

it appears that far more than half of them were unable to sign their names. The Loyalists had also the misfortune of being combined and identified with the Indians whom the fatal folly of the Government employed. That acts such as might well kindle the fiercest exasperations were committed by some of the U. E. Loyalists is too certain, though to give particular instances would be ungracious, as it might point attention to a blot on some escutcheon. There was no lack of atrocities on the side of the Revolutionists, and it might be hard to strike the balance of guilt. One who simply regards with sorrow the fatal schism of the British race can have no desire to undertake this hateful task. But to be driven into exile for acts of atrocity, real or alleged, is a different thing from being driven into exile for a principle. The title of exiles for a principle in strictness more properly belongs to those who were driven from Canada for sympathizing with the Revolution, and to whom, as a paper in an Ohio journal, which a friend has sent me, informs us, the American Government assigned lands in that territory.

Lord Cornwallis (Correspondence, vol. 2, p. 371), after deploring the numberless murders and other atrocities committed by those engaged in the suppression of the rebellion in Ireland, says, "The yeomanry are in the style of the Loyalists in America, only much more numerous and powerful, and a thousand times more ferocious." The judgment thus indirectly pronounced by the most competent of all authorities will probably be regarded by history as decisive. It will be regarded as decisive at least so far as the mass of the Loyalists is concerned; for among them, it is needless to say, were men of the most stainless character, as well as of high social grade.

Still, a remarkable interest always attaches to the faithful followers of a lost cause. A U. E. Loyalist celebration will never fail to awaken general sympathy. But we cannot afford to let a particular set of persons erect themselves into an aristocracy of Loyalty, to look down as a superior caste on the rest of the community, or to treat the country as their own creation and themselves as the appointed masters of its destinies. The descendants of martyrs are not the martyrs themselves; and if all the genealogies could be traced out, we should probably find representatives of the U. E. Loyalists in all political parties, and not a few of them among the seven hundred thousand Canadians now settled on the other side of the line.

Let the U. E. Loyalists, at all events, abstain from attempting to exalt their own worth and importance at the expense of their fellow-citizens, and traducing those whose opinions differ from their own. Fortune, it is true, does not seem to smile on the cause of Canadian Independence. It appears that the French Province, now more French than ever, is likely to be a fatal obstacle to the consolidation of Canadian nationality, and that the vast extension westward, by dislocating the territory and exposing it at several points to external attractions of the most powerful kind, can hardly fail to accelerate the process of disintegration. Yet the desire of nationality, to which Independence is indispensable, is at all events a generous aspiration, and ought to command the respectful sympathy of those who are themselves assembled to cultivate an historical sentiment. It is perfectly compatible with the warmest affection for the Mother Country, though not with colonial sycophancy or title-hunting. Mr. Blake, since his Aurora speech, has always been regarded as the morning-star of Independence, and the recent utterances even of Sir Richard Cartwright are supposed to show a leaning in the same direction. At all events the party, if party it can be called when it has no formal organization, numbers many patriotic and disinterested men among its adherents. To say that it consists only of "tramps," "Bohemians," and "members of the broken-down classes, without a stake in the country"; that its "patriotism is nothing but envy and jealousy"; that its aim is only "to make places for a Yankee office-holding class"; that it wants confusion "in order that the dregs may be brought to the top"; and that it is akin to Catiline's conspiracy, or to the Nihilism and Dynamitism of modern times, is not more consistent with a sense of truth and justice than with a regard for courtesy. It is vain to contend that this vituperation is directed only against a particular editor. The whole Independence party is evidently included, being described as a party the members of which may be counted on your fingers and toes, though it has two morning organs in Toronto. The invective, moreover, was repeated in an aggravated form after its bearing had been pointed out, and is now published by the association with a full knowledge of the construction which cannot fail to be put upon it by the reader.

It is not worth while to notice criticisms of the American Republic, the only object of which is manifestly to keep up bad blood. We might as well examine seriously the criticisms of American Anglophobia upon England. Whether the American Government or ours is the more corrupt is a question which it is neither necessary nor agreeable to discuss.

What is certain, unhappily, is that the head of our Government is not a Cleveland. The indifference to human life shown by the impunity of murder in Kentucky is no doubt scandalous; but it is the moral consequence of slavery, and can hardly be cast in the teeth of the Americans with consistency by any one who showed ardent sympathy with the Slave Power in its struggle against humanity and freedom.

North and South have buried the memory, recent and deadly though it is, of the Civil War, and Confederate generals were among the pall-bearers of Grant. Canadians will hardly be persuaded to cherish a feud with their kinsmen across the line, certainly not more deadly and far less recent, merely for the purpose of lending artificial interest and consequence to a particular group of families.

If the time is ripe for the reconciliation of the English-speaking race upon this continent, we may depend upon it that no one will have sufficient length of whisker, breadth of sabre, or thunder of menace in his voice to turn away Destiny from her mark.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for the purpose.

JOHN BUNYAN IN GAOL.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—There is much misapprehension as to the sufferings of John Bunyan in prison, and your selected article this week [10th December] will hardly serve to clear the atmosphere; for although the biographer, John Brown, admits the exaggeration of William Parry's account, he nevertheless quotes it with considerable approval, and the readers of the article will be generally impressed with the terrible nature of Bunyan's sufferings, and that the cause of them all was his "teaching plain country people the knowledge of the Scripture and the practice of virtue."

Now the persecutions which caused Bunyan the greatest pain were not, I venture to think, those which accompanied his imprisonment, but rather those which preceded it, and which, during his five years of successful preaching, he suffered at the hands of those who are not commonly set down as his persecutors. Thus, to quote another biographer, Rev. James Copner, "Bunyan's popularity was purchased at no cheap and easy rate. When he went out into the surrounding villages to preach, 'the doctors and priests of the country'—who, it is fair to add, were the Presbyterian ministers who, during the Protectorate, were placed in possession of the Church livings—were ever on the alert to frustrate his efforts. The devil, designing to overthrow his influence, 'stirred up the minds of the ignorant and malicious to load him with slanders and reproaches.' He was abused in the most opprobrious terms; was called 'a witch, a jesuit, a highwayman, and the like'; and worse than all—in consequence probably of the power which he exercised over the minds of women—a report was circulated about him which reflected most seriously on his moral character. He was reported to be leading a life of the grossest and most disgraceful sensuality." This last base and infamous charge he "repudiated with indignation, solemnly appealing to God to vindicate his virtue. 'I call God for a record upon my soul that in these things I am innocent.'" Was not such persecution, to a sensitive and God-fearing man, far more painful than the cruellest imprisonment?

And when, at the Restoration, Bunyan was released from the persecutions of his base and cruel slanderers by being cast into prison, it is hardly a fair statement of the case that he was so imprisoned "because he taught plain country people the knowledge of the Scripture and the practice of virtue," or, as it is sometimes put, "because he dared to pray without a Common Prayer-book." Bunyan was imprisoned for breaking the law of the land, and for insisting that he would continue to do so. The law forbade meetings in conventicles, and enjoined upon the people to attend church. This law may seem intolerant, but in the then troubled state of the kingdom it was almost a necessity; for the holding of private religious meetings was often the "cloak, colour, or pretence" for meetings that were political and seditious. And this apparently intolerant law was made, not by the Church which commonly gets the credit of prosecuting Bunyan, but by the gentlemen of the House of Commons who, for many years, had been under the Gospel teaching of Puritan affinities. When the country became more settled, the law was relaxed, conventicles were licensed, and Bunyan was liberated at the express request of a bishop of the Church.

As to the severity of Bunyan's imprisonment, for which our sympathies are sought to be excited, it is to be remembered that if prisons and prison-life were not so luxurious in those times as the editor of the *World* found them the other day, so neither were private houses and domestic life so replete with ease, comfort, and luxury as now. If Bunyan's prison was cold and bare, it was in this respect hardly worse than his own house, in which, he tells us, at the time of his marriage, there was not "so much as a dish or spoon between him and his wife." And instead of living in close confinement at hard labour, he was allowed the utmost liberty in his prison, and even to come and go almost at pleasure. An account of his imprisonment is thus given by the biographer already quoted: "Continuously for twelve years was Bunyan kept nominally a prisoner—nominally,