

of Sir John A. Macdonald, who as a party leader and a political strategist may well kindle the enthusiasm of Mr. Collins, for in his peculiar line he would have been qualified to play a leading part on any political stage. Few more difficult feats perhaps have ever been accomplished than that of training Orangemen to vote for Roman Catholics and to march to the poll with the Ultramontanes of Quebec. Yet the ashes of all these rivalries, controversies and scandals will be gathered by history into a very narrow urn. A fresh interest arises when we come in sight of Confederation; but the impelling motive was so far from grand, the sequel was so poor, the subsequent treatment of the national aspirations by those who had appealed to them was so unworthy, that the page is turned with an unwilling hand. There is a history which if it were only recorded or capable of being recovered, would be interesting indeed, and would furnish us with a religion of gratitude. It is the history of the Pioneer in all his lines. The monument of that history is the fair land in which we live; its archives are the lines on mouldering head-boards where perhaps an emigrant and the partner of his exile, sustained through their lowly but heroic struggle with the wintry wilderness by mutual affection, rest in their humble grave. Other record, it apparently will have none.

In England the controversy about the Carlyle memoirs has given birth to a general discussion respecting the Ethics of Biography, a subject not unpractical, for at the present rate of composition the living will soon be too few to read the biographies of the dead. It seems clear that the rule of biography as of history should be truth. But to tell the truth is difficult when the biographer is a relative, or when the family have put the papers into his hands; we must be satisfied if such a writer avoids downright falsehood. Nobody expects to find in the "Life of Lord Palmerston" by his stepson an account of that statesman's private habits or a mention of such untoward incidents of his career as the falsification of the Burnes Despatches. The son of Wilberforce has indeed been terribly veracious, but he evidently did not know what he was doing. This general observation must serve for the