

has happened this day, I feel that I ought not to marry Eleanor. I feel that I could not keep from her the secret of the violation of her brother's grave. I could not bear to know that she should weep over a tomb that was empty and had been desecrated; therefore the secret would have to be disclosed to her. The knowledge might embitter all her life. Besides, I would always feel that, to a certain extent, I might be open to blame in not sooner suspecting the midnight stratagem of Boyce, and in not being sufficiently on the alert to have prevented the wretch from ultimately carrying off his prize. You will no doubt see that I am wholly guiltless in that sorrowful business. But I am a man who am very severe with myself, and exceedingly sensitive to blame. Married to Eleanor, and having disclosed the secret, I could not help believing that she could not help feeling in the depths of her own heart that I might have acted, from the first to the last, with more prudence and promptitude.

"As I am convinced of the accuracy of the warning as to Eleanor's death, so I am with respect to the warning concerning my own. But that does not give me much concern at this time.

"I have now explained to you why I am about to leave my country. I have told you the whole truth. Farewell.

EDWARD ARTON."

Before my wanderings were over I found myself in Peru, where I became the manager of a company which was established for the manufacture of quinine by a new and improved process. Here my knowledge of the methods of modern chemistry stood me in good stead. In two years I had amassed as much money as I wanted to make me independent for life. But I was very unhappy. My heart, for these two years, was hungering for news from home. None came. I could stand it no longer. I must go back to Canada.

Two years and four months after leaving Montreal I found myself again in that city. I dreaded the news that might await me at the Melvilles'; so I first proceeded to the house of a dear old friend. My earliest question was, "How is Eleanor?" The answer was "dead; she died on the 3rd of March, 184—, a few weeks after you left." When I had recovered from the shock which this dismal news caused me, I inquired from my friend how it was he had never written. He informed me that after Eleanor's death her father had exacted from him a solemn promise not to let me know of it. "Edward will know it soon enough," said Mr. Melville; "when he hears of it he will remember a dream that he had; the same dream also relates to his own death, as he believes; so it is better to keep him ignorant as long as possible; for in cases of deep sorrow ignorance is mercy. When he does hear of Eleanor's death, I fear for his reason."

My friend also informed me that, although the poor girl had partially recovered from the attack of brain fever which had been brought on by her brother's death, she never regained consciousness. She continued from day to day in a kind of trance, in which memory was quiescent. In this state she passed away. Six months after Eleanor died her father disposed of all his property and departed for England, where he intended that he and his wife should pass the remainder of their days.

If the reader ask if I believe that as Eleanor died on the day indicated in my vision I, too, shall die on the day indicated for me, I will reply in the affirmative. If the reader again ask if I believe there were any connection between the appearance of Ralph Melville in my dream and my discovering his body in the cellar, I must answer that I cannot tell. All I can say is that the facts are as I have told them.

I ought to add, in justice to the fellow, Boyce, that he contributed towards restoring to the tomb that which he had stolen from it. I understand that two days after I left the country a note reached Mr. Melville from Boyce, informing him where the body had been secreted. It was found under a heap of snow, in a certain spot at the foot of the Montreal mountain, and was perfectly preserved and embalmed. Boyce never again showed his face in Canada. I heard that he served as a

surgeon in the American army in the Mexican war, and died in that country.

At the period of which I speak I was in the prime of youth, and a score of times might have married to advantage, as my friends reminded me. But I turned a deaf ear to all such suggestions. I had been loyal to one woman when she was living—I refused to be disloyal to her in her death. A true man loves but once; and that is for all time.

[THE END.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. J. W. Longley's Views.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—Permit me, in reference to the letter of the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia in your last issue, wherein he denied the implication of Mr. Douglas Sladen that he was not "Canadian enough," to draw the attention of yourself and readers to certain expressions of opinion by that gentleman on different occasions.

In the first place, I would quote his reference to annexation, in an article published in the Commercial Union Handbook, as follows:—

"It must be considered from two standpoints, those who are rigidly opposed to it and those who are not. Belonging to the latter class, and believing firmly that the interests of the Dominion of Canada are more identified with the continent of America than with any portion of the world, this bugbear has no terrors for me. Nor would I, and many others who believe with me, resist commercial union for mere sentimental considerations."

Then supplement this statement by the following from an address at the Merchants' Club Banquet, Boston, (*Mail* report, Dec. 29, 1887): "Nova Scotia has no legitimate commercial relations with Ontario. I am here to say that God in nature never designed that Nova Scotia should trade with Ontario."

"Every single dollar that Nova Scotia ought to send to the United States was sent up to Ontario and Montreal."

Far be it from me to say that Mr. Longley is an annexationist, but I am free to confess that these views are not sufficiently "Canadian" to satisfy the minds of most of us, and are certainly of a nature to bear out Mr. Sladen's opinion, formed, as it was, from close communication.

In the same speech he proceeds to say:—

"Nova Scotia feels that it was designed to trade with New England and not with the Upper Provinces. If there was free and unrestricted trade between the two countries every dollar that we have sent to Montreal and to Ontario would naturally find its way to the Boston market. Then the voice of the drummers from the Upper Provinces would be no longer heard in the land."

This, then, according to the latter-day definition of Canadian patriotism, is to be the result of our millions of expenditure upon the Intercolonial, the canal system and the Canadian Pacific, while our national sentiment is to consist in an anxious desire to send our products to Boston instead of Montreal or Toronto, to St. Paul instead of Winnipeg, or to San Francisco instead of Vancouver, while the reverse branch of our trade, the importing, is to be transacted via American instead of Canadian centres.

If this is Mr. Longley's feeling regarding our national position, I cannot but think that his contradiction of the accusation that he was not sufficiently Canadian is built upon self-deception, and will hardly find concurrence amongst thinking citizens.

In a letter dated Halifax, March, 28, 1887, and inserted in one of Mr. Wiman's pamphlets, he still further elaborates his views, and in referring to what was then styled, to use his own words, "the proposition to take down the Customs houses between Canada and the States and to provide for a common tariff against the world," declared that it was a momentous issue because of "its inevitable consequences upon the social and political relations between the two peoples, between the Empire and the Great Republic."

He then makes the somewhat common and frequent misstatement "that the people of the two countries are identical in race, language, laws and institutions," which we know to be as erroneous as a proposition well can be, and continues with the remarkably Canadian (?) utterance that: "However warm the political sympathies may be between the several provinces of the Dominion—and there is a question about that—no one can say that there is any natural commercial relationship between them."

Here I wish to leave Mr. Longley, only submitting that he has yet to prove his sentiments, aspirations and sympathies to be in accordance with the true principles of Canadian patriotism. Yours, etc.,

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

TORONTO, April 3, 1891.

Our New York Letter.

The whole topic of conversation is of course the withdrawal of the Italian Minister, Baron Fava, which is accentuated by his happening to be the Dean or Senior of the Diplomatic Corps. Italy has one real grievance that Mr. Blaine's answer to them practically amounts to saying that he has no power over the citizens whom he represents. That this power belongs to the State of Louisiana. But Italy cannot apply to the State of Louisiana; her relations are with the Federal Government, and his telling Italy that she can leave it to the State authorities is simply bunkum. The State authorities will do nothing, as Mr. Blaine and every one else knows. And Englishmen as well as Americans hope they will do nothing, because it seems an outburst of righteous indignation against a scoundrelly organization that defied the ordinary methods of justice.

However, this does not affect the question of one nation's representative telling the representative of another nation that he is not responsible for the acts of the people he represents because provincial privileges intervened. Suppose Baron Fava himself had been murdered by some anti-Italian enthusiasts (who happened to be American citizens) in Connecticut. The Italian Government would demand satisfaction. Mr. Blaine might say that he was very sorry, but that nobody knew who was Governor in Connecticut, and that, therefore, nothing could be done for the present, but that by and by Connecticut might make up its mind as to who was really its Governor, and the Governor make up his mind what should be done. This is how the matter stands,—most people sympathize with the action of the lynchers, but international law cannot tolerate a nation's sheltering itself behind the plea that it can't manage its own children.

As far as the prospects of a war are concerned it would be a battle between an elephant and a hornet. The elephant could squelch the hornet with one toe if he could get at it, tho' the chances are that the hornet would sting his eyes and ears with who knows how deadly an effect and flit away again with impunity. If Italy did, it would teach the United States two wholesome lessons: to be sufficiently armed for emergencies, and to treat other nations as respectfully as great European nations treat each other. There is no question of the physical strength of the United States, but it is out of training; and there is no question that the average American wishes to do what is right, but his representatives persist in bluffing.

"Flower de Hundred," by Mrs. Burton Harrison (author of "The Anglo-maniac.") The Cassell Publishing Co., New York. A book that will live, written in the style that "The Anglo-maniac" has taught us to expect from Mrs. Burton Harrison. It is a story written with quite Thackerayan tenderness about a family living in the old plantation style at a great old house in Virginia, just before the war. It describes charmingly the picturesque days of the historical South, which have gone the way of cavalier England. It describes life in Richmond, during the war, and the battles round it with great spirit, and life in the ruined South after the war most pathetically. There are touching little episodes like Dick Throckmorton's death, and the character of Nutty is admirably drawn.

This is the kind of book one keeps, talks about, and takes up again.

Of "Attila the Hun" (Minerva Publishing Co., N.Y.) by Felix Dahn, the great German novelist, newly translated, Miss Lorimer, writes: "I have read 'Attila the Hun' and think it is a *distinctly* fine book; one or two of the situations are very powerful, but it is too long and rather dull for the busy and exacting nineteenth century. I should have thought it would have been more appreciated through original by a nation who find time for plodding through life, and are satisfied if they gain a crumb of knowledge out of anything, however long. I should think it is very well translated, and it must have been no small task to do so. It is certainly anything but 'trashy love,' and for a less busy person than myself, in the way of reading, a most enjoyable book."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.