

ignorance appealed to the constituencies to sustain him against a species of government inconsistent with the British connection. A fierce contest ensued, in which party passions and mob violence ran riot. When the Assembly met there appeared to be an insignificant and uncertain majority in favour of the Governor; but the contest had broken down his health; he resigned in November, 1845, and went to England, where he died prematurely, a disastrous fate, which befell so many Governors engaged in the hopeless experiment of turning back the flowing tide. Before his death, Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel recommended him to the Queen for a peerage, not for his Indian services, but in recognition of "the zeal, ability and prudence" he had exhibited in Canada!—a melancholy evidence of how imperfectly the true principle of governing colonies was as yet understood in Westminster.

It is impossible to deny to Metcalfe or Lord Sydenham strong, and even noble, qualities. They had no affinity with the greedy and servile parasites of power, who have sometimes been appointed Colonial Governors. They did their work under the depressing influence of damaged health and an unfriendly climate, with unflinching courage; sustained by a sense of duty, and the sympathy of a small circle of imperfectly informed friends in England. It was only after a contest, which before it concluded had lasted more than a generation, that success was at last won. In 1847, Lord Elgin was sent out by the present Earl Grey with instructions founded upon his memorable but somewhat tardy declaration that "it is neither possible nor desirable to carry on the government of any of the British provinces in North America in opposition to the opinion of the colonists."

And now, at length, notwithstanding the repeated declarations of Parliament, notwithstanding the secret instructions of William IV., notwithstanding the express refusal of a long line of Secretaries of State—all that Canada ever asked was conceded. Responsible government was formally adopted. The despotic Viceroyalty, for which Sir Charles Metcalfe and Sir Francis Head contended so resolutely, disappeared as completely as the divine right of the Stuarts. The Executive Council is responsible to the Assembly. The Governor takes the advice of his council and is bound by it. He is habitually represented at meetings of the Council by a President, one of the Ministers, to secure freedom and privacy in their deliberations. The entire patronage of the State, without limitation, is in the hands of ministers. And instead of being a body which the Governor may consult with liberty to take or reject their advice, he can perform no act of State without the express sanction and concurrence of a Minister representing the people. And this system was as completely in operation before the federal union of the neighbouring colonies with Canada as it has been since that event. Thus the birth and parentage of colonial rights are traceable to the soil of Canada.

The apprehensions of timid rulers that these concessions would lead to the loss of the colony was so far from being fulfilled that Canada was never so contented and never more determined to maintain the connection. In 1848, friends of the new French Republic invited the Lower Canadians to associate themselves with their kinsmen at home, and they would probably have done so had they remained discontented; but they declined on the ground of their strong confidence in the Government under which they lived. That Government had secured their confidence, by holding the balance fairly between the parties of which the community is formed. One instance became memorable. Acts of Parliament were passed compensating the "Loyalists" (as they designated themselves), who had suffered losses by the insurrection of 1837. It was then proposed to compensate the French-Canadians whose property had been destroyed by violent mobs of the loyal party, and finally to compensate those who had suffered by taking part in actual resistance to the Queen's troops. This last measure met with violent opposition in Canada, chiefly among those who shared the first compensation, and was not looked upon with much favour in England. But the Government stood on firm ground. The rights for which the insurgents contended had been since conceded and ought never to have been denied. These startling and unprecedented proposals became law, and a dozen years later, Mr. Gladstone, in a lecture upon Colonisation, admitted that they were just and reasonable. They were as politic as they were just, for it is certain that they produced among the population of French descent the conviction of fair play, which is the basis of successful Government.

To the other North American Colonies responsible government was also granted, and has worked with more or less success, according to the capacity of the men who administer it, but in all cases it has produced friendly relations with the Home Government.—*Sir C. Gavan Duffy in Contemporary Review.*

SONNET—GOD'S GROUND.

IN startling splendour to the human eye
The starry marvels by God's law maintained,
Move all in order, restless, yet restrained,
A march of worlds along the midnight sky—
And when I, lost in soul-bound ecstasy,
Would learn from whence their wondrous power is gained,
Man's wisdom flies, knowledge by doubt is stained,
Science grows dumb and thoughts in silence die.

O Thou! who first from Chaos summoned light,
Who wove the world-chains which thy skies adorn,
Who order'd all things wisely, shall my sight
Discern the secrets that are Heaven-born?
In reverence I wait and follow wisdom's call,
For me enough to know, Thou madest all.

G. B. B.

THE MÉDOC VINTAGE OF 1889.

ON the 25th of last September, at a severely early hour of the morning, a party of Englishmen and women, between twenty and thirty in number, assembled at the Paris terminus of the Orléans Railway, and took possession of the compartments reserved for its members in the *rapide* bound to Bordeaux.

Our route traversed a picturesque and prosperous portion of Central France, and skirted several fine old cities of special historical interest—Orléans, Blois, Tours, Poitiers, and Angoulême among the number. The run from Paris to Bordeaux, about 360 miles, occupied a little over nine hours, an exceptionally good performance for a French express, and proved a delightful journey, the weather being superb. For the most part the country through which we passed was highly cultivated, and plentifully studded with vigorous walnut-trees, the rich foliage of which, lightly touched with tawny autumn tints, and set aglow by a blaze of golden sunlight, was a conspicuous feature of the Touraine landscape in particular. At the Orléans buffet, notorious for good cheer, a sumptuous "breakfast at the fork" broke the monotony of the journey agreeably enough; and, on arriving at Bordeaux at evenfall, we found a toothsome repast awaiting us at the venerable Hôtel de France, our appointed quarters for the night. To "engineer" a party consisting of four-and-twenty Britons, mostly agriculturists—not to mention ladies'-maids and valets galore, absolutely free from suspicion of the most casual acquaintanceship with any word of the French language—throughout a holiday expedition in a foreign country is an arduous and somewhat formidable undertaking. On the occasion to which I am referring, it was carried out from commencement to finish without the least misadventure or hitch.

Bordeaux is a noble city—probably the handsomest provincial capital in France, and in every way deserving of more earnest attention than we were able to accord, even to its leading attractions, during our brief sojourn within its purlieus. We got up betimes, it is true, on the morning after our arrival, and in the course of a two hours' drive caught a few instructive glimpses of its chief monuments and public buildings, domestic architecture—much of which is ancient, picturesque, and very well preserved—splendid shops, rivaling those of Paris in their spacious frontage and artistic *étalages*, and stately quays, fringing either bank of the broad Garonne throughout nearly five miles of its majestic course. Bordeaux possesses a grand old cathedral, in which, when we visited it, funeral service was being performed with solemn pomp over the body of a deceased archbishop; one of the largest and most beautifully proportioned theatres in the realm of the Third Republic; curious old churches, town-gates of the triumphal-arch variety, handsome streets and squares, broad avenues and a public garden as large and tastefully laid out as any of London's minor parks. It is a busy, vivacious place—not lethargic and seemingly half-alive, like some of the old French cities which have lost their commercial or political *raison d'être*, and show no signs, save monumental ones, of their whilom prosperity and importance. Bordeaux is manifestly well-to-do; its quays are lined with vessels taking in or discharging cargo; the tramcars that rumble or jingle up and down its princely thoroughfares are thronged all day long with passengers; its open *façades* and closed *courts* are neater and far better horsed than Parisian vehicles of those classes; in the streets, even of outlying suburbs where the working folk live, nothing is to be seen suggestive of destitution, or even of extreme poverty. During my rambles about Bordeaux, no man, woman, or child asked me for alms, nor did I encounter any ragged or shoeless person whatsoever. Even the quay-side labourers were comfortably clothed, and physically robust—as far as I saw, without a single exception. Within a fortnight I twice spent several consecutive hours at Bordeaux. On both occasions I was informed that all the hotels were full to overflowing; and from the one in which rooms had been secured for our party, eighty applications for accommodation were perforce rejected in the course of a day. Presumably the circumstance that the vintage was in full swing at that time throughout the Médoc, of which Bordeaux is the emporium, had attracted many visitors to the City of Wine. But the general aspect of the place and of its population bears conclusive witness to the steadfast and lucrative character of the trade upon which the conspicuous prosperity of the Bordelais is solidly founded.

It was on board of a swift steam-launch that we made the brief but interesting voyage from Bordeaux to Lou-

denne, down the mighty river that flows through the very heart of the claret and cognac country. At Bordeaux this magnificent stream bears the name of Garonne, and is about four times as broad as the Thames between London and Southwark Bridges. It is by no means blue, as an old-fashioned English lyric would have us believe, but tawny yellow, like the Tiber. About eighteen miles below the City of Wine, at Bec d'Ambès, it joins the Dordogne, another noble river; thence to the Bay of Biscay the two amalgamated chief waterways of the Gironde take the name of their Department. A little below the place of their meeting they form a stream of great depth and volume, five miles in width, flowing seawards at the rate of as many miles an hour, when the tide is on the ebb. At Loudenne, where we landed, the Gironde measures seven miles across from bank to bank, and—but for its muddy hue—would look more like a lake than a river. The district known as Médoc or "Twixt-Water" (a contraction of *in medio aquæ*, the name bestowed upon it by its rulers when Bordeaux was the *chef-lieu* of a Roman colony) extends from Bordeaux to the sea, roughly speaking—more correctly, from Blanquefort to Soulac—and lies between the Garonne-Gironde river and the department of the Landes. It is a tongue of land, undulating in outline, the soil of which is partly silico-gravellous, partly calcareous, about fifty miles in length, and from five to six in breadth. All along its water-boundary vineyards fringe the river bank, sweeping down to the water's edge from the crests of the low hills—their local style and title is *croupes*—of the Haut-et-Bas Médoc. The communes into which the riverside section of the district is divided are fraught with pleasant remembrance and hopeful anticipation to every experienced claret-drinker—St. Julien, Margaux, St. Estèphe, Pauillac, and Cantenac. All these, and others in which superior classified and *bourgeois* growths are plentifully produced, we passed successively in our smart little steamer, which, being of light draught, was able to keep sufficiently close in-shore to afford us a tolerably near view of the handsome châteaux, for the most part standing on high ground, on or near the summits of the vine-clad slopes, but here and there nestling among symmetrically planted vineyards on the lower levels, half-way between the river and the *croupes*. Woodland is a comparative rarity in the Médoc, the soil of which is "under grape" wherever the vine will flourish; even the marshy lands or *palus* have been drained, protected from the river floods by massive embankments, and largely planted with vines, while the upper lands, with scarcely an exception, have been cleared of timber and utilised for viticultural purposes. The chief château proprietors, however, have kept up the small woods and coppices that happened to be situated in the immediate vicinity of their residences, to the general picturesqueness of which these "backings" or semi-girdles of forest trees and high covert contribute in no inconsiderable measure. A few of the wealthier and more enterprising *vignerons* have even adorned their estates with vigorous young plantations, at a pecuniary sacrifice which can only be appreciated by those who have learned how profitable every rood of Médoc soil that will grow grapes is to its owner. During my round of visits to the principal châteaux, I found their proprietors, as a rule, scarcely less proud of their woods than of their vineyards, though the former were merely ornamental, while the latter were lucrative sources of income. These belts and clumps of trees, chiefly composed of beech, elm, and walnut, with a sprinkling of oaks, planes, and lindens in the larger plantations, refresh the eye with fine colour-contrasts, or rather harmonies, and afford a welcome relief to the prevalent bluish-green of the vineyards—a somewhat sober tint imparted to the leaves by the persistent "treatment" with sulpho-carbonate of potassium which the vines have undergone during the past seven or eight years, with a view to extirpate the phylloxera as well as the pernicious fungoid pests, mildew and anthracnose. These destructive visitations between the years 1875 and 1887, entailed upon France, directly and indirectly, a dead loss of over £400,000,000 sterling. Throughout the Médoc, fortunately for growers and consumers alike, the enemies of the vine have been completely routed, and have quitted the scene of their former depredations, leaving behind them no visible trace of their malignant invasion save the darkened, dulled hue of the doctored plant's luxuriant foliage. Since 1882, when the soil round each stock was thoroughly saturated with a solution in which neither insect nor fungoid could live, the old vines have recovered health and fruitfulness, while those planted afresh in the utterly devastated districts have flourished exceedingly. In 1887 over eleven thousand additional acres were brought under cultivation with French, and between seven and eight thousand with American vines, strong, hardy plants which thrive well in the Médoc, growing to a greater height, and producing larger leaves as well as fruit, than the local varieties of Cabernet-Sauvignon, Malbec, and Merlot. During the planting time of the two following seasons this augmentation of the department's wine-producing resources was equalled, if not surpassed. For the outcome of this "new blood" future vintages must be awaited. The yield of three successive years, since the defeat of the phylloxera and mildew was conclusively accomplished, has far exceeded the average of the previous decade, and this fact, as well as the perfect healthiness and rapid development of all the vines planted during the three years in question (1887-8-9) fully justifies the growers in looking forward to an era of almost unexampled prosperity. A hogshead of any of the finer Médoc growths, which, only a hundred and fifty years ago, fetched twenty-four shillings in the Bordeaux market, first hand,