

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1882.

OLD NEW WORLD TALES.

THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

BY PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON, HALIFAX, N. S.

ONCE there was a man, living in Norway, called Harald Haarfagr. He was a Jarl—one of many Jarls, or petty kings, or great chiefs, who, at that time, shared amongst them the rule over the lands and coasts of Norway. Much and long-continued fighting they had had, too, in their incessant disputes over those same shares. But Harald, called Haarfagr—or *Fair-haired*—was more than a common Jarl, as he was a very uncommon man. His father before him had made himself comparatively powerful amongst his fellows of the Norwegian Jarldoms; so that Harald, in succeeding him, succeeded almost to a state of downright kingdom. He, at the outset of his public career, determined that he would forthwith settle that point beyond all possible dispute.

It is reported that the youthful Harald found himself in love with a

beautiful young lady, named *Gyda*, and made her the offer of his hand. But the Lady Gyda was as ambitious and lofty-minded as she was beautiful. She certainly did not give her young lover a cool reception; for she met his proposal with stinging words which might have instantly terminated the suit of any one of less spirit than Harald. They were to the effect that he had better go and crush out the independence of that host of neighbouring Jarls who were carrying things with so high a hand on land and sea, and win a kingdom for himself, as one great warrior had recently done in Sweden, and another in Denmark. Then he might come to her with proposals of marriage, and she might deign to look upon them with favour, but not until then. Harald swore to himself that he would take her at her word. Nay, he swore that he would

never again allow that mass of fair hair of his to be cut until he had become sole master and King of Norway. He kept his word, and won his kingdom and his bride, and got his hair cut. Thus it came about, curiously enough, that what is now called America, first became known to the forefathers of the fair-skinned race who now rule this continent.

That result came about in this way. A large proportion of the haughty and hitherto independent Norsemen entertained very decided objections to Harald's proceedings, for he not only insisted upon being sole monarch of Norway; he further insisted upon keeping his kingdom in order, and especially in putting down the *Viking* occupation or piracy, especially upon the coast of his own domains. As this was not only the principal means of amusement, but a large source of profit to the more irrepressible Jarls and their congenial followers, it was but natural that they should resent such an unheard of innovation on Harald's part. He was not a king, however, with whom many of the disaffected were desirous of contending openly and face to face. So there came into vogue amongst this class a variety of rebellion which seems a novelty to our modern conceptions, but which was not uncommon in long-past centuries, and especially among Asiatic peoples. That is, they rebelled by summarily packing themselves on board their ships—being pre-eminently a sea-faring people—hauling up anchor and taking their departure to other and strange lands, where they could do as they pleased.

Divers were the countries to which these impatient Norsemen hied in their search for what they considered free and independent homes. There was one of these chieftains of men, and a thorough Viking, too, whose headquarters had been in and about the three Vigten Islands, on the mid-Norway coast, named Rollo, or Rolf. He was also surnamed *The Ganger*—

probably from the very determined, expeditious, and effective way in which he gathered up his followers, and 'ganged' out of Norway, and into what was found to be a much more pleasant country. However that may be, Rolf the Ganger and his followers, in the year A.D. 876, sailed down from their native fiords in force, and, with but little ado about it, pounced upon the Northern coast of what we now call France. There they extended themselves, and conquered, and gave their name to the tract of country which they appropriated; and thus Rolf, or Rollo, became the first Duke of Normandy.

Others of these Norsemen who resented Harald Haarfagr's rule, went out and colonized the Faroe Islands, said to have been previously inhabited. Others went to the Shetlands, the Orkneys, and the Hebrides, of all of which they had, doubtless, known something before. But the immigration in which we are most interested just now, is that of the daring Norse adventurers who made their way to the still more distant Iceland. That island had been discovered by some of these restless and fearless explorers a few years before. They had found it uninhabited at the time; but they also found there certain utensils employed in Christian rites and other remains, clearly indicating that this remote region had already been the abodes, for a time, of some Irish monks. To Iceland, then, boldly steered those whom we may fairly suppose to have been the most unmanageable and implacable of the Norsemen whom Harald Haarfagr sought to reduce to his rule. There, in that far-remote and only too-well named region, they might well suppose that they would be safe, without the reach of the conquering arms and detested laws of the self-made king—Harald Haarfagr.

This migration from Norway to Iceland was no combined expedition and hostile invasion, such as that which went forth from the Vigten Is-

lands, and spread itself over the northern shore of France. It was a movement which continued for several years. The first arrival was that of a chieftain named Ingolf, who eventually settled himself upon the spot where the town of Reykjavik, the little capital of Iceland, now stands. To this spot he believes himself to have been directed by the will of his tutelary divinities; which will was ascertained in this way. These pagan Norsemen were accustomed to having set up in front of the residences of their chiefs what they called *Seat-posts* (*Setatokkar*). These were, in each case, a pair of large and lofty beams of timber, elaborately carved and surmounted by figures of Odin, Thor, Friga, or whoever were assumed to be the tutelary deities of him who thus set them up. Upon a change of residence, these *Seat-posts* were carefully removed and embarked, with other probably less-valued chattels, on ship-board, the sea being, of course, almost the invariable means of local communication. On arrival in the vicinity of the intended new home, the *Seat-posts* were thrown overboard, and the point on shore to which they drifted became their owner's new seat, or place of residence. The reader may be curious to know what would be the result in the not at all improbable event of two men's *Seat-posts* being washed ashore at the same place. In that case, we must suppose that the first arrival would secure the land, and that the new comer would try again elsewhere; or that, if they arrived simultaneously, and were on particularly friendly terms, and nearly equals in power and wealth, they would effect an amicable arrangement; or that if one was weak and the other strong, the weakling would judiciously find some good reason for betaking himself elsewhere, notwithstanding the previous dictation of his gods. If otherwise, we may rely upon it that, as a matter of course, the stronger man just killed the weaker one, without any needless ado, and

thus settled the business at once. These old Norsemen had ever a prompt and simple way of arriving at results.

It is a singular fact that, at this very day, there are certain tribes of Indians in British Columbia, on the northern coast of the Pacific, who have *Seat-posts* set up in front of their wigwams, and have had them from time immemorial. These posts are often so elaborately carved that, considering the tools employed, the work expended upon one of them must have cost several years of the native artist's life. It would be an interesting investigation, that of tracing to its origin and primeval meaning, this rare custom, now practised by a few of the Aborigines of the North-West coast of America, and which *seems to be* identical with a custom, or religious usage of the Norsemen of Europe, a thousand years or more in the past.

The pioneer, Ingolf, was rapidly followed to Iceland by others of his fellow countrymen. The navigation continued for about sixty years—until, indeed, King Harald, fearing that his kingdom was about to become depopulated, laid such an embargo upon the exodus of his subjects that it became difficult for them to get out of Norway—at all events, when going in the direction of Iceland.

Our task is not, however, to submit to the reader a political history of Iceland. Yet it becomes necessary for us to say a few words as to the character and habits of these Norse Icelanders and their descendants. These emigrants, who had proved so refractory under Harald Haarfagr's iron rule, consisted of men who must have belonged to the highest class of the magnates of Norway, together with their families and servants. They must have been very wealthy, even to have owned the shipping which sufficed to convey their several households and retinues, with all their cattle and other effects, over a voyage which may have lasted, and probably did last, for several

months. We know that they must have been highly cultivated, and even learned, for the period in which they lived ; for of that fact they have left us ample proof. Their demeanour towards Harald Haarfagr in itself shows that they were an essentially high spirited and independent class ; and the records which they and their descendants have left behind them, show that they were exceedingly proud—not only personally haughty, but proud of their families, of their ancestors, and of their race. No people—not even the Jews, or any other race—have given so much study to genealogy and to family history, and have so carefully kept, continued, and preserved their genealogical records, as these Norsemen. We have proof of this propensity in a branch of the race other than the Icelandic—to wit, the *Norman*, specially so called. The propensity—perhaps it may be said the *passion*—of those of the original Norman stock, or having Norman blood, for tracing back their ancestry through all its connections, to its earliest known source, is sufficiently notorious. And, by-the-bye, their example has, in these our days, led the credulous imagination, or unscrupulous invention, of many vain people to the construction of family pedigrees of a very mythical character.

The Norseman, in becoming an Icelander, lost nothing of the dauntless bravery which had made him the dread of Europe. His occupation as a Viking was indeed gone. He would not, in Norway, condescend to abandon that pleasant and profitable pastime, at Harald Haarfagr's bidding. Now, in Iceland, he abandoned it of his own accord, his good intention, however, being much aided by circumstances under which he found himself placed. Norway, then as now, abounded in timber suited to ship-building. There the Viking and his company could easily build and fit out their ships ; and, on putting out to sea, the propinquity of their Norwegian home

to more fertile and wealthier shores, afforded a fair prospect of easy success in their piratical forays. With Iceland for their home, the case was very different. There, growing timber was scarce, and that little was of but stunted growth. The Icelanders were under the necessity of procuring their larger vessels—their *long ships*, as they were called—from Norway. Hence it was only the more wealthy of their number who could afford such possessions. Again, their new home was far removed from all of those shores which had long been the Vikings' paradise. But the Norse daring and love of adventure, still, were the most prominent characteristics of the Icelanders, as was also his love of the sea for its own sake. From all this, it turned out eventually that the Icelanders, having ceased to be Vikings, became almost equally noted as roving merchant adventurers ; and, as such, they visited almost every clime and country of which they had any knowledge. In this respect they, for centuries after the colonization of Iceland, unquestionably outshone all other nations.

The Icelander at home, during this same period, became, in like manner, pre-eminent among his contemporaries for his rapid progress in intellectual culture. Even if he possessed luxurious tastes and appetites, which is doubtful, the necessities of his position forbade him to indulge them. His own little tillage land, his pastures, and his abundant fisheries, supplied all his immediate wants. At the same time, the labours which they imposed upon him were far from engrossing all his time and attention. There were, especially in that high latitude, the long winter evenings of leisure to be disposed of. Men of the Viking blood—men of a race who had for ages been engaged in the fiercest of national wars, or the most daring of piratical adventures—must, when once they had cut themselves off from their former pursuits, have found themselves with an immense amount of surplus energy on

hand. How was it to be disposed of? In whatever new course directed, that course was certain to be pursued with extraordinary vigour. It seems reasonable to suppose—so reasonable as to be assumed almost as a matter of course—that, under all the circumstances, the Icelander would betake himself, with his spare time, and with his energy craving to be put to use, to intellectual self-culture. He did so, in fact. He became learned; he became a poet, a historian, a geographer—in short, a cultivator of literature and the sciences generally. The process by which this state of affairs came about can be easily conjectured. In the long winter evenings, when something had to be done to pass the time, the older members of the family circle would entertain and inspire the younger ones with tales—*Sagas*—of the heroic deeds of their fathers in the mother land, or in other countries; or with still older *Sagas* which they had learned in their youth, in old Norway itself. If the actions communicated were of a specially heroic, or otherwise touching character, their narration was clothed in numbers. These frequent repetitions of poems from the *Skalds*, and of tales from the *Sagamen*, would naturally lead admiring listeners to original efforts in the same direction. The Icelander became himself frequently, not only a *Skald*, but even an *Improvvisatore*. The *Sagamen* eventually developed into a historian—into a dispenser of general literature. This result was materially furthered by the spirit of mercantile enterprise which, as already mentioned, had already superseded the Icelandic Norseman's piratical habits. The Icelander, sailing upon every known sea, and endowed with a keenly observing and an inquiring mind, brought home with him from divers countries stores, not only of current news, but also of such valuable information upon general subjects as those foreign parts had to give; and the eagerness with which these stores

were sought by his mentally hungering fellow countrymen, was only equalled by the readiness with which they were dispensed. Thus the Icelanders became what we are now accustomed to call *well-informed* people—the most so, indeed, of any in that portion of the world which, comparatively speaking, we would designate as the most civilized of that period.

The Statehood into which Iceland grew, and the fundamentals of which had been brought over from Norway, was admirably suited to the intellectual development of its people. The *Landnamabok* was a book in which were enrolled the names of all the first Norwegian settlers in Iceland. The *Doomsday Book*, drawn up long afterwards in England, by William the Conqueror, was a similar achievement, although a less perfect work; for this *Landnamabok* is described as 'the most complete national record that has ever been compiled.' The descendants of these original *Landnamen*, with probably a few others who subsequently became land-holders, constituted the State. Of course the most of these—probably all of them, in the earlier history of the State—had servants; some of them, only a few; others, a large retinue. The government of the island, then, was a Republic; or, to speak with more particularity, an Oligarchy, founded upon a very wide basis. We find that between the *Landnaman*, or between the more powerful, or more active of them, on the one hand, and the poorer, or less influential, and the members of the servant class, on the other, there were maintained relationships very similar to those between Patrons and Clients, in the old Roman days. The former frequently employed his eloquence and learning, as well as his other influences—not always strictly incorrupt—in advocating the cause of the latter in their Things. The *Thing*—meaning literally *to speak*, and therefore equivalent to the English word *Parliament*—was an institution which

had been brought over from Norway. The *Thing* was, however, less a legislative body for the enactment of laws than a Court for their enforcement. The Icelanders had their District Courts (*Herredstinget*) and their Superior Court (the *Althing*). This *Althing* seems to have been, not only a Court for the settlement of disputes, but a great National Council, possessing legislative functions, and exercising general governing powers. This body met yearly, in the open air, upon the Thingvalla, an extraordinary rock-platform on the borders of Thingvalla Vatn, the largest lake in Iceland, and which platform was surrounded by a deep gorge, with rocky and precipitous sides, except at one part, where an isthmus, of only a few feet in width, afforded access. Every Sandnaman in the island made it a point of honour, or duty, to attend this gathering, if possible; for it was looked upon as a disgrace to be absent. Here they assembled with great pomp and parade, and also in great force as to followers, provided there was a probability of some question coming up the discussion of which might possibly end in blows. In these frequent Things, local and general, the Icelanders had abundant opportunities for the cultivation of eloquence. Their style of eloquence, judging from the specimens that have come down to us, was remarkably terse, pithy, and pointed. There was no washy chattering, or waste of words, with them.

Thus we find that, whilst the Norsemen of Iceland were, by natural predilection and the national isolation in which they had placed themselves, led into studious habits and the cultivation of literature, their faculties were being constantly sharpened through the attrition of mind upon mind in their public assemblies and free social intercourse. From all these causes there have arisen these results: that for about four centuries—from, the year 870, when the emigration

from Norway was in full strength, to the year 1261, when Iceland again weakly allowed itself to come under the allegiance of Norway—that wondrous island was, intellectually, the brightest spot in Europe. This period of Iceland's independence is, indeed, a part of that which is especially called 'the Dark Ages.' Whilst every other nation and people in Europe were enclouded in barbarism and ignorance, these Northmen, in their remote island, kept the light of civilization from becoming utterly extinguished,—as their distant, yet nearest, neighbours, the *Irish*, had done at a still earlier period. They alone were learned in the past, as in the present. They were producing poets, epic, lyric, and also satiric—as was found to their sorrow by many of their victims. They carefully collected materials and compiled the histories, not only of themselves and of their immediate ancestors, but of other countries which have since become of note. In fact, nearly all the reliable early-modern history we possess of Northern Europe—say, for the six hundred years from the middle of the seventh to the middle of the thirteenth century—we owe to the literary labours of these Icelanders. Yet were they not a people who much indulged in monastic seclusion, or effeminate self-indulgence. They still retained the ancient bold and manly spirit. They were genially social, although independent and haughty, at home, and still daringly adventurous, to a degree unsurpassed, if even equalled, by any of their contemporaries, when abroad.

The foregoing brief sketch of the character and outline of the history of the Icelandic Northmen has been deemed requisite, inasmuch as it tends to the conclusion that the facts of which we are about to continue the narration were all but inevitable. In making their way from the parent state to Iceland, these bold Northmen had already bridged the widest gulf which interposed between Norway

and the Western Continent which we now call *America*. From Norway to Iceland is double the distance that it is from the latter to the extreme southern cape of Greenland, or from the latter again to the most southern part of Labrador; whilst the distance between Greenland and the nearest point of Iceland, on the one hand, or the nearest part of Labrador, on the other, reduces still farther the proportion between the width of each of these two channels and that of the great ocean divide between Iceland and Norway. Was it probable, then—was it even possible, that these Icelandic Northmen could long continue cruising to and from their island-home without becoming acquainted with the great continent which lay to the westward of them? Assuredly not! If accident had not revealed to them an early knowledge of this New World, they would certainly have soon discovered it in the regular course of designed exploration. It was accident, however, which brought about this revelation; and we have all the events connected with the discovery, recorded with all necessary particularity in the Icelandic Sagas, written soon after the events occurred, and when the traditions of them were still fresh in the memories of the living.

Our earliest information upon these points is derived from the so called *Saga of Erik the Red*, and is to this purport: Thorvald and his son Erik the Red were among the later arrivals of the original Icelandic colonists. We are curtly told that they 'removed to Iceland in consequence of murder.' There Erik married, and had a son called *Leif*, of whom we shall hear more by and by. Erik, it seems, became, on more than one occasion, unfortunate in his social relations. At length he got involved in an unusually troublesome quarrel with one Thorgerst, to whom he had lent his Seat-posts, and from whom he could not get them back again. A pretty general fray ensued, some of the neighbours taking sides with Erik and others

with Thorgerst. The upshot of this affair was, that Erik was declared outlawed. In disgust he got ready his ship and put out to sea, telling his friends he was going West, in search of a land which had been seen not long before by one Gunbjörn, Ulf Krage's son, when blown off to sea. He found the land which he sought, coasted down upon it southwardly and westwardly, giving names to many places, and remained there two winters; but in the third summer he returned to Iceland. Erik called the land which he had found *Greenland (Grœnland)*, which name it has continued to bear to this day, much to the mystification of many people who have been unable to see its appropriateness; but Erik slyly observed: 'People will be attracted thither if the land has a good name.' He remained that winter in Iceland, but returned to Greenland the following summer, and commenced to colonize the land. 'This was fifteen winters before Christianity was established by law in Iceland,' says the *Saga*. Therefore, the final settlement of Erik and his followers in Greenland must have been in the year 985, Christianity having been established in Iceland in A.D. 1000.

Thus we find that in just 111 years from the arrival of the first Northmen in Iceland, their descendants had already discovered and commenced the colonization of Greenland. It seemed impossible that much more time could elapse before the great Western Continent became known to them. That knowledge came sooner even than could have been reasonably expected.

Among the Icelandic immigrants from Norway was Herjulf, who was a kinsman of the first of the Landnamsmen, Ingolf, already named. Herjulf and his wife Thorgerd had a son named Bjarni, who is described as 'a very hopeful man.' This Bjarni Herjulfson conceived, when young, a great desire to travel, which desire he to the full indulged when he came to mature years. He, in time, became possessed

of a ship of his own, and soon earned for himself great riches and respect. It was his habit to spend each alternate winter abroad, and every other one with his father, at home. Now it happened that, during one of the periods when Bjarni was abroad—that is, in the spring of 985—Herjulf took his departure from Iceland along with Erik Thorvaldson—otherwise Erik the Red—to settle in the new colony of Greenland. There he settled at what was thenceforth called Herjulfssness, *i. e.*, Herjulf's cape or point. Erik himself lived at a place which he called Brattahlid, and he seems to have been regarded as virtually the governor, as well as founder, of the colony; for the Saga tells us that 'he was the most looked up to, and every one regulated themselves by him.'

When Bjarni returned home to Iceland in the summer of that year (985), he was much surprised and disappointed at finding that his father had taken his departure thence. We probably cannot do better here than to give a translation of the identical words of the Saga itself:—

'These tidings' (of his father's departure) 'appeared serious to Bjarni, and he was unwilling to unload his ship. Then his seamen asked him what he would do; he answered that he intended to continue his custom, and pass the winter with his father: "and I will," said he, "bear for Greenland if ye will give me your company." All said that they would follow his counsel. Then said Bjarni: "Imprudent will appear our voyage, since none of us has been in the Greenland ocean." However, they put to sea so soon as they were ready, and sailed for three days, until the land was out of sight under the water; but then the fair wind fell, and there arose north winds and fogs, and they knew not where they were, *and thus it continued for many days.* After that saw they the sun again and could discover the sky; [they now made sail, and sailed for that day, before they saw

land, and counselled with each other about what land that could be, and Bjarni said that he thought it could not be Greenland. They asked whether he wished to sail to this land, or not. "My advice is," said he, "to sail close to the land;" and so they did, and soon saw that the land was without mountains, and covered with wood, and had small heights. Then left they the land on their larboard side, and let the stern turn from the land. Afterwards they sailed two days before they saw another land. They asked if Bjarni thought this was Greenland; but he said that he as little believed this to be Greenland as the other: "because in Greenland are said to be very high ice hills." They soon approached the land, and saw that it was a flat land covered with wood. Then the fair wind fell, and the sailors said that it seemed to them most advisable to land there; but Bjarni was unwilling to do so. They pretended that they were in want of both wood and water. "Ye have no want of either of the two," said Bjarni; for this, however, he met with some reproaches from the sailors. He bade them make sail, and so was done; they turned the prow from the land, sailing out into the open sea for three days, with a south-west wind, saw then the third land; and this land was high and covered with mountains and ice-hills. Then asked they whether Bjarni would land there, but he said that he would not: "for to me this land appears little inviting!" Therefore did they not lower sails, but held on along this land, and saw that it was an island. Again turned they the stern from the land, and sailed out to sea with the same fair wind; but the breeze freshened, and Bjarni told them to shorten sail, and not sail faster than their ship and ship's gear could hold out. They sailed now four days, when they saw the fourth land. Then asked they Bjarni whether he thought that this was Greenland, or not. Bjarni answered: "This is the

most like Greenland, according to what I have been told about it, and here will we steer for land." So did they, and landed in the evening under a ness; and there was a boat by the ness, and just here lived Bjarni's father, and from him has the ness taken its name; and is since called Herjulfness. Bjarni now repaired to his father's, and gave up seafaring, and was with his father so long as Herjulf lived, and afterwards he dwelt there after his father.'

It may here be observed parenthetically, by those who have given most careful study to these Sagas, with a view to giving a localization to the places named in them, Herjulfness is supposed to have been at, or in the immediate vicinity of, what we now call Cape Farewell.

As we shall presently show, the full meaning and importance of Bjarni's discoveries only appear after we see the results of a real exploration of the lands which he barely saw, through what he, no doubt, considered an unfortunate accident. The little Norse world did not have long to wait for further information. Posterity is mainly indebted to *Leif Erikson*—afterwards much known as 'Lief the Lucky'—for making known what lands—and what sort of lands, those were which had been seen by Bjarni Herjulfson; just as it is indebted to his father Erik for having explored and colonized the land previously seen at a distance by Gunbjörn.

Bjarni, after his arrival in Greenland, found himself the butt of many jibes from the people there, for having shown so little curiosity touching the unknown lands which he had seen and of which he could yet tell nothing, except the bare fact that he had seen them. There was much talk, then in Greenland, about the matter. At length, Leif Erikson, with the determination of looking farther into it, bought Bjarni's ship and engaged a crew of thirty-five men. He sought to induce his father Erik to take

charge of the expedition. The old man at first declined because of his age and consequent infirmities. Being at length over-persuaded, he a second time positively refused to go, in consequence of what he considered an evil omen: his horse stumbled and threw him, when on his way to the shore to join the ship. So Lief assumed the command himself, and set forth on his Southern voyage.

They sailed out into the sea, and at length came upon the land which Bjarni had found last. They cast anchor, took boats, and went ashore. They saw no grass; great icebergs were over all, up the country; and from the sea to the mountains, it was like a plain of flat stones. Then Lief said to his companions: 'We have not done like Bjarni about this land, that we have not been upon it. Now will I give the land a name, and call it HEL-LULAND.' It is inferred that this name—from Hella, a flat stone, a rock, was given to the country which is now called Newfoundland.

They again put out to sea, and at length found another land, where, as before, they anchored and went ashore. This land was flat and covered with woods; and where they went, there was much white sand about the shore, which was low. Then said Leif: 'This land shall be named after its qualities, and called MARKLAND (woodland), *Nova Scotia*.'

Again they resumed their voyage, and were at sea two days before they saw land. It proved to be an island, upon which they landed. From some characteristics of this place which are mentioned, taken in connection with what follows, the inference is that this island was Nantucket. They sailed into a sound which lay between the island and a ness (promontory) which ran out to the eastward of the mainland, and which is believed to be the passage between Nantucket and the peninsula of Barnstable. They then steered westward. The water was shallow, so much so that, at ebb tide,

their ship used to be left far from any water. At length they navigated their ship up a river which they had found, and thence into a lake; and there they cast anchor and encamped upon the shore. From all this it is evident that they crossed the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, into Sea-convict Passage, thence up Pocasset River into Mount Hope Bay, which our voyagers naturally enough supposed to be a lake. This tracing of their course is corroborated by the fuller descriptions given us in the accounts of subsequent voyages. They found abundance of salmon in the lake and river; and they found the country so good, and the climate so mild, that they believed that cattle could be kept there through the year without winter foddering. They built themselves houses and wintered there. During that season they found the day and night more nearly equal than in Greenland or Iceland. They give the length of the shortest day, according to their rude method of keeping time; and, assuming their computation to be correct, the latitude of the spot where they spent this winter would be $41^{\circ} 43' 10''$ N., which is about the latitude of Mount Hope Bay.

In the previous autumn, after they had got through with their house building, Leif was in the habit of dividing his men into two parties, one of which was to go out exploring; the other to remain in charge of the houses; he himself taking turns with each. One evening they found that one of the men was missing. This was a German, named Tyrker. Leif was very much vexed thereat; for Tyrker, although low in stature and ill-favoured, was not only an ingenious and comparatively learned and skilful man, but he had long been a faithful retainer of his and his father's. So Leif took twelve of his company and went forth to search for the lost man. They had not gone far until they met Tyrker; but obviously the man was not in his right mind. He rolled his

eyes, twisted his mouth, and acted in a most extraordinary manner. Upon Leif's remonstrating with him for having left his party, he spoke at first only in his mother tongue, German, having apparently forgotten the language he had more recently acquired. After a time he spoke Norsk, and announced to them that he *had found vines and grapes!* 'Surely is it true,' said he, 'for I was bred up in a land where there is no want of either vines or grapes.'

Whether Tyrker's temporary insanity was caused by the excitement from his discovery of the grapes, which carried him back in imagination to the home of his childhood, or was the result of his having become bewildered in the forest, it is difficult to say. The narrator of the incident—as is usual in these Sagas—gives no opinion, but simply states the facts. The mental aberration might have resulted from either of the causes named—especially in the case of one like Tyrker who, we are told, 'had a high forehead and unsteady eyes.' Instances of temporary insanity from having been lost in woods, are of frequent occurrence; and, in some such cases, the patients have been for a time quite unable to recognise their own residence, or the face of their most intimate friends.

This incident of Tyrker and the wild grapes led to the naming of the land. Our voyagers gathered of the grapes enough to fill their long boat. During the winter they cut down a cargo of timber for their ship; and when spring came, they got ready and sailed away; and Leif gave the land a name after its qualities, and called it VINLAND (Vinelands);—*Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, &c.*

The returning voyagers had a fair wind until they saw the coast of Greenland. In following along the coast, they were enabled to rescue a shipwrecked crew whom they found, with the remains of their vessel, upon an island rock. There were fifteen of

them in all, and were under the command of one Thorer, a Northman like themselves. Thorer had with him his wife *Gudrid*, whose name the reader will please to bear in recollection. They, with as much of their cargo as could be saved, were taken by Leif home to Brattahlid and treated with every hospitality; but a heavy sickness fell upon Thorer's crew during the ensuing winter, which carried off Thorer himself and several of his men. *Gudrid* survived. This winter also died Leif's father, Erik Thorvaldson, or Erik the Red.

The foregoing particulars are derived from what is called the 'Saga of Erik the Red,' which was undoubtedly written in Greenland, comparatively near the scenes of all the events described. There are some slight discrepancies between it and other accounts of the same adventures, believed to have been written in Iceland—just sufficient to preclude all suspicion of collusion; but, in all facts of any importance, they substantially agree. The winter which Leif spent in Vinland—usually thereafter called 'Vinland the Good' could not have been earlier than that of the years 995-996, nor later than that of 999-1000. The former date is most probably correct. It must here be observed that this same Leif Erikson established Christianity in Greenland, much to the disgust of his old conservative, pagan, and now dying father, Erik. In two other Norse works, from which we are about to quote, Leif's return from Vinland and his rescuing of Thorer and his shipwrecked crew, are described as having occurred in the same year in which he introduced Christianity into Greenland. In the celebrated 'Heimskringla,' or *History of the Norwegian Kings*, it is told:

'The same winter (A.D. 999-1000) was Leif, the son of Erik the Red, with King Olaf, in good repute, and embraced Christianity. But the summer that Gissur went to Iceland, King

Olaf sent Leif to Greenland, in order to make known Christianity there; he sailed the same summer to Greenland. He found, in the sea, some people on a wreck, and helped them; the same time discovered he Vinland the Good, and came in harvest to Greenland. He had with him a priest, and other clerks, and went to dwell at Brattahlid with Erik, his father. Men called him afterwards Leif the Lucky; but Erik his father said, that these two things went one against the other, inasmuch as Leif had saved the crew of the ship, but brought evil men to Greenland—namely, the priests.'

Again, we find it thus, in the *History of Olaf Tryggvason*:

'The same spring (A.D. 1000) sent King Olaf, as is before related, Gissur Hjelte to Iceland. Then sent the king also Leif Erikson to Greenland, to make known Christianity there. The king gave him a priest and some other holy men, to baptize the people there, and teach them the true faith. Leif sailed that summer to Greenland; he took up in the sea the men of a ship, which was entirely lost and lay a complete wreck, and on this same voyage discovered he Vinland the Good, and came in the end of the summer to Greenland, and went to live at Brattahlid with Erik his father. People called him afterwards Leif the Lucky, but Erik the father said these two things went against each other, since Leif had assisted the crew of the ship, and saved them from death, and that he had brought injurious men (so called he the priests) to Greenland; but still, after the counsel and instigation of Leif, Erik was baptized, and all the people in Greenland.'

Notwithstanding these versions, the probabilities are, that it was in the summer of 996 that Leif returned from Vinland; that he afterwards made a trip to Norway; and that, on his return to Greenland, in the spring of 1000, he found and rescued Thorer and his crew. Indeed, there is little room for doubt as to when the Vinland voy-

age was made, or as to when Christianity was introduced into Greenland; but the less important incident relative to the shipwrecked Thorer has got confusedly mixed up in the written accounts of the two more momentous events. Again, in another part of the *Saga of Erik the Red*, we are told that he (Erik) died before Christianity was introduced into Greenland; and upon such points as this and of Leif's voyages, that *Saga*, being the oldest that we have relating to such matters, and having been written in Greenland, is more likely to be reliable where it differs from those written at Iceland and at a later period.

Besides Leif, his heir, Erik the Red left two other sons, Thorvald and Thorstein. As might have been supposed, there was much talk of Leif's voyage to Vinland; and his brother, Thorvald, thought that the land had been much too little explored. So Leif offered Thorvald the use of his ship, to go and visit Vinland himself. Then Thorvald took counsel with his brother Leif, fitted up his ship, engaged a crew of thirty men, and put to sea. Nothing is told us of the voyage until they arrived safely at Leif's booths, in Vinland. This must have been in the summer or autumn of 1002. They lay up their ship in Mount Hope Bay, and passed a pleasant winter, catching great quantities of fish for their support. In the spring, Thorvald directed that, whilst they were getting their ships into order, a part of the crew should take the ship's long boat and, coasting westward, explore during the summer. These explorers on their return reported that the land appeared fair and woody; that there was but a short distance of white sands between the woods and the sea; and that they found many islands and much shallow water. They found neither dwellings of men, or beast, nor any seeming work of men, except in one instance, where, upon an island, they found what they called 'a corn-shed of wood.' We need not dwell upon the appro-

priateness of their description to the western shores of what is now the State of Rhode Island. This party returned; another winter was spent at Mount Hope Bay, or its vicinity; and, in the following spring (A.D. 1004) Thorvald went with his ship, and doubtless with his whole crew, 'to the eastward, and round the land to the northward.' They encountered a violent storm when off a ness, were driven ashore, and the keel was broken off their ship. They remained there a long time to repair their ship. 'Then said Thorvald to his companions: "Now will I that we fix up the keel here upon the ness, and call it Kjalarness (Keelness, *Keel Cape*, or *Point*)," and so did they.' There seems every reason to believe that *Keelness* is what is now known as Cape Cod.

After having got their ship repaired, they continued to sail around the eastern shore and into the mouths of the friths which they there found, until they reached a point of land which was all covered with wood. Here they landed, and Thorvald, with all his companions, went some little distance into the country. Thorvald was delighted therewith, and said: 'Here is beautiful, and here would I like to raise my dwelling.' This is supposed to have been Point Alderton, or possibly Gannet Cape, off the mouth of Plymouth Harbour. On their return to the ship, they saw upon the sands within the Cape three elevations which, on examination, proved to be three 'skin boats' (canoes), having each three men under it. They separated, surrounded the canoes, and caught all the men who were lying under them, except one, who made his escape. The men thus seized, they called 'Skrœlings' (*Skrœlingar*). What immediately ensued was emphatically characteristic of these Northmen; not of them alone, but—perhaps at least—of all the Gothic race and their descendants—possibly of all the human race; that is, the in-

nate propensity to kill, for the sole purpose, and through the unreasoning desire, of mere killing. Thorvald and his companions, without any ado, killed these Skraelings then and there—killed them just as they would have killed eight Norway rats.

This needless slaughtering of the Aborigines quickly brought its retribution. When the Northmen went on board ship they saw, for the first time, in the inside of the frith, a number of heights or protuberances, which they supposed might be human dwellings. They were doubtless Indian wigwags, just thrown up. After their exertions on shore, the whole ship's crew fell into a deep sleep. They were awakened by loud shouts, and saw an innumerable crowd of canoes rushing towards them from the interior of the frith. Thorvald gave orders to 'put out the battle-skreen'—a sort of wooden bulkhead or shield, run up from the bulwarks—and to defend themselves as well as they could, but to 'fight little against them.' This was done, and the Skraelings, after they had given them a shower of arrows, took to flight. It was then found, upon inquiry, that Thorvald alone was wounded, an arrow having passed between the edge of the ship and the shield, and pierced him under the arm. Thorvald, from the first, believed the wound to be mortal, and so it proved. He ordered his men to get ready instantly to depart; 'but,' said he, 'ye shall bear me to that cape where I thought it best to dwell; it may be that a true word fell from my mouth, that I should dwell there for a time; there shall ye bury me, and set up crosses at my head and feet, and call the place *Krossness* for ever, in all time to come.' The Saga here adds: 'Greenland was then Christianized, but Erik the Red died before Christianity was introduced.' Thorvald died, but all things were done according to his directions. His people remained there for the winter. They gathered grapes and vines; they load-

ed their ship, and in the spring (A. D. 1005), they returned to Eriksfjord, in Greenland, 'and could now tell great things to Leif.'

We must here make a remark about these *Skraelings*, who have just appeared for the first time. Some people have most strangely thought proper to assume that they were Eskimos, or *Esquimaux*, as the name is often and improperly written. We can see no reasonable ground whatever for so wild a conjecture. We have no grounds for belief that ever the Eskimos lived as far south as Massachusetts; or that they ever, at any time, wandered farther south than the northern part of Newfoundland, if even so far. It is a far fetched derivation that of deriving *Skraelinger* from *Smælingar* (diminutive men) in order to make it applicable to the Eskimos. It is obviously derived from *Skraela*, to make dry, in allusion to the smoky, singed-wood colour of the complexions of those savages. Or it may be derived from *Skrækja*, to cry out, to 'screech,' in consequence of the loud shouts, or whooping, with which they rushed into battle. Either characteristic would sufficiently denote aborigines of the same races which still inhabited Vinland and Markland, when those countries were first visited by Europeans of the post-Columbian period; and there is no need of dragging down the Eskimos from the remote polar regions to answer to the description. It is, indeed, rumoured that, on the arrival of the first of these later navigators, they heard from the natives about Mount Hope Bay a tradition that once, in the far past, certain white men had brought a floating house up the Pocasset River, and had for a time dwelt in that vicinity. In another Saga we are told that 'these people—the Skraelings—were dark, and ill-favoured, and had coarse hair on the head; they had large eyes and broad cheeks,' all of which is descriptive of those whom we know as the ordinary North American Indians.

Had they been of such diminutive stature as the Eskimos, we may be assured that the Northmen would have told us of so notable a fact. It may be observed that the Indian birch-bark canoes might easily have been at first mistaken by the Northerners for skin-covered boats, such as they might have seen in some parts of Europe, and such as the Eskimos really did use.

Meantime it had happened, in Greenland that Thorstein — Leif's youngest brother and the third son of Erik the Red—had married Gudrid, of whom we have already heard, widow of Thorer whom Leif had rescued from shipwreck. Gudrid is described as a woman of superior character and attainments. This Thorstein Erikson had now conceived the desire to go to Vinland in his turn, avowedly to bring home the body of his deceased brother Thorvald. He fitted out the same ship which had just returned from there, chose a crew of twenty-five stout and strong men, and, taking with him his wife Gudrid, put forth to sea. It seems that neither of Leif's brothers were to acquire, like himself, the surname of 'the Lucky.' This Thorstein was driven about in the sea, all that summer (A. D. 1005), without knowing where he was. At length, late in October, he made land in Lysefjord, still on the western coast of Greenland. We may briefly state that he was here hospitably entertained by a namesake, calling himself Thorstein the Black; that, during the winter, a severe illness fell upon Thorstein Erikson's people, of which many of them died; that Thorstein Erikson himself and Grimhild, the other Thorstein's wife, were also seized and eventually succumbed to the disease; and that, in the following spring (1006), Thorstein the host, in strict accordance with his promises to Gudrid, took that now twice widowed lady back to Eriksfjord. Gudrid repaired thence to Brattahlid, which was now, since the death of his father, the residence of Leif the Lucky.

So far, the Saga which tells of the voyages and adventures of Erik the Red and his sons. Turn we now, for a time, to the later Saga of *Thorfinn Karlsefne*, which gives us some additional information touching the adventures of the Northmen, Vinland, Markland, and Greenland.

It appears that *Karlsefne*, the surname which had been popularly conferred upon Thorfinn, means 'destined to be great.' His genealogy is given to us for many generations back. He himself is described as an able seaman and merchant. One summer, Karlsefne—then in Iceland—and a friend of his fitted out their two ships for a voyage to Greenland, at which place they arrived in the autumn, as is believed, of 1006. This was the autumn of the same year in the spring of which the widowed Gudrid had returned to the home of her brother-in-law, Leif. We need not tell how Leif rode to Eriksfjord to meet and trade with the new arrivals; nor go into the particulars of how he invited them to Brattahlid; and how the Yule feast was eaten and the winter passed under Leif's hospitable roof. We will only say that after the Yule feast was celebrated with pomp previously unheard of, in Greenland, Karlsefne intimated to Lief that he found himself smitten with the attractions of the widow Gudrid; that he wished to marry her and therefore applied to him as one who, 'it seemed to him, must have the power in the matter.' Leif answered favourably, but referred Thörfinn to the lady herself; and it ended so that Thorfinn married Gudrid; and then the Yule feast was extended into a marriage feast, and such a great and merry time was never before seen in Greenland.

At Brattahlid, there was a great deal of talk, those times, about Vinland the Good; and there seemed to be a general opinion that it should be further explored, and that a voyage thither would be particularly profitable, by reason of the fertility of the

land. This went so far that Karlsefne and those who had voyaged from Iceland in company with them, made their preparations to set sail for Vinland in the spring. They fitted out the two ships that they had brought with them from Iceland, and at least one other, and took with them one hundred and sixty men in all. In the ship with Thorfinn Karlsefne, were Gudrid his wife, and his friend Snorri Thorbrandson. In another ship were Bjarni Grimolfson and Thorhall Gam-lason, the owners; in a third were Thorvard, who had married Freydis, a natural daughter of Erik the Red, and another Thorall, called the hunter, an old servant of Erik's. This setting forth of the Thorfinn Karlsefne expedition, is believed to have taken place A. D. 1007.

The members of this expedition followed the now accustomed course. They found in succession, and identified, and further explored, Helluland and Markland. They found that the dense woods of the latter abounded with wild beasts; and upon an island, off that coast they killed a bear. In due time they arrived at Kjalarness, and there found Thorvald's keel still standing. They then ran south, by the beach which stretches along the whole eastern shore of Cape Cod peninsula, to which they gave the name of *Furdustrandir* (wonderful beach). Then coasting westward for a time, they ran their ships into a cove. There were in the ship with Karlsefne two Scotch bodies—a man and a woman—whom King Olaf Tryggvason had, in time past, given to Leif Erikson. They were remarkably swift of foot—'they were swifter than beasts;' and Thorfinn now set them on shore and bade them 'run to the southward of the land, and explore its qualities, and come back again within three days.' They did so, and at the appointed time returned, one of them having in hand a 'bunch of grapes, and the other, a new sown ear of wheat.' So these Northmen call it;

but it is presumed to have been an ear of maize, often called 'Indian wheat' by the early European visitors, of a later date, to these parts. These messenger doves were received again on board their ark, which then sailed farther westward, and into a frith having an island before it, around which there were strong currents. They called the inlet *Strumfjord* (Stream Frith), and the island *Strumey* (Stream Island). The island is supposed to be Martha's Vineyard, which may then have been one with Nantucket; and the inlet, Buzzard's Bay.

They found the shores of this frith very beautiful; and they unloaded their cargoes and prepared to remain there. 'They had with them all sorts of cattle.' 'They undertook nothing but to explore the land,' in consequence of which 'they were there for the winter without having provided food beforehand.' The result of such improvidence—extraordinary in Northmen—was what might have been expected. They suffered much during the winter through lack of suitable food. At one time, they all became ill through eating of a whale that had become stranded in their neighbourhood. But afterwards they learned to catch wild animals for food; and as the weather improved, they were enabled to go out fishing successfully, and, with returning spring they collected great quantities of eggs of wild fowl, on the island. So they got through their severe ordeal, without any decrease of number. Nay, they did better than that, as we shall see. The event to be noted demands a new paragraph.

Some time in the autumn of this their first year in Vinland (A. D. 1007), Gudrid bore to her husband Thorfinn Karlsefne a son. That son was named SNORRI. At the present day, there is a host of people through the three kingdoms of Scandinavia, comprising noblemen, statesmen, prelates, and many men who

have become eminent in literature, jurisprudence, arms, and art, as there has been through the long intervening past, who claim direct descent from this Snorri, the Vinland-born son of Thorfinn Karlsefne and his wife Gudrid. The succession is clearly traced out in their several genealogical charts, without any missing links whatever. Thus, for instance, Bertel Thorvaldson, the world-famous sculptor, and Finn Magnusson, the scarcely less famous Northern antiquarian and Runic scholar—both of them not long since deceased—are each lineally descended, in the twenty-fourth degree, from Snorri Thorfinnson, born in 1007, in Vinland—that is, some where about the sea-side borders of the present States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

In the spring of 1008, it appears that a difference of opinion occurred between Karlsefne and Thorhall the Hunter. The latter wished to explore by going northward and along the Furdustrands; the former was desirous of going southwards and westwards along the coast. Thorhall made his his preparations; only nine of the whole company determined to go with him, all the rest remaining with Karlsefne. This Thorhall seems to have been a scarcely disguised pagan in his religious views, and somewhat of a heretic about the virtues of Vinland. When all ready for a start, he carried water on board of his ship,

drank of it before all hands, and then sang a song, which is thus translated :

‘ People told me, when I came
Hither, all would be so fine ;
The good Vinland, known to fame,
Rich in fruits and choicest wine ;
Now the water-pail they send ;
To the fountain I must bend,
Nor from out this land divine
Have I quaffed one drop of wine.’

Then, when he had hoisted sail, he continued his satirical song. It is said by Norse critics that, in the original, these songs bear the certain stamp of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Thus Thorhall chaunted :

‘ Let our trusty hand
Haste to Fatherland ;
Let our vessel brave
Plough the angry wave,
While those few who love
Vinland, here may rove,
Or, with idle toil,
Fetid whales may boil,
Here on Furdustrand,
Far from Fatherland.’

Thorhall and his little crew sailed away to the northwards, past Furdustrand, past Kjalarness, and then sought to cruise to the westward ; but there arose a strong west wind, which drove them irresistibly before it, out into the ocean. Their fate is uncertain ; but it was afterwards reported by travelling merchants that they were driven, or made their way over to Iceland, where they were seized and made slaves.

(To be continued.)

MAY.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

IN this, the house of dolour where I dwell,
High up among green boughs and sycamores,
The thrush sings matins at our chamber doors,
And the shy oriole weaves her curious cell,

An airy, pendulous boat that needs not oars,
 Safe anchored to the elm, whose toss and swell
 Of billowy leafage rocks her callow brood
 Almost within my reach, at the high flood-
 Tide of the upper deep, whose ebb and flow
 Sways past me in this dolorous house of woe.

In this my house of dolour shines the sun
 In long gold lines, through stately windows tall,
 That trace fine arabesques on frieze and wall,
 A shadow dance of leaves : quick rainbows run,
 And fade, and re-appear with the bright fall
 Of twinkling waters in their fount of stone.
 Reed-like and shrill I hear the blackbird's note,
 Mixed with the hum of insects, and the float
 Of the long waves upon the summer shore,
 That seem to breathe of peace for evermore.

Yet in this house of dolour where I dwell,
 Though I behold no faces of despair,
 Nor tossing arms, nor long dishevelled hair,
 Nor the sad hollow eyes with grief acquainted well,—
 Yet in the darkness, on the still gray air,
 Shaped of mere sound alone, my thoughts compel
 The embodied forms of groans, and sighs, and tears,
 And the weird laughter shuddering midnight hears ;
 Each takes some shadowy shape, and tells again
 The story of immedicable pain.

One gentle spirit through the live-long night
 Sings to a spectral babe soft lullabies,
 That rests not, nor will cease its piteous cries ;
 And one, distraught with fear, shrieks out for light,
 And listens, hushed, with wild and starting eyes ;
 And one with crouching head veils from her sight
 Some unimagined shape with her poor hands ;
 And one, like a lost soul in desert lands,
 Roams weeping up and down her narrow cell,
 In this, the house of dolour where I dwell.

But most of all the laughter of the mad
 More dreadful is than any tortured cry
 Wrung out from suffering to the unheeding sky
 That answers not, nor hears : my soul is sad
 For them with unvoiced pity. Still goes by
 The year's bright pageant, yet I am not glad,
 Though all the world is beautiful with May,
 And bright with sunlight, and with blossoms gay :
 There are no wreaths for us but Asphodel
 In this sad house of dolour where I dwell.

ELLERSLIE GRANGE.

BY 'ESPERANCE,' YORKVILLE.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

ONE day a letter came from Reginald. 'I am coming home, mother,' he wrote; 'I have not been feeling very well; don't be alarmed, it is nothing serious, only a headache. To tell the truth, I think I have worked at my books too hard lately. I have worn myself out. The doctor says I need rest, so I am coming home to get it. I shall start on Wednesday, by the morning train. Tell Elsie.'

Of course Mrs. Ellerslie was greatly excited and alarmed, despite her son's injunctions; and she counted the hours until Reginald should come! And the hours went swiftly enough. One dark cloudy night, when all good citizens were comfortably sleeping, and only the stars and moon looked down upon the winter world, soft white flakes of snow drifted lazily down, gradually increasing in number and rapidity of descent until, when morning broke, hill and dale, lawn and meadow, were all alike clothed in one unbroken spotless robe of white, covering up the dingy housetops and the muddy highway; resting on the shivering trees to shield them from the cold; finding lodging-place even on the narrow window-sills, so that when Elsie awoke the first thing she did was, to cross to the window to ascertain the meaning of their presence there.

'O what a white, white world!' she thought; and then she let her clasped hands fall down before her,—their usual way when Elsie was thinking—and stood and looked out upon the scene. There was no joy or glad-

ness in the girl's face as she stood there. The sun shone and sparkled on the new-fallen snow, but there was no answering joy in Elsie's heart to harmonize with the spirit of the scene. Already the tinkle of jingling bells told of pleasure-seekers and busy workers, abroad in sleighs and cutters, both, no doubt, rejoicing in the new phase of affairs. Even as Elsie watched, a double sleigh dashed past, crowded with merry children and little less merry parents, off for the first sleigh-ride, their happy laughter ringing above the tinkling of the bells, and striking Elsie with a keen sense of discord with her own sad feelings. And yet Reginald was coming home to-day! Reginald, to whom she had promised her hand, with whom she was to spend her whole future life as long as God spared them both! Reginald was coming home, and yet Elsie, his promised wife, was sad and weary of heart. Why was this? On this very day, one year ago, she had put away from her, angrily and scornfully cast from her, the greatest happiness she had ever known. Cast it from her and left her heart O so void, so empty! filled with a bitter, angry pain. Perhaps the pain had grown weaker—perhaps so—but it seemed to Elsie that it had only grown deeper and more firmly rooted, and therefore, like all such sorrows, it became quieter and less demonstrative. She had ceased to battle with fate now. 'It was no use,' she thought, 'her life was allotted thus, to be one of secret pain and loneliness. The whole great burden of her darkened life would never be less hard to bear than it was

now !' Some hearts are fashioned so. Their wounds lie not on the surface, but so deep down that not even time, that Methuselah of physicians, can work a cure upon them. Too deep for affectation, too sacred for display, they are zealously guarded and concealed that the world may know nothing of them. O how little do any of us know of the trial and trouble, pain and poverty, death and desolation that darkens this globe on which we live ! Elsie turned from the window and hastily dressed, for the first bell had rung. After breakfast she went up to Reginald's room to make it ready for his coming. The picture still hung over the mantelpiece, yet Elsie did not even glance at it, but resolutely kept her face turned from it.

'I must not do it !' she said to herself. 'I have pledged my hand to another, and it is very wrong to let my thoughts play traitor ; even though, since he cannot be anything to me now, I had rather, O how much rather, remain free for life than give to another what I would not give to him ! Yet I have pledged my word and I cannot draw back now, so I must not do it !' She hastened from one thing to another, more hurriedly than was at all necessary, it may be,—perhaps it was in order to escape as soon as possible from temptation's power ! Whatever the reason of her haste, her task was soon done ; the crimson curtains were rightly draped, the vase upon the table was filled with flowers gathered from the dining-room stand, and then Elsie went down to order a fire in 'Mr. Reginald's' room. 'For,' she said, 'He will be here at noon, Jane.' But noon passed by, the short winter afternoon waned, and not till evening, just as Elsie had almost decided to desert her post at the window, where she had been watching for the last half hour in the twilight—not till then did Reginald come. The sound of wheels upon the avenue awakened Elsie from a reverie into which she had fallen, and almost im-

mediately a cab drove up to the front door and Reginald sprang from it. Elsie saw him give some direction to the driver and then he ran up the steps, but before she could meet him at the door he had entered the room, caught her in his arms and kissed her, saying, as he released her :

'There ! that's to vent all my joy at being home three weeks earlier than I expected. Now it's your turn ! Give me a welcome, Elsie mine !'

'Two, if you want them,' answered Elsie, surprised into a laugh. 'Have I not been watching this last half hour for you, and expecting you ever since noon ? Do you think such tardiness deserves a welcome ?'

'I could not leave this morning, and to night's train was an hour late. Now am I forgiven ? Ah, yes, Jane !' he cried, as he heard his name pronounced at the door, 'tell him to take them up to my room ; you show him the way. Now, Elsie, I will relieve myself of this conglomeration of wraps, and then—up with the gas, and blessings on the jolly hearth fires, for there's nothing like them !'

They were a merry party that evening ! Even Elsie felt happier and lighter-hearted as she answered Reginald's jokes, and joined in with his careless laughter. Reginald was truly much paler and thinner than when he went away, and there was just a vague weariness in his eyes that made his mother more than ever anxious about his comfort.

'He needs attention, poor boy,' she said ; 'we'll nurse him well between us, won't we, Elsie ?'

And Reginald, very happy in having two such nurses, laughed, as he leaned back in his cozy, cushioned chair, drawn right up to the blazing hearth, and thought, that, of all the homes he had ever been into, there was not another as cozy, and altogether perfect, as his own ; nor did he think the world could provide two more such women as his mother and his cousin Elsie.

So the evening passed on and bed-time came. Mrs. Ellerslie had retired for the night, and the doctor was happily snoring in his chair. Deep silence had fallen over the two remaining wide-awakes, but at last Reginald said, 'a penny for your thoughts, if they are for sale!'

But they are not! And they were not about you, sir, I assure you!' answered Elsie, saucily.

'Oh, what a snub!' exclaimed Reginald, laughing, 'and so you won't tell me what they were about?'

'No,' answered Elsie, 'I will not, Mr. Inquisitive.'

'Well, suppose I ask you another question? Look up, Elsie!' he said, as, rising, he came and stood before her and caught both her hands in his. 'Do you know, I sometimes think that my present happiness is too great to last. I don't know why I think so, but at times the fear comes over me that I shall wake up some morning and find it all a dream, gone and over forever. Tell me once again, Elsie, that you love me.'

This was putting it in hard words for Elsie to answer; she made a compromise.

'Why, Reg,' she said, 'your illness has unsettled you! I must tell auntie your brain needs nursing as well as your body! What a foolish boy you are!'

He laughed a quick, merry laugh.

'Yes, I know I am, he said, 'but I should like to hear you say once again that you have given yourself to me! You are mine, Elsie, are you not? and no one else's. Mine, now and forever—say that, dear!'

This was easier for Elsie. 'His now and forever! Was there any chance that she would ever be any one else's?' The question flashed like lightning through her brain ere she bound herself in the words Reginald had spoken for her to repeat, and both pride and reason answered in the negative. So she said, very quietly, but firmly:

'I am yours, Reginald—yours only—now and forever, as long as life lasts!'

The next day Elsie would have given worlds, had they been her's, to recall those words and free herself from the solemn promise she had made. But Reginald bent and kissed her quickly and passionately as he said:

'I would sooner lose my life than you, Elsie, so you must not wonder if I like to feel secure of you. Good night, dear!' for she had taken up her work as if for departure.

The next morning Elsie went over to see Mrs. Thorold. The rupture between her and Clair had made no difference in her friendship with his mother. 'What if she did refuse our boy?' the latter said to her husband, who felt rather sore at Elsie's rejection of his son, 'a girl's heart is her own to do as she pleases with, and if Clair did not suit her fancy, we have no right to blame the girl or shun her for it.' So when Elsie presented herself at the rectory that morning she received a hearty welcome from the kindly old lady, who wore a more than usually smiling face. She was sitting in the breakfast-room, with a child of above four summers on her knee—a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little creature, who nestled still more closely in Mrs. Thorold's arms at Elsie's entrance.

'Good morning, Mrs. Thorold!' said the latter. 'I felt rather low-spirited to-day, and so came over for you to cheer me up.'

'You are heartily welcome, dear,' replied the old lady; 'but whatever can you have to make you low-spirited? One would think you could have no troubles!'

'Well, I have not many. I suppose I am ungrateful for my blessings. But, Mrs. Thorold, who is this?'

'Ah, I have been waiting for you to ask that! This is my little grand-child, Elsie.'

'Your grand-child?' Elsie's heart almost stopped. 'Your grand-child?'

she repeated. Then Clair had been married all the time he had been paying his addresses to her. This was the explanation of that—but Elsie always stopped here.

‘Yes, Elsie—my grand-child. Run away, little Dora, now; go and see Bridget and ask her to give you a piece of cake. She has my name, you see,’ she continued, turning to Elsie as the little one ran off, delighted with her errand. ‘O, Elsie, Elsie, God has given me more to day than I deserve! He has given back to me her whom I never expected to see again in this world. I will tell you the story, my dear, if you have time to spare to hear it; but I did not want to speak before the child. Elsie, did you ever hear that I had a daughter Margaret?’

‘A daughter?’ Elsie drew a quick breath of relief. ‘No?’ she said.

‘But I had,’ said Mrs. Thorold; ‘she went away five years before you came to N—. In the summer of that year a family named Esmond came to the city. One member of it was a young man, handsome enough, perhaps, but rather too fast for old people’s notions. At least, I thought him not good enough for my daughter. But, from the first, he paid her the greatest attention, and I saw that she returned his affection. Well, the end was that he proposed to her and was accepted, although Mr. Thorold had told him that he would not feel justified in giving his daughter into the keeping of one who led so irregular a life. Margaret cried and stormed when her father refused to consent to the marriage; but he was inexorable. This went on for some weeks, and then, one morning, I found a note on Margaret’s dressing-table, reading thus:—“Mother, this morning, when you get up, I shall be the wife of Arthur Esmond. We shall be married at St. George’s, and you and my father can see the registry there to satisfy yourselves that I am really married. Forgive me for acting thus! but, mother, I cannot give up Arthur, and father will not let me

marry him at home. Ask him to forgive me; and don’t forget your poor Margaret.” Yes, she had run away, Elsie. Poor girl! she was always high-spirited and impatient of restraint, and so when her affections were engaged she broke bonds altogether, and took her own way. She found it a hard way, Elsie, as all such do. You may be sure my heart felt sore enough for many a month after my daughter’s departure, and I thought that Clair would be ill, he fretted so. We never heard anything of her until a year ago, and then Clair saw her. Poor boy, he came home in a state of great excitement. “Mother, father!” he said, “I have seen Margaret. She has lost her husband, and is very poor, with one little child, a girl. May I not tell her to come home? O, you don’t know how she longs to see you both! Say yes, father! Say yes, O, do!” “Henry, you will let our child come home? You cannot refuse her now, all alone and friendless as she is?” I pleaded with my husband. But he was immovable. “She has chosen, she must abide by her choice,” he said, and all further entreaties on our part were in vain. Even Clair was forbidden to see her, and though it almost broke his heart, he obeyed. He wrote to his sister and told her all, adding, that if it rested with him she should come home instantly, and tried in every way to comfort and cheer her. It was in this very city Clair saw her. He encountered her under the firs by the gate, where she had come to get one look at her old home. I said that this was a year ago; but last night she came back again. I found her and her child outside the door, which should never have closed but to close her in. A perishing wanderer, a homeless beggar on her own home’s doorstep. I did not wait then for anyone’s consent; I had her raised up and carried in and laid in her own old bed, with her child beside her. And little Dora is that child, and Margaret, my daughter, has come back to me.

Margaret, my golden-haired, blue-eyed child, who has been so cruelly used, so harshly treated —'

'Elsie! what is the matter, Elsie?'

But Elsie had slipped quietly from her chair and lay senseless on the floor. With trembling hands Mrs. Thorold threw water on the white face and chafed the cold hands, and gradually a faint tinge of colour stole into the white cheeks, and Elsie opened her eyes slowly and gazed vacantly about her.

'Where am I?' she said. 'O, yes, I know. I must go home!'

She rose hastily to her feet, but would have fallen again had Mrs. Thorold not caught her.

'You must sit down; you cannot go yet,' said the lady. 'Drink this, Elsie; you must, before you can walk back to the Grange;' and she forced the girl to drink a small glass of wine which she had poured from a decanter on the sideboard. 'What made you faint, dear?' she asked.

'I—I—I don't know whether I am not very strong now or not; I don't know what it was, Mrs. Thorold.'

'Poor child, I should not have told you that tale; you are not well this morning, and I see that I have added to your illness. Now you must stay to dinner with me, and then you may go home.'

'No, I cannot stay!' answered Elsie. 'I did not tell aunt that I was coming; she will not know where I am. I will go now, Mrs. Thorold; I am quite strong enough.' But her kind old friend would not let her go until she had recovered a little more from the effects of her faint. Then she tied on her hat, wrapped her up in a shawl besides her jacket, and went to the door with her, bidding her lie down directly she got home, and to take care of herself, or she would be ill. Elsie sped quickly on her homeward way, her haste and excitement conquering her weakness, and soon reached the Grange.

Reginald met her at the door.

'Why, Elsie!' he cried, 'where have you been? Dinner is waiting, dear, and mother is growing anxious about you. But, Elsie, what is the matter? Your eyes are so wild-looking, and your cheeks so pale. Are you ill?'

'No; I am quite well. At least—O, don't tease me, Reginald!'

He was hurt and grieved by her tone, but he said nothing—only opened the door for her to pass into the house.

'Tell them to go on with dinner,' she said, as she was going up-stairs. 'I will be down directly.' But she did not appear until the Dr. had left the table, and Mrs. Ellerslie was just going. Reginald had risen also, and was sitting in a chair by the window. Elsie sat down at the table, but in a few minutes she rose and left the room by the door leading into the drawing-room.

Reginald looked after, and presently got up and followed her. 'Elsie,' he said, going up to her, as she stood by the window, looking out, or seeming to, — 'Elsie, something has happened to trouble you—what is it? There ought to be confidence between us. Will you not tell me, Elsie? What is it, dear?'

For a moment, a wild impulse to tell him all came over Elsie. She turned and caught his arm, and her lips half opened; but then she turned from him again, as suddenly, and let go her hold. 'I cannot tell you. Do not ask me, Reginald!'

He answered her gravely and tenderly, as he might have answered a child.

'Very well, dear; you shall not tell me if you do not want to; but if you change your mind, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say.'

The next day was Friday, and, in the morning, Reginald went into the city, and did not return until noon. As he hung up his coat in the hall, he thought he heard a sound as of a stifled sob proceeding from the drawing-room, by the door of which

he stood. He listened for a moment, and his suspicion was confirmed. He stepped forward and entered the room, the sound of his footsteps lost in the yielding carpet. By the table, her head buried in her hands, knelt Elsie. He stood in astonishment for a moment only, but in that instant he heard her say, between her sobs: 'O, Clair, Clair! if I had but known this!'

Reginald's heart almost ceased to beat! No doubt of her meaning, no hope for himself came over him. The instant she had spoken he knew that all his fears and misgivings, as to the durability of his day-dream, were now realized—darkly, bitterly realized. He sat down on a chair close by and waited to recover sufficient calmness to enable him to speak. Then he rose and advanced towards his cousin.

'I have heard it all, Elsie,' he said in a stern, grave voice—stern from the very effort to make it steady. 'I do not blame you, but since I have heard so much, you must tell me the whole.'

With a quick cry of surprise the girl sprang up at the sound of his voice. 'O Reginald! what have I done?' she cried, cowering before his look, although there was no trace of harshness in it.

'Nothing; you did not know I was there. It was fate that brought me, I suppose. Elsie, you must tell me now what you heard yesterday. Whatever it is, it is making you miserable, and you won't tell me because you think it will pain me. I can guess that much, I want you to tell me the rest. Now Elsie, what is it?'

His tone was so quietly determined (though not in the least angry), that it checked Elsie's tears, but she made no answer. He stepped up quickly to her and caught her in his arms, holding her as if it were a last embrace, as if some one were trying to wrest his treasure from him. He bent his head until it was close to hers, as he said: 'Elsie, my darling, I am not

angry with you! It is for your own dear sake I ask you what I do. Tell me, where were you yesterday?'

'At the Thorold's,' answered the girl.

'And—and—?' Reginald could go no further.

'And what?' asked Elsie.

'And whom did you see?'

'Mrs. Thorold;' was the answer, spoken in almost a whisper.

'Only her, Elsie? Only her?'

The girl looked up with flashing eyes at him who thus questioned her. 'I would tell you,' she said, indignantly, 'if I had seen anyone else! Yet, O yes, there was a little grandchild of Mrs. Thorold's there.'

'A grandchild of Mrs. Thorold's, Elsie? Surely you are mistaken?' He loosed his arms in his surprise, and Elsie slipped out and stood before him.

'No, I am not,' she said, and then the whole tale came out, all that Mrs. Thorold had told her.

Reginald listened quietly to the end, then he said: 'I knew most of this before, Elsie, but what has it to do with you? Why does Margaret Esmond's history affect you so deeply?'

'O Reginald, Reginald!' she cried, and she raised a face of quickened misery and regret to his; 'it was because I saw Clair Thorold speaking with his sister under the firs that I sent him away. I did not know he had a sister, and I heard her say:—'O Clair you once loved me!' and Clair answered, 'and love you still, Meg.' I thought that all the time he had been deceiving me and was engaged to this girl. I was so angry, that for the moment I almost hated him, but I hastened away from the spot, for I would not play the listener, and when he came two days afterwards, I sent him from me with angry words. And now I know why he seemed so surprised and grieved, though I would not listen to a word from him then. After all he was perfectly innocent, and I treated him so cruelly and all for nothing!'

Reginald's face had grown so white and stern whilst Elsie was speaking, that it would have frightened her had she been looking at him, but towards the last she had buried her face in her hands. She raised it quickly when he said, in a tone so unlike his own, that she could not believe it was he who spoke: 'So you *did* like Clair Thorold, after all, Elsie?'

The girl did not answer, but Reginald took her silence as an affirmative. 'And you like him still, Elsie?'

He stood before her, his lips compressed with pain, his hat, which he had carried with him into the room, in one hand, and his eyes filled with a light Elsie had never seen there before. She could not answer him for very fear of the anger, which, in her humility, she thought she deserved. Instead, she sank upon a chair beside her, and burying her face in her hands burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing and weeping. Thus Reginald left her. Without a word, he turned and passed out of the room, let himself out of the front door, and pulling his hat low over his eyes, strode away down the path into the highway, and so on out into the open country, in the opposite direction to the city, and no one saw him again until tea-time. 'He had left the house,' Elsie said, in answer to her aunt's enquiry at the dinner-table, 'a few minutes before the bell rang, and had not come in since.'

Both her uncle and her aunt noticed the girl's pale face and excited manner, but neither made any remark—for, inwardly, they both decided that she and Reginald had had some slight quarrel. 'All young people quarrel sometimes,' they thought, and this explained Reginald's absence as well as Elsie's excited manner. And so the girl was left unquestioned, for 'they'll make it up again directly,' thought the old folks. They never dreamt of anything serious being the matter.

That night Reginald sat down in his room and wrote a letter to Clair

Thorold. A long afternoon by himself had led him to decide the course he must pursue, the only path that honour would allow. Elsie should never be bound to him whilst her heart was elsewhere. He understood it all now. It was out of pure pity and kindness for him that she had said, Yes, to him that day which seemed now so far away, although it was only three months ago. He was too noble to suspect his cousin of any meaner motive than this, and so he thought: 'She did that much for me, I owe it to her to make her this reward. Now I know, Elsie, why you cried, "O no!" when I asked you for your hand. O, if you had told me then! it is so much harder to bear after three months of happiness.' His letter was only a short one. If you still love my cousin Elsie, Clair,' he wrote, 'come home and try your fortune once more. It was all a wretched mistake that parted you two; that mistake is now rectified, and I think if you come back you may be more successful than you were a year ago. Come quickly.' He folded it up, put it in an envelope and stamped it, and the next morning it was duly posted. Once convinced of the right path, he did not flinch from taking it. Nor did he pause when he had turned the corner; he went straight on with unfaltering steps, each one of which placed a wider distance between him and the 'paradise on earth' he had lived in for three short months—each one of which led him nearer to—Ah, No! There was more trouble in store for Elsie than she ever dreamt of! When Reginald had left the house, in the impetuosity of his sudden pain and bitterness, he had forgotten all but the crushing blow that had fallen on him. Wind, frost—and all consideration of the danger of exposing oneself to them without other protection than a hat could afford—were entirely forgotten, and in his rapid walk, occupied with his bitter, angry thoughts, he felt nothing to remind him of their

power. What though the wind was keen, and the bitter frost made face and fingers smart with cold—he was not conscious of the fact. Only when he slackened his pace did he find out the truth, and become aware of his light attire. Even then he thought it made little matter. ‘Nothing could make much difference to him now,’ since Elsie was no longer his, for he never dreamt of retaining his claim upon her now that he knew why that claim had been admitted. However, he turned homewards in the dim consciousness that he still owed it a duty to his parents not to run into needless danger. O, how bitter the wind was! he felt it now, and shivered in every limb. He went straight up to his room, and retired for the night. The next morning he awoke with a severe cold which grew worse as the day passed on. The next day it was no better, and on the third day from his rash walk, Reginald was ill in bed with, the doctors said, inflammation of the lungs. O how Elsie blamed herself, as she thought: ‘It is all my fault! and if he dies I shall have killed him.’ She worried herself with this reflection until her aunt feared that she would be ill also.

‘Elsie, child,’ she said (neither she nor the doctor knew how matters stood between their son and niece), you must not worry so. He will get well again soon. Poor child! There, cry if you can, it will do you good. I wish I could!’ And Elsie felt so deceitful and so wicked, as she listened to the kind words, that she could not bear to look her aunt in the face. She went back to the sick room and stationed herself where she could see every movement of the patient, even every change which came over his face. Reginald had been ill two weeks now, and to-morrow would be Christmas day. On Christmas day two years before, she had gone with Clair Thorold visiting. On Christmas day, one year ago, her cousin Reginald had been her companion on the same er-

rand. To both men she had brought sorrow, and now, one lay dying. Elsie never entertained any hope of Reginald’s recovery; ‘he would die, surely die’—she thought, ‘and she would be his murderess, as much as if she had deliberately killed him. No kindness on his parent’s part could alter this—if he died, she had ‘killed him.’ And as she sat and watched him in his sleep, Elsie wondered why she had ever been born. ‘So much trouble and misery she had caused in her short life of eighteen years.’ Suddenly, Reginald opened his eyes. ‘Elsie!’ he called, faintly.

‘Yes, Reg, I am here;’ and she hastened to his bedside.

‘Give me your hand, dear!’ he said with a faint smile. ‘You are ill yourself, Elsie; I believe you are fretting about me?’

Elsie bit her lips to keep back the sobs that strove for utterance.

‘I am not sorry to die, Elsie! You must not grieve because of that?’

All Elsie’s restraint gave way now, she held her clasped hands before her, whilst the tears came streaming down her cheeks.

‘O, you must not die!’ she cried, ‘You shall not, must not die! You will get well, only you are weak and cannot think so. O, do not say you will die, Reginald!’

‘Hush, Elsie, hush, I cannot bear to see you cry. But you are mistaken, dear, I shall never be well again—and if it were not for my parents I should be glad.’

Elsie had no need to ask why. Presently Reginald spoke again. ‘To-morrow will be Christmas day, Elsie,’ he said. ‘Do you remember what the sick girl said a year ago? She said, Clair Thorold told her that only one thing could bring him back, and that there seemed no hope of that ever coming to pass. It has come to pass. Clair Thorold is coming back, Elsie. I do not think it will be long ere he is here.’

‘Coming back?’ her tears were

checked by her surprise. 'Here?' what do you mean, Reginald?'

The sick man's answer was perfectly calm. He had fought the battle well, now there would soon be for him nor life nor love—on earth! Ah, there was still the light of heaven, and the 'love that passeth knowledge' in store for him! The peacefulness of that light, the spirit of that love was with him even now. 'I have written to ask him to come,' he said gently; 'and, Elsie; if he should ask you what he asked you a year ago, say him Yes, dear! Think of my claim upon you as if it had never been. I know now that you gave it to me only out of pure, pitying kindness. It was very good of you, dear, but I give it back again now. I should never have had it, had it not been for that unfortunate mistake about Margaret Esmond, so I have no right to it, no lawful right, at least. And so, Elsie, if he should ask you the same question as he did a year ago, give him the same answer you would have then, had that mistake not been made. Will you Elsie? promise me!'

She was calm enough now.

'No, I will not!' she said, decidedly. 'I am as much yours now as I ever was, and I intend to remain so. I shall be happier so, Cousin Reginald!'

'No, you will not, Elsie,' was the quiet answer. 'You are speaking now under the influence of your good little heart, and out of kindness to me. But, Elsie, you must remember that there is some one else beside yourself to think of! Clair has suffered enough through that mistake; do you not care to make him happy again?'

'Happy?' exclaimed the girl, with a sudden flash of pride. 'He is happy enough, Reginald! He has forgotten all about me!'

'Hush, Elsie, you must not say that! I know Clair better than you do. He wrote to me, Elsie, about your unfortunate misunderstanding; and I believed him fully when he said

that he should never love another woman beside yourself. No, Elsie, he has not forgotten you. Now, promise me, dear.'

But she would not. She could not bring herself to take back, in this manner, from the dying Reginald, what she had given to the living one. Reginald closed his eyes and gave up the contest, for he was wearied, utterly spent with talking so long. But the matter was to be decided for Elsie by a higher power. By the time Clair Thorold came there was no longer any doubt that soon there would be no one to dispute his claim. Christmas had passed by, and it was the day before New Year's. All day Reginald had lain with closed eyes, conscious, but making no sign to show that he was so. Both his mother and Elsie had watched beside him incessantly. Now, as the dusk began to creep into the room Elsie left it, and went down to the drawing-room, to try to get rid of her terrible suspense and dread. She stood by the window looking out upon the night. One by one the stars took their places in the sky, and, far away, she could see the twinkling lights of the city. All the rest was black, blank darkness. She pressed her head against the cool pane to ease its throbbing. 'O, spare him! spare him!' she cried, in her agony; but still overhead the work of death went on. Suddenly she heard a step upon the gravel. Surely, surely she knew that step! She drew herself up and listened. It came up the steps, and then there was a ring at the muffled bell. With clasped hands and bated breath Elsie bent her head forward to catch each coming word or sound. She heard some one go to the door, and then the step came in, and when Elsie turned to look, Clair Thorold stood in the doorway. She knew him, despite the rough overcoat and thick muffler that almost hid his face—she could never forget that form! 'O, Clair, Clair!' she cried; but she could make no step forward to meet him. The joy in her

eyes, the flush upon her cheeks, the excited trembling of her outstretched hands, were hidden by the dusk ; but all the passionate longing and loneliness, the repressed love of the past year, spoke plainly in her voice. With swift steps Clair came towards her, and ere she knew it she was folded in his arms.

'Mine at last, dear love,' he said, and that was all ; but it was enough. And now Elsie never thought of saying No ; Reginald was dying, and it was hard to repress an old love. Presently Clair released her. 'I am selfish,' he said ; 'tell me, how is Reginald ? My mother told me he was ill.'

The girl started back. 'O, Clair ! how wicked I am ! I had forgotten him. I must go up to him. He is dying, Clair.'

'Dying ?' The young man stood in shocked astonishment. 'Dying, Elsie ?'

'Yes,' replied the girl. 'O, I must go !'

She was starting off when Clair recalled her. 'Stay, Elsie !' he cried. 'Will you tell him I am here ?'

'Shall I ?' she said, doubtfully. 'Had I better ? I will see when I go up. He may be asleep.'

'Do as you think best,' said Clair ; and he went and stood by the window to await her return.

When Elsie reached the sick room she met Reginald's eyes turned towards the door as if watching for some one. He was very weak, and could scarcely speak, but he beckoned her to him, and said, faintly : 'Clair is here. I heard him. Tell him to come up.'

Elsie went down again and gave Clair the message, and he followed her up-stairs. The hot tears came into his eyes as he saw his friend's pale, shrunken face. Could this be the strong, healthy Reginald Ellerslie he had seen last a year and a half ago ? It was hard to believe it. He went up to the bedside and knelt down. 'Reg, old boy,' he said, trying to steady his

voice, 'I little thought to see you so changed !'

Reginald smiled faintly. 'Tell Elsie—to—come here,' he said, in broken syllables.

Clair did so, and Elsie came forward.

Reginald asked them to reach out their hands towards him, as they stood together by the bed, and when they had done so he laid one on the other and held them so.

'Is it all right ?' he enquired, looking from one to the other.

Elsie released her hand and hastened away, to hide her tears, but Clair answered him. 'Yes, Reginald,' he said, 'it is right at last !' He knew nothing of Elsie's engagement to her cousin, and, therefore, nothing of the noble sacrifice which Reginald had made. If he had, the knowledge might have embarrassed him now.

The silence and gloom of the grave hung over the Grange that night, for Reginald, the only son, the idol of his parents, lay dying. For hours he had not spoken, when suddenly he opened his eyes, and his lips moved.

Clair bent down to listen and heard him say, 'hark !'

Just then the sound of some far-off bell came faintly on the still night air. Reginald had heard it although the others had not. But now the nearer bells joined in, and Elsie felt as if she would give all she owned to get them to stop. O how harsh and heartless the bells always are ! No sorrow silences their music ! They are always gay, always cheerful—all, excepting the funeral bell ; but all the others ring heedlessly on, and poor scathed hearts must bear the discord as they can. In the sick room this New Year's eve there was deep silence. Reginald was listening to the bells, and the others kept silence in the solemnity of the hour. At last the chimes began, and after them the bells again ; and when both chime and peal had trembled into silence, Clair bent down to speak to Reginald, but Reginald

was dead! His spirit had gone out with the Old Year.

'I am wondering if the New Year will bring me what I want,' he had said on last New Year's Day. It had brought him death.

His mother knelt down by the bed, with a low wail of anguish. 'O Reginald, Reginald, my son! if you had but spoken to me before you went!' she cried.

Clair and Elsie stole out of the room and left her alone with the dead. He was more her's than theirs, if he was anyone's now but God's! 'O Clair,' Elsie said when they reached the drawing-room, 'I have killed him!'

'Elsie! what are you saying?'

'I have killed him!' replied the girl. 'Just as much as if I had meant it. Clair, for three months, until a few weeks ago, I was Reginald Ellerslie's promised wife! Then——'

'Reginald — Ellerslie's — promised — wife!' Clair slowly repeated after her, 'Elsie?'

'Yes,' said the girl calmly. 'Don't be angry with me, Clair. I only consented because I thought——.' She stopped here.

'Thought what?' Clair questioned.

'I saw you under the firs, Clair, more than a year ago, with your sister Margaret. I did not know then that you had a sister, and I heard her say: "You once loved me, Clair!" and you answered: "And love you still, Meg." I thought—what could I think but that you were deceiving me and were engaged to this girl all the time? And——'

'And that was why you refused me, Elsie, and were so angry?' interrupted Clair.

'Yes,' Elsie answered. 'And when —when Reginald asked me last summer, I thought there was no use in blighting his life because mine was blighted, and so I said "Yes." But, three days before Reginald was taken ill, I found out that the girl I had seen you with was your sister. O Clair! I bitterly repented of my has-

tininess then, for now I was pledged to another, and had destroyed your life and my own. I made up my mind not to tell Reginald anything. He did not know why I sent you away. But he found it all out, and that I cared for you still. He asked me, and I could not deny it, although I would not speak—but I suppose he took my silence for consent. Then he he went out of the house without his overcoat, and two days after he was taken ill. That is the whole story. Clair.'

'No, it is not, Elsie.' Clair's voice was very grave, but the deep feeling which Elsie's words had excited spoke in it. 'No, it is not, Elsie. If ever there was a noble man on earth, that man was Reginald Ellerslie. He wrote to me, Elsie—to me, his rival—and told me to come home and try my fortune with you again. That is why I came. But I little thought that what gave me such happiness was causing him such bitter pain!'

'I knew that he wrote you,' Elsie said. He told me the day before Christmas. O, Clair! I feel almost like a murderess when I think of him. It was all my fault! And yet I only said him "yes" out of pity. And I would never have taken back my promise had he not found it all out. How could I have acted otherwise, Clair?'

He took one of her hands and held it gently.

'You did nothing wrong, Elsie,' he said; 'and, for Reginald, it is better as it is. He has gone where pain and disappointment cannot reach him. We must not wish him back, Elsie; though, O, how blindly we would recall him if we could!'

With bitter tears and aching hearts Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie saw their son laid in the grave; then they hid their own sorrow to comfort the girl who had been that son's promised wife. They did not know but that she had been his betrothed to the end.

Clair and Elsie agreed not to undecieve them. 'It would grieve them

sorely,' Elsie said; 'and there is no necessity that they should know *now*. And, besides—besides, they would not understand the matter rightly, and might think harshly of me. Need I tell them, Clair?'

And Clair answered, 'No;,' and so nothing was said to Reginald's parents to enlighten them on the subject. Mrs. Thorold had never known of Elsie's engagement to Reginald, for Elsie had never summoned courage to speak of it, and Reginald had had no opportunity.

Two years after the latter's death, Clair told her that he had asked Elsie Graeme to be his wife, and that she had consented. She thought it was but a resumption of the old relations, at the rupture of which she had been so much surprised three years ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie were not selfish enough to expect their niece to remain single all her life from loyalty to Reginald's memory. So they gave a full consent to the engagement, and

felt glad that she had been so soon comforted. Clair and Elsie were quietly married, and settled down in the city, near to both their old homes. On the evening of their wedding-day they went together to the grave where Reginald was buried. Bright, happy-hearted Reginald! the gayest and most careless fellow in the world! yet who had been glad to die because life's burden had grown too great for him to bear. Many and bitter were the tears which Elsie shed beside that grave.

'O, Clair, Clair!' she cried. 'How bitterly has my happiness been purchased!'

But Clair raised her from the ground, and drawing her to him with one arm, turned her face up to meet his.

'No, no, dear wife!' he said, 'you must not cry upon your wedding-day. Reginald is happy, Elsie, happier than even we are; and the price he paid for our happiness shall only make us hold it as a more sacred gift.'

THE END.

FOR AN ANDANTE OF MENDELSSOHN'S.

THERE'S a mist upon the river, and a ripple on the lake,
 And a cold and warning shiver runs along the heathery brake;
 The wind awakes all raging, and the rain begins to fall,
 But we'll wait the storm's assuaging—is not heaven above us all?

There's a gloom upon the valley, and a silence on the hill,
 While adown the arch of midnight, lo! the white stars wander still—
 But the winds arise together, and the shadows backward fall—
 See, there's dawn upon the mountains, and there's heaven above us all.

By the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'

NOTES UPON ROMEO AND JULIET.

Read before the Shakespeare Club, Montreal.

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

THE fact that Romeo and Juliet is the earliest of Shakespeare's tragedies, having been written probably about the year 1592, and re-touched between this and 1599, as well as the great popularity of the play as a stage piece, give special interest to the study of it. As we shall see also, the whole play is in many ways very similar to Hamlet, as well as strongly contrasted with it. Now the first composition of Hamlet was at least as early as 1597. In the study of our play we are well supplied with materials. For the student of the text it is fortunate that Romeo and Juliet formed the first volume of Furness's admirable Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. The New Shakspeare Society, of London, has given special attention to this play, so that its members have been supplied with the Parallel Texts of the First Two Quartos, as well as with a critical Text with notes by Mr. P. A. Daniel. Lastly, this industrious student has edited, for the same Society, Shakespeare's originals by Brooke and Painter; and to his preface I would refer those who wish for a full account of the story of Romeo and Juliet. Meanwhile the following list of names and dates will be of service as indicating the general development of Shakespeare's subject.

The story of two hapless lovers was one familiar from the times of classical antiquity, as witness such stories as those of Pyramus and Thisbe, Hero and Leander, Tristram and Isolt. But the first mention of a sleeping potion

in connection with two lovers* comes in the story of Abrocomas and Anthia, which forms one of a medieval collection of tales by Xenophon of Ephesus, called *Ephesiaca*. I have not been able to discover the date of this book, but that of the supposed death of Romeo and Juliet was 1303, during the administration of Bartolomeo della Scala at Verona, from whose name comes the Escalus of Brooke and Shakespeare. As, however, the earliest authority for this is Girolamo della Corte who wrote in 1594, and as the early annalists of Verona say nothing about this event, we cannot safely pronounce the tradition to be more than a topographical myth, which, after long floating undefined in the air, had taken to itself a local habitation and a name in the city of Verona. In 1476, Massuccio of Salerno published at Naples his *Novellino*, amongst which is the story of Mariotto and Gianozza. Here again we get the sleeping draught, and this story was probably in the mind of the next writer, in whom first we find the familiar names as well as the general outlines of the tale as in Shakespeare. Luigi da Porto, who died in 1529, wrote shortly before his death his *Historia novellamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti*. The first edition was post-

* Boccaccio, who died in 1375, brings a sleeping draught into his Decameron (Day iii., Novel viii.). The Abbot there administers a dose to 'Ferondo' for purposes of his own. The victim sleeps for three days, and like Juliet is carried to his tomb in his clothes.

humorous, about 1530, and subsequent reprints were published in 1535, 1539, and 1553. Massuccio's hero lost his head, and his heroine died of grief in a Convent. Da Porto's Romeo and Juliet die together, as in Shakespeare, but, as in all the Italian versions, with the exception of Della Corte's, Romeo survives till Juliet awakes. It was by Da Porto that the date was vaguely determined to be during the podestaship of Bartolomeo della Scala (1301-1304). About this time the story got to France, for, in 1542, Adrian Sevin told it with different names in the dedicatory epistle prefixed to his *Translation of Boccaccio's 'Philocopo.'* In 1553, Gabriel Giolito published at Venice a poem entitled *L'Infelice Amore dei due Fedelissimi Amanti Giulietta e Romeo, scritto in Ottava Rima da Clitia nobile Veronese, ad Ardeo suo.* This was accompanied by a poem by Ardeo on the death of Clitia. 'Who Clitia and her Ardeo were, or whether any such persons actually existed, is unknown. The publisher's somewhat enigmatical dedication of the poem has led to the conjecture that its author was Gherardo Bolderi' (Daniel's Introduction to Brooke and Painter, p. ix.). In 1544 Matteo Bandello, in his collection of *Novels* published at Lucca, gives 'La sfortunata morte di dui infelicissimi amanti, che l'uno di veleno, e l'altro di dolore morirono, con varii accidenti.' Da Porto had first noticed Rosaline, Romeo's first love, Bandello brings her into prominence, though we do not get her name till Shakespeare wrote. Bandello also introduces Juliet's nurse, and Friar John appears here, but as Friar Anselmo. He is not changed to Friar John till we come to Brooke. In 1559 Pierre Boisteau, surnamed Launay, aided by Belle-Forest, published his *Histoires Tragiques extraites des Œuvres de Bandel*, among which is the 'Histoire de deux amans dont l'un mourut de venins, l'autre de tristesse.' The story now passes into English hands. From Boisteau's novel Arthur

Brooke drew the materials which he published in 1562 as a metrical version: *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet written first in Italian by Bandell and now in Englishe by Ar. Br.* This was reprinted again in 1587, and was Shakespeare's direct source of inspiration. It was also imitated in 1565, in a poem by Bernard Garter, entitled *The Tragicall and true Historie which happened between two English lovers.* No name of persons or places are mentioned, but the personages are the Lovers, the Father and Mother of the girl, her Nurse and an old Doctor, friend of the hero. In 1567, William Painter turned Boisteau's story into English prose and published it in his *Palace of Pleasure.* Several editions were issued between 1567 and 1575, which testify to the popularity of the tale. Luigi Grotto's *La Hadriana* appeared in 1578, between which and our play there are many points of similarity, notwithstanding which it is not quite certain whether Shakespeare is really indebted to Grotto. Lastly, in 1594, Girolamo, della Corte began to publish his *Istoria di Verona*, by which the scene of the original incident is located in Verona, in accordance with tradition, and the actual year of its occurrence named as 1303.

At this point the list is generally considered complete, for the next work is Shakespeare's. But attention has lately been drawn in the pages of the *Athenæum* to the fact of the occurrence of the tale in *The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, an obscure work, published by W. Jaggard, in the year 1619. This opens a curious question: Jaggard's account is a mere summary of the story, but differs in one important respect from all the other accounts. I do not refer to the interchange of the names of Capulet and Montague, for this may have been a slip of memory; but the motive for the secret marriage is altered. The two families, it is true, are at enmity, as elsewhere, but Julietta marries in secret, because her father will not allow her to marry

at all. 'Her father not being willing that she should marry, when both the decency of time and aptness of her years made tender of themselves; therefore (in her fairest flower) she espoused herself unknown to her parents, to a gentleman's son of another house and family, called the Capelets, whose name was Romeo; and the Capulets were mortal enemies unto the Monteschos or Montacutes.' And so, after describing the death of the lovers, the account concludes, 'all which mournful disaster happened because Julietta's father would not suffer her to marry when reason required.' This clearly points to another version which has perhaps been lost. In Xenophon, the lovers are married before the tale begins, but are separated afterwards by misfortunes. Their families have nothing to do with it. In Massuccio, the motives for the secret marriage are not stated, nor are the families to which the lovers belong rivals. Mariotto slays a citizen and has to fly. In Da Porto, we first learn that the enmity of the families caused a secret marriage, Giulietta being eighteen years of age at the time. In Sevin the lovers were never married at all, the cause of Brubachins death being his objection to the marriage of his sister with Halquadrich. From 'Clitia' onwards the story assumes the form we find in Shakespeare; yet, even in Shakespeare, we may perhaps discover hints of the varying version. When Paris (in Act 1, scene 2), urges his suit, Capulet objects, 'saying o'er what I have said before:'

My child is yet a stranger in the world,
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen
 years;
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par.—Younger than she are happy mothers
 made.
Cap.—And too soon marr'd are those so early
 made.
*The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth.*

Shakespeare too may have had another version in mind, and thus accounts

for Capulet's early reluctance to the marriage.

To discrepancies in the versions, however, the student of this story soon becomes accustomed. Let us take the single point of the manner of Juliet's death. In Massuccio's *narrative*, she dies of grief in a convent; in his *argument* in 'Citia,' in Banello and in Boisteau's *title*—of grief along with her lover. In Da Porto, she causes her own death by holding her breath, like Girolamo in Boccaccio (Day IV., Novel VIII.). In Sevin, Romeo takes half the poison and she the rest—a supposition which Shakespeare directly negatives. Juliet stabs herself in Groto—Boisteau's *narrative*, Brooke, Painter, Shakespeare and Jaggard, add with Romeo's dagger.

Such is a brief outline of the story of the two lovers in its various developments. By Shakespeare's time it was probably widely known and so taken by him as the subject of his play. From Brooke's preface, we learn that it had already appeared on the stage, but the original play has been lost, except in so far as we may have its remains in the First Quarto of 1597. The confusion in the old stage directions of the early Quartos shews that Romeo's man was originally named Peter. In the second and third Quartos, and in the Folio, he is called 'Peter,' and in the prefix to speeches, 'Pet.,' 'Balt.,' 'Boy,' and 'Man.' Shakespeare probably reduced Peter to the position of the Nurse's man, and renamed Romeo's man, Balthazar. To what extent the first Quarto is Shakespeare's own, it is impossible to say. There is much in it, as we shall see, that is changed in the second Quarto, and some critics such as Grant White and Fleay, discover another hand taking part in its composition. This, however, is a point upon which it is impossible to decide absolutely, and we must be content to take the play as we have it as Shakespeare's own—always remembering that it was the practice of the early stage

for writers to appropriate freely the unfinished work of their predecessors.

From the study of the story we may see that it was Shakespeare's intention to dramatise a trite theme, to produce a popular stage version of a story in everybody's mind. The point of view of German critics, with regard to the drama generally, is well known, and no one will be astonished to find that most of them, followed by some Englishmen who ought to know better, regard the play as the dramatic treatment of certain moral ideas. Thus Dowden considers that the moral idea of the play is 'the deliverance of a man from dream into reality,' while Ulrici comments that in *Romeo and Juliet*, love is regarded as the principle of life. The lovers fall a sacrifice to their misuse of the divine endowment, but their love rises powerful from the tomb. Kreyszig, who regards it as a tragedy of Love, remarks that while it is the highest domain of woman, by partaking of which, her nature is ennobled, it is but an episode with man. Romeo is ruined because he resigns himself utterly to the passion. Without denying that these lessons may be drawn from the study of our play, it will be better to keep in view Shakespeare's own intentions as declared in the Prologue. His purpose is to shew how the strife of the rival houses was set at rest by the atoning death of the two lovers. This comes out clearly, if we compare together the first and second drafts. In the Quarto of 1597, the Prologue reads as follows :—

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers took their
life;
When misadventures, piteous overthrows,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers'
strife,
And death-mark'd passage of their parents'
rage,)
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage.

Here the passion of the lovers is brought into prominence. Compare this with the Prologue as in the Quarto

of 1599.* In this for the last four lines are substituted the following six :—

Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth, with their death, bury their parents'
strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd
love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage.

Here on the other hand, the reconciliation of the families is the chief point, and the misfortunes of the lovers merely the means. From this point of view the play opens, not with a love scene, but with a quarrel between the serving men, and ends not with the lovers' deaths, but their parents' reconciliation; and when we bear this in mind we shall recognise the words of the Friar :—

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure
love,

as a fine piece of tragic irony. The prediction is a true one but not as he intends it. Like Hamlet, it is Romeo's 'cursed spite' to be born to set right his world of Verona, which by the quarrels of the Montagues and Capulets is 'out of joint.' As a preliminary then to our study of the play, we are in a position to realise what was Shakespeare's idea in the work before us. He does not write as most German commentators, and some English have thought, *to point a moral*, otherwise the moral would have been more clearly marked, but *to tell a tale*, 'in which,' and here we may quote the words of Lady Martin, the latest writer upon the subject, who as Helen Faucit was, in her younger days, the best living Juliet, 'in which, as in the Greek dramas, the young and innocent were doomed to punishment in retribution for the guilt of kindred

* Though printed in modern editions from the second Quarto, it is not to be found in the Folio, which, however, gives the fourteen lines by the Chorus prefixed to the third Act.

whose "bloody feuds" were to be expiated and ended by the death of their posterity.'

Having ascertained our author's intention, we have next to see how he works it out. We find two main themes, distinct in thought but fused in the play, viz., the tragical element of the misfortunes of the lovers, and the beautiful thread running through them of their loves. The superiority of these love scenes to the more purely tragical element has been often remarked. Shakespeare came to his work fresh from writing comedies and, while he writes of love with a master hand, there is assuredly not the same superiority in the sterner parts. He is for the first time attempting a work with which his genius has not yet acquired sufficient power to deal. I need only point to the horror, at times overdone, and to the constant intermixture of conceits of language and plays upon words, which undoubtedly spoil the general effect.

In the love scenes, on the other hand, there is nothing to mar the effect of the whole, and their beauty is enhanced by the lyrical nature of the verse in which they are written. It is surely a most noticeable point that, in this play, which abounds in lyrical passages, there should be none of those songs which by themselves would be sufficient to make the reputation of an ordinary poet. Here, accordingly, Shakespeare has attempted the difficult task—in the 'Pilgrim Love Sonnet' in Act II., in Juliet's wonderful soliloquy, and in what has been called the 'Dawn Song,' in Act III.—of fusing together the Dramatic and the Lyric poet. Thus, if we look closely into the structure of Juliet's speech (called by Mrs. Jameson 'a Hymn to the Night,' and by Gervinus, 'the Epithalamium,') we shall find that it falls naturally into five ideas. These in a lyric would be expressed in five verses, 'Come night quickly; Come night, that Cupid may officiate, seeing or blind; Come night and give me cou-

rage; Come night, come Romeo, my day in night; Come night and give me Romeo, my beautiful Romeo.' Though the metre is the same, we feel that the song has ended when we come to the line—

O! I have bought the mansion of my love.

The difference between the beginning and the end of the speech is as marked as that between the first part of the opening Chorus of the *Agamemnon*, and the second part beginning with the line—

κύριός εἰμι θροεῖν κ.τ.λ.

Or, to illustrate from the works of a contemporary poet, we may compare the beautiful series of lyrics that Tennyson has scattered through his *Idylls*. If we were to arrange poetry in an ascending scale, as it passes from the ordinary narrative or dialogue metre of a poem into lyric, we might arrange them in the following order:—

Ordinary verse, blank or rhymed.

The Lyrical verse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

The Tennysonian Lyrics.

Ordinary Lyrics.

Marked as this feature is in the play, even as we have it, it is more so in the first Quarto. In following the second Quarto, modern editors have excised a passage which, whether Shakesperian or not, is of a totally different nature from the speeches which have superseded it. In Act IV., Scene 5, Juliet is found dead, and the wedding party enters to bewail her. Then, after a speech from Paris, only part of which is given in the later copies, the play proceeds as follows:—*

Capulet—O! here she lies that was our hope,
our joy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips us all.

* I have quoted this passage in full as it is not given in ordinary editions of the play. The difference will be seen by comparing it with what stands in its place. In the Quarto (1597), the second speech is given to Capulet by mistake. Capulet has just spoken, and it clearly belongs to Paris.

[All at once cry out and wring their hands.]

All cry—And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,

Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled.

Capulet—Cruel, unjust, impartial *destinies*,
Why to this day have you preserv'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my joy, my life,
Depriv'd of sense, of life, of all by death,
Cruel, unjust, impartial *destinies*.

Paris—O sad-faced sorrow, map of misery,
Why this sad time have I desir'd to see,
This day, this unjust, this impartial *day*,
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriv'd by sudden *destiny*.

Mother—O woe, alack, distress, why should I live?

To see this day, this miserable *day*.
Alack the time that ever I was born,
To be partaker of this *destiny*;
Alack the day, alack and well-a-day.

Here we have three verses of five lines each, in which the words 'destiny,' 'see,' and 'day' are played upon in different ways, with the common burden, 'And all our joy,' &c. Nor is this the only place in which a lyrical passage in the first Quarto has been altered in the second to make it more strictly dramatic.

Before passing to the consideration of other points in the play, it should be remarked how exactly Shakespeare keeps on the traditional lines in these love scenes, and here I refer especially to the parting scene of Romeo and Juliet, the 'Dawn Song.' A parallel to this will be found in Troilus and Cressida (Act IV., Scene 2), which, however, is not so fully worked out as the scene before us. Just as the 'Epithalamium' falls into different verses, so the 'Dawn Song,' taken up by the two lovers, turns round certain ideas common in the love poetry of the Middle Ages, viz., 'It cannot be the nightingale, but the lark; The rising sun, which must be a star or something else; It is the lark, which sings out of tune; The lark and the toad.' These ideas, of which Shakespeare has made use to enhance the beauty of the scene, were the amorous commonplace of the Middle Ages. Love with them was reduced to rule and organised just as education, religion, and social status. The perfect knight had to pass through the stages of page and esquire, with

their various routine duties, before he received his golden spurs. The Church took to itself the guidance of the religious side of men's nature, and instructed them in what to believe; while the Feudal system, which for a time reigned supreme in Europe, settled men's status in life, and their duties to their fellow men. Sir H. Sumner Maine, has called the Middle Ages the age of Status, and the name serves admirably to denote the definiteness and fixity that practice endeavoured to give to the different sides of life. Love, too, was subject to a like regimen, and the affairs between lovers were regulated by recognised tribunals, which went by the name of Courts of Love. It is interesting to learn that among the Queens of Love, whose names have come down as presiding at these courts, is to be found the name of Queen Eleanor, the divorced wife of Louis VII, of France, and afterwards Queen of Henry II, of England; and that among the list of the Princes of Love, is to be found the name of Richard Cœur de Lion. I have mentioned these details in order to shew how the traditional phraseology grew up about the romantic passion. Shakespeare, like all the greatest writers, shews his strength much more in adopting what he finds ready to hand, than in purely original work. Just as in the Midsummer Night's Dream he utilised the recognised Fairy folk-lore (of which by the way we have a sample in Mercutio's famous speech about Queen Mab), to bring about the mistakes of the lovers, so he utilises in his love-scenes the traditional commonplaces of the times that were passing away. 'He preferred,' writes Gervinus, 'rather not to be original, than to misconceive the form suitable; he preferred to borrow the expression and the style which centuries long had fashioned and developed, for in this, the very test of their genuineness and durability lay; and thus the lyric love-poetry of all ages is, as it were, recognised in the forms, images, and

expressions employed in this tragedy of love.' No one can read even fragments of the love-poetry before Shakespeare's time without meeting something that illustrates his plays. I must give an instance of this to justify what I have said; especially as it illustrates a passage that comes in the play before us. Among the extant decisions of the Courts of Love, is one by Ermengarde of Navarre, who declared that marital claims did not justify a woman in dismissing a former lover, unless she had distinctly renounced him before marriage. Read in the light of this decision, we can better understand the nurse's advice to Juliet,

Romeo

Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge
you;
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

One of the most marked points in Romeo and Juliet is the symmetrical grouping of the characters. They are told off against one another, the two Capulets and the two Montagues; Tybalt and Mercutio; two Capulet men-servants and two Montague men-servants; Juliet with the nurse as counsellor, and Romeo with Friar Lawrence. 'In the plays which belong to Shakspeare's period of mastership,' Professor Dowden remarks, 'he can dispense with such artifice. In these later plays unity is present through the virtue of one living force which animates the whole. The unity is not merely structural, but vital. And, therefore, the poet has no apprehension that the minor centres of development, in his creation, will suddenly become insubordinate. Assured that the organism is living, he fearlessly lets it develop itself in its proper mode, unicentral (as Macbeth), or multicentral (as King Lear). In the early plays, structure determines function; in the latter plays, organization is preceded by life.' We may supplement this excellent criticism of the structure of the play, by remarking

how carefully the author maintains his dramatic impartiality. This quality is one point of distinction between the drama and other poetry. It is extremely noticeable that unless Tybalt and the Nurse be the villains, there are no villains in the play before us. Even Tybalt is insulted by Romeo's presence at the ball, and Tybalt's character for tenderness is vindicated by Juliet's sorrow for his loss. The Nurse is rather an unscrupulous sort of person, but her aim throughout is the good, or what she fancies to be so, of her foster-child. Paris, Romeo's rival, is in every way a most estimable character. He knew nothing of Romeo's love and marriage, and he was fully justified from his point of view in the interference with Romeo that caused his death. It is this impartiality, this balancing between the prudential maxims of the Friar and the headlong love of Romeo, that makes it impossible for us to concede that the play was intended to convey a moral lesson. The Friar's lessons of moderation, upon which the German commentators lay such stress, are finely rebuked by Romeo in the words:

Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
feel;
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murder'd,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou
tear thy hair.

If Romeo's view is limited, the Friar, too, only sees from his point of view. It is the author behind them that sees from both. For the fates of the two lovers we have poetic justification in the deception practiced by the one, and in the imprudent haste of the other. Moreover, though their fate is hard, it is only the realisation of words put into Romeo's own mouth.

Come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight;
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

We may remark too the constant tokens of coming trouble that are scattered through the play. Before going to the ball, Romeo mentions that he has had a dream and his mind misgives him (I. 4); Juliet at their parting sees him 'as one dead in the bottom of a tomb' (III. 5). While at Mantua, Romeo dreams that his lady came and found him dead (V. I), and as Friar Lawrence passes through the churchyard, his feet often stumble over the graves (V. 3). These points should be noticed as marking the tone of Shakespeare's mind, and the supernatural ideas of the period. In other plays, as in *Macbeth* (Act II, sec. 3), external nature is made to sympathise with the events transpiring in the world of man. These presentiments and correspondences may seem unscientific to those who regard man and nature from the point of view of the nineteenth century. In Shakespeare's day, 'the world, with the human race, who were the masters of it, was a thing of vast magnitude—the centre of the whole creation. The mind had no larger conceptions that were vivid enough to dwarf it.* But now all this is changed. Instead of the sun and moon existing to give light to the world, and the world but as the home of man, we have presented to our view the unchanging reign of law to which man and the whole universe are alike subject. From our point of view, it is much truer to say that man is dependent upon nature, than that nature is the servant of man. But it was the contemplation of a different ordering of the world that gave colour and richness to the dramatist's imagination in the age of Elizabeth. Witches still held their revels upon the 'blasted' heaths, and fairies danced in the depths of the forest. The ghosts of murdered men reappeared, and the heroism of Joan of Arc was believed to be due to her illicit dealings with the powers of evil.

* cf. Mallock's 'Is Life Worth Living?'

I have mentioned before the strong contrast that this play presents to *Hamlet*. I cannot bring this better before you than in the words of Professor Dowden:—'Romeo and Juliet is steeped in passion; *Hamlet* is steeped in meditation. Contrast the hero of the one play, the man of the South, with the chief figure of the other, the Teuton, the man of the North. Contrast *Hamlet's* friend and comforter, Horatio, possessed of great strength, self-government, and balance of character, with Romeo's friend, Mercutio, all brilliance, intellect, wit, and effervescent animal spirits. Contrast the gay festival in Capulet's house with the brutal drinking of the Danish king and courtiers. Contrast the moonlit night in the garden, while the nightingale's song is panting forth from the pomegranate tree, with the silence, the nipping and eager air of the platform of Elsinore, the beetling height to seaward, and the form of terror which stalked before the sentinels. Contrast the perfect love of Juliet and her Romeo, with the piteous foiled desire for love in *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*. Contrast the passionate seizure upon death, as her immediate and highest need, of the Italian wife, with the misadventure of the crazed *Ophelia*, so pitiful, so accidental, so un-heroic, ending in "muddy death." Professor Dowden believes that in writing his second tragedy directly after his first, Shakespeare determined to break away from it entirely, to try his powers by a strong contrast. He has succeeded in doing so completely.

After all, the most important side of Shakespeare's plays is the development of character, and the knowledge they show of life. He has taught us to expect this in them by putting into *Hamlet's* mouth the following words, defining the purpose of playing: 'whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and

pressure.' As to the characters of Romeo and Juliet, there is very little room for difference of opinion. The two lovers represent the impetuosity of youthful passion, and in either case the effect of love and its attendant troubles upon them, is to bring them to early maturity of will and individuality. The development is, I believe, gradual in both cases, and I can hardly assent to Professor Dowden's view, that while Romeo develops by degrees the woman Juliet is suddenly created. Though Juliet, it is true, sees by herself what it requires the wisdom of the Friar to tell Romeo, the reason is obvious: Romeo himself has slain Tybalt, and the guilt comes home to him with more overwhelming force than it does to Juliet, who views the action with other eyes. To a great extent the two characters, move on parallel lines. Both give emphatic expression to what Coleridge has finely called 'the atheism of love.' Juliet bids Romeo—

Swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry
And I'll believe thee,

and Romeo says of his banishment :

'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives.

Both compare the object of their love to stars, Romeo thus—

Two of the fairest stars in all the heavens,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

and Juliet with more passion,

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night.

and when Romeo thinks he sees Juliet dead in her tomb, he exclaims that,

'Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.'

Yet Shakespeare emphasises the difference between the man and the woman ; Romeo is surrounded by his friends, Mercutio and Benvolio ; Juliet by her family. Hence the fact that the Capulets are brought into much greater prominence in the play than the Mon-

tagues. Juliet's character is, on the whole, one of greater simplicity than Romeo's. She is thrilled through and through with passion, and this supplies her with imagination. She is not an intellectual character like Rosalind, in 'As You Like It.' On the other hand, she has not the pure simplicity of Miranda, or the yielding softness of Ophelia. Hallam denies her a place among Shakespeare's great characters, calling her 'a child, whose intoxication in loving and being loved whirls away her reason.' A child, of course, she is, yet she rises into a woman in the later scenes.

Maginn, in his 'Shakespeare Papers,' calls Romeo 'the gentleman, the unlucky man of Shakespeare,' and contracts him with Bottom, 'the block-head, the lucky man.' He is always acting for the best, and always going wrong. He feels no interest in the enmity between the houses, and had singled out his first love from among the Capulets, yet by the spite of fortune he is dragged into the quarrel and kills Tybalt and Paris. Overhaste and impetuosity is the cause of all his misfortunes, and though he wins golden opinions from everybody, even from his hereditary foe, Capulet, his life is a failure and, like Mary Stuart in history, he brings trouble to all whom he loves. As a man, his character stands in marked contrast with two of Shakespeare's greatest creations, Henry V. and Hamlet. 'He lives and moves,' writes Dowden, 'and has his being neither heroically in the objective world of action, like Henry V., nor in the world of mind like Hamlet; all the more he lives, moves, and has his being in the world of mere emotion. To him emotion which enriches and exalts itself with imagination, emotion apart from thought, and apart from action, is an end in itself.' His utterances have a sensuousness about them that is characteristic, e.g.—

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
night,
Like softest music to attending ears.

Again—

Jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

‘We have an interval,’ writes Mr. Pater, in his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, ‘and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest in art and song. For our one chance is in expending that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible in the given time. High passions give one this quickened sense of life—’ Romeo is one of these, and, after indulging in a passion for an ideal love, he throws himself unhesitatingly at Juliet’s feet, and lavishes upon her the wealth of amatory conceits that he had studied for Rosaline. Verily Juliet may tell him that he kisses by the book. Yet the difference between the real and the ideal passion is clearly marked. When dwelling on the thoughts of Rosaline, he thus expresses himself—

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love’s heavy burden do I sink.

But to Juliet, he says—

With love’s light wings did I o’er-perch these
walls.

The character of Mercutio has found one impugner and many defenders. Gervinus calls him ‘a man without culture, coarse, rude, and ugly.’ If he had been only this, he would not have been Romeo’s friend. It has been supposed that Shakespeare acted this part himself. It is hardly in the same *rôle* as the Ghost in *Hamlet* and Richard II., his acknowledged parts. Yet to Shakespeare we may apply, and perhaps, too, to Mercutio, the words Don Pedro uses of Benedick—‘the man doth fear God, howsoever, it seems not in him by some large jests he will make.’ It was friendship for Romeo that brought him to Capulet’s feast in a visor, though he was one of the invited guests, and the same friendship, for he was no Mon-

tagne, but a kinsman of Escalus, that caused him to fall a victim to the sword of Tybalt. It is sometimes said that this character is wholly Shakespeare’s own. This is true in the main, yet the hint for it comes from Brooke’s poem (lines 251–262). He is describing Juliet at Capulet’s feast—

At the one side of her chair her lover Romeo,
And on the other side there sat one call’d
Mercutio—
A courtier that eachwhere was highly had in
price,
For he was courteous of his speech and plea-
sant of device.
Even as a lion would among lambs be bold,
Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio
to behold.
With friendly gripe he seiz’d fair Juliet’s
snowish hand;
A gift he had that nature gave him in his
swathing band,
That frozen mountain ice was never half so
cold,
As were his hands, though ne’er so near the
fire he did them hold.

I will conclude by a few illustrations that have struck me of separate lines in the play. In Act I, scene i., occurs a line that has hardly received adequate explanation. Romeo says:

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

This is the reading of the second Quarto and of the Folio. The preceding couplet from Benvolio,

Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
precludes the alternative of the first Quarto;

Should without *laws give* pathway to *our* will!

Just as in Benvolio’s speech an antithesis is intended between gentle and rough love, so in Romeo’s answering conceit the antithesis must be between love blind and love that sees. We may compare with this a line from ‘The Cuckow and the Nightingale,’ a poem once attributed to Chaucer—

Thou Nightingale, he said, be stille!
For Love hath no reason but hys wille.

This is the general sentiment—love is blind, but as wilful as though he had eyes. But perhaps Shakespeare may have meant to give it a peculiar appli-

cation to Rosaline, bearing in mind the lines that occur in Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet* (81-4), on which his poem is founded.

Which way she seeks to go, the same I seek
to run :
But she the path, wherein I tread, with speedy
flight doth shun.
I cannot live, except that near her I be :
She is aye best content when she is furthest
off from me.

Possibly, therefore, Shakespeare's meaning may be, 'though love (the passion) is blind, my love wills to take her own path.' This may be a little far-fetched, but then such conceits necessarily are so.

At the beginning of the second Act Romeo says before he leaps the wall to bring him to Juliet—

Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

If we compare this with Capulet's previous words about Juliet—

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but
she,
She is the hopeful *lady of my earth*—

we can understand that the earth is meant for the human frame, the heart, the centre, in both cases is with Juliet.

Lastly, as to the chief crux of the play, the 'run-awayes eyes' of the Quartos and Folios, the balance of evidence seems clearly to be in favour of Cupid as the 'Runaway.' To omit evidence which has been frequently adduced—it is true that Spenser's 'Epithalamium,' which appeared in 1595 makes no mention of Cupid, though it contains a passage which seems clearly to have been in Shakespeare's mind:

Now welcome, night ! thou night so long ex-
pected,
That long day's labour dost a last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Hast summ'd in one, and cancelled for aye,
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me:
That no man may us see ;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free.
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy.

This passage, it is true, is in favour of 'runawayes' as 'runaways' (*i.e.* 'runagates'). On the other hand, Cupid or Love is brought prominently forward in the prayer of Troylus in Chaucer's *Troylus and Cryseyde*.

Thane seide he thus :—O Love ! O Charite !
Thi modir eke, Sitheres the swete,
After thi sif, next heried* be siche,
Venus mene I, the welwally planete !
And next that, Ymeneus, I the grete !
For never was man to you, goddis, yhold
As I, which ye have brought from cares
coolde.

This prayer not only tells strongly in favour of Cupid, but makes the general view of the passage, as an 'Epithalamium,' more likely. I may add to this other items of evidence. Juliet herself talks of the 'wind-swift Cupid,' and he is more constantly mentioned in the play than Venus the other divinity of Love. Again, Mercutio calls out to Romeo—

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One *nickname* for her purblind son and heir.

The Runaway was one of Cupid's nicknames. Besides this, the idea of not being watched and spoken of, which is prominent in Spenser, occurs in the next line of the passage in Shakespeare. If again we turn to Brooke, we find further confirmation of what seems to me a certain explanation. At line 779, after the consummation of the marriage,—

They kiss, and then part to their fathers'
house :
The joyful bride unto her home, to his eke
goeth the spouse,
Contented both, and yet both uncontented
still,
*Till night and Venus' child gives leave the wed-
ding to fulfill.*

What more can be required? Night and Cupid are joined together in Juliet's beautiful soliloquy which is the expression of the feelings attributed to her in Brooke's lines.

* *i.e.*, worshipped, praised.

A MOOD.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, MONTREAL.

AS some great cloud upon a mountain's breast,
 Hanging forever, shutteth out the sun,
 Its chilly fingers twining in the trees
 And blighting them, so ever some dark thought
 Broods o'er my life and makes my spirit droop
 Beneath its baleful shade. A demon form
 Is ever at my side, whose icy touch
 Freezes my warmest thoughts and makes them hang
 Like dull, cold icicles about my heart.
 I feel his presence 'mong my fellow men ;
 I see his image in the restless sea
 That gnaws the land ; and on the mountain top,
 Where everything is still, amid the rocks
 Worn bald by fleeting years, I hear his tread.
 I see his footsteps in the lonely wild,
 Where forests ever spring and ever die ;
 But most of all, I feel him near at night,
 When all the world is shrouded in the gloom
 Of dreamful sleep,—so like his brother death,
 I see his eyeballs on the glittering sky,
 I hear his laughter ringing from the stars,
 That look at me and say, ' O helpless worm,
 Upon a world of worms, dost thou not know
 The dust thou treadest in was once like thee,
 And laughed its laugh, and had its time to weep,
 And now lies helpless, trampled on, forgot,
 Scattered upon thy tiny globe which hangs
 Chained to the sun in black infinity ?
 That thou—thou too,—must soon be dust again,
 Forgotten, helpless, trampled on, by those
 That shall come after thee ? '

I even hear

His voice amid the laughter of my friends,
 Harsh, taunting me with death, and dreams of death.
 And when I gaze in rapture on the face
 Of whom I love he casts a hideous light,
 That lets me see, behind the sweet, warm flesh,
 The lightless skull, and o'er the rounded form
 The gloom of death, aye dark and darker growing
 Until the life-light melts into the night.

O would that I could break the cursèd chain
 That binds this monster to me, for my life
 Is like some gloomy valley that lies chill
 Beneath a frowning precipice. And yet
 The thread of gloom is woven in my being
 And I am loth to rend it, for my thoughts
 Have long been shaded by it. Ever since
 I first could play I used to watch the boys,
 So joyous in their sports, and saw them men,
 Grown chilly-hearted in a chilly world,
 Grown weary with the burden of their life,
 All-restless, seeking rest yet finding change,
 And then I saw the gloomy shadows lower
 Upon the evening of their life, and then
 They merged into the dark and all was still—
 Dust under dust, forgotten by the world
 In ugly loathsomeness.

The demon still

Was at my side in after years, and threw
 A shade on every friendship, as a cloud
 Floats past the sun and dims the flowering fields.

Oft have I wondered at the woodland stream
 That dances on, thro' dappled-lighted woods,
 O'er mossy pebbles glinting in the sun
 Like eyes of merry children round the fire,
 And never seems to think that it must thread
 The misty fen, where every flower grows rank
 Amid the lazy ooze, and sink at last
 Beneath the boundless sea. Oh happy they
 Who thus go laughing on from year to year,
 And never know the mystery of being,
 And never start and shudder at the dream
 That they and all mankind are dreaming—Life,
 And strive to wake but fall back helplessly ;
 Who fancy sunlight, when the sky is dark,
 And never know that time, like India's snake,
 Enwraps us with his gaudy-coloured folds
 Of changing seasons, till his dread embrace
 Has crushed out life ; who live and laugh and weep
 And tread the dust of myriads under foot,
 And see men die around them, yet whose life,
 The demon form that stalks beside my path,
 The consciousness of never-ending change,
 Has never darkened, as it has mine own,
 Beneath the shadow of the wing of Death.

THE CURE OF MORAL INSANITY.

BY 'J. L. F.'

THERE is still, it is to be feared, an unnatural laziness within humanity, which prompts us to depend upon anything to rid us of sins and evils, rather than upon our God-given power to compel ourselves to resist evil. Even in this advanced, and somewhat proud age, there is a tendency to hope, if not to admit, that legal compulsion, legal penalty, and parliamentary enactments are possible means to the instilling of virtue—can force the will of man to do good and not evil—can create not only a semblance of morality, but the very thing itself.

To explode this error is not a useless enterprise, for it rests—a dead weight mountain of falsity—upon the hearts and minds of humanity, crushing the truly human life of brotherly-love out of all our social arrangements. It is a hideous nightmare oppressing the free play of our thought-breath, a dire miasma clutching with chill hand at every pulse-throb of the heart. Our criminal laws and methods of punishment are filled with it. Our theological schools and sectarian systems are fed upon it. It springs into being afresh in almost every criminal prosecution. It is heard in threats of vengeance, ostensibly from the Almighty Himself, from almost every orthodox pulpit; and what are its effects? What else but to turn the minds and hearts of men not to the avoidance of *evil itself*, so much as to the avoidance of *penalty for evil*?

Yet it is of the very nature or essence of man to long to act in freedom, and himself to compel or impel his own will, thought and action. Such is the 'conatus' or tendency of the life

force within him. This fact is universally admitted, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to man's origin and destiny; and it has been the aim of all enlightened men in all the ages not to repress this longing for liberty or to kill it out, but to give it freer and ever freer play, so far as this is possible without so permitting one class or individual to dominate or curtail the liberty of others.

In this age of 'Agnosticism,' in which Herbert Spencer is regarded as a leader of thought by the one party and as a destroyer of all faith and religion by the other, it ought surely to strike both as a somewhat significant fact that Herbert Spencer's central axiom of 'Social Statics,' 'every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man' (Social Statics, p. 121), is but a feeble echo of our Lord's words, 'therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets' (Matthew, vii. 12), and these but an enlargement of those other words of our Lord in Leviticus, sixth chapter, 18th verse, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' It would seem thus that even the, by Orthodoxy, much-defamed Herbert Spencer is in strictest agreement with our Lord, when he so alleges that man can only be truly reformed in freedom, and that compulsory virtue is alike impossible, either in men, women or children. It may be that the poor outcast (?) Herbert Spencer has caught some stray rays from the Sun of Righteousness, which 'Orthodoxy' has neglected to appropriate, or is feeding upon crumbs

from the 'Bread of Life' which 'Orthodoxy' has allowed to be swept away as useless. This is merely a theory, but it has a practical bearing, and surely shows that the Lord provides for the needs of *all*.

But the principle itself, whether we take it in the full and infinitely rich words of our Lord, or in the meagre axiom of Herbert Spencer, has a still more practical bearing. It applies to all men; not even one criminal is shut out; not one ever loses, by any crime, however heinous, his right to be considered a brother and an equal according to Herbert Spencer; such a criminal has still a right to his freedom in so far as he does not infringe the like freedom in others, while our Lord teaches actually that we are to look upon him as our brother, and do all things to him whatsoever we would desire that he should do to us; in fine that he is still our neighbour, and as such we are to love him as ourselves.

Are these the principles upon which our criminal laws are based? Is it not then folly for us to assert that the basis of law in this our land is Christianity? Recent movements in our midst have shown that many, even of our ostensibly Christian leaders, still believe that legal penalty unjustly exercised upon one sex only can stamp out a certain social crime; and have tried, in so far as permitted, to put their theory into practice; some even advocating that the legal enforcement of Sabbath observance comes also within the function of law. These are facts which none can deny. We must therefore charitably conclude, that if these Christian leaders could imagine themselves 'fallen women,' living by the free consent of others to join them in sin, they would desire to have others invade their personal liberty, infringe their rights as citizens, hound them into prisons, sarcastically named reformatories, and even threaten them with the lash, while allowing their voluntary companions in sin to go free. Such treatment, these gentlemen, if

put in their place, would hold to be the very best by which to infuse a love of virtue into their hearts and lives.

Similarly in cases of brutal outrage or wife beating, it would be admitted by such Reformers—but hardly by Herbert Spencer—that they, in their place, would be glad to be publicly flogged, and that the infliction of such a penalty would be no interference with their rights as citizens or brethren of mankind, nor would rouse any desire of vengeance upon their torturers, nor set them permanently at war with society. One piece of brutality committed gives the right to commit more brutality, if only it be sanctioned by the majesty of law. This at least would be their opinion in such circumstances. The conclusion is forced upon us by the fact that these gentlemen profess Christianity, and therefore aim at the reformation of their brother and sister, and not at his or her further degradation. It is a little singular and somewhat noteworthy, that our Lord Jehovah Himself did not prescribe or inflict such penalty even upon those 'Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,' whom he so frequently denounced; nor is it even recommended by His distant (?) follower Herbert Spencer. 'Orthodoxy' alone seems still to entertain the belief that penalty, or the fear of it, has any purifying effect upon the *moral* life of the will and thought within man.

Not so very long ago, lunatics were subjected to the lash, and other still more severe, but less degrading forms of torture which were deemed by the combined wisdom of our savants, the only possible methods of cure or restraint. Now, we would not hesitate to pronounce such treatment gratuitous cruelty. When will it be found that similar methods of cure applied to that *moral insanity* of the will and thought which seeks to infringe the liberty of others are equally vain and gratuitously cruel?

The time is not far distant; for juster views of our relations to our fellows

are beginning to prevail. There are pure-hearted, simple souls even amid the fore-ranks of 'Orthodoxy' itself, whose whole hearts cry out against the infliction of arbitrary penalty. These only tolerate it in silence, because their intellectual faculties have been so long and carefully trained to see in such penalty the only method of preserving liberty. They are taught that it is a necessity; but they hate it. For such the clouds of error which have so long obscured the clear shining of the 'Sun of Righteousness' are breaking; the warmth of heart within them is springing up to welcome the new light of truth, that the brotherhood of humanity is not divided into two classes—the criminal and the non-criminal, the 'saved' and the 'unsaved,'—but that each is to some extent the sharer in and the partial cause of the other's guilt. Therefore as one man we must seek cure, not repression, reformation and new life, not penalty. Our laws as framed at present are framed by men only. When Herbert Spencer's view, as to the equal right of woman to the franchise, is carried out into practice, we may probably see law more thoroughly tempered with that justice which is always mercy.

To this end abusive, or what cannot but seem to the victim vengeful, penalties must be wholly abolished. Imprisonment with varied degrees of restriction of liberty, proportioned to the extent to which the criminal has abused his liberty to the injury of others, is the only just and needful penalty. Therefore our gaols should be classified, and our criminal code re-adjusted, so as to grade crime by the standard of infringement of mutual liberty, and not merely according to the abhorrence of each special kind of evil which society may, at each stage of its progress, choose to entertain or desire to express. For crimes of physical violence or brutal trampling upon the rights and liberties of others, one kind of reformatory or gaol is needed; for subtle thefts, frauds, or seductions

by fraud, quite another. The habits, training and acquirements of the criminal, and the class of work to which he has been accustomed, if any, should be considered, although it is a well known fact that the vast majority of our criminals spring from those classes which, unfortunately, have never been enured to any regular form of labour. For these a potent part of the cure will be achieved by remedying this defect. For brutal criminals so sensualized that their passions and appetites have at length sought gratification, even at the cost of brutal violence towards others, the natural remedy is, necessitated obedience to natural laws, so strict that even their hunger for food can only be satisfied through the doing of actual work. This is to respect the *natural* liberty of the captive, by bringing him only under the direct operation of *natural* laws; for if he wills not to work and so use his brute strength in useful service, he is free to starve. Nor need he be deprived of the hope of that reward which should ever follow labour. Every prisoner of whatever rank or class should be charged a certain fixed sum per diem for 'board and lodging,' and whatever more than that he chooses to earn should be his own, stored up for him against his release, or, if he have others dependent on him for support, paid over to them. Still it may be a question whether he should not have the absolute disposal of any surplus he earns, thus preserving to him his personal liberty and personal rights, that he may in freedom be led to know the blessed privilege, the right, the joy of labouring for others, which he can never know if he be compelled to it. The work to which criminals are put should invariably be productive and useful labour, and this for two reasons, viz.: that the prisoner may wake to some interest, other than selfish, in his work, and that it may fit him to be of use and value to society after he is free. This principle is already recognised in most prisons.

Those abortions, the treadmill, the crank, and the carrying of weights from one end of a courtyard to the other, for the sake of carrying them back again, were killed out, finally, by the pen of Charles Reade, the novelist.

Further, it is right and requisite that liberty be gradually regained, as the criminal shows himself fit for it; that he be gradually trusted with more and more of liberty, subject to deprivation if it be abused, till he learn somewhat of the true use of his freedom. It is simply cruel to expect from a man subjected to the most rigorous prison discipline, till the very hour his sentence expires, anything else but a sudden revulsion to his old ways, the moment the strain is taken off. A 'spree,' a fall, and another crime are the all but inevitable result; and then we dub him a hardened criminal, and forget that it is we who have laid upon him suddenly a burden of liberty greater than he could bear.

Such methods of treatment require skilled and highly trained men to carry out successfully—men at least as high in moral and mental worth as any occupant of a pulpit. Who shall say it is a less noble work?

But society has a harder task than this before it. Even after we have thus trained the faculties of the prisoner, gradually initiated him into the use of liberty, and partially fitted him to be a more or less useful member of society, the non-criminal world must not withhold from him the opportunity to exercise his new born powers by meeting him at the threshold of his re-entrance into free life, with distrust and suspicion. Just think of it! Society to day actually doubts and distrusts the *reformation* of a man or woman fresh from a *Reformatory*, which has had him or her in hand for years! What a commentary this is upon our whole reformatory system! Possibly such distrust may not be the fault of our reformatory systems, but inhere rather in that state of heart and mind which leads us to cease to regard

the criminal as any longer our fellow-creature—our brother man—and so fails by trust and confidence to beget and foster in him faith or fidelity.

So far only crimes which infringe liberty have been discussed. For these physical restraint is alas! a necessity and a kindness. But there are, unhappily, among us a far larger number of moral and social sins and evils—sins which do not directly, if at all, infringe physical liberty—sins which tempt the will, the affections and the thoughts of others, win their free consent to evil, and so gradually pervert and lead them astray, until, if no check be applied, they break out inevitably into crimes against the law of mutual freedom and proceed not alone by enticement, but by fraud or violence to infringe upon physical freedom. These precede the crimes with whose treatment we have already dealt. Unhesitatingly we assert that such do not come under the province of law. The man who gambles and is fleeced is as devoid of innocent intent as the man who fleeces him. His cupidity was aroused to seek for illegitimate gain from the other. His defeat is his own affair, and it should have no legal remedy. Similarly with the man who is tempted by the courtesan. His free consent is given, and he is equally to blame. Here also a just law which preserves mutual freedom, has no standing ground; although it is equally certain that if such sin be long continued by either sex, it will inevitably lead to crimes which necessitate and justify legal interference. Dishonesty, drunkenness and riot follow its indulgence, and sooner or later cause that interference with the liberty of others which compels legal interference. That for these *moral* crimes, while as yet only moral *i.e.* sins of two wills mutually consenting to deeds which are only an injury to each other, and cannot go further without the free consent of others, there are other moral forces fully competent to control and prevent, if fully and freely exercised.

These are moral weapons, and moral weapons only. Light is the cure for darkness. Good is the antidote to evil. Truth is the best possible preventative of error. Good affections filling the heart and moulding the aims in life leave no room for the entrance of evil. Yet, some there are who hope by calling that a civil crime which infringes no principle of liberty, and treating it as such, to 'stamp out' moral evil: which means simply that by injustice we can instil principles of justice, or that by doing evil, good will ensue. To pour light upon these at present dark places of our human nature, is the natural cure for such moral and social evils. They cannot bear the light. They cannot exist in the light. And yet this is precisely the remedy we will not and do not apply. We refuse to educate our youth of either sex on this matter. We withhold from them as impure, alike the light

of revealed religion, right reason, and scientific truth; and thus, debarred from all true knowledge, we marvel that so many should annually yield to the tempter; or gratify the natural thirst for hidden lore by appropriating the garbage which those vile enough to trade upon this vacuum of ignorance, we leave unfilled, supply stealthily for their own evil purposes. Never will we cope successfully with this central moral evil until we fearlessly apply the natural remedy—Truth in its purity. Then, and then only, will the spread of 'moral insanity' and its outbreak into legal crimes, be kept in check and gradually overcome. It is a slow process, but a sure one. Aught else will but hinder, instead of affording aid. For blinded justice substitute clear sighted truth; and the path from evil towards good will grow bright before us.

TO THALIARCHUS.

HOR. BOOK I., ODE 9, FIRST THREE VERSES.

BY R. S. KNIGHT, DUNHAM, P.Q.

SEEST thou how Soracte stands all pale
 With heavy snow, nor can the loaded trees
 Sustain the burden of their wintry mail,
 Whilst sharp chills check the rivers, and they freeze.

Dispel the cold, and bountifully throw
 The logs, O Thaliarchus, on the hearth,
 And let the wine all generously flow,
 Full four years stored in jar of Sabine earth.

Leave other matters, let the gods allay
 The winds that battle with the boiling deep,
 The heavy cypresses no more shall sway,
 Nor aged ashes bend with fitful sweep.

LONGFELLOW.

BY REV. W. D. ARMSTRONG, M. A., OTTAWA.

AT the close of a long, bright, summer's day, who has not watched with subdued feeling, and a tinge of not unpleasant sadness, the sun as he sinks slowly below the western horizon, touching the evening clouds with golden glory, and though out of sight still sending his bright rays upward to the very zenith?

With similar feelings do the lovers of Longfellow and his poetry now contemplate the poet's departure from this earthly scene, where, during the long summer-day of his poetic career, he has gladdened their hearts with his bright shafts of song. In the early morning of his manhood he gave to the world those verses which have become the watchword of noble ambition to many pure and ardent souls:

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

He has followed in the path to which he pointed, and has been himself the example of the precepts he inculcated. Fifty years later an old man standing with silvered locks in the vale of years he calls to his companions in age, not to falter in duty because of enfeebled powers.

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah! nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

—*Morituri Salutamus.*

It is not to be wondered at that a man who throughout his long life acted on this noble motive, with a sincere and earnest desire to benefit mankind, should be honoured while living and lamented when dead.

He has allowed nothing unworthy to come from his pen, nothing but what is pure and good, and beautiful, and true. Not a line that dying he would wish to blot.

Age came kindly upon him, and brought with it honour and respect and troops of friends. Death found him in the bosom of his family, surrounded by those he loved, and assured by many a token that he was leaving the world amidst the homage of the good, and the tears of the grateful. His life had its changes and its sorrows, but withal it is one of the most perfectly rounded lives that we know of among literary men;—a life of almost uninterrupted literary success, one might say, from boyhood to old age.

'Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born February 27th, 1807, died March 24th, 1882,' is the inscription on the coffin so recently borne to Mount Auburn Cemetery. We shall lay our tribute of respect upon the poet's grave by giving in these pages a brief review of the life and work of these years—

These folios bound and set
By Time the great transcriber on his shelves.

Portland, Maine, has the honour of being the poet's birthplace, and, on the 27th of February last, showed her appreciation of the honour by a magnificent demonstration in celebration of the poet's seventy-fifth birthday.

In the poem entitled 'My Lost Youth,' we see how his heart turned to the place of his nativity, and that amidst all the experiences of after-life he never forgot that old town by the sea.

Often I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea ;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me.
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,'
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts.

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,'
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts.

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
 Across the schoolboy's brain ;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.
 And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on, and is never still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,'
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts.

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain,
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of days that were
 I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful song
 The groves are repeating it still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,'
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
 thoughts.

The poet's father, Stephen Longfellow, was a graduate of Harvard College, and a lawyer of considerable ability. His mother was of good Puritan stock, and a lineal descendant of John Alden, who figures as a prominent character in the poem 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.' In addition to such favourable home influences, Longfellow, in his early youth, received the best training that the schools of Portland could then afford, so that at the age of fourteen he was prepared to enter college. He was entered as a student of Bowdoin College, of which his father was a trustee, and during his college course had for his classmates and companions such men as Nathaniel Hawthorne, G. B. Cheever, John S. Abbott, and Franklin Pierce.

At the recent celebration of the

poet's seventy-fifth birthday, the venerable Professor Packard, of Bowdoin, gave some interesting reminiscences of the poet's college days. He says : 'I cannot testify concerning him whose name we, and I may add the civilized world, fondly cherish, any more than a general statement of his unblemished character as a pupil, and a true gentleman in all his relations to the college and its teachers.' He describes him as 'an attractive youth with auburn locks just entering the last half of his fifteenth year, with clear, fresh, blooming complexion, well-bred manners, and sedate bearing.'

Longfellow graduated in 1825, and immediately entered upon the study of law in his father's office. From this, to him somewhat uncongenial occupation, he was speedily relieved by the offer of the Professorship of Modern Languages in his Alma Mater, which he accepted.

There is a Bowdoin tradition, to the effect that, at one of the annual examinations of the College, his translation of an Ode of Horace so impressed the Hon. Benjamin Orr, one of the examiners, by its taste and scholarship, that when the opportunity came he proposed that the Professorship should be offered to the cultured and scholarly young graduate. He did not enter immediately on the duties of his office, but wisely spent the next three years and a half as a travelling-scholar on the continent,—in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England. Subsequently, upon his appointment to the Professorship of Belles-lettres in Harvard University, he made a second trip to the continent, for the special purpose of study, and visited Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany, Tyrol, and Switzerland. It was thus that in their native homes, and amidst their associations, he mastered the languages and literatures of Europe, and fitted himself so thoroughly for the work of teaching and translation. No one can fail to see the advantage of these years of travel and study,

and the determining influence they exercised upon the poet's life and writings. One is also led to conclude, in reviewing these and other important acts in the poet's life, that he was one of those wise men who measure accurately the steps they are about to take, and take them with prudence, energy and firmness. In the discharge of his professional duties at Bowdoin, we are told by Prof. Packard, 'he approved himself a teacher, who never wearied of his work. He won by his gentle grace and commanded respect by his self-respect and loyalty to his office, never allowing an infringement of the decorum of the recitation room.'

In 1835, he succeeded Mr. George Ticknor, the learned author of 'The History of Spanish Literature,' as Professor of Belles-lettres in Harvard College, and continued in that office up to 1854, and, until his death, lived in literary leisure, surrounded by literary society and everything that could gratify cultured feeling and refined taste. The following description of the poet in his study and among his books, recently given by an English visitor, will be interesting to many of our readers:—'At one end of the room stand lofty oaken book-cases, framed in drapery of dark-red cloth. Here and there, on ornamental brackets, are some marble busts, and among them a fine effigy of General Washington. Easy chairs and reading stands are scattered around. In the centre of the room, which is covered with a well-worn Persian carpet, there sits writing at a round table, littered with books and papers, a tall, bony man, apparently about seventy. His long hair and beard are white as snow; but from beneath an ample forehead there gleam a pair of dark, lustrous eyes, from which the fire of youth seemed not to have fled. The poet rises with a grave sweetness to salute his visitors.'

He was constantly receiving grateful tokens of appreciation both from old and young, from the learned and

the unlearned, from fellow-citizens and from foreigners. The great seats of learning also were not forgetful of his merits. From Harvard he received the honorary degree of LL.D., and both Oxford and Cambridge recognised his worth and his fame by conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L.

For the last forty-five years of his life he lived in the old historic mansion, Craigie House, Cambridge, to which he came as a lodger, in 1837, and of which he became owner in 1843. This house has a history and historic associations, and we know from his own verses how much these added to its value in the poet's eyes—

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open
door
The harmless phantoms on their errands
glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the
floor.

This house, after the battle of Bunker's Hill, was given to General Washington as his headquarters, and Longfellow prized the privilege he enjoyed of occupying the General's own room—

Once, ah once, within these walls
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his country dwelt.

Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

This house, which had once been the scene of dignified aristocratic English life—the scene of sumptuous feastings of men and fair women, the scene of grave consultations of brave and earnest men in the great crisis-hour of their national history, was a fit residence for the great American poet, and here it was that he heard, in his reveries, 'Voices of the Night,' and the footsteps of angels, and from this place he continued, until his death, to send forth his pure, sweet, melodious songs so gladly welcomed in the homes of his own and other lands.

Longfellow, in his poetry, takes us into his home, introduces us to his friends, and allows us to sympathize with himself in his joys and sorrows. The lights and shades of his own home, thrown upon his verses, make them so precious in the homes of others. Those short poems, into which he has so delicately woven his own fireside experiences, have come to the firesides of others as very angels of mercy to soothe, to teach, and to purify. A 'poet of the affections,' 'a poet of the fireside,' 'a poet for women and children,' call him what you will, there are thousands upon thousands of hearts on both sides of the Atlantic in which dwell love and gratitude for the poet, whose sympathetic lines have touched them in such poems as 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' 'Resignation,' 'The Two Angels,' 'The Children's Hour,' and other household favourites.

In 1831, he married Miss Potter, a lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, but his happiness was not of long continuation. During his second sojourn on the Continent, in 1835, she died suddenly at Rotterdam. In the 'Footsteps of Angels,' he makes the well-known, most touching allusion to his sorrow—

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

His second wife, Miss Appleton, who has been by some identified with Mary Ashburton, the 'Sweet-voiced dark Ladie,' the heroine of *Hyperion*,

was taken from his side by a sad calamity—her dress caught fire whilst amusing her children, and she was burned so severely that death ensued. These and other domestic sorrows enabled him to speak to the bruised in spirit so that of him, as of every true poet, we know that—

He learned in sorrow what he taught in song.

Longfellow began to write very early in life. We may not say that 'he lisped in numbers,' but we know that in his 'teens' he successfully wooed the poetic muse. There are still retained in his published works seven pieces written before he was nineteen. These are, 'An April Day,' 'Autumn,' 'Woods in Winter,' 'Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem,' 'Sunrise on the Hills,' 'The Spirit of Poetry,' and 'Eulogium of the Minnisisink.'

He also, at this early age, contributed articles to the *North American Review*. In 1833 he published a translation of the celebrated Spanish poem of 'Don Gorge Manrique,' on the death of his son. In 1835, 'Outre Mer,' a series of prose sketches, giving impressions of his first Continental journey. In 1839 appeared 'Hyperion,' a prose romance. Here I may be permitted to state that Longfellow's prose works, though their fame has been overshadowed by his poetry, are eminently worthy of their author. 'Hyperion' will well repay more than one perusal. It is pervaded throughout with the experiences of life, and is a combination of poetry, philosophy, and romance rarely to be met with in any work.

In 1840, he published his first collection of poems, under the title of 'Voices of the Night.' In 1841 appeared 'Ballads and other Poems;' 1842, 'The Spanish Student,' and 'Poems on Slavery;' 1845, 'Poets and Poetry of Europe;' 1846, 'The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems;' 1848, 'Evangeline;' 1849, 'Kavan-

agh; 1850, 'The Seaside and the Fireside;' 1851, 'The Golden Legend;' 1855, 'The Song of Hiawatha;' 1858, 'The Courtship of Miles Standish;' 1863, 'Tales of a Wayside Inn;' 1867, translation of 'Dante's Divina Commedia;' 1868, 'The New England Tragedies;' 1872, 'The Divine Tragedy,' also, 'Three Books of Song,' continuation of 'Tales of a Wayside Inn;' 1873, 'Aftermath;' 1874, 'The Hanging of the Crane;' 1875, 'Morituri Salutamus;' 1878, 'Keramos.' He also sent forth, from time to time, small collections of poems, which he called 'Birds of Passage,' of which we have five flights.

His latest published poem, 'Hermes Trismegistus,' is in a recent number of the *Century Magazine*, and we have been told to expect the last song from his pen in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Thus consistently did the poet illustrate his own adage:

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself.

The poems of Longfellow may for convenience be classified under the heads, (1) Poems of an Epic nature, such as 'Evangeline,' 'Hiawatha,' 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' (2) Dramatic, (3) Lyrics, (4) Translations.

Of the first class, that which is most widely known, and perhaps most highly appreciated, is 'Evangeline.' It is undoubtedly one of the very best poems of the affections ever written. If pathetic force, beautiful description, faultless language, and sustained and simple narrative can give endurance to any work, 'Evangeline' will not die. I believe that as long as English is read and there are hearts that respond to the deep pathos of love, the poet can call for his audience.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;

List to the tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy.

There may be faults pointed out in the plot of the story. There may be those who are not satisfied with the metre, but no sensitive heart can read 'Evangeline' without tears, or is likely to forget the sad story of love's long, fruitless search:

The hope, the fear, and the sorrows,
All the aching heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.

It is not too much to say that the gigantic force and unwearying devotion of true love have seldom if ever been better illustrated.

As a poem, 'Evangeline' is one of sustained interest throughout. Its characters are distinct and truly developed. It is like a beautiful bracelet artistically clasped. Let any one read the poem continuously through, and taking special note of the references in the opening and closing lines, and he will feel the truth of this comparison.

'Evangeline' abounds in beautiful descriptions,—descriptions that could only have been written by a loving observer of Nature, and one thoroughly alive to the forms and suggestings of her beauty. We are not afraid of offending our readers by referring them for an example of this, to the oft-quoted, much admired description of an evening scene on the Mississippi.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon,
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapours arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars on the motionless water
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies
 and the waters around her.
 Then from neighbouring thicket the mock-
 ing bird, wildest of singers,
 Swinging aloft on the willow-spray that
 hung o'er the water
 Shook from his little throat such floods of
 delirious music,
 That the whole air and the woods and the
 waves seemed silent to listen,
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ;
 then soaring to madness
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel
 of frenzied Bacchantes.
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful,
 low lamentation ;
 Till having gathered them all he flung them
 abroad in derision
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind
 through the tree-tops
 Shakes down the rattling rain in crystal
 shower on the branches.

This passage will also serve to illustrate the marvellous command which Longfellow had over words and metres, whereby he was enabled to make the Hexameter in English smooth and harmonious, so that his narrative flows along in it with steady musical rhythm.

Although the fame of Longfellow is more popularly associated with 'Evangeline,' than with any other of his longer poems, there are not wanting those who express their preference for 'Hiawatha.' Its peculiar metre was adopted from the 'Kalevala,' the great Epic of the Finns, a circumstance which gave rise to an absurd charge of plagiarism from that poem. It is a metre whose flow and resonance are easily caught, and it has therefore been the subject of innumerable parodies and not a little merry-making on the part of some critics. Longfellow has made it do good service in stringing together the interesting legends and myths of the aborigines of this continent. It was a happy thought that prompted the poet to write this 'Indian Edda,' as he himself calls it. His love for legendary lore naturally led him to the subject, and he has accomplished his task with great care and study. It is a grace to the Red Man, and will undoubtedly remain a permanent work in literature

and history. There will always be a strange fascination about the poem. The natural and supernatural are made to mingle and blend so strikingly in it, the myths and traditions are so interesting and fanciful, and so many beautiful thoughts and felicitous expressions meet the eye on every page, that the popularity it has attained is not to be wondered at. Many apt quotations have been culled from it to grace and enforce the arguments of the writer or orator, and surely no reader of poetry would like to miss such pictures as are given us in 'Hiawatha's Wooing,' and 'The Death of Minnehaha.'

In the Shakesperian sense, Longfellow is not a dramatist ; but he has written dramas which are poems full of life and power. We need not expect to see them brought out on the stage with scenic and histrionic effect, but as embodying truth in human personalities which make a deep impression upon the imagination and heart of the reader, they are in every way worthy of his genius.

In the 'Spanish Student' there are scenes of rare beauty and power. The 'Golden Legend' has by some been considered the poet's most finished work, and has been awarded high praise from the most competent critics. John Ruskin gives it as his opinion that, 'Longfellow, in the "Golden Legend," has entered more closely into the temper of the monk for good and evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labour to the analysis of it.' Another critic has expressed the opinion, 'that there is nearly as much fine poetry in the "Golden Legend" as in the celebrated Drama of Goethe ;' and calls Elsie as 'beautiful a character as was ever formed in the mind of a poet.' Setting aside the somewhat hackneyed machinery of the poem, and allowing our minds to dwell on its characters, lessons, and beauty of thought and language, we will not fail to reciprocate the warmest

words of praise spoken by its friendly critics.

In 1873 'The Divine Tragedy,' 'The Golden Legend,' and 'The New England Tragedies' with 'Introitus' and 'Interludes' were brought together by the poet as having in them a certain unity of thought or theme. They may be looked upon as representing three phases of religious life. The 'Divine Tragedy' is an almost literal and thoroughly reverent rendering into verse of the main facts and teachings of the Gospel narrative. It therefore represents the Christian religion as exhibited in the person and teachings of Christ himself. 'The Golden Legend' is a picture of the Christian religion during the darkness and superstition of the monkish and mediæval period. In 'The New England Tragedies' are brought before us the intolerance, the superstitions, and the mistakes, which marred the Christian religion as exhibited in early New England Puritan life.

Only the dull heart and blinded conscience will fail to learn lessons of truth and charity from this great work of poetic art. It will, I think, not be denied that, however much Longfellow's longer poems may be read and admired, and however enduring a foundation they may lay for his fame in the future, his shorter lyrical poems are those by which he is most widely known, and those that have gathered around him the greatest host of admirers and friends. These have come into the homes and hearts of the people. They have been treasured in scrap-books and copied into albums. They are to be found in every reading book and collection of poetic gems. They are recited by the school-boy and quoted by the senator and the divine. They have been embellished with choicest engravings, and wedded to sweet music, sent singing down the ages. They have given inspiration to many a noble ambition, courage in many an hour of conflict, and have

dropped like healing balm on many a crushed and sorrowing heart.

The 'Psalm of Life' has not yet lost its popularity or its power. Nor will it, for this simple reason, that it contains a truth common and universal set in most musical numbers and pervaded by the subtle, indescribable essence of poetry. Its *réveillé* will be heard by the heart of youth and age alike

In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Its trumpet call will be responded to by every true heart that makes life real and earnest :

Act, act in the living present
Heart within and God o'erhead.

The 'Village Blacksmith' is a portrayal of the same earnest side of life.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose.

A similar chord is struck in 'The Light of Stars.'

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute and still,
And calm and self-possessed.

And again we find the same recurring strain—an inspiration to noble ambition and action—in 'The Ladder of St. Augustine.'

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

There is nothing of the comic element in Longfellow's lyrics. He does not seek to provoke our laughter. Even the joyous, buoyant, soaring strain is wanting. What is pure and bright and sweet and happy in social and domestic life has a charm for him and we cannot fail to see his gladness at it. We believe, however, he could more deeply weep with those who weep

than rejoice with those who do rejoice. The sorrows of life—the solemn realities of death and the grave, have called forth his truest, most sympathetic and oft-quoted lines. Many a mourning mother has read in tears ‘The Reaper and the Flowers,’ and the bow of hope has shone upon her tears as she read :

Though the breath of these flowers are sweet
to me
I will give them all back again.

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she would find them all again
In the fields of light above.

The poems ‘Resignation,’ and ‘The Two Angels’ are full of comforting thoughts for the sorrowing, and every one will recognise the utterance of a full heart in the short poem ‘Suspiria.’

Take them, O Death, and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own, &c.

‘The Skeleton in Armour’ and ‘The Wreck of the Hesperus,’ have in them the genuine ring of the old ballad, and show how easy it was for Longfellow, with his tuneful ear, to catch the tone and spirit of that species of lyric.

It would have been a delightful task to point out the many poetic beauties and wholesome life-lessons contained in these lyric gems, but we must be satisfied to name with honour those that please us most. The poem entitled ‘Maidenhood’ appears to us perfect both in thought and form. ‘The Slave’s Dream’ has not lost its pathetic power, although the curse against which it was directed has been banished from our continent. ‘Excelsior’ still rings in clarion tones the fate of poetic and all other ambitions. In the ‘Arsenal at Springfield,’ the poet raises a voice, sweet-toned indeed, but powerful, against the horrid inhumanities of war. People do not seem to tire of ‘The Bridge’ and its much sung music. What household treasure his poems on children and childhood have become ? ‘The Golden Milestone,’ ‘Haunted Houses,’ ‘Footsteps of Angels,’ and many such poems

have found, and will continue to find, a ready response from hearts that can lay claim to even the least poetic sensibility. There is a richness of feeling about his later poems, all tinged as they are with the musings of one who is looking back through the changes, ambitions, and friendships of a long life time. We would not willingly miss the sweetly-sad and salutary lessons of ‘Morituri Salutamus,’ or the picture of wedded life given in ‘The Hanging of the Crane,’ or the pleasing effects of ‘The Masque of Pandora,’ and ‘Keramos.’ ‘The Tales of a Wayside Inn,’ some of which are poems of great intrinsic beauty, and the ‘Courtship of Miles Standish,’ deserve from our hands a more extended notice ; but the object of this article is to bring before the reader the man and the poet, referring only to such of his works as will best serve to illustrate his genius in the varied fields of poetic composition he has chosen for its exercise. One other department, in which Longfellow shines pre-eminent, remains to be noticed. He has been one of the most successful of translators. Out of many languages, and in many varieties of poetry from the short ‘Jeu d’esprit,’ to the long Epic, the ‘Divina Commedia,’ he has rendered the choice pieces of continental literature into his own tongue. He attempted much in this direction and accomplished well all that he attempted. Every lover of literature must feel a debt of gratitude to the man whose careful study, fine taste, and poetic genius have unlocked from their caskets, and spread before our view so many beautiful and precious jewels of song. A very competent critic has said that ‘poetry is of, so subtle a spirit that pouring out of one language into another it will all evaporate.’ It is, I think, admitted by all who are competent to judge, by acquaintance with the originals, that Longfellow has overcome the difficulties and accomplished the task of preserving the very essence of poetry in

transferring the thoughts conceived in one language into another.

Longfellow has stood the test both of literary criticism and of popular feeling, and his place of honour has been adjudged to him. On both sides of the Atlantic he has been for years the object of reverence and admiration, and we are told that he is even more universally a favourite in England than in his own country. He has, so to speak, 'reached his pedestal, has begun to stand idealized before the public, and invested with a halo like the figures of the saints in the paintings of the old masters, while his best works are becoming set like gems in the memories of men.' From the very outset of his career he was received into public favour. His fate has not been like that of some of the best and truest of our poets, in their own generation—

Hiding from many a careless eye
The scorned load of agony,

unknown, unappreciated, and at last sinking into the grave through sheer penury and brokenness of heart. His life, on the contrary, has been one of culture, and comfort, of steady, well-deserved success, and of hearty and grateful appreciation from his fellow-men. We will bring this article to a close by including some of the qualities of the man and the poet which have contributed to this success.

In no small degree the success of his literary career seems due to the fact, that he, at an early date in his life, became conscious of what he could do; he knew his power and limitations, and therefore has not wasted his time and strength on what he could not perform. No critic could say of him he attempted great things and failed. Originality has been denied him, but is it not a proof of originality and innate power and independence of mind, that in spite of the constant study of other languages and the mass of his acquired legendary and poetic lore, in spite of the fact that

he spent much time in translations, everything that has come from his pen is stamped with his own marked individuality? No one will pretend to claim for him great creative genius, nor will we find in him those brilliant flashes of genius whereby a single line or sentence is made to light up the whole intellectual sky. We are not wrought upon by any marked poetic frenzy. There are depths of feeling he does not reach, and ranges of experience he has not illuminated. He is not Shakespeare, he is not Byron, he is not Browning, he is not Tennyson; but he has his own peculiar poetic gift and is himself throughout.

Another marked feature of his poetry, and one worthy of all praise, is his clearness of thought and expression. He does not give his readers poetical knots and riddles to unravel. He does not ask us to discern the poetic fire by the quantity of smoke but by the clearness of the flame. He is everywhere clear and luminous, giving expression to his thoughts in language well nigh faultless and easily understood, so that the impression of each poem is left in all its sweetness and clearness as the possession of any one who will read with a fair amount of care and interest. There are some strong passages and expressions in Longfellow's writings, but he evidently disliked all that was jarring and violent. On the other hand, he had a strong affinity for everything that was beautiful and attractive in nature, in home and social life, in thought and feeling. An atmosphere of beauty pervades all his poetry, giving, like sunshine, a new charm to life's landscapes, and lending an ideal attractiveness to what was before but commonplace.

With his affinity for all that was beautiful we associate his affinity for all that was pure and good. There was an earnest moral purpose at the centre of his life and life work. It is the function of the poet to fill the imagination with beautiful conceptions,

and to touch the deep fountains of emotion but it should be his highest aim to send the shafts of truth, tipped with flame, into the hearts of men to kindle in them the love of Truth, and the life of Truth. Longfellow's desire to make men truer, happier, and better shines conspicuously in all his works. One critic, Edgar Allan Poe, has even made this a ground of censure, and ill-naturedly calls him not a poet but a preacher. As if a poet should not teach and preach! No one surely living a pure and holy life, and desiring to see his fellow-men made holier and happier, will quarrel with the moral lessons of labour, trust and love which Longfellow has involved in his poems, and which to many of his readers, is one of their strongest recommendations.

One more quality belonging to the poet and pervading his poems we must notice, and one without which no man can win and hold the popular heart. It is the quality of humanity. Mankind are like the poet's 'Village Blacksmith,' ever 'toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing.' The poet who is to be received and crowned by human hearts must come to them as such with power to see, to sympathize, and to soothe; must stand in their midst, and interpret and give expression to their feelings; must lift the burden of care from their hearts, by throwing the spell of his idealization over the chequered and changeful scene of pain and grief, and joy and sorrow.

Longfellow has done this, and therefore his poems are in the true sense of that term popular. The memories and sympathies, and sensibilities, of mankind, have found expression in his words.

In the 'Prelude' to the 'Voices of the Night,' the poet tells us that his poetic inspirations were Nature, Legend, and Life; how the visions of childhood would not stay, but must give place to other and higher themes. He heard the voice saying:

Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream,
All forms of sorrow and delight,

All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme.

And he did look into his heart and wrote what he saw and felt there.

He is gone. 'A simple life has uttered itself in song. Men listened and rejoiced and loved, and now they mourn.' America has lost her gifted singer 'The poet of America,' yet cosmopolitan, and American in a real sense because cosmopolitan. We have not dealt in this paper in negative criticisms. Our aim has been to present a picture of the life and genius of the man. We have not indulged in speculations, as to what posterity may do with his fame or striven by nicely regulated standards to determine his precise place among the brotherhood of poets. Of one thing we feel sure, whatever rank may be assigned him, that no poet has left this world more richly crowned with the grateful blessing of the pure and good, and none of this generation would, if called away, leave a 'vacant chair' in so many households. To himself we can now apply the simile in which he so beautifully refers to the influence of his great friend, Charles Sumner—

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

His volumes cannot miss the place of honour his kindly ambition desired for them in the goodly company of

The pleasant books that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured
faces;

And most cordial hospitality will be the response of those who love what is pure, and true, and refining in literature, to his expressed desire:

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest
At your warm fireside when the lamps are
lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!

DESOLATA.

BY FREDERICK DIXON, OTTAWA.

“ Let the galled jade wince, our
withers are unwrung.”

SHUT your shutter, and close your blind ;
You with the tears,
The ended hopes and the ended fears ;
Alone with *it* on the bed ;
Alone with your quiet dead ;
Each for each, and each to his kind !

Yours ; all yours ; and yours alone.
Were it a sod, or were it a stone,
Or a thistle-down floating away,
The world would be just as sad,
Just as merry and gay,
Just as busy and mad
As it is to-day ;
Would go as heedlessly by
With never a thought nor word,
With a heart unstirred,
And an undimmed eye,
As it does to-day.

What does it know or care
Who may be lying there !
A life is a life, and a death, a death,
Be it foul or fair,
And the final gasp of that poor weak breath,
Whether curse or prayer,
Causes no surmise ;
And the last long stare
Of those covered eyes,
If of love, or of hate,
Or of hope, or despair,
(Though you weep as you wait,)
Matters no more
To the world outside
Than the turn of a straw
In the play of the tide.

Shut your shutter, and close your blind ;
Each for each, and each to his kind !

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

BY A. FREELANCE, TORONTO.

THE way to judge of a question is by seeing the whole of the question, not by concluding from your examination of the part. A fiscal system in the State may be likened to the works of a clock composed of a number of wheels acting and reacting upon one another, the absence of any one rendering the system impossible; so that it is only by examining the function of each wheel in relation to the whole that you are enabled to judge of its value, or of its usefulness at all. So, too, I take it, that the reader is unable to judge of the merits of a whole case by reading only the part, and without knowing the relation of that part to the whole.

I propose in this paper to examine, in the light of some facts at hand and of my own reason, the questions of Free Trade and Protection, both in theory and in practice. It may be thought that there is little new to be said upon a subject that is the topic for a thousand newspapers 'every day in the year, Sundays excepted;' but if there is nothing 'new' to be said, there is something new to be done; for I can put the whole subject together rather than present to my readers only a limb or a rib of the same—this method, I adjudge, being as much superior to the fragmentary mode as the presentation of a landscape painting in its entirety would be to the serving up of the same picture in twenty little separate frames, putting a rock within one, a tree within another, and a 'solitary sandpiper' in a third. But, with the daily press, the *dissecta membra* method is demanded by space and time, even if it were

not the inclination of the party journalist to give only such features of the subject as, detached and alone, look repugnant, but which viewed in relation to the whole might be the 'magic rounding off' in the system.

I propose briefly to examine the question of Protection and Free Trade, as the wrong and right sides of the trade question, as a whole, and according to my humble understanding of the same. In doing this, I am conscious that much more depends upon the way an examination is made than upon the examination itself; for we may bring the thought of the philosopher and the keen accuracy of the microscope, yet, setting out in error, mistaking a gradation in descent for the origin of the subject, our most elaborate and exact researches can but tend to the greater multiplication of error. In examining whether the protection of native industry by the Government of the State is desirable, it is necessary to trace society back, as an explorer traces a river up, to its source, to ascertain the starting point; for, having gained that position, all the springs hidden in the complexities of civilization in its descent become clear; while, having once discovered these, we are on open ground, and can see with accuracy the effect of the application of any theory to the development of trade and industry. This position is no less the commanding point of observation than the all-important summit of the destiny of events. This idea makes itself plain to my mind in this way: On the conical mountain-top there rests a stone, which, on being set in motion

once, rolls down the mountain side to the base. Its destiny, whether it shall go to the east or to the west, depends upon the direction in which you move it in the beginning.

Let us suppose a republic situate on one portion of a great continent, and the dependency of a kingdom, lying along its frontier, separated only by a political line on another portion. The republic is in the full strength of its manhood, and has made vast strides in the arts and manufactures. Millions of dollars have been invested in the manufacture of wool and cotton, and boots and shoes, and agricultural implements, and iron and wooden wares. But in the other territory, this state of progress has not been attained. The population is sparse, while the territory is rich in all the natural objects required for the highest ends of civilization. The soil is fertile, is visited by kindly rains in proper season, and produces not alone in great abundance, but in wide variety. It has vast domains of forest, unlimited stores of economic minerals, and abundance of coal, while mighty rivers of unconceived power wind through it. But the people are little better than in a pastoral state. They have settled upon the territory, some possessing goodly sums of money. There are yet no towns or cities, only here and there a village, the rest living apart from each other, each one a distance equal to the extent of his farm, from his neighbour. The inhabitants raise grain of every kind, garden produce, etc.; cut timber and saw it into boards, raise cattle and sheep, and oxen and horses, and of all these, more than they need for their own use. The surplus they sell to the manufacturers of the republic, who come up to their doors with farming implements, cottons, woollens, and all the domestic wares, selling these in exchange for the surplus products of the farm. Thus the process goes on, and as population increases over the new territory, so does the market for the republicans'

manufactures also increase. But here and there in this new territory is a farmer who has some capital, in money, which he does not need in his agricultural pursuits. He has become thoughtful from seeing the republican manufacturer selling his wares from year to year at his own and his neighbours' doors, and he says to himself, 'I have \$20,000 to spare; why should I not manufacture the ploughs and the harrows, and the reapers these stranger people sell at our doors? There is plenty of iron to be got in our own unworked mines, and plenty of wood in our forests: why should I not smelt the iron and prepare the wood, making those implements our farmers need? But having supplied these things, how would I fare? I might send two or three agents among our farmers, but from across the line there are that many hundred agents. Would the farmer then purchase my articles, because home-made, in preference to the foreign? No; I think it would be the other way. But there is a greater obstacle than this. I put a capital of \$20,000 into this manufactory. I must compete with a long-established manufacturer, who has a capital of half a million dollars. In a contest, he brings against me a power nearly thirty times greater than mine. With my \$20,000 dollars capital I shall require a marginal profit of ten per cent.; he doing thirty times as much business, can make more by a profit of eight per cent., by reason of the better division of labour in his larger establishment. He can undersell me by two per cent. Therefore I will not enter the contest; I will go on with my farming, and let my money lie out at interest.' What is true of this farmer-capitalist is true of scores of others, who, for similar reasons, will not establish cotton or woollen mills or wooden-ware factories. Under such a state of affairs, the development of the higher and more important manufactures is a plant of slow growth.

'But,' some one says, 'the conclu-

sion from your argument is that without protection by the State, development of native manufacture is impossible. Yet manufactures have grown up in unprotected States, and flourished in them, too.' Granted, but what I here endeavour to show is, how Protection could aid manufacture, and develop the nation's wealth, and how Free Trade, under the given conditions, can, and does seriously, check and injure these. Cities, towns, and villages are no less the natural product of increased population than a certain class of manufactures are the outcome of the clustering together of the people. The process of town-growth is very simple. Here and there a blacksmith will come and put up a smithy, and the farmers coming there from round about, it occurs to some enterprising person that it would be a good place to build a store. This is the nucleus of a village. For the one store is no sooner built than the second is in contemplation. Then the salesmen must have houses, and so must the carpenters who build the stores and the houses; and so the accumulation takes place till there is a full-flown village, with a post-office, and gradually a little town. But beyond being, in a manufacturing sense, an unimportant town, under the conditions I have pointed out, it rarely can become. There always will be, must be, in the centre of fertile farming districts, supplying points where the farmer can buy the necessities of life; but there will not always be in those towns, there rarely will be, the manufactories—except to a limited extent, and these the least important—from which the merchant can obtain the articles for his ware-rooms. In other words, such a city is only an intermediate station between the farmer and the foreign manufacturer, where the country's wealth of raw material passes through only, but does not remain. The meat and the hides, and the fleeces of wool—the beeves

and the horses, the surplus corn and grains of every kind, the deals and the boards, all pass through on their way to the foreign market, where they are needed for the maintenance and the occupation of the foreign labourer. It is true there are a few exceptions to this rule, these being formed generally under certain geographical conditions, such for example as at points to which freights from the foreign market are high, and routes difficult and tedious. Under such circumstances the moderate capitalist is encouraged to invest in manufacture. But clearly the capitalist must be *protected*, it not statutorily, then geographically or otherwise.

But it may be objected—'Then since the inadequacy of capital is the original cause of this state of affairs, the cure must be, not in protection by the State, but by adequacy of capital, by putting home dollar against foreign dollar. One dollar is as powerful as another, and there should be no State interference.' Let us examine this proposition, by supposing that in a town in the foreign State—say Hartford—there is a woollen manufactory, with a capital of a million of dollars. In Hamilton, in the young State, there is another like manufactory with an equal capital. This is 'home dollar for foreign dollar,' but it is not equality nevertheless; for the Connecticut manufacturer will spread a swarm of his drummers through Canada—the Free Trade State—while the Hamilton manufacturer finds his 'travellers' confronted by a tariff wall on the American frontier.

I have shown what takes place in a country rich in all the natural objects needed to civilization's demand, where such a state lies adjacent, or convenient, to a foreign state, the latter in its manhood and having its native industry protected by the Government, the former in its early youth, and not having protection to its home industries. I have shown that in the trade

contest between the two the struggle is as that between the boy of ten and the man of thirty.

Having seen the causes for the failure of manufacture in natural objects, we are in a better position to talk about the remedy. Had the State said to the farmer with the \$20,000, 'This country of ours is rich in nature's materials; we have all the economic minerals, wood, coal, and unexampled water-power; we have a practically unlimited area of fertile land, and our climate is most favourable to our needs; we have all we want of our own, as good as that which our neighbours beyond the boundary have. But most of our wealth lies untouched, while that which we develop we send out of the country, for that which we might have from our midst. The Government shall, therefore, aid you to establish your iron works, and it shall aid your neighbours to establish their woollen and cotton, and other works; and, by these means, we shall keep at home such of our population as, not caring for farming pursuits, and who cannot find skilled labour here, go to manufacturing cities abroad to seek it. We shall compel all foreign manufactures coming into this country to pass through our custom-houses and pay there a tax, which, added to the price of their goods, will enable you to compete with them. The adoption of such means as these will set capital and energy of our own smelting our own ores, weaving our own wool, and fashioning out of our own forests such articles as we need for our domestic uses.' This would have effected the cure.

But those who grant all this will cry out, 'Yes—you have developed home manufacture, but you have developed taxation as well. You have shut the cheaper foreign article out, and you compel us to buy the dearer, because made at home. It matters not to us whose goods we buy, so long as the article suits us. The quality being equal, we want the

cheaper, let it be made in China or by our next-door neighbour. We think this tax wrong; let us hear you justify it.'

Now, in answering this question—a question involving the entire charge made by Free Traders against Protectionists—I must be permitted to state that the end sought by the policy of Protection is not the enrichment of the capitalist with the \$20,000, or the woollen or the wooden manufacturer, but the establishment of manufactories, the manufacturers themselves being only the means to that end; for the establishment of manufactories includes the development of the country's natural resources. The national benefits of the development of native natural objects are plain, and they are many. The mines, hitherto of no more use than the mountain rocks, at once become valuable to their owners and to the community; while the money used in the manufacture of deals and boards, minerals, wool, hides, &c., all of which were hitherto exported for manufacture, will be kept in the country, instead of being sent abroad. Let me make this plain by example. A. lives in Canada, and he is an extensive dealer in carriages, farm wagons, horse rakes, ploughs, mowing machines, harvesters, &c. Before the era of State Protection he bought all these things from American manufacturers, paying to the latter each year half a million dollars. When Protection became law Canadian manufacturers began to make these articles. A, therefore, each year, under Protection, paid that half a million dollars to B, who is a Canadian manufacturer. Canada, by that one transaction, is half a million better off in the year under Protection—that is, the sum named has given employment for the year to over a thousand Canadians, instead of to a like number of Americans under Free Trade. But still we hear the question, 'What has that to do with my tax?—with my being compelled to buy a Canadian article in

preference to a foreign? Justify the tax.' I have stated that the enrichment of manufacturers is not the end sought, neither is taxation, but home manufacture. Now, then, since home manufacture is the end sought, it is the state of affairs under the accomplishment of that end we should examine. Trees do not bear blossoms and fruit on the same day: we ought, therefore, to dismiss time—the time between the blossom and the fruit, the time between the adoption of an impost tax and the development of manufacture—and what we deem the hardships of that time, from the question. I need not stop here to argue the matter of 'questionable means to an end be it never so good,' for I judge that those who would suffer permanent malady rather than submit to a temporary physic are not very many, nor, indeed, very wise. I shall, therefore, glance ahead to a period when Protection shall have been employed a sufficient time to encourage capital into all the branches of manufacturing possible or needful in the young and protected State. I say at this period the cry of discontent against taxation will have been generally stilled. The person who asked me to 'justify this tax' will have found events pleading, 'trumpet-tongued,' its full justification. There will be little left of the complained-of tax, except upon the Statute books.

But the incredulous one asks, 'How has this come to pass? We have either to import certain articles or to buy them of the home manufacturer. But the latter will sell as nearly up to the foreign price plus the duty, as he dares.' This is the point I deny. Where monopoly does not exist, trade always goes on regulating itself, till settling upon a correct basis, it accords to every commodity its proper standard value. Nothing is more impossible under Protection than monopoly, for the protection of the State is afforded to the capital, and the form of the enterprise rather than to the

individual. Let me illustrate by example: 'A. establishes a sugar refinery as soon as the protective tariff has been proclaimed. He makes money "hand over fist," in the current slang, by selling his sugar only a "shade" lower than the imported article. B. has half a million dollars to invest, and he says: 'A. is amassing a fortune by making sugar, yet he is not able to supply all the market; so I shall also establish a sugar refinery.' Then if these two continue in their good luck, a third capitalist starts a refinery. Thus a wholesome competition is established; Greek has met Greek; one cuts into the other and down comes 'monopoly' and sugar to its absolute standard value. Then the sugar made at home is sold as cheap as the sugar made and sold abroad, and for this reason none of the foreign article is imported, and the tax exists only upon paper; while the country is enriched to the extent of the value of the refining companies' property, and thousands of workmen who otherwise would have been obliged to go abroad for a livelihood, obtain it at home. What is true of sugar manufacture is true of cotton, woollen, iron, wood and the hundred contingent manufactures.

But still some one is found to say, 'This is all well upon paper; but will not one set of manufacturers adopt a tariff of rates, and not sell their articles below that?' Will, Thomas Jones, I answer, keep half a million dollars' worth of goods upon his shelves that he cannot sell at a profit of forty per cent. owing to his rivals having been longer in the trade and better known among cotton buyers than himself; will he, I ask, refuse to sell these goods at twenty-five per cent. profit, which would be fifteen per cent. lower than his rival's, or for the sake of 'good faith' to a ring treaty will he prefer to let the auctioneer sell them for what they will bring? Why it is only a few weeks ago since two newspapers in Toronto adopted a common

tariff of prices. Everyday since, the one has been cutting into the other and violating the compact made.

THE TEST OF PROTECTION.

The state of affairs which I have endeavoured to point out as existing in the theoretical state, under the policy of Free Trade, was almost exactly the condition of Canada previous to the general elections in 1878. Various causes had been in operation for some years before, bringing about a state of depression in trade, that had been unparalleled in the history of the colonies. Many of the leading mercantile houses, regarded as towers of strength, had come toppling down, involving numerous dependent establishments in a common ruin. Capital had become timid, for public confidence was gone. Thousands of workmen were out of employment and clamoured for bread, but the Dominion had none to give them. Those who could leave the country went away to seek employment in cities in the New England States. It was then the enervating stream of emigration, which even under a changed state of affairs proved so hard to check, began to flow broad and deep. 'Surely,' said some of those who saw the hungry and fleeing workmen, 'the Government ought to be able to do something for these people. If legislation is ever potent to do public good, it ought to be when such a crisis comes as this. Our country has vast, unlimited resources, and if these were only turned to account, our suffering and emigrating people would be provided for. Is there no way,' they asked, 'to set yonder half-idle factories employing labour to full capacity? No means of establishing new factories where our suffering people may get work? Is it not a shame to see the agents of the foreign manufacturer sitting upon the door-steps of our idle factories selling their goods, and our willing and able labourers crying for work?' Then it was represented to the Government

that they should endeavour to solve the problem. It was told them that Canada's mines and forests were practically unlimited; that she was wondrously wealthy in natural objects; that she had sufficient energy, capital, and intelligence to develop these, and at once build up her own greatness as a commercial State, and satisfy the cravings of her hungry people for work; that all this could be accomplished if the Government would only grant State Protection to home industry. 'How will that better the country's condition?' said Mr. Mackenzie, the Premier of the day. 'It will protect our home industries from the competition of more powerful foreign industries; it will protect our infant national energies from the full-grown energies of a powerful neighbour State. Let the Americans make no longer all the articles in wood and iron that we need, nor the woollens, cottons, boots and shoes, ready-made clothing, hats and caps, and the thousand other things that we buy every year from the agents of foreign manufacturers. As we can make all these things at home, as the making of them will enrich our country and employ our people, we beseech of you to aid us by legislation.' Could lesser request have been made at such a time, the country being in such a state? Could we have expected a lesser granted? And to this, what said the Canadian Government? Said Sir Richard Cartwright—'We see Toryism under the mask again asking us to do these things. The genius that gave England her Corn Laws is loose in Canada. I tell you, working-men, the belief that the Government can help you in your straits is a delusion. Governments confronted by such questions of trade as these—conditions above and beyond the influence of Government—are as flies on the wheel.' 'That's my policy too,' said Premier Mackenzie, and all the Liberal party along the line re-echoed these sentiments. 'The plan you propose to make affairs better,' said they

all in concert, 'would make them incomparably worse. A protective tax would cripple our weakened commercial energies; it would fail to produce revenue, because our people could not afford to pay the tax, and it would equally fail to develop home industry.' The working-men and their friends turned away in despair.

But there was another public man in Canada, one who was not at the time a member of the government, and he said to the working-men, 'Take heart. The eve of a general election is at hand and the issue is with you. I stand at the head of a party in Canada whose faith is, that we can make or mar ourselves; that we have a destiny which is our own in the working out. My motto is, he said, "Canada for the Canadians," protection to home industry, development of our own national resources, and spending all the money we have to spend in the purchase of manufactured goods at home, and among our own workmen, and not abroad among the foreign workmen. I predict, that if you at the polls declare in favour of the National Policy of my party, depression will pass away and an improvement in trade take place, such as the country has not seen before.' The man who said this was Sir John A. Macdonald.

The new policy was carried. Let us see if the predictions made for it have been verified. I shall take a few general figures from the public blue-books. From the years 1874-75 to 1878-79, which were Free Trade years, the deficits in the revenue of the Dominion, that is, the excess of expenditure over income, reached \$5,491,269. Last year under the Protective policy, there was a surplus revenue, that is, an excess of income over expenditure of \$4,132,700, though the Liberal party declared on the hustings that the National Policy would neither 'raise a revenue nor develop manufacture.' The value of our average annual exports from 1874 to 1878 in-

clusive, Free Trade years, was \$68,776,000. The average value of our annual exports from 1879 to 1881 inclusive, Protective years, was \$70,369,000, and in each of the three last mentioned years, commencing with 1879, the increase has been by a bound. The figures speak for themselves.

| YEARS. | EXPORTS. |
|--------|----------------|
| 1879 | - \$60,089,000 |
| 1880 | - \$70,096,000 |
| 1881 | - \$80,921,000 |

But if our exports under Protection have greatly increased, our imports of raw material under the same policy show a remarkable increase also. In 1877-78, the last year of Free Trade, we imported of raw cotton to the value of \$7,243,413. In 1880-81, under Protection, the imports of raw cotton were valued at \$16,018,721! So too, of hides. In 1877-78, we imported to the value of \$1,207,300. In 1880-81, the value of the imports of hides reached \$2,184,884. Of wool, in 1877-78, we imported 6,230,084 lbs.; in 1880-81, we imported 8,040,287 lbs. The increase for three years of Protection in the manufacture of cotton, leather and wool alone in the Dominion, reaches \$5,500,000. Instead of this five and a half millions going to the foreign manufacturers, our own Canadian manufacturers and working men have received it. Yet Sir Richard Cartwright said in questions affecting the commercial prosperity of a country, governments are only flies on the wheel, and that the National Policy would 'not develop home manufacture.'

But the increase in the imports of the raw material quoted is only indicative of the increase all around in imported raw materials. In addition to this the increased production of native raw material within the same years, if it could be estimated, would be found to be very large. This raw material, manufactured in Canada under State Protection, it is that solved the ques-

tion which the Liberals declared to be politically insoluble. It was in this increased manufacture, that the thousands of hungry working men who clamoured around the hustings on the eve of the general elections got their work. How the working-man has fared in Canada with respect to the employment which he could not find when we had Free Trade, under the Protective policy of the Government, will be best shown by the following figures. Since March 1879, up to October 1881, it is estimated that ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY new industries, developed by the Protective policy, have been established. The number of men employed in these one hundred and forty factories, is put at 10,000. Allow four persons as depending upon each hand employed in these industries, and we find that the Government by their policy have created in this item alone, a livelihood for 40,000 souls. Of these industries, twenty-nine have been established in Toronto, giving employment to 1,678 persons. In Montreal, thirteen industries have been established under the government policy; and in Hamilton five. In addition to these, there are now in progress of construction cotton factories, which will be in operation within the next twelve months, giving employment to three thousand persons. Besides the facts stated, four hundred factories established under Free Trade have been visited, and it has been found that under Protection these employ an average of seventeen per cent. more hands than they did under Free Trade. So that it will be readily seen that the employment given directly and indirectly to the labouring classes by the application of Protection is enormous. As I stated in the beginning of this paper, the commercial system of a nation may be compared to the works of a clock, one wheel of which put in motion sets all the other wheels in motion, whilst a clogging of the one wheel will retard the motion of all the rest. It is demon-

strably certain that over 10,000 persons have directly obtained employment by reason of the National Policy. I have put the number dependent for bread upon these at about 40,000 persons, What then with respect to this item alone in results has the National Policy done? Has it merely given bread to these 40,000? Well, if it did only that, it would have done a good thing, a great thing, a something well worthy of new and revolutionary legislation. But it has done more. The shopkeepers of the country have, as a consequence, gained 40,000 more customers, so have the shoemakers, the carpenters, the tailors; so has every one who has anything to sell. In creating these producers of manufacture, the Government at the same time created consumers of manufacture; and the consumer is as necessary to the producer as the arm is to the body. As a very searching writer has put it, 'They are both in the same boat, and must sail or sink together.' So that when the Government aided the working-men, to a like, to an exactly equal, extent did it aid the whole community.

As the Conservative party predicted that prosperity would follow the National Policy, and as the Liberals maintained that commercial ruin would follow it; and as prosperity has come, and as the 'ruin' has not come, it rests with the Liberal politicians, first to confess that they were false prophets in 1878, and next to explain the forces which stopped the out-flowing tide of prosperity, and sent it back again upon this country in all its force. I believe there are few thoughtful men in this country to-day who do not inwardly believe that Protection is good for Canada, and that those results we see are its legitimate fruits.

FREE TRADE IN ENGLAND.

The chief argument the Protection party had to meet on the hustings in 1878 was the cry, 'Are we wiser than England? Can we hope to be more

prosperous than England? Yet England's greatness has been derived under Free Trade. She declares Protection to be bad.' Now, I cannot stop to prove my contention that it does not follow because Free Trade is the best policy for England that it must also be the best policy for Canada, or because Protection would be an evil policy for England, that it must also be an evil policy for Canada. I will simply deny this, and then I shall show that Free Trade even for England is not a boon. Figures from her Trade Returns will serve me.

The commerce of the world has increased 36 per cent. in ten years.

In the same period, the commerce in the United States, under Protection, has increased 68 per cent.

Under Protection, in the same period, the increase of commerce in Holland and Belgium, of France and of Germany, is 57, 51, and 39 per cent. respectively.

But, under Free Trade, the commerce of England has increased 21 per cent. in ten years!

Under Protection, America is accumulating annually £165,000,000 sterling; under Protection, France is accumulating annually £75,000,000 sterling; while, under Free Trade, England is accumulating annually £65,000,000 sterling. Indeed, experts say, since 1875 she has been losing money instead of accumulating it.

Under Protection, America now exports more than she imports; under Protection, France annually exports £4,000,000 more than she imports; while *Free Trade England imports annually £130,000,000 sterling more than she exports!*

During the past ten years, in England, over a million acres have gone out of wheat cultivation. During the same period, the capital of the agricultural classes has depreciated by £500,000,000, and their income by £21,000,000; and the process is going on. A million acres will supply wheat

enough for 3,500,000 people. In ten years England's population has increased by 3,000,000, and in the same period a million acres have gone out of cultivation; so that she is in a position now to feed 6,500,000 people less than she was ten years ago. England's importation of corn, meat, dairy products, and vegetables, averages £45,000,000 annually more than it did ten years ago. In the ten years between 1870 and 1880 England produced in wheat annually to the value of £13,000,000 less, and imported annually to the value of £15,000,000 more than in the years between 1850 and 1870. The reasons for this state of affairs are many, and most of them are the children of Free Trade. Whilst the importation of manufactured goods into the protected countries, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and America, are each year diminishing, the imports into Free Trade England are annually increasing. That is, while each year those countries named are learning to manufacture what they need for themselves, instead of importing them from England, they learn also to manufacture more than what they need for themselves, and export their surplus, among other places, to England. Thus, while the foreign market is closing against the English manufacturer, his own market is disputed with him by the foreign manufacturer. 'If we are to be damned, let us be damned for a good cause,' is what the English Free Traders say. 'If bankruptcy is to come, it cannot come for a more noble doctrine than Free Trade.' The vendor of the shoddiest of goods comes from every point of the compass to sell his wares in England. The English workman must compete with the shoddies or go to the wall. What takes place? An able writer in one of the magazines says:—

Thirty years of 'Freedom of Trade' have in many cases ruined the quality of English products. Too frequently we hear complaints of inferior quality, of adultera-

tion, of slovenly work. It is a fact that it is more difficult to buy good silk, good cotton, and good steel in England now than it was twenty years ago. This is the result of unrestricted foreign competition. England has been made the market for the shoddy of all nations, goods made at the lowest possible cost, and sold at the lowest possible price. Every influx of these goods drives the English manufacturer to lower prices. In order to lower his price he must lower his cost, must employ cheaper material and cheaper labour, is obliged to 'scamp' both labour and material, and produce an inferior article.

Beside the large number of British operators out of work, a large, the larger, proportion of the rest have not an average of more than four days work per week. For seven years they have been consuming their savings, and one rich trade society alone in the past six years has paid out in relief and aid over £200,000. It has less than £100,000 remaining. So much for Free Trade in England.

If the capital, labour, and skill of England need protection, how much more so does not Canada need it? But I am not one of those who believe in protecting a full-grown extensive and powerful State by legislation against competition by foreign States. If the manufacturers in the State full-grown cannot stand in the contest with the foreign manufacturers, then let them fall. I believe that Protection can only serve a certain terminable term of usefulness, as the parent protects its offspring till it is able to take care of itself. In a given time, after enterprise and capital shall have established manufacture solidly in Canada, then let the tariff be abolished. If our 'cotton lords' and 'sugar kings' cannot then maintain themselves let them go to the wall.

LILITH.

Wer?—Adam's erste Frau.—FAUST.

BY E. T. F., QUEBEC.

AGES ago, when Adam lived on earth,
 First man, first monarch, strong in limb and mind,
 In whom a glorious beauty was combined
 With thoughts of fire; when sin had not gone forth
 As a wide pestilence among mankind,
 Dulling the senses to the healing worth
 Of woods and waves, and sunshine unconfined,
 Lilith had being. She was one of those
 Shadowy spirits, from that twilight bred
 Wherewith, at first, the world was overspread:
 But, three great periods past, the sun arose,
 And one by one her sister-spirits fled,
 And she remained, hid in a cavern close.

There was a broad, still lake near Paradise,
 A lake where silence rested evermore,
 And yet not gloomy, for, along the shore,
 Majestic trees, and flowers of thousand dyes,
 Drank the rich light of those unclouded skies ;
 But noiseless all. By night, the moonshine hoar,
 And stars in alternating companies ;
 By day the sun : no other change it wore.
 And hither came the sire of men, and stood
 Breathless amid the breathless solitude :
 Shall he pass over ? Inconceivable
 And un conjectured things perhaps might dwell
 Beyond ;—things, haply, pregnant with new good ;—
 He plunged : the waters muttered where he fell.

And on, and on, with broad untiring breast
 The swimmer cleft the waters. As he went,
 Things full of novelty and wonderment
 Rose up beside him. Here, it was the crest
 Of a steep crag, up to the heavens sent,
 And here, a naked pine trunk, forward bent,
 A hundred yards above him : still no rest,
 Onwards and onwards still the swimmer pressed.
 But now the lake grew narrower apace :
 The further shore came curving nearer in ;
 Till, at the last, there towered before his face
 A wall of rock, a final stopping-place :
 But lo, an opening ! Shall he pass therein,
 The way unknown, the day now vesper-time ?

He entered in. How dim ! how wonderful !
 High-arched above, and coral-paved below ;
 And phosphor cressets, with a wavering glow
 Lit up a mighty vault. A whisper cool
 Ran muttering all around him, and a dull,
 Sweet sound of music drifted to and fro,
 Wordless, yet full of thought unspeakable,
 Till all the place was teeming with its flow.
 ‘Adam ! Strong child of light !’—Who calls ? who speaks ?
 What voice mysterious the silence breaks ?—
 Is it a vision, or reality ?
 How marble-like her face ! How pale her cheeks !
 Yet fair, and in her glorious stature high,
 Above the daughters of mortality.

And this was Lilith. And she came to him,
 And looked into him with her dreamy eyes,
 Till all his former life seemed old and dim,
 A thing that had been once : and Paradise,
 Its antique forests, floods, and choral skies,
 Now faded quite away ; or seemed to skim
 Like eagles on a bright horizon’s rim,
 Darkly across his golden phantasies.

And he forgot the sunshine, and sweet flowers,
 And he forgot all pleasant things that be,
 The birds of Eden, and the winged powers
 That visited sometime its privacy ;
 And what to him was day, or day-lit hours,
 Or the moon shining on an open sea ?

So lived he. And she fed him with strange food,
 And led him through the sparry corridors
 Of central earth. How solemnly that flood
 Went moaning by ! How strange that multitude
 Of moving shadows, and those strong-ribbed doors,
 Between whose earthquake-riven chinks he viewed,
 With gasping breath, the red and glowing stores
 Whence the great Heart drives heat through all its pores.
 And Lilith's voice was ever in his ear,
 With its delicious tones, that made him weep,
 He knew not wherefore ; and her forehead clear
 Beamed like a star ;—yet made his spirit creep
 With something of that undefined fear
 That shadows us, when love is over deep.

This might not last. What thunder shakes the arch ?
 What lightning, in its swift and terrible march,
 Shatters the massy key-stone ? Sudden light
 Leaps down, and many a column stalactite
 Is rent and shivered as a feeble larch.
 Alas for Lilith ! Shrieking with affright,
 She bowed, and felt the hateful splendour parch
 Her soul away : yet, ere she vanished quite,
 ' Think of me sometime, Adam,' murmured she,—
 ' Let me not perish, and my memory be
 ' Lost and forgotten. Now, farewell, farewell !
 ' We have been happy ;—that is past, and we
 ' May love no longer.' Wakened from his spell,
 He turned :—the sun was shining where she fell !

EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTOR.

AN irrepressible Englishman has lately published a volume of his unaccepted offerings to periodicals, under the title of 'Outcast Essays;' and the only review of the book that I have noticed was, on the whole, a favourable one. In the March number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY there were quoted from *Belgravia* several remarkable instances of highly successful books which had been rejected, piecemeal or in the lump, by more than one leading magazine. And the writer in *Belgravia* goes so far as to say: 'I have an impression, which is, I believe, shared by many public writers, that the best articles are those that are returned the oftenest. I know they are sometimes the most successful.'

The opinion and the facts of this magazinist sent me, musing, to unearth some notes that I had made upon a very different sort of article, which appeared in the 'Easy Chair' department of *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1880. It is written in the *de haut en bas* style affected by most editors when they condescend to sit upon grumbling contributors. It suggests, as a wholesome reflection for Jones, that his MS. is not printed simply 'because it is not so good as Brown's or Robinson's.' It states that, if bards 'die with all their music in them,' this 'is not because of favouritism of any kind or back-stairs influence.' It asserts boldly that 'there is no favouritism in editing a magazine;' that 'the magazine editor administers his trust in good faith for the owners;' that 'his personal friendship cannot affect his conduct as a trustee.' The then occupant of the 'Easy Chair,' in fact, outlined an ideally-perfect magazine editor, modestly leaving the reader

to guess for himself where such a man might be found.

This doctrine of the moral infallibility of American magazine editors is not held by all journalists. Some time ago I saw a letter from the eminent editor of a New York daily, advising an acquaintance to try the English market for a sketch of his, 'as our magazines are close corporations.' Though their labours are sometimes nearly superhuman, there must be some human nature about editors. Even the acumen of a magazine editor, highly conscious of his own integrity, may unconsciously prefer the slightly inferior offering of a friend to the slightly superior offering of an outsider. And self-interest is probably a commoner motive to partiality. It has been gossiped that some wise editors of Gotham were predisposed to buy the MSS. of persons possessing social, political, and literary influence; of their employers' friends; of editors and correspondents of other papers; of compilers of 'Personal Intelligence,' and—if they meditate authorship—of book-reviewers.

There certainly are such things as journalistic societies for mutual advertisement and admiration. I cannot personally vouch for any magazine editor's belonging to one, but I have known other journalists who do or did. Among these was the smart editor of a weekly, who, during his stewardship, freely published the commonplace contributions of commonplace writers who happened to have the ear of important provincial papers; and I noticed that the said editor's name appeared from time to time in the correspondence of these papers, ingeniously connected with some current event. And he has had his reward.

Some sternly disinterested editors are not impervious to female grace and beauty; and it would be interesting to know how many of the fair colporteurs of manuscripts who so often light up editorial sanctums are offering the lucubrations of less attractive husbands, friends or employers.

Again, extending my remarks to periodicals and journals in general, I believe that MSS. are often returned or destroyed unread. Some years ago I received back a MS. (afterwards purchased by another journal) with the first and second pages stuck together by some paste which I had used to affix a printed quotation. At another time, I had a sketch returned by a New York publisher who issued several periodicals, which sketch was soon afterwards accepted by the same house, when handed in by an acquaintance who had in the meantime acquired an influence in the concern. I may add that, as my acquaintance's influence waned, the publication of the ill-fated sketch was postponed from date to date, until finally its length was grumbled at openly, and it came back to me excellently preserved.

What portion of the subsequently successful articles that have been declined with thanks have been declined through the incapacity, and what portion through the unfairness, of editors can only be guessed. I myself am inclined to think that more manuscripts have been wrongfully condemned from a lack of judgment than from a lack of justice. Editors who are also sole or part proprietors of their journals can seldom be influenced by pique or partiality in their choice of offerings: this would be pinching their nose to spite their face. The proprietor of a business organ (or parasite?) in New York once accepted an article by a friend of mine, and subsequently, as if repenting of his action, contemptuously declined some others, without reading them all through. After a while the accepted article appeared, and, being short and clear and shal-

low, and magnifying the business represented by the paper, began to go the rounds of all similar publications in America and England. The editor and proprietor now waxed gracious, and, from time to time, invited my despised and rejected friend to contribute something else, and my despised and rejected friend declined with thanks. It is an old story now, that a short poem by James Russell Lowell—written with pains, in order to make the experiment more valuable—was *refused by every one*, as well as I recollect, of a number of periodicals to which it was pseudonymously sent. Some of your readers, doubtless, have heard the incident told at length, and know better than I whether it be authentic or not; but *se non è vero, è ben trovato*.

I may remark, in passing, that it seems 'a leetle wee bit' self-sufficient in the occupant of the 'Easy Chair' to have suggested that the prosperity of a magazine proves the excellence of its editorial management. The prestige, the connection, the energy of the publishers, and, above all, their ubiquitous advertisements (to be seen even in the country papers of this economical Province), would give *Harper's Magazine* a large circulation, even if 'the editor's personal friendships' *could*, as it is satisfactory to be assured that they cannot, 'affect his conduct as trustee.'

With unstinted means and the talent of a continent at his disposal, it would betray a singular lack of judgment (or of probity) in the literary caterer for *The Century*, or for *Harper's Magazine*, if he failed to present tolerably decent bills of fare, varied every now and then by a really *bonne bouche*. In all probability the Editor of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY caters more skilfully than either, considering his more limited resources. And if our national magazine, while more essential to intelligent Canadians than any foreign periodical, has not yet attained so *uniform* a standard as

a few English and American monthlies, it reflects high credit on its successive editors that it is what it is. To win a victory with the odds against one argues better generalship than to win a greater victory with the odds in one's favour.

It may not be the only, and it may not always be the best, road to success to secure celebrated writers; but it certainly is the safest plan for an editor who cannot depend upon his own taste. Even if the great author writes unconscientiously, or palms off his shelved productions for fancy prices, yet his name is to all of the subscribers a proof of the publisher's liberality, and to many of the subscribers a proof of the merit of the article. The bulk of the public are as indiscriminating as the dullest editor, and prefer the most fashionable brand of story as they prefer the most fashionable brand of champagne. They could not tell it from any other brand with their eyes shut; but they are fond of fancying that they can appreciate it by its flavour as well as by its label. Anyhow, they think, 'there is nothing mean about it.' Had Horace been criticizing a composite instead of a homogeneous publication, he would never have belittled the *purpureus pannus*. The proofs are millions—of dollars—that such names as Everett, Beecher, Hall, Tennyson, and Longfellow may profitably serve to soothe the self-esteem of sensation-seekers, and throw a halo, fringed with gold, around the more thrilling contributions of Nathan D. Urner or Sylvanus Cobb.

Where the names of contributors are suppressed, of course, the editor who picks out the best writers will be distanced by the editor who can pick out the best writings. A fourth-rate writer's best things are generally better than a first-rate writer's worst things. I remember reading in an obituary notice of its late editor, that *The Saturday Review*, at the height of its renown, had few contributions of

celebrity, and that most of its articles were by amateurs. Its uniform brilliancy was due solely to the taste and discernment of the editor.

One kind of favouritism is not for persons, but for topics and their treatment. Journalists are given to sneering at other classes, notably clergymen and teachers, for their dogmatism and narrowness. Yet even editors may have their arbitrary standards. One insists upon subjects of contemporaneous interest, forgetful that, though *newness* and interest are the main requirements in a new item, *novelty* and interest are the main requirements in a work of fiction. Another exacts copious dialogue; a third refuses to read sketches exceeding a certain length. And, generally speaking, editors are as dead to merit not conforming to their rules or caprices, as an Eton master is to the ability of verses marred by a single false quantity.

Of course, when a manuscript is declined, and its author murmurs, the *presumption* is decidedly in favour of the editor's wisdom and fairness. I am only maintaining that such a presumption may be, and often has been, rebutted by evidence, and that editors are neither mentally nor morally infallible.

I have sometimes wondered that editors who have printed forms for declining MSS. should declare therein, not that the returned offering *seems*, but that it *is* unsuitable, or not available. The editors of two magazines of wide circulation and admitted merit, issued by the same New York Company, do, or did, use a more modest and less snubbing style; but their forms stand, or stood, alone among those which it has been my misfortune to have seen. In an old *Illustrated London News*, I read that 'the examiners for the Arnold prize (at Oxford) have reported that no composition which has been sent in *appears to them* to deserve the prize.' This is the manner of eminent scholars, judging the productions of very young men. Edi-

tors, who are also gentlemen, show a like seemly diffidence in their *unofficial* relations. I was present at the first 'Intercollegiate Literary Contest,' at the New York Academy of Music, when the umpires for the prizes in oratory, as their spokesman informed the audience, felt long and grave doubts about their decision. These umpires, if I remember rightly, were William Cullen Bryant, George William Curtis,

and either Whitelaw Reid or Colonel Higginson.

As you, Mr. Editor, are aware, I am not venting the spleen of a wholly unsuccessful writer. If I have had many articles returned, I have had manuscripts accepted and paid for by dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, as well as by book publishers.

ISHMAEL.

Truro, N.S.

MEMORIALS.

BY 'ESPERANCE.'

HE wandered through the garden,
 Admired the brilliant flowers,
 Still fresh and diamond-spangled
 From recent summer showers ;
 But by a bed of pansies,
 He stood a longer space,
 And to the little purple flowers
 Gave words of special grace.

He passed along the gall'ry
 With unadmiring eye,
 Saw many a costly painting,
 And passed them lightly by ;
 A sweet, sad face, in crayons,
 Hung where the shadows fall,
 ' Ah, this —— ! ' he cried, with bright'ning eyes,
 ' Ah, *this* is worth them *all* ! '

A bunch of withered pansies,
 A sweet, sad, pictured face,
 Among my dearest treasures
 Still hold a foremost place ;
 For, both the flowers and picture,
 I laid away with tears,
 Together with the brightest hope
 That gladdened girlhood's years.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CANADIAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH

III.

ODD CHARACTERS AND CUSTOMS.

ONCE, when riding down beside the river Humber, below Woodbridge, with my friend John McCallum, my attention was drawn to a circle of stunted trees, on the flats on the opposite side of the stream. They were small, spreading and crooked; bastard willow and hawthorn; standing in an irregular circle, and leaning out and in. 'See!' my friend exclaimed, 'does not that remind you of an Indian bear-dance?' And the ludicrous idea seemed not inappropriate. There were other and nobler trees scattered over the flats and above our heads; and to our left, a forest of giant growth; but we took more notice of the 'bear-dance,' because of the oddity of those low-browed trees, spinning round—as we tried to imagine—in a circle, in the contortions of an Indian war-dance. But the reader must not conclude that there were no sober-minded, sensible men among the settlers I knew in my boyhood, because I describe those who formed the 'bear-dance.' In point of fact, the majority of them were steady, moral, sensible men: but to speak of these would perhaps afford little of entertainment. They are to be found in every settlement, and their best memorial is the influence for good they leave behind them. For the first settlers of a township or neighbourhood, determine the character of the place for generations after. I think I can al-

ways tell what the first settlers were, from the moral tone of the neighbourhood as it now is. I have here set myself to the task of describing the odd characters of a generation ago—those who composed the 'bear-dance'—for the amused spectators around. Nor yet must it be supposed that my own part of the country had more odd characters than other parts. Others may describe *their* 'bear-dances:' I describe the one I know!

Certainly the greatest oddity we had in South Dumfries, was John Loree. He was a New Jersey man; and had probably come into Canada when young. The Hon. William Dickson, who originally bought the [undivided] township of Dumfries, had sold two concessions to Samuel Street, of Niagara; who in turn sold the wild land to settlers. Loree had a fifty-acre lot of Street's land. But it fronted nowhere; had a 'fifty' in front, and a 'hundred' behind it. This did not matter much, as long as the township was but half-cleared; but when the neighbours began to fence in their farms, and the open 'bush' disappeared, Loree found that he had no legal road out. In the Eastern Townships of Quebec, they manage better. Every man who owns land in a township, can legally claim from the Township Council a road out. In order that such slices off a man's land may not wrong him, the original surveys (which did

not include roads laid off, as in Ontario), gave every lot two or three acres extra, to make up for contingencies. Loree took a journey to Niagara, to ensure that when all the deeds should be granted, *his* should specify a right of way through the lot in front. He often wished 'some white man would buy out Atkinson!' for he denied to his Scotch neighbour, whom we have called Atkinson, the proper standing of a white man, seeing that he would not give him a way out! What promises Mr. Street gave him, I do not know; but Loree's details of his journey to Niagara were exceedingly entertaining to the neighbours. Among other things, he told us of his being invited to tea by the great man. 'And I swow,' he would say, 'there wa'nt bread and butter enough on the table, more n'nough fur one man! And it was cut so thin! I tell ye, a feller had to be keerful there!'

It was amusement for all the men and boys of the neighbourhood, at the time of the annual road-work, to set Loree at Atkinson. 'Atkinson!' he said, on one such occasion, 'we're thinkin' of gittin' up a *subscription* fur you, sir!'

'What are ye goin' to get up a *superscription* for me, for?'

'Well sir, we're goin' to buy "a coffin" fur you, sir—hev it ready fur you, beforehand. You'd feel awful bad if you thought any of yer money would go to buy a coffin, after you was dead; and so we're goin' to hev it ready fur you, sir!' All this was said with the most outlandish twang, which he had brought with him from the pine-barrens of New Jersey. And then he would sometimes end his attack by adding, 'Atkinson, you're too stingy to live! Ye sell all ye kin sell; and what ye can't sell ye feed to yer hogs; and what yer hogs won't eat, ye eat *yourself*!'

The first time I saw him was in December, 1837; the month Mackenzie was on Navy Island, when his sky was lowering. He was in our barn

threshing some oats he had bought from the former owner of the place. First his boy came in to warm himself. 'Well, captain!' said my father, 'what has happened to your coat-tail?' for he had a little frockcoat of homespun cloth, with *one-half the skirt gone!* 'I was sowing once in the spring,' said he, with the same drawing elongation of the accented vowels; 'I was sowing once in the spring, and the wind caught it, and tuck it off!' This colloquy occurred during one of those 'cold snaps' we sometimes have, and the father soon came in to warm his fingers. 'Well neighbour,' was my father's salutation, 'what side do you take in these troublous times?' 'Well, sir,' said Loree, '*I shall jine the side that takes the kintry!*' He was determined not to have his fifty-acre farm confiscated, however matters might go!

Once he came round inviting 'hands' to a 'dung-frolic.' My father asked him what that was? He explained that it was a 'bee,' to get his barnyard manure hauled out to the fields. As my father was of opinion that each farmer should haul out the contents of his own barnyard, we missed the 'dung-frolic' and the pumpkin-pies. 'Mirandy' knew so well how to bake. But I thought my vocabulary was enriched by the term!

The 'bee,' however, left John still some of the accumulation of years to haul out himself. He was hard at work at it one day—and he did not like that kind of work!—when he be-thought himself that his son 'Abe' (his three elder boys were Abraham, Isaac and Jacob), should be there to help him. But Abe was off with his gun; for it was the time for black squirrels. At last Abe came sauntering along with the gun on his shoulder. He rated Abe for his idleness, and said, 'he had a great mind to give him a *hoss-whipping!*' Abe incautiously and undutifully muttered, 'Better take care! Maybe gunpowder's stronger than you are!' intimating that, as he was armed, it might be

dangerous to interfere with him. 'With that' said Loree, 'I just tuck his gun, and I chucked it about two rod; and I did *smoke* the hoss-whip on to him; I *smoked it on to him, sir!*'

He went round for years, with an old beaver hat, whose crown would no longer stay in it, and so his wife sewed it up to a pyramidal point. My father called it a 'hail splitter,' and it was probably in that hat that he came to the first 'railroad meeting' ever held in Dumfries. It was at St. George, in the year 1849 or '50. Mr. Gilkinson, a lawyer from Hamilton, was the principal speaker. Dr. Stimson, of St. George, supported him. The proposition was, for the ratepayers to sanction a subscription, on the part of the municipality, of \$10,000 to the stock of the Great Western Railway. The farmers generally were averse to the proposal; and some one put Loree up to oppose the lawyer. In a few doleful words, he painted the loss and risk to the township; and wound up by saying. 'I've known that 'ere lawyer since he was knee-high to a grasshopper, and I would'n't believe a word he says no further than I could throw a two-year old bull by the tail! The best thing some lawyers could do, would be to go home and stick to the plough-tail! And some doctors too!' he added, with a bow to Dr. Stimson. The applause was unbounded; the motion before the meeting was negatived; and Loree was declared to be the man who had defeated the lawyers! The poor fellow appropriated it all; and the next day drove with his farm-waggon to Brantford, to give the lawyers a second 'settling' at a county meeting in the interest of the railway! But alas! he was not now among his friends and neighbours. On the contrary, he was among strangers; and no sooner had he begun to open fire in his own peculiar style on 'the lawyers,' than the audience fairly hooted him off the platform!

In the ten or twelve years that suc-

ceeded the Rebellion of 1837, times were 'hard.' The farmers were not then, as now, the victims of Loan Agents and Societies; but they were continually getting 'accommodation notes' discounted at the Banks. Loree wanted to get \$200, probably to pay on his land; and went to his neighbour, Andrew Vanevery, to ask for his name as endorser. Some Dutch neighbour had, at sometime, called him by an abbreviation of Andreas, 'Dreas; and by this name he was known. Dreas cautiously asked John what his prospects were for repayment? 'Well,' said he, 'I mean to get it out of the *Gore*, and pay it into the *Commercial*, when it comes due; and when *that* comes due, I'll get it out of the *Commercial*, and pay it into the *Gore!*' He hoped by this financing to gain a year, and to have the benefit of another crop. But 'Dreas wouldn't sign the note; though he was not disinclined to recount John's proposal to the first neighbour he met.

Loree was good at praising or depreciating a horse. Speaking of one of his own, he said, 'That's as good a hoss, sir, as ever looked through a collar!' And speaking of a poor lean nag belonging to a neighbour—'He'll never hear the whippoorwills!' said Loree. 'He'll never hear the *whippoorwills*, sir!'

Old Solomon Markle, of Dumfries, when I was a youth, sometimes entertained a few of us with tales of the old war times. He told us he was in the Battle of Queenston Heights, in 1813. Markle had a peculiar voice, and spoke as if he had a bad cold in his head. 'Gedderal Brock' he would say, 'charged right up the hill, he did; and the Abbericads picked hib off, they did!' And then he would branch off on other subjects—once when on the depredations of the grasshoppers, he related to us how he, his wife, and all the children, had armed themselves with green branches, to drive them out of his clover. He told us that they formed a line, and 'got the hop-

pers started,' and then pressed them hard! 'And Oh man!' said he, 'before we got them to the other fence, how they did *loll out their tongues!*'

One of those Scotch mechanics, who, after a while, turn into Canadian farmers, when bantered about the various things he would be expected to do in the backwoods, among others, pig-killing—asked, in all seriousness, 'Will they no *droon?*' A river which flowed past his proposed location, seemed to offer a solution of that difficulty at least! The same settler once held a conversation with a little pine tree about as high as his head. It may be premised that his lot had many pines on it. 'Ah,' said he, 'if I had only come to Canada when they were all *as small as you*, I could have managed better!'

Another Scotch mechanic, who had turned farmer—the late Robert King, of Vaughan—by way of showing me how little he knew of rural affairs when he came to Canada, and how much he had learned since; told me that on one occasion he borrowed a saddle, and started on horseback to Toronto, about twenty miles distant. He had got four or five miles on his way, with the saddle strapped wrong side foremost on the beast's back! He had been muttering objurgations all the way about 'thae Yankee saddles!' He was sure that 'they did not ride half as easy as the saddles they made in Scotland!' Soon, however, a blacksmith, at whose shop he called to get a shoe fastened, insisted on putting his saddle right for him. After all, many of our best farmers have been mechanics. And it has a steadying and encouraging effect to have a trade; so that if farming does not seem to succeed, the man can always fall back on the manual arts.

An educated but young and wild Scotsman who had been sent out to Canada by his friends, in the vain hope that he would take to steady habits, left the neighbourhood of Owen Sound where I had known him, and went

gold-seeking to the Pacific Coast. A year or two afterwards, another young man wrote back that he had met him at Aspinwall. He was a capital player on the bagpipes, and had a pair, magnificently mounted, which he asserted (probably with truth) had been played at 'Killiecrankie.' He was often seen at pic-nics and excursions, with kilts and pipes. He had now a ticket for New York, and so his passage back was secured; but he had lingered so long among the liquor saloons, that the steamer had gone off without him; and if he had any baggage, it had gone on to New York. He was *sans* coat—very nearly '*sans everything.*' But he had his precious pipes with him. And there he was, 'putting in' the two weeks as best he could, till another steamer would be 'up' for New York, playing Scotch reels for a drink, and any number of strathspeys for a 'square meal.' Apparently, however, he was perfectly happy.

Speaking of the gold regions reminds me of the experience of another of our old neighbours, who also went to California, and only staid there three weeks. He had all the adventures of riding over the Coast Range on the back of a mule, and of seeing a great many things he had never seen before. Among other stories which he used to relate was that of the train of which he and his mule formed part, being 'whipped up' as fast as possible through a place where robbers were sometimes found. To get through without molestation, he said 'every man had just to lay on the stick with all his might, and follow the mule before him, and then to get out as quick as ever he could!' After this, he contentedly came back, saying that 'he had seen enough to pay for all the money he had spent.' He was wiser than many others. The same man, who was in some respects as visionary as a boy, was once 'mowing away' wheat with a hired man, in his big barn. There were eight or ten thousand sheaves in the 'bay,' and he

thus gave voice to the thought that struck him, as he was packing in the wheat. Said he, 'I wish this *bay* was just as full of gold!' 'And what would you do with it all?' enquired the poor man who was working for him. 'Well, I know what I would do with some of it; I'd give you half a bushel!' The offer was liberal in itself, and the more so that it never needed to be fulfilled; but the man thought it was a very small percentage of the *barnful* he himself dreamed of.

Some of the most enterprising men I meet in the country are returned 'Californians.' Some brought gold home with them, but most came as they went; and many a case of family estrangement arose out of the unnatural absence of husband and father—for those who went off were not all young men. Among them were bridegrooms, who went off in a pet and never returned; husbands deliberately deserting their wives—dramas of the Enoch Arden type—in one of which the deserted partner became the hopeless inmate of an Insane Asylum—as I well remember, and could give name and date for; but I forbear.

Whether, because they are gathered into asylums, or whether there are fewer of them, I hardly know, but we have not in Canada, as in Britain, imbeciles and idiots in every neighbourhood. One incident of the unfortunates was mentioned to my father a few years ago at Windsor, which I have never met with in print. The landlord of the hotel in which my father lodged overnight, told him of a 'crazy man' he had for a few days to do odd jobs about the house and stables. 'But,' said the landlord, 'another crazy man came to town and mine left at once. When the other man came on his *beat*, he disappeared! And you will always find it so—two crazy men, if they have their own way, will never stay in one place. They don't seem to like one another.'

Somebody told my father that 'he

had discovered an infallible test for the inebriety of any one.' As this is often a desideratum, it may be worth while to give this man's formula. He held that drunkenness affected a man's speech. If he were but slightly intoxicated, his utterance would be but a little affected. With deeper potations he would be more so. But a man who was only moderately overcome with drink, could never properly and distinctly pronounce the words—'United Empire Loyalists.' He would offer to do so, indeed was quite certain that he could pronounce the phrase, but would be sure, while he was thus boasting, to expose himself!

The unconsciousness of a drunken man is sometimes amusing. Once at a township agricultural show, held in a field, where the entrance to the show-ground was a gap in the rail fence, a drunken man sat down beside the gap, and was unable to rise. Soon came along another drunken man, who, however, was able to walk, but not to stand still. 'Aint you ashamed of yourself?' he called out to his prostrate friend. 'Aint you ashamed of yourself, to be sitting there, and everybody laughing at you?' And having pointed his finger at him, and 'shamed' several times, he staggered on. A few boys near set up a merry laugh. The man turned round, and called out, 'That's right! Laugh at him boys! He ought to be ashamed of himself!'

Strange it is, yet not more strange than true, that the brightest men are often found the slaves of drink. I remember one James E., whose name will be sure to be filled in by some of the old settlers in Scarborough, as well as in Dumfries. A bright fellow E. was; finely educated, and full of well-digested information. He was however, an inebriate and could not be kept sober for more than a month or two at a time—and must have a periodical break-out. I never saw a man could swing an axe as E. could. He cut us twenty cords of wood one fall; and then went (I suppose),

and drank the money. He was more-over full of anecdotes, one of which, about a Falkirk man, at the Battle of Waterloo (he was from Fa'kirk himself), he liked to relate to us. This Falkirk man was wounded in the battle, and ran to the rear to get his wound, which was a serious one, bound up. 'Dress me quick, doctor!' cried he, 'and let me win back again! But O man, Doctor? Does na' this mind ye o' the *Tryst o' Fa'kirk*?' The surgeon was also a Falkirk man; and the 'Tryst' was the great cattle-fair, where all the cattle from the Highlands were brought for sale. The noise and confusion of battle, reminded the hero of the exciting scenes and the turmoil of the cattle-fair.

Another character, I remember, named Morrison, who, though a school-master, was not a master of morals. He was an accomplished scholar; had an agreeable, gentlemanly way with him; and might have stood deservedly high in society. But he could not keep sober; and though unsteadiness in a teacher was less sternly noticed in those days than now, yet he 'lost his place,'—or rather he failed to obtain a re-engagement; and for a time I lost sight of him. A few months afterwards, my father saw him at Galt fair; ill-clothed and wretched-looking—with a string round his neck, from which depended a raisin-box, filled with ginger-cakes he was retailing to the boys on the fair-ground. My father accosted him, expressing wonder at meeting him there and in that guise. 'Oh, man,' said he, apparently quite unabashed, 'I manage to study human nature, this way!' Poor Morrison!

Burns says of drink, 'It pangs us fu' o' knowledge!' and one of his countrymen showed it on the 'flats' of Paris—now cut up by the hydraulic canal, and dotted over with houses—where, in the autumn of 1847, a pleasant Temperance picnic was held, at which I was present. Dr. Bungay, now of New York, and Dr. Davidson, a Baptist clergyman, were the chief

speakers. Bungay, I had often heard before; but Davidson, I thought, was the funniest man I ever heard! Several times, a Scotch mason, in a limey mole-skin jacket, attempted to mount the platform; at last he got up before anyone seemed aware, and began this speech: 'Friends and brethren!' he shouted, 'I'm muckle obleeged to ye, for your kindness to me this day! But there's just one thing I want to say; and that is, that ye'll no find *Tee-total* in a' the Bible; nor in the *Dictionary*' either! And that's all I've got to say!'

A storekeeper, at a lumbering station, on the edge of civilization, told me a few years ago, of a rather 'soft' specimen of the great Anglo-Saxon family, who wanted to marry a handsome Indian girl, whose Ojibway name I have forgotten, but it meant 'Long-face.' The suitor, in accordance with Indian custom, carried on the negotiation with the parents. 'And what did Long-face think of the proposition?' I asked.

'Oh, she left it all, Indian fashion, to her parents.'

'And how did the affair end?'

'Very unfortunately for the would-be-groom. He was anxious to impress the "old folks" with the idea that he was a man of consequence and of means. He spoke of his farmand other possessions, until at last the Indian and his wife said he might have Long-face, if he would "keep" *them*, as long as they live!' Not feeling either able or willing to support the whole Indian family in idleness, the affair was broken off; 'at which,' my informant added, 'Long-face was rather pleased.'

I remember a young man, James Dobie, who was always ready to embark in anything—it did not seem to matter what—that could yield him either fame or profit. I never knew a man so versatile. When I first became acquainted with him, he was a salesman in a dry-goods store; and a polite, good salesman he made. Not long after, he had a small contract on

a macadamized road, with a few labourers under him. Then, some war-mourers getting abroad, he wrote to the adjutant-general, offering to raise a troop of volunteer horse. But this came to nothing. Once I heard of him, down under ground, mining gypsum at Paris. Then he taught a school, for a term or two, on the Governor's Road, and was well spoken of as a teacher. Later on, he was 'clerking' in a store; this time in Waterloo township, where an acquaintance with German was necessary; and he began to sputter 'Dutch' among the natives. Next I found him coming to St. George with his butcher's waggon, he having begun business with a partner, in Paris. It is impossible a man can know everything however; and a storekeeper, whose clerk I was at the time, played a practical joke on him. He had a carcass of very lean mutton in the store, and he asked Dobie 'if he would exchange beef for venison, pound for pound?' Yes, he answered, he would do that. So the dealer ran out, and hastily removed the head from the mutton, the better to pass it off for venison, before the butcher came in. The trick succeeded. Thirty or forty pounds of good beef were exchanged for a like weight of the thinnest mutton I ever saw; and the *venison* was offered to a hotel in Paris, before the joke was discovered. Not long after, he served the same storekeeper as an assistant, for a few months. Then he took a contract for excavating a huge barn-cellar, and made double wages by doing two men's work. After this, for a year or two, he 'ran' a steam saw mill in Buffalo. Finally, he disappeared from my sight, as a travelling agent or inspector for some great bridge-building iron firm in New York; and was, when I last heard of him, overseeing the building of some iron bridges in Virginia; being respectably married, and likely, at last, to 'make his mark.'

Habits and customs change; per-

haps all the sooner now that there is more of education abroad than in former days. The loss of a few of these customs we regret—of more we applaud. Of the category of the latter is the *charivari*. Both the thing and the name seem to have come from the French. The original intention, doubtless, was a mock serenade for some ill-assorted couple—as for instance an old woman and a young man. But forty or forty-five years ago, the custom was so prevalent, in some parts of Upper Canada, that no couple whatever could hope to escape the infliction of a *charivari* at their marriage. And I knew two men, who were 'captains' in such enterprises, by acknowledged right; and led their forces through many a perilous adventure. The un-earthly hub-bub of a *charivari*, heard at the distance of a couple of miles, on a still evening, is something never to be forgotten. A dozen strings of sleigh-bells—the old-fashioned kind, of graduated sizes and tones; half a dozen cow-bells; a number of old tin-pans to rattle; two or three guns; two or three tin horns; and all, except the performers on the tin horns, shouting at the top of their voices—such was this backwoods music. It came in bursts; lasting for about five minutes. Human lungs could not stand it longer. They generally took care not to 'trespass;' but kept on the highway. A party, of at least fifty, serenaded an old widower, a mile from us, who had, as the youngsters thought, changed his solitary position too hurriedly. At an earlier date, a 'treat' would have been demanded; but Temperance had made strides in the meantime, and the serenaders were content when the groom and bride came out on the 'stoop,' and sang them a duet in the moonlight. The whole party then moved off, preceded by a fife, past my father's house, for a mile or two, to *charivari* a Methodist minister, who had just been married. He was very indignant, and threatened legal proceedings. This gentleman, who is

now one of the leading ministers of his Church, will no doubt remember the evening of his wedding, on the second concession of Dumfries; and the astonishing music then made by that volunteer 'choir.'

Sometimes legal proceedings did follow the demonstration. Within half a mile of where the old widower was serenaded, there had been, a few years before, an unfortunate *charivari*. Some of the family fraternized with the rioters, and found out who they were; and had twenty or thirty of them arrested for 'riot.' They were all bound over to appear at the Quarter Sessions in Hamilton; except one, who being a stranger in the neighbourhood, had to bear a weary two months in gaol. The case was tried before Judge O'Reilly, and all were fined. One of the number, Colin Kerr by name, was a Scotchman from Falkirk, and had a rich Lothian brogue. He had prepared himself for this undesirable occasion, by a grand bowse—a frequent proceeding on his part—and when he sat in the prisoner's box, he became very thirsty. 'I want a drink o' watter!' sang out Colin; but no one answered his appeal, except perhaps to warn him to keep 'order.' 'I want a drink o' watter!' said Colin. 'Can some o' you no bring a man a a drink o' watter? There's not a decent man in the house, but myself, and the little man [the Judge] with the *fence round him!*' Probably the urbane Judge, who always managed to put everyone, even defeated suitors, into good humour, ordered Colin his '*drink o' watter!*'

When maple sugar is made, the 'sugaring-off' is an occasion of brief festivity. This industry has almost died out in the older parts of Ontario, the farmers having plenty of other work to do as soon as the spring begins to open, and grudging the wood that is necessary for sugar-making. It is, however, in Lower Canada that it is seen in most perfection; not in the French country along the St. Law-

rence, but out in the eastern townships towards the New England border. Sugar-houses are built in the woods—small frame concerns—and a simple 'arch' of brick is put in. In reality, it is merely two small brick walls, two or three feet high, with a large sheet-iron pan resting on them, and the fire put underneath. The trees are tapped, about an inch deep, with a small auger, and cedar buckets without handles are hung on a nail, under short spouts of sheet-iron. The sap is brought in a large puncheon on a sled drawn by oxen, and every means is taken to save labour, and to ensure perfect cleanliness. Many farmers never buy a pound of sugar in a long series of years. They often make 800, 1,000, and up to 2,000 or more pounds. A farmer's wife said to me, 'If it is a poor year, and we only make 300 pounds, we make it do; and if it is a good year, and we make 800 pounds, we use it all.' This was for a family of seven, with an occasional 'hired hand.' The procedure is as follows: When the season is over, the buckets are washed out, and neatly piled up in the sugar house, along with a couple of cords of firewood, for the next spring. When the sugar is ready, the eastern townships' man will go outside his sugar-house and 'holler' (as they phrase it). Everybody within reach, who has the time to spare, will come and 'eat sugar.' I have counted twenty-two or twenty-four on such occasions. Each comer is supplied with two paddles; a big one to dip into the pan, and a small one to scrape from the larger one, and put to your mouth—for it is unpardonable rudeness to put the paddle from your mouth into the pan. There is always a demand for salt bacon or smoked beef at dinner, after a 'sugaring,' or for the sourest pickles. These act as a preventative of nausea; and those who have eaten from a half to a whole pound of sugar each, will be ready in the afternoon for another 'sugaring.' The neigh-

hours, who are almost all natives, of New England descent, delight in recounting humorous stories of new immigrants and their sugar experiences. A new arrival in Eaton tapped all the trees he came to, and wondered why some of them yielded nothing. Old Mr. Williams, of Oro, in Ontario, had a similar experience, and told a neighbour, as an unexplained circumstance, 'that he had five trees with their spouts all pointing into one trough, and not a drop of sap from one of them.'

The fact was, he had tapped a clump of *basswood*, mistaking them for maples. The same worthy old Englishman, who had spent most of his life in Woolwich Dockyard, was chopping in his cedar swamp, and 'lodged' a tree. He thought 'he would go up' and loosen the entanglement! He ascended the sloping trunk for about twenty or thirty feet from the ground, when down came the tree with Mr. W., his axe and all! The old man received such injuries in his hip that he was lame ever after. He said 'he did not see how he had his mishap, for he had many a time gone to the *masthead*, and surely could go up *that!*'

The Eaton man having been put right as to the trees that gave sap, and those that gave none, got his sugar works going at last, and in due time, had a quantity of syrup, which he thought he would take to the house to 'sugar off.' So, having come on horseback to his sugar-works—for the 'going' is almost an impossible thing for a week or two in the spring;—he would take his buckets of hot syrup by horse. Behold him then on *horseback*, with a neck-yoke on his shoulders, at either end of which depends a pail of hot syrup! It would needs be a steady horse and a good road! But it was neither of those. The horse floundered, and the syrup scattered over his flanks—and, though not hot enough to scald him, was warm enough to frighten him. He bolted off, and after the syrup was strung along

and 'spun' into fine threads over the snow for a half a mile, the man got home; but had nothing to sugar-off that day!

It is popularly believed there, that the festivities of the sugar season are favourable to matrimonial arrangements; for on the end of a sugar-house near Bulwer, I read, as I passed, this warning painted in rude letters:

NO SPARKING
ALLOWED
HEAR.

Here is a story I found in a newspaper, a great many years ago, illustrating the Canadian custom of compelling a man to put out his hand to 'anything that comes along.' A steamer was ascending the Ottawa. At one of the stopping-places, a mill-owner came on board, and asked the captain 'if he had any immigrants on board? for he wanted a man.' The captain pointed out an immigrant, a man with a family, as perhaps likely to suit him. The gentleman went to him, and told him it was he who owned the mills here, and he wanted him to land and to work for him; and he would give him a house, rent free, to live in, etc.

'And what kind of work do you want me to do?'

'I want you to make barrels.'

'O, but I'm not a cooper: I never made a barrel in my life!'

'Never mind that; you'll soon learn. Just put your "traps" ashore, that will be all right!'

And he overcame all his objections, and compelled him to come ashore—gave him a house to live in—and set him at once to work. Years after, the cooper himself, telling this story, ended by saying, 'I am now living in my own house; my children are all grown up and well educated; I earn good wages, and have several men working under me, and am well off in every way.'

To be continued.

TRUE LOVE.

BY E. B. H.

TO love—'tis but a little word,
 'Tis lightly said by some,
 And said with gay and merry heart,
 To those who go and come.

A few short months, a few short weeks
 Of idle, tender play,
 Just touched with passion—not too much—
 That quickly fades away.

The next that comes is quite as dear,
 The vows as freely made,
 'Sweetest, I never loved but you,
 Beside you all loves fade.'

And this is Love—nay not to all—
 Some hearts are not so won ;
 Prosaic as our world has grown,
 A few still love but one

To love—to such it means to give
 The heart and soul entire,
 Eternal, pure, and changeless love,
 Though touched with earthly fire.

Such love, once given, is evermore,
 'Twill deeper, purer grow,
 And less of earth and more of heaven.
 As years advance 'twill know.

Once and forever—earthly change
 Is for a poor, weak heart ;
 Immortal Love will conquer Time,
 It of the soul is part.

Thus, call not by that sacred name
 The poor and selfish thing,
 That to the nearest or the last
 Of many loves will cling.

True Love is not recalled at will,
 It grows with every year ;
 Part of the being that we breathe
 Till, in a higher sphere,
 Freed from the dross of earth 'twill rise
 In God's light, pure and clear.

THE PERMANENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY 'ALCHEMIST,' MONTREAL.

STUDY of modern scientific matter has forced upon many individuals important religious conclusions. They have felt that in the dispute between the representative theologians and the prominent scientists the latter on many points present the most reasonable arguments. They are convinced that, in questions still doubtful, the scientist, besides his superiority of method, has the advantage of having placed a number of starting-points fairly beyond dispute. They accept Darwin's theory of natural selection as a simple and clear solution of the history of life, and find it impossible to receive the opposite doctrine of special creations. In their belief, geology, revealing the stupendous age of our earth and countless past races of vegetable and animal existence, has reduced the six days' creation and the Noachic genealogies to legends. Cosmology, with them, intensifies the argument of geology. Astronomy ignores 'the waters above the firmament' and the stayed sun of Gibeon. Physiology and Mechanics, which give quantity, measurement and material laws to nerve and will-force, and show them capable of transposition into heat, electricity, gravity, abolish a hundred theories concerning responsibility, freedom and the nature of immortal life. Utilitarianism, the pleasure-theory of Ethics, has been only half successful, not because its principle is untrue, but because by friends and opponents only half understood; and this, too—the finding of a blood-relation, in one aspect, between pleasure and good, and between will and the feelings, is occasioning wholesale collapse among a

certain class of speculations on the conscience, guilt and sin. Then there is Comparative Mythology tracing the pedigree of the Genesis legends distinctly to Assyria; and Comparative Religion discovering sweet rules of righteousness at the roots of Buddhism, and noble lives and maxims in China before Our Lord, and the worship of one great 'Father-in-Heaven' by the earliest Aryan ploughmen, and psalms like David's in Chaldea, and everywhere tendencies, likenesses, affinities, to the loftiest truths of Christianity; and discovering that Christianity itself has the same kind (not degree, however) of defects as all those other religions, as if One had left them there to show its connection with His plan. And next arises Historical Criticism, with renewed, combined, persistent researches into the apostolic and sub-apostolic ages, lighting up a score of Gnostic systems and influences which affected the Church itself; constructing pictures of the great Schools of Palestine, and of the national misfortunes and other events which deflected the New Testament documents, and even of Persian and Babylonian society and the times of the Maccabees. With Historical comes Literary Criticism, demonstrating that the wrecks of the same original Gospel-story form the body of the three first Evangels, that it varies in each, that it contains no account of the Resurrection, that it has been added to and displaced by many hands, that its narrations are almost wholly miraculous in its earlier part, but grow clear as it approaches the Supper and Crucifixion—that different endings are tacked to it in every

Gospel and different beginnings in Matthew and Luke, and that these contain more of myth and less of fact than the main story. Innumerable more things—a countless mass of facts—does Literary Criticism, without descending to philological puerilities, reveal to the impartial mind. It seems as if every petty science had also its bitter drop for the cup of Divinity. Philology, Philosophy, Logic, even Pure Mathematics, combine to add trouble. And most significant is, that the objections from natural science are grounded on the simplest logic, and, unlike objections from Metaphysics, bear easy stamps of truth. Miracles, likewise, we can no longer hold. They have not only against them the precedent improbability of discordance with well-known laws, but are oftenest reported in the most superstitious times and credulous places; where alone they yet linger. They disappear in exact proportion to the progress of civilization. They have been claimed as evidence by the most degraded systems. No demoniacs live now. There are neither ghosts nor witches, nor risers from the dead. New sciences establish the whole argument of Hume to this extent. We are forced back, in natural matters, to find no workings of God except through his ever-present laws. 'But' demand of us whatever theologians may still have expected of us as friends, 'where then is your support for Supernatural Revelation; the Trinity; and the Resurrection, which you cut from the end of the Gospels; and Redemption, if there be no free-will; and the Divinity of Christ?'

We see no support for them; the proofs are too clearly against them. And not only can it be shown that they are mainly illogical among themselves but they can be traced to their sources of mistake. Take one—the Divinity of Christ. Followed impartially along the writings of the age, it proves a descendant of Philo of Alexandria's theory of the Word, in combination

with Christ's earnest appropriation to Himself of the Fatherhood of God calling Himself His Son as He wishes the disciples to do for themselves. It was contributed to by the reverent early traditions regarding Him, and by the incorporation of Philo's theory by the Jews with their own Messianic expectations. Its associate doctrine, the Trinity, is but that which happened to be chosen by the Church out of many Gnostic ones. Hermas, for instance, brother of Pope Pius, in the second century, wrote a book called 'The Pastor,' long read for edification in the churches. A parable is told in it concerning a servant who tilled the vineyard so faithfully in the absence of his Lord that the Lord made him co-heir with his Son; and it is explained that the Son is the Holy Ghost who had existed from before the world with the Father, while the servant is Jesus who so well established the work of God on earth and so pleased the Holy Spirit which descends within good men that these two had taken counsel to receive Him into their number.

What are these dogmas but the beautiful and strange conceptions of imaginative times? This conclusion they press upon us; which again verifies itself in accordance with the best requirements of Logic, in every succeeding deduction. Not that those dogmas were puny or inconceivable as a system, but their bases of fact fall so clearly into place under simple and methodical sciences.

By such, and ten thousand corroborative conclusions, gathered not so much from specialist arguments as from a general search for facts, we have had borne home to us the conviction that *something was wrong with theology*; and the majority have been tempted to consider Christianity itself a fabric of misconceptions.

But are not a few facts obvious on the other side? Amidst all the misconceptions innumerable would a single one bear the construction that

Christianity is wilfully false? The answer even of enemies has been given in the universal rejection of the Resurrection Theory of Fraud. Of like fate is Renan's suggestion that Jesus was compelled by expediency to accept reputation as a miracle-worker.

1. Then those misconceptions have been mistakes and not falsehoods. Much myth there is in the Gospels and in Genesis and other books, but *myth is not a lie*. It is but naturally distorted truth, subject to laws of distortion (like the laws of reflection of light) which are beginning to be discovered, and the patient study of which will gradually recover the entire truth.

2. In the meantime has myth so hopelessly disturbed the Bible that its general contents, even now, mislead any reader slightly instructed in the nature of such influences? Are not such influences even absent from the greater part? Cannot a common-sense man so instructed acquire a correct idea of the life of Christ, His sayings, difficulties, sorrows, work and death with much more ease than he can of the great propositions of Natural Science?

The Bible, then, is, on the whole, a book not difficult to understand. Even commentators on it would require to spend more labour on the study of those sciences which throw light upon it than they have spent over the riddles of Divinity. It is this portion which the Germans have well begun: but English attempts are on the more important track in seeking a way not so much to exhibit the lore as to preserve the life.

3. But now, though straightforward (1) and simple to comprehend (2), does it contain matter worth while? Yes. It contains *the only possible future religion*. And great men of this latter age who have studied history and human needs have affirmed or admitted—according to their other views—that mankind cannot attain to goodness without reli-

gion (esp. Froude, 'Essays on Science and Theology,'). The proofs of this proposition have been so often lately set forth that it requires but mention. It is, therefore, just as necessary to retain the Bible as we found it reasonable to alter theology.

Upon the whole question the outline of solution is this: 1. That *righteousness is indispensable*. 2. That *the mass of men cannot attain to righteousness without a religion*. 3. That they cannot reach it by means of a philosophy. 4. Nor by means of a mixture of religious systems. 5. But only by some single system. 6. That *among religions the best imperatively excludes the others*. 7. That *only a true system can be entertained*. 8. And that *to be permanent it must be expressive of the highest truths*.

Christianity I believe to possess the common-sense advantage of fulfilling these conditions. I believe it to be the best of systems—a superiority given it by evolution through natural causes, with God working by means of them, and with the usual wonderful results of high evolution. And I believe it by its fundamental preference of the spirit to the letter, to be expressive of the entire gist and possible extent of truth. And I believe its great special doctrines to be true.

The creed may be clearer on consideration of two questions: I. What is a religion? II. What reasons exist for holding Christianity to be true.

I. A religion is a system of means found capable in practice of bringing men to righteousness. And righteousness is conduct directed to secure the greatest harmony of all conscious natures with all things. Those to whom the most important of 'all things' is Deity, generally define a religion 'a worship of Deity' in some form. Ethics is the theoretic science of righteousness. Religion and law—to use the latter for illustration of the first—have the relation to ethics of practical sciences, engaged with the efficient

means of righteousness. Law is the abstract science of external means. Religion of internal. The former regards the outward act, and is incapable of arriving at pure righteousness, which depends upon intention; but religion dealing principally with intention itself, is capable of accomplishing essential righteousness. Each of them has for subject-matter many (concrete) systems—codes and religions—in different stages of improvement, from Papuan *tabu* to Roman jurisprudence, from Shinto to Christianity.

What is a practical science? What is the distinction between practice and theory. The former consists of conduct adapted simply to things and events as they actually occur. It follows the maze of life and nature—‘the subtilty of things’—without attempt at analysis. The one requirement of a practical rule is, not that it shall be the expression of a casual law, nor be couched in terms of precision, nor bear any relation to scientific system—but only that it will work—not that its Deduction shall be clear, but that its Verification shall, to use the terms of Mill. The one requirement of a practical observation is, that it prove true when required. I may hold whatever view I please concerning free-will; may consider myself a sheer automaton moved by physical forces, but in practice I must recognize that I can withhold myself with perfect ease from knocking my knuckles on the door, and I have consequently a practical free-will. And so about every such question. We have one safe end of it if we know it in practice. Apply this to some ideas on religion. The way to lead men to goodness, say some, is to instruct them in morality, purity, truth; but the worship of Buddha’s Tooth has proved as fruitful. Every ethical philosophy, again, but in greater degree if its ethics are true, has a religion deeply bound with it, the mere contemplation of good ideas producing some warmth of desire in the mind

which acts as a means of righteousness. These ideas, however, being abstract, are difficult to conceive without study and attention, and are always less vivid than objects from life (see Bacon on ‘Art of Memory,’ Advt. of Lg.). Being consequently not fitted to the conditions of mankind in its varied characters, classes, occupations and historical ups-and-downs, ethical philosophies are valueless as universal religions—(hence *wrong* as religions, for he who chooses his cult should do so keeping in view its influence on all men). This is why even Stoicism failed at Rome, and early Taoism in China, and why Confucianism there has lost the lower ranks.

With mixtures of systems, like the Brahma Somaj, the difficulty is partly the same, but partly also that they lose the force of concentration. To dilute force is to lose means and efface claim to rank as a religion.

Practice has been the test, and moulder of Christianity being the form of Natural Selection with which Evolution has acted upon religions. Hundreds were the systems of superstition, philosophy and religion proper, from which Christianity emerged the chosen—the complex result of many centuries fulfilling in its assemblage of superiorities, the ultimate conditions. Contemplate its *machina* of peculiar methods, emotions, and appeals to a grand example, of which Christ is the soul and chief—that intensely attracting figure, burnt into history—the greatest human genius devoted to the noblest human object, born in the most fitting age, living a pure and strikingly eventful life, teaching sublime and piercing truths, and dying for principles out of love to God his Father and to men. Ever since the ages have been rolling up for his religion another force—a vast prestige. His way is the best way—for most men the only. It asks but an unprejudiced trial for even the contemptuous moralist to find his correct life quickened in a degree he will not deny. As well

may one invent another Man as another Christianity.

But what if, while effectual, its means and dogmas be false? Are, for instance, the ethics of Christ in accordance with the ethics of fact? Has not Kant shown right and wrong to be intuitions of the reason? Or Hume, Sidgwick and Spencer, that they are based upon pleasure and pain? And from one of these principles must not each thinker start, who wishes to arrive at the rest?

Not necessarily. For whatever right or wrong be, we feel and see them for the most part easily enough in practice. The great thing in studies of our nature is the proper interpretation of it. For this delicate questioning some men are fitter than others—geniuses, ever true. And that Christ was such, we have verifications in the way his words interpret to our natures what we had not noticed was their voice. Upon this study he turned intense illumination of great powers, reaching results corroborated even by the clumsier independent solutions of Buddha and Confucius—men far less great than he. I recognize in him a delicate instinct, which, notwithstanding recent discussions, will, I think, be proved in every case correct as to its decisions on righteousness.

God and Immortality are the other two dogmas, of which we should like to feel quite sure. Of them, too, natural theology must consolidate the proofs from science and history. But I hold that their most important testimony is that of Christ himself, and the vigorous successions of geniuses, who spent their powers in examining, discovering and improving their practical forms, and handed them down to the Artist, a celestial legacy. The right they have to authority here depends partly on the nature of the questions (whose difficulty consists in his co-ordination of deductions, rather than in the necessity of many inductive examples), and partly on the general character of genius. Logicians, dazzled by the su-

periority and ease of regular induction within its proper sphere, have overlooked the value of other descriptions of investigation. Regular induction has only been subduing the fields of knowledge into sciences (*i.e.* demonstrating their causal laws) by degrees. While sciences have been taking shape, there ran ahead into tracts yet unsubdued an instrument more fit to cope with chaotic states, namely Genius, the precursor of Science, which for many fields makes a very good instrument indeed, but, in this case, crowning a consensus of metaphysical and historical reasonings, possesses convincing value. It is to such questions the same solvent as the common-sense of ordinary men to ordinary situations of life. Genius is, in fact, but exalted common-sense, which again is but another term for good judgment. The greater the genius, the more trustworthily the solvent. Christ's achievements in ethics prove his genius great, under circumstances which permit us to test it.

The Hebrew method of investigation was the natural method of Genius. It has been universally depreciated and misunderstood, but happened, in this case, to possess the conditions of a useful logical plan. It did not much occupy itself, like Greek reasoning, with propositions and words, but rather carried in the mind those pictures and impressions of things themselves which lie at the back of all the formulas and signs of speech—by which logicians indeed correct their ideas. The great minds of Israel so equipped went up and down the universe of facts, asking of doctrines and assertions the simple questions, 'Is this true? Is that true?' and closely comparing the essential alleged facts with the facts pictured by memory in the mind. There were difficulties certainly. The labyrinth of words was exchanged for the labyrinth of things. A strict national habit of truth was the necessary atmosphere, and imagination is difficult to restrain. Furthermore,

where decisions were made regardless of fixed terms, it was difficult, lacking the latter, to demonstrate the decisions. Finally, it needed a strong mind to think without the aid of syllogistic rules and the registering facilities which a system of propositions afford. But these have been found so treacherous in complicated questions that syllogism and deduction have been made the object of the greatest outcries in science. Bacon's revolt against them made our civilization. Locke exalted over them external and internal experience—induction and common sense. The later history of logic is chiefly that of defining their exact place. Überweg and Mill conclude that our ultimate test of the truth of a proposition is its agreement with the truth of things. Where syllogistic method, however, most conspicuously fails is in great and complex questions in which there are processes of co-ordination—of reasoning at the same moment on many interweaving lines of thought. Here the method of Genius, if in proportion to the strength, delicacy, and accustomedness of the mind, supposing it to have all necessary material, has greatly the advantage. In the hands of one like Christ, it practically amounts to Reason rejecting the shackles of logical form, and making straight at conclusions which experience subconsciously endorses. To reason about the world and the soul, and their Creator, he had not to know and track out all the theories which could be made into words on those subjects, but rose to lofty perceptions of the divine, just as he did of righteousness—by diligently pondering the world of actualities, and with extraordinary clearness of sight and good judgment refusing whatever was false to them.

When the grounds of faith are rightly analyzed it will, I think, be

discovered that Christianity has a firm, dogmatic base, as well as practical efficiency. The method of Genius should govern till the method of Science has completely subdued the field. Efficiency and reasonableness constitute for it a solid assurance of permanence. To the man who believes on and trusts in God, its claims of doctrine and plan are plain and easy. And for the truth about God, he is logical in trusting Christ.

Two rules of practice also must Conservatism teach: To reverently trust the old thinkers, at least till we understand their subjects; and never to reject a belief till it has completely fulfilled the conditions of disbelief. And a further lesson is, that having once, by wide and careful independent study, or by deliberate choice of leaders, reasoned out our faith, we should drop that chilling attitude and live what God has taught us. Very little of Christianity, except the form of its science, is destined to change. Instead of theorizing we must, as Christ did, realize. Deduction must give way to a new inspection of facts. Instead of Direct Inspiration and the Divinity of Christ, we must attain to the ancient truths they used to mean—the convictions, namely, that all good things are more nearly the final purpose of God; and that a man like Christ is a being infinitely higher than the average man. In place of the Holy Ghost we should feel the communing presence of our Father Himself. Redemption will be no longer a bargain with Jehovah, but the willing sacrifice of Jesus for each, when he chose anguish and death rather than desert the truth which he believed would save the world. Of God, our ideas must be practical and not analytical—what He is to our helplessness—to each OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

TO _____

BY L. L., MONTREAL.

I WISH that thou wouldst die,
But with thy parting sigh,
I would have thee confess
Thou lovest me.

That with thy crushed right hand,
As I beside thee stand,
Thou wouldst my fingers press
With tenderness.

That when thy soul has fled,
And mortals call thee dead,
I o'er thy face might bend
And kiss thy lips.

The memory of past joy,
Perfect, without alloy,
Our throbbing frames may rend
With cries and sobs.

But deeper far the grief
Which only finds relief
In cursing present things,
And life itself.

To see thee walk alone,
To hear thy passing groan
Which in my spirit rings,
What agony !

To feel the 'witching charm
Of thy encircling arm,
Which twines itself by chance
Around mine own.

To look into thine eyes,
Which mirror stormy skies,
And tremble neath their gaze,
What happiness !

Yes I have felt all these,
Have known the evening breeze
To bear upon its wings
Thy spoken words.

But yet I cannot say
 (Although each day I pray)
 If these strange, trivial things
 Are aught to thee.

And I live on in fear,
 Dreading the world's cold jeer,
 Dreading its chilling smile
 If it knew all.

I cannot ask of thee
 If thou my friend wilt be,
 For thou might'st sneer the while
 And kill all hope.

To know that thou wert dead,
 Lying in narrow bed
 Within the cold, dull ground,
 Would be sharp pain.

But better far this pain,
 (We both might meet again)
 Though on thy lowly mound
 My tears should fall ;

Sure of thy lasting love,
 Which then would live above,
 I could work on and strive,
 Though sorrowing ;

Than that in doubt and grief,
 Crushed like some withered leaf,
 Sorrow my soul should drive
 To war with life.

OUR ENGLISH CRITICS.

BY THOMAS CROSS, OTTAWA

THE statesmen of Canada have for many years devoted their best energies to the consolidation and development of the Dominion, and to the establishment, on the half of the American continent over which they rule, of a strong and united people, English in thought and feeling as well

as in political constitution. In this they have, to all appearance, the hearty concurrence of the Canadian people, while their efforts are watched with interest, and not without generous expressions, by the great people over the border. Why, then, should Canada everlastingly be made the subject

of sneers and detraction, generally grossly untrue, by her own kith and kin, Englishmen born and bred? Why, of all things, should she be charged with a desire to be annexed to the United States?

It is stated by the *Pall Mall Gazette* (10th October) that hardly anybody in Canada wants to maintain the British connection, but a small knot of professional politicians and others who have a fancy for knighthoods and the like. That Canadian farmers and merchants feel 'isolated' on this continent. That England is quite mistaken in supposing that the Canadian people in general care to remain under her flag, and that the feeling in favour of annexation is every day growing stronger.

If this be so, how is it that we who live in Canada hear so little of it? Why does no Canadian public man, no Canadian public print, give voice to the desires of the people? Who has heard of these desires, how have they been expressed, and what authority has the *Pall Mall Gazette* for making such a charge?

The matter being thus forced upon us in such a strange and unnatural way by Englishmen, it behoves us to consider what we should gain by annexation, and what we should lose. We might gain by the application to our resources of that enterprize, and adaptation of means to ends, which so eminently distinguish our neighbours; but we may take a leaf out of their book in these ways without annexation. What we should lose is plain. The first result would be an Indian war in our North-West, with its fifty years of horrors and atrocities, and its effects for generations to come on our people's character in the forms of falsehood, truculence and cruelty, and disregard of human life and suffering. Then we should exchange our present admirable political machinery, with its responsible ministry, for an executive utterly irresponsible, and our present equitable administration of

justice, sound public opinion, and comparative safety of life and person, for the state of things with which the American press keeps us familiar. As to our feeling 'isolated' on this continent, have we not half the continent to ourselves, ample railway accommodation, seaports, and a mercantile marine ranking the fourth in the world? We are no more isolated than the Americans or anybody else.

The *Gazette* thinks that because one tortuous stream, the Red River of the north, compared with whose course a writhing snake is a mathematical straight line, runs from American territory into Manitoba, the produce of Minnesota and Dakota should 'follow the water power.' Said produce thinks otherwise and goes just the other way. No produce meant to pay interest on capital will ever go meandering through the bends of the Red River. But this is about as sensible as the rest of the *Gazette's* talk about Canada, and is a specimen of the average acquaintance possessed by Englishmen with the geography of their 'premier colony.'

Our independent yeomen are as democratic as the most radical of men could wish, democratic enough to know that the institutions under which they live and thrive could not well be made more democratic than they are, and sensible enough to prefer a democracy which has 'broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent,' to a crude and cobbled democracy, whose imperfections show themselves every day, and under which people's liberties are interfered with, in ways no Englishman would submit to in his own island, and certainly no Canadian in his own Canada.

It is an open question, whether we should get on faster, even in a material way, under the stars and stripes, than we do now. Since Confederation, fourteen years ago, our imports have increased 82 per cent. and our exports 107 per cent., against 52 per cent. and 51 per cent., in the case of those of

the United States. The capital of our banks has increased 97 per cent., their circulation 225 per cent., their assets 179 per cent. The deposits in Savings Banks have increased 1015 per cent., and the Railway mileage 250 per cent. We are doing pretty well as we are.

But it takes two to make a bargain, and, in the present case, it would take three. Supposing we wanted annexation, would England calmly resign her control of half the American continent, with its vast possibilities of usefulness to herself? Her two vital necessities are food and markets. America and Russia give her the former; but they try all they can not to give her the latter. Now, every man in Canada consumes many times as much of British manufactures (a late writer in the *Nineteenth Century* says, twenty times as much) as he would if he lived in the States. So if Canada, as no doubt she soon will, proves able to supply England with food, England can pay for that food with her manufactures, and keep her people employed and comfortable, instead of paying Russia and America largely by transfer of securities, and at the same time keeping her people half their time unemployed and uncomfortable. As compared with foreign markets, the colonial demand is steady, and at the same time it increases at a far faster rate. And there is another consideration. Will England allow the four millions of Canada, and all her other subjects, who may cross the Atlantic, to follow the millions already in the Republic, who have sworn to fight the Republic's battles against all princes and rulers, 'especially the Queen of England?' Should Canada ever make any serious attempt at entering upon Commercial Union with the States, to the exclusion of England, I fancy she will find the present silken rein exchanged for something more like a curb of steel; that is, if England is mindful either of her interests or her honour.

I can only account for the English

notion that Canada wants annexation, by supposing that Englishmen feel that their snubs, insults and neglect ought, by this time, to have thoroughly destroyed all attachment on the part of Canadians to the British connection. English opinion has been too much influenced by the reports of gentlemen, who, at a loss to dispose of their daily twenty-four hours of elegant leisure in Canada, have gone home and pronounced her 'no country for a gentleman.' What are rich plains and forests, endless waterways, mountains of iron, and continents of coalfields? In one province, a farmer shot a fox, when English gentlemen, even guardsmen, were scampering after him. In another province, the salmon won't take the fly. Why keep such a country? What can a gentleman do in it, you know? And so territory after territory has been handed over to the Republic, to confront us in these days in the shape of mighty and rival States. But now English statesmen, manufacturers, farmers and labourers, are looking abroad, thinking of other things than salmon and foxes, and seeking, not a country for a gentleman, but for a man.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has recently, in the English journals, had a good deal to say about Canada, and the railway policy of her Government. For instance, in a late number of the *Contemporary*, he asks us to believe that the Intercolonial Railway can only be run at an annual loss of half a million dollars. When Mr. Smith wrote, there were figures at his command, showing the loss on running this line for the last year, whose returns were then published, to be only \$97,000, not \$500,000, and this loss was converted into a small profit in the following year. Thus do people dress up facts which, naked and not ashamed, would spoil points they want to make. 'The Intercolonial and Pacific Railways,' says Mr. Smith, 'ought not to be built, because parts of them go through unproductive re-

gions.' It would be hard to build a line one or two thousand miles long anywhere whose whole course should lie in smiling plains. It now turns out that one portion of the Pacific Railway censured by Mr. Smith traverses one of the richest timber countries in the world, as well as a vast mineral region, neither timber nor minerals being available without the railway. Any way, so long as the shrewd capitalists who have undertaken the work have no misgivings, Mr. Smith may surely have none. But whether these roads pay to begin with or not, they are virtually necessary to our progress. In his desire to establish the impossibility of a united Canada, Mr. Smith represents our large and powerful French element as looking toward France in quest of some alliance as to the nature of which we are not informed. Nay, he has stated boldly, in print, that 'Algeria is nothing but a garrison; *Quebec is the only colony of France.*' (The italics are mine). The French Canadians are not so unnatural as not to cherish the warmest feelings for the land of their ancestors, but their affection is rather for the golden lilies than for the tricolor. The traditions, the romance, the poetry, and, above all, the old religion of the old land, are all entwined

round monarchy. If the writer in question would use that knowledge of French, which forms part of his attainments, in general conversation with French Canadians, he would hear expressions anything but complimentary to the rulers and the politics of France, and he would find that tradition and sentiment are not the only reasons for which French Canadians regard fear of God and honour of the King as natural allies. The constitutional monarchy under which the French Canadians have thriven so well seems quite to their taste. Any change, moreover, which would threaten the influence of the Church of their ancestors, would find but poor welcome among them.

The friendship between the great English-speaking peoples must be viewed with pleasure by all good men; and Canadians, of all people, are interested in its maintenance. But we have no present reason for desiring a change in our political conditions. If four millions of freemen really want anything, what they want will not remain long in doubt; and if our free and manly yeomen, our keen men of business, and all other Canadians who care nothing for knighthoods and the like, want annexation, what powerful magic ties their tongues?

IN EXILE.

I.

THE singing streams and deep, dark
wood
Beloved of old by Robin Hood,

Lift me a voice, kiss me a hand,
To call me from this younger land.

What time, by dull Floridian lakes,
What time, by rivers fringed with brakes,

I blow the reed and draw the bow,
And see my arrows hurtling go

Well sent to deer or wary hare,
Or wild-fowl whistling down the air;—

What time I lie in shady spots
On beds of wild forget-me-nots,

That fringe the fen-lands insincere
And boggy marges of the mere,

Whereon I see the heron stand,
Knee-deep in sable slush of sand,—

I think how sweet if friends should come
And tell me England calls me home.

II.

I keep good heart and bide my time
And blow the bubbles of my rhyme ;

I wait and watch, for soon I know
In Sherwood merry horns shall blow,

And blow, and blow, and folk shall come
To tell me England calls me home.

Mother of archers, then I go
Wind-blown to you with bended bow,

To stand close up by you, and ask
That it be my appointed task

To sing in leal and loyal lays
Your matchless archers' meed of praise,

And that unchallenged I may go
Through your green woods with bended
bow—

Your woods where bowered and hidden
stood
Of old the home of Robin Hood.

Ah, this were sweet, and it will come
When merry England calls me home !

III.

Perchance, long hence, it may befall,
Or soon, mayhap, or not at all,

That all my songs nowhither sent,
And all my shafts at random spent,

Will find their way to those who love
The simple truth and force thereof,

Wherefore my name shall then be rung
Across the land from tongue to tongue,

Till some who hear shall haste to come
With news that England calls me home.

IV.

I walk where spiced winds raff the blades
Of sedge-grass on the summer glades ;

Through purfled braids that fringe the
mere,
I watch the timid tawny deer

Set its quick feet and quake and spring,
As if it heard some deadly thing,

When but a brown snipe flutters by
With rustling wing and piping cry ;

I stand in some dim place at dawn,
And see across a forest lawn

The tall wild turkeys swiftly pass,
Light-footed, through the dewy grass.

I shout and wind my horn, and go
The whole morn through with bended
bow,

Then on my rest I feel at noon
Sown pulvil of the blooms of June ;

I live and keep no count of time,
I blow the bubbles of my rhyme ;

These are my joys till friends shall come
And tell me England calls me home.

V.

The self-yew bow was England's boast ;
She leaned upon her archer host,—

It was her very life-support
At Crécy and at Agincourt,

At Flodden and at Halidon Hill,
And fields of glory redder still !

O bows that rang at Neville's Cross !
O yeomanry of Solway Moss !

These were your victories, for by you
Breast-plate and shield were cloven
through,

And mailed knights, at every joint
Sore wounded by an arrow-point,

Drew rein, turned pale, reeled in the sell,
And, bristled with arrows, gasped and
fell !

O barbèd points that scratched the name
Of England on the walls of fame !

O music of the ringing cords
Set to grand songs of deeds, not words !

O yeomen ! for your memory's sake
These bubbles of my rhyme I make ;

Not rhymes of conquest, stern and sad,
Or hoarse-voiced, like the Iliad,

But soft and dreamful as the sigh
Of this sweet wind that washes by

The while I wait for friends to come
And tell me England calls me home.

VI.

I wait and wait ; it would be sweet
To feel the sea beneath my feet,

And hear the breeze sing in the shrouds
Betwixt me and the white-winged clouds,

To feel and know my heart would soon
Have its desire, its one sweet boon,

To look out on the foam-sprent waste
Through which my vessel's keel would
haste,

Till on the far horizon dim
A low white line would shine and swim !

O God, the very thought is bliss !
The burden of my life it is,

Till over sea song-blown shall come
The news that England calls me home !

VII.

Ah, call me, England, some sweet day
When these brown locks are silver gray,

And these brown arms are shrunken
small,
Unfit for deeds of strength at all ;

When the swift deer shall pass me by
Whilst all unstrung my bow shall lie,

And birds shall taunt me with the time
I wasted blowing foolish rhyme,

And wasted dreaming foolish dreams
Of English woods and English streams,

Of grassy glade and queachy fen
Beloved of old by archer-men,

And of the friends who would not come
To tell me England called me home.

VIII.

Such words are sad—blow them away
And lose them in the leaves of May,

O wind ! and leave them there to rot
Like random arrows lost when shot ;

And here, these better thoughts, take
these
And blow them far across the seas,

To that old land and that old wood
Which hold the dust of Robin Hood !

Say this, low-speaking in my place :
'The last of all the archer-race

Sends this, his sheaf of rhymes, to those
Whose fathers bent the self-yew bows,

And made the cloth-yard arrow ring
For merry England and her king,

Wherever Lion Richard set
His fortune's stormy banneret !'

Say this, and then, oh haste to come
And tell me England calls me home !

—MAURICE THOMPSON,
In '*The Century*' for February.

TO MAURICE THOMPSON.

BY 'SERANUS,' OTTAWA.

I WAGE a war with you who sang
Your song of England. That it
rang

Through England, doubt not, for the
song
So tender was, so sadly strong,

I surely think that long ere this,
The looked-for, long-expected bliss

Is yours, and that they must have
 come
To tell you England called you home.

For you on England have a claim,
'Tis meet that she should know your
 name,

The last of all her archer-race,
For you must be a trysting-place.

Surely for you a welcome waits,
Surely for you are opened gates,

And Christmas cheer, and hearth-side
 kiss,
And what you value more than this,

The merry horns that roam the wood,
And rouse the merry hunting mood.

O! even as I write, perchance,
Maid Marian leads you forth to dance ;

A modern Marian, well I know,
But sweet as she who bent the bow

In Sherwood once with Robin Hood.
Perchance already you have stood

Knee-deep in English grass and fern,
And felt your arrow in its turn

Leap like a prisoner to the air,
Who had forgotten earth was fair.

Was this your dream ? And have they
 come
To tell you England calls you home ?

And this is why I wage my war
And this is why I sing afar

From land of pines and snowy land
—All, all is snow on every hand,

And gray and white are all I see
Or white or gray alike to me—

To you who in a warmer clime
Blow the bright bubble of your rhyme,

And ply your task with half a heart,
Standing from other men apart

That you may sooner catch the words,
More welcome far than mating birds

In this drear North—the words that
 burn
With exile past and sweet return

Of English joys and games and glade,
And merry men and modest maids—

Because your wish was also mine,
And is and always will be mine.

The wish, the hope—to end my days
In England and with English ways,

Once more to feel a calm content,
Once more to thrill with sentiment.

Born of her myths and mystery,
Born of her wondrous history,

And of her beauty—ah! I swear
I know not anything as fair

In this new land of clearer skies,
As English mists that shyly rise

From off shy streams or ivied walls,
Or cling about fair ruined halls,

Too fondly true to keep away,
Too truly fond to long to stay,

And O for glimpse of English green,
I well could give my soul, I ween.

I never pulled a primrose, I,
But could I know that there may lie

E'en now some small and hidden seed
Within, below, some English mead,

Waiting for sun and rain to make
A flower of it for my poor sake,

I then could wait till winds should tell
For me there swayed or swung a bell,

Or reared a banner, peered a star,
Or curved a cup in woods afar.

A grave in England! Surely there
In churchyard ancient, quiet, fair,

My rest will some sweet day be found,
And I shall sleep in tranquil ground,

Not far, perchance, from where a
green
And older grave I have not seen,

Holds what I held on earth most dear,
—But who am I? And who may
hear

My prayer, and where the friends to
come
And tell me England calls me home?

I am no merry archer bold,
In sooth, I know not how to hold

A bow and arrow! This your claim,
O friend in Florida, to fame,

I ne'er will question. Singer too
Of noble songs! I have 'tis true

A little written, some things done,
But cannot hope that any one

Of my poor ventures e'er shall gain
The listening ear of England, fain

To know the deeds her children do
And merge her old life in our new.

And shall I quarrel with you, then,
Because I envy you the pen,

The bow and arrow? Nay, not so,
For that would ill accord with flow

Of yearning tears and brow, tight-
clasped,
And words 'O God, O England,'
gaped.

Because I read your verses, Friend,
Nay, why a quarrel? I but send

These lines to you that you may know
Your lines to one soul straight did go,

And dare to hope that when the boon
You long for comes (and that full soon

I know must be, and they will come
To tell you England calls you home)

You will remember when you see
A faint new primrose deck the lea,

How one who lives in northern lands,
Would pluck the same with trembling
hands,

And meanwhile wonder how she dare,
If she were there—If she were there.

And now I charge you, when the call
Rings in your ears and down you fall

Only to rise with hastening feet
And press towards the ocean sweet,

No more a barrier but a bridge,
And later, when you see the ridge

Of English land low-lying white,
Or Welsh hills topped with quivering
light,—

See that you faint not, let your heart
Full thankful be that yet a part

In England's history you can play,
That England needs her son to-day.

My words are vain, I know ere this
The looked-for, long-expected bliss

Is yours and that they must have come
To tell you England calls you home.

DARWIN AND HIS WORK.

A FEW days have passed since Charles Darwin has been consigned to his last resting-place in 'The Great Abbey,' made sacred by the graves of so many illustrious thinkers and teachers of mankind. Of all these, it may well be said, that few have exercised so powerful an influence on the thought of their age as the author of the 'Descent of Man.' The later Victorian era, rich in philosophy, poetry, history, and criticism, is above all characterized by another and a later type of literature, the scientific. This has coloured and permeated all else; it has supplied a new method, and treats everything from a new point of view, that of the Evolution Philosophy. Darwin's relation to this Philosophy is a very central one; he has called it down from the clouds of speculation to something very like a basis of fact, by an induction drawn from a large range of research all round the world; he has been able to supply exactly what was wanting to a theory more or less plausible, and this with such amplexness of evidence in its favour, that although it is but ten years since the publication of the first result of his reasoning, educated men in all parts of the world accept, as the nearest approach to the truth yet propounded, the doctrine of the origin of species called Darwinism.

The vulgar idea of Darwin's teaching is simply the stale caricature drawn by so many mountebanks of the press and the pulpit—that man is a developed monkey, as Lord Monboddo taught, to the great amusement of the wits and *dilettanti* a century ago. To see Darwin's true position, we should remember that a theory similar to Evolution was put forward by Em-

manuel Kant, with regard to the formation of the Universe of Stars; it was further formulated by the French naturalist Lamarck, who taught that all organized beings, from man downwards, are derived, or as he called it, 'developed' from those below them. He accounted for this by supposing that organs were applied by the animal possessing them to new conditions with such perseverance, that the organs at last assumed new forms and new functions. This was an ingenious, but utterly unscientific, guess, which, of course, was met with abundance of ridicule from the orthodox reviews such as the *Quarterly* on the appearance of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' which about 1847, presented Lamarck's views in an attractive English dress! 'We have been fishes, and we shall be crows!' was the comment of fashionable society in one of Disraeli's early novels. And to the brilliant reasoning in which Herbert Spencer soon afterwards embodied the speculative aspects of this theory, to which he gave the happier name of Evolution, there was the serious scientific objection that it gave no account of the means of transition from a lower species to a higher. This Darwin met by his *opus magnum* on the 'Origin of Species.' In the preface to this book he tells us, that when in his voyage as a Naturalist, employed by Government on board the *Beagle* (1825-31), he was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the organic beings inhabiting South America, and in the geological relation of the present to the past inhabitants of the continent, which seemed to him to throw light upon the great mystery of mysteries, the origin of species. After his return home, he devoted

many years to an elaborate investigation of the fertilization of plants, and the variation of breeds in domesticated animals. In the 'Origin of Species' (1859), he reasons that, in the breeding of domesticated animals, a vast amount of variation may be produced *artificially*, by preferring persistently for breeding purposes those that present a particular type. He argued that in the struggle for existence of all organic nature, it follows from the high geometrical ratio of their increase, that any being, if it vary from others in the slightest degree in a manner profitable to itself, will have the best chance of survival, and thus be *naturally selected*. The type thus naturally selected, from the strong natural law of heredity, will tend to propagate itself in the new and modified form. He then showed a process by which on purely natural and scientific grounds it is intelligible that these great variations of type which we call species, or genera, may have come into existence. In his second great book, the 'Descent of Man,' he argued that man is no exception to the law of progress which everywhere else obtains, and 'is derived by natural descent from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, and probably arboreal in its habits.' Darwin's doctrine of descent of the higher types from the lower, by natural selection, was received with acclamation by the scientific world. It at once furnished to the Evolution system such a scientific basis as Newton's doctrine of Gravitation supplied to the Copernican Astronomy. In putting it forward, Mr. Darwin was eminently cautious, modest, candid in admitting such objections to his system as the absence, as yet, of fact to confirm it in the geological records. He was also a reverent believer in the Unknown Power, from whom all Life proceeds, of whose will Evolution is the manifestation visible to us.

But, of course, English ecclesiasti-

cism, true to its mission of mildly imitating the Church of Rome, was mightily incensed against this audacious impugner of the six days of Creation, and the origin of the universe out of nothing in the year 4004 B.C. Loud and shrill arose the anathema from platform, pulpit, and clerical press. Darwin was an infidel, an atheist, in the face of his solemn assertion of faith in a Creator. Thirty years ago, before modern thought had won its place in Europe, and when in England theology was still 'Queen of the Sciences,' all this clerical abuse might possibly have done some small injury to England's greatest naturalist. It might have cost him a Professorship, or caused some unpleasant social ostracism, some of the petty *desagremens* with which Anglo-Catholicism mimics the mightier weapons of an august superstition. But in the last decade of our century, society as well as thought, have completely outgrown clerical influence. Now-a-days if the Church disagrees with Science, so much the worse for the Church.

So completely is this the case, that Canon Liddon, who is a sort of Bossuet among the High Churchmen, and who a few years ago wrote the most terrible pulpit thunderings against Darwinism, was content the other day, in a funeral sermon over Darwin himself, to take back his words, and declare that belief in Evolution is quite reconcilable with belief in orthodoxy. Of course, in countries where the clergy are not brought into connection with education and advanced thought as they are in England, Canon Liddon's admission would be regarded as rank heresy, if not atheism, and the great thinker's memory be pelted with the old worn-out fallacies and jests.

It is by this time perfectly plain, that Darwin's system is not atheistical, and that such was his own distinct opinion. Like most of the leaders in modern scientific thought, Darwin must be admitted to oppose the literal

rendering of the six days of Creation, but that is an 'extinct Satan' with all but the most ignorant adherents of the old verbal inspiration theory. In all that is the truest essence of

the religious spirit, in reverence, candour, and love of truth, not the least valuable lesson has been given to our age by the life and labours of Charles Darwin.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

'FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.'

BY EMMA CARSON JONES.

'I'M done with him. I've said so, and I'll stand to it. He's disgraced himself and my good name, and I wash my hands of him henceforth and forever.'

Mrs. Arnold stood in the cottage doorway, the sweet bloom and verdure of the early springtime all about her, and listened to her husband's angry words.

'Oh, James,' she entreated, 'remember, he is our son.'

'I shall make it my business to forget it from this hour; he is no son of mine.'

'But, James, James, think what the end may be. What if they send him to the State prison?'

'Let him go—he deserves it.'

The angry father strode away, a hard, relentless look upon his face.

The mother stood there in the early sunshine, her poor face white with agony, her hands clutched hard together.

She could see the village spires from the cottage porch, and in the village prison her only son lay.

The trouble had come about after this wise. Dick Arnold was confidential clerk in the hardware house of Robinson & Co., at a very fair salary. A promising young fellow was Dick, bright, intelligent, and as shrewd and clever in business matters as he was genial and winning in his social relations. But his character had its weak points. In the first place, he was fond of strong drink; in the second, he had not the courage to say 'No' when temptation assailed him.

Many a scrape poor Dick was lured into, many a heart-ache he caused his fond mother, many a setting down he got from his over-severe father; but he did not mend his ways. Nevertheless his employers were fond of him, and trusted him, and winked at his shortcomings.

'He's a fine fellow; he'll get all his wild oats in, and do better after awhile,' they said.

One afternoon Dick was summoned into Mr. Robinson's private office.

'Here, Dick,' said that gentleman, putting a sealed envelope into the young man's hands, 'I want you to take this, and deliver it to Mr. Selbo, in Covington. You know the place?'

'Oh, yes, sir.'

'Very well, mind you keep steady on your legs, my boy, and deliver it safely.'

Dick put the envelope into his breast pocket, bowed himself out, and was steaming on his way to Covington in the next train.

He reached there a little before night-fall, and feeling somewhat tired and thirsty, he dropped in at a restaurant for a drink. Ah me! if there were no such places, how much misery, and sin, and shame would be banished from the world! But they meet us at every turn, these devil's dens, wherein men are despoiled of their earnings and their honour. Dick went in, and stumbled right into the midst of some three or four old cronies. They leaped up and welcomed him with uproarious delight.

'Why, Dick, old fellow, haven't seen you for an age! Well met, 'pon my soul! Here, landlord, brandy and seltzer for four, and be spry at it.'

The brandy and seltzer appeared and vanished. A broiled steak, and oysters and crackers followed, and then came rum to wash it all down. By sunset poor Dick's weak head was in a whirl. When darkness fell, his errand was still neglected, and he sat in the little parlour, looking on while his boon-companions played cards, a hot bloom on his cheeks, an insane glitter in his handsome eyes.

'Come up, Dick, and try your luck?'

'Don't care if I do,' said Dick, and at it he went.

His own purse was soon emptied, and then, he never could clearly recall how it all happened, but, insane from drink and determined to retrieve his losses, he ventured to open the sealed envelope and to borrow a stake from the funds entrusted to him by his employer.

'I'll soon double it,' he thought, 'and then I'll replace the amount.'

But he lost instead of doubling, and then swallowed more brandy in his excitement, at the invitation of his good friends. The end was, that he made a night of it, and when the morning dawned, poor Dick found himself alone, forsaken by his friends, and the sealed envelope and its contents both gone. The shock sobered him. He got up, and with his head beating like a trip-hammer, walked back to his native village, and seeking his employer, confessed all that had happened. Mr. Robinson was greatly provoked, and at once put the matter into the hands of the law, and Dick Arnold was arrested and sent to prison.

When the news came to his father's ears he refused to give his son either aid or countenance.

'I'm done with him. Let them send him to the State prison; he deserves it.'

But the mother, her faithful heart going out in yearning pity for her erring boy, stood and pondered how she might save him.

In a little while she turned, and entering the pleasant cottage, went slowly upstairs, and into the chamber where her daughter Rose sat sewing on her bridal-ropes.

Sitting down beside her, she told her the story of her brother's trouble. Rose understood her mother's meaning even before she could put it into words. There was a little box on the table, which contained her marriage dowry. Little by little the father and mother

had hoarded it in their only daughter's name, that she might not be dowerless on her wedding-day.

Pretty Rose took the box and put it in her mother's hands.

'Take it, mother,' she said, 'and do with it as you think best.'

'Heaven bless you, my daughter; but it is hard to deprive you of your marriage dowry, and your wedding day so near.'

Rose's cheeks bloomed like her namesakes in the little garden below, and her blue eyes lit.

'Never mind that, mother,' she said. 'Charlie will be willing to take me without the dowry; I'm sure of it.'

So Mrs. Arnold took the box and went away. Before the day ended she had refunded the money to Mr. Robinson, the charge was withdrawn, and her boy was out of prison.

'I can't go home, mother. Father doesn't want me; he told me so,' said Dick, as they stood under the green locust trees beyond the cottage lawn. 'Let me go out into the world and work my way up, and then I'll come back.'

She put her arms around his neck, and looked up at him with streaming eyes.

'Oh, Dick, my boy, my darling, you will do better—you will, Dick, for *mother's sake*.'

'Yes, mother, God being my helper, I will. I've caused you so much trouble, and you've always been good and gentle to me, mother. Forgive me now; I'll come back and be a comfort to you yet.'

'My boy, I forgive you, and I believe in you. Here, Dick,' and she drew a purse and a worn little Bible from her bosom, 'take these. You may need the money; the Bible is mine, Dick—mother's Bible, don't forget that. Mother has read it every day and night for the last thirty years. You'll think of that, Dick, and you'll read it for *mother's sake*.'

'Yes, mother.'

'Every night, no matter where you may be, you'll read a chapter, and get down on your knees and pray the little prayer mother taught you, if nothing else? Promise me, Dick. Every night at ten o'clock, at that hour I shall be on my knees praying for you, my boy. I shall never miss a night, Dick, while I live; promise me you'll do it, for *mother's sake*.'

Dick tried to promise, but he let his

handsome head drop down on his mother's bosom instead, and wept there like a child. As the sun set they parted.

'Good-by, my boy, and God bless you. You'll keep your promise, for mother's sake.'

'Yes, mother, with God's help. Good-by!'

Across the fields, with the little Bible in his bosom, and his bundle on his arm, went poor erring Dick, and down the pathway Mrs. Arnold returned to the cottage.

'I'll never give up my boy,' she said. 'My prayers shall prevail with God for him. He will return to us yet, and be the comfort of our old age.'

But her husband, bitter and remorseless of heart, laughed her to scorn.

Month followed month; summers came and went; harvests were sown and gathered in; winters heaped their white snows, and spring sunshine came and melted them. Pretty, dowerless Rose had married and gone to live in a happy home of her own, while Mrs. Arnold, busy with her daily tasks, did not lose hope.

Just about that time the whole country was ringing with the renown of a young reformer—a man of talents and genius, who was spending the best days of his manhood for the good of his fellow-men.

News came at last that this wonderful man would deliver a lecture in the village. Preparation was made, and expectation was on tiptoe. On the appointed night Mrs. Arnold went with the rest. The speaker took the stand, and announced the subject of his discourse. It was

'FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.'

The poor mother, her heart yearning for her absent son, looked on and listened, blinded by swift-flowing tears. She could scarcely see the tall form of the handsome speaker; but his words thrilled her through and through.

The audience sat spell-bound, breathless, until the lecturer drew near the close of his remarks.

'For mother's sake,' he said. 'That one little sentence has made me what I am. Who, in this crowded room, recognizes me? Five years ago, on just such a night as this, I was a prisoner in the old jail over yonder. My mother's love saved me from the consequences of intemperance and youthful folly, and when I parted from her under the old

locust trees out there in the lane, I promised to be a better man—for mother's sake! Neighbours and friends, you know me now. I am Dick Arnold. I kept my promise—I have been a better man "for mother's sake!" I wonder if my mother is here and hears my voice to-night?'

'Oh, thank God! Oh, my boy! my boy!'

In another minute he had her in his strong arms, her gray head pillowed on his breast. She looked at him with yearning, wondering eyes.

'Yes, I do not mistake—you are my son. Oh, Dick!'

He held her closely, tears streaming like rain over his bearded face.

'Your own boy, mother. God has made him what he is "for mother's sake!"'

FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

BY G. S. MERRIAM.

There seems to be hardly a creature that has such a genius for comfort as the cat. Yesterday, on a dreary March day, I saw in the fields an old tabby ensconced on the top rail of a fence, head and paws and tail deftly tucked together, and from the half-shut eyes came a gleam of luxurious repose. Cats are often to be seen with those half-shut eyes. They seem to have the art of prolonging indefinitely that blissful state between waking and sleeping—as it were, just enough awake to know one is asleep—which we taste only in brief snatches. Put a cat in a strange room, and in the briefest possible time she discovers and occupies the softest and warmest place. Or let her, in a strange place, be suddenly attacked by a dog, and by the swiftest instinct she goes straight to the safest spot within reach,—up the nearest tree, or behind some effective barricade. No Napoleon or Wellington had ever so quick an eye for the strongest military position. The cat is a creature of luxury, of the chase and of war; a true savage with such perfect grace as no human savage ever possessed, and such an equipment of agile muscle as no human frame is endowed with. In the midst of our homes, the cat remains a splendid barbarian, recalling the fierce beauty of the lion and tiger, suggesting the jungle and the Himalayas. I find a cat all the bet-

ter companion at times for its want of conscience and human emotion. The beautiful, luxurious, life-enjoying animal brings a relief from the stress and strain of creatures with souls. A dog comes near enough to man to have sometimes a touch of human pathos. There is often an appealing look in a dog's eyes, that is enough to make one fancy he is going to develop into a man some day, and begins to be conscious of some higher destiny stirring within him. What companionship there is in a good dog! There is to me something attractive in almost any dog, except a Spitz. I draw the line at Spitzes. Dogs, as a class, have a large capacity for friendship. My own dog, if he could count (perhaps he can), might reckon up, first me, his master, chief in his affections, then perhaps half a dozen friends,—human friends, I mean,—and two or three times as many with whom he is on terms of good-natured acquaintance. About his relations with his own kind I cannot speak so confidently, but I think he has no real intimacies with other dogs. A dog has the fine quality of preferring the company of his superiors to that of his equals or inferiors: he consorts with men in preference to his own race. With dogs and cats, and, indeed, all the inferior tribes, we can practise a fine simplicity and friendliness of manner, quite beyond what exists among ourselves. I can greet a perfectly strange dog with a pat, and he accepts it gra-

ciously, or perhaps answers with a friendly wag and a responsive glance out of his honest brown eyes. Perhaps he even makes the first advance, coming up to me with an inquiring sniff. How much a dog finds out through his sense of smell, I suppose, is known only to his Creator. The nose seems to be to a dog almost as much as the eye is to a man. Perhaps he judges character by it. It may be that just as we say, "I like the look of that man," so a dog says to himself or his fellow, "I like the smell of that man." I am sometimes afraid that I am more accessible to caninity than to humanity. I like a man when he proves himself on acquaintance a good fellow, but I am attracted to a dog as soon as I see him. There are plenty of dog-lovers who will understand the feeling. The dog-loving disposition is of itself no small bond between those who share it, bringing them at once into a sort of Masonic relationship with each other. So, too, there is the love of horses,—one of the great passions of humanity. There are plenty of men to whom horses are as full of fascination as pictures to an artist or stocks to a Wall Street broker. Almost every domestic animal has its devotees and special friends. The canary has its lovers. Even goldfishes find people who treasure them. And every such taste and affection enlarges by just so much one's world. It is a key that opens to us another room in our Father's house.—*Ec.*

'THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.'

IT has been generally announced in the press that His Excellency the Governor-General has been deeply interesting himself, for some months past, in the establishment of a Society for the advancement of Literature and Science in the Dominion. After much deliberation and consultation with eminent scientific and literary gentlemen, His Excellency has been pleased to approve of the preliminary arrangements for the

first meetings of the Society, which are to be held in the City of Ottawa during the last week of May. The Association is named after that famous Society which came into existence in England during the Restoration, and has ever since contributed so largely to the scientific development of the world. The following is a list of the officers appointed by the Governor-General for the first meeting :—

PRESIDENT :

J. W. DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S.

VICE-PRESIDENT :

HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL.D.

PRESIDENTS OF SECTIONS :

SECT. I.—*French Literature, History and allied subjects.*

J. M. LEMOINE, ESQ.,

Membre de la Société Américaine de France.

FAUCHER DE ST. MAURICE,

Membre Honoraire de la Société des Gens de Lettres de France.

SECT. II.—*English Literature, History and allied subjects.*

DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

SECT. III.—*Mathematical, Physical and Chemical Sciences.*

T. STERRY HUNT, LL.D., F.R.S.

CHARLES CARPMAEL, M.A.

SECT. IV.—*Geological and Biological Sciences.*

A. R. C. SELWYN, LL.D., F.R.S.

GEORGE LAWSON, PH. D., LL.D.

HONORARY SECRETARY :

J. G. BOURINOT, F.S.S.

The above officers will constitute the Council of the Society, and their successors will be elected by ballot by the Society, under such regulations as it may enact.

We understand that the membership is, for the present, limited to twenty in each section and comprises Canadian authors of works or memoirs of merit, as well as persons who have rendered eminent services to Literature or Science in Canada. Among the names of members we have heard mentioned the following : Abbés Bégin, Casgrain, Provencher, Verreault and Tanguay ; M M. Frechette, P. DeCazes, Oscar Dunn, F. X. Marchand, P. LeMay, J. Marmette, B. Sulte, J. Tassé, N. Bourassa, H. Fabre, F. G. Marchand ; Principal Grant, Charles Lindsey, A. Todd, W. Kirby, Prof. Lyall, J. L'Esperance, Col. Denison, Prof. J. Clark Murray, Dr. Bucke, Rev. Æneas Dawson, Prof. Watson, G. Murray, Prof. Paxton Young, Evan McColl, John Reade, C. Sangster, Geo. Stewart, jr., Sandford Fleming, C. Baillargé, Prof. Johnson, Prof. McGregor, H. A. Bayne, Very Rev. T. Hamel, C. Hoffman, Prof. Loudon, Prof. Chapman, Prof. Bailey, Dr.

G. M. Dawson, Prof. Honeyman, Dr. R. Bell, Prof. Macoun, Dr. Osler, Prof. Ramsay Wright, Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin, W. Saunders, J. F. Whiteaves, Geo. Barnston, Dr. J. A. Grant, Prof. Laflamme, Prof. Harrington, J. Macfarlane, and several others besides the gentlemen who form the first list of officers as given above.

The members of the Society will assemble in General Session, in the Parliament Buildings, on the 25th May, when the first meeting will be opened by the Governor-General, and the Council will report on the preliminary steps which have been taken towards the organization of the Society, on the arrangements for the subsequent sessions, on the titles of papers, and other business of a general character. The Society will then adjourn to meet in Sections, when addresses will be delivered by the Presidents of the several Sections, and papers will be read and discussed. In order that the proceedings of the Society may be of an interesting and useful character, it is expected that as many of the members as possible will prepare papers, or other contributions on Literary or Scientific subjects, to be read in the Sections. Papers prepared by others than members may be communicated by any member on the same terms with those produced by himself. All the meetings for addresses, and the reading and discussion of papers, will be open to the public, but only members will be permitted to take part in the proceedings of the Society. We shall look forward with much interest to the proceedings of this first meeting of an essentially national Society, which will bring together many men of eminence in the literary and scientific world, and must materially assist, if inaugurated and promoted in a catholic, liberal spirit, in developing the intellectual culture of the people of the Dominion. The results of this intellectual movement will be awaited naturally with much curiosity by the readers of this periodical which has always done its best to stimulate intellectual thought in a country where there is too often a tendency to undervalue the efforts of scientific and literary men.—*Communicated.*

NOTE TO THE FOREGOING BY THE EDITOR.

THE motive which prompts to a few words of criticism upon Lord Lorne's

project, announced in the foregoing communication, will not be misunderstood by those, at least, who remember the Editorial note on the subject in our issue of July last. Since that date His Excellency seems to have changed his design with regard to the institution it was understood he was then about to inaugurate. 'The Canadian Academy of Letters' has broadened out into an association composed of scientists as well as *littérateurs*, the former being the more numerous, and likely to be the more efficient body. The necessity of this enlargement of the scheme will, of course, be apparent; and it is one that might have suggested the limiting of the scope of the Society to the labours alone of those who represent Science. Named, as we learn the Association is to be, after the Royal Society of England, it is, we think, a matter of regret that its intended Canadian counterpart did not imitate its English model and modestly refrain from taking literature under its patronage. In Canada there were special reasons why this course should have been followed, not, it is true, because literature in this country has assumed any magnitude, but for the contrary reason, among others, that it is of too slight a growth to be placed at a disadvantage with the stronger department of science. General objections to an official patronage of Letters we need not here go into, nor need we repeat what was said in the July Magazine as to the doubtful gain to literature in the founding of a Literary Academy, an institution which has never taken root in England, and is a dubious success in France, except as it slakes the thirst of the mortal 'immortals' for the ribbons and distinctions it confers. But what, we would ask, is to be the practical influence of this society upon Canadian literature? We are all serving but an apprenticeship to letters in Canada, and it would seem, at least, premature to elevate any set of men above their fellows, and to confer upon them a distinction which the public is likely to be slow to recognize, and sure to be jealous of its own exclusive right to bestow. An Art Academy is an idea we can grasp, and the motive of which, even in a small community, we can readily comprehend. An Association, composed of specialists in Science, is also intelligible; and organization in its interests is not only commendable but in a great measure a neces-

sity. The former, happily now an existing institution, has given proof of its *raison d'être*; the latter, if established, we incline to think would similarly justify itself. But not so, in our opinion, a Canadian Academy of Letters;—and for the following reasons:—First, because the function of such a body, we take it, would in the main be critical; and this, while our literature is in its nonage, would not be helpful. We must have growth, as Comte says, before we have discipline. The spontaneous activities, as one of our own writers expresses it, must work and produce some solid results before the organizing faculty can find profitable employment. Secondly, the Academy having little to do, we fear that its members would develop censoriousness or dilettanteism, either of which would be fatal to the intellectual life. Thirdly, because the erecting of a caste in Letters—the sure result of admittance into a select body of literary men—would have a prejudicial effect upon literature, tend to nourish conceit, and lead to undesirable jealousies among our writers. Fourthly, for the reason that appointment or election to the Association would, we fear, be degraded to marketable uses—a result which, in our limited field of literature, would not add to its honourable pursuit, or tend to its healthy advancement. And, fifthly, because the Academy, in the invidious distinction it would be likely to make between literature and journalism, would offend and alienate a large class of men upon whom falls the toilsome yet important work of educating the community through the agency of the Press—a class to whom the country owes much, and which it would be an ungracious act to debar from honour. The plea upon which journalists would be excluded from an Academy of Letters, it will be admitted, is one which even in older communities it would be delicate to act upon. In Canada, no safe distinction or separation between the different departments of the profession could well be made. For here, the *littérateur*, if he is to live by his pen, is almost sure to take to journalism. In cases where this occurs, selection or rejection by the Academy will always entail a nice discrimination, and more than likely lead to an embarrassing result. For, looking to the mental equipment now-a-days of writers for the press, and remembering how few

Canadian books come within the domain of literary art, the journalist would have a strong case against the literary man were the one (the latter) to be taken and the other (the former) to be left.

Of course our contention in this matter is wholly influenced by the circumstances of the country. As yet Canada can scarcely be said to have a distinctive class of literary men—we mean those who pursue literature as an art, and who have done anything that, in a cosmopolitan sense, ranks them as authors. It may be, and we would fain hope, that Lord Lorne's project will help to create this class. In this prospect, if the scheme is not premature, His Excellency's aim is worthy of all encouragement, and this Magazine would be untrue to itself if it said a word to discredit it. But we have to be on our guard against literary ambition,—perhaps also, to speak with respect, against Court patronage of letters,—and we should be loath to see any stimulus applied to our young literature that was unwholesome in its influence and barren of good results. Hence our unwillingness hastily to commend the scheme, and our desire that if the society is to be established, it shall be on a solid and enduring foundation. Nothing will better ensure this than the conviction in the public mind, that the institution is to be of practical service to the country, and a bond of union among all active, well-equipped workers for its intellectual advancement. And here a word of comment may be allowed us as to the selection of names for enrolment among the members of the Society. The absence of women from the Literature Section will at once be noted, and is an omission likely to create prejudice as it is sure to be considered an injustice. Literature is of no sex; and in Canada its most ardent friends, and not the least successful of its workers, are and have been women. The readers of this Magazine will instantly recall the names of three or four of our lady contributors who deserve place on the roll of the Society, and whose nomination would have done it honour. Again, from the English literature branch, we miss the names of not a few of 'the other sex,' whose non-appointment to the Society will lead many in wonderment to ask on what principle its members have been chosen. The query, by its naturalness, will illustrate what we have

said as to the probabilities of the scheme awakening jealousy. Unless founded on the broadest lines, and to include writers who are sensibly aiding to mould the thought and give impulse to the literary life of the country, whether in books or through the press, the Society will be likely to fail in securing public commendation and find its successes in a harvest of jealousy and disfavour. We are aware that the appointments to membership in the Society have been made at the instance of those whom His Excellency has been pleased to take into counsel. Lord Lorne is therefore not personally responsible for the omissions from the list. It would be ungracious to speak of any who are of "the elect" as having, in one or two instances, slender claim to the honour. On the whole, in all the departments, the selection has been a fitting one; though, as we have said, there are notable omissions from the English Literature Section. Mr. Le Sueur's name, for instance, does not appear on the list; and if there is a man in Canada entitled to the honour, and who by achievement and reputation, both as a thinker and a writer, deserves to sit in the highest seat in a native Academy of Letters, it is the able and learned gentleman we have named. Of Mr. Rattray, whose name we also miss from the list, we might speak with equal warmth and justice. There is no native writer who has higher claims to appointment on the Society than the scholarly and accomplished author of *The Scot in British America*, or one whose life has been more actively and usefully spent in the literary service of his country. In connection with Mr. Rattray, we would naturally look to find on the roll of the Society the name of the author of *The Irishman in Canada*, a work which so high an authority as *The By-stander* remarked "has received praise and deserved it." Mr. Davin, both by his intellectual gifts and by his contributions to the English quarterlies and the Canadian periodical press, surely merits a place in a Canadian Academy. Mr. Dent, we should also fully expect to see honoured in any gathering of Canadian *littérateurs*. The omission of the names of other Canadian writers, who have substantial claims to enrolment in the Society, will also occasion surprise. Where, it may be asked, are the names of Dr. Scadding, Fennings Taylor, Martin Griffin, Dr. Canniff, Dr.

Daniel Clarke, W. A. Foster, Rev. W. H. Withrow, Blake Crofton, S. E. Dawson, F. T. Jones, H. J. Morgan, Francis Rye, R. W. Boodle, Miss Louisa Murray and other writers in general literature?—of Mulvany, Roberts, Dixon, Fidelis, Esperance, Gowan Lea, Seranus, and Mrs. Maclean among our poets; of Hunter, Seath, Miles, Hodgins, Wells, and Nelles among our educational writers and book-makers; and of the notable names among our legal and medical authors and contributors to the professional press? It may be said, in reply, that to be strong and influential, as well as to hold out the incentive to aspire to membership, the numbers must be limited. But is there not a risk in being too exclusive, and is it wise to follow models and precedents unsuited to our social ideas? If old-time notions are to do service, why not revive the historic appellation, if not too unsavoury, of 'The One Hundred Associates' of Louis XIII., and extend the membership to that number—substituting in its aims Science and

Literature for Commerce, the acquisition of knowledge for the spoils of the chase? But what the country most of all at the present time wants is a union of all competent and hearty workers in the service of the intellectual life—men and women who will actively promote culture, infect the people with a taste for higher reading, encourage them to appreciate native enterprises, and generally open wide the doors to literary ambition. The 'Royal Society of Canada' may do something to accomplish this end, but in so far as literature is concerned, we fear that it has tied its hands. At its first meeting, however, it may rectify this mistake, and wisely enlarge its basis. In any case, we shall be prepared candidly to judge it by its works. Should the project succeed, His Excellency will have done a signal service to literature and science in Canada, for which this Magazine, although, unlike his predecessor, he is among neither its subscribers nor its contributors, will not be slow to make acknowledgment.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Chambers' Etymological Dictionary of the English Language; edited by ANDREW FINDLATER, M.A., LL.D. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1882.

The work, of which the above is a new and thoroughly revised edition, is too well-known and appreciated to need any particular commendation at our hands. Considering its low price, there is no lexicon of the language that can compete with it, as a generally accurate and useful aid to the English student. The new edition is, in many respects, a great improvement on the previous one particularly in the advantage taken by the new editor of the researches of recent scholars, French and German, and of the 'new English School of Philolo-

gists, who,' as the editor says, 'have done so much during the last twenty years to promote the historic and scientific study of our own language.' The work, moreover, is much enhanced in value by the increased size of the type in which the new edition has been set, and by the large addition to the book of a multitude of new words, scientific terms, &c. Another improvement will be found in the words following a strictly alphabetical order, instead of being grouped under the stem or root-word, as was the case in previous editions. Considerable useful matter, in the shape of appendices, appears in the new edition, and adds bulk and value to the book.

A notable feature of this work, and one that is more characteristic of the admirable dictionary of the late Rev.

Jas. Stormonth, the lexicon, in the opinion of the writer, *par excellence*, of the language, is the compilation of the compound and other derived words and phrases, grouped under the parent word, throughout the lexicon. This feature is happily enlarged in the present edition, though it falls far short of Stormonth's work in the characteristic we have pointed out. To make our meaning intelligible, we will cite a few words from the present and earlier editions of Chambers' book and also from the new one of Stormonth's. To take the inflected and compound words under the word 'break,' for example, we have in both editions of Chambers' the following: breakage, breaker, break-fast, and breakwater. The additions to these in the new issue are the following: break cover, break down, break ground, break the ice, break a lance, break upon the wheel, break with, breaking in, and breakneck. The additional fulness of Stormonth's book will be seen at a glance, by our adding the derivatives supplied in the latter, in excess of those already quoted. These are some of them: breaking, broke, broken, to break up, to break forth, to break in, to break from, to break upon, to break through, to break off, to break loose, to break out, a break-up, to break the heart, break of day, and breakfasting—all of which are fully defined and the hyphen, where necessary, properly supplied. The matter of supplying the hyphen is, we notice, carelessly attended to in the new 'Chambers'; and to proof-readers, and accurate writers for the press, this grave omission will greatly detract from the value which they would otherwise place upon the work. The following which we alight upon at random, will illustrate this: by-law, by-name, and by-word, though appearing in former editions as we here give them, are all in the new book shorn of the hyphen. In the case of other words, the present edition is an improvement; gunboat, for instance, which in previous issues appears with the hyphen, is now correctly given without it. Under the word 'sea,' however, there is evidence of the same carelessness we have referred to, the following being written incorrectly without the hyphen,—a departure from the mode adopted in the older editions: sea-mark, sea-piece, sea-horse, sea-room, sea-salt, sea-shore, and sea-sick. That it is not intended to do

away with the hyphen entirely, its proper introduction into the words sea-anemone, sea-going, sea-level, and sea-serpent, attests. With like carelessness we have watercourse, watermark, water-mill, watershed, waterwheel and water-work—all without the hyphen, though, *with it*, we have water-carriage, water-colour, water-level, water-logged, water-parting, and water-power. We have also the introduction of the hyphen in the word 'wellbeing' where usage now leaves it out. Notwithstanding these errors the new edition of Chambers' is a most serviceable and in many respects admirable handbook of reference, which we have much pleasure in heartily recommending.

The Burgomaster's Wife. By GEORG EBERS. From the German by MARY J. SAFFORD. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: N. Ure & Co., 1882.

Georg Ebers is one of the best of the more recent German writers of fiction. Both in style, plot, and dialogue his novels are a decided improvement on any we have seen by his countrymen. Herr Ebers resides at Leipzig, the oldest centre of the German book-trade, but his mother was a Hollandaise, which partly accounts for his choice of the most glorious episode in the History of Holland, in this very charming historical tale, as also for a certain Dutch minuteness of description in which Herr Ebers reminds us of Charles Dickens. 'The Burgomaster's Wife' tells the story of the Siege of Leyden, which was to the Dutch War of Independence what the Siege of Derry was to the English Revolution of 1688. We are introduced to a series of interesting and vividly described pictures of family life in Leyden, in the early times before it was circled by the Spanish armies; and to the efforts of the heroic defenders of religious and civil liberty against the time-serving among their own countrymen. Then the siege with its many stirring episodes, the famine and the apparent hopelessness of aid from the patriots, the famous 'Beggars' of Holland. In the darkest hour succour comes, and the tale ends happily. It is carefully worked up in the historic and social details, and may be relied upon as a pleasant means of acquiring knowledge of one of the in-

teresting chapters of European History. It gives us pleasure to add that the tone of the book is essentially pure. The translator has done her work in a clear, readable English style. The volume is

of a convenient and attractive get up, and we wish success to the series of translations from Georg Ebers of which it forms a part.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair,
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie
deep
Over worn-out hands—O beautiful sleep.

The difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the claws at the end of paws, while the other has the pause at the end of clause.

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are not told what the evening wore on that particular occasion. Was it at the close of a summer's day?

The best men know they are very far from what they ought to be, and the very worst think that, if they were a little better, they would be as good as they need be.

Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places or Russians, or border ruffians.

A French writer remarks:—"If a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' take your hat.

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning and took for his text, "*Adam*, where art thou?" He made a very excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the afternoon Mr. Adam preached upon these words: "*Lo*, here am I." The impromptu and the sermon gained him the appointment.

A Sunday-school teacher read to his class that the Ethiopian eunuch went on his way rejoicing after Philip had talked with him, and then asked, "Why did he rejoice?" A boy answered, "Because Phillip was *done a-teachin' him*." It is too often that there is great rejoicing when the lesson is finished. Attending a lecture lately, the speaker was long, learned, but dreadfully tiresome. When he finished, there was loud applause. "Why, we asked, 'this loud applause?'" "Because he stopped there; he might have gone on longer."

A young composer has just written for a soprano voice a beautiful song entitled 'Would that I were young again!' It has been so much time wasted. A woman can't be found who'll sing it.

A brother rose in a weekly prayer meeting in New Jersey and said, "Brethren, when I consider the shortness of life, I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

Pat (to Sandy). 'Shure, now, Sandy, yer a good looking fellow, but your face spoils yez greatly. You've the foine open countenance, though.' Sandy: 'Ou aye, man, and ye hae the fine open countenance yersel', but it's below the nose.'

Laird: 'Donald I took particular notice of the road from Traig to Morar, and found it up-hill all the way; and I am now taking particular notice of the road from Morar to Traig, and I find it more up-hill than from Traig to Morar.' Donald: 'Aye, Laird, that's joost it.'

An old lady who does not believe in the co-education of the sexes was rejoiced the other day, to find that, although the boys and girls in a large seminary seemed to be playing some sort of a game together, the school authorities had wisely hung a long net between them.

SCENE—Drill ground of volunteers, Campbelltown. Celtic sergeant (calling the roll): 'Dugald M'Alpine?' Dugald (very loudly): 'Here!' Celtic sergeant: 'Yes, you said that last week, but who saw't you—you're always here if I tak your own word for it, but you cry "here" whether ye pe here or no—fery bad habit, sir.'

David Crockett used to say of the late Philip Home, with whom he was in Congress, that he was the 'perlitest' man he ever knew—"Cause why?" said the colonel 'he allus puts his bottle on the sideboard before he asks you to drink, and then turns his back so as not to see how much you take! This,' adds the colonel, 'is what I call "real perliteness."

Apropos of the 'Scotch Sermon' heresy case, a friend reminds us of the following lines of our national poet:—

'This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For heresy is in her power,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.'

A clergyman dwelt in a quiet, rural district, where laziness is apt to grow upon a man. One day his excellent spouse remarked to him at breakfast, 'Minister, there's a bit of butter on your neckcloth.' 'Weel, weel, Janet, my dear,' slowly responded the worthy pastor, 'when I get up, it'll fa' aff.'

An old lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in a certain church not very far from —, when a neighbour said: 'Why, that is a very old anthem. David sang it to Saul.' To this, the old lady replied, 'Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him.'

Gabe Snodgrass recently applied to the Rev. Aminidab Bledso, of the Blue Light Austin Tabernacle, for some pecuniary assistance. "I jess can't do it," replied Parson Bledso. "I has to s'port my pore ole mudder." "But yer pore ole mudder say you don't do nuffin' for her." "Well, den, ef I don't do nuffin' for my pore ole mudder, what's de use ob an outsider like you tryin' ter make me shell out?"

A MANY-TON(EOUS) PRECENTOR.—Young Deacon: 'Now, Elder, as our precentor is getting so frail, I think we had better have a choir. You can't imagine the grand and solemn effect of hearing the four parts sung together.' Auld Elder: 'Deacon! ye'll never profane the kirk wi' a band! An' gin we go to the tune o' £30 a year, surely we can hae a man frae the South wha can sing a' the four parts himsel!'

Superintendent Burns, of Chillicothe, thus disposes of the word 'boy' in a grammatical way: Boy is a noun, and singular; and it is very singular if a boy cannot find other boys. The word boy is said to be monosyllabic, the boy himself is polysyllabic,—very. The word boy is a primary word, the boy is a derivative. The word boy is found in the original, Emerson says a boy is "a quotation from all his ancestors." The boy's big sister about 8 o'clock in the evening finds him the objective case, and thinks he should be sent to bed. Speaking of the relations it might sustain and the ways it could be governed, he remarked that the boy himself was generally sustained by his relations, and seldom governed at all.