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The Canadian Spectator.

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The Canadian Spectator.

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THE TIMES.
ECCLESIASTICAL FINANCE.
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A SOCIAL PROBLEM, by "Mercator."
THE SILVER BILL AND THE VETO, by Wm.
Brown.
THE POPES.
THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, by Sydney
Robjohns.
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Montreal, March 4th, 1878.

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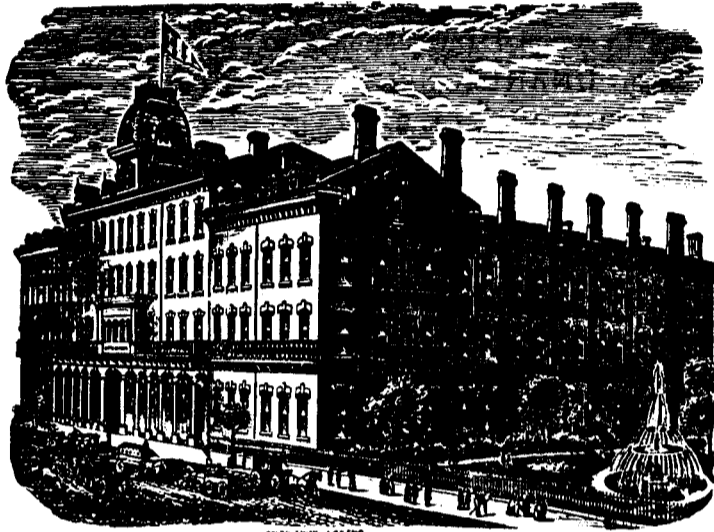
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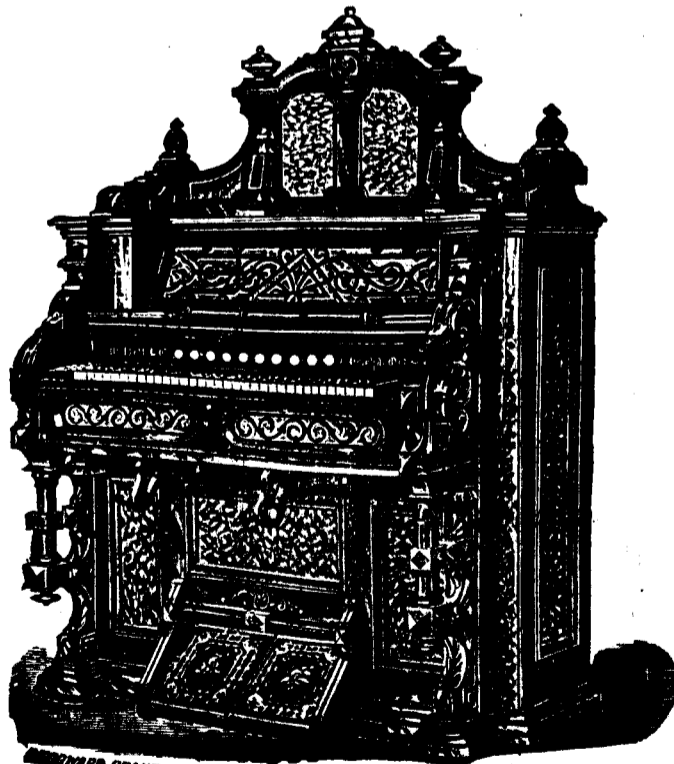
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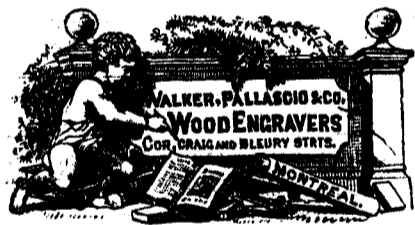
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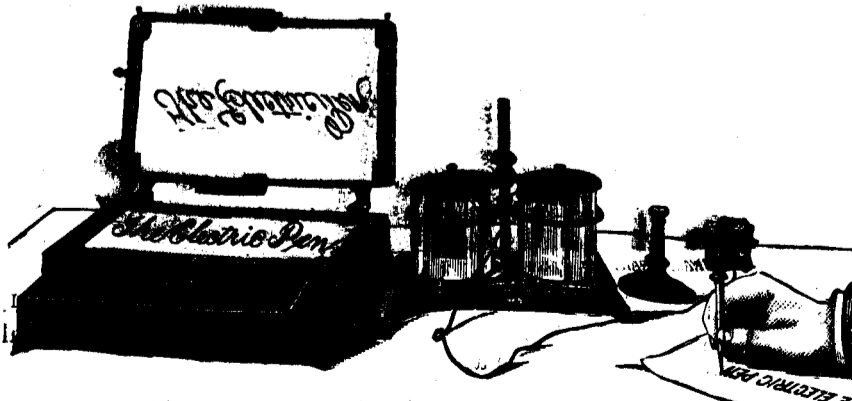
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THE TIMES.

The Ottawa House of Commons has witnessed once more a pitched battle between Protection and Free Trade. The debate was neither hot nor able, scarcely a member rising to the point of eloquence. Of course some courtesies were freely exchanged, such as personal accusations of "malignity" "untruth," and such like things. Both parties are agreed to have free trade in those decencies of Parliamentary debate. By the way, a Protective tariff in the matter of their speech would be acceptable, almost popular in the country. But the vote has gone for Free Trade, although the majority is reduced. The end of the session can hardly be far off. A railway bill or two, a possible measure or two, an impossible or two, the Hon. Peter Mitchell's bull and blunder, and then—the deluge—and then—who knows? *Vive Somebody.*

The Quebec mess got muddled, and now is found to be mud, which the Lieutenant-Governor will find it difficult to wade through. It was hoped at first that the Boucherville Ministry had resigned—which would have compelled some little respect for them, and would have reduced the awkwardness of the situation a little. But they had no such self-respect, and the Lieutenant-Governor is deprived of that handle. They were summarily dismissed. His Excellency meant to be a wise man, but failed. He should have exercised his prerogative sooner or later. Later would have been better, for the Government's Ultramontanism and rottenness would have become more apparent. It was a party move without doubt—right as to matters Constitutional—but, a political blunder. The Lieutenant-Governor has played his trump card—but played it badly, and stands to lose the game.

Some of the hot-heads of the Rouge party in Montreal have been busily discussing the appointments held under the Quebec Government, by respectable and efficient men, apportioning them to their wildest and most noisy adherents at election times. We are glad to hear, however, that there are wise and responsible men in the Liberal party, who will discountenance any dismissals of men holding permanent offices unless there are better reasons than that followers of the new Government want situations. Canadian politics are sunk low enough; but God grant that the system in vogue in the United States, that after each presidential election the civil service employes are to be changed all throughout, should be imported into Canada. A more cruel, heartless, and iniquitous process can scarcely be devised than that men who are settled down in their employments with families dependent upon them should for no fault of their own, but simply by a change in the government of the country, be thrown adrift in the world, unused as they are to other occupations, and none offering for them to earn their bread.

The offices falling vacant during the term of an administration are legitimate patronage, but to despoil Conservatives of their positions might shortly be made to recoil on those who have reaped the advantages of the sojourn of the "party of purity" in Ottawa. So it had better not be attempted.

Rowdyism is still rampant in Montreal. This week a quiet, inoffensive young man going to his home in the evening was ruthlessly shot down, and now lies in serious danger of his life. He is a Catholic, and thinks he was shot at by Protestants. Most likely he is correct, for both Protestants and Catholics can boast of having as big a set of rascals in the city of Montreal as in any part of the world. They call themselves by a name, but know nothing, and care nothing, for the form of faith that name is generally held to represent. There is no

religion about it, and no real question of politics—only rascality. They are simply low, sneaking, cowardly ruffians who go about in crowds to attack single individuals; with arms they attack unarmed people. The glorious Grand Jury of immortal memory must be held as responsible for this in a great measure. They made murder comparatively safe, and then—it may be that some ruffians calling themselves Protestants took it into their heads that they might do a little of the same sort of work. But they must be disenchanted, and that soon. That Grand Jury has ceased to decide what is justice. We express no opinion upon the case now before the Police Magistrate: that he will do his duty we are sure, he knows how and when. But the Police are the city guardians. We would suggest that a number of picked men be stationed in the dangerous localities, dressed in plain clothes. Let them go in couples, have arms, and a whistle, or rattle, to summon help in case of need. Let them arrest all loiterers—said loiterers should be subject to a heavy fine if carrying fire-arms: should have the lash if they have fired a shot—the lash and imprisonment for life if they have wounded any one. That would stop the shooting business.

Ontario journalists are so taken up with Diminution politics and the crisis in Quebec, that they have had little to say about the shortcomings of their Local Legislature. But the Ontario Assembly has nevertheless most unmistakably lost ground in influence and in prestige by its failure to advance in line with the progressive march of current public opinion. There is only one subject on which the legislators of that Province are always up to the mark, and that is the administration of the law. Any matter involving legal questions is sure to arouse animated debate, and the Assembly Chamber rivals Osgoode Hall in its display of forensic lore. In fact the lay element is quite thrown into the shade by the compact phalanx of Toronto lawyers, who have contrived to ingratiate themselves into the confidence of provincial constituencies. It is questionable whether the public affairs of Ontario would suffer even if Mr. Bunster's idea of biennial sessions could by some means be enforced upon the acceptance of the Legislature. If annual sessions must be maintained, the same work now performed by eighty-eight members might be fully as efficiently carried on by half that number. There are forty-two counties in Ontario, and if each were contented with a single representative, with an additional member from each city, the result would probably be advantageous in every respect. It is furthermore abundantly manifest that a province which pays its executive officers such liberal salaries has a legitimate right to claim their undivided time and efforts in the administration of provincial affairs. Possibly reform in these matters may come some day, but just now it is difficult to see where it will come from.

The peace conference is to be held at Baden-Baden. Lord Lyons, the Ambassador at Paris, will represent England. Bismarck has declined to be present, and Germany will be represented by Herr Von Bulow. No date for the meeting of the assembly has been fixed. Russia is not in a hurry to have her conditions of peace criticised and revised. Revised they will be without doubt, for they press with exceeding severity on the conquered Turks; Roumania protests, and the Greeks are disquieted; because Russia proposes to take the portion of Bessarabia given her by the Treaty of Paris; and the Greeks regard the entire arrangement as aiming at the suppression of Hellenic aspirations for the future. England and Austria will be disposed to criticise Russia somewhat severely, and as their interests are identical, they will probably do it successfully.

Meantime war preparations go on in England. The Channel squadron, consisting of four first-class iron-clads, has arrived at Malta to receive orders. The Government have purchased two iron-clads that were built for the Porte. The materials for a railway twenty miles in length are being collected at Woolwich; the Birmingham gunmakers are happy, being under orders to make 150,000 Martini-Henry rifles; while South Wales is made lively by the demand for 100,000 tons of steam coal. The six millions will soon be spent it appears. And all this is preparatory to a peace conference at Baden-Baden. The English representative will have some very cogent arguments with which to bring Russia to a reasonable mood.

The London mobs are having a good time of it. They have had rival demonstrations in Hyde Park. The supporters of the Beaconsfield, that is to say, the Turcophiles, assembled near the Marble Arch with bands of music, Turkish and English flags, &c., and passed resolutions condemning the conduct of Russia, and expressing a patriotic determination to uphold the interests and honour of the British Empire. In order to do so, these patriots proceeded at once to break up a peace meeting which was being held; they hustled the chairman, and cudgelled Mr. Bradlaugh. They mobbed Mr. Gladstone in the streets, and broke his windows. They cheered at the houses of Beaconsfield and Musurus Pasha. Intelligent and high-minded patriots; they deserve well of their country. They deserve well of the Turks; but, fortunately, they will not influence matters at Baden-Baden.

Professor Smith's case continues to be the ecclesiastical meat and drink of the Aberdeen Free Presbytery. Tuesdays and Thursdays every week are devoted to the all-engrossing trial, and one particular per day seems to be the limit of digestion. The Professor's views on Deuteronomy, which are looked upon with great suspicion by many people, formed the subject of discussion for one whole day. It is well known that Mr. Smith holds a theory regarding this book which is irreconcilable with its Mosaic authorship, and which has been condemned by many as subversive of its place in the canon of Scripture. The Presbytery, however, by twenty-six to twenty, resolved that the charge was irrelevant. The next charge was of a vaguer kind, and did not command nearly as much support, being rejected by twenty-five to ten. It had reference to an alleged tendency in Professor Smith's writings—his remarks on the Chronicles being those cited—to lower the character of the Inspired Word to the level of non-inspired.

It looks as if the United States will repudiate the Halifax Fishery award. We scarcely expected that, for we thought our neighbours had some sense of honour left. We knew that it had kept the surplus of the Alabama business, which was a good round sum; and we remembered that it had adopted the Bland silver bill, over the President's veto, and the general opinion of the civilized world; but it was difficult to believe that the nation was given over to trickery and dishonesty. At first there was but one unreasonable reason—the want of unanimity among the Commissioners. The representative of the United States demurred to the finding. He would, probably, have done that if the award had been five and a half dollars instead of so many millions. At the Alabama arbitration Chief-Justice Cockburn protested with indignant eloquence against the amount of the award—but England paid the money, without the indecency of a parliamentary demur. But the States have not the same mind. And now they have another excuse. Canadian fishers were forbidden by law to ply their trade on the Sabbath day—but the fishers from the States were hindered by neither law nor Gospel—so on the Sabbath day they worked. The Canadians naturally got angry, as who but absolute saints wouldn't, and made a row in a violent fashion, in order to keep the law and a chance of living. And this is to be exalted into an international question, and outraged America will not pay the award until Britain shall give satisfaction to the ill-treated workers on Sunday. This is very miserably mean, and very like the United States. It is a free country, particularly as to social and commercial matters. It is a great and independent country, and will do exactly as it "darn pleases."

LIFE AND PEACE.

We are in the world, brothers and sisters, and can in no way help it. There are many things we do not like and some things that please us, the balance being against our liking. But what can we do? Not much, the strongest and wisest of us. We are the subjects of life—we are its slaves. It came without our order, it will go without our command. We fret against it now and then, for the day comes bringing wind and rain, and the night comes with sad reflections. They tell us the hour will come when we shall long to retain this life, and that it will not stay with us then in answer to tears and prayers.

But take comfort, we are not driftweed floating on the river of time down to the sea of eternity; for while life is above us and in us, driving us on, we hold it, it is in the hand of our counsel; our master is yet our slave. Speak, it will listen; command, it will obey. We can will our own destiny; we must answer for ourselves to our own fortune. We are under fate, and have a free will; we are a vapour, yet heirs of eternity; our life is a drama with manifold scenes, comedy and tragedy running into each other; the whole thing a grand contradiction, a brilliant paradox.

We must live, that is settled, a matter beyond our control. But how? That is not settled. Free-will comes in there. We may choose the place in all the earth we like best to live in; may, in large measure, order and arrange the condition of life. Ordinary mortals may control

circumstances if they but will to do so. They can be poor or rich, wise or foolish, honourable or disgraceful. But the fixed and predetermined comes into it again. All must seek after peace. That is the law of their being. That is the first object of all social rule, and—after the money and honour considerations of legislators—that is the idea of all government.

This will be challenged of course. "Peace, what have honest men to do with that? DUTY comes first. Duty gives to the world its heroes and saints. Some of them known and thanked, and some of them the demigods of obscurity; but all of them benefactors to the race. We are not here to feel comfortable; We are not made to search for mere gratification, but to do what is right to man, and what is the will of God." True enough, all of that, and good as far as it goes. Duty is a great thing, but it is the *rule* of action, not its end and object; it is the *way* of life, not the goal; it is a means, but not the end. The end is peace. That is the term.

But there are two kinds of peace known among men—the one is quiet—the other is inward harmony and satisfaction, a great and sublime assurance that the work of life is being well done.

The first is popular—any one may achieve it. This way: in all social matters join the majority, agree with "the spirit of the age," clap general sentiment and say it is good; never criticise any institutions, and then you may venture to slander private character at your own sweet will; commercially—well, make money—honestly if you can do it easily—but make money, for however you do it the world will not interfere with your peace; and as to matters of religion—have no trouble at all, doubts interfere with sleeping and digestion, enquiry is needless, the Protestant Church is infallible, and some of its teachers know most things by the light of nature. Avoid controversy, it is bad for the temper; besides it may let light in upon some of your follies and failings. The man who tells society of its faults is an enemy to society. The man who goes fingering at the roots of ideas and sentiments is a pestilent fellow. Cast him out, for the sake of your own peace. If you want to know who of the people are right, look around, see how comfortable many are in appearances. The stomach will tell of the state of the soul. They are at peace, and grow fat. No, they will not kick—that went out of fashion with Jeshurum some time ago; they grow fat and sleep. You have life, and you want peace; there is the way to it.

The other kind of peace a few have preferred; and there is high authority for believing it to be the best for men. It consists: first of the culture of self, the education of the mind by bringing it into constant contact with the great and good of the present and past; that way great and good thoughts pass into the mind; knowledge is increased, crystallizing into wisdom. It makes them modest, for they are sure that their knowledge is but partial—while it makes them glad: for the acquisition of knowledge brings joy. They regard Right more than majorities and the established order of things; they know that struggle is the law of life; that the earth let alone will produce the thistle and the sedge, but cultivated, will bring forth the olive and fields of corn. They take hold of religion, not simply from a sense of weariness and unrest, imagining that by it they will be rid of all conflict and all pain and all woe, but knowing that christian peace, which passeth all understanding, is not the rest of inaction but of activity, is not the peace of silence, but of harmony—the blending of many voices.

And that latter is the real peace. The former is not worth the having. That life is not worth the living. To have simple quiet for mind and heart and conscience, a quiet induced by indifference, is to live meanly; to pass through strife to conquest is to live greatly. To let the world alone with all its faults and blindness—to let Churches alone with all their bigotry and ignorance, is to live sinfully—to make the world and the churches better is to do God's will and work on the earth.

Life we have, and peace we want—then we must work for it, and fight for it, suppressing some things in us, giving culture to some other things in us; suppressing some things which men love to cherish, and exalting some things which now are abased.

The peril of the times is routine. Inner life and peace are put at risk by Orthodoxy and custom. Atheism lets us alone. Scepticism preaches of the Gospel is listened to with complacency, by most—except a few eminent Christians who, from pure motives, occupy the seat of the scornful. The policy of the devil is to make people satisfied with themselves and their surroundings. The formalists abound; men of long faces and flowing beards—men so well fitted on with the armour of self-righteousness that scarce an arrow can pierce a joint or start a rivet. It is an age of compromise, and custom, and habit, and prudence. Only a few men can be found to go into the pulpit and speak out the truth as God has given it to them, refusing to utter the shibboleth of others. Only a few men are brave enough to stand up against the fierce odium of heresy. Only a few men will tell out all they know and have ventured to think. Only a few men will think at all. There is peace of a kind, but, of the right kind not much.

had lived not very far away from the church for nine years, and the minister had only been once in her house, and that was at a funeral. A workingman had been a member of a city church for five years, a regular communicant and seldom absent from the church meetings, was surprised one day when his minister was presiding at a meeting, to hear him ask who he was, and what was his name. These facts will serve to show the state of things here, and how far we have got away from the good apostolic practice of visiting from house to house. I have known hundreds of families in this city, who would never have heard the good news and glad tidings of the Gospel, if it had not been taken to their homes. The church-goers are pretty much confined to a certain class of "well-to-do people." Some of the fifty Protestant churches might almost as well have written over their doors—"The workingman, and the poor are not wanted here," for practically there is no place for them, where above all places, things should be equal, and where there ought to be no respect of persons. "You build," said a workingman whom we met on the street, "one church for the rich, and another for the poor, the rich and the poor cannot meet together there now; it is not so in the Catholic Church; no wonder our people turn Catholics." Another workingman remarked that he could never go to church now, but in addition to high pew rents, and the regular collections, he had a collecting paper thrust in his face, so for these reasons but comparatively few workingmen are found in our city churches. "Churches should be built for the people, and not to minister to the vanity of this man or that."

Montreal.

QUARTUS.

AN IMPORTANT PUBLIC DOCUMENT.

It is not often that we are favored with a Public Document which contains such interesting reading as this before us. It is no other than the "REPORT OF THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER AT THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY, HELD AT NEW SOUTH WALES, 1877."

In the first place the Government was more than fortunate, in the selection of the Hon. John Young, of Montreal, as Commissioner, a man who has always self-sacrificingly identified himself with the common-weal—a man of ample experience in public affairs, and with no narrow or contracted views of what should be the policy of peoples. We regard the appointment of Mr. Young to his tour of observation among the Australian colonies, as one of the wisest things, in its way, which the Government has done since it came into power. And this report of Mr. Young as to what he saw and heard, is a most interesting and important document. We are very much mistaken, and shall be not a little disappointed, if Mr. Young's visit and his report thereon, be not the initial step to a profitable interchange of commodities between Canada and the Australian Colonies.

It is well known how this visit of the Commissioner was brought about: how that the Commissioner from Australia to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition suggested that the Canadian exhibit at Philadelphia, be sent to New South Wales to an exhibition to be held at Sydney in April last: and how the Canadian Government looked favorably upon the project and agreed to pay freight and expenses of such articles as exhibitors cared to send.

The exhibition came off at the time appointed. But before, and after, Mr. Young was able to visit various cities and towns among the colonies—hold interviews with Boards of Commerce, collect statistics, and information, to such an extent, that one is not surprised to learn that his health has been impaired. The distances he travelled were enormous.

Here in the report, we have not only the amount of imports and exports for several years, but copies of the particular articles imported, taken from the ship's manifest, revealing the fact that many of the articles in active and constant demand there, are the articles which Canada is now producing and suffering for the lack of an outlet for. And more: the fact is revealed, that much of the lumber imported is Canadian, although it finds its way to those colonies through Boston and New York. If the fact be somewhat humiliating to our pride, let us hope that our merchants and manufacturers, instead of continuing to growl at the general depression, will bestir themselves to supply the needs of the colonists of Australia, direct.

Mr. Young has even taken the trouble to procure from merchants and large consumers there, lists of articles most in demand, and he points out such articles as must be cheapened before they can successfully compete with England or the United States. He even gives exact dimensions of the various kinds of lumber, doors, sashes, &c., &c., in demand. In fact, the book is a most complete, and doubtless reliable, guide to shippers and merchants here.

It is an interesting fact to learn that almost every cargo arriving in Australia from the United States, contains some lumber, kerosene oil, and agricultural implements. And as the report says, there is no reason whatever why Canada cannot sell a large part of the articles imported from the United States, and at least share in the trade.

The field is no El Dorado where any fool can reap a rich harvest, whether he export warming pans or grindstones, and Mr. Young does not say so; but he does say that while the competition must be severe both with English and American goods, yet there is good promise for enterprise, if we have the wisdom and pluck to exert it.

The pamphlet is enhanced in value by a map facing the title-page, giving the profile of the American and the Canadian Pacific Railways, exhibiting the fact, not generally known, that the route from England to China, Japan, and Australia, via Canada, is shorter by thirty hours per summer route, and thirteen hours per winter route.

The statistical tables of population, agricultural and other products of the colonies, together with their various schedules of duties, are most valuable and interesting, and are not only worth perusal, but worth careful preservation.

One interesting fact, revealing something of the fiscal policy of one of the colonies (New Zealand), is pointed out and is worth considering in Canada. The Commissioner says in his report:—"It is perhaps well that I should state that under the Acts of the Parliament of New Zealand, the Government are authorized to open offices throughout the colony for depositors in Savings' Banks, and in like manner offices have been opened for granting policies of life

insurance, and for annuities" (the italics are ours); "the Government or people being thus the recipients of any profits on such business, while the insured have the guarantee of the colony for the amounts insured. It was explained to me that large sums were sent out of the country to companies in the United Kingdom and in foreign countries, in premiums which could be saved to the colony, and as I knew a similar state of things existed in Canada, I procured the several Acts bearing on this matter of insurance. I noticed, also, a regulation as regards vaccination, which has been practised for some time in New Zealand with the best results. By law, 'all children must be vaccinated within six months after their birth, by a qualified medical practitioner appointed by the Government; no charge being made.'

Again we say, this is one of the most interesting and instructive Public Documents which it has been our lot to look at in Canada.

SAUNTERING.

The term "saunterer" is said to have been derived from idle people who roved about the country during the Middle Ages, asking charity, under pretence of going "à la Saint Terre," till the children exclaimed "There goes a Saint Terror," a Holy Lander.

Doubtless among this number were some whose hearts burned within them to behold that hallowed country and who were saunterers in the good sense, laying aside pride and self, forsaking father, mother, wife and home, if so be they might gain that Mecca for their soul's good.

But there were others who never meant to go à la Saint Terre at all, who were mere idlers and vagabonds. Alas! for the truth of the old saw:

"Wherever saints erect a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there,"

for when his Satanic Majesty found those true and earnest souls actually prospering in their appeals for alms, wherewith to go on pilgrimage and save their souls alive, he also claimed to be a Saint Terror, and lo! the trail of the serpent has been over all such persons even until now.

But where shall we find a Holy Lander to-day, say you? Only here and there is a theorist turning over the stones of Palestine for proofs of his creed, or a Christian scholar toiling up the hills of Galilee to gaze upon the ancient and hallowed landmarks.

The world is grown too wise to torture its body for the health of its soul,—too busy now to go on pilgrimage, footsore and weary, but it rides in a palace car, and grumbles. Yet the race of saunterers, good and bad, still exists. They huddle in alleys and tenements; their gaunt forms pass us on the street; their sluggish souls look out at us through dull, bleared eyes, their small and grimy palms are outstretched at the street crossings, and more than all, they ring our door-bells from morn till dewy eve."

Some assume the tremendously virtuous, and go about asking for work, well knowing that in most well-regulated households, provision is made for all needful doing, and that they will most probably be fed and warmed and pitied by the kind-hearted little matron who presides over the establishment, and who, in describing the affair, will say, "The poor man was not begging; he wanted work. Of course I had nothing for him to do, but I gave him something to help him along."

This same variety of saunterers, as we may call them, appear as vendors of all manner of articles, vexing the souls of indignant housemaids and putting back the dinner for that much enduring class of persons, by courtesy termed "thorough servants."

How may that long-suffering maid of all work be expected to maintain a Christian temper, when the fire goes irrevocably down at dinner time and "steak devotions at daybreak were abruptly terminated by violent demonstrations of the door bell, caused by a small boy with a dirty basket, who, on being somewhat shortly informed that there was "nothing for him," makes ungentlemanly making faces at the window of the basement breakfast-room while the unfortunate woman lays the table. Follow this persecuted female through the exigencies of one day and wonder if you can, that the milk of human kindness turns sour in her nature, or that her temper becomes ultimately the reverse of amiable.

Picture to yourself, O man of business, how it would be with you, if, like the hero of the old song you should change work with your good wife, under the fond delusion that you

"Could do as much work in a day
As she could do in three."

There are the breakfast things to "do up," sweeping and dusting, a great heap of clothes to wash, lunch to prepare, and dinner on your mind.

It is inevitable that you should be called up to the door, perspiring from the warm kitchen, damp from the wash-tub, to attend to the postman, the butcher, baker, grocer and an odd errand or two.

The edge of the inevitable is dulled, and we can somehow manage to bear it, but there is a straw under which the camel's back breaks. It is like adding upon nerve and patience, the interruptions to all regular household routine, bottles, etc., menders of tin ware and umbrellas, with beggars of every description, whose various tales of misfortune comprise all woes which Pandora's curiosity let loose upon a wretched world.

If any man of you disbelieves, or thinks we exaggerate, or "set down aught in malice," let him read the Apostle's words and enquire of his wife at home, who will assuredly confirm us in this "round unvarnished tale."

No doubt there are thousands of really poor people, who by every exertion are unable to procure for themselves the barest necessities of life.

If these were the only seekers of alms, the case would be utterly altered. But with the possibility, almost the certainty of every beggar being an impostor, or a lazy vagrant, the springs of compassion are dried up within us,

and alms-giving becomes a mere selfish desire to rid ourselves for the moment of the annoyance, instead of that

"Holy Supper kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need ;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

One of the courtiers of Charles II., said of him, "Nothing so much delighted him as a bewitching pleasure called sauntering, and the royal idler was not the last of the race."

These of whom we speak, under guise of buying and selling, even of poverty, *delight* in this life and will do nothing else.

Under guise of poverty we say? Are they not really poor, then?

Doubtless, friend, but why?

Because they will not give persevering effort to living in any better way. Routine is hateful to them and they would rather suffer in idleness for three days, so long as some such contriving on the fourth will keep them from actual starvation.

And yet we are often struck with the old question, "Did this man sin or his parents?"

We can scarcely realize the lack of bodily training to the neglected children of the very poor, which among us makes the doing of regular work comparatively easy, we, whose training began when our smiling mother held us in her arms and taught our baby fingers to grasp a shining rattle.

Far less can we appreciate the dark mind and stunted moral sense which leave no conscience higher than fear of the "peeler,"—no law to self but the demands of the animal.

But

"It is not ours to separate
This tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events."

Yet in most civilised countries when a man is incapable of taking care of himself, or is liable to injure his neighbour, the state or community to which he belongs takes charge of him. The gospel of political economists and philanthropists is "the greatest good of the greatest number," and assuredly upon that principle, something needs to be done in our cities to put an end to the annoyance caused by the excessive number of vagrants, who, as Dr. Johnson remarked of a certain Mr. Lewis, "Sir, he lives in London and hangs loose on society."

Ancient statutes contain severe regulations respecting vagrancy.

In the reign of Henry VIII., a vagrant after being whipped, was required to take "an oath to return to his native place there for three years to labour as a true man ought to do." Those convicted a second time were liable not only to whipping, but to have the upper part of the right ear cut off.

By a statute of Edward VI., a vagabond was marked with a V on the breast, with a hot iron, and adjudged to be a slave for two years to the person who took him; kept on bread and water, and "made to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise, at any vile work soever." If he absented himself for fourteen days, he was branded on the cheek with an S, and adjudged to be a slave forever.

Under Queen Elizabeth, a second offence was punishable by death, and notwithstanding the penchant which Charles II., himself possessed for "idle wanderings," vagrants during his reign were transported.

In the time of George II., beggars were hardly dealt with, and more than all, any person harbouring a vagrant was subject to a fine of forty shillings.

In later days, while whipping and mutilation is abolished in England, effective means are employed to keep down that class of beggars which is so numerous and troublesome in this newer civilisation.

In France, the statute of 1767 under Louis XV., dealt severely with all vagabonds, describing as such all "gens sans avertis; les gens qui n'ont ni profession ni métier, ni domicile certain, et qui n'ayont aucun bien pour subsister, ne peuvent faire certifier de leur vie et moeurs par personnes digne de foi."

Now, you may walk the length of Paris without a glimpse of a beggar, except on New Year's Day, when alone they may crawl out of their holes into the broad sunlight, to be known as beggars and appeal to you for charity.

How much of good and how much of ill lies behind the enforcement of such stern laws, we have not now space to discuss.

Like the sunlight, they fall alike upon the just and the unjust, and without doubt, in individual cases unnecessary pain is inflicted, for the law makers are not yet wise enough to make laws for the masses, which will not sometimes bear harshly upon the individual.

Finally, brethren, it would almost seem that our tender mercies were like those of the wicked—altogether cruel.

That we forget the gaunt wolves whining at the door, or the little and weak ones with

* * * "their faces pinched and blue,
Hiding from those sisters two—
Hunger and Cold."

Alas! for them. Our souls ache and throb with the pain and sorrow of it.

But the question is just this: does the permitting in a community of this vagrant class result in the least mitigation of poverty and suffering, or, on the contrary, does it not foster habits of idleness and vagabondism in a much larger number of persons than the allowing of the nuisance can possibly benefit?

A. E. LYMAN.

THE STORY OF THE OKA INDIANS.

III.

THE DEEDS OF CONCESSION AND RATIFICATION.

(Continued.)

To one whose source of information on this subject was confined to the "Historical Notice"* issued by the Seminary in 1876, under the signatures of the Director of the Mission at Oka, and its advocate, the pretensions there set forth would appear to be honestly and legally maintained, and the Indians of Oka convicted as squatters at the Lake of Two Mountains, having sold their Roman birthright for a mess of Protestant pottage, and meriting a stigma as the Ishmaelites, instead of the wards of the Government.

When we find gentlemen, such as those who have in that pamphlet undertaken the defence of the Seminary, guilty of the most unblushing misquotation,—of which I propose to prove—it is no surprise that any of their statements in this matter should be regarded with suspicion. No plea of ignorance can be offered to exonerate these gentlemen from the above charge, as they have special facilities for procuring all deeds and documents bearing upon the case, and do not speak for themselves, but as the mouthpieces of a corporation whose "rights" have been contested so often, that their arguments ought by this time to have become perfect by reiteration.

In my last paper I gave a full translation of the Deed of Ratification of 1718, and charged the Seminary in its "Historical Notice" with quoting this Deed, as a certain gentleman is said to quote Scripture *for his purpose*. For the future it would be wiser for the Seminary to furnish less employment for the ingenuity of Messrs. Lacan and Prevost, and so avoid the mortification of exposure.

As seen previously, the Seminary petitioned the King of France for the Seignory of the Lake *not for its own advantage*, but in the words of the deed, "that it would be *to the advantage of the Mission of Indians* at the Sault au Recollet." All the obligations it assumed, were so assumed in reference to the Indians. The King accedes to the request. He grants lands, constituting the Seminary Seignory, *with all the rights, privileges and responsibilities of such*. He makes certain reservations in favour of the Crown; imposing certain obligations upon the Seminary.

Chap. I. of the "Historical Notice" quotes the Titles with the following slight omissions:—

1. The fact that the concession was "to the ecclesiastics of the Seminary of St Sulpice established at Paris, from whom those of the Seminary of St. Sulpice established at Montreal proceed" is throughout carefully concealed. Not a word is said about the Seminary in France, for reasons which I will deal with in another paper; while the fact that the ordinance of 1841 named it as that "of Montreal" is italicized. The deed of ratification reads thus: "has given and granted to the ecclesiastics of the Seminary of St. Sulpice established at Paris." The "Historical Notice," page 7, reads: "gave and conceded to the ecclesiastics of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, established at Montreal." The importance of the distinction will appear bye and bye.

2. The "Historical Notice" altogether omits the important context, "*solely on the conditions which are to be mentioned in these presents*," and as will be seen further, avoids the very mention of the most important of these conditions.

3. The Seminary special pleaders (page 8) defines the conditions—"that they will, at their own cost, make all necessary outlay for the removal of the said mission, and construct or build, at their own cost, a church and fort of stone for the security of the Indians, according to plans, the said buildings to be finished in two years, etc." By dropping a comma at "church," it is made to appear that the church, as well as the fort, was "for the security of the Indians." The important omission is made, that these plans "shall be by them handed over to the Governor and Intendant of La Nouvelle France, to be by them and with their report sent to the Council of Marine for His Majesty's information, and to be approved." The evidence of *Trusteeship* is here very plainly seen. When the King of France conceded Seignories to his civil or military officers, as their absolute property, no such restrictions were made, but permission given them to dispose of them for their own emolument. But here, and all through the Deed, the conditions and obligations are such as would never have been accepted by a body who asked for, wanted and expected to get the concession as its absolute property.

4. The "Historical Notice" mildly states one of its obligations thus:—"On the obligation of fealty and homage," and omits the context, "which the ecclesiastics of the said Seminary, their successors and assigns, shall be held to perform at the Castle of St. Lewis in Quebec, and which they shall hold under the customary duties and dues and agreeably to the custom of the Prevostship and Viscounty of Paris, followed in La Nouvelle France," etc. No sort of exemption is here evident.

5. The Historical Notice cites another obligation imposed upon the Seminary, thus:—"Of residing or causing to reside (*tenir feu et lieu*) on the said concession." This might be inferred as meaning that the Seminary alone are obliged to "reside or cause to reside" on the Seignory; but the Deed says, "They shall keep and cause to be kept house and home (*feu et lieu*) on the said concession," and means a very important obligation, which it has by no means fully or fairly fulfilled, and which indeed, it has resisted by force when the Indians, in whose interests the lands were given, attempted even to cut wood on the Seignory to repair the miserable "houses" and homes they possess. The "Historical Notice" implies that only the "residence" of the Seminary is compulsory; while the plain interpretation of the Deed as well as common sense will show that it was obliged to erect and keep "house and home" for the Indian families for whose civilization and evangelization it asked and obtained the lands. That this was the interpretation put upon these words in former times is evident from the facts that "houses and homes" for the Indians were built by the Seminary. If evangelization meant a church, and protection, a fort, so

*An Historical Notice on the difficulties arisen between the Seminary of St. Sulpice of Montreal, and certain Indians of Oka, Lake of Two Mountains. A mere case of Right of Property. By no means a religious question. 2nd Edition, 1876.

"Sir," said a blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied his opponent, "but to judge from your size, appearance, and constant buzzing, I should think you belonged to the class generally called insect."

civilization meant a settlement not of wigwams, but of regular "houses and homes." In the Parliamentary Returns for 1870, No. 15, pp. 22-23, the Superior of the Seminary shows that large sums (\$31,851.17 in three years) were spent in sustaining and providing for the mission. The keeping up of the mission becoming every day more onerous, *the produce of the hunt not being sufficient to supply the wants of the Indians, we created farms around our domains.* When these will yield a plentiful crop, they will suffice to meet the expenses of the mission. In the meantime, the Seminary is obliged to advance very large sums of money to keep up, and for the repairs of the establishment of the Lake of Two Mountains. Yet in face of this the Seminary now maintain that these Indians for whom, when Roman Catholics, it felt bound to provide to a large extent, have been nothing more nor less than squatters on its property!

6. The "Historical Notice" mentions as another obligation that it shall "reserve the oaks on those particular concessions partly under cultivation." It omits the important fact that the Deed also contains the following context: "*Which said oak timber His Majesty shall be free to take without being held to pay indemnity.*" In this as in the other omissions, the "Historical Notice" carefully removes all the appearances of Trusteeship, which the imposition of these conditions and obligations clearly infer.

We now come to the second Deed, and herein we find no relaxation of moment, but rather more stringent binding of the Trustees. The "Historical Notice" herein again avoids all allusion to "the Seminary of Paris;" epitomizes the "conditions" of paying fealty and homage, and "also at the ordinary charges and obligations of concessions."

It omits all allusion to the important restrictions and obligations imposed. The dishonesty of this may be apparent from two clauses which especially relate to the Indian interests. The obligation in the former Deed to keep house and home, was made still more binding in the second Deed, thus: "that within a year and a day they shall keep and cause to be kept house and home (*feu et lieu*) on said concession, IN DEFAULT WHEREOF THE SAID CONCESSION SHALL REVERT TO HIS MAJESTY'S DOMAIN"! This has a very unlikely look of "absolute proprietorship."

2. The "Historical Notice" is careful to inform us that the pleas for the second grant contained the following:—"And whereas the said gentlemen the Ecclesiastics of St. Sulpice have represented to him that the transfer of the Mission of the Indians from the Island of Montreal to the Lake, the stone church, presbytery and fort of wood which they had built, had caused them a large expenditure over the value of the lands, &c.," His Majesty "has discharged the said gentlemen from making the said stone fort," &c., and adds the three leagues in extent, &c. Nothing is here said of the principal plea made by the Seminary to obtain its second grant, contained in the Deed as follows:—"And lastly, that the Indians of the Mission of the Lake being accustomed to often change their place of abode, so as to render the said land more profitable, it would therefore be necessary to extend the said land further," &c.

The "Historical Notice" also omits the obligations of the Seminary to notify the King of mines, ores and minerals found within the concession: of the right of the King to take oak timber without payment; of the fact that the said concessions were "restricted and subject to the above conditions without exception."

It may be said that many of these specifications are only such as were used in grants to Seignors during the French regime. That makes them none the less binding, and had the Seminary wanted to avoid any obligation toward the Indians, no reservation relating to them would have been inserted in the Deed; that is, if the Seminary had been able to secure the grants from the King for its own emolument and advantage—which was not in the least possible. Just as the Jesuits were depositaries of their estates, so was the Seminary. I may point to the facts that not only did it prosecute trespassers as "guardians of the Indians," but it built residences for them, made no opposition to their full and free maintenance from the lands; that in fact, it once fulfilled its appointed duty as Trustees of the Indian reserve. Garneau, the Roman Catholic historian of Canada (vol. 2, pp. 112), says:—"Meantime, despite the ardent wishes of Britain for the destruction of Catholicism that the Jesuits driven out of Paraguay, and expelled from France ever since the year 1762, still maintained their position in Canada, and it required a papal decree issued in 1733 to abolish that order from our country. It was not till this took place that the British Government thought of appropriating their estates, forgetting as it did, that the Jesuits were only the depositaries of that property, since it had been given to them by the King of France for educating the people, and the instruction of the savages of New France. The conduct of the Seminary towards the Indians until a recent date, and the clear reading of the law, applies the same principle of trusteeship to the St. Sulpicians as the intention of the original Deeds of concession.

I do not wish here to convey the idea that the Seminary of St. Sulpice has no legal rights to their possessions in Canada. The object of my articles is to show that they are under serious legal obligations towards the Indians, and to show how they have fulfilled these obligations. In my next paper I will deal with the Ordinance of 1841, and will be careful to examine further the very veracious statements of the "Historical Notice."

W. GEO. BEERS.

ODD QUOTATIONS.—There is a sort of vanity some men have, of talking of, and reading, obscure and half-forgotten authors, because it passes as a matter of course, that he who quotes authors which are so little read, must be completely and thoroughly acquainted with those authors which are in every man's mouth. For instance, it is very common to quote Shakspeare; but it makes a sort of stare to quote Massinger. I have very little credit for being well acquainted with Virgil; but if I quote Silius Italicus, I may stand some chance of being reckoned a great scholar. In short, whoever wishes to strike out the great road, and to make a short cut to fame, let him neglect Homer, Virgil, and Horace, and Ariosto and Milton, and, instead of these, read and talk of Fracastorius, Sannazarius, Lorenzini, Pastorini, and the thirty-six primary sonneteers of Bettinelli;—let him neglect everything which the suffrage of ages has made venerable and grand, and dig out of their graves a set of decayed scribblers, whom the silent verdict of the public has fairly condemned to everlasting oblivion. If he complain of the injustice with which they have been treated, and call for a new trial with loud and importunate clamour, though I am afraid he will not make much progress in the estimation of men of sense, he will be sure to make some noise in the crowd, and to be dubbed a man of very curious and extraordinary erudition.—*Sydney Smith.*

A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.'

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

(Continued.)

I am too well satisfied with Lord Blachford's paper, and with much that is in the other papers of the September number, to think that I can add anything of importance to them. The little I would say has reference to our actual knowledge of the soul during this life; meaning by the soul what Lord Blachford means, viz., the conscious being, which each man calls 'himself.'

It appears to me, that what we know and can observe tends to confirm the testimony of our consciousness to the reality of the distinction between the body and the soul. From the necessity of the case, we cannot observe any manifestations of the soul, except during the time of its association with the body. This limit of our experience applies, not to the 'ego,' of which alone each man has any direct knowledge, but to the perceptible indications of consciousness in others. It is impossible, in the nature of things, that any man can ever have had experience of the total cessation of his own consciousness; and the idea of such a cessation is much less natural, and much more difficult to realise, than that of its continuance. We observe the phenomena of death in others, and infer, by irresistible induction, that the same thing will also happen to ourselves. But these phenomena carry us only to the dissociation of the 'ego' from the body, not to its extinction.

Nothing else can be credible, if our consciousness is not; and I have said that this bears testimony to the reality of the distinction between soul and body. Each man is conscious of using his own body as an instrument, in the same sense in which he would use any other machine. He passes a different moral judgment on the mechanical and involuntary actions of his body, from that which he feels to be due to its actions resulting from his own free will. The unity and identity of the 'ego,' from the beginning to the end of life, is of the essence of his consciousness.

In accordance with this testimony are such facts as the following: that the body has no proper unity, identity, or continuity through the whole of life, all its constituent parts being in a constant state of flux and change; that many parts and organs of the body may be removed, with no greater effect upon the 'ego' than when we take off any article of clothing; and that those organs which cannot be removed or stopped in their action without death, are distributed over different parts of the body, and are homogeneous in their material and structure with others which we can lose without the sense that any change has passed over our proper selves. If, on the one hand, a diseased state of some bodily organs interrupts the reasonable manifestations of the soul through the body, the cases are, on the other, not rare, in which the whole body decays, and falls into extreme age, weakness, and even decrepitude, while vigour, freshness, and youthfulness are still characteristics of the mind.

The attempt, in Butler's work, to reason from the individuality and indestructibility of the soul, as ascertained facts, is less satisfactory than most of that great writer's arguments, which are, generally, rather intended to be destructive of objections, than demonstrative of positive truths. But the modern scientific doctrine, that all matter, and all force, are indestructible, is not without interest in relation to that argument. There must at least be a natural presumption from that doctrine, that, if the soul during life has a real existence distinct from the body, it is not annihilated by death. If, indeed, it were a mere 'force' (such as heat, light, &c., are supposed by modern philosophers to be, though men who are not philosophers may be excused, if they find some difficulty in understanding exactly what is meant by the term, when used), it would be consistent with that doctrine, that the soul might be transmuted, after death, into some other form of force. But the idea of 'force,' in this sense (whatever may be its exact meaning), seems wholly inapplicable to the conscious being, which a man calls 'himself.'

The resemblances in the nature and organisation of animal and vegetable bodies seem to me to confirm, instead of weakening, the impression, that the body of man is a machine under the government of his soul, and quite distinct from it. Plants manifest no consciousness; all our knowledge of them tends irresistibly to the conclusion, that there is in them no intelligent, much less any reasonable, principle of life. Yet they are machines very like the human body, not indeed in their formal development or their organism—in their laws of nutrition, digestion, assimilation, respiration, and especially reproduction. They are bodies without souls, living a physical life, and subject to a physical death. The inferior animals have bodies still more like our own; indeed, in their higher orders, resembling them very closely indeed; and they have also a principle of life quite different from that of plants, with various degrees of consciousness, intelligence, and volition. Even in their principle of life, arguments founded on observation and comparison (though not on individual consciousness), more or less similar to those which apply to man, tend to show that there is something distinct from, and more than, the body. But, of all these inferior animals, the intelligence differs from that of man, not in degree only, but in kind. Nature is their simple, uniform, and sufficient law; their very arts (which are often wonderful) come to them by nature, except when they are trained by man; there is in them no sign of discourse of reason, of morality, or of the knowledge of good and evil. The very similarity of their bodily structure to that of man tends, when these differences are noted, to add weight to the other natural evidence of the distinctness of man's soul from his body.

The immortality of the soul seems to me to be one of those truths, for the belief in which, when authoritatively declared, man is prepared by the very constitution of his nature.

LORD SELBOURNE.

(To be continued.)

"That which raises a country, that which strengthens a country, and that which dignifies a country—that which spreads her power, creates her moral influence, and makes her respected and submitted to, bends the heart of millions, and bows down the pride of nations to her—the instrument of obedience, the fountain of supremacy, the true throne, crown, and sceptre, of a nation;—this aristocracy is not an aristocracy of blood, not an aristocracy of fashion, not an aristocracy of talent only; it is an aristocracy of Character. That is the true heraldry of man."—*The Times.*

IMPERIAL AND COLONIAL RESPONSIBILITIES IN WAR.

The importance of the question of Imperial Federation with the Colonies has now become so prominent in England that most of the leading journals and magazines of the metropolis devote continuous attention to it. This has been mainly brought about by the exertions of the Royal Colonial Institute of London. It is not long since that a late Minister of the Crown—the Right Hon. W. E. Forster—delivered a lecture at Edinburgh, on the subject of the Colonies, which attracted universal attention throughout the United Kingdom. Mr. Forster's views were most emphatically opposed to those of the party of disintegration—a party led mainly by the *Times*, but now apparently silenced—and in favour of some scheme for federating the Colonies with the Empire, but in what particular way, the Right Hon. gentleman stated he was not then prepared to propound. He stated, however, that, by the year 1890, England would possess a Colonial population, in the temperate zones, of some 80,000,000, while that of the United Kingdom would approximate to 60,000,000. Here certainly is a grand foundation for a magnificent United Empire. Among the foremost advocates of the union of all "British Interests" under some feasible and tangible form of government is Captain Colomb, who read an exhaustive paper on the subject before the Royal Colonial Institute in May, 1876. Therein, among other things, Captain Colomb stated that the aggregate value of exports and imports of British colonies and possessions is something like £300,000,000. In 1806, the value of exports and imports of the United Kingdom was but some £60,000,000; while it amounted to £55,000,000 in 1876. Therefore the colonies have five times, and England has ten times a greater stake in the sea than in the year succeeding Trafalgar. The Navy estimates for 1805 were £14,493,843; in 1814 they were £22,000,000, or a little over one-fourth of England's imports and exports of that year. The value of the exports and imports of the Australian colonies now, is equal to that of England and France together in 1802—the year of the peace of Amiens. These facts point unmistakably to the necessity of Federal naval positions; a Federal fleet, and a Federal movable army to support it; and show the necessity of some change in the Colonial and Imperial relations in mutual preparation for defence, so that a just distribution of the forces of the Empire may be made to meet cases of emergency; and in case of war, the movable forces might not always be retained at home, for which many arguments might at such a time be produced—for, says Captain Colomb, "it would then be remembered how in 1778, Paul Jones, in the "Ranger" defied our fleets, harassed our home trade, landed at Whitehaven, seized the forts, spiked the guns, set fire to the shipping, and even carried off Lord Selkirk's plate from his seat on St. Mary's Isle. Economists would point out that in the war between 1775 and 1783, 82 men-of-war were taken from us, besides 118 of our war vessels being destroyed or lost, and that this was the expensive result of England's fighting all over the world. In the popular excitement produced by a threatened commerce, in the chaos of our war administrative systems, and in the absence of binding Federal obligations as regards defence, it is not impossible that the necessity of upholding the integrity of the Empire at any cost and at any risk might disappear before constitutional clamour for the adoption of a policy of self-reliant isolation."

It is well known that, in case of war, Russia relies mainly upon the issuing of letters of marque for harassing the trade of England. In this view, the very important questions arise as to how the inviolability of the different parts of the Empire is to be maintained, and how to keep free and unbroken the communications between them. For Canada, these questions are of the utmost importance, since in shipping she has now a greater registered tonnage than France. The loyalty of Canada to the mother country is undoubted, in spite of the succession of petty annoyances, of which the sale of the old sentry-boxes and the flag-staff at Quebec formed the climax. But every one in England is now ready to admit that she is bound both by honor and by interest to defend her colonies to the last, and above all, will never give up Canada as defenceless, and abandon the Dominion to its fate.

In 1848, Prussia had only one corvette and two small gun boats; now, the new-born German Empire has risen to the rank of the third naval state in the world, and the South Pacific has more German ships of war than of any other nation. Since the Crimean war, Russia has completed 2200 miles of water communication to the Pacific; whereas, before that period, she was barred from that sea by 200,000 square miles of intervening territory then belonging to China. She (Russia) has now advanced one military post within fifteen days steaming of Vancouver's Island, and another within eight days of Hong Kong. No wonder then that Captain Colomb presses the consideration of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway upon the attention of Great Britain if she wishes to retain possession of Canada and Australia. The cost, he states at some £10,000,000; but with a yearly commerce of £655,000,000 to protect, the money would be cheaply spent, even if expended solely by England, should such a desirable object be obtained as the efficient protection of her enormous commerce. England has thought it worth while to pay £7,000,000 on account of water communications within the last few years; £4,000,000 has gone into the Suez Canal, through which but one twenty-eighth of her whole commerce passes; but for a work of immense national value, in peace as well as in war, and in the latter case an almost absolute necessity for the preservation of her two most important colonies, England cannot afford to pay £10,000,000!

In the event of a war with America taking place before the British Pacific Railway is made, Captain Colomb shows that England would be cut off from one of her main sources of supply of food—that "Imperial co-operation store," the site of the butcher's and baker's department which lies between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains—because there was no road to it. Upon the opposite side of the question we have had a recent article from Lord Blachford, who was permanent under-secretary of state for the Colonies from 1860 to 1871. Lord Blachford does not see what interest the Colonies have in the discussion and settlement of European difficulties; and asks how Canada could be interested in negotiations about the mouths of the Danube, or Austria about the navigation of the Mediterranean and the free passage of the Dardanelles? We reply that both these questions are of immense importance to Canada and Australia. The wheat growing provinces of Russia on the Black Sea are among

the great rivals of Canada for the supply of grain to Britain, and any imperilling of the power of England to fully protect her commerce in the East would be fatal to Australian interests. An able article in the January number of *Fraser's Magazine* for this year, by Mr. George Baden-Powell, completely refutes Lord Blachford's arguments, and conclusively shows it to be absolutely necessary for the maintenance of England's national standing, that the inviolability of her colonies should be maintained, and the communications between them kept free and unbroken. His proposals for this end are—that the defence of each section must principally lie with their domestic forces, by each colony being prepared to repel invasion; that the larger colonial ports, aided by England, should be put in an effective state of defence; and that the imperial dockyards should be so scattered at convenient distances over the world, that ships of war could not only be there overhauled and repaired, but new ones built if necessary; and that more numerous coaling stations should be established and fortified on all the great water-ways. To see how much is wanting in this latter particular, we have only to look at the defenceless state of Vancouver's Island, most of the West Indian and Australian ports, those of Newfoundland, and even of our own Quebec—though we are informed by telegram that this latter important fortress is to be now more efficiently armed. The writer in *Fraser* also advocates the incorporation of colonial troops, or troops recruited in and supported by the colonies, with the imperial army—a proposal to which we think all the colonies would most cheerfully agree.

Unless we wish to see the realization of Mr. Goldwin Smith's forecast of eventualities in the annexation of all British North American possessions by the United States, let us rather, in the expressive language of Captain Colomb, "hear behind us the measured tread of a host of advancing English nations, whose common path we are to prepare to make plain, and to render safe. We see before us tangled masses of confused systems, which we must do our best to clear away. We are warned of the dangers of our path by the whitened bones of Empires which have gone before and perished."

"But through the sunshine of peace, or through the darkness and gloom of war, our clear duty and our only hope is still to advance shoulder to shoulder, helping the weak and cheering on the strong until we have prepared for those who come after us a safe camping-ground on the shores of a great future. Then, and not till then, can we take the rest of the weary, confident that, so far as in us lies, we have done our part to ensure that our Empire shall remain one and indivisible till wars have ceased in all the world."

JAMES WHITMAN, B.A.

NINO BIXIO.

BY EVELYN CARRINGTON.

In the autumn of the year 1847, Genoa was making ready to receive the King of Sardinia. There was nothing very remarkable in the fact of the King's visit: it was the custom of the Sardinian monarchs to pass a month in the course of every year in that city of palaces. What was remarkable was, that Genoa should be at any pains to make ready to receive him. The proud republican city, whose affections lay enshrined in the memory of her past glories, had incessantly chafed under the yoke of her Savoyard masters; and heretofore she had suffered them to come and go without at all putting herself out to do them honour. There had been no love lost on one side or on the other. But now, from Etna to the Alps, a mighty transformation scene was at work in Italy. The Vision of Unity—foreseen by Napoleon as he gazed on the map of Europe at St. Helena—invoked, conjured by Genoa's own great republican son, Giuseppe Mazzini—was dawning upon the peninsula; or, rather, was throwing up before it the rose crowns of day, unmistakable to eyes that would see, though wilfully declared to be the night aurora by the wilfully blind. At the coming of that vision, old jealousies and hatreds deemed imperishable vanished out of sight, even as nocturnal mists roll off the mountains at the first rays of sunlight. The heart of Italy palpitated with the deep and strong hopes that are begotten of despair. What Genoa meant by going forth in her thousands to welcome the Sardinian King, was that henceforward there was to be but one cause—that of Italy; and but one cry—that of "War to the foreigner!" We may be sure the King divined the meaning of these unaccustomed throngs, these unwonted cheers; but the people, half-suspecting it would be judged high treason to proclaim it, held their peace as concerned the common thought which had brought them there. Not altogether, however, for a youth more eager or more daring than the rest, rushed through the crowd, grasped the reins of Charles Albert's horse, and thundered out, "Sire, cross the Ticino, and we are all with you!" This youth was called Nino Bixio.

A name that will probably suggest few other associations to the ordinary English reader than perhaps a vague idea that its bearer was one of Garibaldi's generals. For if one thing is more remarkable than the general goodwill with which the majority of Englishmen—at least, of late years—have watched the Italian movement, it is their profound ignorance of all relating to it. That the Marshal-President of the French Republic was the victor of Magenta, that the representative of Trastevere at Monte Citori took Palermo, they may be able to tell you; but should they be beguiled into giving further details, it is only too likely they will fall into the oddest mistakes, and make a melancholy hotch-potch of dates and circumstances. More usually, however, they will acknowledge their ignorance, and have the discretion to be silent. This is a state of things much to be regretted. No man can be said to have fully lived unless he be acquainted with his own times. The man whose world is bounded by the limits of his small surrounding circle, leads a life but one step removed from that of the intelligent dog or chimpanzee; whilst he who is wholly engrossed and absorbed in abstract pursuits, lives as an intellect, scarcely as a man; others are the ghosts of the past, or, mayhap, of the future. That one only who walks in the griefs and turmoil of the present, with his eyes open and his judgment clear, achieves a true right to say, with Sieyès, "*J'ai vécu.*" But, we must own, it is not wonderful that most people should have confused ideas about this century of Italian history. Its threads are so manifold and so involved, that it takes more time than Englishmen imagine they can afford to give to what they call "foreign politics" in order to unravel them; and when this has been done, in all pains

and patience, we yet find ourselves in a haze on many points, and are brought face to face with problems difficult, if not impossible, now to solve, and which, perhaps, never will be solved in a really satisfactory manner. This much for the impartial student. Of course, the convinced partisan—and we say it without blaming him—finds the task far easier, whatever may be the position he assumes. The future historian of Italy will have a splendid theme; will have for record martial heroism, civic virtue, and sublime self-devotion, both collective and individual, unsurpassed in ancient or modern times, but he will have much to explain, much to reconcile. Such attempts as have been made to anticipate his work—the work of posterity—have not been attended by any signal success up to the present; and possibly we possess hardly a better way of arriving at a just general notion of the events which have constituted the creation of a new Italy, than that of following the lives of the men who have chiefly participated in them. One of these men, an important, though not an absolutely principal, actor in the drama of Italian independence, was Nino Bixio; whose career it is our purpose to briefly sketch in the ensuing pages.

Like Garibaldi's, the Bixio family sprung from Chiavari. Nino's father migrated to Genoa, where he settled in a position of trust in the employ of a goldsmith; he was an honest man, somewhat limited in mind and weakly in body. His wife was a woman of a very superior stamp, and was distinguished alike for great beauty and great good sense. It is worth noting that she was the intimate friend of Mazzini's mother, one of the noblest of the noble company of Italian women, the Cornelias of modern Italy—the mothers of the Cairoli, of the Tosi, of the Rufini, and how many more unnumbered and unknown, yet no whit less worthy of undying fame than the Roman matron. Nino, as he was called—his baptismal name was Girolamo—the last of eight brothers, was born October 2nd, 1821. Unhappily for him, his excellent mother died when he was nine years old; and though it was not long before his father married again, there was no one in the house from that moment who had energy or authority to keep order amongst turbulent boys, and a veritable reign of anarchy was the consequence. So Nino grew up to be a bad boy. All things considered, the "bad boys" and the "stupid boys" have produced quite as respectable a quota of eminent men as the youthful models of primness and precocity. But into the why and wherefore of this we are not going now to enter. As regards poor Nino, he cannot be held solely responsible for his juvenile peccadilloes. He was, it is true, sent to half-a-dozen schools, one after another; but no one cared or concerned himself whether he got on well or ill; it was no one's business to remember to pay the master, or to furnish the scholar with maps, school-books, or even paper—the boy was reduced to writing his exercises on the back of the labelled cards of the goldsmith. His schoolfellows, with the cruel, quick instinct of the species, soon discovered the neglect with which Bixio was treated at home, and made a butt of him in consequence—the masters, it would seem, not disdaining to join in the game. Bixio was not the boy to stand this; he threw the inkstand at the master, and administered black eyes to the pupils; from being a butt, he became a terror. These early years must be taken into consideration when we form an estimate of his life as a whole; for the want of a softening and controlling influence during his boyhood, in addition to a temperament naturally hot-headed and a tongue naturally unguarded, led him into trouble on sundry occasions in after years, when the exaggerations of popular report almost succeeded in giving him the reputation of a sort of filibustering Fra Diavolo, who would cut off a man's head as soon as say good morning to him—a reputation which we may as well here state, once for all, he did not deserve.

At thirteen, Bixio cut short his school-days by going to sea as cabin boy on board a vessel bound for South America. His shipmates made fun of him upon a fresh score; they styled him *scioetto*—"little gentleman," in the Genoese dialect. Altogether, he did not find the life highly congenial, and he ran away once or twice, but was caught by the captain, and in due time taken back to the port of Genoa. The family were apparently exceedingly anxious to get him off their hands, and therefore lost no time in enlisting him as a seaman in the Sardinian navy. The reasons assigned for this step do not seem to have been very conciliatory, and the boy resisted, upon which he was coolly turned into the streets, where he was found some days later by the police, who forcibly deposited him on board the ship he was to serve in—on the whole, as matters stood, the best thing that could have befallen him. So some years elapsed, and, whether from reading Niccolini's "Arnold of Brescia," and other suggestive works of the same class, or it may be from forming the acquaintance of members of the society of Young Italy, the principles which were at once to govern and ennoble his life took possession of him: henceforth he believed that Italy had a future, and that each of her sons was in duty bound to hasten its advent. He became serious and studious, and held himself in readiness to join in the struggle for national existence so soon as it should begin. But serving as he did in the Royal Navy of Piedmont, he felt that his liberty of action was restricted, and he resolved, if possible, to change into the merchant service. This plan involved a certain amount of expenditure, which he was not himself in circumstances to meet; he was, however, enabled to carry it out by the timely assistance of his brother Alessandro, who had already obtained a fair position in Paris. A remarkable man, this Alessandro Bixio, by the way—a physician, naturalist, aeronaut, journalist, and politician, in which last capacity he became the trusted friend of the chief French republicans, and a minister and diplomatic agent under the government of '48. He received the Legion of Honour, and, amongst other exploits, fought a duel with M. Thiers *à propos* of the presidency of Louis Napoleon. Made prisoner at the *coup d'état*, he retired, after his release, from the political arena, and devoted himself to the interests of scientific agriculture and industrial enterprise upon a large scale. He was Nino's senior by nearly twenty years, and he survives him.

(To be continued.)

An American minister, of fine descriptive power, was, on one occasion, preaching about heaven; and to show the absurdity of Emanuel Swedenborg's ideas on the subject, drew a graphic picture of the Swedenborgian heaven, with its beautiful fields, fine horses, cows, and pretty women; and, in the midst of his glowing description, a good old sister, carried away by the scene, went into raptures, and shouted, "Glory, glory, glory!" The preacher was so disconcerted that he paused, seeming hardly to know what next to do, till the presiding elder in the stand behind him cried out to the shouter, "Hold on, there, sister: you are shouting over the wrong heaven."—*Curiosities of the Pulpit.*

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS. A novel. By Mrs. Newman, author of "Jean," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Paper, price 25 cts.

The performance is much better than the promise. A poor governess, her lovable pupil, a vulgar girl who supplants the second in her father's estate, a parcel of papers burned and one overlooked, an absent lover, a mercenary one, and a hard-working, clever and reticent one, who change places are, it would seem, nothing but the old stock-in-trade. But Mrs. Newman uses them with art and makes new combinations which pleasantly disappoint too confident expectation, and show a skill in construction and artifice of no mean order. To indicate the outlines of the story would be to spoil the reading of one of the best of its class. Novel readers will do well to judge for themselves whether this one be not capably devised, prettily written and of high aim.

BOURBON LILIES: A Story of Artist Life. By Lizzie W. Champney. "The Wayside Series." Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co., 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 12mo., pp. 388. Cloth, price \$1.25.

The novels we have had to notice this week have afforded a pleasant labour, instead of somnolence and disgust. That no less than six are readable is something to chronicle, and the last of the number is by no means the least. The author does impress one with the idea that she is writing up to bric-à-brac, pictures, and "culture," and that she is a zealous member of an Art Propaganda, her rule of life and her mission being evident in every page, and "effects" being worked out constantly; but nevertheless her story is charming. The episodes are sometimes very touching and there is no small amount of wit, while the bits of French country life and scenery are fresh and inspiring. By way of contrast the travelling American is opposed to his travelled brother and not unskillfully. Excepting the current Bostonian assumption of superiority; which is evident enough, though not meant to be, and the improbability of such an Arcady, "Bourbon Lilies" is as pleasant a story as one could wish to read. It is one of the publishers' "Wayside Series," which is well got up.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, by John Richard Green, M.A. Volume I. With eight maps. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 8vo., pp. 576. Price \$2.50.

Those who know Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People," which had such a success a few years ago, will rejoice in the extended and amplified work which he is now producing. The constitutional, educational and social advance of the nation, as it is seen in the history of the people, not the mere record of wars, of the lives and surroundings of kings, and of diplomacy, was the task he essayed in his popular book; and the manner in which it was accomplished made it not only a favourite but an authority immediately. The full charm of his style, his crisp, racy anecdotes, his bits of home life of all periods, the masterly tracing of great political and social changes by the expressions of the people, his sketches of the men of all classes in all periods, and the graphic presentation of the whole scheme won for him recognition as a scholar and a writer of singular research and eminent brilliancy. The present work is not only an enlargement, the plan of it is in many respects changed; subjects which had to be noticed but cursorily before are now more fully treated, and fresh ones are taken up; many modifications and restatements are made; and the more finished work is not marked by the abrupt divisions of the "Short History." The eight maps, which replace the four relating to the same period in the "Short History," are very full and clear, three of them give an admirable idea of the divisions of England from the English Conquest to the end of the Danelagh, A.D. 449-947, and other two are no small help to a proper understanding of the history of early Ireland and Scotland, the Dominion of the Angevins and France at the Treaty of Bretigny are shown, as in the earlier work, but a special map illustrates the Wars of the Roses. The end of the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster is the limit of this volume, which thus embraces just ten centuries. Three more volumes will complete the work, which will thus be extremely comprehensive, and, considering that with the development of his subject all the power and attractiveness of the author's treatment are increased, it will probably become one of the most favourite and influential of English histories.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME; The Testimony of an Eye-witness. By Victor Hugo. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Paper, price 25 cents.

Victor Hugo has written many books that may fairly claim the title of "great," but in this "History of a Crime," of which we now have the first part, there is evidence of greater power than ever. It is more serious too than others of his writings, and it well may be, for the reason of its appearance was not far to seek. The determined, and, as it then seemed in danger of becoming, criminal conduct of MacMahon, recalled the scenes of December 1851 to the eye-witness, who had noted them with a bitter exactness and who, exiled from France, had kept them in store all through the Second Empire, till liberty, after escaping from Caesarism, was again threatened. The preface, dated October 1st 1877, says, "This book is more than opportune; it is imperative. I publish it." There is no further allusion to the Constitutional struggle then going on; at the same time the opinion of Hugo could not but be understood and of great force.

As to the "Testimony" itself, it is direct, given in Hugo's most vivid manner, and invested with all the charm of a personal narrative, which, the recital of outraged feeling political injustice and personal cruelty, is in itself fascinating in the extreme, but when told with all the brilliancy of dramatic effect and the subtle suggestions of a master of his art, is irresistible. Looked at as a matter of simple history the book has a great value; from it may be drawn the simple facts—and we believe that, in spite of his anger and sorrow, Hugo has not exaggerated—of one of the most important events of the century, the brilliant results of which did, it is true, hide the means used, but which, nevertheless, was a violation of all fair play and honour. And so on all accounts literary, historical and social, this is a book among books. The events described we cannot review in detail; the part of the work now before us contains the history of the first and second days of the great *coup d'état*, of which Victor Hugo can in one sense well say "pars magna fui," and the story of which, as he tells it, is his fullest revenge upon the Man of December and of Sedan.

MIRAGE; by the author of Kismet. "No Name" Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 16mo., pp. 346. Cloth \$1.00.

The author of "Kismet" leaves the Nile land this time for Syria, and tells us the story of a girl, who with the nature of a true artist, but uncongenial surroundings, has at last to yield to the inevitable and marry the well meaning, easy-going, but undeniable young Philistine, while the man, who would have met her longings and brought out her true feelings, goes back to his art to make up for an ill-spent life, and the memory of a wife loved too late. The *motif* is a sad one, but the composition and harmonies with which it is given are clever and diversified as in the figures of a master musician. There are many skilful touches of description, bits of capital dialogue, characters sharply drawn and a thorough *vraisemblance* of modern life among well-to-do and educated people. There is much in the style to remind one of William Black, or else this book is by a Bostonian counterpart of him. The characters are American, but we fail to detect any distinctively American treatment. It is one of the best of the "No Name" Series, and will be read with much pleasure. Its sketches of Syrian scenery and its delicate wit are its greatest charms. A grave defect in all fictions founded on travel—too much of the diary and didactic style to wit—is not only skilfully avoided, but neatly satirized.

SPECIAL NOTICES BY THE EDITOR.

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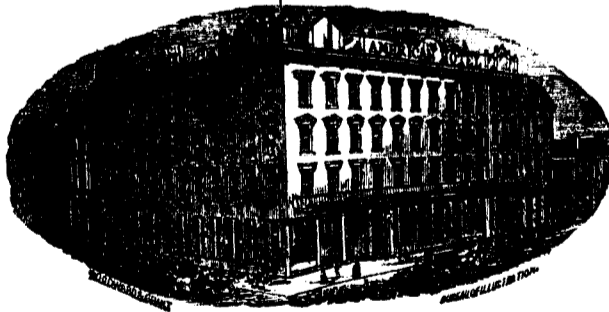
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