

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. 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 filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé 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 filmage 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
- 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
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
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 filmées.
- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- 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
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>									

THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. II.]

OCTOBER, 1876.

[No. 4.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER I.

SOTHERNE COURT.

A FAIR flat valley wherein a river winds and winds like a streak of light ; low rounded hills, purple with evening shadows, melting away into a yellow sky ; russet woods, wide meadows, cows waiting at the farm gates, waggons jogging wearily homeward through the lanes, and over all the golden hazy glow of an autumn sunset.

This is what Sotherne Court—red-gabled and many-windowed, standing aloft on the slope of the hills—looks down upon, whilst Juliet Blair, fair queen of the old house and of the many rich acres on every side of it, sits alone under the sycamore tree on the lawn.

She had thrown off her hat, and the slanting sunlight flickered through the drooping branches over the small dark head and among the rich laces and draperies of her dress. Here and there a yellow leaf had fluttered down upon her from the tree above. A little shower of rose leaves lay at her feet, and a sleepy bumble bee kept on buzzing backwards and forwards in front of her.

She had neither work nor book ; her slight hands were clasped together idly upon her

knee, and her face was turned towards the fast sinking sun across the valley below.

It needed not the warm glow of the sunshine to set that face alight.

The small mobile features, the rich curves of the sensitive mouth, the dark passionate eyes inherited from the young Spanish mother who has lain for years in the churchyard below, all speak of an ardent and impulsive nature ; a nature that is intense in its capabilities of loving and suffering, yet with that strange mixture of weakness and recklessness that is so often the fatal curse of an impetuous character.

Miss Blair, of Sotherne Court, is by no means an unimportant personage in her native county. For years she had been the idol of a doting father, who, after the unhappy death of his young wife in the first year of their marriage, had centred every hope and thought in the child whose birth had cost its mother her life.

Miss Blair—she had never even in her baby days been called anything else—was in her father's eyes a person of the greatest importance ; everything was done with a view to her comfort and in accordance with her wishes. From the time she could speak her own mind—and it was pretty early in life that she learned to do so—Mr. Blair

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

would never so much as cut down a tree on the estate without consulting his little daughter. And even when, with that fatality which seems sometimes to take possession of old gentlemen, he suddenly brought home a second wife when he was nearly sixty—a person most unsuited to him in every way—he lost no time in making Mrs. Blair number two understand that she was to be but nominal mistress in the house that was eventually to belong to his young daughter.

Mrs. Blair sat for two years at the head of her husband's table, and then the old man died, and the day after the funeral Juliet, who at seventeen was fully conscious of her new dignities, sailed up to the post of honour at the dinner table, and motioned to the step-mother to take the place at the side which she had hitherto occupied herself; a position which Mrs. Blair was far too wise a woman to dispute.

For Juliet was now mistress where she had been but daughter. The house and all the broad lands were hers, and the widow was left with only a modest jointure, to which Juliet at once, in accordance with her father's wishes, added the request that she would make her home at Sotherne Court as long as it should suit them both to live together.

Mrs. Blair accepted the offer, as she herself would have said, "in a right spirit." People said it was an unjust will and hard upon her; but, if she thought so herself, she never said so, nor gave Juliet for a moment to understand that she was otherwise than perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

A guardian and trustee had been appointed to the young heiress—a certain Colonel Fleming, the son of an old college friend of Mr. Blair's, who held a military appointment at Bombay, where he had been for many years. When Mr. Blair died it was not considered necessary for Colonel Fleming to come home. A great many letters passed between him and Mr. Bruce, the family solicitor; sundry papers and documents were sent out to him, which he duly signed and returned; and he wrote two letters to his young ward, whom he had not seen since she was five years old.

After that, Juliet heard nothing more of her guardian for several years, and privately hoped she might not in any way be troubled with him. But when she was twenty-one there were sundry alterations in rents, and

transfers of leases, an accumulation of voluminous accounts, and so much business of different kinds to be gone through, that Mr. Bruce deemed it advisable to have the advice and presence of Miss Blair's guardian. He therefore wrote to Bombay and urged him to come home.

Colonel Fleming thought Miss Blair and the Sotherne estates an intolerable nuisance. He had lived in India for so many years that he had lost his interest in England, and he had no particular desire to come home. It had always been a puzzle to him why Mr. Blair, who had been very kind to him many years ago, when he was quite a young fellow just joining his regiment, should have chosen him, of all people, to be his daughter's guardian. As long as it entailed no trouble he did not so much object to it; but when it came to going home to look after all these things which he hardly understood—why, it was a nuisance, no doubt.

Still, if Mr. Bruce considered it essential, of course it must be done.

Mr. Bruce did consider it essential, and Colonel Fleming came home.

Colonel Fleming has now been at Sotherne Court a week, and for several hours in the day he and Mr. Bruce, who is also staying in the house, are closeted together over the accounts; after which the keeper is sent in with Miss Blair's compliments to ask whether they would like to shoot, and the two gentlemen go off together after the pheasants.

Perhaps it is the good shooting, or the quiet and peace of the country, or the luxurious ease of the comfortable old house, or perhaps it is all these things together and something more; but Colonel Fleming is inexpressibly charmed and soothed by the life at Sotherne Court, and he begins to hope these accounts and papers which he dreaded so much at first may last for many days longer. Juliet, from her seat under the walnut tree, catches sight of the sportsmen as they come wandering homewards: she puts on her hat and goes to meet them coming up the hill.

Hugh Fleming thinks he never saw a sweeter type of womanhood than this girl who is his ward, and yet almost a stranger to him. Juliet is in black, a rich heavy silk deeply trimmed with lace (she never wears any but the handsomest dresses), a white shady straw hat over her eyes, and a knot of scarlet geraniums in the front of her dress;

and she comes towards him with a little timid smile that somehow cannot be usual to the imperious Miss Blair.

In after years, he often thought of her as he saw her that evening.

"Have you had good sport?"

She looked at her guardian; but little Mr. Bruce, fat and fussy, with his face very red from his walk, and his hat pushed far off his bald head, answered her.

"Capital, my dear, capital. Bigley Wood is as good covert as ever; and I can tell you, Miss Blair, you have got a guardian who is a first-rate shot!"

"I am afraid I am wasting my time dreadfully, Juliet," says Colonel Fleming, turning to his ward. He called her Juliet from the first in his letters, and he cannot drop it now. "I have done no work to-day to speak of."

"The more time you waste at Sotherne the better I shall be pleased, Colonel Fleming," answered Juliet with her little gracious-hothead manner. "Besides, in such lovely weather it would be a sin to be indoors. We shall not get many more such summer days in October."

"No, indeed;" and then they saunter homewards together, the two men one on each side of her.

Mr. Bruce begins chattering about the people at the farm—Joe Biggs, who has set up a public in the village; Mary Hale, who wants to be infant schoolmistress—and a hundred other little local topics which he and Juliet have had in common for years, and which Miss Blair, as Lady Bountiful of the parish, is bound to be consulted about.

And Colonel Fleming walks on beside her in silence. He is a tall slight man, with a soldierly upright figure that makes him look younger than he is; there are deep lines scored upon his face, and silver streaks in his dark hair and moustache; and he is tanned, and bronzed, and weather-beaten by the Eastern skies. He is by no means a handsome man, and yet the strongly marked features have a charm of their own that almost gives the effect of beauty.

Juliet keeps covertly glancing up at him from beneath her dark lashes, but, if he sees her, he does not seem to do so; his eyes are fixed on the house in front of them.

Juliet, imperious little queen, accustomed to have everything her own way, and tired, perhaps, of good Mr. Bruce and his voluble stories, gets impatient.

"You are very silent, my guardian; what are you thinking of?"

"Of you, my ward," answers Hugh, turning to her with one of those sudden smiles that are so fascinating on a grave, stern face.

"Of me!" she cries, flushing up with pleasure.

"Yes, of you, Juliet, as you were years ago when I was last at Sotherne, a little dancing, bright-eyed child, clinging on to your father's hand; an impetuous, self-willed little monkey you were, I remember. I was wondering if you were much altered now—now that I find you a tall stately young woman with ever so many lovers."

"You will find me pretty self-willed still, especially about the lovers!" said Juliet, laughing.

"Ah! I have no doubt."

And Juliet blushes rather prettily; she could hardly have told why.

And so they come to the house.

"How is your step-mother's headache?" asks Colonel Fleming, as he makes way for Juliet at the doorway.

"Oh! she won't appear again to-day," answers the girl, carelessly.

"She seems a great invalid."

"Oh, dreadful!" says Juliet, with a little sneer that her guardian thinks unbecoming.

Mrs. Blair does not appear at dinner-time, so the three dine and spend the evening alone; a quiet, peaceful evening. Old Mr. Bruce gets drowsy after the good cookery and the excellent wine, and dozes in his arm-chair; Juliet, at her piano, crones over all sorts of dreamy old songs to herself one after the other; and Colonel Fleming sits bolt upright under the reading-lamp at the centre table, with a volume of Napier's "Peninsular War" in his hand.

It is a book which he professes to admire immensely; but if any one had taken the trouble to watch him narrowly this evening, it might have been seen that during a whole hour he has turned over only one page, and that his eyes were fixed over the top of the book on to the fire beyond.

Now and then, as some familiar old strain comes from the singer behind him, a sort of spasm of pain fleets rapidly across his stern features; but for that you might imagine his thoughts to be far away.

"When thou art near me sorrow seems to fly;
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells no one so blest as I!"

But, when thou leav'st me, doubts and fears arise,
And darkness comes where all before was light.
The sunshine of my life is in those eyes,
And, when they leave me, all within is night"—

sings Juliet with her rich contralto voice, trembling with a tenderness and passion of which she herself is hardly conscious.

"Sing that again," says Colonel Fleming, as the last notes died away.

"Do you like it? I did not know you were listening: it is one of my pets."

And once more the sweet old song rings through the silent room.

But she is conscious of an audience this time, and does not sing it quite so well.

He does not interrupt her again.

Old days, old scenes, conjured up by the quaintly sweet song, are coursing rapidly through his brain. He sees once more through the midst of years a rose-covered cottage near a wood, an open window, himself a happy penniless lieutenant, leaning outside against the window-sash, listening to a sweet voice that sings over again,

"The sunshine of my life is in those eyes,
And, when they leave me, all within is night."

And then, from the gloom towards him, advances a girl with blonde head and blue eyes; who stretches out her hands to him for one moment—one moment and she is gone; and he sees only a face; the same face, but cold, and white, and impassive, as he saw her last—ah! God, in her coffin!

"Oh! my darling, my lost darling," he murmurs below his breath.

And meanwhile Juliet at the piano is singing a joyful song about hope, and new life, and love that never dies.

She is nothing to him, this dark-eyed girl with her passionate voice; it is but a fictitious tie that has bound them together. He knows her not; she has no part in his life or his past; she does not even remind him in the faintest degree of that other who has gone, and whose memory is dearer to him than the sight of all other women; and yet there is something in this imperious girl who is haughty to all others, and who yet can be humble with him,—who is a queen and yet a child,—that attracts him wonderfully.

Colonel Fleming throws Napier's "Peninsular War" impatiently aside, and walks across the room to the back of her chair.

"You have given me a great deal of pleasure by your singing, Juliet; a great deal of pleasure, and a great deal of pain."

"Pain?" she asks, looking at him inquiringly; "I am sorry for that; but if the pleasure has been greater than the pain—"

"I don't say that: the pleasure was pain. The two are often so mixed up as to be indistinguishable. You are perhaps too young to know this."

"No, indeed, I understand you perfectly. Was it my singing that pained you?"

"It recalled the past," he answered almost sternly.

She looked at him a little curiously. What was his past? she wondered.

"It is that old song; I am very sorry; I will never sing it again."

"Don't say that, my dear child. I told you the pain was pleasant; and I dare say I shall often ask you for it." He laid his hand lightly on hers as she spoke, in a manner that was almost fatherly. Juliet hardly seemed to appreciate it; she rose and began putting away her music.

"If you will excuse me for saying so, I cannot help thinking that there is something morbid and unreal in trying to foster and cherish the memory of any sorrow that is long ago gone by. Is it not a proof that the trouble is a trouble no longer if we have to make a perpetual effort of conscience to keep it alive?"

She could not tell what made her say this, not kindly nor gently, but rather bitterly and hardly. Colonel Fleming looked at her for an instant in astonishment, and then said somewhat coldly,

"If you were older you would perhaps understand better how some things in one's life are so part of one's self, that no effort is required either to forget or to remember them. I trust, my dear Juliet, that you may never find out this by experience."

And then he turned away and took up his "Peninsular War" again.

But afterwards, in the night, he lay awake long and thought much of her words. They had cut him like a knife when she had spoken them, but, after all, was she not perhaps right?

Was the memory of that dead girl indeed a living sorrow to him, or had the sorrowing for her become a habit, or almost, as Juliet had said, an effort of conscience?

Colonel Fleming found that he could give no satisfactory answer to these questions.

Meanwhile Juliet had gone to bed in a great fit of indignation against herself. Why had she spoken so to him? Why had she shocked and startled him with her unkind and heartless words? What had possessed her?

She could not say. Only she knew that she felt a blind unreasoning hatred against that "past" of which he had spoken so regretfully and yet so tenderly—a woman of course! What past can a man have in a woman's eyes that is not connected with her own sex?

But how foolish of her to imagine that her guardian, Colonel Fleming, old enough nearly to be her father, had had no such past—no woman to love or to deceive him in all the years he had lived!

And after all, what could it matter to her—Juliet Blair—whether this were so or not? She asked herself this last question several times over, and ended by answering it to herself very definitely before she went to sleep. Decidedly no; it did not matter to her in the least!

CHAPTER II.

MRS. BLAIR'S FIRST MOVE.

THE following morning found Colonel Fleming to all appearance hard at work in the library. The table was covered with papers and books—big parchment deeds, account books of all sizes and kinds, letters, and note books full of pencil memoranda; and in front of them all sat Miss Blair's guardian, with his forehead leaning on one hand and a pen in the other.

Mr. Bruce had set him his task, and left him, if the truth must be told, to slink away, and read the morning papers.

"It is quite necessary that you should understand the nature of all these things, my dear sir," he had said: "if you will kindly read these deeds very carefully through, and go over the Holmby farm accounts, I will look in upon you by-and-by and see how you are getting on. I should only bewilder you if I were to stay with you now, and it is perfectly simple, my dear sir—perfectly simple, I assure you." And with that Mr. Bruce had retired to the breakfast room with the

Times under his arm, chuckling inwardly at the prospect of a good hour's quiet read before he need in any way disturb the labours of the much-bewildered Colonel.

The library windows opened on to the rose garden, and there among the late autumn roses, with a basket and a pair of big scissors, wandered Juliet, cutting a few flowers, and clipping off a dead leaf or a drooping branch here and there; not doing much good thereby, and considerably disturbing the peace of mind of the head gardener, who hovered about in the distance eyeing her suspiciously.

A pretty graceful figure in perpetual motion, passing and re-passing continually before the library windows;—what a fatal distraction for a man with sheets of dry accounts spread out before him, for which the beauty of the morning alone made him feel sufficiently disinclined!

To do Miss Blair justice, she was quite unconscious of being watched. The writing table in the library was not close to the windows, and there were muslin draperies in front of them, which made it difficult to see plainly into the room from the sunshine outside, even if it had occurred to her to look that way, which it did not.

Juliet knew that she was handsome, but I doubt if she often thought about it. It was not as a beauty that she estimated herself. She had plenty of self-esteem, but it was as Miss Blair, the owner of Sotherne, whose position gave her a right to a voice in everything that concerned her native county, who indeed had a right to vote—she often said indignantly—as much right as Squire Travers and Sir George Ellison, her neighbours on either side! If Juliet valued herself at all, it was in this light, and not at all on account of her beauty.

Moreover, Juliet was singularly simple-minded. She fitted about among her roses because she wanted some flowers for her drawing-room, and enjoyed cutting them herself, without a passing thought of what sort of a picture it was she made, as she moved to and fro before the windows.

Meanwhile Colonel Fleming was looking at her intently. How graceful she was! How beautiful! And what a fine character was traced on that open fearless face! How wonderfully she interested him! Was it not certainly his duty as her guardian to study her character and learn to understand

and know her thoroughly? Of course she was nothing to him personally; a mere child, albeit a most charming one. She had not the sweet gentleness of that other woman who was the love of his life, and who was dead; but after all that did not matter to him, for of course she was nothing, never could be anything to him of that kind: all that sort of thing was over and done with for him for ever. He was her guardian; simply and solely her guardian, and she his ward, his child almost. And surely it was most proper and most right that he should try and win her affection and confidence, in order that he might obtain that influence over her which her poor father would certainly have wished him to exercise.

Just at this point of his reflections there came shambling across the lawn towards Miss Blair a tall, loosely built young fellow about three-and-twenty. He had fair, straight hair, and blue eyes, in one of which was stuck an eye-glass, and a pale but not bad-looking face, with fairly good features set in a little straw-coloured frame of young whiskers.

He came and stood behind Juliet as she bent over her rose bushes, looking very nervous and shy, and didn't seem to know quite what to do with his arms and legs.

"Hallo, Cis!" she said, turning round suddenly upon him; "I didn't see you. How are you?" And she put out two fingers to him.

Cecil Travers took the fingers, pressed them adoringly between both his hands, and bent over them in speechless worship.

"Home for your holidays, Cis?" said Juliet, unconcernedly snipping off a rose with her disengaged hand, and not looking at him as she spoke.

"Holidays! You mean vacation!" answered the youth rather indignantly; "why, what are you thinking of, Juliet? Don't you know that I have left Oxford for good now? I have been in Scotland shooting lately," he added rather grandly.

"Oh, ah! yes, I forgot," said Juliet, coolly going on with her snipping and clipping.

He stood by her for a minute or two in silence, watching her.

"Have you nothing to say to me at all, Juliet? Here have I been away two months, and I thought you would be glad to see me back, and you don't speak to me—you don't even look at me!"

"I am very sorry, Cis; I am sure I don't mean to be unkind to you; what shall I say to you? I hope you have enjoyed yourself. How is your father? and have you brought any message from Georgie? and—why, Cis!" turning upon him and looking at him for the first time full in the face, "why, *how* your whiskers have grown!"

Now, if there is anything a young man of three-and-twenty, who has left college and considers himself in every way a man, hates, loathes, and detests, it is to have remarks made upon his improved looks, height, or hirsute adornments, especially when, as in this case, the remark is made laughingly by the object of his affections, whom he worships and adores, and to whom he has been in the habit of writing the most passionate and despairing love sonnets, sitting up late every night composing them for the last two years, and then burning them in the candle before getting into bed.

Juliet, fair object of all my hopes and fears,
For whom I nightly shed these bitter tears,
Low bowed beneath thy feet I lie,
Smile once upon me, or I die—

ran the last of these productions. Luckily, Juliet had never seen any of them, or how she would have laughed!

And now this divinity for whom he said he shed tears nightly, and under whose feet he was supposed to be stretched at full length occasionally, looked at him with those great deep eyes of hers, which in another epic poem he had compared to the stars of heaven, and told him deliberately that his whiskers had grown!

"If you can't find anything better than that to say, I'd better go," he said, turning away with a very red face.

"My dear Cis, don't be so silly;" and she held out her hand to him, which, of course, he seized upon, and came back close to her at once.

"If you won't stare at me in that lackadaisical way, I shall have plenty to say to you, and of course I am delighted to see you back. Here! hold my basket for me, and then I can go on with my roses and talk at the same time. Now, let me see; what news have I? Oh, you know my guardian is here?"

"So I heard. What a nuisance!" said Cis, quite restored to felicity, and following her about with the basket in both hands.

"Not at all," said Miss Blair, with dignity; "I like Colonel Fleming very much."

"You didn't think you would before he came, and I suppose he is a stupid, dried-up old fogey."

"Nothing of the sort," answered Juliet sharply, with an indignant flush on her face,—she could have hardly told why. "Colonel Fleming is a most charming man, and I won't hear him spoken of disrespectfully; and, Cis, if you can find nothing to say but what is rude and disagreeable—Here! give me the basket."

"Oh, Juliet, Juliet! don't be angry with me; don't take the basket away; I'll say anything you like;" and between them the basket rolled to the ground, spreading the roses about on the lawn. Cis took the opportunity of catching hold of Juliet's hand and pressing it eagerly, whilst she burst out laughing at his agitated and piteous countenance.

And Colonel Fleming, inside the library, leant both elbows on the table and looked on frowning. "Confound that impudent puppy!" he muttered. He could not hear their voices, but the acting of the little scene was pretty plain to him.

The young fellow's adoring looks, the way he bent over her hand, the half-quarrel, the reconciliation, and then the scuffle over the basket, and Juliet's merry laughter—it was all such a natural little love scene to be enacted between two young people on a sunny morning among the rose bushes.

"Ah, I see you are looking at them. Don't they make a pretty picture together?" said a soft suave voice behind his chair.

Colonel Fleming jumped up hurriedly. Behind him stood a lady in the most becoming of lilac cashmere morning gowns, softened by rich Valenciennes lace at the throat and wrists. She leant one elbow on the top of his arm-chair and held up a gold eye-glass, through which she looked admiringly at the young people outside in the garden.

She might have been eight or nine and thirty, and had evidently been, indeed she still was, a very pretty woman. Her hair, fair and soft, if a little thin, was billowed up into numberless curls and puffs above her smooth white forehead, and surmounted by the tiniest and daintiest Valenciennes lace cap. Her complexion was of that indescribably delicate transparency which sug-

gests irresistibly the presence of rose powder and veloutine; her eyes, blue and large, although a little cold and hard, were traced round their lids with a dark line which surely nature alone could never have drawn there; and her lips were of that brilliant coral hue which no young blood of twenty ever gave; in a word, we all know the sort of woman—a beautiful make-up—the details were revolting, but the whole effect was enchanting.

"Such a pretty picture!" said this lady, again referring to the couple in the garden, who by this time had moved off nearly out of sight.

"Mrs. Blair! good morning. I hope your headache is better to-day," said Colonel Fleming, as he jumped up with a start that was almost guilty.

"A little better, thanks," she answered, with a resigned sigh, sinking down into a low arm-chair. "I am a sad sufferer, you know; the circumstances of my life have quite shattered my health—quite shattered!" she repeated, with a wan, melancholy smile.

"Indeed, I am very sorry you should have such bad health," answered he, not knowing quite what form of sympathy was expected of him.

"However—ah, well! I don't wish to speak of myself, Colonel Fleming; I never think of myself, as you well know. It was of that dear child we were speaking—*our* child, I might almost call her, might I not?" and here Mrs. Blair looked up at him with a smile that was almost seraphic.

The Colonel bowed stiffly. It was but a few minutes ago that in his own thoughts he had called Juliet his child, and felt quite fatherly towards her; but that was before the appearance of that lovesick-looking youth; and, moreover, the notion of a joint property in her with Mrs. Blair was not altogether agreeable to him.

"You see how it all is with our dear child, don't you, Colonel Fleming?" continued Mrs. Blair.

"Indeed, I hardly know what you refer to."

"Aha! sly man!" said the lady, tapping him sportively with her fan. "Ah, you gentlemen always pretend to be so impassive in matters of love. Now, love is my atmosphere, my life! I worship a love affair. To see two young hearts drawn together in pure

confiding affection, is a sight to make angels weep with joy!" and here Mrs Blair, to show her sympathy with the angels, applied the corner of her lace pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, looking furtively at it afterwards to make sure that she had not rubbed off any of the bismuth.

Colonel Fleming pushed his hand into his trousers' pockets, stared at his own feet, lifted his eyebrows, and said, "Ah yes; very true!" with the air of one who expects shortly to be hanged, after the manner of men in such embarrassing circumstances.

"So sure you would agree with me," murmured the widow with a sigh. "You will feel, I am sure, what a comfort it must be to see everything going on so well with my darling Juliet and dear Cecil Travers—so suitable in every way; in position, in fortune, in mind, and in age, Colonel Fleming?" and here she glanced up at him with a little cunning in her cold blue eyes.

"Certainly, Mrs. Blair; but you yourself—"

"Ah, don't speak of my unhappy life! pray spare me allusions to my widowed state. It is because, alas! I felt the discrepancy myself; because, because—" Here a gentle fit of sobs interrupted her, and she retired again behind her handkerchief.

"My dear Mrs. Blair," remonstrated Hugh Fleming, feeling more and more ill at ease, "I am sure I am quite distressed to have recalled anything painful; pray, forgive me."

"Say no more, dear friend," said the lady, holding out a white hand towards him, which common politeness forced him to hold for a moment in his own. "Say no more; I know your good heart, I can appreciate the delicacy of your sentiments: but to return to our beloved girl. Is it not a comfort to think that a husband is already found for her; one who is so suitable to her, so desirable in every way, and so devoted to her, so devoted to her?"

"Am I to understand, Mrs. Blair, that your step-daughter is engaged to this Mr.—Mr. Travers?" said Colonel Fleming, with a cold stiffness which he in vain attempted to conceal.

Again Mrs. Blair looked up at him with a quick sly glance of curiosity.

"Well, not engaged exactly," she resumed, looking down again and smoothing out the soft folds of her dress. "I suppose to say engaged would perhaps be rather pre-

mature; but the dear children understand each other thoroughly. Cecil is most eager, dear fellow, but Juliet is a little coy and uncertain as yet. Of course, girls are always timid in such cases, as I was myself, I well remember!" with a little sigh over the recollection.

"Ah, then, Juliet is not quite so devoted as the young man!" said Hugh, with a little smile.

"Now, now, Colonel, you mustn't be hard on the dear child. No lack of tenderness and heart *there*, I can assure you. But girls ought to hang back a little, and it has been so long planned and arranged for her—her dear father was so anxious, and settled it long ago with old Mr. Travers—and he spoke of it on his deathbed, he did indeed, almost with his dying breath; and the properties adjoining and all made it so very important—and Mr. Bruce and I, of course, have always felt it our duty to place it before her, and we do *hope*, Colonel Fleming, that we may count upon your support and influence in this matter, as you know she must have your consent before she marries. I do hope you will not let any little dislike you may feel to the scheme stand in the way of her dear father's last wishes."

"I, my dear madam! what can you be thinking of? I have no dislike whatever to any scheme for Miss Blair's happiness; my only wish is to do what is best and most desirable for her; what other object could I possibly have?"

"Thanks, thanks, dear friend," murmured Mrs. Blair, again putting forth her hand, which Colonel Fleming was again obliged to take; it was a very pretty hand, as he could not help noticing as he bowed over it. Poor woman, she seemed very devoted to Juliet's interests, and if she was a little affected and gushing, why was it not a sweet feminine failing? And then she was a pretty woman still, in spite of the pearl powder and rouge, a very pretty woman; a graceful figure too, he further reflected. And so he did not feel very hard-hearted towards her, although she had managed to worry him considerably about Juliet. After all, said Hugh Fleming to himself impatiently, what did it matter to him as long as the boy was steady, and fond of her, and a suitable match, as no doubt he was? That was all he, Colonel Fleming, had to

do with it. She might possibly be worthy of better things, but then women are always fond of throwing themselves away. Nine out of ten clever women are fools in that one matter alone—the matter of the men they marry. If Juliet had set her heart on this lanky youth, and her father had wished it, and her step-mother and Mr. Bruce were also in favour of it—why, there seemed nothing more left for him to do but to set the bells a-ringing and give her away with a smiling face. And then one comfort of it would be that his guardianship would be over, and he would go back again to India, and wash his hands of the whole business for ever. Yes, it was much the best thing for everybody concerned, and would simplify matters very much for himself.

And then he roused himself with a half impatient sigh to listen to Mrs. Blair, who was still going over the many advantages of the match.

"He has known her all her life, you know, and so thoroughly understands and appreciates the dear girl; and, being the only son, of course he comes into whatever money there will be as well as the property. The daughters have their mother's fortune. Nice clever girls the Miss Travers are, and so fond of darling Juliet—they make quite a sister of her already; indeed, the whole family are ready to welcome her with open arms. I am so glad to have had this talk with you, Colonel Fleming, and to have secured your sympathy in the matter. I felt so *sure* that your admirable good sense would make you take the same view of the subject as I do; though I fear you don't care so much for the *sentiment* of love as I do; you naughty, heartless, matter-of-fact man!" and here Mrs. Blair again brought her fan playfully into action.

"I certainly am not given much to thinking about love affairs, if that is what you mean, Mrs. Blair," said Colonel Fleming, good-temperedly. "The position of a father to a full-grown young woman is a new one to me."

"Ah, yes; and you so *thoroughly* put yourself into the place of her dear father, don't you, Colonel Fleming? So *nice* of you!" and again went that covert glance up at him from those sharp-looking eyes. This time Colonel Fleming caught the look, and it set him thinking.

Had this pretty *passée* beauty, with her

silly gushing affection and her civil speeches to himself, any double meaning in all that she was saying? Was she cloaking a secret enmity under the guise of friendship and frankness? or, gracious heavens! had she read him better even than he could read himself?

And through all the tanned bronze of his weather-beaten face Colonel Hugh Fleming turned red at the bare idea of what she might have seen, or might have fancied that she had seen, of his innermost thoughts.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAVERS FAMILY.

RATHER more than three miles distant from Sotherne Court stands Bradley House, the residence of Mr., Mrs., Master, and the Misses Travers. It is a long, low, irregular white building, with no architectural beauty, and in a very dilapidated condition indeed. The mouldy plaster is peeling off the walls in many places, the window-sashes and door-frames have been guiltless of paint for years, the garden is weed-grown and uncared for, and chickens and dogs wander alike unrebuked over the once trim Italian parterre in front of the drawing-room windows. In a word, the general appearance of the house is poverty-stricken and neglected. And yet Squire Travers is not at all a poor man; he has a good moderate fortune derived from a small but compact property, which if it does not show quite the same high standard of model farming as do the adjoining acres of his wealthier neighbour, Miss Blair, is still fairly cared for and productive. Moreover, his wife has a few thousands of her own, quite enough to portion off his unmarried daughters comfortably. There is no reasonable cause why the plaster and paint should be dropping off the outside of the house unheeded and unrepaired, nor why the Turkey carpet in the dining-room should be threadbare and the stairs carpetless, nor why the whole of the antiquated mahogany furniture should be dropping to pieces unattended all over the house.

No *reasonable* cause I have said—no; but there was a cause, and many people, including Mrs. Travers herself, and also her son

Cecil, and her daughter Mary, considered the cause a very unreasonable one indeed.

For Squire Travers kept the hounds, and for a man of small property and moderate means to divert those moneys which should by rights have been spent on the paperer, the painter, the upholsterer, and the cabinet-maker, upon hounds and horses, huntsmen and whip's wages, and compensation to farmers, was felt by sundry members of his family to be a grievance indeed. But old Thomas Travers had kept the hounds for years, as his father had done before him, and he often said he would starve himself and his family on bread and water sooner than give them up.

If you will go round to the stables at the back of the house you will see a very different state of things. There in the red-tiled courtyard, kept as clean and neat as the deck of a yacht, numerous grooms and stable-boys are bustling backwards and forwards in and out of the long rows of stalls and loose boxes which take up two sides of the square; no lack of paint and plaster here! The stalls are light and airy, the woodwork is polished till it glitters, the horses are sleek and shiny, and in good condition; all is life, and brisk business, and order; and Mr. Davis, the stud groom, swaggers about superintending everything and everybody, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, a straw in his mouth, and a villanous-looking but perfectly bred bulldog at his heels—"for all the world like a dook!" as says an admiring under-housemaid, who worships him adoringly at a distance.

If I were to take you on to the kennels, a mile and a half off, you would see the same story; buildings in first-rate repair, with all the most modern improvements carried out to perfection. The stables, the huntsman's house, the kennels themselves, everything in apple-pie order; and meanwhile the Squire's wife catches her foot in that hole in the carpet every time she goes into her bedroom.

The decorations of the entrance hall indicate sufficiently well the predominating influence in the household. Hunting crops, spurs, bits, fox brushes, heads, and pads, arranged in artistic patterns, literally line the walls, while a glimpse through the open door of the Squire's study reveals the same style of ornament relieved by hunting and sporting pictures all over the walls of that

most cosy-looking apartment—for there is no such room for comfort and ease and luxury in any house, large or small, as the master's "den." Here resort all the members of the family when they desire a little peace and enjoyment; when they want to fly from the practising of Maria's scales and Czerny's exercises on the drawing-room piano, or from the squalls and shouts of the children's games along the passages on a wet day, or from the stiff decorum of the lady visitors in the morning room. Here are comfortable chairs on which, unreproved, you may repose your feet if you feel so disposed, even if your boots are heavy or bespattered with mud; here you may smoke your pipe or drink your brandy and soda, resting your pipe as you do so on the carpet at your feet with no dread of rebuke before your eyes; here you may snooze away a Sunday afternoon over the last new novel or the "Sporting Gazette," perfectly safe from the inroads of the Reverend Snuffles, who, even if he chance to visit the house during the afternoon, is not likely to venture into the inner sanctum and to catch you at it.

Squire Travers's "study" was a haven of rest after this sort. Many a long hour had he and his eldest daughter, Georgie, spent together in this cosy retreat, whilst the other members of the family were employed in other and more homely avocations; the Squire dozing over his pipe, and Georgie writing letters in her father's name to the farmers, or settling in her own mind all about next month's meets, or often merely conning over the ordnance map, and going over again in imagination some famous run of last season.

For Georgie Travers was her father's own daughter. A slight, wiry-looking little creature, with a blonde head and small baby features; she had, nevertheless, a perfect seat on a horse, a wrist as strong as a man's, and the most indomitable pluck and nerve of any lover of hunting who followed her father's hounds. And keen! Why, there are no words to describe Georgie's keenness in the noble sport. Wind or rain, early or late, nothing stopped her; she was often out and away on winter mornings long before her mother opened her eyes to her wearisome life, or her sister Mary had turned round shivering in her bed to ring for her cup of tea.

Near or far, wet or fine, no meet was ever

without Georgie Travers's slight figure, well balanced on her lean thorough-bred chestnut, or on one of her father's big blood-looking bays, being seen close to the Squire's side when the hounds threw off.

Georgie is her father's secretary and right hand, much to her mother's disapprobation, who thinks her whole conduct unfeminine and indecorous, and often suggests that she should superintend her young sister's practising.

"Let her alone," growls the Squire; "let her alone, ma'am. I want the girl myself;" and so Mrs. Travers is silent, and Georgie takes up her abode in her father's study as a matter of course.

The father and daughter are there now very busy together. The Squire is in top-boots and breeches; winter and summer alike, he is always attired in these symbols of his profession, from morning until dinner time, Sundays excepted, when he dons a frock-coat and sombre-looking trousers, in which his burly form looks sadly out of place.

He sits leaning upon the table with both arms, and dictating to his daughter, who is scribbling away for bare life. Cub-hunting begins next week, ushering in the more solemn rites of November, and pretty well every farmer in the county has to be written to. Georgie has a beagle pup secreted on her lap under the table, which she keeps furtively stroking with her left hand, whilst a superannuated hound, blind with one eye and otherwise considered past his work, and so delivered over unto her as a pet, lies close to her feet on the folds of her dress.

"And I propose drawing the Colebrook woods at six o'clock on Monday morning"—reads Georgie aloud after her father's dictation—"and should be glad to know if you have many foxes in your covers," continues the Squire.

"Why, not one, papa; you know there's not one! I believe that old Briggs has trapped them all the summer," cries Georgie excitedly.

"Shouldn't wonder—surly old brute—but we must write civilly all the same; he knows very well what to expect if he has trapped them, that's all. Make haste and sign it; that's the last. Why do you keep that pup on your lap, child? It is covered with fleas—puppies always are. What a girl you are!" adds the father admiringly, as

Georgie stands up and hugs the puppy, perfectly regardless of its reputed inhabitants.

"You ought to have been a boy; can't make out why you weren't. Ah, well!" with half a sigh, "go and find that big milksop brother of yours, my girl; I must give him a dressing now, I suppose!"

Georgie lingers a minute putting away her writing-case.

"Don't be hard on poor Cis, papa; you know he isn't strong."

"Not strong? Pooh, fiddlesticks! What business has a great big fellow six foot high to be ailing like a girl? I've no patience with such nonsense. D'ye ever hear *me* say I'm not strong? d'ye ever find *me* not able to be up and after the hounds at six o'clock in the morning? d'ye ever hear *me* say I've got a headache or a pain in my chest or my back? and I'm sixty and your brother's twenty-three! All d— nonsense I say," said the Squire, working himself into a rage; "it's all your mother's molly-coddling has done it, I say; and a precious muff she's made of him. A son of mine who can't ride to hounds—ugh!" and the supreme contempt and disgust expressed in the final ejaculation made Georgie laugh in spite of her sympathy with her brother.

Mr. Travers, like many people blessed themselves with robust health and a strong constitution, regarded delicate people with the utmost contempt. It was almost a sin in his eyes not to be able to walk and ride like an athlete. It was a perpetual sore to him that his only son should be weak and unequal to physical exertion; he could not understand it, nor, indeed, believe in it at all, and nothing would persuade him that Cecil was not in a great measure shamming.

He was never tired, he said; *he* was never ill. If he did feel a little squeamish in the morning, why, a pint of home-brewed ale and a good gallop across the fields put him all straight in half an hour! And then, when Cecil shook his head and doubted whether such remedies would have the smallest effect in his case, his father lost his temper and turned round and swore at him for a coward and a fool.

Good-hearted little Georgie took her brother's part and tried to shield him from the Squire's wrath; but she was not free herself from a certain amount of pitying contempt, born of a perfectly strong body and a

healthy appetite, for the delicate indolence of her brother. Like the Squire, she thought Providence had made a mistake, and that she ought to have been the son and Cis the daughter.

She went away to find her brother, with the puppy still in her arms, and Chanticleer, the one-eyed, toothless old hound, following close at her heels.

"Cis, papa wants you in the study."

Master Cis was lying down on the sofa in his mother's morning room, with an open book of Browning's poems on his chest, his eyes closed, and his arms thrown up behind his head. Mrs. Travers, a pale washed-out-looking woman in drab, sat hard by, dictating a French story to Flora, aged twelve, whilst through the open door in the adjoining room could be seen the second daughter Mary, who, reclining on an arm-chair, with a novel, was supposed to be looking after the four-finger exercises of little Amy, the youngest child.

"One, two, three, four—time, child!" in Mary's cross sharp voice.

"Ils n'avaient plus—l'espérance—de sauver—les naufragés"—slowly draws out Mrs. Travers from the table.

"Do you think they will be saved?" asks Flora, breathlessly, as she writes down an agonising description of the shipwreck of an unhappy pair of lovers.

"Not a doubt of it; and they'll marry and live happy ever after!" breaks in Cis, reassuringly, from the sofa, thereby showing that he has been listening too.

And then comes Georgie with those awful words, "Papa wants you in the study, Cis."

"Your brother has a headache, Georgie," says Mrs. Travers, deprecatingly.

"Well, it will be much quieter for him there than here with all the lessons going on."

"I wish you wouldn't bring those nasty, dirty dogs here," says her mother; but little Flora has slipped down from her chair and thrown both her arms round Chanticleer's neck, and is kissing him rapturously on his blind eye.

"Flora, you naughty child! come back to your chair this minute. I declare, Georgie, you quite smell of the stables, and I wish you wouldn't come in here disturbing your sisters at their lessons."

"The dogs aren't a bit dirty, mamma; they are as clean as Christians, and, if I do smell of stables, it's not at all an unwhole-

some smell; and I've only come to give papa's message to Cis," says Georgie, answering her mother's complaints categorically, as she does the farmers, in the letters she is accustomed to docket and answer.

"Come along, Cis; make haste!"

"My poor boy!" sighs his mother, looking fondly after him.

"What is it about, Georgie; is he angry with me?"

"Not more than usual," she answers, laughing, as they go out together; "but, if you would just try and please him sometimes, he would be so much gentler to you. Now, why didn't you go out and see them exercising that new mare this morning, as he asked you to do at breakfast, instead of lounging on the sofa with that trash?" she added, pointing contemptuously to the poetry book.

"Browning is not trash," said Cis indignantly, "and what do I care about new mares?"

"Ah, what, indeed!" said Georgie, turning off from him with a sigh; and, passing out through the open hall door, she took the slanting path across the paddock that led towards the kennels, with Chanticleer and the "pup" following boisterously and noisily behind her.

As to Cis, he waited for a moment irresolute outside the study door before he could summon up courage to turn the handle.

He stood very much in awe of his father, and these private conferences in that cosy little room were apt to be of an unpleasant and stormy nature.

The Squire's first words to-day, however, were in an amicable tone of voice.

"Well Cis, my boy, have you been to have a look at that young mare?"

And Cis had the presence of mind to answer, "Not yet, sir."

"Ah! well, didn't suppose you would; but it isn't of that I wanted to speak; light your pipe, boy; ah! no, by the way, you don't smoke; makes you feel sick, don't it, eh?"

This was another sore point with the Squire, that his only son should not be able to smoke a quiet pipe with him; and he was for ever pretending to forget it, in order to remind him of this delinquency and to sneer at him about it. Cis certainly had something to bear from his father, too; he got very red and did not answer.

"Well, Cis, I want to talk to you about Miss Blair."

"About Miss Blair, sir?" stammered Cis, getting redder still.

"Yes; you know very well my wishes on that subject; it's high time you made the running there, you know. She's a fine girl, and a good girl, and goes deuced well across country, too—not to be compared to your sister, of course; but still she goes very straight, very straight indeed, and the property fits in very well; a fine property and a nice girl,—I don't know what more you want, Cis."

"I assure you, sir, my dearest wish, my greatest joy would be to induce Juliet to be my wife. I love her dearer than I love my life."

"Ha, ha, ha!" interrupted the Squire, with the most irreverent guffaw; "ha, ha!" don't go rehearsing the proposal to me, my dear boy. What's the good talking of love and sentiment and bosh to me? That's all humbug. What does all that signify? The girl has got a pot of money and a fine property—you needn't say any more about it. Go in and win if you can, and make haste about it. I want you to do something to the old place when I'm gone, Cis. I don't suppose you'll keep the hounds. Ah, it's a pity Georgie wasn't a boy! But if you marry Juliet Blair you'll live at Sotherne and have a little money to do up the old house for your mother and the girls. It's a fine match for you, my boy."

"I don't think of that for one moment, sir, I assure you," said the boy rather hotly.

"Well, then, you should think of it, Cis. Why, what do you suppose I married your mother for?"

"Love, sir, I trust," answered Cis, gravely and reproachfully.

"Not a bit of it. It was for that slip of land that dove-tailed into Cosby farm, down on the flat. I'd always coveted that land, and then she had her bit of money besides, and I don't say, Cis, that I didn't like and esteem her, and she's a very good woman in her way; but I might have liked and esteemed her ever so much, I shouldn't have married her if it hadn't been for the land and the money. Lord bless you! an eldest son *must* think of these things; there's no particular virtue in marrying for love; it's all the same in a dozen years' time whatever you've married for; only, when you've got

something substantial besides, it makes everything pleasanter for life."

Cis looked very grave during this philosophical enunciation of his father's views upon marriage in general and his own in particular, and again signified his perfect willingness, nay, eagerness, to marry Miss Blair for herself and her money combined.

"Only," he added sadly, "there's one thing against it. I'm afraid she won't have me."

"And shouldn't be a bit surprised if she wouldn't," said the old man, veering round unreasonably. "Why don't you ride, and hunt, and go about like other men, and do something to make a sensible girl proud of you, instead of wasting your life doing nothing?"

"I haven't done badly at college, sir," remonstrated Cis; "and it is not my fault I am not strong enough for violent outdoor exercise. You forget I took a first in mods."

"What's mods?—a parcel of Latin and Greek, and rubbish! I'd rather you'd have broken your collar bone over a stiff bit of timber! Not strong, indeed! No wonder you're not strong—always molly-coddling over the fire with a book, and never clearing your brains out with a good gallop across country. I sent you to college to make a man of you, sir, not to learn a pack of Latin and stuff!"

At which novel view of University education Cis raised his eyebrows and laughed.

"Ah, you may laugh, but you'll laugh the wrong side of your mouth when you find Miss Blair won't have you. There'll be Wattie Ellison and a dozen more after her before you—"

"Why, Wattie Ellison is Georgie's lo——" began Cis.

"Nothing of the sort," thundered the Squire. "Don't go coupling your sister's name with an idle young pauper like that, though sure he *can* ride a bit. Georgie knows better. But you'll let Juliet Blair slip through your fingers if you're not sharp. Go and propose, boy; don't be a fool. Girls always come round at last if a man keeps on-worry, worry, worry at 'em. Turn 'em round; keep their heads straight at the fence; if they refuse the first time, turn 'em round and send 'em at it again," he added not unkindly.

"I am most anxious to marry her, sir but she has refused me dozens of times;" and

Cis got very red and looked intensely miserable.

His father burst out laughing. "Ah! she has, has she? Well, I am not surprised; but you were a boy then; now you've come home for good and you're a man—as much of a man as I suppose you ever will be," he added, ruefully; "and I wish you to go as often as you can to Sotherne and do your very best to succeed. Do you understand me, Cis?"

"Certainly, father," answered the youth with alacrity; and then he went round to his father's chair and laid his hand on his. "I wish I could ride better, father; perhaps if I marry Juliet you will forgive me that."

"All right, my boy; we'll square it off so. God bless you!" and the old man gave the young one a grip of his hard old hand. He was a little touched in spite of himself; and after Cis had left the room he sat still looking after him out of the window, as the boy wandered idly on to the drive in front of the house. "Well, well, I suppose he and I don't understand each other; he's a well-intentioned lad too, and Juliet Blair would improve him wonderfully; but he's an awful sawney. Dear, dear, dear! what a pity, what a sad pity, Georgie wasn't the boy!"

(To be continued.)

UNTRUE.

A LONE she stood in pensive mood,
 My Queen, tho' all uncrowned,
 While overarching skies were blue,
 And perfume-laden breezes, new
 From dells where dewy violets grew,
 Scented the air around.

A little daisy at her feet
 Half hid by grasses, long and sweet,
 Lifted its modest head:
 Its snowy petals, set in gold,
 Might to my lady's heart unfold
 What I had left unsaid.

She, stooping and with gentle hand,
 Removed the tiny flower;
 And while the birds attuned their lay,
 And brighter sunshine warmed the day,
 One petal fluttered slow away:
 "He loves!" O, happy hour!

"Loves not!" The sky is overcast;
 The joyous song of birds is past;
 The wind begins to rise.
 The cruel flower, its petals gone,
 Is cast away, and sad and lone,
 My lady softly sighs.

Her eyes bedimmed with many a tear,
 She does not know her lover near,
 Nor think that, all unseen,
 He heard the tale the daisy told,
 And by her welcome grief made bold,
 Now kneels before his Queen.

EVOLUTION AND IMMORTALITY.

BY PROFESSOR J. E. WELLS, WOODSTOCK.

"IS that all?" we can fancy many a disappointed reader exclaiming as he lays aside the May number of *THE CANADIAN MONTHLY*, after finishing Mr. Goldwin Smith's article upon "The Immortality of the Soul." "Can it be that all our fond hopes of immortality, all our cherished convictions that the grave is not the goal of life—that these minds, busy with 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' are destined to have a wider scope than that afforded by 'this bank and shoal of time,' have no broader and surer foundation than this?" Feeble proof shakes confidence like faint praise. When one finds the whole contents of three out of four possible classes of evidence of the soul's immortality ruthlessly swept aside as worthless, and the fourth attenuated to the slender thread of a conviction which, however "universal and ineradicable," begins in obscurity and ends in unfathomable mystery, it is no wonder if he be left trembling lest his most precious faith be about to undergo perpetual eclipse. It is true proof is proof. One clear demonstration is as good as fifty. But within the sphere of probable evidence—the only kind attainable upon such a question as that of the soul's immortality—to find the weight of the argument, which is naturally and necessarily cumulative, lessened by the summary rejection of one kind after another, until but a single one is left, is to have created in one's mind a dread, if not a presumption, that that kind, too, may be destined in the hands of the next analyst to be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

But what if it should be? Is not such a suggestion a cowardly attempt to forestall the judgment and becloud the real issue? Should not the great guiding principle in such an investigation be, not regard to the exigencies of a creed, or deference to a cherished conviction, but simple loyalty to truth? What possible interest can we have in deceiving ourselves or others in such a matter? Why fear the TRUTH, or shun it,

even though it should threaten to cut from under our feet the foundation of everything most surely believed, and even crush out beneath the ruins the last pulsations of the throbbing heart of faith? True, if such a result were possible, and the conclusions of some of the wise men of the day correct, one might query whether it were not more philosophical to hug a sweet delusion till the swift-coming end rather than, sadly wise, to plod the weary way to darkness under a crushing burden of gloomy, dismal truth. But from such a philosophy the deepest instincts of our nature recoil much more the instinct of a faith which enters the Unseen, and lays hold on immortality and its Author, who is TRUTH.

Our age is often said to be an intensely practical one. It is well that truth does not compel us to accept the statement without giving to the meaning of the word "practical" a scope wide enough to take in all those great questions of faith and morals which, touching as they do at every point the burning problems of human origin and destiny, and so giving shape and colouring to all our views of life and duty, are pre-eminently the practical questions for men. Is there a personal author of the universe? Is the world in which we live under the government of a living, omnipresent Will? Is the conscious human soul a perennial flame enkindled and sustained by the breath of an Eternal Source of life, or is it but a transient spark struck out in the play of mysterious, but mindless, natural forces? What is the relation of this sensitive soul to that unending future which, strive as it may, it finds itself utterly unable to do away with in thought? These and the like questions are surely the most intensely interesting, and, assuming the barest possibility of gaining any light upon them, the most intensely practical, that can engage our attention. They are all too solemn to be made themes for cavil, or for the display of attempted expertness in intellectual cut and

fence. Of these truths the writer desires to keep himself constantly reminded in carrying out a purpose which has hitherto been unavoidably delayed, by presenting some difficulties which have been suggested by the article referred to. And in so doing, he cannot refrain from expressing his gratification that Canada is at length able to sustain a Magazine in which such questions may be fully and fearlessly discussed. The fact augurs well for her intellectual future.

"What, after all, is truth?" The reply furnished by the article in question is admirable. Whatever truth may be to the highest intelligence, to us it cannot be other than "that which when put before us we are, by the constitution of our nature, under the necessity of believing." Belief of every kind must ultimately "rest upon our faith in the veracity, so to speak, of our nature and of the Power which we suppose to uphold it." We would gladly accept this, the only sound basis for a true philosophy, as the guiding principle in the following remarks.

The views presented under the head of "Physical" evidence are suggestive of one difficulty of some magnitude. Taking the verdict of a matured judgment as the test of truth, the presumption against ninety-nine one-hundredths of all the ghost stories and tales of spirit rappings and table tipplings is strong enough to warrant their summary dismissal. But how are the existence and the almost universal prevalence of such beliefs to be accounted for, apart from the supposition of some background, however remote, of reality? What theory of development can account for their origin? What principle of natural selection explain their survival? We take the spiritualistic absurdities of the day as but the modern representatives of a type with which, in other forms, every age has been familiar. Granted a substratum of fact, in past, even in primeval history—a postulate which includes, of course, the existence of a spirit-world enfolding the world of matter and capable of affecting its phenomena, and so manifesting itself to a kindred human spirit—and the process by which distorted traditions of ancient verities might become fruitful sources of modern hoaxes and hallucinations is comparatively easy to understand. But to account, on the one hand, for the framing of such conceptions as those spirit apparitions and revelations, and, on the other, for the

credulous receptivity with which they have been so generally embraced, consistently with the theory that every such conception is but the "baseless fabric of a vision," if such a fabric could be baseless; that the whole vast mass of alleged "supernatural" manifestations, put into the crucible of scientific investigation, will utterly vanish, leaving no trace of any reality outside the world of sense, would seem to require a credulity even greater than that of the most enthusiastic disciple of the "mediums." To show that any one of a thousand specific legends bears the stamp of absurdity may be easy, while to account for the origin and persistence of the mythical tendency in the race, so as to eliminate every superhuman element from the history of the mystic foretimes, is by no means so easy.

The same train of remark is applicable to the objection urged against Butler's argument, drawn from the alleged indiscrepability of the soul as "immaterial." That argument is manifestly worthless, because based upon an assumption in regard to that which transcends the sphere of our knowledge, and so cannot be the subject of affirmation or denial. But what better ground has the "presumption that the functional activity will end when the organization is dissolved?" What logical basis can all the researches of modern science furnish for such a presumption? Nay, is it not in the very nature of things impossible that legitimate grounds for such a presumption can be reached? "The existence of a disembodied spirit must be supersensual, and of anything supersensual it is impossible to produce sensible evidence." Grant it, does not the statement hold true negatively as well as positively? Is it not, by parity of reasoning, equally impossible to produce sensible evidence of the non-existence of such a spirit? The ready answer, that no one can be asked to prove a negative, will not apply here. The presumption in question is really a negative. Again, the burden of proof does not necessarily fall upon the believer in a separate and surviving soul, since the problem is not one in which a positive quantity is set over against zero, but against another positive quantity. This latter quantity is the sum—may we not rather say the product?—of all those factors in "the constitution of our nature," which compel us to believe that there is that in us which will survive what we call

death. How far those factors have a determinate value, we do not now stay to inquire; but it may be remarked in passing, that an important one of them is, that "universal and ineradicable" conviction to which Mr. Goldwin Smith himself assigns so large a value in the latter part of his essay. But what we wish to emphasize just here is this. The "modern developments of embryology and natural history" leave the question of the existence of a soul distinct from and surviving the bodily organs just where they find it, because it is a question entirely beyond their reach. The sum of facts present to Butler as to Spencer is that of the manifestations of functional activity, not when, but before the organization is dissolved. Modern science has certainly made valuable discoveries as to the relation of the brain to the mental functions, and has thus narrowed the field of observation, but it has changed no essential condition of the problem. Can it be shown to be even probable that the organization of the brain is not often as perfect the moment after death as the moment before? Does not, then, the fact that the functional activity in such cases ceases before the organization is dissolved, prove that activity to be conditioned upon something else, which eludes the edge of the keenest scalpel? The nature of this something, this mysterious life-principle, has hitherto just as effectually baffled the quest of modern physiology as of ancient metaphysics.

Before leaving this point, it may not, perhaps, be presumptuous to ask whether the argument based upon the assumed impossibility of spirit manifesting itself to sense does not contain something very like a *petitio principii*? If such a thing as a human spirit, as ordinarily conceived, exists at all, it is mainly known to us through its relations to matter and its power of affecting it. The fancied necessity for a *tertium quid* to bridge the chasm between the two, so as to render interaction possible, was the offspring of a purely gratuitous assumption in the metaphysical mind. If spirit dwells in matter, interpenetrating its substance and using its properties for its own purposes, communication with spirit included, why need we suppose this moulding and controlling power over matter to be lost as soon as the connection with a particular organ is dissolved? Clearly such an assumption transcends the do-

main of science. We are still in the region of mystery. And so long as the most advanced physicists are constrained to admit, with Professor Tyndall, that "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable," the theory of a separate and spiritual soul, in some way—to us mysterious, but, for aught we know, to higher intelligences perfectly simple and natural—interpenetrating and vitalizing the mind's material organ, creating all the phenomena of thought and feeling and will, is just as consonant with all the scientific facts yet known as any other possible hypothesis.

A very serious difficulty in connection with the remaining portion of Mr. Goldwin Smith's essay is that of ascertaining upon what principle of selection he proceeds in dismissing, at a glance, the classes of evidence labelled "Metaphysical" and "Theological," and retaining that called "Moral." The inquiry is not about names, but things. The moral evidence which alone is relied upon as valid, is defined as "the universal and ineradicable conviction that our moral account is not closed by death." That is, we cannot as individuals rid ourselves of the conviction that it will make a difference to us hereafter whether we have done good or evil in this life; hence there is a strong presumption that we shall in some way consciously survive the physical dissolution which we call death. To the validity of this reasoning no one can object who assents to the philosophical principle laid down. If truth is that which "we are by the constitution of our nature under the necessity of believing," a belief so universal and persistent as the one in question comes clearly within the definition. Its rejection as worthless would lead logically to the rejection of all positive truth, the testimony of the senses included, and land us in a region of philosophic idealism, or more correctly still, nihilism. But why limit the moral evidence to this single conviction? The argument derived from the possession by the soul of such ideas as those of Goodness, Truth, &c., is regarded as little better than a philosophic reverie. "To give it any substance, we must be assured that Universal Ideas have an existence independent of the soul which participates in them." Yet a little further on we are told, "We have the ideas of eternity and infinity; we

have them as strongly and ineradicably as any ideas whatever," and the possession of these is taken as proof that "physical science, which presents to us everything under the conditions of time and space," is not any considerable approach to a complete knowledge of the universe." Now, in what does the force of this argument consist? Does it imply an objective reality corresponding to those ideas, and "independent of the soul which participates in them?" The writer would not quarrel with that position. But as he is not seeking to establish an hypothesis, but simply stating logical difficulties, the question is in what way that evidence differs from that derived from the possession of such other universal ideas as those of Absolute Justice, Goodness, &c. If by moral evidence is meant that based upon our instinctive faith, stronger than any mere intellectual persuasion, in the veracity and reliability of our own nature, why does not the same argument hold equally good in reference to any universal idea whatever? Probably this is what is meant by the "argument really moral," which is said to lurk under the form of the metaphysical, though we fail to find it appearing elsewhere. But may we not go much further? Is, for instance, our conviction that we are under the rule of an Omnipotent Will, one which less "universal and ineradicable" than that which Mr. Goldwin Smith accepts as the sole valid evidence of our immortality? It may not exist, it is true, in infants or in savage and degraded races, "except in a form corresponding to the general lowness of their conceptions." But if the destiny of man is wholly "wrought out by evolution and effort," surely one would think the experience and observation of all time could hardly have failed to discover it, or at least to recognise the truth and hold it fast whenever it was revealed by some keen-sighted Leucippus or Lucretius. But no; those apostles of Positivism who have appeared from time to time along the ages are but the exceptions which prove the rule. Swiftly and surely the human mind has reverted to its deities and its hecatombs. The victims upon ten thousand heathen altars and the voices from ten thousand mosques and pagodas and Christian temples attest the universal verdict. We may try the experiment upon the individual. Let us go out into the crowd, and taking any thought-

ful common man by the hand, lead him aside and ask him to look back carefully over his past life, to mark well its leading incidents, and say whether it appears to have been mainly shaped either by uniform laws or by the energy of his own will. Will he not tell us that while, on the one hand, he has been conscious of acting every moment as a free agent, and while, on the other, he has felt himself constantly hedged in, on the right hand and on the left, by great moral and social laws, every retrospect but forces upon him more strongly the conviction that his course had been, after all, shaped in accordance with what he now recognises as the design of an overruling Intelligence, by circumstances and influences which his utmost sagacity was utterly powerless either to foresee or to control; that here his path was walled across and a new way marked out for him; that there all the currents of thought and feeling were mysteriously turned into a new channel; that just at this point an apparently trivial event left its mark upon his whole subsequent life; while anon some sudden catastrophe brought confusion to all his plans. Hence he is ready to exclaim, with that great student of human life, who has crystallized in imperishable speech so many of the teachings of nature and experience—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

That these words express the practically universal conviction of the race will scarcely be denied. The men of science who repudiate it are scarcely more numerous than those who discard the alleged anticipations of conscience in regard to a future state. Logical strictness would probably require the classes to be identical. At any rate, if such an immortality as that of the Comtists is any evidence of the persistence of the one conviction, the worship, "for the most part of the silent sort, at the altar of the Unknown," of a Huxley and his followers, is equally valid in regard to the other.

Let us vary the illustration for a moment. If the universal and ineradicable conviction that our moral account is not closed by death may be accepted as trustworthy testimony to the reality of a future life, how can we refuse to take the conviction, equally universal and ineradicable, that Infinite Justice is at the helm of affairs, as evidence

equally trustworthy that scope will be afforded in a future life for the full manifestation of that justice? And here it may be asked, whether, in the passage in which it is argued that what we see by the light of reason here gives us no 'very strong assurance of compensation and retribution hereafter,' the real basis of Butler's argument is not inverted? Is it not the very fact that nature seems not uniformly to discriminate between virtue and vice; that we are unable to trace here the full development of that righteous administration whose beginnings are so clearly manifest, which, failing to harmonize with our deepest innate convictions, suggests most strongly that what we see here is but a little section of a great circle sweeping through the eternities? The sense of incompleteness and failure conflicting with that conviction of absolute righteousness which "the constitution of our nature" compels us to cherish, creates a presumption of a future state of rewards and punishments strong as our faith in "the veracity of our nature and of the power which we suppose to uphold it."

Up to this point the aim has been to show that the kind of evidence of a future state called "moral," and derived from the premonitions of conscience, is equally valid, so far as appears, for the objective reality of those things which are needed to satisfy many other universal and ineradicable convictions. Into the underlying question, which readily suggests itself, what, after all, is conscience, if not the faculty whose function it is to gather up, so to speak, and enforce the moral lessons logically derivable from the facts of nature and of human life, we do not propose to enter, save as it may incidentally come up in the course of the following remarks. It can scarcely be supposed that so advanced a thinker as Mr. Goldwin Smith really intends to teach that conscience has a discriminating as well as admonitory power; that its office is to reveal any objective truth intuitively discerned, unless it be the one great truth that we are responsible for our actions. This one great axiom must, of course, underlie all its monitions, just as other intuitively discerned axioms must underlie all other knowledge. But if this be so, then how is the conclusion to be avoided that the evidence of a future state given by conscience is as truly inferential as that derived from our ideas of Justice,

Goodness, &c.? Those who have confidence in the veracity of our nature will not regard that evidence as less trustworthy in itself on this account, while the way is left open for its reinforcement from a hundred sources.

The compatibility of a thorough reliance upon moral evidence with a full acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, is the crowning logical difficulty suggested by the article before us. The present writer is conscious of no prejudice against this doctrine, which certainly contains, at the least, a large admixture of truth. On the contrary, he is fully prepared to accept it as soon as the missing links are discovered, and its teachings can be reconciled with other undoubted facts given us in and through the constitution of our nature. And certainly that evolution is not very hard to accept which can be shown to be reconcilable with, 1st, genuine free will; 2nd, a conscience which is more than the principle of individual or tribal self-preservation; 3rd, a belief in a real, personal immortality. Into the large question of the truth or falsity, or the probable admixture of the two, in evolution, it would be quite out of place to enter here, even if time and space did not forbid. The shape of the theory itself varies, probably, with the cast of each containing mind. We are simply concerned to know the particular shape it assumes in the mind of the writer of the article before us, that we may be aided in our attempt to harmonize the apparent contradictions that puzzle us. Unfortunately, the scanty materials at hand are insufficient to afford us such knowledge. "Around us we see animals, *some of them probably representing our immediate physical progenitors*, passing their lives within the narrow circle of their own impressions, which is the universe to them, in total unconsciousness of that larger universe which a *more developed reason* and the appliances of science have opened to us." "It is conceivable that as *from the inorganic was evolved the organic, and from the organic, humanity*, so humanity itself may pass into a higher phase, such as we denominate spiritual life." From the passages which we have italicized in the above extracts, the author's view in regard to the general law of development upward, from the lowest primordial forms, is tolerably clear. What is not indicated is his conception of the power which originates and rules over this develop-

ment, for he can scarcely impugn the veracity of our nature by ignoring causal instinct and taking refuge in nescience pure and simple. Does to his view "the vista of evolution recede into the simply mechanical," and is it "intersected at dimly seen stages by entering lights, first of chemical affinity, then of life, and finally of consciousness?" We need not stay to urge, in the graphic words of Martineau, "This supplies the 'when' but not the 'whence' of each. Something more is needful if you would show that it is the product of its predecessor. Instead of advancing from behind, it may have entered from the side. You cannot prove a pedigree by offering a date."* More to our point is it to ask how, when the new lights which have entered either from behind or at the side predominate so as to give to the whole scene its shape and shade and colour, is it possible still to view it in its pristine aspect. To be more specific, how can evolution in its course develop a thinking being with a genuine freedom of will—a power, that is, of choice and action which is something more than the exact product of the interplay between organization and environment—and be evolution still? So long as we plant our feet firmly upon necessitarian principles, however we may be forced to ignore or belie the testimony of our own consciousness, we may succeed in avoiding this logical pitfall. But the moment that stage of evolution is reached when a living, independent will struggles into freedom from the thrall of blind forces and surroundings, from that moment evolution is no longer lord of nature. A rival power enters, and the autocracy becomes henceforth a Spartan kingship. The destiny of the race is henceforth wrought out, not by evolution, but by "evolution and effort," as Mr. Goldwin Smith himself puts it in his closing paragraph. Nor, it must be admitted, if this utterance puts him outside the pale of orthodox Evolutionism, is he alone in his heresy. No less distinguished an apostle of the doctrine than Professor Huxley says, that in order to perform one's duty in this world of misery and ignorance "it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs—the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second,

that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events."* And whatever view our experience may have led us to entertain in respect to the first of these beliefs, no one, certainly, can have studied the problem very closely "without being fully possessed of the second. The subtle power of the human will counts for very much indeed as a condition of the course of events. But the question just now is, how Professor Huxley himself would rescue the statement above quoted from the dilemma it seems to involve. Are our volitions themselves but so many factors in the eternal progression? Then the second of the above theses is nugatory, being included in the first. Is our volition a condition standing outside and independent of that ascertainable order of nature? Then the second manifestly contradicts the first. If there is a third possible assumption capable of harmonizing the two, will not some believer in the joint sovereignty of evolution and free-will charitably reveal it?

Many, we are aware, will be ready to answer that the above remarks are based upon an erroneous conception of what is meant by freedom of the will. We shall be treated to nice metaphysical distinctions between freedom from law and freedom from constraint, between freedom to choose or act and freedom in choice and action, and these distinctions will come even more fully from Orthodoxy than from Evolutionism. The real question is not what is meant by freedom by this or that class of writers, but what is freedom? We do not suppose Mr. Goldwin Smith is guilty of the misnomer of applying the term to the acts of an agent so restricted by "motive," or anything else, that, given an accurate knowledge of character and conditions, the action of the individual in any given case might be infallibly foretold. A free will that can be harmonized with the doctrine of the abstract predictability of volition is no freedom at all. One can hardly pass from the discussion of this topic without giving utterance to a thought that readily suggests itself. If it is still claimed that, in some way which we have failed to comprehend, a genuine freedom of human will is nevertheless compatible with evolution; if there is no irreconcilable conflict between the conception of a

* "Modern Materialism," *Con. Rev.*, March, 1876.

* Lay Sermon on "The Physical Basis of Life."

grand development under the operation of unvarying natural law, from the time when the globe was a chaos of nebulous matter, and that of the constant activity during a considerable portion of the time, of millions of free agents — agents not only capable of modifying, obstructing, or accelerating the movements of the machinery, but constituting an important and vital part of it, and able at the same time to launch, at any moment, a consciously independent, if not absolutely new force into the sphere, what possible objection can lie against the theory of the constant presence and operation of a Supreme Will? But then, grant that, and what further need of evolution at all, save as a convenient term to denote the mode in which this Will operates? And so the circle is completed. We find ourselves again at the starting point.

The length this paper has already reached renders it necessary that the remaining points be dismissed with a word. The general principles already discussed will in the main apply here. The article under consideration takes strong ground in favour of the authority of conscience. It is more than "the principle of tribal self-preservation subtilized into etiquette." Its evidence, different in kind but not less trustworthy than that of the senses or of reason, assures us that we are "judged by an Unseen Power, under whose government it will be well with the righteous and ill with the unrighteous in the sum of things." "Conscience is the great and hitherto unshaken proof at once of the immortality of the soul and of the existence of God." Its teachings are assuredly excellent, its office sublime. But whence comes it, and who gives it this authority? Evolution; the principle of tribal self-preservation may have been its rudiment. And what was the rudiment of that? Traced to its origin, it leads us away back to a time when it was the blindest brute instinct; nay, it loses itself and us in the darkness which lies far behind the entrance of the light of the lowest animal life, and, we suppose, the simplest chemical affinity. Whence, then, we repeat, has it this authority? What bestows the authority? And when? At what point in the development? We would not stake our highest well-being upon the vaticinations of an unauthenticated seer.

And what of the immortality it foretells? Vague, it is true, and ambiguous is its voice

as that of Delphic oracle. It has not even any sure framework of personality to which it may attach the good or ill it foretells. It seems to repudiate with Mill the testimony of "the constitution of our nature," that the attribute of thought must belong to a subject. "Substance is but a general name for the perdurability of attributes. Wherever there is a series of thoughts connected together by memories, that constitutes a thinking substance." "How our existence can continue beyond death is a mystery, no doubt." A tenfold mystery, if the "we," the "ego," which is the stereotyped expression in all languages of the universal belief, strong as man's faith in the veracity of his nature, that thinking is the attribute of a subject, the act of an agent, has no objective existence. There is no longer even a thread of gossamer on which to string the series of states of consciousness which constitutes all there is of us. Memory, itself one constituent of the series, cannot be conceived as such a filament. How then is continuity possible when the organism which must be the only bond of union here is dissolved? The law of evolution is appealed to for an answer. "There can be no reason for believing that the law ceased to operate, and that the series of ascending phases of existence was closed, just at the point at which man emerged from the animal." "It is conceivable that as from the inorganic was evolved the organic, and from the organic, humanity, so humanity itself may pass into a higher phase, such as we denominate spiritual life."

But has humanity passed into this higher phase? If so, when? There must have been a time when humanity had not reached this point in the ascending scale, and so a part of humanity which has no future life. But further, humanity's memory retains no trace of the past stage when it was embodied in those animals which were its immediate progenitors. What ground of assurance then have we that humanity, as embodied in those representatives who have passed or may pass into the higher phase, will retain any *nexus* in consciousness to link the new life with the former? A future life which is not a conscious continuance of the present would be an unsatisfying delusion. Such a continuity to be real must be personal and individual. One marked feature of many modern speculations is the tendency to sink the individual in the mass. This is in direct

antithesis to Nature's method. Her rewards, her punishments, all her motives, primarily regard the individual. Her modes of operation demonstrate to his reason what her voice is ever whispering to his conscience, that he has a being, a duty, and a destiny peculiarly his own, and that upon his being true to himself hang tremendous and everlasting issues. The fact that this being,

duty, and destiny are interwoven by ten thousand living fibres with those of others all around him, does but multiply to infinity the motives which bind him to make the most of himself in this life, while every fibre of his moral and intellectual being alike thrills in response to the voice of that revelation which alone sheds a clear light on life and immortality in a world to come.

D'ANVILLE'S FLEET.

BY LIEUT.-COL. HUNTER-DUVAR, ALBERTON, P. E. ISLAND.

T WAS in the month October,
On an Indian summer day,
That a fleet of foreign war-ships
Sailed up Chebucto Bay,—
On the waters of the Basin,
Scarce heaving there they lay.

The ships seemed old and storm-beat,
Their canvas was in strips,
The rust of smoke and ocean spray
Hung on the cannons' lips,
And in the lull, the *fleur-de-lys*
Hung drooping o'er the ships.

There were but seventeen vessels,
As our traditions tell,
Of seventy sail that three months since,
Sailed out of gay Rochelle,
Yet skilful were the captains,
And they sailed their vessels well.

But fogs uprose, with never a noon,
For clouds upclomb the heights,
And then would fall, as dark as pall,
The long Atlantic nights,
Save for the north wind's harbinger,
The bright auroral lights.

Whereby from out the north-west cloud
Would storm come on to blow,
And in the wrack tall mast would crack,
Till, shattered aloft and low,
The gallant hulls like wearied things
Lay rocking to and fro.

Four enemies had that struggling fleet,—
The tempest and the sea,
The English ships and the pestilence,—
They might have withstood the three,
But the angel of death sailed with the
ships,
And preyed there silently.

Every day the men grew fewer,
And each day lost some ships,
For ever and anon came the boom
From the alarum gun's lips,
Telling that sail, and sail after sail
Were hard in the British grips.

They would get a glance of a straggling hull
As the mist was drifting past,
When out of the fog dashed the English chase,
And had her hard and fast,—
The Lily of France went down, and up
Went George's flag on the mast !

Brave men ! but yet stout hearts grew faint,
For whispers dark and vague,
Of spectres such as legends tell
Beleaguered the walls of Prague,
Crept man to man, for men knew then
On board them was *the plague* !

At even-fire the bells were rung,
To cast to the deep their dead ;
At morning gun death's rites begun,—
The sheet and the weight of lead ,
And all day long the dying groan
Told another vacant bed.

The gunner who fired the sunrise gun,
 With a comrade by his side,
 Ere eight bells told the hour of noon,
 Was drifting out on the tide ;
 And his comrade ere the day was done
 Was ta'en with the plague and died.

And so from wearisome day to day
 The pestilence walked the decks,
 Till hands were so few that scarce a crew
 Could man those floating specks,
 And at length, when they lay in Che-
 bucto Bay,
 They were little but death and wrecks.

Of seventy sail of armed ships
 That were fitted out in June,
 But seventeen sail made up the tale,—
 With their Admiral sick,—that noon ;
 And there, the shattered hulks, they lay
 In form of a half-moon.

Arrived at last, men glances cast
 At the coast of rock and tree,
 While thoughts of home came winging fast
 From over the sorrowful sea,
 And the little sailor-boy up on the mast,
 Up on the mast sang he :

“ My cousin spinning at her wheel,
 My sister Nanette's tread,
 As watches she so kind and leal
 By my sick mother's bed,—
 Ah ! do they in their evening prayer
 Pray God and Mary for me ?
 Oh never again ! Oh never again !
 My home in Picardie.”

Kneeling, the Admiral sadly prayed,
 And sadly himself he crossed :
 “ My soul to God and my sword to the King,
 And tell him that all is lost.
 Oh weary my life ! Oh weary my death !
 Oh weary and tempest-tost !”

Next morn the Admiral's barge of state
 Was rowed adown the Bay,
 And in it, wrapped in the flag of France,
 The Admiral d'Anville lay,
 And sad the boom of his funeral guns
 Made the heart of the fleet that day.

Then cried the Seigneur d'Estournelle :—
 “ Shall I command this host ?
 Shall I go back to gallant France
 And say that all is lost ?
 No ! weary *my* life, Oh weary my death,
 Oh weary and tempest-tost !”

Again the Admiral's barge of state
 Was rowed adown the Bay,
 And in it, wrapped in the flag of France,
 Sieur d'Estournelle he lay,
 And sad the sound of his funeral guns
 Made the heart of the fleet that day.

Then spoke the crews among themselves :
 “ Is this without remede ?
 Ho ! Scotsman, Sieur de Ramsay,
 St. André be thy speed !
 Now that the Admiral's dead and gone,
You help us in our need !”

Up spake the Sieur de Ramsay :
 “ Make ready to advance !
 This is the hand of God, my men,
 And not the work of chance ;
 And by GOD'S help and St. Denis,
 I'll take this fleet to France !

“ Ho ! mates, there ! beat to quarters,—
 Tell off each man and gun—
 Fire wrecks ! the rest make sailing-trim
 Ere rising of the sun,—
 Who is there fears to follow me ?
 Who ? Men of France ? Not one !”

All night the forges' sparkles flew,
 All night rang hammers' clank,
 All night the boat and swift canoe
 Plied to and from the bank,—
 When morning broke the shattered fleet
 Was rearranged in rank.

With swelling hearts, yet steady front,
 They turned them to the west ;
 The pine grove lay in its shadow grey
 Above their comrades' rest,
 And the wrecks, a fleet of fire they lay
 Reddening the water's breast.

Last look all took at the burning ships
 Lit up in fitful glow,
 The tongues of flame they whistled and moaned
 As the breeze came on to blow,
 And the sigh of the trees o'er the buried
 dead
 Sang requiem soft and low.

En avant! gallant chevaliers,
 And, foemen though you be!
 Right glad am I the tale to tell
 That, ere the month was free,
 You reached where flag of Port Royale
 Flamed o'er the western sea.

God sain thy soul, O duc d'Anville!
 D'Estournelle, Christ thee save!
 May clement Heaven benignant be
 To all ye Frenchmen brave,
 Though nought now shows your resting-
 place—
 No cairn to mark your grave,—

Nought save, in hollow of a hill,
 A bed of lichened stones,
 With scattered tufts of herbage sown,
 And flecked with pine-tree cones
 From stunted trees, whose prying roots
 Grope among dead men's bones.

Yet, sometimes, some stray thinkers
 Take boat, and downwards glance
 Where, blue as Mediterranean,
 "The Basin's" waters dance,
 And see the ribs of D'Anville's fleet,
 The Armada of France.*

* Some license must be allowed to the ballad-maker. Ramsay did not personally conduct the remains of the expedition, but met it at Annapolis. Chebucto, it is scarcely necessary to say, is Halifax, and the scene of the fleet's anchorage was Bedford Basin, the upper part of Halifax harbour.—H. D.

FROM LONDON TO AUSTRALIA AND BACK.

BY J. B. MACKENZIE, TORONTO.

THE VOYAGE OUT, VIA THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

WE left Gravesend on Thursday, the 6th of May, A. D. 1875, by Messrs. Green's ship the *Lord Warden*. The crew consisted of the usual number of officers and twenty-four seamen, and we had also eight midshipmen who had paid a large premium for the privilege of studying the rudiments of navigation which a first voyage afforded. The captain, unlike the major portion of his profession, was very religiously inclined, and made many efforts to bring both passengers and seamen to a proper knowledge of serious affairs. There were two amongst the passengers who might have been called distinguished personages, the one being the recently consecrated Anglican Bishop of Ballarat, who was proceeding to the scene of his labours, and was remarkable for the possession of fine talents and an amiable disposition; and the other a young gentle-

man, quite an ordinary mortal in himself, but having the honour of a remote connection with the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and who bore the same name as that eminent man and model disciplinarian.

We had unfavourable winds for the first few days until the Isle of Wight was reached, when the services of the pilot and tug-boat were dispensed with, and fair, pleasant weather was encountered until the Island of Madeira was sighted on the eighteenth day out. When the pilot left it seemed as if the last tie binding us to England were loosened, and those who purposed making Australia their adopted home, and who might, in all human probability, never have an opportunity of revisiting their native shores, found it a matter of some difficulty to suppress their not unnatural emotion.

The first incident of the voyage was the apparition of a half-dead stowaway from the hold. The unfortunate man had been unsuccessful in procuring employment at home,

and being desirous of trying his fortune in the Colonies—as the Australian group is still called by Englishmen, Canada being looked upon as a much more independent possession—had endeavoured by every possible means to find his way out in an open and honest manner, but, having failed in this, had in desperation conceived the idea of stowing himself away in the hold of our vessel—an expedient which is, I believe, frequently resorted to by persons in a similar strait. He dared not appear on deck until he had heard the anchor-chain hauled down (this being the signal that the pilot had gone, and that the ship was left to her ordinary resources), fearing that he would have to return in that official's boat. The pilot's leave-taking having been delayed beyond the usual time, owing to adverse wind and weather, a confinement of nearly ten days was imposed upon him. On the morning of the tenth day he presented himself to the sympathizing gaze of the passengers, (for sympathy was the ruling sentiment, although it was perfectly well understood by all that his conduct was open to grave reprehension), but was not able to give a very connected account of the sufferings which he must, necessarily, have endured during his prolonged banishment from the outside world, as the want of food and other privations had induced great mental and physical weakness. After having partially recovered, he said he had entered the ship provided with food sufficient to sustain life for a period certainly not exceeding two or three days, having only the pockets of his coat in which to conceal the necessary nourishment. As the extent of his wardrobe was limited to the clothing in which he made his first appearance, the question suggested itself to many whether a man, undertaking a voyage the duration of which is seldom less than ninety days, would enjoy uninterrupted happiness without a single change of apparel. The captain was at first naturally annoyed at this bold venture, and threatened to reshuffle him on the first homeward bound vessel. This threat was not, however, carried out, and I am disposed to think that if every poor stowaway fell upon as good times as the one in question, many more would be glad to endure the temporary, though distressing, inconvenience which an enforced and extended residence in the hold entails. His subsequent condition fully compensated for

all the hardships which attended the initiatory portion of the trip. One of the stewards falling sick shortly after leaving port, he was installed in the vacant position, and revelled in fresh meat and other delicacies utterly unknown to many of those who had prepaid their passage.

I do not wonder at the Island of Madeira being a favourite resort for invalids, as the climate is incomparable, and the sky during the whole year uniformly clear and bright. The Queen's birthday was observed on board our vessel with becoming loyalty, there being a fine pyrotechnic display in the evening.

The equator was crossed on the thirty-fourth day out, and some of the passengers dreaded that the old custom of being shaved at the hands of Father Neptune would be brought into operation. Three of the midshipmen were compelled to submit to this ridiculous custom, but I understood from the sailors that the after enjoyment of being lowered into the water was in their case not experienced. I believe that, so far as passengers are concerned, this ancient idea of shaving has been entirely abandoned, and only those unfortunate middies who cross the line for the first time meet with this unpleasant treatment from the venerable sea-god. Considerable consternation was occasioned amongst those who had never made the voyage before when the first squall was met with, but the ability of the ship to withstand the shock was not questioned for a moment. It is rather an exciting thing to see the sky all at once assume an intense blackness, and the sea become suddenly and violently ruffled, and to watch the vessel at the moment the wind strikes her. Many of the passengers were suddenly, and doubtless much against their will, transferred with exceeding violence from the windward to the leeward side of the ship, but no case of serious injury was recorded.

The appearance of the sky in the tropics is generally lovely, and a tropical sunset is indescribably beautiful. The heavens assume all the tints of the rainbow, and the sun sinks from view in a perfect cradle of loveliness and grandeur. The heat in the tropics is, at times, so intense as to cause the tar on the decks to boil, and during the warm weather there was one great advantage which the second class passengers enjoyed. This was the option

of relieving themselves of their shoes and stockings, and parading the decks in their bare feet. The first-class passengers looked with envious eyes upon the comfort which the removal of these articles occasioned to these fortunate beings, and they deeply regretted that the higher state of society in which a first-class passenger is supposed to move, prohibited them from following this comfortable practice. Coats and vests were, likewise, deemed unnecessary, but it was found expedient by those who had discarded shoes and stockings to exercise great caution in moving about, whilst the tar was undergoing the process of boiling. When rain came it was a great enjoyment to expose ourselves to its influence for half an hour at a time. No one can form an idea of the refreshing effect of this to those who have endured the heat of a tropical sun for a week or more. Being stationed under the bow of the vessel, and having the water pumped upon you from above, was also found very enjoyable in the evenings, and this practice was generally followed during the warm weather.

The second-class passengers had to prepare their own meals, and many startling novelties in the shape of pies and puddings were said to have been the result of their labours. There were many occasions on which it was found quite unnecessary to add salt to the soup, the roiling of the vessel doing the needful in this respect, and providing at times more of this condiment in a fluid state than was relished. One pot of meat was allowed to each passenger weekly, but in tropical latitudes it became unfit to eat after the second day, and it may be conceived that the living then was not of the most luxurious description. Plenty of rice was given, but one is apt to tire of this wholesome article after having consumed almost nothing else for ninety days. The fore-castle was a favourite resort of many of the passengers; but one great objection to this portion of the ship was the close proximity of the pigs, which kept up a constant and wonderfully audible grunting during the whole of the passage. They would occasionally escape from their prison and ramble around the deck, and it was very amusing to see the heroic efforts that were made to recapture them. A pig is decidedly out of place roaming about a sailing vessel, and these would have escaped a considerable amount of suffering and bad treatment, had they kept

strictly to their own department. Great relief was expressed in every countenance when the last of these animals was sacrificed to appease the appetites of the first-class passengers.

The sailors do not care to see first-class passengers on the fore-castle, which they claim as their exclusive property, and when one of them appeared there one evening, shortly after leaving Gravesend, and seemed to be peering anxiously into the darkness, he was facetiously asked by one of the seamen if he saw signs of Melbourne, and not being able to return a satisfactory answer, he retired a vanquished man, and was not again seen on this sacred quarter of the vessel. Much amusement was found in fishing for sharks, and many of these ferocious creatures were caught and hauled on board. The largest of them was about seven feet long, and nearly an hour was taken up in despatching him. I never saw a fish so tenacious of life as the shark is, and those who had undertaken the operation of killing them were heartily tired of their task long before it was finished. I secured a tooth as a curiosity, and the appearance of it dispelled any doubt I might have entertained, as to the animal's ability to snap a man's leg off. It is necessary to keep very shy of their tails, as much damage is often caused by this powerful member, which is brought into full play the moment they are landed on deck. A great number of small pilot fish were found alive inside the sharks after they had been despatched. It is said that sharks swallow these fish entire and without allowing their teeth to press upon them in any way, and some have gone so far as to declare that the movement of the shark's fins is directed by them, and that the name pilot fish is given to them by reason of this peculiarity. The sharks certainly allow them to remain with them or leave them at their own good pleasure. I do not vouch for the correctness of the statement as to the fins, but there could be no doubt that the pilot fish when discovered were quite unharmed, and they were allowed to return to their own element.

The monotony of the evenings was relieved by occasional concerts, which were not successful as exhibitions of talent, there being only two or three provided with the necessary qualifications to make the entertainment enjoyable. Divine service was

held every Sunday, morning and evening. The newly appointed Bishop of Ballarat, the Rev. Dr. Thornton, read the services in the saloon, and the captain, being, as has been already indicated, of a serious turn of mind, devoted his energies to the spiritual welfare of the second and third-class passengers. There was one lady passenger, a maiden on the shady side of forty, who persisted in making advances to the fourth mate, an official of very gentlemanly exterior, and possessed of many good qualities, and one of whose duties it was to see that all lights were extinguished at half past ten. The lady took the opportunity every evening of declaring her unwavering affection for the officer, and as everything that was said on both sides was expressed in an audible tone of voice, much amusement was occasioned amongst those who were spectators of the affair.

The cabins were not made use of to any great extent whilst in the tropics, and we all lived with one another in trying to discover the coolest and most airy spot where we might spend the night. Some made use of the bare benches, and others placed their mattresses on the table and slept in this elevated position. Some reckless passengers tried their luck on the deck, but were heard to express great regret at their hasty conduct the following morning, as the existence of rheumatic pains, induced by the heavy dew which was falling, rendered their lives for some time afterwards wretched and unenviable. My favourite retreat during the day was the steps of the poop, but my fondness for that particular part of the ship was greatly diminished one evening, by an immense wave dashing over the vessel and enveloping me from head to foot. Many others met with disasters similar to mine, none of which were attended with serious consequences, but were rather causes of amusement than distress. One of the sailors risked his life one evening in endeavouring to get possession of a bird which had alighted on the highest portion of the mainmast, and he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheering when it was seen that his daring venture had been crowned with success. The rolling of the vessel gave rise to many ludicrous accidents, the most amusing of which was that of a lady, suddenly and involuntarily leaving the dinner table, and sitting down in front of a cabin, not her

own, and taking complete possession of it until her bewilderment had subsided, and much to the astonishment of the proprietor.

The meridian of the Cape of Good Hope was passed on the sixty-fourth day out, the sea being calm and the weather unlike that usually experienced in this locality. On the following day, however, there was a complete change, and strong and for the most part favourable winds were met with until our destination was reached. About this time we had one very stormy night, during which three of the sails were completely carried away, but no other damage of any consequence was sustained. The weather on Dominion Day was very cold, and whilst the people of Canada were probably vainly endeavouring to keep themselves cool, I was glad to make use of all the mufflings I could lay my hands upon. The Southern Cross was seen nearly every evening, and our progress was well tested by the relative position of this striking constellation. A homeward-bound vessel was passed soon after crossing the line, and a host of letters were sent by her. The run from the Cape of Good Hope to Melbourne was made in twenty-nine days, the distance being about five thousand six hundred miles. The highest run during the voyage was two hundred and ninety-four miles, and the lowest eighteen miles. This is, of course, not taking into account the days on which we were becalmed, and on which retrograde movements were sometimes made. The distance from Gravesend to Melbourne, according to log, was fourteen thousand five hundred miles, and the time taken in traversing it ninety-one days. I believe that the shortest time in which a voyage from London to Melbourne has been accomplished by a sailing vessel is sixty-eight days, and there is only one record of this time having been made. The average duration of the voyage is between eighty and ninety days, and anything beyond the latter figure is deemed a long passage. Our vessel made very good speed when a really strong wind was with her, but her movements during a moderate breeze were not remarkable for their celerity.

IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

The colony of Victoria, as viewed from the sea, does not present a pleasing pros-

pect. The country contiguous to the coast-line is flat and uninteresting, and the character of the coast itself is very tame. There is nothing at all approaching to beauty or grandeur, and the observing traveller, who has been restricted for eighty or ninety days to the contemplation of water only, is seized with none of the rapturous emotion usually associated with the sight of land, but hails its appearance with little or no enthusiasm. Nor is this unvarying flatness confined to those districts bordering upon the shore, but it is also to be noted in the interior of the Province. When considering the general features of the country, one is forced to the conclusion that nature has but indifferently exercised that attribute of prodigality so often ascribed to her, but has, much to the detriment of her subject, shown a marked tendency towards parsimony. This is more particularly noticeable in the dearth of foliage, the illiberal supply of which is very reasonably regarded by the inhabitants as a great natural defect. It gives rise in many ways to much discomfort. During the summer months, when it is no uncommon thing for the thermometer to stand at, and even exceed, a hundred degrees in the shade,—this expression, when applied to Victoria and some other portions of Australia, would seem to be a misnomer, as there is no spot which can be justly designated shade, save the interior of one's dwelling, — those who are desirous of recreation or exercise in the open air must be prepared to sacrifice every idea of comfort or enjoyment. In fact, at this period of the year, the unfortunate inhabitant, if he wishes to make life tolerable, must confine himself strictly and diligently to the protection afforded by his own roof.

One of the most unpleasant features of the climate is the prevalence of hot winds. The ungenerous distribution of trees is here again made painfully apparent, as any one exposed to the influence of these periodical visitations has but small means of refuge, and has to bear the unobstructed force of the attack. One of the most certain effects is a state of temporary blindness, and, if the dust be well raised, as is usually the case, the mouth and nostrils become unwilling receptacles of a plenteous supply of sand and other crude delicacies. Rain, when it does come, does not descend in any doubtful or hesitating manner, its force being simply

terrific. The writer has seen, not more than fifteen minutes after the beginning of a down-pour, horses immersed above their knees and struggling with difficulty to do the work they had on hand. The descent of the rain is also accompanied by a noise resembling somewhat the discharge of a cannon, and no little consternation is created in the mind of one witnessing the phenomenon for the first time. Snow is well nigh unknown in the lowlands of Victoria, though occasionally seen on the Australian alps; but the void is amply filled by hail storms, which are of frequent occurrence, and are sources of damage both to life and property.

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, although originally settled by the British, has much more the appearance of an American than an English city. The majority of the people, though ardently attached to, and having great reverence for, the mother land, are very republican in their tastes, and do not accept with grace any interference in their affairs. The most prominent public offices are held by Irishmen, and in the conferring of Imperial honours the Irish cannot complain of being overlooked. An instance may here be given of the extraordinary success which attends the movements of an enterprising man in this colony. Sir John O'Shaughnessy, who arrived in Melbourne with the traditional sixpence in his pocket, and embarked in the business of a butcher, after a few short years rose to eminence in the counsels of his country, and his services were duly and deservedly acknowledged at home by the conferring upon him of the order of knighthood. The present Prime Minister, Sir James McCulloch, also rose from an obscure position. These are only two of many instances where energy and enterprise have received ample recompense. Although the number of Chinamen in Melbourne and vicinity is not nearly so large as in San Francisco, they, nevertheless, form a considerable element in the population. They, however, keep very much to themselves, and the Europeans are not apt to raise any grievous complaint on their account. Their business is, for the most part, that of tea merchants, an occupation in which they, no doubt, find it profitable to engage. A great many of the men have intermarried with Europeans, and some have even accepted the truths of Christianity.

The present efficiency of the Young Men's Christian Association has been brought about in a great measure by the self-denying ministrations of one Cheok Cheong Hong, who figures on the list of the working committee of that institution.

Rivalry in trade is carried to a great extreme in Melbourne. On a certain street, and immediately opposite each other, were the shops of two pawnbrokers, who were both Jews and happened to enjoy the same names. All connection with each other was disclaimed and the individuality of each maintained by the addition of the following significant words to their respective signs: "Nothing in connection with the petty trader opposite." Melbourne deserves high commendation for the establishment of a Public Library when the colony was yet in its infancy. The existence of this institution is a great boon to those whose position in life will not allow them to indulge otherwise in a taste for reading. Every one, no matter what his calling or how shabby his appearance, can participate in all the advantages which the library affords, the only restrictions being that perfect order and silence shall be preserved, and that no volume shall be removed from the building. Visitors are only too glad to observe these reasonable rules, and a violation or evasion of them has never been known. There are nearly 100,000 volumes; works of fiction, however, being carefully excluded. In the establishment of the institution instruction and improvement were kept in view rather than mere amusement. It is said that £40,000 have been expended on the building and £30,000 for literature. The library is a pleasant resort for mechanics and others in the evenings, and the good that has been done in this way can scarcely be overestimated. It is, at all events, an example which might well be followed by cities much larger and wealthier than Melbourne.

Spelling bees were very much the rage whilst I was in Melbourne. I had the pleasure of competing at one of these interesting gatherings, on which occasion the superiority of the Canadian over the Australian in the matter of spelling was well established. A friend of mine, a brother Canadian, whom I had met quite accidentally, and whose grounding was, by the way, received at the same institution as my own, carried off the palm after a spirited contest.

I myself, having mastered words of such infrequent occurrence as "heresiarch," "pusillanimity" and "borborygm" (which last was objected to by reason of its being used only in medical phraseology), was finally, to quote from the comments of the morning paper, "gracefully 'ricochetted' off the platform."

Ballarat, the centre of the Gold Mining region, is about one hundred miles from Melbourne and is very prettily situated. The writer had an opportunity of ascertaining the condition in which this industry is at present. From various sources, and from personal observation, he found that the mining was in a very languishing state, little or no activity being visible; and he also heard that the indolence and indifference of Europeans had resulted in throwing the entire working of the mines into the hands of the Chinese. During the month of September of last year, however, some little excitement was occasioned by the discovery of the precious metal near the village of Stawell. Shares which had been bought as low as 2s. 6d. soon reached a fabulous price, and many fortunes were made in an hour. Events like this are now of rare occurrence, and the yield of gold is steadily decreasing. During my stay in Ballarat an election contest was held, and there was, of course, the usual excitement attendant upon struggles of this kind. The Australians are certainly not lacking in political ardour, and, although it has repeatedly been said that Canada contains more politics to the square acre than any portion of the globe, she must now admit the existence of a formidable competitor to that enviable distinction. In three months' time, from July to October of last year, no less than three Governments were overthrown, and the climax was finally reached by the Opposition taking the unusual and extreme course of refusing to vote the supplies necessary to conduct the ordinary affairs of the country. Journeying in the mining region is attended with much difficulty and requires no little caution, and the triumphant accomplishment of a journey of thirteen miles which the writer undertook in that locality, he will always consider as one of the most marvellous feats of his life. For the greater part of the road there was no guide but a succession of mute and blackened stumps, surrounded by awkward but imposing rocks, which greatly im-

peded his progress. Ballarat has been recently made the see of a Bishop, and the Rev. Dr. Thornton, of Birmingham, proceeded there in that capacity last August. He has one parish which derives its support from the generous contributions of a baker and a grocer, but this circumstance does not discourage him.

In distinction to the tame aspect of the Victoria coast, the shores of Western Australia are very bold. It is here that the greater portion of the very few remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants are to be seen. It has been asserted by geographers and others, that these natives are the most degraded on the face of the earth, and those who have had the opportunity of a personal inspection cannot fail most heartily to endorse this none too forcible statement. They clothe themselves (if the very trifling amount of material with which they are encumbered may be called clothing), in some species of fur, and their striking personal appearance is enhanced by an elaborate bestowal of paint and an occasional device judiciously arranged. Like the Arabs, they seem to be versed sufficiently in the English language to be able to besiege travellers constantly with entreaties for money. At Swan River the country, though wild, is very beautiful, and wild flowers grow in magnificent profusion.

Having considered the climate and some of the physical aspects of Australia, it may not be inapt to say a word or two as to its advantages and disadvantages as a field for emigration. To the emigrant from England or Scotland, who is contemplating removing himself and his household gods to that distant land, a multitude of considerations must present themselves, and he should not hastily, or without mature reflection, decide upon taking a step which may well be deemed irrevocable. First of all, he must not lose sight of the many hardships and the great distress which attend the long sea voyage. None but the wealthier classes can afford to take passage by steamship in one of the vessels which double the Cape of Good Hope, or by the luxurious and expensive Peninsular and Oriental Line. The food which is served out on the sailing vessels, although the quantity is not stinted, is far from being unexceptionable in quality. The berths are small and ill ventilated, and,

in tropical weather,—that is, during one-third of the voyage,—almost unfit for occupancy. The vessel is either becalmed for days at a time, or else tossed and imperilled in some frightful storm. In the latter case, every avenue by which air can be admitted is carefully closed, and the blessing of light utterly denied to those, who, from considerations of safety, prefer to remain below. Again, the heat at times is so excessive as to cause the tar on the decks to boil, and one is not inclined to test the strength of, or cultivate any unnecessary intimacy with, a sun which has sufficient power to do this. All these considerations must make a man hesitate before taking a step which cannot well be recalled, and point towards a country less difficult to reach, and nearer home, as a more suitable land of adoption.

There is also the consideration of climate which has been spoken of in the beginning of this article, which should not be passed over without thought. Although much public building is going on in Melbourne and the other principal cities of Australia, the supply of labourers more than equals the demand. The railways in Victoria and New South Wales are for the most part small and insignificant, and a small staff only is requisite to keep them in efficient working order. There is, however, in contemplation, the building of a railway from Melbourne to Sydney, a distance of six hundred miles, which will be a work of great magnitude and will involve the necessity of an increased number of workmen in the country. There is one class of so-called labouring men, with which Australia, like all new countries, is completely overrun, and that is clerks. As those, moreover, who leave the old country with the intention of engaging themselves in Australia as clerks, are generally members of that class who have been cast adrift by their parents and guardians, they are not a desirable addition to a new colony. It is well known that the chief purpose to which Australian land is devoted is the raising of sheep, but, as any one who is desirous of embarking in an enterprise of this kind, must be provided with a fair amount of capital, a poor man can have no option in the matter. Altogether it would seem more desirable that emigrants should first carefully weigh the advantages and disadvantages of a country like Canada, not so far removed from

home, before transferring themselves to so remote a portion of the globe as Australia.

THE VOYAGE HOME, VIA SUEZ.

We left Melbourne by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's Steamship *Pera*, about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of November. The ship was manned entirely by natives of the Straits Settlements, (which comprise the islands of Penang, Singapore and some others of minor importance,) commonly called Lascars; the officers of course being Europeans. These natives are lithe and active in their movements, seem intelligent, are quite amenable to discipline, and appear, on the whole, to make good sailors; but I believe the principal reason for employing them is economy. The tropical voyage from Melbourne to Ceylon being very trying, it is necessary to give greatly increased wages to seamen to induce them to enter a trade in which so many risks are run; and these Lascars are quite content with a mere pittance. It has also been found unnecessary to set before them any very carefully prepared dishes their sustenance being derived principally from a liberal consumption of rice. This simple food is served up on bare and unvarnished boards, and is conveyed to the mouth without the aid of the modern luxuries of fork and spoon, so that the outlay for the means of imparting nourishment is not excessive. They are very regular in their devotions, but I was told by one of the stewards, that as soon as these are over, the men are ready to engage in any nefarious enterprise that may present itself. The stewards, however, do not entertain the warmest affection for the Lascars, so that probably this statement should not be accepted unhesitatingly. The city of Adelaide was reached on the third day out, it being distant from Melbourne about six hundred miles. This is the capital of South Australia, but is a place of comparative insignificance. King George's Sound, the extreme southerly point of Western Australia, was touched at, and many passengers took this opportunity of going on shore. The general appearance of the country here was extremely uncivilized, and it is in this district that the few Aborigines now remaining, whose appearance I have already attempted to describe, are met with.

A day or two before we reached the Sound, the tranquillity of the voyage was disturbed by a very tragic incident. Some trouble arose with the engines which prevented them from performing their office properly, and the second engineer, a man not scrupulously temperate in his habits, took it into his head that the accident had been the result of some carelessness or negligence on his part, and promptly made away with himself. He was found hanging from a hook in his cabin, and it was generally supposed that he must have adjusted the rope while in his bunk, and suddenly sprung from it. An inquest was held at the Sound, and a most extraordinary verdict was rendered. The jury came to the conclusion that there was no evidence to show that the unfortunate man had destroyed his own life, and their decision was so worded as to admit of the belief that some outside influence had been used. Whether this verdict was given from conscientious conviction, or whether the jury were influenced by a desire to afford to the deceased the last rites of the church, were questions which, though much discussed, were not determined. The surgeon remarked that he felt somewhat surprised that this intelligent and far-seeing jury had not thought fit to express their doubts as to the actual decease of the man.

After having taken on board the requisite amount of coal, we set sail for Galle, and nothing worthy of note happened until that point was reached. Ceylon is a beautiful country, and the prospect from the vessel was delightful. The change from the Australian to the European steamer only occupying two or three hours, no time was given for visiting the island. The moment we had dropped anchor, swarms of Cingalese clambered up the sides of the vessel, some with importunate offers of their services as a means of conveyance to the shore, and others desirous of selling native work. The beautiful lines of Bishop Heber at once came across my mind, and the truth of his words seemed very apparent:

“What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er
Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases, and only man is
vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness, the gifts of God are
strewn,
The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood
and stone.”

The natives of this beautiful island are not encumbered with much clothing. The intensity of heat makes it very trying for Europeans, and, for this reason only, I was glad when more temperate regions were reached. The sight of the green foliage and the palm trees was delightful, and the open and airy dwellings were unlike anything that I had hitherto seen. The natives of Ceylon are greatly superior to the Hindoos or Lascars in personal appearance, many of them being very good-looking, and gifted with great muscular strength. I was rather surprised that none of them should have produced and offered to sell me a bottle of the "Cingalese Hair Renewer," a preparation, the remarkable effect of which we have heard so much of in Canada. It is singular that the marvellous powers of this article seem to be quite unknown in the locality from whence it is supposed to come. Great and very general regret was felt when this lovely spot was left, but the remembrance of Ceylon and its many attractions, will never fade from my recollection.

We left Point de Galle about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th of November, by the steamship *Poonah*, the largest ship owned by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. A capital run was made from Galle to Aden, the distance being about twenty-one hundred miles, and the time taken in running it only seven days. Aden commands the entrance to the Red Sea, and has the appearance of being an almost impregnable fortress. It is in the hands of the British, and is of great value to them. The voyage up the Red Sea from Aden to Suez was very pleasant, and was accomplished in about six days. Several of the sailors attempted to show us the veritable spot where Pharaoh and his host were drowned. We reached Suez on Friday the 10th of December, and were detained there until Saturday evening, which gave us ample time to see everything worthy of notice. Many demands were made upon us for "backsheesh," but I fear that the natives were not greatly enriched by our visit. A good deal of donkey-riding was done, but I preferred not to place myself at the mercy of these untrustworthy animals. I heard that very many of those who had recklessly allowed themselves to be stationed on the backs of these creatures were brought to overwhelming grief.

I forgot to mention that a glimpse was had of Mount Sinai. Great numbers of Egyptian and Arab soldiers were seen at Suez. They were on the point of embarking for Abyssinia, with which kingdom they were at that time not on the very best of terms. Judging from their appearance I should say that one Englishman could easily tackle four of these inexperienced warriors. Their struggle with Abyssinia has shown their incompetency, and they no doubt regret having entered into a contest with opponents so formidable as the inhabitants of that country are known to be. On the arrival of the steamer from Bombay on Saturday evening, we left Suez and crossed the desert by rail to Alexandria. As the journey was performed during the night, very little was seen, but, possibly, there was very little to see, except an occasional oasis here and there. I could not help being struck with the remarkable knowledge which the conductor of the train, who was an Egyptian, seemed to show of almost every living language. There were English, French, Italians, and many passengers of other nationalities, but he appeared perfectly equal to answering any inquiries which were addressed to him, irrespective of tongue.

When the day broke, Egypt burst upon us in all its novelty, the camels, especially, attracting considerable attention. There are no vehicles of any description in use here, and everything appears to be done by means of these camels, which are able to carry immense loads, and are very easily managed. The Egyptians themselves, and the country generally, would seem to have undergone no change since the infancy of the world, and the vivid pictures of Eastern life portrayed in the Bible are brought with renewed force to one's mind when passing through this interesting land. The Nile was crossed, but there is nothing at all remarkable in the appearance of this river, to discover the source of which has cost many a valuable life. Alexandria is the most desolate and dismal-looking place it has ever been my lot to see; it appears more like a collection of barns than a place where human beings are supposed to live. A very imperfect view was had of Pompey's pillar from the railway, but it is something to say that one has even seen this ancient monument. No time was given to visit the city, but no particular regret was felt, and the passengers were glad to know

that they were not to be delayed in such a miserable town.

The steamship *Baroda* left Alexandria about twelve o'clock on Saturday, the 12th of December, *en route* for Brindisi. A perceptible difference was noticed in the temperature, it being winter on this side of the line, and great changes of clothing were accordingly made. The sail up the Mediterranean was delightful, notwithstanding the chilliness of the weather, and great interest was felt when gazing upon the classic shores of Greece. We arrived at Brindisi on Wednesday, about nine o'clock in the evening, where the mails were transferred, and those passengers who were anxious to reach London without delay, left the ship and proceeded on their journey by rail. Brindisi is the ancient Brundisium, and is mainly interesting on account of its being a walled city. It is a wretched-looking place, but it has brightened up considerably of late, owing to its usefulness in respect of the present overland system of conveying the mails to and from India. I remained on the ship and proceeded as far as Ancona, where I took the railway for London, *via* Turin and Paris. At Ancona I found it extremely difficult to make myself intelligible, but after several fruitless attempts, I at length succeeded in convincing the official, who seized hold of me the moment I disembarked, that I wished to be taken to the office of the British Consul, where I knew that any information I might require would be cheerfully supplied. Leaving Ancona on Friday, the train stopped, among other places, at Bologna, renowned for its sausages, and I saw a magnificent display of that famous article of food at the refreshment room of the railway station. There is one undoubted disadvantage in travelling to London by rail, and that is the continued want of sleep. It would be a great boon to travellers if the American system of railway carriages, with sleeping cars attached, were introduced on the French and Italian railways, but they seem to have an undefined horror of such a thing, the French people being peculiarly obstinate on this point. There is no such thing in Italy as free conveyance of luggage, and I advise all who contemplate travelling in that country to bear this in mind, and cram as much as they possibly can into the railway carriage. Turin was reached on Saturday morning. This is the most modern of Italian cities,

and has no vestige of antiquity about it. I remained there until the evening, when I started for Paris, *via* The Mont Cenis Tunnel. On arriving at Macon, the border town between Italy and France, I was alarmed at a request to produce my passport. Not thinking that such a thing was necessary, I had failed to procure one, and dreaded either immediate confinement in the nearest police station, as a reward for my negligence, or indefinite detention at the railway station. A gentleman, who had been travelling in the same carriage with me, being provided with two passports, kindly relieved me of my anxiety by giving me the extra one. The Mont Cenis Tunnel was passed through during the night. I must bear my humble testimony to the excellent style in which omelettes are prepared at the French railway stations, and to the delicious manner in which the coffee is made. Paris was reached on Sunday evening, where I remained until Monday afternoon.

I had an opportunity of walking about the city, but had no time to see many of the beauties of this "Queen of cities." I had not much difficulty in making myself understood here, but I was greatly struck with the difference of accent in Paris, and that commonly heard in Lower Canada. It is delightful to hear a Parisian speak, even if you do not understand a word he is saying. A great many of the handsomest buildings bear marks of the Prussian bombardment, and of the fierceness of the Communists during the late war, and some are still in melancholy ruins.

Having occasion during my stay to ask for a certain street, I addressed the following question, mildly, to one of the passers-by, "Pouvez-vous me diriger à la rue Tournon?" The answer was given in a very energetic voice, and for some moments the disturbance in my ears resembled that occasioned by the rumbling of an express train: "La rue Tour-n-n-on? Oui, monsieur, la deuxième rue." In future my attempts at French were less frequent. A story was told me here of an enthusiastic Englishman, who had been a strong supporter of the Napoleonic dynasty, and who was viewing from the outside of a 'bus, the many improvements made in this magnificent city, by the late Emperor. He could not restrain his enthusiasm, and, forgetful of the great revulsion of feeling that has so lately taken place in France, called out: "Vive

Napoleon Quatre, Vive L'Empire." The words had barely escaped his lips, when he found himself an occupant of the pavement.

I left for London at four o'clock in the afternoon, *via* Boulogne, and was accommodated at the latter place for three or four hours in a French Custom-house, it being

too early in the morning to gain admission into a hotel. London was reached without accident, and my arrival ended a trip extending over seven months, during which a distance of nearly 35,000 miles had been travelled.

ONLY A BABY GONE!

ONLY a little empty cot
 Where baby was laid to sleep ;
 But sore is my heart when I see it now,
 And what can I do but weep ?

Only a soiled and broken toy,
 She used in her baby play ;
 I cannot bear to see it now,
 Let it be hidden away.

And here lies another thing,
 Recalling the sunny past ;
 Only a scarlet coral chain,
 Her hands have so often claspt.

Only a baby's smile
 Is missed in our home to-day ;
 And the sound of her pattering feet,
 And her rippling laugh at play.

Only a baby gone ?
 Only the loss of these ?
 But when will our home seem bright again ?
 Oh, when will our hearts find ease ?

Just when faith can behold
 Our baby from sin set free ;
 Forever safe in the far off fold,
 On the shores of the crystal sea.

M. E. MUCHALL

EXEMPTION FROM MUNICIPAL TAXATION :

A PLEA FOR ITS ABOLITION.

BY W. F. MACLEAN, TORONTO.

TAKING the community as a whole, and speaking somewhat theoretically, Municipal Taxation is a self-imposed burden, supposed to return adequate compensation to the taxpayer, who, in consenting to be rated, retains the right of regulating its imposition and extent. It is an admitted necessity, and, if properly levied and equally distributed, should not be burdensome.

But it is just here that a great evil has its origin. Taxes are not equally distributed or properly levied. And it is for this reason that the great majority of taxpayers consider taxation a huge injustice to which they are forced to submit, and for the removal or amelioration of which they have no resource. None can deny that there is good ground for this opinion, and that great injustice exists. The origin and cause of the greater part of this injustice is directly traceable to the exemption of certain classes and properties from taxation. How numerous these classes and how extensive these properties are the public has had no means of knowing, but an idea may be gained from the following summary:—

The property and persons that escape taxation in Ontario—it is with this Province that it is proposed to deal—may be divided into :

Imperial.—Houses occupied by persons in the service of the Imperial Government ; Imperial, naval, and military salaries and pensions.

Federal.—Real estate and structures, such as parliament and departmental buildings ; post-offices and savings' banks ; custom-houses and inland revenue offices ; emigration sheds ; penitentiaries ; military colleges and storehouses, barracks, drill-sheds, and forts ; ordnance and Indian lands ; vacant lots, &c. ; residence and salary of Governor-General ; salaries of Dominion officials ; pensions under \$200.

Provincial.—Parliament and departmen-

tal buildings ; prisons and asylums ; universities and colleges ; unoccupied lands ; law courts and salaries of law officers ; pensions under \$200.

Municipal.—County, city, town, and township halls ; court-houses and gaols ; registry offices ; exhibition buildings and grounds ; water-works, parks, and markets ; cemeteries ; public schools ; poor-houses, hospitals, and houses of correction ; pounds ; fire halls and police stations ; vacant lots, &c.

Sectarian.—Churches and church grounds ; ministers' salaries to the extent of \$1,000, and their dwellings to the extent of \$2,000 ; cemeteries and burying grounds ; denominational schools and colleges ; convents, monasteries, and abbeys ; orphan asylums ; infants', boys', and girls' homes ; Christian association and benevolent society buildings ; hospitals and dispensaries, &c.

Miscellaneous.—Scientific, mechanics', and literary institutes ; incomes derived by farmers from their farms ; personal property secured by mortgage or invested in Provincial and Municipal Ontario debentures ; bank stock (but not the dividends) ; railroad stock ; personal property equal to debts due thereon ; personalty under \$100 ; rental from real estate (but not interest on mortgages) ; household effects, books, and wearing apparel.

To show how great is the injustice that flourishes under this system of exemption, it will be convenient to examine the above enumerated classes and properties under different heads, namely: the exemption of Government and Municipal properties ; personal incomes ; and sectarian properties and incomes.

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL EXEMPTIONS.

At first sight it would appear that no in-

justice results from the exemption of Government or Municipal properties, since these were called into existence for the public good ; but on going below the surface an important anomaly presents itself. Nothing could be more equitable than that these properties, being as they are for the general good, should be purchased and maintained at the public cost. But this is not the case. While the people at large have to furnish the money to secure the site and erect the building, the surrounding improvements—quite as necessary as the building itself—such as roads and pavements, water, light, sewers, fire and police protection, &c., have to be provided by a very small fraction of the public, namely, those who happen to be residents of the municipality in which the building is erected. Not only do these people contribute to the general fund, but they are specially taxed for the benefit of institutions from which they, as citizens of the country, derive no greater benefit than their fellow-countrymen who may be many miles removed from the location of the buildings. Take, for instance, the Federal buildings at Ottawa. They are the property of the country at large, and a resident of Vancouver or Halifax derives as much benefit from them as the citizen of the capital. Why then is it that the Ottawa ratepayer is unjustly compelled to provide improvements for the benefit of the residents of British Columbia and Halifax? Or, rather, why is it that the latter escape from paying a just share of the cost of providing these public buildings with necessary improvements? The greater part of the revenue of the Dominion is collected through the custom-houses and inland revenue offices. Would it be any other than proper that a portion of this revenue should be set aside to pay for the improvements surrounding these buildings, instead of compelling the residents of the municipality in which they happen to be located to do it? It is the same with Provincial property. Is it just that the people of Toronto should furnish the *three million dollars'* worth of property in that city, belonging to the Province of Ontario, with all manner of improvements? Do not the people of Essex and Glengarry, as citizens of the Province, derive equal advantages from Osgoode Hall, the Normal School, Central Prison, Lunatic Asylum, University, Legislative Buildings, &c., &c.,

with the ratepayers of Toronto? Why, then, should they not bear a share in the cost of the civic improvements with which these institutions are surrounded? Again, take the City of Hamilton. Why are its ratepayers expected to provide roads, walks, lights, sewers, &c., for the court-house, registry office, county buildings, gaol, &c., of the County of Wentworth, all situated within the city's limits? The people of the county number twice as many as the residents of the city, and to them accrue most of the advantages conferred by these buildings; yet by an anomaly in the law they are provided with improvements by those who use the buildings least—the people of Hamilton. A similar state of affairs will be found in all county towns. Let us even go a step lower. All the townships have town-halls and fair-grounds in some one of the little villages within their bounds. By the system of exemption a very small section of the ratepayers of the township—those who happen to reside in the village in which this township property is located—are unjustly charged with providing improvements around property owned and used for the benefit of every resident in the township.

These exemptions probably had their rise in the belief that to tax public property would merely be taking money from one pocket to put it in the other. But such belief is error. Were all this public property taxed, and all made to bear a share in it, the injustice at present witnessed, of a few having to pay, would be abolished. The only set-off to all this exemption, from federal property down to township halls, is the argument that these buildings and lands confer special advantages on those living near them; in other words, that the population is increased, and that a great deal of custom is drawn to the store and hotel-keepers, &c., by outsiders having to come to the municipality to transact business at the public buildings which may be situated within it. The people of Ottawa will be told that Parliament draws a great many to that city who leave considerable money behind them, and that if the departments were not there they would be so much poorer. To see how fallacious this argument is, it has only to be remembered that the person called there on business; if he spends money, he gets value in return; that he would be at similar outlay no matter where

the buildings were located ; that if an extra amount of "business" is done, there is a corresponding rush from outside places to participate in it ; and that the great majority of the ratepayers—the labourer, the mechanic, the clerk, the schoolmaster, &c.—are not one cent better off because these buildings happen to be in their city than if they were in Winnipeg. They only make a living, and that they could do in any place. A man keeping an attractive hotel might just as well claim exemption because his house draws strangers who spend money among the storekeepers, and that if it were not there the people would not come. And as it is with the Federal property, so is it with the Provincial, county, and township exemptions. *The only persons who reap advantages from the location of public buildings within a municipality are the owners of the land at the time the site is selected.*

There is only one class of public property which, if exempted, causes no injustice. This is the purely local municipal property of cities, towns, and villages. It embraces city and town halls, fire halls, police stations, public local schools, houses of refuge, hospitals, markets, parks, vacant lots, &c. These are held only for the benefit of the residents of the particular municipality in which they happen to be. No one outside the limits derives the least advantage from them. Hence the people within the limits, and for whose use alone they exist, should and do provide the improvements with which they are encircled. It is only in this class of public property that to tax would be to take money from one pocket to put it in the other. But in doing this no injustice would be committed, and, at the same time, the principle that all property should be taxed would be vindicated.

PERSONAL EXEMPTIONS.

The persons classed as exempted under this head may be divided into those who pay no taxes because of their calling, and those who pay no taxes because of the source from which their incomes are derived. In the first division we have clergymen, monks, nuns, and Imperial officers; and in the second, Dominion officials, including lieutenant-governors, judges, civil service employees, and those receiving federal pensions. Why this numerous class

is exempt from paying a just portion of the cost of the comforts that municipal government supplies, has never been explained. It has yet to be demonstrated that a clergyman works harder for his salary than the merchant and the mechanic, or that the public business would not be effectually conducted if judges, departmental clerks, revenue collectors, and postal officials were not exempted from municipal taxation. All these derive advantages from the roads, pavements, light, and means provided by the municipality for protection from thieves and fire, and should bear a share in the cost. People are taxed, not because of their calling or of the source from which they receive their incomes, but in order to provide certain conveniences in which *all* share, and which assist all to earn a livelihood and the better to enjoy their incomes, whatever they may be. Consequently, if a man shares—and all must necessarily share—in the advantages conferred by municipal expenditure, he should also share in the cost.

Had Parliament, when it was so anxious about its officials that it provided for their exemption from municipal taxation, given them their tea, coffee, tobacco, spirits, and other taxable articles, free from custom or excise duties, it would have at least shown a consistent principle. But it took good care not to be out of pocket itself, and placed the burden on the municipalities. If Parliament thinks it is wrong to tax Dominion officials, is not a greater injustice perpetrated when it taxes them itself? This furnishes an illustration of the saw, "What you do is wrong; what I do is right."

Personal exemptions create privileged classes, and privileged classes have often been the cause of revolution. All men are equal, and whatever tends to clash with this principle (and certainly exemption does) is injurious, and should be speedily corrected. Mechanics and farmers are just as necessary to the community as judges and clergymen, and both should stand on the same ground. But the farmer and mechanic, under the present system of taxation, suffer a double injustice. They have not only to pay taxes while the minister and the civil service employee are exempt, but they have also to pay the taxes of these latter.

The moral status of the clergyman or

Government official is not enlarged by his being a pauper on those who should be his fellow-citizens. Both would be more respected if they paid their way like other people.

SECTARIAN EXEMPTIONS.

Of all the abuses that flourish under the present system of taxation, that of the exemption of sectarian institutions and incomes is the most iniquitous. In support of this statement, the following arguments, showing the unconstitutionality, the injustice, and the demoralizing effect of the exemption of sectarian property and incomes, are advanced.

In Ontario, the Constitution demands recognition of only one sect, and that in only one respect—the Separate Schools of the Roman Catholics. All others are unknown to it. Hence a violation of its spirit is witnessed in the Legislature compelling the ratepayers of the municipality to recognise several classes and all creeds by stipulating that the property and incomes of these shall be exempt from local taxation. Furthermore, under our system of government, and in accord with the genius of our people, it is an admitted principle that all should bear a share in its cost. Taxation was not intended to be, and is not, tribute, but a common fund for the general good, to which all should give according to their ability or the benefit derived. The Constitution never intended that a privileged class in this or any other respect should exist. But such a breach has been committed, for it cannot be denied that those exempted form a privileged class.

Again, liberty of conscience is secured to all. To assail it would be to attack the most sacred of all our civil rights. But is not a man's pocket and conscience unjustly assaulted when the Legislature compels him to recognise all creeds, by forcing him to provide municipal improvements for the property of the bodies which hold and support such beliefs?

The law, in sanctioning local taxation, indicates that it shall bring compensation. But it cannot be affirmed that the ratepayer derives benefit from this or that church or sectarian institution being surrounded, at his cost, with all manner of civic improvements and conveniences. If he had his own way these institutions would never

have been there, unless their supporters or owners agreed to pay a just share of the municipal improvements, as their presence only increases the area to be kept in order, and prevents a greater degree of compactness—probably a convenience to him—in the arrangement of the dwellings and places of business of his fellow-ratepayers. These examples could be multiplied, did space permit, in proof of the assertion that exemption is unconstitutional and out of harmony with the democratic sentiments of the people of Canada.

That sectarian exemptions, besides being unconstitutional, are also unjust, may be most easily exemplified. A man may be priest to his own household, and his only altar the family one; yet he is unjustly compelled to find improvements for institutions from which he derives no benefit, spiritual or otherwise. He may consider churches unnecessary. One denomination gets along very well without a minister, its members preaching their own sermons, and visiting their own sick and poor; but this does not save them from having to pay the taxes of the ministers of other creeds which consider them a necessity. The same lot befalls the man who has no religion. His right not to entertain a belief or creed cannot be questioned; yet he is forced to pay the taxes of those engaged in preaching doctrines, and of educational corporations disseminating teachings, which he considers false and calculated to contract his mental freedom. Again, a congregation may not be given to display, its members being content with a plain church and sufficient ground to set it on; the one opposite has massive towers or a far-reaching steeple, and occupies a block in the centre of a populous city: yet the former has no protection from having to pay towards the improvements encompassing the costly edifice and the extensive grounds (from which the public are excluded) of the latter.

A common case is that of a husband dying leaving a young family unprovided for. The father has paid a portion of the taxes of every charitable institution to the municipality; yet when the bereaved widow offers her offspring to the managers of a sectarian orphanage, the answer is that the children cannot be received, or that "extra" money will have to be paid, because she is not an adherent of the denomination

which controls the charity. Another says, "My son or daughter will receive a fair education at the public schools, yet I have no redress from paying the taxes of sectarian schools and colleges, which I do not think it necessary my children should attend." A poor man is unable to send his boy to the college of his own or any other denomination. He does not, however, escape the tax collector's demands, and has to provide for the children of others what he cannot get for his own. The exemption of denominational schools is unjust to the public schools. Under it ratepayers not only pay public school rates, but have to provide improvements for the extensive properties held by these sectarian educational corporations.

The suffering taxpayers are further mulcted in the taxes of wealthy sisterhoods and brotherhoods, whose policy has ever been to accumulate property, in mortmain, and restrict their own number, and who derive large revenues from teaching, the practice of industries, and the produce of their farms and gardens. There is practically no limit to which these corporations cannot reach in acquiring property and holding it in the name of some church or charity—consequently, free from taxation. They may keep fifty, one hundred, two hundred good paying pupils, and hold sufficient land in the heart of some centre of trade from which enough or almost enough is raised to supply the fraternity themselves and their paying guests; yet these same people fail to admit that they are under any obligation to the public which supplies them with roads, light, water, and a host of other conveniences. The taxpayer has no means of knowing the receipts and expenditures of these corporations whose taxes he pays. He is beyond knowing whether, while he is struggling to pay the taxes imposed on him, the "exempted" ministers, professors, brothers, and sisters are not taking the affairs of this life very easily and probably saving money.

But besides being unconstitutional and unjust, sectarian exemptions are also demoralizing. The exemption of denominational properties has removed a necessary restraint, and encouraged extravagance in church and sectarian buildings. It has materially assisted in the development of the sentiment that finds expression, not in which creed shall do the most good, but in which

one shall have the costliest church, the most artistically laid out grounds, the most commodious manse for the pastor. To the brotherhoods and sisterhoods exemption is an incentive to accumulate property, instead of tending the sick and teaching the poor. If all these, church managers included, had to find taxes, they would think more of their spiritual duties—at least they would give less attention to worldly matters. Exemption also tends to the increasing of the number of denominations, while a marked sign of the times is a union of creeds. It makes clergymen dependent, while they should be independent.

CONCLUSION.

Without doubt, one of the strongest arguments against exemptions of all kinds is that of the "unearned increment." The untaxed property is constantly increasing in value, owing to the construction of improvements round it, and toward the cost of which it contributes nothing. Its market value is always augmenting at the expense of surrounding property. It has only to be left alone, and its value accumulates enormously. On the other hand, on assessed property, a sum, equal to the amount for which the property is rated, is paid every forty-five or fifty years in the way of municipal taxes. That is, the tax-payer really repurchases his property at the end of fifty years, while the "exempted," at the end of the same time, finds his property has doubled or trebled in value without the least expense or exertion on his part.

Were all property taxed alike, those large charitable and sectarian institutions, with their extensive grounds, which now have locations in the centres of cities, would be compelled to seek accommodation in country places, where taxation is lower. More room would then be left in the cities and towns for the demands of commerce, while these institutions and their inmates would be none the worse for their transfer beyond the city or town limits.

The abuses that flourish under exemption are numerous; they are growing, and demand speedy attention. President Grant, in a late message to Congress, alluded to the evils that were the outcome of exemption, and said complete assessment was the only remedy. In Quebec, the exempted

property is said to be one-third of the whole, and forms the heaviest burden of the people of that Province. In Ontario, the exempted corporations are getting more numerous, and the property exempted more extensive; but a vigorous agitation for the abolition of all exemptions is also coming to the front. A movement is on foot to have a return ordered at the coming session of the Assembly, of all exempted property through the Province. The public will then be best able to judge of the perniciousness of the system. The true remedy is to tax

all property. Make every one who shares in the advantages conferred by municipal expenditures share also in the cost. Let none be privileged. Place it beyond the power of a municipality to exempt a factory, or any person or thing. If the municipality desires to aid any individual, charitable corporation, or industry, let it give a bonus, but do not permit exemption in any shape or form. When such a course is adopted, none can complain of injustice; all will receive full compensation for their taxes, and no privileged classes will exist.

PROGRESS OF HUMANITY :

THE ART OF WAR.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

PROGRESS! Progress is now the universal cry urging man on to improvement;—to some attainable and, frequently, to some visionary good. It is a watchword more pregnant with meaning than the old fashioned "Onward"; for "On," or "Onward" implied nothing beyond a brave dash of enterprise, fortunate or desperate as it might happen; but Progress imports that the forward movement must be beneficial to the human race.

Acknowledging this as a general approximation to truth, though too much carried to a boastful length and too often directed to mistaken objects, I have pondered upon some of the phenomena exhibited by the age in which we live. I confess to having lost myself in the tangled maze of Civilization at which we have arrived and in which we are working our way amid strange moral results and curious contradictions. The questions will still arise in my mind: Are we better or worse than our forefathers? Are we wiser and less foolish? Are we happier, in our generation, or more contented? Do we cherish the nobler human virtues and practise the blessed Christian precepts more or less? In answer, I shall only observe, I am not an optimist.

But the immediate source of my reflective

mood, and to which I would invite attention, is the extraordinary aspect of warlike affairs, and the tendency of every new advance in military art to ensure merciless slaughter and wholesale destruction. The very words, usages of civilized war, have always been sufficiently incongruous, but they seem now to have reached a climax of absurdity that should make the angels weep. Civilization and a competition of Armstrong and Whitworth cannon! Civilization and armed rams! Civilization and beautiful shelling; and such shells and such accuracy! Civilization and unerring rifle practice! Surely if Civilization goes on at this rate, by the time a little more Progress is made, there will be nobody left to enjoy it—except the last woman, perhaps, for the male fighting moiety of mortal kind must all have been exterminated.

Let us look back—not to remote antiquity or savage life, where bows and arrows, boomerangs, assegays, clubs, tiny darts blown through a tube, and lethal instruments of flint, bronze, or iron, sufficed for all the purposes of destruction; but to the epoch when gunpowder was invented and applied in various ways to the business of killing. Proud of the discovery of so fearful an agent, a few grand efforts were made to demon-

strate its irresistible power. Little did the strategists of those days dream of three hundred pounders, or of batteries of such huge monsters as were truly their *ne plus ultra*, What they did produce were boasts of wonder! There was Mons Meg, which still displays her amazing size in Edinburgh Castle; there was The Gun on the Cliff at Dover which bragged,

“Charge me well and sponge me clean,
I'll lay a ball on Calais Green.”

There are the long cannon and the gigantic mortar, brought from distant lands, to adorn St. James' Park, the former plotted to Fieschi a King; and there are probably a score more of notable historical pieces, to show how contemptible were the utmost slaughtering devices of former times when compared with the improvements and progress in civilization which are being so interestingly developed in our day. Their poor solitary specimens sink into absolute insignificance.

In the more ordinary course of smaller ware there was the famous brown-bess which maintained its reputation for two hundred years. At first the clumsy match-lock took so long a time in loading, blowing up the match, and going off, that it was not so deadly as was expected; especially as a good deal remained of the casing in armour, such as was worn in chivalrous battle when man met man in brave encounter, and the victory fell to the stoutest or most skilful. In this there was something like manliness and fair play; and the glory of conquest was rarely darkened by the infliction of death. And even where the brown-bess was most advantageously employed and at close quarters, to its credit be it recorded, it is astonishing to think how few were killed in proportion to the ammunition expended!

The volleys were noisy enough—the soldiers were directed to fire low and they seem to have fired not only low but high. They were also warned to put their trust in Providence, and keep their powder dry; but somehow it happened that owing to the promiscuous nature of the fight, few enemies fell to a very liberal allowance of gunpowder.

In the slaughter that was committed in this way, the troops come under the description of mere instruments. They manoeuvred and fired away as they were led and ordered; but they were almost unconscious of the casualties they produced—there was no direct

and distinct action aimed at individual life. Civilization and the progress of science has, however, improved upon this unsatisfactory state of things; and the rifle has superseded the old brown-bess. Instead of the haphazard rattling volley, you have the stealthy rifle with its sharp twang. There is nothing to be seen of “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” but there is a crack from behind a tree or a bush, and a fellow-creature on the opposite side falls forward in the agonies of death. He has been admirably picked out (covered, as they call it) and most expertly slain; and our sure marksman goes on to shoot as many more as he can discover to aim at; and, having disposed of some ten or a dozen unfortunate persons, in the triumph of success he heedlessly exposes himself, and is brought down by a bullet from an unseen hand, as accurate as his own in the civilized mode of murder which has made brown-bess a laughing stock. In the training now there is Science: Science triumphs in the sights, for all distances, which enable the proficient drill to lay the enemy low as certainly as if his breathing body were a target and his warm heart a bull's eye.

Long ago, and through the ages of raw ignorance, the warriors were at immense trouble in constructing battering rams, and, under the best shelter they could manage, knocking away at the walls of towns in despite of hot pitch and boiling lead poured ruthlessly on their heads, and big stones hurled down upon them by the besieged with a crushing impartiality. Miserable contrivances! Look at the iron-plated rams, as yet only employed on the sea, but speedily to be constructed for land service, and mark the mighty improvement. While it is a question whether the enormous cannon can destroy wholesale the armed fortifications which are to be opposed to them, it is highly satisfactory to know we have such machines, which with a single poke of their beaks can extemporize noyades of splendid efficacy. Those of the sanguinary French revolution were paltry expedients, drowning a few aristocrats or suspects, whom it would have been tedious to guillotine; but our merry-make style of execution is of a grander order. With one blow it staves in the side of a vessel, and in ten minutes every soul of the crew is in eternity. Just as you have seen cruel people plunge a trap with poor mice

under water till dead, so the skilled pilot of the ram, by an exquisite act of seamanship, in a moment sends several hundred human beings, full five fathoms deep, to be seen no more on the face of the wonderfully civilized earth.

War is treated as a game. The shambles have their games, though the marrow-bones and cleavers are almost obsolete. Not so the shambles for mankind. On the contrary the pastimes increase in number and attractiveness; and the most innocent nomenclature is coined for the varieties. A populous city is sacked. How much is expressed in that little word. Thirty thousand men, women, and children are devoted to the brutality of an infuriated soldiery reeking with blood and hot from their own narrow escape from wounds or death. They are let loose to gratify every fiend-passion of lust and revenge upon the miserable inhabitants whose only offence is that they have been forced to endure the cruel tyranny and oppression of that other band which previously committed every outrage upon them as their de-

fenders. Forlorn hopes and storming are no doubt "suggestive" epithets signifying a vast amount of desperate daring and suffering; but after the "affair" is over, there are only a few hundreds or thousands *hors de combat*;—out of the battle, indeed, and dying in hospitals or thrown in their ghastly shapes into bloody graves. Then we hear of "admirable shell practice," almost every bomb scattering the limbs of those among whom it bursts all around its horrid area. And we have a Drumhead Court, at which the wretched foredoomed culprit or culprits are simply arraigned for some disobedience of orders, summarily convicted and immediately hanged, or, as a favour, shot. On a larger scale is the more fatal measure of a Special Commission to try offenders or foes by military law. In plain parlance it is simply a pseudo-irresponsible method of cutting off any number of adversaries whom it would not look well to massacre, poison, or even imprison for the brief period that intervenes between incarceration and natural death.

SONG.

BY A QUEENSLANDER.

OVER my soul the great thoughts roll,
 Like the waves of a mighty sea;
 But clear, through the rushing and surging there sounds
 A wonderful music to me.
 So sweet, so low, the harmonies flow;
 They rise and they fall, they come and they go;
 Wonderful, beautiful, soft and slow.

Not here, not there, not in this calm air,
 Nor born of the silver sea;—
 Immortal—beyond all the music of man—
 It is love that is singing in me.
 So sweet, so low, the harmonies flow;
 They rise and they fall, they come and they go;
 Wonderful, beautiful, soft and slow.

Not mine alone this melting tone—
 The soul of it comes from thee—
 For thou, in thy bosom, art singing of love,
 And the music flows over to me.
 So sweet, so low, the harmonies flow;
 They rise and they fall, they come and they go;
 Wonderful, beautiful, soft and slow.

DARWINISM AND MORALITY.

BY JOHN WATSON, M.A., QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

IT sometimes happens that a conception is found to fit a class of facts quite different from that to account for which it was originally framed. This unexpected result, it is well known, is one of the best proofs that a *vera causa* has been discovered, and in most cases at once raises a tentative hypothesis to the rank of an established law. The temptation, however, to distort or misapprehend facts in the endeavour to push a new conception beyond its proper limits is so strong, that the most extreme care is needed to guard against it. Even when the order of phenomena sought to be explained is of the same kind as that already accounted for, the probabilities are against the proposed extension; when, on the other hand, the new phenomena are extremely unlike the old, the antecedent improbability is so very great as to require evidence of the most undeniable kind to counterbalance it.

The attempt now being made to explain moral and social phenomena by the doctrine of Evolution, is an instance of the effort to apply a hypothesis to a totally new class of facts. While the extreme divergence in the two kinds of facts raises a strong *à priori* presumption against the success of this attempt, it does not entitle any one to dismiss the project as futile without inquiry; more especially as some who are by no means advocates of Darwinism, although they believe it to have a high degree of probability in its favour, look upon this recent phase of it with qualified approval. The acceptance of Evolution will, in the opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith,* "render it necessary to rewrite our manuals of Moral Philosophy." If this suggestion at all corresponds to the truth, it is well that we should know it; if, on the other hand, as others believe, it suggests a distrust that is uncalled for, the sooner we hear reasons for coming to that conclusion the better. The question is not, it will be observed, whether the theory of

Evolution is true or false; but whether, assuming its truth, it has any bearing upon Morality. On the former topic the present writer, not being a scientific specialist, does not feel competent to express any authoritative opinion; on the latter he proposes to set down a few thoughts that will, he believes, be found to have some weight.

1. The first point that suggests itself is, whether the theory of Evolution can be shown to affect in any way the truth or falsehood of our moral conceptions. That theory, as originally presented by its author in his great work, *The Origin of Species*, shows, or attempts to show, that all species of living beings, vegetable and animal, are co-descendants of one or more primordial forms. Different species, in other words, are no more of separate origin than are varieties of the same species. The same influences which have co-operated in producing varieties are competent to account for all the differences of species, without recourse being had to the hypothesis of special creation. These influences are Inheritance, Variability, and External Circumstances. Each living being tends to resemble its immediate or more remote progenitors in certain definite characteristics; it also tends to display individual features that mark it off from all other beings. If we could suppose the conditions of existence absolutely alike for all beings of the same kind, we should have the same type persisting for an indefinite period without any important change. But as all organic beings increase in a geometrical ratio, more individuals are produced than can possibly survive, and a severe struggle for life takes place, usually between beings of the same species, but often between those of distinct species. The relations between living things, determining which shall survive and which shall die, being exceedingly complex, those individuals which chance to display a variation in the least degree more advantageous to their existence than their competitors survive, while

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, May, 1876, p. 415.

those less favourably endowed die out. Such a variation tends by the law of Inheritance to be perpetuated, and thus by the slow accumulation of slight increments of difference a variation from the original type is at length produced, so marked as to explain why certain kinds of beings have been classed as independent species. Besides this process of Natural Selection, another less potent cause, which tends to a like result, is that of Sexual Selection,* depending upon a struggle between the individuals of one sex for the possession of the other sex. The whole theory may be summed up in the words of one of its ablest advocates:—“All the phenomena of organic nature, past and present, result from or are caused by the interaction of those properties of organic matter called ATAVISM and VARIABILITY, with the CONDITIONS OF EXISTENCE; or, in other words,—given the existence of organic matter, its tendency to transmit its properties, and its tendency occasionally to vary; and, lastly, given the conditions of existence by which organic matter is surrounded—these put together are the causes of the Present and the Past conditions of ORGANIC NATURE.”†

This statement of the salient points of the doctrine of Evolution has been introduced as a basis upon which to rest two plain inferences. The first inference is that, admitting its truth, the theory is not competent to do more than explain generally how the various species of organic beings have as a matter of fact arisen in process of time. It declares that those characteristics which in certain given conditions are most favourable to the preservation of the plant's or animal's life have something to do with the being's preservation, but it does not pretend to say upon what those characteristics ultimately depend. The so-called laws of Inheritance and Variability are simply empirical generalizations, not comparable in any strict sense with an absolute physical law, such as that “bodies attract each other proportionally to their mass and inversely as the square of their distance.”

* Sexual Selection may be practically left out of account, more especially as Mr. Wallace has recently expressed his conviction that its influence has been altogether overrated. See *Academy*, June 17, 1876, p. 588.

† Huxley *On the Origin of Species*, Am. Ed., 1863, p. 131.

Nor does the theory throw any light, except perhaps incidentally, upon the disputed question of the nature of Life; wherein it consists, and how living things are demarcated, if at all, from inorganic matter; it simply tells us that certain characteristics end by being slowly intensified to alter the physical features of organic beings. But if the theory does not account for more than phenomenal manifestations and changes; if it determines nothing about the relations of life and matter, much less can it give any assistance in the case of problems which depend for their solution upon the nature of consciousness and reason. The bearing of this conclusion will appear further on; at present the important thing to note is, that the doctrine of Evolution is a purely physical theory, and even as such only an empirical law destitute of the accuracy and stability of the highest kind of natural law.

Now, this inference seems effectually to dispose of any claim the doctrine of Evolution might be supposed to have to determine the validity or invalidity, or in any way to affect the truth, of moral conceptions. For, granting in the meantime that the law of Natural Selection is of a nature to explain how the infinite diversity of moral ideas, past and present, has arisen, it is difficult to see how this in any way enables us to decide which ideas are true and which false, or indeed whether any of them are true. The mere fact that under certain conditions certain moral conceptions prevail, does not help us in the least to determine what the relation or absolute value of competing conceptions may be. No doubt we may, by comparing these conceptions together, decide their comparative worth, but such a comparison is not a part of the doctrine of Evolution, but a purely ethical question, to be determined upon purely ethical grounds. To state the special ways in which a class of ideas has come into existence is one thing; to appraise these ideas according to their moral value is another and a very different thing; and the doctrine of Evolution being necessarily limited by its very nature to the former task, is impotent to undertake the latter task. If, for example, it were argued, as it has been argued, that the fact of contradictory moral conceptions being held at different times and among different nations shows that truth on ethical questions

is not obtainable, of what use is it to be told that the existence of so great a diversity of conceptions can be explained by the interaction of the laws of Inheritance and Variation, together with the conditions of existence? This evidently is no answer to the question asked—namely, whether any of the conceptions is true—but to a totally different question, which has not been asked at all. Or again, how shall the right of personal Property be established by a theory that at best can only explain how the belief in that right has grown up? What reply is to be made to the Socialist who maintains that the belief *ought not* to have grown up, and that if he can accomplish it the Evolutionist will next have to explain by Natural Selection how the institution of Property has come to be abolished. The only plausible argument which can be advanced to show that the development theory has a bearing upon questions of morals is that drawn from the notion of Progress. The fact, it may be said, that certain moral ideas are held by communities that have gone through the whole process of development, is a strong presumption in favour of their truth. And, undoubtedly, there is weight in this argument; but its force depends upon the assumption, that the Darwinian theory necessarily implies the notion of progress.

Now, a second inference easily drawn from the summary given above is, that the conception of a development from lower to higher types of organic beings is not an integral part of the doctrine of Evolution. No doubt it is true as a matter of fact that, broadly speaking, the lower form is also the older, and that superiority of organism has kept pace with the lapse of time; but unvarying progress, so far from being established by the theory, is not only not an essential part of it, but is distinctly and utterly inconsistent with it. To the rule of a gradual advance from lower to higher there are numerous exceptions; and therefore an hypothesis which only explained the majority of cases, leaving the minority unexplained, would be essentially and fatally imperfect. Degradation of type in some instances is as certain as its elevation of type in others, and the theory claims to explain both equally. The law of Natural Selection is not that the higher being kills out the lower in the struggle for existence, but the being which is best fitted for the conditions in which it chances

to be placed is the one that will survive. When the fitness, as no doubt is most generally the case, consists in a variation that, when intensified by the law of Inheritance, results in a higher type of being, there is progress; when, on the contrary, the variation is absolutely an inferiority, although it is favourable to the preservation of the species, there is degradation. "The law," says Mr. Herbert Spencer,* "is not the survival of the 'better' or the 'stronger,' if we give to those words anything like their ordinary meaning. It is the survival of those which are constitutionally fittest to thrive under the conditions in which they are placed; and very often that which, humanly speaking, is inferiority, causes the survival. Superiority, whether in size, strength, activity, or sagacity, is, other things equal, at the cost of diminished fertility; and when the life led by a species does not demand those higher attributes, the species profits by decrease of them, and accompanying increase of fertility. This is the reason why there occur so many cases of retrograde metamorphosis—this is the reason why parasites, internal and external, are so commonly degraded forms of higher types. When it is remembered that these cases outnumber all others—that there are more species of parasites than there are species of all other animals put together—it will be seen that the expression 'survivorship of the better' is wholly inappropriate."

The special application of the conclusion just arrived at, is obvious. If the doctrine of Evolution does not establish the fact of progress when put forward to account for biological phenomena, neither does it imply that notion when employed to explain moral phenomena. To determine whether there has been any advance in morality, recourse must be had to considerations other than those furnished by a theory which is as consistent with retrogression as with advancement. The truth of the physical laws of Inheritance and Variability will not be overthrown if the golden age is placed in the past instead of in the future, unless the data for either view are specially invented for the occasion. This conclusion is, in fact, simply the negative aspect of the inference already

* *Recent Discussions in Science*, &c., Am. Ed., p. 340.

drawn, that the theory of Evolution limits itself to the discovery of the laws that regulate the physical variations of living beings. For as the reasonings by which these laws are proved do not affect the truth or falsehood of a single moral idea, they supply no standard by reference to which the varying conceptions that from time to time present themselves may be arranged in a graduated scale of excellence, and therefore no possible criterion of moral progress. The conception of progress necessarily implies a regular advance towards a predetermined goal, and until that goal has been fixed upon, at least provisionally, it is impossible to say whether a given series of movements has been forward or backward. Were it not that every one has in his mind a ready-made standard of morality, which has got there in a way that it would puzzle him exactly to trace, and which therefore seems an unprovable intuition, the Evolutionist would not imagine that he is establishing the fact of moral progress by physical reasonings, when in reality he is resting it upon quite other grounds. But by a very natural confusion, arising from imperfection of analysis, he attempts to prove that morality is progressive by assuming, to begin with, that moral progress has been made. It is this tacit assumption that gives plausibility to the argument by which one of Mr. Darwin's disciples has recently tried to show that the doctrine of Evolution affords a strong *à priori* presumption in favour of existing moral conceptions. "If we are satisfied," says Mr. Frederick Pollock,* "that the process of development is on the whole towards an end which appears to us as right, then there is at least some scientific presumption in favour of existing morality, such as we find it in the judgment of the average right-minded man, and the burden of proof is on those who assert that in any particular case it requires correction." In other words, the doctrine of Evolution necessarily implies a process of development from lower to higher. This assumption, however, as has been shown, cannot be justified, as indeed is virtually admitted when the limiting clause "on the whole" is inserted. The need of such a limitation lies in the fact that the theory only explains how certain organisms, or, if it be extended to morality, certain

moral conceptions, have grown out of the past, irrespective of whether these are lower or higher than those that have gone before them. Morality has not in all cases gone on in a straight line of development; on the contrary, there are whole nations, it is notorious, that have stood still or gone back. That morality has "on the whole" progressed is no doubt true, and may perhaps be gathered from the materials supplied by the theory of development; but the conception of progress is not an essential part of the theory, nor can it be proved by it. To show that living beings have, on the whole, displayed a continuous process of elevation, presupposes a standard of comparison, just as to prove that morality is progressive we must assume a given set of conceptions as at least relatively perfect. The standard is in the one case supplied by the human organism, as in the other it is taken from "existing morality, such as we find it in the judgment of the average right-minded man;" but in either case it has to be fetched from a sphere into which the doctrine of development cannot enter. If, as is distinctly implied, that doctrine can only show that moral progress has taken place by reference to "an end which appears to us as right," that end cannot be proved to be right by being shown to come at the end of a process of development. It is a manifest see-saw to argue that "existing morality" is presumably true because it has been developed, when the only proof of its development is that it is presumably true. The "natural history" of morals, in short, does not tell us which code of morals is true and which false, and therefore cannot establish that morality is progressive. It may, however, be contended that although the doctrine of Evolution does not of itself determine the value of moral conceptions, or account for moral progress, it nevertheless throws light upon ethical questions by supplying a wider range of facts upon which to base an ethical system. This position has now to be investigated.

2. It is undeniable that the Darwinian theory, if true, has incidentally brought out the notion of progress in relation to a class of facts which was supposed to be exempt from it. That notion could hardly be said to be suggested at all in reference to organic beings, so long as species were conceived as completely independent in their origin, and

were simply classified according to their main differences. The development hypothesis, on the other hand, by tracing all past and present species of organic beings back to a few original forms, and explaining their marked differences as due to the gradual accumulation of slight peculiarities, inevitably produced the conviction that the older forms are also the lower, and that, notwithstanding many instances of an opposite tendency, there has been upon the whole a regular rise in the scale of existence. The theory has therefore, apart altogether from its intrinsic merits, done good service in binding together all living things by the bond of a common descent, and thus suggesting the possibility at least of continuous progressive development.

The same claim cannot, however, be made good when we pass from biological to psychological phenomena. The unity of all the races of mankind is not a new but a very old conception; and although anthropology is a comparatively new study, it has not required to wait upon the promulgation of the Darwinian theory for its inauguration and prosecution, although it may have indirectly profited by it, and has certainly received from it a new impulse. But what it especially concerns us to note is, that the conception of progress, including progress in morality, so far from being due to the doctrine of Evolution, had been independently worked out upon a grand scale by men who had no thought of its more recent extension to biological facts. The only question, therefore, which remains to be decided is, whether the results arrived at in the sphere of biology, allowing them to be correct, are applicable to moral problems, and are of such a nature as to supersede the notion of moral progress as it has been hitherto conceived.

It is held by Mr. Darwin and his followers that the true scientific explanation of morality must be sought in the transmission to the early man of the social instincts, including the family ties, to be found in the lower animals. These instincts are not in the animals extended to all individuals of the same species, but are limited to those of the same community; and hence, as was to be expected, the same instincts in savage races of men are directed exclusively to the welfare of the tribe—not that of the species nor of the individual. But “as man ad-

vances into civilization, and small tribes are united into larger communities, the simplest reason would tell each individual that he ought to extend his social instincts and sympathies to all the members of the same nation. This point being once reached, there is only an artificial barrier to prevent his sympathies extending to the men of all nations and races.”* In short, moral progress consists in strengthening and widening from generation to generation the social instincts originally inherited from some lower form of animal.

This theory attempts to account for moral progress by the convenient method of leaving out all that makes it moral. If the only difference between man and the lower animals is that the former strengthens and widens certain instincts they have in common, it is impossible to explain why we call the one a moral being and the other not. Why should the very same instinct, leading to results of the same kind, be regarded as morally indifferent in the case of animals, and as morally right in the case of man? Or why should an instinct which does not extend beyond one's tribe be regarded as lower from a moral point of view than when it is extended so as to embrace a larger number of persons? It is difficult to see how the mere extension of a feeling which in its essential nature remains *absolutely unchanged* should so mysteriously alter its nature. If an instinct is not moral at one time or in one set of circumstances, it cannot be moral at another time or in another set of circumstances. The only mode of escape from such difficulties is to suppose that an instinct in man is no longer an instinct; a new element being superadded which differentiates man from the animals, and makes him moral.

“A moral being,” says Mr. Darwin, “is one who is capable of comparing his past and future actions or motives, and of approving or disapproving of them.” Had this thought been worked out to its logical consequences, the futility of any physical theory, Darwinism or other, to throw light upon moral problems could hardly have remained concealed. The “capacity of comparing past and future actions or motives” is, in other words, the capacity of holding up one's inner being before one's self, and of

* Darwin's *Descent of Man*, Am. Ed., p. 96.

apprehending it as essentially and absolutely superior to any single motive that may present itself. The being who possesses this capacity is moral, because he is no longer the sport of each "instinct" or impulse that flits through his brain. When he selects one impulse as better than another he does so consciously and with his mind alert, not blindly and mechanically. Granting that man has inherited from some lower form the "instinct" of sympathy for others; still, so long as we conceive this "instinct" as a blind impulse that hurries him towards a goal from which he cannot retract himself, just so long he is neither moral nor responsible. If man has no power to arrest each impulse as it comes up, none of his acts is higher or lower than another; all are alike morally indifferent. If, on the other hand, he has the capacity of stopping the flow of impulses, of weighing them against each other, and of determining which is most congruous with his rational nature, he is a new creature from whom the consciousness of right and wrong, and of personal responsibility cannot be kept back. So long as we assume nothing but a ceaseless, unarrestable flow of impulses, we can give no valid reason for choosing man as moral, and animals as non-moral. It is, of course, a matter of little importance whether we fix the initial stage of moral development lower than man, or suppose it to have begun with the half-animal progenitor of man; for in either case, between the awakening of the distinctively moral consciousness and the antecedent state, a change must have taken place that was really to the individual, and much more to the race, the beginning of a new era of development. The old "instinct" is no longer what it was: a new element has been added to it that interpenetrates and transforms it, taking it out of the category of non-moral things, and putting it into the category of moral things. This is tacitly implied in Mr. Darwin's definition of a "moral being;" for if morality lies in the capacity of "comparing past and future actions or motives, and of approving or disapproving of them," this capacity is a new element, and must on no account be slurred over as if it were of no importance. This new element is self-consciousness, or reason. The charge from which Mr. Darwin and his followers cannot free themselves is, that while they admit the presence of reason to

be necessary to morality, they still go on to speak of social "instincts" as if no radical change were involved in the presence to instinct of a totally new factor. An "instinct" is definable as a blind, unreasoning impulse; but if the presence of reason enables man to "compare his past and future actions or motives,"—that is, to seize each impulse as it arises, compare it with other impulses, and determine which is most compatible with the conception simultaneously obtained of a self that is more than the passing moment, and therefore cannot be satisfied with a momentary impulse; if all this is implied in the capacity of being moral, it is manifestly in defiance of the facts to go on talking of man as if he were still governed by "instinct," when in reality he is governed by instinct transformed, which is Reason.

The truth is that Natural Selection, understood in the sense in which it is employed to account for biological phenomena, has no application whatever to moral phenomena. If the social "instincts" are transformed into rational motives before morality can arise at all, moral progress must be conceived as the development of Practical Reason, not as an extension of natural characteristics. To point to the external conditions which accompany the advance of morality—to say, for example, that the tribe which chanced to develop the social instincts most highly, naturally survived—is to overlook the very element that makes the triumph a moral one. No doubt the most moral nation was also the most successful; but it was not success that made it moral, but morality that made it successful. The beginning of morality is when man no longer sways helplessly this way and that, now in the direction of animal impulse, now in that of the social instincts, according as each chances to be uppermost; but when he seizes hold by a primary act of abstraction of *himself*, as a being who does not perish with the moment, but has a destiny. At first his hold upon his inner rational nature is feeble and fitful, and hence his moral conceptions are obscure and changeable. Nevertheless, in view of its infinite possibilities in the future, this primal act of moral comprehension is an advance that cannot be over-estimated. An animal impulse has been converted into a conscious motive of action, and the subsequent stages of moral progress are assured. At each fresh effort the superior claims of

the higher nature are apprehended with fresh clearness and tenacity, and motives that before seemed adequate now reveal themselves as lamentably inadequate. In the pre-moral stage there was neither morality nor immorality, selfishness nor unselfishness; in the incipient stage of morals there are both. And as time goes on, the permanent self of Reason comes more and more into prominence, the transitory self of Impulse falls more and more into the background. The Darwinians rightly place morality in the relation of the individual to society; but they fix upon the external and unessential features, instead of the internal and essential. They are right in stating that men at first identify their highest good with the good of their own tribe; but they do not see that this is because there is then only a feeble conception of the truth that only in self-identification with others can one's true nature be realized. The imperfect conception of moral progress which the advocates of Evolution have adopted must thus be merged in the larger and truer conception of a progress that is conscious and rational, and therefore moral.

3. The ultimate end and standard of morality, as conceived by the advocates of Evolution, is in close connection with that account of the general nature and history of morality which has just been examined. "The moral sense," says Mr. Darwin,* "is fundamentally identical with the social instincts; and in the case of the lower animals these instincts have been developed for the general good of the community. The term, general good, may be defined as the means by which the greatest possible number of individuals can be reared in full vigour and health, with all their faculties perfect, under the conditions to which they are exposed. As the social instincts both of man and the lower animals have no doubt been developed by the same steps, it would be advisable, if found practicable, to use the same definition in both cases, and to take, as the test of morality, the general good or welfare of the community."

To this conception of the proper standard of right conduct, Mr. Sidgwick† pertinently objects that, "if pressed to its logical results, it would present to us all equally numerous

species as *prima facie* on a par in respect of goodness, except indeed that the older (and so generally the 'lower,' as we commonly estimate) would seem the better, in so far as we have more evidence of their capacity to exist under the physical conditions of our globe." Waiving this objection, it is to be remarked that the elimination of self-consciousness as a factor in the constitution of morality is here obtrusively suggested. For it is implied in the standard of right set up by Mr. Darwin, that there is no essential difference between the actions of animals, which are admittedly dependent upon instinct alone, and the actions of man, in which reason plays a prominent part. Provided only that "the greatest number of individuals" is reared "in full health and vigour," the end of morality is achieved; which is simply to say, that an action done from a perception of its adequacy to the nature of the being performing it, is no more rational than an action which is done under the guidance of a blind instinct. But if this is a correct account of the true end of action, it seems to follow that right and wrong are, at least in relation to the doer of an act, meaningless terms. If the standard of conduct is the preservation of the species, the cat in catching mice is as much performing a moral act as the patriot who sacrifices himself for the good of his fellow-men, under the conviction that his moral nature demands this supreme act of self-abnegation. So paradoxical a result may well make us suspect that there is some radical flaw in the conception which leads to it. That flaw evidently consists in the tacit assumption, that the presence of reason to animal instincts effects no change in the character of an act. But in reality it is just here that the essentially moral element steps in and transforms a blind impulse into a moral motive. The beginning of all morality, whether in the individual or the race, lies in the condemnation of mere impulse or passion—in looking down upon it as beneath the dignity of a rational being; and until this divine contempt of the old Adam has been felt, the notion of a moral law is an impossibility. And although the highest kind of morality does not end with the mere condemnation of the natural desires, as Asceticism has wrongly supposed, yet this negative attitude is the necessary condition of all moral advancement. Until the part

* *Descent of Man*, vol. i. p. 94.

† *Mind*, No. i. p. 58.

played by self-consciousness in breathing the breath of moral life into the dry bones of the natural man is appreciated, morality is a dream and responsibility an insoluble enigma. If man does not differ *totò cælo* from the animals in his capacity of turning against any or all of his immediate impulses; of weighing them in the balance and rejecting those that are found wanting; of subordinating them to an end consciously determined by himself; not only is his ineradicable sense of responsibility a delusion, but it is inconceivable that it should ever have got into his consciousness at all. Mr. Darwin admits that the moral consciousness has grown up from a perception of the superiority of one kind of impulse over another; but he does not recognise that an impulse brought into relation with a permanent subject of it is by that very act no longer an impulse, but a consciously determined end of action. Only in view of this distinction is it possible to understand why abandonment to an unworthy motive should be followed by regret, and in graver aberrations by remorse. The "welfare of the community," in the higher sense suggested by an appreciation of the transforming influence of reason, may be rightly enough defined as the ultimate end of right conduct; for in our conception of it must be included whatever is most conducive to the development of the higher nature. Judged by this high standard it is easy to see why selfishness is wrong and unselfishness right; why the enlightened statesman, the patriot, and the reformer are entitled to the highest honour and esteem; why the good citizen, the tender husband and father, and the dutiful son are worthy of commendation. But if a conscious conformity to the "general good," as the supreme standard of right conduct, is an act the same in kind with that performed by a pointer dog when

it points at a hare; * the notion of Duty is thoroughly depleted of all that makes it moral.

The result of this inquiry is, in brief:—In the first place, that the doctrine of Evolution, being concerned solely with the explanation of material changes, throws no light whatever upon the nature or history of morality; secondly, that, while serving as at least a provisional conception to bind together biological phenomena, it supplies no data for the settlement of ethical problems, nor can a proper conception of moral progress be extracted from it; and, lastly, that the standard of morality set up by Mr. Darwin and his followers is not a standard of morality at all, since it omits the very element that distinguishes moral from natural courses. The attempt of Evolutionists to solve ethical questions by a method fundamentally unsound can only be regarded as one more example of the futile effort which some physicists are at present making to transcend the proper sphere of scientific investigations; and, if so, our ethical text-books† cannot be purged of any imperfections with which they may be burdened by the aid of the Darwinian theory of development, or of any so-called system of morality based upon it.

* "Any instinct which is permanently stronger or more enduring than another, gives rise to a feeling which we express by saying that it ought to be obeyed. A pointer dog, if able to reflect on his past conduct, would say to himself, I ought (as indeed we say of him) to have pointed at that hare, and not have yielded to the passing temptation of hunting it."—Darwin's *Descent of Man*, vol. ii. p. 375.

† Of course I am not defending the text-books in common use. No one familiar with recent ethical speculation needs to be told that such books as Stewart's *Outlines of Moral Philosophy* and Wayland's *Elements of Moral Science* are practically obsolete.

WAITING.

O AGONY of hope in strife with dread !
It rends the heart more fiercely that despair,
To gaze out on the sullen billows there,
And ask them thus so vainly—"Is he dead?"

How oft the hateful name, that tells the day
On which he left me, has returned to hiss
Into my aching heart that long ere this
He should be with me,—ask me not to say.

A fickle day of Spring it was, that lent
Such comfort for the calming of my fears
As calling "April-showers" my farewell tears,
And marking how the clouds were quickly spent.

Through hours to days, through days to weary weeks
Time led me with the mirage of a hope,
Which gave such strength with misery to cope
As dims the eye, and wastes the tear-coursed cheeks ;

Such fatal strength as comes to hearts when clad
In hopelessness, yet bids them not despair,
But ever hope ; and while it whispers fair
Steals Reason that opposes,—and makes mad !

Am I then mad ? I hear the gossips say
Down in the village there, below the hill,
As I pass by—"Poor Nellie ! See her still
Go up to watch !" And they have "Lack-a-day "

For greeting to me ; shaking of the head,
And meaning sighs, which I half understand ;
But when I seize them with a trembling hand
And ask them, once for all, if he be dead,

They answer with some talk of seven years,
And bid me see how big my boy has grown
Whose father never saw him . . . Look ! His own
Are those blue eyes ! . . . They were not meant for tears,

And must not know them ! They shall keep a bright
And happy welcome for the father's gaze . . . !
Who prates of *years* ? I know of but two days ;—
Between them, I am watching in the night.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK II.

A FALLEN FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THREE MONTHS.

THE stepping into a fortune of twenty thousand pounds did not tend to raise the spirits of Dorcas Halfday. From the night of the discovery of her grandfather's will, she became taciturn and thoughtful—and all the variable moods which had distinguished her, the passion, jealousy, and those stronger impulses of her nature which had rendered her difficult to comprehend or control, became submerged in her deep study of the future. She was content to think, and thought did not appear of much use to her. Before her, it was evident, lay an intricate problem, and it was beyond her power to solve it. There were too many lives and too many varied interests involved for her to see the end, let her act as she would, or as she wished.

Mabel Westbrook, always a shrewd young woman in her way, affected not to notice this change in her companion, and Dorcas in her heart was grateful for her silence. It was her brother Brian who drove her mad with his advice, who wrote to her letters which she did not answer, and who called to take her for long walks until she rebelled and refused to be preached at any longer. What the advice was which Brian tendered to his sister, Mabel did not know, but thought that she could guess at—and Brian did not condescend in any way to enlighten her; sometimes she fancied that Brian had never wholly forgiven her remarks upon Angelo Salmon's courtship, his manner was so strange, and he looked at her with such

studious gravity of expression. He did not speak again of the will to her; but he might be waiting the result of his sister's coming into the property. He would have a great deal to say then by way of making up for lost time, perhaps.

There were occasions even when Mabel Westbrook fancied that this odd, angular man, to whom the custody of Penton Museum was entrusted, was disposed to evade her company. After Dorcas had declined to go out with him any more, or to accept any more of his advice, he kept away from the cottage on the Penton Road for weeks together, as though his interest in Mabel were dying out, or he preferred his studies in the dusty room where he had first warned her to be cautious, to the company of one whom he had never been able to comprehend. Women had been always a riddle to him; he had not had the time or inclination to understand them; let him go back to his study of dead worlds, of facts in stone and marble, and of mysteries of primeval periods which his clear mind had had the power to pierce. These waited for his analysis, and woman was never still or twice alike. Surely this was Brian Halfday's reasoning in the lull before the storm that was rising from the lower ground, and of which no one took heed. Mabel believed that this was his reasoning at all events, and she accepted the position philosophically. Men were enigmas to her too, and they professed too much. Brian Halfday was not the earnest being who had talked to her in the churchyard at Datchet Bridge, but a new man altogether—as cold and impenetrable as the fossils in his big glass cases.

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

The story of her mission to England had become trite and stale to him by this time, she considered—he had been roused to action by her sudden intrusion on his hard, dry world, but it was a galvanic action, not a life that had stirred him to his heart's depths. So much the better; she had not wished for anything else, and she should not be sorry to get back to America. As for the twenty thousand pounds and its ultimate destination, she scarcely gave one moment's consideration to the question. The money never troubled her; it seemed still to belong to the Halfdays rather than to her; she had brought it from America to give them, and all that followed afterwards were parts of a strange dream to her. She had kept her promise to her grandfather and had done her duty, and there was an end of it—at least, there would have been an end of it, she considered, if this tiresome man with the long, black hair would have only let the matter rest.

There were the law's delays in the matter of the proving of Adam Halfday's will, and Dorcas had, wisely enough for her own interests, placed the case in a solicitor's hands. She would have no more of Brian's interference than she could help, although it was Brian who had been appointed executor to the little document which old Adam had one day taken it into his head to concoct, on the strength of the seventy pounds which he had scraped together from his fees and perquisites at St. Lazarus. The money did not pass quickly into the hands of Dorcas Halfday, who betrayed more restlessness as time went on—who even came back, by degrees, to her old excitable self. That there was a mystery in Dorcas's life beyond Mabel's power to penetrate had always been evident, but Mabel had not asked for her confidence, and was content to wait for it. She had gained the love of this girl, and confidence would follow in good time, Mabel was assured. Meanwhile let her think of her own plans, and prepare for a journey across the sea; England was no longer a home to her, in her own thoughts, and she was bidding her time to go away.

It was in the middle of September that the law took decisive action in the case of the will of Adam Halfday. The time had come to prove the document; there had been an urgent necessity for delay, and the explanation came at last from the faltering

lips of Dorcas. There had been many letters for Dorcas during the past week, and she entered the room with them and other papers in her hands. It was a quiet evening, with the house to themselves, the hour was late, and there were no visitors to interrupt them.

"Will you read every one of those, Miss Westbrook?" said Dorcas, piling them on the work-table at which Mabel sat.

"The Fates forbid!" cried Mabel, looking with amazement at the letters which had been heaped suddenly before her.

"I would rather you did," said Dorcas.

"My dear child, what good would the perusal of all those documents do me, when a few words can explain most of them?" inquired Mabel.

"A few words?" quoted Dorcas scornfully, "oh, no. Words of mine are always misunderstood, or something escapes me which I ought to have kept back. I am a bad hand at explanations; please to read the letters."

"For what particular reason, Dorcas?"

"Because Brian thinks I am not to be trusted," she replied; "that I am weak, and easily led, and false; as if a girl like me could have his iron nerves and iron will, and see the world as he does, and believe not in any living man or woman in it."

"Is he so sceptical?"

"Yes, unless——"

"Go on."

"Unless it's you," said Dorcas bluntly; "he does talk of you as if he had some faith at last, and you were a woman he could believe in. But then you brought money to us, and he thinks too much of money."

"Have you quarrelled with Brian again?"

"Almost. He interferes," she said; "he will not give me my own way; he distrusts me."

Dorcas sat down by the table, and added impatiently—

"Please read the letters. I am waiting to take them to my room again. You will find my whole life there—the whole story that I have been keeping from you for a time, but which I wanted you to know, when I thought you had learned to understand me."

"Have I learned that, Dorcas?"

"Hardly, but that's my fault."

"You are wrong. I trust you implicitly," said Mabel; "if you are impulsive, irritable,

unjust at times, I see afterwards that you are very sorry for it."

"That's what Brian never could see," she murmured; "he never made allowance for my ill-training, bad education, worse temper, anything. Why, madam, I never had a mother, sister, any woman to ask counsel of, to stand by me as a friend, and tell me which was right and which was wrong. And oh! I wanted woman's help so badly.

Mabel's arm stole round the waist of the girl, who was weeping bitterly.

"Tell me all, Dorcas, and spare me the reading of those tiresome letters. I will believe every word you say."

"Brian will tell me presently that I never showed them to you—that I never had the courage to tell you the truth."

"I will answer for you that he is in error."

"Well, well—let me think."

Dorcas pressed her fingers to her eyes, as if to press the tears back, and then looked long and steadily at our heroine.

"I was going to leave this tale to Brian. It had entered my poor, weak head that it would be the wisest step for me to keep silent, and to disappear like a ghost. But then Brian would have said such bitter things."

"Why disappeared from me?"

"Because I am drawn away to a new life, where my trust and duty and love take me, and you will be the last to ask me to keep away from it."

"Indeed!" said Mabel thoughtfully; "then the one friend I have in England is to pass away?"

"Yes."

"For ever?"

"I hope not. I shall pray night and day we may meet soon, and that I may do you the service on which my life is set. For oh! madam, as God's my judge," she cried passionately, "I do not want this money. It may be a curse to me—it can never be a blessing—for I have robbed you of it."

"Yes, you are hard to understand, Dorcas," said Mabel; "now will you tell me what it all means?"

"Three words will tell that," said Dorcas mournfully.

"Well, let me hear them."

"I am married," answered Dorcas Halfday.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LOVE STORY.

MABEL WESTBROOK was not prepared for the announcement with which Dorcas had startled her. She had expected to hear of a lover and a lover's quarrel, and of Brian as the man who had helped to mar the match; but that this weak, impulsive girl, crying and wringing her hands before her again, should have taken that great step in life which leads to happiness or misery, and knows no neutral ground, was beyond her grasp of thought for the first few moments following the revelation.

"You married, child—you married!" she could only say.

She was sorry, too, and the tears came rushing to her eyes at the thought of all that the marriage implied. She was sure already that trouble had come to Dorcas, possibly repentance for a rash act which there was no undoing, although the cares and griefs of existence were only just beginning. It had been a wild wooing, and the bitter fruit was to be gathered by her who had cast an eternal shadow on her own young life.

But Dorcas was not thinking of herself just then.

"So, you see, the money is his, not mine," she said; "he comes into its possession by a husband's right—the sum not being settled on myself in any way. Adam Halfday did not know that he was leaving me a fortune—did not know I was married—and it depends now upon Michael, and what he will do. And I think, Miss Westbrook, he is to be trusted. Oh, yes, I am sure of it, if you will only give him time to do what is fair and honest. Like me," she added with a short laugh, "he has not had much chance at present."

"Never mind the money, Tell me of yourself. Who is your husband? what is he? where is he? Why does he keep away from you all this time?"

"He will come for me to-morrow," answered Dorcas. "He will be released to-morrow."

"Released?"

"Yes—from prison."

Mabel drew a quick breath of surprise.

"What has he done, then?" she inquired.

"Nothing—much," she added quaintly, after a moment's pause, "he was a soldier when he first came to St. Lazarus. His uncle was one of the pensioners, and he used to call and see him, and so we met. When grandfather found out that we loved each other, he was angry and told Brian—and Brian did his best to separate us. It was the first thing my brother had ever failed in, and it made him hate us both."

"No, no—don't say that, Dorcas."

"We married without grandfather's knowledge—but Brian found it out, of course. He finds out everything."

"And he was angry at your want of confidence—at your own rashness," said Mabel, "I am not surprised."

"I said it was hate, not anger," replied Dorcas; "he set himself to find out everything about poor Michael, as if it was his business rather than my own—as if I am not content to be my Michael's wife. But he could not let us be; he discovered that Michael had once deserted from his regiment, as if that mattered now! My husband had been treated badly by the commanding officer, and he ran away, as hundreds have done before him."

"Well?"

"He was caught and sentenced," continued Dorcas. "It was his first offence, and the court-martial was not hard on him. But after we were married he ran away again. For he had been treated badly again, you must understand."

"And he was caught again?" said Mabel.

"Yes, because Brian would not help him—because he could have concealed him in the Museum, till the morning; and he shut the door against him in the streets where he was captured, poor fellow, that very night. There," cried Dorcas, with fresh excitement evidencing itself, "that is the brother you wonder I don't love. You see what a life of misery and suspense he has created for me."

"And what was your husband's second sentence?" asked Mabel, without comment upon Dorcas's last remark.

"Six months' imprisonment in the cells of Penton Barracks. And they expire to-day—this very day," cried Dorcas, clapping her hands together, "and he will be free to-morrow. Free to claim his money, to purchase his discharge—which the lawyers have

already been working for—free to show that he is as brave, and honourable, and unselfish as those who have looked down upon him all his life."

"Meaning your brother again. Oh! Dorcas, you are too hard upon your brother."

"Michael will be free," said Dorcas, "and we only ask your confidence for a few short weeks. Will you give it both of us?"

"I do not know your husband, Dorcas," was the answer, "but you have my confidence already."

"Have confidence in him, *then*, for my sake. Take my word for once that the money——"

"Hush, hush—have we not agreed to let the money question rest?"

"But you are poor—and we are rich by your means. You——"

"Dorcas, I will hear no more of this."

"You will have faith in him," Dorcas urged again, "say—Yes?"

"For your sake—yes."

"And you will not leave England for some weeks. Say eight weeks more?"

"I will make no further promises," said Mabel, "only to say that I will not run away to America without fair notice to you and your brother."

"Very well," said Dorcas, with a sigh, "I think that will be enough to promise me just now."

She was silent, until a movement of Mabel's roused her from her reverie.

"You have not forgotten that there are seventy pounds of my grandfather's money towards the expenses which we have to meet?" said Dorcas, "but it is a sum that will not go very far, and there are heavy legacy duties and probate duties, and so on, which Brian will make good in time out of his own pocket. He told me that himself."

"Poor Brian! as if I would rob him of his savings."

"But——"

"But I will not for ever talk about this money," said Mabel, with a petulant stamp of her little foot, "there will be time enough presently for you and me to consider what is just and right to both of us."

"Very well," said Dorcas, submissively.

"Now tell me of your courtship and marriage. That will be a love story in which I am sure to be interested."

"You are very good to say so."

"Does your father know of this marriage?"

"I do not know my father yet," she answered, so mournfully that Mabel hastened to change the subject.

"And this soldier husband of yours. How old is he?"

"He was twenty-one last August."

"So young," exclaimed Mabel; why, you were boy and girl when you were married."

"Almost," said Dorcas, blushing; "but we understood each other's hearts, and did not marry in haste. It was a long courtship for us."

"Indeed. Now tell me all about it."

Dorcas was not loth to respond. She had found a sympathetic listener in Mabel Westbrook, who was anxious to read the new love story for herself. It was the first time in Dorcas Halfday's life that she could tell the whole truth of her strong love—it was the first man or woman who had ever cared to hear her. There was an outburst of confidence at once—the first, natural, unrestrained confidence of girlhood, which had in Dorcas been ever checked by the grave matter-of-fact minds about her.

It was a common-place love story, with which we have no occasion to trouble the reader in detail, but Dorcas spoke of it as a strange romance, and painted her love in those glowing colours which love ever gives to the fancy-picture it reveres.

A chance meeting leading on to appointments, to affection, and then discovery precipitating a crisis, that, with more tact and consideration, might have been avoided. A foolish and a secret marriage—a husband soldier—a deserter—a story that might have ended miserably, even tragically, and the sequel of which was still difficult to guess at.

This latter thought crossed Mabel Westbrook's mind, not that of the girl by her side, with her soul in her confession. To Dorcas this was the end of all trials and temptations, and the beginning of the bliss to which she had looked forward and wondered when it would come about, and in what guise. Here was the romance which her brother would have marred, and it was ending pleasantly and brightly, and with a happy-ever-afterwards *denouement*. There were no doubts to cross her, and the faith she had had in the boy-lover remained with the young husband whom she was to meet again to-morrow.

Yes, Dorcas was very weak, thought Mabel, but very trusting, and thus, altogether, womanly. Very sanguine too, and knowing, after all, so little of real life and human nature, that the elder girl could only shudder at the intensity and pathos of her rhapsody.

"I hope he will be always good to you," said Mabel, "for you deserve it for your faith in him."

"He has faith in me too," said Dorcas. He loves me very much."

"I am glad to hear it."

"I was a wild uncared-for girl when he took a fancy to me—I was not worth a penny in the world, so he did not come running after my money," said Dorcas.

"It is pleasant to be sought for one's self," replied Mabel, musingly.

"Oh! I know of whom you are thinking," cried Dorcas.

"Of whom?"

"Mr. Angelo Salmon, and the night when he came here. You are beginning to wonder where he is, and why he has not been to see you since. Oh! Miss Westbrook, if you don't mind my saying so, I am sure you love him," said Dorcas, timidly, and as if expectant of a tender revelation in return for her own.

"Hush, hush, Dorcas; I was not thinking of Mr. Salmon. I am never likely to fall in love with him—I respect him too much," she added, almost satirically.

"You would not love anybody you did not——" began Dorcas, in a wondering tone, before she broke into a merry laugh, and said, "ah! you are jesting with me. I am so pleased to see your smiles again."

"Have I not been smiling lately?"

"Not in the old bright way, I fancy."

"Perhaps not," said Mabel, in reply.

"But I did not know you were keeping a careful watch over me. However, Dorcas, I am not grieving for the absence of any man."

"But you miss Mr. Salmon, a little—do you not?" asked the pertinacious girl.

"I should miss any friend a little," answered Mabel, "even though I recommended him to go away for a while."

"Yes, as you did Mr. Salmon. But——"

"And we will talk no more of this, Dorcas," said Mabel, interrupting her. "The hour is late, and you have business of importance to transact to-morrow. Where do you meet your brother? At the Museum?—or,"

she added after a little pause, "will he call for you here?"

"At the Museum," answered Dorcas.

Mabel asked no further questions, and Dorcas gathered her letters together preparatory to departure. When she was ready, she dropped suddenly on her knees before her mistress, and said,

"I have not been so bad a girl, have I?"

"No, child, no."

"A little wilful—perhaps a deal too much so; but never meaning any harm; and only loving my Michael too well."

"He and you will love each other too well, I hope, to the end of your lives," said Mabel. "There, good night."

"Good night. And—you *will* trust me and him?"

"Yes."

"Whatever Brian may say presently—to trust us," said Dorcas, "and think the best of us. God bless you, Miss Mabel, and make you as happy as myself. For all past kindness, interest in me, love for me—let me say love!—I give you the thanks of my heart."

"That sounds like a farewell, Dorcas."

"No, no—not yet," answered Dorcas, as she rose from her knees, and, after a sudden kiss on Mabel's cheek, went quickly from the room.

CHAPTER XV.

BRIAN BRINGS THE NEWS.

DORCAS HALFDAY left early the next morning to keep her appointment with her brother. There was to be a preliminary conference in Brian's room at the Museum—a last ordeal for Dorcas, perhaps—before they met the solicitor at the district registry at Penton, and a certain Michael Sewell stepped from his soldier's cell into the foreground, and took his rich young wife to his arms. She did not go away in high spirits; only two deep red spots on her cheeks were evidence of the excitement which it had become her task to suppress. She scarcely spoke to Mabel. Strangely enough, with the morning following her confession there seemed to have arisen an embarrassing reserve. A few words from Mabel would have broken through this, but Mabel did not speak them.

She was glad to think for herself, and of herself; and it was only when Dorcas was on the point of departure that the old confidence was shown. Dorcas Halfday was as white as a ghost then.

"I am going," she said, very slowly, and in a low voice. "Have you anything more to say to me?"

"No, Dorcas. Except," Mabel added suddenly, "that I would be calm and patient in your place to-day."

"It is hardly possible."

"I hope you will not return to me and say you have exchanged hard words with your brother," Mabel said.

"I will put up with all his reproaches, if you wish it," answered Dorcas, submissively.

"I wish it. But why should he reproach you?"

"He will reproach all of us," replied Dorcas, "the lawyer, Michael, and myself. He will tell us we are all that is bad; but I will not say a word in reply. I have promised you."

She put both her hands in Mabel's, and looked wistfully at her again.

"You remember all that I said last night, Miss Mabel?"

"Yes."

"And all you have promised, too?"

"Yes," said Mabel, for the second time.

"Thank you," she answered, with strange humility.

Mabel regarded her curiously, and Dorcas looked away from her, as if afraid to meet her gaze.

"Have you anything more to say to me?" Mabel asked. "Is there lurking behind all this complication, the shadow of another mystery?"

"Why should you think that?"

"You look disturbed."

"Heaven only knows what is lurking in the background; but I have said that I have faith in its being happiness. Pray believe as I do," she cried, with all her old impulsiveness.

"Very well, Dorcas, I will try."

"Good-bye."

Another wistful look at Mabel Westbrook. "May I kiss you, as I did last night?" she said, "as a friend."

"To be sure," was the reply. "Have you not been always my friend? Did not your careful nursing of me at Datchet Bridge make you my friend for life?"

"Thank you for saying as much to me— at the last, like this."

Then Dorcas kissed her, and Mabel saw that there were tears brimming in her eyes. She did not trouble Dorcas with a repetition of a question to which an answer somewhat evasive had been returned; she would leave it to a more fitting opportunity. On the brink of her good fortune, Brian's sister was hardly herself, and the time was not ripe to question her too closely. Dorcas's life was beginning in earnest for the first time. The husband was returning in the golden sunrise, and the heaven above them was radiant with glorious colouring. The sun was in her eyes, and this poor being was dazzled and blinded by it, and could not see her way yet. The hour was unfitting to solve new mysteries, or to grow suspicious that the old had not been fully explained. Let Mabel Westbrook believe as Dorcas did, if it were possible. She had promised to try.

Mabel followed Dorcas to the door, to see the last of her.

Outside in the country road, walking up and down, as if for warmth and exercise, the quick glance of Mabel Westbrook detected the bent figure of a brother of Saint Lazarus.

"Can that be Peter Scone?" asked Mabel.

"Yes, he is waiting for me," answered Dorcas; "It is an odd escort into Penton city, but he insists upon it."

"Why did you not tell me he was going with you?"

"The wretch," cried Dorcas, with vehemence, "as if I would let him trouble your mind as he does mine."

"This is not confidence between us."

"You would not read the letters last night; there were his amongst the number asking, begging, threatening for hush-money."

"Hush-money?"

"Yes. I promised him money if he would keep silence as to my father's attack upon him," explained Dorcas. "I did not know the whole truth of the story then; but as it led towards the discovery of the will it does not matter much. Save that, when restitution comes," she added, "you will be so much the poorer woman."

"Oh!—yes," said Mabel wearily, almost

doubtfully. She had no thought of the money coming back by any means, into her possession, and an allusion to it now displeased her, as the reader is aware.

Dorcas went into the high-road and joined Peter Scone, and in this singular company she turned her back upon the home which she had shared with Mabel Westbrook. Mabel watched the meeting, even faintly responded to the raising of Peter Scone's hat, a large hard hat, which he wore on special occasions, and when off duty at St. Lazarus, and then closed the door and returned to her little sitting-room.

"What will be the end of this?" Mabel said to herself, "and what am I waiting for, I wonder? Surely something strange will find its way here before the day is out."

Mabel Westbrook, like most women, it is evident, had her superstitious moments, although it was natural that Dorcas's half confidence should give her mental food for speculation. Dorcas had asked for implicit trust, but had not trusted her implicitly, Mabel began to consider, but then Dorcas was unlike other women, and had had a strange world of her own to grow up in. Mabel did not distrust her, at all events, and she had the patience to wait, she thought, until Dorcas returned, and threw more light upon the antecedents.

She was not quite certain as to the amount of patience she possessed when the day had passed, and the shadows of the autumn night were upon her. She had expected Dorcas home before the evening. Her husband would have to return to the barracks, and the brother's company had never been desirable; and when it was striking nine by a little time-piece on the mantel-shelf, Mabel grew uneasy, and for the first time, doubtful, whether she should look upon the face of her young companion again. Dorcas's impulse of the preceding evening, her reserve before quitting the house that morning, suggested at last a new and strong suspicion, which the deepening night only helped to strengthen.

There was a knock at the door at last, and Mabel took courage from it, although it was a noisy summons, and unlike Dorcas's general appeal for admittance to the establishment. Mabel Westbrook was over-anxious: she rose and peeped into the narrow passage as the landlady opened the

door, she came forward tremblingly as a man's deep voice mentioned her own name, and Brian Halfday stepped into the house.

"Oh! she is not coming back then!" cried Mabel at once.

"No, Miss Westbrook, she is not coming back," answered Brian.

"I was afraid so. I have been expecting this bad news."

Mabel returned to the room, and Brian Halfday followed her and closed the door behind him, skilfully cutting off the entrance of the landlady, who was also interested in the case, and wanted her information on the spot.

Mabel sank into the chair she had recently quitted, and pressed one fair hand across her eyes, whilst Brian took off his hat, and rather impetuously pitched it in the corner. The hat was a bad one, and deserved shabby treatment, possibly—at all events its owner had no respect for it. Brian had come into the room looking hard and grim enough, but the first expression of Mabel's regret and disappointment softened his features wondrously.

"Bad news," he said, echoing Mabel's last words; "is it bad news that tells you Dorcas has left for good?"

"Why should it not be?"

"It was a false position. She was not true to you."

"I don't know," said Mabel, hesitatingly, "I think she was true, although not inclined to trust me altogether. Does she send any message to me?"

"Yes."

"Why do you keep it from me?" asked Mabel almost sharply.

He winced at her new tone, before he said,

"She bade me tell you she would write in a few days. She desired your best thoughts for her until you heard from her again."

"And that is all?"

"That is all," responded Brian.

"I will await her letter before I judge her hastily for this sudden flight," said Mabel.

"You are always generous."

"No, I am simply just. Where is she?"

"With her father."

Mabel was surprised at the announcement, and looked quickly towards Brian.

"Mr. William Halfday has fully proved to the satisfaction of his daughter and Mr. Sewell, his son-in-law, the *bona fides* of his

past transactions," Brian dryly continued. "He was the first to hear of a will being in existence. He came to me with the news, but I received him churlishly, he tells his friends; he quarrelled with Peter Scone about it, and, for his daughter's sake, he went straight to his solicitor, Mr. Eversham, and begged that gentleman to make every inquiry, and to cease all efforts to obtain letters of administration for himself, until the mystery was cleared up. You see, Miss Westbrook, there is a considerable amount of unselfishness in our family, after all."

An expression of pain passed over Mabel's face.

"I am tired of your satire," she murmured, "speak to me plainly and in sober earnest, Mr. Halfday."

He accepted the reproof with strange humility, and attempted no defence.

"Dorcas has gone away with her father. Michael Sewell thought it the more natural proceeding, and she was anxious to oblige her husband," he continued; "in a few weeks the discharge of that gentleman from military service will be obtained, and he will have time to consider how to act with regard to yourself. Meanwhile, Miss Westbrook, he removes her from the sphere of your influence as the wiser policy."

"Is this satire too?" asked Mabel.

"No, it is the plain truth, which I am deeply sorry to convey to you," he answered.

"Because——"

"Because it adds to the shadows by which we are surrounded—because," he added more passionately, "the name of Halfday will, every hour of your life, grow more hateful to you."

"No," said Mabel, "it will not."

"It should; we have embittered your life—we have robbed you—we have left you defenceless."

"Oh!—I can defend myself, I hope; and for what has happened neither you nor your sister is to blame."

"You are poor."

"Yes."

"You are very poor—you know you are," he said with his voice raised to a higher pitch, "you are keeping back from me the exact position in which you stand."

"Surely you do not consider yourself my father confessor," said Mabel, half saucily, half angrily.

"I consider you, Miss Westbrook, as the one motive of my life."

Mabel coloured, and looked away from him.

"I told you this in the churchyard of Datchet Bridge, and I have sworn it with every day that has passed since. You are a deeply injured woman, Heaven knows, and hate me as you may, as you must, I am pledged to live for you and for your future interests. Therefore"—he added in a less impetuous tone, and, indeed, assuming so suddenly a precise and business air, that Mabel's keen sense of humour brought a smile to her lips—"I shall feel obliged by your informing me how much money you have left in the world?"

CHAPTER XVI.

BRIAN IS WEAK.

THE smile which flickered for a moment on the lips of Mabel Westbrook was displeasing to Brian Halfday. He was a man who looked at life too seriously, it was evident.

"This is a grave question, which I wish you to consider gravely," he said in half-proof.

"It is a question which I hardly think I am called upon to answer," answered Mabel more thoughtfully.

"Oh! yes, you are," was his flat contradiction.

"Go on, Mr. Halfday. I shall be pleased if you will explain."

"All the embarrassments of your present position—" he began, when she cut him short by saying rapidly—

"I have never confessed to any embarrassments.

"All the embarrassments of your present position, Miss Westbrook, are due to a rash interference with the business of people unworthy of your interest," he continued, paying no heed to her interruption, "people whom you came a long journey to ally yourself with and whom there is no shaking from you again."

"What has this to do with your first inquiry?" asked Mabel.

"Your mission was a failure; the family, taken as a whole, was ungrateful for your sympathy and greedy for your money, and

as a representative of that family, I have treated you with a scant amount of courtesy."

Mabel did not respond to this half apology; she did not know what to say on the spur of the moment, and after waiting as if for her answer, he continued—

"Still, on this occasion, Miss Westbrook, be good enough to understand that I represent the family of the Halfdays collectively. That I am speaking of them as well as myself."

"Are you instructed in their name to come to me?"

He went on in his usual aggravating way, she thought, and without attending to her inquiries.

"It is no secret that you are ruined by paying over to us money to which we were never entitled," he said, "and it is our turn to be of assistance to you in any way we think best. It would be a false modesty, another serious mistake, if you are not frank with us."

"With you, you mean?" said Mabel quietly.

"Say with me, if you wish," he replied. "I have already told you I represent the family that has done you all this harm."

"Well, go on," said Mabel. "Probably the sooner we comprehend the position the better."

"Then, to be brief and plain with you, how much money have you left in the world?" he asked.

"It is an odd question to ask a lady," answered Mabel with the smile once more difficult to repress, "but I will tell you, as you claim a right to know."

She rose, walked to her desk, took out her bank-book, which she opened, glanced at, closed, and put back, and then returned to her seat and faced Mr. Brian Halfday's eager stare at her without flinching.

"Forty-seven pounds, fourteen shillings and ninepence," she replied with great composure.

Brian Halfday's face became paler at this announcement, and his black eyes seemed starting from his head.

"No more than that," he murmured.

"It will pay my debts and take me to America, where I shall not want friends."

"You have not any great or dear friends there," said Brian.

"How do you know?" said Mabel, a little angrily.

"You have talked more than once of settling in England," answered Brian, "and you have spoken of leaving America for good without regret."

"I thought I was an heiress," said Mabel, "and should make many friends here in good time."

"Friends are easily bought, you think?"

"Friends are not easily made by a woman standing alone in the world," was the reply, "and in America, I am at least sure of true sympathy, and of homes and helping hands being offered me by the old friends of James Westbrook. The world over there is not so full of uncertainty as this."

"There must be some dear friend in the background, after all, and you have not told me of him," muttered Brian.

"Perhaps there is—perhaps there is not," said Mabel enigmatically, "I am not bound to tell you everything."

"And that explains much of course," he added half absently.

"What does it explain?" was Mabel's sharp inquiry.

"Your indifference to—~~but, no, I will not worry you with that subject again.~~"

"What subject?"

"It distresses you. You can guess it."

"My indifference to your advice to marry young Mr. Salmon, you mean," said Mabel confidently, "yes, I did not care to hear of that from you or him. And it distressed me—yes."

"It seemed for the best," said Brian, thoughtfully regarding her, "he was fond of you, and an amiable gentleman."

"Are you going to advise me to accept him again?" asked Mabel, her face flushing with a new excitement, "have you seen him again? do you come here this time as his intercessor. If so—I shall hate him—there!"

"No, I am not here to speak for him—I have not seen him since that night he came to you—I hear they are anxious about him at the Hospital."

"Indeed. Has he not been home?"

"Neither at home, nor at his chambers in town—but we are forgetting the business of the evening."

"Has he not written to his father or mother?" she asked, still curious.

"Not a word, I believe—but you *are* really interested in his absence, your face betrays anxiety and alarm," said Brian.

"I had no idea I possessed such a speak-

ing countenance," answered Mabel very satirically now, "but I am concerned for a missing friend, naturally."

"You own to his being a friend, then?"

"Yes—and the friend I can trust."

Brian's face darkened at this. She had not intended to convey the impression that her visitor was not to be trusted, but he took it to heart as though his presence had suggested the comparison between Angelo Salmon and himself.

"I will endeavour to discover him if you wish it," he said in a deeper tone of voice."

"He is away by his own choice—why should I wish it?"

"It is not for me to say," said Brian, carelessly.

"I advised him to take a holiday, I remember."

"He is quick to respond," replied Brian, "well, it is satisfactory to find you can give advice to Mr. Salmon as well as myself. Still, if he follows everybody's advice in this fashion, he will assuredly come to grief."

"Shall we proceed to business, Mr. Half-day?" was the quiet inquiry here.

"If you please," he replied.

For the first time during the interview he drew a chair towards him and sat down. His manner had changed; it was harder and colder, if marked by more deference towards his listener, and there was a set expression on his features difficult to comprehend.

"I have already said, Miss Westbrook, that I represent on this occasion the family that has been benefited by your egregious error," he began with great formality, "and it is purposed to place at your disposal, and to meet those demands which have necessarily arisen on account of recent losses, the sum of one thousand pounds, being the first instalment of the debt due from the Half-days to yourself."

"I cannot accept it," said Mabel, "I—"

"It is so small a sum in comparison with the amount to which you are entitled—which you flung away with so little consideration for yourself, or for justice—that you are bound in honour, Miss Westbrook, to accept it," said Brian, with less formality in his address to her.

"No, no, no," said Mabel, shaking her head energetically, "I am not bound in honour to take one farthing of this money back."

"There is no alternative; take it you must."

"Not in this way—or without a fair explanation of where the money comes from."

"Miss Westbrook, the money was paid to your account at Penton Bank this afternoon. Your balance at present stands at one thousand and forty-seven pounds, fourteen shillings, and ninepence," he said.

"You—you have dared to do this!" exclaimed Mabel.

"The example was set us in the case of Adam Halfday—and by yourself."

"But I can restore this money—I will write a cheque to-morrow for the amount and send it to you," said Mabel.

"I will pay it to your account, again, I swear."

"Then your father or Mr. Sewell must take the money, as representatives of the family to which you have alluded so constantly to-night," said Mabel, with great gravity of demeanour now, but watching Brian Halfday very closely.

His colour changed again, and he rose from his chair in evident alarm at this last proclamation.

"Good God! you would never send the money to them?"

"Why should I not?"

"They are rich already by your rashness. And—and this is really yours. It is only one-twentieth part of your own money back. You would never give it to them of all people in the world."

"Mr. Halfday," said Mabel, "will you let me trust you?—will you teach me from this night to believe in you implicitly?"

It was a strange question, and uttered with great earnestness. Brian could not face the steady light shining at him from the depths of Mabel's full grey eyes. For the first time he felt cowed and disarmed, and at another's mercy.

"I hope you will believe in me in time," he murmured, looking away from her.

"I want to believe in you now."

"Well?"

"I want you to tell me all the truth—to disguise nothing. Will you?"

He could not resist her pleading, he had never felt the strong stern man in her presence as he had done in other men and women's. She exercised a mastery over him beyond his powers of analysis; from the dry depths of his inner consciousness there

had been evolved romance and poetry, the romance of noble aspirations and the sweet poetry of self-sacrifice.

"I will tell you everything you wish," he answered.

"This money, then? this one thousand pounds paid away to-day. Do they know anything of it?" enquired Mabel.

"Who are *they*?"

"Your sister and her husband—your father?"

Brian shrugged his shoulders and looked away from her, like a child caught by its schoolmistress in a flagrant omission of its duty.

"Do they know anything of it?" he repeated like a child still anxious to gain time for mature consideration, and taking refuge in vain repetitions.

"Yes," said Mabel.

"Well—not at present," came the response at length.

"And the money is yours? in some way or other you have obtained a thousand pounds for me?"

"Yes," he said again.

CHAPTER XVII.

BRIAN IS BOLD.

HAVING confessed the truth, Brian Halfday looked unflinchingly at Mabel Westbrook again. He was there to argue, to reason, to defend himself, to do anything but take back the money which he had placed at her disposal.

"Why have you done this?" she asked in a low voice; "I have never helped you in any way. I have been always opposed to you. You and I have been almost enemies at times."

"Before you trusted in me implicitly," he answered, with considerable emphasis, "as you do now?"

"As I do now," was her reply.

His face became very bright on the instant.

"It is pleasant to be trusted," he murmured; "it is the first time in my life I have experienced the sensation. A new life dates from it altogether."

"But——"

"But you will destroy the illusion—dash

me to the ground completely—if you ask me to take that money back,” he cried, “there will be no trust—no confidence, if you will not let me help you.

“What do I want with a thousand pounds?”

“A woman without money is at the mercy of the world. A man can work for more.”

“You have promised me, Brian Halfday, to tell me everything I wish?” Mabel reminded him.

“Did I say everything?”

“Yes.”

“Is there anything more to ask of me?”

“Certainly there is.”

“Then it was a rash promise,” he said restlessly; “I should have been upon my guard.”

“No, no—don’t conceal anything from me,” said Mabel imploringly; “let me, for once in your life, know you as you are. You have been a riddle to me—I have never seemed to understand you.”

“I was vain enough to think your faith in me began at Datchet Bridge,” said Brian softly.

“It began—yes. I lost the old belief in your being my enemy. I felt you might at any time become my friend—but you always remained a mystery I could not comprehend.”

“And now?” he asked eagerly.

“And now I trust you with my whole heart—for I think I read all that is in yours.”

“Ah! that is impossible,” he muttered.

“Therefore, Mr. Halfday, with no secrets between us ever again, tell me where you got this money?”

Brian Halfday hesitated for an instant, and then one of his rare laughs escaped him. The position was becoming brighter and lighter, and the shadows were stealing from the scene.

“You will not ask me to take this money back?”

“You will let me pay you when I am rich again—I mean very rich? When Dorcas, or Dorcas’s husband, for instance, insists upon my receiving back a fair share of the capital now in her possession.”

“Yes—then,” he answered.

“Now tell me how you were able to lend me a thousand pounds?”

“You are a very curious girl,” he said; “what does it matter, so that I have been able to help you?”

“I ask you for your confidence,” she said reproachfully.

“You shall have it. I saved the money—most of it, that is,” he added with a reserve.

“From your small income—impossible!”

“How do you know what my income is?” asked Brian, not a little surprised at her last remark.

“Mr. Gregory Salmon told me,” replied Mabel.

“Ah! yes—he is a man who knows everything except how to write sermons; which reminds me that I borrowed a book of you at Datchet Bridge. A terrible book that—”

“You are wandering from the subject intentionally, Mr. Halfday?”

“You will have no mercy on me,” he replied. “How did I save so much money, you ask?”

“Yes.”

“Upon my honour, it is hardly a fair question,” he said, laughing again; but there are to be no secrets between us.”

“Go on, please.”

“And I may ask a few questions of you in return—as forcibly and abruptly as I have asked questions of my sister before this,” he said.

“I don’t think I have a secret in the world now,” replied Mabel, “but proceed. I am very curious.”

“I had saved up eight hundred pounds at the end of last month,” said Brian at last; “I am of a saving turn of mind—the miserly habits of my grandfather are inherent in me, my expenses are few, I live rent free, I eat little and drink less.”

“But from your salary, it seems to be impossible that you should have saved eight hundred pounds,” said Mabel thoughtfully.

“I did not say I saved that sum from my salary.”

Mabel looked hard at him again.

“Another mystery?” she said.

“No—I am going to tell you what few people in Penton are aware of—what I have kept to myself as much as possible, having no friends in the world who would have been interested by the communication.”

“What can it possibly be?” said Mabel breathlessly.

He laughed again at her anxiety. Yes, the shadows were surely falling into the background of his life. Here was a woman interested in him and his pursuits.

"I write," he said.

"Oh! I am glad to hear it!" exclaimed Mabel, "you are clever!—you are a real author—you write books that people actually pay for? How delightful!"

"Yes, I write books and am actually paid," said Brian.

"Novels—poems—histories—what kind of books?"

"Books and pamphlets that would weary you to death to wade through," he said, half sadly, half dryly, "pages of heavy matter and ponderous detail, on which the bright eyes of women seldom rest."

"Scientific?"

"Dry essays on our mother earth chiefly—with fragments here and there of county history by way of a change of work, when hard study of dead worlds becomes too much for me. I have been fortunate in earning money, if no fame, by these pursuits," he added modestly, "and I love the labour of the pen with all my soul."

He spoke with enthusiasm, and Mabel had never seen that thin, wan face with so much light upon it.

"And you have studied this for me," she said, "for the poor reward, the miserable satisfaction, of lending me the savings of your life."

"There is no higher reward I want," he replied, "you have been upon my conscience—I am happier than I have ever been, to-night."

"And poorer, too."

"I can earn money easily now," he said somewhat proudly, "I am known in London—the early struggles of one who writes for bread are past for ever. I think it is not wholly unlikely that I may even die a tolerably rich man."

"Not if you fling your money about in this reckless fashion," said Mabel archly, "and trust such a stranger as I am."

"Stranger," he repeated mournfully, "Oh! don't say that."

"No—but I will say this, I cannot accept all your money."

"Hush, hush! you must not break faith with me, and render me unhappy to-night," he said; "this is a night for ever to be remembered gratefully."

"I don't see why."

"You trust me—you believe in me?"

"Yes," said Mabel, hesitatingly, "but this two hundred pounds extra and above

your savings? What do I want with it? Why should I let you run into debt for me?"

"My creditor will not harass me for his money back—and I shall earn it before the year dies out. Please, let me be, Miss Westbrook. You never cared to talk too long about money—it is, at the best, one of the most miserable topics under the sun, God knows."

"And yet what a deal we have had to say about it."

"Ay," asserted Brian, "we have never met without some sharp words on the question. But you always began it, if you remember."

"No—I don't remember that," said Mabel.

"Let us talk of something else before I say good night. May I?"

"What do you wish to talk about?" asked Mabel.

"Yourself."

"I am afraid we have been talking of that all the evening;" she said.

"But you have promised to answer all my questions—and it is my turn to be exceedingly curious," he urged.

Mabel regarded him with trepidation.

"You will ask nothing of me that I cannot answer fairly?" she said.

"There was to be no reserve," was his reply, "there are to be from this day no secrets between us."

"N—no," she answered, hesitatingly.

"Very well," said Brian, in almost a business tone again, though it was an affectation of business that Mabel would have more quickly perceived had she not been nervous as to what was coming next; "and now the name of the bank in which all the money has been lost?"

Mabel told him, and he booked the title in a little note-book which he took from his breast pocket.

"Thank you," he said, "and now the name of THE MAN."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

IT was a bold question for a man like Brian Halfday to put to this high-spirited maiden from the States, but its very boldness had its effect.

Mabel was for a moment or two speechless with astonishment, then she ejaculated—

“*The man!* What man?”

“He who has stood between you and Angelo Salmon—whom you love, and are going back to?”

Mabel coloured at the peremptory tone which he had so suddenly assumed, and replied—

“You have no right to ask me such a question as that.”

“There are to be no more secrets, Miss Westbrook,” he said, “and I shall arrive at a clearer understanding of your character, be able to act more thoroughly for you, and *him*, if you will keep your word with me. Trust me as your brother. I am not asking from motives of idle curiosity—and there should be no affectation of reserve to sink you to the level of your sex.”

It was a compliment paid to Mabel at the expense of her sex, and she knew not how to reply. She was glad that he thought highly of her, and yet was angry and sorry that he had had but a poor opinion of women all his life. She had pledged herself to speak, she wondered a little why he was anxious to know, but she was half-disposed to be offended with him again for thinking that under any circumstances he was justified in making the inquiry. Surely it was not his business—and the loan of a thousand pounds to her did not warrant him in assuming the airs of a dictator.

“What makes you think there is a gentleman anywhere, for whom I care one half-penny?” she asked.

“I am sure there is,” he answered very positively.

“Why are you sure?” she inquired also, “it is only a little while ago you professed your inability to understand women, and now you pretend to read all that is in my heart.”

“I do not understand women, Miss Westbrook—but I know they are very positive, very obstinate, very eccentric when a lover is at their feet, who is all the world to them.”

“You did not discover that truth in the study of mother earth,” said Mabel.

“No. In the study of mother nature.”

“Have I been very positive, obstinate, and eccentric?”

“Decidedly.”

Mabel considered this reply.

“Probably, I have,” she said at length.

“You have acted rashly,” he continued in mild reproof, “no one should have so seriously embarrassed herself, and complicate matters so inextricably as you have done. And,” he added, “if it had not been for a prior engagement, a gentle, unselfish woman would have naturally responded to that attachment which Gregory Salmon’s son evinced.”

“I don’t know that,” said Mabel shaking her head.

“I have answered your question—now reply to mine. See, I am waiting to enter the happy man’s name in my note-book,” said Brian with a rare exhibition of facetiousness, as he held his book up for inspection.

“I shall never tell you his name, to begin with,” said Mabel, looking at the carpet, “because in the first place there is no engagement between him and me at present. But there is a gentleman—oh! a long, long way from here, far away in the backwoods of my native land—whom I could learn to love, and who I think might learn to love me in return.”

“He must love you very deeply.”

“Ah! I am not certain of that,” answered Mabel, “and I only say I may learn to love him in good time.”

“This is a three-cornered kind of confession,” said Brian thoughtfully, “but I comprehend you. Very clearly too,” he added, slowly dropping his note-book into his breast-pocket.

“You will say nothing of this to Dorcas,” suggested Mabel.

“I shall not see Dorcas. Besides—I have no confidence in her.”

“You must not judge her too hastily yet.”

“And we are speaking to ourselves—not to the world,” added Brian. “It is for this reason that I wish you all the happiness in life—and I see only a little distance from you that happiness approaching. For he *must* love you—this man.”

“Why?” asked Mabel, softly.

“You are different from other women—since you have been away from America, he must have missed you so much,” replied Brian.

“Why did he not come after me, and keep me from the terrible temptation of the Salmon?”

Brian stared hard at this sudden exhibition of levity.

"You are piqued," he said, "you and he have quarrelled."

"We have had a few words."

"Is he rich?"

Mabel hesitated, and then encountering Brian Halfday's inquiring gaze said quickly—

"Yes—very rich."

"What is he?"

"In the dry-goods store line," was the prompt reply.

"That is an extraordinary business for the backwoods," remarked Brian.

"I did not say his business was in the backwoods, but that he was there at the present time. Don't criticise me—don't talk of this any more, please Mr. Halfday—I have told you more than I cared to tell already, but you have dragged this secret from me, for no earthly good. Spare me now—I have been tried to-day severely."

"Yes—yes," said Brian in response to an appeal which had been uttered with great rapidity, and considerable excitement, "I am an intermeddler, and have worried you with questions I had no business to ask. You are quite right; I am an inquisitive man, and want to know too much. Forgive me, Miss Westbrook—I will not trouble you again in this way."

"Thank you," murmured Mabel.

"And as there are no secrets between us," he continued, "as from this day's date we stand on new ground together, with confidence in each other; I am going to tell you one more truth. It will put you on your guard against me—it will warn you of the power you may exercise for good or evil; it will show you, even, how a hard man like me can soften to a fool under the spell of a fair woman's influence."

He was standing before her, with his face full of trouble, but she had not the courage to look up at him, or arrest his words. He was so terribly in earnest that she was afraid to speak.

"When I came here this evening, it was, for the first time, with a faint hope that I might win upon your heart some day," he said; "and you might give me hope to win it, if I were strong and patient. You became suddenly my dream, and my ambition—but God knows the dream is over, and the ambition is at an end. That is why I tell you."

"This is not sparing me, Mr. Halfday,"

said Mabel reproachfully, "this is ungenerous of you at last."

"It is as well you should know," replied Brian; "and you have done me a kind service in telling me of the lover in America, for I go back to my old life none the worse for the collapse of an air-bubble in the sun. I was not selfish at least; I felt you were beyond me when Angelo Salmon told me how he loved you, and I have only seemed a little nearer since your rejection of his suit. I have thought of approaching you by slow degrees, and of being loved by slow degrees in turn. There was no securing you by a *coup de théâtre*, and now that there is no securing you at all, I shall be a practical, matter-of-fact man for ever afterwards. But for ever your friend, Mabel Westbrook, who talks in this romantic strain for the first and last time in his life, and who makes a clean breast of his folly before he says good-night."

He held out both his hands, and she saw the movement and put hers within them, and without looking up at him. Again the strong firm clasp of his hands startled her, and yet assured her of his earnestness, and strength of will, and faith in her.

"You are not offended?" he asked in a low tone.

"No," she replied in as low a tone as himself.

"If I have spoken out too plainly, forgive me, and think no more of it," he continued, "for I could not keep the truth back, after all that you had told me. And it is the solemn truth!—I shall not grieve, and you need not be afraid of my obtrusiveness. I am very strong, thank Heaven, and I say again that from to-night, I am simply your true friend, whom you are to trust as long as you live! There—God bless you, girl—and good-night again."

He kissed her hands, like a gentleman of the old school rather than a geologist of the new, and Mabel did not shrink from his reverent caress. When he was gone, she cast herself upon the couch, and shed many strange tears, and did not feel, despite her grief, that she was particularly unhappy—although she had not told all the truth to Brian Halfday, and was to deceive him fresh to-morrow, when he might learn to despise her even for her want of trust in him.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

ROMANCE does not live long in the heart of a practical man. It is a temporary and uncomfortable aliment which he is bound in justice to his character to set aside, more especially when there is nothing for the ideal to subsist upon. This was Brian Halfday's theory, and he believed in it, and in his power to go back at any time to his old life—as if to retrace one's steps were ever possible to the sons of men. He went home to his stuffy top room in the Penton Museum, a grave and determined being; he had made up his mind to begin again to-morrow as if nothing had happened to lure his thoughts from those studies by which he had earned money, and which seemed, even to him, to point towards a name by which the world might know him presently. He had been wrong to swerve from the groove in which his life had been running easily till Mabel Westbrook's advent; he was sorry to confess it, but he had been for the first time in his life a fool.

He confessed it again when he was at home and had lighted his lamp and set his papers in order for an immediate dash at work. But the work was beyond him, and he contented himself with staring at it and the opposite wall by turns, finding that the woman he loved was too strong for the fossils and earths he loved too.

Too strong for that night at least, but these were early times to shake off the sense of disappointment which he felt despite his philosophy. To-morrow Brian Halfday would be himself again. Nothing had happened which he had not expected, surely. It was unlikely that this good-looking American girl should think of loving a man who had aged so much before his time as he had, not one attribute that might stand as a fair passport to that lady's society which he had studiously shunned until a goddess had surprised him in his den here. It was as well that it was quickly over, and Mabel Westbrook had owned to a lover already. It settled the whole affair completely, and rendered the path ahead of him smooth, and free from pitfalls, and—only a little dull! That is, st feeling he should get over—all men were dull at times—and his studies would

give him tone and strength of character. It pained and irritated him upon mature consideration to think that he had acted as foolishly as Angelo Salmon, and with about the same result. He had had rather more than a dim consciousness of being a clever and shrewd fellow until that particular night, and now he could see where he had blundered. The more he stared at the opposite wall, and at the geological maps which were hanging there, the more he became convinced that he had been betrayed by impulse and vanity, and—heaven have mercy upon him—by sentiment! His fingers tugged at his long hair in dismay at this—what would Mabel Westbrook think of him when she reconsidered all the nonsense which he had talked during the latter portion of their interview? If he could live that evening over again! If he had not told her of his love she would have respected him more, and he should have been a prouder man. What had been the use of so maudlin an avowal, save to render her distrustful of him? Why could he not have buried, deep down in his heart, that knowledge which had not even benefited himself? And to tell her that he loved her, a few moments after giving her, or lending her, all the money which he possessed too, as if he had kept back his passion until he had the opportunity of offering her a bribe.

"No—no—she will not think that!" he cried aloud, for it was a thought too galling for him, in these salutary moments of self-depreciation, "she is warm-hearted, generous, and will do me justice."

He took a long walk round his room after this, and it was a wise dispensation that there was no human being taking rest in the apartment beneath, he tramped on so persistently, and stamped his feet at times so heavily. Suddenly he made a dash at his work again.

"I am sulking like a child at the inevitable," he said, "and I will *not* have it!"

There was the courage to write a few lines, the manliness to persevere; but his heart was too strong for his brains, and presently his pen dropped, and the blurred manuscript was pushed unconsciously aside. After all, it was pleasant to think of her—even at that hour, and with the bronze clock registering two—to remember all that she had said, to dwell upon the expression of her faith in him, the frank confession of her

trust, the acceptance from him of that pecuniary help which she would not have taken at Angelo Salmon's hands, or from anyone but him. Theirs had been a long meeting, full of discussion and explanation, and winding up by love matters that might have been more fittingly postponed, and yet were mercifully terminated for all time; but there was nothing really to regret in the interview, except his own stupidity. She had been as gentle as a true woman should be, and heaven bless her for it. He hoped the man she loved would make her a good husband—he thought he would, for Mabel was one to cherish very tenderly, and observant enough not to make a bad choice for herself.

To-morrow, or the next day, he should face her as a friend, or a brother, and be very business-like with his friendship and advice, and fight her battles in his old-fashioned forcible way. All this as long as she lived—or as long as he lived—to be a duty and a comfort to him. She had placed confidence in him—she had made less difficulty about accepting his service than he had imagined that she would—and despite the greed of his relations the world seemed brightening for her.

But on the morrow the shadows came up thick and fast again, and there was no more brightness in his little world.

It was noon, and he was busy in his office downstairs, and two little boys, representing the visitors of Penton, were playing hide-and-seek behind the big glass cases, when a letter came by post to him. It had been dropped in the letter-box at Penton High Street, only a stone's throw from his door, by the bearer, who had not the courage or the inclination to face him again, he thought. Brian had not seen the writing of Mabel Westbrook, but he knew it; it was not his sister's scrawl, and no other woman had ever written a line to him. He opened the letter with impatient hands, and two bank-notes fell out, and fluttered to the floor.

He was business-like to the last. He stopped and picked up the notes before reading a line of the letter; he examined them closely, and inspected carefully the amounts which were for five hundred pounds each. The thousand pounds had been returned to him. Mabel Westbrook would have none of his support, if it were possible to do without it; she could not nor

would not trust him after all. She knew and saw the great gratification that it would have been to him to help her, and yet her pride had dashed him down like that. This was her return—almost her revenge, he thought—for his refusing the sacrifice of his money to his grandfather; but in what an arrogant spirit, and with how miserable a reason! He had thought her very different from this!

He did not quickly refer to her own explanation of this step. He seemed content to sit there with the notes and the unread letter in his hands, and guess at her resolves and motives. Having worked out the theory to his satisfaction, he took the number of her notes, which he locked within his desk, and then opened the letter, saying, between his set teeth,—

"She shall have the money! I will help her, in spite of herself and her miserable pride."

The first words took away all sense of anger from his heart, however, although there were only three to thrill him with a new and sudden sense of joy. He read them aloud in his exultation and excitement, and his red-haired clerk entering at the minute, stopped at the door with his mouth open.

"My dear Brian!" quoted the curator; "yes," he added, "that is what it is—my dear Brian!"

"What did you say, sir?" exclaimed the young subordinate.

"Get out!"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"I'll attend to you presently. Don't you hear?"

"Oh, yes—I hear," said the clerk who was uncivilly disposed, and quick to retaliate. Brian looked fiercely at him, and the youth vanished at his glance. After his clerk's departure Brian went on with the perusal of the epistle which Mabel had sent to him, and which we will read with him.

It had no address or date, which for a lady's letter was not particularly remarkable; it was wild and rambling, which was not remarkable either, and it ran thus—

"MY DEAR BRIAN.—For you must let me call a true friend thus, as I would call a brother, if I had one. You have acted like a brother to me, and I am very grateful—pray think that, whatever happens, and you will only do me justice. Don't be very

very cross with me for sending back your money—I could not take it—I never intended to make use of it—I should have been a coward and a wretch to rob you of your savings. I have friends—plenty of them—leave me to them, and do not trouble your head and heart with my wilfulness again. You make me unhappy by your persistence to be of service to me, and I have run away from you. Forgive the step and grant me that which a little while ago I refused to you, if you recollect—*Time*. Only give me time! And believe that I shall remember your unselfishness and value it, and be always

Yours most faithfully

MABEL WESTBROOK.

P. S.—You promised at Datchet Bridge to study even my wishes when opposed to your own—do so now and consider me your grateful debtor. I wish for peace and rest, and time for thought, away from all of you.”

“Away from me, she means!” said Brian mournfully; “yes, I have frightened her away!”

He locked up her letter and started at once for the villa on the Penton Road, knowing beforehand that she would not be there, feeling sure that she had taken every precaution to evade him and his offers of pecuniary sup-

port, and yet wishing to learn the worst at once.

He was right. Mabel had gone away for good, and the landlady did not know in what direction she had turned. “She was going to leave the city at once,” that was all the information which the lodger had vouchsafed to impart; and the landlady only knew in addition that the fly had been driven towards the railway station.

Brian called at Penton Bank on his return. He was known to the clerks, and country clerks are more communicative than their London brethren and less suspicious.

“Can I pay any money into Miss Westbrook’s account to-day?” he asked.

“She has closed her account with us,” said the cashier. Brian nodded his head, walked out of the bank and went back to the Museum where he once more read the letter which she had sent him.

The following week he was in Liverpool, where he booked a passage for New York, and steamed away to a new world across the Atlantic on the day following, without telling a friend or an acquaintance that he had turned his back on old England.

END OF BOOK II.

(To be continued.)

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY M. L. C., COBOURG.

“There is a well in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There’s not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.”

BUT before we go into Cornwall, let us generalize about road-side wells. We cannot go far on any country road without finding one of these little cloistered fountains of purity and peace. How carefully it is walled over, and time, which beautifies everything in this land, has made its vaulted roof an arch of green and purple moss. And in the interstices grow the glo-

rious ferns. How they love such a home. The hart’s-tongue hangs over to look at its own vigorous beauty, for on the gravelly floor of the miniature pool lie the shadows of its proud fronds. The water slowly trickles from out these fronds, making its way between stones and pebbles. Very shortly sprigs of water-cress show themselves, suggesting the certainty that not far away is a bed of them where, after the runlet has left the vicinity of the well, it flows and loiters: no one knows how long. I am acquainted with different brooks, and know

their habits, and how they spend their live-long day, and the most companionable of them are like Mr. Tennyson's brook—

“ They loiter round their cresses.”

In the old, old Book, where the story of “ them who dwelt in tents ” is told, how picturesquely does the narrator group the domestic life around their well. The love and romance of our father Jacob was crystallized by the Syrian well. As the world grows older, the machinery of life becomes complicated. In the present age of man's civilization, the act of changing one's habitation is connected with a thousand and one necessities and desires. The detail of these shows but a “ shrine of luxury and pride.” But when we unfold the marvellous tapestry of life, which time and man are ever weaving, very simple are the first pictures woven in its woof. When the tents were to be moved, the most perplexing, the most earnest inquiry of man in his nomadic state was, where shall we find pasturage for our flocks, and wells where they and we may drink? These roving men digged wells and called them by their names. Thus every age has had its benefactors; and whether it was the religious care of a patriarch, or the God in the heathen, it is a glorious truth—

“ That not only we, the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people
well.”

All over England you will find these road-side wells. Sometimes on a solitary road, far removed from town or hamlet, you will come across one of these aged mossy dells, its water trickling from a stone basin, and a cup by its side, an everlasting memorial of the loving-kindness of one forgotten.

“ A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.”

Most of these road-side wells were walled and roofed by the monks in the old time. When hostels were few and far between, it was their pious work thus to protect these springs, to gather the water into a basin, so that it should not be dried up by the heat of the summer, nor lost among weeds or rushes. Here man and his tired beast drank and were refreshed; here the palmer rested and prayed. A little cross was generally placed near by, or a lone oratory. Sometimes a hermit had his cell not far away, and the pious pilgrim, when he finished his prayer, would leave a pittance at the foot of the cross, to relieve his earthly needs. Some of these old wells have the names of their builders graven on them, and in the almost obliterated Gothic letters, you decipher the request that he who drank should breathe a prayer for their souls.

“ Where water clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell;
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who × built × this × cross × and × well.”

The holy wells were consecrated to some saint, who in return for the pious respect was believed to bestow a peculiar blessing on the fountain. Some healing efficacy abode in the water.

Alas! the gift has flown back to heaven, the hermit is turned to dust, the oratory a mound of ivy, the cross broken and gone—all sacred associations banished, and their remembrance turned into ridicule. I avow a hearty liking for some of the legends handed down from monastic times, and I do not look upon the acts of some of her saintly men as only myths of that dark age. Most of these men renounced the world for Christ Jesus' sake; they were imitators of His human life; they fasted; they prayed; they went about doing deeds of mercy. A portion of their fellow men passed their lives in acts of blood and slaughter. When we picture these feudal times, the battle-axe seems for ever whizzing through the air, and the mail and armour are always red stained. The background discloses a picture within a picture—a scene of arms, rapine, and violence. The human figures are mighty warriors, whose courage is only equalled by their inhumanity. But human life flowed also in another channel than that of the great and powerful. There were other

actors in the drama, though the parts which fell to their rôle were those of misery and wretchedness ; for the condition of the peasant was in feudal times most forlorn. He was an ignorant, brutish, and miserable object, rated not so valuable as the well-fed kine. We are told that, however noble was the protection offered by a lord to his retainers and immediate followers, the peasant was to him but another Caliban. He lived because nothing was to be gained from his death ; he was let alone if he stood in no one's road ; and many of these creatures starved on roots which they clawed from the ground, or shared with the hogs, the acorns from the trees. There were scattered throughout Christendom thousands of these wretched beings, roving from town to town, half mad from incurable diseases and want. It was thus when the Master was on earth. Impotent and leprous men were ever in His way, and crowds of diseased and miserable humanity followed Him from place to place. The saints took up their Master's work, and followed on in His labours. Truly these men were very full of His Divine spirit, for their deeds were Christ-like. The traditions of them show us that, lifted above considerations of rank and power, they went on the daily duty of lessening human woe. No wonder they were sad men, for their charity led them among sufferings. Full of sympathy and human tenderness no deed was considered great or small—both alike done for Christ's sake. They gathered herbs for salves, bound up and anointed wounds, administered healing to the sick, and consolation to the dying ; and as I have rested by some of these once holy wells, or have wandered among the stones of the ruined oratory, the thought has arisen—may we not learn in the Hereafter that it was indeed a truth that "He who was touched by a feeling of our infirmities" heard the supplications of His holy servants, and that the angel who went down and troubled the pool of Bethesda was sometimes sent to bestow on other pools, likewise, a healing efficacy. When we gaze down the "corridors of time" our light is too dim to see clearly in the distance, and the forms of truth and error, fancy and reality, are so locked in the mazy windings that we are uncertain of each individual figure.

In like manner when we read the lives of these consecrated men, and would rever-

ence their good deeds, we find the pages written with many dead words, and we cannot separate the sentiments of faith and superstition, Christianity and paganism. But however we may doubt the spells and peculiar efficacy of holy wells in general, I must have credence granted me when I say that there is a holy well in Cornwall whose waters are as gushing, and whose spell is as potent, no doubt, as when it was bestowed centuries ago. The legend says a holy maid, passing on her way to St. Michael's Mount, grew weary and fain would rest. Her steps brought her to a road-side well, from the arched roof of which grew a group of five trees, an oak, ash, elm, withy, and beech. Here the maiden rested, drinking of the spring and cooling her blistered feet ere she resumed her pilgrimage. Years passed ; the holy well was called St. Keyne ; her pious works were known everywhere ; and the efficacy of her prayers were sought by the devout from Wales to Brittany. Beyond the Severn she turned serpents into stones ; she visited many holy communities, and made pilgrimages from shrine to shrine, everywhere bestowing temporal mercies and leaving her benediction for heavenly graces. When age had brought its infirmities, and she no longer could leave her oratory, where she awaited the summons of the angel, she was visited by a Benedictine monk. He was sent to tell her that a parish in Cornwall had dedicated a church to her, and its worshippers implored her prayers and intercessions. The aged saint prostrating herself before her altar made many prayers for the church. Besides the spiritual power she besought for its offered masses she desired to send back to them some manifest gift that would continue through all time as a token of the protecting care she should continue to have over them when she was no longer on earth. Her body was feeble and her prayers died away into a reverie. She remembered the spot where, long years ago, before her body was inured to long fasting and long travelling, she had rested. She saw the picture of the green hillock, and the five stately trees whose roots grew together in so close and peculiar a manner as to thus form a roof for the little well beneath. The trees were five, the number sacred to marriage. A holy well should its waters become, and the spell should relate to domestic life, something connected with wedded love.

The saint sent her blessing for the church
called by her name, and for the water of the
well,

“The quality, that man or wife,
Whose chance or choice attains
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gair-s.”

Southey's muse was never more felicitous
than when she inspired him to wreathe this
saintly legend into a laurel for his brow :—

“A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

“An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

“A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And not a cloud in the sky.

“He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

“There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail ;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

“‘Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?’ quoth he,
‘For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“‘Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.’

“‘I have left a good woman who never was
here,’
The stranger he made reply,
‘But that my draught should be the better for
that,
I pray you answer me why?’

“‘St. Keyne,’ quoth the Cornish-man, ‘many a
time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angels summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

“‘If the husband, of this gifted well,
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth he,
For he shall be master for life.

“‘But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then !’
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

“‘You drank of the well I warrant betimes?’
He to the Cornish-man said :
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger
spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

“‘I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.’”

I had forgotten in what part of Cornwall
St. Keyne was, but last summer while at
Liskeard, our polite host of the “Red Lion”
informed me that this famous well was only
eight miles distant. My sex being feminine
made it necessary that I should without de-
lay start on a pilgrimage to it. Having my
husband in company (for I could take no
undue advantage to become “master for
life”) we went on our way. We left the town,
with its noise and bustle, its arrivals and de-
partures, its commercial travellers, its omni-
buses and screeching railway engines, and
took a road which delved into the country,
and wound its way through a lazy, sleepy,
happy valley. All was peaceful and dull.
A beautiful dulness. I would as soon have
broken the repose of a Sphinx as disturbed
its quiet serenity. All was in a reverie.
Soon the spirit of dreaminess passed her
wand over us and we walked on our pilgrim-
age as silently as two Carmelite monks.

The very air seemed to listen around us,
as though St. Keyne had but passed, and
the tread of her sandalled feet was in the
distance, and her *Pax vobiscum* was still
resting on all. The miles took us past
pleasant meadows where cattle grazed, but
they gave us little heed ; the sheep were
mostly asleep, and the dun cows chewing
the cud barely turned their heads, and their
meek eyes had a look of patient reproof at
our rude approach. Now and then we came
to a cottage almost hidden by its clematis
and jessamine. Once we passed a farm
house, the noonday sun cast a broad smile
on each window, in the porch sat the
farmer asleep, his pipe in his hand and
a dog dozing at his feet. Near by was a
silent mill. Its roof was mossy, and no
time less than a century could have hidden
its stone walls by the patches of brown and
yellow lichens which dotted them. The

water trickled over the wheel in a psalm-like tune as though it said "Amen." Sometimes we walked between hedges beautiful with ferns, or enamelled with a hundred hedge flowers. The sky was almost without a cloud, occasionally a fleecy one would appear but it soon drifted away or drew in again, for when I looked for it it was gone. It was a day late in August, the summer was tired; early and late had she looked to her labours, and now weary almost to indifference she drooped and left her orchards and barley-fields to her valiant young brother, It had been a gradual ascent for two miles, and we reached the top of the hill to be abruptly let down. At the foot we passed from a steady gleaming sunshine into a dark spot of shade; the change was so sudden that it awakened me, and my awakening thought was, "What a singular scene! Was I ever here before? What do I know about these trees which make them familiar?" In an instant the truth flashed to my mind—we had reached the Well of St. Keyne. My husband (heaven bless him) looked about for some means of getting the water, for cup there was none; but his spouse put her mouth quickly down and drank. O blessed St. Keyne! "For she shall be master for life."

The water was deliciously cold, and clear as crystal, and the well bubbled up its treasure as abundantly as in the day of the Saint. There is, however, a sad change in the number of the trees. When St. Keyne laid her spell there were five; a century after the number was reduced to four; another generation and the well was shaded by but three; and now there remains but two. A severe storm, a winter ago, which occasioned much damage to roofs, and made sad havoc among trees and hay-ricks, did a deed of darkness in breaking down these trees. The roof of the well is one with the roots of these trees growing in a most shapely arch. Their source of nourishment is truly a marvel, as they have no bed of earth; and the best solution of the query was given by a young wit who said, "They are old-fashioned trees, and they live because they are accustomed to live."

A few steps from the well is a house—the poet tells us "there came a man from the house hard by." When I threw myself on the ground and thrust my head into the dark hole I obtained sufficient of the water

to make its efficacy reliable, but wanting a good deep draught I went to the door of the house and asked for a cup. A middle-aged woman instantly, and without any reply to my salutation, reached down from the dresser a blue cup. I said to her, "I suppose you very often have to supply a cup to travellers who wish to drink here?" "Oh, bless you ma'm," she replied, "we keep a lot of they blue cups a purpose." I learned from her the accident which befel the oak tree. The old lady said, "it was last winter just afore the old un went up. His sleep was allus bad, but one night he was that restless that he did nothing but turn. I said to him, 'Feyther, why don't'ee lie on your well side and get a little sleep?' 'Elizabeth,' he said, 'I do'n't want to sleep. I like to listen to they, they be at it sure.' And sure enough when morning came things was blown about dreadful, and that tree was down." "What did your husband mean by 'they are at it?'" (I had learned that the "old un" was her husband.) "O ma'm," she replied, "things about here are not what they used to be long afore any of us was born, as they was in the times of that old well, and they trees, and all they stones flung up on and about the country, and in the days when they dancing maids and two merry pipers were turned into stone for dancing on Sunday, and Giant Iregagle and the devil were chasing one another, and in the days when there were saints, and crosses, and spirits, and all sorts of powers; bless you, they had every thing their own way once. I don't know as I ever saw any of them kind of spirits; but there's them as has. But I have often seen the basin scooped out of the top of the largest boulder upon the moor, and they do say that afore we had parsons there was them as used to kill children, or grown folks for that matter, and wash in their blood. And my husband, he did always say that he believed they was about in the air yet; and that night that I telled 'ee about was just one of the nights when they was trying to get hold of the land again." While I was having this delicious bit of gossip with the old woman my husband took a sketch of the well, and when the last touch was given to it I drank again of the water, and we took a path over the moorland which would take us to a famous Logan stone and the Cheesewring of Cornish celebrity.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ALTHOUGH the pic-nic mania, this season, took its rise amongst the Opposition, the disease, as might be expected, has laid hold of the dominant party. Semi-social agitations of this sort are either contagious or break out sporadically, like enteric fever, here and there over the country. In themselves, they are innocent enough; cakes and sandwiches, washed down with weak tea or dubious lemonade, like the rhetoric they inspire, are not apt to lead to violence, either in theory or action. Moreover, their very affectation of sociality is in itself a good, as compared with the uproariousness of a banquet or the turbulent gesticulations of a Quebec orator, speaking at the church-doors on Sunday after mass. The female atmosphere, however fashionable it may be to make light of it, never fails to hallow the scene even of political vituperation, and cast a mellow calmness about it. Without discussing the female suffrage question, it may not be unreasonable to ask, if female influence is not underrated, generally speaking? The political demagogue in petticoats has seldom made her appearance in England or Canada, and not to an alarming extent in the United States. It seems to be recognised, as Molière puts it in *Les Femmes Savantes*, that the hen must not crow, or at any rate must yield precedence to her male partner—" *La poule ne doit point chanter devant le coq.*" Still there is a good deal of quiet, as well as overt, political action on the feminine side of humanity. When it is open and palpable, as in the case of Catharine of Medicis, the female Guises, Elizabeth of England, or Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, it forces itself into recognition. But there is a great amount of influence, often unobtrusive and scarcely recognisable, which, nevertheless, counts for something amongst the rabble of factors making up the complex sum of our social condition. Now, the problem is to reconcile this influence with enlightenment. A power which is almost always, in the mass, enlisted on the side of virtue, cannot be bad; but it may be blind,

ill-directed, and without prudence or discretion. One of the first steps in the political and social education of man or woman, is to enforce the fact, that we cannot do all we would in the renovation of the world. One-half of the prevailing social nostrums owe their origin, in the first place, to beings who wear male attire without manly attributes, afterwards backed up and reinforced by stronger spirits, clad in silk or dimity. The men who promulgate them are usually exceedingly weak in force of character, but they manage to delve the channels into which the genuine vigour of the strong-minded is poured off lavishly, and wasted. Now, there is a power distinctively feminine, which might be brought to bear with great advantage upon society, if it could be educated and drilled into some sort of discipline. It is surely not by any means necessary that a woman, endowed with deep emotions and improved by culture, should be either a devotee or a social pariah; and yet that is practically what it comes to, under the existing order of things. Whether a gifted girl shall be a Guérin or Swetchine, or a Roland or Sand, is often a matter of chance; but one of them, mystic or sceptic, she is fated to be.

It is impossible to rate too highly the value of the emotional side of our nature, and that is essentially its feminine side. By an admirable provision of nature, what are deemed the weak things of the world are made to confound the mighty, and the noblest deeds of beneficent long-suffering and endurance have always been essentially feminine. The mothers of this world's heroes have always shaped their characters on the best and loftiest side; and although we live in an age of hard fact and harder science, we have not yet lost sight of the truth that logic and physics do not embrace the entire circle of humanity, and that there is yet room for sympathy, love, and spirituality. Why should not the warm glow of female influence be made of better service than it is? Why should it not be trained to useful service, instead of,

as too often it is, to impulsive vagaries? Can it, in short, be doubted for an instant, that if greater pains were taken to discipline the mighty store of power laid up in our girls and women, the world would be the better for it?

We have wandered far a-field from political pic-nics, but there is not so remote a connection between them and female culture as may at first appear. If the brothers, the husbands, and the lovers could contrive to share their lives a little more suitably with those who are dear to them, there would be less of hysterics in the world, and much added moral and motive power. Why should one-half of the race be jealously excluded from an intelligent share in spheres of interest which absorb the other half? Why should not sense seek companionship with sensibility, and hard reason be tempered and softened by emotion? Why, in fine, should the potent influence of woman—and it is potent, and promises to enlarge its power even in politics—be left uninstructed to wander into the devious paths of superstition, or else of open rebellion against the laws and beliefs of society? The world is not a Masonic Lodge, into which none but males may seek admittance: whether we like it or not, the female atmosphere surrounds us from the cradle to the grave; as it lies about us in our infancy, so, at the last, it closes the eyes, and sheds its lingering tears upon the shroud. No one, save a few of the hysterical, desires any unwomanly culture or employment for woman; but there is an obvious need for bridging the gulf which separates her in tastes, in aims, and in sympathies from man. As Hamlet says, "Here's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see it."

So far as Reform and Conservative picnics aid in this work, they deserve sympathy; but there, we are afraid, commendation must stop, because the teachers are bad and the text-books, if possible, worse. That can hardly be a fitting school for womankind which is depraving even for men; and, as Canadian politics go, there could hardly be a less proper academy for men or women than that which gives party training to ingenuous folk; choice recitations on Pacific Scandals, steel rails, and all those other abominations, are not improving in any sense of the word. If any one desires to be convinced that David was right when he hastily said that all men were liars, as well

as thieves and sharpers, he could not repair to a better school than the political pic-nic. It is marvellous to see how much spite and rancour a party man can cram into a political speech now-a-days. There is nothing now too foul to be asserted or too monstrous to be credible. Each party has its selection of stink-pots, and takes care to use them all, in and out of place, at every public gathering. The Premier has expressed a desire to terminate the unseemly warfare; why does he not persuade his followers and his journals to set the example, or, failing that, endeavour to form a new coalition, in which the corruptionists might all be embraced and thus compelled, by the bonds of common interest, to keep the peace? If we could only get Sir John, the Premier, Fraser, Macdougall, Rykert, Lauder, Mowat, and, above all, Tupper and Brown in the same political bed together, even if it were as large as that of Ware, the people would be satisfied, for they would have peace. But what would, in that case, become of the parties? A millennium, desirable as it may be, from some points of view, might leave no scope for belligerency, and the canker of peace would have full play. As the *Montreal Witness* naively observed the other day, the parties are all misnamed and should be christened over again, at least in Quebec. The Conservatives, according to our contemporary, are properly Ultramontanes, the Reformers, so-called, being Conservatives, and the real Reformers a chosen few who really desire to reform something, not having bowed the knee to the hierarchical Baal.

It is exceedingly difficult to be a Canadian politician now, unless one has the poison of asps under his tongue. Frenchmen of the Assembly sometimes grow wild and shake fists in one another's faces, but their passion soon subsides. M. Gambetta and M. de Mun, the successor of Montalambert, so far as he supported the Church, are not enemies, except as a *mise en scène*. In Germany a somewhat similar state of affairs prevails, and in England everybody knows that Gladstone and Disraeli (Beaconsfield!) are on the most intimate terms. In Canada, however, the relations of our public men are not only unfriendly, even in private, but absolutely Japanese. Considering the choppings and changes of the past few years, our party leaders ought to be cautious how they blast the reputations.

of one another. A turn of the wheel may easily, should one of the fates will it, turn things into brilliant confusion. It seems not a desperate stretch of the imagination to picture, in the mind's eye, a time when there may be a shifting in the attitude of the leaders. Unfortunately that acrid criticism of opponents which forms the cardinal maxim in party strategy, renders anything like calm discussion out of the question. The judicial spirit, which distinguishes the statesman from the mere politician, requires coolness and quietude as contrasted with heat, impulse, and perpetual unrest. The attempt to "be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral in a moment" must always fail. Consistency is not to be thought of so long as the attitude of public men to public questions, and to each other, varies as the fleecy clouds that wait upon the setting sun. Hence every journalist is able, by a judicious selection from the fyles of any paper which has passed through many fluctuations of opinion or of policy, to fasten charges of inconsistency upon his opponents. The *Globe* has exposed itself prominently to this method of attack, because it never consults aught but the exigencies of the passing hour. Yet it would, perhaps, be unfair to judge Mr. Brown and his journal too harshly. They are impatient, impulsive, impetuous; but there is often an earnestness which cannot be wholly affected. In the latest of our great novels the enthusiasm which age could not temper breaks out in a quotation from Deronda's grandfather by Kalonymos: "Better a wrong will than a wavering; better a steadfast enemy than an uncertain friend; better a false belief than no belief at all." The worst of our politicians, especially those of great moral pretensions, is that they grow fearfully earnest on very shallow grounds, and more abusive as they lash themselves into a self-deceiving fury. Said Sir Hugo to Deronda, "I can tolerate any man's difference of opinion, but let him tell it me without getting himself up as a lunatic. At this stage of the world, if a man wants to be taken seriously, he must keep clear of melodrama." It is our misfortune in Canada, that everlastingly we are in the spasmodic vein—everything by turns and nothing long. To accomplish any immediate purpose it is necessary apparently to work by jerks, and no continuity appears either pos-

sible or to be desired. The politician is a fissiparous animal, whose segments may be detached from its parent, to wander in other worlds, or wriggle with freshened activity in other waters, regardless of antecedents.

The boast of consistency is, considered in itself, but a poor one; yet one may expect that there should not be violent disruptions between the periods of even a politician's career. When Fox entered the short-lived coalition of 1783, he made some just remarks about the parade men often make, of never having changed their opinions or their alliances; and yet the English nation were not to be deceived, since they saw clearly that the combination with Lord North was an immoral and unjustifiable one. When a party has for years protested against coalition, in any shape, it is a paltry subterfuge to allege that its combinations are not coalitions. When a journal which, at one period of its existence, denounced with unwonted violence of language the clergy and religieuses of a Church, and, at another, closely allied itself, for entirely selfish purposes, with that Church, and is ready to defend the most outrageous of Ultramontane pretensions, the people are not gullible enough to swallow the plea that the balance has always been held fairly between the extremes of opinion. An editor, who has oscillated from one extreme to another, may be said to swing as a pendulum, but not to hang evenly like the scales of justice.

So long as party warfare continues to be conducted for place rather than principle, and so long as its weapons are scandal and vituperation, there is little hope of amelioration. You cannot bring a clean thing out of an unclean; chaos will be chaos to the end of the chapter, and the more the mud is stirred the more confused and fetid will it inevitably be. "Measures and not men" may be the "cant" Junius pronounced the maxim to be; but men, without regard to measures, must always be infinitely worse. If politicians had always been less self-regarding, or party-regarding if you will, there would have been more coherence in our constitutional system, and less inconsistency and contradiction in their lives. As it is, a public man's prescience depends upon the length of his nose, and he cannot see an inch beyond it. The past of party leaders is a Birse Nimroud or a Pompeii for opponents to excavate; the future may shift for itself; the present and its exigencies alone need be

cared for. Political Epicureanism is the popular creed with them all.

The attitude of parties may be illustrated in a crucial instance. It is unnecessary here to note the course of the Opposition with regard to Separate Schools; for, as a general rule, it has been tolerably consistent whether the party were in office or out of it. There was a Lower Canada alliance to maintain, and therefore they had substantial reasons, with which principle had little to do, for advocating the system. The Reform party of twenty years ago had little hope of obtaining countenance from the hierarchy, and therefore opposed it, impressed with the hope that either a dead-lock would occur, or that the growing preponderance of Ontario might eventually throw power into their hands. The dead-lock did come at last, and the key found for it was Confederation under a coalition. The chance then presented itself of a new departure; intrigue came first, and was the forerunner of disaffection. Sir George Cartier refused to force Separate Schools upon New Brunswick, and lost his seat because the hierarchy was offended. The *Rouge* party formed an alliance, hollow and temporary, with the Church, and Mr. Brown made his mercenary bargain with the Catholic League of Ontario. Then came the Pacific Scandal, and the stakes were won, not by the Protestant horse, but by a piebald nag of uncertain pedigree, fresh from the paddock. Now, mark the consequences which result from tortuous ways and crooked expedients. The Roman Catholic clergy of Quebec became uneasy at the aspect of affairs; the ton of promise had resolved itself into a pennyweight of performance, and therefore the Church must needs tack again. Last year both Messrs. Masson and Mousseau endeavoured to force their way, by urging upon the Premier an unconstitutional measure. Of course, the object was only to embarrass Mr. Mackenzie; but he is wary enough, and honest enough also, not to be caught with chaff or to mistake it for wheat. He refused to ask the Imperial Parliament to force the separate system upon New Brunswick; but he, with the Hon. Mr. Laird and all his colleagues, voted for an address to Her Majesty, asking the influence of the Crown in favour of that system. Lord Carnarvon, in turn, sent a dispatch, at the request of our Government and Parliament, to Ottawa. Here is an ex-

tract:—"There can be no impropriety in my expressing the strong hope which I entertain that, as in other British communities, the majority of the population in New Brunswick, which, through its representatives, controls the education system of the Province, may be disposed to adopt such modification of the existing rules as may render them less unacceptable to those who from conscientious reasons have felt themselves obliged to protest against the system now in force." Now, when it is remembered that this dispatch was written at the instance of the Dominion Government, it does not seem proper in a member of the Privy Council to intermeddle with the local elections in Prince Edward's Island, in order to prevent the establishment there of denominational schools. If it were right to invoke moral pressure upon the people of New Brunswick, it was wrong in the Minister of the Interior to bring pressure, material as well as moral, to bear upon the smaller Province in a contrary spirit. In fact, there is no settled principle even in the Cabinet. Each man appears to act as interest or caprice directs, without regard to office or its responsibilities. There appears to be no unity in either of the parties. Sectional differences are as far as ever from being removed from the arena by Confederation, and Ottawa leaders on both sides continue to dabble in them as of yore.

It is by no means necessary that we should be in favour of separate schools, to see the inconvenience of acting thus at cross purposes. It is unfortunate that men of different creeds do not perceive the advantage of a purely national system of education; but it is now too late to discuss the point. In order to protect the Protestant minority of Quebec, the leaders of the Reform party consented to the permanent establishment of Roman Catholic Separate Schools in Ontario. Mr. Brown and his friends who entered the Coalition Government deserve praise, and not censure, for having taken that step, since it was a painful sacrifice of cherished principles which had been strongly enunciated. And when, afterwards, a new administration addressed the Queen to employ the royal influence with New Brunswick, their course was a perfectly legitimate one; that having been done, it was highly improper that any member of the Privy Council should act in the reverse direction..

The matter is, as the *Globe* properly remarks, one of Provincial concern, but if that be a reason for non-interference in one case, it is yet stronger in another.

One of "the well understood principles of the Reform party" was supposed to be, entire severance between the Ottawa and Local Governments. But this merely serves to show how recklessly men adopt theories when in Opposition, which they cannot carry into practice when they attain office. It would be impossible for an outsider not versed in current politics to distinguish those of the speakers, at some recent pic-nics, who belonged to the Ottawa House, from those of humbler ambition, who are attached to the Toronto Assembly. They are mixed up so indescribably in hotch-potch, that there is no method of ascertaining the origin of the primal ingredients. The result is that, whilst it is convenient to erect a strong barrier, where Separate Schools are concerned, between Dominion and Province, it is found useful to throw it down when popular demonstrations are in progress. Yet to obliterate distinctions in this off-hand way is scarcely compatible with high political principle. Those who see nothing to complain of in the vigorous assertion of opinion, are apt to be startled when they observe that men have one suit of party clothes for Opposition, clean but threadbare, and another, glossy and delicate, for Office. The expression of powerful views is supposed to represent a sturdy back-bone of conviction behind it; but what if its texture be of india-rubber or, worse still, like the *blanc-mange* shape of the jelly-fish, melts away upon the sand, under the rays of the noon-tide sun? Principles should certainly be plastic and flexible, or they could not be reduced to practice, but that is no reason why they should be so fluid as to take the form of any mould they may be run into for convenience' sake. If there be any stability in our political parties, why are they so readily bent about and contorted, till their most ardent champions cannot recognise what they most admire?

The existence of separate factions is tacitly admitted to be irrational, by the course politicians have taken during the last four years. Non-party men have no objection to coalitions, so far as they do not imply betrayal of principle; and further, they have no sympathy with the outcry against them, when there is no principle at stake. Mr. Macken-

zie's administration is just as much a coalition as the one it supplanted; the Pacific Scandal made no difference in the position of affairs, so far as the radical distinctions between the two parties were concerned. The storm which swept Sir John Macdonald from the helm was healthy in its way; but it left those distinctions where they were, or rather would have done so, had there been any in existence. But, as we have contended all along, principle never divided the factions; everything depended then, as it now does, upon the personal ambition of the leaders. Hence the atmosphere of scandal in which party men live and move, an atmosphere which is sapping the vigour and poisoning the life-blood of the body politic. Where the earnest struggle for strong convictions terminates, the game of tradition and vilification begins. If a Waterloo or Gravelotte is out of the question, we must fain be content with a Donnybrook. Man being by nature in a state of war with his fellows, as Hobbes and Mr. Beecher inform us, he must fight with whatever weapons come to hand, Krupps, Enfields, shillelaghs, stones, or mud. We can sympathize with Mr. Mackenzie's somewhat querulous utterances respecting his personal integrity, which we believe to be unimpeachable; but it is after all the fortune of war. To the victors belong first the spoils and then the spoiling they are sure to suffer sooner or later. It is not pleasant, after taking the enemy's fort and spiking his artillery, to have our own siege guns turned upon ourselves; or, to abandon the trope, that one should be told the old story—*mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*. As stories of corruption have for years formed the staple commodity of Oppositions, why should any Premier complain that, with what measure he meted, it shall be measured to him again, now that his turn has come? Most devoutly does every friend of his country wish with Mr. Mackenzie, that the system of assault upon individual character should end; but how is that to be accomplished, so long as parties remain as, and what, they are? That the people at large are heartily sick of the system, there can be little doubt; yet, unless they take the matter into their own hands, there is little hope of amendment. The tactics of party are too old to be reformed; there must be a complete revolution. Let us have done with the flint-lock,

and conduct our political battles after a more civilized and gentlemanly fashion.

Mr. Blake returned from England the other day and unostentatiously installed himself at Ottawa. It would have been a pity if he had returned during the pic-nic season ; for his presence would have been a source of embarrassment to himself and his absence open to misconception. With that discreet reticence, which has been his prominent characteristic since he returned to office, the Minister of Justice has kept himself aloof from all the meannesses of party politics. Even concerning his mission to England little is known, except what has filtered through from official quarters to the official press. How far it has succeeded there is less opportunity of ascertaining, and we shall probably remain in ignorance until the opening of Parliament, unless the Dictator successfully button-holes the Premier. Yet the first-fruits have been exhibited in the *Gazette* in an announcement that the Imperial Government will not veto the Supreme Court Act or any part of it. So far, therefore, as that subject is concerned, Sir John Macdonald has proved a false prophet. Since Mr. Blake's return, rumours have been afloat that, on some important points, notably the constitution of the Northern Railway Commission, there is a serious divergence of opinion amongst the party. These reports may be true or false for aught we know or care, yet they seem to receive some confirmation from the attitude of the *Globe* towards the first public act of the Minister which was available for newspaper criticism : we refer to the commutation of James Young's sentence. It is not at all necessary to discuss the particular question in dispute, first, because the exercise of the royal clemency, save in exceptional cases, like that of M'Quirk mentioned by Junius, is not properly a subject for animadversion ; and secondly, because the political aspect of the affair is of more immediate interest. Hitherto the chief organ has discharged its functions with faithfulness to its masters, or vassals, whichever they may be called, at Ottawa. It sustained Mr. Blake against violent attacks in every case of commutation up to the last, which is the most readily defensible of them all. More than once we have had occasion, in these pages, to do likewise, because it would be easily demonstrable, vulgar passion

and prejudice apart, that the decisions, as they had been calmly and conscientiously come to, must be substantially just and equitable. Home Secretaries and Ministers of Justice have doubtless erred sometimes, when they exercise or refrain from exercising the prerogative of mercy ; they are but men, and no man on earth is infallible except the Pope. To be the arbiter of life and death, in the case of a fellow-creature, must, of itself, be as painful as it is solemn, to an earnest and sensitive nature. So many considerations and *nuances* of thought present themselves to his mind, which fail to impress others who, ruled by temporary considerations, form their judgments from a hasty perusal of the newspapers, or, worse still, are whirled away by the frenzied indignation of the hour. In discharging a difficult and perplexing duty like this, a Cabinet Minister is surely entitled to the tenderest consideration. At any rate, he ought to be above the suspicion of favouring a lawyer's client, because the lawyer belongs to his party ; even political opponents, under the circumstances, might give him the credit of being conscientious and honest in the performance of an irksome task. Reproaches should, in the highest interests of the community, be spared when steadiness of nerve, clearness of mental vision, calmness of moral judgment are required to hold aright the wavering balance between justice and mercy : since upon it depend the issues of life.

The objections offered by the *Globe* to the commutation of Young's sentence, are too trivial to deserve the slightest attention ; they may even be called wanton in their triviality. There must be some latent *animus* in this strange freak of independence, not apparent on the surface. Something must have occurred in the inner circle of party intrigue—the Reform Committee or whatever it styles itself—to have caused this overt and utterly unjustifiable attack upon the Minister of Justice. Hitherto the organ has been content to aim at Mr. Blake over the shoulders of Mr. Mills, or some other of the Minister's friends ; now the shot is fired point-blank, and with malice aforethought, at the Minister directly. It may be that the smouldering fire has been stirred into angry activity by the provoking attacks upon the Dictator, his crown and dignity, made by the *Hamilton Times*, the *London Advertiser*, and other Reform journals. The distinguishing trait in Mr.

Brown's character is domineering, and he can brook no rival near the throne. Mr. Blake possesses too much manly independence to succumb to this insulting dictation, and he has been, from the first, a marked man in the *Globe's* death-roll. The two whom Mr. Brown intensely hates, because he fears them, are one who is a member of the Government he affects to support, but would fain rule, the other not in place or power, but whose absence from Parliament is a national misfortune. We, of course, refer to Mr. Edward Blake and Sir Alexander Galt. At, or upon, these two men the organ is never tired of firing its newspaper pop-gun, simply because they are statesmen who think for themselves and refuse to run with unflinching submission in party harness. The Premier, on the other hand, though he cannot be driven, may be led. Much has been written by party journals which either cannot or will not understand Mr. Mackenzie, about his peevish irritability during last Session and at recent public gatherings. That he has not proved himself pachydermatous is doubtless true, but it must not be forgotten that he is naturally tender and sensitive on points of conscience. Sir John Macdonald could hardly enter, perhaps, into the Premier's feelings when he is taxed with corruption. This sensibility in a man's conscience promises well for anything with which he has to do; but it often makes him appear, to superficial observers, ill-natured, perverse, and obstinate. In point of fact, he is none of these; on the contrary, he is full of the milk of human kindness, and much too often, it may be feared, suffers the wire-pullers to lead him whither, if he had not been blindfolded, his native honesty and shrewdness would have refused to go. Perhaps, in the end, the blinkers may be torn off, and the Premier's keen eye may learn to see the entire political landscape as it is. But Mr. Blake, in spite of a Rarey treatment by cajoling or the old-fashioned method of lashing, has never been properly broken to harness; it is to be hoped that he never will be. Sir Alexander Galt is a horse of another colour, well used to run in and out of leather, but he has an instinctive knowledge of the man who sits on the box-seat, and never fails to manage him, instead of being managed by him. If the Houyhnhnms of Swift can achieve the greatness predicted for them, we should expect to see this roadster supplant the driver of the coach.

The enmity, deadlier when it is concealed than when manifest, has its foundation in a purely selfish fear that any one may become more potent in the political arena than the wire-puller who affects to move all the puppets, and finds that, in one or two cases, the figures refuse to move, and become not only conscious, but impudently perverse, automata. What can a showman do when some of the figures refuse to obey the wires and determine to start an independent, perhaps a collateral and competing, life of their own? Evidently he must either retire from business, as other monarchs have done, or submit himself to the guidance of those he can no longer control. If, instead of being a showman, he should be a coach driver, he must descend from the box, surrender whip and reins, and either take his place in the back span or be turned charitably out to grass. It is time there were a division of labour in politics as well as in other branches of social economy. The period of "bosses" is over; it remains to be seen what can be achieved by co-operation in public affairs. When the trial-time comes, it will be found that the national, as opposed to the social, party is not quite as feeble as it is supposed to be.

There has been a certain amelioration in the attitude of the Quebec hierarchy lately, which it is a pleasure to recognise and acknowledge. It would be ungenerous to say a word now in disparagement of Mgr. Bourget who, we are happy to say, has come back to day, from the portals of the night. Of his personal good qualities, no one could doubt, but his policy has always been opposed, not merely to the spirit of the age, but also to that better spirit of conciliation with the world about him, which, in this country at least, rather errs on the side of indulgence to the Church than otherwise. It can hardly be said that the Archbishop of Marianopolis erred from "invincible ignorance" of the best way; in fact, he was deceived by the fawning attitude of the factions which have, in turn, courted his favour. It may appear a ludicrous fancy, but the notion has occurred to us that the late Bishop of Montreal entertained the chimerical theory of rebuilding in Quebec the old-time supremacy of Europe. To be the arbitrator between parties, as, of old, the Sovereign Pontiff was between the Euro-

pean nations, is not, *mutatis mutandis*, so chimerical a dream as may at first sight appear. Once let it appear that two great political combinations control the destinies of the Dominion, and that both fawn upon the hierarchy, and the leap in logic is not so great, in a mind steeped in mediævalism, to the conclusion that the arbitrator may become the ruler, the Church supreme over the State, and the wildest nonsense of the Syllabus realized with power in Canada.

All things seemed to conspire together to favour the notion that an Ultramontane Utopia might be founded in Quebec. It has unquestionably conditions, unusually favourable for such a scheme. The mildness of British rule has permitted the Roman Catholic Church to be the State Church, all but in name, of the old French Province. Tithes are collected there, in the Queen's name, for the support of the Church, much as they used to be all over England before the Commutation Acts. Schools are entirely denominational, with the exception that Protestants—thanks to Sir Alexander Galt, and, we are glad to acknowledge, Mr. Brown—who are dissenters in the Province, enjoy the privilege, which we demand for the Roman Catholics in the Maritime Provinces, of being educated according to conscience, and not contrary to it. The Bench is largely Catholic, and we mention it, not that the suggestion of conscious bias is by any means intended, but because church penchants will creep in and warp the soberness of judgment. No Judge, who is not too good a churchman, would quote the Syllabus as of authority in a British court of justice. Yet this has been done more than once by Judge Routhier and others. The Legislature of Quebec, again, is at the feet of the clergy. No bill desired by the hierarchy appears to either House too outrageously Ultramontane for adoption. Already attention has been called in these columns and elsewhere, to Mr. Ouimet's Burial Bill, and it does not stand alone in the catalogue of recent invasions upon constitutional principle.

It may be asked, why does not Mr. Mackenzie advise the veto of these measures? Why? Because he dares not; political alliances are, as they will always be, above considerations of public right or public good. If another question be put, why has not the press of Ontario protested against

the legislation of Quebec, and the monstrous violations of the election law perpetrated by ecclesiastics?—the answer must still be that party considerations forbid any severe handling of the sacerdotal rulers in that Province. This year, as in the latter part of last, the Conservatives have hopes of Quebec, and reasonably so. To realize them, they must act the pander to Ultramontanism. When, last year, the Pilgrimage riots took place, the *Mail* made a feeble attempt to defend the Orange party, and yet, before the echo of its words had died away, turned absolutely and definitively Ultramontane. During the Session of 1876, when the Orange Grand Master, who represents North Hastings, was striving against the inventor of the Catholic League for hierarchical support, the *Mail* was to be found on the side of Messrs. Bowell and Masson. On the other hand, the *Globe* appears openly as the apologist for sacerdotal interference in political affairs. Nothing more disgraceful, perhaps—nothing, certainly, more vile and contemptible—has ever found its way into a Canadian journal than the apologies continually thrust forward on behalf of priestly intimidation. The clergy of every denomination, no doubt, have rights under the law as citizens; but they have no privileges denied to other classes of the people. If land-owners, house-owners, and capitalists are forbidden to coerce those who happen to be within their power, so also should the clergy be, and with even greater reason. To urge that denunciations from the steps of the altar, or from the pulpit, or whisperings in the confessional, involving menaces of the most terrible character, are innocent and must be tolerated, is an abominable misuse of the liberty of speech. Ministers of religion, like other citizens under constitutional rule, participate in civil affairs; but they, no more than others, have the right to arrogate control over them by arbitrary threats and the menace of awful punishments in a world unseen. It is idle to say that these threats are futile and deserve only to be laughed at, because the fact that they are used, and used with effect, shows that they exert no slight influence in the Province of Quebec. The clergy are not quite so dull and quixotic as their champions would have us believe. They are astute enough to calculate the range of the weapons they employ, and know, by experi-

ence, their probable effect. Ecclesiastical powder is never wasted nor church shot fired at a venture. And when it tells with deadly effect upon the political institutions of a free country, it surely becomes every good citizen's duty to lift up his voice against it. To exert any power, secular or religious, a man may possess, so as to obstruct the free use of the elective franchise is a sin; it is an offence, moreover, against the law of the land, and therefore should be punished, be its perpetrator priest, land-owner, or employer. No higher treason can be imagined than that which poisons the very springs of our free constitutional life, tampers with its most essential functions, and aims its deadliest shafts at the very heart of it.

The party press is too much engaged in coquetting with Quebec sacerdotalism to utter a manly protest against its invasion of civil rights. It is far more convenient to wink at the unlawful exercise of power, and even to apologize for it, than to denounce it, as it deserves to be denounced. Power is the one thing needful, not principle; give the first to your political hack, and the other may be left to take care of itself. For the sake of place and pelf, even the most prudish and pretentious of journalists would consent to be fogleman to Belzebub's army, or drum-major to the Pope's brass band. Only a few weeks have elapsed since Archbishop Taschereau made a wanton assault upon mental freedom, by forbidding his people so much as to read *Le Réveil*, one of the most promising efforts to kindle intellectual life which has yet appeared in the sister Province. The Archbishop of Quebec is not by any means an illiberal man naturally. He has fought the most rabid of the Ultramontanans and defeated them, and, no doubt, would be ashamed to have the *Globe's* articles on clerical interference attributed to him. Yet there appears to be some element in the clerical atmosphere which inevitably militates against freedom of thought or discussion. Speaking of his design in publishing the *Réveil*, Mr. Buies, its proprietor, observes in his answer to the Archbishop: "The programme, easy enough to fulfil in the eyes of honest and sensible people, became impossible before the exigencies of religious authority, which thrusts itself into everything and claims everything as its own; which admits no principle in human society that

it does not inspire; no institution that it does not govern; no liberty of which it is not the sole distributor: which gives and revokes no power that does not flow from itself as the only source. To seek free fields where the ecclesiastical hand does not rest—to find somewhere in our country an asylum from that observing power which leaves to man no faculty, and no intellectual or moral force which belongs to him, was already a gigantic task." These are weighty words—indeed, the entire letter is written in most admirable taste, and with irresistible power, moral no less than rhetorical—and they may serve to show the people of Ontario how hard the labour is of those who endeavour to emancipate culture from ecclesiastical thralldom. It may serve likewise as a beacon to warn from those treacherous pilots of the press who are doing their best to strand the ark of our freedom on the pestilent shoals of sacerdotalism.

It is evident that some amendment to our municipal laws is imperatively demanded. In the cities and towns the present *regime* appears to have completely failed in practice. Theoretically, the system is all that a free system of civic government should be, and, after all, the fault is not so much in the system itself, as in the men who work it, and the *nonchalance* of those who select them for the work. The times are rather trying to any institutions, especially those of a tax-exacting order, and our corporation system has borne the strain badly. In Toronto, with which we are best acquainted, there has never been a year when so loud a cry has been raised for new and expensive public works, and never a year when the pockets of the people could less afford the requisite expenditure. Depression in every description of business has rendered retrenchment necessary in every man's private affairs; balances from other years have swelled the city's liabilities; and yet the people have been more than usually clamorous for public improvements—new roads, new sewerage, parks, boulevards, fire-halls, police stations, and waterworks. Now all these cost money, and, as affairs are at present administered, an unnecessarily lavish expenditure of money. The principle of division of labour, to begin with, is carried to a ridiculous extent. The waterworks are under the control of a Commission which

is apparently seized with the idea that the citizens are in possession of unlimited wealth upon which the only claimant is the water supply. The Police Commission and the School Trustees again, are two other leeches drawing upon the financial veins of the city, and they appear to have conceived a similar notion as to the supply of public life-blood. There is no unity in our municipal finance—no centre of power or responsibility in the matter of expenditure. The Council is divided into a number of boards or committees, each striving with all the rest for the lion's share of the year's resources, partly from a laudable desire to render its own department efficient, and partly from the pride of possessing influence and distributing patronage. Then again, each board consists of ward representatives anxious to grasp as much of the tax-fund as may be got for their constituents. Under these circumstances it is scarcely possible that the civic expenditure should be either well-ordered or economical. Imagine what would be the practical effect if such a trebly involved system were to be established in the government of a nation. Let us suppose, for instance, that instead of Mr. Cartwright possessing the entire control of Dominion finance, he shared the responsibilities of his office with seven or eight colleagues, each having sectional interests to satisfy, friends to serve, and a popular election at no distant date. Yet the constitution of Finance Committees is not the worst feature of the municipal system; under judicious guidance they are often anxious to check profuse expenditure, and would be able to effect much in the way of retrenchment, but they are beset by half-a-dozen other Boards and Committees, clamorous for as large a sum as they can lay their hands on for the respective branches of the civic service over which they preside. Each of these bodies sets out recklessly from the first, taxing its ingenuity unitedly, and every member his own ingenuity individually, to discover some spending device or other. Finally, almost all the works are under contract, and all the year's expenditures incurred, long before the funds are forthcoming to pay the bills. Beginning the year in this manner, when the time comes to compare both sides of the account, and to provide ways and means of meeting the claims of creditors, Aldermen suddenly find that they have

been going too fast, spending money, or at least making the people liable for it, without once pausing to calculate the consequences. To contract expenditure now is out of the question; the liabilities have been incurred and must be met at once, in one of three ways: either a heavy increase of taxation, borrowing by the issue and sale of debentures, or calmly shifting the burden to the shoulders of their successors. Now, this state of things is extremely unsatisfactory. In private life no man not absolutely dishonest, or a fool, would think of incurring immense liabilities for all sorts of things without counting the cost in the aggregate, and ascertaining whether he could pay his way. It is eminently desirable that a change should be effected in the local government of cities and towns, and the people of Ontario have a right to expect from Mr. Mowat a judicious and well-digested measure of political reform. There are too many corporation cooks at work, and they make the dish intensely bitter to the taxpayers' palate. The existing system wants unity and coherence, and if these can only be secured by sacrificing, to some extent, the elective principle, the sacrifice should be made. Popular forms of government are not an end in themselves, but the means of securing, by the freest and most effective method, fair, honest, and economical administration. Any scheme, no matter how liberal its forms may be, which promotes recklessness, opens the door to jobbery, and, in effect, grinds the faces of the poor, stands condemned; and we believe that will soon be the verdict upon our civic system when the pressure becomes, as it is likely to do, much heavier than it has yet been. Whether any material change will be effected during the approaching session of the Local House will, of course, depend on the strength of public opinion on the subject, rather than the energy and intelligence of the Government. Unfortunately, Ministers, if they are disposed to postpone the discharge of a troublesome duty—and it is not to be concealed that it is a difficult one—may easily do so by boldly setting the cities and larger towns at defiance. This course has been adopted before, and would temporarily succeed again. But the burden of taxation has become so great that the inequitable distribution of it is at last a substantial grievance. Sentimental exemptions from public burdens, such as those

enjoyed by wealthy ecclesiastic corporations, are too glaringly unjust and indefensible ; and, notwithstanding Mr. Fraser's plea on their behalf, must be doomed to speedy extinction. It is monstrous that religious bodies which buy large tracts of valuable land and erect unnecessarily expensive edifices, which they do not always pay for, should be permitted also to shirk the duty of paying their fair share of the civic expenditure.

It is with regret we note that the publication of the *Nation*, a weekly journal of considerable promise and no little sterling performance, has been discontinued. That it has been languishing for some time was obvious, yet there seemed to be fair reason for hoping that it might successfully tide over its difficulties. Perhaps the attempt to establish an independent weekly of more than average literary ability, was premature ; still, it has fought a gallant battle, and strikes its flag at last without discredit or dishonour. In more favourable times it may again appear with more than its early prestige and success ; at all events it has not lived in vain. The literary pioneer in Canada of progress and culture in every department of human thought and interest, the *Nation* has laboured to some purpose, and the seed sown during its too short career has not fallen on stony ground, but will yet produce its fifty or a hundred fold, in a better phase of moral and intellectual development to come.

American parties are absorbed just now in their quadrennial contest for the Presidency. Into the few weeks which yet remain a great deal of political caloric will be diffused—wasted energy expended wantonly and to little purpose. It is almost out of the question to form anything like a trustworthy forecast of the result, there is so much vain prophesying and reckless boasting in the air. Clearly neither party is quite so sanguine as it affects to be : when confidence becomes noisy and obstreperous, little value can be attached to it. The Democrats have made several notable blunders in strategy. It was a mistake to attempt to combine, in so unblushing a way, the hard and soft money wings of the party, by the nomination of Tilden on the one hand with Hendricks on the other. Every attempt to reconcile the

positions notoriously occupied by the two men—and some plausible efforts in this direction have been made—must fail, with the probable result of destroying public confidence in the *bona fides* of Democracy. To secure the greenback party of the West by selecting Hendricks for the second place, while Tilden, a strongly pronounced advocate of resumption, was nominated as chief standard-bearer, looks too much like party thimblerrigging. Another terrible blunder was the nomination, in defiance of his protest, of Seymour as candidate for the Governorship of New York. It disclosed a lot of wire-pulling manœuvring, not to say falsehood, by no means creditable. The convention was called together again, and Mr. Lucius Robinson was chosen. He is, strictly speaking, a liberal Republican, casually attached to the Tilden party ; and as the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Dorsheimer, is of the same stripe, it is uncertain how far they can count upon the full party vote. At any rate it is unfortunate to be compelled to change generals on the eve of giving battle ; or, as Mr. Lincoln put it, unwise "to swap horses when you are crossing a stream." There has been a great deal of bungling intrigue in Democratic management, and this cannot fail to weaken public confidence in the party.

The Republicans have managed their machinery with more tact ; yet they are not without serious apprehensions. In order to arouse the North they are endeavouring to re-ignite the war-spirit,—“hoisting the bloody shirt,” as it is vulgarly called. It may be doubted whether this is good policy, because, although they may deter some waverers from favouring Tilden, by fastening upon the Democrats the old charge of complicity with the rebels, there is no certainty that they can any longer avail themselves of a spell which has lost its original power. They will certainly injure their cause in the South, by re-opening the old controversy at this distance of time. Indiana and Ohio will hold State elections on the tenth inst., and it may be that they will virtually decide the Presidential contest. If either party succeeds in both these elections the result cannot be doubted, and, at present, there is considerable uncertainty hanging over them. A few weeks since the Republicans seem to have felt perfectly sure of Ohio, and therefore threw all their energy

into the Indian struggle, so as to defeat Hendricks in his own State. It now appears, however, as if they had been overconfident so far as the former is concerned, and that Mr. Hayes is in jeopardy there. The Germans have deserted to the Democracy in large numbers all over the West, chiefly, no doubt, because they have been irritated by the crusades against their national beverages. Lager-beer and Rhine wine are of greater importance in their eyes than party allegiance, and therefore, being faithful to King Gambrinus, they do not scruple to change sides. Finally, the cause of the Republicans is weighted with the burden of the outgoing administration, and their opponents take care that it shall not hang less heavily, if they can help it. The law of change which sways so many men, especially when the dominant party has been long in office, must also make itself felt in favour of Tilden.

There is but one topic occupying European attention, but that is of striking and absorbing interest. Before referring to it, however, it may be as well to notice the attitude of the Spanish authorities—chiefly municipal and clerical—in the matter of freedom of worship. It was noticed, when the new Constitution appeared, that its words were exceedingly vague and ambiguous in regard to toleration. Unfortunately, their elasticity is at the service of the oppressor, and not of the oppressed. Wherever a bigoted official or a fanatical priest exercised power, it was certain beforehand that the provision in favour of free worship would be over-ridden. The arrival of ex-Queen Isabella appears to have stimulated the intolerance of these people, and open warfare has commenced. The Spanish Premier, who is supposed to be somewhat liberal in his tendencies, is openly attacked, and the constitutional right of Protestant worship practically annulled. There was to be “no public manifestation,” therefore Protestant funerals are forbidden and Protestant schools closed. It is an offence against the law to have public worship with open doors and windows, to sing hymns, or to post announcements upon the doors. In short, an interpretation is put upon the clause which nullifies it altogether. Lord Derby has professed his willingness to interfere in the matter, and it is to be hoped he will take care to do so with effect.

The Eastern question continues to engross the public mind in England. So far as the struggle between the Provinces and the Porte is concerned, unforeseen complications excepted, the war is virtually at an end. Turkey may reject the basis of peace proposed by the Powers, or the Czar may not be able to restrain the sympathies of his subjects, or, lastly, some fresh outbreak of savage barbarity may set all Europe in a flame. The indignation of England is now at fever heat and hardly to be trifled with. On no occasion for forty years, at any rate, has the public heart been stirred as it is at this moment. It is of course easy to sneer, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* does, at “English sentiment” and “irresponsible philanthropy,” but the just anger of an entire nation is not to be appeased by gibes or cynical phrases. Nor will it answer to accuse Mr. Gladstone, and those who share his views, of party motives in this matter. The ex-Premier is the last man in the world to arouse a party crusade when he only desires to bring the moral sense of the nation to bear upon its rulers. His pamphlet upon the Bulgarian atrocities and his speech at Blackheath sufficiently rebut the baseless insinuation. All that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Manchester, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Mr. Freeman, the historian, the *Times*, and the *Spectator* desire is plainly this—and it can hardly be misconceived without design—that the cries of the outraged and bereaved shall be heard in the councils of the nation, and that the policy of the Government shall be shaped with some regard to the claims of humanity.

Happily, there is no fear that Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet will again fall asleep over this awful page in modern history. The voice of the entire country has been raised too loudly and distinctly to be unheard or unheeded. The bugbear of Russian designs is powerless, when offered as an answer to the indignant outcry of all Christian peoples. There is no need that Russia should be aggrandized, whatever turn matters may take; but there is the most imperative necessity, enforced by the clearest dictates of humanity, that the Turk shall never again be permitted to work his infamous will in Bulgaria. The method of adjustment has been pointed out by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe: “There is much reason to think that a chain

of autonomous States, though still perhaps tributary to the Sultan, might be extended from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, with advantage to that potentate himself. But, at

all events, the very idea of reinstating any amount of Turkish misgovernment in places once cleared of it, is simply revolting."

BOOK REVIEWS.

DANIEL DERONDA. By George Eliot, Author of "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," &c. Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson. 1876.

George Eliot's latest work appears to have caused some perplexity to critics, as well as the "general reader." The question which suggests itself is one which is sure to arise when a great writer has attained to maturity of power, after having produced much work which must be pronounced of the highest order. Does then "Daniel Deronda" afford satisfactory evidence that the author's exquisite abilities are on the wane, or, on the contrary, does it show a distinct advance in subtler and more deeply spiritual conceptions of man and of the world in which he lives? If the former, then how is the falling off of power manifested? Is it in a more laboured and less facile style of composition, in a feebler construction of plot, in a less accurate analysis of human character, or a growing dimness of the inner sight—or in all of these combined?

That the writer has elaborated every part of the story with almost painful care may be readily admitted, as well as that the perfection of her art often reveals, instead of concealing that art. Some of the reflections appear far-fetched, some of the mottoes or chapter-headings too much worked at, and some of the phrases and expressions stilted almost to affectation. Yet it may be reasonably doubted if there are not evidences of increased earnestness—a more sensitive literary conscience—than of failing power. The writer of genius, especially when cast in the severest intellectual mould, will almost invariably take some such direction as this as the years go by, especially when the moral nature is maturely developed. George Eliot has got, to some extent, not beyond her own depth, but the depth of her readers; and although that is perhaps a misfortune to her and to them, it cannot be termed a sign of weakness in the author. If this be the true explanation, it will go far to account for the lack of humour in "Daniel Deronda" as compared with earlier works. So far as the other possible marks of literary decadence are concerned, they may be dismissed at once. The author

has constructed no plot so skilfully as here, and yet it is not improbable that some disappointment will be felt by the ordinary novel reader and a shock experienced at the denouement. Gwendolen somehow rather fascinates throughout, and carries the sympathies with her, especially when she passes through the fire of repentance. Not so Mirah, with all her gentleness, for neither her faith nor her sisterly enthusiasm attracts readers in general. As will be seen presently, the plot, artistically woven though it is, probably has more to do with the popular disappointment than any other feature of the work. It seems to be forgotten that George Eliot's theory of her art differs widely from the popular notion. According to the latter, matters should be wound up comfortably at the close of the story: all is well that ends well—in bridal favours and a general gush of happiness for the one who ought to have been the heroine, and that without regard to the paramount claims of right and wrong. Poetical justice is, above all things, to be admired, provided it works pleasantly, but it is not always to be regarded as coincident with that higher justice which judges inexorably both men and women according to their works. The author of "Daniel Deronda" has not so read the secret of human life, and ought not to be so interpreted by art.

The theory of the work before us rests on a few great principles, unfolded and enforced by the the master-hand. No one who reads it with care one owes to a product of genius can miss them. From the first chance meeting of Deronda with Gwendolen Harleth at the German Spa, to that wondrously powerful scene of farewell, the key-note struck at the beginning swells into a refrain which, ever repeated, rises to thrilling and agonizing effect at the last. The lesson is that of Scripture:—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Repentance and triumph after sorrow, suffering, and despair is George Eliot's reward for wrong-doing, and it is the order of the world, not a little gush of weeping and a splendid marriage. Another feature in this work is its strong insistence upon the influence of destiny, supernatural guidance, or whatever the author would call it.

Chance does not underlie even the ordinary tide of human affairs, nay, if we may take Mordecai's mystic utterances as actually expressive of the author's views—and we must do so, considering the figure he makes in the book—then the meeting streams do not flow together by accident. As the threads of life were woven together, by apparently trivial causes, between Gwendolen's life and Deronda's, so, in another direction, were they spun between the death of Mordecai and the joyous love of Mirah. The two constitute the warp and woof of the story, and the entire fabric was the work of fate or God—that is, it would have been, had the narration been one of actual life instead of fiction. One brief sentence of Mordecai's will illustrate the theory:—"Daniel, from the first I have said to you, we know not all the pathways. Has there not been a meeting among them, as of the operations of one soul, where an idea, being born and breathing, draws the elements towards it and is fed and grows? For all things are bound together in that Omnipresence which is the place and habitation of the world, and events are as a glass where-through our eyes see some of the pathways. And if it seems that the erring and unloving wills of men have helped to prepare you, as Moses was prepared, to serve your people the better, that depends on another order than the law that must guide our footsteps."

There is much vagueness in the religious tone of the work; indeed, one almost hesitates to call it religious in any ordinary sense. It is deeply spiritual, often verging on mysticism, and yet its creed may be Pantheism, Theism, or Rationalism of the idealistic school, for aught that is made clearly apparent. The faith of Mordecai is almost vehement, but it is only in the future of his race and its mission, and his, as a prophet of it. The Greek doctrine of destiny, as sternly enforced by the elder writers of tragedy, seems to be recognized, in conjunction with a fervid and mystic Mosaism; yet the effect of the whole is strangely vague and impalpable. From time to time, glimpses are afforded the Christian world of the inner life of the Jewish Church, and our author doubtless has had exceptional opportunities of being well informed on the subject: but her readers would certainly like to get some firmer grasp of a movement which is to accomplish so much as a mediator between the religions of the East and West. If we could imagine that the Jewish element in "Daniel Deronda" were introduced solely for artistic purposes there would be an end to speculation in the matter. George Eliot would hardly be guilty of a blunder in introducing gratuitously either the mysticism of Mordecai or the quasi conversion of Deronda to no practical moral or spiritual purpose. A writer bearing so noble a reputation would hardly trifle with those who admire her genius, by wantonly introducing a somewhat annoying theory. It therefore seems

clear, especially when we remember the evident affection she bears to her hero, that giving prominence to Mordecai's views she naturally adopts them as her own. The type of character revealed and developed in Mordecai, with so much care and skill, no doubt exists, and was probably drawn in the main from real life. There is a family likeness among the heirs of enthusiasm—whether prophets or dreamers of dreams, whether great benefactors of mankind, deliverers, or the devotees of phantasmal discovery—from the first believer in his own inspiration down to the last inventor of an ideal machine that will achieve perpetual motion. The character is real perhaps, yet the fancies and the dreams are but a shifting and precarious foundation for either a faith or a philosophy.

Of the chief personages in the story there is not one which is not painted by the hand of a finished artist. Certainly in no previous work has George Eliot delved deeper into the secret recesses of the human heart. The analysis of Gwendolen's character, and its transformation under the discipline of sorrow could hardly be surpassed. The spoilt and wilful child, determined to shine and rule in every circle, having made herself wretched, but becoming ultimately penitent and, so to speak, regenerated, points by her life a moral often obtruded upon the attention of private circles, but never so deeply impressed before in letters which the world cannot mistake. The breach of faith with Mrs. Glasher—the mercenary marriage with the man whom she thought she could rule because he appeared suave, even-tempered, and patient—brought its own terrible nemesis along with it; and then the terrible revelation dawns upon her, "What was she to do? Search where she would in her consciousness, she found no plea to justify a plaint. Any romantic illusions she had had in marrying the man had turned upon her power of using him as she liked. He was using her as he liked." It was then that she learned to lean upon Daniel for advice, admonition, and stern reproof even. He became at once "her mentor and her conscience" and at last led her into the better way. "The poor thing felt herself strong enough to do anything that would give her a higher place in Deronda's mind."

The circumstances of his life, his solitary childhood, his uncertain parentage, acting upon a naturally warm and sympathetic nature had drawn him towards his fellows with a yearning tenderness always pure and unselfish. The return of Gwendolen's pawned necklace at Leubronn was effected with singular delicacy, his sacrifice of University prospects to assist Hans Meyrick, his providing a home for Mirah in her hour of extremity, his patient care of Mordecai—are all proofs of his spiritual goodness of heart. And when he has discovered his Jewish parentage he surrenders head and heart to the guidance of the mystic. After

the accidental drowning of Grandcourt, a way seemed to be open for the union of Deronda and Gwendolen; but the "divinity which shapes our ends," and is all-pervading throughout the story, had otherwise determined. If Mirah had not been rescued, if Mordecai had never been known, and if the hero's mother had not relented and declared him to be a Jew, events might have been otherwise ordered. Deronda's bride is Mirah, the gentle Jewess, passionately proud of her faith, and of her dying brother. Of the other characters we have no room to speak at length. Grandcourt, iron-willed, selfish, heartless, and altogether evil; Sir Hugo Mallinger, Klesmer, and Gascoigne—all pleasant companions, each in his own way. Of the more powerful scenes in the work, there are especially notable Deronda's interviews with his mother, and the farewell scene with Gwendolen. The latter especially is wonderfully thrilling in power and pathos. The sin is past, the struggle of penitent resolve already begun, and then with a parting kiss, their first and last, Deronda vanishes from the world with the grateful words in his memory—"I said—I said—it should be better—better with me for having known you." And there, as she sobs, we leave Gwendolen Grandcourt, heart-stricken, yet full of hopeful resolve, to her maimed life—a human torso, beautiful even in desolation.

IN INDIA; Sketches of Indian Life and Travel, from Letters and Journals. By Mrs. Murray Mitchell. T. Nelson & Son, London and New York.

At a time when the royal visit to India and the discussion as to the imperial addition to Her Majesty's titles have stirred up an increased interest in our Indian possessions, such a lively, readable book as that of Mrs. Murray Mitchell, containing so many graphic sketches of Indian social life, will be read with pleasure and profit. As Dr. Mitchell says in his brief, frank preface to his wife's book:—"We have not many books about India written by ladies; and, if I am not mistaken, there is a considerable amount of information in these pages which will not be found elsewhere." For example, have any of our readers (who have not been in India) a clear idea of the dress and appearance of the Bengali "swell?" Here he is, a full length portrait, done from life:—

"The Bengali, as a race, are rather slight in physique, with lithe, active figures, dark complexion, keen eye, bright intelligent expression, and features often finely cut. The Baber of the period, or 'young Bengal,' is dressed in white trousers, shiny boots, a long coat of broadcloth, picked out in red or yellow at the seams, and a scarf of delicate white muslin becomingly arranged to cross on the breast and hang down the back, something like a

Highlander's plaid. To this is added, in full dress, the flat, round turban, fashioned in rolls of shawl-pattern and white, with the shirt-collar and gold studs and Albert chain of any English dandy. The orthodox Hindu gentleman, on the contrary, wears his simple 'chapkan' or cotton coat, and usually has a splendid cashmere shawl thrown over his shoulders."

Calcutta is so graphically described that we feel as if we were driven along the Maidan, or Esplanade, and surveyed the magnificence of the English quarter and the mingled grandeur and squalidity of the old native town. We get vivid glimpses of domestic and social life, of heathen ceremonies and festivals, and of that which naturally interests a Christian lady more than anything else—the blank and dreary existence of her Indian sisters, imprisoned in dismal seclusion within the harem-like zenanas. The zenana life Mrs. Mitchell describes as only a woman could have been able to do, for these female apartments are of course forbidden ground to masculine travellers, and indeed it is only within the last few years that they have been open, as they are now, to the visits of female missionaries. Mrs. Mitchell takes us with her into bare, cloister-like apartments, looking only into dull, dark courts, where pretty, gentle child-wives, in floating gossamer draperies, come joyfully to greet the welcome Christian visitors, whose instruction makes the only variety and brightness in their otherwise blank and colourless lives. "The zenana teacher," says Mrs. Mitchell, "is invariably welcomed with the most demonstrative joy. Her visits seem to bring life and brightness to these dull homes, and her pupils long for the hour when she is to arrive. When there is sickness or trouble, her sympathy and help are counted on and prized, and she is the adviser in every difficulty. One old widow told her teacher that it was 'sunshiny' when she came and 'cloudy' when she was absent."

The wrongs of Indian women, as a class, are painted by Mrs. Mitchell with heart-stirring pathos, and in colours not too strong, sad as the picture is. She thus strongly puts the question of female education in India:

"The more one knows of zenana work, the more important it will appear. The arguments for it are drawn usually from the state of the poor neglected women, and too much cannot be said from this point of view. Their condition is as sad and sorrowful as can possibly be pictured. A Hindu lady once said of the life they lead: 'It is like that of a frog in a well; everywhere there is beauty, but we cannot see it; it is all hid from us.' There could not be a more apt illustration. But there is also another side, where the arguments are equally cogent, namely, the influence on the men which the elevation of the women would exercise. At present they are a hindrance to progress among the men."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE subject discussed by Dr. Elam in the opening pages of the *Contemporary*, "Automatism and Evolution," is of such grave importance that we propose to give an abstract of the paper, avoiding quotation marks as far as possible. It will be understood that the words are Dr. Elam's, or else a condensed statement of his arguments. The propositions combated are (1) Matter is all-powerful and all-sufficient, (2) Man is only a conscious automaton. Does Prof. Tyndall mean what he says, that he discerns in matter the "promise and potency of all terrestrial life?" Hardly; for elsewhere he speaks of the facts of consciousness and the facts of physics as two classes, the connection between which is unthinkable, and also quotes Du Bois Raymond, who regards their continuity as the rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy. Prof. Tyndall can imagine elementary matter as endowed with consciousness under certain circumstances, to which Mr. Martineau had replied—"You will get out of your atoms by evolution exactly so much and no more than you have put into them by hypothesis." Again, the Professor refers to the relation of physics to consciousness as invariable; yet it needs no profound acquaintance with modern physiology and pathology to convince any one that no such "invariable relation" can be verified; in fact, that it does not exist. Again, it is said that materialists *prove* there are no forces in nature but the physical, chemical, and mechanical; this indeed they *assert*, but do not make even the most distant approach to proving it.

Prof. Huxley defines man as an automaton, then as a conscious automaton, having free will, in whom volition counts for something. An automaton endowed with free will is a pleasing and interesting novelty in physical science for which Prof. Huxley deserves credit; but how does he prove his theory? First, by cutting out the brain of a frog; but how does he know that his experiments will hold good in warm-blooded animals? In point of fact we know that they will not. It is not easy to find any illustration from "comparative analogies," in anatomy or physiology, in the matter, and, besides, it can by no means follow that because certain acts of some animals are automatic, *all* their acts are so. The argument from the aggregate common sense of mankind is then referred to at length; this is followed by a statement of the evolution theory of the origin of life from the "cosmic" gas up to man.

Perhaps the most amusing theory of its origin is Oken's—"Light shines on the water, and it is salted. Light shines on the salted sea and it lives." Herbert Spencer's Biology, Haeckel, Huxley, and Darwin, are then referred to; after which Dr. Elam remarks that it is difficult to realize the idea that all this is but a figment of the imagination; and that, at the best, it is a mere hypothesis, in direct support of which not one single fact in the whole range of natural history or palæontology can be adduced. The next part of the paper, upon which we have no space to enter, is devoted to an inquiry whether it is true that there is originally only one kind of matter and one kind of force. Protoplasm next makes its appearance in the discussion, as defined by Prof. Huxley in a large number of passages quoted. The reply may be briefly stated thus: It is in no sense true that protoplasm "breaks up" into carbonic acid, ammonia, and water; since to convert it into these three compounds requires an amount of oxygen nearly double the weight of the original protoplasm. Under no possible "conditions" can the three compounds, when brought together, "give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm." Protoplasm can never be formed except under the immediate contact and influence of pre-existing protoplasm; no doubt it has its mechanical and chemical relations, but it has also something else. The fatal flaw in the physical theory of life is found in the distinction between living and dead protoplasm—the one exhibiting passive qualities, the other active ones; now as the constituent atoms remain the same, wherein consists the difference? As this paper is to be continued in a subsequent number, we may have an opportunity of referring to it again.

Mr. Spedding completes his criticism of Lord Macaulay's essay on Bacon, in which he closes the subject with a summary of results. Whatever he may have effected so far as Dr. Abbot is concerned, he certainly demolishes the authority on which most readers rely for a full and accurate account of the great Chancellor. Dr. Schwartz contributes an interesting panoramic view of "French Preachers," extending from a period long prior to Bossuet to our own time. The French are, he observes, the least poetical nation in Europe; France is the land of rhetoric; the French a nation of rhetoricians. The pulpit eloquence of France thus becomes a factor of importance in estimating the mental, as well as spiritual, power of the Gallic people. The writer, al-

though he puts in a plea for them, has little sympathy with the preaching of the early Calvinists, whose style was as bare as their temples; devoid of imagery, ornament, and every artistic element,—“sombre, hard, oft bitter.” The portraits of the great preachers of the Church are artistically drawn.

Mr. Mill's paper on “Lord Baltimore and Maryland Toleration,” is an attempt to belittle the character of the generous nobleman who gave his name to the commercial capital of Maryland. The views of Bancroft and most other authorities are nibbled at in a very unsatisfactory way. Liberty of conscience found a home in that State, at all events, under the auspices of a Roman Catholic nobleman, at a time when Massachusetts was persecuting Roger Williams and all who would not conform with the “elect.” Mr. Russell's “Capital Punishment in England” is, in fact, a history of the infliction of the extreme penalty from the Conquest until now. The portions relating to the Heresy Laws and the bloody penal code which was in force a hundred years ago, as well as the statement of the crimes committed during war and peace times respectively, are of great interest. The last shows that, in those days at any rate, war brutalized a man, and too often educated soldiers for murder and highway robbery when they returned home. Dr. Riggs's paper on “The Churchmanship of John Wesley” is evidently a reply to Mr. Llewellyn Davies, who argued the subject from a Churchman's point of view; the discussion is of long standing and not of vital importance. Mr. Macdonell's brief sketch of “The American Bench” is good so far as it goes; but it is rather too brief to be impressive. Chief Justice Marshall deservedly occupies the first place, with his successors, Taney and Chase, far in the background. A lawyer would like to have heard a little more of Story, Kent, Redfield, and Curtis. With Mr. Grant-Duff and his dogmatic utterances, most people have lost patience. With all his knowledge of Eastern affairs, he has no policy to suggest, except that we must be anti-anti-Turk and anti-anti-anti-Slave, patting both races on the back, uttering equivocal phrases, and doing no good to either.

The *Fortnightly* also has something to say on the Eastern question, its opening article being Mr. Rutson's on “Turkey in Europe.” It extends to over thirty pages, and therefore any attempt to give an abstract of it is out of the question, more especially as its treatment of the subject is historical. The tone of the paper may be gathered, however, in a few sentences. England has been the mainstay of the Christian populations, hitherto, against “the neglect, cruelty, and incompetence of Turkish ministers, and if she did her duty, she should be their protector now.” “All these opportunities have been missed; and the Christians left, and the initiation abandoned to Austria-

Hungary and Russia—powers biased by the special interest each has in a particular mode of ‘manipulating’ the Christians, without influence with the Porte, and without the means England has of giving wise counsels as to the special difficulties of the Turkish Empire.” Mr. Hutchinson puts in a defence of vivisection with the singular title coming from one of his opinions—“On cruelty to animals.” The article is temperate in tone, but it will convince nobody not already convinced or desirous of satisfying his scientific conscience on the subject. Miss Octavia Hill's “Word on Good Citizenship” contains some valuable advice on beneficence. She determinedly opposes charity, in the vulgar sense of the term, and indicates many methods of benefiting one's fellow-creatures without degrading and pauperizing them.

The *Fortnightly* is unusually dull this month as a whole, and there is but one other paper which need be noticed here. Mr. Morley completes his essay on Robespierre, and it is not too much to say that the character he gives that actor in the terrible drama of the last century bears upon it a verisimilitude we shall hardly find elsewhere. It is not merely that the panorama which passes before us is artistically sketched and coloured; when the author of this paper draws, he is too graphic to be dull, too calm and judicial to be swayed by passion on one side or the other, too keen-sighted to make mistakes in the historical perspective. Anything more determinedly clear and searching than the analysis of Robespierre's character—his weakness, his inherent shallowness, his empty phrase-mongering, his essentially despicable spirit—will be looked for in vain. He was not the hero that the Extreme Left would make him, nor the demon of most modern historians. No thirst for blood possessed him; all he desired was domination. The law of Prairial was the most atrocious law, perhaps, ever enacted, and it was Robespierre's. But it was aimed not at the crazy old woman and poor seamstress who suffered, but at the more bloodthirsty opponents of himself. The real “Terror” is something awful to contemplate; but though the law was Robespierre's, the terrible execution of it must not be laid to his charge. He merely desired the destruction of his enemies, and he found that, notwithstanding the dreadful list to be guillotined, the men he desired to decapitate escaped. If he only could secure “an official Supreme Being and a regulated Terror!” The first was his, but he could not regulate what was too powerful for management. It is, therefore, altogether a mistake to load the memory of this weak, vain, unstable hero with all the sins of 1793-4, after his death in the latter year. The description of the Revolution of Ninth Thermidor is admirable in every respect; indeed the whole essay is most excellent, as well for its impartial tone, as for its literary power.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AFTER a rather longer intermission than that of last year, Mrs. Morrison, a week or two back, opened the Grand Opera House for her third season. The auditorium has to some extent been renovated, and a new and well-painted drop curtain has been provided. Of the new members of the stock company, the principal are Mrs. Allen, Miss Anderson, Miss Paynter, and Miss Wright, and Messrs. Fitzgerald, Rogers, and Hudson. The two last-named are well-known to Toronto audiences, having frequently performed in this city. Among the members of the old company retained are Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Marlowe, and Messrs. Sambrook, Vernon, Semblar, Roberts, Stokes, and Humphreys. The prospects for the season are exceptionally brilliant, the list of stars whose appearance is promised including Neilson, Janauschek, Agnes Booth, Jane Coombs, Kate Claxton, Eliza Weathersby, Dion Boucicault, Owens, Raymond, Clanchau, Dominick Murray, Sir R. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, and other well known names, besides Mrs. Oates's Comic Opera Troupe.

The performance on the opening night was under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor, and consisted of a new three-act comedy, entitled, "A Scrap of Paper," and the familiar comidietta "A cup of Tea." "A Scrap of Paper" is one of the latest successes in London, where it is still running with undiminished popularity, and is a charming adaptation from the French. The nationality of its authorship is unmistakable; no one but a French dramatist could have manufactured so many telling situations, and spun so much brilliant dialogue out of materials so slender. So far as scenery, stage-setting, and costumes are concerned, the play was admirably mounted. Indeed, in completeness of detail and beauty of effect, the studio scene in the second act, and the conservatory scene in the third, surpassed everything of the kind ever witnessed in Toronto. The acting also, was excellent. Mrs. Morrison, who on her entrance was greeted with a very warm welcome, never appeared to better advantage than as *Mlle. Suzanne*, acting throughout with charming vivacity and spirit. Had her make-up been somewhat more youthful in face and figure, but little fault could have been found with her performance. Among the other characters, *Louise de la Glaciere* (Mrs. Allen), *Prosper Couramont* (Mr. Fitzgerald), and *Brismanche* (Mr. Hudson), were also excellently played. During the week following the opening night the attraction was Mr. Dominick Murray, who appeared in two plays, neither of them being worthy of the powers of this really admirable character actor. One was "Escaped from

Sing Sing,"—the very title is redolent of ruffianism and crime—the demerits of which we had occasion to animadvert upon when it was produced here last season. There is one passage—that in the second act, between Karl and the "pretty waiter girls"—which it is surprising that so scrupulous a manager as Mrs. Morrison should allow to be presented before a refined audience, composed largely of ladies. The other piece was "Willy Reilly," an American sensational play belonging to the same category as "Escaped from Sing Sing," though it does not quite descend to the same low level. Plays of this description afford no scope for acting, and are really not amenable to criticism from a dramatic point of view, so that the less said about them, the better. The only redeeming feature in "Willy Reilly," is the character of *Andy*, an exaggerated portrait of a servitor who tyrannises most despotically over his master. It was played with much humour by Mr. Rogers. During the present month, Sir Randall Roberts, Mr. Chanchau, and Miss Claxton, are expected to appear.

During the past month, Mr. McDowell's "Shaugraun Company" gave three weeks' performances at Mr. French's Royal Opera House. The troupe is a remarkably good one, strong in numbers and talent, and very well balanced. The selection of plays was varied and excellent. Tragedy was represented by "Othello;" the "society" play, by Mr. Howard's "Diamonds;" the romantic drama, by "Alix," and Mr. Lester Wallack's charming play, "Rose-dale;" the sensational, by "The Two Orphans" and "Rose Michel;" and the romantic-sensational by Boucicault's "Led Astray" and "The Shaugraun." These pieces were all very well put on the stage—scenery, costumes, and accessories all being carefully attended to. The only plays new to Toronto audiences were "Diamonds," "Alix" and "Rose Michel." The first named is a feeble specimen of its class; the dialogue (upon which society plays mainly depend) is clever at times, but too often degenerates into mere farce. "Alix" is a favourable specimen of the French romantic drama; but "Rose Michel" has an unpleasant flavour throughout, and is not by any means so strong, either in plot, in character-drawing, or in dialogue, as "The Two Orphans." This latter play, however, is one of the best of its kind; indeed, the last act is as exciting, not to say as thrilling, a piece of sensationalism as has ever been witnessed on the stage.

It would take us beyond our limits to notice in detail the acting in the different characters of each of these plays. All that can be done is to briefly refer to some of the principal parts. Mr.

McDowell, the manager, appeared to best advantage as *Conn, the Shaugraun*. We noticed the performance when he played the part here two seasons ago. The actor's efforts to compass the brogue are not entirely successful, and his humour is something lacking in genuine Irish uncton. These defects apart, the performance is a capital one. Mr. McDowell was also very good as *Pierre Frochard* and *Chevalier de Vandry* in "The Two Orphans;" though it is a mistake artistically for an actor to duplicate parts in this way. As *Castio*, and as *Elliot Grey*, in "Rosedale," however, he was out of his element, and failed to give satisfaction in either. The forte of Mr. Neil Warner is evidently tragedy, and his impersonation of *Othello* was a very fine one—powerful and impressive in the broad outlines. The defects were a tendency to rant occasionally (noticeably in the third act), and a carelessness in regard to minor details. On the whole, however, the performance was the best we have seen in Toronto, except Mr. King's, and evidently took the audience quite by surprise. The part of *Captain Molyneux*, in "The Shaugraun," Mr. Warner looked to the life, and, we think, might have acted equally well had he been content to present it simply and naturally, as that of an officer and a gentleman. But he attempted to give it a comic, "haw-haw" style, and only succeeded in buffooning it—painfully so in the charming love scene with *Clair Ffolliott*. He was more satisfactory as *Jacques Frochard*, in the "Two Orphans," though here also the comic element was too predominant, and the performance on the whole was inferior to that of Mr. Farwell at the "Grand" last season. Mr. Chippendale is another excellent actor, and is particularly

good as *Brabantio*. The feminine portion of the company is perhaps stronger than the masculine—Miss Weaver, Miss Reeves, and Miss Cameron, being exceptionally good; and they were well supported by Miss Newcomb and Miss Davis. The *Emilia* of Miss Weaver was the best representation of that difficult and thankless part that we can remember, and she was also exceedingly good as *Arte O'Neil* in "The Shaugraun, and *Henriette* in "The Two Orphans." The great feature in the performance of this play, however, was the *Louise* of Miss Reeves. Miss Kate Claxton has made this part her own, but Miss Reeves's representation of the poor ill-used blind girl falls but little below that of her sister artiste, and is powerful and moving in the extreme. Miss Reeves is an actress of great versatility, and was almost equally good in other and quite different parts. She was graceful and natural as *Desdemona*; vivacious and witty as *Herminie Delafield*, in "Diamonds;" and arch and winning as *Clair Ffolliott*, in "The Shaugraun." It was rather a pity, however, that in representing this impetuous Irish girl, she should have completely dropped her excellent brogue, after the first act. Miss Cameron has a fine stage presence, and looked and acted exceedingly well as *Diane de Linieres*, in "The Two Orphans." But as *Rose Michel*, though a much more important part, she was hardly so satisfactory, her rather monotonous elocution becoming a trifle wearisome before the end of the play was reached.

The Company will return to Toronto shortly, and will perform "Pique," a society play, adapted by Mr. Daly from Miss Florence Marryat's novel, "Her Lord and Master."

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Belford Bros. send us a copy of one of their latest reprints: "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," by the late Norman Macleod. The work originally appeared in *Good Words*, and is published by arrangement with the author's executors, and is copyrighted in Canada.

We have received from Messrs. Appleton, of New York, the latest instalment of their valuable International Scientific Series: "The Five Senses of Man," by Julius Bernstein; also Mr. Freeman's "Primer of General History;" and Miss Yonge's last novel, "The Three Brides." This firm's forthcoming publications embrace a reprint of Mr. Mivart's recent work on "Contemporary Evolution," and Prof. Huxley's Lectures at Chickering Hall, New York, on "The Direct Evidence of Evolution."

The Canadian edition of George Eliot's new story, "Daniel Deronda," has just been completed by the Messrs. Dawson, of Montreal. They issue the novel in a neat 8vo. volume.

Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. have issued a Canadian edition of Mr. Wilkie Collins's new novel, "The Two Destinies."

A cheap edition in two 12mo. volumes, of Mr. Trevelyan's *Memoir of Lord Macaulay*, has appeared with the imprimatur of a Leipsic house.

Messrs. Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., of New York, are bringing out an American edition of Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," by arrangement with His Excellency, to which will be prefixed a new preface, portrait, &c. The same firm commence a series of novels, under the title of the "Lake Champlain Press Series," the first issue of which will be Mr. Joseph Hatton's story, "Clytie." Mr. Gladstone's recent pamphlet on "Bulgarian Atrocities," has just been brought out by this house.

A sequel to Miss Alcott's recent story "Eight Cousins," is announced for early publication, under the title of "A Rose in Bloom."

from the Grand Battery at 1 p.m., and a general illumination took place in the evening.—The second session of the third Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec by Lieutenant-Governor Sir Robert Shore Milnes, Bart., on Monday, 11th January. This session closed on the 5th April. In his opening speech the Lieutenant-Governor congratulated the country on the restoration of peace. Allusion was also made to the importance of giving encouragement to the cultivation of hemp. Eleven acts were passed during the session. In accordance with the Lieutenant-Governor's recommendation, the Assembly, by a special Act, appropriated twelve hundred pounds to be expended in such a manner as might best tend to promote the cultivation of hemp within the Province of Lower Canada.* On 17th February Charles Baptiste Bouc was introduced to the

* As so much trouble was taken to encourage the cultivation of hemp in the several Provinces of British North America, it may not be uninteresting to give the opinion of a well known writer as to the cause of failure. Mr. Rhind, in his *History of the Vegetable Kingdom*, says: (page 415) "Much anxiety was evinced, some years since, in this country, (England) that we should obtain supplies of hemp from our own dependencies, and its cultivation was very much encouraged in Canada. The attention of the planters being strongly called to it, several samples of hemp of Canadian growth were sent home. These were placed under the examination of the best judges, by whom they were considered defective, rather from the faulty mode of preparation than from any inferiority in the material itself. Some was found to be of as great a length as the Italian hemp, which is longer than that from the Baltic, but the whole was mixed together, without any regard to length or quality. The St. Petersburg hemp, on the contrary, is always carefully assorted into different classes, distinguished in commerce as "clean, or best staple hemp," "best shot," which is rather inferior to the first, and "half clean," which is much inferior. These classes, of course, obtain very different prices in the market. It was supposed that the Canadian planters would have readily attained to better methods of preparing and assorting, but they have not yet been able to compete with the Russian cultivators, who still exclusively supply our (i. e. the English) markets."

Assembly as member for the County of Effingham, for which he had been again returned. On the 22nd the former proceedings of the House (in the two preceding sessions) were ordered to be read, and the whole matter was referred to a committee, to give Mr. Bouc an opportunity of producing evidence in justification of his conduct. On the 22nd March the question of Mr. Bouc's return was again before the House of Assembly, when he was once more formally expelled, and an Act was passed disqualifying and restraining Charles Baptiste Bouc from being elected and from sitting and voting as a member of the House of Assembly. Thus terminated the Bouc election case, which had occupied the attention of the House of Assembly in three successive sessions, and had rivalled the celebrated *Wilkes* case before the British House of Commons. Of the remaining acts of this session five were to continue, for specified terms, existing laws; one was to extend to *one hundred* days the time within which any writ for the election of a member of the County of Gaspé should be returnable; another to provide for the more effectual regulation of the police within the cities of Quebec and Montreal, and the town of Three Rivers, and also for extending regulations of police to other towns and villages; the remaining Act was to empower Justices of the Peace to make, for a limited time, rules and regulations for the government of apprentices and others.—On 10th February the *Quebec Gazette* contains a notice that a mail for the District of Gaspé will be made up on the following Wednesday (17th) and be conveyed by the King's courier to the village at the head of the river Madawaska where a *yearly* messenger is sent from Gaspé who will take up the mail and convey it to destination. The

supplement to the *Quebec Gazette*, of the 18th February, announces the appointment, on the 11th of that month, of Herman Witsius Ryland, as Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, in place of the Hon. Hugh Finlay, deceased, and of Joseph Bouchette as Deputy Surveyor-General for the Province of Lower Canada.—On 25th February the Honorable Gabriel Elzear Taschereau, was appointed Superintendent of the Provincial Post Houses in the Province of Lower Canada, in the room of the Honorable Hugh Finlay, deceased.—May 20.—The *Quebec Gazette* announces the establishment, on the 10th May, of Boards for the encouragement of the cultivation of hemp, at Quebec, and at Montreal, under the presidency of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor. P. E. Desbarats was appointed Secretary of the Board at Quebec, and F. W. Ermatinger of that at Montreal. The members of the Boards were the leading members of the Legislature, and principal citizens of the two cities. Full instructions were published as to the mode of cultivation, and the preparation of the hemp for market.—July 27.—A proclamation was issued by Lieutenant-Governor Milnes, enjoining the observance, throughout the Province of Lower Canada, of the 12th August, as a day of general thanksgiving for the restoration of peace.—The third session of the eighth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth, at Halifax, on the 25th February. A report having spread abroad that the Lieutenant-Governor was about to be removed from Nova Scotia, the Assembly, in their reply to his Excellency's speech, compliment him highly, attribute the prosperity of the country to his wise administration and unceasing exertions to promote its interests, express the most ardent hope for his

continuance at the head of the government, and conclude thus: "Should we be deprived of that blessing, we beg to offer our prayers that uninterrupted prosperity and happiness may attend you and your Excellency's family, and that your Excellency will be persuaded that, wherever future events may place you, you will ever be accompanied by the gratitude and affectionate attachment of the Commons of Nova Scotia." This reply was followed up by an address (passed on 19th March) to the King, praying that he would retain Sir John Wentworth in his government.—On 1st March a petition was presented to the Assembly from Edmund Burke, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Quebec, asking that an act might be passed for incorporating the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, and others, to enable them to receive donations, for the use of such schools as they might think proper to erect for the education of the Roman Catholic youth of the Province of Nova Scotia. The Lieutenant-Governor declined to grant the request, but promised to refer the matter for the consideration of His Majesty's ministers.—This session of the Nova Scotia Legislature was a somewhat stormy one. Attention having been called by a member of the Assembly to the unsatisfactory manner in which the commissioners for building the new government house were performing their duty—the cost having been limited to £5,400, whilst £8,900 had already been spent—an address to the Lieutenant-Governor was voted, asking for an enquiry. One of the commissioners was a member of the council, and on application being made by the House, to allow this commissioner (Mr. Belcher), to attend to be examined, the council refused, and proposed that written questions, to be answered in writing, should be sent to him. Finally,

the Assembly passed a series of resolutions, censuring the commissioners, but the Governor refused to remove them, and so the matter ended.—Later in the session, a further cause of disagreement arose, between the Assembly and the Council. The Assembly had voted £5,000 for roads and bridges. The Council, through a committee of conference, sent a written statement to the Assembly, to say that the Council could not agree, consistently with the state of the treasury, to so large a sum as £5,000 for roads and bridges; but were willing to concur in a sum not exceeding £3,500, to be divided and appropriated amongst the respective counties in the Province; to be laid out by a commissioner to be appointed by the governor, lieutenant-governor, or commander-in-chief, for each and every county, under the direction of the justices in sessions, etc. The Assembly at once resented so direct an attack upon their privileges, and resolved: "That this House will not receive any proposition of an appropriation of public money, to any particular service, from His Majesty's Council; and that an assent or dissent to a money vote of this House is the only answer the House can, consistently with their privileges, receive." Notwithstanding this resolution, the affair appears to have resulted in a compromise, as the amount finally appropriated for roads and bridges was £3,998. The Assembly was prorogued on the 15th April.—The conclusion of peace between France and England was notified by a proclamation, dated at Halifax, on 4th June, and the 8th July was appointed for public thanksgiving.—The export of gypsum to the United States had increased so largely, that the amount exported during this year reached 300,000 tons.—June 22.—An order was received by the Lieutenant-Governor, directing the disband

ing of the Royal Nova Scotia Regiment.—The settlement of the county of Pictou progressed rapidly; upwards of 350 emigrants from Scotland settled there during the year.

1803. A meeting was held at York, on the 8th January, to take measures to raise subscriptions for the erection of a church in the town of York.—The third session of the third Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Hunter at York, on the 24th January. Twelve acts were passed during this session, amongst which were: An Act to allow time for the sale of lands and tenements by the sheriff, by which it was provided that the sheriff should not expose lands or tenements for sale within less than twelve months from the day upon which he received the writ; an Act to authorize the governor to license practitioners in the law; and an Act authorizing the payment, to members of the Assembly, of ten shillings a day for every day they were necessarily absent from home, in attendance in the House of Assembly, or going to or returning therefrom—to be assessed upon the district represented, and paid over to the member by the treasurer. Nine other acts were passed, but it is unnecessary to particularize them. The session closed on the 5th March.—Thomas Scott, Attorney-General for Upper Canada, was appointed by proclamation dated 2nd March, a commissioner for the purchasing and distributing hempseed, gratis, amongst the farmers.—Notice is given in the *Upper Canada Gazette* of 25th June, "That regular attendance, for the transaction of the public business of this Province, will in future be given at the office of the *Secretary of the Province*, the *Executive Council office*, and the *Surveyor-General's office*, every day in the year, (Sundays-Good Friday, and Christmas Day only

excepted), from ten o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, and from five o'clock in the afternoon until seven o'clock in the evening." The notice is signed James Green, *Secretary*. July 28.—Dr. Jacob Mountain, Bishop of Quebec, arrived at York, on a tour through his diocese, which at this time extended to, and included Detroit. October 26—Lieutenant-Governor Hunter announces, by proclamation, that, from 5th November, a weekly market will be held in the Town of York every Saturday.—The third session of the third Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec by Lieutenant-Governor Milnes, on Tuesday, February 8th. The opening speech was unusually uninteresting. The only subjects referred to were the militia laws, which were about to expire; and the gaols at Quebec and Montreal, which were declared to be insufficient in accommodation, and insecure. The session passed without any event of importance. The militia laws were renewed; the supplies voted; four expiring acts were continued for a further period, and these six acts having been passed the Lieutenant-Governor prorogued the Parliament on the 18th of April. April 6th—A very destructive fire took place at Montreal, the gaol, English Church, College, and about thirty-five houses were destroyed, the loss being estimated at thirty thousand pounds. July 14th—The *Quebec Gazette*, of this date, contains the King's proclamation of 16th May, announcing that war had been declared against the French Republic.—July 21—A proclamation was issued by Lieutenant-Governor Milnes, calling a special session of the Provincial Parliament, to be held at Quebec on the 2nd August. The special session, being the fourth of the third Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, was opened by Lieutenant-

Governor Milnes, who announced the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and the French Republic, and called upon the Legislature to make provision for the security of the Province. The Assembly at once proceeded to pass an Act for the "better preservation of His Majesty's Government, as by law happily established in this Province," and an Act for "establishing regulations respecting aliens and certain subjects of His Majesty, who have resided in France, coming into this Province, or residing therein." Advantage was taken of the Parliament being in session to pass two other Acts of no public importance, and the short session closed on 11th August. A Bill for the encouragement and discipline of militia volunteers passed the Assembly; but it does not seem to have been thought necessary to prolong the session to enable this Bill to pass through the Council, and it did not therefore become law.—The large fire in Montreal on 6th April had been followed by such a number of smaller ones that a general feeling of insecurity began to prevail, and on 10th August a proclamation was issued by the Lieutenant-Governor, offering a reward of five hundred pounds for such information as would lead to the conviction of the incendiary. Rewards of one thousand dollars were offered by the magistrates of Montreal and Quebec, respectively, for similar information.—An order of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council was issued on 13th August, under the provisions of the Alien Act, passed at the recent session, directing all subjects of the French Republic or Batavian Republic to leave the Province of Quebec before the end of the month. November 17—The *Quebec Gazette*, of this date, contains the full text of the Act 43 George III., chapter 138—an Act for extending the jurisdiction of the