuckle and a steady look at us, 'and we was a-drinkin' the water!' He said that he had not sold much this trip, except once when he lay alongside a camp-meeting ground. Farmers would buy of him when he stopped, in his slow descent of the stream, to save themselves a journey to the nearest town. He was now fishing, and he intended to remain where he was for the winter. He came from Louisville, where he had kept a small store.

Friday, Nov. 28th.—I bought a fine Ohio cat-fish of Emerson at five cents a pound, which will furnish forth the dinner table of the voyagers for three or four days. It differs from its namesake of the lakes, and is a rich, palatable fish. Highland Creek was not far below our night's resting place. Corbett and I went some distance up the creek, which was swollen with the rains and was pouring a yellow muddy current into the Ohio. Several shanty boats were at the creek's mouth. Corbett went off on an exploring walk; whilst I, like Aunt Dinah, took a 'clarin'-up fit,' which my boat sadly needed. I fitted Corbett's tent closely round the combing of the *Bishop*, leaving only a small opening at one end; then lighted up the coal-oil stove, and dried some damp clothing above the oven. At dusk we lit a lamp inside. The night was frosty, but my little Florence stove kept the inside of the tent comfortably warm; and our quarters looked very cosy and pleasant to the wanderers who chatted away the evening therein. A small tent was among my outfit on leaving Toronto, but it was unfortunately lost at the same time as the hood; it had been arranged to button around the outside of the combing, with the main boom as a ridge pole. Corbett told me that he had been a lieutenant and captain in the 112th New York Infantry during the war; he was wounded in the battle of Cold Harbour, and is in receipt of a pension. I have found him an excellent comrade; quiet and undemonstrative, but with a sort of military promptness and decision about him;

and I place great reliance on his judgment.

Saturday, Nov. 29th.—This morning we passed the mouth of the Wabash River, which divides the State of Indiana from Illinois. To-day has brought a great change in our circumstances; we have met the *Dick Fulton*, a steamboat bound from Pittsburg to Natchez with a tow of coal, and she has taken us in tow. The *Fulton* was pushing her tow ahead of her and not moving very fast. We pulled smartly for a short distance and struck the side of the foremost barges, which rose only a few feet out of the water. I made my boat fast and jumped on the tow, then stopped in astonishment. I stood on a moving field of coal, the length of which would extend nearly from St. George street to Huron street, and the breadth about half the distance; it consisted of twenty-one shallow open barges, parallelograms in shape, filled level with coal and all firmly lashed together in rows, so as to make one solid coaly surface. Behind was the moving power, the powerful stern-wheel tow-boat, lashed firmly by chains and cables to the hindmost flats, which extended back on each side of her bow for about one-third of their length. Sixteen of the barges were 130 feet long by 24 wide and about ten feet deep; they only draw six or seven feet of water, and it is to cause this light draft that the coal is spread over so wide an area. Each of the 'flats' has a pump to keep it free from the result of leakage and rainfall. Some of the pumps are iron siphons, worked by steam from the *Fulton's* boilers; others wooden pumps, attached to 'spring-poles;' the men press down the end of the pole, and as it springs back it draws up the pump piston. A sort of 'close fence' is fixed up in front of the tow, called the splash boards.

Having obtained permission from one of the officers to 'hang-on' for a while, I was contentedly engaged in cooking some cat-fish for dinner, when a tall man with a black beard walked to the edge of the barge for a talk. He proved to be ye Skipr—Captain Sharpley Packer. He invited us to come on the tow boat, took us over her on a tour of inspection, and made himself generally agreeable. Corbett unloaded his boat, and pulled her on one of the barges unassisted. The *Bishop* was afterwards hauled up by several of the deck hands with cargo on board, under the direction of the mate. About dusk we passed the dark mouth of Cave-in-Rock, a noted cavern on the Illinois side of the river, which was in years gone by the retreat of a band of robbers and murderers who infested the river. The cave is halfway up a steep rocky cliff. I thought with a shiver that it would not have been a pleasant task to explore its grim depths at that hour. Shortly after leaving Cave-in-Rock the tow tied up to the bank for the night.

Sunday, Nov. 30th.—Tow boats don't stop on Sunday. We passed the mouths of the Cumberland and the Tennessee Rivers, and reached Cairo late in the evening. Here the Ohio becomes merged in the turbulent father of waters, the Mississippi. A high sloping railway levee stretches along the Ohio front of the city; levees also encircle it almost entirely around. Great efforts have been made to overcome the immense disadvantages resulting from the low site of the city. The Cairo people thought that a place in such a situation as theirs, at the junction of the two mighty rivers, ought to be one of the big cities of the West; but inexorable nature interfered sadly with their visions of greatness, and Cairo remains a muddy, uninviting little place of about eight thousand people. The tongue of land on which it is built is below the level of moderate high water, and the streets are all on embankments, high above the ground level. When the river is high, nearly all the vacant lots contain large pools of 'seip' water, which oozes up from below. Whilst adding to the

point of land at the lower end of Cairo, the Mississippi is eating away the banks above the town, and threatens to make an island of it.

December 1st.—My first intention was to go no further than Cairo with the *Dick Fulton;* but I have now accepted the captain's kind offer that I should go to Natchez with him, as I would thereby get well out of the reach of the advancing winter and still have three hundred miles of sailing on the best part of the Mississippi. I parted regretfully from Corbett, who was obliged to remain a while at Cairo.

December 8th.—Grey and brown belts of thick-growing young cottonwood trees, in endless succession. Low bars of sandy mud; belts of older timber; level banks of bare, raw earth. These are the principal and ever-recurring features of the monotonous scenery along the 711 miles from Cairo to Natchez at the time I saw it. The tops of the banks are in most places below high-water mark. A mighty engineer is the Mississippi, always at the work of varying its own channel. The soft alluvial soil through which it flows furnishes plastic material for its operations from the Missouri nearly to Baton Rouge, La. Often at the commencement of the busy navigation season a towboat pilot will take a trip on a passenger steamboat to New Orleans and back, merely to note changes in the river's channel and report to some of his brother pilots. The banks of the river are constantly being undermined by the current, which carries away the debris and deposits it in another portion of its bed. I saw a striking example of this at Fort Pillow, the scene of much fighting in the late war. Here there is a wooden bluff, part high up above the topmost level of the floods and part sloping down nearly to flood level, thirty-five or forty feet above the present surface of the water. Some acres of ground had been undermined by the current, and had sunk to and below the present level of the waters. A wild scene of desolation was there. The lower ground was broken and disrupted as if by an earthquake; its trees tossed about in confusion at all kinds of angles. Further out, trees were submerged half way up the trunks, whilst the tops of others were barely visible above the current. It is a common sight to see half immersed trees, which have fallen in from the bank along with the ground in which they were rooted.

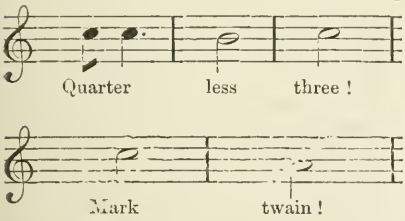
The 'cut-off' is a frequent engineering operation of the great river. In its serpentine course, the channel often doubles back on itself, leaving a narrow neck to the peninsula formed by the bend. Across the neck of such a peninsula the river, at high water, occasionally digs a new and short channel for itself. Small at first, the new channel rapidly enlarges, and the face of the country is changed. Usually the two ends of the old channel silt up, become closed, and there results a lake of clear water, curved in shape. The immense quantity of earth always held in solution by the muddy current is continually being deposited, forming low bars, covered at high water. Floods rapidly build up many of these bars by successive deposits nearly to high-water mark. The ubiquitous cottonwood takes possession at an early stage of this process. It grows rapidly, and soon presents the appearance of a dense thicket of slim, upright trees. The deposit continues, till in a few years the low bar has become a part of the river's bank—a solid forest where formerly large steamers passed in deep water. Here are geological changes going on under our very eyes. A most curious effect of the cut-off process was pointed out to me by the pilots. In one place the river has reversed the direction of its current, and now runs *up* the same bed wherein it formerly ran *down.* Whilst the river shortens itself occasionally by a "cut-off," it also lengthens itself. The current in passing round a bend impinges with more force against the outer or concave side,

and in many instances wears away the bank on that side whilst building up a bar on the inner or convex side, thus gradually lengthening the bend. As I saw the banks of the river, they appeared to be twenty-five or thirty feet above the water, and had a grey, raw, jagged look, without a particle of vegetation on their steep face: crowned with a belt of timber. Most of the towns on this portion of the Mississippi are of an ephemeral character. I looked with interest for Napoleon, Arkansas—or Arkan*saw*, as the local pronunciation invariably has it. Fifteen years ago this was a flourishing town of 1,100 inhabitants. Then the remorseless river began to whittle it away. A large marine hospital stood near the river's bank. Pilot Augustus Seaforth, when passing down twelve years ago, bet the captain of the boat six glasses of beer that the hospital would be into the river before they returned on their upward trip: the pilot won. This is what Mr. Bishop says of its appearance four years ago:—'Below the mouth of the Arkansaw was the town of Napoleon, with its deserted houses, the most forlorn aspect that had yet met my eye. The banks were caving into the river day by day. Houses had fallen into the current, which was undermining the town. Here and there chimneys were standing in solitude, the buildings having been torn down and removed to other localities to save them from the insatiable maw of the river.' All this was gone when I passed: I saw nothing of the once busy Napoleon but six or seven houses, mostly shabby and dilapidated. The main channel of the river now flows over the site of Napoleon. Ill-omened name! Further down was a place called Greenville: the inhabitants moved their town to another and a safer site when the river commenced encroaching: the old Greenville is gone now, and there is a new Greenville. The site of another place, called Waterproof! is being gradually whittled away, and the inhabitants are steadily moving the town backward, some of the houses being kept on rollers. A reverse process has been going on at St. Joe and Rodney; they are being made inland places; a bar has been formed in front of them, and the steamboat landing is now two miles below.

A stern-wheeler had a most *outré* appearance to me at first. Now it is a familar and natural craft, inside and out. I have messed with the officers of the *Dick Fulton*, lounged and chatted in the pilot-house, shouted a conversation amid the din of the engine-room, smoked cigarettes in the 'office' with the captain, and descended into the darksome hold, where one cannot stand upright. A word of description. The hull is low, flat, and broad—sharp at the bow. Over the bow the guards are brought nearly square to fit the barges; there are big cleats around the guards, to hitch barges to, and the guards are only a foot or two above the surface of the water. Right on the main deck are the boilers, then the 'deck-house,' piled up with coal, and at the stern the engine-room, where two large horizontal engines work the big stern-wheel. The feed pumps for the boilers are worked by a separate small engine affectionately called 'the doctor.' The boat is steered by *three* rudders, placed side by side between the stern-wheel and the hull. On the upper deck are the quarters of the officers and crew; and higher still the pilot-house, a room about twelve feet square, with glass sides. Forward of this are the two smoke-stacks, and aft of it are the two steam-pipes. Their alternate blasts, slowly delivered, bear a comical resemblance to two solemn old fellows holding a conversation. Someone said, 'they are like two politicians holding an argument—first one blows, and then the other blows.'

I have been treated with the utmost kindness by Captain Packer and the officers, and my stay on board has been a very pleasant one. The pilots

were always ready to point out interesting spots on the river, and to entertain me with reminiscences of them. Every one has heard of Mississippi piloting, and of the skill, experience, judgment, and good memory required. I was told subsequently by the pilot of a passenger boat that tow-boat piloting is the most difficult branch of the art. It is remarkable to see how well the great floating mass of barges is controlled by the eleven-feet steering-wheel. Great caution has to be observed in difficult parts of the river. The engine is occasionally stopped, and the tow allowed to drift, while the operation known as 'flanking' goes on: it is a kind of sidewise movement with the current. The lead is heaved frequently, by men standing at one, two, or more corners of the tow. They sing out the depth at each cast of the lead, for the information of the pilot: but owing to the length of the tow, a man has to be stationed half-way to 'pass the word aft.' Noticing that one of these leadsmen varied from the monotone used by the others, I listened carefully, and can give you a specimen of his song, thus:



The words may need explanation. 'Quarter of a fathom less than three fathoms' (6 ft. 6 in.), and 'Mark of two fathoms' (12 ft.), are the respective meanings. You see now whence Mark Twain, the humourist, got his *nom de plume*.

On the low-lying banks of the Mississippi every eminence becomes an object of interest. Among these are the 'Iron Banks' and the 'Chalk Banks,' named from the strongly-marked colour of the soil. These we passed on Monday. I saw, also, the novel sight of a double tow—two large stern-wheel steamers of the Mississippi Transportation Company, lashed side by side and pushing a fleet of barges. Who has not heard of Mississippi snags? We met the *Macomb*, a Government boat specially adapted for clearing out these pests. She hooks one end of a big snag, hauls it up by steam-power, cuts a long piece off by a circular saw, and repeats the operation till the whole snag is raised and disposed of. Our next tying-up place after leaving Cairo was New Madrid, the scene of a great earthquake in 1811. Columbus and Island Number Ten were pointed out on that day as places where there was great fighting in the Civil War. The Mississippi islands are numbered from one to 125. On Tuesday, the Captain called attention to another peculiar Mississippi and Ohio institution—a floating saw-mill and carpenter's shop. The owner takes contracts for house-building, etc., and moves up and down the river to execute them. His workshop is a steamboat arranged so that the engine can also drive the circular saw and other machinery. I saw, also, a gaudily painted circus-boat, bearing the title of 'The New Sensation,' painted in large letters. A floating circus! What next?

The tow tied up a few miles above Memphis, where some of the barges were left; and I accompanied a boat's crew down to spend a few hours in the city. My first sight of Memphis accorded well with the sad notoriety it has gained. The morning was damp, foggy, unwholesome, and the pale sun hung over the city, looking wan and sickly through the fog. We did not go to the wharf-boat, but left our skiff by a steamer, and clambered up a steep bank, muddy and slippery from the rains of the two previous days. I looked round with eager curiosity. The ground slopes gradually upwards from the top of the bank for two hun-

dred feet or more, and at the termination of the slope is a long esplanade of buildings facing the river, chiefly wholesale warehouses. A good deal of bustle and movement was going on amongst them; some were closed, but the majority appeared to be moving in goods and preparing for, or doing, business. They all looked dirty and disagreeable—an appearance partly due to the bad weather, I suppose. As we went further into the city, we met everywhere indications of the resumption of business; the streets were full of life and activity. Almost the only thing to remind a visitor of the late terrible plague was the frequency of mourning badges and dresses on the passers-by. In its general features, Memphis does not differ from any flourishing American city of 60,000 or 70,000 inhabitants; it has fine buildings, handsome stores, a good post-office, street-cars, etc., etc. But the streets are in a wretched condition. In the principal business thoroughfares the wooden-block pavement is often worn so badly as to give the appearance of a succession of mud-holes. I noticed in several of the stores a damp, earthy, close smell, arising, perhaps, from their having been so long shut up. There is a small public park or square, planted with trees, and the habitation of scores of tame fox-squirrels. These little animals are so well treated that they are quite fearless. They stand up on their hind legs and 'beg.' One of my companions pretended to hold a morsel of food in his hand, just above his knee, and one of the squirrels climbed up his leg to get at his hand, sniffed at it, and then scampered away with a disappointed and disgusted look. At the wharf-boats the steep bank has been cut down, in order to make the usual sloping paved levee. It was a busy scene; the levee piled with cotton bales and other goods awaiting shipment. Memphis does a very large business. It is built on a high bluff—one of the few available permanent sites for a city along the lower Mississippi. It is near the southern boundary of Tennessee, about 250 miles below Cairo, and is above Napoleon and the Arkansas River.

We had a little 'scare' shortly after leaving Memphis. Heavy clouds gathered on the south-western sky, terminating in a ridge of inky blackness a short distance above the horizon, with lighter clouds below. The captain said this was the sign of a heavy squall, or a tornado, and he made haste to tie up to the bank. However, nothing worse followed than a torrent of rain. Next day we passed the steamer *Frank*, lying by the bank in a crippled condition, her funnels and part of her upper works torn away. Then a steamer hove in sight, coming up the river, with curious short, stumpy-looking smoke-stacks. As she neared us, we saw that she was the *Vicksburg*, and that her smoke-stack arrangement was a temporary one. 'The *Vicksburg* carries tall, handsome smoke-stacks, with oak-leaves at the top, and has only a part of them up now,' said one of the pilots; 'she and the *Frank* caught the blow that we missed when we tied up yesterday; it struck lower down the river.'

Vicksburg, of warlike fame, was in full view when the tow-boat passed it. Captain Packer and pilot Burritt were at the final siege of the city, when General Grant drew a cordon around it; and they related interesting reminiscences of that stirring time. You have heard about General Butler's attempt to change the course of the Mississippi at this city. The Federals had possession of the river above Vicksburg and below Fort Hudson, lower down; and Grant wanted to get some of his vessels with troops on the stretch of the river between these two places, but was prevented by the Vicksburg forts. The shape of the river at Vicksburg, then, was like the letter 'S,' roughly speaking, with the city half-way along the bottom turn of the letter. Butler made a cut-off from the

middle of the letter 'S' to the end of the bottom turn, expecting that the water would flow through it, widen it, and make a new channel. Butler proposes and Mississippi disposes. The river was obstinate; it disdained the proposed channel, and the well-laid plan went aglee. Strangely enough, however, the river afterwards cut a new channel for itself, a short distance up from Butler's canal, but entirely independent of the latter; and Vicksburg at low water is now almost an inland city. A sandbar is forming along part of the city front, and a vigorous growth of young cottonwood springing up on the bar promises to hide the lower part of the city from the view of passing steamers on the cut-off. The Vicksburg people take the thing with Southern philosophy; they have moved their steamboat landing down to the cut-off, and established communication thence to the main city. Fortunately for them, the bluff hills on which Vicksburg is built extend down the river some distance below the cut-off, giving every opportunity for the city to grow in that direction. A city built on a sloping hillside, with foliage interspersed, cannot fail to be picturesque. Vicksburg is picturesque.

I first noticed Spanish moss on the trees about this time. This is a curious parasite which attaches itself to the branches and twigs of trees, and hangs suspended, in lengths varying from a few inches to two or three feet. It resembles a sort of green network. Seen at a distance, a tree covered with Spanish moss has a kind of smudged appearance, as if the foliage had been rapidly sketched on the background of sky with pen and ink, and a hand had been passed downward over the picture whilst the ink was wet. This moss is an article of commerce. It contains a single centre fibre, closely resembling black horsehair, but not so tough. When buried in the ground, the outer covering of the moss rots and leaves the black fibre intact, to be made up into bales and shipped to market.

I paid a brief visit to one of the smaller cotton plantations of Louisiana. Clambering up the high bank, I passed through a thicket of cottonwood, and reached an insignificant looking grass-grown ridge, about six feet high, and ten feet across the top. This was the planter's only defence against the floods of the great river hard by; it was a *levee*, and it extended entirely around the plantation. The levee is set back from the river in order that encroachments on the banks may not destroy it; and if in time it is reached, a new levee has to be made further inland. On the levee, talking with one of the *Dick Fulton's* men, stood the planter himself—a mulatto, in a pair of pants remarkable for rags and patches, and looking as if he had combined the ruins of three distinct pairs of trousers into one wonderful garment. He held the hand of a sturdy little darkey boy, who stood on his stout little legs like an edifice on pillars. I learned that our coloured friend rented a small plantation; that his yearly rent was one bale of cotton for every five acres; and that he could raise about a bale an acre. He told us about the 'bulldozing' in his parish last year, when white men rode around with shot guns, intimidating the coloured voters. The planter's house was not far from us—a frame shanty, with a verandah in front, unpainted, and not particularly clean. A woman's voice, singing, came from the inside, and a little pickaninny was singing and beating a lusty accompaniment with its heels on the verandah. We went to the shanty, and the mate tried to get some butter and eggs from the owner of the voice; but she wanted forty cents per pound for the butter, and a proportionately high price for milk, and the flash of her determined eye showed that she didn't mean to take a cent less.

December 9th.—Natchez came into sight this morning. Instead of a slop-

ing hill, as at Vicksburg, the ground here rises in a steep precipice. Part of the city lies along the foot of this bluff, and part on the top. A steep inclined street, running parallel with the face of the cliff, leads up from 'Natchez Under the Hill' to 'Natchez Over the Hill.' The latter is a pretty place, with a quiet, sedate, old-cathedral-town sort of style about it.

A cordial farewell of the *Dick Fulton;* a brief visit to Natchez and its post-office; and I am alone again. The *Bishop* drifts down the muddy current while her owner takes 'a view of things.' Six miles below Natchez, he once more takes up his solitary quarters on a sandbar. The weather is very warm.

December 10th.—After I had sailed a short distance, the clouds gathered ahead with the same ominous, inky fringe I had seen when on the *Dick Fulton.* I looked round for shelter, and was soon anchored in a nice little 'pocket' where the bank sloped up in the direction of the threatening clouds, and formed a complete protection. A heavy squall of wind and rain followed. I was weighing anchor to depart again when I saw a cat-rigged boat passing down the river. My sail was reefed, and the stranger shot ahead of me in style, under full canvass. I did not like this, so I shook out my reef and gave chase under my full sail, towards Ellis' Cliffs. 'A stern chase is a long chase,' says the old nautical saw; but I kept the stranger in sight, and as the bend in the river brought the wind more forward of the beam, I noticed him making considerable leeway. Keeping my sail close by the wind, I was able to overhaul him rapidly, and came within hailing distance at an island which divided the river in two channels. He was taking the left and narrower one. 'Boat ahoy! is this the channel?' sang out the helmsman of the *Bishop.* 'No, it is not de channel, but it is joost so good,' replied the stranger, with a strong foreign accent. Then, questioning me in turn, 'Where you go?' said he. 'To New Orleans,' I replied. 'I also go to New Orleans, me,' he returned. This was interesting. I had taken him for some local boatman. He brought his boat to the wind to wait for me. I scrutinize him closely as I approached, thinking of certain foreign 'dagos' against whom I had been warned, and of the necessity for great caution in joining company with a stranger. The boat was a handsome little craft, about the size of mine. She was of a very fine model, and had a curious round stern, like half of a punch-bowl, decked, with a small, central cockpit. Her owner wore a red zouave cap and an old overcoat with a capote. His face was weather-beaten and lightly bearded; he leaned forward as he held the sheet, like a man peering into darkness or keeping vigilant watch ahead. We were soon sailing side by side, conversing pleasantly. He possessed the sprightly vivacity which makes the society of an intelligent Frenchman so charming. I found that his name was Jean Woillard; that he lived in Quincy, Illinois, where he had two sons in business; that he was *un français,* but had lived in America a long time. After giving him information about the object of my own journey, I asked, 'What is your object in going to New Orleans, monsieur?' He answered, 'For a long time I say, I will go in a boat by myself to New Orleans; and now,' with an inimitable French gesture, 'here I am!' The appearance of both man and boat betokened the prospect of an agreeable *campagnon de voyage.* He had broken his centre-board, which was the cause of the leeway I had noticed. Night brought with it a strong down-stream wind. We had been looking unsuccessfully for a good harbour, and at dusk we laid up on an exposed sandbar, below Island 117. I anchored, and my companion made fast to the stern of the *Bishop.* Scarcely had he tied his line

when he gave a shout of dismay—'One of my oar is gone!' I hastily handed to him one of my own oars, and cast off his line. He disappeared in the gloaming. I lighted my 'Buckeye,' and hung it on the boom to guide him back. In about half an hour he returned. 'What luck?' I inquired. He waved an oar in the air triumphantly. 'I row straight down de river for about a mile, me, then I begin to tack wid de oar towards de shore. Suddenly I see something floating in de water. My oar, I cry, and I dart towards it. Yes, it is my oar. Den I look up de river, and I see your light, and I tink, "Oh, la-la, must I pull all dat way against dis big curren'?" Den I pull hard, and get back, me. But what a strange inciden', to find an oar in de dark, a mile from our boat, in de big Mississippi! O, la-la!' The wind blew hard that night. My anchor held us both well, but the pull of his boat at the stern of the *Bishop* caused a heavy jerking motion of my boat as she rode the seas. M. Woillard's boat has a cockpit of only five feet long, and he covers this space with a little tent. He carries a small sheet-iron stove, sixteen inches long, eleven wide, and eight high, with two six-inch holes in the top, and two lengths of small oval stove-pipe. He burns driftwood in this, and uses it *in his boat*. If a little girl that I know saw the stove, she would want to seize it for her doll's house. It was pleasant that night to see his tent shining in the darkness astern, with the little stove-pipe sticking out of it and smoking cheerfully.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SANS L'ESPOIR.

ALONE in the twilight sadly,
Alone in a small bare room,
A white face looks from a window,
Out into the gathering gloom.

Looks into the grayness, but sees not
The loveliness outlined there,
The branches glistening with rain-drops,
Hears not the song in the air.

And yet, with pitiful yearning,
The tearful and straining eyes
Seek ever, and ever vainly,
For a little rift in the skies!

Alas! for the shadowy silence,
For the ever-increasing pain,
For the bitterly hopeless enduring,
When the clouds return after the rain!

NOTES ON SURNAMES.

BY JOSEPH BAWDEN, KINGSTON.

THE social license which this Western World extends to the popular disregard of the true form of many family names, the phonetic corruptibility of many, the concurrence of a variety of national elements, and the compulsory adoption of the worst of all systems of orthography—the English—has induced havoc among family names to an extraordinary degree. Those of some United Empire Loyalist families have been corrupted almost beyond recognition of any relationship to the persons designated in the original patents of land granted by the Crown. The names of French families settled in English-speaking neighbourhoods yield their orthographic form to the corrupt pronunciation of the vicinage. This has been, to some extent, the case in every land, not only with French, but with other foreign names, while the purity of the forms of many obsolete Anglo-Saxon words has been maintained in surnames to a wonderful extent. In England, Beauchamp has become Beecham, in spite of correct spelling, but in Ontario it appears in the second generation as Boshaw, and in the third as Bushey. Theobald has become Tipple in the States; here it wears a less inebriate form as Teeples or Teepill. Feb Jerbeau, a patentee of the Crown, may live to see his name restored by an educated child as Fabian Charbon, but in another generation an Anglicising descendant may, as many Frenchmen in Canada have done, adopt an English name and, appearing as Cole, confound the distinction between coal and cabbage. The Dutch Koen, bold, has become Coons, while an Irish Koen maintains a name of an origin very doubtful, in view of the mutations to which allied names are subject. This Irish name is related to the Gaelic patronym Ci-uin, the equivalent of the English Meek, and is capable of derivation from a Swedish immigrant, Ku-jon (j as y), the synonym of the South Welsh Chouan, Chown, a peasant, or from a French immigrant, Coien, a churl or coward. Certain family names have an ironical air, unmistakably suggestive of those primitive social conditions when irony was a favourite figure of speech. A Konkelen, *ragged*, may have been so designated by envious satirical neighbours; the Cenci, *ragged*, were Italian princes. It seems not now unfitting that a Conkling, or a Chauncey, shall be a millionare; a Campbell, the equivalent of Maulevrer (wry-mouthed), a sweet-mouthed gentleman, or a Cameron (crooked nose) a Phœbus Apollo for beauty. Ci-uin, Ku-jon, and Coien, from languages linguistically unrelated, have a relationship of sense and sound. The relationship in sense of Cowan and Gowan is not remote, and the phonetic transfer of one to the other form is obvious.

I do not claim that the Gaelic and Irish Eoghan are the same, though a Gaelic scholar insists that they are identical. The persistence of the Irish form warrants the belief that Eoghan is Eugenius, while the Gaelic Eoghan is John. But the corruption of names under Irish dialectic influences is undeniable; and the change of Mageoghegan to Koen is as philologically pos-

sible as that of Gaelic Maceoghan to Koen. The distinguishing difference of the two forms is, that in the Gaelic *gh* is a mere aspirate; in the Irish it is a guttural. Mag, in the Irish form, is the Scotch prefix Mac. In the greater number of Irish family names beginning with a vowel, the rejection of the Scotch prefix is not total or complete. MacEgan becomes Keegan; MacArthy, Carthy; and Mageoghegan, Geoghegan. Resolving the name into its elements, we get from Mag-eohegan, O'Hagan, Fegan, Fagan, Egan, and Agan, MacKeegan and Keegan. From the modern form of the primitive type comes Gaffykin. So far none of these derivatives, except the last, indicate any corruption of the guttural of the last syllable. Eoghan Mor, King of Leinster, was the Eugene the Great, of Irish history. The name was no doubt given by the monks of the west to signify *Eugenes* of noble birth, or *Eugeneios*, thick-bearded or shock-headed, it matters little which. The abundance of well-made wooden and bone combs, coarse and fine, in the Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh, indicate attention among the native races to the hair of the face and head, fully equal to the requirements of modern custom. A shock-headed Pictish or Irish Eoghan was as well set up in this respect as a Saxon Atheling. But we know that throughout the Cornish peninsula, Wales, Strathclyde, the Scottish highlands, and Ireland, and even in the French Armorica, community of language favoured immigration and intercourse. Forbes' Gaelic Grammar gives, as a dialectic error, the occasional pronunciation of the gutteral agh as *ur*. Here the Irish Eoghan, Eog-han, would be confounded with the Gaelic E-o-*gh*an or Evan.

The Gaelic Cowan is a rough mason, a builder of dry stone walls; Gowan, a stout lusty fellow. As family names, they become MacCowan and MacGowan, with occasional transfers and return to the primitive form. Mac Ewan becomes in Scotch forms Mac Iain (*i* as *ee*), Mac Cune, Maccewen; in Irish forms, MacKean, MacKewn, Mac Keon, Mac Keown and Mac Kown. All these forms drop the Scotch prefix and give us the range of names from Kean to Kown. Kean becomes Kane, Mac Iain, the son of John, is confused with MacKean, the son of White, and MacKinn; also with Macgean, the son of 'Good humour,' and Mac Gehen and MacGinn. A stickler for the purity of Gaelic spelling may insist upon the distinction between Eoghan and Aoghan, Ewen and Owen, Egan and Agan, but the names are easily confounded in their consonantal as well as vowel elements. The passage from Mac Cowan to MacGowan, from MacCaw to MacGaw, from Mac Gaw to MacGow is so readily accomplished, that it has occurred, beyond doubt, in many cases. Evidence can be adduced of the change from Robinson to Robertson in one generation. The Lower Canadian Gingras, is pronounced Shackraw, in Ontario; it appears as Sugrue in the Dublin Directory; and as Shoghrew, in Newfoundland.

The Hebrew Yohn, John, signifies 'whom the Lord gave or favoured.' Its foreign forms are, Latin Johannis (Yohannis), approaching Ewen, Owen and Jones, and the German Hans. The Italian Giovanni gives us, through a monkish Giovannus, the English name, Jevons, and approaches the Russian Ivan and the Welsh Evans; the Spanish, Juan (Hoo-an), approaches most closely to the Welsh Owen. The Scandinavian Jans, whence Jansen, may be found on every sea, and the Teutonic Hans, whence Hansen, and our own unaspirated English Anson, are hardly less nautical or numerous. The extensive family of Jonson, Johnson, swells the list, to which if we add the Scotch and Irish forms of Mac Ewen, the Welsh Evans (Ap Evans), Bevans, Owen (Ap Owen), Bowen, and the various foreign forms of which Jevons is an example, we may claim that the Johns, or people 'whom the Lord has favoured,' are more nu-

merous than the universal Smiths, or any other family.

Without dwelling on the Smithijes, or the Smythes, whose name, suggestive of the Smiter, has a reasonable significance, or the Smithsons, whose number is small, we find the spread of the Smiths in France, under the name, Lefevre; in Germany, among the Schmidts; in Holland, a mong the Smeders, who have given us the English families of Smithers and Smethers. At their head stands the noble Ferrars, or Horse-shoe Smith, and among those of Celtic ancestry, we trace the Scotch Gows, and Govans, and Irish Goughs. A ringing blow on the ear is a cuff; from the same root as Gough. But there is another branch, by no means inconsiderable. Iron is from the Gaelic Iarunn, Armoric haiarn. From the Welsh form, hairnour, a workman in iron, comes Warnour, Warner. From the Cornish form hoern, iron, ironworker, comes Hearne and Trehearne, the hamlet of the smith or smithy, and thence a family name. I believe we may claim from the Gaelic, in addition to the Gows and Govans, the Horners, and I suspect we are again in the dim borderland wherein Warrener, a gamekeeper, and Warner, may have been occasionally confounded.

In the Kirk-yard, at Metis, on the Lower St. Lawrence, there are some headstones at the graves of members of the 'Blue' family, who settled in that parish half a century ago. The name is Blew or Bellew, the Gaelic form of the Cornish family-name Pellew, which elsewhere has become Pelly, the Welsh Pllu, a villager, Gaelic, Bla. Carew, a Cornish name, is sometimes under this form pronounced as spelled by the Irish Careys; another form of the name is Crewe. Car, is Welsh, Gaelic, Irish and Cornish, for friend or relative, and *ow* or *ou* is one plural termination, *y* is another; thus under either form of Carew or Carey, the word signifies friends, or kinsmen. The Scotch Ker and Kerr, and the Scoto-Irish Carr are forms of the same word.

Many names have been supplied by translation into English, from the native British or Foreign tongues, and some have come back to the English wearing the garb put on abroad. It must be remembered that patronyms in most cases have not been the creations of their owners, but have been *given* by neighbours or kinsfolk. Many Indian tribes, for example, know nothing of the names by which they are called. The Mohawks are called Nahdoways, by the Algonquin; the Etchemin are called Malisetes by the Micmacs, and are now of themselves geneally known under this name, although one of contempt. In the English coal mining districts, as in the California placer-diggings, nick-names prevail; and it is said that in the former a considerable number of persons may be found whose surnames are unknown. The names of countries and counties supply a large list of which the following are examples:—Holland, Dennis, a Dane; Denman, a Dannemand, the Danish form of Trueman; Norman, Le Norman (t), Gascoigne, Gaskin, L'Angevin, Poitevin, Le Basque, French, and the form derived from the old style of the initial letter, Ffrench, Switzer, Irish, Ireland, English, Langley, Langlois, Cornish, Cornwall, Wales, Cornwallis, Wallis, Walsh, Welch, Gott (a Goth), Britton (Brittones, inhabitants of Brittany), Scott, Escott, Truscott (True Scot?), Derbyshire, Denbigh (which I have met under the form Tenby), Devon, Devonish, Devonshire, Kent, Sutherland, Galway, Limerick, East, West, North and South, and the French Paradis (Heaven). A recent telegram gives us the name of a wealthy Siberian as Siberikoff.

The oldest family names in the English system are probably those ending in kin. They have their equivalents in Germany and Scandinavia, as Peterkin, Anderkin, Sievekind. The Ascingas, now Askins, were of the kin of the Gods or Aser. Less noble perhaps as ancient indicatives of family

systems are Aikins, Eakins, Berkin, Dakin, Dawkin, Dovekin, Hopkin, Larkin, Lovekin, Makin, Meakin, Perkin, Ruffkin, Simpkin, Tomkin, Walkin and Gadkin; Ruskin is not a kin name, but signifies adult, fully developed.

The territorial range of certain British names indicates a community of intercourse between distant habitats of the Celtic family, as between Brittany, Ireland and Cornwall, Wales and Scotland. The various forms of Ap-Rhys, as Price, Rees, Rice, suggest relationship to the west of Scotland names, Bryce, Brice, and the Irish Breese. St. Tobias occurs as Danbuz in Cornwall and in Brittany, and Dobes in Ireland. The Cornish Pendennis is linguistically related to the Irish Ennis, the Scotch Innes and the English corruption Ince. Mair and Maur, a steward, supposed to be derived from the Latin Major, is Cornish, Welsh or Gaelic. The Cornish Huhel mair, a viscount or high steward, carries us from Cornwall to Wales, where Ap Howells flourished, some of whose descendants take the name of Powell (o long) and as from Pllu we get Blew, analogy points to Bowell as a derivative, along with its corruption Bowles.

Among translated names, the German Faber is not uncommon. It may have given members to the national families of Wright and Smith. Beauchamp, the Italian Campo Bello, maintains its place alongside of its equivalent Fairfield, while Beaumont has become a family name as pronounced—Beeman. Parental affection among all nations makes the word Child a favourite surname. It is a Syrian custom to name a man as the father of so-and-so, as Aben Omar, Omar's father. Fairbairn in one part of Britain is Fairchild in another, while Dawbairn (Dovechild) expresses the very depth of tenderness. For the English Child we have the Danish form Barn; in Scotland, Bairn, the true Icelandic plural börn. Swinburne is the Icelandic Sweinbarn, a swain-child or boy; Meyburn, Mewburn, Mepburn, are English forms more or less akin to the Icelandic Meybarn, a girl child or May. Sveinn gives us the names Swan and Swanson. Huskisson is the Icelandic oska-sonr, an adopted son; oska, 'a wish.' Blaag (aa like a in far) is Dutch for child, whence the family name Blagg and probably Black. Brownish was signified by the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon word *swart*. There were no Blackamoors among the Celts, Scandinavians, or Teutons of the British isles; and, while one may doubt the derivation of Black from black, a color, the derivation of *White* from the same source is also open to question. White is the Dutch, Friesic, and German wicht, Anglo-Saxon wiht, a child; and in the form Whyte it makes a noble effort to preserve some trace of its origin from the universal patronym derived from child.

But if men were named Blake and Blaikie for their paleness, why not White if so entitled. The English adjective white is the Mœso-Gothic huaihts, Anglo-Saxon and Friesic hivit, whence Howitt and Hewitt. The German weiss, white, has cheated us sometimes with Wiseman for Whiteman; the Scandinavian hvit, gives Whitman. The Gaelic gives Duff as the equivalent of dark brown; Dunn the equivalent of brown; Glass the same as Blake, and Bain and McGill for our English Hewitt (white). The continent gives these colour names more frequently in the compound form: Blackmann, Whiteman, Whitman. The Italian gives Bianco, white, whence Banks (?) The German Weise takes its place with the English, Wise without a termination—Weese is in Canada and the United States a well-known form of the Dutch Wiess, wise. Guise is a French corruption or phonetic change of the name Wise. The Weese family should, lest a similar fate overtake their name, adopt the English form. Can it be possible that

the common Irish family name, Keyes is the French Guise?

But to return to the people who could not, by reason of their darker colour, be named into the great family of Brown. Our word swart, swarthy, is from the Anglo-Saxon sweart, sweort, seort, which in German is Schwarts, in Danish sort. By a process of assibilation and contraction, understood by students of Anglo-Saxon, the name has passed into Shorts, or as commonly written with two t's Shortt. The case seems proved by the existence of two family names which show progression in phonetic corruption, until we come to short, namely Showers and Shortis. Looking through a Washington (D. C.) directory for forms of the name Schwartz, I met (strange coincidence!) with five persons under the name Shorter, followed by the designation "coloured." Apparently no white person bears the same name in that city. Is it not plain that if Short is swarthy or blackish white, Shorter is the appropriate designation of a duskier hue? But there are other forms of Sweart, as in the names Swords, Suard and Seward. The latter claim descent from a piratical Siward Björn, Siward the Bear. We know 'Spotted Tail' and 'Sitting Bull,' and no 19th century babe is frightened into slumber by mention of their names. The 'big Indians' of the North Sea were sung by the greatest masters of song-craft the world has known, to whom a magnificently rich language gave every facility for extravagant tropes and metonyms. It was an easy matter to make Siward Björn out of Svartr Barn, a swarthy child.

It will be asked what becomes of Short, whose name is the contrary of Long. There are courts whose name signifies Short, who prefix A with an apostrophe to signify at court. But it will not pass. Short is the Anglo-Saxon Sceort, Danish Kort, French Court. Among their derivatives are Shortland and Courtland. Few monosyllabic names have come to us from the French, many from the Danish, Friesic and Icelandic. Though Court and Kort are naturalized English names for short, it is probable that these are not the only forms, and that Short and Shortt is in many cases a true derivative from Sceort. But I contend that we cannot distinguish between them, and the Shortts derived from Sweart or Sweort. It is a case of confusion like the derivatives from Eugene and John. We find, however, a true Anglo-Saxon Short in the English name Scarth. Lang is the Anglo-Saxon form of the adjective Long, whence the family names Laing and Lang; and I look upon Long as a derivative by translation. That is Lang was used as a family name before Long was adopted as its equivalent.

From the short form of Dionysius, Denis and Dennis, a Dane, we get some cases of confusion. Dionysius means a worshipper of Bacchus, but as Dionysius the Areopagite is supposed to have died a Christian martyr, the name appears to have thus lost its evil suggestion. It was borne by one Pope and two saints, one of whom was the tutelar saint of France; and it appears to have been the name 'in religion' of several eminent bishops and monks. Dennis a Dane, seems to have originated in Ireland, but I doubt if it meant a Dane only. As an abbreviation of Dionyius, it is just as likely to have taken root in Ireland as in France, and under the familiar form Dinny, it approaches the French pronunciation. Denis has been brought from France into Scotland, where it appears in the family names, Dennie, Denny. It is a curious coincidence that another name of Bacchus, namely, Iacchus, should have been brought also from France to Scotland, where it has named the extensive families of Jacques, Jakes and Jack.

The composite character of English, which makes it rich in synonyms, accompanies the mixed breeding of the race which makes it rich in synony-

mous patronyms. The Anglo-Dutch Peel is Dart, and Dwarris is Cross. The Norman St. Aubyn is the Irish Tobin, Tossell is St. Austell (St. Auxillius), and St. Help has laid aside the romantic form to become Help, or, with an unmistakable provincial *s*, Helps,. The German Westland gave us Hengist, whence Hincks, a Horse, or Ritter, or Ryder. The Scandinavian forms are Horsa and Hross. From the last, we cannot derive Ross, the Gaelic topographical name of a promontary or headland, though the English Rous seems to claim affinity to the Icelandic word. There are, however, a number of names related to Horsa. The Norman De Horsey, has sensibly dropped the prefix like De Stacey and De Tracey to become English Horsey, while the prefix is maintained by D'Orsay in France, and D'Arcy in Ireland. The related German Ritter and Rutter, Dutch Ruyter and English Ryder, comprise a large family. The related Esquire, or Rider's shieldbearer, has given us Squire; and a suspicion of French relationship, through the Norman *equiere*, in Akers and Acres. Knight (a soldier), can claim Saxon (cnicht), Gaelic and Irish (cnoicht) relationship, and we have accordingly Knight and Mac Knight. The Dutch *ransel*, a knapsack, appears in the Knickerbocker name, Van Rannselaer.

Coward is incorrectly derived from cow-herd. The termination ard, the Dutch aard, meaning nature or disposition, appears in a number of names. Barnard, free, open natured; Woollard (woel-aard) bustling or restless nature; Edward, noble nature. The Dutch style a clumsy or slow sailing vessel, a koe, or cow; and coward signifies the slow movements as well as the non-resisting nature of the cow. A cow-herd on the English borders was necessarily anything but a coward. The name is not only a well-known English patronym, but it and various related significations appear in naturalized foreign garb. Lafferty is the Dutch lafhartig, half hearted; Blood is Danish and Dutch for soft, shy, bashful; and bloodaard has little appearance of meaning a coward. The Dutch Blood (not the Irish Blood or Ap Llwd) is a foreign kinsman of mac-ci-un (in which c is k, and i is e), a patronym signifying soft, gentle. Mac Minn is a Gaelic synonym of Mac Ci-uin, with this shade of difference that the former is pleasant gentleness, expressed in the Saxon Blythe; the latter, calm gentleness, expressed in the English Meek. Sibbald is a Gaelic patronym, meaning courtesy, peacefulness. The number of Gothic and Celtic family names expressive of the high social qualities of some lost Bohemian state is remarkable. Surely when men were named by their fellows, Sibbald, Meek, Mac Minn, Blythe, and Barnard, society was removed above barbarism at least in its estimate of the companionable virtues. These names carry us into the realms of conceptions which here and there among Monks, Pilgrims and others existed before the evolution of ideas had attained so far as to prevent men from understanding the Sermon on the Mount in a literal sense. They are names fit for elders in 'the general assembly of the first born.' They breathe the dewy gladness of a spring morning tune when men sang:

> 'He who goeth to church full fain,
> Pure from envy and from stain,
> Gladsome life he well may have;
> Him await beyond the grave,
> Angel friends and blithesome morn,
> Heavenly life so fair and brave;
> Well for him that he was born!'

The members of the interesting class of 'colour' names and their compounds are grouped in the following summary. It will be seen that a cross-division is unavoidable, from the wide significance of some words signifying *pale*, *fair*, and *whitish*, for example. The following abbreviations are used:—Syn. for synonymous forms; equ. equivalents; I. Italian; Ic. Icelandic; Dn. Danish; D. Dutch; G. German; F. French; A. S. Anglo-

Saxon; Gt. Gothic; Ga. Gaelic; W. Welsh; E. English; S. Scotch; der. derivatives; cor. corrupt forms.

FAIR.—Ic. bleikr; E. Blake; S. Blaikie; Ga. baine; S. Bain; D. blond; E. (blaund) Bland; Dn. ærlig; cor. Erly; Ic. fagr-harr, fair-haired, whence; E. Farrar; F. Labelle.

PALE.—Syn: E. Blake; Ic. bleikr; Dn. bleeg; G. bleich; A. S. blæc. Equ.: W. flets; E. Flett; Ga. Glas; S. Glass.

GRAY.—Syn.: E. Grey, Gray. Equ.: D. Graauw; G. Grau. Cor.: Grow, Degros, Degroo. In Dutch names De is the article, like the French Le. Fr. Legris; cor. Legree; D. Vaal. Cor.: E. Wall, like Waller from Völler. Latin canus; I. canuto, whence Cannute. Latin cinereus, ash-grey, gives E. Chinnery; I. grigio, grey, vulgar Latin grigius, gives E. Griggs; Ga. glas; S. Glass.

WHITE.—Gt. huaiht; A. S. huit; E. Hewitt; ? Howitt; G. Weiss; der. Weissmann; cor. Wiseman; Dn. hvidt, Whitman, hvitroe, white-root or turnip; E. Whitrow; D. wit; D. and E. DeWitt; D. Zuiver. Cor.: E. Seaver; Gal. geal, gill; S. Geale, McGill; Ga. gealach; the moon—'making white;' Ga. Fionn, finne; E. or S. Phinney, Finney? if Irish Finn; G. weiss haar, white-haired; E. Wiser; Ic. Hvitr, the White; E. Whitty; Ic. hvit-sidr; A. S. sidu, manners, morals, Whiteside, White-conduct, or it may be white-browed; F. Leblanc, Labianche; I. bianco; Latin *biancus*; (?) E. Bankes; Latin albus: F. St. Aube.

RED.—Ic. raudhi, E. Rodd, Roddy; Ga. ruadh; W. rhudd; S. and W. Rudd; der. Ruddiman, Rudman; Ga. ruddach, blushing red; S. Ruddach, cor. Ruddick, Roddick; Cornish, ruz, rooz, ruyth; E. Roos, Rootes, Root, Reid. Ic. rydh, rust-red; E. Reid; Dn. reud; D. rood; G. roth; Der, form G. roth-haarig, red-haired, Roderick; roth-schild, red shield, door plate or sign, Rothschilds: rothmund, red-mouthed; E. Rothmund, cor. Rodman; Dn. reudmund; E. Redmond. I. Rosso, Irish form Rossa; Rosini, reddish, cor. Rossin. Read and Reid have been frequently confounded. The latter is the true form of the colour name. Read may be derived from the A. S. Hræd, fame, as Hredhgotan, the renowned Goths, or from Ic. Hreidhr, Dn rede, a wreath. The E. Ready bears in its termination unmistakable evidence of its Scandinavian origin. Of course, Ready may have been a surname in the modern sense of the word; but the Scandinavian form was rathe, whence Rathbun, ready-'boun,' or dressed, like Fairbun, fair-'boun,' or well-dressed.

ROSE, ROSY.—I. Rosetti, Ga. ros, rois; S. Rose; Ic. ros. D. roose; E. Roos; Dn. rose. Der. Dn. rosencrands; Ga. ros-chrann; G. rosencrantz, rose-crowned, Roesbaum, rose-tree, or Rosaboom, Rosenthal, rose-vale: Dn. Rosemund; E. Rosamond; Ga. rosbheul, rosy-lipped, Rosa-Mundi, rose of the world, or, poetically, 'Queen Rose of the rosebud garden of Girls. F. La Rose, Labellerose.

BROWN.—Ic. brunn; A. S. brun; G. braun; Dn. brunn; D. Bruin; F. brun, Lebrun. While Bruin lives as a name of the Bjorn, or Bear, of the old Scandinavian hearth-tale, Reynard the Fox, Burns also remains to claim admission into the family of Bruin or Brown Ic. brun-sidhr, with overhanging brows, whence Burnside; Ga. donn, duinne, brown; S. and Irish Dunn. Hence, 'done brown' is downright tautology.

BLACK, SWARTHY.—Cleasby notes that Ic. blakkr. is *ater*, dead or dusky, black, while in Ic., A. S. and kindred tongues *svartr* represents the Latin niger. Ic. blakkr, S. Blackie: Dn. sort; G. schwarts; A. S. seort, Ic. svartr; E. Snowers, Short, Shortis, Suard, Siward; Ga. dubh; S. Duff; W. du; Cornish, diu; E. Dew; F. Le Noir.

YELLOW.—A. S. Geolu; Ic. Guir. D. Geel. E. Gale, Gell, Gull, Gully; I. Giallo. Latin, *Giallus*. E. Challus,

Chalice. The root hidden in this corrupted name would afford a Max Müller ample subject for a lecture. It carries us to the origin of 'gold,' of the verb 'to yield,' and if related, as there seems ground for believing, to the Gaelic word 'gealach,' it opens on the analysis of the notions of our British forefathers about the moon and moonshine and whiteness. Not in its corrupt form, Chalice, but in its proper anglicized style as Challus, it bears historic significance of that monkish vocabulary, now Latin, now French, which has lately revealed the origin of the surname of the great free-thinker, Tom Paine, in the word paganus, a pagan, or 'of the Paynim.'

ARCHIBALD FORBES AND HIS CANADIAN EXPERIENCES.

BY GEO. W. FIELD, ELORA.

FEW names are more widely known in our own day than that of Archibald Forbes. Standing by common consent at the head of his profession, the hero of feats hitherto unparalleled in the history of newspapers, the great war correspondent has undoubtedly raised the present system of journalism to its highest summit, if he has not indeed inaugurated a new era in its career. How wide is the space, in the matter of progress, which separates the newspaper of 1880 from its predecessor of seventy years ago, it needs but a glance at an issue of the latter date to realize. The present writer can remember, a short time ago, having had sent him for inspection a copy of the London *Times*, bearing date 1809. Old, worn, and yellow, the messenger from another generation and another continent, it was, doubtless, the best specimen of what its class was at the time it issued from the press. It consisted of two leaves, the whole a little larger in size than a quarter of the present *Globe* or *Mail*, and the news was most meagre. A battle had taken place in the Peninsula, one of the series of that mighty struggle to which all the energies and powers of England were then braced. A month had well nigh elapsed since its occurrence, but the details were just beginning to arrive in England. The whole account of the battle occupied but a half column of the small sheet, and a portion of the space, perhaps the largest portion, was filled with the names of the dead and wounded. Archibald Forbes has taught us to look back in amazement at all that. Never was a revolution, however gradual, more astonishing or more complete. From what part of the world do we now wait a month for intelligence of a battle? For news of an insignificant fray among the savages of Central Africa, we would be impatient before half the time had elapsed, and of a struggle upon which, in imagination only, the interests of the world might hinge, we must have full intelligence in a few hours. Mr. Forbes has totally cast into the shade the brilliant efforts of Dr. Russell, and it is very doubtful if even he could now secure readers for a second Balaklava a month after date. The war correspondent, indeed, assumes, with the brilliant representative of the *Daily News*, a new and powerful prerogative. He is no longer the mere narrator of events; he becomes the critic of commanders, the arbiter of military reputations. Out on the field of action,

under the fire of the enemy, with the groans of the dying in his ears, and the red glare of battle lighting the sky around, Mr. Forbes jots down his notes as quietly as if he were in his own study at Maida Vale or in the office of that great journal whose agent he is at the seat of war. Nor does he rest with that. Out into the darkness and danger he dashes, rides leagues on leagues through foes and friends, till he arrives, weak and wounded, at a station, whence he can communicate with the world; and all in order that we at our breakfast tables next morning may know how the British laughed at their enemies at Ulundi, or how the Russians reeled back in despair from the terrible batteries of Plevna. On the morning after the despatch, describing Ulundi, was received, the name of Forbes was dividing at home in the public mind the place given to the actions of Ministers and the revelations of European politics. At the distance of thousands of miles, in a few hours after their occurrence, the one man gave to the great majority of the people of Britain, their present views of those events, and stamped the reputation of commanders with an impression which has not yet been erased. It is, in fact, one of the peculiar features of that calling, of which Mr. Forbes is an ornament, that its rewards, though few, doubtful, and generally acquired by patience and toil, are sometimes granted so suddenly and bestowed so munificently, as to surprise even their most deserving recipent. To labour on, unknown and uncared for, to see others get the credit and reap the profit of his finest efforts; to strive after the good and be blamed for advocating the bad; to spend a lifetime in constant toil and turn away in age without one word of thanks, one mark of gratitude, is too often the fate of the journalist of our day. But once in a while, as if to make amends to the few for the fate of the many, one name flames out in the world, strong and dazzling in its splendour, and showing for the moment all the lights around it. A remarkable crisis in some country's history, a single campaign, it may be one letter, may suddenly lift some writer, hitherto unknown, or known only in that limited circle to which editorial rooms and upper stories are familiar, into the full glare of a world-wide fame. Though Mr. Forbes cannot be said to belong wholly to the latter class, he may justly be regarded as one of those to whose genius opportunity has been prodigal of gifts. Without his abilities, of course, he could not be what he is. But how far an iron frame, and a happy conjunction of circumstances, have helped him on, the world some day will judge.

Of Mr. Forbes, many sketches have appeared. His portrait is in almost every window, and his exploits, and the chief incidents of his life, are quite familiar to all. But it is somewhat strange that no writer has as yet made any reference to what, to Canadians at least, cannot fail to be an interesting episode in his career. I mean his visit to this country in 1859. The aunt to whom that visit was paid, Mrs. Tytler, is, however, still a resident of Elora, and there are many in and around that village who well-remember the frank, young face, the herculean frame, and the dashes of adventure that the guest displayed. From reliable sources, the following incidents have been gleaned, and will probably be of interest in connection with one who has for the time being, at any rate, centred upon himself so large a share of public attention.

At that period when the appeals of Dr. Chalmers had borne their legitimate fruit, when the storm of Disruption, so long gathering over the Church of Scotland, was about to break in earnest, there lived in the quiet parish of Boharm, in Morayshire, a minister, distinguished not less for the honours of his college course than for the respect he had won from all with whom he came in contact after his entrance there on the duties of a clergyman. Dr. For-

bes traced through his father, Sheriff-Substitute of Banff, a connection with some of the oldest aristocratic families of Scotland. Being called upon to fill the position of Moderator in 1842, he passed through the stormy times, bearing the universal respect of both parties into which the church was then divided, though he strove in vain to prevent the secession. When that, however, became an established fact he still adhered to those associations which he had cherished so long. This was the father of the future correspondent. The fortune of life had scattered the family of the sheriff in various directions. One became an advocate at Edinburgh, and a sister early emigrated to Canada. Amid the wild pioneer life of our country's early days Mrs. Tytler had little time to cherish old associations, or dream old dreams. It was the stirring times of 1837. She landed in the country to find it convulsed in rebellion. The harsh and unjust measures of the administration had borne their legitimate fruit, and Britain had learned once more the fact that her sons, educated under her institutions, are but poor subjects for tyranny in any shape or form. But the cloud passed, the labours of early years were rewarded, and the family was settling comfortably down to the enjoyment of the fruits of their toil when they received intelligence of the speedy coming to them of Dr. Forbes' son Archie. The young man had been put to study law with an advocate at Edinburgh. Like many authors, whose pen afterwards made them known in the world, Archie found the occupation ill-suited to his taste, and spent in dissipation and idleness the time he should have given to Blackstone. Hence his visit to Canada, where it was hoped by his kinsmen the novelty of the scenes would engage his attention, and where, having no opportunity for a repetition of his Edinburgh experiences, it was fondly thought he might succeed. How far those hopes were realized may be inferred from the fact that a considerable share of the first month of Archie's arrival was spent in pic-nic parties at Quebec where he claims to have become intimate with the late Hon. T. D. McGee, and where he lost, if accounts be true, what he never since lost in the presence of the enemy—his heart. On his arrival at the western home of his aunt, he is described as scarcely 21 years of age, but looking somewhat older. Acquaintances profess to be able to recognise in the portrait the same fiery-eye and the same massive forehead slightly overhung by projecting brows, which were marked features of the profile of young Forbes. These, however, are all they see in common with him as they then knew him. He was fully six feet in stature, but owing to somewhat stooping shoulders he did not appear so tall. He was a brilliant and incessant talker, often walking up and down the room for hours, with his hands in his pockets, forming all manner of projects, which, then considered ideal, no doubt have since been more than realized. Those powers of animated description he has since displayed in his letters, he then possessed, according to his friends, in almost as great a degree ; it only needed the opportunity to display them to the world to make him famous. He had travelled much on the continent, and was well acquainted with the German language and institutions, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer. His mother was then living in Germany, and it was probably his visits to her which led him to turn his attention to the internal affairs of that country, though why one who has since distinguished himself by his liberal views of politics should have become infatuated with what is in many respects a despotism, it would be hard to say. He sought to gain employment on some of the Canadian papers. A situation on the *Globe*, it is said, was then the object of his ambition, but his application failed. He was not, however, wholly idle. He wrote a novel which was offered to an Ameri-

can Monthly, but declined, on the alleged ground that it only published works written by authors in the United States. At that time the *Dunbar*, a British emigrant ship, bound for Australia, was wrecked at the mouth of the Paramatta river. Of her living freight of 500 souls, but one escaped a watery grave, and this one was the chief mourner at the funeral of the recovered victims. This incident wrought powerfully on the mind of Mr. Forbes. The result was some verses, which. as they have never yet been published, and as they, in the opinion of the writer, give some evidence of those powers in which Mr. Forbes now excels, have some of them been transcribed :

She rode the midnight sea,
With the land upon her lea,
Fond hearts hoped soon to be
At home again.

* * * *

No morn lights up the deep,
No stars their vigils keep,
And the weary ones asleep
Dream their last dream.

The doomed ship ploughs the wave,
She bears them to their grave,
Where the mad billows rave,
And sea-fires gleam.

* * * *

Toy of the mocking wave,
Helpless her crew to save—
Her beautiful and brave—
They all went down.

Then mingled with the roar
Of the wild surf on the shore,
From five hundred souls and more,
One shriek of woe.

That cry went up to Heaven,
As in darkness they were driven,
And the strong ship was riven,
At one fell blow.

Death rides in triumph there,
Through the midnight of despair
The last faint gurgling prayer
Is heard no more.

And then the giant sea,
By God's right hand set free,
Mocks man's proud mastery,
And all is o'er.

The sea shall be the shroud
Of the beautiful and proud,
And the stalwart men who bowed
To its might.

Corpses lie calm and cold,
In the green sea-weed rolled,
And sharks their banquet hold,
Day and night.

* * * *

Bright, joyous boys were there,
Maidens surpassing fair,
And babes with golden hair—
Nursed tenderly.

One mother to her breast,
To its eternal rest,
Her darling babe had pressed,
In her despair.

Sisters lay side by side,
As if embraced they died,
It seemed the tide
Knew they were fair.

* * * *

Calm, calm shall be their sleep,
Though many mourners weep
The lost ones of the deep—
The fair, the brave.

God help the hearts that mourn,
The stricken and forlorn,
Whose ties are rudely torn
By the cruel wave.

Those who on reading these extracts, though not disposed to give Mr. Forbes a very exalted rank as a poet, will, in all probability, admit that, turned into his vigorous prose, thay would contain many of those characteristic flashes which have justly made him celebrated as a writer of English. The visit of Mr. Forbes to Canada terminated in 1859. Failing to secure employment here, downhearted and longing for home, he embarked at Quebec and sailed for Liverpool in the autumn of that year. Lying before me is a farewell letter, in which, in a pungent postscript, he states his resolve to henceforth give America a wide berth,—a determination which, according to rumour, will not long resist the demands of his admirers to see him on this side of the ocean. His subsequent career, and the history of his connection with the *Daily News*, is too well known to need recapitulation here.

* RETURNED FROM SEA.

BY THE REV. CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A., TORONTO.

AWAKE, awake, my bonny Kate!
And once again be blythe and gay,
I'm waiting by your garden gate,
As in the years long passed away.

Awake! there is so much to tell
Since last we two have talked together—
So many a yarn of what befel,
In far off seas and stormy weather!

Through every watch alow, aloft,
One thought within my heart had power—
Dear love, you little dreamed how oft
I've looked to home and this glad hour.

Then, quickly wake, my own sweet Kate,
And, like yourself, be blythe and gay—
The roses at your garden-gate
Make years past seem like yesterday.

You keep me waiting as of old,
And linger many a minute through—
And when I least expect, behold!
A sudden flash of white and blue!—

A gleam of hair and heaven-like eyes—
A face joy-flushed and wet with tears,
And mine to kiss and mine to prize,
My own long-looked for through the years.

Then come, come, come, my true love Kate,
Be mine this merry summer day—
The good God gives at last, though late,
The happy hours for which we pray.

And yet—and yet—how well I know,
That she whose name I call in vain,
Within that house a year ago,
Has sung her last light-hearted strain.

So weave I dreams of lost delight,
And for her presence idly yearn—
Who passed that gate—once, robed in white,
Through which she will no more return!

January 26, 1880.

* From 'Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets,' by Amos Henry Chandler and Charles Pelham Mulvany. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto. (In the press).

THE LATE JUDGE MARSHALL:

Or, The Record of an Earnest Life.

BY J. G. BOURINOT B.A. OTTAWA.

THE citizens of Halifax have been accustomed for very many years to see on their streets the figure of an old man, somewhat stooped with the burthen of age, but still exhibiting a remarkable vigour for one whose life had commenced in the latter part of the eighteenth century. This venerable gentleman had been, for over seventy years, intimately associated with the legal, political, and social history of Nova Scotia; and there was not a man, woman, or child throughout the Province but had heard the name, if they had not seen the face, of Judge Marshall. So long had he lived amongst them that many people had forgotten his age. But at last, in the first days of April, the news flew about the streets that the mandate had come to the aged Judge, that he, too, must leave the scenes where he had been so long a familiar figure. Had he lived but five years longer, he would have completed a century of existence.

Nova Scotia has every reason to be proud of her sons. If her territorial extent be insignificant in comparison with that of the great provinces of Quebec and Ontario, yet she may justly claim that neither surpasses her in the intellectual vigour of the people. Like the State of Massachusetts, in the American Republic, Nova Scotia has won for herself a pre-eminent position among British American dependencies through the energy and talent of the men born on her soil. As the ships that are built on her rugged coasts carry her name to every land where Commerce has winged its flight, so her sons have sought to elevate her reputation in the different departments of military, political, and literary activity. Among the eminent men who have added lustre to the fame of Nova Scotia, at home and abroad, Judge Marshall may fairly have a place. Others may have won for themselves more conspicuous positions in letters or politics, but no one ever more conscientiously and earnestly devoted a long and laborious life to the solution of those great social and religious problems which have engaged the attention of the thinkers of all ages. The people of this country are, for the most part, so deeply engrossed with politics that they are too often ready to forget or ignore the services of men who are outside the arena of political conflict and devote their lives to questions of social and religious reform. The plaudits of thousands follow the political leader who has come successfully out of an electoral campaign, while the earnest, self-denying philanthropist who is labouring to promote the moral well-beingor to elevate the social condition of the masses, must be content with a crumb of praise at the most. Yet it cannot be said that Judge Marshall was ever forgotten in his lifetime, though it was so remarkably prolonged. His active intellect ever kept him prominently before the public, and enabled him to win for himself a distinctive place among the men of his day.

The life of Judge Marshall was con

temporaneous with all those great events which have had such memorable effect on the political condition of Canada. He was a child of five years when the first Legislative Assemblies met in the old Bishop's Palace at Quebec, and in the humble cottage at Newark. He outlived nearly all the eminent men who have won for Canada the political liberties which place her now in almost the position of an independent nation. Papineau, Howe, Wilmot, Baldwin, and Lafontaine passed away in his lifetime and left him in the vigour of his intellect. When he commenced the practice of the legal profession, the Lower Provinces were but sparsely settled. Halifax was only known as a naval and military station, and the only town of importance outside of the capital was Pictou, which did a considerable lumber trade, employing in some years as many as one hundred and twenty square-rigged vessels, some of them of heavy tonnage. In the old provinces of Canada, the only cities and towns of importance were Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers, Kingston, and York, and only a small stream of population was annually flowing into the fertile lands of the West. In those early times there was little indication of the progress that would be made by the British Colonies some fifty years later.

In these days of railways and macadamized roads, the lawyer on his circuit suffers no inconvenience except what may arise from tardy trains or ill-cooked food in over-crowded hotels. A little pamphlet circulated some years ago among the Judge's personal friends and relatives, gives us an idea of the difficulties of 'circuit' in the old times. On one occasion, in 1809, he set out in company with a professional friend on a journey for a county town, nearly one hundred miles distant, where a term of the courts was to be held. As the snow was very deep, and the roads were only partially kept open, they were obliged to travel on snow-shoes. The first day they were only able to proceed fifteen miles, and the Judge's companion gave out through ignorance of the proper mode of using snow-shoes. So the Judge was forced to pursue his journey all alone, sometimes on snow-shoes, and at other times on foot over the ice of rivers and harbours overflowed with water. It took him weeks to perform the journey, which was attended with much difficulty and privation at times, as the roads were little travelled at that season, and the settlers' houses were often at great distance from each other.

The legal profession was not overcrowded in those early times; for until 1810, there were only some eight or nine barristers in Halifax, out of a population of some 15,000, whereas now there are at least seventy in the same city, with 30,000 people. Only two gentlemen followed the profession in Truro; two in Pictou; one or two in Cumberland and Cape Breton; and not one in Antigonish or Guysborough. Travelling on horseback through forests, or on snow-shoes for hundreds of miles, evidently afforded no stimulus to the growth of the profession. Only one of his contemporaries in the practice of law survives the Judge, who obtained admission to the Bar in 1808, over seventy years ago. This gentleman is Mr. James S. Morse, of Amherst, who was admitted in 1810, or two years later than the subject of this paper. The Chief Justice of Nova Scotia was Samson S. Blowers, who, the Judge tells us, was 'truly eminent for a high standard of legal knowledge, logical skill, and power of argument and chasteness, and attractiveness of language.' One of the Judges who had a seat on the Bench, had, in the earlier periods of his life, been a military warrior, but for reasons no doubt perfectly satisfactory to himself

> He left the old unwholesome Trench,
> And took a seat upon the Bench.'

Richard J. Uniacke, James Stewart, Foster Hutchinson, S. B. Robie, Lewis M. Wilkins, and S. G. W. Archi-

bald, were then the most eminent men at the bar. It was whilst Chief Justice Blowers was on the Bench that a case of great importance to humanity was decided. Several of the Loyalists who settled in Nova Scotia brought with them negroes who had been their slaves in the New England States, and had accompanied them to the Province out of affection for their masters and mistresses. One of these blacks suddenly left his master's service in Shelborne, and came to Halifax. His master followed him, and securing his arrest, was about to convey him back to Shelborne. 'Application on his behalf,' writes the Judge, 'was made to Mr. Wilkins, who obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, under which master and servant were brought before the Chief Justice, and the case and the slave question were fully argued on each side, the Judge legally and righteously decided that this Province was not debased with that cruel and abominable slave system which John Wesley appropriately characterized as "the sum of all villinies!" Thus the subject as to our free country was settled for all time!'

In 1811, the Judge was elected to the Assembly for the County of Sydney, which then combined the present counties of Antigonish and Guysborough, and which had been previously represented by his father, Captain Joseph Marshall, for fourteen years. He continued to sit in the Legislature until 1823, excepting an interval of two years. Of all the men who sat in the Legislature elected in 1811, not one now survives—the Judge was the last of the politicians of those early times. To his legislative duties he brought the same habits of industry and conscientiousness of purpose that were his distinctive qualities throughout life. In 1823, he accepted a Judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas for the Island of Cape Breton. This Island had formerly enjoyed a separate Government, but, at the time in question, it was annexed to the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and the capital was Sydney, situate on a magnificent harbour, and in the midst of one of the richest carboniferous tracts of this continent. The Island in its early days was known as Ile Royale, and possessed a high value in the estimation of the French who built on its south-eastern coast the fortress of Louisbourg. In the early part of the century, a large influx of Scotch settlers poured into the island, and took possession of the most fertile tracts of the present counties of Cape Breton, Victoria, and Inverness. The Acadian French were chiefly situated in Richmond County, where Jersey merchants established their headquarters for the fisheries. The coal mines in the neighbourhood of Sydney were worked by the London Mining Association, who enjoyed the monopoly by virtue of a deed given to a London jeweler by the extravagant Duke of Kent. A military garrison for years occupied the barracks, remains of which still exist on the neck of land commanding the entrance to Sydney. The town itself was small, but afforded a pleasant little society, composed of the military, retired officials of the old Local Government, and professional men. The position of the Judge was, however, very far from being one of dignified ease in those days of rough travelling, as we may see from the following extract from his journal :—

'During many of the earlier years of those judicial circuits, large portions of my journeys were performed in Indian canoes, in which I have sometimes passed a great part or the whole of the night occasionally paddling to lessen chillness, and to afford the poor, tired squaw, a partial relief. On one of such journeys, for reasons of apparent convenience, I took a shorter route, for the most distant county town, and one I never passed before and never attempted again. The whole distance was about one hundred miles, and nearly two-thirds of it were performed with the Indians in the bark canoe, and during the whole of the

journey of three days and nights, I never parted with an atom of my apparel, except hat and boots, and getting what repose I could obtain at night on the floor of some rude log hut in the clearings or forest.'

As a magistrate his time was always occupied in a community where many lawless elements existed. If the slightest disturbance took place on the street or in a dwelling, the Judge was sent for to set matters right. If a man and wife were at serious variance he was always called upon to restore harmony. When the services of the clergy could not be readily obtained, he was obliged to administer the necessary spiritual consolation at the bedside of the dying. Duels were not unfrequent between the Sydney gentry and the officers of the garrison, and if they did not always result seriously, it was because the Judge arrived on the spot in time. Frequently he was obliged to depart from the line of his judicial functions, and act as an executive officer in order to prevent bloodshed or the escape of criminals in a country where a number of persons were always ready to assist their concealment. As an illustration of the lawless character of the miners of those days, it may be mentioned that on one occasion, when one of their friends had been convicted of crime and confined in 'irons' in the forecastle of a vessel at the Sydney Bar, about forty of them conspired to rescue him. While the vessel was lying at the wharf, taking in her cargo, a large number of the lawless band, with their faces disguised, rushed down the 'Shute'—by which the coal is discharged into the hold—secured the guards and carried away the prisoner to a blacksmith's forge near the mines, where his irons were struck off and he was set at liberty. On another occasion, a band of labourers at the mines seized a quantity of goods which were being carried into the harbour from a British ship, which had been wrecked on the coast. When the sheriff with his assistants arrived at the mines' grounds, with a warrant to arrest the guilty parties, he found a large band, with various arms, prepared to oppose him; the principal part of their defences being a mounted swivel gun, ready for action. The Judge immediately obtained assistance from the garrison, and left with two large boats full of men for the mines. The robbers dispersed at the sight of the military, though not till the Judge had directed a rifleman to fire over the heads of the party. One person was taken prisoner, but he succeeded in escaping to the woods, where he built a hut, and, as he was a very powerful man and well provided with arms, he set the authorities at defiance.

'It was said that when his larder required replenishing, he helped himself from the store at the mines, or elsewhere, or to a lamb, or other provisions from the folds or fields of the surrounding farmers. Through fear of violence, or for other reasons, none cared or ventured to take any measures to bring him to justice for his misdeeds, or in any way to meddle with him. What were the closing scenes of his career I never heard.'

The Judge remained in this arduous position until 1841, when the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions was abolished, and he, together with his colleagues, received a retiring allowance. It was universally felt that he should have been placed on the Bench of the Supreme Court, but it appears that the vacant position had been promised to a favourite of the Lieutenant-Governor, and, consequently, the legal knowledge and experience of the Judge were lost to the Province. But he was not the man to sink into apathy. His active temperament soon found scope for his energies in the Temperance cause, then in its infancy, and requiring uncompromising and learned advocates like the Judge. For many years he devoted himself to lecturing at his own expense throughout Great Britain and Ireland, where he made the acquaintance of many of

the social, political, and religious celebrities of the day—among others, of Richard Cobden, whom he accompanied, as a member of the World's Peace Congress of 1849, on a Utopian visit to Paris, where Napoleon III. was then Consul. On this occasion he attended an entertainment given to the delegates by the famous M. de Tocqueville. As an illustration of the lecturer's industry and perseverance, it may be mentioned that during this visit to the Mother Country he lectured in 350 different cities, towns and villages, including the Channel, Orkney and Zetland Islands; delivered nearly 600 public addresses, and travelled in all over 40,000 miles. After his return from England, the Judge made a tour of Canada, where he lived for several months in the cities of Hamilton and Toronto. He lectured in all the principal towns of the Western Province, and his name will be still familiar to old friends of the Temperance cause in Canada. Nor were his labours confined to the mere delivery of lectures. His pen was never idle, but always devoted to the writing of pamphlets, which he circulated broadcast in promotion of the cause he had at heart. His lectures, like his pamphlets on all subjects, were brimful of facts and arguments, though they were wanting in the rhetorical element best calculated to win popular applause. But the calm, logical mind of the Judge could never descend to the oratorical clap-trap which too often passes for eloquence, and he preferred to appeal to the reason rather than to the sensations of his audience.

During his later days, when his great age prevented the venerable Judge from undergoing the fatigue of travel, he remained quietly in the old city of Halifax, with whose history he had been so long associated. There he employed his leisure time in studying and writing on those social and religious questions to which his tastes and thoughts had always been directed. His intellect to the very end was keen and vigorous, and when the hand of death was stretched towards him at last, it touched him but lightly, and he passed away gently, free from pain and suffering. For him, at least, Death had no terrors, but was only the harbinger of that Future to which he had always looked forward in full confidence and hope. A man of deep religious conviction, the Bible was the rock on which he founded his faith, and to whose pages he always referred as infallible evidence in the many enquiries and controversies to which he devoted himself. His mind was essentially of a Puritan cast; and had he lived in the old times when men were contending for civil and religious freedom, he would, undoubtedly, have been found on the side, if not at the head, of those great Puritan leaders who did so much for English liberty. If he erred at all, it was in the uncompromising character of his opinions, for he could rarely, if ever, brook opposition to the principles in which he himself believed as the best calculated to promote human happiness. Yet this was a quality which he possessed in common with all eminent and true reformers who have had a marvellous influence over the world. Though some may, at times, have thought that his influence might have been greater had the austerity of his principles been warmed by that element of love which should be the great animating principle of all religion, yet no one could doubt the sincerity of his belief, and the earnestness of his desire to inculcate the great lessons of religious truth, as he understood it. Those who knew him longest, knew well that, beneath a cold exterior, there was not only a deep conviction, but much genuine kindness, and no poor man or woman who brought to him their tale of woe, ever left his door with empty hands. The record of his life shows that he devoted his time and means to the promotion of those great social reforms in which he so thoroughly believed; and, in later days, when ad-

vancing years prevented him raising his voice on public platforms, in behalf of his principles, he continued to devote his savings to the encouragement of religious and charitable associations—his donations in this way amounting in the aggregate to a very large sum, for one whose life was never given up to the acquisition of mere wealth. His life, on the whole, was one worthy of imitation by all. He represented a class of men of whom we cannot have too many in this Dominion—men of earnest purpose and fidelity to principle. Take him all in all he was one of whom it may be written with truth, that he 'wore the white flower of a blameless life.'

CANADA'S DIFFICULTIES.

BY ROSWELL FISHER, B.A., MONTREAL.

THE political future of Canada is evidently becoming a subject of growing interest to Canadians, and therefore another article bearing on it can hardly be ill-timed.

The future of Canada, however, as of all other countries, must be largely determined by the present, and I therefore propose, in the following essay, to give a short and I trust impartial sketch of our position, showing more particularly the difficulties which our situation, climate, soil and the character and actions of our people, throw in the way of our progress towards national existence.

The Canada of to-day, as we are well aware, is almost conterminous with the vast area better known as British North America, and consequently rivals the United States in extent. Of this immense territory, however, unfortunately the greater part, probably from two-thirds to three-quarters, is incapable of supporting a civilized people, and the remainder is not a compact mass, but is unevenly scattered across the continent for the most part on, or except in that part which is furthest from either ocean, near, the southern frontier. On the latter portion our present population is thinly settled in four groups, viz., those of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, the North-West and British Columbia which are so situated that the natural and cheapest lines of communication between any two of them lie, not through Canadian, but through United States territory. As this feature of our situation is the greatest drawback to our national progress, it may be worth while to discuss it in some detail. Taking these groups in their order, it is obvious that if the ordinary laws of economy were observed, the line of communication between the Maritime Provinces and Central Canada would run through the State of Maine, that from Central Canada to the North-West through the North-Western States, and lastly that from all the other provinces to British Columbia, by one of the American Pacific lines. That Canada should rely for its inter-provincial communications on the good-will of a foreign state, was, however rightly regarded, a grave political weakness, and consequently at Confederation it was agreed to build a political railway from the Maritime Provinces to Central Canada, and on the annexation of the North-West and British Columbia, it was further argued to build a Canadian railway from Central Canada to the Pacific,—the

actual and prospective results of which arguments are the Intercolonial and Canada Pacific Railways. In undertaking a railway on Canadian soil from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Quebec, the conditions of length and route were such that no private companies would build it as a commercial venture, and therefore the State was obliged to construct it at the public expense. Thus the cost of the road was presumably very great even in proportion to its length. This road is now debited in the public accounts at about $30,000,000, and in addition to the interest on this sum, has cost the country since its opening over another million in running expenses. Nor can it be anticipated that this burden on our resources will in a short time be reduced, for as we are, politics apart, a tolerably practical people, a project is already on foot, to build a private road by the natural route through Maine, which will compete under favourable circumstances with the political road. When the former is built, there will be two railways to take a volume of trade which would naturally seek the shorter and cheaper route, in which case the national road must either stop running, or greatly increase the loss on its working expenses, and thus prove a growing and not a decreasing burden on the people. Turning our attention now to our North-Western communications, it was again found that no private companies could, or would, undertake to build such a road, and consequently the country again shouldered the burden. This, however, was a very different and much more arduous undertaking than the Intercolonial. Indeed so great an undertaking is it, that after squandering many millions on surveys and constructions, we are only just beginning to realize the immensity of the task, and in the meantime are almost congratulating ourselves that we shall *soon* have a road built through the wild country from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg, which for nearly six months of the year will give us access to our North-West, independent of the much cheaper route through the States. Here again, however, as in case of the Intercolonial, we are already favouring a project to build the cheaper and natural route to the North-West, *via* Sault St. Marie, and the south shore of Lake Superior, which for half the year would compete on favourable terms with the Government road for all through railway freight. As for those great links in the proposed road which run from the Upper Ottawa, north of Lakes Huron and Superior, and the great stretch across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, there are signs not wanting that even Canadian politicians are beginning dimly to doubt our ability to carry them through for long years to come. In this case it is too clear that our political consolidation may also be postponed *sine die*. Now, as these great roads and great burdens would never have been created if it had not been for the peculiar character and position of our frontier, and as that frontier is not a natural but a political division, it follows that we are labouring under great disadvantages from our political situation, to another almost equally important feature of which I shall return later on, proceeding in the meanwhile to draw attention to some of the difficulties created by our physical geography. In this case, the features of the country are such, that the population not being able to spread either to the south, where it was met by the frontier, or to the north, where it had to encounter a more rigorous climate and less fertile soil, has advanced in a long and relatively thin line to the west, along the shores of the navigable rivers and lakes. From which it results, that our scanty population is so distributed that both politically and economically it possesses almost the least possible strength in proportion to its numbers, and the area which it occupies. This was the case even in pre-railroad days,

but is still more so since we have undertaken long lines of railway, built for the most part, not so much to feed as to compete with or supersede our navigable waters, and which consequently may with truth be said to serve the least population at the greatest cost. Thus, at a time when ease, rapidity and cheapness of communication is of great and growing importance to national prosperity, the length and character of our political and other railways entail severe burdens on the people which are unfortunately further augmented by our climate, to which it is now time, I should refer. The climate, of much the greater part of Canada, cannot be called other than Arctic. This term does not so much mean that we have no warm or even hot seasons, but that such seasons are short and that the severity and duration of the cold is such as seriously to hamper and shorten our agricultural and other operations. As it is usually, and I believe truly, held that the human race attains its greatest vigour and energy in the temperate zone, it is obvious that we cannot hope for our population at the best more than the vigour of the people of that zone. But if our climate gives our people no superiority of energy over their neighbours, it is certain that it in turn makes very much heavier drafts on whatever energy they may possess. As this difficulty in our developement is too much ignored by Canadians, it may be well to specify the nature of our principal climatic burdens. In the first place, in comparison with our neighbours of the temperate climates, we have to devote a larger share of our wealth to the purchase of fruit, clothing and warmer dwellings, both for ourselves and our domestic animals. This means that, other things being equal, the Canadian has to spend a greater part of his earnings for some of the chief necessaries of life than his Southern neighbour and is consequently just so much the poorer. But the fact that we need a greater quantity of fuel, clothes, and warmer dwellings, does not by any means cover the whole additional cost, because, other things again being equal, even the same quantity of fuel, food, clothing and dwellings, will cost more in this than in a more temperate climate. This will be clear if it is borne in mind that, owing to the shortness of our summer seasons, all agricultural work and a great many trades must be carried on at very high pressure, succeeded by periods of enforced idleness. Now work carried on under these circumstances is much more costly than that carried on under conditions which allow of continuous labour. In addition to this, our short seasons lessen directly both the variety and quality of our agricultural and of some other productions. Further, the cold shuts up our navigable rivers and canals for about half the year, in consequence of which our craft, our wharves, docks, channels and canals, have only half the year in which to earn their dividends; but unfortunately the interest on the money sunk in these investments runs for the whole twelve months. The cold however not only shuts up our waters for half the year but also adds largely to the expense of running our railways for the same time, as both from the lower temperature and the snow, more fuel has to be burned to do a given quantity of work, and I believe also that our roads are not only dearer to run but are dearer to build and equip than those in the temperate zone. In addition to those greater burdens which the climate imposes on our energies, there are many minor drawbacks which are the more felt as we make some pretensions to the needs and luxuries of a high state of civilization—but quite enough has, I think, been brought forward to show that the climate of Canada handicaps us very heavily in competing with the people of the temperate, if not of the sub-tropic, zone, and unfortunately there are absolutely no compensating advantages with which to comfort ourselves.

Turning, now, to the soil, we find our chief difficulties here, not so much in the character of the soil itself as in the situation and the climate, and the fact that, except in the north-west, there is no large and compact mass of soil capable of supporting a large total population, though comparatively small areas, such as the Western Peninsula and lake shore of Ontario and the south shore of the St Lawrence, above Quebec, may be capable of supporting relatively a large and prosperous people. In the case even of the North-West, upon which at present all our hopes of future greatness seem to be staked, it is not too much to say that many of the statements as to the quantity of magnificent soil are greatly exaggerated; but giving it all due credit for very large tracts of splendid land, it must not be forgotten that for some, perhaps many, years to come most of it must be far from the centres of population and industry even on this continent, and, therefore, we cannot soon expect to see a very large and wealthy population inhabiting this great territory. Finally, taking all our productive soil together, we have no reason to suppose that it can at all rival the United States, either in the extent or variety of its agricultural, or mineral products.

Unfortunately our progress is confronted with difficulties not only by our situation, climate and soil, but also by the composite character and history of our people. Of the whole present population of Canada about one quarter is of a different race and language from the other three quarters, and is not only so to-day, but is determined to remain as distinct as unmixed race, language, laws and religion can preserve it. Of the other three quarters of our people, the combined influences of the shape of our country and our history are such that the fusion of our interests and sympathies, and the consequent decline of local jealousies and rivalries, proceed very slowly, and with much friction. In addition to various elements of political weakness, the overshadowing neighbourhood of the United States is so distinct, and so very important an addition to the difficulties which lie in the path of our national development, that I must now refer at some little length to this feature of our situation. In reviewing the advantages or disadvantages which any country may possess, its relationship to some one or more other countries must always be taken into consideration. In our case, there is, from the nature of the case, no need to make more than one comparison; but that one is imperative, and by it we must stand or fall. For the purpose of this comparison it is necessary very shortly to draw a picture of the present condition of the United States. Occupying the whole temperate zone of the North American continent from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the great Republic possesses a territory of unsurpassed, if not unequalled, fertility, resources and position. Having survived the shocks of a terrible civil war, and a deep and wide-spread commercial depression, she now possesses a population of not far from fifty millions of people drawn from all the most vigorous races of the world; and, having largely reduced her debt, resumed gold payments, and developed her means of communication, she now invites the surplus population of the Old World to fill up the older, and to populate the newer States and the vast territories of the centre and the Pacific slope. Such is the condition of the United States to-day. To draw a parallel picture of Canada, we have only to epitomize the preceding analysis of our situation, climate, soil and people. Nominally possessed of, rather than occupying, the whole arctic zone of North America, from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the North Pole, Canada is the mistress of a great, but ill-situated territory; of large, but ill-distributed, and by no means unequalled resources;

having not only escaped any great political convulsion, but having gained largely by that of her neighbours, she is only just struggling through a commercial depression at least equally deep and wide-spread. With a population of, we hope, not far from four millions, of as hardy and vigorous a people as those of the United States, and, finally having largely over-developed her means of communication, and more than equally over-developed her debt, she is tempted to tamper with the currency, and is absolutely compelled to rely on a great immigration as the one escape from national bankruptcy.

Of course, patriotic prejudice will deny that this is a true comparison between the United States and Canada. It will be said that the South is still discontented, that there are elements of disruption in the East and West, and that, more than all, most of the free land is taken up, and that the great European immigration must seek the Canadian and not the American West, and that this great stream of immigration will more than overcome all our difficulties of debt.

I sincerely hope that our Canadian North-West will prove as rich as the most sanguine Canadian believes, but in the meantime, the above assertions are not a valid or sufficient answer to my comparison. If the South is discontented, and the North possesses elements of disruption, some of our Provinces are also discontented, and all of them possess elements of disruption. If we possess more free lands of the best quality than the United States, it does not follow that all their good free land is taken up, nor that all the immigrants will insist on absolutely free land. At this point it will be well to draw public attention to two facts which may largely affect the coming immigration. First, that great quantities of the railway and state lands in the United States are, from their situation, cheaper, though not free, than the great part of our free grants, and therefore it is probable that large numbers of immigrants will prefer to buy, either for cash or credit, lands in comparatively settled and organized communities, already possessed of cheap communications with the great world, not built at the public expense, rather than to take up free grants in an absolutely new country, either with deficient communications or those for which they will have to pay very highly. Secondly, if the master farm system is as great a success as is pretended, the small freeholder is going to follow the fate of the small manufacturer, and give way before the capitalist farmer, and the poor man will, therefore, be obliged to become an employee of the latter, and will go where there is to be found the greatest accumulation of capital, which is likely to be in the United States rather than in Canada. More than this, a large proportion of the expected immigration will be composed of artisans who have no desire to take land, and who will, therefore, take their skill to the largest market, which is not, and for a long time cannot be, Canada. I am reluctantly compelled, therefore, to come to the conclusion that for several if not for many years to come, the United States have room for all the European immigration which is likely to seek this continent, and, in addition to this, it must be remembered that, other things being equal, the current is all in their favour. The Irish, German, and Scandinavian immigrants prefer to settle in the Republic rather than in a British colony, and even the British prefer, if they must change, to seek the warmer climate and wider prospects of the greater nation. If this is so, other things being equal, how much more will it be the case when the other things are so far from being equal that we are unable to keep large numbers of our own people from going to the United States. We had one chance of competing favourably with the United States. If we could have said, it is true our climate, situation, and resources are inferior to those of that

country, but that we have the advantage in the honesty, energy, prudence, and wisdom of our people and governors; that our greater immunity from the burdens of taxation, monopolies, and misgovernment, more than overcomes our natural disadvantages; then, indeed, could we with a good grace, and with at least some hope of success, have invited our European brothers and cousins to settle within our borders. Alas! he is, indeed, a sanguine and one-sided patriot who can see much evidence of prudence or honesty in the absurd multiplication of increasingly expensive governments, in a policy of commercial isolation, and in the reckless and indefinite increase of our public burdens, which are the leading features of our present public affairs.

I have endeavoured, as shortly as possible, to take an impartial survey of our national position. Attention has been drawn to the fact that as our national future depends altogether on our attracting a great and rapid immigration to our country, we must compete with the United States; and that, owing to our situation, climate, soil, people and debts, we do so at a great disadvantage, and the conclusion is therefore inevitable that we are confronted with the most formidable difficulties in our progress towards national existence. The picture is not, I am well aware, a brilliant one, and if it can be shown to be untrue I shall rejoice. But I must, in conclusion, point out that bold but unsupported assertions of our energy, our vigour, and our determination to be a great, populous and independent people, are no proof that we can accomplish our desires; and, further, that equally bold assumptions, even if made by the *Globe*, that, at such an early date, a million immigrants will *doubtless* be settled in such a district; a hundred thousand in such another; that such a length of railway will be built for so much, such another for so much more, and so on, do not offer any presumptive proof that such will be at all the history of the near future. If, on the contrary, however, it can be positively shown that the United States possess little or no future attractions to immigrants, and that there is an immense mass of the poorer classes of Europe which must emigrate at a very early day, and which can be successfully directed to our North-West, then indeed we shall have a solid basis up on which to build our future hopes of a strong and prosperous Canada.

RIPE GRAIN.

O STILL, white face of perfect peace,
  Untouched by passion, freed from pain!
He who ordained that work should cease,
  Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
  The glory that is wrung from pain,—
The high, celestial beauty wears
  Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
  No slightest trace of grief or pain,—
On earth an empty form and face—
  In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

ONE DAY IN SEVEN.

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

II.

FROM a historical stand-point, the institution of 'One Day in Seven' was reviewed in a previous number, the conclusion arrived at being, that the observance of the Lord's day was deemed by the early Christians, and more especially by the Reformers, a matter of conscience, not binding upon others than themselves, and obtaining then only in so far as they were impelled by individual impulse or a sense of duty. Resuming consideration of the subject at this point, it may be said that research will not make plain, if it even succeed in unearthing, evidence sufficient upon which to base an assumption that the Protestants, while they were a little band, considered it any part of the Christian obligation to attempt domination over the community; but a careful reading of history will reveal that, apace with increasing numbers, grew an intolerant spirit, supported by a conscience educated to condone the perversion, by the domineering party, of its early liberality. A needed and salutary restraint upon religious coercion was thus removed, and force once more, as in the period antecedent to the Reformation, asserted itself over justice. When the community was divided merely upon the outward form or ceremonial of religion; when, indeed, the religion of the Protestants was comprised in a vague, uneasy notion concerning the existence of a God—personal to them only, as it were, by permission of the priest—and in reading the round of a mystic ritual, the assumption by one section of the keepership of the conscience of the other, was, while not justifiable, not unnatural. The believer in God, at this period, merely supported his priest; the follower did not presume to reason with the leader; the dicta of the spiritual chiefs were obeyed with unquestioning alacrity, with sincere and fearful submission. Force was always forthcoming to support doctrine, and thus their doctrine regarding conscience was imposed upon all and sundry by the Reformers when they gained the ascendancy. At that day conscience was believed to be the monitor of God in the heart, implanted there as authoritatively as if a special Divine interposition had in each case been exercised. Conviction of the acceptability of one form of ceremony to God, implied to the believer an offence to Him in any other, while perseverance in that other was regarded as evidence of a wilful perversion of conscience, in controlling which the party sitting in judgment, and supported by the superior force, considered itself warranted. Viewing this state of doctrine at this distance of time, one can see that such regulative action was rendered less unnatural from the fact of both parties esteeming their relation to God superior to and independent of their relation to man. At the period referred to, extending from the Reformation until almost the end of the seventeenth century, theology, morals and politics were wedded. It is to

this time that one has to look back, not alone for the spirit, but, in many instances, for the very letter of ecclesiastical legislation. This is the period when, in Scotland, zealots proclaimed from the pulpit that it was sinful for a mother to be solicitous for the welfare of her child; when enactment was at once civil and religious, and when it was based upon the ascetic idea that amity to self was enmity to God. Sceptics were at this day few and far between, and their beliefs, or rather doubts, were whispered from mouth to mouth. One of their Statutes is said to survive to this day on our Book of Laws, which shews the spirit of legislation when theology, morals and politics were one. The Statute is 9 and 10 William III., chap. xxxii., sec. 1, which provides that if any one educated in or having made profession of the Christian religion, by writing, printing, teaching or advised speaking, maintains that there are more Gods than one, or denies the Christian religion to be true, or the Holy Scriptures to be of Divine authority, for the second offence, besides being incapable of bringing an action, or being guardian, executor, legatee or grantee, he must suffer imprisonment for three years without bail. There shall be no prosecution for such words spoken, unless information of such words be given on oath before a justice within four days after they are spoken, and the prosecution be within three months after such information. The offender is to be discharged if, within four months after his first conviction, he renounces his error. Indirectly, the Statute bears testimony to our contention that conscience was regarded as the spirit of God in man, and that there could be no honest exercise of conscience if it were contrary to the promptings of the 'still small voice' in the majority. This was surely the perfection of intolerance.

Having briefly reviewed the history of the observance of one day in seven as a religious ordinance and having estimated the bearing of conscience thereupon, let us proceed even more briefly to consider the institution in the light of necessity and expediency. When man made no provision for the morrow, when his environment was full of peril to life and limb, even when he may have been conscious of, but had not yet manifested, his superiority to the brute creation; when, in one word, he was yet a child of nature, it can be conceived that he did not need rest more prolonged than what instinct would constrain him to take—possibly from sunset to sunrise. But so soon as man began to accelerate his brute activity in response to the growing comprehension of intellect, so soon as he awoke to an understanding of the misery of enfeebled age and grasped the idea that labour in youth would secure an equalising relaxation in declining years; so soon as the dominating influence of accumulated wealth made itself felt; so soon must the necessity of a periodical halt have impressed itself upon man. The observance of one day in seven as a break in toil must be regarded as an answer to the cry of wearied nature; for, had there never been religion, there would have been a cessation from labour just as surely as labour exceeded the demand for hourly preservation. Every human being has his capacity for labour, and Bismarck breaks down in trying to harmonise inter-state interests as well as does Bumble under the crushing load of his self-importance—when perseverance seeks to whip wearied nature into activity. The greater the pressure the greater the necessity, and thus have we of this generation seen a shortening of the hours of labour all over the civilised world—to be followed, possibly, before the young men of to-day have donned the winter garb of age by the observance of two days in seven as sacred from engrossing toil. To relieve the over-worked world we must look to the spread of what are termed with aversion 'liberal opinions;' for,

though it is undeniable that we owe to religion what measure of holidays we enjoy, it is equally undeniable that religion has advanced as far as it will voluntarily lead in this direction. For centuries upon this subject religion has been petrified in its position; whereas, unorthodoxy, beginning with the idea of its being perfectly right for man to work all day, and every day, has become so far communistic as to recognise the necessity of periods of relaxation, increasing in duration with the exactions of labour. But what is rest? The conception of rest held in the past differs from that of the present, and the future will shew a change. Inertia is what rest meant in the good old days, so happily buried. Rest then meant to sit both upright in a hardwood chair and groan in spirit over the vanities of the world, confessing that everything done on earth was sinful, and that for the smallest of these transgressions, eternal torment was but a trifling visitation of justice. In the present, one must bow to the letter of the past when he dares interpret the spirit of the times in the light of his own conscience —as witness the case the other day of a man dragged before the police magistrate of Toronto and fined for brightening up his office a little bit on a Sunday afternoon, at the same time probably when his prosecutor's maid-servant was polishing up the fire-irons in the seclusion of the kitchen. Possibly this poor man may have been brightening up his office by way of rest after a surfeit on a doctrinal sermon. To-day a man must limit his rest to the exercise of his physical and muscular powers within bounds laid down by his neighbours, who themselves enjoy a cup, full to overflowing, of a happiness, satisfying to the wants of their nature—which, to say the least of it, is selfishness. The future will regard rest as activity in the pursuit of that in the enjoyment of which the individual man realizes the greatest happiness, be he a pedomaniac trudging along a dusty road under a sweltering sun, or be he a recluse in the dim shadows of a cathedral entranced with heaven-born, heaven-seeking harmony. The rest of the future will be what each esteems best adapted to his requirements, and it will obtain not merely that one section of the community may bolster veneration of the dead and gone. The necessity of rest must be increasingly felt: neither nature nor education calls long without obtaining an answer.

In proceeding to discuss the observance of One Day in Seven on the ground of expediency, the opinion is hazarded that upon the institution recommending itself in the future to mankind, or to a portion of mankind sufficiently numerous to command State recognition, as profitable, depends its perpetuation or its death. The manner of Sunday observance cannot but change, for the character of religion in the future must adapt itself to the intellectual development of the age, as it has done in the past, despite what certain divines, more enthusiastic than accurate, say to the contrary. Not veneration can save the Jewish Sabbath of to-day; not conscience, educated to addle common sense, can permanently throw the human race out of harmony with its environment, any more than man can cause the great physical laws of the universe to bend to his will. The day is coming when the Christian and the free-thinker will be so closely assimilated in their ideal of life that both will discuss the Sunday question upon the ground of expediency. It must, therefore, be of interest to all whose hearts throb in sympathy with the greater heart of humanity, to consider what experiment or experience has taught concerning the commercial value of observing one day in seven by a cessation from toil. It will recur to the general reader that in 1794 the revolutionary Government of France abolished the old order of observance and decreed that there should be nine days labour and one day's rest. The reader also knows that the decades were abol-

ished and the old system restored—a result the more strongly emphasized by the fact that social reforms introduced, even by the most radical of revolutionaries, are seldom entirely obliterated, as the decades have been. Doubtless many causes besides direct profit or loss contributed to the overthrow of the decades, but it is satisfactory to know that a British workman, sojourning in Paris about the beginning of the century, has recorded in 'The Escape from Toil,' the experience of an industrious Frenchman under the decades. This bourgeois—who was so industrious that he did not lose ten minutes gazing at the mangled bodies of the Swiss guard on that terrible August morning, in 1792—after enjoying the permission to work on the tenth day, came to the conclusion that 'where there was no Sunday there was no working day;' where there was no settled day of rest, there was no settled or sedulous labour. His experience was that laziness is doubly infectious where there is no definite prospect of rest.

Macaulay ventures this speculation: 'If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest . . . I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this time a poorer people and a less civilized people than we are . . . I firmly believe that, at the end of twenty years' a man would 'have produced less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week.'

Burke, discussing the same question, says: 'They that always labour exhaust their attention, burn out their candle, and are left in the dark.'

During a debate in the British House of Commons on the Slavery Question, Wilberforce brought under notice the fact that, during the war in the beginning of the century, it was proposed to work all Sunday in one of the royal arsenals, continually and not for a brief period only. Some work men were granted leave to abstain from work on Sunday, and it was found that these workmen executed more work than the others.

Captain Stansbury, who led the United States survey in Utah, in his report, said that his experience in such occupation made him believe that 'as a mere matter of pecuniary consideration, apart from all higher obligations, it is wise to keep the Sabbath. More work can be obtained from both men and animals by its observance than when the whole seven days are uninterruptedly devoted to labour.'

Several years ago I was talking to one of the superintending engineers who had been employed on canal construction in Holland, and, in the course of conversation upon the amount of manual labour employed, the engineer said that his experience had been that the more frequent the intervals of rest the greater was the progress made, this being even more noticeable in regard to animals than men. The loss of Sunday, he said, meant half-hearted work for the week. I recollect that he said, though he had not data to support his position, it was his opinion that machinery, thrown out of gear occasionally, lasted longer in the aggregate than machinery which was stopped only that it might be oiled.

Of course it is quite possible to overdo argument and contention on this line, and the statement of Mr. Bagnall that his blast furnaces turned out more work through not being employed on Sunday, is manifestly absurd to any one who knows about the construction of a furnace, and the cost of allowing it to cool, as well as the expense of keeping it heated and not working. Mr. Bagnall, in giving his testimony to the House of Commons, clearly overlooked the enormous natural increase of the iron trade, and the fact that men such as the Bairds and Guests made much greater progress in business than he, and they kept their furnaces working day and night. But Mr. Bagnall will be readily credited when he says that work had gone

on much freer from accident, and possible interruption, than previously.

Captain Scoresby, in his 'Sabbaths in the Arctic Regions,' marks the extent to which the contention in favour of absolute rest on Sunday may be carried. He enters into particulars to show that whales, out of consideration for not being molested on Sunday, were more accommodating for the rest of the week in appearing 'to blow' in the neighbourhood of the ship—at least that is his contention—stripped of its foliage.

Without proceeding further, it may be safely said that the balance of testimony supports the individual inborn conviction of its being pecuniarily profitable to refrain from labour on Sunday. This brings the consideration of One Day in Seven to a close, with what measure of success it lies with the reader to judge. The endeavour has been to show that the Sunday of to-day is a Judaic institution, the observance of which the rights of manhood affirm, should be controlled by individual conscience; leaving the future observance of it to be determined by expediency.

It was part of the writer's plan to briefly review the law bearing upon the question, but as the Sunday Concerts Appeal case will at an early day be discussed at some length in the Superior Courts, his intention may be abandoned or deferred.

THE LAW STUDENTS' GRIEVANCE.

BY THOS. A. GORHAM, TORONTO.

LITTLE did it appear when an essay on the subject 'No Law School' was read before the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, that a chord had been struck, the vibrations of which would resound throughout the Province and call from an able and versatile friend and critic of the Society so vigorous an article on 'Legal Education' as appeared in the March number of this magazine.

To continue the article, 'No Law School,' which appeared in the February number of this monthly, attention must first be called to a petition that was presented by the Law Students to the Benchers in convocation assembled, and which still lies on the table, having received but a passing notice. It was an outcome of the enthusiasm aroused by that essay, and has among the Benchers a few hearty supporters and, as might be expected, many determined opposers. It runs as follows:—

'The Law Society of Upper Canada.

'To the Benchers of the Law Society of Upper Canada in Convocation assembled.

'The petition of the undersigned students-at-law most respectfully sheweth:

1. 'That your petitioners greatly feel the want of legal education and are deeply sensible of the disadvantages under which they labour in this respect as compared with students-at-law in other countries where instruction in the laws is furnished by the State or by bodies similar to your own.

2. 'That your petitioners also deeply feel the want of professional instruction as compared with students in medicine, theology, engineering and other professions.

3. 'That a large part, viz., almost one-half of the revenue (which far exceeds the expenditure) of the Law Society of Upper Canada is derived from the students.

4. 'That your petitioners feeling that they as members of the Law Society have no adequate return for the large amount they contribute

Most respectfully pray That the establishment of a School of Law or other means of imparting legal education to the students-at-law may receive the early and earnest attention of your Honourable Body.'

Now let those who so bitterly oppose every attempt of the students to obtain what will be shewn in this article to be their just rights, think well before they ungenerously refuse that prayer. That the students are entitled to a school of law, no one considering the matter will deny. That the Society is not able to supply such a want, none but those unacquainted with its resources will venture to say. That it would not be to the great advantage of the students and profession, none but those wilfully blind will argue.

According to the receipts and expenditure of the Law Society for 1878, as seen below, the students pay all expenses incurred for examinations, library and general expenses, besides part of the item Reports.

Law Society—Receipts and expenditure for 1878 :

RECEIPTS.

Certificate and term fees	$15,751 00
Students' fees	20,306 95
Cash received for Reports sold	489 60
Government grant	3,000 00
Interest account	3,047 27
Total	42,594 82

EXPENDITURE.

Reports	$17,659 39
Examinations	4,337 38
Library	2,240 31
General expenses	11,996 04
Balance	6,361 70
Total	42,594 82

In explanation of the above items, it may be remarked that the interest item is always on the increase ; for in 1876 it was $1,519.65 ; in 1877, $2,137.65, and in 1878, $3,047.27, while in 1879 it was estimated at $3,400. This item must necessarily increase, for it is becoming interest on interest. The Government grant has been increased to $4,250. The students', and certificate, and term fees are uncertain, and liable to increase or decrease; but, judging from the increase in the numbers who are entering the profession, there is but little to be apprehended from a decrease in either of these items. On the other hand, the expenditure for the item Reports may increase; but, if it does, there will be a compensating increase in the certificate and term fees. The other items of expenditure may increase or decrease, but not to any great extent. On examining the above figures it will be seen that, on striking out the balance, or surplus, on the year's transactions, and on deducting the same sum ($6,361.70) from the last three items of the receipts, viz., 'Cash received for Reports sold,' 'Government grant' and 'Interest account,' there will remain $175.17. Now, the persons who, in 1878, paid certificate and term fees, received the Reports for that year, which cost the Society $17,659.39, or the Society furnished each practitioner with $20 worth of Reports, yet some of these think it a great hardship to be compelled to pay the annual fee of $17, for which they receive in return the Practice, Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Appeal and Supreme Court Reports, the average value of each being, at least, $3.50 per year. So, after striking off the certificate and term fees, and deducting the same sum from the item Reports, there will be left of the cost of the Reports $1,908.39, or the receipts and expenditure will stand thus :

RECEIPTS.

Certificates and term fees	$
Students' fees	20,306 95
Cash received for Reports sold Government grant Interest account	175 17
Total	$20,482 12

EXPENDITURE.

Reports	$ 1,908 37
Examinations	4,337 38
Library	2,240 31
General expenses	11,996 04
Balance	
Total	$20,482 12

Now, it is asked of the Benchers, after they have carefully examined the above figures, who received in the shape of Reports more than their contributions? Who, to the extent of $1,908.39, paid for those Reports? Who paid all the expenses of the examinations, which include examiners' salaries, scholarships, advertising examinations, &c., fees to attendants at examinations, stationery and printing examination papers? Who paid for all the books bought for the library? There is every year a large expenditure for books, but the students are furnished with a poor lending library. The term library is misapplied. It is a motley collection of a few volumes of some of the works on the course, the most of them old editions, and of so ancient a character that one might easily be forgiven for asking if their age would not make them rare curiosities. It will probably be said they are sufficient for the demand. Let any Bencher who thinks so, on the morning after the close of some term, stand in the neighbourhood of the Librarian's desk, and see the rush made for those well-worn books; let him, also, remain in the vicinity for an hour afterwards, and see the disappointed look on the face of some poor student whose duties (probably copying the trash in that same Bencher's office) have detained him, and who is now forced to turn away without a much wished for volume. After witnessing such a scene, let that Bencher conscientiously say, if he can, that the few old and dirty books, so *generously* furnished out of the $20,000 a year paid by those eager seekers, are sufficient to meet the demand—rather let him 'go think of it in silence and alone,'—let him also carry along with him the remembrance that these same earnest workers are shut out from the miscellaneous library which was lately put under lock and key, and hoarded away to furnish material for the ravages of time and hiding-places for moths. Who paid the general expense account? An account which includes sundries, care of grounds, repairs, heating, lighting, water, insurance and salaries (Reporters' salaries are included in the cost of Reports). Is it any wonder that under these circumstances the students should demand their rights—rights which might almost appear to have been carefully hidden. Even now, when some light has been let in, why are not the reports of the different committees published and put within reach of all the members of the Law Society?

It may be urged that the year 1878 is an exceptional one—so it is; but the exception is against the Benchers' view of the matter. Compare the figures of 1877 and 1878. The exception will be seen to be that the receipts for 1878 are less than those for 1877 by $5,582.75, that the expenditures are less by $1,244.97, and that the surplus on the year's transaction is $6,361.70, being less than that for 1877 by the large sum of $4,307.78. It will be noticed that the surplus for 1877 was $10,669.58. In that year the students' fees amounted to $23,547. In the year 1879, it appears that there was a large increase in the receipts over those of 1878 and a decrease in expenditures, and that the surplus amounted to about $10,000. The truth of these figures may be questioned. The answer to that is, they are taken figure for figure, and in some cases word for word from the Report of the Finance Committee, dated 15th February, 1879.

With $70,000 of Dominion stock, and an annual surplus of $6,000 to $12,000 is it still doubted whether the Society is able to furnish a School of Law? And, after it has been shewn that the students furnish one half of the annual revenue of the Society, and

receive nothing in return, while those who are practising are paid value for what they contribute, is it yet to be proven that they are entitled to some provision for Legal Education? The question is too absurd.

Next, as to the benefits to be derived from a School of Law. These will not be confined to the students or the profession. The newspapers of the day complain of the continual 'tinkering with the laws.' Even the Chief Justice of our Court of Queen's Bench finds occasion to express his surprise at the rapidity with which alteration follows alteration. Any one sitting in the Court of Assize at Toronto, on the 19th of March last, could have witnessed the following:—Counsel addressing the jury explains his position by reference to the Statutes. The Chief Justice, apparently surprised, says—'Hand me up the Statutes, Mr. Hagel.' (Having read the sections.) 'This is new law to me, I am always ready to confess my ignorance of law. It is being made at such a rapid pace now-a-days, that I am utterly unable to keep up with it.' The Legislative Assembly has lately finished its labours for awhile. Let any one look over the great number of alterations made, not alone in, what is unfortunately in name only, the Revised Statutes, but also in those which have been enacted since the revision; also, let the haste apparent in their construction, receive attention. The Dominion Parliament has also been busily engaged in the worthy employment of altering, abolishing and making law. Why this continued alteration? It is not supposed for one moment, that the men sent to Parliament are infallible; yet does it not seem strange that so much valuable time should be spent in reviewing and altering the labours of others? We are taught that what is law is justice; yet, if it be so necessary to alter the Statute Law every session of Parliament, there must be a failure of justice somewhere. When we take into consideration that the most of our Statutes are framed by lawyers, it will appear stranger that there is such a failure. The country is a great loser then in having so much of the time of its legislators taken up with what might have been provided for in the first enactment. It is also a great loser in having uncertain Statute Law, and in the uncertainty which it creates in our civil relations. The remedy is to be found in the words of Sir Henry Thring. 'The last subject to be considered in connection with law reform, and yet perhaps the most important, is that of legal education. Stephenson could as easily have built the tubular bridge over the Menai Straits without skilled workmen, as a Government make a Consolidation Bill, a Digest, an Institute of Maxims, and a Code, or any of such works, without educated and trained workmen. Yet where are such workmen to be found? The composition of Acts of Parliament requires a great command of English, and at the same time differs from all other compositions. Every sentence can and should be framed according to special rules; but the application of such rules in each particular case, can only be determined by practice. . . Again, an alteration of the laws, or a consolidation of the laws, cannot be safely effected unless the draftsman is acquainted, not only with the history of the law to be altered, but with the history of all kindred branches of the law. English law has, by degrees, interwoven itself with all the social needs of Englishmen, and must be studied in English history. For example, nothing would seem easier than to consolidate the Acts relating to penal servitude; yet what is the fact? The law of penal servitude rests on the law of transportation, and the law of transportation on the old doctrines relating to clergyable offences: so that, to compose accurately a few sentences, describing the law of penal servitude, involves in effect, a thorough knowledge of the criminal law of England, both ancient and modern. . . Let

them (young Englishmen) be taught English law historically, tracing each doctrine back to its origin; and when they are fully imbued with the grand spirit of English legislation, they will be eager and willing to put it into a more attractive form, as an example to other nations, instead of learning to despise its real merits on account of its uncouth shape.' In the present age there seems to be a desire to break with the past, and so high has the pressure become, that Reformers think it 'an idle waste of time to consider what the laws have been in the past.' They say, 'only see your object clearly, and express it boldly, and the judge will have nothing to do but to apply the rule laid down for his guidance.' Law making is an Art, and, without a knowledge of the Science of Law, all the 'cunningly devised measures and exquisite contrivances,' put forward by any Legislature composed of men not animated by a scientific spirit, and with a knowledge of the past law and the history of the evils sought to be remedied, will fail.

Instead of the law appearing certain, as it most assuredly is, to the inexperienced mind, it appears far otherwise, and there has arisen the phrase, one might be forgiven for saying the proverb, about the 'uncertainty of the law,' to which has been derisively prefixed the word 'glorious.' Law is fixed and certain if properly interpreted. It could not be law if this were not so. There are fixed and certain underlying principles which rule and guide the lawyer in every age, but the search for and discovery of those principles is lost sight of in the continually heaping of case upon case, and it is this non-observance of search after principle in the practice of law that has led our books to be so crowded with decisions which are supposed in themselves to contain the necessary rule applicable to all cases similar. It may be heard any day that there is nothing new in law, yet how often are some of our most skilled counsellors, when the Court has given a decision rather opposed to some former case, heard to say 'that is surprising, it is directly opposite to what I have always supposed to be the law on the point.' Law is a science when viewed as a study of principles. It is an art when those principles come to be applied. Under the present system it is neither, but a vast collection of maxims in the application of which the attainment of justice is looked upon as a happy accident. There are lawyers to-day making fortunes in Osgoode Hall, who, when their memory of some former decision fails them, are lost in confusion. They are incapable of guiding their vessel out of the sight of land, they have never learned the use of the compass, nor the method of taking their latitude and longitude. Let them once lose sight of the peak of some lofty hill, and they are 'at sea.' They cannot, without grave doubts and great fears, launch out into the untried illimitable waste of waters. It is not, as is often supposed, a prodigious memory for Acts of Parliament and decided cases which distinguishes the true lawyer, but it is a special intellectual capacity for grasping and applying those principles which have, since the earliest ages of the world, remained fixed and certain. How is this intellectual capacity to be acquired? That is the question which this movement in favour of a School of Law seeks to answer. There are two distinct methods, yet, although distinct, one is imperfect without the other. The one method is to be seen in the system of law teaching to be found in Germany, where the study of the science of law has given her better expressed and more compact laws than can possibly be hoped for in this country. The other system is to be found in England, where the art is carried to such an extent that her courts are the admiration of the world; but her laws, unlike those of Germany, are badly constructed and widely scattered. The English legal philoso-

phers are busily engaged in the search for some plan for codification. Sir James Stephens vaguely hints at some scheme apparently yet undefined, while Sir Henry Thring comes to the front with his 'Simplification of Law.' On the other hand, Germany is carrying forward the work of a great code for the whole empire without any trouble. But, as the natural result of the system there in vogue, the administration of the laws is far from being satisfactory. The two systems then must meet; there must be as near a union as possible. The first being carried out by lessons received in the school, and studies pursued in the chamber; the second by experience gained in the office and Forum. Professor Sheldon Amos divides legal studies into two divisions. 'Of these, the one is concerned mainly with the Historical and Philosophical sides of Law, and is invariably made to include Roman Law. The science of Jurisprudence strictly so-called (so far, at least, as that science has as yet been recognised and developed), and not unfrequently International Law. The other part is concerned with the study of the Téchnical Legal System of the particular nation, with the meaning and use both of the simpler and more solemn kinds of Legal Documents, with the detailed character of Legal Formalities and the Procedure of Courts of Justice, and, lastly, with the Art of Advocacy and the methods of handling Evidence.' It will probably be urged that the Canadian Student-at-Law can have no interest in the first of these divisions, or supposing him to have an interest, he has no time for such studies. Let us glance at this objection. There are two classes of Law students, commonly known as 'three year men' and 'five year men.' 'Three year men' being those who have proceeded to the degree of B.A., and of whom the Society requires only three years' service under articles, while 'five year men' are those who have not obtained that degree, and are required to spend five years under articles before being allowed to practise. How much of the first two years does a 'five year man' spend in studying law? Ask the average student, and it will be found that the greater part of the law he learns during those years is by associating and conversing with those engaged in practice, and that, after a short spurt at actual reading while his ambition is fresh, his books are thrown aside until within three months of the First Intermediate Examination, and there are to be found plenty who pass this examination after six weeks' reading; but it will be urged that he is learning practice—again ask the average 'five year man' how much practice he learns during those two years, and it will be found that he has been engaged in learning where the clients of his principal live, or, if he be of sedentary habits, in learning to copy 'all the letters in a big round hand.' Call on him at the office, and if he be not out on some very important errand, such as filing an affidavit or some pleading, he will be found seated with more importance than his principal dares assume, reducing to legibility some legal scrawl. And does this continue for two years? Yes, often for five, and sometimes longer. Now let us glance at the case of the 'three year man.' His practice is similar to that of the 'five year man.' Look in upon him a couple of months after he has taken his seat at his desk. He came fresh from his college, where his duties gave him only a limited leisure. He was successful, and feels his honours thick upon him. He took that desk filled with a boundless ambition —'a cork leg or a fortune' was constantly on his tongue. See him, now, thoroughly discouraged, he tries 'to read law,' but at every turn he meets new terms and phrases that long ago had lost their original meaning. What would a lecture, explaining those empty phrases, not be worth to him? How much better then would it be for both of these classes of students, were there

lectures which they were compelled to attend—in order that the one should gain an insight into its historical and philosophical aspects, and that the other might be initiated in the mysteries of legal phraseology, both meanwhile having added to their desire for legal knowledge that zest which is so necessary.

There are now four Examiners, two of whom have been engaged in a labour of love—lecturing gratuitously to a large attendance of appreciative students. Mr. Davin has clearly shewn that they are well fitted for lecturers. 'To the student just entered, a finger post is more desirable than a philosopher.' It is better that they should be practising barristers than professional teachers, for, in the words of Austin, 'The realities with which such men have to deal are the best correctives of any tendency to antiquarian trifling or wild philosophy, to which men of science might be prone.'

The purpose of shortening time is foreign to a school such as is here advocated. Thrusting out upon the country men as unacquainted with the law, as they are with the different modes of putting the same in motion, can answer no good end, and the main purpose contemplated is grounding the student in the elements at the outset. Medical students are compelled to attend lectures for six months in each of the three or four years' study required of them and are expected to be under the surveillance of a practitioner during the remaining six months of each of those years. Why should not all law students be compelled to attend lectures, in the one case two sessions of six months each out of the five years, and in the other case one session of the same length out of the three years of study required of them? The medical student is required to do so much work in the dissecting room and spend so much time in hospital practice and thus he is accustomed to deal with the realities of his profession. The law student, it is contended, should be required to attend lectures which would include attendance at moot court and an attendance, which could be insured by a system of pass tickets, at the courts which might be holden during the session. It will be argued that the cases of the medical and law student are not at all similar; of course, it is acknowledged that in the concrete there is some difference between administering a dose of calomel or strychnine, which are without doubt good remedies, and yet drugs requiring great nicety in handling, and giving advice in an action of trespass where the party advised, if the advice administered be not correct, may be mulcted in heavy damages, yet in the abstract they are same. It will also be urged that it would be a great hardship on many who would not be able to afford the extra cost of compulsory attendance on free lectures; then, it must be acknowledged the compulsory attendance of the medical student on lectures for which he has to pay is a greater hardship.

In conclusion it is urged that, at the election of new Benchers, which takes place in April of next year, those, whether students or barristers, interested in the establishment of a School of Law, demand of the men seeking to be elected to that honourable position, the consideration of a reform in legal education. Let their attention be called to the controversy on the subject and the changes that have taken place in England. As it seems so necessary that Canadian reforms should follow those which take place in England, let it be demanded that the reforms in legal education be followed.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

A STABLE fortress is our God,
A shield and sword to arm us,
Secure within our strong abode,
No deadly foe can harm us—
Not even that ancient foe,
Who wrought man's overthrow,
Who, armed with craft and power,
And eager to devour,
On earth hath none to match him.

In our own might we strive in vain,
Our strength is weakness ever,
But for us fights the Chosen Man,
Appointed to deliver.
Who is this chosen one?
'Tis Jesus Christ, the Son,
The Lord of Hosts, 'tis He
Who wins the victory
In every field of battle.

Though powers of darkness throng the air,
With fiery darts assailing,
Our souls we yield not to despair,
By faith we stand unquailing.
Let come the Prince of Ill,
With all his might and skill,
Yet shall he not succeed,
Because his doom's decreed,
A little word shall slay him.

God's word for ever doth abide,
In spite of foes remaining,
Himself for ever at our side,
His Spirit still sustaining.
And should they in the strife,
Take kindred, goods and life,
Small is the prize they gain,
For us there still remain
The Eternal Crown and Kingdom.

—W. G.

TORONTO

COLONIAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.*

BY W. J. RATTRAY, B.A., TORONTO.

IT is one of the subsidiary advantages of free government that the people generally are educated by the very system which secures to them their liberties, and commits these to their jealous guardianship. Canadians may well be proud of their constitutional privileges, seeing that they alone can be the secure guarantee of present content and progressive development. In this country, the struggle for 'responsible government,' as it is conveniently, if not with absolute correctness, termed, deserves a fuller historical record than it has yet secured. A futile conflict, physically considered, wrought with us that radical and beneficent change in the Colonial system which resulted in a newer and more liberal extension of Canadian autonomy. The men who passed Mr. Morin's ninety-two resolutions, and wrestled with oligarchical influence in Upper Canada were, in fact, although not by their political wisdom or discretion, the liberators of the people. No one takes particular interest now in the skirmishes of St. Eustache, the Windmill, Gallows Hill, or Navy Island; yet these irregular and altogether abortive exploits brought about Lord Durham's Report of 1839, and the full concession of Canadian autonomy under the auspices of Lord Grey in Downing street, and Lord Elgin at Montreal.

What then is the system which eventually trampled over the old paternal system, administered by colonial coteries? That is the question Mr. Todd essays to answer in the learned and exhaustive work noted below. All of us have a general idea of popular government as it obtains in Canada, even if we do not fully realize how inestimable a possession it is, and will prove itself to be, during all generations to come. It is our pride and satisfaction to know that no caprice on the part of the Monarch, no whim of a Colonial Secretary, no perverse or sinister act of a Governor, no wanton usurpation of minister or parliamentary majority, can do more than fleck the azure of our political firmament for the passing hour. Let once the healthful breeze of popular determination smite the passing clouds, and they are driven away before the blast, to be no more seen. All constitutional authority emanates from the people; and, in the last resort, must, directly or indirectly, be sanctioned or condemned by them, according as its use or misuse may dictate. This is the fundamental maxim upon which any complete theory of parliamentary government must rest, or be not only unworkable but indefensible. The machinery may be varied according to the genius and traditions of the people; but, it must be strenuously maintained that all constitutional power is exercised for the people, and ultimately by the people. Unless that cardinal principle be cordially, frankly, and boldly vindicated, both in theory and practice, free institutions can have no existence, however popular the system may be to outward seeming.

Everyone knows, and can master that elementary axiom in our constitutional system; but it is not quite so

*Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies. By Alpheus Todd, Librarian of Parliament, Canada; author of Parliamentary Government in England, etc. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1880.

certain that the governmental apparatus, in all its complexity, is universally appreciated, or even intelligently grasped, by the masses at large. At times, political crises will occur; and then the ordinary notion of popular supremacy seems inadequate. These transitional difficulties are usually aggravated by the intensity of party excitement and passion; and, on both sides, people's acuteness of vision is marred by a sort of political strabismus. The pressing question with hot-headed partizans is not 'what saith the constitution?' but 'how may we so warp the existing machinery as to benefit our own party, and give it a plausible claim to be considered in the right?' These are periods of trial, and sometimes of serious perplexity in practice, and only an honest and fearless adherence to the strict lines of the constitution may extricate the country from its serious peril. In this country—indeed, in all the colonies—there have been so many constitutional changes, either in the framework or in the interpretation of the political system, that, at such moments, there is a natural, but most pernicious, tendency to wrest constitutional maxims to the destruction of opponents. On some few occasions party dudgeon has run so high that the first principles of parliamentary rule have seemed to be abrogated, or at least to lie in abeyance. At these critical junctures there appear to be no abiding maxims of government—*inter arma silent leges.*

Now it is Mr. Todd's distinctive purpose to expound our political system upon the practical basis of precedent and experiment. If, as Governor Simcoe alleged, our system was to be 'an image and transcript of the British constitution,' in so far as its axioms are compatible with Imperial supremacy, the necessity of a critical analysis as to principles in the light of their concrete application to the colonies becomes obvious. The general principle that the popular will must be the foundation of power, is of inestimable value; but it is too vague, when a crucial emergency arises. In Canada we have three branches of the legislature, the Governor, the Senate, and the Commons. Of these the first is personally responsible only to the colonial office; the second is practically irresponsible; the third derives its authority, and is ultimately answerable to the entire electorate. Evidently then, the popular chamber alone reflects, or should reflect—for it does not always do so—'the well-understood wishes of the people.' Between the Governor and Parliament, however, is the Cabinet — a body known only to the unwritten law of the constitution, except in so far as its existence and functions are recognised by the B. N. America Act of 1867. In the words of Mr. Gladstone, this committee of Parliament —for such it is—'stands between the Sovereign and Parliament, and is bound to be loyal to both' (Todd, p. 593). They possess, to quote from the same high authority, the 'responsibility of deciding what shall be done in the Crown's name, in every branch of administration, and every department of policy, coupled only with the alternative of ceasing to be ministers, if, what they may advisedly deem the requisite power of action, be denied them' (*Ibid.* p. 18). The Cabinet must possess the confidence of the people's representatives or resign. Should they forfeit that confidence, there is the further alternative of an appeal directly from the Commons to the people, provided their advice to that effect be accepted by his Excellency. All this is easily apprehended, because everything is done in the course of public discussion, and the accession to power, and the defeat and resignation of Cabinets, are of familiar occurrence.

But the position occupied by Her Majesty's representative in the Dominion is not so clearly understood—perhaps it is occasionally, though not from any sinister motive, deliberately

misrepresented. It is somewhat singular that, notwithstanding the *consensus* of opinion on the subject, not merely amongst text-book writers—who are, like lawyers, unjustly assailed at times—but of all statesmen, irrespective of party in England, such crude and utterly unconstitutional notions regarding the functions of the Crown or its Colonial representatives should prevail. Moreover, in Canada, we have had so many salient examples of the normal discharge of these functions at critical exigencies, that the *fainéant* theory is utterly inexplicable. It is to confute prevalent fallacies that Mr. Todd devotes a large portion of his work. He shows by a complete survey of the most recent cases in all the self-governing colonies that the Governor-General, like the Sovereign, is far from being a merely ornamental figure-head to the body politic. The name of Mr. Gladstone, which should carry great weight, at least with all Liberals, is again invoked in favour of the true constitutional doctrine.* The Crown or its colonial representative is absolutely irresponsible personally to Parliament; but in order to conserve this irresponsibility, it is absolutely necessary that Ministers shall be found willing to answer for all executive or administrative acts, as well as legislative measures, to the people's representatives. If at any particular crisis the Queen or the Governor-General happen to differ from the sworn advisers of the Crown, the latter must either yield, resign, or compromise matters. The head of the Government may dismiss Ministers at pleasure; but he can only dismiss them when he chooses, on the implied condition that successors can be found who will undertake to defend what has been done to the House and country. Moreover the Governor may agree to dissolve the Commons or refuse to do so, as he thinks fit, with a similar qualification that, in the end, those who step forward to defend his course, receive the confidence of Parliament. When a change of administration becomes necessary his freedom of choice is unlimited—bounded only by the same inevitable condition.

It may be urged, why press a bald principle so pertinaciously when, after all, the people will have their own way. The answer is, because some of our Governors have suffered unjustifiable abuse and reproach for simply discharging the proper functions of their office. Either the Governor-General counts for something in the State, or he does not; if the former, then the vulgar notion of his duties is not only erroneous but mischievously so; if the latter, then our whole constitutional fabric is built upon a false basis, all the precedents must be set aside, and every statesman whose views are worth citing has been in error. The functions of a Colonial Governor, therefore, ought to be correctly stated and intelligently understood, from a judicial, and not from a partizan, standpoint. Were the true position of the Queen's Representative clearly recognised, those occasional ebullitions of factional fury which mar Canadian history would not recur in the future. Mr. Todd has done the people no small service by unfolding, in a plain and dispassionate style, the constitutional *status* of our Governors. The party heat, which blasts impartial consideration of the matter, is not so innocuous as may at first sight appear. On the contrary, it is fraught with serious mischief, not always to be averted or overcome so easily as it has usually been in times past. The work before us places a delicate question in the only light that will bear serious examination, and serves to dissipate constitutional errors, which, if only because they are errors, cannot be considered harmless.

The cases in which the prerogative of the Governor-General has been

*See extracts from a paper in the *North American Review* (September-October, 1878) on 'Gleanings of Past Years,' vol. i. pp. 203 to 248, as quoted by our author pp. 18-22.

either invoked unconstitutionally, or its exercise unjustifiably denounced are probably fresh in the recollections of our readers. It is out of the question to enter upon them in detail; but it may be well to advert to one or two of them, recommending the reader, at the same time, to Mr. Todd's luminous and exhaustive survey of the entire subject. In 1849, Lord Elgin who may be said to have definitively established responsible government on its existing basis, was called upon to reserve or veto a measure introduced by his sworn advisers, although they possessed the confidence of the House, and also of the country. In the Legislative Council the Rebellion Losses Bill passed on a vote of 20 to 14; while in the popular branch of the Legislature, Mr. Lafontaine's chief resolution was carried on a vote of 48 to 23, or over two-thirds. This was a case of the unconstitutional invocation of prerogative. In 1858, the Hon. George Brown undertook to form a ministry with a hostile Assembly. It appears to us that Sir Edmund Head had no right to make it a condition precedent to his acceptance of Mr. Brown, for Premier, that he would not solicit a dissolution. The hon. gentleman's answer to that 'feeler,' if it may be so termed, was at once dignified and constitutional. The Governor, no doubt, thought to prevent a difficulty which he foresaw must arise; still he was in the wrong, until his new advisers were sworn in. So soon as that was done he acted strictly within his rights in refusing the dissolution, and, as the event proved, he soon found advisers who not only consented to be responsible for his act, but also possessed the confidence of Parliament.

The Pacific Scandal imbroglio needs only to be mentioned, because to discuss it in full would far transcend the the space at command. It appears, now that the passions of the hour have cooled into a reasonable state of calmness, that Lord Dufferin dealt with the matter, which was admittedly a difficult one, with singular tact and judgment. It must be admitted that the Ministers who advised a prorogation were, at the moment, arraigned at the bar of public opinion; still they were not only unconvicted, but had not as yet been put upon trial. The failure of the Oaths Bill had placed His Excellency in a delicate position; yet, on a calm and dispassionate survey of the case, he could have little hesitation as to the constitutional course to be adopted. Ministers unquestionably retained the confidence of a parliamentary majority, and he was bound to accept their advice, or force them to resign. On the latter alternative, a dissolution must have been conceded to the minority; the charges against Ministers, instead of being impartially sifted, with judicial skill and equanimity, would have been brawlingly adjudicated upon from the stump; and the result could hardly have been looked at with satisfaction after the elections. As the event proved, no injury was done to the Opposition; only indecorous thirst for a party triumph received a rebuke, and the Oppositition had, in the end, the satisfaction of securing office in a constitutional way.

The celebrated Letellier case remains to be noticed, because it touches the very heart of the matter before us. The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec dismissed Mr. DeBoucherville and his colleagues from office for causes assigned. The chief of these was that they had initiated measures, and even issued proclamations in his name, either without the form of consultation with him, or any sanction from him, but, as in the case of the Railway Bill, in defiance of his protest. Mr. Todd proves, with almost superfluous fulness, that he had a right to dismiss his cabinet. Indeed, of that there can be no reasonable doubt at all. Ministers, who either ignore the Crown or a Governor are, without question, liable to that penalty; *à fortiori* the Quebec Cabinet was so liable, seeing that they had

not only treated Mr. Letellier with disrespect, but had also acted in his name in prosecuting a policy to which he was strenuously opposed. The plain duty before them was either to convince the Lieutenant-Governor that they were in the right or to resign their offices, so that he might find other advisers willing to face responsibility before the country. Instead of doing either, the sworn Ministers of the Crown, chose deliberately to persist in their course, with a cool determination as if no such officer existed under the Confederation Act as a Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. Mr. Letellier had no resource left but the exercise of his constitutional prerogative of dismissal. He had recourse to it, and Mr. Joly succeeded in forming a Ministry which appealed to the electors with temporary success. It seems necessary here to note that whether the new advisers, in fact, receive the support of the people or not, is beside the present question. In the latter case the Lieutenant-Governor must accept such advisers as can command the confidence of the new House; but that has nothing whatever to do with the constitutionality of his initial act. George III., on two occasions, dismissed the Cabinet, and his new counsellors were sustained by the people; William IV., on the other hand, 'dished the Whigs,' only to find his Tory Ministers rejected at the polls.

Mr. Todd's account of this latest precedent in Canadian politics should be attentively read by all intelligent Canadians. It proves, beyond question, that constitutional precedent is superior to any fancied theory of our governmental system evolved from the inner consciousness. Responsible government is a priceless boon to the Colonies, but its practical value depends almost entirely upon a proper understanding of the theory involved in it, and the even balance of executive and legislative powers it contemplates. In the Quebec case, certainly, we have merely a Lieutenant-Governor in question—an officer appointed, and liable to recall, by the Governor-General, as the latter himself is, on the fiat of the Colonial Secretary. Still, *mutatis mutandis*, the same principles, determine the functions of a Lieutenant-Governor as of the Governor-General or the Sovereign herself. The dismissal of M. Letellier, again, as Mr. Todd takes peculiar pains to demonstrate, was irregular and without warrant on any principle, constitutional or statutory. The British North America Act declares that a Lieutenant-Governor may be dismissed for cause assigned by the Governor-General, and the facts of the case are at once to be communicated to Parliament. In the instance before us, the provisions of the law were precisely reversed. The Lieutenant-Governor was not dismissed first, and Parliament enlightened afterwards. On the contrary, a partizan majority in the House addressed the Governor-General, and, in consequence of that address, M. Letellier was cashiered. So that, in fact, the Commons, on an *ex parte* case, and under the influence of a strong party *animus*, really dismissed the Governor-General's representative, set over the local concerns of Quebec. The blow struck at the Provincial autonomy secured at Confederation will yet lead to disastrous results. The 'cause assigned' was the most ludicrous part of the matter. It was not because of the dismissal of his Ministers, since that would have been treacherous ground; but because the Lieutenant-Governor's 'usefulness was gone,' in the opinion of gentlemen who certainly did not believe that it had ever arrived. That may easily come to an end which never had a beginning.

Special importance has been laid upon this breach of constitutional law, because it is here that fallacious, and by no means innocuous, errors arise; but at the same time, the reader will, of course, understand that Mr. Todd's

comprehensive work covers many more topics deserving of attention. The five chapters may show this, by a mere statement of their titles. Chap. I. which is introductory, treats of the Sovereign, in relation to Parliamentary Government in England. In Chap. II. there is the application of Parliamentary Government to Colonial Institutions. Chap. III. contains a very complete 'Historical account of the introduction of Parliamentary Government into the Colonies of Great Britain.' The fourth chapter, which is the heart of the book, is subdivided into three parts, treating in succession of Imperial Dominion over the Colonies; of Dominion exercised over subordinate provinces by a Central Colonial Government; and of local self-government generally. The concluding chapter reviews the 'Position and Functions of a Colonial Governor.' The entire work deserves the closest and most attentive study by all who desire to comprehend fully and intelligently the complex machinery of our free institutions. It seems unfortunate that no provision is made in our higher seminaries of learning for instruction in constitutional law. Men receive, from our Universities the necessary equipment for every sphere in mature life; except that which covers their duties as citizens. It is strange that the thirst for culture which has been manifested of late years by all classes and both sexes, has not extended itself to the domain of political science. It seems to be a prevailing delusion that the science of government comes by nature, and that special attention to it is superfluous. Even a superficial glance at the violent party controversies concerning the fundamental maxims of our constitution —or at least about their application— serves to show that, as a matter of experience, it is far otherwise. The Provincial University College might take the initial step in establishing a chair of Constitutional History and Law; and if the Government cannot afford to aid in the work, there are surely men of wealth in our midst, who would willingly assist in diffusing sound views of our free and liberal system of polity among the future legislators and statesmen of Ontario.

TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

18TH MARCH, 1880.

OH Princess! in whose gentle bosom dwells
All tenderness for all that suffer ill,
The noble record of whose living tells
Of vanguished self and of triumphant will.

Oh, angel of the little children's ward!*
When little lips are parched and eyelids pale,
That keepest o'er the humble cot thy guard,
In melting pity for each lowly tale.

Think not that any hurt could fall to thee,
Or any danger threat thy royal head;
But that the hurt and danger still must be
Thy people's hurt and still thy people's dread.

* Referring to Her Royal Highness's connection with the children's hospital, London, England.

Thy people? Yes, we are thy people true,
In forest, field and plain all hearts are thine,
Hearts, that from British hearts the life-blood drew,
Will ever round thy mother's daughter twine.

Oh, heed not thou the little bickering cry
Of rodent statesmen, gnawing, weakly vain,
The mystic strands of kindred love that tie
Our matchless Empire with a living chain :—

The little mice! that, even in the light,
Come forth at times to squeak and frisk and gnaw,
And think to match their teeth with nature's might,
And frisk and chatter round the Lion's paw.

But think of men—five hundred thousand strong—
That stand with lip compressed and steadfast eye,
All prompt about the proud old flag to throng,
And shake the mighty standard to the sky.—

Unworthy words, all weak and meaningless;
Poor fluttering wing that ought to soar on high;
Sweet theme of gentle grace and tenderness;
Faint whisper of the gathering Empire cry.

—CANADA.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE FIRST DOMINION ART EXHIBITION.

BY AN UNLEARNED VISITOR.

AN event such as this, in the history of Art in Canada, cannot fail to interest, not only the lover of pictures, but all who have a stake in the growing institutions and general progress of our country. The element of practical usefulness—the combination of *utile* and *dulce*—which distinguishes the present from previous exhibitions, is undoubtedly its most striking feature, for whose successful introduction we are indebted, mainly, if not altogether, it is understood, to the noble and royal patrons whose names are identified with the movement. A few words on the subject may not be uninteresting to those living at a distance from the Capital, and, perhaps to some who, themselves visitors to the Exhibition, may like comparing their own impressions with those of others. The intention was at first, we believe, that this Exhibition should be composed wholly of the works of native artists; or, to be more precise, of artists living in Canada. Why this rule was departed from we do not know, but that wisdom was justified by the result is evident—the Loan Collection adding greatly to the strength of the Exhibition, both in quantity and quality. Those, however, for whom it was originally designed, were fairly and liberally represented; nor do they seem to have suffered too much by comparison with

the works of foreign artists, while the advantage to the general public of seeing various styles of art is equally evident. It is pleasing to observe that the public of Ottawa—a hitherto rather benighted public in such matters—has seemed to appreciate fully the opportunity given of increasing their knowledge and improving their taste—an opportunity which will not occur again in five years (Montreal, Halifax, and the other leading cities, in the meantime, getting their benefit), at the end of which period, we venture to predict an advance in art, especially industrial art, and an intelligent interest in art which cannot be otherwise than most gratifying to those who have given it this initiatory impulse. To a result such as this there must, of course, be some adequate means ; these will be supplied, in great measure by the Schools of Art and Design in the Province, one of which, under the especial patronage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, is about to be established in Ottawa. The method of teaching in these schools, it may interest the unlearned to know, deals more with elementary principles in drawing than has hitherto been the practice in Canada ; and the effect of such well-directed, systematic training is seen in the work of some of the pupils of the Toronto School of Art, prominent in the Design Department.

Let us, reversing the order of the catalogue, glance over the contents of these rooms first. They are full of beautiful designs for all sorts of things ; it is difficult to particularize ; but the wall papers are, perhaps, of the most general interest. One, quaintly humorous in its conception, represents a bird of the stork species, holding up in one claw a worm which he appears to be meditatively regarding for a moment before converting into a succulent repast. Need it be told that this paper is intended for a bed-room ; and that the moral is pointed—if it requires pointing—by the legend inscribed beneath, 'Ye early bird catches ye worm.' The details of tint and form in this clever design are all that could be wished —graceful and harmonious throughout. Here is another: maple leaves of the natural colour on a background of darker green ; and a little judicious outlining with gold adds greatly to the effect, and the graceful winged seed is introduced with advantage. This—No. 298 in the catalogue, Wm. Doughtie—has deservedly obtained the prize, on the ground, we believe, of its treatment of a native plant form, as well as on its general merits. It must have been hard to choose between it and two others by Revell, Nos. 287 and 294, which equal it in grace and simplicity, though not perhaps so bold or striking. The first of these presents our native hepatica, whose flower and leaf lend themselves so readily to conventionalizing, or rather require none, so regular and symmetrical are their forms ; accompanied by the pretty little vine, name unknown to the writer, familiar to all lovers of our woods, whose long tendrils, set at short intervals with starry circles of oblate leaves, is a most fitting subject for such artistic uses as this. The leading tints, of two shades of chocolate-brown, are at once in the taste of the day, and in taste in a higher sense — their quietude corresponding with the unobtrusive character of the plants selected. No. 294 is another picture in itself : the eye dwells with pleasure on the handsome balsam cones and accessories, and returning, dwells again. Can there be a more desirable recommendation to a wall paper ? so often the only picture with which the walls are blest. The same form—the cone—reappears in a design for a book-cover, by J. T. Willing, No. 283, only on a smaller scale —that of the larch. This and two others by the same hand, in which the Trillium, the beaver, and other purely Canadian subjects appear, are all admirably treated. These also have carried off a prize. More might be said on this topic ; but the designs for stained glass allure us from it. Here, as in the last category, it is hard to choose. Mr. McCausland's collection has the prize ; justly so, no doubt. The figures 'Spring' and 'Autumn' have both much freedom of line and action for so small a space ; so, too, have 'Hengist' and 'Horsa,' which are full of life and fire. The writer, indeed, remembers nothing in this department that was *not* beautiful,—but will mention only two more ; one a design —for what purpose it is not specified— No. 303, George W. Kellond—'introducing Canadian plants, leaves and flowers.' This combined, and most pleasingly, a variety of forms. The other, No. 302½, is the work of a young gentleman of Ottawa, Mr. C. B. Powell, and it is a design for a card receiver. A dragon-fly, harnessed to a waterlily with coiled stem and sleeping buds is driven

by a cupid seated at the farthest extremity of his floral chariot. This design, if suitably worked out, must, it seems to the writer, make a most beautiful ornament. Passing over numerous other objects of interest, we come to the designs for furniture. The prize in this department has been awarded to No. 274, John W. H. Watts, and the silver medal to No. 270, Cicero Hine. Both are very beautiful, actually and potentially. Actually, as drawings merely; so clear in every line. This is a point in which some of the exhibitors seem to have failed; notably in Nos. 266 and 278 (George Bennet, London), a cabinet and sideboard respectively; whose real merits were undoubtedly obscured by their being presented in the form of rather indistinct and smudgy pencil drawings. Another fault of the kind was seen in a design whose number the writer is not quite sure of, in which it was impossible to tell from the drawing of some of the horizontal lines whether a flat or a projected surface was intended to be represented. Not so, No. 265, a Naturalist's cabinet, of Grecian pattern, by George W. Kellond, and a remarkably chaste and elegant design. *On dit*, in regard to No. 270, that Mr. Hay, M. P., the enterprising manufacturer and donor of the medal, is by no means pleased with the award; the design being too florid and elaborate for practical purposes—for his at least. Leaving exhibits of this class, we turn to some etchings, No. 256, John W. H. Watts again, consisting chiefly of views of Quebec. These are good and interesting specimens of this neat and little practised art. Here are two sketches, No. 271, in common writing ink, we are told, of scenes in Norway. The vehicle, however, has not been applied in the ordinary way with a pen, but with a brush; and the result is correspondingly bold, and we should suppose, graphic. The same can hardly be said of the only pen and ink sketch in the collection. No. 253, M. Donaldson, 'Looking out of Hoosac Tunnel.' Who can look at this without wondering what would prompt any one to bestow so much fine and careful work on a subject without a single point of interest? 'Looking out of' the inky blackness of the tunnel, there is apparently nothing to be seen after all. No. 251, 'Various Sketches,' by M. Bourassa, the Vice-President of the Association, next claim attention. These are fine and spiritedly drawn figures on a small scale, each one of which might be remarked on separately, did time permit. The spirit of mediæval art, which drew its inspiration from religion, and was not too much fettered by considerations of the difficulty of dealing with the supernatural, or by too exact information on all accessory points, seems to live again in this artist's pencil. His cartoons for the frescoes of a church contain some noble studies of female heads; and the figure drawing in all shows this gentleman to be a worthy disciple of the school of French art, to which we may presume him to belong.

From the Vice-President to the Secretary is a natural transition, and one in point of contrast most effective. For Mr. Matthews, whose studies in the White Mountains, Nos. 202, 3 and 4, and 189, may be bracketed together, belongs evidently to the school of English water colour painters, and studies the anatomy of a tree as the figure painter studies that of sinew; the fitful moods of nature, expressed in air and cloud, as those of the human mind, in the workings of a muscle, nerve or vein. That Mr. Matthews' patient and painstaking study has had its reward, may be inferred from the fact that most, if not all of these pictures are already sold, and for good sums. Nor is he alone in this substantial and much desired form of appreciation; Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Fraser, and others have been equally fortunate; and we must congratulate many a *connoisseur* on these additions to their collections. It may not be amiss to mention that His Excellency and Her Royal Highness have been liberal and judicious purchasers; and readers at a distance may also be interested to know that the Princess' first appearance, after her late serious accident, was on the occasion of her visit to the Exhibition—a perfectly quiet and informal one—on the morning of the last day it was open.

Fairly launched in the Water Colour Department, the unlearned critic with closed eyes, lovingly recalling each creation on which wide open they so lately dwelt with pleasure, feels bewildered as to which shall receive the tribute of praise and admiration. Nor is it possible in every case to pronounce absolutely on the merits of a picture, or enter into those comparisons which are proverbially odious. 'Many men, many minds'; and this epitomic formula

toleration applies equally to the artist and to his admirers. A painter expresses himself—the fibre and mould of his mind—in his paintings, as the poet in his numbers, the writer in his literary style, and the man of every class in his ordinary manner of speaking, moving, and having his being. The only thing is, whose manner you prefer. And the same with a picture. In some, indeed, the manner is so marked as to be in danger of becoming *mannerism;* among these we are sorry to note Mr. Edson's, whose high yellow lights seem to the writer to recur with rather too great regularity, in his oil paintings 38 and 87; in the water colours, 228 and 229, 'Summer-time' and 'Harvesters,' they are not out of place. None of the pictures of this artist, in this exhibition, seem to the writer, however, to have come up to his 'Burnham Beeches,' in the National collection, Toronto.

This is a slight digression. To return: Who for instance shall choose between these lovely creations of Mr. O'Brien's (who, now we think of it, and begging pardon for the mistake, is the President, and not Mr. Matthews; the latter being the laborious and indefatigable Secretary of the Association), in which the real is carried to the verge of the ideal, without, however, overstepping the limits, and these others of Mr. Fraser's, whose glow and warmth are a thing to be seen, not described? It has been said that of these two, the former paints always with a view to the effect of his picture on the mind of the beholder; the latter only with the endeavour to represent what he sees as it affects *him.* We do not know; and can but express unqualified admiration of both their styles. One little word of dispraise might perhaps be permitted; what is it in the flecks of foam and bursts of spray in Mr. O'Brien's marine pieces, that somehow fails to please the eye? Is it the quality which we think we have heard called 'woolliness?' Yet the poet speaks of 'the white and fleecy waves looking soft as carded wool;' so that, perhaps, would be no defect. It is rather a certain stiffness and flatness, not easily described; but, by way of illustration, let us look at the same thing in Mr. Cresswell's pictures. Here the spray breaks, hangs suspended, and will presently fall, you think, before your eyes. Of this artist's clear and forcible painting—if such terms may be applied to it—so unvarying in its quality, so balanced in its tones, nothing need be said to those familiar with his pictures; and to those who are not, mere description would fail to convey much idea. His contributions to this exhibition are all (if we remember righty) marine views, in which he excels.

A new competitor (we think), in this department, appears in Mr. Henry Sandham, who must surely be regarded as a valuable reinforcement to the ranks of Canadian artists. What can be better in its way than No. 94, an oil painting and diploma picture, 'Beacon Light,' St. John Harbour? Observe the broad, free handling, the colour, transparency, and movement of the water; the translucent fog, the capital drawing of the men in the boat. It is not, however, in water only that Mr. Sandham's powers are seen. No. 238, a water colour 'Study of Rocks,' shows us that he has studied them with loving appreciation of their pictorial capabilities, and learned in the words of a sprightly writer 'to humour them and draw them according to their little *lichens.*'

Let us, for variety, turn to the fruit and flower pieces, of which there are, one cannot help thinking, rather a super-abundance. It is much that none of them are positively bad; it is more that one of them is surpassingly good, No. 177—Wm. Revell—is the one in question. What a perfect little picture! How soft, how clear, how tender the touching! how delicate the colouring! And the careless grace of the group! Look at the Safrina Rose, half blown, at the right. The idea of its exquisite texture is conveyed, as well as its mingled tints. There are many other flower groups of which the worst that can be said of any is that they suggest rather too strongly the horticultural chromo-lithograph, and even that is not faint praise. The artistic capabilities of the Hollyhock seem to have the fullest justice done them; one of Mr. Griffith's two, No. 32 and 188, but which one, the writer cannot recall, has a sort of vista, is suggestive of Wordsworth's avenue of hollyhocks—the flower of which the philosophic bard was so fond.

But what are these curious blotches of colour, No. 222? An unfinished sketch surely,—or has some one been mixing colours at random? Increasing our focal distance, we see it to be a magnificent bunch of Phlox, one of Mr.

Fowler's inimitable productions. This most vigorous and original painter has nearly half a room to himself, in which to show us how he sees things. 'Not his' — to quote again from St. John Tyrwhitt's (the writer before alluded to), lively page—'the morbid, upholsterous fear of bright colour, which is sadly against naturalist landscape.' He sees red as red, green as green, and this was a great offence to many other unlearned visitors, who dubbed them gaudy daubs and passed on. If among these there were any who have a weakness for doing their liking and misliking by authority, they must have been much puzzled to know that this contribution to the Loan Collection was by vice-regal request; Her Royal Highness and His Excellency having previously seen and admired these pictures in Toronto. No. 223, by the same hand, affords an illustration of the artist's varied powers. How weirdly attractive are the fine brown glooms of this 'Lonely Road at Evening!' How cunningly enhanced by the streaks of evening red behind them. Even an unlettered critic must here recognise true artistic skill—if only by the sense of satisfaction in the seeing, which asks no completion from studied word or phrase. It is the road of a fairy tale. For those, however, for which this and its fellows have no charms, here are Mr. Harlow White's quiet half tints, and cool, to some tastes rather cold, greens. These views in Wales have points of great beauty, and received a corresponding meed of admiration, culminating upon No. 230 'Fairy Glen,' in which truly exquisite painting the artist's powers are fully displayed. We should suppose it hardly possible to praise too much the high finish of these lovely masses of foliage, where the light and shade are so perfectly balanced. The deep, still pool gives them back in darker reflections. A glint of golden sunshine falling somewhere in the middle distance finely sets off the whole;—a vision to be remembered. A view of Windsor Castle, No. 328, by the same, is, to the writer's taste, inferior to another of the same artist's in the possession of a lady of Toronto, which is unique in its point of view and management of half tones.

Lest we should run the risk of a sad satiety of outdoor subjects, let our eyes rest a few moments in this peaceful interior, 'Aberdeen Church,' No. 330. It is one of the few interiors in the exhibtion, and one of the best of those few; the others being Miss Montalba's effective sketch of St. George's Chapel on the occasion of the latest royal marriage (No. 320), and Miss Carter's 'Trinity Church, Boston,' and 'Henry VII. Chapel,' Nos. 151 and 157, all of which are excellent in their way. The free, *manly* way these ladies handle their brushes is striking; but a Bonheur, a Hosmer, an Eliot and a Browning have taught us that there is no sex in art. A study of a Dutch Interior, by an artist whose name we did not catch, and for some reason omitted from the catalogue, is, we believe, we speak by the card in saying, the gem of the whole collection. Its size is but a few square inches; its value the writer has heard stated at a thousand dollars. This interior contains figures—three men, in the picturesque costume of a by-gone age, and all,—figures, costumes and accessories—done to the very life. No words of ours could do justice to it; therefore we forbear. Mr. Broughton, of Hamilton, is the happy possessor.

Figure subjects, or rather foregrounds with figures, are about as rare as interiors. No. 154, W. G. Way, however, is an exceedingly fine example of the kind; and one could never tire of a picture so full of life and action as 'The Morning Catch.' The painting, too, is equal throughout; as a marine view alone it is as good as most; how much better than others, as a study of figures, may be best understood by a comparison with No. 235, 'Market Place, Dieppe,' in which the figures are, when contrasted with Mr. Way's, mere automata. It is a pity that a picture, otherwise good, should be marred by this defect. Flanking the 'Morning Catch' are two Pensylvanian landscapes by H. Perré—155 and 156. These pictures are cool in tone, and have this artist's peculiar neatness and finish. Mr. Perré's mastery of foliage seems complete; in proof of which, behold the willow,—that most intractable subject for artistic treatment,—in the frame on the right, becomes under his skilful manipulation (and only very slightly idealized) as picturesque as any other tree.

Much interest is naturally manifested in the specimens of her own handiwork, kindly contributed by the Princess. They bear every evidence of being faithful, honest work; and, if—to quote again from a favourite writer—'there is no such thing in art as amateur and professional, only good and bad,' there

seems little doubt to which of these categories H. R. H.'s unpretending sketches belong. The example seems to us quite as valuable as the work ; for it shows to what command of pencil and brush all faithful students may attain, and how the imitative power may be developed, though the creative one cannot itself be created. A close observer would notice the unusual texture of the paper in the Princess's Water Colour Studies, Nos. 316 and 317, with a grain resembling a coarse quality of wrapping paper. It seemed, however, well adapted for its purpose, the colours taking a firm hold of the irregular surface.

A slight flatness in the pencil portrait of Lady Elizabeth Campbell, No. 314, might have been relieved by a few touches of Chinese white ; but this may not perhaps be permissible in a pencil drawing; and, in fact, the writer, growing hot and cold thinking of the freedom of the remark, finds it safest to hasten to another subject.

This is readily found by only turning one's back—a liberty we *may* take with the pictures—when a sea-piece of great power in the painting and of painful interest in the contemplation meets and rivets our gaze. No. 329, 'Taken Aback,' a title which may require some explanation to those who do not go down to the sea in ships, and whose ways are not in the great deep, represents a vessel which, while speeding along under spread sail, with a full sea running behind, is suddenly confronted by the veering wind, and *thrown back* in the very teeth of the devouring waters. Hapless the lot of such a craft ! Not once in a thousand times is there any chance of escape. The hatchways all running *back* from the bow so that waves breaking over the forepart of the vessel may find no ready entrance below, are now so many channels for the swift death that enters ; and in a few moments the noble ship, with her living freight, is engulfed. This is the tragic subject of—we think we are right in saying—the finest marine painting in water colours in the collection.

The artist, E. Duncan, has depicted with painful fidelity the strained cordage, standing out in sharp, taut lines against the murky sky and sea ; the loosened canvas, the awful confusion and terror of the scene. You could almost imagine, standing before it, that you can hear the timbers creak, and the wind whist e in the shrouds ; you almost hold you breath, and wait for the final catastrophe; so strong is the action pervading the picture, you hardly feel it is arrested.

Here is a room full of architectural designs, most of them by names already familiar to us in connection with building throughout the Province. Of these, Mr. Storm's diploma drawing of Toronto University is, perhaps, the most beautiful, as its subject undoubtedly is. There are, however, many others very worthy of attention and admiration, too many to particularise. To mention a few only, 348, 'St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto; 'Jas. Smith ; 362 and 3, 'Views of the Church of our Lady, Guelph,' Jos. Connolly ; and the beautiful 'Equity Chambers, Toronto, No. 355, H. Hancock. A view of the old Government House, Toronto, date 1834, acts as a sort of foil to these, and shows what advances Cana la has made in this art since that period. No. 372, an original design for a Ship dock elevator, by E. P. Bender, excites interest in another direction ; as does also 371, a view of the new Suspension Bridge below Niagara Falls, the work of the talented Superintendent of the Rideau Canal, and deemed worthy a place in the latest Paris Exposition. A few words ought to be said about the out-door sketches, the germs for future pictures, the judicious study of which is itself a valuable art lesson. These are dispersed throughout the building, but mainly collected in one room, and from them subscribers to the Art Union of Canada may select at pleasure to the value of their coupons. As the love of better things grows among us, it is to be hoped that we shall see these displacing the cheap chromos and vulgar abominations of all sorts that decorate (!) too many walls. How meritorious many of these sketches are may be inferred from the fact that here also His Excellency is a purchaser — Mr. Matthews being the artist ; while one little vignette sketch of a waterfall — *un vrai bijou* —we understand, has been graciously accepted by Her Royal Highness from Mr. O'Brien, the guest of Rideau Hall during the Exhibition.

A very capital study of the kind—perhaps because of a something unhackneyed about it—is No. 194, 'Clay Cliffs, Lake Ontario,' T. M. Martin.

So trite a subject of illustration have our glorious autumn leaves become that one is occasionally tempted to regret their existence, considering which we

may be thankful that we do not see much of their ensnaring powers in the present case. For, except as a stray leaf here and there on an album page or Christmas card, autumn foliage is not an easy subject for artistic handling. Mr. Owen, No. 384, in the corridor has some beautifully painted leaves arranged as a panel. Why does not some one give us a branch or twig against a stone wall or some such background? The companion panel to this is 'Morning Glory,' a yet greater snare than the other; for, however it may seem to others, the writer has never yet seen an instance of this fascinating flower looking otherwise than vulgar in a picture. Sweetly simple and admirably painted are some Pansies near at hand, by Miss Miller; not 'florist's flowers,' but perhaps all the better for painting on that account. On the opposite wall are two fine illuminations, 387, G. Smith, and 388, W. Revell again. The latter—subject, Polonius' Advice to his Son—has appropriate illustrations, Shakespeare's portrait, house, &c.; in all of which we recognise the union of neat handiwork and artistic conception which signalize this artist's other productions.

If the reader would follow the writer's example, he will here, lest he should have an indigestion of pictures, lay down the book, and leave the rest till another day. For downstairs still remains to be 'done,' and downstairs there is much to do. All the oil-paintings and many of the finest pictures in the Loan Collection are found here; notably, 'Off Gibraltar,' 126, a picture never to be forgotten; a picture from which you bring away a feeling of having just come back from a cruise in those bright waters, exhilarated and braced in mind and body by contact with such pure airs as glow in this clear atmosphere, and fill the sails that seem—like the old lady at the tea-meeting—to be 'swelling visibly before your very eyes.' An intoxicating picture.

In No. 124, on the same wall, we have a most effective and judicious contrast; judicious, because the eye that has dwelt long on the heaving waves and dancing felucca, needs repose; and repose, majestic repose, is found in the tranquil waters and 'everlasting hills' of 'Romsdalfiord, Norway.' Its sombre tones—foreign to our own, and, we cannot help thinking, to most other climes—aid in the intense calm, the feeling of power at rest, that pervades this noble picture, and prepare us for the startling transition that awaits us in No. 123, an original painting by Turner; a thing that, but for an exhibition like this, few in Canada would ever see. This picture seemed a great mystery to all except the *cognoscenti*, and the *cognoscenti* are not strong in Ottawa. Most were aware that it was 'the correct thing' to admire, and most were honest enough to withhold their admiration. The truth, not known to all, is, that Turner *painted his impressions*—and we all know how different may be our impressions of a thing from the thing itself, or two persons' impressions of one thing. So, no doubt, when Turner, that wizard of the brush, saw a London bridge through a yellow London fog, he did really see the peculiar and phantasmagoric effect he has given us in this picture. Ruskin, it is, we believe, who says that when objects are seen through a London fog, the farther off they are, the yellower they look. Accordingly, we see the nearer objects, though still ghost-like and indistinct in the mist, coming out in their natural colours. If this suggested explanation is unacceptable, there remains an alternative one. This picture may be of the period when his painting, as Taine says, 'degenerated into lunacy, much in the same way as the prose and poetry of Victor Hugo.'

Another painter who surely paints his impressions of things, and whose impressions must be strongly tinged with ideality, is Mr. Jacobi, one of whose curious productions, 'A Timber Slide on the Mississippi,' No. 119, presents this artist's usual peculiarities of colour and treatment. So far as the writer's experience goes, Mr. Jacobi's pictures have a remarkable sameness; you have seen all when you have seen one. Of course that one may be very good.

Pictures of animals may be said to be conspicuous by their absence. So few are they; and the absence of the greater number of these would be no loss. No. 120, 'Dead Game and Dog,' is an unpleasing picture in spite of good painting, and of a particularly good setter's head in the foreground. We say 'foreground' for want of a better expression; for there is no background nor middle distance; but all the objects stand out sharply against a hard blue sky. In No. 117, 'Gathering Sea Wrack,' we see Mr.

Sandham's versatile brush again at work. Look at this ox with wide-spread horns and bowed head, drawn, one would say, in the very act of giving his neck an uneasy twist in the yoke. Like the doomed ship, up-stairs, you look to see the action go on. As is the ox, so are the men, admirably drawn—notice particularly the foreshortening—and full of life and spirit. What a contrast to this is Vogt's 'Startled Horses,' No. 5! These tame-looking creatures, standing as if put there by hand, in a certain attitude, startled horses! Where then are the quivering muscles, the swollen veins and starting sinews of that most high-strung and nervous animal! There are horses better drawn in No. 24, a 'Cattle Yard.' But the picturesque element is lacking in the new and well-built barns. It reappears in the sky, however, which to the writer seemed particularly well done. There is no lack of action, however, in the horses in this 'Battle Piece,' No. 48,—'attributed to Wouvermans.'

Can this be Wouverman's celebrated 'White Horse?' Hardly, we suppose, though it is a white horse. It is, at any rate, a capital picture. Deservedly occupying a prominent place on the same wall with this last, there are two beautiful paintings, Nos. 45 and 46, the one a portrait, the other the 'Marriage of the Princess.' In the latter are many portraits: we easily recognise those of 'Dizzy' and other celebrities. These pictures, of course, command much interest apart from their artistic merits; and portrait painters in particular would do well to study No. 45 attentively. 'A successful portrait painter has a little truth and a great facility in falsehood,' says the terrible epigrammatic George Eliot. Too true, very often; but to prove it we must know the original as well as the portrait. We are inclined, however, to suspect 'Sweet Sixteen,' No. 3, of being an exemplification of the remark. And it is *not* a pretty picture after all, though the picture of a pretty girl; the burst of staring light blue frock alone would settle that. And it lacks not ideality so much as refinement. Compare, for instance, No. 125a, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and there you see exactly what is wanting in this, we cannot help thinking, unfortunately chosen specimen of Mr. Forbes' skill. No. 118, a portrait of his father, is, we believe, considered by the artist himself, as his best work. No. 112, R. Harris, who shows a good many portraits—is a pleasing and natural family group, though one or two of the children are rather too obviously 'arranged.' 51 and 63—Wm. Raphael—both studies of our French Canadian compatriots, and one of which is called 'L'Habitant,' are to our taste, by far the finest examples of figure studies proper in the collection. They are simply perfect in their way, and Mr. Gilmour, to whom they are sold, is to be congratulated on their acquisition. What shall be said of Mrs. Schreiber's attainments in this line? Looking at this lady's paintings, not for the first time, we are irresistibly reminded of the story of Sir Joshua Reynolds and the picture he was taken to see by a friend. We give it in Dr. John Brown's words: 'He was anxious to admire it, and he looked over it with a keen and careful but favourable eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the colour and tone excellent: but—but—it wants—it wants—*That!*" snapping his fingers; and wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.' Mrs. Schreiber's pictures all want 'that.' No. 99, however, a simple study from everyday life apparently, is an exception to the above remark. We are now in the region of the 'old pictures,' for whose authenticity the Committee wisely warns us it 'does not vouch.' The taste for the old masters is a thing that can only be cultivated in the galleries of Europe. We hasten to confess our own total ignorance; and are unable, therefore, to say more than that the one which represents Ahasuerus and Esther, and which, we are told, is undoubtedly a good copy of Rubens, presents the known defects and beauties of that great master's style. Among the former may be classed such absurd anachronisms as the old courtier in the background bending forward, *pince-nez* in hand, to get a good look at the rising beauty; and the *spurs* of the monarch's boots, and the inelegant and commonplace voluptuousness of the female figures. Among the latter, the magnificence of the colouring, well seen in the golden vessel of elaborate workmanship, flashing gems, and rich draperies; the beautiful balance of light and shade, and the freedom and animation of the whole. The other large painting, said to be a copy of Titian, is very different in character. The design is allegorical or mythological, but the writer was quite unable to determine the nature of the

incident. The tone of this picture is grave; mellowed perhaps by time; the composition graceful, a great variety of pleasing forms being intermingled in the manner engravings and photographs from the works of the old masters have made familiar to us. Many other pictures of great beauty hang on the adjoining walls, of which much might be said, if we did not fear tiring the reader—such as the masterpieces of Mr. Fraser and Mr. O'-Brien, among which it is embarrassing to choose. Two choice little things are Nos. 79 and 80, a marine view and a Welsh view, which are well painted on a minute scale. Here are tapestries from the celebrated Gobelins—pictures of themselves, and copies of fine pictures, as all the world knows. How much intelligence may inform a mechanical art may be inferred in looking at such a composition as 'Diana returned from Hunting,' the subject of the largest. Here is a bronze bust of His Excellency, the work of the talented Miss Montalba, and in another room, busts of our own Sir John, one taken evidently in his *beaux jours*, another as we know him now, and both excellent.

Here, also, are the spirited little statuettes of the Lacrosse and the Cricket Player, by Van Luppen, which most of us saw last fall at the General Exhibition held here; and a very striking and capital design for a sun dial, 'a commission from His Excellency,' also by Van Luppen. When reproduced in permanent form, some trifling imperfections of detail, observable at present, will, no doubt, be removed. Some good wood carving of Scriptural subjects (L. P. Hébert), destined for the Roman Catholic Cathedral in this city, are in this room, and some excellent modellings of leaves from nature, by an intelligent artisan named Russell.

Our last impressions are of two beautiful paintings from the same gallery that furnished 'Off Gibraltar' and 'Romsdalfiord;' and are quite as much out of the common run of pictures as they. These are Nos. 13 and 15—'On the Desert' and 'By the Fountain,' an Algerian and an Italian scene respectively. The one gives us a living impression of the desert's 'sad immensity,' as only such a picture can; the other shows us one of the Roman sunsets of which we read in Story's charming pages. We look at such pictures with a view to something more than finding scope for our critical faculties in studying the well-drawn line and artfully contrasted tint, which, after all, are but the means to a higher end—the body that holds the spirit. Such pictures take us out of ourselves; they transport us out of our prosaic and work-a-day existence to regions where, though existence may indeed be prosaic and work-a-day, still—for human life has certain aspects in common everywhere—it has yet picturesque conditions which must affect the mind and whole being as only contact with many-sided nature can.

In the same room with these—the first in the building—are some other pictures that should have been noticed sooner—a fine study of shipping by Crawford, R.S.A., whose merits strike you before a reference to the catalogue confirms your judgment; 'Interlacing Boughs,' an exquisite bit of landscape; Mr T. M. Martin's diploma picture, 'Summer Time,' quite the best thing we have seen of this artist's; and a fruit piece, consisting of some mellow pears alone, which is really acceptable from the absence of the usual hackneyed combinations. The delicately-executed glass that holds them, and the rich but subdued tints of the drapery that throws them into relief, all unite to form a harmonious and pleasing whole. The artist is John C. Miles, whose contributions elsewhere have, like so many others, been passed over, not because they had no merit, but because it was impossible to go through the catalogue.

The writer, in conclusion, hopes that these remarks, while awakening agreeable retrospection in some, may not give offence to any. They are given as 'impressions,'—nothing more. The very absence of technical terms, of whose proper use the writer confesses ignorance, denies the critic; but the article, it is hoped, may be none the less acceptable to the general reader on that account.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, Part III., No. 98a, Franklin Square Library. Harper Bros. New York ; Jas. Campbell & Son, Toronto.

With this number, containing the campaigns of Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, the treaty of Tilsit, the projects of divorce, and the commencement of the Spanish trouble, Madame de Rémusat's fragment of history abruptly ends. We close the book with the same feelings which were inspired by the perusal of its first instalment, gratitude for the facts (and in particular for the *little* facts) it records and preserves, and regret for the general tone of the comments with which those facts are accompanied. At the same time it must be owned that the sentiments with which we view Napoleon's character become gradually less favourable, and approach nearer to those indulged in by Madame de Rémusat, as this page of his great history unfolds itself. His ambition, his reckless expenditure of life, his sinister policy towards the court and people of Spain, all shock the moral sense with an increasing vehemence. It is not till the time when, at bay before the armies of Europe, his best troops wasted in garrisons beyond his reach, he yet paralysed the movements of the Allies in the great defensive winter campaign of 1814, that our former feelings revive. In those days we forget the selfishness of his matured policy, the oppression of his armed hand upon the trade and commerce of the Continent, and we see once more the spirit of the Revolution struggling against the banded forces of Reaction. We remember then all the better traits of his character, we recognise the fact that the responsibility of that long combat, which deluged Europe with blood, does not rest at his door alone, and looking with admiration at the love he inspired among the meanest of his comrades in arms, we admit that there must have been something lovable in the man to elicit such an unwavering attachment. Years after he died, his name was a talisman to conjure with in France. Was it merely the French love of glory that caused him and his memory to be almost idolised ? No, for although the foreigner twice bivouacked in Paris during his reign, that memory was none the less dear ; no incidents were more cherished than those which recall his dangers and his difficulties,—that speak of the stern retreat from Moscow, of the last adieu to the Eagles and the Guard at Fontainebleau.

It has been said that he remained a Corsican, half-savage, half-bandit to the last, and there is some truth in the remark. The traits of southern blood were noticeable in him throughout his career, his accent was imperfect, his nature more reserved than frankly open. But a semi-barbarian ! Could such a being as is painted for us by skilful pens have so administered the internal affairs of France as to have raised her to the height of prosperity ? Could he have framed a code, could he have uttered such noble thoughts as glow through the bombast of this man's bulletins, or as appear in the letter he wrote to the King of England demanding peace in the interests of two great peoples ? Or, as a last question, would it be possible that he could have inspired the French people with that attachment of which we have spoken, which outlived defeat, loss, a double exile and death, and sufficed, after the lapse of years, to gild the banners of his meretricious imitator with a transient gleam of glory and success.

The view we have before expressed as to the real authorship of most of the views of Napoleon's character expressed in these pages, is confirmed by several passages in this number. The cloven hoof of Talleyrand appears only too plainly. He becomes intimate with the Rémusats, talks to her privately of the *knavery* of the Emperor, and represents him as incapable of a generous sentiment, until even she takes refuge in tears from the disgust his tales inspire.

Talleyrand opposes the divorce of Josephine, his remarks are most magnanimous, and he urges the Empress to

strenuous resistance. At the next moment we ascertain that this prater about knavery had no real repugnance to the divorce, and merely objected to its being pushed forward at a moment he deemed inopportune and by other hands than his own!

The domestic impurity of Napoleon's life no doubt appears very clearly in these pages, but what is the lesson to be derived from that fact? Some would have us see in it the effect of the dissolving forces of the Revolution upon "the old morality, in place of which no new code had been formed." The "old morality" had very contentedly bowed the knee to dozens of acknowledged mistresses of the heads of the House of Bourbon. The priests, cardinals and bishops of the "old morality," had been proud to add to their titles that of Confessor to the King's favourite. There was nothing shame-faced about the "old morality." The mistress and her illegitimate children sate by the Royal side in view of all the world, and everything was so delicately managed that, as a contemporary observer remarked, "vice lost half its guilt in losing all its grossness." There lay the perfection of the "old morality." The mistress might lead the King by the nose, might ruin the exchequer, might alienate the offended Princes of the Blood, but everything was *so* politely covered up, and Madame confessed *so* regularly to her Director! A sad loss, that of the expiring morality of the Lewises!—and how sad, too, it was to see in its place the inelegant infidelities of a Napoleon, who, certainly never let his mistress enjoy the least influence in the State, never allowed the precarious attraction they exercised over him to be exhibited in public, and probably never confided a single secret to their safe-keeping. Unfortunately, however, vice in his case could not be said to have lost all its grossness, and the absence of delicacy must, we suppose, outweigh the absence of publicity when tested in the feather-balance of the "old morality."

The Scot in British North America. By W. J. Rattray, B.A. Vol. I. Toronto: Maclear & Co., 1880.

(*Second Notice.*)

Our author does not receive with 'acceptance' the doctrine that the truly good man must approve himself the friend of every country but his own; or that he should like Anacharsis Clootz, at the bar of the convention, set up for 'an ambassador of the human race.' The Scottish people and their descendants in foreign lands need not apologize for their devotion to the heather: British history would lose many of its most brilliant and romantic pages if we were to overlook the effects of Scottish patriotism. The migratory instinct was of much later development, and strangely enough it was originally the outcome of the national devotion to the old land. When the Jacobites wandered over Europe after the undeserving Stuarts they daily expected that 'the king would return to his own,' but as time wearily went by, they became domesticated in foreign lands. Doubtless their wits became whetted to an unusual edge, for these gallant fellows often found themselves in the European capitals without other resource than the 'key of the street;' and when they sought a home in America, their sole outfit was stout thews and undaunted courage. Under the first of the English Stuarts, Sir William Alexander aspired to establish on this continent a New Scotland which would offset the New England. This Nova Scotia colony was, however, long in striking secure root. It is very interesting to remember that we had a Campbell of the Argyll family governing Nova Scotia more than a century before another son of another Duke of Argyll became our Governor-General. The Mackenzie River reminds us also that we have had *two* Alexander Mackenzies engrossed in the subject of the Rocky Mountains. Tourists to Murray Bay are seldom aware, we fear, that in using the name they are paying tribute to the first Governor-General of Canada; nor when sailing over Lake St. Clair, do they once bethink them of that gallant major who, after a life of most romantic incident, and though the Earl of Rosslyn's grandson, pined to death in a log cabin. Not a few seem to think that the Plains of Abraham were named from the worthy Hebrew patriarch. By no means! One of these ubiquitous canny Scotchmen, Abraham Martin by name, became a famous pilot of the St. Lawrence, and out of his savings purchased the afterwards memorable field of Wolfe and Montcalm.

It was William Pitt's proud boast that

he was the first to win for England the confidence and loyalty of the Highland clans. Thenceforward the Highland regiments were the flower of British valour. The Frasers left their mark on Louisbourg: there also the noble 42nd, or 'Black Watch,' won their maiden honours. In the final and decisive struggle at Quebec, the 'three Highland regiments' excited the highest admiration of Wolfe and Montcalm, whose names, by a happy inspiration, Dalhousie combined and commemorated on the same memorial shaft. After the strife was past, many of these brave Highlanders remainded to till the soil that their swords had won, and they were presently joined by loyalists from 'New England' who furnished additional evidence of Scottish fidelity under the most arduous trials. When Arnold and Montgomery invested Quebec, the city was saved by a single well-directed shot of a Scottish artillery-man, who furnished the occasion for that board which now shows the wayfarer 'where Montgomery fell.'

All this and immeasurably more of Scottish achievement in Canada is told in Mr. Rattray's delightful narrative: and to Canadians it should offer a great additional charm in its being told by one of their 'ain folk.' We again heartily commend the work to every Canadian interested in the annals of his country, and particularly to those who desire to see its history written with scholarly ability and dispassionate feeling. We will eagerly look for the subsequent volumes of the work.

Lands of Plenty in the North-West, a book for all travellers, settlers, and investors in Manitoba and North-West Territory, by E. Hepple Hall, F. S. S., Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

This little work, we are told, is written and published for the use and benefit of the public, and not in the interest, directly or indirectly, of any railway, steamship, land or other transportation or colonization company. From what we know of its gentlemanly author, we can vouch that the statement here made may be relied upon. From a perusal of the book we can also say that the work may be confidently and heartily endorsed. It is eminently practical, to the point, and replete with just such information respecting the North-West as all intending settlers and visitors in the country would desire to have. It appears opportunely now, that emigration to Manitoba for the season has so promisingly set in. The Gazetteer of the Province, alone, is worth the price of the book, while the statistics and other information respecting the country must be invaluable to the intending settler. As a *vade mecum* to the latter nothing could well be more compact and serviceable than this timely little volume.

Lord Macaulay, his Life and Writings, by Charles H. Jones. Appleton's Handy Volume Series, 1880. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Mr. Jones' knowledge of Lord Macaulay's life appears to be limited, and that confessedly, by the range of facts thrown open to the public in Mr. Trevelyan's work upon the same subject. He is happy to find Mr. Trevelyan's preface capable of 'adaptation,' and of acting as apologetic shoeing horn in the forefront of his own modest pages. But Mr. Jones is not a simple transcriber. He is a compound or stereoscopic copyist, and by dint of squinting a little into Mr. Macvey Napier's correspondence, contrives to give an illusory air of originality to some of his transferred impressions. We do not want to blame him for this: he is only the harmless exponent of a bad system, and before we accuse him of fattening on the work of other men's brains, we should at least enquire whether the American publishers *allow* their writers of this class to grow fat.

As far as we can see, Mr. Jones has done his work fairly, although we do not pretend to have taken the trouble to collate his dates with the original sources. The last chapter, upon Macaulay's qualities as a writer, probably afforded him more scope for individuality than any of the others, and he has certainly taken pains to collect in it the latest views of English critics upon the great historian's style and method.

The book will probably be welcomed by the class it is intended for—those who cannot afford to purchase the larger work by Mr. Trevelyan.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

VON SUPPE'S opera of 'Fatinitza' has been a great success both in Europe and America, and it seemed but fair to expect that its first representations in Toronto would have been witnessed by large audiences. This expectation seemed the more reasonable, as the opera was to be rendered by artists who, in former visits to Toronto, had achieved distinguished successes. When Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Beebe, and Messrs. Fessenden, Whitney, and Barnabee are announced as the soloists of an Opera Company, all who have attended concerts and opera during the last lustrum, know that the vocal work will be well done by all, while great dramatic ability will characterize the interpretations of some of the artists. This being the case, nothing seemed more certain than that the Boston Ideal Company would be greeted by bumper houses ; yet the melancholy fact remains that they had not one paying house during their short visit, and that the matinée performance had to be abandoned on account of the small attendance. For our people to overlook such performances as those of the 19th, 20th, and 21st ult., savours of downright fatuity, and it is to be feared that a long time will elapse before Toronto will again have an opportunity to witness good opera. 'Fatinitza' is the latest of Von Suppe's works, and while it is a thoroughly comic opera, its music has a strength and breadth that in many numbers rises to the dignity of grand opera. It is thoroughly original and catholic withal, possessing all the sparkle and brilliancy looked for in comic opera, while presenting splendid contrasts in weight and mass of music. The trio march in the last act is one of the most brilliant, spirited ideas of the present age of Offenbach and Lecocq, while the closing quartette of the first act is so beautifully elaborated and melodious as to rank with the best productions of the Italian school. Miss Phillips, who sang the title *rôle*, is well known as an artist of the first order, and ably sustained her reputation. Her voice has lost none of its magnetism and dramatic power of former years, and her intensity of declamatory singing lent dignity to an otherwise light and frivolous part. At the same time, she was able to impart to her rendition of the merry lieutenant, a brightness and *chic*, which culminated in the trio march. This number possessed a fascination which was perhaps difficult to account for, but which was, nevertheless, so powerful that at the last performance the audience insisted on its being sung three times. Miss Beebe (although not the Miss Beebe who was the original member of this company, but her sister), as *Lydia*, sang prettily and correctly, and acted her not very arduous part with skill and success. The lightness of quality in her voice struck one at first as a strong contrast to Miss Phillips's magnificent tones, but this feeling soon wore off, and Miss Beebe very readily established a sympathetic feeling with her audience. The construction of the opera does not throw a heavy burden on the shoulders of the male soloists, which was the more to be regretted as these gentlemen were well able to undertake far more arduous tasks than fell to their share in 'Fatinitza.' Mr. Barnabee was a very successful *Izzet Pasha*, and infused a lot of quiet drollery into the character. The chorus was excellent, and composed of well-trained voices, a condition that has now become so rare that it deserves more than mere mention. It was evidently composed of people who had lately undergone a course of study such as Boston prides itself on, and it did Boston credit. The orchestra was not as well-balanced or as bright as it might have been, considering the rich and massive scoring of the accompaniments. All in all, the visit of the Boston Ideal Opera Company was an event long to be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to hear them.

During the same week the Royal Opera House was occupied by French's English Opera Company, who played an adaptation of Genée's 'Der See Cadet,' under the title of 'The Very Merry Mariner.' This opera is also one of the

latest successes, and has been running in New York for some months under the title of 'The Royal Middy.' It is altogether different from what one might expect from a German comic opera, being bright, sparkling music, as full of tricky peculiarities as Offenbach's or Lecocq's best efforts. There is not an uninteresting bar in the opera. It is free, melodious music, yet very rich in harmonies. As a dramatic conception, while constructed on a comparatively flimsy plot, it is full of comical situations, of which the company made the most. Miss Florence Ellis, who sang *Fanchette*, the merry mariner, has a sweet, well-cultivated voice, and an airy grace of action and delivery which captivates both eye and ear. A perfectly natural actress, with a pretty face and figure, her performance was one of the most delightful ever witnessed in Toronto. Mr. Herbert Archer, as the Brazilian, 'the most foolish of five foolish brothers,' was very successful, both in appearance and singing. The barcarole which he sings in the first act was an excellent conception of the soft, sensuous music which is popularly supposed to be peculiar to Central and South America. The other parts were all well sustained, notably that of *Lamberto*, by Mr. Eugene Clarke, who made a great hit in the stirring sword song in the first act. The choruses were well sung, while the orchestra, under the direction of Signor Operti, was excellent. The accompaniments were peculiarly rich in their scoring, and the orchestration was brilliant and strong. Altogether, 'The Very Merry Mariner' left a very favourable impression in Toronto, although, in this case, there was the same ignoring of a worthy performance that we regret to record in that of Fatinitza.

On the 19th, Rafael Joseffy gave a concert at the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens. A large audience assembled, over twelve hundred people being present. Joseffy is a pianist of whom great things are said, and of whom consequently great things were expected. Continental critics have all spoken highly of him, as have the leading cities in United States. On this occasion he played a severely classical programme, and displayed wonderful study and *technique*. He plays with almost feminine delicacy, and has cultivated to the highest extent the *classische Ruhe* which German artists strive for. His shading and expression were wonderfully fine and exquisitely graduated, his *pianissimos* being clear and distinct, while seeming only whispers. With all these fine powers, which must belong to every true artist, though not necessarily, perhaps, to the same extent, one gets the idea either of coldness or self-repression. Of these one is not artistic, in the sense that artistic means warmth and feeling, as well as absolute finger correctness and relative strength; while the other is conscientiousness as to the interpretation of his conception of the composer's idea. That Joseffy is not cold was shown by the splendour of his rendering of Chopin, and by the brightness and fire exhibited in two transcriptions of his own which he played. The inference is natural that his reserve in the rendering of the severer work was the result of his desire to show us the compositions as it appears to him that their authors would have them played. In this lies his great artistic power, and that it is great is undeniable. Yet Joseffy lacks that magnetism and power over his audience exercised by such performers as Liszt and Rubinstein, with whom some of his admirers would fain class him. We admire his delicacy and his exquisite treatment of the works as Beethoven and Bach probably played them, but we cannot help thinking that had the masters had such pianos as we have to-day, they would have played them differently.

The principal dramatic event of the month was the appearance, for three performances, of Miss Mary Anderson. The plays selected were 'Evadne,' 'Ingomar,' and 'Love.' The first-named drama was largely borrowed by its author, Sheil, from the 'Traitor' of James Shirley, a writer of the seventeenth century, and, like most of Sheil's plays, was written with a view to the acting of Miss O'Neil. It was first produced in 1819. 'Ingomar' is a translation by Mrs. Lovell from the German of Bellinghausen; and 'Love' is a specimen, and not a particularly favourable one, of the dramatic powers of Sheridan Knowles. We had occasion to remark last month, that in Miss Anderson there are the materials for a great actress. After seeing her again, we feel constrained to say that whether or not these materials will be turned to proper account will depend upon the lady herself.

The danger in the case of an actress so young, so attractive, and so talented as Miss Anderson, is that she may be spoilt by too early success, and led to believe that she has thoroughly learnt her art before she has mastered its rudiments ; and that the numerous faults which are inseparable from youth and inexperience may become stereotyped into unpleasant mannerisms, which will become ineradicable, and forever debar her from the right to the appellation of a great artist. At present, notwithstanding all its undeniable promise, her acting is crude in the extreme. In the first place, she is yet too young, and has too little knowledge of life and of the world, to fathom the depths of such characters as those which she usually represents. The result is a general air of unreality in her representations. Besides this central defect, her acting is full of faults in the details. She is utterly wanting in dramatic repose, a quality which, more than any other, is the 'note' of a great actor ; she overacts throughout ; and she is too much given to heroics. There is too much striking of attitudes, too much rolling of the eyes, too much gnawing of the nether lip ; and her tears are too copious and her sobs too obtrusive and too violent. In what may be called the *forte* passages she is so loud of voice as to approach perilously near if she does not overpass the line which divides powerful acting from mere rant. Her strident tones have the effect of restraining, to some extent, sympathy from a persecuted virtue in distress which appears to be so extremely well able to take care of itself. Even her elocution is by no means perfect. She takes breath so audibly as to be heard all over the theatre, and she is occasionally guilty of a false emphasis. So strong, for instance, is the stress which she invariably lays on the word 'my,' that a flavour of egotism is given to the character personated. Let not the motive for these strictures be misunderstood. To point out, with a view to their amendment, the faults of a young and rising actress, is the truest kindness ; and greatly as we admire Miss Anderson, we are quite sure that, unless she makes a strenuous and successful effort to rid herself of most, if not all of the defects which we have pointed out, she will never reach the goal to which, with laudable ambition, she no doubt aspires, that of being a really great actress. She might profit much by so good an example as that afforded by the leading actor of her troupe, Mr. Milnes Levick, whose admirable impersonation of *Cardinal Wolsey*, when he appeared here with Miss Genevieve Ward, about a year ago, to say nothing of his recent performances with Miss Anderson herself, stamped him as an actor of no common order.

CORRECTION.— Owing to a statement which appeared in a daily journal, and which was not publicly denied, as well as to private information which we deemed trustworthy, we were led into stating, last month, that Mdlle Paola-Marié did not sing with Mr. Grau's French Opera Troupe in 'Mdme Angot' or 'Mdme Favart.' We have seen a letter from Mr. Grau, in which he states that the lady named *did* appear here in those operas, and we are happy to make this correction.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day,
In Spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

When Sydney Smith was out of health, his doctor advised him to take a walk on an empty stomach. The witty patient asked, 'Whose ?'

Sydney Smith, upon seeing a lump of American ice, remarked that he was glad to see anything solvent come from America.

Elderly gentleman to a Frenchman on the train : 'You don't have any ticket ?' 'No : I travel on my good looks.' 'Then,' after looking him over, 'probably you aren't goin' very far.'

'We can make circumstances what we like: we can make ourselves by circumstances.'

When a man says, 'I hear a noise,' it probably never occurs to him that there is nothing in this wide world that anybody can hear but a noise.

The English like French maids, and the French like English maids. That's the way a balance is maid between the two countries.

It is odd, and sometimes melancholy, to see a man trying to 'make up his mind,' when he has no material on hand to work with.

God loves us so well, so tenderly, that he will not allow our progress to come to a stand-still. We must do better to-day than yesterday, we must do better to-morrow than to-day.

Timidity creates cowards and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform that overcomes difficulties that others thought could not be surmounted.

God estimates a man not by what he *has*, but what he *is*; not by the lands, houses and bankstock which he has accumulated, but by the sweetness, generosity, and manliness which he has developed.

A Boston lawyer recently met his match in a witness who was giving evidence about an old lady's loss of mind. *Lawyer*: 'Did she look as I am looking at you now, for instance?' *Witness*: 'Well, yes, quite vacant-like!'

'Losh, John, what are ye gaun about raging for like the picture o' Sawtan in the Pilgrim's Progress? Keep mind, Job had patience.' Guidman: 'Tuts, woman, Job never had a coo that coupit (upset) a tub o' tar.'

Not all the children are destitute of reverence. A little girl wrote a composition about 'The Cow,' which she was to read before the minister. It ran thus: 'The cow is the most useful animal in the world except religion.'

An old-fashioned minister passing a fashionable church not long ago, on which a new spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was to be. 'Not much,' he answered: 'that congregation don't own much higher in that direction.'

The elements of true manhood are 1st Moral Purity. 2nd Moral Integrity—Be what you are, become what you may. Stand by the truth until the Heavens fall. 3rd Moral Strength. 4th Love—love to God and our fellow-man.

'You would be very pretty indeed,' said a coxcomb, patronisingly to a young lady, 'if your eyes were only a little larger.' 'My eyes may be very small, sir,' she replied, 'but such people as you don't fill them.'

'Has the cookery-book any pictures?' asked a young lady of a bookseller. 'Not one,' replied the dealer in books, 'Why,' exclaimed the witty girl, 'what is the use of telling us how to serve a dinner if you give us no plates?'

A distinguished and long-winded Paris lawyer lately defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and at the end of the trial the judge received the following note: 'The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defence be counted in the sentence.'

A California boy placed an umbrella in the vestibule of a church, with a long string attached to it, one end of which he held in his hand. When the service ended, eleven persons found out that this umbrella couldn't be taken away without breaking the string!

An Englishman travelling in Ireland, remarked to the driver of the coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles. 'Confound your Irish miles! Why there's no end to them!' 'Sure, sir,' said the coachman, 'the roads are bad about here, so we give good measure.'

An Irishman, at the imminent risk of his life, stopped a runaway horse a few days ago. The owner came up after a while, and quietly remarked, 'Thank you, sir.' 'An' faith, an' how are ye agoin' to divide that betwaine two of us? replied Pat.

A pompous lawyer said to the keeper of an apple-stand, 'Your business cares seem to be too much for you. You should go into something which is not so trying to the brain. 'Oh, tain't business,' replied the apple-seller; 'It's lyin' awake nights, tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan asylum or to a home for played-out old lawyers, as is killin' me!'

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1880.

CANADIAN LIFE IN THE COUNTRY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

II.

IN the 'Fifty Years Since' of Canada, concerning which we wrote certain recollections in the January number of THE MONTHLY, visiting for the older folk and sleigh-riding for the younger were the principal amusements of the winter. The life then led was very plain and uneventful. There was no ostentatious display, or assumption of superiority by the 'first families,' indeed, there was no room for the lines of demarcation which exist in these days. All had to struggle for a home and home comforts, and if some had been more successful in the rough battle of pioneer-life than others, they saw no reason why they should be elated or puffed up over it. Neighbours were too scarce to be coldly or haughtily treated. They had hewn their way side by side into the fastness of the Canadian bush, and therefore stood on one common level. But few superfluities could either be found in their houses or on their persons. Their dress was of home-made fabric, plain, often coarse, but substantial and comfortable. Their manners were cordial and hearty, even to brusqueness, but they were true friends and honest counsellors, rejoicing with their neighbour in prosperity, and sympathising when days of darkness visited their home. Modern refinement had not crept into their domestic circle to disturb it with shams and pretensions. Fashion had no Court wherein to judicate in dress. Time-worn styles of dress and living were considered the best, and hence there was no rivalry or foolish display in either. Both old and young enjoyed an evening at a friend's house, where they were sure to be welcomed, and where a well-supplied table always greeted them. The home amusements were very limited; music with its refining power was uncultivated and indeed almost unknown. There were no musical instruments, unless some wandering fiddler happened to come along to delight both old and young with his crazy instrument; but there were no critical ears, to detect discordant sounds or be displeased with the poor execution of the rambling musician. The young folk would

sometimes spirit him away to the village tavern which was usually provided with a large room called a ball-room, where he would fiddle while they danced the hours gaily away. At home the family gathered round the glowing fire, where work and conversation moved on together. The old motto of 'early to bed and early to rise' was strictly observed; nine o'clock usually found the household wrapt in slumber, (and often at an earlier hour.) In the morning all were up and breakfast over usually before seven. As soon as it began to get light, the men and boys started for the barn to feed the cattle and thrash, and thus the winter wore away.

Very little things sometimes contribute largely to the comfort of a family, and among those I may mention the lucifer match, then unknown. It was necessary to carefully cover up the live coals on the hearth before going to bed, so that there would be something to start the fire with in the morning. This precaution rarely failed with good hardwood coals. But sometimes they died out, and then some one would have to go to a neighbour's house for fire, a thing which I have done sometimes, and it was not nice to have to crawl out of my warm nest and run through the keen cold air before the morning light had broken in the east, for a half mile or more to fetch some live coals. My father usually kept some bundles of finely split pine sticks tipped with brimstone for starting a fire: with these, if there was only a spark left, a fire could soon be made.

But little time was given to sport, although there was plenty of large game. There was something of more importance always claiming attention. In the winter an occasional deer might be shot, or foxes taken in traps. It required a good deal of experience and skill to set a trap so as to catch the cunning beast. Many stories have I heard trappers tell of tricks played by Reynard, and how he had night after night baffled all their ingenuity, upset the traps, set them off, or removed them, secured the bait and away. Another sport more largely patronized in the spring, because it brought something fresh and inviting to the table, was night-fishing. When the creeks were swollen and the nights calm and warm, pike and suckers came up the streams in great abundance. Three or four would set out with spears, with a man to carry the jack, and also a supply of dry pine knots, as full of rosin as could be found and cut up small, which were deposited in different places along the creek. The jack was then filled and lit, and when it was all a-blaze, carried along the edge of the stream closely followed by the spearsman, who, if an expert, would in a short time secure as many fish as could be carried. It required a sharp eye and a sure aim. The fish shot through the water with great rapidity, which rendered the sport all the more exciting. All hands, of course, returned home thoroughly soaked. Another and pleasanter way was fishing in a canoe on the bay with the lighted jack secured in the bow; while there its light shone for quite a distance around and enabled the fishers to see the smallest fish at quite a depth in the clear calm water. This was really enjoyable sport, and generally resulted in a good catch of pike, pickerel, and very often a maskelonge or two.

Early in the spring, before the snow had gone, the sugar-making time came. Success depended altogether upon the favourable condition of the weather. The days must be clear and mild, the nights frosty, and plenty of snow in the woods. When the time was at hand, the buckets and troughs were overhauled, spiles were made, and when all was ready the large kettles and casks were put in the sleigh and all hands set out for the bush. Tapping the tree was the first thing in order; this was either done by boring the tree with an auger, and inserting a spile about a foot long to carry off the sap, or with a gouge-shaped tool about two inches wide, which was driven in the

tree under an inclined scar made with an axe. The spiles used in this case were split with the same instrument, sharpened at the end with a knife and driven into the cut. A person accustomed to the work would tap a great many trees in a day, and usually continued until he had done two or three hundred, sometimes more. This finished, came the placing and hanging the kettles. A large log, or what was more common, the trunk of some great tree that had been blown down would be selected, in as central a position as possible. Two crotches were erected by its side, and a strong pole put across from one to the other. Hooks were then made, and the kettles suspended over the fire. The sap was collected once and sometimes twice a day, and when there was a good supply in the casks, the boiling began. Each day's run was finished if possible, at night, when the sugaring-off took place. There are various simple ways of telling when the syrup is boiled enough, and when this is done, the kettle containing the result of the day's work is set off the fire, and the contents stirred until it turns to sugar, which is then dipped into dishes or moulds and set aside to harden. Sometimes when the run was large, the boiling continued until late at night, and although there was a good deal of hard work connected with it, there was also more or less enjoyment about it, particularly when some half dozen merry girls dropped in upon you and assisted at the closing scene; on these occasions the fun was free and boisterous. The woods rang with shouts and peals of laughter, and always ended by our faces and hair being well *stuck up* with sugar, then we would mount the sleigh and leave for the house. But the most satisfactory part of the whole was to survey the result of the toil in several hundred weight of sugar, and various vessels filled with rich molasses.

Now the hams and beef had to be got out of the casks, and hung up in the smoke-house to be smoked. The spring work crowded on rapidly, Ploughing, fencing, sowing and planting followed in quick succession. All hands were busy. The younger ones had to drive the cows to pasture in the morning and bring them up at night. They had also to take a hand at the old churn, and it was a weary task, as I remember well, to stand for an hour, perhaps, and drive the dasher up and down through the thick cream. How often the handle was examined to see if there were any indications of butter; and what satisfaction there was in getting over with it. As soon as my legs were long enough I had to follow a team, and drag in grain, in fact, before, for I was mounted on the back of one of the horses when my nether limbs were hardly sufficient in length to hold me to my seat. The implements then in use were very rough. Iron ploughs, that is a plough with a cast-iron mouldboard, shear, &c., were generally used, and when compared with the ploughs of to-day, were clumsy things. They had but one handle, and though difficult to guide, were a great advance over the old wooden plough, which had not yet altogether gone out of use. Tree tops were frequently used for drags. Riding a horse in the field, which I frequently had to do, under a hot sun, was not as agreeable as it might seem at the first blush.

In June came sheep-washing. The sheep were driven to the bay shore, and secured in a pen, from which they were taken one by one into the bay, and their fleece well washed, and then they were let go. In a few days they were brought to the barn and sheared. The wool was then sorted, some of it retained to be carded by hand, the balance sent to the mill to be turned into rolls; and when they were brought home, the hum of the spinning wheel was heard day after day for weeks, and the steady beat of the girls' feet on the floor, as they walked forward and backward drawing out and twisting the thread, and then letting it run

up on the spindle. Of course, the quality of the cloth depended upon the fineness and evenness of the thread; and a great deal of pains was taken to turn out good work. When the spinning was done the yarn was taken away to the weaver to be converted into cloth.

As I have said before, there were no drones in a farmer's house then. While the work was being pushed outside with vigour, it did not stand still inside. The thrifty housewife was always busy, beside the daily round of cares that continually pressed upon her. The winter has hardly passed away before she begins to make preparations for the next. There were wild strawberries and raspberries to pick and preserve, of which the family had their share as they came, supplemented with an abundance of rich cream and sugar; and so with the other fruits in their turn. There was the daily task, too, of milking and making butter and cheese. The girls were always out in the yard by sunrise, and soon came tripping in with red cheeks and flowing pails of milk, and at sunset the same scene was repeated. The matron required no nurse to take care of the children; no cook to superintend the kitchen; no chamber-maid to make the beds and do the dusting. She had, very likely, one or two hired girls, neighbours' daughters. It was quite common then for farmers' daughters to go out to work when their services could be dispensed with at home, who were treated as equals, and who took as much interest in the affairs of the family as the mistress herself. The fact of a girl going out to work did not affect her position; on the contrary, it was rather in her favour, and showed that she had some ambition about her. The girls, in those days, were quite as much at home in the kitchen as in the drawing-room or boudoir. They could do better execution over a wash tub than at a spinnet. They could handle a rolling pin with more satisfaction than a sketch book; and, if necessity required, could go out in the field and handle a fork and rake with practical result. They were educated in the country school house—

'Beside yon' straggling fence that skirts the way'—

with their brothers, and not at a city boarding school. They had not so much as dreamed of fashion books, or heard of fashionable milliners. Their accomplishments were picked up at home, not abroad. And with all these drawbacks they were pure, modest, affectionate. They made good wives; and that they were the best and most thoughtful mothers that ever watched over the well-being of their children, many remember full well.

Country life was practical and plodding in those days. Ambition did not lure the husbandman to days of luxury and ease, but to the accomplishment of a good day's work, and a future crowned with the fruits of honest industry. If the girls were prepared for the future by the watchful care and example of the mother, so the boys followed in the footsteps of their fathers. They did not look upon their life as burdensome. They did not feel that the occupation of a farmer was less honourable than any other. The merchant's shop did not possess more attraction than the barn. Fine clothes were neither so durable nor so cheap as home-made suits. Fashionable tailors did not exist to lure them into extravagance, and the town-bred dandy had not broken loose to taint them with his follies. Their aspirations did not lead into ways of display and idleness, or their association to bad habits. They were content to work as their fathers had done, and their aim was to become as examplary and respected as they were. It was in such a school and under such masters that the foundation of Canadian prosperity was laid, and it is not gratifying to the thoughtful mind, after the survey

such a picture, to find, that although our material prosperity in the space of fifty years has been marvellous, we have been gradually departing from the sterling example set us by our progenitors, for twenty years at least. 'Dead flies' of extravagance have found their way into the 'ointment' of domestic life, and their 'savour' is being keenly felt. In our haste to become rich we have abandoned the old road of honest industry: to acquire it and in our anxiety to rise in the social scale, we have cast behind us those principles which give tone and value to position. We are not like the Israelites who longed for the "flesh pots" they had left behind in Egypt; yet when we look around, it is difficult to keep back the question put by the Ecclesiast, 'What is the cause that the former days were better than these,' and the answer we think is not difficult to find. Our daughters are brought up now like tender plants, more for ornament than use. The practical lessons of life are neglected for the superficial. We send our sons to college, and there they fly from the fostering care of home; they crowd into our towns and cities, sometimes to rise, it is true, but more frequently to fail and become worthless members of society. Like the dog in the fable, we ourselves have let the substance drop while our gaze has been glamoured by the shadow.

Early in July the haying began. The mowers were expected to be in the meadow by sunrise, and all through the day the rasp of their whetstones could be heard, as they dexterously drew them with a quick motion of the hand along one side of the scythe and then the other, and then they went swinging across the field, the waving grass falling rapidly before their keen blades and dropping in swathes at their side. The days were not then divided off into a stated number of working hours. The rule was to commence with the morning light and continue as long as they could see. Of course men had to eat in those days as well as now, and the blast of the old tin dinner horn fell on the ear with more melodious sound than the grandest orchestra to the musical enthusiast. Even 'Old Gray' when I followed the plough used to give answer to the cheerful wind of the horn by a loud whinny and stop in the furrow, as if to say, 'there now, off with my harness, and let us to dinner.' If I happened to be in the middle of the field, I had considerable trouble to get the old fellow to go on to the end.

I must say a few words in this connection about 'Old Gray,' and why he was always called 'Old Gray' is more than I know, his colour could not have suggested the name for he was a bright roan, almost a bay. This reminds me of a little nephew, in a letter to one of my sons, saying, as a bit of news, 'his father had just bought a new horse, which was not a horse but a colt.' Well 'Old Gray' was no ordinary horse; he was by no means a pretty animal, being raw boned, and never seemed to be in first-rate condition, but he was an animal of remarkable sagacity, of great endurance, and a fleet trotter. When my father began the world for himself he was a part of his chattels, and survived his master several years. Father drove him twice to Little York one winter, a distance of over a hundred and fifty miles, accomplishing the trip both times inside of a week. He never would allow a team to pass him. It was customary in those days, particularly with youngsters in the winter, to turn out and run by, and many such races I have had, but the moment a team turned their heads out of the track to pass 'Old Gray,' he was off like a shot, and you might as well try to hold a locomotive with pins as him with an ordinary bit. He was skittish and often ran away. On one occasion, when I was quite young, he run off with father and myself in a single waggon. We were both thrown out and our feet becoming entangled in the lines, we were dragged some distance, the wheel passed over my head and cut it so that it bled freely, but the wound was not

serious; my father was badly hurt. After a while we started for home, and before we reached it, the old scamp got frightened at a log and set off full tilt; again father was thrown out and I tipped over on the bottom of the waggon. Fortunately, the shafts gave way and let him loose when he stopped: father was carried home and did not leave the house for a long time. I used to ride him to school in the winter and had great sport sometimes by getting boys on behind me, and when they were not thinking I would touch 'Old Gray' under the flank with my heel, which would make him spring as though he were shot, and off the boys would tumble in the snow; when I reached school I tied up the reins and let him go home. I do not think he ever had an equal for mischief, and for the last years we had him we could do nothing with him. He was perpetually getting into the fields of grain or barn and leading all the other cattle with him. We used to hobble him in all sorts of ways, but he would manage to push or rub down the fence at some weak point, and unless his nose was fastened down almost to the ground by a chain from his head to the hind leg, he would let down the bars or open all the gates in the place. There was not a door about the barn, if he could get at the latch, but he would open, and if the key was left in the granary door he would unlock that. If left standing he was sure to get his headstall off, and we had to get a halter made specially for him. He finally became such a perpetual torment that we sold him, and we all had a good cry when the old horse went away.

As soon as the sun was well up, and our tasks about the house over, our part of this new play in the hayfield began, and with a fork or long stick we followed up the swathes and spread them out nicely, so that the grass would dry. In the afternoon it had to be raked up into winnows, work in which the girls often joined us, and after tea one or two of the men cocked it up, while we raked the ground clean after them. If the weather was clear and dry it would be left out for several days before it was drawn into the barn or stacked, but often it was housed as soon as dry.

Another important matter which claimed the farmer's attention at this time was the preparation of his summer fallow for fall wheat. The ground was first broken up after the spring sowing was over, and about hay time the second ploughing had to be done, to destroy weeds, and get the land in proper order, and in August the last ploughing came, and about the first of September the wheat was sown. It almost always happened, too, that there were some acres of wood-land that had been chopped over for fire wood and timber, to be cleaned up. Logs and bush had to be collected into piles and burnt. On new farms this was heavy work. Then the timber was cut down and ruthlessly given over to the fire. Logging bees were of frequent occurrence, when the neighbours turned out with their oxen and logging chains, and amid the ring of the axe, the shouting of drivers and men with their handspikes, the great logs were rolled up one upon another into huge heaps, and left for the fire to eat them out of the way. When the work was done, all hands proceeded to the house, grim and black as a band of sweeps, where, with copious use of soap and water, they brought themselves back to their normal condition, and went in and did justice to the supper prepared for them.

In August the wheat fields were ready for the reapers. This was the great crop of the year. Other grain was grown, such as rye, oats, peas, barley, and corn, but principally for feeding. Wheat was the farmer's main dependence, it was his staff of life, and his current coin. A good cradler would cut about five acres a day, and an expert with the rake would follow and bind up what he cut. There were men who would literally walk through the

grain with a cradle, and then two men were required to follow. My father had no superior in swinging the cradle, and when the golden grain stood thick and straight, he gave two smart men all they could do to take up what he put down. Again, the younger fry came in for their share of the work, which was to gather the sheaves and put them in shocks. These, after standing a sufficient time, were brought into the barn and mowed away, and again the girls often gave a helping hand both in the field and the barn. In all these tasks good work was expected. My father was, I have said before, a pushing man, and 'thorough' in all he undertook. His motto was with his men, 'follow me,' and 'anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well,' and this latter rule was always enforced. The ploughers had to throw their furrows neat and straight. When I got to be a strong lad, I could strike a furrow across a field as straight as an arrow with the old team, and took pride in throwing my furrows in uniform precision. The mowers had to shear the land close and smooth. The rakers threw their winnows straight, and the men placed their hay-cocks at equal distances, and of a uniform size, and so in the grain field, the stubble had to be cut clean and even, the sheaves well bound and shocked in straight rows, with ten sheaves to the shock. It was really a pleasure to inspect his fields when the work was done. Skill was required to load well and also to mow away, the object being to get the greatest number of sheaves in the smallest space. About the first of September the crops were in, the barns filled and surrounded with stacks of hay and grain.

My father was admitted to be the best farmer in the district. His farm was a model of good order and neatness. He was one of the first to devote attention to the improvement of his stock, and was always on the look out for improved implements or new ideas, which, if worthy of attention, he was the first to utilize.

There is always something for a pushing farmer to do, and there are always rainy days through the season when out-door work comes to a stand. At such times my father was almost always found in his workshop, either making pails or tubs for the house, or repairing his tools or making new ones. At other times he would turn his attention to dressing the flax he had stowed away, and getting it ready for spinning. The linen for bags and the house was then all home made. It could hardly be expected that with such facilities at hand my ingenuity would not develop. One day I observed a pot of red paint on the work-bench, and it struck me that the tools would look much better if I gave them a coat of paint. The thought was hardly conceived before it was put into execution, and in a short time planes, saws, augers, &c., were carefully coated over and set aside to dry. Father did not see the thing in the same light I did. He was very much displeased, and I was punished. After this I turned my attention to water-wheels, waggons, boats, boxes, &c., and in time got to be quite an expert with tools, and could make almost anything out of wood. While children, although we had to drive cows, feed the calves, bring in wood and all that, we had our amusements, simple and rustic enough it is true, but we enjoyed them, and all the more because our parents entered into our play very often.

Sunday was a day of enjoyment as well as rest. There were but few places of public worship, and those were generally far apart. In most cases the school-house or barn served the purpose. There were two meeting-houses—this was the term always used then for places of worship—a few miles from our place on Haybay. The Methodist meeting-house was the first place built for public worship in Upper Canada, and was used for that purpose until a few years ago. It is now gone,

and even the place where it stood, I believe, has been washed away by the bay. The other, a Quaker meeting-house, built some years later, is still standing. It was used as a barrack by the Glengarry regiment in 1812, a part of which regiment was quartered in the neighbourhood about that time. The men left their bayonet marks in the old posts. On Sunday morning the horses were brought up and put to the lumber waggon (why called 'lumber waggon' I do not know), the only carriage known then. The family, all arrayed in their Sunday clothes, arranged themselves in the spacious vehicle, and drove away. At that time, and for a good many years after, whether in the school-house or meeting-house, the men sat on one side, and the women on the other, in all places of worship. The sacred bond which had been instituted by the Creator himself in the Garden of Eden, 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and they shall be one flesh,' did not seem to harmonize with that custom, for when they went up to His house, they separated at the door. It would have been thought a very improper thing; indeed, I am inclined to think that if a married couple had presumed to take a seat side by side, the good brothers and sisters would have put them out of doors—so deeply rooted are the prejudices in matters of religious belief, and that they are the most difficult to remove, the history of the past confirms through all the ages. This custom prevailed for many years after. When meeting was over, it was customary to go to some friends to dinner and make, as used to be said, a visit, or what was equally as pleasant, father or mother would ask some old acquaintances to come home with us. Sunday in all seasons, and more particularly in the summer, was the grand visiting day with old and young. I do not state this out of any disrespect for the Sabbath. I think I venerate it as much as anyone, but I am simply recording facts as they then existed. The people at that time, as a rule, were not religous, but they were moral and anxious for greater religious advantages. There were not many preachers, and these had such extended fields of labour that their appointments were irregular and often like 'Angels' visits, few and far between.' They could not ignore their social instincts altogether, and this was the only day when the toil and moil of work was put aside; they first went to meeting when there was any, and devoted the rest of the day to friendly intercourse and enjoyment. People used to come to Methodist meeting for miles, and particularly on quarterly meeting day. On one of these occasions, fourteen young people who were crossing the bay in a skiff, on their way to the meeting, were upset near the shore and drowned. Some years later the missionary meeting possessed great attraction, when a deputation composed of Egerton Ryerson and Peter Jones, with his Indian curiosities, drew the people in such numbers that half of them could not get into the house.

There were a good many Quakers, and as my father's people belonged to that body, we frequently went to their meeting, and the broad brims on one side, with the scoop bonnets on the other, used to excite my curiosity, but I did not like to sit still so long. Sometimes not a word would be said, and after an hour of profound silence, two of the old men on one of the upper seats would shake hands, then a general shaking of hands ensued on both sides of the house, and meeting was out.

Our old family carriage—the lumber waggon—revives many pleasant recollections. Many long rides were taken in it both to mill and market, and sometimes I have curled myself up and slept far into the night in it while waiting for my *grist* to be ground so I could take it home. But it was not used by the young folks as

sleighs were in the winter. It was a staid, family vehicle, not suited to mirth or love-making. It was too noisy for that, and on a rough road, no very uncommon thing then, one was shaken up so thoroughly, that there was but little room left for sentiment. Later, lighter waggons, and very much more comfortable, were used. The eliptic or steel spring did not come into use until about 1840. I remember my grandfather starting off for New York in one of these light one-horse waggons; I do not know how long he was gone, but he made the journey and returned safely. Long journeys by land were made principally in summer on horse back, both by men and women. And the horse was also the young peoples' only *vehicle* at this season of the year. The girls were usually good riders and could gallop away as well on the bare back as in the side-saddle. A cousin of my father's several times made journeys from one to two hundred miles on horseback, and on one occasion carried her infant son for one hundred and fifty miles, a feat the women of to-day would consider impossible.

The early fall then, as now, was not the least pleasant of the Canadian year. Everyone is familiar with the striking beauty of our woods after the frost begins, and the endless variety of shade and colour that mingles with such pleasing effect in every landscape. And in those days as well as now, the farmers' attention was directed to the preparation for the coming winter. His market staples then consisted of wheat or flour, pork and potash. The other products of his farm, such as coarse grain, were used by himself. Butter and eggs were almost valueless save on his own table. The skins of his sheep, calves and beef cattle, which were slaughtered for his own use, were sent to the tanners who dressed them on shares, the balance was brought home to be made up into boots, harness and mittens. Wood, which afterwards came into demand for steam purposes, was worthless. Sawn lumber was not wanted except for home use, and the shingles that covered the buildings were split and made by the farmer himself.

If the men had logging-bees and other bees to help them on with their work, the women had bees of a more social and agreeable type as a set-off. Among these were quilting bees, when the women and girls of the neighbourhood assembled in the afternoon and turned out those skilfully and often artistically made rugs, so comfortable to lie under during the cold winter nights. There was often a great deal of sport at the close of one of these social, industrial gatherings. When the men came in from the field to supper, some luckless wight was sure to be caught and tossed up and down in the quilt amid the laugh and shouts of the company. But of all the bees, the apple-bee was the chief. In these old and young joined. The boys around the neighbourhood, with their home-made apple machines, of all shapes and designs, would come pouring in with their girls early in the evening. The large kitchen, with its sanded floor and split-bottomed chairs ranged round the room with large tubs of apples, and in the centre the cleanly-scrubbed pine table filled with wooden trays, and tallow candles in tin candlesticks made an attractive picture which had for its setting the mother and girls all smiles and good nature, receiving and pleasing the company. Now the work begins amidst laughter and mirth; the boys toss the peeled apples away from their machines in rapid numbers, and the girls catch them; and with their knives quarter and core them, while others string them with needles on long threads, and tie them, so that they can be hung up to dry. As soon as the work is done the room is cleared for supper, after which the old folks retire and the second and most pleasing part of the performance begins. These after-scenes were al-

ways entered into with a spirit of fun and honest abandon truly refreshing. Where dancing was not objected to, a rustic fiddler would be spirited in by some of the youngsters as the sport began. The dance was not that languid sort of thing toned down by modern refinement to a sliding easy motion round the room, and which for the lack of conversational accomplishments is made to do duty for want of wit. Full of life and vigour, they danced for the real fun of the thing. The quick and inspiriting strains of the music sent them spinning round the room, and amid the rush and whirl of the flying feet came the sharp voice of the fiddler as he flourished his bow: 'right and left, balance to your pardner, cross hands, swing your pardner, up and down the middle,' and so on through reel after reel. Some of the boys would perform a *pas seul* with more energy than grace, but it was all the same, the dancing master had not been abroad; the fiddler put life in their heels, and they let them play. Frequently there was no musician to be had, then the difficulty was overcome by the musical voices of the girls, assisted with combs covered with paper, or the shrill notes of some expert at whistling. It often happened that the old people objected to dancing, and then the company resorted to plays of which there were a great variety, 'Button, Button whose got the Button; Measuring Tape; Going to Rome; Ladies Slipper:' all pretty much of the same character, and much appreciated by the boys, when they afforded a chance to kiss the girls.

As time wore on, however, and contact with the outer world became easier and more frequent, the refinements of advancing civilization found their way gradually into the country, and changed the amusements as well as the long established habits of the people. An isolated community like that which stretched along the frontier of our Province, cut off from the older and more advanced stages of society, or holding but brief and irregular communication with it, could not be expected to keep up with the march of either social or intellectual improvement, and although the modern may turn up his nose as he looks back, and affect contempt at the amusements which fell across our paths like gleams of sunlight at the break of day, and call them rude and indelicate, they must not forget that we were not hedged about by conventionalities, nor were we slaves to the caprice of fashion. We were free sons and daughters of an upright, sturdy parentage, with pure and honest hearts throbbing under rough exteriors, and the very girls who did not blush at a hearty kiss from our lips were as pure as the snow, became ornaments in higher and brighter circles of society, and mothers the savour of whose virtues and maternal affection rise before our memory like a perpetual incense.

I am quite well aware of the fact that a large portion of the religious world is opposed to dancing, nor in this recital of country life as it then existed do I wish to be considered an advocate of this amusement. I joined in the sport then with as much eagerness and delight as one could do. I learned to step off on the light fantastic toe, as many another Canadian boy has done, on the barn floor, where, with the doors shut, I went sliding up and down, through the middle, ballancing to the pitch-fork, turning round the old fanning mill, then double-shuffling and closing with a profound bow to the splint-broom in the corner. These were the kind of schools our accomplishments were learned in, and, whether dancing be right or wrong, it is certain the inclination with the young to indulge in it is about as universal as the taint of sin.

The young people then, as now, took it into their heads to get married; but parsons were scarce, and it did not always suit them to wait until one

came along. To remedy this difficulty the Government authorized magistrates to perform the ceremony for any couple who resided more than eighteen miles from any church. There were hardly any churches, and therefore a good many called upon the justice to put a finishing touch to their happiness, and curious-looking pairs presented themselves to have the knot tied. One morning a robust young man with a pretty, blushing girl presented themselves at my father's door and were invited in. They were strangers, and it was some time before he could find out what they wanted; but, after beating about the bush, the young man hesitatingly said they wanted to get married. They were duly tied, and, on leaving, I was asked to join in their wedding dinner, and, though some distance away, I mounted my horse and joined them. The dinner was good and served in the plain fashion of the day. After it came dancing, to the music of a couple of fiddlers, and we threaded through reel after reel until nearly daylight. On another occasion a goodly company gathered at a neighbour's house to assist at the nuptials of his daughter. The ceremony had passed, and we were collected around the supper table, the old man had spread out his hands to ask a blessing, when bang, bang, went a lot of guns, accompanied with horns, whistles, tin pans and anything and everything with which a noise could be made. A simultaneous shriek went up from the girls, and for a few moments the confusion was as great inside as out. It was a horrid din of discordant sounds. Conversation at the supper-table was quite out of the question, and as soon as it was over we went out among the boys who had come to charivari us. There were perhaps fifty of them, with blackened faces and ludicrous dresses, and when the bride and bridegroom showed themselves, and received their congratulations they went their way, and left us to enjoy ourselves in peace. It was after this manner the young folks wedded. There was but little attempt at display. No costly trousseau, no wedding tours. A night of enjoyment with friends, and the young couple set out at once on the practical journey of life.

One of our favourite sports in those days was coon (short name for racoon) hunting. This only lasted during the time of green corn. The racoon is particularly fond of corn before it hardens, and if unmolested will destroy a good deal in a short time. They always visit the cornfield at night, so about nine o'clock we would set off with our dogs, trained for the purpose, and with as little noise as possible make our way to the edge of the corn and then wait for the coons. If the field was not too large, he could easily be heard breaking down the ears, and then the dogs were let loose, who cautiously and silently crept towards the unsuspecting foe. But the sharp ears and keen scent of the racoon seldom let him fall into the clutch of the dogs, without a scamper for life. The coon was almost always near the woods, and this gave him a chance to escape. As soon as a yelp was heard from the dogs, we knew the fun had begun, and pushing forward in the direction of the noise we were pretty sure to find our dogs baffled and jumping and barking around the foot of a tree up which Mr. Coon had fled, and was quietly looking down on his pursuers from a limb or crutch. Our movements now were guided by circumstances. If the tree was not too large, one of us would climb it and dislodge the coon, or, in the other case, cut it down. The dogs were always on the alert, and the moment the coon touched the ground they were on him. We used frequently to capture two or three of a night. The skin was dressed and made into caps or robes for the sleigh. On two or three of these expeditions our dogs caught a Tartar by running

foul of a *coon* not so easily disposed of —in the shape of a bear; and then we were both glad to decamp, as he was rather too big a job to undertake in the night. Bruin was fond of young corn, but he and the wolves had ceased to be troublesome. The latter occasionally made a raid on a flock of sheep in the winter, but they were watched pretty closely, and were trapped or shot. There was a government bounty of $4 for every wolf's head. Another, and much more innocent sport, was netting wild pigeons after the wheat had been taken off. At that time they used to visit the stubbles in large flocks. Our mode of procedure was to build a house of boughs under which to hide ourselves. Then the ground was carefully cleaned and sprinkled with grain, at one side of which the net was set, and in the centre one stool pigeon, secured on a perch was placed, attached to which was a long string running into the house. When all was ready we retired and watched for the flying pigeons, and whenever a flock came within a seeing distance our stool pigeon was raised and then dropped; this would cause it to spread its wings and flutter, which attracted the flying birds, and, after a circle or two, they would swoop down and commence to feed. Then the net was sprung, and in a trice we had scores of pigeons under it. I do not remember to have seen this method of capturing pigeons practised since. If we captured many we took them home, and put them where they could not get away, and took them out as we wanted them.

At the time of which I write Upper Canada had been settled about forty-five years. A good many of the first settlers had ended their labours and were peacefully resting in the quiet grave-yard; but there were many left, and they were generally hale old people, who were enjoying in contentment and peace the evening of their days, surrounded by their children, who were then in their prime, and their grandchildren, ruddy and vigorous plants, shooting up rapidly around them. The years that had fled were eventful ones, not only to themselves, but to the new country which they had founded. 'The little one had become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.' The forest had melted away before the force of their industry, and orchards with their russet fruit, and fields of waving corn, gladdened their hearts and filled their cellars and barns with abundance. The old log house which had been their shelter and their home for many a year had disappeared, or was converted into an out-house for cattle, or a place for keeping their implements in during winter, and now the commodious and well-arranged frame one had taken its place. Large barns for their increasing crops and warm sheds to protect the cattle had grown up out of the rude hovels and stables. Everything around them betokened thrift and more than an ordinary degree of comfort. They had for the time good schools, where their children could acquire a tolerable education, places in which they could assemble and worship God; merchants from whom they could purchase such articles as they required, and markets for their produce. The changes wrought in these forty-five years were something wonderful, and to no class of persons could these changes seem more surprising than to themselves, and certainly no people appreciated more fully the rich ripe fruit of their toil. Among the pleasantest pictures I can recall are the old homes in which my boyhood was passed. I hardly know in what style of architecture they were built; indeed, I think it was one peculiar to the people and the age,—strong, substantial structures, erected more with an eye to comfort than show. They were known afterwards as Dutch houses, usually one storey high, and built pretty much after the same model; a parallelogram with a wing at one end, and often to both. The

roofs were very steep, with a row of dormer windows, and sometimes two rows looking out of their broad sides, to give light to the chambers and sleeping rooms up-stairs. The living rooms were generally large, with low ceilings, and well supplied with cupboards, which were always filled with blankets and clothing, dishes, and a multitude of good things for the table. The bed rooms were always small and cramped, but they were sure to contain a bed which required some ingenuity, perhaps, to get into it, owing to its height, but when once in, the great feather tick fitted so kindly to the weary body, and the blankets over you soon wooed your attention away from the narrowness of the apartment. Very often the roof projected over, giving an eliptic shape to one side, and the projection of about six feet formed a cover for a long stoop then called, but which now a days would be known as a verandah. This was no addition to the lighting of the rooms, for the windows were always small, and few in number. The kitchen usually had a double outside door—that is, a door cut cross ways through the middle, so that the lower part could be kept shut, and the upper left open if necessary. I do not know what particular object there was in this, unless to let the smoke out, for chimneys were more apt to smoke then than now, or, perhaps, to keep the youngsters in and let in fresh air. Whatever the object was, this was the usual way the outside kitchen-door was made, with a wooden latch and leather string hanging outside to lift it; this was easily pulled in, and then the door was quite secure against intruders. The barns and out-houses were curiosities in after years, large buildings with no end of timber, and all roof, like a great box with an enormous candle-extinguisher set on it. But houses and barns are gone, and modern structures occupy their places, as they did the rough log ones, and one can only see them as they are photographed in the memory

Early days are always bright to life's voyager, and though time has crowded his bark far out on its turbulent sea, whatever his condition may have been at the outset, he is ever wont to look back with fondness to the scenes of his youth. I can recall days of toil under a burning sun, but they were cheerful days nevertheless. There was always 'a bright spot in the future' to look forward to, which moved the arm and lightened the task. Youth is buoyant, and if its feet run in the way of obedience, it will leave a sweet fragrance behind, which will never lose its flavour. The days I worked in the harvest field, or when I followed the plough whistling and singing through the hours, are not the least happy recollections of the past. The merry song of the girls mingling with the hum of the spinning wheel as they tripped backward and forward to the cadence of their music, drawing out miles of thread, reeling it into skeins which the weaver's loom and shuttle was to turn into thick heavy cloth, or old grandmother treading away at her little wheel, making it buzz as she drew out the delicate fibres of flax and let it run up the spindle a fine and evenly twisted thread, with which to sow our garments or make our linen, and mother busy as a bee thinking of us all, and never wearying in her endeavours to add to our comfort, are pictures that stand out clear and distinct, and are often reverted to with pleasure and delight. But though the summer time in the country is bright and beautiful, with its broad meadows waving before the western wind like seas of green, and the yellow corn gleams in the field where the sun-burnt reapers are singing; though the flowers shed their fragrance, and the breeze sighs softly through the branches overhead in monotones, but slightly varied, yet sweet and soothing; though the wood is made vocal with the song of birds, and all nature is jocund and bright, the winter, strange as it may

seem, was the time of our greatest enjoyment; when 'Old Gray' who used to scamper with me, astride his bare back down the lane, stands munching his fodder in the stall; when the cattle no longer lolling or browsing in the peaceful shade, moved around the barn-yard with humped backs, shaking their heads at the cold north wind; when the trees were stripped of their foliage and the icicles hung in fantastic rows along the naked branches, glittering like jewels in the sunshine, or rattling in the northern blast; when the ground was covered deep with snow and the wind, 'driving o'er the fields,' whirled it into huge drifts, blocking up the doors and paths, and roads,

> 'The whited air
> Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
> And veils the farm-house at the garden's end;'

when the frost silvered over the window panes, or crept through the cracks and holes, and fringed them with its delicate fret work; when the storm raged and howled without, and

> 'Shook beams and rafters as it passed,'

within happy faces were gathered around the blazing logs in the old fireplace.

> 'Shut in from all the world without,
> We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
> Content to let the north wind roar,
> In baffled rage at pane and door,
> While the red logs before us beat,
> The frost line back with tropic heat.'

The supper has been cleared away, and upon the clean white table is placed a large dish of apples and a pitcher of cider. On either end stands a tallow candle in bright brass candlesticks, with an extinguisher attached to each, and the indispensable snuffers and tray. Sometimes the fingers were made use of in the place of the snuffers; but it was not always satisfactory to the snuffer, as he sometimes burned himself, and caused him to snap his fingers to get rid of the burning wick. One of the candles is appropriated by father who is quietly reading his paper, for we had newspapers then, but they would not compare very favourably with those of to-day, and we only got them once a week. Mother is darning socks. Grandmother is making the knitting needles fly, as though all her grandchildren were stockingless. The girls are sewing and making merry with the boys, and we are deeply engaged with our lessons, or what is more likely playing fox and geese.

> 'What matters how the night behaved;
> What matter how the north-wind raved;
> Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
> Could quench our hearth-fire's glow.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> O time and change! with hair as gray,
> As was my sire's that winter day,
> How strange it seems, with so much gone
> Of life and love, to still live on,
> Ah brother! only I and thou
> Are left of all the circle now—
> The dear home faces whereupon,
> The fitful fire-light paled and shone,
> Henceforth listen as we will
> The voices of that hearth are still.'

MARY SECORD.

A CANADIAN BALLAD OF 1813.

BY FIDELIS.

THE sweet June moonlight softly fell
On meadow, wood, and stream,
Where, 'neath the crags of Queenston Heights,
The green waves darkly gleam.

Alone the whip-poor-will's sad cry
Blent with the murmuring pines,
Save where the sentry paced his rounds
Along the Yankee lines.

But, in one lowly cottage home,
Were sorrow and dismay ;—
Two troubled watchers might not sleep
For tidings heard that day.

Brave James Secord—no craven heart
Beat in that crippled frame
That bore the scars of 'Queenston Heights'—
—Back to his cabin came.

With tidings of a secret plan
Fitzgibbon to surprise,
As, with his handful of brave men,
At Beaver Dam he lies ;—

For Bœrstler, with seven hundred men,
And guns, and warlike store,
Will steal upon our outpost there
Guarded by scarce two-score !

Then crushed at once, as it must be,
Our gallant little band !
The foe will press to force the heights
And sweep the conquered land !

Then noble Brock had died in vain !
—If but Fitzgibbon knew !—
But the poor cripple's foot is stayed,
Though brave his heart and true.

Then Mary, bending o'er her babes,
  Looked up, and smiled through tears ;—
'These are not times for brave men's wives
  To yield to woman's fears !

'*You* cannot go to warn our men ;—
  They would not let you through ;
But, if they'll let a woman pass,
  This errand *I* will do.'

She soothed away his anxious fears,—
  She knew the forest way ;—
She put her trust in Him who hears
  His children when they pray.

Soon as the rosy flush of dawn
  Glowed through the purple air,
She rose to household tasks, and kissed
  Her babes, with whispered prayer.

Then to her faithful cow she went ;
  —The sentry at the lines
Forgot to watch, as both were lost
  Among the sheltering pines.

The rising sun's first golden rays
  Glanced through the forest aisles
And lighted up its sombre depths
  With changeful golden smiles.

The fragrant odour of the pines,—
  The birds' fresh carols sweet—
Breathed courage to the trembling heart
  And strength to faltering feet.

And on she pressed, with steadfast tread,
  Her solitary way,
Through tangled brake, and sodden marsh,
  Through all the sultry day ;—

Though for the morning songs of birds,
  She heard the wolf's hoarse cry,
And saw the rattle-snake glide forth
  From ferny covert nigh.

She stopped not short for running stream
  —The way found by the will,—
Nor for the pleading voice of friends
  At fair St. David's Mill.

The British sentry heard her tale
  And cheered her on her way,
But bade her 'ware the Indian scouts
  That in the covert lay.

Anon,—as cracked a rotten bough,
  Beneath her wary tread,
She heard them shouting through the gloom—
  She heard their war-whoop dread.

But quickly, to the questioning chief,
  She told her errand brave,—
How she had come a weary way
  Fitzgibbon's men to save.

The red-skin heard and kindly looked
  Upon the pale-faced 'squaw;'—
Her faithful courage touched his heart,
  Her weary look he saw.

'Me go with you'—was all he said,—
  His warriors waved away,—
And led her safe to Beaver Dam,
  Where brave Fitzgibbon lay.

With throbbing heart her tale she told;
  Full well Fitzgibbon knew
How great the threatened danger was,
  If such a tale were true!

Then to De Haren swift he sent
  To call him to his side,—
And all the moon-lit summer night,
  Swords clash and troopers ride,—

While Mary, in a farm-house near,
  In dreamless slumber lay,
And woke to find her gallant friends
  Had fought and gained the day!

If e'er Canadian courage fail,
  Or loyalty grow cold,
Or nerveless grow Canadian hearts,
  Then be the story told,—

How woman's will and woman's wit
  Then played its noblest part,
—How British valour saved the land,
  And woman's dauntless heart!

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF AGNOSTICISM.

BY REV. CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A., TORONTO.

WHEN a famous sceptical writer insisted on his servants attending church, 'in order to secure his silver spoons,' he bore testimony in some sort to the value of belief as a working motive for morality. During the late visit to Toronto of a noted Agnostic assailant of what many people still hold sacred, when the intolerant fanaticism of a few gave notoriety to lectures which shewed no originality and little talent beyond the smartness which can raise a laugh at a broad caricature of Christianity, there appeared in *Grip* a 'suggested peroration' to the lecture in question, which I quote from memory. 'There is another point which I have not yet mentioned: Does Christianity or does Atheism make people better or happier? This point you will have to decide for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen, and you will have to decide it on quite other grounds than the smart sayings with which I have been amusing you for the last two hours!' I borrow *Grip's* text, and I should like to consider a few points in which it seems to me that Atheism, or the pseudo-neutral Atheism which calls itself Agnosticism, does not tend to make society better or happier, and in which it is therefore reactionary, immoral (if, as Herbert Spencer in his late book on the subject defines morality, by morality is meant what tends to the happiness or conservation of the race), and out of harmony with the truth and nobleness of human life. And I should like to premise a few 'guesses at truth' with reference to the present state of controversy between Faith and Agnosticism.

I. Many of the ablest sceptical writers base their contemptuous rejection of religion on a somewhat wholesale and intrepid statement of the increasing 'tendency of the present age' to reject 'Supernaturalism.' It is shewn how the once universal belief in witchcraft quietly died out with the spread of education and liberal ideas. And it is assumed that 'Supernaturalism' is a delusion undergoing a similar fate. Of course, it is only an assumption to make the 'tendency of the age' to believe anything the measure of its objective truth. Still we may concede that 'the tendency of the age' is to discredit 'Supernaturalism—if by Supernaturalism is meant thaumaturgic ecclesiasticism,' church intolerance, persecution, in any of its survivals. But in using the word supernaturalism, I mean the simplest ultimate form of religious faith, the vanishing point at which Theism and Agnosticism part company; the belief in something above and beyond 'Nature;' in God, the life to come, and moral responsibility. The object of this paper is to shew that *this* belief in the supernatural, far from being 'contrary to the tendency of the age,' is in thorough harmony, if not with its surface eddies, at least with its central stream; that it is a factor of essential value to much that makes civilization stable, and progress possible, especially in the peculiar relations of woman to modern life. To prove this is not, indeed, to prove the truth of Theism; but it will silence one anathema continually fulminated by Agnosticism, in the assertion so often made that religion is no longer needed

for human life. As has been well said in the May 'Bystander,' it will prove to those who jeer at faith, that it is, at least, 'too soon to be insolent;' and it will, at least, raise a serious presumption against the claims of Agnosticism as a regulative system, if we find it inconsistent with the most imperative needs of human happiness, incompetent to guide human conduct.

II. Does not 'Agnosticism' play fast and loose with the name it assumes? Were it true to the statement that matters of faith are not matters of *gnosis* or science, there are few sane thinkers, surely not St. Paul or Bishop Butler, who would not admit that the very first proposition of every creed, the 'Allah il Allah,' cannot be proved like a proposition in science. But under a name which connotes neutrality, Agnosticism is hostile and aggressive. Before we can admit that the itinerant Agnostic lecturer is morally justified in assailing with the easy weapons of invective and ridicule a system identified with our moral life, with the compensation which makes existence brighter to the poor, to the failures, and to the vanquished in the struggle for existence, and especially with the ministrations of woman in modern society as moulded by Christianity,—before we can admit this, we are justified in asking: 'Has Agnosticism anything better or as good to give for what it would take away? Has it any logical right to exclude faith? Has it a better promise for the morals or happiness of the race?'

III. First, then, has Agnosticism any logical right to exclude faith? Hume said as a sneer, 'Our most holy religion is founded not on reason but on faith.' But this is exactly what all Theists admit, if we take as a working definition of Reason, 'the action of thought' on the data of experience, and of Faith, 'the action of thought on the possibilities which transcend experience.'

Admitting that as a matter of formal logic and scientific *proof*, Kant and Hume have shewn the invalidity of the Scholastic arguments for the being of a God, yet the argument from design is in a degree admitted by John Stuart Mill in his latest utterance, the 'Essays on Religion,' although he relegates it from the region of proof, that is of *gnosis* ---of reason, to the region of probability, that is of faith. So viewed, this argument from design certainly harmonizes with the whole tendency of our nature. The instinct which seeks and sees a personal being in all the order of nature and the hierarchy of life is an indestructible one; not a formal demonstration, but a belief 'too natural to deceive,' is the utterance of the oldest poetry.

'Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei, et firmamentum monstrat opus ejus.'

IV. In connection with this point it is worth remembering what has often been pointed out, but what deserves deep and mature consideration by those who study the systems of modern system-builders: that no evolution theory, or other theory purporting to give the sequence of life in the universe, can give anything *but* sequence. It cannot supply *cause*. *That* lies forever outside its scope. Nor can it possibly forbid our faith in final causes. We may accept M. Spencer's brilliant and attractive panorama of cosmical history as a true account of things, from the primal star-dust to the final ice, without in the least touching our faith in design or a designer.

It is also worth recalling, what most sane writers on the religious side have pointed out, but what also will bear further meditation, that a theory such as Evolution, accepted as it seems to be at present by most educated men, can only add to our conception of a Being who, as we are not excluded from believing, stands behind this magnificent procession of existence, from the remote ascidian to its culmination and crown in man. Science cannot be

against faith, for they move on different planes, and all science that is not against us is for us.

V. Also let us remember that, as Spencer and others have shown, Agnosticism has little to urge on the other side. It cannot prove a negative. It may say, Theism is an uncertainty. We admit it is not a matter of certainty, but of faith. And Agnosticism has nothing to set against the probabilities which faith accepts, the instincts and social needs to which she ministers. For I pass over, as unworthy of any further notice than a reference to Butler's argument from our ignorance of the whole of things, such mere declamation as that of the lecturer alluded to, who lately objected against the Divine government that he could have improved upon it by 'making good health catching;' which seems borrowed from that King of Castile who said that he could have suggested several improvements, had he been consulted by the Creator of the world.

VI. I pass to the further question: What has Agnosticism to give us in place of Faith? Does it hold out any prospect of being a dynamic force for goodness or happiness?

That Faith is pleasanter, more comforting and satisfying than Agnosticism, is, of course, no proof of its objective truth. We are far from putting forward the argument of the butler who, being dissatisfied with the fast-days in a Ritualistic family, declared his preference for Protestantism and beefsteaks. But, though the happiness of a religion is no proof of its truth, yet the compatibility with all that is most hopeful, most happy and noble in the life of the individual and the race, is so far a presumption in favour of our acceptance of it; at least it gives us a right to challenge the action of the lecturer who assails such faith in the name of a sterile Agnosticism, and makes it our duty to remind those who, perhaps more from fashion, or from the attraction of popular theories, often imperfectly apprehended, are inclined to cast in their lot with Agnosticism, how great a sacrifice they must be prepared to make.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's most lucid and suggestive essay in the *Atlantic Monthly* has shown that every decline in religious belief has led to a decline in morals. And it may be worth our consideration how infinitely more than any other religion that has ever prevailed among men, Christianity has entwined itself with domestic and social life. Paganism was a political religion; Judaism a tribal faith with temporal rewards. Christianity is a religion of compensation. It redresses the inequalities and sorrows of life by whispering its secret of the life beyond. And its peculiar creation as a factor in social happiness has been the ministration of woman. The Christian type of womanhood, so well described by Wordsworth, is differentiated from any other type known to history. Christianity, introducing the ideal of the angel, the messenger of God, the ministrant of consolation, has given us the type which is

> 'An angel, but a woman too.'

The last number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains a remarkable essay on 'Woman and Agnosticism,' by Mrs. Lathbury, a very different production, indeed, from some of those in which women treat of the rights of women. Calm, clear, and in its self-contained moderation of reasoning a marked contrast to the superlatives of 'the shrieking sisterhood,' Mrs. Lathbury thus states the present position of Christian woman:—

'It is not the lot of all to be either wives or mothers, and anyhow there are a very large number of women who find themselves, as life goes on, with no children of their own to educate, and no husband in whose pursuits they can forget themselves. To what interests and employments has this large part of the community hitherto looked forward? What has

lain between the eager life of youth and the ideal rest of old age? Speaking broadly, their interests have mainly been three: Taking care of the old or sick, teaching the ignorant, and watching—not to speak of praying—with a cheerful countenance for the well-being of those they love. How will Agnosticism affect these three interests in the future?'

This threefold type of womanly ministration is essentially a Christian one; and it is a question of no light moment for the future of society how it is likely to be affected when Agnosticism has removed what has hitherto been its mainspring, faith in God and hope in the world to come.

Tending the sick, the incurable, the hopelessly insane, the unlovely dotage of old age, how is this likely to be affected by the removal of what gave it a brighter side, hope of renovation elsewhere of what was maimed and blighted here?

And how will the abolition of Belief affect the second of these interests, the training of the ignorant? We admit that agnostics profess a warm enthusiasm for the spread of education. But when brought to the test of reality, of what benefit will it be to give increased knowledge of their unhappy lot to those who must necessarily be poor and comfortless?

Mrs. Lathbury adds:

'The life of working-men might attain to a pale imitation of that tepid luxury which clubs bestow upon the classes above them. The long day in the coal-mine or the factory may be enlivened by the thought of the contest over the chess-board or the billiard-table awaiting him at night. The more studious might look forward to the hour spent in reading in the unpretending comfort of a free library. The politics of the moment may be sufficiently interesting to give a passing excitement to an evening's conversation, and a popular lecturer might gain a fairly intelligent audience. These are the unambitious aims that really lie at the bottom of many a high-flown eulogy of the education of the working-man; and what does it come to? A little more learning to help a man to know the inevitable depth of his real ignorance; a little more leisure to spend in well-lighted rooms with spillikins and coffee; a little fewer open and violent sins; a little more veneer of the more respectable sins of the upper classes.'

Still more important is the third function alluded to, though its beneficient work is less under the cognizance of human society than the other two. It is that of consoling and watching over those who in the conflict of existence are the failures, the defeated, the deserted, the condemned; whom no other voice than that of mother, sister, wife, absolves; whom no other hand comforts. For them the only hope of recovery is beyond the grave. If that is taken away, Mrs. Lathbury says, with as much pathetic truth as eloquence. 'What is left to the women of future, but their love alone, to teach them of how much happiness and misery they are capable?'

VI. One last suggestion. We have known Agnosticism only in its effects on the characters of a few men and women of letters, trained in Christian morality, and belonging to a generation which, by 'unconscious cerebration,' may be even physically influenced by the long dominance of Christian Ideals. But wait! Wait till Agnosticism becomes the Gospel of the Proletariate, with Bradlaugh for its moralist and Kearney for its preacher! Wait till the extinction of the hope that now sheds benediction on poverty reaches the poor! Wait till its denial of a life and a responsibility beyond the grave has removed the last restraint from the human brute who crouches so close to our luxurious civilization.

Those who study most thoughtfully the relation of faith with those forces which are now shaping for good the future of our race, will not, perhaps, be inclined to share in the forebod-

ings of the writers who see in the decline of some out-worn forms of religious thought, a tendency of the age to throw aside Christianity. Without pretending to a science of history that enables us to predict the future, we may be permitted to invite the reflection of our readers, as to the marvellous self-adaptability of Christianity to widely different social types and needs. Shall we not hope to see the Church of the Future adapt herself to conditions of which she herself is the cause? The more enlightened criticism the wider hope, the world-extended, humanitarian horizon the nobler attitude of womanhood! Faith, the sister of Hope and Charity, whose word bade Slavery vanish from earth, and is now fast abolishing Intemperance, may yet have force to abolish the Social Evil, War, the waste of national wealth on armament, distinctions of rank that produce Caste, distinctions of property that produce Pauperism. All persecution is alien to the spirit of Him, who, looking across centuries of intolerance. said, 'Ye know not of what manner of spirit ye are of.' Persecution even of the pettiest kind makes Faith odious in the eyes of a people like ours, who love fair-play. But while we believe it only right to give the freest toleration and the fullest charity to the honest maintainers of Agnosticism, as of all other forms of religious opinion, yet for the reasons above given, we deny them the moral right to assail with invective that is intolerant, and sneers that are uncharitable, a faith which beyond all cavil does so much to give grace and beauty to the present life, and has not been proved to have no promise of the life to come.

THE MOHAMMEDAN PRINCESS.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

[It is the custom of some of the more advanced Mohammedan Princes to educate their daughters in Europe, although the rest of their lives is to be spent in the monotonous confinement of the Harem.]

FROM a golden-latticed window,
Wrought with many a quaint design,
Where bright jasmine stars and myrtle
Lovingly entwine,
Looks a dark and sad-eyed maiden
With her cheek upon her hand;
And she mourns in saddest accents
Her return to her own land.

'Oh! nightingale, sweet nightingale,
I cannot sing as you,
Who sing because you flit at will
Beneath the cloudless blue;

You sit at peace upon the spray,
  Because you are not bound,
But place you in a gilded cage,
  And should we hear a sound ?'

And yet the chamber, which the maid
  A prison felt to be,
Was decked with porcelain, choice and rare,
  And costly tapestry.
Panels of ivory, strangely carved,
  Were set about the door ;
Rich curtains none but slaves might stir,
  Hung to the marble floor.

'My silken cushions weary me,
  Though very soft they be,
My work, my books,—my royal robes,
  My gems, are nought to me.
I long to scamper through the woods,
  I long to shout and play ;
Or arm-in-arm with some dear friend,
  Tell secrets all the day.'

And yet the scene she looked upon
  Was passing grand and fair,—
A garden full of gorgeous flowers,
  And plants beyond compare ;
For palms and tree ferns towered high,
  And orange groves were there,
Sweet roses, pouring fragrance out,
  Perfumed the balmy air.

'I try to take my studies up,
  But they've no meaning here ;
If I can please, can lounge with grace,
  No critic need I fear.
This is not Life ;—I but exist,
  Each day is just the same ;
I bid farewell to culture, art,
  And every noble aim.'

Ah ! Princess, 'neath your Orient sky,
  One day, long ages past,
A woman, by a well, heard words,
  Which through all time will last,
Though cramp'd and narrow was her life,
  That Teacher bade her live ;
Expanded Life with nobler scope,
  Was His alone to give.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

BY FREDERICK T. JONES, TORONTO.

IN this charming poem* the story of the life and teaching of Buddha is told in sweet and simple verse. The author, formerly a member of the Indian Civil Service, is now editor-in-chief of the London *Daily Telegraph*; and his present work has been written, as he himself tells us in his modest preface, 'in the brief intervals of days without leisure.'

The theme is one of the noblest that could occupy a poet's pen. Weak indeed must be the native poetic force that could not catch inspiration from the life and teaching of perhaps the loftiest, holiest, gentlest, and most heroic soul that ever devoted a long life to the service of humanity. Mr. Arnold tells us that the Buddhistical books 'agree in the one point of recording nothing—no single act or word which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr.' Even one who so imperfectly appreciated Buddhism as M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, felt himself constrained to speak of its founder in this wise: 'His life has no point of attack. His constant heroism equals his conviction, and if the theory which he advocates is false, the personal example which he gives is irreproachable. He is the perfected model of all the virtues which he preaches; his self-abnegation, his charity, his unalterable sweetness never fail him for a single instant. He silently elaborates his doctrines during six years of retirement and meditation; he propagates them during more than half a century by the sole force of his word and his persuasive eloquence; and when he dies in the arms of his disciples, it is with the serenity of a sage who has practised the good throughout his whole life, and who is assured of having discovered the truth.'

It is a remarkable circumstance that of the eight great religious founders of our race—Zoroaster, Moses, Laou-tse, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus Christ, St. Paul, and Mohammed—no less than seven were born in Asia; and the eighth (Moses), though born in Africa, was Asiatic by descent, and found his last resting-place in the soil of his forefathers.

The precise epoch when Buddha flourished is unknown, and authorities differ widely in the figures which they adopt. The earliest date, having any pretensions to authenticity, given for his death, is B. C. 543, and the latest, B. C. 412. The former, though adopted by Mr. Arnold, is almost certainly too early. The most probable date appears to be B. C. 478; and accepting the almost universal tradition that the Teacher was eighty years old when he died, we get B. C. 558 as the most probable date of his birth. His life was, therefore, almost exactly contemporaneous with that of the great Chinese sage, Confucius, whose era ranges from B. C. 551 or 550 to B. C. 479 or 478. The scene of the birth of Siddârtha, as Buddha is sometimes called,

* *The Light of Asia*; or, The Great Renunciation. Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India, and Founder of Buddhism (as told in verse by an Indian Buddhist). By EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1879. [Toronto: Willing & Williamson.]

or Gautama,* which was his true family name, was Kapilavastu, the modern Kohâna, a small town about seventy miles east of Oude, and a hundred nearly due north of Benares. Here dwelt the Sâkyas, an Aryan tribe, of which Suddhôdana, the father of the future prophet, was raja or king. After a youth and early manhood passed, as we may suppose, amid the surroundings natural to his birth and rank, the youthful enthusiast, at the age of nine-and-twenty, suddenly renounced the pomps and luxuries of his princely station, forsaking father, mother, friends, wife, and child, and thenceforth leading the life of a homeless wanderer and outcast. From that time till the hour of his death he devoted his whole soul, with an energy that never faltered, and a patience that never wearied, to the task of finding and teaching the truth, and of bettering man's estate. So profound an impression of moral and spiritual grandeur did he leave upon his generation, that for nearly twenty-four centuries untold numbers of his fellow-creatures have venerated him as the Ideal Man, if not actually worshipped him as a god. 'Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, "I take refuge in Buddha!"' Five hundred millions of our race† 'live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend at the present time from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Tibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief; for though the profession of Buddhism has, for the most part, passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahminism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts.'* At a moderate computation the adherents of Brahminism number over two hundred millions, so that upwards of seven hundred millions of human beings, or about one-half of mankind, owe their philosophical, moral, and religious ideas, in a greater or less degree, to this saviour of the eastern world. It is probable even that America itself has felt his influence, the theory that Buddhist missionaries found their way across the Pacific to this continent as early as the fifth century of our era, being by no means destitute of foundation.

If it be the office of the mighty seers and prophets of the race, to stand on the mountain heights of thought, and catch a vision of the rising sun of truth before it becomes visible to the humble dwellers in the plains below, then was Buddha preeminently entitled to the name of prophet. In his moral teaching he anticipated by more than five hundred years the Christian 'golden rule,' the Christian maxim to return good for evil, and the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man. He explicitly taught that the recompense of good and the punishment of evil are attained, not by artificial rewards and penalties, but by natural consequences, a doctrine which is to-day the burden of the moral teaching, alike of the novels of George Eliot, and of the philosophical works of Herbert Spencer. In the views of Buddha respecting the constitution and the eternal flux of the universe, and regarding the Power which lies behind the vast

* Pronounced 'Gowtămă,' the vowel sound of the first syllable being like that in 'how,' and the last two syllables being short.

† This is the estimate of Mr. Rhys Davids, one of the highest authorities on the subject. The figures are given in detail in his work on Buddhism, pp. 4-5. Prof. Legge, however, thinks that the numbers for China are exaggerated. On the other hand, those for India and Further India are unquestionably considerably below the truth. Probably the excess will balance the deficiency. The number of Christians now living is about 375,000,000, and of these nearly three-fourths belong to the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches.

* 'Light of Asia,' preface.

panorama of phenomenal existence, we find the germs, if not something more than the germs, of the agnostic and evolutionist ideas now spreading so rapidly and so widely. It is not here contended that these views are true. To discuss that question, one way or the other, would be out of place in a mere exposition such as the present. All that is now desired is to point out that many of the most characteristic ideas which go by the name of 'advanced thought' to-day, are to be found more or less clearly indicated in the teachings of the great Hindu thinker.

True, the religion which he promulgated has now, to a certain extent, degenerated into a degraded superstition. But of how many religions can it be said that they have remained as pure as when they left the lips of their founders? Those who are inclined to make such a claim on behalf of Christianity may be reminded that superstitions, such as that of the worship of the Virgin, and that concerning the Blood of St. Januarius, and abominations, such as the 'Priest in Absolution,' are matters of vital practical faith with three fourths of the Christians living in the world to-day.

Buddhism, indeed, in its present degenerate condition, presents so many striking similarities to Roman Catholicism, that each of the two religions has been charged with deriving its practices from the other. The older Buddhism had its ecclesiastical councils, and its Constantine, in the person of Asoka, who antedated by more than five hundred years his western counterpart. Modern Buddhism has its Lamas, or infallible twin-popes, its convents and monks and orders of celibates, its mendicants, its fasts and penances, its prayers and rosaries of beads, its saints and holy days, its baptism and confirmation, and its masses for the redemption of souls. It has also had its missionaries, as self-denying and as heroic as those of any other religion. It would be difficult to find, even in the records of Christian missionary enterprise, anything to surpass the sublime story of Hiouen-Thsang, the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim of the seventh century, so eloquently told by Max Müller. Even Buddha himself, as the same writer has conclusively proved, has been unwittingly canonised by the Roman Church, and stands to this day in its hagiology, under the title of St. Josaphat. It is worthy of remark, too, that if, as Sir William Jones has shown good reason for believing, the name Odin, or Wodin, is the Scandinavian equivalent for Buddha, the memory of the ancient Hindu sage yet lives in our word Wednesday.

Mr. Arnold judges rightly that the subject of his poem should be viewed sympathetically. The course adopted by him, however, of putting the poetised narrative into the mouth of a Buddhist votary, is not without its disadvantages, and on the whole it would have been preferable to have told the story impersonally in the ordinary way. Mr. Arnold's method left him no choice in the selection of his materials; he had to swallow the whole of the huge bolus of supernaturalism which modern Buddhism offers to its disciples. The result is that the individuality of Buddha is overlaid and obscured by a vast accretion of legend and miracle, credible enough to a devout Buddhist, but utterly repellent to a mind educated in the modes of thought of western civilization. The modern truth-seeker, saturated as he is with faith in the omnipresence of natural law, wants, in this matter, to pierce, if possible, through the thick haze of supernaturalism in which the personality of Buddha has been enveloped, and to get at the real man beneath; to stand face to face with that great, loving human soul; to stretch forth his hand and feel the warm, tender clasp of a friend and brother. He wants, in short, to see the story of Buddha treated poetically from the standpoint

of the natural and human, and therefore believable, not from the standpoint of the supernatural and superhuman, and therefore unbelievable. By how much you make your hero god, by so much do you unmake him as man—by so much do you remove him beyond the pale of human sympathies. The miraculous and the supernatural form so dominant an element in Mr. Arnold's work as to give an air of unreality to the narrative. Doubtless, the personality of the man is not altogether hidden; doubtless, we do get an occasional glimpse of the reality underlying the mythical vesture; nevertheless the revelation is incomplete until the supernatural veil is entirely cast aside, and the sublime teacher stands forth, in the naked purity of his stainless soul, as seen in the Buddhist Sermon on the Mount, of which Mr. Arnold gives so literal, yet so noble a poetical rendering in his closing book.

Apart, however, from this great and central defect, Mr. Arnold's poem, notwithstanding its many beauties, is inadequate to its theme. A story such as that of Buddha should unquestionably be told in 'the grand style.' Now, except in the eighth book, just alluded to, Mr. Arnold's manner, charming though it be, is quite wanting in the almost indefinable quality indicated by the epithet in question. To attempt a definition of 'the grand style' would savour somewhat of rashness, seeing that even Matthew Arnold himself becomes inarticulate when undertaking that well-nigh impossible task. Suffice it to remind the reader that grandeur is a comprehensive quality, embracing many moods and tenses. There is, for instance, the heroic grandeur of the speeches to his soldiers which Shakspere puts into the mouth of Henry V.; there is the majestic or stately grandeur of Milton's Paradise Lost; and there is the simple grandeur of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, or—to turn for a moment from poetry to prose—of those matchless examples of the art of narration, the stories of the Prodigal Son, and of the Woman taken in Adultery.

The simple grand is, of course, the style in which Buddha's story should be told; it is, however, the style in which it is not told by Mr. Arnold. There is enough, and perhaps more than enough, of simplicity. Throughout the first seven books the tone is an echo of the idyllic sweetness of Tennyson. So constantly, indeed, do we seem to catch the ring of that poet's music, that the eastern colour is but imperfectly preserved. One of the causes of Mr. Arnold's failure to reach the level of his theme appears to be a too great partiality for Saxon homeliness of diction. The love of a simple Saxon style may easily become an affectation. The English language, after all, is a composite speech, in which Latin words bear a certain definite proportion to the whole, and a writer who seeks to ignore this fact, will find himself engaged in a barren labour. The golden mean in the use of the two principal elements of the language seems to have been found by Shakspere, whose mastery over the Latin element was as consummate as his mastery over the Anglo-Saxon.

> 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
> Making the green one red.'

Mr. Story, taking this quotation for an illustration, has pointed out for us how the wonderful effect of the pregnant Saxon monosyllables of the last line is prepared for and enhanced by the great Latinish 'multitudinous' and 'incarnardine,' which precede them; and he shows, by actual experiment, that it is impossible to substitute any other words for those two without robbing the passage of its grandeur.

But besides this partial failure in

form, there is a want of dignity in substance. It is open to much question whether the sort of Mahomet's paradise described in the first four books of the poem, was, in fact, the surrounding amid which Buddha passed his early days. It is difficult to believe that a life of sensuous, indolent ease and sloth would have had any but the slightest attraction for such a man, even in his youth. It is impossible to believe that Buddha could ever have been a mere sybarite, or a member of a Hindu *jeunesse dorée*. The sweetness of tone predominant throughout all this portion of the narrative, is something sugary, something lacking in virility. We miss, too, in the account of his early manhood, when the conception of his mission dawns upon him, any but the faintest vestige of the consuming fire which impels the moral or religious enthusiast to his sacred office with a force which he cannot resist. That definition of genius, which describes it as following its natural bent, not because it may, but because it must, is pre-eminently true of the spiritual seers and prophets of the race, —those portents whose lips, more than those of any others of their tribe, seem to have been touched by the sacred fire of inspiration. But of this prophetic frenzy we find scarcely any indication in the Buddha of Mr. Arnold's poem. His final parting from his sleeping wife, where if anywhere we might look for it, is told with much beauty of the sensuous order; but there is almost a touch of prettiness in the description, and we look well-nigh in vain for any trace of the agonising struggle between the goadings of conscience and the yearnings of natural affection of which that loving soul must have been the scene at that awful crisis in its fate. In such episodes as these it is that the inadequacy of the simple sweetness of Mr. Arnold's manner is most keenly felt. Furthermore, strange to say, the poet manages somehow to infuse just a suspicion of moral priggishness into the personality of the great religious teacher of Asia. Such at least, is the impression which two or three little bits of self-laudation leave upon the reader.

As has been already hinted, an exception from the foregoing strictures must be made in favour of the last book of the poem, which gives us, in sentences, brief, pregnant, and oracular, a poetic version of the Buddhist Sermon on the Mount. Among Buddhists this discourse is known as the First Sermon of Buddha, and the day on which it was delivered is as sacred in their Church as the Day of Pentecost is with most Christians. So noble is this portion of Mr. Arnold's work as well-nigh to atone for the shortcomings of the rest. Here, where, leaving the Man, he gives us the Doctrine, and so catches his inspiration from Buddha himself,—here at last does the poet rise to the height of his great argument; here at last does he reach the level of the moral and spiritual grandeur of his hero. The change of tone is aptly ushered in by a change of metre. In place of the rather monotonous blank verse, we have a series of exquisite quatrains, with rhyming second and fourth lines. The first three are iambic pentameters; the last is an iambic trimeter, which closes each stanza with a singularly beautiful cadence, that reminds one, in spite of the difference of metre, of that of the quatrains of Mr. Fitzgerald's remarkable translation of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat. A few quotations will enable the reader to judge for himself of the excellence of this portion of the work.

The maxim that speech is silver, and silence golden, has rarely been better expressed than in these lines:

'Om, Amitaya! measure not with words
Th' Immeasurable: nor sink the string of thought
Into the fathomless. Who asks doth err;
Who answers, errs. Say nought.'

The following might be inscribed by a modern Agnostic over the entrance of a temple to the Unknowable:

'Nor him, nor any light

'Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind;
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.'

That the 'eternal not ourselves' *does* make for righteousness was taught by Buddha nearly two thousand five hundred years ago as emphatically as by Matthew Arnold or Herbert Spencer to-day:

'The Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.'

* * * *

'Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

'Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.'

That this Power, whose end is righteousness, works by natural methods, by unswerving order and inexorable law, is taught as explicitly as by the most fervid preacher of the reign of law in this age of science:

'It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.'

* * * *

'It will not be contemned of any one:
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.'

* * * *

'It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought—to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.'

* * * *

'Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love,* the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!'

* Compare St. John's 'God is Love.'

From Buddha's belief in the inexorable nature of law and the universality of natural causation, his doctrine that the reward of virtue and the punishment of sin are by natural consequence, follows directly and inevitably. Here is Mr. Arnold's version of Buddha's teaching on this point:

'The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.

'That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.'

From Buddha's belief regarding the springs of our joys and sorrows, it was merely a logical deduction that he should discountenance prayer for specific objective blessings, as an attempt to interfere with the law of natural causation, and to fetter the free action of the Power which, left to itself, inevitably makes for righteousness. In these lines we have an anticipation of the modern scientific doctrine as regards prayer, as enunciated by such writers as Tyndall and Greg:

'Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! ask
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!
Ah, Brothers! Sisters! seek

'Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.'

The central doctrine of Buddha, the Nirvâna, in spite of folios of exposition and endless controversies among European scholars, is still very imperfectly understood by the western mind. The difficulty has been created by the persistence with which the doctrine has been referred solely to a future state. View it, as it should be viewed, as re-

lating to this side of the grave as well as the other, and all difficulty vanishes immediately. It is then at once seen that the name is expressive of that subjective condition which is reached when the mind has trodden down all selfish desires—even the desire for life, for individuality, for personality. In Christian phrase, it is 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding;' and is somewhat analogous to the idea of the kingdom of God expressed in the authorised version of Luke: 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you;' and also by Paul: 'For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,'

Mr. Arnold's views with regard to the Nirvâna are not very clear. He sees plainly enough the erroneousness of the common notion, that it is simply another name for annihilation; but several expressions which he uses, such, for instance, as 'he goes unto Nirvâna,' make it doubtful whether he does not imagine that the word refers only to a place, or to a condition of being, after death. Buddha himself did not use the expression, 'he goes unto Nirvâna;' his phrase was, 'he attains Nirvâna,' or 'he reaches Nirvâna,' or 'he enters Nirvâna,' the word 'enter' having the same meaning as in the Christian phrase, 'enter into thy rest.'

But if Mr. Arnold's notions regarding Nirvâna are not as lucid as could be wished, his description of the course of conduct by which it is to be attained is so beautiful as to deserve quoting entire. It will be noticed, how, especially in the fourth and fifth stanzas of the quotation, the Eastern prophet anticipated another modern idea, the Positivist doctrine of the immortality of spiritual influence, so eloquently preached by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

'If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth alway;

'If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good:

'If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end:

'He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

'No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

'Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

'Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
[OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!'

One cannot fail to notice how strikingly many of the doctrines of Buddha, whose religion is indeed sometimes, by an anachronism, called the Christianity of the East, foreshadow those of the Founder of the Christianity of the West, and how he anticipated by the half of a millenium much of the moral and spiritual teaching which we are but too apt to suppose is the exclusive property of the later creed. In some points, indeed, he reached a moral elevation which the more recent system failed to attain. So wide, so all-embracing was his tenderness, that it enfolded in its loving clasp the whole animal world. He, first among mankind, appears to have had a clear vision of the sublime truth, that community of suffering makes the whole sentient creation kin. He,

first among men, taught that the lower animals are, indeed, our fellow-creatures; by him, first among teachers, was the injunction laid upon us—

> 'Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.' *

The Buddhist commandment against murder throws the ægis of its protection over the lower animals as well as man:

> 'Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
> The meanest thing upon its upward way.'

Now, though the sacredness of animal life and animal feeling may possibly be implied in the teachings of the New Testament, it is certainly not explicitly taught there. Indeed, the prevalent idea among the orthodox appears to be, that man, having been invested with dominion over 'every living thing that moveth upon the earth,' has an absolute right 'to do what he will with his own.' In eastern countries, where Brahminism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism are the dominant creeds, tenderness and consideration towards animals, and an unwillingness to inflict pain upon them, are far more common than in Christian countries. Communities where Buddhism prevails do not indulge in cruel field sports, nor do they appear to find it necessary to form societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. As with regard to the lower animals, so also, in the case of Buddhism at least, with regard to man. Here is one of Buddha's utterances: 'Never will I seek private individual salvation—never enter into final peace alone; but forever and every where will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all the worlds.' It may be left to the orthodox Christian to contrast this sentiment with his own doctrine of an eternal hell reserved for the majority of his fellow-creatures.

It is satisfactory to find that on another point Mr. Arnold corrects a popular misconception with regard to Buddhism. One of the commonest charges laid against Buddha—a charge reiterated, though sometimes, it is true, in a modified form, even by men like Professor Blackie, from whom better things might be expected—is, that he preached asceticism. The accusation is quite unfounded. Buddha, indeed, at the outset of his career, tried asceticism in the balance of personal experience, but he found it wanting, and ever afterwards condemned it. The following passage, besides giving the reader a taste of the quality of Mr. Arnold's blank verse, will exemplify Buddha's teaching in this regard, as addressed to the leader of a sect of ascetics:

> 'Then spake Lord Buddha: "Will ye, being wise,
> As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones,
> Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and moans,
> For gains which may be dreams, and must have end?
> Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your flesh,
> So scourge and maim it, that it shall not serve
> To bear the spirit on, searching for home,
> But founder on the track before nightfall,
> Like willing steed o'er-spurred?"'
>
> * * * * *
>
> 'Onward he passed,
> Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men
> Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
> Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
> But plague it with fierce penances, belike
> To please the gods who grudge pleasure to man;
> Belike to balk hell by self-kindled hells;
> Belike in holy madness, hoping soul
> May break the better through their wasted flesh.
> "Oh, flowerets of the field!" Siddârtha said,
> "Who turn your tender faces to the sun—
> Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
> Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned,
> Silver and gold and purple—none of ye
> Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil,
> Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms! which rise
> Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
> Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas,
> What secret know ye that ye grow content,
> From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,
> Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered crowns?"'

* Wordsworth.

As will be seen from this extract, Mr. Arnold's blank verse is easy and smooth-flowing, notwithstanding that an imperfect line, which now and then jars upon the ear, shows signs of carelessness and lack of polish. In the above quotation, for instance, the halting verse—

> 'To please the gods who grudge pleasure to man'—

could have been made rythmically perfect by simply transposing the words 'grudge' and 'pleasure.' The next verse, too, instead of being an iambic pentameter, is in reality a line of four feet, with alternate iambics and anapæsts, scanning thus:

> 'Bĕlīke | tŏ bălk hĕll | by sĕlf- | kindlĕd hĕlls.'

It must be evident by this time that 'the Light of Asia' is not the poetical last word on the subject of which it treats, and that the story of Buddha still remains to be told. If a prediction might here be ventured, it would be that that story will be adequately told, not by one who gives to it merely 'the brief intervals of days without leisure,' but rather by one who devotes to it the labour of a lifetime. Nevertheless we are indebted to Mr. Arnold for a very charming poem, which may be accepted with gratitude as a noble contribution towards a sympathetic appreciation of a great and ancient, though alien religion. Many Christians among us will be none the worse for being reminded that such things as morality, and human love, and sympathy, and forgiveness do exist outside the limits of their own creed. Englishmen especially ought to welcome the work as a valuable help towards a right understanding of the remarkable people among whom Buddha lived and taught, and whose destiny is perhaps the most momentous problem with which our mother-land will have to deal in the immediate future.

A question suggests itself in conclusion. Granting—what moralists such as Francis Newman, for instance, would be by no means disposed to grant—that John Stuart Mill was right in describing Jesus of Nazareth as 'probably the greatest moral reformer, and martyr to that mission, who ever existed on earth,' and that Buddha occupies a place which, if only second, is yet distinctly lower than that of the later Teacher—was the difference between the two prophets so vast, so incommensurable, that while the one can be explained naturally, a supernatural explanation is necessary to account for the other? To attempt to grapple with this rather knotty problem would be out of place here. Whatever Mr. Arnold's own opinion may be, the answer which would be given by the Buddhist disciple whom he employs as his mouthpiece. is sufficiently indicated by the beautiful invocation with which the poem closes:

> 'Ah! Blessed Lord! Oh, High Deliverer!
> Forgive this feeble script, which doth thee wrong,
> Measuring with little wit thy lofty Love.
> Ah! Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the Law!
> I take my refuge in thy name and thee!
> I take my refuge in thy Law of Good!
> I take my refuge in thy Order! OM!
> The dew is on the lotus! rise, Great Sun!
> And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
> OM MANI PADME HUM, the Sunrise comes!
> The Dewdrop slips into shining Sea!'

THE LITERATURE OF EDUCATION IN CANADA.*

BY AN OLD HEAD-MASTER.

THE success which has attended the first volume of this serial (*The Canada Educational Monthly*) is a good omen for the future of that system of public education in Canada whose growth during the last half century has won deserved praise in England and the States, and is a factor of such vast importance in the development of this country's nationality. For it is not too much to say that the Public School of the backwoods country section is the unit of our political system. Election of School Trustees, the working of the School Law, and the Section School, is the first lesson learned by our outlying population; a political lesson the more valuable because it is essentially national, not partizan. The handsome volume before us has literary interest in abundance, as we hope to show by a detailed account of its contents. Its reviews of the best current literature, which are not mere 'book notices,' are thoughtful, fresh and sensible, and would of themselves make the 'Educational Monthly' a help to all who are ambitious of the higher culture. But its special utility consists in its independence. It is independent of the Education Department—so much so that, as we shall have occasion to point out, it has dealt out a trenchant criticism, the more telling because of its self-restrained force and courtesy of expression. An independent criticism of the Department has become necessary since the growing magnitude of the School System has made it—in Ontario as a fact, in the other Provinces virtually—a branch of our government. For many years a School Journal, the organ of the Education Department, and supported by a grant, was sent through the country gratuitously. It did good service, both with the profession and the public, whose gratitude its able conductor, Dr. Hodgins, merits. But, although as a rule fair to the interests of the people and faithful to the public teacher, its time passed with that of the Chief of the Department, the patriarch whose personal government it represented. For a short time, too short it will probably seem to those who study the history of education in this Province during the last ten years, the interests of the public, the best culture and wisdom of the educated class in Ontario, were represented by the Council of Education, which acted as a check on the bureaucratic element of the Department. This Council was composed in part of such men as Professor Daniel Wilson, Mr. Goldwin Smith, the late Professor Ambery, as representatives of the High and Public Schools and other educational interests. In the midst of a career of unexampled benefit to the public service, this Council was suddenly suspended at a crisis when ministerial weakness yielded to a personal jealousy, armed with the threat of political influence at a general election! The new Council which virtually succeeded it, the present Central Committee, was of very different composition. It was, and is, almost alto-

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gether composed of the school inspectors; there was no more to be any representation either of the teaching profession or of the public literature of the country. The Central Committee is composed of men who *had already other functions to perform*—those of inspection. To these they were to add those of executive government. John Hunter, the Physiologist, remarks that if an organ is called on to perform a two-fold function it becomes *less efficient in either direction*—thus the foot of a waterfowl is not very effective either for walking or swimming. The function of inspecting schools was not unlikely to be interfered with by that of choosing, or advising the choice of, text-books; a matter in which the money interests involved, and the temptations held out by not too scrupulous publishers, might lead to scandals disgraceful to the Department and disastrous to the teacher and the people. It was evident that a wholly independent organ of educational criticism was needed, not less so in the other Provinces. It was also desirable that the educational organ, while it fully represented the teaching profession, should be independent of mere professional technicality, and of the narrow and sometimes acrimonious spirit with which the technical interest tends to regard public questions. The latter should be looked at also from the point of view of the general public interested in education. And this independent position towards the Department, the profession and the public we find to have been well sustained by the new *Educational Monthly*. It has treated the Department with impartial moderation; its pages abound with essays, some on professional, some on literary and philosophical topics, by the leading minds among our teachers; it forms a means of intercommunication for the ablest of them, while its columns are closed against the fault-finding of the lower class found in this and in every other profession. The editorial department, besides a series of essays on school questions of immediate importance, contains a valuable selection bearing on school work, from the best foreign sources, and original articles on new books, which are a marked feature in this able review. As instances of the excellence of these articles, original and thoroughly adapted to Canadian conditions, we would refer to the review of Matthew Arnold's 'Johnson's Six Lives,' in the March number; to that of the 'Literature Primers,' which follows it; to 'English Men of Letters,' in the April number, and to the unpedantic scholarship of such articles, to take one among many, as that on Harper's 'Andrew's Latin Dictionary,' in the November number.

It may best fulfil the motive of this article, which is to shew fully the kind of work that is being done in the *Canada Educational Monthly*, if a short account is given of the contents of this, the first, volume. When the same topic is treated by two writers in the course of the volume, they will be considered together. The Editor's articles on educational questions of immediate importance will be reserved for separate review.

The January number opens with 'University Consolidation,' by 'Alpha.' This article is ably and temperately written; it chiefly refers to Ontario, where there are no less than six denominational colleges to the one non-denominational university. 'Alpha' urges the evil, likely to increase, of multiplied degrees deteriorating the educational currency, as in the States. Of the existence of this danger there can be no doubt. The remedy 'Alpha' proposes is for the University to abnegate its teaching functions, and become an examining body, the other colleges to resign their powers of examining for degrees. But is it not written that the cedar refused to descend from Lebanon and become king over the brambles? And might not more be lost than gained if the Uni-

versity were to abnegate its 'teaching functions?' A more thoughtful view of the same question is given in the December number, by John Millar, B.A., St. Thomas, who goes to the root of the matter, by showing that separate denominational colleges are absurd in denominations that do not claim separate schools, and their being allowed to grant degrees by the State is to the highest degree a mischievous and unconstitutional anomaly, inconsistent with the duty of the State as the guardian of public education. But public opinion, though advancing in this direction, has not reached it; meantime, perhaps, a central degree examining body for each Province, or for the whole Dominion, might at least equalize the value of degrees, and by competition secure the non-survival of the unfittest.

The vexed question of the 'Effect of Examinations on School Culture,' is started by A. Purslow, B.A., of Port Hope. He shows the evil effects of the 'Examination Mania' in England, and in clear and forcible language traces the result on the system of 'cramming," on which the Goffin examination frauds in England have afforded such a comment. The same ground is taken in 'Departmental Reports and the Intermediate Examination, by a Head-master,' a a temperate and suggestive paper; also in 'Payment by Results, by the Rev. G. Bruce, B.A., St. Catharines.' In all these papers, while the benefit of examinations as a means of testing knowledge acquired is admitted, the system so dear to the bureaucratic mind, so doubly dear to a bureaucratic inspectorate, is condemned as noxious to true education, and the same conclusion is endorsed by all utterances of the teaching profession, in essays, letters, and resolutions of teachers' associations throughout this volume. There certainly seems to be good ground for complaint, which is illustrated by two cases, in which Head-masters lose their position, merely because pupils fail to pass the Intermediate Examination.

What is to be said for the examination system as a necessary though imperfect test, is well said by J. W. Wells, Principal of the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock.

A series of essays by Dr. Mills, of Hamilton, on 'School Hygiene,' 'Exertion or Over-exertion,' 'Lungs as they concern Education,' 'The Eye,' are clearly written, and ought to be read by all school trustees and parents.

A somewhat technical, but thoughtful and well-written, essay, by J. Seath, B.A., St. Catharines, shows how the number of first-class teachers could be increased. He advocates the separation of the professional course for first-class and for second-class teachers. Mr. Seath's proposal would seem to be likely to improve both the professional and non-professional instruction by division of labour between the Normal and High Schools.

Next is a clear exposition, by A. W. Gundry, of Toronto, of Herbert Spencer's application of the evolution philosophy to education. Spencer's system is attracting increased attention among thinking men; it seems to have an almost universal range, practical as well as speculative. Some of the issues raised are also discussed by Mr. Wells. 'A Biologist' supports Spencer's view in advocating increased teaching of science in public schools.

The Editor's article on 'School Manuals' will be separately reviewed.

In the February number, besides the Editor's article on Culture, is a second articie by Mr. Gundry, on 'First Principles of Education, Intellectual and Moral,' more especially on the subject of morality. Mr. Gundry gives admirable advice. Surely such a paper would do good, could it be circulated among parents and trustees, who are too little apt, in many cases, to think of points of abstract duty in connection with school life. J. H. Smith, School Inspector of Ancaster, con-

demns the present sessions in County Model Schools as too short.

Two of the best essays on the subject of teaching, pure and simple, are those by Mr. McAllister, on 'The Aims of our Public School System,' and by Mr. Wells, in the essay entitled 'Cui Bono?' In the former, a claim is put forward for the enlarged scope of Public School work—at least beyond the three Rs.—for adequate training in history and geography, natural science, and physiology. To the same purport is the eloquent paper by Prof. Wells. But under the present *régime* of over-examination and cram, how are we to get third-class teachers capable of teaching either, except in the most perfunctory manner? During a considerable experience of the county schools of Eastern Ontario, the present writer has very rarely met a third-class teacher who had an intelligent knowledge of English history. The only instance in which he remembers Physiology being attempted at one of the country schools, usually supplied by teachers of this grade, was one in which the pupils never seemed to advance beyond one lesson, or grasp more than one fact, *i.e., the number of bones in the human body.* With this their 'study of physiology' began and ended.

Space does not allow the consideration of all the essays whose interest and genuine unaffected literary merit deserve mention. Remarkable among others it need hardly be said is that by Mr. W. D. LeSueur, of Ottawa, one of Canada's best known writers and clearest philosophical thinkers. An essay on 'Buckle's Theory of History,' by Mr. Francis Rye, of Barrie, is a most interesting *résumé* of the principles on which was written the fragment which alas! is all we possess of the work projected by that illustrious man of letters. Principal Grant and President Nelles contribute two thoughtful papers well deserving the attention of all interested in education. Mr. Goldwin Smith's article, on English Universities, represents a perfection of literary style which our teachers cannot study too accurately. Such essays not only embellish the *Educational Monthly*—they give it a title to the support of all who share the interest now becoming so general in the more thoughtful phases of literature. The Mathematical Department, under Mr. MacMurchy, also displays high merit for accuracy, clearness, and practical utility to teachers—the High School and Public School Departments are also admirable features of this magazine. The editorial articles are chiefly on practical questions concerning the regulation of text-books, of course a matter in itself of primary importance to the teacher, the children, and the parents, as also the expenditure and general action of the Department. Before considering the editorials on these most pressing questions, attention may be directed to an essay on 'The Promotion of Culture' in this country, 'even in the rural districts, except perhaps, in the case of the settlers in the remote townships of the Province, and among the Indians, the demands upon education are ambitious ones. With no benighted labouring class in Canada, corresponding to the Hodge of the Motherland, education has not to waste time upon uncouth or unpromising material. Hence, there is not the necessity to lower the plane of our primary education to the depth of his midnight ignorance. This advantage in our favour, we begin our educational work at a higher pitch, though the height we reach at the finish should be correspondingly elevated, and the results looked for those that mark the fulfilment of a great expectation.' 'But to a great extent, we fear, the work done is machine work, marked with the materialism of routine and the inelasticity of mechanism. The work of course is turned out; but it is done too much in the temper of uniformity and in the methods of a lifeless system. We have the body of educational work without its energizing and

liberalising life—the form but not the fruit.' That this forcibly written passage is only too faithful to fact, is shewn by the whole working of the Department of Education, ever since the present Central Committee replaced a Council which was too honest, too effective, and too loyal to the interests of the school-teaching profession, to suit the bureaucrat of the hour. What this article in the *Educational Monthly* says about the inelasticity and want of vital force in the Education Department under the practical rule of its Committee of School Inspectors, is, most unhappily for the interest of education and educators, only too deplorably true! While the teachers are practically coerced by the influence of an inspector who is also supreme, or believed to be so, at the Department, to force illegal text-books into use into the Schools, the teacher's moral sense and self-respect are injured. While base piracies of foreign school manuals are thrust on the public, with a cynical contempt for law, and a perseverance worthy of professional book agents, the whole tone of the Education Department is fatally lowered. In fact the Department does precisely 'the things it ought not to have done, it leaves undone the things that it ought to have done, and there is no health in it.' It fails in its duty to the teaching profession whom it subjects to the tender mercies of trustees by making their status dependent on the capacity of pupils *who may vary from year to year in every condition that goes to make success possible!* It fails in its duty to the public, having introduced and formulated a system of examinations, cram, and puffing, which goes far to make education in any true sense of the word impossible, as far as the system has its way. Those at the head of this state of things shew, among other characteristics of the Philistine nature, a wonderful lack of humour which harmonises well with the pervading woodenness of the Department. They do not seem to perceive the curious specimens of bad English which come so malapropos from the heads of an Education Department, they fail to realise that outside observers can see anything absurd in productions worthy of Mr. Pecksniff, or to the economy of the Departmental expenditure and the impartiality with which political considerations are excluded, when everybody who knows the facts of the case perceives what economy there is in a school expenditure, which, while the number of scholars in Ontario has increased by *one-fourth* in the decade, has *doubled the expenditure!* And as to politics, what other influence stifled inquiry as to examination frauds, gross as in the English Goffin case, as enabled a ring in the book trade to make their friends in the irresponsible Central Committee force manuals worthy of Mrs. Malaprop, on our schools!

Those who have watched the course of events at the University will also endorse what is said as to the lack of creative force in the teaching in that institution of late years. 'The cold temperament too largely prevails.' New blood is indeed needed. A teacher who possesses magnetism to attract and win the students, one intellectually capable of inspiring his own enthusiasm, a speaker and thinker, able to sway and impress—what a gain would not this be. But as St. Augustine said 'unde autem?' How is such a man to be got? The present conditions of routine make his exclusion certain. If we may hazard a suggestion, might not permission to lecture, say twice on one of the various courses of study be granted to those whose names were approved of, by such public men as Mr. Goldwin Smith or some of the most noted of out *litterateurs*. If such a chance were afforded to the really competent teacher, the students and the University would soon perceive who had the power of lecturing and impressing others.

We are sorry to agree with what is said of the lack of influence of the learned professions on the national cul-

ture with the exception, perhaps, of the bar. The clerical profession, at least in the Episcopal Church, has lost the semi-aristocratic position which in England allies it to some extent with the more superficial aspects of culture. In England scholarship is not looked on with disfavour by bishops; the clergy fill a respectable if not at all a foremost place as a literary force. Here the clergy form a caste, a priesthood, afraid to speak out on questions upon which the thinking public has long ago made up its mind; having lost social prestige, they seek ecclesiastical supremacy or take refuge in reactionary dogma from modern thought. As a whole, one is inclined to look on the teaching profession, certainly, as represented by the essays in the volume under review, as the best influence for culture this country possesses.

In the remaining editorial articles the shortcomings of the Education Department are clearly and vigorously dealt with. In 'The Department and the School Bill,' it traces the decadence that set in when the competent and responsible Council of Education, in which the teaching profession and the public were both represented, was replaced by the irresponsible and inefficient Central Committee. 'The abrogation of a council composed of men of the character, ability, and impartiality of the men who were doing such herculean work for education at the time of its abolition makes the educational critic severe in his demand upon the men who replaced the Council and upon the machinery that attempted to continue its work.'

The most unsatisfactory point with regard to those men and that machinery is 'the non-representation in the Central Committee of Public and High School Masters, an element which most fairly and desirably had its representation in the latter days, at least, of the old Council.' We hope that the teaching profession will not lose sight of this important point; the force of public opinion represented by that profession is one which must make itself heard. Let it assert itself; let it claim its just rights, not of being represented by members of its own body which would give rise to jealousy, suspicion, and the same evils that prevail under the present constitution of the Committee, but let the teachers elect as their representatives men whose character and literary position give unquestionable guarantee of integrity and ability, and who, standing apart from political influence, as a Minister of Education cannot do, will have the inestimable advantage of also representing the public. For remember, as things are at present, the public has no representation. There is a Minister of Education, who personally, no doubt, deserves all the credit for good intentions given to him by the editor of the *Educational Monthly*, but who represents a party, and cannot afford to quarrel in the public interest with members of the Central Committee who have party claims or political interest—a Minister who is a lawyer, and cannot in his own professional interest give anything like adequate study to the working of the Educational System. That all this is not mere theory will presently be seen in Mr. Crooks' dealing with the School Manual Question.

As a proof of the way in which public interests are neglected by a Department which 'doth protest too much' of its regard for economy, we find that, on the authority of the Blue book, for 1877, 'the Central Committee *cost the country about* $10,000, inclusive of fees as examiners, rewards for reporting upon text and prize books, for travelling expenses, and the inevitable disbursement for contingencies. This is exclusive of the salaries paid to those of the Central Committee who are Public School Inspectors, by the city and municipal corporations employing them, and it is also exclusive of the salaries drawn by those High School Inspectors who, no doubt, deservedly enough, divide some $9,000 among them.'

Besides the glaring extravagance of such waste of public money; besides the gross abuse of a Department playing at being a bookseller, and the official perquisites connected with that abuse; the Central Committee, like all close corporations, has supported its members in every dereliction of duty. As one instance of this let our readers recall the grave charges of Examination fraud which came up for trial two years ago. A similar fraud was perpetrated, as we said, in England about the same time by one Goffin: investigation and prompt punishment in that case followed on the first suspicion of a crime which no political party in England would have lent itself to screen. Political morality here is unfortunately not so sensitive. About the time when the abortive investigation into the examination frauds took place, the Minister of Education happened to visit a great public institution. It was remarked to him by one of the officers of that institution that a new professor's chair was needed by the requirements of the age. 'What chair?' said the Minister, ever anxious for information in his Department. 'White washing,' was the reply, 'and the judge who tried the examination frauds question would be the most eligible candidate.' Despotism may have been sometimes tempered by an epigram, but the Education Department, as we have said, seems to lack the sense of humour, and would probably not see the point.

In fact, the teaching profession have a most pressing interest in getting rid of the Central Committee of school inspectors which nominally 'advises,' but in fact directs the Department. The teachers are over-inspected and over-governed. The inspectors have quite a disproportionate power over the teacher. The teacher is, in fact, at the mercy of an inspector certain to be backed up by a Department inspired by his own *confrères*, a letter from whom, however unjust, would have instant effect with a board of trustees incapable of judging the case on its merits, and impressed with the usual vulgar reverence for Officialism. Were the former Council of Education, composed of reliable and competent men, to replace the present rule of the Inspectorate, the inspector and the teacher would resume their relative position, and it is more than probable that the present Chinese system of Examination on the brain would disappear, and the mischievous plan of 'payment by results' follow it into limbo.

A capital instance of the working of the present corrupt and inefficient system is illustrated in the editorial in the April number on *School Book Editing and Authorship*. It sets forth, on indubitable proof, 'the existence of a favoured house in the book trade whose books are approved by the Central Committee,' and 'the intimate connection between the Central Committee and the publishing house referred to.' The editorial goes on to expose 'the intimate relations of the House of which we have been writing, with the senior Inspector of the Department whose books the firm has published, and which despite the fact that they have no official authorization have been industriously circulated in the schools of the Province, contrary to the edicts of the Department which forbid the use of all unauthorized books. The gross impropriety of Dr. McLellan's (the senior Inspector in question) pecuniary interest in these books, while holding his official position, is a circumstance which cannot too strongly be reprobated, and the perambulatory advertisement by the author of the book in question, only adds to the indecorous character of the connection.'

Of these books, illegally admitted into schools by an author who, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, manages to be 'three gentlemen at once,' Central Committee man, who controls the Department, inspector who controls the High Schools, and book agent, it is

curious to see how very badly the 'authorship' is managed. This illustrates what we said as to the lack of sense of humour in the Department. These books, a crucial example of which is an eminent inspector's work on Mental Arithmetic, and Miller's Swinton's Language Lessons, the latter of which is manufactured by the simple process of altering a sentence here and there, 'the sword of the general' in place of 'the bonnet of Mary,' in the original book, and by such impudent devices as placing the 'editor's name' on the title page, or appending the *Canadian date* 'Ottawa, March, 1878,' at the end of the preface written by the American author. That the Minister of Education should allow an illegal circulation of worthless compilations amounting, as the publishers' circulars shew, to thousands of copies in inconceivably short periods, is a public question, on which Mr. Crooks will shortly find public opinion express itself more loudly than he expects; but that these book-peddling inspectors should be allowed thus to disgrace Canadian literature, concerns the *clientèle* of this review. We have endeavoured, through evil report and good report, to uphold the cause of that literature. We protest against being associated in any way with the proceedings of 'adapters' of other people's writings, whose process of editing resembles nothing so much as the process called 'denasation,' formerly practised by the lower class of tramps, who, by splitting the nose and otherwise defacing children, so changed them for the worse that their own parents could not recognise their offspring.

In the interest of both education and literature, we wish success to the *Educational Monthly*. It deserves the support of all the profession, to whose body it does honour by calling forth such essays as that on 'Buckle,' and the able and scholarly classical reviews in this volume. So long as the unauthorized school manual-abuse continues unabated, in defiance of the Department's own edict, a scandalous and most immoral condition of things like what our forefathers denounced under the name of 'unlaw'; so long as the teaching interest is unrepresented in the Council that virtually governs; so long such a review as the *Educational Monthly* is the best resource for redress. The most hopeless feature of the case hitherto has been a want of public interest in educational questions. This the friends of education have it in their power to remedy to a great and increasing extent, by promoting the circulation of the *Educational Monthly*, and by writing themselves and endeavouring to interest others in the important questions discussed in its columns.

IMPATIENT BUDS.

BY E. WATSON, TORONTO.

'TWAS in a year unseasonable
When Summer airs unreasonable
Would strive with the Winter's Frost and Snow,
Persuading the Trees that they might grow.

Wait—wait—said the Snowflakes falling
On budding trees, that were forestalling
Impatiently the wished-for season,
All tempted by the South-Wind's treason.

Wait—wait—'tis no time for springing,
Do you not see?—No birds are singing,
The South-Wind blows, it but deceives you,
For if it woos, it as surely leaves you.

Are you so blind, that you do not see
The berry bright on the holly tree?
'Tis the robin singing, that you hear,
No bird of spring ventures *yet* so near.

Those breezes soft that from Summer stray
Belong not here, and they cannot stay:
We would spare you, but ah, we may not,
Ye must all die, if ye obey not!

Listen to us, heed our kind warning,
Said they softly, but on next morning
The South-Wind came with the break of day
And the Snowflakes wept themselves away.

Then the Breezes around them sighing
Beguiled the Trees till they, defying,
Reckless of all the Snowflakes' advice,
Burst open their buds, and dared the ice.

But by and by the South-Wind left them
Remorselessly the Breeze bereft them.
Then back the Winter came in earnest,
Blew its coldest and frowned its sternest.

The Hoar Frost, too, was hard and bitter,
And oft the Snow, his gentle sister,
Tried to shield them, but ah, she could not,
For she had warned, and hear they would not.

O treacherous World! So full of wiles
Thou wouldst allure with gayest smiles,
Then leave our hopes to die, or fade,
Ruthless alike to youth or maid.

DOWN SOUTH IN A SAIL-BOAT

BY ROBERT TYSON, TORONTO.

Part III.

December 11.—We moved off at dawn to find a more sheltered locality wherein to breakfast, and were soon snugly ensconced in a curve under the lee of a high bank, where there was an eddy, caused by the swift current outside. Here we partook of a sociable hot breakfast, enlivened by M. Woillard's quaint and pungent sayings about men and things. He objected to the exposed character of our last night's anchorage. Our present location would scarcely have been safe for a night's stay: we might have had a ton or so of earth deposited on us from the raw, bare bank above. That is one point to watch in Mississippi navigation. I offered M. Woillard some tea. He laughed and said, 'I am not sick. The French only take tea when they are sick. When the Americans get sick, they take wine; but when the French get sick, then no more wine,—tea. It is the change. Too much of one kind is not good.'

We started down before a tearing north wind. I double-reefed my sail, 'held her to it,' and bowled along merrily. Monsieur Woillard could only put one reef in his sail, and he was obliged to luff and yaw continually as the strong blasts came on him; whilst I kept nearly straight on my course; consequently, I left him behind, and gradually lost sight of him. The wind got stronger and I slackened my halliards and lowered the gaff, making a bag of my sail and presenting less surface to the wind. I waited for my companion at Port Adams, where we lunched and stayed awhile. The name of my comrade's boat is *Le Solitaire*, and he made his cockpit so small because he did not want a companion in his boat. She is a lively little craft; being without keel, she sometimes skirmishes around the more solemn and steady *Bishop* in a volatile French manner. A slight touch of the rudder will send her jumping to one side or the other, and she 'goes about' like a wink, but is a little hard to keep on a straight course. We were not long in making the mouth of Red River, eleven miles below Port Adams. A dredge and a produce barge were lying near. Seeing a group of men on shore, we landed for information about Red River, which we thought of visiting. One of the group proved to be a Canadian, a relative by marriage of Mr. Thomas Creighton, of Cobourg, and having friends back of Edwardsburg, Ontario. Most of the men were employed on the dredge and flatboat.

Now for a little topography. The Mississippi used to make a big bend here, with only a narrow neck of land between the two ends. *Into* this bend flows the Red River, and *out* of it flows the Bayou Achafalaya, a sort of natural canal between two and three hundred miles long, which takes part of the water of the Mississippi to the sea. It is the farthest up of several similar bayous connecting the Mississippi with the Gulf; they are in fact mouths of the river, though long ones, and the land between is the delta of the river. But an interesting change took place. United States engineers made a cut-off at the narrow neck, and this cut-off

became the main channel. Then the upper entrance to the bend silted up, and cotton is now growing over it. The communication between the Red River and the Mississippi was then at the lower entrance of the old bend; but Bayou Achafalaya gradually grew wider and deeper, until now it takes to itself all the water of Red River when the waters are low. When we came to what is called the mouth of Red River—the lower entrance of the old bend—we found a strong current flowing *away* from the Mississippi instead of into it. The reason of this was, of course, that Bayou Achafalaya was not only able to take away all the water of Red River, but some of the Mississippi also. When Red River is high Bayou Achafalaya cannot take all the water, and there is then a current *into* the Mississippi at the same place where we found one flowing *out*. This channel is getting shallow, and the dredgemen told us that if they had not kept it open by constant dredging during the recent low water it would have closed up entirely. What a change that would be! Red River would no longer be a tributary of the Mississippi; and its people, with those on Bayou Achafalaya, would be cut off from water communication with the great national highway. Only a dirty 'mud-machine' prevented that result.

Whilst we were talking with the men on the bank, a wiry sunburnt man came alongside us in a skiff, and the others referred us to him as one knowing the locality well. M. Woillard talked some French with him, I some English: and the result was that we decided not to go into Red River. We tied up our boats by the produce barge for the night: and Mr. Alexander, who was in charge of it, asked us in for a chat. Two other men 'dropped in'—one of them he of the skiff, who talked French. I got his assistance in a little matter of translation, and after awhile asked his name. He asked which of them I wanted? he had so many. I said he might give them all if he liked. He said that he had three: 1st, Joseph ——; 2nd, Hell-fire Joe; 3rd, Tiger Joe. I asked him how he got these latter sobriquets: he told me the first came by his reckless driving on a railroad, and the second was given him in Texas, because 'when a man acted mean with me I went for him every time.'

I may here anticipate a little by saying that not long after this, I was told that 'Tiger Joe' did not get his name for nothing; that he was known to have committed robberies, and was strongly suspected of several murders. Not far from our camp by the barge is an island, Turnbull's Island, formerly the resort of a gang of desperadoes, who were 'cleaned out' by the military. Tiger Joe was said to have been connected with this gang. I give this as told to me; perhaps my informant slandered Tiger Joe.

December 12. — We saw a large sloop lying by the bank, having printed on the sail, in large letters, 'Mandate of Health; Dr. —— etc., etc., etc,'—evidently the office of a travelling physician, more or less quack. Passing Bayou Sara, we closed our day's run at the town of Waterloo, where we lay for the night alongside of a travelling photograph gallery, on a hull somewhat differing from the usual flat-boat kind. Her owner, Mr. Bailey, invited us on board, and I chatted with him and his wife till the small hours. They are enthusiastic in artistic matters, and showed me some exceedingly fine specimens of their work. Mr. Bailey said his business was a profitable one; he was enabled to get good paying work from the towns on his route which could not support a resident photographer. Odd experiences and odd people he met with in small places on the distant tributaries of the river—some places where the people had no cooking-stoves, and where the young men would bring their 'gals' mounted behind them on horseback to 'get their pictur' taken,' and afterwards the two would ride away together on their met-

tlesome steed, the young man whooping and firing his pistol in the air. He spoke strongly of the lawlessness of this part of the Mississippi, and said he was often apprehensive of harm; the hired man he kept was chiefly for protection. The robbery of store-boats and the murder of their inmates occurs now and then. Mr. Bailey suffered severe loss from a terrible storm which swept over part of Louisiana on the first of last September. He was on Grand Lake at the time, and the waves lifted his boat right on the top of a neighbouring wharf, whilst the wind tore away part of his gallery, and he only saved the rest by bracing it. I had noticed that his boat was undergoing repairs; and I had met traces of this big storm before. A flat-boat man at Port Adams told me that his boat was sunk by it—the waves rolled entirely over her. Mr. Bailey said that a steamer was sunk near him in Grand Lake: she was wedged in by two barges and taken at a disadvantage. Mr. Bailey's boat is a large one, and he is now in process of making her a side-wheel steamer, to save his heavy towage bills. He is a good mechanic, and is doing the greater part of the work with his own hands, in the intervals of his photography. He comes from St. Louis. He is a very fair sample of the ingenious pushing western man, and seems to have a helpful helpmeet.

December 13.—We tied up for the day in a heavy rain two or three miles below Waterloo. M. Woillard lit up his stove, and invited me into the captain's cabin on board his ship—an honour accorded to no living man except the captain of the *Bishop*. Protected from the raw, cold outside air, we roasted our knees and had a big pow-wow, whilst Jupiter Pluvius tapt continually on our canvas walls. My comrade had a little adventure above Vicksburg, which he shall tell in his own words:—'I had catch a big cat-fish, me, cut him into steak, salt him, and put in a crock de pieces, on de stern of my boat. At night I go in a ravine and tie to a log, where de steamers by coming down could not send their waves at me. I light my lantern, turned down low, and I sleep a little. Den I hear a good many animal walking round my boat, and scratching, scratching. I tink debble, I must scare dem, or dey may gnaw my boat." I look out of my tent, and see two eye shining in de dark, like two little lantern. I turn round to get my gun, me, and de boat rock, and I look out with my gun, but de eye are gone—no eye no more. I see dem again, but dey go before I can shoot at dem. Next day I look at my fish to turn dem over, but—no fish! except a little piece of de tail. De brutes steal my salt fish. I tink dey were coon or otter.' I hope my comrade will pardon me for reproducing his peculiar phraseology: it adds so much piquancy to his description. I saw more of the arrangements of his boat to-day. The space of his cockpit extends under the deck a foot or two fore and aft of the combing, so that he can lie at full length; and his bedding is rolled up at one end under the deck. The remainder of the space, fore and aft, is divided off by two bulk-heads into water-tight compartments. Two small hatchways go through the deck into these compartments, and he uses them for store-rooms. He built the boat himself, and six other boats before her. She is smooth-sided, and her workmanship is admirable. Her builder is an enthusiast in boats.

December 14.—Dull, cloudy, and damp. We started early, and reached Baton Rouge about noon.

Many years ago I saw in the *Illustrated London News* an engraving entitled 'Steamer passing Baton Rouge.' I recollect looking with wonder at the odd-looking craft, piled high above the water, with her slender smoke-stacks, so different from ocean-going steamers. The name on her wheel-house was to me as queer as the boat, and my memory has retained it during all the

following years; it was the *Natchez*. Curiously enough, I and Woillard actually met the big steamer *Natchez*, with her red funnels, a mile above Baton Rouge. She is the twelfth successive boat of that name, and I presume it was one of her ancestors that the artist of the *Illustrated News* saw.

Baton Rouge possesses what few American cities can show—a genuine historical ruin. Her fine old State House was burned during the war, and has not been re-built. A gentleman of whom I enquired my way was kind enough to accompany me to the building. The outer stone walls and most of the inner brick partitions are intact. Even the September tornado, which did some damage in the city, had no effect on this solidly built old edifice. It is a rectangular building, four or five stories high, with two turretted towers on each of the four faces; not on the corners, as is more usual. The two towers facing the river are octagonal, the other six are square. As I stood in the grass-grown interior, where small trees and climbing plants had also taken root, I was strongly reminded of some old English abbeys which I had visited. Such a scene is not frequent on American soil. Handsome terraced grounds surround the old building, with magnolias and other trees; but the place looked neglected. The streets of the town are narrow, and muddy, with brick sidewalks. Many of the houses are of one storey. Here I first saw oranges hanging on the trees—that novel sight to a Northerner. The city generally had to me a rather forlorn and neglected aspect. Some of this impression was, no doubt, owing to the raw, dark, chilly weather, which made some ladies fold their wraps closely around them and quicken their steps on their way through the streets. A straight reach of the river flows past Baton Rouge; and the State House, high up on the bluff, is a prominent object for miles up and down the river, together with another large white building, which I think is Baton Rouge College. That is all at present about Red Stick.

The river's banks now present a firmer and more solid appearance. We have got well past the point where the river makes extensive changes in its channel, and are now entering on a rich and populous country. The monotonous belts of cottonwood give place to trees of various kinds, grouped with infinite and picturesque diversity —now single, now in clumps or belts, and thickly interspersed with dwellings in many places. There are no more 'bars,' and the great river flows in a broader and more even channel.

We had a favourable wind of moderate strength, and *Le Solitaire* showed that she is really the faster boat of the two. Her captain sailed abreast of the *Bishop* for a long while by keeping to leeward, and allowing the *Bishop* to take the wind out of *Le Solitaire's* sail whenever that frisky craft shot ahead. Sail and current took us fifty miles to-day. We tied up to one of the branches of a huge tree which was standing upright in the water, with its trunk submerged, twenty or thirty feet from the high shore-bank. The town of Plaquemine was a short distance below.

December 15 opened with a fog, through which we felt our way past the town of Plaquemine. It soon gave way to bright sunshine, which lighted up the charming scenery on either bank. Frequently we passed the stately mansion of a large planter, usually with two-storied veranda round two or more sides of the building, and in near vicinity the cottages of the plantation hands, arranged in even rows. In other places, miles of the river's bank presented the appearance of a pleasant suburb. Here and there were the two short chimneys of sugar-houses. The sound of lively voices in French and English came continually to our ears, mingled occasionally with the tap of the cooper's hammer. A continuous levee extended along the

banks, on the grassy top of which horsemen and pedestrians passed and repassed. Coloured people were busy in the eddies collecting driftwood. The river here is of great depth, and it grows broader as we advance. *Le Solitaire* again showed her superior speed. We reached the busy town of Donaldsonville, thirty-five miles from Plaquemine, as the sun was setting. Here is the mouth of Bayou la Fourche, another outlet of the Mississippi, about a hundred miles long, and on the banks of which are many fine plantations. We were eighty-two miles from New Orleans. My comrade was in a great hurry to reach it, and we discussed the question of rowing all night, as the wind had dropped. Remembering my dear-bought Ohio experience, I told him to go ahead and leave me, for I could not keep pace with him in a nocturnal row. He said No, he could have left me on the first night of our meeting, but he could not leave me now. He then took the *Bishop* in tow, whilst I prepared a good hot supper for both. That despatched, *mon ami* told me to take a nap, and he would call me in case of necessity. I hung out my Buckeye as a warning to steamers not to let us run them down, and then slept soundly till midnight, while the *Solitaire* pulled steadily down the current. 'Aha, you have missed something' said my friend, when I woke. 'I hear a nigger ball on shore, me. O, how dey dance, with what a tramping! Suddenly there is a big quarrel—dey shout, dey swear—la-la, what a noise! Next de dancing begin again, more than ever. O, how dey dance—br-r-p, br-r-p, r r-p, r-r-p, tum-de-tum, tum-de-tum, tum, tum, tum, br-r-p, br-r-p, br-r-p, such a tramp, ha, ha! I never shall forget de way dose nigger dance. Den dey let off rocket, whiz, whiz—two three big rocket. You miss all de fun.' I said that I was well satisfied with his description; and we refreshed ourselves with tea and Graham crackers. Soon a fog enveloped us, but we continued to move cautiously on, keeping the shore in view, whilst steamers in the channel sounded their whistles as they groped their way along.

The morning of December 16 drew on amid a great chorus of roosters from each shore, indicating the populousness of the district. A 'Government light' loomed out through the fog, and I called out at a venture, 'How far is it from Donaldsonville?' A voice from the bank replied in good English, 'Thirty miles.' This was making progress. Day dawned; I cooked our breakfast as we moved along; the fog lifted, and my indefatigable comrade enquired of a group on shore, 'Salut, Messieurs. Combien y-at-il de milles d'ici à Nouvelle Orleans?' 'Quarante-quatre milles, Monsieur,' answered one of them. This was eight miles more. We cast loose from one another, and hoisted our sails before a light breeze. The river had broadened into magnificent proportions, and presented a wide expanse for sailing, whilst the banks were much lower. 'I like to look at this fine river—big, deep!' exclaimed my comrade. The houses were now more thickly and continuously clustered along the bank, and were generally small, with fewer trees. Every house had a veranda, generally a continuation of the roof supported on pillars. Here and there inscriptions appeared on them—'The Red Store,' 'St. Jean Baptiste Store,' 'St. Peter's Store,' and the like. 'This is a Catholic country; I see nothing but little church, little church," remarked the Solitary, in reference to another feature of the landscape. He added, 'I like to see so much house. Higher up de river it is nothing but shanty, and if any one put his head out it is nigger.' All day long we tacked and sailed close-hauled against a light breeze. The weather was warm and pleasant. As we neared New Orleans the houses became fewer, and there were long treeless stretches, apparently fields. Evening came, but we were still eight or nine miles from our goal. We tied up for the night,

and the big steamers rocked us about harmlessly as we slept the sleep of the tired. I should have mentioned that we passed the Bonne Carre crevasse, a gap the river has made in the levee of the easterly shore, so wide that for a short time we were in doubt which was the main channel of the river. Through this crevasse the water flows to Lake Ponchartrain, inundating thousands of acres on its way. It is a hard matter to close a gap like this, and some people are of opinion that to do it would be dangerous, on account of the increased volume of water-pressure against the levees and banks below.

December 17.—We cast loose at dawn, and allowed the boats to drift with the current while we made careful toilettes for boats and selves. All the indications of the outskirts of a great city were now apparent—barges, dredges, streets, houses, sawmills, factories. In the distance were the masts and square yards of sea-going ships. Mr. Bishop had kindly given me an introduction to the Southern Boat Club, whose boat-house is in the northern part of the city, and I had written from Natchez to Mr. Charles Deckbar, a member of the club. By the time our preparations were finished we had drifted to within two blocks of the boat-house. It is a commodious frame building, on high piles, with an inclined plane leading down to the water. In front of the plane is a float from which boats are launched. Mr. Arthur Abbott and Mr. Henry Deckbar, members of the club, gave us a cordial welcome, and helped to haul our boats up the inclined plane into the boat-house, where they remained safely housed during our stay in New Orleans. We have averaged forty miles a day over the two hundred and eighty miles between here and Natchez.

Friday, December 26.—My grateful acknowledgments are due to our friends of the Southern Boat Club for their kindly, thoughtful, and generous hospitality. Truly they have given us a fine practical sermon on the text, 'Be ye not forgetful to entertain strangers.' It is a most pleasant realization of what I have previously heard about the ready hospitality of Southern people. I shall spare details; they would not, I fear, be as interesting to my readers as they were to me at the time. Pleasant recollections of the Christmas of 1879 will linger long in my memory, fragrant with the sweet scent of the bouquet of fresh roses which I carried away from the house of Mr. Weigle. We passed part of a jovial day with his family, and part with the Deckbars. Our intention had been to leave for the Gulf of Mexico some days earlier; but there was no resisting the friendly warmth of the invitation to remain over Christmas.

New Orleans, in the summer, has cooling breezes from waters both north and south of it. The Mississippi has here an easterly direction. Lake Ponchartrain lies six miles north of the river, and New Orleans is built on the low strip of land between the two. Its site, being three or four feet below high-water mark, is protected by levees. The only drains the city has are square, open gutters at the sides of the street, made of wood or stone. These empty into broad, shallow canals in the suburbs, where large drainage wheels lift the sewage to a higher level, and it flows into Lake Ponchartrain. New Orleans people have been discussing the drainage question, and it is proposed that water from the Mississippi be made to flow continuously through the street gutters, as the nature of the soil and the site make subsoil drainage very difficult. It is hard for a Northerner to realize a city of 210,000 inhabitants without underground drainage. Another curious result of the low, flat site of New Orleans is that in most of the cemeteries the dead are buried above-ground. Some are in vaults, others on tiers of stone shelves, rising one above another, divided laterally by partitions, and bricked up at the ends where a burial has taken place.

Sometimes graves are made in a layer of earth, which is separated from the surrounding soil by a stone floor and walls. The reason is that the earth is very wet a short distance down from the surface, and is infested and honeycombed by the crawfish—a burrowing crustacean resembling a small lobster. There are several cemeteries, and in all of them large and costly vaults and monuments meet the eye in endless diversity of beautiful architecture. New Orleans is proud of her magnificent cemeteries; but a recent writer tersely remarks, in reference to the enormous sums of money which have been expended upon them, that a large portion of that money would have been better spent in saving the people's lives than in erecting costly monuments to them after they have been killed through sanitary neglect.

A marked feature of New Orleans houses is the massive piazza or veranda, usually of two stories, often running around three sides of the building, and always much more massive in construction than the light Toronto verandas. A favourite plan is to have handsomely carved and painted Corinthian or Ionic pillars, with heavy frieze and cornice above, usually of wood, occasionally of stone. Sometimes the roof of the main building is continued forward to form the top of the veranda. The principal business thoroughfare of the city, Canal Street, is of great width, and has a raised boulevard in the centre, on which two lines of rails are laid down for the street cars, leaving the roadway on each side entirely free for ordinary vehicle traffic. The boulevard is sodded, with crossings at intervals. There are other fine wide streets, and a good many narrow ones, especially along the river front. On these there is no room for a double track, and the device has been adopted of running the eastern-bound cars on one street, and the western-bound cars on a parallel adjacent street. These riverside streets are crowded with traffic, chiefly drays laden with cotton, drawn by mules and driven by negroes. The street-car drivers carry whistles wherewith to warn vehicles off the track ahead of them, and they have to make a liberal use of the whistles on the narrow streets in the neighbourhood of Tchoupitoulas Street. This extraordinary combination of letters is pronounced 'Chap-pit-too-lass'—and don't put too much stress on the 'lass.' Both smoking cars and non-smoking cars are run, but the ladies seem to use either indifferently. 'One tap of the bell to stop at the next crossing; two taps of the bell to stop immediately, except on curves,' is placarded in every car. The fares are collected on the box system, without conductors. Black and white people ride in the same cars indiscriminately. Small engines, called 'dummies' are used to draw the street cars up some of the suburban lines. They are queer little things of about five-horse power, carrying neither water nor coal. Some of them are without fires, and receive their supply of steam from large stationary boilers at the termini. The plan of laying the rails on a high central boulevard is adopted in the suburban lines.

Long double lines of sea-going vessels lie at the busy wharves. Only about eighty ships and steamers were in port at the time of my visit, it being the slack time of the year. These are in addition to a score or two of river steamers, whose high, white-painted mastless structures contrast curiously with the low, dark hulls, the masts and rigging, of the seagoing craft.

The names on the signboards of the stores and warehouses verify the old remark that New Orleans is a city of many nationalities. German, French, and Spanish names are common. Greek is represented by a certain Koste Anasstaseades, who dispenses fried fish and other good things to negro wharf-hands. Some of these names sorely tempt one's punning propensi-

ties; for instance, Swartz & Feitel; Sarrazin; Schrimer & Schmell; Diebold & Co.; Kohnke & Co.; Noessir; Frowenfeld & Pfeiffer; Zuberbier & Behan; Hunter & Genslinger; Julio Gosso; Flaspoller & Co; Fasnacht & Co; Wang & Cottam, etc.

I was told that the winter had been unusually mild. During my stay the weather was like that of a Canadian June, the thermometer ranging from sixty to seventy degrees in the shade, except during one cold snap about Christmas time, when the newspapers announced that the thermometer was down to thirty-two degrees, and that ice a quarter of an inch thick had actually formed on the cisterns! Talking about cisterns, they are all above ground in New Orleans, and some of them are very towers in appearance—two or three piled one above another, and reaching up to the tops of the houses. Ladies may like to know that kitchen and dining-room are often built entirely separate from the rest of the house, to keep flies away.

Trees and plants throughout the city had not lost their leaves. A common ornament of gardens is the sour orange tree; its fruit resembles the ordinary sweet orange, but is only edible in the form of jelly. Roses are plentiful, and I saw hundreds of them blooming in the open air in the fine public gardens at the suburb of Carrolton.

A factory for making artificial ice is in successful operation, near the Southern Boat Club, and has been for some years. The ice is turned out in exact parallelograms of about two cubic feet, weighing about one hundred and ten pounds each, which are sold at, I think, $1.50. I visited also Milladon's sugar plantation and sugar-house, opposite the city. Gangs of negroes, armed with large, strong, sword-like knives, were cutting the purple cane in the fields, whence mule teams brought it to the 'sugar-house.' It was the busy sugar-making season; the cane was fast disappearing between the powerful steel crushing-rollers, which commenced the sugar-making process by extracting the juice from the cane. On our visit to a neighbouring orange-grove, the majority of the oranges had been gathered in, but a few were yet hanging. The trees are about the size of apple-trees.

The *Daily City Item*, a little afternoon paper, has an interesting history, told me by Mr. Tracy, to whom I had the pleasure of an introduction. It was started about three years ago, when there were hard times amongst newspaper men in New Orleans. Thirteen of them who were out of work, chiefly practical printers, met and organised a sort of co-operative newspaper, on a very slender basis of capital, and the *Daily City Item* was born. It is now flourishing in sturdy youth. It is still owned by the original thirteen proprietors, with a fourteenth, who has since been added. The profits are divided every week, often leaving but little in the treasury.

I have, in the foregoing, not attempted any regular description of the city, but merely jotted down from memory things which came under my own observation.

December 27.—The two cruisers started across the river this morning, on their way to the Gulf, bearing with them as a parting present two flags, duplicates of the handsome pennant of the Southern Boat Club. Mr. Rudolph Weigle was going part of the way with us, and he voyaged in the *Bishop*. Our route was through a chain of swamp bayous and lakes to Grand Island, on Barataria Bay. The northern end of this chain is connected with the Mississippi by two canals, known respectively as 'The Company's Canal,' and 'Harvey's Canal.' We took the latter of these. The Mississippi's waters are at a higher level than those of the bayous and canals. Communication between Harvey's Canal and the river bed is had by means of a marine railway, over the high levee of the river. We had here some conversation with

Mr. F. H. Hatch, who invited us to his house, and kindly gave us an introduction to a prominent man on Grand Isle. Mr. Weigle, as the muscular man of the *Bishop's* crew, took the oars, and the two boats moved over the quiet waters of the canal to the bridge of Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railway—an important railway owned by a private individual. The water of the bayous is brackish, and the brackishness gradually increases as the voyager nears the Gulf of Mexico, until in Barataria Bay it becomes saltness. Our thoughtful friends of the Southern Boat Club had provided us with a compass and some large stone water bottles; these bottles and the large tin reservoir of the *Bishop* were, by the kindness of the bridge-tender, filled with sweet cistern water. We felt like seagoing ships preparing for a long voyage. Harvey's Canal is about 30 feet wide, and six miles long, cut through a cypress swamp. Having traversed the canal, we emerged into a winding bayou, about 100 feet wide, bordered with reeds, prairie cane, and tall gaunt bare cypresses, with here and there live oaks where the wet boggy ground gave place to a patch of drier earth. Spanish moss in profusion draped the limbs of many of the trees. We passed occasionally wretched cabins, built on spots of firmer ground. Two or three skiffs, filled with negroes or loaded with Spanish moss, passed us on their way to the city. We rowed by moonlight until seven o'clock, then moored our boats by the curious column-like base of a huge cypress. We built a large fire on shore, but cooked in the boats, and were soon doing justice to hot corn-bread, molasses, and coffee. Prairie fires reddened the horizon, and helped the moon to light us to bed. The mosquitos favoured us with some attentions during the evening.

December 28.—We explored the vicinity of our landing-place, keeping a good look-out for snakes. Though they are generally torpid in the winter, an unusually warm day stirs them up a little. The rattlesnake and the venomous water-moccasin are inhabitants of this locality. I found some palmettos growing, green and fresh—the raw material of those fans that are so popular in church on a July day in Canada. We could not explore far, as the ground became too wet for foothold. Proceeding for some miles further along this bayou, called Little Barataria Bayou, it gradually widened. Then, at Bertheuse Bridge, near the junction with Bayou Villère, there is a curious and pretty piece of scenery. The swamp gives place to rising ground for some distance, and at the water's edge is a beautiful beach of white shells. On the left is a large Indian mound, covered with grass; its antiquity attested by a large oak tree which grows on the top of it. Further on are plantation buildings and a sugar-house. We turned to the right into Bayou Villère, which I should judge to be over 300 feet wide. On each side of us was now a beautiful growth of live oak and orange trees, with neat little buildings here and there; one of them a quaint wooden church, the smallest I have ever seen. Its open doors denoted that it was a Catholic edifice. Hard by was a picturesque burying-ground. This pretty rural nook and its beach of white shells soon gave place to low swampy prairies, covered with a dense growth of reeds and canes. From Bayou Villère we emerged into Lake Salvador, or Ouchita, a sheet of water of considerable size, whose furthest shore was only visible as a faint blue line. Its banks were swampy prairie, with here and there an oasis of shell beach, higher ground, and groups of trees. We skirted the southern shore for some miles, and then Mr. Weigle found his landmark for the mouth of Bayou Pierrot—a solitary tree. The prairie banks look so much alike that it is necessary to keep a sharp look-out for one's landmarks. One or two miles' sailing along Bayou Pierrot

brought us to the house of Charles Elliott, a trapper and fisherman, with whom Mr. Weigle purposed to stay for a week's hunting. Here we partook of a savoury dinner of stewed wild duck and *poules d'eau*, fried deer's liver, fried sweet potatoes, coffee, etc. Mr. Elliott's house is situated amid a group of live oak trees, on an oasis of high ground. In the front is the water of the bayou, and on every other side the swamp comes up to within one or two hundred feet of the house. The prairie cane is here from four to six feet high, grows very thickly, and at a little distance looks like a field of luxuriant ripe grain. This and the oaks gave the house and its surroundings a snug, comfortable, and home-like appearance not to be expected from a dwelling in the swamps. Mrs. Elliott is one of the sunniest and jolliest of hospitable little women. They gave me two alligators' skulls, an otter's skull, and some alligator's teeth; and offered me a live mud-turtle; but as I saw that he was a hard case, and feared that he might grow to the dimensions of a white elephant before I could get him to Canada, I declined him. Here we saw a pirogue—the 'dug-out' canoe which is common in that locality, made out of a solid cypress log.

December 29.—The mosquitos were thick during the night, and I regretted that we had accidentally left behind our mosquito bar. A young man from Mr. Elliott's neighbourhood accompanied us for awhile to point out the way down the bayou, and we were then left to the assistance of a map, which Mr. Deckbar had kindly furnished us with. Another day of tacking and beating against the wind. *Le Solitaire* rejoiced in the possession of a new centre-board, and the *Bishop* could no longer run away from her close-hauled. Bayou Pierrot is broader than Bayou Villere, and is as crooked as a ram's horn. I prepared dinner as we ran, using the bayou water for cooking. The Solitary no longer objected to this; but when in the narrower Little Bayou Barataria he had said: 'We must not use dis water; it is de juice of de swamp.' Our Bayou Pierrot dinner was nearly ready when I saw my comrade land, and heard the report of his gun. He pushed off again, and I called out as the boats passed on opposite tacks, 'What have you shot?' He answered, 'You will see; take care you do not get bite.' I soon hailed him to lay alongside for dinner, and then saw on his fore deck a writhing black snake, over three feet long, 'scotched, not killed,' with a gaping shot wound in the middle of its body; its ugly flat head and puffed cheeks considerably crushed by the butt of M. Woillard's gun. He was a water mocassin. He got a little too lively while we were dining, and the Solitary gave him a few more blows on his ugly head. We resumed our tacking. There is something very pretty when two boats are beating up against the wind in this way. At one time you are half a mile apart, then you cross each other's path, shout a few words of comment or pleasantry, and away again. You see one another's boat from all sorts of angles, and in every variety of graceful position.

We reached Little Temple, at the junction of Bayou Pierrot and the Rigolettes, about three o'clock in the afternoon, after a run or twelve or fourteen miles. It was a grateful relief from the monotony of the prairies, to see the white shell beach and tall trees of Little Temple. There was formerly a large shell mound here, but it was taken to New Orleans to mend the shell road with. We had a good spot, and stayed there for the night. My comrade nearly got into a bog of deep mud. 'I throw myself quick on my back on de firm ground me, or I would have disappear,' he said. Aboard again, M. Woillard skinned the mocassin snake, cut up the body for bait, and began fishing for crabs as darkness came on. He tied pieces of snake's flesh to several strings, and

hung them over the boat's side. The crabs nipped the bait tight, and held on until they were drawn above the surface of the water, then they let go. My friend thereupon extemporized a landing-net, slipped it under Mister Crab when he reached the surface of the water, and landed him triumphantly in the boat. The crabs held on tenaciously to the bait as long as it was in the water, so the fishing proceeded successfully. We got much fun out of this novel sport. The crabs were not large, and they were tossed into a pail as they were caught, 'Oh, la-la,' shouted my lively friend, as one *caught him*, 'Oh, how she bite. She got strong claws. But dat is part of de fun, ha, ha, ha!' After catching about twenty crabs, we turned in. Oh, the mosquitos, the blood-suckers, that night! Oh, the mosquitos!

December 30.—The water rose a foot or so during the night, showing that we were already within the tidal influence of the great Gulf. Our first business was to cook our catch of the night before. As soon as the lid was lifted from the pail, two or three of the prisoners jumped out. One took refuge in M. Woillard's bedding, and another stood fiercely at bay, opening and shutting its formidable nippers. 'Oh, how she fight,' remarked my comrade, as he dexterously grasped the crustacean in the rear, and re-consigned it to the pail. A kettleful of boiling water was soon ready, and we plunged the crabs in one by one. It seems cruel; but they appeared to die instantly, and that is the orthodox method of cooking them. The morning fog continued for a considerable time, and we were impatiently waiting for it to lift, when the large sail of a lugger, going down the bayou, became mistily visible. We started after the lugger at once, for we could not have a better guide. A light breeze soon dispersed the fog, and we found ourselves in Little Lake, a sheet of water somewhat larger than Salvador. The lugger was gradually drawing ahead of us, when the tables turned; we caught and passed her. She had stuck fast on a bar; and whilst her negro crew are getting her off with long poles, I will tell you what is understood by the term 'lugger' in the State of Louisiana. Luggers are a class of vessels between 25 and 50 feet long, rigged with one mast and a single sail; and usually decked. They are used as oyster-boats, fishing-smacks, and for trading boats. Most of the communication between New Orleans and the swampy country south of it is effected by their means, and they often run up as far as Donaldsonville and Baton Rouge. Their rig is peculiar; I have often seen it in pictures of Swiss and Italian scenery. It differs from the ordinary lug sail used for Toronto sail boats in these respects—1st. The yard is much longer in proportion and peaked up high. 2nd. There is no boom. 3rd. The after-leach of the sail is nearly perpendicular, from the peak of the yard down to the clew where the sheet is fastened. 4th. Instead of the forward clew, or tack, of the sail being brought aft to the foot of the mast, it is taken forward, and works on a traveller. They have four and five rows of reef-points. These luggers have the reputation of being very fast craft, and of sailing closer to the wind than any other vessels. The sail is hoisted by a single halliard, and in the larger craft there are braces from each end of the yard. This rig is almost invariable for craft of that size; sloops and small schooners are comparatively rare; though I understand they are more frequent on Lake Ponchartrain. The luggers are usually manned by Italians, locally known as 'dagōs,' and by creoles; hence, probably, the origin of the rig.

Warned by the experience of our lugger guide, we kept well out from shore. It was almost calm, with so hot a sun that coats were an incumbrance. Mosquitos buzzed and sang around us. We landed for information at the little fishing village of Clark or Claque

Chenière, inhabited by Creoles or 'Cadiens,' a French-speaking people, peculiar to this part of the country. A lively conversation went on between M. Woillard and a group of the 'natives' in French, whilst I picked up shells and interjected an occasional question in English. They thought we ran considerable risk of losing our way amid the network of bayous ahead, until we produced our map. Bayou St. Denis was our next water-way. A few long tacks and a close-hauled run brought us into it, and past the mouth of another bayou that we had to avoid, whose location I determined by the map and the sun. 'The two boats are good friends now; they love to come along one another,' remarked the Solitary, as at dinner time he made fast to the already-anchored *Bishop*. The rest of the afternoon was spent in beating against a fresh breeze. 'Keep the big bayou; don't run into any little places,' had been the emphatic advice of the creole fishermen; and we followed it; but some 'little places' we passed had pretty big mouths. At sunset the wind dropped, and the mosquitos began to worry us considerably, even in the middle of the broad bayou. The rays of the setting sun illumined a group of trees a few miles distant—the only object which broke the uniform line of the shores bounding the dark-blue waters of the now deep bayou. Not wishing to anchor by the low, exposed shore, we pushed on to the trees. My companion took me in tow whilst I prepared the evening meal. We had been warned against mud-flats: it would have been a serious matter to get fast on one, as there is often no solid bottom to push against to get off. So I 'took soundings' with an oar as we skirted the shore in the darkness when approaching the trees, visible only in dark outline against the starlit sky. 'Three feet (slap): that mosquito is dead, any way.' 'Four feet; there are two more of them.' 'About three-and-a-half feet (and as many more dead mosquitos).' 'Less than (slap) three feet. Why, they are as thick as gnats.' 'About two feet (slap). Look out, Monsieur, we are (slap) getting into shoal water' (slap). 'Two feet again' (slap). 'Two-and-a-half feet.' 'Three feet' (slap, slap). 'Have you any mosquitos over your way, Monsieur?' 'Well, someting bite me on de nose,' he replied. 'Aha,' I called out, 'I see the white beach shining in the dark, *mon ami!*—a white line below the trees. We have found them at last.' (They could be seen so far over the swampy shores that we had more than once been baffled by finding a long stretch of shore between us and them). 'The soundings are deeper—now there is no bottom.' A turn to the left, a few strokes of the oars, and our bows grated on the shelly beach. As the evening advanced, the Dog Star climbed high in the heavens, and beneath it shone the brilliant Canopus, not visible in the more northern States and Canada; along with several other lesser southern stars in the constellation Argo. I went to bed, and tried to protect myself against our insect enemies by wrapping my head up in a shawl, but in vain. With that defiant yell which is so aggravating, they would swoop down on the smallest exposed spot, and insinuate themselves everywhere. A thick smoke was rising from inside the tent of the Solitary. 'How are the mosquitos treating you, comrade?' I asked. 'I am smoking dem,' he replied. 'I nearly strangle wid smoke, and den dey go away; but when de smoke get a little less, den dey come back.' A large lugger came slowly round the bend, and passed within a short distance of us. We hailed its crew, and put some questions to them as they passed. Their polite answers informed us that we were four or five miles from the southern mouth of the Bayou St. Denis, and over twenty miles from Grand Island. 'The tide is coming in now,' added our invisible informant; 'it will turn about four

o'clock, and if you start then you will have the tide in your favour.'

A little later. 'Monsieur, I am going to button myself close under my hatch-cloth, and take the risk of being suffocated for want of fresh air, to keep out these infernal mosquitos.' 'Ha, ha,' he laughed. 'You tink to keep them out, you? It cannot be. I wrap my covers tight round me, yet dey crawl under my cover and bite. Dey lift it up and walk in.' However, I buttoned myself tight in, and slew those of the wretches which remained under the hatch-cloth. Although the enemy still found their way in, it was by ones instead of by dozens, and I got a little sleep.

December 31. — Roused at four o'clock by the voice of my comrade, I unbuttoned my hatch-cloth, and threw it aside, glad to get out of the stifling air. The enemy was waiting, and with a fierce war-whoop a battalion of them charged upon me. Their charge was met with equal fierceness, and a score of the advanced guard were mangled corpses in as many seconds. On came the reserve with dauntless bravery, and the battle raged with much slaughter whilst the fleet unmoored and crossed the bayou. We moved cautiously along the west shore for a while in the foggy moonlight, then halted for breakfast and daylight. The fog continued, and M. Woillard took the lead, piloting us with that acute observation of the smallest indications which looks so like instinct. Gaps appeared in the shore, and great circumspection was necessary to find the right channel, but the experience of my comrade was equal to the occasion. When the fog cleared, we found ourselves in the broad mouth of Bayou St. Denis, which opens into Barataria Bay. No land was to be seen ahead. The eastern shore of the bayou was far distant. Reeds and flags, about eighteen inches or two feet high, had taken the place of the tall prairie cane, making the low shores lower still. Here and there, in perhaps half a dozen places, the shore lines were broken by distant elevations, chiefly clumps of trees. A sudden loud rushing noise startled me; I looked round, and saw a great black body, half out of the water, apparently about the length of my boat, and having three large fins above it. It dived, and rose again further on with the same rushing noise. As we proceeded, we saw more of the creatures, and discussed the question whether they were sharks or porpoises. My map showed that we had to keep by the western shore so long as it trended south, and then head for the lighthouse at Fort Livingston. The captain of a passing lugger, whom we hailed, confirmed this. The languid breeze died away as we reached the point where the shore line takes a sharp bend to the west and leaves open water on both sides. The heat of the sun was almost oppressive, and a few mosquitos still hovered around. My keen-eyed friend had had the lighthouse in view for some time, and I now discerned something on the southern horizon about the size and shape of a very small carpet-tack standing on its head, beside one or two other small elevations. A fresh north breeze sprang up, and we joyfully hoisted sail again. Land was scarcely visible, only thin lines to the north-west and south. It was not a good place in which to get caught by a fog or a blow, as the wind would have a fine sweep over the broad bay and its marshy shores. The carpet-tack grew larger as we sped southward between the Cortelles and Shell Islands. Fort Livingston is on the western end of an island called Grand Terre, and there is a narrow strait between that and Grand Isle, its western neighbour. As we neared the lighthouse, we looked through the strait and saw with delighted eyes the broad sea stretching far away to the horizon, whilst the roar of the breakers sounded in our ears. Mr. Douglass, the light-keeper at Fort Livingston, came down to the shore; I presented a letter of introduction from Mr. Hatch, and Mr

Douglass invited us to his house. His family were away at New Orleans. The lighthouse is a brick or stone tower, sixty feet high, containing a spiral stone staircase. In the light-room above there is one large Argand burner, surrounded by a dioptric reflector. This dioptric reflector has a mysterious and complicated look to an unitiated eye, but the principle is simple. A flame sends its rays of light in every direction, upward and downward as well as horizontally, but only the nearly horizontal rays are of service in a lighthouse. By an arrangement of curved prisms—which, as everyone knows, are three-cornered bars of glass—the upward and downward rays are deflected into a horizontal line, adding greatly to the strength of the light at a distance. Mr. Douglass kindly offered us beds and mosquito-bars at his house. Monsieur Woillard decided to stick to his boat, but I yielded to the inducement of a good mosquito-less sleep.

January First, 1880.—I did not use nor need the mosquito-bar last night. My window faced the sea, and probably salt breezes do not agree with mosquitos. We exchanged New Year's greetings. Mr. Douglass, with the hospitality of an Irishman and a Southerner, pressed us to stay to breakfast, and, whilst it was being prepared, my comrade and I surveyed our surroundings. We were on a low, sandy island, thickly covered with a coarse grass, except in the vicinity of the building. As we stood in front of the light-keeper's dwelling, looking south, the sea was at a short distance before us. To the right was the little strait dividing us from Grand Island, and that island with the neighbouring archipelago further inland formed a narrow continuous horizon line to the west. On our left, within a few hundred yards, was Fort Livingston, a large circular brick erection ; and further east, a large building like an hotel, which was built for officers' quarters during the war. Its only occupants now were the sergeant in charge of the Fort, and his family. His post is almost a sinecure one. These were Mr. Douglass's only neighbours.

The breakfast-table was spread on a verandah facing south and seaward. A large blind or awning was let down in front of the verandah to keep off the sun's rays. In this southern fashion we partook of an ample breakfast, contributed to by some of the numerous hens of Mr. Douglass. Our host told us that the mail service between Grand Isle Post-office and New Orleans was very irregular. Although amply subsidized, the mail steamer was heavily in debt, and continually breaking down. This was bad news. The post-office was some miles from the lighthouse, and Mr. Douglass gave us careful sailing directions. When getting under way, I felt a strange, desolate, homesick feeling, caused, I think by our lonely surroundings and the ceaseless moaning of the sea. We were soon bowling westward before a fresh breeze, looking watchfully for our land-marks, one of which was a large iron beacon. There was little to guide us in the thin grey and black lines which bounded the water around us. And when we were near land each low, reedy point we approached was just like every other point. We passed near a large flock of pelicans, standing motionless in a few inches of water, their pouches and enormous beaks well defined against the sky. They slowly rose, with a great flapping of wings, as we sailed by.

Rounding a sandy point, a bay of Grand Isle opened before us, with a little settlement at the further end. Lying at a short pier, which ran out into shoal water, was the lugger we had left in Little Lake ; she had passed us during the night, and aboard of her was the mail, which she had brought on in place of the steamer. We were indeed fortunate. We accompanied the bearer of the mail to the house of Mr. Margot, the postmaster's son. Hard by was the most

curious 'hotel' I ever saw, consisting of several detached buildings, arranged singly or in rows, covering a considerable area of ground. The door of each bed-room opened on the side-walk. This part of Grand Isle either had been or was intended for a large watering-place, but last summer there had been very few visitors, and the owner lost a good deal of money. I thought what a strange New Year's Day this was, and how long it would stand out clear in my memory. The opening of the mail disclosed a home letter for me, containing one of the prettiest of Christmas cards, which I proudly exhibited to Mrs. Margot. A quarter of a mile south of us was the sea; M. Woillard and I walked over to see it. The day was lovely, and the air warm and balmy. Quickening our pace into a run and vaulting a fence as we approached the sandy beach, we saw the long, rolling swells come tumbling in and sniffed the fresh sea breeze. I felt like a boy let loose from school. 'Come, *mon ami*,' I shouted, 'let us bathe in the Gulf of Mexico on this New Year's Day.' In a few minutes we were swimming in the breakers and ducking under them. The temperature of the water was delightful. We came out with an addition to our former exhilaration of spirits, and capered around to dry ourselves in a way quite unusual for two such grave old fellows. Returning, we found the Margots watering their garden, and transplanting cabbages. I got permission to pluck some roses. Arrived at the boats, a committee of two was called to discuss a memorandum sent by Mr. Deckbar by this mail, to the effect that the *Dick Fulton* was now on her way to New Orleans. We decided, in consequence of this, to hurry back again to the city, meet her, and arrange for towage up to Pittsburg. I agreed shortly afterwards to take on board my boat the engineer from a canal dredge, who was also anxious to reach New Orleans quickly, and who agreed, in return for his passage, to do any rowing which might be needed. Eighty-five miles is our present distance from New Orleans. An air-line from Fort Livingston to the city would measure fifty-two miles.

We were now at our most southern point, a few miles north of latitude 29°; and a clear night enabled me to trace out a few more Southern constellations. I followed the River Eridanus from its source in Orion down to its termination at the brilliant star Achernor, almost at the sea. Only the upper portion of the starry windings of this classical stream are visible at Toronto. The Great Bear was taking a dip in the water of the opposite horizon; he finds it too cold to do this further north.

January 2.—Our course was back to the lighthouse, thence northward. We started when the moon rose, at about 2 a.m. The *Bishop* stuck fast on a sand-bar part way to the lighthouse. After ineffectual efforts to free her, I took off my nether garments, jumped overboard, and by dint of much wading and pushing we found deeper water again. Arrived opposite the lighthouse, we steered for the North Star until daylight. Bayou St. Denis was found by means of Monsieur Woillard's accurate recollection of certain landmarks. I confess I was completely nonplussed. It is difficult to find one's way about upon these waters. In the intricate net-work of swamp bayous to the west of Barataria Bay, men have gone out hunting, have lost themselves, and have starved to death in their boats before being found. A lively south wind carried us quickly back through Bayou St. Denis and Little Lake. Our coats were lying in a heap in the boat, and I suddenly noticed upon them an ugly little reptile like a small square serpent with four legs. The engineer promptly killed it and tossed it overboard. It was a scorpion-lizard; its bite is venomous but not fatal. The little beast must have got on the boat when we landed

for a few moments at Bayou St. Denis. *Le Solitaire* again showed her sailing qualities at the expense of *L'Evêque.* 'Come on, Beeshop!' laughed her captain, as his volatile little craft luffed across our bows, danced astern of us, and shot ahead again. 'Ah, we have extra cargo aboard,' we replied. At sunset we reached Elliott's, having sailed about fifty miles through crooked channels, with no current to help us. We were hospitably received.

January 3.—Off again at 2 a. m., and into Lake Salvador; missed the entrance into Bayou Villère, and took instead the 'Company's Bayou,' leading to the company's canal. Lost our way twice there. The water in the Company's Bayou has a yellowish tinge, given to it by the muddy Mississippi water which comes through the locks of the canal. Getting into a channel where the water gradually became a dark blue, we knew we were wrong. We retraced our way, and got into another channel where the yellow tinge continued and gradually deepened until we reached the locks, about four miles above New Orleans, and exchanged the solitude of the swamps for the bustle of the river.

Here ended my sailing in the *N. H. Bishop.* I had journeyed over 2,300 miles since leaving Toronto; nearly one thousand miles of which distance I had covered by actual sailing in my boat, namely: Toronto to Port Dalhousie, coasting, say 75 miles; Detroit to Toledo, 60 miles; Cincinnati to past the Wabash, 395 miles; Natchez to New Orleans, 280 miles; New Orleans to Grand Isle and back, 174 miles; total, 984 miles. The assistance given to me by the current in the Mississippi was far more than counterbalanced by the extra distance I was obliged to sail during my zigzag tacking operations on the Ohio; which of course is not included in the foregoing distances. The intermediate stretches of portaging and towage were:—Port Dalhousie to Detroit, on schooner, about 275 miles; Toledo to Cincinnati, 210 miles; the Wabash to Natchez, 845 miles; total, 1330 miles, in addition to the thousand miles of sailing.

To conclude, let me gather up a few loose ends. The range between high and low water on the Ohio at Cincinnati, and on the Ohio and Mississippi at Cairo, is fifty feet. It diminishes considerably as one gets further down the Mississippi. Malaria makes the navigation of these Southern rivers dangerous to the health of an unacclimatised boatman in summer, but he is all right if he waits until the first autumn frosts, which kill the malaria. As regards personal danger on the route, I think the solitary voyager is safe from molestation on the Ohio until within fifty or one hundred miles of Cairo, and on that part of the Mississippi between Baton Rouge and New Orleans, provided always that he gives a wide berth to unknown shanty-boats. But the other part of the route is sparsely populated, and it would there be prudent for the solitary voyager either to conceal himself at night or have a sharp little terrier with him to give the alarm in case of nocturnal prowlers, otherwise he might get robbed and murdered while asleep. In the day-time, of course, he can look after himself. If I were going to make the trip again, I would take a smaller boat, say 13 feet by 3, and as light as possible, but fitted in a somewhat similar way. I would have as little *impedimenta* as possible, and would make a large use of water-proof bags.

THE END.

MY YOUNG WIFE'S PARTY.

BY FRED. TRAVERS.

WE had been married six months, my blonde wife and I!

We had received and returned the calls of the little society in the pretty village, where we had taken up our residence. We had been invited to several small parties; and now my wife began to feel that it was our turn to entertain.

We had a friend from the city, not a very intimate, but a rather *distinguée* friend of Clara's staying with us, rusticating in midsummer, after the winter's gaiety.

We wished to entertain her, and we wished to do our duty to society, and we wished to show ourselves to ourselves and others, in the new capacity of host and hostess, in our own pretty home.

'Don't you think, Tom,' said my wife, as we were waiting for our tardy guest, in the breakfast room one bright morning, with the dew on the lawn, and the fragrance of flowers coming in the door which opened on to the verandah, 'don't you think we better give our party to-morrow evening?'

'Yes, pet, I think it would be as good an evening as any.'

'And we'll ask the Austins and the Browns, and the Le Moins, and the Chapmans, and Miss Clark, with the available village beaux.'

'A good list—not too large, and select, and well assorted.'

'Yes indeed, Tom, I'm going to do it well. I'm going to make my name notable as an entertainer.'

'I'm sure you'll be a paragon of a hostess.'

'Now, don't laugh at me. You always laugh. You think I can't do anything. You much better have married some one else—Maud Russell for instance.'

Here my pretty wife pretended to pout, and the pout had to be charmed away. I was just assuring her she was the best, and dearest, angelic—— when a step was heard on the stair—at the door—and we assumed propriety—tried to look as if married life were an old story with us—as Miss Gracie entered the room and made the sweetest apology for being late.

At breakfast we unfolded our plan for the party which met with gracious approval, for our guest knew how to bear infliction with well-bred simulation of pleasure.

No doubt she considered it a bore to have to meet these village folk, and would have preferred a quiet evening on the lake, or in the garden, to the exertion of having to make herself agreeable, and thought it very stupid in us to suppose she could enjoy any such entertainment.

But my wife saw the affair through the *couleur de rose* mist which had enveloped her, and was bent upon giving and receiving pleasure.

It was not to be a tea-party, but a pleasant evening entertainment, with a light supper to finish.

'We'll ask them to come at eight o'clock,' said Clara, 'and we'll play charades and games, and we'll give them raspberries and ice-cream, and cake and lemonade.'

'What a *recherché* supper, my dear. Who'll make the ice-cream? You know Mary won't be equal to that.'

'There you are, making fun of me again. I don't believe you want me

to be anything. You just think I'm a nonentity. I'll make the cream, and Jimmy can freeze it. You'll see everything will go off well.'

In the afternoon, Mary, our maid of all work, came to me to know, if 'me and Jimmy can go across the lake, to-morrow, to pick blueberries.'

Forgetting for the moment all about my young wife's party, and wishing to be amiable, with perhaps a view of the contingent probability of blueberries, I replied, 'Well, I don't see any reason why you can't, but I'll ask Mrs. Travers.'

Clara was taking her afternoon siesta when I told her.

'Why, Tom! there is my party to-morrow evening.'

'Bless me if I hadn't forgotten! Of course they can't go.'

'I don't know. It depends upon when they'll be back. If they return by half-past four, we can get on very well.'

'Mary might go perhaps, but I remember the hay must be brought in to-morrow. I shall want Jimmy to do that, and I think you had better not let Mary go either. Take my advice, either give up the party or keep the servants at home.'

'Well, you see Tom,' she replied with a pretty air of graciousness and importance, 'I have never denied Mary anything yet, and I wouldn't like to say no this time.'

'Never denied her anything yet!' I repeated a little testily, 'but you must not let the servants think they can do just as they like. If we had made no plans ourselves it would be different, but I don't see why we should be put out to suit them.'

'Now, Tom dear, just leave it to me; I'll arrange everything satisfactorily.'

There was a certain *timbre* of superiority in the voice which was assuring, and at the same time amusing. So I merely said, 'Well, Jimmy can't go, and I still think you had better keep Mary,' and, with this Parthian shot, I beat a retreat down stairs and out into the village.

I returned about six o'clock, and found Miss Gracie knocking the balls about on the croquet-lawn. My wife was out.

We played a game, and then sat under the shade of an apple tree, and read Dr. Jenkinson's sermon, in Mallock's 'New Republic,' enjoying the exquisite satire of that clever composition.

Clara joined us, in high spirits, about seven. She had invited all her guests, and was radiant with the anticipation of success.

'Is Mary going?' I asked, when we were alone.

'Oh, yes; I told her she might, and I knew she did not like to go without Jimmy, so I told him he might go also. Now don't be angry, dear,' she said, putting her arm over my shoulders, 'you know it is my first party.'

Who could be angry under the circumstances? I determined to enter into the rash enterprise, and to enjoy the numerous *contretemps*, which I saw looming up for the morrow.

So Mary and Jimmy went to pick blueberries. They were off by daylight with a few other villagers, and when we wakened, about seven o'clock, the house in the direction of the kitchen was silent.

We had arranged to get breakfast together. I was to make the fire and set the table, and Clara was to do everything else except the eggs.

'You don't know how to poach eggs, dear,' I said, 'and I'll show you a way I learned when we were out camping.'

It was a novel and delicious experience, getting breakfast, the first of the kind we had had since we were married.

When my wife took me 'for better for worse,' I thought that the 'worse' would most frequently come in the form of uncongenial housework, as it is not always possible to get servants in the country. But we had succeeded in getting a treasure, and so the current of life had run with easy and steady flow.

But the eggs! that was the first mishap in a day of misfortunes.

We had only six in a brown paper bag. I had made the toast and put it on a platter. Boiling water was ready to be poured upon it according to the mode which had charmed my heart. Butter was to follow, and then the poached eggs, piping hot, were to be placed upon the toast, be-peppered and garnished with parsley.

I had the frying-pan half filled with water boiling on the stove.

The important moment had come, the crisis in the *chef d'œuvre*.

'Now for the eggs,' I said, as I caught up the paper bag from the table, while Clara, fresh as the morning, in a spotless white apron and coquettish cap, spoon in hand, stood admiring my energy and skill.

But the paper bag had someway got itself unperceived into a little pool of water on the table—I believe paper bags have a tendency to do such foolish and absurd things—and, as I caught it up suddenly, the bottom came out, and the eggs fell with a crash upon the floor, while Clara went into convulsions of laughter.

Women have little magnanimity, and I have never heard the end of those poached eggs.

They have been kept as a standing dish, a *pièce de resistance* to be served up against me whenever, in my wife's opinion, I required humbling.

We substituted some Dundee marmalade for the eggs, and made the best breakfast possible.

Miss Gracie insisted on helping Clara to wash up the breakfast things, and with much good humour we all went to work to prepare for the evening.

I gathered the flowers from the garden, sacrificing my finest Bourbon and tea roses, despoiling the verbena, geranium and heliotrope beds, and making a holocaust of pansies. All the vases, wall pockets, and bud glasses, were to be filled, and the house was to be thoroughly garnished.

I worked with a will, and with many anxious thoughts for my young and delicate wife, at her cake and cooking in the kitchen, feeling more than ever persuaded she had undertaken too much.

The flowers finished, I bethought me of the hay, and had to pass through the pantry on my way to the hay-field.

On the table stood a basket of about twelve quarts of strawberries.

'What, strawberries are these?' I asked, calling out to Clara.

'Oh! those are some I promised to preserve for Mrs. Benson.'

'You don't mean to say they must be done this morning!'

'Oh yes, they came yesterday, and they won't keep till to-morrow.'

'My dear, you can't possibly preserve them with all the other things you have to do.'

'Yes, Tom dear, I'll put them on the stove and they'll do themselves. They don't require much care. You'll see everything will come right.'

'I hope it will,' I inwardly ejaculated, as I trudged out to the hay-field blessing the servants and their blueberries.

It was a sweltering July day, but I put a cabbage-leaf in my hat and bent heroically to the task of raking the hay into winnows, to be ready for the man who was to draw it in, and who had promised to be on hand with the rack at four o'clock.

We had a scratch dinner at one, and again I sought the hay-field, and toiled through the sultry afternoon, while the grass-hoppers snapped about me, and the cricket sang its weary monologue.

Sometimes I thought of Jimmy and Mary, disporting themselves in the berry-field across the cool lake. It was all a huge joke! How I laughed, with a bitter ironical laugh, over my young wife's party!

But often as I did so, the demon of irony was chased away by the pretty picture of my wife's assurance.

'You'll see, everything will come

off well,' and her determination to achieve a success in the face of difficulties was plainly apparent.

By half-past five o'clock the hay was in the loft over the stable, but no Mary or Jimmy had yet appeared upon the scene.

The wind had sprung up and was blowing hard, and I knew the berrying party were calmly waiting for it to go down, some two miles away, on the opposite shore of the lake, or in their red punt were buffeting with the waves.

I determined to come to my wife's rescue, and to do anything and everything. I got the ice from the ice-house, and went down cellar to skim the cream. Horrors! Every drop of it had turned sour.

What was to be done! Bursting with laughter at the absurdity of the situation, I reported to Clara.

She was equal to the occasion. Nothing abashed at the prospect of a party without servants, or a supper without ice-cream, which was to have been the chief attraction, she said:

'Well, Tom dear, we'll just have raspberries and cream, and cake, and you can make some lemonade.'

'But where is the cream to come from?'

'Mary will be here soon. She'll milk, and there'll be some cream by supper time, enough for the berries.'

'You won't see Mary till nine o'clock this blessed night, but if you'll get Miss Gracie some tea, I'll do my best for the supper.'

The pasture fortunately was within a stone's throw, and the cow was waiting at the gate.

I ignominiously drove her home, and remembering I had never milked a cow in my life, bribed a woman on the way to take temporary charge of our dairy.

Thank heavens, the cow had not gone berrying! We would have some cream at any rate.

The woman came in a clean cotton dress, and did her best to earn the twenty-five cents I paid her, but the cow was capricious and would not give her milk to a stranger, and after violent effort the woman came in with a cup full in the milk pail.

It was too absurd for anything! The situation was becoming more and more ludicrous, and Clara and I roared with laughter over our plight.

'We can have berries at any rate,' she said composedly, 'and it does not matter about the cream.'

'Have you trimmed the lamps, dear?'

'Oh! no,—in the midst of my cake and preserves, I've forgotten all about them. You do that while I get Miss Gracie's tea.'

For the next half hour I was filling, trimming, and wiping, coal oil lamps.

When the agony of that was over, I rushed upstairs to dress, and having, on my way, to pass through the dining-room, found Miss Gracie sitting over some berries, and bread and butter.

My wife was at her toilet.

A latent laugh played about Miss Gracie's classic mouth, but she was too well-bred to make merry over our misfortunes, and pretended to be unconscious of any *contretemps*.

Dressing over, I devoted myself to the lemonade. I was just in the act of squeezing the twelfth lemon when the door bell rung, and I, as I expected, had to play Jimmy's part and answer it.

I showed the ladies up-stairs, and the gentlemen into the drawing-room, and for half-an-hour did my very best to be like Sir Boyle's Roach's man or bird, in two places at the same time—in the kitchen at the lemons, and on my way to answer the bell call.

My wife received her guests as if nothing had happened, and did show wonderful ability as hostess.

Mary and Jimmy arrived about nine o'clock with a wonderful story of having lost their way in the woods, and were so fagged out that, with the exception of milking the cow and securing some cream, they were useless.

Clara and I did our best to entertain our guests, and Miss Gracie nobly seconded our efforts.

We played games and charades, and as there was no little dramatic talent in the company, the latter were excellent.

I slipped out between the acts to stir up the lemonade.

The hours passed quickly and pleasantly by till eleven, when my wife served up supper, while I, with conundrums, kept the guests on the verandah, whither she had enticed them to enjoy the cool evening air.

When all was ready she threw open the door, and the table looked most inviting. I don't think any one missed the ices.

To complete the chapter of accidents, one of our friends, usually most precise, and by no means awkward, upset the cream-jug, and spilled what little cream we had upon the table.

Notwithstanding all my forebodings, Clara's prediction came true. The affair was a success, and our guests departed with glowing eulogiums on

My Young Wife's Party.

TIDE-WATER.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

THROUGH many-winding valleys far inland—
A maze among the convoluted hills,
Of rocks up-piled, and pines on either hand,
And meadows ribanded with silver rills,—
Faint, mingled-up, composite sweetnesses
Of scented grass and clover, and the blue
Wild violet hid in muffling moss and fern,—
Keen and diverse, another breath cleaves through,
Familiar as the taste of tears to me,
As on my lips, insistent, I discern
The salt and bitter kisses of the sea.

The tide sets up the river ;—mimic fleetnesses
Of little wavelets, fretted by the shells
And shingle of the beach, circle and eddy round,
And smooth themselves perpetually :—there dwells
A spirit of peace in their low murmuring noise
Subsiding into quiet, as if life were such
A struggle with inexorable bound,—
Brief, bright, despairing,—never overleapt,—
Dying in such wise, with a sighing voice
Breathed out,—and after silence absolute.

Faith, eager hope, toil, tears, despair,—so much
The common lot,—together overswept
Into the pitiless unreturning sea—
The vast immitigable sea.

I walk beside the river, and am mute
Under the burden of its mystery.
The cricket pipes among the meadow grass
His shrill small trumpet, of long summer nights
Sole minstrel: and the lonely heron makes—
Voyaging slow toward her reedy nest—
A moving shadow among sunset lights,
Upon the river's darkening wave which breaks
Into a thousand circling shapes that pass
Into the one black shadow of the shore.

O tranquil spirit of pervading rest,
Brooding along the valleys with shut wings
That fold all sentient and inanimate things
In their entrenchèd calm for-evermore,
Save only the unquiet human soul:—
Hear'st thou the far-off sound of waves that roll
In sighing cadence, like a soul in pain,
Hopeless of heaven or peace, beating in vain
The shores implacable for some replies
To the dumb anguish of eternal doubt,—
(As I, for the sad thoughts that rise in me;)
Feel'st thou upon thy heavy-lidded eyes
The salt intrusive kisses of the sea,—
And dost thou draw, like me, a shuddering breath,
Among thy shadows brooding silently?

Ah me, thou hear'st me not—I walk alone—
The doubt within me and the dark without;—
In my sad ears the waves recurrent moan
Sounds like the surges of the sea of death,
Beating for evermore the shores of time
With muttered prophecies, which sorrow saith
Over and over, like a set slow chime
Of funeral bells, tolling remote—forlorn—
Dirge-like the burden—"Man was made to mourn."

'CONFIDENCES.'

BY 'A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.'

IN these days of 'women's rights' and even 'children's rights' I feel hopeful a little that there may be some chance for a 'girl of the period' to state what she thinks about her wrongs in the pages of such an 'advanced' publication as the *Canadian Monthly* justly claims to be. I don't care what row people make about it; for you'll keep my secret—won't you? Mr. Editor—and not let anybody know who your contributor is.

'I want to know why' about a lot of things; and I don't care if some of your smart contributors think me a 'dreadful stupid' if only they will really deluge me with their wisdom.

I want to know why it is that I, a well-brought-up lady-like (excuse my self-conceit---but this is the remark people make of me) girl, am so utterly helpless and dependent. I have not been taught anything that is of the slightest earthly use to anybody in the whole world. Of course I can sing correctly; but have no special power or compass of voice. It is only soft and low —a peculiarity of voice which Milton (?), or some of these old poets, says is nice in a woman, because it keeps her from scolding, I suppose. As a pianist I am a *brilliant success*, and yet a humbug as regards the science of music. That goes without saying. I can waltz —well! 'divinely'—but no thanks to anybody for that; it comes *con amore*; I can sew—fancy work; but I could not cut out and 'build' a dress, even if I was never to have another. I can't make up a bonnet, nor even a hat; but I *do* know when the milliner has made a mess of either. I am self-conceited enough to think I have extremely good taste in such matters as a critic, yet I don't see how I could turn my good taste into a single solitary dollar if I had to. I just love parties, balls, concerts and—shall I confess it?—theatres, and yet, if I had to earn the money with which to gratify myself in these indulgences, I fancy I must perforce go amusementless for many a year. My dear old 'Pater' and my good kind mamma are fairly well-off, I believe (but I really don't know), and are very willing to give me a good share of all these enjoyments; but it does make me often 'feel mean' to know that I am utterly dependent on them for everything, and can't do anything to lighten their load. Why mamma won't even let me into the kitchen to learn how to do things. She says it is not lady-like.

A girl not out of her 'teens' yet can't be expected, perhaps, to have much brains, and so it puzzles me awfully to understand why it should be, that my brother Jack, aged sixteen, and Bill, aged twenty two, both work, the one as an office boy in a warehouse (he calls it sub-book-keeper), the other as traveller for a wholesale grocery house, and yet both are looked upon as quite respectable. Bill is asked out to all the parties with me. But if I, a girl, as Bill tries with much pains and wealth of oratory to explain to me, were known to work, *everybody* would 'cut' me at once; I would be just 'a work-girl, you see,' he says conclusively, as though that were any solution of the question or settled it at all. Why do not the smell of sugar and the raisin

and molasses spots which adhere to the nether and upper integuments of his working apparel, adhere also socially to his full dress suit when he dons it? It is a conundrum, and I give it up; just as completely as I give up the other conundrum of why it should be that similar spots on a working suit of mine should inevitably reveal themselves socially, as he says they would, on any party dress I might don, however 'swell' it might be? I try to argue the thing out on this line with Bill sometimes, but he only gets mad; says girls don't know anything and can't be rational for five consecutive minutes, and goes off fuming with some favourite quotation of his from some nasty old philosopher, about 'women being unreasoning animals that poke the fire from the top' or light stoves with coal oil, &c., &c.

But I vow and declare I can't see that I am so irrational. Why should I been so fettered and useless? My mother only laughs when I torment her about it and tells me I'll soon drop all that nonsense when I get 'engaged' to some gentlemanly young fellow; but that interesting youth is hard to find, and when something that looks like him does turn up it invariably becomes painfully evident that it would be a shame to add to the burdens already laid upon his slender income by 'society' and social requirements. In fact I am shut up to a choice of ungentlemanly young men, who are half old and so wholly coarse or self-conceited through having 'fought their way up from the ranks' as papa puts it, that one can't help wishing they had stayed in those 'ranks' they are so eminently fitted to adorn.

It is towards one of these useful, practical, self-raised, men, that poor useless me is hintingly thrust by anxious relatives both near and distant. His usefulness is supposed to be eminently adapted to my uselessness. He, the self-raised one, is expected to raze me down to his level. I confess I don't like the prospect; and I'm not so sure that Jones does either (his name is Jones—*Mrs.* Jones fancy!!!) He and I have not a solitary taste in common. So, in self-defence, I take broad hints regarding my probable future destiny as mild attempts at jocularity, and vent my pent-up indignation on my long-suffering relatives in wicked conundrums and other pleasantries at the expense of my would-be husband; but nobody sympathises with these sallies except my good old papa. He laughs, and is severely rebuked for encouraging my folly. But with that moral support—highly moral I think—I am too much for my disinterested relatives. I don't 'make eyes' at Jones. He is getting discouraged. My relatives begin to look upon him (and me) as lost.

I feel lost a little myself too—lost, useless and mean—to think that I only dawdle around and can only look pretty—that is as pretty as I can, you know. I eat up, dress up, and spend the 'proceeds'—that's a business word isn't it?—of the labours of others without being a bit the happier for it.

And then there's another side to it, too, which I can't talk much about to sympathizing (?) relatives; but I will to you, dear Public, because some of you may be 'girls of the period' like me and will understand. There are nights when I am peculiarly disgusted with myself, and I sit up and moon and cry my eyes out, because—well, because I am miserable and feel such a little fool. For visions of Charlie—Charlie Rivers—will intrude at such times. He is so nice. He's simply splendid! Of course, I don't *care* for him particularly; but then I think if I tried hard I might get almost to like him. I think, and think, and think. He's a clerk you know, and papa says has got six hundred or eight hundred dollars—somewhere about that a year. But whatever his salary, he keeps himself quite like a gentleman. He's a great flirt they say, but he doesn't *ever*

flirt with me. He and I always talk quite seriously. He says he lives in 'diggings,' and describes the royal times he has roughing it all by himself in a 'growlery' of his own; informs me what a splendid cook he is, and that he has learned it all by the light of nature. But then papa says 'he'll never be anything. He's not sharp and has queer ideas—a good fellow, but a *soft*.' I think I know what he means by that, because Charlie talks to me sometimes—on the stairs at parties you know—like this, with an odd, puzzled, weary look in his eyes. 'I am worried, Miss Kate, I know I'll never be rich. I can't see my way to do the mean things necessary to get on. Not but that I am content enough to do so much work—good work, the best I've got in me—for so much pay all my life. But then if a fellow were to fall in love—get tumbled right into it before he knew—what is he to do about it? Is he to keep to his principles and lose his love, or is he to lose his principles, go in wild for money, gain his loved one, lose his own respect, and risk the loss of hers when she finds out what a mean money-grubbing wretch he has become in order to get her? That is *the* conundrum to me, Miss Kate. Have you any answer to it?' And then he looks, oh! so anxious and troubled that—I have to ask him to button my glove for me, just to change the subject. But it does not do it always. During the buttoning process he looks awfully solemn, says it's a shame to bother me about his little troubles, and that he won't fall in love at all if I don't want him to, &c., &c., till I don't know what to say, and he proposes—another waltz.

Why, oh! why, dear Public, should I need to be dumb? What have I done, or not done, that I should have no experience of real life such as he has, and so be unable to give him sound and rational advice?

Just at present the moon is full, and moonstruck visions assail me. How thoroughly jolly it would be if girls like myself were brought up to some form of trade, profession, or business, so that, when we come of age, we might earn enough to suffice for our real needs. These needs are not so very great after all; only neat, pretty, but not ever-varying and fanciful dress, and food and shelter. Steady, necessitated occupation would be a real blessing to most of us, and then if we did meet the awful fate portrayed by Charlie, and tumbled headlong into love, why we needn't be the least bit of a burden to the other 'tumbler' when we both came to the surface again, but might swim to shore hand in hand. Two eight hundred dollars a year to support two 'diggingses' rolled into *one*, might surely make that *one* extra cosy and comfortable, mightn't it? and neither of us need then be a bit more mean or money-grubbing than before. If each unit (scientific word, isn't it?) could maintain itself apart, would it be any more, or any less, difficult when united?

There are such heaps and heaps of things women might do if any body would show them how. Why, the Kindergarten system alone is quite a mine of wealth and of work to us, and might be extended indefinitely down to the very babies. Some of the married women, as well as the single, could attend to that, while others of the married ones who had children of their own, could leave their children at the Kindergarten during the day, and pursue other forms of labour themselves. Very pretty pictures are made of the husband and father wending his way home in the cool of the evening, certain of welcome from his loved ones. Why does no one sketch the wife and mother strolling home from her toil on the arm of her husband to their mutual home, alike joyous in anticipation of shouts of welcome, clinging kiss and sweet caresses from their little ones, just returned from the Kindergarten? Why may not such elements of happiness constitute a happy home for each and all; Father,

Mother, and children? Each, with the experiences of the day spent in different ways, amid different scenes, can pour these into willing ears. Each can gladden each with the restful sympathy and endearment of true home love; all the more dear for the brief daily separation.

Probably the moon's influence, if turned strongly in such a direction, would upset the existing order of things a good deal in this mad world, and cause a tide in the affairs of men strong enough to sweep through a lot of social barriers of the pitchfork kind, but what of that? There are many things social which need upsetting badly, and although I am only 'a girl of the period,' and don't know much, I *do* know this, that the more the work of the world is wisely shared among all its denizens, both men and women, the less strain there will be on each to satisfy purely natural wants. And so it might come yet to be as possible for a woman, as for a man, to do the share of the world's work which is properly hers, and yet live her special *rôle* in life out to its completeness, if her work were sub-divided and systematized as man's is.

But the moon is drawing me a little out of my depth. I must not be caught and swept away by her tide.

It's all that horrid Charlie. His worried look haunts me continually. Not that I am smitten with him at all. You must not think that, and of course his name isn't 'Charlie,' nor mine 'Kate.' But I can't help thinking often that if the world were different, so that I would not need thereby to cast such a moral and physical burden on him, I might be tempted to take a kind of interest in *him* as well as in the wrongs and woes, the rights and uses, of we poor 'girls of the period.' As it is, how can any girl who truly loves some one whom she also admires and respects, far more than she does herself, consider it a proof of real love to put such a fearful burden upon him as is meant by that peculiar and entirely abnormal development of this nineteenth century, called

'A Girl of the Period?'

JUNE.

BY AMOS HENRY CHANDLER.

FAIR as the hue of Chrysoprase, in sheen
Of emerald light upon an angel's crest,
Her star-born eyes flash down upon the breast
Of throbbing earth their rays in chymic green;
O'er hill and vale, and far across the sea,
Her silver laughter through the welkin rings,
Awaking all the praise and harmony
That dwell within all animated things;
She weeps too; but 'tis only tears of joy
That fall in showers for her beloved one,
Blent with sweet smilet—'tis only the alloy
Of cloud and sunshine, since the world begun,
That makes the sum of love: From lips dew-wet
Exhales the perfume of all flowers, from rose to violet.

Dorchester, N. B.

WEEDS IN WATER-WORKS.

BY REV. A. F. KEMP, LL.D., OTTAWA.

FROM frequent notices in Toronto journals, I observe that a good deal of interest is awakened about the purity of the water supply and the condition of the filtering reservoir. An inspection of the latter not long ago revealed the fact that it contained a large amount of vegetation of various kinds, about which the inspectors had apparently no knowledge as to whether it was good or bad. Water for our cities and towns is a very important element of comfort and health, and too much regard cannot be paid to its purity. It may, therefore, be in place to make a few statements as to what kinds of vegetation may be expected in water, whether of the lake, the river, or the well, and to note what kinds are harmless and what may prove injurious to health.

Having for many years had familiar acquaintance with the plants which grow in the rivers, brooks, lakes and ponds of Canada, it may be permitted me to state what I know about them. I have often heard people express great disgust when they saw green scum on the water or growing luxuriantly on stones and sticks. Now this is all a mistake. This apparent scum consists of a variety of really beautiful plants, which are as necessary for the healthfulness of the water in which they are found as is the forest vegetation for the land. In summer, wherever the water is quiet and exposed to the rays of the sun, there will be found many species of a plant that, in its mature state, floats in the water. It is of a delicate green colour, silky to the touch, somewhat mucous, especially in the young state, and diffuses itself to a considerable depth in fleecy cloud-like forms. This is one of the Conjugateæ and is called Mougeotia genuflexa. It is by far the most prolific and common of its kind, and, doubtless, would be found in the inspected reservoir. It propagates in summer and till late in the autumn with great rapidity both by self-division and by spores which attach themselves to anything that is handy. In similar places there is also commonly found, either floating or attached, masses of a deeper green plant of the same family, but more beautiful and more interesting, having the generic name of Spirogyra. Its species are very numerous and it grows with amazing rapidity. It is often found floating on quiet pools and bays and nooks of fresh waters, and may be seen on the highest mountains and on the lowest plains; it is equally at home in the Arctics and the Tropics. It has neither branches nor roots, is pleasant to handle, and in its fresh state emits a pleasant odour. Sometimes it will lie inch thick in a dense mat on the water, inflated as if in a ferment. It is the very paragon of Algals: coiled round the interior of its cells are delicate tubular filaments containing sporules, starch granules, and globules of oil that under the microscope sparkle like brilliants.

These are for the most part unattached, and the kinds that will chiefly attract attention in reservoirs, pools, and lakes. There are, besides, numerous attached kinds equally remarkable, if not equally prolific. One not un-

common is very lubricous and readily slips through the fingers, is inflated like a sack, frequents the running brook and the quiet water, where it grows abundantly and is apt to be mistaken for animal spawn. It goes by the name of Tetraspora lubrica, and is akin to the beautiful marine plant known as Ulva linza. It gets its name from the fact that the spores embedded in its mucous are systematically arranged in fours, presenting to the eye a succession of regular squares of great beauty. Another kind fringes stones and sticks, and walls of the lakes, and the St. Lawrence along their whole extent. Its colour is a deep green, and its filaments are from three to nine inches in length and densely cellular, giving off innumerable spores, which, after dancing about for a little time, rest on anything, and grow with great rapidity ; it is called Lyngbya virescens. Another abounds especially in running water, growing to a great length and prolifically branched, it may be collected from the brink of Niagara Falls, and in every stream, however rapid its flow, and is called Cladophora vulgaris. Where again there is mud or sediment in rivers or pools, there may also be found, in rooted and matted masses, another beauty of a deep green colour, silky and soft like the fur of a mouse. It is unicellular and sometimes branched, giving off curious lateral beak-like capsules, various in form, which contain its spores. In similar localities, and universally diffused wherever there is water or dampness on which the sun shines, there also grows, in close masses like velvet, plants of a metallic green, purple, and blue, known as Oscillariæ. They are microscopic in their structure and cellular, and are remarkable for their vibrating movements. Need I further mention the exquisite Diatoms and Desmids of infinite variety and beauty, the most ubiquitous of plants found in all waters and moist places multiplying by the million by spores and self-division, the one kind enclosed in purest glass and the other shining with a brilliant green ?

Only another plant of somewhat higher kind would I notice as likely to grow in water charged with lime or in calcareous mud. It is rooted in the soil at no great depth of water, branches luxuriantly, and often forms a brushy mass. In its fruiting processes, it is one of the most complex and curious of plants, comparable to scarcely anything else in the vegetable kingdom. At distances of about a quarter-inch, its joints throw out densely-branched whorls, on which its two kinds of capsules grow, and it has the faculty of encrusting itself with a coat of carbonate of lime : its most common kind is called Chara vulgaris. Its odour is not pleasant, and is worse when decay sets in.

Many other plants might be noticed as frequenting running and quiet waters, and which probably met the eyes of the inspectors of the Waterworks, but these are the most common and universal. Along with them there might be some flowering plants, such as Valisinaria spiralis, Anacharis Canadensis, with Myriophyllums, and various Potamogetons, which, if present, would not likely be numerous.

Every one of these vegetables is perfectly harmless, and might be eaten with benefit. They cannot be got rid of. Their spores are in all waters, and even grow in the clouds and fall with the rain. Take a pitcher of water from the deepest and purest part of the lake or river, and let it stand awhile exposed to the light of the sun, and very soon it will be coated with a verdure which is the young of innumerable plants. The water drinker consumes thousands of these invisible sporules every day with perfect impunity. They are far too many for us ; what can be done with them ? There seems nothing for it but quietly and gratefully to drink the water the Creator provides, certain that if we do not pollute it ourselves it will contain no hurtful ingredients.

No doubt these plants harbour, and are the favourite food of innumerable animals—Protozoans, Mollusks, Radiates and Articulates. The Euglenæ riot among them as do Plesconia or water spiders and misnamed lice ; Rotifers make them lively, and are numerous and beautiful. Annelidæ squirm and twist among their filaments, and even leeches find there a happy home. The fresh water hydra will, too, throw out its tentacular fishing lines and catch the floating ova of its favourite infusoria with perhaps a relish of vegetable spores.

'Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire'

encamp by the million among these little marine forests. Pretty beetles too, the natural diving-bells of the waters, with the grubs of our own lively mosquito and of the dragon fly—the tiger of the waters—live and move and hunt there ; nor need it astonish any one to find a host of Gasteropods, and a few Lamellibranchs. The Planorbis, the Physa, and the Pupa, are particularly fond of Mougeotia. Find the one and the others are near ; before all things else they eat and become fat on that delicate food. As for polywogs and frogs, why should they be excluded from such happy hunting grounds? Sweet to them, as oysters to us, are the fauna that haunt the water plants, and of course they like to rear their numerous offspring in such rich and pleasant pastures.

It may be rather alarming to think of all these relatives of ours in such early stages of evolution, harbouring themselves in the waters we must drink, and with which we must cook our food. For the feeling of the thing it is certainly desirable if possible to get rid of such kindred. But after all they are quite innocuous and more afraid to be swallowed than we can be to swallow them. They are nearly all vegetable eaters, and far more digestible than clams or oysters. A touch of gastric juice will reduce them to plasma and transform them to food.

The only drawback is, that plants and animals will die and decay, and when their remains accumulate to any great extent, they are far from being sweet or wholesome. They become the beds of another class of plants of a doubtful reputation, although very useful in the circle of life. When, and if, putrid fermentation commences there will be present hosts innumerable of plants allied to the fungus, such as Bacteria Vibriones, Torulæ, and others of this genus. Fungoid growths are to be dreaded in water. It is not possible altogether to exclude them. We breathe them with almost every breath, we drink them in all waters, and eat them in all our food. Fortunately they are not all or always hurtful. In ordinary states of health we can throw them off or absorb them, and they only develop into hurtful ferments under enfeebled or diseased conditions of the body, or unhealthy states of the atmosphere in which we live. It is almost certain that some form of fungus sporule is that which engenders malarial fevers and zymotic diseases. Recent researches in the marshes around Rome seem to demonstrate this hypothesis. It is certain that Diptheria and Enteric Fevers are due to fungoid poisoning of the blood by subtile innoculation. It is, however, only in stagnant waters, in which decaying nitrogenous or animal matters are permitted to fester, that danger is to be apprehended. If from such sources water finds access to wells or cisterns or reservoirs, there may be poison in the cup we drink. Where, however, this is carefully prevented, the mere decay of such vegetables and animal forms as are found in water-leads or reservoirs, in which water undergoes constant change and renewal, are not the least likely to be hurtful. When also we find that millions of ferments and their spores are drunk with impunity by those who drink beer, porter or ale, water drinkers need fear nothing.

All large reservoirs of water are

at times subject to an over-growth of both plants and infusorial animals, and although to appearance they are unpleasant, yet they are not known to do any one any harm. The City of London, in England, is at present very unfortunately situated as regards its water supply, but however impure the water is, it only becomes hurtful when kept in close cisterns and water-butts. Where the supply is continuous, the water is not unwholesome, although it may be sometimes expedient to drink it blind. Imagination often awakens fears and alarms where there is no cause, and there is certainly no reason to apprehend any evil effects from waters drawn from either our large lakes or rivers, or large reservoirs, which are not contaminated with city sewage, and are distributed to our dwellings by a constant pressure and supply.

The gasses which decaying vegetation gives off, although unpleasant and undesirable, are sure to be neutralised by the action of the living plants themselves. There are no better purifiers of water than the lake and river weeds. By an incomprehensible chemistry, they reduce carbonic acid gas to its elements, and absorbing the carbon for their own nutriment, set free the oxygen into the water and the air. Looked at on a clear day, they will be found covered over with brilliant little globules, which are nothing else than pure oxygen. It is this that floats the Conjugatæ on the surface of the water, nor will any unpleasant odour ever be found where these plants abound. In this respect they are our friends and not our foes.

In an aquarium they are the most effective aeraters that can be found. If allowed to grow, and not washed off the glass as is commonly done, they will keep the water sweet and be a delight to the fishes. When I see these beautiful, little known, and often despised plants grow freely in troughs where cattle drink; in wells, and springs, and fountains of water; in the marshes, the pools, the dubs, the lakes, the rivers, and the creeks, and in all places where water settles or flows; I cannot but regard them as beneficent agents by which a kind Providence, by means of living forms, the most beautiful, ministers to animal wants, and shields us from invisible evils.

It is vain for the guardians of our Water-works to attempt to get rid of water weeds. They will grow in spite of all they can do. What they should be more careful to prevent is the percolation into reservoirs or pipes of surface water from impure sources, such as city sewage or the collection of fungi, in the form of moulds, in dark and damp passages, such as the roofs of large drains. Any superabundance of vegetation may also be wisely removed, and flushing may occasionally be resorted to for the removal of accumulated deposits of mud. With such precautions as these, and with a *continuous* supply, no cities or towns in the world need be better furnished with wholesome water than the cities and towns of Canada.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

BY N. H. BEEMER, M.B., LONDON, ONT.

THE importance to the country of an educated and liberal medical profession is a subject which comes home with peculiar personal force to almost every individual at some period of his life, and usually at a time when very little can be done by that individual toward promoting or securing it. The value of a man's life is seldom mentioned until he is either well advanced in years and his decease is spoken of as a natural and expected event, or when death has actually taken away, perhaps suddenly, one of the brightest and most useful members of society, or laid low some leading politician or honoured *litterateur*. At such a season the feelings of all interested are too much influenced by sadness to allow any one to shape a practical scheme for insuring to every member of the community the same skilled assistance and direction which is within the possible reach of the more eminent or more wealthy. Although difficult of demonstration, it will probably be conceded that every man considers his own life as valuable to the nation as that of his immediate neighbour, who by others may be regarded his superior; and, so from the lowest to the highest, it will be hard to show in a rising scale any great difference in the worth of men's lives to the State, although the task might be less severe were examples to be taken from the extremes of society and the life of a 'tramp' compared with that of an active philanthropist. But whatever opinions may obtain respecting the doctrine of the comparative worth of men's lives, it has been long recognised as one of the prime duties of the State to afford ample security and protection to the lives of all its citizens; and this protection is not alone limited to freedom from external or malicious violence, but extends to the provision of means for the saving of lives from perishing by natural avoidable causes. Should an outbreak of a malignant disease in any part of Canada be directly traceable to some clearly-defined and removable cause, public welfare would demand immediate steps for the removal of that cause; or should lives, even of children, be sacrificed through want of adequate means for their rescue, as was lately the case on the Toronto bay, public interest would at once provide measures to prevent similar future misfortunes. In the same way there must always be felt a deep interest in the thoroughness of the training of those men who have, as their special care, the health and lives of the people; and this interest has frequently found expression during the past few months in the letters which have appeared in the daily newspapers. From the tenor of some of these strictures on the course of the Medical Council, it might be said that, in the eyes of a man outside the medical profession, the vacillating policy which the Council has pursued in reference to medical education would seem to rest on a secret, though well-formed, determination to materially limit the numbers who seek to enter that profession. But these sharp criticisms have rather been the caustic expression of a keen sense of injustice than the calm reasoning of men who were

convinced that, though for a time unsuccessful, their earnest appeal for reform would finally be heard and acted upon. To speak of the wisdom of having few or many in the ranks of the profession, or to show how many would be enough for the public good, would involve too many side issues to be satisfactorily dealt with in a short paper; but to speak of the present method of entrance into the profession is at least a fair and reasonable subject of criticism.

Until the year 1869, the Universities were the only corporate bodies granting degrees in Medicine, and these degrees were sufficient authorization to the graduates to pursue the practice of the healing art. For some years before that date, the rivalry between the various medical schools had become too keen to be productive of good effects, owing somewhat to the fact that these schools received much of their reputation and consequent income from the annual *number* of graduates, rather than the standard qualifications of those upon whom Degrees were conferred; and in order that the yearly number should be as large as possible, students were sometimes allowed to graduate after having gone over the prescribed course without the strictest regard to thoroughness. It was then deemed advisable to try to secure a uniform standard of excellence in all those who sought degrees in Medicine, and the Ontario Legislature introduced 'An Act respecting the Profession of Medicine and Surgery,' for the establishment of a central council of medical education, known as the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. By this Act the Universities were relieved of any licensing power, and this power was confided entirely to the Medical Council, so that all students of medicine have since been obliged to pass the examinations prescribed by the Council, in addition to those of their University, before they are entitled to the privileges which were previously accorded them by the simple degree of their University. No doubt this change, calling for a double examination, one part of which is quite independent of any teaching body, has done great good not to the public only, by giving it thoroughly qualified men, but to the profession also, by elevating and equalizing the literary and professional acquirements of each of its new members; but like many other good institutions, there are found in this one some parts which give rise to a great deal of dissatisfaction. This Medical Act invests the Medical Council with the power of altering, from time to time, the curriculum of studies for the admission and enrolment of students; it also provides (Sec. 17) :—" but any change in the curriculum of studies fixed by the Council shall not come into effect until one year after such change is made." Now it appears that the exercise of this negative power is the cause of much just complaint and righteous indignation on the part of the students, and until there is some amendment in the Act which will limit the discretionary power granted to members of the Council, or which will remove certain existing hardships, the same evil will likely continue.

To some extent in Canada, as well as in England and on the Continent, the Medical Profession has been chosen by men who have had no settled intention of following the practice for a livelihood, but who have chosen it as a special means of acquiring an education and a practical knowledge of their physical selves, and at the same time, as one which would prove a convenient crutch in case of future necessity. Indeed, across the Atlantic, many men who have become illustrious, have taken a degree in Medicine as the only road open to a comprehensive knowledge of the Natural Sciences, and medical men now as a class have much reason to feel proud of the lasting work done by their brethren toward the advancement of nearly every branch of human

knowledge. The study of Physiology, Chemistry, Physics, and Botany will naturally lead the way to a closer acquaintance with all the principal physical forces around us, while the study of insanity prepares the mind, or perhaps better, the intellectual taste, for the broader field of Metaphysics and Psychology; in this manner some good reasoners have considered a degree in Medicine preferable to one in Arts which embraces more of the classics and abstract sciences. But whether the student should choose Medicine for the purpose of practice or with a view of gaining a knowledge of the world around him, can make but little difference to the point in question, as in either case he must have a desire to know what the whole course will cover and on what terms he may pursue the study before he enters it. With a possible yearly change in the curriculum which will affect a student who has matriculated, few can be sure when they begin the course what may be required of them before they reach the end of it, and they must consequently feel that they are unjustly exposed to an unnecessary risk of being forced to do something in the third and fourth years which, if known beforehand, would have deterred them from beginning such a course. This uncertainty is not met with in any other instance in this Province, for whether it be in Arts, Law, Theology or Medicine, at any of the Universities, the changes introduced from time to time in the curriculum do not affect the matriculated student in any unfair way. Frequent changes in a regular course of study, besides being inconvenient to all engaged in it, betray weakness and appear childish, since the minds of the young men of the country do not materially change in character every year or two; besides this, the principal reason for any change, except that necessitated by the progressive requirements of advancing civilization, is intended to affect the teachers as much as the students. These continual changes in the curriculum also make it quite impossible for the Universities or teaching bodies to follow the course laid down by the Council, which is only an examining body, and this want of co-operation between these bodies is a serious drawback to their students; after ten years' chase, our National University has wisely abandoned a path beset with so many thorns, and has established for herself a course of medical study which will be permanent, and which must, sooner or later, on account of its high standard, be adopted by the Medical Council itself.

Instead of so many changes in the course of study, it would appear a better policy to make the entrance examination more severe, say by the addition of Greek as a compulsory subject, for a knowledge of that language is almost essential to a clear understanding of the medical vocabulary. By such a change there would be insured a higher literary qualification in all who begin the professional studies: with this higher literary qualification there would be gained a more comprehensive view of the subject of education which in future members of the Council would not be undesirable; nor could such a change be unjust to any one as it would not affect those who had actually commenced their professional subjects.

Another cause of almost universal dissatisfaction is the method of conducting the oral examinations by the Council: as they have in past years been conducted, the students are kept waiting in a body in suspense, while one of their number enters the examination hall; this allows the 'plucked' candidate who, on account of his want of success, is disaffected, to spread discord among the remaining students who await his return outside the door of the hall, and thus the trouble begins, to be ended, perhaps, after a few days of tedious and disturbed waiting, in conduct disgraceful to both students

and examiners. Our Provincial University, than which there is no other on this continent giving degrees of higher standard, considers a written examination in Medicine a sufficient test of a candidate's efficiency and if the Council would do exactly the same, it would still secure a high degree of proficiency in all those to whom its privileges may be granted.

Slight imperfections are apt to creep into every kind of organization, no matter how good the object of such may be, and it is these weaknesses rather than the good qualities which are magnified by the public. While the Medical Council has done much good by way of elevating and equalizing the qualifications of those who desire medical honours, it would seem to the writer that the same good could be more easily done, and without incurring the displeasure and censure of so many people, if it would enact three reforms, namely: 1st. Increase the severity of the matriculation examination by the addition of Greek as a compulsory subject; 2nd. Fix the course so that no unfairness could be done a matriculated student, and 3rd. Abolish the oral examinations or make them entirely clinical.

PATIENCE.

BY C. W. RITCHIE, MONTREAL.

SAD soul, possess thyself in patience pure;
Though trials harsh reveal themselves to-day
The morrow will ensure
That thou shalt rise triumphant; silently
There is but whispered a consoling word,
Faint and unheard—
The end most holy brings a solemn cure.

The strong light glares, offending with its blaze,
And the unwearied murmurs of the throng,
Who, in amaze,
Are plodding ceaselessly their way along,
Unmindful of the deep and varied song,
Are sullen warnings of the evil years,
That thwart each noble purpose; soon appears
A lofty resolution which displays
The courage that endureth over wrong.

Is life worth living? ask not thou, O soul,
The Lord shall answer thee from out the cloud,
With thunder and with lightnings proud:
What the most High hath cleansed thou shalt not call
Unclean, nor worthless think it, and condole
With thine own secret self;—thou shalt not fall
Into the shiny pit of error wide
But shall abide,
In purest virtue, waiting in the hall
Of youthful, anxious, fond ambition fain.
Live thou in hope, and banish old despair.
Lo! thus I seek the sacred source of joy,
Unwilling even sorrow to destroy.

HOW JESSIE'S FORTUNE CAME TRUE.

BY 'DALACHAR,' MONTREAL.

SOME years ago there lived in London a wealthy gentleman of the name of Innes, who was blest with a numerous family of sons and daughters. The son of a small landed proprietor in Scotland, who had ruined himself by unfortunate speculations, James Innes had, early in life, been thrown on his own resources, and joined the tide of Australian emigration seeking his fortune. He seemed to have been born under a lucky star, for he did not seek it long or in vain. Whatever he turned his hand to prospered. Gold accumulated in his coffers, flocks and herds on his pastures, until at length, satisfied with his gains, and being left a widower with a large family of children, he determined, partly for the sake of their education and partly from that love of country inherent in all Scottish natures, to turn his face homeward once more.

Being a man still in the prime of life, it is not to be wondered at that shortly after his return to the land of his birth he should have taken to himself a second wife, eminently fitted in every respect to take the head of his table, and be the chaperon of the four Misses Innes. Three of these young ladies were now residing in the paternal mansion. The eldest had been married some years previously, at the end of her first season. Of the three girls—Katharine, Harriet, and Jessie Innes—Katharine was the handsomest, and her father's favourite—tall and graceful in figure, complexion of a delicate pink and white, dark hair, and beautiful dark eyes. She made such a pleasant picture that none but the most critical could discover that her features were too large for actual beauty, though such was undoubtedly the case. Harriet was pale, thin, and clever; the very personification of neatness and precision in appearance and manner, and a wonderful contrast in every way to the pretty Katharine. Jessie was short, plump, and lively, brimming over with fun and good nature, which shone out in her merry brown eyes and the smiles that were always playing about her mouth. She was always getting into disgrace with her step-mother, who wished her to cultivate a more dignified and sedate manner, but to little purpose.

Mrs. Innes was busy writing letters one morning, towards the close of the London season, when her husband came into her room. 'My dear,' he said, 'I'm not at all satisfied about Katharine's cough; can nothing be done for it? It seems to me she has had this cold a very long time. Don't you think I had better ask Elsmere to see her?'

'I shall be very glad if you will,' was her reply. 'I am getting quite anxious about her, and, really, Dr. Clarke does not seem to understand her case, or his treatment would have produced some effect by this time.'

'Then I shall ask Elsmere to see her at once; I've no doubt he'll see if her illness is caused by town air and town hours, and order a move to the country, and in that case, I suppose, you won't object to an early flitting?' 'Certainly not,' said Mrs. Innes (who prided herself on her exemplary con-

duct as a step-mother), 'you know I am always ready to do my duty towards your children, even at a sacrifice to myself.'

The morning following this conversation, Dr. Elsmere's carriage drew up at the Innes's door, and Dr. Elsmere himself, a tall, grave, dignified man, was ushered into the drawing-room, to hear a long dissertation on symptoms from Mrs. Innes, before pronouncing on the patient's condition.

Katharine herself was highly indignant at the whole proceeding, declared there was nothing the matter with her but languor, consequent on the hot season, and over fatigue, and vowed, if he gave her any horrid doses, she wouldn't take them, no matter what mamma might say. Why could not they send her to the sea-side or to Scotland? 'All she wanted was a bracing climate, she was sure, and there was no need for all this fuss.' Dr. Elsmere, however, was of a different opinion, he sounded her chest, asked her a number of questions, looked very grave, and finally ended by recommending a long sea voyage and complete change of climate, as the only effectual means of arresting the development of that most terrible of all diseases—consumption.' The very name of such a thing, in connection with his darling daughter, was too much for Mr. Innes to contemplate. He would go anywhere Dr. Elsmere thought fit. Would the voyage to Australia be too long? No, then he would start at the shortest possible notice; he had long been thinking it would be advisable for him to see how his agent was managing his affairs there, and it would be just the very thing for Katharine to go out with him. Of course, Harriet would have to accompany her sister; it would never do for Hattie to be lonely; and Jessie was too much of a mad-cap to take care of anybody.

So it came about that no very long time after the physician's visit, Mr. Innes and his two elder daughters took passage in the good ship *John Williams*, not intending to return till the following year. Katharine was quite delighted with the remedy prescribed for her, and took great interest in all the preparations for the voyage, declaring she should come back a marvel of health and good looks. The only person not altogether pleased was Jessie, who looked forward to a year spent alone with her dignified step-mother as a stern necessity.

'You will not know me when you return, Hattie,' she plaintively remarked to her sister at parting. 'I shall have forgotten how to smile by that time, and be quite a good specimen of the victory of mind over matter. Mamma is always saying I can't have any mind, or I would not be so easily amused.'

'Well dear, you are not going to live like hermits all the time we're away. There are sure to be any number of visits in store for you, and I hope you are going to spend a great deal of time in writing us budgets of news: such a merry little soul as you are could never be dull for long.

Nevertheless, dull poor Jessie often was and driven, by her busy little brain, to all sorts of expedients by which to amuse herself—expedients which would have been quite horrifying to Mrs. Innes, had she been aware of them. But Jessie generally managed to take no one into her confidence but Morris, an old and trustworthy servant, who had been first nurse and then maid to her sisters and herself, and whom she could wheedle and coax into doing almost anything she wanted, often against that respectable person's better judgment. But Jessie knew her power, and Morris's remonstrances invariably ended with 'just this time Miss Jessie, I'll do it to please you, but don't ever ask me again. It's the very last time I'll have anything to do with such goings on; so, now, mind! What would Mrs. Innes say to me if she knew?'

One day an advertisement caught Jessie's eye, which greatly took her fancy. The advertiser professed to tell

the future destiny of any one sending a lock of hair, a description of him or herself, and a specimen of handwriting. Of course, this was not to be had for nothing, but the pecuniary consideration—half-a-crown—was trifling, compared to the satisfaction to be gained from learning what the future had in store.

'It's ridiculous, Morris,' said Jessie, when she had finished reading this aloud to Morris, who was brushing her hair, 'perfectly ridiculous, that you and I should be living in this state of uncertainty about our prospects, when for half-a-crown we might have the vexed question of married or single—to be or not to be—set at rest for ever. I am sure I should settle down and be all mamma could desire, if I only knew what was to be my ultimate fate. If it was a settled thing I was to marry a clergyman, I could save time and trouble by cultivating that affability of manner expected in a parson's wife, and studying up clothing clubs, parochial visiting, and all those sort of things. It seems to me it's a great pity we don't come into the world with labels instead of silver spoons in our mouths, then our parents could make their arrangements for our education accordingly.'

'What nonsense is this you're talking, Miss Jessie; to be sure you'll be married some day, but it's not the like of you that'll be marrying a clergyman, I hope.'

'That's just what I want to know, Morris; there could not be any harm, you know, in my writing what I am like to this person, so long as I am not vain enough to make the description too flattering. But just fancy mamma seeing a letter addressed to me in a strange hand, especially if it should be a man's! I fancy I see her looking at me in righteous horror.'

'The mistress would be very angry I'm sure, Miss; you'd best not think of such a thing, and after all, it's nothing but nonsense.'

'Well, Morris, that's just what I want to find out. I'll write, and then you will post the letter, you dear old soul, won't you? And the answer shall be addressed to you. Mamma could not object to your getting letters from any one you liked, could she?'

'Now, Miss Jessie, that is just like you; you will never be happy till you've got me into as much mischief as yourself, an old woman like me!'

'You shall have your fortune told, too, if you like, Morris, I am sure it will be a good one; but you know you must write for yourself.'

'No, indeed, Miss, I would not as much as put pen to paper; it's bad enough for me to post your letter, and I've a great mind not to do it.'

'Don't pretend to be cross,' said Jessie, laughing; 'you know you could not if you tried, and so go off to your sewing, while I prepare this momentous document.'

That very afternoon the precious packet was consigned to the post by Morris, who felt very guilty at aiding and abetting such nonsense, and not by any means sure that she was not throwing a good half-crown away. Two or three days passed, during which both Jessie and Morris were so occupied with long letters from the travellers, that they had little leisure to think of anything else. They had now been away nearly a year, and were to sail in a fortnight from the time they wrote.

'Why, they will be here almost directly, mamma,' said Jessie, 'how pleased I am! You did not expect them nearly so soon, did you?'

'No, my dear, but your father thinks there is no need for delay on Katharine's account—the dear child seems to have completely recovered her health, and so many people he knows are coming by this vessel, that he thought it would be pleasanter for your sisters to have a nice party on board. These are the reasons he gives me for his change of plans.'

'Then they may be here in a fort-

night. How delightful! I must run and tell Morris this minute.'

Jessie flew up stairs to communicate the news, and came upon Morris on the landing, looking very important indeed.

'I was looking for your Miss, will you be pleased to come into your room and see what I have here.'

'Not the answer to my letter, Morris? Then there is honesty in fortune tellers. I wonder am I really face to face with my destiny.'

Jessie broke the seal, and with a solemnity befitting such an important occasion, read the following epistle:—

'Madame,—I am happy to inform you that the stars smiled upon your birth.'

'Stuff and nonsense,' interrupted the practical Morris. 'Has he nothing better to say than that rubbish? Stars smile indeed!'

'Be quiet Morris, you are not to make remarks until I have finished.'

She continued, 'possessed of great energy of character and unbounded capacity for happiness—a long and prosperous life awaits you.' 'Already one comes over the water to ask you for his bride. In three months time you will be a happy wife, and bid adieu for years to your father's house; you will carry your happiness with you, of this rest assured—

ONE TO WHOM IT IS REVEALED.'

'Then Morris, you may make the most of me while I'm here; you see I am not going to trouble you much longer,' said Jessie, as she restored the letter to the envelope. 'Three months is very short notice, is it not? Hardly time for a reasonable engagement—let alone the preliminaries—such is fate!'

'Surely you don't believe such nonsense as that, Miss, stars smiling and such like. You should have listened to me, and not thrown away your money for nothing.'

'Don't come to rash conclusions, Morris, you shall tell me what you think of my Seer when the next three months are over; as for myself I reserve judgment—

'"Bide ye yet, bide ye yet,
Ye dinna ken what'll betide ye yet,"'

she hummed gaily to herself.

The following week Mr. Innes and his daughters arrived. They had made an excellent passage, and were delighted with the pleasant people they had met and travelled with, and with all they had done and seen during their long absence. Katharine had been a great favourite on board the *Kangaroo*, and declared that she was quite low spirited at saying good-bye to her fellow-voyagers. 'Indeed,' she affirmed to Jessie, 'I'm quite longing to see Mr. Vivian, and to talk over everybody and everything with him.'

'And pray who may Mr. Vivian be,' queried Jessie, 'and where do you expect to see him?'

'Why, here of course! Don't you know papa has invited him to visit us as soon as he comes to London. Bernard Vivian was the nicest of all our friends of the *Kangaroo;* papa took such a fancy to him. And that reminds me Jessie of a funny thing that happened, Harriet and I used to laugh about it. He took such a wonderful fancy to your photograph. Harriet showed it to him one day, when we were talking about home, and he gazed at it for a long time, and said you had such an interesting face, and asked all manner of questions about you. You would have been quite flattered could you have heard him. For my part, I think he will have very bad taste not to admire the original still more.'

'That's very pretty of you, Kate, but I think you are more likely to be the object of Mr. Vivian's admiration than poor little me.'

Jessie could not help thinking of this conversation that evening, as she sat over the fire in her own room, though she laughed at herself for doing so. She had thought very little

of the fortune that had been foretold for her, being too sensible a girl to have faith in anything of the kind; but now it recurred to her mind, that it certainly was odd, taken in connection with this incident of the photograph.

She began to feel quite interested in Bernard Vivian's coming, and to wonder what he would be like—good looking she hoped. She had a decided aversion to plain men. Then she wondered if she should tell Katharine about the letter, but decided it was too ridiculous to say anything about it—and finally went to bed to dream that she and Bernard Vivian were being photographed in a boat and that the waves rocked so that the operator could never get a good negative.

It was not very long before Mr. Innes announced to his wife that Bernard Vivian might be expected that evening. He was to arrive by an early train, and expected to be with them at dinner.

'Now, Jessie,' said Katharine, 'your admirer is really coming at last, so mind you wear your very prettiest dress to-night. I have set my heart on your making a good impression. Why, you little goose! I do believe you are actually blushing!'

'Then I'm blushing for your frivolity, Kate; you are quite ridiculous about this Mr. Vivian. Is there no other of your "Kangaroos" you could talk of for a change? I only dress to please myself, so I shall just appear as I usually do.'

And with a saucy toss of the head, Jessie sailed out of the room. Notwithstanding this assertion, she did take extraordinary pains with her toilet that evening—trying on half a dozen dresses before she fixed on a suitable one—narrowly escaped being late for dinner, and entered the drawing room feeling so horribly self-conscious that she heartily wished Katharine had kept the photograph episode to herself. At dinner she was placed opposite to Bernard Vivian, and had ample opportunity of observing what manner of man he was. On the whole, she decided his appearance was very prepossessing indeed—he might even be called handsome. He was about thirty years of age, or thereabouts; tall and broad shouldered, and had an exceedingly pleasant face; kind, honest, blue eyes, and a broad, intellectual forehead. During dinner he was too much occupied 'doing the agreeable' to his hostess and returning Katharine's playful badinage to pay much attention to Jessie; but later in the evening, when she went to the piano, he came to turn over her music for her, and she soon found herself talking to him with as much ease as if he had been a life-long friend. She said, afterwards, that he gave her the feeling that she had known him before; indeed, his very words, and the circumstances of their meeting, seemed familiar, as though this were but the revival of a former friendship.

In the days that followed, they were thrown much together. Bernard Vivian had been so long away from England that he was as eager for sight-seeing as the veriest provincial let loose in London for the first time. So there were parties to the galleries, and the opera, and theatre, in all of which Bernard contrived to be at Jessie's side. And then there were long after-dinner chats in the music room, which somehow nobody interrupted, and thus Vivian's visit wore away until the very last evening had arrived. Mrs. Innes and her elder daughters had settled themselves comfortably by the drawing room fire, but Jessie, deaf to all invitations to join them, retreated to the other end of the room, and began listlessly to turn over the leaves of an album. Presently the gentlemen came in from the dining room, and in a few minutes more Jessie saw Bernard Vivian making his way towards her.

'Have you anything very interesting there?' he said, sitting down by her side with the familiarity of old ac-

quaintanceship. 'Ah! I know that book; Miss Harriet's, is it not?'

'Yes, I was just looking at these Australian photographs, how beautifully they are taken! So much better than our English ones.'

'Are they?' he said. 'Yes, I think I have remarked them, but I should like, if you will allow me, to show you an English one that, I think, is there, and to tell you of a resolve I made when I saw it.'

'A resolve,' she echoed, laughing. 'You excite my curiosity. I hope it was a good one.'

'I will leave you to be the judge of that, Miss Jessie. It was your own portrait that inspired my resolve. When I first saw your face in your sister's album I made up my mind there and then, that if ever I reached England in safety I would try and win you for my wife. I can hardly hope I have done that yet, Jessie. I know I have been premature in speaking, but I could not go away to-morrow without doing so; that must be my plea for forgiveness. Tell me that you will at least take time to consider your answer.'

'No,' she said, faintly, turning away her blushing face.

'No,' he said, sorrowfully. 'Is that your answer.'

'No. I'd—I'd rather answer now.'

'Then you will give me some hope,' he said eagerly. 'You think you can love me?'

'Yes,' she replied demurely. 'I think—I do love you—just a little, but I am quite sure I should never have fallen in love with your photograph.'

Thus, by a curious coincidence Jessie Innes' fortune came true almost as it was foretold. Bernard Vivian's home was in Australia, and as his stay in England was limited, the wedding day, though deferred as long as possible, came within three months from the time of their engagement. Jessie spent one more happy Christmas in the home of her girlhood, and then she and Bernard were married in the most orthodox manner, and shortly afterwards sailed for their Australian home. Morris is now as credulous as she was formerly incredulous, and is very fond of telling HOW MISS JESSIE'S FORTUNE CAME TRUE.

A FRIEND.

FRIEND let me call you—may I? Friend to me:
And like a casket let that wide word be,
Wherein, perchance, some costlier treasure lies—
Wherein we hide, in clouds of close eclipse,
The faltering few things known to lips and lips—
The many mute things known to eyes and eyes!

—*From 'Poems by Wm. H. Mallock.*

MORALITY AND RELIGION AGAIN.—A WORD WITH MY CRITICS.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

IT was neither to be desired nor expected that the articles which appeared in the January and February numbers of this magazine should pass without reply; and I am glad to find that two writers of recognized ability and earnestness have undertaken to maintain, in opposition to the naturalistic views set forth in those articles, that the Christian religion, considered as a supernatural revelation, is necessary to the moral life of the world. Their arguments may be more convincing to others than they are to me; but, whether convincing or not, they will help to stimulate thought upon an exceedingly important subject, and perhaps guide to an opinion some who rightly declined to allow themselves to be too much influenced by what was said on one side only of the controversy. My own hope is, that the arguments on both sides will be carefully weighed, and that the main question at issue may be kept in view, rather than any secondary or subordinate questions. I ask nothing more for what I have advanced than the most dispassionate consideration. To receive theological doctrines, a specially submissive frame of mind—so at least we are always told — is necessary; and, of course, where such a frame of mind can be commanded, it matters little what doctrines are presented, as their success is assured beforehand. The advocate of a naturalistic philosophy or morality imposes no such condition; he is amply content with simple candour and honesty of mind. His appeal is to nature, to human experience, to the rules of every-day logic, and if the appeal is not sustained, he is discomfited; his case cannot be saved by any subtleties of interpretation, or by any masterly strategy in argument. Knowing the conditions of the controversy, I have endeavoured to express myself with simplicity, and I trust that my meaning has been perfectly clear to every reader. Let my plea for naturalism in morals fail, if it must, but let it at least be understood.

It does not seem to me that I have been met in quite the same spirit as that in which I myself approached the discussion of the questions at issue. My position was well-defined and offered a very distinct mark for attack. My opponents, on the contrary, seem to me to take up no distinct position, but merely to hover on the borders of the old orthodoxy. They maintain, in a general way, that 'religion,' by which we are to understand Christianity, is, to quote the words of one of them, 'the very source and well-spring of moral life;' but what are the articles of the religion they have in view, they are careful not to say. 'Fidelis' makes a point of stating, that by religion he does not mean theology. The first he defines as 'the active principle which binds the soul to God: which leads it to look up to Him with love and reverence, and to draw a portion of His life into its own.' The second is, 'what men have believed, or thought, or fancied about God.' But it is absolutely necessary to believe, think, or fancy something about God, before one can love or reverence Him; so how theo-

logy is going to be left out of the account it is hard to see. The difficulty is, that many theologies have been immoral and debasing in an extreme degree; but with such a theology how can there be such a religion as is described? The thing is impossible, and we may safely say that 'the active principle' above referred to as something universal in its operation, is very far indeed from being so, but is, on the contrary, the rare product of special circumstances. 'Fidelis' admits, or seems to admit, that morality has an independent basis of its own, and repudiates the idea that it is the creation of religion, yet tells us a little further on, in words already quoted, that religion is its 'very source and well-spring.' To enable us to understand this a little better, we are told that 'morality, in its larger sense, includes religion.' I confess to having felt a little bewildered when I got to this point, but that, no doubt, was due to the radical incapacity for higher views which the writer now in question so plainly discovers in me.

I fail to see how the arguments which 'Fidelis' successively unfolds touch or invalidate my position. 'Love to a person is the very strongest motive-power which can be applied to human nature.' To this I reply that the expression is inaccurate; 'love to a person' is not a power that can be *applied to* human nature. We think, as we read this, of a water-power that can be turned on or shut off at will; or of steam waiting to be let into the cylinder of an engine. In either case, the power exists prior to its application; whereas, how can 'love to a person' exist before it is felt, or before it moves to action? There is nothing in the naturalistic theory of morals to prevent those who hold it from doing justice to the power of love, since love is a recognised element of human nature, the progressive development and purification of which is, to a certain extent, a matter of history. All, therefore, that 'Fidelis' has so well said in praise of love may be adopted in full by the follower of Herbert Spencer, who can produce from the natural history of humanity many examples of the predominance of secondary over primary feelings and instincts. Love, indeed, is not more strikingly exhibited by the human race than by many of the lower animals. The hen who faces the hawk in defence of her chickens; the cat who flies right in the face of a powerful dog to drive him away from her kittens, goes as directly counter to the primary instinct of self-preservation as the man who lays down his life for his country.

'Fidelis' makes an extraordinary statement when he says that 'we live in a world where the need of God has *always* been one of the most urgent needs of humanity, and the thought of God its strongest controlling power.' There is, it seems to me, a singular lack of sobriety in such language, suggesting an unchecked sentimentalism of a somewhat conventional kind. In the most favoured nations of Christendom we see nothing to justify what is here asserted; and what shall we say of ruder races in more primitive times, or of the barbarous and savage communities that still overspread so large a portion of the earth's surface? What practical man, conversant with the ways of the world, really believes that, speaking generally, conscience, unaided by human law and unsupported by public opinion, is 'the strongest controlling power' in modern society? The fact is we all know and feel how feeble and uncertain a thing conscience is when unsustained by external influences; and we consequently surround morality with all the safeguards and sanctions that we can devise. I should be the last to deny that 'the thought of God' is with many a very powerful influence, and that in some it dominates the whole moral life; but what I contend is that the development of morality follows its own course, and that whatever is healthful

in any morality that is strongly tinged by theology is of natural and human origin. In theological morality—if the expression may be used—there is often much that is not beautiful, but morbid, if not vicious; but show me a natural, disinterested love to man, and it will not be difficult to prove that it is in no wise dependent on theological belief, or on any extra-mundane considerations. The interest taken by a person of but moderate natural sympathies in one whom he believes to be in danger (as the plain-spoken New Testament has it) of hell-fire, may appear to be very great, but it is no true indication of the man's own moral state, but simply of the strength of the stimulus that has been applied to certain emotions. A man very lethargic ordinarily may display great energy if he has a chance of saving a neighbour's life; but a display of energy under such peculiar circumstances does not fix our estimate of the man. There is in the world a class of what may be called religious busy-bodies—people who, without being endued, so far as anyone can see, with exceptional benevolence or overflowing humanity, are continually working out their own salvation in some form or other of quasi-benevolent activity. That, in their rounds, they relieve some wants and do some good, no one need wish to deny; but if we try to ascertain what is essential in their characters, we do not find much to contemplate with delight. Are they quick of sympathy where no religious interest is to be subserved? Not particularly. Are they remarkable for candour and fair dealing? So, so. Is their interest very great in all that elevates humanity, apart from their own little schemes? By no means. Have they the charity that believeth and hopeth all things, and that they can cast as a mantle round even the sceptic who places his own moderate estimate on their labours? No, that is asking too much. Are they people whom it gladdens you to meet, and in whose whole lives the power of a faith that overcomes the world is clearly visible? No, it does you but little good to meet them, and instead of faith you more often see suspicions and timorousness. Let no one assert, or suppose, that I mean these remarks to apply to *all* who engage in Christian work; I only wish to maintain that much activity that is pointed to as a proof of what religion will prompt men to, is intrinsically of much less value than it seems. Let me illustrate. Years ago I had a bosom friend who, though verging towards 'liberalism' in his opinions, was an active and much esteemed member of a Young Men's Christian Association. My friend died rather suddenly, and I left my home in another city to attend his funeral. His comrades of the Y. M. C. A. had charge of the arrangements, and after the burial I drove home with a cab-full of them—a distance of some two or three miles. During nearly the whole drive their conversation consisted of the most idle 'chaff,' and evidently they had no appetite for anything else. They were strangers to me at the time—except that I was introduced to them—and have remained so since; and I even forget their names, for this was fourteen years ago. But the impression made upon my mind was very lasting. These young men, I said, conduct cottage prayer-meetings and distribute tracts; but their own natures have not been elevated, they even lack the dignity of moral seriousness.

'Fidelis' seems to forget that the New Testament represents love to God as secondary to love to man. 'He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' When love to God supervenes as the perfect fruit and final expression of love to man, it no doubt lends a lofty ideality to all the moral sentiments, and marks the point to which all moral effort should tend; but in love to God thus conceived there is nothing that conflicts

with the purest naturalism. What does St. Paul himself say? 'Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.' When that which is spiritual follows that which is natural in due order, it is truly a development of the natural; when it precedes, there is more or less of morbid and distorted growth. Heavenly affections grafted on a poor nature have made the bigots, the persecutors, the formalists, and the Tartuffes of every generation.

I regret that my opponent should find my statement of the doctrine of Justification so 'curiously crude and incorrect.' Alas! many ideas that were good enough for our simple forefathers, who really *did* believe their Bibles, are 'curiously crude and incorrect' in these refining days. J. A. Bengel was a respectable commentator in his day, and by some is accounted so still, to judge by the fine edition of his 'Gnomon' produced by two American scholars not so very many years ago. He says expressly that the act of justification, as the term is used by Paul, 'chiefly consists in the remission of sins;' and that James uses the word in very much the same sense. When Paul says that 'by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified,' Bengel observes that the word 'justified' 'obviously bears its judicial meaning,' which is precisely what I ventured, in my January article, to suggest. A wider sense, Bengel points out, is at times given to the word; but Paul, he distinctly says, always uses it in the narrower judicial sense 'whenever he treats of God as justifying the sinner by faith.' Now, as it happens, the passage quoted by G. A. M., which gave rise to my reference to the doctrine of Justification, is a palmary instance of the use of the word 'justification' in connection with faith. Theology may indeed claim to rank as a progressive science when that which was esteemed soundest in exegesis not so long ago, is now denounced as 'crude and incorrect.' Before quitting this point, let me just mention the light which Bengel throws on the phrase which I confessed my inability to understand, 'raised again for our justification.' He says that faith (which leads to justification) flows from Christ's resurrection, because 'the ground of our belief in God is, that he raised Jesus Christ from the dead.' Accordingly, if Christ had not been raised from the dead, we could have had no faith in God, and consequently no justification. I wonder if this also is crude and incorrect. Probably.

It seems that I have been unfortunate, too, in my reference to the Mosaic code, which I am accused of having 'most unfairly aspersed.' The unprejudiced reader of my article, however, will find that I did not 'asperse' the code at all, fairly or unfairly, but simply pointed out that in a priest-given code, formal sins, such as the breaking of the Sabbath, were apt to be treated with much greater severity than essential sins, such as cruelty to the helpless. And I think the instance I cited proved my point. 'Fidelis,' with an ingenuity which would win honours in a court of law, asks: 'Is it likely that any code would, &c., &c.?' and 'Is it not more reasonable to suppose, &c., &c.?' but really such fine weighing of probabilities in a simple matter of this kind, is wholly superfluous; especially as the question at issue is not as to the value of the 'code' compared with other codes, but as to the influence of theology on the code. That must be estimated, not by probabilities, but by facts.

As I pass from point to point in my critic's article, I encounter so many evidences of prejudice and passion, that it seems a hopeless task to try to put in a right light all the points that (with, of course, the best intentions in the world) he has put in a wrong. To take, however, one more instance: 'Fidelis' says that I favoured the readers of the MONTHLY 'with a sketch of "the so-called pious," which

is certainly not flattering.' From this, any one would conclude, what is not the case, that I embraced all 'the so-called pious' in my sketch. These were my words: 'Paradoxical as it may seem, what is called "worldliness" is a vice prevailing chiefly among the so-called pious.' Far from saying that all the pious were worldly, I plainly hinted that some of the worldly did not fall within the class of the so-called pious. And why did I say 'so-called?' From a motive which 'Fidelis' ought to respect; because, if I had not, my sentence would have read—'worldliness is a vice prevailing chiefly among the pious'—thus casting a stigma upon a word which I much prefer to treat with respect. In my opinion, worldly people, as I have described them, are *not* pious; but many of them put on an outward appearance of piety, and deceive themselves into the belief that their attention to forms and ceremonies is a very meritorious thing. But not only does 'Fidelis' do me this great injustice, but he aggravates it by saying that I represent the worldliness I describe, as 'a specimen of the fruits of Christianity.' For this charge there is no semblance of evidence whatever. A perfervid zeal for a cause much higher than that of 'cauld morality,' is answerable for what I have no doubt was, on the part of the writer, a momentary illusion.

Lastly, I am confronted with the miseries of this present life. How is natural morality going to deal with them? Let me ask, how does orthodox theology deal with them? The most miserable, speaking generally, in this life, are the most vicious; and what are *their* prospects in the life beyond the grave? What are the prospects of the mass of humanity? In the good old times, when, as I said before, people really did believe their Bibles, no doubt whatever was felt that eternal burning would be the fate of the majority of mankind. Christ himself had said that there were but few who found the path of life, the many taking the road of destruction. Then as to those who are destined for eternal bliss, are they so miserable here as to need a compensation hereafter? Far from it; the best will tell you that they have found right-doing its own exceeding great reward. 'The air is full of the sound of human weeping, blended with the inarticulate wail of the animal creation.' What is going to be done for the lower animals in a better world we are not informed; but as to the human weeping, it is largely an evidence of past human happiness. Who is there who would escape from sorrow by surrendering love? The heart everywhere responds to the poet's sentiment that

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.'

The ordinary theology, therefore, simply makes the situation worse as regards the miseries of life, seeing that it proposes not only to perpetuate but to aggravate the great mass of misery, and to bestow its highest consolations where consolation is least needed. Natural morality, on the other hand, deals with the miseries of life by looking at them, and trying to understand them, with a view to removing them. It does not treat sickness or insanity or accidents as dispensations of Providence, to be warded off or remedied by fasting and humiliation, but as evils springing from specific and essentially preventible causes. It does not trace the breaking down of the Tay Bridge to Divine displeasure at Sunday travel, but to defects in the construction of the bridge. It does not profess to be able summarily to annihilate evil; but at least it does not erect the eternity of evil, in its most absolute form, into a dogma, and crush with denunciation any tender soul who may wish to be allowed to cherish a feeble, flickering hope that there may be some far-off cessation to the agonies of the innumerable 'wicked.' It is very significant to observe how readily such writers as 'Fidelis' assume the necessary perpetuity of evil in this world. They

do so because they have the mental habit of making this world a kind of foil to the next. Having such a huge capital of happiness to draw upon in the hereafter, they can afford to keep this world very poor. 'How is it going to help,' I am asked, 'this mass of wretched and forlorn humanity to be told that, after an infinite number of successive generations have lived and suffered and gone out in darkness, this world may possibly become a more comfortable caravanserai for future equally transitory beings?' I really wonder that any one who knows how widely diffused happiness is in the world, how much more there is of laughter than of weeping, how exceptional, upon the whole, are moments of pain, and how salutary pain is in warning us against dangers to our physical organization;—I wonder, I say, that any one who knows these things—and who does not?—should speak of 'this mass of wretched and forlorn humanity,' and explain, as I understand this writer to do, that this 'mass' includes nine-tenths of the race. There is something, from my point of view, to cause indignation in such an aspersion of the condition of things on the earth. As if singularly to confirm a statement made in my January article, that 'anacreontic tastes and habits' have not a little to do with a despairing estimate of this life, it is from the poet Burns that 'Fidelis' borrows the phrase 'wretched and forlorn.' Burns had his own hours of wretchedness; and thousands who have shared his faults have had their hours of wretchedness, but not of such a nature as to give them any very valid claim for compensating bliss hereafter. As if Burns, however, was not enough to point a moral, 'Fidelis,' who, Balaam-like, seems compelled to do my argument more good than harm, gives us a stave from an Eastern sensualist and cynic, who tells us, with no doubt great truth as regards his own experience, that

'Yesterday this day's madness did prepare.'

Precisely; if he had not made a fool of himself yesterday, he would not have been a lunatic to-day; and would not have called upon all the world to drink itself dead drunk because men cannot tell whence they come or whither they go.

As I read the conclusion of 'Fidelis's article, I cannot but feel that there is some sad misunderstanding upon his part of my true position. When I find myself represented as having maintained that 'to lose Christ, and life, and immortality, is to lose nothing material from our moral life,' I ask myself, when and where did I so much as speak of losing Christ, and life, and immortality? I could not, indeed, so much as explain with any confidence what my opponent means by 'losing Christ,' nor could I attempt to say in what sense the word 'life' is here used. The last thing I should desire would be to deprive any one of the finer and purer elements of their moral life. I only ask for harmony and regularity of development. Let the flower be what it may, so long as it is truly a flower,—truly an evidence—of the vigorous vitality of the moral nature. I could not possibly bring myself to quarrel with anyone for the ideas or imaginations or beliefs which he associated with his highest moral sentiments. I may, for my own part, find all creeds and liturgies a mere embarrassment, but I have no fault to find with those who clothe their best thoughts and aspirations in the language of creeds and liturgies. It is when the natural order of things is inverted, and consequent moral confusion is threatened, that I enter a protest. If 'Fidelis' only understood this thoroughly, he would be more patient with me, and would not accuse me of doing so many things that I never did, and never thought of doing. Let me say finally, before turning to the paper of my other opponent, that I am not in the least moved by the 'frank confession' of the Agnostic who is brought forward to show me what I

ought to say, and how I *ought* to feel, holding the opinions I am reported to hold. I fail to see that the Agnostic in question has any right to bind others to his way of thinking; and I take the liberty, for my own part, of differing from him and his 'terrific oracles' *in toto.*

In turning to the Rev. W. F. Stevenson's paper, 'Morality and the Gospel,' I must acknowledge, at the outset, the kind terms in which he more than once refers to me in the course of his argument. He denounces me, indeed, very strongly in one place, but, upon the whole, I feel that I am not as great a criminal or as sinister a character in his opinion as in that of 'Fidelis.' Perhaps, therefore, there is more chance of our ending by understanding one another. I meet, however, at the outset, in his paper, statements scarcely less extravagant than those of his companion-in-arms. He says: 'This, at least, is true, that the doctrine [of the Cross] came to a very corrupt world and acted "like a charm" in changing it.' What real truth is there in this? Why, nearly two thousand years of the 'Gospel dispensation' have gone by and the charm is still to work. What were the morals of Constantinople centuries after the introduction of Christianity? What were the morals of the Middle Ages? What did Christianity degenerate into in the East generally? Mr. Stevenson says: 'Look into Juvenal's satires' and then look at the early Church. Well, we can look at the Church, and we can also look at such a character as Marcus Aurelius, who was not of the Church. Then, if we want to find, after long centuries of Christian teaching and charm-working, the foulest pages that perhaps were ever written, we shall find them in the writings of Rabelais, the parish priest; if we want to find prurience cultivated as an art, we shall find it in the works of the *Rev.* Laurence Sterne; if we want to find unmitigated nastiness, we have only to make a companion of a certain *Very* Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's. One may turn from Plautus to Fielding, and not be conscious that anything in the interval has acted 'like a charm.' Let me quote, on this subject, an authority who is entitled to speak with some weight. 'It is indeed by no means clear,' says Dr. Newman, 'that Christianity has at any time been of any great spiritual advantage to the world at large. The general temper of mankind, taking man individually, is, what it ever was, restless and discontented, or sensual, or unbelieving. In barbarous times, indeed, the influence of the Church was successful in effecting far greater social order and external decency of conduct than are known in heathen countries; and at all times it will abash and check excesses which conscience itself condemns. But it has ever been a restraint on the world rather than a guide to personal virtue and perfection on a large scale; its fruits are negative.

'True it is that in the more advanced periods of society a greater innocence and probity of conduct and courtesy of manners will prevail; but these, though they have sometimes been accounted illustrations of peculiar Christian character, *have in fact no necessary connection with it.* For why should they not be referred to that mere advancement of civilization and education of the intellect which is surely competent to produce them. . . . And if this be the case, do we not compromise the dignity of Christianity by anxiously referring unbelievers to the effects of the Gospel of Jesus in the world at large, as if a sufficient proof of its divine origin, when the same effects, to all appearance, are the result of principles which do not "spring from the grace of Christ and the inspiration of His Spirit?" . . . Let it be assumed, then, as not needing proof, that the freedom of thought, enlightened equitableness and amiableness which are

the offspring of civilization, differ far more even than the piety of form or of emotion from the Christian spirit, as being "not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ, yea, rather, doubtless, having the nature of sin."' *

This is a long quotation, but serviceable, I think, as a corrective to such loose statements as the one we have been considering, viz., that 'Christianity came into a very corrupt world and acted "like a charm" in changing it.' It furnishes an answer, too, to those numerous partizans of the current theology who attribute all the conveniences and improvements of modern life to Christianity. Dr. Newman makes a present to the world of 'freedom of thought and enlightened equitableness and amiableness,' as being of its own native growth. In one of his poems, as I pointed out in my January article, he hands over to us, in the same just and liberal spirit, 'peace, chastised desires, good-will, and mercy.' His concessions remind one of the 'few acres of snow' ceded by Louis XV. to England. Upon those few acres a great community has arisen, and a mighty nation may yet establish itself. So, upon the fragments of natural virtue thrown to us by Dr. Newman, the happiness of the human race may well be built. He concedes, in fact, all that the naturalistic school cares to claim, and if there be any higher forms of virtue than those he names, they will not be lacking in their due time and place.

It would be hard for any one to blunder more inexcusably than my reverend critic has done in the following sentence: 'We are told that an appeal to man's interest is "not right," and even "flagrantly wrong," from which it seems to follow that the utilitarian morality must be a very wicked thing, since it is an appeal to man's interest from first to last.' I never said anything like what is here imputed to me. I said that 'to try and *influence belief* by an appeal to men's interests is not right,' a position which in no way conflicts with the utilitarian theory of morals. We all know that where a man's interests are touched, it is hard to get him to judge righteous judgment, or to decide simply according to the evidence; and therefore, where we want an unperverted intellectual activity, we should as much as possible keep interests out of sight. On the other hand, in practical matters, an appeal to interests is always in place. All this is very simple, and how an acute writer, like the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, comes to misquote me so badly, with such confusing results, is hard to understand. I think, however, that, under the circumstances, I am entitled to suggest to my critic for his future guidance the following rule: When your understanding of any writer, with whom it is worth while to hold controversy, leads to some very ridiculous conclusion, look back and see if you have not *mis*understood, and haply misquoted, him.

I am next represented as having maintained that 'there is no connection between the principles of morals and what is called "religion."' This again is inaccurate. In my February article (page 166), I allowed an important place to religions, in the moulding both of societies and of individuals; but what I specifically disputed in my January article was, that 'any particular theological doctrine is now, or has heretofore been,' necessary to such moral life as is implied in the integration and permanence of societies; the writer whom I first criticized having stated that 'the doctrine of the Cross' was necessary to keep the world from becoming 'altogethey corrupt.' My present critic summons me to say whether 'the facts and principles revealed in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, have no connection with human goodness.' The question is such an enormous one that there is no getting far enough from it to

* 'Oxford University Sermons,' page 40, *seq.*

take it all in. Let any one for a moment think what an incongruous mass he will have before him if he tries to take 'the facts and principles' out of the Bible, in order to ascertain whether they have any connection with human goodness. The task, however, is unnecessary, for everything which is capable of influencing conduct at all, for good or bad, has some connection with goodness. The Thoughts of Pascal, and Byron's Don Juan, both have some connection with goodness; but what of that? If Mr. Stevenson really wants a definite answer, he must come a little closer to the point.

My critic does well, however, in laying down some definite, or seemingly definite, propositions of his own in relation to the question at issue. Morality, he says, is indebted to 'the Gospel' for three things: a basis, a type, and an impulse. Good; but how about the races that lived and died before there was a gospel? How about those now living who never heard of it? How about that increasing portion of the modern civilised world which has thrown over the whole miraculous element in the Gospel? There were brave men before Agammenon, and there were virtuous men before the Apostles. All that Mr. Stevenson can, with any show of justice, claim for the Gospel, is, that it has aided the cause of morality, brought higher moral conquests within reach of the human race. Let us, however, consider more closely the points he makes.

1. The Gospel supplies 'an unchangeable basis for the sense of obligation,' by tracing back our moral impulses 'to the character of the First Cause.' Alas! this will not do. '*Our* moral impulses'—whose? Does the Gospel trace back all the moral impulses that have ever swayed the heart of man to the character of the First Cause? It was a moral impulse that led Paul to aid in the stoning of Stephen—so at least he tells us; and a terrible page of history might be filled with the record of what has been done under moral impulses. But possibly Mr. Stevenson means, by moral impulses, *absolutely right impulses.* The question then arises, which are our absolutely right impulses? Who knows? All we can be certain of is, that it is right to wish to do right. In other words, we may, even when in doubt what course to take, feel sure that there is a right course if we only knew it. Now, that unknown right course—what is it? Some arbitrary and, to mortals, unintelligible *placitum* of the First Cause, or some course having a definite relation to the interests of those beings whom our action will affect? If the former, we can never arrive at it except by special revelation; and, having arrived at it in that way, can only follow it out blindly. If the latter, and if, on account of its relation to the happiness of animate beings, it is approved by the First Cause, then why not by us, as the result of an act of direct perception. In other words, if we suppose actions to have intrinsic qualities which commend them to the Divine Being, and cause Him to enjoin them upon us, why, if we can ourselves perceive those qualities, can we not enjoin them upon ourselves? *If we know the reason why an act is right in the Divine sight, we surely should feel* its rightness ourselves by a spontaneous act of moral judgment. If, on the other hand, we merely obey the supposed mandates of Power, delivered to us by priests or written in a book, all morality is at an end. If Mr. Stevenson will therefore only look a little closer, he will see that the only unchangeable basis for morality lies in the relations of conduct to results.

2. The Gospel contributes to morals a type of character. If by 'the Gospel' is meant any system whatever of doctrines in regard to Jesus Christ, then I challenge the statement that we are indebted to the Gospel for the type of character referred to. If the New Testament simply is meant, then I readily acknowledge that it unfolds a character of unique beauty and

grandeur, and one that has greatly influenced the moral history of the race. This is an historical truth which, I trust, I have never shown any disposition to dispute. To grant this does not in the least invalidate the position of those who believe in the natural origin and development of morality, any more than it invalidates the science of language to admit that the Greek language in particular enshrined a literature of inestimable value. My critic uses strong expressions at this point of his argument. He characterizes my statement that 'the ordinary duties and charities of life have owed but little to religion,' as 'utterly untrue,' and avers that 'the charities are the outgrowth of the Gospel almost exclusively.' Let him then go back with me to the early years of the 17th century, when the Recollet Fathers were doing a noble work in trying to Christianize the North American Indians. Let him take up the history written by that good, simple soul, if ever there was one, Gabriel Sagard Théodat, and learn from him whether 'charities' spring almost exclusively from the Gospel. 'I do not know,' says the good father, 'what you may think of it, but I have received so many kindnesses from them (the Indians) that I would rather travel round the world with them than with many Christians, and even ecclesiastics.' 'Do them little favours,' he says elsewhere, 'and you will receive far more than an equivalent.' Again, referring to very difficult circumstances in which he was placed, he says: 'I could only find consolation in God and in the humanity of my savages, which was plainly shown in the compassion they had for me, and the assistance they afforded me. What it was in their power to do was not much, but their good-will pleased me greatly, and encouraged me to have patience, a virtue, indeed, which I learnt better from them than I had done in the school of the world; so that I can say with truth that I found more good in them than I had ever imagined before. They all show humanity towards those who are not their enemies, whether strangers or others.' Again: 'Would to God that they were converted; but yet I fear greatly that if they became Christians they would lose their simplicity and repose—not because the law of God involves such a necessity, but because the corruption that has crept into the Christian world communicates itself easily to these converted barbarians.' The good father wanted to convert them, yet was almost afraid that, Christianized, they would degenerate. He tells us again how much delicacy of feeling these poor savages showed in never criticising any feast to which they were invited, always taking for granted that their entertainer and his cook had done their best. 'Without flattery,' he says, 'it must be acknowledged that the Hurons have something in them more commendable than we have ourselves, and that *if they were Christians they would be better Christians than we.*' There are many more passages that I could quote showing how far advanced these poor Indians were in a knowledge and observance of the 'ordinary duties and charities of life,' while there is not a word to show that any religious notions they entertained affected them at all in their relations with one another. Their religion consisted chiefly in a belief in evil spirits, and an extraordinary faith in dreams. Where a religion is firmly established, people are apt to attribute too much to its influence. There are foolish people living now who think they could not possibly be honest, truthful, or kind but for their theological beliefs. They have little idea how impossible it would be for them, in a world constituted like ours, to discard these virtues totally without the most serious inconvenience to themselves; and little idea, too, how much of the stimulus to right action comes from the approval of their neighbours.

3. The third thing supplied to morals

by the Gospel is an impulse. Well, taking the Gospel to mean the narrative of the life of Jesus Christ, I should be the last to deny that it supplies an impulse. We cannot hear of any noble life without being the better for it; and in the Gospel we hear of the noblest life of all. At the same time, the impulse communicated to many minds by the Gospel narrative, as commonly presented, is not of a wholly satisfactory character. Emotional people, hearing the Gospel story, are apt to imagine that they can overleap all bounds and intervals by the power of faith; and their failure to make good their high professions brings scandal on the cause of religion. Virtue is safer when it does not aim so high, or at least when it takes a more reasonable survey of the difficulties it is likely to encounter. The impulse, too, is of a doubtful character, in so far as it disguises the essentially human foundations of morality, and in so far as it substitutes personal loyalty to Christ for loyalty to mankind. 'The love of Christ constraineth us,' seems to Mr. Stevenson a talisman of inestimable virtue. Well, if man cannot love his fellow-man without first loving Christ, let him by all means begin by loving Christ. But why, if love is possible to us at all, should we not say, 'The love of man constraineth us'?

I must pass over a 'dilemma' which my critic constructs for me, with the simple remark that there is nothing whatever in it. It would be easy to show how it fails to hold, but space is becoming precious and the point is of trifling importance. When it is said that in my articles may be noted 'an undertone of willingness to be satisfied with small mercies in a moral point of view,' or in other words, that I discourage what, in an article published a couple of years ago, I myself called 'idealism in life,' I can only reply that my critic has not taken the trouble to understand my meaning. 'The idealist is naturally distressed,' I said, 'at the thought of failure in the realisation of his ideal; but is it right for him to say that *all* is lost because *his* dream is not fulfilled?' If the Rev. Mr. Stevenson had only kept in view, as I think he might have done, the thesis against which I was arguing, viz., that 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross can alone keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt,' he would have been saved from some misapprehensions and some waste of effort.

There is a tone in my critic's article—not an *under*tone either—of jaunty confidence more suited, if I may venture the opinion, to the tea-meeting platform than to the literary arena. I doubt whether he was called upon to express his wonder as to where I go to church, or whether I go at all. It is enough to prove my statements wrong (if that can be done), without discussing my personal practice. The statement, in my February article, which suggested these distressing doubts as to my use of 'the means of grace,' is one which I have no hesitation in repeating, namely, that the pulpits of the land are emphatic in proclaiming the havoc that scepticism is making in society. And what is the specific statement which my jubilant opponent opposes to this—that the pulpit but rarely refers to the advance of scepticism? no, nothing so satisfactory as that, but this: 'that the great majority of thoughtful and intelligent Christian people, while conscious of more or less difficulty in adjusting the different aspects of their thinking [mark the happy definiteness of the language] so as to form a consistent whole, are possessed with a firm and unalterable faith that the main truths of the Gospel, as gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ, will stand every strain, and finally rise into universal acceptance.'* These intelligent people then are con-

* I have ventured to mark the whole of this as a quotation, for convenience' sake, though the order of the words in the beginning has been slightly altered.

scious of a 'strain' upon the doctrines they hold, or profess to hold; and what is their confidence? 'That the main truths of the Gospel, as gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ,' will stand that and every strain. But, in the name of honesty, what do these words mean? Anything or nothing? They might be used in the interest of the severest orthodoxy, or the vaguest latitudinarianism. The *truths* of the Gospel, or of anything else, for that matter, will, of course, stand every strain; and how these truths are affected by being 'gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ,' no living soul could say without having direct access to the mind of the writer; and even then I am not sure but that the task would be found impossible. Mr. Stevenson, no doubt, could speak more plainly if he tried; he could tell us whether by 'the truths of the Gospel' he meant the doctrines of the evangelical religion, or whether his theology limits itself to a belief in Christ as the moral upraiser of mankind.

It is hard to understand how professional—what shall we call it?—complacency could so run away with a man of Mr. Stevenson's intelligence as to lead him to ask, in his most triumphant (and least seemly) tone, what I know of Biblical research apart from what Christian divines have taught me. Let me humbly answer that what I know altogether is not much, but I have had the *opportunity* of learning from Strauss and F. C. Baur, from Kuenen and Keim, from Rénan and Schérer and Michel Nicholas, from Francis Newman and Greg, from Chief-Justice Hanson, from R. W. Mackay, from the author of 'Supernatural Religion.' These and many other names of Biblical critics, who have not been Christian divines, must be as well known to my opponent as to me; but the 'divines' loom so large in the field of his vision as to shut the others completely out. Some strong language on my part might not be unnatural here, but I forbear. Let the reader make his comments.

Apparently, my meaning was quite misunderstood when I said that a sign of the prevailing weakness of belief was, that it was accounted dangerous to so much as touch the text of the Bible, even with the view of rendering it more correct. What I referred to was the dread expressed in many quarters as to the probable effect of undertaking a new translation of the Bible. There was a pressing need for the thing to be done; and yet many good people have felt, and still feel, a nervous dread lest alterations of phraseology might impair the traditional authority of the text, and suggest doubts where they were never suggested before. My critic apparently understood me to mean that men were afraid now-a-days to examine the text in the light of a critical scholarship, an idea which he says, in his mild manner, is 'only not outrageously offensive, because it is so infinitely ludicrous.' It might have occurred to him that by 'touching the text' I meant altering it, which no individual critic has any authority to do. But let that pass: beside his other misunderstandings this is one of trifling account.

The last great gun that is fired at me is in connection with my alleging, as one of the signs of the times, that 'augurs try not to laugh in one another's faces.' Mr. Stevenson rightly understands this as implying that some clergymen do not themselves fully believe the doctrines they preach. He never could have supposed it to be intended to apply to all clergymen, but only to such a number as to give the statement significance, and make it, if true, a real sign of the times. Now, with this limitation, which was always in my thought, and which any candid literary man would have been prepared to apply to the statement as at first made, I have not the least hesitation in standing by what I said;

and the Rev. Mr. Stevenson may lay in, and exhaust, another large stock of violent terms without driving me one inch from my position. My language is 'offensive,' 'preposterously false,' 'slanderous,' and what not; but when, in the number of this magazine for July, 1879, I quoted the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, to very much the same effect as what I have now ventured to say on my own responsibility, why did no one, why did not the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, rush into print and denounce Mr. Brooks, one of the best known and most highly respected ministers of the Episcopal Church in the United States, as a slanderer and all the rest of it? Mr. Stevenson is very ready with his 'prave 'orts' against one who probably gets little sympathy in the circles in which he moves, but he would probably hesitate long before applying similar vituperation to a man of Mr. Brooks's reputation and influence. 'There is nothing so terrible,' says Mr. Brooks in the *Princeton Review* for March of last year, 'as the glimpses we get occasionally into a minister's unbelief; and sometimes the confusion which exists below seems to be great just in proportion to the hard positiveness of dogmatism men see upon the surface.' 'How many men,' he asks, 'in the ministry to-day believe in the doctrine of verbal inspiration, which our fathers held, and how many of us have frankly told the people that we do not believe it? I know,' he adds, 'the old talk about holding the outworks as long as we can, and then retreating to the citadel; and perhaps there has hardly been a more mischievous metaphor than this. The minister who *tries to make his people believe what he questions, in order to keep them from questioning what he believes*, knows very little about the workings of the human heart, and has but little faith in truth itself.' Again, 'a large acquaintance with clerical life [as large probably as Mr. Stevenson's] has led me to think that almost any company of clergymen gathering together and talking freely to each other will express opinions which would greatly surprise and at the same time greatly relieve the congregations who ordinarily listen to those ministers. Now just see what that means. It means that in these days, when faith is hard, *we are deliberately making it harder*, and are making ourselves liable to the Master's terrible rebuke of the Scribes and Pharisees of old: "They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."' And these gentlemen meet under circumstances which compel them to keep up the pretence of believing more than they do, and yet preserve a perfect gravity. I conjectured that it required an effort to do this, and I was shockingly 'offensive.' Supposing they do it without an effort—what then?

The Rev. Mr. Stevenson is very much mistaken if he imagines for a moment that he can blow away a difficulty of this kind by a storm of hard words. He is not the only man who sees ministers in their undress, nor is he, so far as I know, the one accredited and competent observer. Moreover I would suggest to him that until his own language on doctrinal questions becomes a little less ambiguous it would be well not to carry things with too high a hand. We have already weighed his phrase about 'the truths of the Gospel as gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ,' and now, in the conclusion of his article, we have a richer sample still of how *not* to say it. He allows that a shaking is going on in matters of doctrine, and that no one can tell exactly beforehand what will withstand the shaking. But 'many of us,' he says, not all, believe that the unshakable residue 'will include all that we most value in our present convictions, that the process will issue in the firm establishment of the Gospel of our Great Master, purged of its foreign accretions.' Here again,

anything, everything, or nothing. 'What we most value in our present convictions'—who knows what that is? 'Foreign accretions' — who knows what they are? The whole miraculous element in the New Testament may turn out to be a foreign accretion. The author of this language has surely forgotten what he set out to do, viz., to maintain that a naturalistic view of the origin and development of morality is not tenable. Does he suppose that such vague phrases as these can avail in such a controversy? We expect that the advocate of supernaturalism in morals will show us plainly where and in what forms the supernatural influence or interference is exerted, and show it producing results which cannot reasonably be ascribed to the natural order of things. Neither of my opponents has done this, but until they grapple with their task in this way they will convince none who were not convinced before.

Here I take leave of this discussion for the present. I much regret that so much space has been taken up with explanations upon points of minor importance; but, as I had been assailed in language which implied that the believers in the evolutionist theory of morals were very unfortunate in their advocate, I felt that the blame and opprobrium cast upon me rested, until met and repelled, upon the cause. This is my apology to the readers of the MONTHLY for an article into which the personal element enters far more than is to my own taste.

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—'He is weary!
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!'

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:—
'Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!—' was the last that he said.

From 'Proverbs in Porcelain.

THE LATE HONOURABLE GEORGE BROWN.

IT is fitting that the recent lamented death of the Hon. George Brown should be chronicled in these pages, where for many years, in the monthly summary of 'Current Events,' his name figures in connection with the journalism and the political leadership of the party which owned his powerful sway. The tragic deed which, in the midst of ever-active life and exacting duty, cut short his career, has called forth immense and wide-spread sympathy—a sympathy all the more marked as it has come alike from friend and foe. In the presence of the grave, political animosity and personal feud have been alike forgotten, and only those traits of individual character which endeared him to his intimates, or that sturdy element in his nature which compelled public respect, have been remembered and dwelt upon. His death has carried grief into many Canadian homes, where his memory will be long cherished as that of a true patriot and a staunch friend of the people.

How great a part of the political past was Mr. Brown, those familiar with the history of the earlier portion of the last thirty years best know. He came upon the scene of Canadian politics at a time when public affairs wanted both the mould and direction of a strong mind and an indomitable will. The possessor of these, in ample measure, Mr. Brown soon won the position of leader of that party which, in its earlier days, rightly claimed the title of Reform, and by whom it has been ably and vigorously led until now. The many public services rendered to Canada by Mr. Brown in these years must ever form an important chapter in the historical annals of this country. That hitherto some of these services have commended themselves to but a section of the community is the result, of course, of their having been rendered in the name of party, and occasionally with the weapons which party not infrequently descends to use. Few, however, have connected Mr. Brown's name with unworthy personal motives in his party triumphs, and the broader vision of coming years will regard them in a still more favourable light. In the main, they are those that have already proved a gain to the country, and conferred somewhat of blessing upon the people. As yet, his death is too recent adequately to appraise their value, or dispassionately to treat of them. In the future they will not want, at least, a chronicler.

Mr. Brown's death, it may be added, closes an era in the political history of the Dominion, which, whatever its achievements, looks yet to the morrow for that blossom of national life which, so far, the public men of Canada have seen but in the bud. It may be churlish, but it is only the truth, to say that much of promise in the young life of the country has been unduly repressed in its coming into flower by not a few of those who have had to do with the nation's nurture, lest a premature fruiting should do harm to the tree. This we cannot but think unwise, for nations, like plants, may be killed in the process of dwarfing; and we know that a too-prolonged repression of maturity may cause the plant to sicken and die. Collective interests, it should not be forgotten, moreover, should ever have place before individual conviction, and the truest patriotism is

that which discerns what is for the greatest good, and lends a willing hand to promote it. In regard to this matter, the tide of public feeling is now at one's feet, and the statesmanship of the future will be appraised by the degree of aid given to the nation-ward tendencies of Canada, and by the amount of sympathy manifested in her highest aspirations. The new men stepping forward into public life have it in their power to give a more forceful impetus to the country's progress, if they will give more permanent form to that upon which it must be based. Much, at any rate, can be done by acquiring the art of liberal, far-seeing, and enlightened governing, and by infusing into our public life more of the spirit of national unity than of sectional discord or party strife.

ROUND THE TABLE.

A NEGATIVE TO AN AFFIRMATIVE.

I OBSERVE that our old friend of Newfangle is out again, this time under a less delusive *nom de plume*, on the Woman Question. He is easily known, for one thing, by his favourite illustration of the *Northfleet*, and for another by the latent contempt for womanhood, which gives so unpleasant a flavour and unfair a tone to the work of a clever pen. He is not the first man who would have been immensely improved by an infusion of greater *reverence* for womanhood, which is the basis of all *true* chivalry.

He certainly has not said anything to shake in the slighest degree the position of 'O.S.,' and I cannot think that he can, in his heart, help admitting its truth. We hardly need to be told that when ships are sinking, there are many men humane enough to endeavour to save first the most physically helpless,—whether women or children. Women, when *they* are able to save life, will follow the very same impulse—to save the *weakest first*. There is no brave man who would not feel his manhood disgraced for ever if he did not strain every nerve, at such a crisis, to save the helpless, whether they be women, children or disabled *men*,—and so far as this can, in the larger sense of the word, be called *chivalry*, there have been as noble instances of chivalrous self-sacrifice by men for disabled comrades as for helpless women.

But as Mr. Mallock remarks, such impulses, called forth at great crises, are not to be calculated upon in ordinary life. He observes too, that the same sailor who will risk his life to save a woman from drowning, will trample her down in a burning theatre, both acts being *instinctive*. He might also have said that the same man would in all probability jostle the same woman rudely aside if she happened to stand in the way of his seeing a street fight. It is clear, then, that the fact of heroic reserves in great catastrophes by no means guarantees the chivalrous treatment of women by men in everyday life.

And putting aside the response which every brave man will give to such exceptional appeals to his humanity,—the picture Trollope gives us of modern chivalry in ordinary life is ludicrously Utopian. There is no practical man or sensible woman, looking *at life as it is*, who will care to dispute the perfectly correct assertion of 'O.S.' that this 'modern chivalrous homage' is 'fanciful, capricious, and unreliable,' and 'that to the majority of women, even in the most civilized countries, it has no more existence than the laws and customs of Fairyland, and to the fortunate minority who are permitted to participate in its rites and ceremonies it is but a summer pageant, pleasant in the sunshine of prosperity,

but vanishing before the cold blasts of adversity.' 'O. Yesse' may scout at Charles Lamb as much as he pleases, but he cannot invalidate his test of true chivalry towards woman *as woman*, or make any of us who use our eyes believe that it has been yet even in any approximate degree satisfied. But he does not even attempt to meet the issue fairly or squarely. His tactics are,—'When you have no case, abuse the plaintiff!' Instead of joining issue on a plain definite question, he skirmishes all round it, giving all sorts of more or less irrelevant hits, some of which, it is amusing to see, rebound pretty heavily on his *own* side of the question. In the course of his paper he seems to forget that the very *raison d'être* of this discussion about chivalry is the fact that certain writers have tried to frighten women out of cultivating self-reliance and independence, by holding over them, *in terrorem*, the loss of this precious 'chivalrous homage,' if they attempt to rise above the *helplessness*, which, in the opinion of such writers, is their chief claim to it. The very statement of such an argument shows how much such 'chivalrous homage' is worth. For it is evident that the 'Misses Jones,' who go out honestly and doggedly to earn their own living, instead of remaining as a dead weight and burden at home,—do, by this very act, completely forfeit all claim to 'chivalrous homage,' while, on the other hand, 'Lady Transcendentalissima,' on whom he is so severe, can claim the fullest measure of the said 'chivalrous homage,' by virtue of her very uselessness and helplessness. But when 'Lady Transcendentalissima grows old and *passée*—when, in fact, she is 'neither useful nor ornamental,' how much of the said homage does she retain? 'O. Yesse' must choose between '*honourable uselessness*' and '*honourable usefulness.*' He has no right to attack *both!*

I should hardly, however, have thought it worth while to notice his article, since I have no doubt 'O. S.' is quite equal to defend his (or her) position if necessary;—but for the slander on woman, of which 'O. Yesse' delivers himself in his closing remarks. He tells us that 'all the world knows' that 'during the younger years of life—it is women's chief end in life to please men.' I beg his pardon. 'All the world' does *not* know it! A part of the world—and that the best part—knows a good deal better. I never knew a good or noble minded woman yet—whether young or old—whose *chief* end it was to please men. Even if, for a time, she may have been unduly swayed by overpowering love, the strongest of human emotions, her nature eventually recovered its balance, and she recognised that she was created for something higher and better than to please any man. Women must either have no souls—as the Mohammedans *say*—and, as it seems, too many so-called Christians *think*—or they must be simply idolaters or practical atheists if they can recognise their 'chief end' to lie in anything lower than that which constitutes the chief end of man. And no woman can be in the truest sense a 'helpmeet' to man who admits any lower aim as a supreme one.

It is undoubtedly natural, and *right* as well as natural,—the words are by no means *always* synonymous,—that young women should *like to be pleasing* to young men; and as a matter of fact they generally do, just as it is natural and right that young men should like to be pleasing to young women, and as a matter of fact they are no less desirous of it. Indeed, in a normal state of society they are perhaps the *more* desirous to please of the two, just as the male bird spares no trouble in dressing his plumes or tuning up his pipes, to please his comparatively passive mate. But we know that many things that are *natural* lead to what is most wrong and hurtful if pursued without due correction, and this very natural instinct has led to much of what is wrong and hurtful on both sides, when impulse is allowed to gain the day over duty. The young man who makes it his '*chief end*' to please women is not thought a very noble character, and there is no reason why the woman who makes it her 'chief end' to please men should be rated any higher. And the very peculiarities of modern life,—the number of superfluous women and the competition for marriage as the easiest provision for life,—tend to stimulate woman's natural desire to please men to a most unhealthy degree. 'O. Yesse' must either be delightfully unobservant or have very restricted opportunities of observation, if he has not seen evidence enough, even in this Canada of ours,—that women *are* 'tempted to seek their object, by ignoble and debasing means, and to sacrifice delicacy, truth and principle in the pursuit.' 'O. S.' is quite within the record in saying as much as this, and whether

'O.S.' is a woman or a man,—the same thing has been said by men, in some form or other, over and over again. English novels,—whether the authors are men or women,—are full of such pictures, and novels are at least supposed to be tolerably correct mirrors of the life of the day. Indeed no one need look farther than Mr. Punch, who is supposed to be a tolerable authority as to the weaknesses of society, to see that the words quoted are often only too fully verified.

But it is not the desire to please and attract a man, with the view of converting him into a husband, that is the worst evil, though this is hardly the old fashioned ideal of feminine delicacy and marital selection. As said the practical Stein, in too many women 'we develop only the vague wish to please,—and so their whole life is devoted to an empty struggle for universal admiration.' It is the craving which exists in many empty-headed women for *indiscriminate masculine admiration*, to be attained at any cost, which is undermining English society to-day, turning high-bred English ladies into public shows, and ruining the happiness of many a home. For the 'desire to please,' when it attains the dignity of a 'chief end' is not to be turned off and on at pleasure as the engineer turns on and off his steam. And so this *natural* instinct,—allowed to take the reins,—has, as we all know, hurried many a woman to destruction and disgrace.

To give women habits of self-reliance and self-control, and a higher self-respect is the aim of the writers whom 'O.Yesse' seems determined to oppose. It will not, however, be opposed by any man who feels the truth that the more truly helpful and independent, the more thoroughly cultivated any woman becomes, the more fully will she be qualified to become a companion and true helpmeet to intelligent and cultivated men. As for men of the other sort, it is altogether probable that there will always be enough women of the other sort '*to match the men*,' as Mrs. Poyser would say.

But while 't'is true t'is pity, and pity t'is t'is true,' that there are numbers of women who forget true womanly dignity in order to 'please men,'—*for a time*, in order to marry and manage them ever after, there are happily many of a very different sort. Were 'O.Yesse' in the society of certain young ladies, whom I have the honour to know intimately, it would be quite as well for him to keep in the shade that little idea of his that it is the 'chief end' of young ladies to please men ;—otherwise he would be likely to receive such a rebuke as only a *lady* can give, and as he would be likely for some time to remember. And they could give the rebuke honestly, too, for I happen to know that they care much more about pleasing a mother or a sister, —strange as this will probably seem to 'O.Yesse,' than any man in the world, unless it be their father, who of course in this connection doesn't count. *But*, or perhaps *therefore*, I know of several young men who care very much to please *them*; for, paradoxical as it may seem, it often happens, that the women who least make it 'an end' to please men are precisely those who *most please*,—man being a creature who is apt to value most what he finds it most difficult to get. Let no woman be deluded into thinking that she will win either the enduring regard or the esteem of any man whose regard and esteem are worth having,—by making it her 'chief end,' at any time of her life, to please *him*. He may *wish* her to do so, if it suits his theory of her position, but in his inmost heart he will respect her so much the less, and love without respect is a poor thing for a woman to trust to. No woman, with a soul and conscience directly responsible to her Creator, can afford to make it her 'chief end' to please any man, be he father, brother, lover, husband, or son. If she does, she is an idolater. Woman's 'chief end' is the same as that of man—to please God by seeking to do His Will. —*After that*, and *usually in so doing*, to please, help, and truly minister to those whom she loves, and whose happiness depends on her, whether they be men or women. Such women will be the best wive sif they are married, as well as the happiest women, if marriage do not fall to their lot.

ONO.

ROMANISM v. UNITARIANISM.

IN a paragraph written by F. in the April number of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, the following sentence occurs, 'At all events, M.E.S.S., by his own avowal, has reached the great central truth, that *God is Love*—the central ray

which must expand into and illuminate every subordinate truth.' F. evidently supposes M. E. S. S. to be the Unitarian 'seeker.' Not so, I am a member of the good old Church of England, who teaches all her faithful sons to repeat the Athanasian Creed, which commences in this wise: 'Whosoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith. Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled: *without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.*' Then, after defining the doctrines of the Trinity and the Deity of our Lord (both of which I sincerely believe), it goes on to say, '*This* is the Catholic Faith: which except a man believe faithfully, *he cannot be saved.*' One day, the fact suddenly occurred to my mind, that, by the mere repetition of those uncharitable sentences, I was dooming (so far as a helpless mortal could do it) one of our noblest 'seekers after truth' to everlasting torment. The mind of the writer revolted at the thought, and those horrible words have never again been repeated. F. explains the cases of Cardinal Newman and the Unitarian in the only rational way. God does not work by miracles; and, perhaps, when the minds of men are so obscured by prejudice, early training, and constitutional peculiarities, nothing *less* than a miracle would show them the truth in all its fulness. But, to take the case of which the writer is personally cognizant, God will surely, sooner or later, reveal the truth to one who so earnestly seeks it. His reason for leaving high Calvinism was because of the distorted idea it gave of God, who, (to use his own language) 'like the Jew in the play, demanded the pound of flesh—that is, the death of an innocent man—and *got* it, before He would forgive sinners.' Now he believes that God is a loving Father, who will pardon His children upon their sincere repentance, and is far more willing to receive and bless them than they are to come to Him. Singularly enough, he has found in Unitarianism a *God of love*, which he could not discover in Orthodox religion. The goodness and purity of his life bear witness to the sincerity of his convictions—his idea of heaven is the ennobling one of 'getting nearer and nearer to God,' and to consign a man, who is living in loving harmony with his Father in Heaven to the regions of the lost, as the Athanasian Creed does, is surely a piece of wickedness and blasphemy. The Book of 'Common Prayer,' to my mind, might advantageously be pruned of it.

M. E. S. S.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Cowper. By GOLDWIN SMITH. Morley's Series of English Men of Letters. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

CANADIAN readers of Mr. Morley's interesting series will turn with pleasure to this volume from the pen of a writer, who may be called by adoption, Canadian also. Its appearance is a proof, if any were needed, that the literary man on this side the Atlantic need not feel cut off from the field of active exertion afforded by the English book market; necessary skill in the craft being postulated, the mere distance in miles and days does not debar the Canadian author from joining in the labours of his brothers of the pen at home.

In choosing Cowper for his subject, Mr. Smith has taken upon himself a task more difficult than would at first blush appear. It might be thought that a life of Milton or of Pope would be a more arduous undertaking than that of Cowper. But careful consideration will make us think otherwise. The histories of our greatest poets, however poorly told, sound and will always sound with a ring of dignity in our ears, inspired by the subject itself. In Cowper's faded, melancholy life, the heroic element is

far from lying on the surface. To call it uneventful is hardly strong enough, its motion and its struggles were internal and obscure. Compare it for a moment with that phase of Milton's life when his active work was almost over. The member of a defeated party, the representative of views that had no longer a chance of being enforced, blind, proscribed, and dragging out his existence on sufferance, it might be thought that Milton's closing years were uneventful too. But so far from leaving that impression on the mind, we see in the aged poet the front of the expiring gladiator, conscious of the rectitude of that cause for which he will never again strike blow, and opposing his passive denial to the antagonism of the surrounding world. Milton, unable to act, yet stands in strongly contrasted opposition to the powers of reaction, a silent protest, when speech no longer avails him, against the tendencies of the age.

Cowper's inactivity is of a different nature altogether. He occupies no strongly marked position towards his time ; he neither leads it on nor waves it to retire. It is with himself he struggles. The conscience is the arena where his life-battle was fought, and dark are the issues upon which that conflict was waged. Were they real foes with which poor Cowper struggled there, or only phantasms of ghastly shapes, imaginary dreads of unpardonable sins, remorse for unreal lapses from grace, bred in the musing introspection of an unsound brain ? Whatever answer can be given to this question it is clear that such a battle affords little to excite a spectator's curiosity. Long periods of despondency, culminating in a crisis of madness or relief, are its only outward manifestations, and leave no scope for the biographer who is dependent upon incidents to enhance the interest of his work.

Nor is this the only difficulty Mr. Smith has had to overcome. Granted that the biographer of Cowper can lead the reader into the battlefield of his soul, the religious question at once meets him with this dilemma. How is he to rank the masterful influences of the religious revival, which formed the most powerful agent in that troubled, life-long contest ? Did the religion of Newton and the Unwins support the feeble Cowper and ensure him final victory, or was it rather a baleful phantom, arraying itself, 'terrible as an army with banners,' against him and crushing out his spirit in periodical returns of madness. Grave is the choice to be made between these two theories in face of all the facts, and our sense of right is only to be appeased by the remembrance that that religion, though Divine at heart, was clad in the fallible shape of human doctrine and interpretation, and that it cannot be definitely classed as a friend or as a foe. Coupled with bodily infirmity, the narrow cramping effects of Calvinistic Evangelicalism, and of the mode of life it induced, may have been the agents that struck poor Cowper down, again and yet again,—whilst who can tell but that it was from out of the true heart of his exacting creed that the Hand was stretched with 'some of the leaves of the Tree of Life,' to comfort him as Christian also was comforted in the Valley of the Shadow.

With these points Mr. Smith has dealt reverently, yet without losing sight of discretion. If we differ from him on any point it is as to the degree of despondency into which Cowper finally sank. We all know the tone of despair that echoes through the *Castaway*. Mr. Smith thinks that 'the despair which finds vent in verse is hardly despair," a very true remark when applied to most poets, but not so true to our mind when spoken of Cowper. To imagine that Cowper, trembling on the brink of the grave, composing his last verses in a short interval of reason, could have written these lines as an expression of a byegone state of his mind is to us incredible. He was, alas, too conscientious to have spoken of himself, even in verse, as perishing without the sound of any divine voice, without the comfort of any propitious light, had he thought that the tempest had been allayed, and that the Castaway might yet be saved. In this case we must believe (in spite of the Professor's dictum as to the impossibility of it) that poetry *was* the 'direct expression of emotion," a condition of things which must have obtained in the genesis of much of the Hebrew poetry, though we will readily admit it is almost phenomenal in these days.

It is unnecessary for us to say anything as to the style of this little book. It will take its rank among the most pleasantly written of this series, in which we already find so many lives from distinguished pens.

The Seamy Side. A Novel, by WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. No. 60, Appleton's Library of Choice Novels, New York, 1880; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

MESSRS. Besant & Rice have at least chosen to lay the plot of this, their latest, tale in a favourable spot.

The life of an active London merchant has wonderful capabilities in it, soaring far beyond the openings that can be afforded by a country gentleman's or even a peer's existence. One is so limited with a landed proprietor. Of course his son may threaten a *mesalliance*, his wife may flirt with an old admirer and even elope, but after all, his life is a monotonous one and does not afford the novelist much scope.

How different a thing is it when your principal character feels his life-blood stirred by the pulses of the city! The chances and changes of the outer world tell upon him every day and all day long.

The storm that at most spoilt a week's hunting for the squire, has left its mark upon *his* wealth, perhaps even on his standing. The downfall of a Ministry, which, at worst, prejudicially affects the chances of my Lord's first cousin for an Under-Secretaryship, has touched the merchant nearer, as it sets 'Turks' galloping down a falling market, and 'Russian bonds' buoyantly rising.

Then there is his home life. Solid comforts and inherited good tastes surround him, if, at least, he belongs to the class of which we are speaking, and of which, Anthony Hamblin, Esq., of Great St. Simon Apostle and Clapham Common, was one. Well do we know his residence, a stately house of warm red brick, with ample gardens laid out in the days when Clapham was the country. 'Before it stand a noble pair of cedars, sighing for Lebanon in the cold breeze, and stretching out black branches which seem about to sweep away the snow from the thin turf below them.' Was it not in such a house, and such a garden that Thomas and Brian Newcome disported themselves of old, and must we not love the neighbourhood for the sake of the enchanter whose pen first glorified it!

There is no lack of adventure and incident in that house when once the curtain rises on our authors' tale. We are plunged into wonder directly. A mysterious visitor appears and accuses Mr. Hamblin, that most irreproachable, immaculate man, of heartless conduct and forgery. She does this and threatens him with vengeance in the most proper spirit, declaring herself an Instrument, and leaving with him for his calm perusal a statement of her proofs in the shape of a written Narrative. We may remark casually, that both in the conception of this character, and in the manner in which her indictment it written, we are so forcibly reminded of the style of Mr. Wilkie Collins, that we could almost imagine he had joined the associated authors and turned their partnership into a triumvirate.

From the face of this impending danger Mr. Hamblin slips away under such circumstances as induce his friends to believe he has been drowned. Henceforth his place knows him no more. It would not do to disclose the exact details of the awkward predicament which he finds compels him to adopt this course. We need not say, however, that he is innocent of the crime he is accused of, and that it is his regard for the feelings of others that induces him to disappear from home, friends and fortune, and begin life afresh. But we must say, and when the reader has read the book he will agree with us, that the circumstances are not such as would have induced a reasonable man to adopt such a plan. The plot turns upon this incident and upon the struggle for the supposedly dead man's property by his brother Stephen, the black sheep of the fold, who attempts to obtain it to the exclusion of Anthony's daughter, Alison. Death being uncertain, we can excuse men who die without wills, but when a man plans and carries out his own decease it is unpardonable in him not to leave his affairs in order. In this case Anthony knew right well that a will was absolutely necessary, and yet he neglected to make one, and thus left an opening for the future *imbroglios* of the tale.

We will not reveal the turns and chances of the struggle, nor relate how the very amusing boy Nick, an albino of masterful and matured ways, checkmates the villain in the moment of success. The tale, like most of those which have flowed from Messrs. Besant and Rice's pen (or pens) is very interesting. We come across neat little bits of it, as for instance the description of the amateur singing of by-gone days, when 'a young lady, who *mistook hard breathing for a*

good voice, would delight us with an aria from "Trovatore."' Alderney Codd, too, is a pleasantly-sketched character, a speculator of the Micawber-stamp, who once made *a coup* in floating a Venezuelan Tramway Company. He is a good example of the knowing dupe. 'Even among hawks we find the simplicity of the pigeon. The quack doctor buys a plenary indulgence of Tetzel, while he, in his turn, purchases a pill of the quack.'

We cannot say that our authors have quite cured themselves of that carelessness which we have noticed before in their books. The instances of repetition and self-contradiction are too slight to mention in detail, but they occur often enough to annoy the careful reader. Errors in time, of more importance still, give an air of unreality to what is intended to be intensely realistic. We have already pointed out one similarity in manner to a living writer of fiction; there is another incident at p. 41 in which Stephen reflects how much he ought to allow Alison out of her father's fortune, gradually reducing it (in Alison's own interest) from a fair sum to a hundred pounds a year, which is so exactly parallel to an amusing passage in Miss Austen's 'Sense and Sensibility' that it is impossible not to think that the authors must have had the latter story unconsciously present in their minds when writing this chapter.

Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets, by AMOS HENRY CHANDLER and CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.; 1880.

IT is seldom that a volume of original poetry issues from any of our Canadian publishing houses, and when it does happen, our interest is sure to be awakened. Nor will the favourable sensation be diminished in our readers' breasts, when the author is recognised as a contributor to these pages. Under these auspices we are sure the public will unite with us in wishing these gentlemen a favourable 'send-off' in their undertaking.

The Rev. Mr. Mulvany, whose poems form the bulk of this little book, has had the benefit of a varied experience, both here and abroad, and we trace in his classical translations and reminiscences the scholarly instincts derived from a University education at Dublin. The first part of his poems consists of a series of historical lyrics, each of which is a study of character from some of the less hackneyed types of Roman life in the annals of the Empire from Claudius and Nero to Justinian. The aim seems to have been to give exactness of detail by use of all such materials as we possess,—the details given in the historians and satirists.

In 'Poppæa' a picture is given of the Roman lady of the period of Rome's early decadence—beautiful with the strength still unexhausted of the patrician type—cruel and voluptuous.

'Unabashed in her beauty of figure,
Heavy limbs, and thick tresses uncurled,
To our gaze give the grace and the vigour,
Of the race that has conquered the world.'

'In Nero's Gardens' describes the Imperial Banquet in the Gardens of Poppœa Sabina; the speaker is passing with the crowd to the festival, of which Tacitus has preserved the record.

'Gay with shouting and song, are the wide illumined ways—
Each house to the passing throng a festival wreath displays.
From forum and temple gates behold how the torches rise;
Fair as the Emperor's fates and bright as an Acte's eyes.'

Arrived in the gardens of Poppæa, the lavish array of luxury is described at length—the viands are those of the ancient *bon vivants:*

'Skylark's tongues no lack, and store of nightingale's brains;'

and seas of wine are traversed by beautiful girls,

'Pilots who give to the breeze their tresses and zones of gold.'

In contrast with this is the long line of Christian martyrs, whose flames give light to the revel—

'The gods give us stars for light, but CÆSAR, a god below,
With lamps that are living to-night, illumines the goodly show;
Lo! where in order meet, like statues on either hand,
Ranged in a fiery street, the torches of Cæsar stand,
Each made firm in his place, to a pillar of steel, throat-fast,
Pitch-smeared from foot-sole to face, like a shape in bitumen cast—
So the imperial might let Rome and the world discern,
Greeting his gods to-night, such torches shall Cæsar burn.'

Those who have seen the bust of Nero in the Normal School Museum—a bust of remarkable physical beauty—may be interested in the description of the Emperor in his drives through the ranks of burning Christians :

'Lo! where he comes! behold the flush of the chariot's race,
Under the diadem's gold, on the cruel, beautiful face—
Crowned with rose and with bay, and watching in god-like scorn
The flight of the flames that play on the path of the purple-born.'

The death of the tyrant is described in the next poem. 'Epicharis,' teaches the lesson that martyrdom for Truth is not peculiar to Christianity. 'Messalina,' and other English verse-interpretations of the classical writers, make up a volume of high excellence, creditable alike to Mr. Mulvany's scholarly acquirements and his genuine poetic faculty. The translations in Mediæval rhyming Latin, of several well-known hymns are to be commended, as are the 'Classical Echoes,' at the end of the volume, which cover a wide range of classical study, from Homer and Horace to Theocritus. Some of the hymns and philosophical poems are also of striking merit. Their liberal tone of thought will attract many readers. The author is at his strongest, however, as we conceive, in his *vers de société*, a class of poetry which, though not usually ranked very high, possesses charms and difficulties peculiarly its own. The 'Two Parsons' is a good example of his more sportive vein. After describing the clergyman of the old school, we are given a sketch of his successor, the new Ritualistic priest, who goes on in an outrageous manner—

'Till to the Court of Arches they brought this erring ecclesiastic,
Because they thought his prayers too long, and his piety too gymnastic,
When Sir H. J. Fust, as every one must, condemned his *poses* plastic,
And his reading of the "Articles" as entirely too elastic.'

In a more sober vein, we may commend the 'Christmas Carol' (p. 105) for a pleasant ring and old-time rythm of its own. In some of the other pieces, we note an inequality and carelessness of writing which is to be regretted.

We have left ourselves scant space to mention Mr. Chandler's contributions, which deserve the praise of accuracy and originality. The 'Sonnet to Liberty' is spirited and dignified. A good sonnet, also, is that dedicated to the memory of his father, the late Hon. Mr. Chandler, Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, whose death took place recently. 'The story of Sylvalia' is an Indian tale of varying excellence, though the wild scenery of New Brunswick, and the manners of the Micmac Tribe, now so fast disappearing, are described in the poem with a fidelity the result of some care.

The metre in which this the longest of his pieces, is couched is irregular, and reminds us somewhat of Southey. Mr. Chandler should recollect, however, that even Southey failed to make his novelties in this line popular, and, if he will allow us to offer him one other hint, he should bear in mind that Impromptus, such as we find on page 140, are meant to be forgotten with as much ease as they were produced. But on the whole Mr. Chandler's share in 'Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets,' is creditable to New Brunswick literature.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ON the 18th May, the Philharmonic Society closed its programme for the season 1879-80, with the performance of Sir Michael Costa's oratorio of 'Naaman.' The incidents which are used for representation in a musical sense are those in the life of the Prophet Elisha, in which he fills the widow's cruise of oil, restores the child of the Shunamite woman to life, and finally cures the Syrian general Naaman of the leprosy. These incidents and the mode of

treatment would suggest that the oratorio should rather be called 'Elisha,' but this would probably have caused too much confusion with Mendelssohn's greater work, so the present name was chosen. The libretto, as arranged by Mr. William Bartholomew, offers abundant scope for dramatic treatment, and Costa has improved the opportunity to such an extent that the work to-day stands as one of the most dramatic oratorios yet written; although many passages suggest to the hearer that from the composer's intimate acquaintance with the oratorios and grand operas, some of the musical trains of thought of these older works may have insensibly become incorporated with 'Naaman' during its conception. A great deal of the story depends on recitative for its telling, and here is the chief weakness of the work. The recitative passages, while often very declamatory, are more frequently trite, and written in a *legato* style which becomes slightly wearisome, as they do not rise to the dignity of an *aria*, nor yet to the nobility of recitative such as we find in the 'Messiah' and the 'Elijah.' The choruses, however, are massive and noble in conception, and are carried by the admirable orchestration, which throughout the oratorio is full and rich in the extreme. Costa's experience and thorough knowledge of the orchestra have produced a result which entitles 'Naaman' to a place in the foremost rank of orchestral compositions.

'Naaman' being written for the best talent in England, it may be supposed that the solos are calculated to be exacting in the last degree on the voices that were at the command of the Philharmonic Society, and it speaks well for the soloists of the evening, that, in spite of the great tax on their physical energies, they were able to produce a favourable impression. The part of *Elisha* was sung by Mr. Warrington, on very short notice, in a most painstaking and conscientious manner, with a thorough appreciation of the exigencies of the part. Mr. Warrington's voice is not possessed of much magnetic power, and consequently he cannot inspire his audience with the enthusiasm that the part of *Elisha* should succeed in doing, but his performance almost always commands respect and admiration from its extreme correctness and care. The part was written for the phenomenal voice of Mr. Santley, and it may almost be said that no other voice can fulfil its requirements. That of *Naaman* was written for Mr. Sims Reeves, and bristles with difficulties similar to those which embarrass the bass part. Dr. Sippi, however, who was able to have only one rehearsal with the orchestra, made a decided hit in it. His voice is a large, full tenor, of very even quality, but marred somewhat by a want of flexibility, probably the result of insufficient practice. He sang the difficult music well, and with considerable dramatic effect. The part of *Adah*, the captive Jewish maiden, was sung by Mrs. John B. Hall with a great deal of success. The music of the part is marred by a want of *cantabile* quality; one may say that the *arias* allotted to it do not 'sing themselves.' The phrases are short and the transitions abrupt. This would make them difficult for a large voice, and they are especially so for Mrs. Hall, whose voice is a soprano of great range, but of a light, though very pleasing quality. This lady suffered very much from nervousness, and this added to the impression of unevenness in the music of the part. The part of the *Shunamite* woman was sung by Miss Brokovski, who rendered it very well, though a trifle mechanically. Mrs. Petley sang the part of *Timna* with evident effort to thoroughly interpret its strong passages, and with good success. But the greatest sensation of the evening was undoubtedly the singing of the *Child's* part by Miss McManus. This young lady has a beautiful, flexible voice, light but very sweet, and possessed of the true ring. She sang her solo with infinite tenderness and expression; indeed she was the only soloist whose performance rose to a point which might be called inspired. The performances of the others were in the main careful and conscientious, but they did not bear the impress of individuality, and served principally to illustrate the composition. This is a difficulty which we shall always suffer from in Toronto until some of our singers will allow their ambition to stir them up to undergo more thorough study than they show now. The mere mechanical repetition of a composer's writings is not a fitting accompaniment to the great capabilities often shown by the Philharmonic chorus. Their share of the performance was exceedingly well done, though the

tenors lacked attacking power. The choruses, 'Be comforted' and 'Praise the Lord,' were splendidly sung, but the most successful number of the evening was the march, 'With Sheathed Swords,' in which the full strength of the orchestra and chorus found material to try their mettle, and which was sung with a *verve* seldom met with in older and larger organizations. The orchestra was augmented by drafts from the talent of other towns, and played more intelligently than at any previous concert, being well in hand all the evening, except certain reeds which were sometimes painfully obtrusive. A lack of confidence in attack was evident in all the instruments except the flutes, but when once started they played with praiseworthy restraint, and with excellent observation of the conductor and conception of his wishes. Altogether, the performance was an extremely creditable one, and one which, while it showed what can be done by energy and the will to overcome difficulties, should at the same time teach the Society that the only way to achieve success as a whole, is for each individual member to perfect himself in his own part and in his capability to perform it. To Mr. Torrington must be given all praise for his energy and unwavering courage, in bringing to a successful performance such a work as 'Naaman,' in so short a time, and with such diverse material as must necessarily compose the orchestra and chorus of the Society.

The principal events of the month at the Grand Opera House were the production of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's latest operatic extravagance, 'The Pirates of Penzance,' and the appearance of Mr. Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle,' of Mr. Sothern in his customary round of characters, of Mr. and Mrs. Florence, and of the 'Pullman Car Company.'

With regard to 'the Pirates of Penzance,' the first question that will be asked, no doubt, is: How does it compare with the irrepressible but ever-popular 'Pinafore'? The question is susceptible of a ready answer. Those who prefer broad humour and catchy melodies, will still stand by their old favourite: but a critical taste will prefer the more delicate satire of 'the Pirates,' and the delightful melodiousness and richer harmonies of its almost classical music. Since the two accomplished collaborateurs produced their first joint work, 'Thespis, or the Gods Grown Old,' brought out in London about eight years ago, but, curiously enough, never even mentioned on this side of the Atlantic, they have produced four works, 'Trial by Jury,' the 'Sorcerer,' 'Pinafore,' and the work now under notice. As neither the score nor the libretto of 'the Pirates' is accessible to the public, it may be worth while to give a sketch of the plot and of the principal numbers of the music.

The curtain, on rising, discovers a scene on the rocky coast of Cornwall, with the Pirate band singing a chorus somewhat after the style of the sailors' chorus with which 'Pinafore' opens. Frederick, a youth whose most noticeable quality is an extraordinarily keen sense of duty, and who has been apprenticed to the pirates in consequence of his nurse confounding the word 'pirates' with 'pilots,' appears and tells his masters that, as he will become of age in half an hour, his apprenticeship will then come to an end; and that, much as he loves them, it will then become his duty to use every effort in his power to have them exterminated, unless they will abandon their calling and return to civilization with him. The Pirate King replies that he was born a pirate, and will die a pirate, finishing by expressing his glory in his occupation in a song for baritone, 'I am a Pirate King,' a dashing air in six-eight time, with choral refrain. Ruth, Frederick's nurse, begs him to take her with him, and marry her, assuring him that she is a fine woman. Frederick is rather dubious on that point, seeing that it is sixteen years since he has set eyes on any other of the sex, but he is on the point of agreeing to her proposal, when Major-General Stanley's daughters, about fifteen in number, who are out picnicing, enter the pirates' haunt. After a spirited chorus, a proposal is made to paddle in the water, and they commence to take off their shoes, when Frederick returns, is entranced with the vision of feminine loveliness which meets his gaze, and releaves his feelings in the following strain:

'Oh, is there not one maiden here,
Who does not feel the moral beauty,
Of making worldly interest
Subordinate to duty?

'Who would not give up willingly,
All matrimonial ambition,
To rescue such an one as I
From his unfortunate condition?'

Mabel, the youngest daughter, here enters, and declares herself willing, singing, as an *aria d'entrata*, a charming vocal waltz, finishing with a very high and difficult *staccato* passage with choral accompaniment. Here follows a very animated and catchy chorus, Mabel and Frederick singing a love duet, while the sisters retire to the rear of the stage, sit down, and hold an animated musical conversation about 'the weather,' broken at intervals as they strain to hear what is going on between the lovers. The pirates now return, capture the daughters, and proceed to arrange for marrying them, when the Major-General appears upon the scene, introducing himself in a remarkable 'patter song,' the difficulty of which, taken *prestissimo*, may be imagined from the following sample of the words :

'I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's,
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolus.
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from the Frogs of Aristophanes ;
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, "Pinafore."
I can write you out a washing bill in Babylonic cuneiform,
And tell you all the details of Caractacus's uniform,
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I'm the very model of a modern Major-General.'

The General is horrified to learn that the pirates are about to marry his daughters, and he throws himself on their generosity, declares that he is an orphan, and begs for his daughters' release, 'without a touch of poetry in it.' At the word 'poetry' all fall on their knees, and sing what is perhaps the gem of the opera, 'Poetry, heaven-born maid!' an unaccompanied chorale, a beautiful number, full of rich harmonies, which so charmed the audience that it had to be sung three or four times each night.

The scene of the second Act is a ruined chapel by moonlight, and at its opening the Major-General is discovered suffering the pangs of conscience for having 'stained the scutcheon of his ancestors,' in the matter of the imposition practised upon the pirates as to his being an orphan.

The policemen, who are to undertake the extermination of the pirates, here enter and sing a chorus with a 'tarantara' or trumpet refrain. This is followed by solos for two of the daughters, and a full chorus, finishing with a very clever and effective piece of writing in canon. In the ensuing scene between Ruth, the Pirate King, and Frederick, the latter is told by the other two that they have hit upon a paradox, namely, that, although he has lived twenty-one years, yet, having been born on the 29th of February, he has seen only five birthdays, and that consequently, as he was bound to them until his twenty-first birthday, he will not be free until A.D. 1940. After a capital trio between these three, Ruth and the Pirate King, upon Frederick promising to return to his duty, retire, and on Mabel entering to Frederick, a very beautiful parting duet takes place, the solo prayer for Mabel being worthy of comparison with that of Zerlina in 'Fra Diavolo.' The orchestration here is particularly effective. On Frederick's departure to rejoin the pirates, the police return, and here, in the Sergeant's song, we have another specimen of Mr. Gilbert's peculiar vein of satire, and his remarkable rhyming power :

'*Serg.* When the enterprising burglar's not a burgling,
All. not a burgling,
Serg. When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime,
All. pied in crime,
Serg. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
All. brook a-gurgling,
Serg. And listen to the merry village chime,
All. village chime ;
Serg. When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,
All. on his mother,
Serg. He loves to lie a-basking in the sun,
All. in the sun ;
Serg. Ah! take one consideration with another,
All. with another,
Serg. A policeman's lot is not a happy one,
All. happy one.

On hearing the pirates coming, the policemen hide ; the General enters, when the pirates hide in their turn. The General then sings an 'Ode to the evening breeze,' pirates and policemen joining in the chorus, another fine bit of music both for voice and orchestra, running *pianissimo* passages for the violins imitating the sound of the wind very

strikingly. The pirates and policemen then meet and fight; the latter are beaten and taken prisoners. A happy idea strikes the Sergeant; he commands the pirates to yield in the name of the Queen. They immediately comply, saying:

'We yield at once with humble mien,
Because with all our faults we love our Queen.'

Here Ruth enters and makes the disclosure with regard to the pirates, that—

'They are no members of the common throng,
They are all noblemen gone wrong;'

whereupon the General begs them to accept his daughters, which they do, and all 'live happy ever after.'

The performance of the opera at the Grand, where it ran for a week to full houses, calls for little remark. The orchestra and the chorus (especially the male portion) were both extremely good. The soloists, however, with two or three exceptions, were by no means equal to the requirements of their parts. Mr. Cook was remarkably good as the *Sergeant of Police*, appreciating thoroughly the humour of the part, and singing and acting like a genuine artist; and Mr. Browne, as the *Pirate King*, and Mr. McCollin, as the *Major-General*, were both satisfactory. Of the rest, perhaps the less said the better. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are now engaged on a new opera, to be produced in New York in the fall. No doubt it will be heard in Toronto in due time.

The *Rip Van Winkle* of Mr. Jefferson has been a household word among lovers of the drama for so many years that it scarcely calls for any notice here. As a quiet, finished piece of acting in has few rivals and no superiors on the modern stage. Some even go so far as to claim for it absolute perfection. But this is certainly a mistake. We incline to think that constant repetition has made the personation something mechanical. If anything, the actor is too quiet, too deliberate; some of the original colour of the picture seems to have been washed out. The actor's face is against him; it is too full of strength of purpose and mental power to be quite in keeping with easy-going, good-natured, drunken Rip, shrewd though he was. It may be hypercritical, too, but where perfection is claimed, it is hardly out of place to point out that the dialect used by Mr. Jefferson is English with a German accent, not English with a Dutch accent, as, of course, it ought to be,—that is, the Dutch accent of the Hudson River settlers. But, after all, these are but trifling blemishes in a really great piece of acting. There are moments when the actor rises into true grandeur: for instance, where, on being turned out of his home by his wife, he stands at the door, and, pointing to their child lying unconscious on the floor, utters the words, 'You say I have no part in this house;' again, in the searching yearning, almost harrowing way in which, on his return after his sleep, he looks into his wife's face, when she, not knowing him, invites him to her new home; and again, in the scene,—one of the most moving in the whole range of the drama,—where his daughter recognizes him. The version of the play used by Mr. Jefferson is not so effective as that produced here some years ago by Mr. McWade. Why, too, does he leave out Schneider, the faithful dog who clings to his master when all else have deserted him and he is alone in the world? By so doing a thrilling point is missed in the second act, where Rip tells the dog to lie down beside his gun and guard it.

The other dramatic events of the month may be briefly dismissed. The new play, 'A Million,' produced by Mr. Florence, is a very stupid affair, and repulsive in the low, mercenary idea which it gives of human nature. Its only redeeming feature is the opportunity which it gives for some admirable character acting by Mr. and Mrs. Florence, the one as a German professor, the other as a fashionable, worldly-minded widow, given to sharp but thoroughly good-humoured criticism of their friends and acquaintances, and their dresses.

The entertainment known as 'the Tourists in the Pullman Palace Car,' is one of the most laughable that has been given in Toronto for a long while. The first act is mere rubbish, The last two constitute a variety performance, and the fun, which is fast and furious, lies in them. Three of the performers deserve special mention. Mr. Watson is the most comical stage German that ever sent an audience into fits of laughter; Mr. Mestayer is equally good as *Faro Jack*, a western gambler and bully, with a good-humoured streak in his composition which makes his society enjoyable; and the leading lady, Miss Carrie Swain, has a fine voice, and sings and dances extremely well.