

March 5th, 1885.]

Lower Canada were separate, under the Legislative Union, not less than at present—there has always been a question of money. Till the year 1841 the contest between the Provinces was over the equitable division of the customs revenues collected in the Lower Province on goods consumed in both Provinces. Under the Union the complaint was constantly made that Upper Canada was unduly taxed for the benefit of her partner. The disputes which arose over the relative contributions to the revenue and its disposal had much to do in bringing about the Legislative dead-lock in which Confederation originated. The authors of Confederation, on whose minds this fact had made a deep impression, must have intended to settle the financial part of the agreement on an enduring basis. The most frivolous arguments are now used for the purpose of breaking up an arrangement which safety and honour require to be held sacred. The mere statement that a Province has not enough revenue for its needs is sometimes urged why the subsidy should be increased, though it is really no more than a reason why the inactive revenue resources of the Province should be set in motion. Mere impecuniosity no more gives a Province a right to an increase of subsidy than it would authorize a municipality or even an individual or a private firm to draw upon the Federal treasury. The honour of the parties to the compact is as much engaged to observe the terms of this as any other treaty, and repudiation of the obligation is not the less discreditable. When the Federal Government agrees to a breach of the compact, in favour of one claimant, it gives the other partners a claim to compensation which cannot in justice be refused.

The claim made by Manitoba to the public lands of the Dominion within that Province cannot even be stated without a gross misuse of language. If I call my neighbour's property mine, his right or title is not thereby invalidated. The United States purchased Louisiana from France; the Dominion purchased the North-West Territory, including Manitoba, from the Hudson's Bay Company, whose proprietary rights were unassailable. The ungranted public lands of Louisiana became the property of the United States; those of Manitoba and the North-West became the property of the Dominion. Nor were the rights of the original owners of the soil confiscated; they, too—a second purchase—were secured by treaty and paid for. The Indians cannot, as those of Mexico did during the Revolution in which the yoke of Spain was thrown off, claim the lands as theirs. A third party, the half-breeds of Red River, received compensation in the form of individual grants of land. After this triple payment it sounds strange to hear Manitoba claiming the land as theirs by some indefinite right which it would be impossible to state and which no court in the world would recognize. Similar claims were at one time made by some of the new States of the American Union to the public lands within their borders; but Congress met them with an unequivocal refusal. Precedent, as well as law and right, are here on the side of the Dominion. I do not say that Manitoba has no grievances, or that either that Province or the North-West can be governed in a spirit of centralization by the power enthroned at Ottawa, as if it were a dependency, instead of an integral part of the Union—in this direction the impossible has been too long tried—but the claim of Manitoba to the public lands of the Dominion is one that can never be made good.

THORPE MABLE.

THE MYSTERY OF ANNE BOLEYN.

THE history of Henry VIII. has often been treated in a partisan spirit because he has been supposed to belong to Protestantism. But Protestantism has no part in him, his acts or his ministers. Between the decline of Mediaeval Catholicism and the rise of Protestantism there came a dark interregnum at once of faith and morality of which the Borgias were the most characteristic figures and Machiavelli was the political prophet. This interregnum extended in England, so far as the ruling classes were concerned, from the beginning of the Wars of the Roses to the rise of Puritanism under Elizabeth. In the Wars of the Roses Tiptoft, nicknamed the "Butcher," the literary and sanguinary Earl of Worcester, reminds us of the union of culture with wickedness in the Italy of the same period. To this epoch belongs Henry with all the ministers of his just, rapacity, and cruelty, and with the mysteries of iniquity in which his reign abounds. The darkest of those mysteries is investigated, with German industry and judicial impartiality, in Mr. Paul Friedmann's "Anne Boleyn." Stripped of the fictitious virtues and grandeur with which he has been invested by fabling imitators of Carlyle's Hero-worship, Henry VIII. here appears as he was, one of the vilest of tyrants and of men; highly educated for a prince, and not devoid of talent, but absolutely selfish,

inflated with the most ridiculous self-conceit, the dupe of all who would play upon it, infamously licentious, and the very prince of liars, since, as Mr. Friedmann says, he lied not only like other disciples of Machiavelli, to his diplomatic opponents and the world in general, but to his own ministers, and even to himself. Of his courage and fortitude, though they are vaunted by his advocates, there is in reality no trace: though he loved military parade he never looked on the face of war; and in time of pestilence he showed the most abject fear of death. Moral courage he lacked as well as physical, and he seems to have been always the slave of some controlling influence. Absolutely destitute himself of generous sentiment and disinterestedness, when he happened to encounter them, he could not believe in their existence. In brutality he may be said to be almost without a peer. When Catherine, who had been the truest of wives to him, died, he appeared in the gayest of attire, and by celebrating a succession of jousts and balls, which made his palace ring with gaiety, he shocked even the callous hearts of that vile court. In the same way, when Anne Boleyn was lying under sentence of death, feasts and banquets followed one another in rapid succession, and the dwellers on the banks of the Thames were often roused from their sleep by the music which attended the king's return from his night of revelry. Of his utter hypocrisy in the matter of the divorce there can be no shadow of doubt; his real motives were the love of Anne Boleyn, whom he, with his usual indecency, installed as his destined wife in the face of his rightful queen, and desire of a male heir. His letters to Anne Boleyn are enough in themselves to unmask him, as well as to show the foulness of his lust, and are judiciously suppressed by Mr. Froude. It is morally certain that Anne's sister, Mary, had been his mistress; of this proof is stamped both upon the draft of a Papal dispensation and upon an Act of Parliament; and if, as there is good reason to surmise, the ground of his divorce from Anne Boleyn, which Cranmer pronounced in private, was the incestuous character of his marriage with the sister of his mistress, the picture of hypocritical villainy is complete. Of the majestic Lord who broke the bonds of Rome nothing remains but his corporeal bulk and the grandiose character which always attaches to a despot's crimes. Henry's only excuse is the morality of his age. Marriage was a sacrament, and a divorce in our sense of the term could not then be obtained; but a declaration of nullity of marriage could be bought in the corrupt courts of the Church with a facility which totally subverted the sanctity of marriage. The Duke of Suffolk twice committed bigamy and was three times divorced, began by marrying his aunt and ended by marrying his daughter-in-law; and this, says Mr. Friedmann, was by no means an extraordinary case. The Pope was withheld from granting Henry's petition by regard for the political interests of his Church, which he rightly considered to be bound up with those of the Empire. But he was willing at one time to license the king to commit bigamy, if Catherine could have been persuaded to go into a convent.

Anne Boleyn was murdered. She had failed to bear Henry a son, his lust was sated and his affections, if the term can be applied to anything so bestial, had been fixed upon Jane Seymour. He had already been carrying on flirtations with two other ladies of the court since his marriage with Anne. The arch-villain Cromwell was ready without the slightest compunction to serve the tyrant's lust; probably was all the more ready because he had been Anne's friend and supporter; and it suited his general policy that she should fall. By his infernal skill, and with the help of his all-pervading espionage, the toils were set and at last closed upon his fluttering victim. The hideous indictment which accused the young wife of having repeatedly committed adultery with Henry Noreys, William Bryerton, Sir Francis Weston and Mark Smeton, and of having been repeatedly guilty of incest with her brother, Lord Rochford, had no other foundation in fact than freedom of manners and light words reported by Cromwell's spies. The indictment wound up with an allegation that the treasonable behaviour of the accused, by the sorrow with which it had fill the royal heart, had endangered the life of the king—the king who all the time was rioting in indecent revelry. The treason courts were in those days, as Hallam says, little better than caverns of murderers. A servile and intimidated jury registered the doom which a despotic government had pronounced. The commonest forms of justice were disregarded. Not a tittle of evidence was produced except the confession of Smeton, which had been extorted by fear of the rack. If the rest of the accused did not assert their innocence on the scaffold this, as Mr. Friedmann with justice says, affords no proof of their guilt. The condemned were permitted to speak only if they promised to say nothing against the king or their sentence; and up to the last moment the Crown retained a hold, inasmuch as it could change beheading into hanging, drawing and quartering, or make the family smart for the impertinence of the prisoner. Scarcely any of Henry's victims, Mr. Friedmann says, dared to maintain their innocence. It may be added that all tongues, even those of men doomed to die, were

* "Anne Boleyn. A Chapter in English History 1527-1536." By Paul Friedmann. London: Macmillan and Company.