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.

- ☐ 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

☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

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
							✓				

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 9.] MARCH, 1876. [No. 3.

NOTES OF THE QU'APPELLE TREATY.

BY F. L. HUNT, WINNIPEG.

IN the clever and faithful work of Mr. Grant, "Ocean to Ocean" (which, from many years' acquaintance with a large part of the route and country described, I can strongly recommend), the author devotes space to comment upon the Treaty of the Lake of the Woods, and sees (as all cultured men of the world do) much to enkindle his sympathy and regard towards the Indians with whom he came in contact, and, from them at large, to all these children of the woods and plains, dwelling now in the long shadows cast by their declining sun, telling of the brief night, so soon at hand, that will hold scant dawn for them.

I propose to give in this paper an off-hand account of the Treaty of Lac Qu'Appelle, holden in September, 1874, by the Hon. Alexander Morris, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba; the Hon. Mr. Laird, Minister of the Interior; and Mr. William Joseph Christie, late Chief Officer of the Hudson Bay Company in the district of the Saskatchewan, but now retired from the service.

I write freely from my notes, nor yet complain. Impressions of the hour gain in freshness what they lack in precision. If they smack of the dishabille of the Plains; the undress is not necessarily irksome to the reader.

Crossing the Plains with a train of loaded carts may be strongly commended by the faculty as a sedative—scarcely as an exhilarant;—nor is it suggestive of anything I am aware of, saving patience, for which quality there is ample room.

The feeling of repose in camp is marred unpleasantly by fear lest the animals should stray off and leave you and your cart in the lurch. There is a constant slow hurry on the road, and if you are behind anything on a windy day, the dust is simply unendurable. This petty attrition of travel mars almost all thoughts of your surroundings—absorbs you completely in its routine.

Not so much, however, did it absorb me, but that as we were about to descend into the valley of the Qu'Appelle, I was keenly conscious of the thrill of delight which moves one when the thousand perfections that make the fair scene meet the eye—the sweeping, graceful lines; the shading hand of Nature which blends and melts her col-

ours; the canopy which seems arrayed and kindred only with the smiling, sleeping earth; in a word, the harmony which greets our finer sense, even as strains of music or the perfume of grateful flowers.

The descent into the valley was made through a wooded ravine, whose great length seems hardly at all to cut off the sharp incline. Getting down at last, we camped in a glen at the foot—a nook so furnished forth with all that makes a camp, that it would almost seem to say "Stop here." Climbing the immense bluff to the right, I there saw, in all its novel beauty, the fair valley of the Qu'Appelle.

I am somewhat at a loss to utter all the thoughts that moved me as I, to all seeming, the only creature there, stood mute amid the grand repose, the hush of this vast temple of the Plains. It has a character so entirely its own, so stained with the ages, so shut in, so weird and still, so filled with the great calm of untroubled nature, so instinct with the past, that thought of the future seems all alien—an invasion. It might be an Indian's dream of the "Happy hunting grounds." It was his happy "Hunting ground;" soon it would be so no more. The broad arch seemed to brood in strange sympathy above the sleeping hills; there was a voice in their repose; the heart ached fronting the buried time; and in the scope that met the eye—the wider scope filling the mind moved in unrest—one felt but as a child.

Only glimpses can be had of the river, a coy and modest little stream, which seems, with its green fringe, to shrink away to the other side, misliking strange approach.

One finds a rare pleasure watching the serrated bluffs which bound in the valley, and the wonderfully beautiful colours, bred from the changing season, which made their bare or half-clothed sides hold as vivid a charm as ever lit a rainbow or found birth in a prism. There are no edges or sharp lines; the attrition of the seasons has rounded each knob, knoll, or spur, so that although there is every conceivable variety of shape, there is but one form. The ground colour is mainly a soft buff or brown. I could liken its peculiar sheen or hue only to the horns of the deer or caribou in the velvet. The grass seems a furze or gorse. The short vegetation—touched by the frost, lit with the sunshine, foiled and relieved by the prevailing dun or brown—melts into a cloth or carpet before which the lover of nature may stand or lie, and gaze uncloyed for hours. This valley and these bluffs may be strongly commended as a study to him seeking (most often in galleries made by men) the mysteries of colour—a branch of art attained to by so few.

The road leading at the foot of the bluffs, and taking us past many a natural lawn whose grade and perfect slope would drive a landscape gardener wild, brought us at last to the foot of the lake; and the next morning, a bright and glorious one, was fit to drape the sleeping waters held in so closely by the massive hills. It was a rare delight; nor, as I watched the snowy gulls and buoyant wild fowl riding the unruffled tide, did I chide the tardy pace that held us in such an atmosphere and in such a scene. The road, however, is but a scant one, clasping the foot of the hill, and overhanging in many places the lake, into which the carts continually manifested a frightful propensity to hurl themselves. One, indeed, made this frantic plunge, carrying its ox along with it; the wretched animal performing such a series of double summersaults, and ground and lofty tumbling, as not a little astonished his compeers, and it is to be supposed himself also.

The land at times makes out into the lake in wooded points, and anything large enough for a garden finds a house and rude fence upon it; but the soil is poor and sandy, as well as continually stressed by drought. This did not so much matter when the old buffalo roads, which lead over the rugged hill-sides and down the ravine in every quarter, were filled with their forms; when their shaggy fronts glassed themselves in the clear water, or frowned down from the rim of the overlooking hills, as they defiled in countless numbers strong-limned against the sky. But the sky line is unbroken now, and ever will be by their forms again. The elk no more tosses his branching antlers, capping the rounded heights; and the cabri or antelope shuns this habitat of man, who, the whilome hunter, now remains alone with his strong arms, and his fish—*dernier ressort* to the true hunter, ambitious only of his accustomed lordly spoil. The finest white-fish are found here in abundance, both summer and winter. An old *habitan* tells me the first and last lakes supply the largest fish. Singularly

enough, in the intermediate waters the size of this fish is considerably smaller. In the two extreme lakes they sometimes reach the extraordinary weight of fifteen pounds—this is amazing, and caps Lake Superior—and so fat as to yield each over a pint of oil. Beneficent, compensating Nature! for is not the true white-fish, when bred in the right waters, the king of all fish—a piscatory delight which enslaveth the palate alike of the rich and the poor.

Upon a reaching point, which absorbed the lake until it became a narrow channel, upon the opposite side of which the wooded, beautiful heights swept directly down into the water, one mass of superb colour, we came at last to the mission—a small Catholic chapel where alike the *voyageur* and the *habitan* meet to kneel in worship and minister to their spiritual wants. They are bidden to this from the high Prairie, where a large wooden cross, overlooking the country, signals men to a duty they are prone to forget. The story of the cross, told by this rude emblem, has a significance which it does not possess in lands where men and churches most abound. Fraught as ever with the Divine tenderness of surpassing love, it also tells mutely of the fervour and devotion of the earlier sons of the Church, who bore it amid suffering and death in kindred wilds. In these quiet days, rid of danger, the good Fathers have, in their peaceful natural surroundings, accessories to meditation and elevation of thought eminently helpful to that theory of life which makes abstraction from the fever of mankind part of the routine of their sacred office.

Whatever feelings of kindliness I might have entertained towards the solitary pastor of this remote flock, they were evidently not shared by that high strung and wayward animal, my ox. To save us from being choked by the dust of "the train," I had blandly entreated him to fall a bit to the rear, and not press the flying vanguard too closely. He replied by running away—not from me, but with me. I braced myself at all impossible angles: he dragged me along like a fly; we dashed down a bad hill and up a worse one; fled off in the direction of a tent—a close thing—the ox overweighted, but having an advantage in the number of legs. One of the women here rushed to the point with a stick, and after a gallant affair of a few minutes he succumbed, to the extent of following a pioneer armed with a club, which she brandished in his face when he rallied for another rush.

While I, perforce, from the revival of a certain *mal de raquette* which had hardly entreated me of old—while I sat riding, perched up over that fatal ox, and pondering gloomily why I could not stick a knife into him without his kicking wildly and impaling the pioneer in front—we suddenly debouched from the road and came upon the treaty ground of Qu' Appelle.

A few camps of half-breeds; some rude houses, from one of which was flying a flag indicative of the immense bargains to be had within; a great camp of Indians on the plain across the river; the Company's fort beyond; the whole shut in by the brown bluff—here, at last, was Qu'Appelle.

The little Treaty world was as agog as such a sleepy little world could be, awaiting the arrival of the Commissioners, and news was eagerly sought—as if a man driving an ox could ever by any possibility have any news.

In accordance with the etiquette of the Plains, which shuns, when in sight, further uninvited approach, I stopped at the river, took out the graceful beast with whom I had been so lately at feud, and awaited the summons from our friends in camp to cross and be at rest. It soon came, and, preceded by two young gentlemen with feathers in their hair and ribbons in their horses' tails, my sagacious old runaway, with much precision and dignity, took us across the ford, and briefly halting, his and our travel was over, for a space at least.

The wife's brother came forward to greet and conduct us into his spacious, handsome skin lodge, where we were received with a quiet warmth and cordiality. After the friendly, welcoming calumet had duly made its rounds, we brake of the bread of the Plains—pemmican—and drank what never cloys—tea—dear, delightful tea! brief prelude to the welcome sleep under the accustomed cart.

We awoke next morning in a wealth of sunshine and wigwams. There was no lazy ox to gird at; nothing to do but see and be seen; which apparent idleness is an honest pleasure when it brings you, as it often did me, face to face again with fellow-*voyageurs* of other days—friends whom one scarce could expect to ever meet again.

The assemblage of Indians was not as large as might naturally have been expected, —a few Sioux as lookers-on, the bulk Otchipwes, and not a great many Crees, who were absent at the buffalo hunt securing their winter's provisions. Still it was in some senses a full camp, fraught with such variety of life as may be found in so large an assembly of so peculiar a people. The Indians were encamped—the Crees and Otchipwes apart—in the centre of the Plain; the half-breeds and others at the foot of the bluffs, from whose summit stretched the range for grass demanded by their animals.

All were awaiting Treaty—the Indians, so far as outward expression went, less interested than any. This indifference is not assumed; children of abundant leisure, the restless fever and hurry of an European may excite their wonder—never their emulation.

The half-breeds, however, were naturally *tristes* and *desolés* at the delay. Who can tell, amid the Talleyrands and Mazarins of the hour, what *coups* were made in imagination, that were destined to oblivion by the prosaic messengers of the Queen, who "came to treat with Indians and not half-breeds!"

The prosaic genii adverted to, however, sent in, about this time, a votive offering each day of a bullock and sundry amounts of flour, tea, &c., to beguile the tedium of the camp, which were received and disposed of without any appearance of feasting or jubilation. Indians can scarcely be expected, however pressed at times in the long winters, to be elated at present plenty, when their life amid the buffalo is a continual feast. They are as patient under want as outwardly indifferent to abundance. Now there was a continual interchange of quiet hospitality. The recipient of many invitations, I can safely say that nothing can exceed their delightful quietude and friendly *empressement*. They "sit at meat" like the thorough gentlemen they are, with a just union of dignity, simplicity, and repose.

I may mention here something anent that other part of the day—the night—from an odd pleasure I enjoyed, which would, I think, drive many half wild. The Crees have an immensely fine breed of dogs, very large, strongly made, and—if a certain savage look is not unpleasing—fine looking. They are quite essential as hauling dogs, mainly in winter, when three of them will make a trip with the meat of a buffalo bull. So closely bred in with the wolf are they, that it may be fairly said that they are domesticated wolves. These creatures abound in the Cree camp, spending most of their spare time in battles with each other, which, however, are more ferocious in seeming than reality, they going to war, like the Chinese, with a great noise, and ending it there. They race in packs at any poor devil who comes in their way, and then the *mêlée* becomes general, until the Indians make a diversion by an impartial distribution of blows all round. They are full of a queer, wild character, all their own, and were to me an unending source of study and amusement.

Chiefly in the night, when the whole camp is buried in repose, is the satisfaction adverted to derived, for then commences the most wild, weird, unearthly concert that ever assailed man's ears. First you have a short yelp, then two or three yelps in succession, a brief howl, which is answered in every quarter, and then, as if seized with a contagious inclination which it is impossible to resist, every dog in the camp, in every variety of tone, and with a dolorous wailing and melancholy prolongation broken, agonized, and complaining, gives tongue unto the night, which fairly rocks and trembles with the multitudinous and sorrowful acclaim. In this frantic discord, strange to say, I found an accord, and used to lie and listen, chained and attent to the strange blending of wild cries. The weird sounds were as entirely in keeping with the surroundings—both had a savage grace—were as natural the one to the other, as is the plaint of the nightingale amid the soft scenes of cultured life.

In the early night the Indian drum fills the air with its monotonous beat, the vocal accompaniment being chiefly remarkable from the persistent efforts of the boys to swell their voices above those of the men. One night, however, I was awakened by an extensive drum affair in the adjoining lodge (it might as well have been in my own), and can vouch for its efficacy in awakening emotions of rage and attack; speaking of which reminds me of what I heard from an old friend to-day, just in from the buffalo.

A short time ago, during an encounter, a party of Blackfeet found shelter from a force of Sioux in a thick covert. Being armed

with breech-loaders, they made such havoc with their foes that, finally, the Sioux chief exhorting his men, they threw away their own guns, rushed into the wood, and slew the Blackfeet to a man with their knives alone.

I am tempted to narrate here something told me by my wife. I give it in her words: "Boskesikegun (or 'the Gun'), my father's brother, was a man of wonderful skill and success in stealing horses; he was never caught and never wounded. The most horses he ever stole at one time was one hundred and twenty, the least five. There was no one in the nation like him. He knew when others slept or were off their guard, and has often gone into the camp of his enemies when they were asleep, and cut the lines of the horses tied near the lodge and carried them off. The time he took the most, the horses were all penned in an enclosure in the midst of the camp; he went in and drove them out. Whenever it was known he was going out, the young men were glad to go under him. He stole from all nations—the Blackfeet, Crows, Big-bellies, Flatheads, and Sioux. Sometimes his young men would want to kill horses that gave out in the quick travel. This he would not permit; he thought it would bring ill fortune to them—that it was a sin.

"This spring he led a party to steal from the Blackfeet. There were fifteen and a boy—one was his wife's brother. This man had married a widow with one child, a boy. The step-father had been very fond of him, and was in great grief, for the boy had died but a little ago. On their way out they found three horses and sent them back by a young man. My uncle knew that there would be many of them killed, and tried to persuade his brother-in-law to return with the horses, but he would not.

"When they got into the enemy's country he told them one morning it would be a dark day, and before long they saw many of their enemies about them. They sought the best place they could find—a small place shaped like a bowl—it was the best at hand. Soon the Blackfeet were about them. The man who had lost his child said: 'This is what I came here for. I am tired of my life; here I will die,' and he sat with his gun between his knees until a ball in his throat ended him. Our people fought bravely, but the enemy were very many and very close. Boskesikegun said to his men, 'I shall be killed and many others, but not all of you; tell my wives not to cry for me, we have killed plenty of the enemy. You that get away take care of my brother's son.' When he received a fatal wound in the head, the boy gave a cry, but was told by a man who had married his sister.' 'Don't cry; pick up his gun and fight.' The boy did—laughing at every shot he made. He got a ball through the arm, and was knocked senseless with a blow on the head with a stone, but escaped with his life. Some of the enemy understood Cree, and while the fight was going on Boskesikegun said to them, 'I am the man who always took your horses; now that I am about to die you will be able to keep them better.' The fight lasted half a day. At night five Crees—three of them and the boy being badly wounded—escaped, leaving ten dead on the ground.

"Some half-breeds fell in with the Blackfeet a few days after, and they said they had lost thirty men in the battle. The gun belonging to the man who was 'tired of his life,' fell into the hands of a man who escaped. It was a Henry rifle, and slew twenty of these thirty.

"When the men reached the Cree camp, they told the wives of Boskesikegun what he had said. His right wife, or council wife, seemed not much moved, going about singing to herself, but inquired particularly about the place where her husband was killed, and disappeared in the night time. After a search, her friends set out for the place where they had fought, and two days out overtook the faithful creature, on her way to the body of her husband and certain death."

This is what my wife said—adding: "The boy who is in here so often is the same one;" and, indeed, a fine young chap he was in every way, neither he nor his family thinking at all about the little matter I have been relating.

It is a custom among the Indians at certain times to recount their deeds of valour and endurance in battle and the chase. This has been much sneered at by white men as alien to true courage, their own noble reticence being quite inflexible—saving perhaps in books, magazines, newspapers, and general conversation. This, doubtless, is a source of gratulation to the men of destiny, being in its character akin to the gentle heroism that never, never,

never degenerates into ferocity. Now, than the custom of the Indians nothing can be more simple, more truly heroic. The man marked with scars and thrilling with the memories of danger and individual daring is a noble living poem—a breathing epic. He has arraigned himself before a tribunal whose murmured consent to what he says is fame; whose silence is twice defeat. He tells with generous ardour of the prowess of his single arm, well told by single speech. The thought occurs as I picture forth the fray amid the hills; of the "dark day," foreknown to all; of the fatal many against the undaunted few; of the despondent, tranquil form of him vowed and glad to death; the brief comment of his friend—"you will not be far before me;" the stubborn fierceness of the strife; the laughing boy in that grim scene; the night at last whose parted curtains let forth the bleeding handful left. I see, too, that faithful wife wending her way from all of life to all of death, overtaken and reclaimed; and I think of the thoughts she never speaks, of the tears that rain in only on her heart.

Without any particular inclination here to enlarge upon the characteristics of a race seen by many, known by few, I may say, after some twenty years' contact with Indians, that the ideal Indian is a most natural creation—an undoubted fact. Cooper and Longfellow, so far from exceeding nature, have only, with the instinct of genius, and stirred by a fine humanity, sketched slightly but faithfully in a field which to a thoughtful man is not only full of unique and graphic portraitures, but is coloured as well with a mythology which, mystic as are all religions, is yet so fresh and subtle that its simple lines blend insensibly with the tender reaching filaments with which nature seeks to surround and permeate every existence, imparting to these her children, in their primal condition, a certain knowledge which is health, certain faiths which we call superstition, but which to them are religion—nay, further, an occult faculty, which, in its display, is the wonder of the sage and the derision of the fool.

Word at last came of the envoys "camped at the mission," and early the next morning, while the mists summoned by that autocrat, the sun, were lazily lifting in wreaths from their couch, the lake, and curtaining the hills ere melting into space, came the unwonted sounds of their approach. Soon the buff jackets of the bluffs were flecked with a ruddier tinge, sprinkled with the red bodices whose prototypes have in so many a well-won field been deepened with a darker and more fatal hue, and soon—softened by the distance—the music of the band came stealing, swelling upon the glittering air, laden, for the first time in uncounted ages, with so sweet a burden, pregnant with such novel charms. Oh, mystery of thought and memory! Oh, prose that bourgeons into poetry! What glamour is there in the air that makes my heart to beat, my lip to tremble, and my eyes to dim?

"What do I see? What do I not see? I see these children of the Plain among whom I stand, fade, even as fades yon lingering band of vapour hidden by absorbing power, and melt into the past, as a people that once were, but who are no more. The free, the natural life, the unbounded liberty, the plenty and the spoils of chase; the air, the water, ripe with fowl and fish; the swelling plains where dwelt the buffalo, the elk, the bear, and deer; the troops of riders, the bands of wild or waiting horses; the hunters, men whose silent, trusty bow slew just enough and no more; the vast camps—the pointed, moving cities of the Plain—with all their hopes and fears, their loves and sadness, gone even as a dream, nor trace nor stone to mark where once the nations stood!

Nigh to this fading remnant—their horns and bugles heralding their approach—come the *avant couriers* of destiny—the strong, the conquering, the all-dominant race; the children of the northern seas; mixed Teuton and Celt, ruthless to sway, yet swaying justly; fierce, yet tender; rough, but still sincere. They come to set their seal upon the land and make it ruddy with new life. Their hands are full of the memories of home; and at the thoughts of homes of yore of this my kindred race, the music, as with a golden key, unlocked the long-closed doors of years, and showed me faces, eyes, through which souls looked full on mine, an instant, yet for ever.

Quite unmoved either by men or music, the Indians beheld the cortege cross the ford, and, recruited by a number of half-breeds on foot and horseback, approach the Company's Fort, the head-quarters of the Commission, while the troops bearing on, halted on the borders of the lake.

The great marquee or council tent was

pitched herd by the camp of the Dominion troops, but after a brief interview with the commissioners, the Indians, one and all, so strongly objected to reassemble anywhere upon ground claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company, that it was removed to a rising ground indicated by themselves, between their own camp and the Company's fort, and it was there they met the commissioners in Council.

As to the manner. Shortly before the hour appointed, a bugler from the troop, accompanied by an interpreter or guide, made the rounds of the Indian camp, blowinga call at the Council Lodge of the Indians and other prominent points; after which, did the Indians incline to meet that day—not otherwise, and there were many lapses—they, with every deliberation and in detached parties, moved across the plain, singing or not, as might be, and advanced in a body to the marquee, seating themselves inside, on the ground—the Otchipwes on the one side and the Crees on the other. It may be said here that the negotiations were on the part of both conducted almost entirely by the Otchipwes, most of the Crees being at the hunt. Singularly enough, and at as early a day as the Selkirk Treaty, the Otchipwes asserted a prominence; commenting upon which the late Alexander Ross, a veteran trader, and author of several works upon the country,* says: "The country has always, within the memory of man, been known to belong to the Crees and the Assiniboines. The Otchipwes were always looked upon as intruders, and so much were the Crees offended by their participating in the Treaty, that they menaced the settlers that they would reclaim their lands unless the Otchipwes were struck off." He adds, "that during the trouble between the rival Companies, these people were brought in by the 'Nor-West' as trappers and hunters, and made their first appearance about 1780, from the lake country, and that some of the signers of the Selkirk Treaty were pushed forward by the traders, being held in no consideration by their own people."

At this day they are found in all the Plain country east of the mountains, from Edmonton to the Cypress Hills, from the Saskatchewan to the line—a people whose push and vitality asserts itself wherever they are found. There was, I think, the same resentment of feeling at this as at the Selkirk Treaty. The Crees, however, met them in their prior conferences, though counselling apart; and it is due to the fact of the Crees being willing to treat that the delays attending the Treaty were brought so suddenly to an end. As a matter of fact, it was quite immaterial to the Commission who claimed the land; the extinguishment of all Indian title being their aim, and an equality of terms to all present the result.

To return to the council tent. There were a few soldiers placed near the commissioners, the bulk being nigh at hand, outside, among the motley group of Indian men, women, and children, half-breeds, traders, &c., &c.

I suppose most know that the Indians determine in their own councils upon not only their chiefs and chief men—or soldiers, as they are sometimes called—but also their mouthpiece or speaking man, who is instructed merely to convey their thoughts, but not to determine or initiate. They confirm him, as he speaks, by marks of assent; or if he is going in a way they do not like, some elderly man will quietly rise, take him by the arm, and lead him to his place—a parliamentary usage, by the way, which could be frequently introduced with great effect among some of the Legislative Assemblies of the present day. They exercise much care in the selection of their leaders, who are presented by one of their number giving their names and functions. It is not essential, I may add, that their orator should be a chief, or man of rank; he is chosen for his aptitude, and is sometimes replaced by another, as was the case at this Council. Points arising are reserved and considered by themselves in consultation in the soldiers' lodge.

Waiving details, I proceed to the impediment which at once arose, *i. e.* the feeling of hostility to the Hudson's Bay Company. In brief (although it occupied much time, and called for tact and patience), the Indians said: "A year ago these people [the Company] drew lines, and measured and marked the lands as their own. Why was this? We own the land; the Manitou [or Great Spirit] gave it to us. There was no bargain; they stole from us, and now they steal from you [this was not said in reference to the one

* "Fur Hunter," "Columbia," and "Red River Settlement."

mile in twenty granted to the Company]. When they were small, the Indians treated them with love and kindness; now there is no withstanding them, they are first in everything." In the course of this protracted discussion, which was finally ended by Mr. Laird, the Minister of the Interior, assuring the Indians that the Company were right in doing as they had done (which, by the way, they were not, and the Indians were right in what they assumed), Governor Morris asked: "Who made all men? The Manitou. It is not stealing to make use of His gifts." The Indian replied: "True; even I, a child, know that God gives us land in different places, and when we meet together as friends, we ask from each other, and do not quarrel as we do so." I quote the words of the man—his unquestioned assent to the greatest truth, save one, that awaits recognition from mankind. "Even I, a child, know that." This assent on behalf of his people should never be forgotten; it was the natural concession to the equity of existence, which finds expression in idle, impractical theories on the part of civilized white men, but was here practically and nobly illustrated by his uncivilized red brother. In its reality and instant application, it was the first time I ever saw a grand act simply and perfectly well done.

The whole discussion of course hinged upon the Treaty being made subsequent to the Company's entering upon the fee made their's by transfer, and was the only serious delay to the acceptance of the same terms as had been made at the Lake of the Woods. Being often in the Indian Council Lodge, I heard there much finer speaking than at the grand tent, particularly from one man, an orator indeed, able and apt. The repose, ease, and dignity with which they conducted their deliberations, the absence of fever, assumption, and trick (sometimes called finesse), made it a quiet pleasure to be remembered.

At the close of the proceedings the Indians wished to have the Treaty read to them—a formidable request, which was at once wisely assented to by the Governor handing the bulky-looking document to the interpreter, whose look of dismay and consternation, as he held it out at arm's length in front of him, was immensely amusing. The Governor, with as much good sense as good nature, went to the side of his bewildered ally, and made the task possible for him. In fact, through all the Treaty negotiations, Governor Morris has shown the tact, patience, and friendly inclination so essential to negotiations of this character, without which either no result is arrived at, or else one so marred in its course as to leave a disagreeable impression upon the Indians.

Indian treaties are most often thought of as routine affairs—a form gone through with; and upon such surmise the pathos and verity of the situation is entirely lost. The simplicity, confidence, and weakness of the Indian, and the irresistible power of those who call him in council, render it not so much a treaty as a demand; and in so far it seems a matter of very plain sailing. In reality it is not, either in negotiation or sequence; for underlying all shrewd bargaining and present advantage lieth equity, which is as apparent to his untutored mind as to that of his civilized successors, a disregard of which would lead to grave evils—the lesser, pauperism and vagabondage; the greater, reprisal and assault—which, though having but one end, would yet entail great loss, nor rid the nation of reproach.

In the future lies the essence and gist of the benefit to the Indian for all he surrenders. His annuity is nothing; but the clause which restrains him from selling his land, the absence of any rule of inheritance or descent, makes him so entirely the ward of the power which assumes this paternal shape, that in the coming days, when he and his people are making a life struggle in their new conditions, it is to be believed that he can safely appeal for such judicious aid as, while it leaves the healthy stimulus of necessity intact, will yet assure him from the assail of want, attaining surely security and content.

The *per capita* of land reserved for the Indians is 128 acres—average payments not more than ten dollars each. To those, and they are many, who view with dissatisfaction anything at all being given to the Indians, it may be a consolation to know that he would be much better off as Mennonite or Dane than as a Cree or Otchipwe.

Practically, however, the immense domain is now valueless to the Indians; forsaken by the animals that once afforded profusion to its owners, it stands now waiting the firm hand of the husbandman to garner its riches. State policy, *not* Philanthropy, and that

briefly, will effect Philanthropy's noblest work. The teeming and hardly-used peoples of the Old World will here find a home, their moiety and fee—even as their life—so plain that in the beautiful words of Pah-tah-kay-we-nin: "Even I, who am a little child, know that."

It was done! A little crowding—the low-toned voices and laughter of the Indians—a touch of the pen—and an Empire changed hands! It may be a sentiment, but I confess, even in the presence of that battered platitude, "the spirit of the age," that at this final moment my sympathies went strongly out to these people, unknowing what they did—a prayerful thought that these children of our Father, so savage and yet so gentle, so ignorant and yet so wise, might not in the hereafter perish utterly away, but on a portion of their ancient lands share a common comfort with those other children of men whose manhood only attains its true stature when girt around with that word so pregnant with stout life—a freehold.

Payment and its attendant cares fell into the hands of Commissioner Christie—able hands they were. Well would it be for the Government and the Indians could they secure Mr. Christie as permanent commissioner for the Plain tribes. With a high personal prestige, and fraught with a life-long experience, no better man could be found—few as good. Upon superior men of this class should devolve all such work. Experience such as he possesses is as vitally necessary as it is incapable of transfer.

The frightful loss and disorder to the United States flowing from political appointments in the Bureau, the criminal dishonesty of the agents employed, and their fatal ignorance of the character of the people they have in charge, are fraught with instruction to the Dominion, whose people will learn (however they may felicitate themselves upon Indian matters in the Lower Provinces) that they have here another—a widely different task. Singularly fortunate they are even here, for the presence during such a length of time of respectable traders and the very large population of the mixed race have had a most tranquillizing and beneficial effect. Still, the loss of their game, the pressure of the new population—some of whom will, no doubt, be brutally aggressive, many profoundly indifferent,—the extent and capacity of the area for shelter and retreat should trouble arise, will render necessary an intelligent care in the management of so peculiar and distinct a Department that cannot be overrated.

The presence of the Minister of the Interior at this Treaty augurs well, as he was thus enabled to arrive at practical conclusions in no other way attained. This, with the special care given to the subject by the Hon. Alexander Morris, will, we may fairly suppose, lead to most favourable results when the organization of the Indian Bureau is complete, and it takes its place, as it should, as one of the most important branches of the public service.

I am greatly moved when I seek to gather in the scope of the splendid future of this country—its capacity for an enduring greatness, its strength to feed and to care. On the threshold of this future, standing in the light of this ripening dawn, it is fitting that we should look back to the dark days of the infant colony; that we should see and know that it is not merely to the tolerance of the Indians it owes its present safety, but also to their sheltering aid and care. When the imprudence and rapacity of rival white men had wrought out a bloody lesson, it was the Indians who protected and preserved the wretched men, women, and children from pursuit; fed, clothed, and sent them safely on, going far to them in the hard winter to minister to their wants. In the after days, when they were sore beset with hunger and sought the Plains, it was the Indian again who fed and sustained them. The Red man mingled his blood with theirs. The two races were as one. The Indian is linked to the State by every tie of gratitude; his is a record without a stain; faithfulest of friends and truest of allies! The escutcheon of Manitoba to-day should be an Indian succouring a suppliant white man, and, in keeping with their voiceless benefits, upon every faithful heart let it be written: "*We do not forget.*"

THE DEATH OF BROCK.

A CANADIAN LEGEND.

Addressed to the School-boys of Canada.

BY COL. WILLIAM F. COFFIN, OTTAWA.

SCENE—*Queenston Heights.*

Outlook—from the Village of Queenston to the south—with Lewiston Heights on the left. The river Niagara rolling down on the left front, and the Queenston Heights, surmounted by Brock's Monument, on the right front and right.

Carminis personæ—Gaffer Sicord (1) an ancient Militia-man of 1812, and his great grandson, Isaac Brock.

GAFFER SICORD *loq.:*

COME hither, little son of mine, come hither, Isaac Brock,
You ask me to repeat the tale of that fierce battle shock,
Wherein your noble namesake fell, on yonder mountain side,
Who gave his life for Canada, and, having saved it, died.
Ah, well do I remember, through the mist of sixty years,
That morning in October, so full of hopes and fears,
When manfully, yet nervously, the invading foe we met,
And those who lived our prisoners were before the sun had set.
We knew that they were coming, as they never ceased to boast,
And we saw their swarming thousands crowd along the opposite coast.
We were but as a handful (2)—and we knew not where or when
The blow might fall; but, when it came, why, we were there and then.
We were on outpost duty—headquarters in our rear,
At Fort St. George, six miles below, but we knew that Brock was there;
Of course we lay upon our arms—that morn ere dawn had broke,
The hum and tramp of mustering men the coming blow bespoke:
We heard them through the misty screen which shrouded shore from shore,
And the rolling in the rullock of the fast approaching oar.
Each man was up in no time—at his post with silent tread—
"Fix bayonets," "handle cartridges," was all the Captain said,
When, from the point below us here (3), our eighteen-pounder spoke,
And the silence of the misty screen, with startling nearness, broke—
A wild shriek—louder curses—the word of hoarse command—
Up rose the mist—and a fleet of boats lay headed for the strand!

---

1. Gaffer—a word not familiar to the Canadian vocabulary, but good old Anglo-Saxon, being "a term of respect, applied to an aged man," at present obsolete—*See* Worcester.

2. The whole force at General Brock's disposal, to cover a frontier of 36 miles, did not amount to more than 1,200 men, including militia. The American General, Van Renselaer, to guard about the same distance on the other side, had 6,000. Thus the British force, scattered along the line, was exposed to be cut off in detail. The defect of the position at Queenston was its distance from support; but this was unavoidable, and only to be met by sagacity, foresight, and activity, which Isaac Brock eminently possessed.

3. Vromont's Point. The gun, at this point, the service of which had great effect on the events of the day, was commanded and directed by a Quebec lad—John Sewell—a son of the well-known Chief Justice Sewell, U. E. L. He was then in the 49th Infantry. He died two years since, at Quebec, at an advanced age, having been Commandant of Quebec up to a short time before his death.

Then blazed Brown Bess, with right good will, both round and grape we plied,
Yet on they came through shot and flame—they would not be denied,
Those gallant Yankee regulars, right well their duty sped,
And their leaders did their duty, too, for gallantly they led.
And, as they landed, as they formed, we fell back from the shore
To occupy the houses, as it was fixt (4) afore.
They got it hot, from shell and shot, but their leaders cheered them on,
"For the honour of America," and the landing-place was won.

The man who minds his order, with a loophole to defend,
Has but to bite his cartridges, and blaze on without end,
Amid the smoke he nothing sees, and knows but little more;
But this I heard, that, while we fought, fresh hundreds hastened o'er.
While theirs increased, our numbers waned, for death had marked our track,
And then our ammunition failed, yet not a man gave back.
Brave Dennis (5) with his "forty-ninth" and our unflinching few,
Soon found that, just to hold our own, was as much as we could do,
While a throng of Yankee riflemen, with many a taunt and jeer,
Swarmed round our flank, scaled yonder heights, and got into our rear.

We had bare time to look around, or to know the risk we ran,
When a shout arose, a joyous cheer, which rushed from man to man:
"Yes, there he comes, our general," just when we want him most,
At the full speed of his charger: That one man was a host.
His ringing voice, his flashing eye, his fearless look and free—
'Twas like God's Providence to men so sore beset as we.
Few words sufficed, and little time, to marshal our array,
Our hearts were in our finger-ends, we sprang up to obey.
"We must carry yonder battery, lads, and clear those fellows out."
(You may see from hence the earthenwork which covered the redoubt,)
It swarmed with ready riflemen, all desperate to kill;
He drew his sword and led us, first, right up that rocky hill.
How it befell I cannot tell, but we took it at a run,
We stormed in o'er the breastwork, and we captured back the gun;
And we drove them up, and on, beyond yon crest, which you well know,
With the precipice behind them, and Niagara below.
Just then, midst the Americans, up rose a flag of white, (6)
But brave Wool sternly tore it down, and still maintained the fight;
While we had paused, all breathless, and somewhat disarrayed,
When Wool rang out his rallying shout, and a desperate onslaught made.

The tide had turned—a wave of men came pouring on her crest,
And forced us down by weight of fire—although we did our best.
We had to leave our captured gun—we spiked itas we past—
And then I saw our noble chief—one short look and the last—
He had rallied some few scores of men, and, with his sword on high,
Was leading bravely up the slope, shouting his battle-cry,
"On, on, my gallant Forty-ninth, on, brave York Volunteers,"
When the fatal bullet struck him—his grand form disappears—(7)

---

4. Gaffer Sicord, in telling his unsophisticated tale, must be excused if now and then he lapses into the vernacular.

5. Captains Dennis and Williams commanded the detachment of the 49th Infantry at Queenston, and did their work right well. Both were wounded. In after years Dennis became Sir James Dennis, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel 3rd Foot.

6. At this moment some of the officers put a white handkerchief on a bayonet, to hoist as a flag, with intention to surrender. Capt. Wool inquired the object. It was answered that the party were nearly without ammunition, and that it was useless to sacrifice the lives of brave men. Capt. Wool tore off the flag, and ordered the officers to rally the men and bring them to the charge. The order was executed in some confusion.—Niles (Albany) Register, 1812. No. 9, vol. 3.

7. Brock was of powerful frame and imposing stature, 6 ft. 2 inches, says Tupper's "Life of Brock."

And the last words he spoke to those who were by him when he fell
Were "Hide my death from comrades who have ever loved me well."
I was there among the foremost, and there I saw him lie,
With his hand upon his sword hilt, and his brave face to the sky;
Just there, in the hollow of the hill, you can see, hence, where it stands,
In after days yon sacred stone was placed by a Prince's hands. (8)
As he said, we did. Around his corse, his soldier's coat we wound,
Then tenderly, and reverently, we bore him from the ground;
Yet little thought the sorrowing men, who mourned his doleful plight,
That the soldier's prayer had been heard in death, that in death he had won the fight.
For, mark, when in the morning the hope forlorn came o'er,
And dared the worst and faced the worst, like brave men to the fore,
They left behind them thousands who aped the lion's tones,
Yet hid beneath a calf-skin their recreant skins and bones. (9)
They were crazy to be at us, when they saw their fellows land,
And gain at length the mountain-top, so bravely from the strand;
But, when they saw our leader lead, and the way in which we fought,
They looked askant, and "kinder guessed, that they hadn't oughter ought." (10)
And there they stood appalled, aghast—such shame was never known—
As if the spirit of the dead had turned them into stone—
While their abandoned comrades—who were comrades but in name—
Were left to meet the fate of war, which very swiftly came. (11)
That fate befell them swiftly—for Sheaffe had gained the height,
From Newark, by St. David's road—while we prolonged the fight—
As rapidly manœuvred to take the foe in flank,
And hem them in, between our fire and the margin of the bank,
Where bristling crags and a sheer descent, two hundred feet and more,
Impend above the toiling waves and the mad river's roar.
We heard the advancing skirmishers, and the wild Indians' cry,
And the crash of heavy volleys, and we knew the end was nigh.
Our orders were to hold our own, our own post to defend,
In the lowground here we could only hear—but we knew how it must end—
Fresh men and well-filled pouches must ever bear the sway,
Over fasting men and unsupplied—who had fought it out all day!
And so it ended; soon there came a lull, and then the word
Passed down, that General Wadsworth had given up his sword.
Gibson and Totten, Scott and Wool, and full nine hundred more,
Had homage paid to the silent shade of our Great Chief in his gore. (12)

S. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales planted this stone, marking the spot where Brock fell—13th October. 1860

9. Do what we will, our works bespeak us,
Imitatorum servum pecus.
Gaffer Sicord may have read Shakespeare, but, whether or not, he has followed him closely.

10. Our esteemed friend, Gaffer Sicord, has travelled somewhat out of the vernacular here; but he, possibly, may have been paying a visit lately to some of his old antagonists in the State of New York.

11. Despatch from General Van Renselaer to the Hon. William Eustis, Secretary of War, Washington. 14th October, 1812:

"By this time I perceived my troops were embarking slowly. I passed immediately over to accelerate their movements, but to my utter astonishment, I found that at the very moment when complete victory was in our hands, the ardour of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided. I rode in all directions, urged the men by every consideration to pass over, but in vain.

12. Sheaffe won the battle of Queenston Heights, truly and practically. Brock had been dead some hours. He had manœuvred excellently well to place the enemy in a hopeless position, as given in the text: but, in the judgment of posterity, the victory was due, morally, to Brock, for had not the circumstances attendant on his act of self-immolation (for it was nothing else) daunted and scared the New York Militia they could have crossed the Niagara in thousands, have overwhelmed the handful of men in the village already commanded in the rear, and, uniting with the Regular on the Heights and their excellent officers, have encountered Sheaffe with all the advantages of ground and numbers on the ascent to St. Davids, when the issue might have been very different.—*See* Mansfield's Life of Scott, New York, 1846, p. 33. There is a diagram which shows that Sheaffe understood his work.

Three days had passed—when, in long array, with silent step and slow,
With arms reversed, with muffled drum, and music wailing low,
With all the honours men could give, who, with temper stern and high,
Just glanced around, and dared not look each other in the eye;
Who cast their smothered feelings upon the soldier's bier,
As they bore him to his resting-place in the Western Cavalier,
And then the guns of Fort St. George their last sad tribute sped,
And the three last parting volleys had echoed o'er the dead,
Our foes at Fort Niagara—most nobly was it done—
Lowered their flag to half-mast, and gave us gun for gun.
And when the war was over, a grateful people gave
In yonder glorious monument, a tribute and a grave. (13)
But the proudest tribute to his fame is the flag which waves to-day,
Over men, at work, in Canada, and little boys, at play.

Now, 'Zack, my son, be off to school, and when time comes to play,
Tell all the other school-boy lads what you have heard to-day,
And add that, while I think upon't, I'll put in black and white
A tale which, if I judge them well, they'll dwell on day and night; (14)
And when I go to "Little York," (15) as I do, now and then,
I'll see if I can't light upon some of those printing men,
And if I can, for your good sakes, I'll get it put in print;
And if I can't, in either case, why, then, the devil's in't.

---

13. The remains of General Sir Isaac Brock, and of his Provincial Aide-de-camp, Colonel John Macdonald, were removed from the Cavalier in Fort St. George, and deposited in the base of the monument on Queenston Heights—13th Oct., 1824. A tabular monument, by Westmacott, was erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, by the nation, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

14. Vos examplaria, *nostra*
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ. Hor.

15. Old Gaffer Sicord can't mind any of your new-fangled names. "Little York" was Little York in Brock's time, and so must remain to the end of his chapter."

CARRIE'S COURTSHIP:

A TALE OF A SUBURBAN MARKET GARDEN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I. PREDILECTION. II. INFECTION. III. REJECTION. IV. ELECTION.

BY F. R., BARRIE.

CHAPTER I.

PREDILECTION.

WHAT was he doing there? Every Sunday afternoon, as Carrie looked out of her window, she felt aggrieved at the aggravating individual who was always lounging about, so that she couldn't look out and enjoy the evening breeze off the river without seeing him. Had any one been at hand to retaliate—"What are *you* doing at this particular window, when you know you like the other room better, and prefer the view at the back?"—and had such an one been gifted with the power (like Mr. Gilbert) of changing bricks and mortar into a Palace of Truth, she would have answered, "I am here because I can see him from this spot and not from the other!" For she was very much in love with this do-nothing stranger. Moreover, such being *her* motive for looking out that way three weeks running, and her glass (to say nothing of cousin Joe) telling her that she was a pretty little witch, she very soon found a reason for the apparently objectless promenading of the handsome young fellow in the felt hat.

It was clear enough—he must be in love with her. Now, what was he like? But stop—who are you asking? Carrie, or the veracious historian? Well, as you know what the first thinks of his lovely eyes (without having ever seen them except under the brim of a hat, and two hundred yards off), his perfect shape (masked in rough, ugly overcoat, and cheap trousers), and his splendid and manly "get-up" in general, you turn to me for the truth and to learn all about him.

"Vincent" was his name—a great point in his favour. Carrie was some time before she knew that, and then wasn't sure if it was his Christian or surname.

So, with fear and trembling, she christened him "Mr. Vincent," and shuddered when she caught herself saying "Vin!" in an enticing tone to her reflection, that blushed a great deal more than it needed.

We too will call him Vincent; and to begin with, Vincent was low, and you or I would have cut him, unless we had been reading one of Kingsley's novels lately, or Thackeray's Snob Papers, and had had our sense of true "gentility" rubbed up a little in the process.

His father was a tobacconist; he himself had had a fair education at a training college, so that his inner man, although sufficiently priggish, was not quite so common as his exterior. To be particular, his soul was not above smoking a clay pipe, but he wouldn't have put on mosaic jewellery.

His sweetheart had gone away just then for six months—gone to an aunt in the country, somewhere up the river—and Vincent, left to amuse himself alone, had gone the first Sunday after she went, at the earnest request of some old companions, to one of the haunts, lovely in themselves, but very unlovely in their associations, where the young men of his class are wont to disport themselves. But the girls that were with them expected him to flirt, now he was "from under her thumb," as they elegantly put it, and his honest heart revolted at the idea; so they voted him dull, and played tricks on him, palming off on him a horrid mixture of stale beer and salad dressing, which he began to drink, in utter absence of mind, out of a ginger-beer bottle.

There! now I've done for myself and my hero.

Never more be hero of mine or another's tale, oh wretch, who could drink, though dying of thirst, from an uplifted stoneware ginger-beer bottle! But having said it, I will stick to it—hero he is, and, as far as his nature will permit, hero he shall be—and you, friend, who never drink ginger-beer and shudder at the bottle, have *you* never flirted over an ice while your love was out of sight and earshot? Never, of course—I beg your pardon for supposing it.

Next week Vincent sought out the river bank, and looking up its broad tide towards the west, felt as though it were a link between him and Jane. And, joy of joys, he soon found out the F—— Market Gardens, all buds and blossoms, and regular rows of early lettuces setting themselves lessons in perspective, and trying hard to find out the vanishing point at the other end of the long fields.

Here were broad water-meadows, and a comfortable old willow tree with a polled top, like an arm chair, and he could climb up and be very quiet and watch the boats on the river, and listen to the Sunday chimes. Now I'm not going to spoil the truth and make him out perfect, so I will tell you at once that he never went to the church close by, or hummed hymn tunes, or read good books up in his nest; but being of a rather musical turn of mind, whistled certain secular, not to say music hall, ditties. And in the gardens, amid beds of "old-man," looking quite juvenile in the spring weather, and all netted over with sweet peas and a huge honeysuckle with a sturdy trunk, was a neat little house, with Dutch-like oyster-shell walks in front, and a thicket of wallflowers and tulips under the hedge. This abode of bliss was lit by a low little window, as pretty a bit of colour as you could see. Flowers in pots, and a *Canariensis* struggling up the diamond-shaped panes, and a pretty—yes, a *very* pretty face looking out of it! Spoilt, of course, in the getting up, but looking very happy and bright nevertheless.

How would you look—you who dress always in perfect taste—if that taste had deserted you, and with little or no means you were driven to burlesque a duchess *en grande tenue?* I'm afraid you would fail.

But, after all, that is just the task these poor folk set themselves when they essay to imitate *your* elegance!

It is very true, her imitation necklet is an abominable design, as well as the most transparent pinchbeck, but its clumsiness would be called massive solidity if it were gold; and may not one be rich in aluminium-bronze as well as in the precious metals? A good deal of make-believe is better than a little—besides, it *wasn't* make-believe to Carrie.

So, with her hair in the last fashion (don't ask me to describe it), and with all her face twitching in delight at being left to take care of the house and herself—once her most hated task—little Carrie was a pleasing object, and she knew it. He had seen her once or twice before he found it out, and then it was some time before he knew that he knew it, if you can understand me.

He caught himself walking round that path to get to the plank which formed the connecting link across the broad ditch which ran between the periodically flooded meadows and the rest of the market gardens. This, on reflection, he remembered was quite unnecessary, as the first few Sundays he had jumped the ditch. Revolving the subject, he determined to walk that way slowly, and find out the attraction. Somehow he didn't begin to look out for it till close to the house, and then, suddenly lifting his eyes, found it. "What the dickens is she blushing at?" was his muttered exclamation, feeling rather savage.

A turn of half an hour among the cabbages tamed him down, and a sudden thunder clap completed the cure. Back he hurried, and the rain only just began to come down as he passed the honeysuckle porch.

No one had heard him—he would stand up.

But some one *had* heard him, and opened the door.

He made a sort of constrained bow, and then she asked him to step in out of the rain and he apologised for standing up, all in a breath, and then they stood staring at each other, each expecting not to have to make the next remark. Getting fearfully red, and as if only to break the silence, she repeated, "Won't you come in out of the rain?"

Terrible, wasn't it? If they'd only had the safeguard of some mutual acquaintance who had seen them both once, to have told them each other's names (perhaps wrongly) in a confidential whisper, that would have made all right—but they hadn't. And after

a searching investigation, I find it is hardly customary in their class, and that its absence doesn't much affect anybody.

"Thank you," was his half-declining answer, "I'm well sheltered here." Then seeing a little trace of—what? disappointment, hardly that—well, seeing an indescribable something in her face, he relented. "This is a pleasant little porch; do you often sit out here?"

Now Carrie never sat there by any chance, but putting two and two together with that usual feminine alacrity which is always at its quickest when one or both of the numbers is wanting, she argued thus: "That's why he wanted to stay here; he thinks it is my nook, poor fellow!" and aloud, with an arch look, "I used to." Of course Vincent ought to have gone on, "Why don't you now?" or "Won't you go on sitting there?"—but instead of making the most of an opening, he meditatively chewed a barberry leaf and made a motion to follow her into the house.

Now, the house was primitive, and an invitation "to walk into the parlour" meant what it said, and did not leave the guest to understand that he was to enter by way of the passage, lobby, or hall. For these conveniences were not.

Right opposite the door was a wretched little piano, adorned with a few disreputable peacock's feathers perked up against the wall, and on a neatly carved wooden bracket stood a clock with an ex-gilt face and a fractional part of a group of the Graces, the whole of the works having run down hopelessly, as though it had been pawned and repawned till it had lost all hope of respectable days and regular winding up, and stood with its hands grimly pointing at 11; as who should say, "Where is the bold broker who will take me in again and make up the dozen?"

Vincent entered the room slowly, put his hat on the table, and then briskly walked across to a little daub of a picture near the clock. It was a low church spire, with a few willow trees, an osier bed (like a hair-brush recumbent), and a blue man in a red boat.

Half speaking to himself, he said, "That's Sunworth."

Carrie could have clapped her hands with delight.

Here at last was an opening to make her silent guest interested; so taking the remark as addressed to herself, she entered into a full tide of reminiscences of their native village and its surroundings. Vincent was enchanted. He had taken Jane down there himself, and recognised the drawing, but of the place and people he was utterly ignorant, and Jane was a poor correspondent, like many other people far readier with their pens than she was. So Carrie prattled on: and half-questions and remarks that Vincent edged in from time to time proved he wasn't merely listening from politeness.

"And Barnbridge—do you know that?" said he, when she had finished all her tales and evinced a readiness to go on again. "Do you know the new industrial school they've built out there?"

"Do I?" was Carrie's reply, too astonished to scream, but wanting to. "Do I?—rather" (the word long drawn out; then with a return of speed), "I'm sick of the name of it; we hear of nothing else morning, noon, and night—pa, ma, and Joe. . ." Then she stopped; now she'd done for herself. What had she mentioned Cousin Joseph for?

"I'm sorry you're sick of it," he was saying when she listened again; "I don't know much of it, but I've heard there's a berth there I should like to get. Good day, the rain's over now. Thanks for the shelter." And he coolly bowed himself out.

Now Barnbridge industrial school was the dream of his life. Jane in a cottage just out of Sunworth, a dig in his garden (the Londoner's El Dorado, Mecca, and Holy Land all in one) before breakfast, a walk up to the big building on the common, and a return walk at evening! What a dream! Too good to be true! No wonder he looked rather dull as he strolled back to an un-Jane-like landlady and a most Londonified tea.

But poor Carrie couldn't know that, and seeing him walk off wearily, with all the jauntiness gone out of him, and his hat not inclining in the least to either side of his head, she fell to bemoaning her hard fate with tears, and finally in a fit of temper shook herself, applied several hard names, and asked the piano, "Why—why, when you've been longing to have him here, you minx! why (sob) did you ma-make him jealous about Cousin Joe., and tell him you hated Barnbridge, when perhaps he wants to live there with you?"

The piano being unable to reply to these

accumulated charges, she went off to gravely inform the water-butt.

"I shall drown you some time, sooner or later," which threat so elated a thirsty frog that it pursued her into the house, till she bolted the door with fright, and might be heard sobbing herself up stairs to her room, with a spasmodic gulp and a twitch marking the twist in the stairs where strangers always ran their heads against a big oak beam.

CHAPTER II.

INFECTION.

TEARS and smiles! sun and rain! What a dear pair of months April and May make! Still April comes first, and May is unclouded. So thought Carrie on the third of that glad month.

"I won't cry; April has gone, and the rain; and he will stop away no longer. Surely he'll come to-day!"

But presently April sent a few flying showers back to prove that it was not so far off. Between two of these bursts of warm wind and diamond drops, Carrie, who found the house unbearable (Mr. and Mrs. Carten were holding an "At Home"), made a rush out, holding up her dress daintily above the wet grass, and skimming along the raised gravel path by the river at a good pace.

Sun and shine! the last of a rainbow in the sky, and the last of the buds on the trees! How pretty she looked, all rosy with the heat, bonnetless and excited—a few fresh drops of another shower falling around—stooping her neat little head under the apple boughs on the slope, and ever and anon bringing down a bunch of their half-set blossoms scattered on the grass, and a miniature shower-bath over her hair!

She knew she was happy, and young, and pretty; and ran on without lifting up her eyes till "Thank you, Miss," spoken in a merry voice within a yard or two of her, made her look up. Vincent! standing by a hawthorn hedge, into which she would have run in two seconds more, and holding out both his hands to stop her hurting herself. Of course she tried to stop, but that was difficult; still her pace slackened, when —oh! that horrid stone, she tripped over it, and, righting herself with a skip, came gracefully, with a half run, half jump, into Mr. Vincent's arms. How he laughed! It did her good to hear him. And then, as she blushed awfully and felt nervous, he positively held her for a few moments round the waist while she was getting a secure footing under the hedge, for the bank was steep and slippery, and the rain now came down briskly.

Finding he did nothing but look amused, she fell back (conversationally), and remarked, "Thank you for what?"

"For accepting my hospitality under the hedge, in return for yours in the house."

She said nothing.

"You're very much afraid of rain, are not you?" he went on.

She looked up.

"You were running very fast to get out of the way of a few drops; or is that your pace when you meet an acquaintance?"

"I didn't see you," was her demure reply.

"Leaving me to suppose you'd have only walked, or perhaps run the other way, if you *had* seen me?" was his mischievous response.

No reply deigned; and an awkward pause threatened the conversation, when a fortunate slip of Carrie's foot brought Vincent's arm into requisition again; and as, whenever he offered to remove it, she (accidentally) happened to be shifting her foothold, and began to slide down again, he sensibly let it stop where it was.

"How *do* you stand? I *can't* manage it," petulantly, as though she hated such support.

"On my feet," gravely, as though he meant it for a joke.

"Feet!" with a very small foot protruded for criticism, and a chin pouted out to point at it, as though he might have missed seeing it; "Feet! mine are not of any use at all."

"They are very pretty little feet," was his gallant reply, the terrible effect of which staggering announcement was an awful slip, a badly wrenched ankle, and a disposition on Carrie's part to dive at a pitch, head forward, into the grass. But before she had fallen, the strong arm had righted her, and, in the impetus of pulling her up, brought her right back to his side, so that they were almost cheek to cheek.

Now, as any one will tell you, being out of doors without a bonnet is very tiring to

the bones of the spine, and so, with a dreamy look in her eyes, as though she didn't know what she was doing, this most forward young lady laid her head on his shoulder without being asked.

You see, for her excuse, that there was only the hedge behind, and that would have scratched and caught her hair, and she couldn't hang her head down in front without resting her chin on her hand, and one of her hands was clinging on to his coat pocket, for fear they might both fall, and the other was mounting guard on his coat cuff, to see that his arm did not press her waist too closely.

"And now tell me all about Barnbridge!" She had longed to ask him, poor little thing, and now she felt near and dear enough to do so.

Vincent was thunderstruck; he muttered "Barnbridge" to himself; disengaged one hand and rubbed his lips, and felt suddenly starched all over.

With a woman's quick instinct, Carrie divined that she had struck the wrong key, but, having touched it, she would try again, at the risk of an awful failure.

"I think I can guess why you want to go there," she began, stammering more and more; "and, besides, I can help you more ways than one (with an air of patronage). Uncle Jonathan has influence; he is a vestryman of St. Simon's, and *he* can get you in without any to-do!"

"What a fool I've been," was Vincent's prevailing idea, and his first one. "I thought she was spoons on me, like a conceited beast; but its pretty clear they know every one down there—Aunt Sue and Jane among the rest—and feel interested and like to help!" Then came the second thought, "What a dear little thing she is!" and he looked down at the innocent, eager face that peered up like a child waiting to be told that it is good. The prize came to the good child in a gentle squeeze of the waist, a removal of the starchy sensation, and then, as it seemed but a poor return for so much good-will, he stooped and kissed her lips.

To this day Vincent can't determine whether he did it to please himself or herself. I believe he did it twice, once for each. But if so, they were quite Platonic, and Vincent would have defended the second as being given by him as Jane's agent.

Really, without being over-romantic, they made a very pretty picture, perched up there on the top of a stiff clay bank, in the most sentimental of attitudes, with a lovely backing of young green leaves and half-opened May-buds.

So apparently thought an old gentleman who paused to admire the lover-like group, and perhaps think of the days when his coat and trousers had not assumed their present snuff-coloured hue, and he would have been glad to have made one of a similar couple.

Carrie saw him, with a girl's instinct, and then with an "Oh, my goodness! Uncle John! If he should see us! Let me go, Vincent dear!" she tore away from her astounded companion, and, quite forgetting her (presumably) sprained ankle, took a short cut across the cabbages in the hopes that her short-sighted uncle wouldn't know her, and she should get home first.

Now Vincent had been dragged down the bank, half-way, by her hurry, and not having quite got over his first pleasurable surprise, and seeing no ostensible reason for her flight, was in a broad smile at her vehemence, when he gained the path and came plump on the old man.

Uncle Johnson (John or Jonathan being merely nicknames) was a peculiar character, and quite up to a joke; and now, seeing his hopeful niece out of fear of pursuit, he turned on the other party with the intention of chaffing him. So Vincent, still following Carrie's rapidly retreating figure with his eyes, was received by a mock bow, a flourish of a broad-brimmed hat, and a sardonic hope that he hadn't got his feet wet on the grass. The responsive chaff failed on Vincent's usually ready lips; indeed he had no reason to connect the old fellow with Carrie; so he simply stared, said nothing, and passed on, leaving an impression on Uncle John of a broad, merry, open face, with a surprised look on it.

Half a dozen paces further Vincent paused. It had never struck him before. "Why had she called him 'Vincent dear?' Why had she let him kiss her?" He wasn't sure he hadn't felt her lips touch his cheek as he drew back. "Would Jane have liked it?" Then, with an absurd revulsion of feeling, as though he wished to turn his self-contempt on some one else, he thought, "Whoever is that idiotic old zany who took off his hat and spoke to me? What right has the impertinent old ass to look at

—(us, he was going to say) at me?" And he turned round rather savagely to stare at this spy on his passing infidelities.

As the intruder was still facing towards him, he couldn't look that way for more than a minute, and his gaze soon turned off to the house in the distance, where Carrie had just arrived, panting, and was slipping in the back way. As he couldn't frown very much at her, he tried to smooth his brow, and turned short on his heel as he walked off sorrowful and self-condemned.

Uncle John was expected up at the house, and the usual periwinkles procured; but this was a State secret, and his arrival was always considered a most wonderful and supernatural circumstance, and the additional fact of their happening ("quite by chance, my dear; only heard the man a-cryin' 'em down the lane this very minute") to have his favourite delicacy in shell-fish—*that* was a coincidence that long staggered the children, and made the marvels of Jack and the Bean Stalk hide their diminished heads. Once little Joe (Carrie's cousin), who was a great friend and crony of the old man's, hearing the cry of the itinerant fish-fag, ran after Mrs. Carten, and with many lugs at her dress, entreated her to buy some and make Uncle come! Nor would he be consoled until he was told that the last crop of pins sown in the garden couldn't be expected to be up and ripened before Sunday week.

Mr. Johnson was *the* rich relation. "Never mind that, Sam!" he would say to his market-gardening brother-in-law, "you stick to the missus, and I'll see after the chicks."

Moreover, he was a vestryman (neither better nor worse than most of his class), and an active man in public matters, or rather those matters which are *called* public, and ought really to be so, but are in fact often managed *very* privately and snugly for the vestrymen concerned. Out of this semi-official position arose Sam Carten's only joke, always repeated, since it was sure to tell and couldn't offend. He would pretend to forget his kinsman's exact rank, and would call him "Alderman Johnson."

A greeting of "Turn again, Johnson, Lord Mayor of London," was generally raised in feeble chorus by the children, as the old man, pretending to be very pompous and purse-proud, would make-believe he was going to walk past the house. These simple strains, and an imitation (very far away) of Bow chimes on an old frying-pan, never failed to melt his stubborn heart, and bring him in, a prey to gentle feelings and the babe's muddy fingers.

Slight variations on these themes were every now and then communicated by genius to Mr. Carten, as he dug among his strawberry beds and celery. On such an occasion he would stick his spade deep in the ground, hang his hat on it, smooth down his hair, and say, "Sam, you'd do for Lord Mayor's toast giver, to pay 'em all complerments all round; or if you couldn't do that, you mighter been a poet."

To-day, sitting among his oyster-shelled walks, with his long pipe, the sweet smile that ran over his face and the way he laughed in his glass showed that he had some such effort of the imagination to disburden himself of.

"John's late," said Mrs. Carten; "no, there he is, Sam!"

"I sees," was the dignified reply, as the little wicket was pushed open. "Lor!" said Sam, with an air of regret, and waving his churchwarden sadly: "No, don't say that; he was a worthy man, a wery good feller! Don't say he's dead and berryed, Mrs. C.!"

"Why, John, it's you, sure enough; and here's Sam said the Lord Mayor was dead, and the Queen had sent for you, and you were a-going to cut us dead; why, you give me quite a turn—you did!"

"No, no, Sam—T'May'r's all right; besides, I'm not Alderman yet, only got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, Sam. Some way up to go yet. Where's Carrie?"

"Indoors," said her mother, "been in all day; can't tell what ails the girl; all her fine eddication you gave her (very kind, *I'm* sure, tho' Sam grummles some) don't do her no good."

But Alderman J., bent on his fun, and chuckling at Carrie's supposed stop-at-home propensities, had opened the door and gone in chase. He found her behind the end of the little piano, crouching down with her head in her hands and saying "Don't!" at ten seconds intervals.

"You're a pretty girl, I don't think, to stop at home and vex your mother like this!" Thus he began his chaff.

"Please don't."

"Well, ain't you ashamed to go kissing Cousin Joe under the hedge there, instead of indoors like a civilized being?"

"Don't! don't!" as though the idea of kissing Cousin Joe was awful, after that.

"Do you think I'm blind, my dear girl?" (wickedly.)

"No-o" (slowly and sobbingly, as though she wished he was).

"What did you say to make him so sad?"

No reply for a minute, and then a little face, very red and frightened, comes up, and asks him under breath, "Did he really, though?"

"Yes, he was looking after you, and felt savage enough to kill me for interrupting!"

"Don't hate him." Then feeling the necessity of making play, she continued, coaxingly, "His name's Vincent; he wants to be master at Barnbridge school—help him!"

"Whew!" whistled the old man, "that's too bad; that's Joe's post; mustn't rob him of lover and berth too—eh? Would you?"

Well, Carrie intimated, Joe couldn't be robbed of what he didn't possess, and finally the wheedly little creature got a sort of qualified promise that the vast influence of the grocer should not be wielded against the "dear young man."

"Which way did you come, Uncle?" said Cousin Joe at tea.

"By the lane," said that old hypocrite, guiltily.

"I waited there an hour for you—that's strange," cried Joe. Nudging his niece, Alderman J. muttered, "The strange thing would have been if you *had* seen me!"

CHAPTER III.

REJECTION.

COUSIN JOE, luckless youth! was an orphan, and he too had had a fair education from the open-handed Johnson. Being of a quiet, studious mind, he had kept on reading, and, in spite of his intelligence, put up with Mr. and Mrs. Carten's vulgarity for the sake of his pretty cousin. And now Barnbridge school seemed to open its arms for him and woo his capabilities. While there was any doubt about it, he suspended his wooing of Carrie, and stopped away from home trying to hunt up votes and patronage, or, failing that, to get interested vestrymen to put up the situation for a competitive examination. Uncle J. was a tower of strength, but Joe didn't like to be quite dependent; and now he had just run over, the day before the decision was to be arrived at, to announce the sorrowful news that there was a third candidate started, and the joyful intelligence that he had secured one plump apothecary, whose account books he had kept for a month, to vote for him!

He wouldn't tell Carrie how he loved he no, to-morrow *after* the event he would con. and ask her to . . to—well, to be the master's master, and reign over the scholars of Barnbridge.

"Three of us, Carrie!" was his opening remark as he caught her among the cabbages at the back of the house. "Three of us! only think!"

Carrie turned away and said "Three of you? One's enough!"

Now, Joe wasn't quite a fool, but he was in love, and not knowing any reason why his cousin should hate him, took this as meaning her delicate wish that only one candidate (*i. e.* himself) had started.

So as he had begun so well, he ventured to take her hand and gently turn her by the shoulder, and say "Wish me well, Carrie dear!" But instead of a pale face, a quick blush, and a soft answer, the girl's countenance was set and hardened, and she peevishly pushed him off. Then, as he was standing very astonished and not a little sad, she looked up and said, "Never mind, Joe; only don't worry; you put me out a little. Three Joes! What an awful idea to begin with! Go on, please" (you see she wanted information); "Who are the other two?"

Crimple's son—the man at the "White Stag" up town, a poor fool; he's been down to the Eastham schools and they wouldn't have him, so his father swears he shall have this."

"And the other?" said eager Carrie.

"Oh! I'm the other," said forgetful Joe.

"Stupid!" You should have seen her little stamp of scorn, and how animated and pretty she looked! "The other, sir?"

"Why, Carrie, I told you twice—Mr. Vincent Shaw—there's a mouthful of a name,—son of Shaw the Life-guardsman, *I* believe. smokes, keeps a tobacconist's shop, and isn't a good lot at all!"

Nothing but rage *could* have kept Carrie so quiet! She moved not a muscle, and wishing to pump her victim well before withering him with a word and a look, she said

chokingly, "And how many votes have *you* got?"

Animated Joe was ready to skip—*here* was interest at any rate!

"I got *one* this morning, and came straight to tell you, darling, and to say how I love . . ."

Oh! Joe, *what* a fib! By all your arrangements that was to have come off to-morrow, so for that story you deserve all you'll get; so stand back and let Carrie have room.

"Don't darling me, sir!" (pout and a writhe of indignation all over her little face, that was working with such intensity that it seemed to *throw* the words at him with the force of a catapult)—"how dare you—— only *one* vote!"

"Besides uncle's," mildly interjected the affrighted Joe.

"Many you'll get of *them!* Why, with only *one* vote" (witheringly), "you've as much chance against a low-common-bad-lot of a tobacconist-Life-guardsman's son in the election as you would have in love. Get away, sir—he isn't!"

With which rather confused sentence poor little Carrie, having hitherto been very haughty, collapsed and watered the cabbages with her tears, till, finding Joe didn't move, she bolted indoors and locked herself into her room, leaving him the consolatory assurance "that she never, *never* would be Mrs. Joe—she couldn't demean herself so."

Presently voices below subsided, and then Joe banged the gate and went out. He did it to let her know he was gone, which was good of him; but Carrie saw everything with wrong eyes, and plainly perceived that the traducer of *her* Vincent had gone off in a fit of the sulks, "as if *I* had done anything!"

After one or two abortive attempts, this martyr (having done up her hair and bathed her eyes, and thrown the bits of cabbage leaves she found crumpled up in her hands out of window) crept down stairs into the sitting-room. After reading, or pretending to read, a few minutes, she asked indifferently of her mother, "Who's Crimple jr., ma?" and having let ma gabble out his history to the third generation upwards, she stopped to pick up her book while she added: "And the other man, Daw, or Claw—what's his name?"

"Shaw, my dear, Shaw—a good name—has relations at Sunworth who told Joe all about him. You know *my* grandfather's old cottage with the clematis over it?"

"Yes," said eager Carrie, taking the cottage and clematis bodily into her dreams at once.

"Well," continued Mrs. Carten very slowly, "his aunt, a very decent old body, lives there with his —— Where is my other bit of patchwork? Find it, deary."

Carrie rebelled internally half a minute, and then went and got it.

"Go on, ma, please."

"That's all, my child; that's why he wants to get the place."

That's all? Was it his aunt that had flitted before his mind under the hedge when she told him he should have it? No! tell that to an old woman, but not to a girl of eighteen."

"With his aunt, mamma, you said, and his —— sister, didn't you?

"Sister! Lor, no, Carrie. How you *do* go on! You're a perfect innocent,—his sweetheart! Come, don't stand dawdling; give me hold of them pieces."

Poor Carrie! A moment of wonder, and then the cottage, and the clematis, and Vincent; the recollection of the hawthorn hedge and his kiss—all slid out of her dreams, and half the patch-work pieces out of her apron on to the floor! Poor Carrie!

One must pity her; it was too hard for a young girl to hear so suddenly; so hard that all the room and her mother seemed dancing round and going to slide away as well. The two pictures were *so* different. Barnbridge school seemed to be her fate either way, but the master was uncertain. With one, the pauper boys were exalted cherubs, and their voices like the hymns of angels and the songs of birds. Under the rule of the other, they became hateful, insubordinate bullies, or dull, mechanical dolts, and she saw, or fancied she saw, Joe reading her a lecture which he had prepared for the boys, and had been prevented by some accident from delivering, rather than it should be wasted. She hated him. Strangely, that gave her a glimpse of relief, towards which she did not fail to creep.

All this had passed through her mind in a moment, and now, with heated face and angry voice, she threw the rest of her parti-coloured fragments on the boarded floor and burst out "How dared he?" Then snatching her hat from its peg she fled.

Out in the cool air she approved what she had done. She couldn't have explained to mamma what she meant, but she knew well enough. "Come sneaking there, trying to propose in a cabbage garden—faugh! And then tell lies about her Vincent because she had refused him. For they were lies; he wasn't low, or a tobacconist, or a Lifeguardsman (that seemed to sting her most); and as for his having a sweetheart, would he have kissed *her* if he had?"

Carrie swung her hat and looked up; she slung it over her back and looked round. River and birds, and clouds and sky, and merry voices in boats—all said No! Crawling beetles, and gaily-coloured snail shells, and bending grasses—all scouted the idea. A man chopping wood made his hatchet blunt by its repeated asseverations of "No! *No!* NO!"

There was only one more to ask, and then the spell would be complete, and the answer could be accepted. Where was he? Keep back, Carrie; you've been unlucky to-day; everything has crossed you; don't go to him, don't ask him. Carrie! Carrie!

* * * *

Why was he there? He didn't know. He should like to thank her—to thank the sweet little fairy who had made him so happy by promising to give him his heart's desire last week, but he'd better not see her after that kiss. He'd write and thank her for her good wishes. *Answer:* Didn't know her address; besides, bad thing to open a correspondence.

Well, he wouldn't go. What should he do with himself? Go round and rub up his supporters? Only worry them. Well then he *would* go. Just because it was on the road to Jane's, and near the river—that was his only reason, of course.

Vincent, my boy, don't go. Stop away. It is wrong. It'll bring bad luck. Marshes are very unwholesome, and you may get caught in the tide. Take my advice and don't go, Vincent. Let be—let them both go. Perhaps it is best they should know what they each mean. Never mind breaking a heart—your own or another's—it only proves it is of good stuff, and not overhardened.

There he was, on the water meadows. The thick grass and rushes and rank vegetation had lately been cut and taken away, partly on waggons working on plank tramways, and partly on boats. So the fields were bare and muddy. He stood on the verge of the field next the river, and looked vacantly at the stream. She was on *terra firma*, with a broad wet ditch between her and him, and no connection but a plank bridge, a quarter of a mile off, and which she shuddered to cross.

She couldn't wait.

"Vincent!" A chicken might have made such a noise, but if it had, no old grandmother of a hen would have prophesied that he was likely to turn out a lively crower.

"Vincent!" louder and shriller; but trying to impart a lover-like cadence, she didn't give it power enough, and it failed.

She could have cried, when luckily (woe is me! was it good luck or bad luck?) he turned and saw her.

Half-way across the meadow he came to meet her, then paused. Jane was very much in his mind then, and he thought, "I won't go to her—better thus!" and with a waved hat and a loud "Good-bye—in a hurry—many thanks," he struck off to the right.

"In a hurry!" That was cruel, after dawdling there under her nose for an hour. How could she get at him and tell him so, and what she had borne that day for his sake?

She ran a dozen yards towards the plank bridge—which, of course, was in the wrong direction—reflected it would be going half a mile to cover a score of yards, and took a desperate resolution. She ran back, and without giving herself time for thought, slipped down the bank among the stinging nettles, and splashed into the ditch. How cold and deep it was, and she had on her best dress, and drew herself out at the other side with difficulty, with one light shoe off, and all her clothes and stockings muddy! That was wretched, but her mind was so miserable that she felt one little bit of comfort—one of his kisses (if they were sweet in pleasure, what would they be in pain?) would be more than a hundred best gowns to her. Clambering up the opposite dyke bank, she looked and looked for him. Gone! Uttering a cry, she turned to the left and sprang on.

At the next side ditch she could see him two fields off, jumping the water easily. She was like a savage thing, and followed, too much out of breath to cry. Only the water

was very cold, and the mud so sticky that she was a long time getting through the dykes that were no obstacles to him.

"Never mind." She ran across the level, and nearly came up with him, but the other shoe came off in the last ditch, and she lost him. The moon was rising, broad and red, behind a clump of factory chimneys on the other side of the river, and she could see him in its dim light clamber lightly on to a baulk of timber. Piles had been driven across a deep canal (the last water between him and dry land), and he walked steadily across the risky bridge.

She shivered and dared not follow. At the last pile he gave a little foolhardy jump on the other side of the bank and disappeared. Carrie gave a piteous cry. There was a wonderful splashing and gurgling below, but she couldn't tell if she had heard it before. So there she crouched and watched, and then poor Carrie felt awfully frightened and prayed. Just then—oh, joy of joys!—she saw a great black bunch against the light of the moon, like a monkey or a sailor, that swayed itself up by a chain and stood up. Vincent!

She couldn't speak or call. If she did, and he heard her, he would come back by that dreadful way, and she should die.

Vincent stood up and shook himself. Then he felt very grateful to that chain and his gymnastic lessons. Then he felt that perhaps he ought to be grateful to some One else, and he bent his head for a moment or two, for it was a narrow escape. In another minute he was scanning the other bank, and Carrie felt very grateful for the shadow. Poor child! He was safe! and now (don't laugh) she had a little pity for her gown and scratched feet and generally improper appearance.

"Strange," said Vin., "how nervous one gets when one is in danger. There is no one over there, but I could have sworn I heard a woman's voice wail as I slipped."

Just as he spoke, a steady wind blew up and swayed the chains, that gave an unearthly sort of shriek.

"Ah! ha!" he laughed, "that's it. Well, I'll never be afraid of a chain squeaking again, although it may hang on a gallows tree, and all for the good turn *you* did me, old chap."

Looking once more to a twinkle, a peaceful twinkle of light between the trees, where Carrie's house nestled down in the river mists, his voice grew softer, and he added, "Better so! better so." And with the lightness of heart proper to youth he walked off and forgot Carrie, her troubles, and his recent danger.

"Better so!" Would he have said that if he had seen her—if he *could* have seen her lying over there, weeping, and cut to the heart, and torn with thorns and hard words?

"I'll go home like a good girl, and not catch cold," was her first virtuous resolve. But the ground was hard and slippery, and the air almost frosty, and it came over her—not that she had heard his words, but it came like a pleasant spell,—"Better thus."

"A broad sheet of water this canal; it evidently lacked one of us; he has escaped, let it be I."

"Rest! How sweet that would be. No vulgar fun, no jokes from uncle. Life was weary and had long been so." (Oh, Carrie, only a few hours.) "No election—no Joes there."

That settled it, and she was going over the side, when she thought it looked dark. She would wait half an hour and say her prayers while the moon rose. That branch of the tree should mark it; when the broad, white disc touched it, that would be the signal. So resting on the further side of the bank, away from the canal—for she couldn't bear the sight of her grave—she waited, shivering.

While Vincent was hanging on the chain between life and death, she forgot herself and could only pray for him. Now he was saved, her own woes came back with redoubled force. What could she pray for? She couldn't pray.

No, she would die. But the wind, how it numbed her; and worse than that, it bent the big trees and whirled their branches round into the sky, and wouldn't let the moon reach its goal. As soon as it was about touching that leaf—whisk! a gust of wind sent the tree into a flutter, and Carrie in despair.

Perhaps (who knows?) God had prayed for her and sent the answer in the wind. For surely enough, if the wind had been still the time would have come ten minutes ago, and then, full of rash hopes and fears, she would have dared to die.

But now she is losing courage rapidly with

her failing strength, and for very numbness cannot rise. Half sobbing, she is struggling to her feet; time or not time, she is prepared to leave Time for ever.

Stop though! Another messenger to complete the work of the wind! You have waited, poor child, for the moon, and well has she worked for you in that short half hour! Something cold and wet at her feet! A strange message and strangely received!

Well indeed has the old moon worked, and shall have praise, as all have praise that do their appointed tasks.

Duty, I suppose, "which doth preserve the stars from wrong," is enough for the moon; but had she wanted other encouragement that night, I should have said, "Be not weary in hauling up the tides of the sea—in sending its waves to smoothe the hard sand and wear at the chalky rocks—it is very tedious to you, but do it. Lift up these floating docks and piers, and heave these mighty ships at anchor by the quays—fill all the river and dance the buoys—there is work to be done up higher!"

And now the tide is flowing, and its first ripple is over the low-lying meadows, and lapping in the grass at Carrie's feet. She started up in a moment, all indecision gone. To be caught in the flooded meadows was the bugbear of her youth, and awful visions of a whipping and no supper attended it yet. "Why you'll get drowned some day, you bad naughty girl you!" She heard her mother's indignant voice, and fled before it.

Truly she meant to drown herself at one quick plunge, but that was *very* different from the water taking you at your word, and coming round you slowly and stealthily. So home she hurried, painfully retracing her steps through the deepening water, till, half delirious, she fancied Vincent's voice lured her away from the lights and out towards the river, and at last his face flashed on her with a lantern, and he pulled her up the steep bank with a bitter cry—but when she fell in his arms it was her father.

CHAPTER IV.

ELECTION.

A NARROW street in a stuffy, confined village, surburban enough to rejoice in brown geese and antiquated yellow ducks, but still savouring sufficiently of London to banish all real country life, any true chawbacons or other native products. And here in the dingiest back street—for it is part of the parochial system that if the poor *are* to be always with us, they shall have the worst of it, and wish themselves well quit of us—stood a big blank wall hiding a workhouse, whose only grace was that it was ashamed of itself. Still, the leaven of improvement had touched up St. Simon's, and in honour of the new school, whose master was to be elected that day, a queer little barred window over the door was ornamented with two pots of musk.

The place was really lively with gossips, and Vincent created quite a sensation by strolling in with a flower in his mouth, till, suddenly recollecting himself, he threw it away and tried to look particularly scholastic and chock-full of discipline.

Three small boys hailed him, "'Ere 'e is!"—though doubtful whether the reign of a new and more active beadle were about to be inaugurated, or generally who the "he" was to be.

Uncle Johnson caught him by the elbow as he was entering, and when Vincent turned and saw the stranger of last week, he felt inclined to throw patronage and mastership to the winds, and ask what the . . . he meant.

But there was something in the old man's face that he couldn't resist—a grief had filled up those sharp money-caring lines, and a love all must respect had drawn down his not unsensitive mouth out of that self-sufficient and gratified grin with which Vincent had first connected him.

"My poor girl," he began, "she's very bad to-day" (somehow Vincent guessed whom he spoke about); "very bad—got caught out on the marsh, my boy,—and she's laid up ——"

Luckily his earnest endeavours to hide his own agitation from three other approaching vestrymen prevented his noticing Vincent's demeanour, which, although he was unfeignedly sorry and generally ill at ease, was not lover-like and anxious.

"I knew you didn't know," went on the old fellow, holding him back as his friends went in before them. "I tried to catch you before, but you're young and walk faster than I do. I said 'he don't know, as he walks along so jaunty, with his rose in his

hand—he'd be looking t'other way if he knew.' Where's your rose, my boy? I thought you'd be for giving it her when you'd won the day, but perhaps you've throw'd it away. Ah! you've throw'd it away. Never mind; I'll get a better one for you to give her!"

Luckily again for Vincent, the Chairman of the Board, entering with great pomposity, dragged off the unwilling Uncle J. to a secret conclave, and Vincent was rid of his embarrassment. Only for the time, and if troubles went away from without, they cropped up within. Thrown away his rose? Well he had—stop, had he? Pretty nearly, yet not past picking up, if he chose. Should he choose? He would wait and see.

A little room just outside the board-room was open to the candidates and minor officials, and here Vincent waited in a sort of ferment of doubt. An able-bodied pauper was making several journeys to supply the Board with pens, ink, and paper, as though his strength would have succumbed to the bare idea of fetching all at once. Perhaps, though, as Vincent argued to himself mechanically, it was owing to the administrative capacity of the master, who very likely classified and arranged those articles under perfectly different heads, and rendered necessary a separate trip to a distinct part of the workhouse for each.

A door slammed, and Joe entered the little room.

Joe, in a white rage at his recent rejection, having left the Cartens, avoided his uncle, and not having been near his lodgings but having walked about all night, didn't look very respectable. But he was bent on going through with it; he would beat that—that puppy! Still, it was annoying to find him here, spruce, well dressed, and self-possessed, and quite the master of his passions—which poor Joe wasn't;—and moreover with a delicate look of intellectual struggle about his face, and a half-conquered anxiety and doubt which elevated his features.

For Vincent had taken his resolution. He didn't love Carrie, and he wouldn't pretend to do so, even if half an hour's falsehood would win him the day. At first he thought of temporizing. "Let me alone," he said to himself; "I like the girl, and when she has put me under an obligation perhaps I shall love her. We shall see. I am not *obliged* to, because her uncle votes for me!"

He conquered that before Joe came in. He would do the true thing, and tell Uncle Johnson. It would have been easier to have done it sooner, but better now than have to try to sneak out when it was too late, and the girl's votes had got him the post.

So he felt right again with himself, and walked straight up to Joe, and said, "Tell me, please, how is Miss Carrie?" He meant it in a friendly, cool way, just to show an interest, and stifle all fancy of a love; and he really thought, by Joe's late entrance and perturbed looks, that his rival had waited at Carrie's bedside after her uncle had left her.

But Joe, for the reasons I have given, had heard no word of Carrie's danger, and being just at boiling point, looked upon this as a gratuitous insult, and could barely answer civilly, "Quite well, I believe."

Vincent recoiled into himself at the cold tone of Joe's speech, and then he too began to get a little savage. "It was a plot then! The old crocodile! going weeping over me and telling me she was dying! Just to make me say for pity what I wouldn't for love! Why it's neither more nor less than a conspiracy!"

So that injured, innocent Vincent stalked into the Board-room, when they were summoned, with no good feeling for Uncle J. That worthy old man was on his legs and just finishing a speech in Vincent's favour, while all the rest were in confusion—some talking aside, others interrupting the speaker, and the easy-going chairman calling for "Order!" as though he didn't expect it.

Joe couldn't make it out at all. He was being cross-questioned as to his capabilities by three pig-headed men, whose knowledge of schoolmasters must have been very slight and remote: but through the buzz of talk he listened to Alderman J.'s steady growl in the distance as he button-holed Vincent. I'm much afraid Joe didn't shine in the eyes of the tallow chandler who was interrogating him, for all he saw was Carrie standing erect and defiant among the cabbages; and all he heard, her angry words, "Uncle's votes! you'll not get many of them!"

Suddenly, as Joe got a moment to turn round, he saw Vincent very red, his uncle throwing up his arms in wrath and dismay,

and bursting away from his rival. Just then he heard one voice say loudly, "Mr. Crimple retires his son, Mr. H. Crimple;" and another, maliciously and under breath, "Look at old Johnson—first he backs his nevy, now to-day he goes a-tilt for Mr. Vincent Shaw, and blessed if he ain't now a-comin' round to his own flesh and blood again!"

For the old man was furious. "Joe, my lad, listen, *he* don't love her—*you* do, I know, and she lying ill, the poor child. I'll ruin him. Make it up with me, Joe. I'd have done something else for you, only that seemed so nice for they two"—and here, but for his fellow-vestrymen, he would have broken down. "Confound that scoundrel, he's spoilt it all, and she loves him still and lies there, pretty dear, half ravin' and a-crying 'Vincent! Vincent!' Her mother says it's awful."

It was hard for Joe to bear. So she *did* love this man, and no doubt he loved her. Could he help it? Judging by Joe's own experience, Joe guessed not. Uncle was impetuous, and had put him out. Hadn't Vincent just asked how she was? A lover's anxiety accounted for that! And with a vision of little Carrie in a fever, moaning for him, Joe took a brave resolve: *he* would help them.

Uncle was still maundering on: "Never mind, Joe; there's five 'll vote with me through thick and thin, and we'll trounce that villain yet."

Cousin Joe put in a quiet word, "Help him still, uncle; he'll love her."

Uncle Johnson looked at his hopeful nephew with something more than surprise. "Are you a man or a stick, sir?" said the irate old man, with a stamp of his foot.

"Will you vote for him or not?" replied the equally obstinate Joe.

"Family arrangements," tittered a little man in green spectacles, who wrote the leading articles for the local paper.

"No, I won't," responded uncle.

"Then—then I'll never speak to you again," stuttered Joe, "and I'll resign on the spot! Mr. Chairman, I tender my resignation from the competitorship!"

"Too late, too late, my dear sir," said the bland president. "The election's begun. Beadle, clear the room for the division, and keep better order there, can't you?"

So Joe and Vincent and the general public were excluded—not without the former's obtaining a few words with his own firm voter, and raising another protest of resignation.

The last they saw and heard of the Board was Uncle Johnson dashing his hand into his hat with anger at them both, and exclaiming, "If that old dolt of a Crimple hadn't retired his son, I'd have voted for him thirty times over rather than see either of 'em in, and never have minded a moment how he's cut me dead, and never dealt at my place since I took to selling the Gladstone sherry!"

Then the door was shut to, and although all the unruly mob were shut out, the Board certainly didn't find that order was shut *in* with them.

* * * *

Carrie had had a bad night. The excitement and wetting had been too much for her, and at one time she was delirious. Then it was that her mother heard her call "Vincent!" and shrink back as if from a rebuff, then suddenly give a sob of relief and say "Saved!" and turn off in her fancy to babble about the moon. I won't say that Mrs. Carten didn't make a guess what it was all drifting to, but she certainly ran over all the eligibles of her acquaintance without remembering a Vincent.

Uncle Johnson might have enlightened her, but he preferred to be enigmatic and hint that *he* knew, and it was all right, for he, too, was unaware of all except Carrie's unbounded confidence of the previous week, and couldn't tell that it had all been swept away by that evening's tide.

So he went off to the election cheerily, "to set it all right." We have seen with what success.

Meanwhile youth and strength were on Carrie's side and she soon got clear-headed, and not being petted and worried with three doctors, but left pretty much to herself, she rapidly improved.

First she cried a few natural tears of self-pity, for she was weak and very lonely. Then her disconsolate face grew longer at the sight of her best dress mudded all over, hanging piecemeal from a knob on the cupboard door. Then, lastly, she cried a little more at her own wilfulness, and finally left off and went to sleep.

When her mother came in with a cup of tea, Carrie felt well enough to be curious.

"I wonder who's got the election, ma?" was her first remark.

"Don't in the least know," was the only reply. Presently the nurse added, "Wonder Joe don't let us know; tain't only t'other day it seems you and he were sitting down below arranging that he was to send a boy express off here, to tell you in case he couldn't get away, through being kept to be congrattylated-like."

Only the other day! Why, it was a year ago, two years ago—before Vincent came and the spring! Young and old people do sometimes measure time so differently. That set her thinking. He would not come now unless uncle made him. She knew Joe too well for that. But was he stopping because they were wishing him happy and "congrattylating" him? She hoped not. Well, not because of Vincent only—she mustn't think of him now. But poor Joe! he would be so miserable while they, his friends, were clustered round and shaking hands and expecting him to look radiant, and perhaps give his supporters a dinner at the "George" Inn. Poor Joe! well, perhaps she had better not think of him either.

Joe was walking off at a grand pace, though he didn't quite know where to go. When that door opened and the excited vestry had fermented down a little, and he knew he was elected, he couldn't tell whether uncle was glad or not; so he took the first opportunity of breaking away, shaking hands impulsively with the surprised and half-indignant Vincent, and then racing down the street determined on one thing. And that was, to make up his mind before he came to the cross-roads what to do. To the left led to Carrie's; to the right led—well, anywhere! But it wasn't to be.

Uncle J. pulled up his dog-cart suddenly, and hailed him in a husky voice: "Well, lad, you're in a hurry, but you'd better get in and you won't lose much time!"

So they rolled on silently, Joe accepting this ready-made decision of the fates with resignation, to say the least.

At last Joe began in a stumbling way to thank his uncle for his support, and then the old man broke down. He had to give Joe the reins, a thing he never did before, and began blowing his nose and apologising to Joe for his intended apostasy. "You see, my boy, she came over me in her wheedly way, and I'd have done it to please her, and I'd do it now, only I can't."

Then poor Joe, feeling very warm and far from scholastic, but very much in the same frame of mind as his uncle, tried to make him understand that *he* too found no armour stiff enough to resist Carrie's wishes, not even his teacher's certificate and skill at accounts, and finally broke over all reserve, and had to surrender the ribands in turn, as he confessed that, although he was rejected, he would gladly give up his success to make the poor girl happy.

"It's no use, Joe; stick to it; he's a bad lot, and *don't* love her."

The little back lane had received them, and the boy from the beer-shop ran behind, the last three hundred yards, to hold the horse, and they were out of the trap and into the house in a minute.

Sam Carten, who had been unwontedly loafing about the house all day, came forward with his joke forgotten, and while Joe crept up stairs to listen at Carrie's door, the old man began narrating his woes to a willing listener.

"Sir, it is monstrous!" he began, puffing and blowing, and trying hard to get up a little dignity after his weakness in the dog-cart. "Sir, you'll see me in the paper! *I* am to be the victim. I shall be scarified. That wretch of a Spalding!" (the little man in green spectacles)—"*I* heard him with his cronies! You'll hardly believe me, sir" ('sir' didn't understand a word about it), "but I could tell you what his leader will be on Saturday. Eh! sir? It'll be this. He'll praise my speech—confound him, he always does! and *then* he'll begin: 'We wish that our parliamentary representatives would imitate Mr. Johnson, not only in perspikious oratory, but by showin' themselves open to argyment. After a convincing speech in favour of A., he showed a doo appreciation of his own merits as a debater by a-votin', deliberate, for B. Here's openness of character and love of the commonwealth. Strange enough, too, B. is his nevy!' That'll be the leader, sir!"

* * * * *

Joe had leant at the door and listened a long time.

No noise at all.

Carrie had lain on her couch and listened till she was sick of it. There was noise enough and fun enough below, mingled with great thumpings of Alderman J.'s stick, but nothing for her to take part in. Besides, she thought she heard Joe's voice once, and then

it was silent. No wonder, when he was listening breathlessly at the door, fearing she was dead, or hoping she was asleep.

She gave a peevish little cry. It *was* so dull, and even over-excitement, with a *soupçon* of attempted suicide, appeared (in retrospect) more pleasing to this wicked little nineteenth century, sensation-novel-reading, brainless, pleasant little creature, than lying down, shut off from all happy companionship and liveliness.

Joe heard the cry, rapped and came in. He was afraid, but perhaps she would like to explain, and that would quiet her, and he would say "good-bye" to that pale, tired face, and kiss those dear little hands, and go out into the world alone. As for that hateful being, the master of Barnbridge, who brought but evil wherever he came, he would dissolve partnership with him at once, and let Vincent or whoever liked pick up that empty husk and have joy of it!

How should he tell her? As he walked across the room she saw in his eyes that he had won the day. Still there was something else glistening there. You see it wasn't only the mastership he was going to leave, but something much better and dearer.

"I am so sorry, Carrie dear," was all he said.

She looked up quite brightly and said, "Ah! but I'm so glad!" Joe shook his head mentally. "She don't like *him* just now, and spites him."

Joe, Joe — for a schoolmaster, you're blind.

"Good-bye, Carrie; there's only one thing more I can do for you." Resign, he was going to say—but didn't.

"Good-bye?" (with wide open eyes)—"Not going really, Joe?"

Joe, my lad, one could almost hate you for not seeing how sorry she is, and you're a dolt if you fancy she doubts your self-denying courage. But Joe *was* stupid, and thought she didn't believe him; so, in self-defence, he knelt down at her side and said, "I did all I could for—him, Carrie! They wouldn't let me resign, and I only had one vote to give him—Files, the apothecary's — and I did that."

It was too much for Carrie, that bit of true love.

Joe! with her arms round your neck, and your fac aid in your hands—can you see it now—c. you see it now?

LINES

ON SENDING SOME GLOVES TO A LADY.

OH, pretty kid! erst in green pastures straying,
Alive and kicking, frolicking and playing,
Ere yet the cruel butcher's ruthless knife
Deprived thee of thy skin as well as life—
I wonder if thy dying pangs were lightened,
And the last moments of existence brightened,
By the blest thought that beauty's hand within
These pretty gloves, made of thy tender skin,
Would be enshrined; and that each taper finger
Would round thy epidermis fondly linger?
If some such thoughts as these I now indite
Did not inspire thee—skinning served thee right!
Why, I myself, for such a happy lot,
Should fancy skinning rather nice than not,
And deem my cuticle supremely blest
If 'neath its shelter such fair hands might rest.
But, ah! dire thought! I feel with anguish smitten,
I give her *gloves*, but she'll give me the *mitten*.

W. H. F.

Ottawa.

WHERE DID SHAKESPEARE GET HIS ARIEL?

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

SHAKESPEARE could scarcely have been unacquainted with Froissart's Chronicles. An English translation by Lord Berners was published towards the end of Henry VIII.'s reign. It was a book that would naturally fall under Shakespeare's notice, even if it were not directly sought for as consonant to his tastes. These are, of course, mere suppositions. But how else account for the striking similarity in tone and diction between many passages of the master's historical plays and the records of the courtly Canon of Chimay?

If Shakespeare were acquainted with the Chronicles of Froissart, we need look no farther for a source whence he might have derived some of his inspirations. If he were not, another striking chapter is added to the curiosities of literature.

Raymond, Lord of Corasse (said "an old and intelligent squire" to Froissart), checkmated a priest of Catalonia and deprived him of his rights. The clerk was fearful of the knight, for he knew him to be a cruel man; so dared not persevere, but returned to Avignon. Before he set out he said to the Lord of Corasse: "I am not so powerful in this country as you are, but I will send Some One that you will be more afraid of than you have been of me."

Raymond, not at all alarmed, replied: "Go! in God's name, go; I fear thee neither dead nor alive."

One night there came loud raps at the door of the knight's sleeping chamber, accompanied by a terrible tumult of noises throughout the castle.

Sebastian.

"Whilst we stood here, securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions. Did it not wake you?"

TEMPEST, ACT II., SCENE 1.

Boatswain.

"We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapped under hatches,
Where, even but now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awakened."

ACT V., SCENE 1.

Next night the noises were renewed. The knight could no longer desist from leaping out of bed and calling out: "Who is it that at this hour thus knocks at my chamber door?"

He was instantly answered: "It is I."

"And who sends thee hither?" asked the knight.

"The clerk of Catalonia."

"What art thou called?" said the knight, "who art so good a messenger?"

"My name is Orthon." [Max Müller might find a resemblance between the names Ariel and Orthon.]

"Orthon," said the knight, "serving a clerk will be no advantage to thee; I beg thou wilt therefore leave him and serve me, and I shall think myself obliged to thee."

Orthon was ready with his answer, for he had taken a liking to the knight, and said: "Do you wish it?"

"Yes," said the knight, "but no harm must be done to any one within these walls."

"Oh, no!" answered Orthon, "I have no power to do ill to any one; only to awaken thee and disturb thy rest, or that of other persons."

"Do what I tell thee then," added this knight; "we shall agree well; leave the priest, for he is a worthless fellow, and serve me."

"Well," replied Orthon, "since thou wilt have it so, I consent."

Here we have the very type of Ariel, a tricksy spirit that can do no harm:

Ariel.

"All hail, great master—grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

Orthon took such an affection for the Lord de Corasse that he often came to see

him in the night time; and when he found him asleep would pull the pillow from under his head, or make great noises at the door or windows; so that the knight, when awakened, would say: "Orthon, let me sleep."

"I will not," he would reply, "until I have told thee some news."

The knight's lady was so much alarmed that the hair of her head stood on end, and she hid herself under the bed-clothes.

"Well," the knight would say, "and what news hast thou brought me?"

To which Orthon: "I am come from England, Hungary, or some other place, which I left yesterday, and such and such things have happened."

As for instance—

Ariel.

"Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship, * * * and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

Thus did the Lord of Corasse know by means of Orthon all things that were passing in different parts of the world.

For five years Orthon served Lord Raymond, and might have said with Ariel:

"I pray thee
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies; made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

Now Count Raymond was in the habit of supplying the great Gaston de Foix with intelligence in advance of all his contemporaries, and could not keep to himself that he derived it from a telegraphic spirit that was much attached to him. "Lord de Corasse," said De Foix, "have you never yet seen your messenger?"

"No, by my fay, never, nor have I ever pressed him on the subject."

"I wonder at that," replied the great man, "for had he been so much attached to me I should have begged him to have shown himself in his own proper form; and I entreat you will do so, that you may tell me how he is made and what he is like. You have said that he speaks Gascon as well as you or I do?"

"Certes," said Corasse, "he converses just as well and as properly; and, since you desire it, I will do all I can to see him."

It fell out, when the Lord of Corasse was as usual in bed with his lady (who was now accustomed to hear Orthon without being frightened), Orthon arrived and shook the pillow of the sleeping knight. On awaking he asked who was there.

Orthon replied, "It is I."

"And where dost thou come from?"

"From Prague, in Bohemia."

"How far is it hence?"

"Sixty days' journey," replied Orthon.

"And hast thou returned hence in so short a time?"

"Yea, so may God help me, I travel as fast as the wind, or faster.

Ariel.

"I drink the air before me and return
Or e'er your pulse beat twice."

ACT V., SCENE 1.

"What! hast thou got wings?"

"Oh, no."

"No?" said the knight. "I should like exceedingly to see what form thou hast, and how thou art made; I should love thee better if I had seen thee."

"Well," replied Orthon, "since you have such a desire, the first thing you shall see to-morrow morning, in quitting your bed, shall be myself."

"I am well satisfied," said the knight; "you may now depart; I give thee liberty for this night."

Prospero.

"Fine spirit, go!
Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape
And thither come in't. Hence with diligence."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

The Lady of Corasse was too much agitated to get up next morning, but the Count sprang out of bed and sat, half-dressed, for a considerable time on the edge, seeing nothing remarkable. When the ensuing night arrived Orthon's voice was heard in the chamber as usual. "Go to!" cried the knight in wrath, "thou ought'st to have shown thyself to me this morning, and hast not done so."

"Yes," replied Orthon, "but I have!"

"Thou liest, malignant thing; I say no!"

"And did you see nothing at all when you leaped out of bed?"

The lord was silent, but having considered awhile, said, "Yes, when sitting on my

bedside, thinking of thee, I saw two straws that were turning and playing together on the floor."

"That was myself," said Orthon, "for I had taken that form."

"Sometimes I divide
And be in many places."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

The Lord de Corasse responded:

"That will not satisfy me; I beg of thee to assume some other shape, that I may see thee and know thee."

Orthon answered: "You ask so much that you will ruin me and force me away from you; for your requests are too great."

"How now!" cried my lord; "you shall not quit me; if I had once seen thee I should not again wish it."

"Well," replied Orthon, sadly, "you shall see me to-morrow if you will pay attention to the first thing you observe when you leave your chamber."

"I am content," said the knight; "now go thy ways, for I want to sleep."

Next morning the Sieur Corasse, leaning from a balcony, chanced to notice a great lean sow that had strayed into the court-yard. Angry at the intrusion, he exclaimed: "Let the dogs loose, quickly! for I will have that sow killed and devoured." The hounds were slipped and cheered on.

Prospero.

"Hey! mountain, hey!
Silver!—there it goes,—Silver!
Fury! Fury! there. Tyrant! there."

ACT V., SCENE 1.

The poor hunted beast uttered one dolorous cry, looked up at the Lord of Corasse, and vanished into thin air. Orthon, like Ariel, had resolved himself into the elements.

The sequel of the story is, that the same Orthon, or another spirit of his kind, attached himself to Count Gaston de Foix, and did his bidding as Ariel obeyed Prospero.

Now, it is not suggested that Shakespeare took a copy of the Chronicles of John de Froissart and sat down to copy therefrom his impersonation of Prospero's familiar. But is it not much within the limits of plausibility that the quaint story of Orthon attracted the attention of the Great Magician, and, passing through the alembic of his mind, was sublimed into the "fine apparition" Ariel, the most admirable of his airy ministers?

TO A FRIEND IN EUROPE.

"Cœlum, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.'

I here, amid Canadian pines,
Whose floating fragrance fills the air,
Where rocks are green with tangled vines,
And ferns are waving everywhere.

Where, 'neath the long dark hemlock boughs,
Bright waves leap, sparkling, to the sun,
Or rest, 'neath gold and crimson clouds,
In purple state, when day is done.

You where, amid bright southern flowers,
You watch the blue of southern seas,
And—framed in vine and olive bowers—
The summits of the Pyrenees.

Where, o'er the chateau's vine-clad wall,
You watch the sunset's glorious dream,
While, softly kissed by golden mist,
The Titans all transfigured seem.

Or, passing from the quaint old town,
You wander up their rocky base,
While laden peasants clamber down
Along the walnut-shaded ways;

Or, seaward turned, your eyes explore
The Riviera's curves and bays—
The sleeping sea and winding shore
And crags that swim in purple haze.

What matter 'neath which skies we dream
Away the summer holiday;
Where snowy myrtle blossoms gleam,
Or feathery hemlocks fringe the bay?

So, only, to the waiting soul—
'Mid rustling leaves and woodland scent—
The Spirit that informs the whole
More closely with the heart is blent.

So, in the presence felt of Him
Who seems so near in woodland ways,
We learn, in forest alleys dim,
Sweet lessons for the wintry days,

When death lies chill on lake and hill,
And even a southern sea is gray,
When brightest skies the storm-clouds fill,
And summer seems so far away!

So, from the Heart Divine, there rise
A fuller spring of love in ours;
Bright hopes, for dark November skies,
Warm faith for bleak and wintry hours;

That faith—to those who seek it given—
Grow still in ours, as seasons roll,
And, drawing sunshine straight from heaven,
Keep living "summer in the soul!"

July, 1875. FIDELIS.

THE LETTERS OF LEGION.*

BY REV. HENRY SCADDING, D.D., TORONTO.

IN 1843 Sir Charles Metcalfe succeeded Sir Charles Bagot in the Governor-Generalship of Canada. Responsible Government had not long been conceded; and the Governors themselves had not yet quite cordially come in to the system. Their view of their own responsibility to the Crown and people of England conflicted in some degree with the theory of Responsible Government as understood by Canadians. Sir Charles Metcalfe, though nominally accepting Responsible Government, found himself in antagonism with its warmest supporters. Possessed of a strong will, he wished to rule as well as reign; and, probably, could he have had, consistently with the new theory, his own way in the management of public affairs, the common weal would not have suffered; for he was a highly-gifted, excellent, and most benevolent-minded man. But the *amour propre* of Canadian statesmen, just beginning to rejoice in the newly-acquired right of self-government, was quickly offended by Sir Charles's too frequent interposition of his own individual judgment.

Legion's letters were a sharp attack upon Sir Charles Metcalfe's mode of administering the Canadian government, and a vindication of the view taken of the reformed Canadian constitution by the Liberal party. Nominally they were a reply to a series of letters by Dr. Egerton Ryerson, in defence of Sir Charles Metcalfe's ideas; and it was during the course of this discussion that Legion fastened on his opponent the curious soubriquet of Leonidas; not, as I have seen it alleged, because his antagonist had adopted that name as a *nom-de-plume*, but simply because when rushing to the protection of the Governor-General he chanced to liken himself to the Spartan hero. I need not go further into the particulars of this renowned encounter. I will simply give a specimen or two of Legion's flowing, oratorical style. I first quote a short passage, which disposes of the *nom-de-plume* theory of the origin of "Leonidas" as a soubriquet, and also explains why Legion himself adopted the obviously objectionable signature which appears at the close of his letters: "Had he [his opponent] signed himself the Doctor, or Leonidas, or Three Hundred Spartans, or Wesley, or Fletcher, or Robert Hall, or Chalmers, I should have been spared the necessity for this letter," Legion says; "but he [his opponent] has placed his name and his former conduct before the public as bearing upon the matter at issue, and as adding weight to his arguments. I could not, therefore, as he says, pass it over; nor would it have been courteous to treat his name and his inducements as nothing. I think it a piece of misjudged egotism to mix the name of a public writer up with his arguments; it always is calculated to mislead, and at the best is loss of time and of printing materials, which now bid fair to be too much in request to be wasted. The above are my sentiments, Sir," the writer says to the editor of the *Examiner*, the journal in which the letters first appeared, "but as they are also the opinion of hundreds of thousands as good loyal Canadians, I have no right to the monopoly. I therefore, Sir, with all deference to your readers, subscribe myself your and their humble servant, LEGION—for We are Many." I now quote an elaborate discrimination between despotism and constitutional government, with an ironical statement of the merits of the former under certain circumstances, and a repudiation of the doctrine that rulers in free countries can proceed safely and satisfactorily without having regard to public opinion and considerations of party. "A party may be defined for our present purpose," Legion observes, "as a number of persons professing an opinion or opinions in which they agree. Opposite parties, as two parties each respec-

*From "Some Canadian *Noms-de-plume* Identified, with samples of the writings to which they are appended." A paper read before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1876.

tively agreeing amongst its own members, and opposing the opinion or opinions of the other party. As the whole of a community is rarely of one opinion, the opinion of the majority, or of those forming the largest party, is, for the purpose of government, said to be public opinion; at least it is the opinion which for all practical purposes must be taken to be public opinion. What is just, and right, and good," Legion goes on to say, "may be the object of a despotic as well as of a free government. No one dreams of alleging that absolute power in the ruler is inconsistent with good government. All I need maintain is, that absolute power in the ruler is inconsistent with all our notions of free institution. An absolute ruler may, with the best intentions, look within his own breast for the rules of right and wrong—to his own reason for his policy; and if his mind be better constituted, and his means of information greater than that of all others, his government may be better and wiser than any government influenced by popular opinion. To such a potentate, it is true praise to say of him that he possessed an inflexible determination to administer his government without regard to party, because the opinions which make parties are beneath his consideration. He judges, he thinks, he rules for himself; he puts down public opinion, for it is but an impediment in his way; and he rules irrespective of party, because to him public opinion is as nothing. But just in proportion as the form of a government is removed from a despotism, disregard of public opinion becomes a crime in a ruler, and ceases to be a subject for eulogy. And he who administers a Government free and popular in its form, without regard to public opinion or to party opinions, call it which we please, is a violator of the constitution he is bound to uphold, and insincere in his professions of attachment to that constitution. Swift, in ridiculing party divisions, describes the kingdom of Lilliput as divided into two parties, one of whom wore low heels to their shoes, the other high heels; and if Sir Charles Metcalfe had been made Governor of Lilliput, he might have governed its diminutive inhabitants without regard to their heels, and have chosen his councillors from both parties indifferently, caring nothing for their disputes, and despising their party differences; but who would allege that he was influenced by public opinion, or that he was administering Responsible Government? It is, however, just as a pigmy people that Sir Charles has always regarded Canadians, and it is with this view that he takes to himself the praise of inflexible determination; but the inflexible determination of a ruler under the British Constitution is national determination; and personal determination which opposes this, is despotism. The threat to employ whatever force may be necessary to enforce it, is tyranny; and the pretence that it is consistent with Responsible Government is hypocrisy." On Sir Charles's alleged resolve to act officially without the concurrence of his Executive Council, Legion thus remarks: "Charity may once have ascribed his invasion of the Constitution of this country to ignorance of British constitutional usage; but time has removed the veil, and he must now be considered either as the originator, or the instrument of a design to defeat and put down Responsible Government in Canada. If Canadians value Responsible Government, they cannot give way. They must use every constitutional means of asserting their rights, till they obtain them fully. If they do not value British freedom, or if Dr. Ryerson has been able to frighten them with his bugbear of "Royal Proclamations and Military Provisions," let them kneel down and ask pardon for the presumption of their Parliament, and let the reign of favouritism and intrigue continue. If Canadians have not the spirit of British subjects, let them be the servants of servants they deserve to be; but if they have any wish for peace and quietness as the fruit of ignominious vassalage, let them petition for the abolition of the Provincial Parliament, which cannot exist without constantly reminding them of their degradation. There may be something noble in political slavery; but political slavery with the forms of freedom is, to all intents and purposes, wretched and utterly despicable."

The letters of Legion were from the pen of Robert Baldwin Sullivan, afterwards one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, and previously a member of successive Governments before and after the union of the Canadas. The author of the letters of Legion was wont in his younger days to contribute papers of a humorous and playful character to the literary periodicals of the day. In Sibbald's *Canadian Magazine*, pub-

lished at York (Toronto) in 1833, are to be seen communications of his under the *nom-de-plume* of "Cinna." I select a passage from an amusing "Essay on Roads," by Cinna. "This being an introductory essay," the writer says, "it is fit that I explain that my remarks will not be confined to mere terrestrial roads; they will, indeed, be principally directed to those mental highways along which the glorious march of intellect is conducted, or rather driven with such steam-engine impetuosity. The schoolmaster is abroad, they say; and indeed, for any use he is of, may so remain; learning is acquired now-a-days without his assistance. The road to the temple of Fame has been levelled and macadamized; and there are rumours of a railway and a canal. This last, to be sure, is opposed by some old sober-sided fools, who think that the ancient institutions at the top of the hill, and which have been erected with so much labour, will slide into the deep cut which would be necessary to bring the canal down to ditch-water level; but suppose they do, who cares? Is it not better to go on a *tow*-path over their ruins, than be threatened with a *hempen* one, into the other world, for trying to undermine them? When I was a little boy, my grandmother thought me a youth of talents rare when I learned my letters; and to say the truth, my talons were often made to look as rare as an Abyssinian beefsteak before I acquired so much learning. I then stuck so long in orthography, that one would think I was spell-bound. Oh! if I had only waited till now, when grown up gentlemen and ladies are taught writing in six short lessons. I might in a week have been a literate person, and so branded by Act of Parliament. I might then, indeed, have *served* my friends, who now say I am a burden to them, with writs of *ca-re* and fiery faces, like Mr. Underhill; or perhaps I might have been an attorney, and then my clients would give me instructions, and pay besides; and no one could say my education would not be finished some time or other, unless, indeed, it is possible that my aforesaid instructions might happen to be never dun! which is, it must be acknowledged, very unlikely." In the same *Canadian Magazine* are some poetical pieces from the hand of Cinna, humorous and serious, which I shall presently notice. He explains in the following manner, in one of his papers, how he first came to send to the editor a communication in prose:—"I was sitting," he says, "one evening with my friend, 'Sae Bald' (so the editor Sibbald resolved his name on the covers of the Magazine), who everybody knows to be the proprietor of the Magazine, and I was reciting to him, as I thought most beautifully, some cantos of my great epic poem, in which I flatter myself I have excelled most poets in making the sound agree with the sense. The canto contained a sublime and musical description of the baying of a kennel full of hounds by moonlight; and of course the verse seemed to echo the voices of the interesting animals who thus sang in concert with the music of the spheres. The passage I was reading, notwithstanding the splendour of the lunar orb, was a dark one; and I was indulging myself in the hope that I had excelled even my companion 'Sae Bald' in the obscurity of his style, when I was awakened from my pleasing dream by his suddenly interrupting me. Laying down his glass, 'Cinna, mon,' says he, 'will ye just hand me the nutmeg?' This spicy gale quite shipwrecked the bark of my dogs, and oh! how that cinnamon and nutmeg grated on my feelings! But think not, reader, that my friend does not understand and feel poetry, particularly such as mine. The truth was, I had chosen my time badly. The printer's imp stood behind his chair. 'Cinna,' said Sae Bald, 'what for do ye no gie us some prose for the Mogazeen? Yon deevil of a printer is in an unco hurry for matter, an' he says, nae matter how I get it, it maun be furnishet directly.' 'And I suppose,' said I, snappishly, 'you cannot furnish it directly if your materials are inverse.'" I close Cinna's prose with two anecdotes which he contrives to bring in. (The "Red Lion" is still in being in Yorkville; it used to be known, from the name of the well-known proprietor and manager, as Tiers' Tavern. It should have been mentioned above that the Underhill there named was a well-known local bailiff.) "An old acquaintance of mine," Cinna writes, "the landlord of the Red Lion, who was a jolly fellow, although his name was Tiers (what his wife's was before marriage is now forgotten, for Tiers dropped upon the word and—blotted it out for ever!), puzzled a gentleman sorely in my presence, by telling him that he, Tiers, was tired of *public life*, and must re-

tire from the *bar*. And I myself," Cinna adds, "was once canvassing for a seat in Parliament, and applied to an Irish friend to let me have some wild land, *that* being considered the only qualification necessary in a member. I began by telling my friend, in the elevated and patriotic style which the election time produces, that I was desirous of having a *stake* in the country. 'Then,' says he, 'you had better go to old Ireland for that same, for the never a *steak* you'll get in this country fit to ait, for love or money.'"

Outrageous puns, it will be observed, form the staple of these papers.

Some playful verses from the same hand, in the manner of Hood, and similarly characterised, are to be seen also in Sibbald's Magazine. As a specimen, I give a few lines from a ballad of thirty-two stanzas. Tom Scalpel, a medical student, abstracts from a dissecting-room the head and arms of a dead body. The deed is thus described :—

"Says Tom, although the sky don't fall
I think I'll have a lark:
This kind of lark, they fly by night;
So Tom got out of bed,
And took his steel and stole two arms,
And bagged the subject's head;
Like other folks that take *to* arms,
He took to legs and run,
Although he heard no shot, ere half
His heavy task was done."

The grotesque consequences of the action are then detailed at length, in language ingeniously tortured. I observe also some graceful songs by Cinna, in the Haynes Bayly style. I select one verse :—

"The worm the rose's petals fold,
Gnaws at its inmost core;
And love that never must be told
Consumes the heart the more."

To these extracts I subjoin one passage, in which the writer of the Letters of Legion, and of the productions subscribed "Cinna," speaks in his own proper person. It is from an "Address on Immigration and Colonization," delivered in the Mechanics' Institute Hall, Toronto, in 1847. It will be seen that in 1847 he had a very clear view of the capabilities of the then almost wholly undeveloped North-West. "I dare say by this time," Mr. Sullivan said, in the course of his address, "I have established my character for being visionary and over-ardent, and impatient; but I have to lead you yet farther. Just take the map of Canada—but no! that will not do; take the map of North America, and look to the westward of that glorious inland sea, Lake Superior. I say nothing of the mineral treasures of its northern shores, or those of our own Lake Huron, but I ask you to go with me to the head of Lake Superior, to the boundary line. You will say it is a cold journey; but I tell you the climate still improves as you go westward. At the head of Lake Superior we surmount a height of land, and then descend into the real garden of the British possessions, of which so few know anything. Books tell you little of the country, and what they do say will deceive and mislead you. I tell you what I have heard directly from your townsman, Mr. Angus Bethune, and indirectly from Mr. Ermatinger, very lately from that country :—A little to the westward of Lake Superior is Lake Winnipeg, and into Lake Winnipeg runs the Saskatchewan River. It takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and the Lake Winnipeg discharges its waters towards and into Hudson's Bay. This river runs from west to east fifteen hundred miles without an obstruction; it is navigable for boats carrying ten or twelve tons. It runs through a country diversified with prairie, rich grass, clumps of forest, and on one of the branches of the river are coal-beds, out of which coal can be obtained by any one with a spade in his hand or, without; and the plains are covered with the wild buffalo of America. I am told that you may drive a waggon from one end to the other of the country of the Saskatchewan; and I am told, moreover, that it is superior in soil and equal in climate to any part of Canada, and that it produces wheat, barley, oats, potatoes—in short, all the crops of temperate climates—in abundance." Now that Manitoba has been organized, and a beneficent civilization is beginning to spread itself thence far out over the broad Saskatchewan valleys, destined soon to meet influences of a similar kind emanating from British Columbia, the forecasts of a thoughtful, ardent mind in regard to these regions some thirty years ago are interesting to read; and they may help us to realize and measure the progress, material, social, and moral, which has been made in that interval of time.

KANATA.

BY CHARLES MAIR, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

THE eastern and the western gates
Are open, and we see her face;
Throned midst a sea of pines she waits
The coming of each weary race.
Fair genius of a virgin land,
Kanata! Queen of northern skies,
Maid of the tender lip and hand,
And dark yet hospitable eyes.

Thou art our Spirit of Romance,
Our Fairy Queen, our Damsel lorn,
Who, by some wild mysterious chance,
In still, untroubled woods wast born.
In the long light and life gone by
All pleasant things came to thy side,
Sweet singers sought thy company,
And supple forms from forests wide.

They played along the golden shore
And wild, dim headlands of the past;
Thoughtless of life their spirits bore
No stain by fears and passion cast.
No philosophic doubts were theirs,
No tideless, stern pursuit of gain,
No weariness of life, no cares,
No yearnings underlaid with pain.

But, wild and true and innocent,
They plucked the blossom of the year,
Where savours of the woods were blent
With music of the waters clear.
Death had no terrors—it was then
A world of spirits free from pain;
The spirit-bear crouched in his den,
The spirit-bison roamed the plain.

And still the chase they would pursue,
And o'er the vacant rivers glide
With ghostly paddle and canoe,
And ghostly forests on each side,
For ever, for no snow should fall
To waste the sweetness of the light,

Nor old age and its funeral,
Nor bitter storm nor ancient night.

'Tis past, Kanata! Weightier days
Strain tight the girdle of the year;
Pale feet are in thy forest ways,
Pale faces on thy plains appear;
And eyes adventurous behold
The gathering shadows on thy brow,
Where sacred graves of grassy mould
Turn black beneath th' encroaching plough.

Thy plains are whispered of afar—
The gleaming prairies' rich increase;
And, leaning on their tools of war,
Men dream of plenitude and peace.
For Europe's middle age is o'er,
With all her ways still undefined,
And darker seem the paths before
Than the dark paths which lie behind.

Mayhap; but still I see them come—
A weary people seeking rest—
Sighing for liberty, a home
And shelter in the peaceful West;
Where ancient foes in race and creed
May never more the tyrants see
Who eat the bread of craft and greed,
And steal the wine of liberty.

Fair fleeting promises and scenes,
False hopes of simple minds the snare!
Here but the fields and rich demesnes
Of demagogue and doctrinaire.
Alas for gentle laws and life,
And gentle freedom slowly won—
The modest maid, the faithful wife,
The simple love 'twixt sire and son.

Must these things perish from the earth?
Perchance—since many a grace hath fled;
But time will give a second birth,
And wring old fragrance from the dead.
And other ages will restore
The wonted beacons to the night,
Give back the simple faith of yore—
Give back the Christ, the Life, the Light.

PRAYER AND NATURAL LAW.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

THOSE readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY whose minds were disquieted by the publication, in the number for last August, of an article in which were set forth some of the most obvious objections to the common belief in the physical efficacy of prayer, must have been reassured by the vast preponderance of force that immediately made its appearance on the orthodox side of the discussion. In undertaking to reply to the three able writers arrayed against me, I am reminded of a "request for prayer" that was published in a well-known evangelical journal, *The Christian*, in the following terms: "The Christian parents of a son about to undergo a hard examination early in December next, ask the prayers of the Lord's people that it may please the Lord to permit their son's success." As the time for the examination drew nigh, a mere "permission" that the lad might succeed did not seem sufficient; so a further request was sent to the same paper for prayer that the Lord might "help him to go through his task successfully." The task which now devolves upon me is a sufficiently formidable one—to deal in one article with criticisms distributed through three, or rather four; but the issue will depend, as surely it ought to depend, on the degree in which the doctrines advocated on either side approximate to the truth, and the degree in which they have been intellectually mastered by their respective defenders. That a weak advocate may momentarily compromise a good cause, I am deeply conscious; but his duty is performed when he has sincerely uttered his own thought, and duly profited by the corrections of others. Truth, in the long run, will take care of itself; and her most blundering servant has done something useful if he has only awakened discussion.

In regard to the matter now in question, nothing certainly could be more out of place than any spirit of *parti pris*. Because I have uttered such and such opinions, shall I therefore cling to them for ever after, and only the more tenaciously and uncompromisingly the more they are controverted by others? Surely not. What renders so much discussion so exceedingly dreary is the manifest determination on both sides not to be convinced. But before any one can with any grace seek to convince others, he must himself be open to conviction—must accept and realize it as a fact that, however overwhelming the proof may appear to him of the views he has espoused, however deeply inwoven those views may be with his very nature, *there is no absolute screen from error for any human being*. Since my last article appeared, I have had six months to think over the subject, have discussed it in private to some extent, and have given a careful attention to the counter-arguments of FIDELIS, Mr. S. E. Dawson and Mr. Romanes; and if I had any change of view to record, it should here be recorded. But no; my further thinkings on the subject have only tended to strengthen the conviction that inspired my former article, and to give me a keener sense of the importance of doing all in one's power to hasten a general revolution of opinion in regard to the function and efficacy of prayer.

Let me here briefly re-state the position which I took up on this subject. It is claimed by ordinary believers that prayer is not only an act of communion between men and their Maker, and, as such, a means whereby the moral and spiritual life may be strengthened, but that it is, further, a means whereby various purely temporal blessings may be secured—sometimes bread, sometimes money, sometimes health, sometimes deliverance from danger; and that, though these blessings come apparently in the ordinary course of things, they yet would *not* have come but for prayer. In my article of August last, I recognised the validity of prayer as an act of communion. We know too well what are the benefits of human

communion: how influences seem to flow forth from some beloved friend—strengthening those things in us that need strengthening, infusing fresh energy and hope, and gladdening and purifying life—to doubt for one moment that the sincere believer in God, as a Being infinite in goodness and wisdom, may derive from communion with Him abundant comfort and strength. Even the memory of an earthly friend is a potent source of influence. When John Stuart Mill said in his Autobiography that after his wife's death her memory became "a religion" to him, the cynics sneered; but thousands of unperverted hearts knew that the words embodied a deep and consolatory truth. We *can* hold converse with the departed, and can feel that, in a true sense, they live in us. On no theory, therefore, of the universe can there be any necessity for calling in question the efficacy or value of prayer in the spiritual region. When, however, we are asked to believe that prayer is not only thus beneficial to the devout believer, but that it affects the course of events in the physical region, that it causes (directly or indirectly) rain or sunshine, breaks the power of disease, gives success where otherwise there would have been failure, or accomplishes any one of the thousand results of a physical kind that are constantly attributed to it, we naturally ask for evidence. As regards spiritual benefits, we accept the testimony of sincere believers, no matter to what religion they belong; but when a man, however sincere, tells us that certain prayers offered up by himself or others determined this or that natural event, we say, "This is not a matter in which your consciousness has aught to say; it is one purely of inference. Now tell us what reason you have for believing that this thing would not have happened but for your prayers." My position, therefore, is simply that of one demanding evidence for that which, if true, must admit of evidence. If, in addition to the ordinary natural agencies for bringing about certain results, prayer, though by what chain of intermediate causes we cannot determine—is also an agency, we ought to see its effect in the multiplication of those results in certain cases. In casting dice, every number turns up, in the long run, as often as every other. But if prayer could affect the result of a cast, and if prayer were offered, say, for the number seven, even though the prayer might not always be answered—say not more than once in ten times—seven would still be the winning number. I bring this forward as the simplest possible illustration of my position. If, now, a person who, as the result of a thousand throws, had simply had his own average of success, were to insist that such as he had was the result of his prayers, could anybody be blamed for not attaching much importance to the pretension? Does not every one feel that, before such a claim could be put forward with any show of reasonableness or modesty, there must be *something more than an average* of success to point to, or, in other words, that some *evidence* ought to be forthcoming of the efficacy of the alleged special agency? One of my critics has spoken of me as pursuing the "high *priori* road;" but I hardly think this is correct. To criticize, in the light of our ordinary knowledge of the constitution of things and sequence of events, theories that are brought forward to explain how prayer may have, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, a physical efficacy, is not to discuss metaphysics; and I doubt if anything more than is here indicated can be found in my essay.

A word or two now with regard to the general character of each of the three replies that my article has called forth. That of FIDELIS is the most detailed, and, so far, the most satisfactory. It purports to prove that "it is the will of God to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings." By blessings is here meant, of course, temporal blessings, or else the thesis is of no value at all in the present discussion. The proof offered falls under three heads: "the instinctive belief of humanity, the evidence of revelation, and the testimony of the consciousness of those who truly pray." I almost think that FIDELIS must have momentarily forgotten what it was that had to be proved, or else we should not have had an appeal to "instinct" and "consciousness" in a matter which is wholly one of experience. The question is: Has God, as a matter of fact, constituted prayer as a recognisable antecedent to physical effects? What answer can instinct or consciousness give to such a question? FIDELIS says that if temporal blessings are not annexed to prayer, then the instinct which expresses itself in "the cry which unconsciously breaks from men's lips in ex-

treme peril or intense agony" must be "founded upon a lie." It would be just as correct to say that the instinct which makes a drowning man, as the proverb says, grasp at straws, is founded upon a lie. The question for FIDELIS to consider, in the light of our common knowledge of facts, is whether these cries of frantic fear or cruel agony *bring relief*. Is it not strictly true, taking an average result, that the more bitter and piercing the cry, the less is help sent? In moderate danger people put up their petitions with moderate earnestness; but when death stares them in the face, then does the "instinct" to which FIDELIS refers break forth in all its force, and, too often, all in vain. Here is a ship, teeming with life, sinking, far from all help, beneath a stormy sea. Who would care to realize the terror and despair of such a scene? Here, again, is a famine-stricken or a fever-stricken multitude, raising their piteous cries to heaven. But the heavens are as brass, and the wail of agony is borne away by careless winds. It is no pleasure to any one to dwell upon such painful themes, and I spare all elaboration; but when we are pointed to the instinct that makes men invoke Heaven on occasions of imminent danger as a proof that prayer possesses a physical efficacy, it is right to look at cases where such invocations are at once most general and most intense, and to ask ourselves, in the light, not of theories, but of facts, of what avail they are. Of course deliverance *sometimes* comes to those who have cried out in their distress; and men in all ages and nations have loved to credit such deliverances to the intervention of their gods; but are we always to accept the supernatural explanations that men give of natural events? If not, where are we to draw the line? If deliverance *never* came to those who thus appeal to Heaven, we should have to suppose that by some occult law a connection was established between such appeals and certain destruction; that deliverance *sometimes* comes and sometimes does not is simply and perfectly in harmony with the theory that prayer possesses *no* physical efficacy. As regards the instances adduced by FIDELIS, of apparent supernatural intervention in human affairs, I trust they have been carefully weighed by all who are following this discussion. I feel assured that any criticisms which I could make upon them have already suggested themselves to the thoughtful reader.

Mr. Dawson has pursued a somewhat different line of argument. The scope of his paper may best be indicated by the following quotation: "The precise point in which I differ from Mr. Le Sueur is this—that taking into consideration the recent discoveries in science, and especially those in chemistry and physics, I find it much more easy to conceive the possibility and the probability of Divine answers to prayer, than under those theories of matter which were previously held." The question, however, which I tried to discuss was not as to the *conceivability* of answers to prayer; for, *a priori*, I am quite prepared to grant that it is perfectly conceivable that an Omnipotent Being should attach physical or temporal rewards to petitions addressed to Himself. What I tried to arrive at was the effect which would be produced on the visible order of events in this world, if such a connection had been established; and I endeavoured to show that the evidence for any such connection is lacking. Mr. Dawson does not, therefore, really attack my position at all, so far at least as the elaboration of his main thesis is concerned. He takes up a position, however, somewhat similar to that of FIDELIS when he says: "If the unchanging will of God be that His creatures calling upon Him in His appointed way shall always receive aid, such aid could easily reach us in a way indistinguishable from the ordinary course of nature." To this hypothetical proposition I fully agree; but as it is not disputed that there are other (natural) means, quite apart from prayer, by which temporal blessings may be secured, I humbly submit that those persons in the community who have control, not of the natural means only, but of the special agency of prayer as well, ought to have results to show, *of a temporal nature*, commensurate with the great advantages of their position. If they have, then of course there is an end of controversy; if they have not, by what warrant do they attribute what they have to prayer? Are they prepared to assert that they actually did neglect the natural means, or that they would have neglected them but for prayer? The first case would imply simple disrespect for the physical laws of the universe and an unseemly confidence in Divine favour; the second would reveal de-

cided inferiority in natural energy of character to those who, without recourse to or reliance on prayer, have obtained an equal share of advantages.

Mr. Dawson not only appeals, as does FIDELIS, to intuition, but he takes up the position that the intuition which leads men to pray is on a par with the axioms of mathematics. Upon this I would remark, in the first place, that while the axioms of mathematics are the foundation of the most coherent system of human knowledge ever constructed, the "intuition" of which Mr. Dawson speaks is at the foundation of all the conflicting systems of theology that the world has ever seen, from Fetichism to Christianity, and has descended to us from generations whose religion was simply the dense shadow of their ignorance. If the confidence that the African savage has in his "rain-maker" is any proof that the rain-maker controls the laws of nature, something may be said for the validity of the "intuition" generally, as an indication of the Divine constitution of the universe; but, if not, I fail to see what inference can be drawn from its survival to the present day. I cannot, however, admit that the word "intuition" is rightly applied to this inherited instinct or tendency. The proper sense of the word is *immediate knowledge*—knowledge of which the mind finds itself possessed the moment it attempts any exercise of its powers; but the phenomenon of which Mr. Dawson speaks has not the character of knowledge at all; it is a simple impulse to a particular form of action. The impulse springs from a belief in a God or in Gods, as the case may be; but the very fact that it springs from anything, shows that it is not an intuition. The axioms of mathematics do not impel us in any direction. If I might venture an opinion upon a subject that has engaged some of the profoundest minds, I should say that the whole necessity of axioms arises from the analytical character of human language; and that they thus represent a synthesis which the mind is compelled to make, in order that identical notions may not be kept separate by mere differences of expression. In all stages and states of the human mind, the authority of an axiom is the same; but the power of the instinct to which Mr. Dawson refers varies from age to age, from individual to individual, and in the same individual from day to day. A man may be rationally convinced that prayer is not possessed of physical efficacy; but sudden fear may overmaster all his knowledge and throw him back upon the convictions, or rather mental habits, of his childhood or of his ancestors. The recent fearful epidemic among the Fiji Islanders, when they were smitten (as FIDELIS would maintain for some "remedial purpose") with an aggravated type of measles, had the effect of causing many who had been converted to Christianity to revert to their native superstitions. The tendency on all such occasions is for new ideas and habits to yield to old; but if the old were founded on *intuition*, they never would have been displaced or shaken. A sick or a drowning man is not more intuitively convinced that things equal to the same thing are equal to one another, than a man in full health and perfect safety.

It may be well, before passing to another division of my subject, to notice an illustration made use of by Mr. Dawson. The geologist, he says, "sees in the large eyes of the trilobite conclusive evidence of the existence of light. * * * By a like process of induction, we argue that as the need, the practice, and the faculty of prayer have existed in the human mind at all times and under all conditions, either the creation of this faculty by God, or its development by the operation of law, equally bears witness to a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering Deity." Let us analyze this argument and see what we find. The eye, as we know it now, is the organ through which we are made conscious of light; the trilobite had an eye; therefore we may fairly infer that light was contemporary with the trilobite. In other words, we have a pair of equal ratios, thus:—

Human eye: light:: trilobite eye: light.

Now let us see whether we can get a pair of equal ratios as regards prayer. Men have always had the habit of prayer—what is the *known* correlative to that? Why, the very point in dispute at this moment is whether there is any correlative to it at all in the objective world. If it were a matter of common knowledge *now* that prayers directed to physical objects were efficacious, we might argue, as in the case of the trilobite's eye, that similar prayers in past ages were also efficacious; but such knowledge is lacking, otherwise the present controversy would

never have had an existence. But, leaving the trilobite to slumber in his silurian bed, it may be said: may we not argue that, as the eye is made for light, so these instincts were made to correspond with a personal Providence ordering the course of events with a view to the answering of prayer? I answer, no; an instinct is not a sense; if it were, there could be no possible question as to its external object. Besides, men have no instinct that tells them, or suggests to them, that God *always* answers prayer; and it would be ridiculous to talk of an instinct affirming that God *sometimes* answers prayer: no such qualification could be introduced except as the result of experience. Then when we think of the millions of cases in which the instinct, such as it is, has been, and is still being, utterly baffled; when we reflect that the very bitterest cries are precisely those—judging by the event—that go most unheeded, the resemblance which the preceding argument would establish between this habit of the mind and a sense uniformly responding to its appropriate stimulus, and building up atom by atom, cell by cell, the mysterious structure of human consciousness, vanishes utterly out of sight.

Turning now to Mr. Romanes, I find that he begins his article with a complaint that I had attempted to criticize the Burney Prize Essay of 1873 without having read it. To this charge I cannot plead guilty. The Burney Prize Essay had not at the time I wrote my last article come into my hands, but I did not think that a reason why I should not examine, from my point of view, the arguments that FIDELIS had brought forward on this question in a previous number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. It was quite unnecessary for me to have mentioned whence the arguments of FIDELIS were drawn; but since I did do so, I wish I had been a little more guarded in my reference to Mr. Romanes's essay. Instead of saying, as I did: "The present writer has not had the advantage of reading the work to which FIDELIS refers; but assuming its arguments to have been correctly and adequately reproduced, it is his purpose to show wherein they appear to be defective," I should have said: "The present writer has not had the advantage of reading the work to which FIDELIS refers, and he will therefore confine himself entirely to the arguments FIDELIS has presented." This would hav been more in consonance with the course I really adopted than the words Mr. Romanes has quoted; for I am sure that no careful reader of my article could have thought that it was Mr. Romanes whom I criticized. Be that as it may, however, Mr. Romanes has criticized me, and finds me lacking in "accuracy of thought." Let us see on what grounds.

It is alleged that I "confuse the antecedent improbability of the theory concerning the physical efficacy of prayer with the antecedent improbability of the theory concerning the government of the world by a Personal Providence." Here I demur entirely. Until Mr. Romanes explains what he means by a "Personal Providence," it is impossible for any one to say whether he could consent to discuss the question of the physical efficacy of prayer on that theory. Most persons would understand by those words, a Providence that answers prayers, and otherwise adapts the order of natural events to moral purposes. Nobody will consent to discuss any question under restrictions that prevent him dealing with the question freely on its merits. When two persons agree upon a certain basis of argument, the man who brings forward an argument fatal to his own accepted basis simply confutes himself. Everyone understands that. But Mr. Romanes and I had agreed upon no basis; and so far as my arguments against the physical efficacy of prayer are concerned, I am prepared to accept any consequences that can legitimately be deduced from them. My own opinion is that Mr. Romanes helps forward his own argument very unduly by his vague assumption of a Personal Providence. It is possible that if he had clearly defined to himself the sense in which he was using these words, he might have perceived that he was simply preparing to argue in a circle.

Of the foreordination theory, as expounded by FIDELIS, I said that it was "nothing more or less than fatalism enlarged so as to include all the operations of the human spirit as well as the phenomena of nature." Mr. Romanes says there is no argument in that. *Cela dépend.* To a person who shrinks from the scientific view of the universe as fatalistic, it may be an argument against a proffered scheme to show that it is simply fatalism in an exaggerated form. I tried, moreover, by an illustration, to bring before

the imagination of the reader what this theory of foreordination really meant, and expressed the opinion that, if its true significance were only realized on critical occasions, the human heart would take more comfort out of the so-called "fatalism" of science. I may have been right in this conjecture, or I may have been wrong; but I hold that this mode of treating the subject was entirely valid against those who appeal to human feelings against the view "that physical occurrences are governed," to quote the words of my article, "exclusively by physical antecedents."

Mr. Romanes will not allow that there is any important difference between the belief of an ancient Jew in a God who "repented him," and the doctrine that God arranged all things in the beginning so as to have no subsequent need to repent. Possibly; but appearances, it will be allowed, point very strongly in the other direction. The chief value of metaphysics, a recent writer has said, is to abolish the difference between "is" and "is not," and make every theory compatible with every other. What a pity that metaphysics are so utterly out of the range of mankind at large! "If all things were pre-arranged," says Mr. Romanes, "it matters not whether we regard one of their number as a mediate or an immediate act of the Deity." But the ancient Jew did not regard them as pre-arranged, in the sense here used, but as altogether subject to be *re*-arranged; and simple-minded people are still of this way of thinking, even when they nominally accept the doctrine of foreordination. To realize the latter doctrine vividly need not, we are told, check any man's devotions. Well, that is a matter less for theory than for experience; and I should like very much to have the experience of some one who had prayed, or tried to pray, very earnestly, for some important temporal blessing—say the life of a parent or child—with a clear consciousness that his prayer might or might not be—according to God's eternal counsel and foreknowledge—the link in the chain of causation necessary for securing that blessing. When we are trying to overcome some natural evil by natural means, we know that everything depends on the strenuousness of our efforts; and any effort that we make is at least *in the direction* of the end we have in view, and may secure a partial measure of success. But when it is prayer to which we resort for the accomplishment of physical ends, the case is entirely different; it is then a matter of complete uncertainty whether any "physical efficacy" whatever has been attached to our prayer; and if not, all our supplications are a mere beating of the air, so far as the attainment of our immediate object is concerned. We are like the passengers and crew of a sinking vessel, working desperately at pumps from which the valves have been withdrawn.

This brings me to the consideration of a singular fallacy made use of both by FIDELIS and by Mr. Romanes. In my last article I wrote: "The only region which FIDELIS and the Prize Essayist seem to think wholly appropriate to prayer is the 'region of uncertainty,' where we cannot foresee the event, and, when it happens, cannot tell whether our prayers had anything to do with shaping it or not." Upon this Mr. Romanes remarks: "I have nothing to add to the able manner in which FIDELIS has met these statements. Until the author of the article I am replying to can tell us why it is that the 'region of uncertainty' is, as FIDELIS says, likewise and alone the 'region of effort,' I must refuse to allow that his considerations have any other bearing upon the question of the physical efficacy of prayer than they have upon the fact of the physical efficacy of human action." Is it possible that this is the mature conclusion of my critic? Then let us see how the matter stands. First of all, human effort is *not* confined to the region of the uncertain. When we take food to sustain life, when we use the halter or the bullet to destroy it, we are not moving in any uncertain region; we are availing ourselves of the whole past experience of the race as to the direct and approximate means of accomplishing our objects. So with regard to numberless acts that we are daily performing; we trust ourselves with the most absolute confidence to the recognised laws of nature. It is because we know the natural tendencies of certain actions, that we resort to them even when we cannot be sure that they will accomplish the *full* effects that we desire. And in every case where a physical result is attributed to a physical antecedent, cause must be shown for the connection sought to be established. No one can turn round upon a physician or any man of science and say: "Oh, you only try these feats of yours in cases where the result you aim at *may* be

accomplished, independently altogether of your measures." Very often a physician can pronounce, with a reasonable confidence, that everything depends upon a particular course being followed; and the engineer, the chemist, and the physicist have, in many of their calculations and theories, the very highest attainable degree of certainty. What FIDELIS meant probably was that men do not aim at what experience has shown to be impossible; but the fact of a thing belonging to the category of the possible does not in any way invalidate an alleged connection between it and certain physical antecedents. On the contrary, a thing is only known to be possible through its ascertained dependence on physical antecedents within our control. But the weak point as regards prayer is that, according to my critics, it should only be resorted to in cases *the physical conditions of which are such as to make it quite possible the thing desired should happen without prayer*. If my critics could show that "effort" (as the word is used above) was only employed in cases the *spiritual conditions of which made success possible independently of effort*, then I would admit that the tables were fairly turned, and that the region of "effort" was one of as great uncertainty as that of prayer. As it is, I can only wonder at the hollowness of the fallacy by which they have allowed themselves to be beguiled.

In my article of last August I ventured to say that "Thy will be done!" was not, in a strict sense, prayer at all, but merely an expression of resignation to God's will. Both FIDELIS and Mr. Romanes contradict me on this point. But take the following illustrative passage from an article by the late Dr. Norman McLeod on the Rev. J. McLeod Campbell: *—"The prayer, 'Not my will but Thine be done,' was by him the response to a father of a child who appreciated and rejoiced in the righteousness of that Father's will." Was the Rev. Mr. Campbell peculiar in this respect? I trow not. I cannot think that any human being, in uttering sincerely and fervently the words "Thy will be done!" can ever have felt that they implied petition. Mr. Romanes, however, has paraphrased the utterance, so as to bring out what he holds to be its full sense. I commend his effort to those who wish to see how complicated a very simple thing can be made.

The two writers last named are also at one in repudiating my view that a *request* to God to do what is best is irrational, and, if made with reflection on its import, implies a very low view of the Divine Being. Mr. Romanes here does some injustice to FIDELIS by quoting, as bearing on this particular difficulty, a passage from the article of the latter which does not refer to it at all; and this passage, he says, uproots my fallacy "very neatly." If this judgment holds good, FIDELIS may be congratulated, if not upon killing two birds with one stone, at least upon killing a bird without aiming at it. As I do not, however, feel myself brought down by this accidental shot, I shall proceed to examine the reply given by Mr. Romanes himself on the point in question. "The objector," he says, "assumes that the best is a fixed entity, and hence that the presence of petition can in no case make any difference in rendering one course preferable to another. . . . If the universe is presided over by a Moral Being at all . . a trustful prayer of a sorrowing creature, in virtue of the new moral element it introduces, may cause a profound modification in the previous conditions determining the action of that Moral Being (to speak in human terms); and so . . . render a corresponding modification of that action preferable to the course which would have been 'best' for Him to take, but for the new moral element introduced by the trustful prayer." It should not require the subtlety of the Burney Essayist to see that this is wholly aside from the point at issue, which is simply whether a deliberate *request* to God "to do what is best" is rational. The rationality and propriety of submitting to the will of God, and trying to acquiesce devoutly and lovingly in what is best on the whole, though it may be in direct contradiction to our natural wishes, no one calls in question; but is it a fitting thing to beg God to take the best course? That was the question I raised, and which Mr. Romanes, after first quoting FIDELIS in a very malapropos manner, seems to lose sight of entirely. The drift of the long sentence I have quoted is that prayer *for a specific object of human desire* may make that best in the sight of God which would not otherwise have been best; but we were not discussing the effect of such

* *Good Words*, May, 1872, page 354.

prayers, but the propriety and rationality of a totally different kind of prayer. Of course, if a prayer that God will do what is best is, *sotto voce* as it were, a prayer that He will substitute one best for another best, one can understand its being offered with considerable energy; but that, probably, is not a kind of prayer that any of my critics would recommend. Space fails me to follow Mr. Romanes, as I should wish to do, through the whole of his objections, and I must now deal very briefly with those remaining ones on which it seems desirable to touch.

Mr. Romanes says it is "merely a quibble," and of "questionable validity" even in that poor character, to say that spiritual blessings cannot properly be claimed as constituting an answer to prayers for specific temporal good. I have always understood the word "quibble" as implying something worse than a mere logical fault, and I should have preferred if Mr. Romanes had been able to dispense with it in this discussion; but of course it is not for me to say whether or not the reproach is deserved. I cannot see myself that there was any quibble in the position I took, and this is my reason:—The point in dispute is whether or not prayer has a physical efficacy; it is *not* disputed that it has a spiritual efficacy; on the contrary, those who deny it the former kind of efficacy think they understand the *rationale* of its possessing the latter. Well, then, the matter standing so, can those who maintain the physical efficacy of prayer bring forward, against those who deny it, the fact that prayers for temporal good, when not answered in their terms, are still productive of spiritual good? Is not that simply plying us with what we admitted at the outset, in order to force us to believe what at the outset we denied? Against opponents who denied *all* efficacy to prayer it would be a very valid argument to show that any results had followed it; but not against those who are prepared to say—"Well, that is just what we expected." What would Mr. Romanes, as a man of science, think, if conceding fully that a certain substance was capable of producing an effect A, but doubting whether it could produce the effect B, he were summoned to believe that its power of producing B was proved by the fact that whenever tried for B it produced A? He would begin to talk about an "abuse of language" too, I think, if he did not express himself even more emphatically.

My critic agrees with me in holding that some law of periodicity will be discovered before long, which will greatly extend the power at present possessed by meteorological observers; but says he has not so much faith as I appear to have in "the extreme accuracy which the science of meteorology is destined to arrive at in the future." I did not claim that meteorology would ever arrive at "extreme accuracy," but simply that it would in the future possess "vastly increased powers of prediction." Should this hope be realized, there will be an end of prayers for rain or sunshine; for prayers are never set on foot for passing showers, or any very slight modification of the weather, but for the abridgment of long seasons of drought or rain, as the case may be; and the probable or certain duration of such periods would be precisely what our observatories would enable us to know. FIDELIS, who is manifestly anxious that this long recognised "region" for the exercise of prayer should not be invaded by science, speaks of the action of man as a disturbing element which will prevent certainty ever attaching to meteorological predictions. It is sufficient to say, in reply to this, that the action of man can make no appreciable difference from year to year; and people, as I said before, do not, in general, pray for minor modifications of weather, unless it be children looking forward to an excursion. But, is it not—speaking plainly—a ridiculous *rôle* to attribute to prayer, to represent it as taking refuge in all the "unexplored remainders," so to speak, of science? And what are we to think of the bias of those advocates who positively look with an evil eye on the advance of science into certain fields of purely natural knowledge, dreading a restriction of the field for prayer? That an almost incalculable economic gain would result to the human race—that thousands of lives now annually sacrificed would be saved—if it were possible to predict the weather for considerable periods in advance, is a matter of perfect certainty; and yet the very thought of this most important improvement in the conditions of human life is resented by some as almost impious.

In my article of last August I thus wrote: "When people pray for the sick, what else do they want than this—that the case may

not be left to the ordinary laws of nature?" Mr. Romanes says in reply that if I "had read the work which I thus criticize" (meaning the Burney Prize Essay) I could not, in his opinion, have candidly made this remark. The work I criticized was the paper of FIDELIS, not the Burney Prize Essay at all; but if I may so far risk my reputation for candour, I may say that, having since read that work, I still find the preceding "remark" entirely valid. The question is not what solution Mr. Romanes, carrying the whole subject into the region of metaphysics, can suggest of the connection between Prayer and Law, but what it is that the great body of those who pray aim at in their prayers. FIDELIS, on this point, makes prompt reply that, when we pray for the sick, we certainly do *not* wish the case left to the "*undirected, spontaneous* action" of natural laws. FIDELIS had just before repudiated a certain theory as involving theological dualism; in other words, as implying two Gods—"one of nature and one of grace, the one having no control over the arrangements of the other;" and here that very theory meets us again full in the face, but introduced and recommended by its former denouncer. There is an "undirected, spontaneous action" of natural laws, and there is an action adapted to giving efficacy to prayer. And prayer offered up in the case supposed means, being interpreted: "Do not leave me, or my parent, wife, or child, as the case may be, to that *enchaînement* of cause and effect which prevails in the world generally." This, of course, assumes that law works more beneficently, or less rigorously, in the case of lives and interests protected by prayer than in those not so protected. Here, again, the practical question confronts us: Is it so? I strongly incline to the opinion not only that it is *not* so, but that those families who recognise only what FIDELIS calls the "spontaneous, undirected action" of law enjoy a larger measure of those very blessings of health and long life which constitute the object of so many prayers. They have no faith in the power of anything to avert the evil consequences of imprudence; they assign to the physical laws of nature the full authority of Divinely appointed courses of action; they hear a voice in nature saying, "Do this and ye shall live," and again, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" and hearing they heed, and Nature's word to them is not broken. To those who trust it fully, and who show their trust by obedience, the "spontaneous, undirected action" of Nature's laws proves to be an order of infinite beneficence. It may here be objected that the class of persons to whom I refer can enjoy no religious life, and that no amount of physical health or worldly prosperity can make amends for such a lack. I do not discuss this point; the question under consideration being which of two contrasted orders is the more beneficent in its working as regards the bestowal of the temporal blessings of life and health.

Nothing is more common than to hear people speak of praying "for the success of the means" used for the restoration of the sick to health or for other objects. FIDELIS uses similar phrases, twice at least. Now, one can understand the mother of Felix Holt postulating prayer as the accompaniment of her preparations; because she administered them in the blindest ignorance of their natural effects, except in so far as she was enlightened by her son as to their injurious properties. But when any means or agency is employed to accomplish its own appropriate effect, why pray for its efficacy? And if we are not certain what its appropriate effect is, do we expect that any error we commit in applying it will be neutralized by our prayers? Mr. Romanes would no doubt step in here and tell me that I am all wrong—that the appropriate effect of a physical agent is not "a fixed entity" any more than the "best" we were talking of a while ago—that in fact any agency may have an indefinite number of appropriate effects, according to circumstances—that is to say, according to foreseen exigencies. Those who wish to understand how such things can be, and yet an appearance of uniformity be maintained in nature, must consult the Burney Essay for themselves. I guarantee them abundant food for thought.

Of all the objections made by Mr. Romanes, that for which I was least prepared was his objection to being mentioned as a "believer in the physical efficacy of prayer." He does not know what justification he ever gave for that supposition. I must plead guilty, then, of having jumped to the conclusion which my words expressed from knowing that Mr. Romanes was the author of the work above referred to, and that the arguments he had used in an appendix to the

Essay had been found most serviceable by FIDELIS, a writer of unquestionable faith in the whole Christian theory of prayer. It now appears that the Essay was written as an intellectual exercise, in competition for a University prize; that the author neither believes nor disbelieves in the physical efficacy of prayer, though he allows that "an inductive argument of very great weight" has been brought against that theory by Mr. Galton; that he sees nothing in the universe that could serve as a foundation for a system of natural religion, nothing that requires the theory of a Divine mind for its explanation; and that, therefore, unless Christianity, as a special revelation, be true —a point upon which he has not succeeded in satisfying himself after ten years' study— the human mind must ever find itself alone— destitute of kith or kin in all this universe of being." Mr. Romanes further states that one motive he had for writing the Essay was the knowledge that many, who *were* satisfied of the truth of the Christian system, found themselves embarrassed by some of the arguments brought against prayer from the standpoint of law; and he describes his position as that of "a critic upon erroneous arguments on either side." What he has done in the way of criticizing the erroneous arguments adduced *in support of* the theory of the physical efficacy of prayer, I am not aware. I do not remember noting in his Essay any criticism of the arguments on that side. It is evident, however, that as Mr. Romanes does not believe in the physical efficacy of prayer any more than I do, there is no controversy between us further than this, that he thinks the reasons I give for my disbelief are not sound; what his own reasons are for not believing what he is so disinterestedly willing to help other people to believe, he has not unfolded.

Let us now inquire for a moment, in conclusion, whether it is so overwhelmingly certain as the writer last mentioned supposes, that, apart from Christianity, there is no possibility of a religion for mankind; no possibility of Theism maintaining its hold upon the minds of men. What is Theism? It is a doctrine in which men find rest and satisfaction for certain desires and sensibilities which they recognise as constituting a separate region, and that the very highest, of their inner life. The mere thought of God, not as the giver of gifts, not as the worker of miracles, not as manifesting Himself in any special form, or accomplishing any special work, but simply as the One, the Highest, the Best, the Eternal, has filled thousands of hearts with overflowing emotions. At such moments all definitions of dogma fall away, all sense of self even vanishes; when it returns it comes as a desire for self-consecration, for the purifying of every thought and purpose, for the ordering of the life in harmony with the great eternal realities of Reason and Love. Such is Theism; and to entertain a Theistic view of the universe is simply *not* to quench the highest promptings of our nature, *not* to suppress by an act of will the gratitude that so naturally flows forth to the unseen Power, *not* to confine ourselves arbitrarily to the yes and no of those branches of science of which man has obtained some little mastery; but to believe in that law of evolution which teaches that the higher must rule the lower, and to believe further, what evolution most surely suggests, that far beyond man is the force that is drawing him on and on, and raising him to higher and higher planes of being. Upon such a theme it is small wonder if language becomes incoherent; for language can only treat with precision those regions of thought and knowledge which the mind has perfectly subdued and organized; but shall we therefore abandon the attempt to give any expression to those higher affinities of our nature which, never having fully realized or grasped what they seek for, have but a broken tale to tell? I see no reason why we should. Organized knowledge is well; but organized knowledge was not always organized; darkness was once on the face of every deep; and, out of the darkness that still broods over the profoundest problems of our being, there come to us gleams of a day more calmly bright than any that ever gladdened our mortal eyes, and glimpses of a beauty that never was on land or sea. I cannot think that science, speaking in the name of our past acquisitions of knowledge, can ever give a law to the forward-reaching capacities of the mind, or ever decide for men in what *final* beliefs or conceptions they shall rest. In the realm of science imagination is the faculty which prepares the way for observation and induction; and the true pilot of the human soul is not knowledge, but faith.

Let us then have faith enough to believe that what is *best* (in no ambiguous sense) will be the outcome of the present struggles. FIDELIS has uttered a timely warning that, in our inquiries, we should be "willing to receive, not predetermined to reject"—a maxim that only requires to be supplemented by the correlative words, "and also willing to reject, not predetermined to receive," in order to be a complete guide to honest investigation. It may be that some are embarrassed in their search for the truth by a sense of their already great intellectual possessions, as FIDELIS suggests may have been the case with the poet Clough (one of the very gentlest and meekest of spirits); or it may be that he who will not accept what you offer as truth is seemingly obdurate for no other reason than because he has already sold all that he had—that very system of yours included—in order to purchase that pearl of great price—an honest heart. There is, let us ever remember, a more excellent way than any path of intellectual disputation—the way of charity. Walking in that way we need not distress ourselves much about the truth or error of mere opinions; for has not the word descended to us through the ages, and is it not eternally true, that it is the *just* who shall live by faith, and the *pure in heart* who shall see God?

THE SECRET OF LIFE.

BY MARY BARRY SMITH, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BENEATH the green of every veinèd leaf,
Dropp'd in through long, bright days of bloom and balm,
A secret bides, the which no giant's arm
May wrest from out such keeping Not the chief
Of the magicians, nor the wily thief,
Old Time, which steals most treasure, hath the charm
Can lure it from its hiding; summers brief,
And winters, keep the secret safe from harm.

What *is* this flame—this force pervading all?
This spirit through creation manifest?
In man the ruler, and in things that crawl,
And in the daisy with its silken vest?
We call it Life, unknowing what we call;
Its laws and its conditions we have guessed,
But of itself we know not, for it shuns
All probe and scalpel; at a touch it flies;
It goes, perchance, through higher forms to rise,
To flourish in the light of other suns.
But of itself we know not, for the sod
Where the leaf dies doth give no answer back,
And the dead whale, cast up from ocean's track,
Saith but "'Tis gone." And we die too, O God!
We die and give no sign. Thou hast the secret, God!

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

WILL the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare;
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare."

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on, and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step, and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed, and rolled, tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible on the whirling page except, "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare." By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marvelled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings—"Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Sunday morning, I rose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfil an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. ——, to walk to the Talcolt Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. —— talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing: I heard nothing. At the end of a mile Mr. —— said:

"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brother, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend eyed me blandly, looked perplexed, then said—

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet—maybe it was the way you said the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is—"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare." I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr. —— laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted—

"Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have travelled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured—

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Rev. Mr. —— stood there, very grave,

full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said:

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in me—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning, and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said:

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. —— said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour straight along as we went jogging homewards. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said:

"Haven't we had a royal good time? But now I remember you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something."

The Rev. Mr. —— turned a lacklustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness:

"Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow! poor fellow! *he* has got it now."

* * * *

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighbouring university and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the ears of the poor unthinking students. How is it with *them* now? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence!—"*Mark Twain*," *in the Atlantic Monthly for February.*

MODERN MATERIALISM: ITS ATTITUDE TOWARDS THEOLOGY.

BY REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

AT the beginning of October, 1874, it was my duty, as Principal of a Theological College, to open a new session with an address, which was afterwards published under the title "Religion as affected by Modern Materialism." It raises the question whether the free and scientific methods of study insisted on in the college involved results at variance with its theological design. It states accordingly three assumptions hitherto implied in that design: "That the universe which includes us and folds us round is the life-dwelling of an Eternal Mind; that the world of our abode is the scene of a Moral Government incipient but not yet complete; and that the upper zones of human affection, above the clouds of self and passion, take us into the sphere of a Divine Communion." With regard to these assumptions, the thesis is maintained that they are beyond the contradiction, because not within the logical range, of the natural

sciences. In support of this thesis the mischiefs are shown, both to science and to theology, of confusing their boundaries, and treating the discovery of law as the negation of God; and the separating line is drawn, that in their intellectual dealings with phenomena, science investigates the "how" and theology the "whence." Tempted on by two of its indispensable conceptions, *matter* and *force*, science, overstepping this boundary, has of late affected to know not only the order but the origin of things; in the one case starting them from *atoms* as their source, in the other from mechanical *energy*. I try to show that neither datum will work out its result except by the aid of logical illusions. You will get out of your atoms by "evolution," exactly so much and no more as you have put into them by hypothesis. And, with regard to force, it is contended that observation and induction do not carry us to it at all, but stop with *movements;* that the so-called kinds of force are only classes of phenomena, with the constant belief of causality behind; that of causality we have no cognition but as Will, from which the idea of "physical force" is simply cut down by artificial abstraction to the needs of phenomenal investigation and grouping; and that, in conceiving of the single power hid in every group, we must revert to the intuitive type because the only authorized, and to the highest, because alone covering the highest phenomena. The attempt, under shelter of the unity of energy behind all its masks, to make the lowest phase, besides playing its own part, stand for the whole, is described as a logical sleight of hand by which a heedless reasoner may impose upon himself and others.

After this defensive argument to show that the religious positions are not displaced by natural science, they are traced to their real seat in human nature, and treated as postulates involved in the very existence and life of the reason and conscience. In support of their natural claim to our entire trust, it is contended that, for their ethical power, they are absolutely dependent on their objective truth; and further, that our nature in respect of its higher affections, compassion, self-forgetfulness, moral obligation, is constructed in harmony with a world Divinely ruled, and in utter conflict with the Pessimist's picture of nature.

The address thus epitomized has brought upon me the honour and the danger of a critique by Professor Tyndall,* marked by all his literary skill, and rendered persuasive by happy sarcasm and brilliant description. One fault at least he brings home to me with irresistible conviction. He blames my mode of writing as deficient in precision and lucidity. And I cannot deny the justice of the censure, when I observe that my main line of argument has left no trace upon his memory, that its estimate of scientific doctrines is misconstrued, that my feeling towards the order of nature is exhibited in reverse, that I am cross-questioned about an hypothesis of which I never dreamt, and am answered by a charming "alternative" exposition of ascending natural processes which I follow with assent till it changes its voice from physics to metaphysics, and from its premisses of positive phenomena proclaims a negative ontological conclusion. That at every turn I should have put so acute a reader upon a totally false scent rebukes me more severely than any of his direct and pertinent criticisms; for, smartly as these may hit me, they fall chiefly on incidental and parenthetical remarks which might have been absent, or on mere literary form which might have been different, without affecting the purport of my address. Whether the force of these minor thrusts is really disabling, or is only a by-play telling mainly on the fancy of the observer, a brief scrutiny will determine.

(1.) In saying that the college which I represent leaves open to all new lights of knowledge "the special studies which deal with our sources of religious faith," I expanded this phrase by the words, "whether in the scrutiny of nature or in the interpretation of sacred books." This innocent parenthesis, which simply summarizes the growing-grounds of all actual theology, produces in my critic an effect out of all proportion to its significance. Twice he challenges me to show how any "religious faith" can be drawn from "nature," which I regard, he says, as "base and cruel." It suffices to say that "scrutiny of nature" does not exclude "*human* nature," wherein the springs of religion are afterwards traced to their intuitive seats; and that, in what are called

* Fragments of Science: "Materialism" and its Opponents; and, previously, *Fortnightly Review*, November 1, 1875.

my "tirades against nature," as "base and cruel," I am describing, not my own view of the order of the world, but one which I repudiate as utterly sickly and perverse. Then, again, I am asked how, after giving up the Old Testament cosmogony, I can any longer speak of "sacred books" without informing my readers where to find them. I have occasionally met with scientific men whose ideas about the Bible, if going further than the Creation, came to an end at the Flood, and who thought it only loyal to Laplace and Lyell thenceforth to shelve "Moses and the prophets;" but a judgment so *borné* I should not expect from Professor Tyndall. Can a literature then have nothing "sacred," unless it be infallible? Has the religion of the present no roots in the soil of the past, so that nothing is gained for our spiritual culture by exploring its history and reproducing its poetry, and ascending to the tributary waters of its life? The real modern discovery, far from saying there is no sacred literature, because none oracular, assures us that there are several; and, notwithstanding a deepened because purified attachment to our own "Origines" in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, persuades us to look with an open reverence into all writings that have embodied and sustained the greater pieties of the world. But to my censor it appears a thing incredible that I should find a sanctity in anything human; or deem it possible to approach religion in its truth by intercepting its errors as it percolates through history, and letting it flow clearer and clearer, till it brings a purifying baptism to the conscience of our time.

(2.) In order to give distinctness to that "religion" in relation to which I proposed to treat of "Modern Materialism," I specified "three assumptions" involved in it, of which the first and chief is the existence of the "Living God." I am reproached with making no attempt to verify them, but permitting them to "remain assumptions" "to the end." Be it so, though the statement is not quite exact: still, in every reasoned discourse assumptions have their proper place, as well as proofs; and the right selection of propositions to stand in the one position or the other depends on the speaker's thesis and the hearer's needs. My *thesis* was, that natural science did not displace these assumptions, because they lie beyond its range; and the *proof* is complete if it is shown that the logical limit of inductive knowledge stops short of their realm, and is illegitimately overstepped by every physical maxim which contradicts them. To turn aside from this line of argument in order to "verify" the primary matter of the whole discussion would have been to set out for Exeter and arrive at York. My *hearers* consisted of the teachers, supporters, and alumni of a *Theological* College; and to treat them as a body of atheists, and offer proofs of the being of a God, would have been as impertinent as for Professor Tyndall to open the session of a *Geological* society with a demonstration of the existence of the earth.

(3.) A few reluctant words must suffice in answer to the charge of "scorning the emotions." I say "*reluctant* words:" for to this side of our nature it is given to speak without being much spoken of; to live and be, rather than be seen and known; and when dragged from its retreat it is so hurt as to change its face and become something else. Here, however, little more is needed than to repeat the words which are pronounced to be so "rash" and even "petulant"—"I trust that when '*emotion*' *proves empty*, we shall stamp it out and get rid of it." Do I then "scorn" the "emotion" of any mind stirred by natural vicissitudes or moving realities—the cry of Andromache, Ἕκτορ, ἐγὼ δύστηνος, at the first sight of her hero's dishonoured corpse; the covered face and silent sobs of Phædon, when Socrates had drained the cup; the tears of Peter at the cock-crowing; or any of the fervent forms of mental life—the mysticism of Eckhart, the intellectual enthusiasm of Bruno, the patriotic passion of Vane? Not so; for none of these are "empty," but carry a meaning adequate to their intensity. It is for "emotion" with a vacuum within, and floating *in vacuo* without, charged with no thought and directed to no object, that I avow distrust; and if there be an "overshadowing awe" from the mere sense of a blank consciousness and an enveloping darkness, I can see in it no more than the negative condition of a religion yet to come. In human psychology, feeling, when it transcends sensation, is not without idea, but is a type of idea; and to suppose "an inward hue and temperature," apart from any "object of thought," is to feign the impossible. Colour must lie upon form; and heat must spring from a focus, and declare itself upon a surface. If by "referring religion to the

region of emotion" is meant withdrawing it from the region of truth, and letting it pass into an undulation in no medium and with no direction, I must decline the surrender.

In thus refusing support from "empty emotion," I am said to "kick away the only *philosophic foundation* on which it is possible to build religion." Professor Tyndall is certainly not exacting from his builders about the solidity of his "foundation;" and it can be only a very light and airy architecture, not to say an imaginary one, that can spring from such base; and perhaps it does not matter that it should be unable to face the winds. Nor is the inconsistency involved in this statement less surprising than its levity. Religion, it appears, has a "philosophical foundation." But "philosophy" investigates the ultimate ground of cognition and the organic unity of what the several sciences assume. And a "philosophical foundation" is a legitimated first principle for some one of these; it is a cognitive beginning—a *datum* of ulterior *quæsita*—and nothing but a science can have it. Religion then must be an organism of thought. Yet it is precisely in denial of this that my censor invents his new "foundation." Here, he tells us, we know nothing, we can think nothing; the intellectual life is dumb and blank; we do but blindly feel. How can a structure without truth repose on philosophy in its foundation?

But do I not myself carry religious questions, in the last appeal, to the inward consciousness of man, whether intellectual for the interpretation of causality, or moral for the interpretation of duty? Undoubtedly; and Professor Tyndall thinks it "highly instructive" that I "should have lived so long, thought so much, and failed to recognise the entirely subjective character of this creed." If I may omit the word "entirely" (which implies a gratuitous exclusion of "objective truth"), I not only recognise it, but everywhere insist upon it. The fundamental religious conceptions have no deeper validity than belongs to the very frame of our faculties and the postulates of our thinking. But as this equally holds of the fundamental scientific conceptions, as matter and force have also to retire to consciousness for their witnesses, nay, as objectivity itself is but an interpretation by the subject of its own experience, is it not "highly instructive" that a critic so compassionate of my "subjective" position should be unaware of the ideality of his own? Or, has he, perhaps, found some "objective knowledge" which has not to fall back upon a "subjective" guarantee?

If, as I suspect, Professor Tyndall uses the word "subjective" not in its strict sense, for what belongs to the *human subject at large*, but to denote what is special to the feeling of *this or that individual*, the question will then be whether I mistake an exceptional personal experience for a universal form of thought. This question is not settled by saying that many able men find in themselves no such inner experience. The eye for correct psychological reading is not secured by great intellect or noble character, but, like the organ of any other art, must be trained to quickness and delicacy of insight; and while false or over-culture exposes it to the danger of seeing what is not there, a failure of culture may prevent its seeing what there is. Right interrogation and careful comparison alone can sift out the essential from the accidental. Doubtless many a principle once advanced as self-evident and universal survives only in the grotesque museum of philosophers' fancies. But, on the other hand, whatever laws of thought are now admitted as universal were at first propounded, and often long resisted, as the expressions of individual reflection.

(4.) On one point more a personal *éclaircissement* is needed as a condition of any profitable argument. I am said to be "imperfectly informed regarding the position I assail." If I am sensitive to this remark, it is not that I cannot bear to be reminded of my ignorance, the sense of which is a shadow that never quits my life, but that, as no man has a right to attack doctrines which he has not taken the pains to understand, the statement carries in it a moral imputation, and calls on me either to clear it away or to confess a wrong. What then is the "position" which, under the name of "materialism," I intended to assail, and ought, perhaps, to have fixed by exact definition? Professor Tyndall supposes it to be *his* position, regarding which undoubtedly I am very imperfectly informed; for the indications of it, though clear enough for assent or criticism when taken one by one, appear to me so shifting and indeterminate in their combination, as to afford no means of testing it. Except in the two or three passages where it is quoted,

the Belfast Address was no more in my view than the writings to which it referred and others belonging to the literature of the subject; and did not supply the form of doctrine to which my argument was addressed. The only question therefore is whether that form of doctrine really exists. If it can be shown that I have misconceived the materialists' position, and fastened upon them any thesis which is without eminent representative in their school, I must accept my rebuke. But if no part of my sketch is unsupported by adequate authority, it will remain true, though it should conflict with sentences in the "Fragments of Science."

Probably the chief instance of "imperfect information" is this—that I suppose the materialist doctrine to be offered as an *explanation* of the order of things; for my censor contrasts with this "travesty" of the scheme his own statement that the materialists' "molecular groupings and movements in reality explain nothing," and that "the utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance." But surely, if this is all that he can affirm, he gives his materialism nothing to do, and is as well off without it as with it: in order simply to see that two series of phenomena run parallel, and correspond term for term, he needs no more than methodized observation, possible and identical on every theory or no theory about the substratum of the phenomena. If the human mind could be content with this spectacle of unexplained concomitance, the very impulse would be wanting from which materialism has sprung. Its fundamental proposition, common, as Lange remarks, to all its forms, ancient and modern,—"that the universe consists of atoms and empty space"*—is an *hypothesis* devised for the express purpose of establishing a "bond of union" between lines of succession previously detached—*i. e.*, of giving the mind a bridge of passage other than that of "association" from one to the other—*i. e.*, of *explaining* the second by the first. An hypothesis commends itself to us when (*inter alia*) it offers a higher conception from which, as an assumption, we can deduce *both* sets of previously separate facts; and so far as it fails to do this, it is self-condemned. There may be other defects in hypotheses; but if their *data* do not logically lead to the *quæsita*, they break their primary promise; and to see whether they are water-tight throughout, or are leaky at the joints, is an efficient test of their pretensions. A materialist who knows what he is about would not disown the words which I put into his mouth —"Matter is all I want; give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe"—but would assuredly be offended were he told, and that by a "candid friend," that his doctrine "explains nothing."

As it is impossible to come to close quarters with a see-saw doctrine, which now touches solid ground and now escapes it, I naturally addressed myself to thorough-going materialists, without presuming to commit Professor Tyndall to their consistency. That there have been and are such persons—persons who have undertaken, by defining the essence of matter and fixing it in atoms, to explain the enigmatical by the clear, the intricate by the simple, the unknown by the known"†—he cannot deny, after having himself introduced us to the thesis of Democritus,‡ the reasonings of Lucretius, and the

* Geschichte des Materialismus, 2tes Buch, p. 181.

† Lange, Geschichte des Materialismus, 1tes Buch, pp. 8, 9.

‡ In connection with this name there is an historical error in the Belfast Address which I should hardly notice were it not likely to be perpetuated by the just reputation of the author, and did it not apparently fall back for support upon Lange. This writer, noticing that Democritus makes no attempt to explain the appearances of adaptation out of the blind power of natural necessity, adds, "Whether this gap lay in his system itself, or only in the tradition of it, we do not know; but we do know that the source of even this last principle of all materialism—rudely shaped, it is true, yet with perfect precision of idea—is to be found in the philosophic thought of the Hellenic race. What Darwin, with the support of vast stores of positive knowledge, has effected for the present time, Empedocles offered to the thinkers of antiquity—the simple and penetrating thought that if adaptations preponderate in the world, it is because it lies in their very nature to maintain themselves; while that which fails of adaptation has perished long ago." (I. pp. 22, 23.) Misled by the order of this passage, which gives the missing thought *after* naming the "*gap*" which it might have filled, Dr. Tyndall has described Empedocles as intentionally making good a defect in Democritus—"*Noticing this gap* in the doctrine of Democritus, he (Empedocles) struck in with the penetrative thought," &c. This is an inversion of the chronology. Empedocles preceded Democritus by at least a generation, being born about B.C. 490, and dying B.C. 430; whilst Democritus, whom we find at Thurii shortly after the foundation of the

method of Gassendi.* The "atomists," says Lange, "attributed to matter only the simplest of the various properties of things —those, namely, which are indispensable for the presentation of a something in space and time; and their aim was to evolve from these alone the whole assemblage of phenomena." "They it was," he adds, "who gave the first perfectly clear notion of what we are to understand by matter as the basis of all phenomena. With the positing of this notion materialism stood complete, as the first perfectly clear and consequent theory of all phenomena."† If there is any difference between this statement of the problem and my "travesty" of it, I cannot discern it.

The indistinctness of which I ventured to complain in Dr. Tyndall's account of his "primordial" datum I do not find removed by my pleasant journey with him to the Caribbean Sea and the Alpine snows, or his graceful pictures of Cingalese ferns, and of nascent infant life. The whole exposition appears to be dominated by the tacit maxim, "No matter without force, no force without matter"‡—a maxim which may be true in fact, but does not dispense with the necessity of investigating the relation between two fundamental ideas which are not identical or interchangeable. In the natural sciences no harm is done by running them both together, or resorting in varying proportions to the one and to the other. Experimental research and mathematical deduction may go on undisturbed, by mere use of them as provisional conceptions, and without even suspecting that they carry in them any ulterior problem. But it is not by thus picking them up *in mediis rebus*, and taking them as they happen to come, that we can reach any philosophical view of the world, or estimate the theories which strive to interpret its unity and meaning. In spite of the cheap wit expended in derision of metaphysics, and the brave preference avowed for *terra firma*, you can escape them only by not knowing where you are. In their embrace you live and move and have your being; and however fast your foot may cling to the earth, none the less do you swim with it through the infinite space which, in its emptiness, is yet the condition of all solidity.

At a first glance, nothing looks more hopeful to the enthusiast for simplification than the reduction of "matter" to "force." Two or three easy equations will carry him through the problem. Matter is known to us only by its "properties," and, relatively to us, is tantamount to them. Its properties, again, are only its ways of affecting ourselves, either directly or through operations on other portions of matter. That is, it is represented to us wholly by the *effects* which it has *power* to produce, and resolves itself into an aggregate of *forces*. Make its essence what you will—extension with Descartes; or palpableness with Fechner—it is still as acting on the eye or the touch or the muscles that this essence reaches our apprehension; it is the cause of sensations to us, and anything that should cause such sensations would be identical with it. Is it not plain therefore that matter is simply power locally lodged? and that when pursued to its smallest conceivable elements, it merges into dynamic points, unextended centres of attraction and repulsion? Such a course of thought has again and again led to theories of dynamic idealism, like Boscovich's, Ampère's, and Cauchy's, in which the dimensions of the atoms whence molecular action proceeds not simply are small relatively to the distances which separate them, but absolutely vanish. Such theories, by isolating the elements needed for calculation, offer advantages for mathematical physics. But there will always be found an irresolvable residue which declines to melt away into force. When you have construed the atom's solidity into repulsion, and reduced its extension to nothing, there remains its *position*, and this "whereabouts" of a power is other than the power itself; and secures to it a *Da*-seyn or objective existence in space. Nor is the conception of motion adequately provided for in these schemes of abstraction. As geometrical points themselves cannot be moved, the phenomenon becomes a translation of a cluster of attractions and repulsions to new centres. But attraction with nothing to be attracted, re-

---

colony in B.C. 443, died at a very advanced age, B. 357.—*Diog. Laert.* viii. 52, 56, ix. 41. Comp. Arist. Met. A. 4, p. 985, b. 4.

* Starting from the fundamental assumption, "Principio ergo Universum ex corpore et inani constat, neque enim tertia natura concipi mente præterea potest."—*Phil. Epicur. Syntagma*, Op. T. iii. 11.

† Geschichte des Materialismus, i. pp. 8, 9.

‡ Büchner: Kraft und Stoff, p. 2 (Aufl. 4).

pulsion with nothing to be repelled, motion with nothing to be moved, are presentable in language only, not in thought. The running of one eddy round another or into another is intelligible so long as there is a *medium*, be it of ether, however rare; but *in vacuo*, not so. A material *nidus* is indispensable as the seat of every motory change. The reason of this lies in the very structure of the human understanding, which supplies us with the category of Attribute or Property only in combination with that of Substance or Thing as its abiding base. The relation between the attribute which speaks to you phenomenally, and the substance which is given intellectually, is indissoluble: and analyze the phenomena as you may, so as to turn them from one type of predicate to another, you cannot cut them off from their persistent and unyielding seat, so as to have left on your hands a set of predicates without any subject. Thus the idea of "matter" vindicates itself against every attempt to get rid of it by transformation.

The simplification has also been attempted by the inverse method of dispensing with "force," and making "matter" do all the work. In physics, it is said, we know what we perceive or generalize from perception: "we observe what our senses, armed with the aids furnished by science, enable us to observe—nothing more."* *Movements*, however, are all that we perceive, and if at first this fact escapes us when we hear and see, it is because our organs are not fine enough to read the undulations which deliver to them tones and tints. Submit their sensibility to adequate magnifying power, and all that is observable would resolve itself into local changes—molecular or molar. It is the same in the celestial mechanics as in the scene of daily experience. We say that the moon goes through its lunations, and upheaves the tidal wave on the earth spinning beneath it, by the constant force of gravitation. But the real facts noticed are simply the presence, now here, now there, of two visible and solid globes, and of some piled-up water upon one of them, and a certain rule according to which these changes recur. Were these the only phenomena within our ken, this rule would be all that we mean by the "force" of which we speak. But as there are countless others which we have found to follow the same rule, we cannot speak of it without tacit reference to these, so that the word covers indefinitely more than the facts immediately in view. Still, it takes in nothing in any part of its field but movements and their law. And nothing moves but matter. The natural sciences would thus resolve themselves into a register of co-existent and sequent positions of bodies, expressed in formulas as comprehensive as the state of analysis allowed; and in this form, as Comte and Mill justly insist, they would fulfil all the conditions of phenomenal knowledge, and secure that power of *prevision* which is the crown and reward of scientific labour.

This reduction of everything to matter, motion, and law would be unimpeachable, were our intelligence somewhat differently constructed. Matter—as these expositors set out by observing—speaks to our perceptive senses alone; and we should still know it, had we no more than these, and the ability to retain their vestiges and set them in order. Let us only see how things like and unlike lie and move in place and time, and the history of matter is all before us. For this purpose we need not go beyond the relations of objectivity, succession, and resemblance among the forms or data of the understanding. But over and above these we are subject to another determinate condition of thought—the principle of causality—in virtue of which there can be no cognition of *phenomenon*, except as relative to *power* that issues it, any more than there can be a cognition of a *here* without a *there*, or a *before* without an *after*. This intellectual law leaves us unsatisfied with merely reading the *order* of occurrence among the changes we perceive; it obliges us to refer movement to a motor, to look beyond the matter stirred to a force that stirs it, be the force *without*, as in the expansive energy which propels a loaded shell, or *within*, as in that which ultimately bursts it. In any case, you have here a clear dynamic addition to that scheme of regimented and marshalled phenomena which results from the lonely conception of matter. Will you rid yourself of the dualism by insisting, while you concede the power, that it is only a *property* of the matter?

* "Materialism and its Opponents," *Fortnightly Review*, p. 595.

"See," says Lange, "whether here you are not in danger of a logical circle. A 'thing' is known

to us through its properties, a subject is determined by its predicates. But the 'thing' is in fact only the resting point demanded by our thought. We know nothing but the properties and their concurrence in an unknown object, the assumption of which is a figment of our mind (*Gemüth*), *a necessary one it seems, rendered imperative by our organization.*"*

Another answer may be given thus:—"You may make anything a predicate of matter which you can *observe* in it, *i.e.*, all its *movements;* but not what you *cannot observe*, therefore not the *power* which issues the movements; for this is not seen in the phenomenon; it is supplied by a necessity of thought, not as an element in it, but as a condition of it."

Inasmuch then as both "matter" and "force" are intellectual data (*noümena*) involved respectively in the principle of Objectivity and in that of Causality, neither can be substituted for the other. For ages each has been trying to end the divided sway; but the rival, though often driven from the front, has always found at last an impregnable retreat, whence its rights return to recognition when the usurping rage is past. The present tendency in natural science is so strongly in favour of force as the better known term that, according to Lange, "the untrue element in materialism, viz., the erecting of matter into the principle of all that exists, is completely, and it would seem definitely, set aside."†

From these two roots have arisen two forms of naturalism, capable no doubt of a balanced co-existence in the same mind, but often unharmonized, and expressing themselves in doctrines doubtfully related to each other. The *material* theory works out the conception of *Atoms*. The *dynamic* relies on that of the *Conservation of energy*. As a means of intellectually organizing ascertained facts, and holding them together in a tissue of conceivable relations, these conceptions possess a high value, and are indispensable to the reaching of any generalizations yet higher. In the one, the multiple proportions of chemistry and the laws of elastic diffusion find an adequate vehicle of expression and computation. In the other, a common measure is set up for variations of heat and mechanical work and chemical decomposition and electrical intensity, bringing several special provinces into a federal affinity. Dr. Tyndall misconstrues me when he imputes to me any disparagement of these conceptions in their *scientific* use, for formulating, linking, and anticipating phenomena. It is not till they break these bounds, and, mistaking their own logical character, set up *philosophical* pretensions as adequate data for the deductive construction of a universe without mind, that I venture to resist their absolutism, and set them back within their constitutional rights. It is no wonder, perhaps, that many an enthusiast in the study of nature, excited by the race of rapid discovery, should lose count of his direction as he sweeps along, and, mounted upon these hobbies, should fancy that he can ride off into the region of ontology, and finding nothing, because never really there, should mistake his own failure for its blank. But the calmer critics of human thought know how to distinguish between the physical and the metaphysical use of these conceptions.

"There is scarcely a more *naïve* expression of the materialism of the day," says Lange, "than escapes from Buchner, when he calls the atoms of modern times 'discoveries of natural science,' while those of the ancients are said to have been 'arbitrary speculative representations.' In point of fact, the atomic doctrine to-day is still what it was in the time of Democritus. It has still not lost its metaphysical character; and already in ancient times it served also as a scientific hypothesis for the explanation of natural processes."*

And respecting the law of Conservation of energy, Lange observes that, taken in its "strictest and most consequent meaning, it is anything but proved: it is only an '*Ideal of the Reason*,' perhaps, however, indispensable as a goal for all empirical research."† It is from no want of deference for science proper that I pass again under review the competency of these two doctrines to work out, *ab initio*, a blind cosmogony.

The *material* hypothesis, as I read it, and as alone I propose to comment on it, maintains that, with ultimate inorganic atoms to begin with, the present universe could be constructed. Before it can be tested, its *datum* (inorganic atoms) must be pressed into more determinate form by an explanation of the word "atoms." "Things which cannot be cut" might be all alike, or they

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 214.
† Ibid. p. 215.

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. 181.
† Ibid. p. 213.

might be variously different *inter se:* and before we start, we must know on which of these two assumptions we are to proceed. The former is the only admissible one, so long as you credit the materialist with any logical exactness. When he asks for *no more than matter* for his purpose, he must surely be understood to require nothing but the *essentials of matter*, the characters which enter into its definition ; and to pledge himself to deduce out of these all the accessory characters which appear here and not there, and which discriminate the several provinces of nature. The idea of *atoms* is indeed simply the idea of "matter" *in minimis*, arising only from an arrest, by a supposed physical limit, of a geometrical divisibility possible without end; and the attributes which suffice to earn the one name give the meaning of the other. When in mathematical optics the investigator undertakes, from the conditions afforded by an undulatory elastic medium, to deduce the phenomena of refraction and polarization, he is not permitted to enlarge the data as he proceeds, and surreptitiously import into his ether chemical or other characters unnamed at first. Just as little can one who proposes to show the way from simple atoms to the finished world be allowed to swell the definition of those atoms at his convenience, and take on fresh attributes which change them from matter ἁπλῶς, and make them now *this* sort of matter, now *that*. Whatever he thus adds to his assumption is filched from his *quæsita*, to the relief of his problem and the vitiation of its proof: and if the whole fulness of the *quæsita* is so withdrawn, and turned back to be condensed into *datum*, all deduction is given up, and the thesis is simply taken for granted.

In precisely this plight—unless there is some reasoning between the lines which I am too dull to see—Professor Tyndall leaves his case. He ridicules me for defining the assumed atoms as "homogeneous extended solids," on the ground that a phrase thus restricted to the "requisites of body" gives only a "metaphysical body."* Everything which you define is, in the same sense, a "metaphysical" (more properly a "logical") subject. The object of the definition is to specify the attributes which alone are to be considered in giving the name, and in reasoning from it. The atomist who is not content with my account of his premisses should oblige me with a better, instead of stopping short with the discovery that a definition of a class is not a full description of its individuals. When, however, I look about for my critic's correcter version of "matter" or its atoms, it is long before I learn more than that "we must radically change our notions" of it—an injunction upon which, without further help, it is difficult to act. At length, however, on the concluding page of the critique, the missing definition turns up. "Matter I define as *that mysterious thing by which all this has been accomplished*," *i. e.*, the whole series of phenomena, from the evaporation of water to self-conscious life of man. Need I say that such a proposition is no definition, and dispenses with all proof; being simply *an oracle*, tautologically declaring the very position in dispute, that matter carries in it "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life?" The whole of the picturesque group of descriptive illustrations which lead up to this innocent dictum are only an expansion of the same *petitio principii:* they simply say, over and over again, the force immanent in matter *is* matter—they are identical; or if not so as hitherto understood, we will have a new definition to make them so. This is not a process of reasoning, but an act of will—a decretal enveloped in a scientific nimbus. Nothing can be less relevant than to show (and nothing else is attempted) that the forces of heat, of attraction, of life, of consciousness, are attached to material media and organisms, which they move and weave and animate: this is questioned by no one. In the sense of being *immanent* in matter, and manifesting themselves by its movements, they are *material* forces; but *not* in the sense of being derivable from the essential properties of matter, *quâ* matter. And this is the only sense on which philosophies divide, and reasoning is possible.

If the essence of the materialist hypothesis be to start with matter on its lowest

* It becomes still more metaphysical in the hands of an eminent teacher of physical science. "L'impénétrabilité," says Pouillet, "c'est la matière. On n'a pas raison de dire que la matière a deux propriétés essentielles, *l'étendue* et *l'impénétrabilité;* ce ne sont pas des propriétés, c'est une définition." And again, "L'impénétrabilité inséparable est ce qu'on appelle un *atome*."—*Eléments de Physique Expérimentale*, tom. i. p. 4.

terms, and work it thence up into its highest, I did it no wrong in taking "homogeneous extended solids" as its *specified datum*, and its *only* one; so that it constituted a system of "monism." Dr. Tyndall asks me "where and by whom" any such datum is "specified." In the *Contemporary Review*, June, 1872, Mr. Herbert Spencer contends that "the properties of the different elements" (*i. e.*, chemical elements, hydrogen, carbon, &c.) "result from differences of arrangement, arising by the compounding and re-compounding of *ultimate homogeneous units*." Here, *totidem verbis*, is the monism which I am charged with "putting into the scheme." As my critic is evidently anxious to disclaim the monistic datum, I conclude that he owns the necessity of *heterogeneous elements* to begin with, and feels with me the insecurity of Mr. Spencer's deduction of chemical phenomena from mechanical. Though I have the misfortune, in the use of this same argument—that you cannot pass from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous—to incur the disproval of two great authorities, it somewat relieves the blow to find Mr. Spencer at one with the premiss, and Dr. Tyndall ratifying the conclusion.

Before I quit this point I ought perhaps to explain, in deference to Mr. Spencer, why I venture to repeat an argument which he has answered with care and skill. In common with all logical atomists, he appeals to the case of *isomeric* bodies, and especially to the *allotropic* varieties of carbon and phosphorus, to prove that, without any change of elements in kind or proportion, and even without any composition at all, substances present themselves with marked differences of physical and chemical property. There are several distinct compounds formed out of the same relative weights of carbon and hydrogen. And the simple carbon itself appears as charcoal, as black-lead, and as diamond; and phosphorus again, in the yellow, semi-transparent, inflammable form, and as an opaque, dark-red substance, combustible only at a much higher temperature. In the absence of any variation in the material, these differences in the product are attributed to a different grouping of the atoms; and, whatever their form, it is easy, within certain limits, to vary in imagination the adjustments of their homologous sides, so as to build molecules of several types, and ultimately aggregates of contrasted qualities.

I admit that, on the assumption of homogeneity, we may provide a series of unlike arrangements to count off against a corresponding number of qualitative peculiarities, though it is doubtful whether the conceivable permutations can be pushed up through the throng of cases presented by organic chemistry. But the morphological differences, if adequately obtained, contribute no explanation of the observed variations of attribute. What is there in the arrangement *a b c* to occasion "activity" in phosphorus, while the arrangement *b a c* produces "inertness?" Where the products differ only in geometrical properties, and consequently in optical, the explanation may be admissible, the form and the laying of the bricks determining the outline and the density of the structure. But the deduction cannot be extended from the physical to the chemical properties, so as to displace the rule that to these heterogeneity is essential. To treat the cases of allotropy as destructive of a rule so broadly based, and fly off to a conjectural substitute, is surely a rash logic. In these cases we certainly know of no difference of composition. But neither do we know of any difference of arrangement. The first, if we could suppose it latently there, would be a *vera causa* of the unexplained phenomena; the second, though its presence were ascertained, would still rank only as a *possible* cause of them. If, therefore, an inquirer chose to say, "From this difference of property I suspect a difference of composition," what answer could we give him from Mr. Spencer's point of view? Could we say, "We finally know carbon to be simple?" On the contrary, we are warned that "there are no recognized elementary substances, if the expression means substances known to be elementary. What chemists for convenience call elementary substances are merely substances which they have thus far failed to decompose." If we are to stand ready to see sixty-two out of the sixty-three "elements" fall analytically to pieces before our eyes, how can we feel so confident of the simplicity of phosphorus or carbon as to make it answerable for a hypothetical reconstruction of chemical laws?

Even in the last resort, if we succeed in getting all our atoms alike, we do not rid ourselves of an unexplained heterogeneity; it is simply transferred from their nature as units to their rules of combination. Whe-

ther the qualitative difference between hydrogen and each of the other elements is conditional upon a distinction of kind in the atoms, or on definite varieties in their mode of numerical or geometrical union, these conditions are not provided for by the mere existence of homogeneous atoms; and nothing that you can do with these atoms, within the limits of their definition, will get the required heterogeneity out of them. Make them up into molecules by what grouping or architecture you will; still the difference between hydrogen and iron is not that between one and three, or any other number; or between shaped solids built off in one direction and similar ones built off in another, which may turn out like a right and a left glove. If hydrogen were the sole "primordial," and were transmutable, by select shuffling of its atoms, into every one of its present sixty-two associates, both the tendency to these special combinations, and the effects of them, would be as little deducible from the homogeneous datum as, on the received view, are the chemical phenomena from mechanical conditions. I still think, therefore, that if you assume atoms at all, you may as well take the whole sixty-three sorts in a lot. And this startling multiplication of the original monistic assumption I understand Professor Tyndall to admit as indispensable.

Next, in the striking words of Du Bois-Reymond, I had pleaded the impossibility of bridging the chasm between chemistry and Consciousness. The sensations of warmth, of sound, of colour, are facts *sui generis*, quite other than the undulations of any medium, the molecular movements of any structure; known on different evidence, compared by different marks, needing a different language, affections of a different subject; and defying prediction and interpretation, on the part of a stranger to them, out of any formulas of physical equilibrium and motion, or of chemical affinity and composition. They, with all the higher mental conditions, belong to a world beyond the bounds of the natural sciences—a world into which they can *never* find their way, its phenomena being intrinsically inappreciable by their instruments of research. Here, then, in this establishment of two spheres of cognition, separated by an impassable gulf, we surely have a breach in the continuity of our knowledge: on the one side, all the phenomena of matter and motion; on the other, those of living consciousness and thought. Step by step the "Naturforscher" may press his advance, through even the contiguous organic provinces; but at this line his movement is arrested; he stands in presence of that which his methods cannot touch—an intellectual necessity stops him, and that for ever, at the boundary which he has reached. With this doctrine I invited my readers to compare the statement of Professor Tyndall, that, relying on "the continuity of nature," he "cannot stop abruptly where microscopes cease to be of use," but "by an intellectual necessity crosses the boundary," and "discerns in matter the promise and potency of *all* terrestrial life," including, therefore, *conscious* life. *This* statement appeared to me inconsistent with Du Bois-Reymond's "limit to natural science," and still appears so. What is my critic's reply? He cites *another* statement of his, which is quite consistent with the doctrine of the eminent Berlin Professor, and anticipates it, a procedure by which he answers himself, not me—and, instead of removing the contradiction, takes it home. If, as the earlier passage says, "the chasm between the two classes of phenomena" (physical processes and facts of consciousness) "remains intellectually impassable," the "intellectual necessity of crossing the boundary" is not easy to understand. In order to "discern in matter the *promise*" of conscious life, you must be able, by scrutiny of its mere physical movements, to forecast, in a world as yet insentient, the future phenomena of feeling and thought. Yet this is precisely the transition which is pronounced "unthinkable;" "we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other." If between these statements "nothing but harmony reigns," then, indeed, I am justly charged with being "inaccurate."

How then does the case stand with the atomic hypothesis, as a starting point of scientific deduction? In Dr. Tyndall's latest exposition we have it admitted—(1) that the monistic doctrine of homogeneous units will not work, and that the assumption must be enlarged to include heterogeneous chemical atoms; (2) that nothing which we can do with this magnified datum will prevent our being finally stopped at the boun-

dary of consciousness. As these two positions are precisely those which I had taken up against the speculative materialists, it is an infinite relief to discover, when the mask of controversy is removed, the features of a powerful ally. The whole argument sums itself up in Sir William Thomson's remark, "The assumption of atoms can explain no property of body which has not previously been attributed to the atoms themselves."

That the totality of sensible and deducible phenomena is produced by a constant amount of forces in a given quantity of matter is a legitimate principle of modern science, and an adequate key for the interpretation of every proved or probable evolution. And in order to see what is comprised in changes that are intricately woven or fall broadly on the eye, it is often needful to take them to pieces and microscopically scrutinize them. We thus discover more exactly what they are, and how at the moment they are made up; and by doing likewise with the prior and posterior conditions of the same group, we learn to read truly the metamorphoses of the materials before us. But this is all. To suppose that by pulverizing the world into its least particles, and contemplating its components where they are next to nothing, we shall hit upon something ultimate beyond which there is no problem, is the strangest of illusions. There is no magic in the superlatively little to draw from the universe its last secret. Size is but relative, magnified or dwindled by a glass, variable with the organ of perception: to one being the speck which only the microscope can show us may be a universe; to another, the solar system but a molecule; and in passing from the latter to the former you reach no end of search or beginning of things. If in imagination you simply recede from the molar to the molecular form of body, you carry with you, by hypothesis, all the properties of the whole into the parts where your regress ceases, and merely substitute a miniature of nature for its life-size, without at all showing whence the features come. If, on the other hand, you drop attributes from the mass in your retreat to the elements, on your return you can never pick them up again: starve your atom down to a hard, geometrically perfect minimum, and you have parted with the possibility of feeding it up to the qualitative plenitude of our actual material forms; for in mere resistance—which is all that is left—you have no source of new properties, only the power of excluding other competitors for its place.

Accordingly, the "atom" of the modern mathematical physics has given up its pretension to stand as an absolute beginning, and serves only as a necessary rest for exhausted analysis, before setting forth on the return journey of deduction. "A simple elementary atom," says Professor Balfour Stewart, "is probably in a state of ceaseless activity and change of form, but it is, nevertheless, always the same."* "The molecule" (here identical with "atom," as the author is speaking of a simple substance, as hydrogen), "though indestructible, is not a hard rigid body," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "but is capable of internal movements, and when these are excited it emits rays, the wave-length of which is a measure of time of vibration of the molecule."† "Change of form" and "internal movements" are impossible without shifting parts and altered relations; and where, then, is the final simplicity of the atom? It is no longer a pure unit, but a numerical whole. And as part can separate from part, not only in thought but in the phenomenon, how is it an "atom" at all? What is there, beyond an arbitrary dictum, to prevent a part which changes its relation to its fellows from changing its relation to the whole—removing to the outside? Such a body, though serving as an element in chemistry, is mechanically compound, and has a constitution of its own, which raises as many questions as it answers, and wholly unfits it for offering to the human mind a point of ultimate rest. It has accordingly been strictly kept to a penultimate position in the conception of philosophical physicists like Gassendi, Herschel, and Clerk Maxwell, and of masters in the logic of science, like Lotze and Stanley Jevons.

It is a serious question whether, in our time, atomism can any longer fulfil the condition which all the ancient materialism was invented to satisfy. The Ionian cosmogonies sprang from a genuine intellectual impulse—the desire to conquer the bewildering multiplicity of nature, and find some pervading identity which should make a woven texture of the whole; and whether it was moisture, or air, the ether-fire, which was

* The Conservation of Energy, p. 7.

† A Discourse on Molecules, p. 12.

taken as the universal substratum, it was regarded as a *single datum*, on the simplicity of which the mind might disburden itself of an oppressive infinitude. The intention of these schemes was to *unify* all bodies in their material, and in some cases all minds as well, so as not even to allow two originals at the fountain-head, but to evolve the All out of the One. This aim was but an overstraining of the permanent effort of all scientific interpretation of the world. It strives to make things conceivable by simplification, to put what was separate into relation, what was confused into order; to read back the many and the different into the one and the same, and so lessen, as far as possible, the list of unattached and underived *principia*. The charm of science to the imagination and its gain to life may be almost measured by the number of scattered facts which its analysis can bring into a common formula. The very sand-grains and rain-drops seem to lose in multitude, when the morphological agencies are understood which crystallize and mould them. The greatness of Newton's law lies in the countless host of movements which it swept from all visible space into one sentence and one thought. No sooner does Darwin supply a verified conception which construes the endless differences of organic kinds into a continuous process, than the very relief which he gives to the mind serves, with others if not with himself, as an equivalent to so much evidence. The acoustic reduction of sounds, in their immense variety, to the length, the breadth, and the form of a wave, is welcomed as a happy discovery from a similar love of relational unity. To simplify is the essence of all scientific explanation. If it does not gain this end, it fails to explain. Its speculative ideal is still, as of old, to reach some monistic principle whence all may flow; and in this interest it is, especially to get rid of dualism by dissolving any partnership with mind, that materialism continues to recommend its claims. Does it really bring in our day the simplification at which it aims?

Under the eye of modern science Matter, pursued into its last haunts, no longer presents itself as one undivided *stuff*, which can be treated as a continuous substratum absorbent of all number and distinction; but as an infinitude of discrete atoms, each of which might be though all the rest were gone. The conception of them, when pushed to its hypothetical extreme, brings them no nearer to unity than *homogeneity*—an attribute which itself implies that they are separate and comparable members of a *genus*. And what is the result of comparing them? They "are conformed," we are assured, "to a constant type with a precision which is not to be found in the sensible properties of the bodies which they constitute. In the first place, the mass of each individual," "and all its other properties, are absolutely unalterable. In the second place, the properties of all" "of the same kind are absolutely identical."* Here, therefore, we have an infinite assemblage of phenomena of Resemblance. But further, these atoms, besides the internal vibration of each, are agitated by movements carrying them in all directions, now along free paths and now into collisions.† Here, therefore, we have phenomena of Difference in endless variety. And so it comes to this, that our unitary datum breaks up into a genus of innumerable contents, and its individuals are affected both with ideally perfect correspondences and with numerous contrasts of movement. What intellect can pause and compose itself to rest in this vast and restless crowd of assumptions? Who can restrain the ulterior question—whence then these myriad types of the same letter, imprinted on the earth, the sun, the stars, as if the very mould used here had been lent to Sirius and passed on through the constellations? Everywhere else the likenesses of individual things, especially within the same "species"—of daisy to daisy, of bee to bee—have awakened wonder and stimulated thought to plant them in some uniting relation to a cause beyond themselves; and not till the common parentage refers them to the same matrix of nature does the questioning about them subside. They quietly settle as derivative where they could never be accepted as original. Some chemists think, as Mr. Herbert Spencer reminds us,‡ that in the hydrogen atom we have the ultimate simple unit. By means of the spectroscope, samples of it, and of its internal vibrations, may be brought from Sirius and Aldebaran—distances so great that light itself needs twenty-two years to cross the lesser of them

* Discourse on Molecules, by J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., F.R.S., p. 11.

† Theory of Heat, by J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., LL.D., F.R.SS. London and Edin. pp. 310, 311.

‡ *Contemporary Review*, June, 1872, p. 142.

—into exact comparison with our terrestrial specimens; and were their places changed, there would be nothing to betray the secret. So long as no *à priori* necessity is shown for their quantity of matter being just what it is, and always the same at incommunicable distances, or for their elasticity and time of pulsation having the same measure through myriads of instances, they remain unlinked and separate starting-points; and if they explain a finite number of resemblances and differences, it is only by assuming an infinite.

But even the approach to simplicity which homogeneity would afford fails us. Notwithstanding the possibility, in the case of certain carbonates, of substituting isomorphous constituents for one another, it cannot be pretended that any evidence as yet breaks down the list of chemical elements; and should some of them give way before further attempts at analysis, they are more likely—if we may judge of the future from the past—to grow to a hundred than to dwindle to one; to say nothing of the probability, already suggested by the star-spectroscope, that in other regions of space there exist elements unknown to us. At present, in place of a single type of atom, we have to set out with more than sixty, all independent, and each repeating the phenomenon of exact resemblance among its members wherever found. Perhaps you see nothing inconceivable in the self-existence of ever so many perfect facsimiles ready everywhere for the making of the worlds, and may treat it as a thing to be expected that, being there at all, they should be all alike. So much the more certain, then, must be your surprise on finding them *not* all alike, but ranging themselves under sixty heads of difference. If the similars are entitled to the position of ἀρχαί, the dissimilars are not; and if neither can prefer the claim, the atomic doctrine, when pushed into an ultimate theory of origination, extravagantly violates the first condition of a philosophical hypothesis.

Nor is its series of assumed data even yet complete. For these sixty kinds of atoms are not at liberty to be neutral to one another, or to run an intermediate round of experiments in association, within the limits of possible permutation. Each is already provided with its select list of admissible companions; and the terms of its partnership with every one of these are strictly prescribed; so that not one can modify, by the most trivial fraction, the capital it has to bring. Vainly, for instance, does the hydrogen atom, with its low figure and light weight, make overtures to the more considerable oxygen element: the only reply will be, either none of you or two of you. And so on throughout the list. Among the vast group of facts represented by this sample I am not aware of more than one set—the union of the same combining elements in *multiple* doses for the production of a scale of compounds—of which the atomist hypothesis can be said to render an account. Everything else—the existence of "affinity" at all, its limitation to particular cases so far short of the whole, the original cost of its definite ratios, its preference for unlike elements—stands unexplained by it, or must be carried into it as a new burden of primordial assumptions. This chasm between the facts of chemistry and its speculations is clearly seen by its best teachers. Kekulé treats the symbolic notation of chemical formulas as a means of simply expressing the *fact* of numerical proportion in the combining weights.

"If to the symbols in these formulas" (he adds) "a different meaning is assigned—if they are regarded as denoting the atoms of the elements with their weights, as is now most common, the question arises, 'What is the relative size or weight of the atoms?' Since the atoms can be neither measured nor weighed, it is plain that to the hypothetical assumption of determinate atomic weights we have nothing to guide us but speculative reflection."*

The more closely we follow the atomist doctrine to its starting-point, and spread before us the necessary outfit for its journey of deduction, the larger do its demands appear: and when, included in them, we find an unlimited supply of absolutely like objects, all repeating the same internal movements; an arbitrary number of unlike types, in each of which this demand is reproduced; and a definite selection of rules for restricting the play of combination among these elements, we can no longer, in the face of this stock of self-existent originals, allow the pretence of simplicity to be anything but an illusion.

Large as the atomist's assumptions are, they do not go one jot beyond the requirements of his case. He has to deduce an orderly and determinate universe, such

* Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie, ap. Lange, Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 191.

as we find around us, and to exclude chaotic systems where no equilibrium is established. In order to do this he must pick out the special conditions for producing this particular kosmos and no other, and must provide against the turning up of any out of a host of equally possible worlds. In other words, he must, in spite of his contempt for final causes, himself proceed upon a preconceived world-plan, and guide his own intellect as, step by step, he fits it to the universe, by the very process which he declares to be absent from the universe itself If all atoms were round and smooth, he thinks no such stable order of things as we observe could ever arise; so he rejects these forms in favour of others. By a series of such rejections he gathers around him at last the select assortment of conditions which will work out right. The selection is made, however, not on grounds of *à priori* necessity, but with an eye to the required result. Intrinsically the possibilities are all equal (for instance) of round and smooth atoms, and of other forms; and a problem therefore yet remains behind, short of which human reason will never be content to rest, viz.: How come they to be so limited as to fence off competing possibilities, and secure the actual result? Is it an *eternal* limitation, having its "*ratio sufficiens*" in the uncaused essence of things; or *superinduced* by some power which can import conditions into the unconditioned, and mark out a determinate channel for the "stream of tendency" through the open wilds over which else it spreads and hesitates? It was doubtless in view of this problem, and in the absence of any theoretic means of excluding other atoms than those which we have, that Herschel declares them to have the characteristics of "manufactured articles." This verdict amuses Dr. Tyndall; nothing more. He twice* dismisses it with a supercilious laugh; for which perhaps, as for the atoms it concerns, there may be some suppressed "*ratio sufficiens.*" But the problem thus pleasantly touched is not one of those which *solventur risu;* and, till some better-grounded answer can be given to it, that on which the large and balanced thought of Herschel and the masterly penetration of Clerk Maxwell have alike settled with content, may claim at least a provisional respect.

Having confined myself in this paper to the Atomic Materialism, I reserve for another the consideration of the Dynamic Materialism, and the bearings of both on the primary religious beliefs. To those—doubtless the majority in our time—who have made up their minds that behind the jurisdiction of the natural sciences no rational questions can arise, and from their court no appeal can be made, who will never listen to metaphysics except in disproof of their own possibility, I cannot hope to say any useful word: for the very matters on which I speak lie either on the borders of their sphere, or in quite another. I am profoundly conscious how strong is the set of the *Zeit-geist* against me, and should utterly fail before it, did it not sweep by me as a mere pulsation of the *Ewigkeits-geist* that never sweeps by. Nor is it always, even now, that physics shut up the mind of their most ardent and successful votary within their own province, rich and vast as that province is. "It has been asserted," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "that metaphysical speculation is a thing of the past, and that physical science has extirpated it. The discussion of the categories of existence, however, does not appear to be in danger of coming to an end in our time; and the exercise of speculation continues as fascinating to every fresh mind as it was in the days of Thales."*

* Belfast Address, p. 26, *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1875, p. 598.

* Experimental Physics, Introductory Lecture, *ad finem.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Dominion Parliament was opened in due form and with more than ordinary scenic effect on the 10th ultimo. The reporters of our daily papers seem to have been dazzled with the brilliance of the Senate Chamber on that occasion. The arrangements, in journalistic phrase, reflected great credit upon all concerned. How many they may have been does not appear; the only thing absolutely clear is the evidence of an organizing genius—in all probability hereditary—presiding over and directing all. It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that humanity could, at one bound and in a single generation, acquire so exquisite a degree of finished delicacy and taste as was happily displayed in the arrangements of the day. To Black Rod only, the second in lineal succession, must be ascribed the glory of the occasion. Kimber *fils* worthily follows in the footsteps of Kimber *père*. The journals inform us that the grace and beauty of the capital, arrayed in more than Solomon's glory, adorned the Chamber; and it is added—not, we hope, in irony—that the intellect of the Dominion gave an air of sober solidity to the whole. The Judges of the Supreme Court appeared for the first time in public officially arrayed. Their brilliant robes not only gave unwonted colour to the general effect, but also fired the imagination of at least one honourable gentleman. In seconding the Address in the House, M. Taschereau, after the lapse of twenty-four hours, could not resist the temptation of making this glowing reference to the learned bench:—"Thanks to this understanding, we were enabled yesterday to see ranged round His Excellency—draped in their robes of office, combining richness with severity, and which, had it not been for the ermine and scarlet, I might almost describe as monastical"—which means apparently that they would have seemed to be what they were not, if they had been dressed otherwise than they were. M. Taschereau must not allow his imagination to carry him too far in his "monastic" theory, or he may some day suffer a rude awakening—*cucullus non facit monachum*. The brilliant appearance of the learned judges was of better augury, it is to be hoped; for with their undoubted ability and unquestioned integrity, the Dominion expects to see combined the sterling common sense which pertains only to men of the world.

The Speech from the Throne, delivered with His Excellency's wonted grace, is a very ordinary document even of its kind. The grammar and diction generally are not much below the average; but they are decidedly weak. It seems difficult to understand how it is that men who can speak and write, not correctly alone, but with elegance and force, should seem to lose all power of expression when their words are to be uttered by the Sovereign or her representative. There are exceptions, no doubt—the speech delivered by Governor Archibald upon the same day, for example—but they are few and far between. Nearly all would furnish addenda to William Cobbett's celebrated appendix. As to the matter of the Speech, there is little to be said. There are only five or six measures promised, and they are not of the first importance. As a matter of course, the Opposition complained of the poverty of the programme; Oppositions always do. The *Globe* informed its readers that only a portion of the Government Bills would find mention in the Speech. So it appears: for the Minister of Justice has since introduced two election law measures of very considerable value. It is not easy to explain the *raison d'être* of a Speech from the Throne, if the most important changes in the law are purposely excluded from it. At the same time, there is one obvious advantage in the new system which probably commended it to the Premier. Experience has shown that a lengthly list of contemplated measures is usually delusive. Ministers soon find that they cannot work all their Bills through, even if they ever intended to do so. and for the rest, their anxiety to make as fine

a show as possible on the day of prorogation induces them to be careless and slipshod in their legislation. Mr. Mackenzie has it in his power this Session to do as much as he can do properly, without raising expectations he is at last obliged to disappoint. It is therefore wise, perhaps, in him not to "put the best on the outside." Of the Bills actually announced there is one on the law of common carriers—a subject of considerable interest, which is likely to engage public attention in England. There is another concerning Life Assurance Companies—not introduced before it is wanted; one for the enfranchisement of Indians; and one for the administration of insolvent banks. The want of complete and trustworthy criminal statistics is to be supplied, but we hope the statute-book will not seek to make them "reliable"—an atrocious word. The commencement of the work of consolidation makes up the list of Government proposals. The rest of the Speech may be passed over in silence, since it is merely a chronicle of past events or past achievements. The only neat paragraph is that which refers to Lord Dufferin's visit to England, and that is probably the work of His Excellency himself. It contrasts strongly with the clumsy jeremiad which follows—most likely from the pen of Mr. Cartwright when in doleful dumps.

Leaving the Senate undisturbed in its wonted somnolence—and that seems even deeper than usual—let us turn to the debate in the House, where matters unexpectedly took a very lively turn. The usual introductory speeches were made by Mr. Casey and M. Taschereau, but they call for no particular comment. Sir John Macdonald seemed to be labouring under mental depression. The lively jocoseness of his vacation addresses had passed under a cloud of melancholy. The Commons' Chamber, when an ex-Minister leads a forlorn hope, is pervaded by an atmosphere the reverse of exhilarating. Once only the ancient fire seemed to start from the ashes of mourning, and that was for the benefit of Mr. Edward Jenkins. It was unlike Sir John's usual generosity to assail an absent man, who is no longer in the employ of the Dominion; but perhaps the ex-Premier felt it to be the only chance left him for banter, and therefore to be seized for an occasion which offered nothing else. At the same time, it would be unjust to refuse Sir John Macdonald the greatest credit for his management of the Opposition. He might have been factious and obstructive; but he has not been so. On the contrary, he has drawn upon his knowledge and experience, great as they are, solely for the general good. Destructive criticism is a more attractive feature in ordinary Opposition tactics; it may be made more brilliant, and it certainly absorbs a larger share of general admiration and applause. But there is another function of our non-official servants which is more valuable to the community—that of rounding and perfecting legislation by calm and sober suggestion of amendments—by tendering advice in the interest of country and not of party. It is no small praise to the Opposition leader that he has performed this task cordially, unostentatiously, and without grudging.

Mr. Mackenzie replied to Sir John, and Mr. Speaker was on the point of putting the question, when a storm arose, from an unexpected quarter, to clear the dull atmosphere of debate. No sooner had the Premier replied, when, *igni coruscо nubila dividens*, the member for Chateauguay drove his thundering steeds across that halcyon sky. Reference was made last month in these pages to a speech delivered by the Hon. Mr. Huntington, at Lachute in the County of Argenteuil. Perhaps that speech might have been more judiciously phrased, and the reference to "the party" which, by implication, bound the hon. gentleman's colleagues to his utterances, was certainly unwise. It was unwise, since, although no one could doubt their desire to secure the support of the English-speaking people of Quebec, the tone of the speech seemed to pledge them to opinions of a distinctly aggressive character. We say seemed, because it is hardly possible that any one can really suppose the Postmaster-General to have been so indiscreet, not to say fatuous, as to proclaim a crusade against Roman Catholicism as such. He was advocating the return of Dr. Christie as against Mr. Thomas White, who was expected to be a candidate, and his sole object evidently was to impress the majority of the electors with the idea that the Liberals, and not the Conservatives, were their natural allies. Argenteuil is preponderatingly Protestant, whereas Chateauguay is about equally divided. Mr. Holton, therefore, consulting mainly the

safety of his own seat, thought it necessary to make a noisy protest against the Lachute speech, especially as it came from one of his own leaders. He demanded of the Premier whether Mr. Huntington had informed him of the nature of the address he was about to deliver; and secondly, whether, now that it had been delivered, he approved or disapproved of the opinions expressed? The first query was easily disposed of. Mr. Mackenzie did not even know that his colleague was going to Argenteuil. The second was answered clearly enough, to our mind, although Mr. Holton and his temporary allies did not choose to see it. After expressing disapproval of "anything that has a tendency to bring religion into public discussion in the politics of this country," he adds: "I can only, therefore, express my regret at the remarks of my hon. friend, and the tone and interpretation given to them by many. So far as that interpretation and tone are concerned I have no sympathy with it, nor have I taken any part in public affairs which would at all involve my entering into a discussion on these subjects." That explanation was surely explicit enough—quite as explicit as the Premier could be expected to make, unless he had gone out of his way to pass a formal censure upon a colleague he esteemed. Mr. Holton, however, had not yet done quite enough for his purpose, and he therefore made two more onslaughts upon Mr. Huntington, so strong and pointed as almost to suggest a spice of personal antipathy in his remarks.

An angry and rambling discussion followed, which was most discreditable to all parties concerned. Scarcely a speaker addressed the House who did not descend to the most paltry arts. False professions of liberality, crafty concealment of cherished opinions, *arrière pensée* in every form, were the chief features of the debate. M. Cauchon's shuffling was to be expected. Still even his ingenuity was sorely taxed to find a method of combining his old *rôle* of church *claqueur* with the new one of Rouge Minister. *Il ne sait sur quel pied danser*—but he is quite equal to the task; for if he cannot choose the foot on which to dance, he resorts to the clumsy method of the Jumpers, and raises both from the ground together. M. Langevin told an obvious truth when he said of the President:—"He intends to act as he has acted in the past; he finds himself on the Ministerial benches, and there he intends to remain, for this position has cost him dear enough, and he is determined to retain it."

Putting M. Cauchon, then, who is *sui generis*, in a class by himself, let us look at the three divisions into which those who spoke may be conveniently divided—the Catholic Conservatives, the Orange Conservatives, and the Catholic Liberals. It might be supposed that if any man would wear his heart upon his sleeve, it would be M. Masson, the redoubtable "leader of the Ultramontanes," as he has no objection to be styled—the man who, with M. Mousseau, was marked out by Mgr. Bourget as emphatically the champion of the Church. Now, there is a certain rough outspokenness about his speech which almost makes it read like a fragment from some pastoral. He asserts the subservience of the State to the Church, and of the laity to the clergy, in terms which savour of episcopal unction. In very plain terms he tells the Postmaster-General that "whether we are priest-ridden or not is none of his business, and that it is not the business of any man who does not profess our creed, no more than it is our business to interfere with your opinions." &c. Yet underneath all lies a vein of disingenuousness which did not deceive Mr. Bowell, although he feigned blindness. Take the question of clerical interference by ecclesiastical terrors, for example, and mark how mildly he puts the basest portion of his political creed:—"Regarding questions relating to the material progress of the country, *and the political affairs of the country*, we are ready, and shall always be ready, to give to the opinions of these gentlemen that respect to which they are entitled, owing to their high intelligence, their great virtue, and their disinterestedness." This is really the "programme" over again, merely put into sugar-coated pills. For "the political affairs of the country," read "party politics," and then interpret in the light of the pastorals of the Bishop of Three Rivers, quoted in the "programme," and of Bishop Bourget *passim*. "Give respect," indeed! The hierarchy does not solicit respect; it commands submission and obedience, under the direst penalties which can be imagined. And still there are people who tell us that it is no business of ours that, so far as Catholic Quebec is concerned, no man can call his vote his

own. From pulpit, altar, and confessional he is browbeaten and intimidated out of his convictions, and forced to vote against them on pain of eternal damnation. Have we no interest in the freedom of election all over the Dominion? Is it nothing to us that, in the name of religion, the franchise is perverted from its legitimate purpose? If it be "none of our business," with what face can we assume the right to put down intimidation of any sort? If we forbid undue influence in the landlord and employer who can deprive a poor man of home or livelihood, and "after that have no more that they can do;" *à fortiori* is it not the duty of the State to forbid the terrorism of those who boast that "they can cast both body and soul into hell"? And yet there are Protestant Conservatives in Ontario—and Orangemen to boot—who contend with M. Masson that it is no affair of the State when the primary right of citizenship is thus poisoned at the fountain. One member, a French Canadian too, was the only one to make a manly utterance when the Bowells and Whites were applauding M. Masson. Said Mr. Bechard :—"I must infer from the remarks of my hon. friend from Charlevoix (M. Langevin) that he thinks the priest has the right to speak in favour of such and such a candidate from the pulpit. I do not think so,—else it will be necessary to believe that the priests have alone the right to control the politics of this country, and at the elections to impose their will upon the electors. * * I hope I shall never be placed in the alternative of becoming a Conservative, or else of ceasing to be a Catholic."

M. Langevin's speech is also full of these subtleties of deceit. It is unnecessary to indicate them in detail. The successor of Sir George Cartier seems to have been so delighted with the chance of raising his head once more in the political arena that he is rather reckless about statements of fact. His speech was certainly an able one; but it is a credit rather to his head than his heart. When he speaks of the Postmaster-General as "him who has insulted my countrymen and my co-religionists," it is only charity to suppose the words to have been uttered in the heat of debate; for they are distinctly untrue. Both he and M. Masson were only gilding the Ultramontane pill, so that Mr. Bowell and his Ontario friends might swallow it without grimace. Turning then to the latter, our second division of Mr. Huntington's assailants, do we find greater ingenuousness there? The member for North Hastings is Grand Master of the Orange Association, and excels, we believe, as a Twelfth of July orator. He can inveigh, with more than Belfast vigour, against the abominations of Popery, including the nunneries, celibacy, and the confessional, about which scandalous stories are served up from press and platform for the delectation of the Order. We do not say that Mr. Bowell approves of all the trash he hears or reads, in Lodge or out of it, but he is *particeps criminis* by his silence, if not by verbal assent. He is the head of an Order which holds Rome in such abhorrence that it actually undertakes to bind for life the consciences of every one of its members. One clause in the oath runs thus: "I swear that I am not now, *and never will be*, a Roman Catholic." So that had the Marquis of Ripon been an Orangeman, as he was a Mason, he would have been compelled either to violate the dictates of his conscience or break his oath. Such a man must deliberately choose whether he will be a hypocrite or a perjurer. Nay, more, the Orange obligation attempts to fix a gulf between the Order and Romanism by interfering with the affections; for it requires a candidate to make oath that he will *never* marry a Roman Catholic. Antagonism could not be more complete, short of actual conflict between man and man. Such a conflict would be incompatible with the existence of society; hence the Order protests that it has no personal antipathy against individual Roman Catholics. Whether it has or has not is a matter of very little consequence, because it could have no influence in a well-ordered community; what the protest is worth we know from painful experience recently in Toronto. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the Grand Master sits in Parliament cheek by jowl with one who boasts himself the "leader of the Ultramontanes," and applauds his utterances without qualification, and the Order is at this moment the Ontario wing of the politico-theological army of which Mgr. Bourget is the chief, and M. Masson or M. Langevin the first lieutenant.

Mr. Bowell, however, imagines that he has a loophole for escape, for he taxed Mr. Gordon with not "discovering the distinction between a religious body organized for re-

ligious purposes and a body organized for political purposes." That certainly has a specious sound; but it will follow as a necessary consequence that there are two Mr. Bowells instead of one, or rather rolled into one. There is the Grand Master and there is the Conservative ally of Mgr. Bourget, and these persons are by no means to be confounded. The first, to use M. Langevin's phrase, "insults our bishops," priests, and nuns—declaims against Popery as the irreconcilable foe of political freedom and of human progress; the second is of milder nature, not only reproving Mr. Huntington when he was not attacking the religion at all, but applauding M. Masson and the "Programme." Moreover, this mysterious duality must be carried further. Let us suppose that the Postmaster-General were an Orangeman; would Mr. Bowell have objected to his speech? If so, what would the other Mr. Bowell have done? Between them probably they would have lauded the Orangeman, whilst they denounced the Minister. Finally, the distinction between a political and a religious body will not hold water. There may be grave doubts about the religious character of Orangeism, but there can be no question that it is and always has been political. It is not very constant in its political alliances, it is true; but that is not to the point. One has only to turn to the resolutions of Grand and District Lodges and note the attitude of the Order at the polls to be convinced of its political character. Sometimes it roars for Mr. Brown, and anon yells for Sir John, but it is always on one side or other. Just now it belongs, body and bones, to the Conservative party.

The Quebec Ministerialists who addressed the House were quite as disingenuous as the two sections of the Opposition, Mr. Bechard excepted. Two members for Montreal, Messrs. Devlin and Workman, may be described as almost antipodes, the one to the other; yet both sang the same strain. Both regretted that Mr. Huntington should have used the language he actually did in Argenteuil; both strove to divert public attention from the point at issue and turn it upon the party in Opposition. Yet, all the while, each was fully aware that the other was viewing the subject from a totally different standpoint, and employing the same language to express an antagonistic set of opinions. There can be no doubt that the Quebec Ministerialists sympathize with Mr. Huntington's views; but they do not consider it safe to avow their sympathy. The entire debate was characterized by the same hollowness of pretence; it was a bid on all sides for outside support—a cloaking of conviction, a simulation of liberal-mindedness, and altogether a miserable sham. The Premier, of course, was obliged to speak, but the other party leaders were wisely reticent. Mr. Blake, Dr. Tupper, and Sir John A. Macdonald added no fuel to the flame, and they all deserve credit for it, although the *Globe, suo more*, has singled out Sir John for reproach, and dubbed him a crafty old fox, because he acted like the rest.

This idle discussion has certainly wrought no good of itself, yet it may perhaps have accomplished something in an indirect way, by being the moving cause of Sir Alexander Galt's letter on "Civil Liberty in Lower Canada." It is unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of this manifesto at length, since it has been sufficiently discussed in the newspapers. Those who are the most annoyed by its independent tone and the clearness with which it expounds some unpalatable truths, are predisposed to make as little of it as they can. To the unbiassed observer who has watched with alarm the steady progress of hierarchical encroachment since 1871, it marks the first stage in a struggle which is inevitable and may be imminent. It is the fashion, we are sorry to say, with Ontario Conservatives to ignore the real question raised by Sir Alexander Galt and those who share his apprehensions. It is no religious contest at all that they are engaged in. They have as little design or desire of assailing the faith or menacing the liberties of Roman Catholics as they have of submitting to repression themselves. With the distinctive dogmas of the Latin Church, infallibility included, they have no concern; if the members of that Church choose to profess and believe them, that is their own affair. But "the extraordinary claims recently advanced by the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Quebec, based, as they allege, upon the authority of the Vatican Decrees and the celebrated Syllabus," stand upon a different footing. It is no longer a question of religious tolerance that is involved, but

the independence and supremacy of the State in a British colony. Dogma is a matter of supreme indifference; but when *the* Church, or any Church, claims that the State is subordinate to it, and by its acts shows that it is determined to make good that claim little by little, every citizen, Protestant as well as Catholic, has a deep interest at stake in the issue. When we speak of Ultramontanism, we mean by it a phase of ecclesiastical politics and nothing more. What used to be called by that name in the theological domain may be commensurate with Catholicism, for aught we know or care; it is with the political creed—and that is certainly not by any means so generally adopted—that Canadians have to do. Let us give an instance or two from abroad. The Catalonian bishops, on the eve of the recent elections to the Cortes, made the following protest against the partial toleration granted by the new Constitution :—"That liberty of worship is condemned in the 77th, 78th, and 79th propositions of the Syllabus of the reigning Pontiff, the immortal Pius IX.; that no Catholic can vote for that disastrous liberty, nor send by his vote, to the Cortes, those who are determined to establish such liberty of worship in Spain." This is Ultramontanism pure and simple, carried to the highest degree of perfection. The other day Professor Tyndall communicated to the *Times* some extracts from a letter of the Bishop of Montpellier to the Dean and Professors of the ancient university of that city. His lordship broadly asserts that the Church "is invested with the absolute right to teach mankind; she holds herself to be the depositary of the truth—not a fragmentary truth, incomplete, a mixture of certainty and hesitation, but the total truth, complete, from a religious point of view." In order that there may be no mistake about his meaning, he adds "that, even in the natural order of things, scientific or philosophical, moral *or political*, she will not admit that a system can be adopted and sustained by Christians, if it contradicts definite dogmas." The penalty of holding forbidden opinions, even in politics, is "the certain loss of grace and of eternity." His method of scientific investigation, if crude, is conclusive: "Without entering into the examination of this or that question of physiology, but solely by the certitude of our dogmas, we are able to pronounce judgment on any hypothesis which is an anti-Christian engine of war rather than a serious conquest over the secrets and mysteries of nature." *Risum teneatis amici:* this was no joke in the days of Bruno and Galileo. So much for Ultramontanism in the south of France.

Now in Canada, the bishops, and even some of the judges, appeal to the same Syllabus as their authority. No one asserts that there is any intention or even desire of carrying matters so far. Yet the tendency is in the same direction, and it is fraught with serious and increasing danger, not merely to the integrity of the State, but to the liberty of the subject. Political Ultramontanism claims the right of nominating members of Parliament, and of securing their election by spiritual threatenings or promises. It aims, in short, at making every constituency in Quebec, where it wields sufficient power, a close ecclesiastical borough or preserve. We contend that this is a direct attack upon the free institutions of the Dominion; an attempt to subordinate the State to the Church, and a gross violation of the law against undue influence and intimidation. It is not a theological question in any sense; but strictly and solely a civil and political one. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, was present at the Vatican Council, voted for the Decrees, and defends the Syllabus—that is, according to the interpretation he puts upon it—and yet he states that in his archdiocese priests "are strictly forbidden to make the altar or pulpit of their churches the tribune of political harangues for or against any party or candidate for election; or to threaten any spiritual disability for voting with either party." Yet M. Langevin had the assurance to ask if the Quebec ecclesiastics did any more than their brethren of Ontario? In the matter of teaching, again, the Archbishop is no Ultramontane:—"We believe," he says, "that parents have a perfect right to educate their children as they please." It is not true, then, that all Catholics are Ultramontanes in the only sense with which we are concerned; or, if they be, there must be innumerable shades of opinion amongst them.

Sir Alexander Galt justly regards it as inconceivable that "the severe and cruel pressure put upon the consciences of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects" has for its object "the ephemeral triumph of a temporary political party. The conclusion is inevitable, from the nature of the means em-

ployed, that a deep-laid plan exists for the complete subjugation of Lower Canada to ecclesiastical rule, with the view of extending the same baneful influence hereafter to the whole Dominion." To such a scheme Sir Alexander Galt calls for stern and uncompromising resistance at the outset. Into no hands could such an opposition be entrusted with greater propriety than into his, because it is sure to be conducted not merely with ability, but, what is more important, with prudence and moderation. The cry of "The Church in Danger" is sure to be raised clamorously enough; indeed, it has been heard already, and Sir Alexander has been wantonly accused of arousing religious contention. The charge is not only baseless, but absurd, and the Conservative party of Ontario, of all others, should be ashamed to make it. If religious strife should be excited by the persistence of the hierarchy in its present policy, let the responsibility be placed upon the right shoulders. We agree with M. Joly—who was deposed from the leadership of the Quebec Opposition to please M. Cauchon—that any so-called Protestant Defence party is decidedly uncalled for. Its effect could only be to strengthen the hands of the Ultramontanes, by driving all Catholics into their ranks. We want no theological warfare anywhere in this Dominion—such as would inevitably result from arraying creed against creed. The controversy is a national one, and can only be successfully conducted by a national party which knows no creed, and which, embracing earnest, honest, and patriotic men of both religions, will boldly wrestle against an audacious assault upon the rights and liberties of a free people.

The prevailing depression in commerce and manufactures has made itself felt with greater or less severity by every man and in every home. That it should form the subject of a lengthened discussion in Parliament was not only natural, but proper. Mr. Mills's motion for a Committee to inquire into its causes, was perhaps the readiest method of bringing the subject before the House, and the debate was certainly instructive in many respects. Members who had evidently ransacked blue-books and other sources of information, poured forth their stores in such profusion that it may well be doubted if there is anything left to inquire. To us the question presents itself, whether it is not too late to cry over spilt milk, unless by way of resolution not to be so reckless in the future. Every doctor who had held a *post mortem* in his study could tell exactly the cause or causes of our trouble; but for the most part they lay in the past, and were beyond remedy, since the mischief was done. *Après mort, le médecin.* Mr. Young regarded these periods of depression and inflation with the eye of an economical Kepler. They came in cycles, and whether human resolution could break the charmed circle did not appear. Over-importation and over-production were naturally named as causes, but it is not quite clear that they may not be as reasonably numbered with effects. In any case, even by way of warning, there is no advantage to be gained by enjoining people not to commit these errors again. In the first place, they are not able to tell when the time has arrived to pull in, until it is too late; and in the next place, if they were, they would inevitably float on the tide of inflation till the last moment, whether they sank or swam in the end. Wisdom after the event is never less profitable than in economics. Mr. Mills was near the mark when he said that our intimate trade relations with the United States had much to do with the depression. When our neighbour's house is on fire, and our own is consumed during the same night, it is natural to suppose that the one conflagration is the effect of the other. Mr. John Macdonald, a man of practical knowledge and acknowledged ability, repudiated Mr. Mills's assertion that Canada was a slaughtering ground for American goods, and contended, *au contraire*, that the slaughtering business was British. He also expressed the opinion that over-importation was the main source of the trouble. Mr. Dymond and Mr. Workman had a passage-at-arms on the relative merits of Free Trade and Protection. Here, at least, is a question of infinite moment, and into it the debate gradually drifted. It is unnecessary to discuss its merits at present, for on the afternoon of the 25th that inexorable Atropos, the Finance Minister, cut the thread of the discussion now raging in the Dominion with his cold and pitiless shears. Mr. Cartwright, bewildered by resolutions, memorials, and deputations, has taken refuge in *laissez faire*. It is certainly better to do nothing

than to do evil, and we presume it is upon that principle that the hon. gentleman has resolved to leave the tariff as it is. His budget comes too late for extended comment, and we have barely time to drop a tear upon the vexatious fate which deluded so many merchants into a temporary eagerness to replenish the depleted treasury by offerings which took the shape of Customs duties.

The legislation of the Session is not yet in a sufficiently advanced stage for discussion. It is pleasing to see that Mr. Blake does not intend to follow the bad example of Toronto in election matters. The two bills he has introduced will unquestionably advance the cause of electoral purity in a very considerable degree. The first provides that where an agent appears, on the trial of a petition, to have been guilty of corruption, he shall at once be put upon his trial and punished in case of conviction. Hitherto, although many men have admitted their guilt and others have been proved guilty, not one of the pack has been prosecuted. The Minister of Justice is determined to bring a fresh broom to bear upon that dusty quarter. The second bill introduces what is a novelty in this country, though not in England. Where the Judge reports that corruption has been widely prevalent in a constituency, a new writ is not to issue until ordered by the House—in other words, the electoral division is to be temporarily disfranchised. Norwich in England is in that predicament at this moment. The *Globe* thinks this rather severe, and it probably is in the eyes of men who have just reversed by Act of Parliament an unanimous judgment of the Court of Appeal. But we believe it will have a most wholesome effect, by making it the interest of the entire constituency to exercise greater vigilance in preventing corruption. The slur which disfranchisement casts upon a city or riding will even have a deterrent effect upon the practitioners of bribery. Mr. Hillyard Cameron has introduced a measure to alter the law in cases like those of Sparham and Davis. It is at once brief and clear, and probably the best that could be devised until the entire law of homicide undergoes revision. Still, with the utmost respect for the great legal ability and experience of its author, it does not seem quite satisfactory to the lay mind. The distinction between murder and manslaughter is to hinge upon a question of fact not always susceptible of clear solution. We are afraid that the average juror would have had some difficulty in deciding whether Davis, for example, knew that his treatment "was likely to produce death." We fancy that very few of these atrocious charlatans have any knowledge on the subject, and the bill would appear in this light to make it to their advantage to be as ignorant as possible. The result might be that the vile trade would fall into the hands of a still lower class of creatures, with still more frequently fatal consequences.

The recent election for Lincoln is not a savoury subject, and perhaps the less written about it the better. From first to last the contest has been a disgrace to our popular institutions. Whichever way it had terminated, it could not possibly be a subject for congratulation. The electors had to choose between a man pronounced guilty of corruption, disqualified by the highest Provincial court, and rehabilitated by a party majority; and another who, besides other little drawbacks, had been proved to have received money for his services as a legislator. They selected the latter by a majority of twenty votes, and supposing them to have acted the part of Nemesis, they perhaps chose the better part. The Ontario Government has met with a deserved rebuke, and will not probably attempt to reverse a judgment of the courts again. Mr. Neelon's own sense of propriety should have suggested his withdrawal from the field, and the Reform Convention could surely have found an eligible successor, The member-elect and his scrap-book are common nuisances. He is a blatant self-seeker, not over scrupulous or unnecessarily weighted down by principle, and will, alas! be the bore of the House for three years to come.

The fancy ball the other evening at Rideau Hall was the crowning act of a series of magnificent hospitalities. From their triumphant progress through the older Provinces until now their Excellencies have continued to gain in public favour by their courteous bearing and their eminently generous treatment of all with whom they have come in contact. The Governor-General has performed

the more serious duties of his high position in a difficult crisis wisely and well. In Britain he was the friend and advocate of Canada; in Canada he is confessedly the most popular representative of Royalty we have had for many years. At the same time he has not been unmindful of those minor amenities of his station which go for so much with all classes of the people. The geniality of disposition which is so winning a trait in Lord Dufferin's character, has rendered him accessible to all classes, as becomes a democratic community. It has thrown new vigour into our popular pastimes, and given a new turn to our popular tastes. The magnificent entertainment to which we have referred was, in all probability, designed as a reunion during the Session of many who had been presented to their Excellencies in different parts of the Dominion. It was, so to speak, a national rather than a local, or even an ordinary State hospitality. Generally speaking, it scarcely falls within our province to comment upon events of this description, and we should not have made the present an exception had it not been for the rude, depreciatory criticisms of some of the minor journals—notably the Montreal *Witness*. As "the only religious daily," we believe the *Witness* is opposed to dancing on principle. So far so good; and if it had rested its objections on that ground, the irreligious press and people would have submitted to the rebuke. But no; the great objection was that the entertainment was given during the present depression in trade. There is certainly no pleasing everybody. Had His Excellency caused Rideau Hall to be hung in mourning, and abstained from all appearance of festive merriment, whether at State dinner or State ball, what a growl of indignation would have been heard. Thus, whether one fasts or feasts, he is sure to tread upon somebody's toes. We remember at least two of Lord Dufferin's predecessors whose private fortunes were limited, and yet who were periodically reproached with a parsimonious lack of hospitality. The "depression" plea is grossly absurd. Do men in private station forego their dinners; or does the ordinary *materfamilias* forego her party, or the young ladies their ball? With how much more reason, because it is in fact a duty to the extent of his means, may His Excellency, the first gentleman in the Dominion, entertain the Queen's subjects as beseems the Queen's representative. But there are the poor. If all the money had been equally divided amongst the distressed of the Dominion, it would have made some of them happy—for a couple of hours. Surely this is the very cant of spurious charity. Many centuries ago there was a distinguished character who professed equal solicitude for the poor, although we are informed that he cared not for them. His plea is worth quoting, now that it has been plagiarized for the thousandth time:—"Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?"

The proceedings in Congress have been exceedingly dull since the discussion on the Amnesty Bill. There is, in fact, a greater amount of public business transacted outside than inside the Chambers. The wire-pulling and caballing for party Presidential nominations are in active operation. Intrigue is the mode in Washington and in all the other political centres throughout the Union. The Conventions are to meet in a few months for the purpose of selecting the standard-bearers. Aspirants and their friends are swelling with eagerness—grasping at every political straw, and making any required pledge to gain support; whilst the rest of the nation, if there be any outsiders, are waiting to learn for whom the politicians will permit them to vote. It is a singular fact, because it shows how potent a factor the West has become in political calculations, that both parties are to pitch their tents north-west of the Ohio. The Republican Convention assembles at Cincinnati on the 13th of June, and the Democratic exactly a fortnight later at St. Louis. It is still a matter of doubt whether Grant will run. He will certainly not be nominated in the first instance, and he has little chance of being in the running at all, unless matters should come to a dead-lock at Cincinnati. In the face of the Congressional resolutions, and others passed more or less unanimously by Republican Conventions, his nomination to a third term would be a ticklish matter. But it is by no means certain that he has abandoned hopes of "cutting-in" at a late stage of the balloting, should the opportunity offer. *Au reste*, the outlook is rather murky. Blaine is moving heaven and earth to secure the prize, and he is probably sure

of New York, Pennsylvania, the New England States, the South-East, and California. Morton, on the other hand, has the "rag-money" people of the West, and the strong fight will be between them. Conkling has no immediate backing but the President with the entire Government influence, and if General Grant chooses to apply the screws this will go for a great deal. It is, of course, possible that Hartranft, Dix, or some other lesser light, may come in at the winning-post; for the present, however, the chances lie between Blaine and Morton.

The Democratic Convention will no doubt be largely influenced by the nomination of their opponents. They will almost certainly know the man they have to face before casting a single ballot or even disclosing their "platform." Should Blaine be the Republican nominee, they may ignore the financial issue altogether, and also select a hard money man, such as Tilden; or they may risk the loss of their "hard money" friends, and boldly choose Hendricks, of Missouri, a "greenbacker." The sitting being at St. Louis, with Western influences on every side, may also make for something in his favour. Should Morton be the Republican candidate, however, Tilden would be unqestionably the best card to play, and perhaps the only one at all likely to win. The framing of "platforms," however, is harder work than interminable ballotings, especially for the Democrats. Are they to expound any policy on the currency; and if so, what is it to be? The Democratic Caucus Committee has been endeavouring to reconcile conflicting views, but hitherto without success. The other day, a proposition to repeal the law fixing the date for specie payment was lost by a tie vote. The Republican party is not quite so hopelessly divided, yet the same difficulty presents itself to them. We suppose Yankee ingenuity will find or make a way out of the perplexity.

The Imperial Parliament was opened by Her Majesty in person on Tuesday, the 8th ult. The scene is described as an impressive one, and everything went off satisfactorily, except the weather, which was extremely raw and disagreeable. The Speech, read by the Lord Chancellor "by command of the Queen, in Her Majesty's words," appears to be a good average speech, and, as the *Spectator* notes as an exceptional feature, grammatical also. The Opposition chiefly confined their criticisms to the Fugitive Slave Circulars and the Suez Canal Purchase. Mr. Gladstone distinctly repudiated any intention of censuring the Government for assenting to Count Andrassy's note. The ex-Premier seems to have taken a particular dislike to the Canal transaction with the Khedive, but, judging by the cable telegram, he does not appear to have made much by his assault. The Admiralty Slave Circulars, however, have proved a grand opportunity, and the Government, according to a special dispatch to the *Globe*, only mustered a majority of forty-five. It is noteworthy that when Lord Hartington made the stereoptyped complaint of the poverty of the Ministerial programme, Mr. Disraeli replied that "the list of measures would have been longer, but he was of opinion that both sides had got into a bad habit of filling the Queen's Speech with a mere catalogue of bills, which experience showed could not be carried." So that the Ottawa Government had a precedent for their own course of which they were not aware. They had other measures, Mr. Disraeli said; amongst the rest, the Rivers Pollution Bill, which Lord Salisbury vainly endeavoured to work through last year. The Opposition intend to put forth their strength on Mr. Osborne Morgan's resolution in favour of throwing open the burial grounds to Nonconformist services. The usual stock of "specialties" was immediately placed on the notice paper, including the Permissive Bill, the Female Suffrage Bill, and Mr. Plimsoll's Merchant Shipping Bill. As our latest English papers only extend to the third day of the Session, we must be content to defer comments on the stirring debates which have since taken place until we have something more substantial to depend upon than cable telegrams.

Shortly before the meeting of Parliament Mr. Bright addressed his constituents at Birmingham on the condition and prospects of the Liberal party. His advice to the party is union on the basis of an extended county franchise. Whether union on any basis at present would cement the breaches between the various sections of the party, would last until it could be utilized, is perhaps doubtful. Certainly there is no other question upon which they can possibly act in unison. The enfranchisement of the agri-

cultural labourers is of course a distinctively Liberal measure; but there is evidently some apprehension that Mr. Disraeli may anticipate the action of his opponents, and manipulate the subject so as to give prominence to the Conservative labourer. Mr. Bright plainly expresses his anxious desire that the experience of 1867 should not be repeated. Two county elections held early in the month are not without significance. The tenant farmers—who were represented in the Government by Mr. Clare Read until that gentleman took umbrage at the Duke of Richmond—are beginning to assert themselves as against the landlords. In North Shropshire, Clive's old county, two Conservatives appeared in the field, but no Liberal thought it worth while to lead a forlorn hope. Mr. Mainwaring was the landlords' nominee, and Mr. Stanley Leighton was put forward by the tenant farmers. The latter was victorious, but only by the narrow majority of thirty-seven, with 5,400 votes polled. In Dorsetshire, however—which, by the way, is a county in which the agricultural labourer is in the lowest condition—Captain Digby, for the landlords, polled 3,060 votes to 1,866 recorded for Mr. Fowler, the tenant farmers' candidate. There are now three tenant farmers in the House, and the growing spirit of independence of the class, fostered by the ballot, will make itself more widely felt hereafter.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have delivered two important judgments lately. The "Reverend" question was decided against the parish clergyman, and the appellant will be permitted to erect a tombstone over his daughter's grave, inscribed with his name, "Rev. Wm. Keets, Wesleyan Minister." The dispute was a silly one from the first, and Lord Cairns disposed of it with unprecedented dispatch. The other case is more important. The Rev. Flavel Cook declined to administer the sacrament to a parishioner, Mr. Jenkins, because he disbelieved in the personality of Satan and in a material hell, if not in future punishment altogether. The Court of Arches refused to grant a faculty enjoining the clergyman to administer the communion to Mr. Jenkins, but on appeal to the highest Court, this decision has been reversed, and the Adiabolist has thus gained the victory.

M. Buffet has been routed and utterly overthrown at the Assembly elections. Notwithstanding his iron system of repression; notwithstanding the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the manipulation of the prefectures, and all the other appliances Frenchmen of all parties know so well how to use when in power, the Minister of the Interior failed to secure a seat for himself, although he tried to win three. He has therefore, of necessity, resigned his portfolio, and M. Dufaure, late Minister of Justice, reigns in his stead. Several other changes will in all probability be made, M. Wallon, the author of the Constitution, going out, and M. Casimir Perier and one or two of his friends coming in. The Cabinet, when reconstituted, will be a Left Centre Cabinet, pure and simple, but it will be supported by M. Gambetta and the entire Republican force, except the handful of irreconcilables—Louis Blanc, Naquet, and the rest. It is impossible to classify the new Assembly with certainty, if only because second ballotings will be necessary in 104 districts, where no candidate received an absolute majority of the total number of votes cast. There can be no doubt, however, that the Conservative Republicans are by far the largest party in the Chamber, followed at a great distance by the Imperialists. The harmony which will exist between Senate and Assembly will give solidity to the Republic and ensure its existence until 1880 at any rate, when the Septennate will end, and the Bonapartists intend to demand a *plébiscite*. To this result the tact and moderation of M. Gambetta have mainly contributed. He has had a difficult task in educating the fiery spirits of his party, and, perhaps, in disciplining himself. We can only hope that the work which seems to be at last firmly and definitively accomplished will endure, to give rest, peace, and prosperity to France.

The Eastern question hangs fire in a strange way. It is difficult to say what Turkey intends to do about the Austrian Note. The probability is that the Grand Vizier, to save Moslem pride, will give a verbal assent to the reforms proposed by Count Andrassy, and then set about their execution at his own convenience and in his own way. The weak spot of the note is the absence of any security for the fulfilment of her promises by Turkey. She may break

them, as she has broken others, not always from design, but because she is impotent to carry them out. Mr. Butler-Johnstone, M.P., who has been defending the Turkish character in a series of letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, asserts that the Porte cannot effect these reforms, and the reason is because, of late years, the Sultan has broken through old constitutional forms and undertaken to pass decrees and levy taxes of his own motion, contrary to Mussulman usage. How if the Austrian Note should be accepted in form, and after all remain a dead letter? It is evident that Russia and Germany would like to make the dual monarchy in the south-east the instrument of carrying into execution its own recommendations, but there are half-a-dozen good reasons why Austro-Hungary should shrink from the task. Meanwhile there are rumours of estrangement between Russia and Germany, and a closer alliance between the former and Austria; but they are probably attributable to the fact that the Stock Exchange and the press desire to do a stroke of business.

Prince Bismarck has got rid of the German Parliament, after securing the passage of his Penal Code, shorn of its worst severities. An English paper remarks that Draco himself would have stood aghast at some of its provisions. One clause which was struck out made it a penal offence to advocate, encourage, or assist emigration. Prince Hohenlohe has been so well received at Rome that rumours were afloat of a reconciliation between Germany and the Vatican. Bismarck promptly contradicted them, stating that any propositions looking peacewards must come from the Church and not from the State.

Carlism has finally collapsed under a grand *coup* from King Alfonso's army, and Don Carlos is an exile—an interned guest of France. This is certainly a fortunate though unaccountably tardy issue to the most inexcusable conflict ever maintained even in Spain. Attention will now be turned to Cuba, where another outlet for blood and treasure is prepared for unhappy Spain. Under the young King there might be hope for the distracted country, if it were not too far sunk in decadence. It is not a promising sign that the first step of the King after his victory was a resolution to bring back the ex-Queen Isabella.

BOOK REVIEWS.

VICTORIAN POETS. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This book is a biographical and critical review of the English poetry of the last forty years. Mr. Stedman, himself a writer of verse, is an enthusiastic student and lover of poetry, and his criticisms are therefore always sympathetic and appreciative. He prefaces his work with a discussion of the conditions of the period under review, and of the special influences at work affecting its poetry. For such a discussion the plan of the work affords him too little space, but he finds room for much that is interesting and suggestive concerning the most potent of such influences—the scientific movement. The list of Victorian poets and poetical translators reaches the goodly number of one hundred and forty-eight. Landor, the Brownings, Tennyson, and Swinburne are treated of at considerable length, and the minor singers of the choir receive notices proportionate to their respective importance. The biographical details are as full as, perhaps fuller than, good taste allows, the writers under review or their immediate relatives being still alive.

The freshest part of the book is a chapter on the resemblance between Tennyson and Theocritus, and the indebtedness of the former to the Dorian idyllic poets. Such resemblances Mr. Stedman finds to consist in "a general analogy of atmosphere and tone," as well as "a coincidence of structure, language, and thought." From the many passages, very neatly translated by Mr. Stedman, which establish the justness of this comparison, we select one of the most striking:—

"His massive breast and back were rounded high
With flesh of iron, like that of which is wrought
A forged Colossus. On his stalwart arms,
Sheer over the huge shoulder, standing out

Were muscles,—like the rolled and spheric stones,
Which, in its mighty eddies whirling on,
The winter-flowing stream hath worn right smooth
This side and that."—(THEOCRITUS.)

"And bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
Running too vehemently to break upon it."
—(TENNYSON.)

In addition to many instances of direct borrowing of ideas or illustrations, many minor resemblances of form and rhythm are pointed out and exemplified. The beautiful idyl in the seventh book of "The Princess," beginning "Come down, O, maid, from yonder mountain height," appears to have been formed on a careful study of the apostrophe of Polyphemus to Galatea in the "Cyclops." Though there are many points of criticism on which we cannot agree with Mr. Stedman, his judgments appear to us to be generally sound. He is occasionally led away to the discussion of themes for which he is perhaps scarcely equal, as in the case of his comparison between the Alexandrian and Victorian ages. Occasionally, too, he attempts "philosophical criticism," which is beyond his scope. His style is plain and simple, and it is only when the ardour of thorough admiration incites him that he indulges in "fine writing." In such cases he is apt to mix up his metaphors in hopeless confusion. The following grotesque passage, descriptive of Landor's position in the Victorian choir, is about the worst :—

"His station resembles that of a bulk-head defending the sea-wall of some lasting structure, —a mole or pier, built out from tuneful, grove-shaded Arcadian shores. He stretches far into the channel along which the tides of literary fashion have ebbed and flowed. Other poets, leading or following the changeful current, often appear to leave him behind, but ere long find him again abreast of them, wearing a lighted beacon at his head."

In spite of some defects, however, we can repeat with approval the verdict pronounced by a discriminating English critic :—"The book is on the whole generous and enlightened, and bears the stamp of unfailing honesty. We may not invariably accept Mr. Stedman as a guide ; we can always welcome him as an interesting and suggestive companion. He has not approached his task in a light spirit, nor without the preparation of due culture. Decidedly 'Victorian Poets' might have fallen into worse hands."

DANIEL DERONDA. Part I. The Spoiled Child. By George Eliot. Montreal : Dawson Brothers. Toronto : Adam, Stevenson & Co.

"What a delightful name !" exclaims Gwendolen Harleth, when Daniel Deronda, who is to prove the hero of George Eliot's new novel, is first announced to her, and she adds the very natural question, "Is he an Englishman?" He is an Englishman, and though we have merely a glimpse of him in the first instalment of this history, it is very obvious that a man whose silent presence can shake Gwendolen Harleth's conviction that she is perfectly admirable, and who can quell her proud spirit with his glance, is fated to exert a powerful influence on her destiny. Gwendolen, the heroine of this part, is proud, self-willed, and heartless, and has a deep need of the discipline of sorrow, which we already foresee is in store for her, to purge away the egotism and vanity of "the spoiled child," beneath which we feel the potential existence of a noble character. George Eliot's creed is that the highest life is one of conscious voluntary sacrifice, and she specially loves to picture, with a skill as profound and subtle as that of Shakespeare, the power and the dire results of the antithesis of self-sacrifice, which is egoism. This quality is the guiding principle of such lives as that of Rosamond Vincy and Tito Melemma, and in Gwendolen Harleth we have a new study of its phenomena. How her moral deliverance is to be accomplished it were idle guessing. To convey by any combination of adjectives an idea of the complex character of Gwendolen Harleth would be as impossible as to depict in words the ever-varying aspects of an autumn sunset. A critic has acutely discerned that "the vein in her character which promises most for the power and depth of the story, under George Eliot's subtle treatment, is her capacity for spiritual dread—the terror which falls upon her if she is walking in a lonely part of the country, and a sudden change in the light makes her feel the wideness of the universe, and the helplessness of her individual self, and again which any ghastly subject vividly treated strikes into her." While Gwendolen's character is still necessarily undeveloped, we have several minor personages portrayed with the delicacy and subtlety we are familiar with in George Eliot's works. There is an irreproachable young curate, who has "a sense of sacredness much exercised on small things as well as great, rarely laughing except from politeness, and in general regarding the mention of spades by their naked names as rather coarse," who naturally falls a victim to the potent charms of Gwendolen. "He had no conceit—at least not more than goes to make up the necessary gum and consistence of a substantial personality." Then there is the more elaborate picture of the excellent, though rather worldly rector, whose "tone of thinking, after some long-quieted fluctuations, had become ecclesiastical rather than theological ; not the modern Anglican, but what he would have called sound English, free from nonsense : such as became a man who looked at religion by daylight, and saw it in its relation to other things." Not less complete is the delineation of his gentle

daughter Anna, whose unselfish nature yields always to the imperious will of Gwendolen, until that young lady's heartless treatment of her brother, the second victim of her fatal charms, rouses her sympathies into something like hostility. Her brother, crossed in hopeless love, thinks of going out to Canada, to earn his living there. "I should like," he says, "to build a hut, and work hard at clearing, and have everything wild about me,and a great wide quiet." Anna volunteers to go with him and keep house for him. She would like to leave England and escape from the exactions of society. "I should have done with going out, and gloves and crinoline, and having to talk when I am taken to dinner—and all that." "I could make the fires and cook the food ; and I could learn to make bread before we went. It would be nicer than anything—like playing at life over again, as we used to do when we made our tent with the drugget, and had our little plates and dishes." The practical wisdom of the rector, however, deprives them of the opportunity of testing the correctness of their views of the realities of colonial life.

Throughout the story are scattered those gems of wit and humour and profound reflection which always give an additional value and charm to George Eliot's works, which distinguish her from all other writers except Shakespeare, and which were never more conspicuous than in the first outcome of her genius, the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Here is one : "Self-confidence is apt to address itself to an imaginary dulness in others, as people who are well off speak in a cajoling tone to the poor, and those who are in the prime of life raise their voice and talk artificially to seniors, hastily conceiving them to be deaf and rather imbecile." And another : "Macbeth's rhetoric about the impossibility of being many opposite things in the same moment referred to the clumsy necessities of action, and not to the subtler possibilities of feeling. We cannot speak a loyal word and be meanly silent ; we cannot kill and not kill in the same moment ; but a moment is room wide enough for the loyal and mean desire, for the outlash of a murderous thought and the sharp backward stroke of repentance." Prophecy is a dangerous thing to indulge in, but we are not afraid to predict that "Daniel Deronda" will take its place beside the greatest of George Eliot's works.

COLLINS'S LIBRARY ATLAS, consisting of One Hundred Maps of Modern, Historical, and Classical Geography, &c., with descriptive letterpress. London, Glasgow and Edinburgh : William Collins, Sons & Co.

The enterprising Scottish publishers, Messrs. Collins, have completed their admirable series of Atlases in the publication of the above work, to which are prefixed some two hundred pages of descriptive letterpress on the subjects of Modern, Historical, and Classical Geography, prepared respectively by Drs. James Bryce, W. F. Collier, and Leonard Schmitz. The work fittingly crowns the venture Messrs. Collins have been engaged in for a term of years ; and nothing can exceed the service the publishers have rendered to the cause of education and popular enlightenment, in the preparation and publication of these valuable aids to the study of geographical science. Like its predecessors in the series, the work has the double merit of cheapness of cost and rare mechanical excellence. The maps are beautifully engraved, delicately coloured, and with an apparent carefulness for accuracy and distinctness of drawing which not only pleases the eye, but adds to the enjoyment of research. To the Canadian student the maps illustrative of the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown are of prime attraction, and we have been specially struck with the fulness with which this department has been illustrated. Australia, New Zealand, the East and West Indies, and the minor settlements of Britain in Europe and Asia, are amply delineated. These maps are also supplemented by what would seem to be intelligent and exhaustive descriptions of the countries the draughtsman has illustrated. But while expressing our satisfaction with the attention that has been given by the publishers to the possessions of the motherland, and while acknowledging the enterprise and skill which the work exhibits in its production, we are necessitated to qualify our commendation when we come to examine the maps and letterpress which illustrate the British possessions in North America. The crucial test of a work of this kind is that which subjects it to examination in that portion with which we are specially familiar ; and when a reference work fails when placed under what may be called the "home test," we are apt to suspect its accuracy and reliability in regard to places with which we have no intimate acquaintance. This has been the result in our examination of the maps and notes referring to Canada. Why, for instance, so important a colony as the Dominion of Canada should have nothing to represent its confederated territory but the half-page and wholly obsolete map, No. 39, that did duty ten years ago for "British America," is beyond comprehension. It is true map 35 is entitled "Dominion of Canada," but this is only an aggravation of the offence, as it represents the Dominion as extending only from Newfoundland (which, *en passant*, is not yet part of the Dominion) to Lake Superior. Of course, as the compilers of the Atlas have so little acquaintance with the actual territorial extent of Canada, it would be too much to expect to find, on any of the maps, reference to the Province of Manitoba, or to the vast region

that surrounds it, and extends westward to another Province of the Dominion, British Columbia, and known as the North-West Territories. We are therefore prepared to find none, as is actually the case. Here, however, the letterpress on page 103 attempts to supply the deficiency of the maps, but only to fall into the absurd mistake of describing the Province of Manitoba as extending "from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, or between the meridians of 90° and 114° W.," instead of only comprising as it does the area between 96° and 99° W. It would be hypercritical to note, considering that the boundaries of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are still undefined, errors respecting the areas of these Provinces; but it is misleading to state that Ontario is only "a little more than half the area of the Eastern Province of Quebec," or, as the figures quote, 121,260 square miles against 210,020 square miles. Considering the settled and cultivatable area of the two Provinces, this statement is highly mischievous; while the limit of the Western Province, given as the meridian of 80° 30', is quite short of the fact. The area given of the inland lakes needs revision also. Lake Ontario is under-estimated by 2,000 square miles, and Lake Huron by some 4,000 square miles. Referring again to Manitoba, we find the Index only gives the name as a *lake*. The Town of St. Catharines is to be found under *Catherines*, the name designated for it in the map, while Cobourg is spelt without the second *o*, and Glengarry is shorn of an *r*. Ryerson Island meets us on the map for Long Point, on Lake Erie, a resort for sportsmen too well known to excuse this innovation in its nomenclature on the part of the geographers. These may be considered minor defects, but they evidence a want of care and a disregard of accuracy inexcusable on the part of publishers who have large trade dealings in the Dominion, and whose representative spends six months out of every year in the country. The letterpress, as we have indicated, is also much in need of revision In neither text nor maps have we any mention of the system of narrow-gauge railroads that for some years back has been enlisting the capital of the Province to develop and extend it. Neither is any indication given of the lines of the Canada Southern, and the Glencoe Loop Line of the Great Western Railroad, or of any of the recent enterprises in locating routes of travel. Not a word is said, either, of the principal cities of the Provinces, but in lieu of these important matters we have some foolish remarks on page 97 about education and the *Shorter Catechism*, and some equally absurd mention of two great canals—the Rideau especially—on page 102, as representing the great auxiliary of commerce upon which Canada is dependent. It is a pity that a work, good and creditable otherwise, should be spoilt by such inattention as we have pointed out. We feel sure, however, that the enterprise and honesty of the publishers will ere long remedy these defects, and thus render their work more unreservedly acceptable.

THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY and Year Book for 1876, containing an account of the Elementary, Normal, and Secondary Schools, and the Universities and Colleges of the Dominion, with their staffs, courses of study, &c., &c. Edited by Alex. Marling, LL.B., Chief Clerk, Education Department of Ontario. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

The interests of Education have now become so important, and so many are engaged in it throughout Canada, that a compilation such as this was much desired. The editor has seemingly taken a great deal of pains in gathering his information from all sources, and the result is the very useful handbook before us. Digests of the existing School laws and regulations in force in the various Provinces will be found of much service, in addition to the general mass of information concerning the Colleges and Public Schools of the country given in the work. It would be ungracious to have asked for the expenditure of more labour in regard to one of the departments of the book; but we should prefer to have had the list of the holders of Provincial certificates extended so as to have connected each teacher with his school and the section in which he labours. Perhaps, in a future issue of the work, the editor may append this additional information.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE opening paper in the *Fortnightly Review* is a very interesting and valuable one on "Our Dealings with Egypt, and the Possible Results," by Sir George Campbell, until lately Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. His views upon a subject which is attracting public attention just now are deserving of serious consideration. He considers the "tone of undoubting and exulting approval" at the purchase of the Suez Canal shares "evidently, and on the face of it, unreasonable." Sir George sees doubts and perplexities on all sides. He doubts whether the bargain is a good one pecuniarily, and gives a succinct account of the whole transaction. The political results are still more important, and these are of such a nature as to forbid their official discussion. One thing is clear—England has in effect subsidized the Khedive. Then follows a brief survey of the present state of Egypt, its resources and prospects. The question of the occupation of Egypt at some future time is discussed, and rejected as unwise and unnecessary. The writer thinks that the command of the Canal is of no importance as a protection to India, while Russia is so far from the frontier. At the same time he casts a wistful eye to the great Lake region of Africa, and speculates upon the noble opportunities a strong Power established in Egypt would enjoy for its civilization and settlement. The Hon. G. C. Brodrick's paper, "What are Liberal Principles?" is a very cheery one. The writer has no idea of giving way to despondency. He evidently aims at being the Mark Tapley of his party. The "principles" are some half-dozen—the recognition of Progress as a universal social law, the love of Freedom, the belief in civil equality as a right, immutable respect for man as such, respect for political justice, and the preference of national interests for minor interests. Mr. Brodrick believes that there are many subjects on which all Liberals can unite; in fact, there seems, on the writer's showing, a superabundance of them. The second instalment of Mr. Gifford Palgrave's "Dutch Guiana" is deeply interesting, but it does not admit of brief analysis. Mr. Walter Bagehot, the author of "Lombard Street," commences a series of papers on "The Postulates of Political Economy." The present number is introductory, and opens with an inquiry into the reasons why the "dry science" is so repulsive, especially abroad. The writer thinks that this is partly due to misconception as to its nature and scope, partly to a dislike for abstract inquiries, and partly from defects in the method of the economists themselves. Of the last, three are enumerated—1. That it has often been put forward, not as a theory of causes affecting wealth in *certain* societies, but of all the causes affecting it in *every* society. 2. He thinks that economists have been far more abstract, and therefore dry, than they need have been. 3. English economists have not been as fertile as they should have been in verifying their theory. The balance of the paper is occupied with an examination of some economical assumptions, which require to be stated with qualification. Mr. Saintsbury's essay on "Modern English Prose" is an inquiry into the causes which have destroyed style, properly so called, in English composition. Tricks of writing, and mannerism also, the writer admits, but no style properly so called. Some of our popular books, such as Mr. Green's "Short History," are taken to task as inartistic. The claims of Ruskin, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold to be considered "masters of style," are discussed, and Mr. Froude is held the only writer whose style is "faultless." He, however, has two faults, it appears—"undue diffuseness, and undue aiming at the picturesque." Mr. Pater's "Demeter and Persephone" is concluded; it contains a sketch of the final stages in the development of the myth, and deduces the ethical lessons it inculcates. Mr. Montague Cookson examines "The New Judicature," and suggests improvements.

Having published Prof. Tyndall's reply to his critics in a previous number, we reproduce this month the Rev. James Martineau's rejoinder—the opening paper in the current number of the *Contemporary*. It is unnecessary, therefore, to do more than direct the reader's attention to it. Sir George Bowyer, well known as the author of several works on the Civil Law, attempts a solution of the debated questions between his Church and the State. He is a Conservative Catholic and a member of the House, but has a sovereign contempt for "statesmen." In his paper, "Concordia Sacerdotii atque Imperii," he examines the causes which have led to conflicts between Church and State, and comes to the conclusion that the main cause is a misconception on the part of laymen. If they had only known that the Church was a universal and not a municipal body, and that it moves in a different sphere

altogether from that of the State, they would never have raised their sacrilegious hands against the ark. Hence he speaks contemptuously of "persons in high places, who very seldom deserve to be called statesmen." Sir George is a good scolder, and he repeats this remark in stronger language in another place. There is an easy jauntiness about the manner in which he speaks of ecclesiastical power. Is there any tyranny imposed upon the conscience? What does it matter? No one is bound to submit to it; no one is bound to go to confession, &c. The bulwark of the Church is nothing but "opinion." One or two brief quotations may be made without commen ; we fancy they would hardly find favour at the Episcopal palace of Montreal: "The duties of the State and of the Church are distinct and collateral to each other." "The Church is not above the State, nor is the State above the Church." "We do not deny" (but the Syllabus does) "that there are instances in history where ecclesiastical authority has been unduly exercised, and has encroached upon the civil power." "It is a grave error to attempt to justify all that has ever been said or written and done in the Church." It may be added that, like Dr. Newman, Sir George Bowyer denies that the Syllabus is infallible, or binding *de fide* on the consciences of Catholics. Mr. Caldwell's brief paper on the three awful D's is noteworthy. "Demonolatry, Devil-dancing, and Demoniacal Possession," is an appeal for information. His question is, "Does devil-possession, in the sense in which it is referred to in the New Testament, exist at this present time amongst the least civilized nations of the globe?" He then proceeds to give an account of the devil-possession and devil-dancing of Southern India. The narrative is exceedingly graphic ; and whilst the self-slashing of the possessed with knives reminds us of Scripture, the general phenomena are those described in the sixth book of the Æneid, where the god inspires the sybil. Mr. Matthew Arnold publishes the first of two lectures on "Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist," delivered in Edinburgh. It opens with an amusing reference to the devotion paid in Oxford years ago to two authorities—Butler's Sermons and Aristotle's Ethics. Passing to Butler's substantial claims upon the age, he gives a slight cut by the way at the zeit-geist, so far as it has been disposed to put religion and the theory of morals out of mind, and to try whether man cannot get on without them. Mr. Morley's remark that Diderot took great interest in the productive arts is treated in Mr. Arnold's delicately ironical way. Butler, he remarks, believed that men would meet in religion and morals with what is "exactly suitable to the state of their own mind and the course of their behaviour;" "more suitable, he would certainly have thought," adds the author, "than being instructed how buttons are made, or *papier mâché*." A sketch of Butler's life and character follows, with the opening of a criticism on his method and opinions, which will be completed in the following lecture. Lady Verney's paper on "Old Welsh Legends and Poetry" opens a new and neglected vein in the old Celtic mythology and literature. In these days of Erse and Gaelic revivals, it is surprising that no one has made a systematic effort to put Welsh upon its feet. In this account, which is full of interest, we meet with some old friends, such as Merlin, and an account is given generally of the Bardic Triads, and some of the fugitive literature still afloat in the Principality. Professor Childers contributes a sermon of Buddha, under the title of "The Whole Duty of the Buddhist Layman." It is purely ethical in matter, and in form resembles some portions of the Book of Proverbs. The Rev. Mr. Oxenham continues his paper on "Eternal Perdition and Universalism," but he has not yet got to the heart of his subject. Mr. James Gairdner's "Science, Testimony, and Miracles," in reply to Dr. Carpenter, insists again that the question at issue "is not one of scientific presumption as to the uniformity of nature's laws ; it is one with which science has nothing in the world to do. It belongs entirely to the domain of history." Mr. Fry assails the opium trade, and Sir Walter Crofton offers some suggestions on "Recruiting for the Army." Dr. Lightfoot contributes "Supernatural Religion. VII.," which treats of "the later school of St. John"

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A STAGE adaptation of M. Jules Verne's "Tour of the World in Eighty Days" had possession of the boards at the Grand Opera House for nearly half of the past month. In the production of prose fiction, prolific in invention and ingenious in plot and situation, France undoubtedly excels; and the romance literature of that country has in M. Verne's stories material characteristically native. The main characteristics of that literature are the marvellous and the unreal, mixed with a large amount of triviality, and an occasional *soupçon* of indecency. In M. Verne's productions, happily, we rarely find the latter element present, but the former ingredients are to be found *au plein*, while science and discovery, exploration and travel, supply that material of interest and excitement for which the French mind constantly craves. *Le Tour du Monde* is a story that may be said to be over-possessed by "the shaping spirit of the imagination," and the reader is made to realize the pleasures of a new "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," so far as the dispatch and convulsions of travel in encompassing the world in "eighty days" will permit him to do so. The adaptation, however, gives one no idea of the literary merit of the story. This, indeed, has been sacrificed to pictorial effect; while the light and vivacity which personal exposition should add to it are wanting, or are lost in the bewilderment of the mechanical setting. It is a pity, so far as dramatic art is concerned, that these flashy dramas and brilliant successes should obtain such possession of the stage; still there are those who are weary of nothing which contributes merely to the excitement of the senses, and this class, unfortunately, supply the material most to be depended upon for packing a theatre when the scene-painter, costumier, and stage-carpenter have been hardest at work.

As a stage spectacle, it is true, the play is a grand attraction, though there is no reason, if the spectacular drama is what the people want, why the stage should not also transfer from the Lecture Hall some of the perambulating panoramas, and serve them up with tinsel and blue light, and the requisite display of the anatomy and movement of the ballet. Those, however, who look to the stage as a means of education, and who cannot afford to travel, might find much to interest and, shall we say, to instruct, in such a piece as "*Le Tour du Monde*." It must, at the same time, be said that it is unnecessary to hold any opinion about acting as an art if the stage is to become the platform for mere mechanical display and the massing of supernumeraries. But though the piece is outside the region of dramatic art, there is much to admire in it, and we watch the successive surprises with that interest which the skill of the clever machinist knows well how to attract. The action, moreover, is continuous and stirring, and there is a novelty and picturesqueness about the varied situations that rivet the attention and excite enthusiasm. As we have said, the story deals with the marvellous, and is the product of a lively imagination and a fertile invention. Briefly, the plot is this:—An English gentleman, of very accurate and methodical habits, playing with a few friends at whist in a room at the [Reform or] Eccentric Club in London, and talking about the robbery of a large sum of money from the Bank of England, which has just taken place, remarks upon the impossibility of the thief successfully hiding himself, as the world has now seemed to have grown smaller, from the increased facilities for transportation, which enable a man to make the tour of the world in eighty days. The possibility of the circuit of the globe in this time being called in question, the Englishman, Mr. Phileas Fogg, makes a bet with his friends that he will demonstrate in himself that possibility, and the wager being taken, he sets out instantly with his valet to accomplish the feat. It is the fulfilment of this daring design that supplies the incident and action of the piece, though the result is achieved by the expenditure of the amount of the bet in the employment, and even purchase, of every means of conveyance which will facilitate the purpose in view. The suddenness of Mr. Fogg's departure, contemporary as it is, also, with the presumed decamping of the Bank robber, and the haste and eccentricity shown by Mr. Fogg *en route*, leads him to be suspected and dogged all the way by a detective, who, at every halting place, endeavours to entrap and detain him until communication can be had with England, and authority for his arrest be secured. This action of the detective, Mr. Fix, interposes at every critical moment impediments, to be incessantly fought against, which endanger the result of the wager, and provide amusement throughout the piece, as the ubiquitous detective has to be grappled with and worsted. At Suez an addition is made to the *dramatis*

personæ in the shape of an enterprising American, who is himself in pursuit of the whimsical, as a test of eligibility for membership of the Eccentric Club, to which Mr. Fogg belongs, and whose vote had previously blackballed him. This fact being known to the American, he conceives the double purpose of avenging his wrongs and of doing an act which will open to him the doors of the Club, by seeking the opportunity of an encounter with the Englishman. This he speedily finds, and on that and later occasions he has passages at arms with him, which only result in defeat to himself, and finally in turning his thirst for the Englishman's blood to admiration and friendship for him, which incite him to be a party to the winning of the wager during the rest of the journey. The Englishman's valet, an agile and alert Frenchman, adds much to the excitement of the piece by the ready service of tongue and hand which he renders his master; while he furthers the accomplishment of the feat by tackling and subduing all obstacles in the path of the travellers in a manner that adds much to the amusement of the spectator. The story, however, is made but the thread by which to connect the series of elaborate and gorgeous views of places of interest *en route*. Scene after scene of great spectacular magnificence is presented; and the piece is so contrived as to introduce a ballet with the remarkable feats of the *danseuses*, Mdlles. Kiralfy and Pelletier, and the terpsichorean agility of M. Kiralfy. The most striking scene introduced was probably that representing a Suttee sacrifice near Calcutta, with all its pomp and cruelty. It gives the opportunity for a bit of melodramatic heroism in the interposition of the travellers at the critical moment whenthe widow of an Indian rajah is about to be burned with her late lord; she is rescued from her intended fate, becomes one of the party until their return to England, where she is made the wife of the imperturbable and unimpassioned Mr. Fogg. The subsequent scenes in this wonderful circuit of the globe introduce to us some semi-real, semi-fantastic incidents of travel, which, if they do not heighten the art of the stage, do credit to its mechanics and its make-believe. A locomotive and train on the Central Pacific Railroad, and a scene on board an Atlantic steamer, with the exciting tableau of an explosion, the escape of the party on a portion of the wreck, and their subsequent rescue and landing at Liverpool, are scenes of enthralling interest and of stimulating effect upon the audience. But we reach the end of the piece; and after an anxious interval, in which the result of Mr. Fogg's wager hangs in doubt, the curtain closes upon its successful issue, and upon a scene curiously foreign to the respectability and propriety that characterize London Clubs. As an entertainment of its kind, the piece may be said to be emphatically successful. The scenery and dresses are gorgeous; and its setting excites wonder and admiration. But its place is with that of the pantomimes and spectacular representations of the holiday season. As produced at the Grand Opera House, it was innocent of all effort at acting, if we may except Mr. Fix's ingenuities and Passepartout's oddities. Mr. *Metkiff*, as Mr. Fogg, gave some idea of the impossible Englishman whom M. Verne has sketched in the story.

The most noteworthy of the other pieces played at the Grand Opera House during the month was Mr. Dion Boucicault's well known sensational drama, "The Octoroon," which was put on the stage and acted in excellent style. Mr. Grismer gave a very fine performance of the Indian, *Wahnotee*. The stolidity and reticence of this untutored child of nature, his craving for fire-water, his animal-like devotion towards those for whom he has conceived an affection, as in the case of the boy Paul, and his unrelenting, sleepless, and stealthy pursuit of vengeance when once the thirst for it has been aroused, were all presented with striking realism. Mr. Grismer has made rapid strides in his arduous profession since his first appearance in Toronto. To perform, within the short space of a week or two, such diverse and difficult characters as Romeo, Philip Faulconbridge in "King John," Philip II. in "Queen Mary," and Wahnotee, and to act them all as well as Mr. Grismer did, was a really remarkable display of versatility and histrionic aptitude. This hard-working and promising young actor has succeeded in getting rid of most of the defects which marred his performances early in the season. The principal one yet remaining to be removed is a nasal intonation which occasionally disfigures his elocution: no doubt with care and pains this also may be eradicated. Of the other characters in "The Octoroon," the best played were *Salem Scudder* (Mr. Curtis), *Jacob McClosky* (Mr. Farwell), *Solon* (Mr. Semblan), *Old Pete* (Mr. Sambrook), *Zoe* (Miss Davenport), *Dido* (Miss Delmar), and the boy *Paul* (Miss Virginia Marlowe).

Among the other plays produced was Mr. John Brougham's dramatization of "Dombey and Son," the principal feature of which was Mr. Spackman's excellent performance of *Captain Cuttle*. One of the foremost attractions during March, we understand, will be the appearance of Mr. Dominic Murray, perhaps the best "character" actor now on the stage. He made a very favourable impression here last season, and ought to be well received.

The "struggle for existence" which it was easy to foresee would take place between the two Opera houses in this city, and which has been going on ever since they were opened in September, 1874, has resulted disastrously,

for the present at least, to the "Royal," the last lessee of which recently succumbed to financial pressure. The owner, Mr. French, may, however, console himself with the reflection that he has fought a brave fight, and that if he has been worsted it has been from no want of energy on his part, but simply from the fact that the "environment" of his charming theatre (to wit, the City of Toronto) is incapable of affording sustenance adequate to keep up the vitality of two "organisms" requiring such an ample supply of nutriment (in the shape of patronage) as do the establishments conducted by himself and by Mrs. Morrison, and that consequently, in conformity with those laws of "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest" which appear to operate as inexorably in the dramatic world as Messrs. Darwin and Herbert Spencer assure us they do in the world of life, one of the two had to suffer extinction. Another consoling fact was that the death scene was a graceful and effective one, being rendered brilliant, indeed, by the help of bright costumes, pretty tableaux nicely lit up with red fire, fresh female voices, the sparkling music of Offenbach, Lecocq, and Donizetti, and all the rest of the witchery, nonsense, botheration, and *diablerie* of opera-bouffe in its choicest guise. This mitigating circumstance must be placed to the credit of the small but efficient company of Miss Julia Matthews. The operas performed during their brief season of two weeks were "H. I. H. the Grand Duke," a burlesque of "Lurline," "Giroflé-Girofla," "The Daughter of the Regiment," and "The Grand Duchess." As a matter of course, the principal attraction was Miss Matthews herself. This lady has the reputation of being, with the possible exception of Pauline Rita, the best exponent of English opera-bouffe on the London stage—a reputation which she amply sustained here. Others may surpass her in one particular or another, but taking her altogether—voice, singing, acting, and manner—she is unquestionably the best artiste in her particular line that we have had in Toronto. A close and curious general resemblance to Miss Sallie Holman was very observable; but Miss Matthews has the advantage of her Canadian rival in voice and facility of vocalization, and, in most parts, in the matter of acting also. She appeared to best advantage as the twin sisters in "Giroflé-Girofla," Lecocq's brightest opera, the sparkling music of which she sang charmingly. In the "Grand Duchess" her superiority over our Canadian *prima donna* was less apparent, her performance being somewhat marred by a nonchalant carelessness, arising probably from her having appeared in the *rôle* so frequently. It must be remembered, however, that the *Grand Duchess* of Miss Holman is exceptionally good, being altogether the best of her impersonations. The only other artist of the company who can be mentioned with Miss Matthews, as belonging to the first rank, was Mr. Hall. A severe cold from which he suffered throughout his engagement made it impossible to form any opinion of his merits as a singer, but as a burlesque actor he was irresistibly amusing. His *General Boum*, in "The Grand Duchess," and the *Seneschal*, in "Lurline," were full of genuine fun; and on the whole this capital actor provoked more laughter than any we have seen for a long while. Mr. Forrester, the tenor of the troupe, has a light voice, partaking of the baritone quality, sang agreeably, acted with a good deal of spirit, and altogether proved himself very acceptable. Miss Larkelle has a pleasing contralto voice, and sang and acted well, being particularly good as *Prince Paul;* while Miss Albertazzi made a pleasant and vivacious *Wanda*. A feature which made the performances of this troupe more attractive was the almost complete absence of that vulgarity which it seems impossible quite to eradicate from opera-bouffe. The only conspicuous offender in this line was the gentleman who, in "Lurline," burlesqued the part of a ballet dancer. On the whole, however, the performances of the troupe were very enjoyable, and were felt as a welcome relief after the unduly heavy legitimate business at the Grand Opera House, in the shape of Miss Dargon's *Queen Mary*.

During the past month the people of Toronto had a surfeit of good things; and besides the entertainments mentioned above, we have to notice the concerts given by Madame Arabella Goddard, the celebrated pianiste, and by Madame Camilla Urso, the equally celebrated violiniste. Of Madame Goddard it is difficult to speak. Her selection of pieces was utterly unworthy of her world-wide reputation, or indeed of any artist aspiring to the first rank. Several Toronto amateurs might be named who could have performed, and performed satisfactorily, every number on the programme. Under these circumstances, it was impossible not to feel a certain sense of disappointment. Still, there was enough to give an indication of Madame Goddard's principal characteristics as a player—brilliant execution, a perfect ease which showed a thorough mastery over the technique of the instrument, an excellent touch except when playing *fortissimo*, and immense power. It was also made manifest, we think, that her general style is coldly mechanical and unsympathetic. There was a very conspicuous lack of the genuine fire. This defect was very evident in the magnificent funeral march in Beethoven's A flat sonata (op 26), a marvellously thrilling composition when adequately interpreted. On the other hand, however, in the two short fantasias on Scotch airs with which Madame Goddard wound up her

portion of the programme, some of the melodies ("Annie Laurie" particularly) were played very sweetly. Madame Goddard was assisted by Miss Adelaide Randall (*mezzo-soprano*), a young lady who appeared in Toronto in August last with the Mohalbi Opera Troupe, and made a very favourable impression then as *Nancy* in "Martha;" Mr. Louis Melbourne, a fine baritone, from Carl Rosa's Opera Company; and Mr. Mark Keiser, a young but excellent violinist. The portions of the programme allotted to these performers were all very well rendered, and highly appreciated by the audience.

Of Madame Urso there need be no difficulty in speaking. Among lady performers on the violin she stands without a rival, except Madame Norman-Neruda, an artiste who has never visited this continent, we believe. Indeed, it would be hard to name a male performer among those who have appeared in Toronto by whom Madame Urso has been surpassed. She is, indeed, simply superb. The noticeable qualities of her playing are breadth and gorgeousness of tone; the fine, free action and sweep of her bow arm; and the perfect finish of her execution, even in the most difficult florid and *staccato* passages. Her selections were exceedingly good, with one exception—the "Rondo Papageno," by Ernst. No doubt this is a piece well adapted to display the artiste's thorough mastery of the instrument; indeed, during its performance the play of the fingers of her left hand was a sight to witness; still, a popular audience cares but little for such feats of legerdemain, and prefers something of a melodious character. Madame Urso was, of course, vociferously encored in both her solos, and very obligingly responded. On the latter occasion she gave "The Last Rose of Summer." We should have preferred to hear this without the mute—a device which savours somewhat of claptrap. No doubt a certain silkiness of tone is thereby imparted to the instrument, but this is done at the expense of robbing it of much of its thrilling and sympathetic quality. Mdme. Urso was assisted by four singers—Mrs. Louise Oliver, soprano; Miss Clara Poole, contralto; Mr. J. C. Bartlett, tenor; and Mr. Gaston Gottschalk, baritone—who sang several quartettes (two of them being unaccompanied) exquisitely. Mrs. Oliver sang a couple of solos, one being an encore. It is surprising that this lady has not been noticed more favourably in the press, as she is unquestionably the finest singer we have had in Toronto since the Kellogg Opera Troupe were here. She has a superb voice—youthful, fresh, velvety, and of great power; and she sings with splendid fire and energy. Miss Poole was apparently suffering from a cold, and the solo allotted to her on the programme was omitted. Messrs. Bartlett and Gottschalk both sang their solos well and were encored. The pianist was Mr. August Sauret, who played a couple of pieces with remarkable brilliancy of execution. His general style, however, is deficient in largeness—a drawback which was severely felt in his interpretation of the magnificent arrangement by Lizst of the grand march from Wagner's "Tannhauser," for the proper rendering of which a weighty and massive touch is an essential requisite.

Among musical events *in prospectu* is a visit from Herr Von Bulow, who we understand will give two concerts in April, at Shaftesbury Hall, in this city. He will probably be accompanied by Miss Lizzie Cronyn, a young Canadian *prima donna* who recently created quite a *furore* in Italy. Considering the nature of Madame Goddard's programme, spoken of above, it was fortunate for that lady that her visit here preceded that of the great German pianist.

The Toronto Philharmonic Society are steadily practising at Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and a public performance may be expected at an early day.

LITERARY NOTES.

The new work (a temperance story) by the author of "Ginx's Baby" has called out a good deal of criticism of an adverse character. The following review of the book appearing in a recent number of *Appleton's Journal*, so truly hits off the objectionable features of temperance literature, of which Mr. Jenkins gives us so revolting a specimen in "The Devil'sChain," that we are induced to quote it :—

"The author of such a book as Mr. Edward Jenkins's "The Devil's Chain" (New York: Harper & Brothers) should be very sure of its proving useful, for otherwise it is an inexcusable outrage against decency, taste, and the very temperance which it is its professed object to promote. When a man goes out of his way to gather up the foulest garbage of the police-courts, brothels, and groggeries, his work is good or bad according to the results which flow from it—and we can at least suspend judgment regarding it; but when he dishes up his unsavoury gleanings, and offers them to the public, the *raison d'etre* of the work should be very clear indeed. We have no doubt that Mr. Jenkins has convinced himself that "The Devil's Chain" has given an entirely adequate reason for existence when he describes it as an attempt to exhibit "in rude, stern, truthful outlines the full features and proportions of the abuses" of drinking, in the hope that such an exhibit will rouse "some men of quiet digestion out of their apathy," and induce them to participate in the crusade against the dram-shops. He belongs to the now familiar class of people who imagine that hooting, and shouting, and shrieking, are more effective methods of influencing mankind than sound and temperate argument; who think civilization promoted by fireworks, and mental progress by a series of moral shocks. Having had his eyes suddenly opened (as he confesses in his dedication) to the "fell, disastrous, and diabolical effects" of the traffic in drink, he jumps to the conclusion that the way to put it down will be to create an hypothetical figure, covered with all the festering sores of modern society, and parade it before the public with beating of gongs and blast of trumpets, as the normal and inevitable offspring of that "social glass" of which we are in general so tolerant. It probably never occurred to him that such a performance is liable to do more harm than good by causing the public, in disgust at his distortions and exaggerations, to close its eyes to representations of any kind upon the subject. Yet it requires but a very slight knowledge of human nature to perceive that this is an extremely probable result. Nothing is more certain than that the cause of temperance has been more seriously injured by the riotous extravagance of its champions than by all other influences combined. It has divided the public into two classes—the fanatics and the indifferentists—and practically barred out of the field all scientific investigators and genuine reformers. So far from proving a help to the cause which Mr. Jenkins professes to have at heart, we believe that his "Devil's Chain" will simply increase *pro tanto* the weight which it is compelled to drag after it.

And this brings us to the remark that Mr. Jenkins's work differs in no respect from much that has been previously done in the same field. Its horrors could be easily duplicated from tracts that have been in circulation for years; and it is but very little superior in style or method of treatment. In short, "The Devil's Chain" is a temperance tract, pure and simple, and in no respect entitled to more attention than is usually bestowed upon literature of that kind.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons, the successors to and present owners of the valuable series of copyrights known as the Bohn Libraries, have made some recent additions to the series which add to its attractions. Of these we may enumerate a two-volume edition of Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe;" a new issue, from the edition of 1765, of Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Early English Poetry," also in two volumes; and single volume issues, in the 5s. and 3s. 6d. Libraries, of Donaldson's "Theatre of the Greeks," Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed), Goethe's "Poems and Ballads," and Schiller's "Æsthetical Essays."

Messrs. Macmillan's forthcoming publications, announced for immediate issue, embrace Mr. Gladstone's new work, "Homeric Syncronism: an Inquiry into the Time and Place of Homer;" a volume of "Stray Studies in Italy and England," by Mr. J. R. Green, author of the "Short History of the English People," which has recently risen into high fame; and the issue for 1876 of Mr. Martin's useful "Statesman's Year Book."

Messrs. Scribner, of New York, are about to

issue a prose story by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," entitled "Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress." Readers of the author's exquisite poetic idyl of conjugal life will look with interest for this new production, which, it is said, presents a happy bit of character sketching in Miranda, the young lady who is the heroine of the story. From the same house we have a reprint of a volume of "Original Plays," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, author of "The Bab Ballads," comprising his "Pygmalion and Galatea," and other successful stage productions. The plays, it may be added, may be read and enjoyed as poems by persons who have never entered the walls of a theatre.

Messrs. Putnam have just added to their new series of Brief Biographies of Contemporary Statesmen two volumes, one on "English Radical Leaders," and the other on "French Political Leaders," admirably carrying out the design of the series, to present in compact shape such information respecting the lives and political history of English and French public men as can be gleaned from authentic sources.

A volume of "Songs of Religion and Life," from the pen of the Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, John Stuart Blackie, has just been reprinted in New York. The work in part reproduces some of the author's "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece," which has been long out of print, together with some recent lyrical pieces—all having, as the author explains, a common object, viz., "the cultivation of religious reverence without sectarian dogmatism, and of poetical sentiment tending not so much to amuse or to tickle the fancy as to purify the passions and to regulate the conduct of life."

Messrs. Belford Bros., of Toronto, issue a Canadian copyright edition of the posthumous, but uncompleted, novel of the late Lord Lytton, entitled "Pausanias, the Spartan." The story is prefaced by a long explanatory dedication from the pen of his son, the new Viceroy of India, which outlines the design of the story so as to give it completeness for the reader's perusal. The other issues of the month, of this firm, consist of a reprint of Marion Harland's "Common Sense in the Household"—an invaluable cookery book; and a collected volume of recent verse, contributed by Jean Ingelow, J. G. Whittier, and Longfellow.

The promised library edition of Green's "Short History of the English People" is not to appear. In attempting to revise his work the author found it grow upon him to such an extent that, unwilling either to reprint the book as it is, or to make an imperfect revision of it, he was led into undertaking a new and much more extensive history. This he will call a "History of the English People," and the first volume is said to be nearly completed, and likely to be published early next autumn.

George Macdonald, the novelist, it is said, will enter the lists against Profs. Tyndall, Proctor, and the other modern scientists, by the publication of a Theological romance, to be entitled "Thomas Wingfold, Curate," which will attempt to controvert the new scientific doctrines touching religion, &c., with as much fulness as the necessarily limited scope of a novel will permit.

Messrs. Harpers' recent additions to their Library of Select Novels embrace a new work of fiction, by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "The Curate in Charge;" and a story entitled "His Natural Life," by Marcus Clarke. Mrs. Oliphant's story deals delightfully with English country life; Mr. Clarke's theme is the English transportation system for penal offences—a subject which he weaves into his story with remarkable power and dramatic effect.

The fifth and concluding volume of Mr. Freeman's great work on "The History of the Norman Conquest" is, we learn, in an advanced state for publication. It will comprise sketches of the reigns of William Rufus, Henry I., Stephen, and Henry II., looked at mainly with regard to the fusion of Normans and English, together with chapters on the effects of the Norman Conquest on political, social, and ecclesiastical matters, and on the national life generally.

on the 8th January, by the Masonic fraternity, to H. R. H. Prince Edward, Grand Master of the Free Masons in Lower Canada, on his departure to assume command of a portion of the forces engaged in operations against the French West Indies.—Addresses were also presented to the Prince by the Legislative Council, citizens of Quebec, Montreal and William Henry, and by several other public bodies. Major-General H. R. H. Prince Edward left Quebec on 22nd January, and arrived at Boston, Mass., on 6th February, on his way to join the forces in the West Indies. The Prince sailed from Boston in the packet *Roebuck*, and reached the West Indies in time to take an active part in the capture of Martinique,* St. Lucia and Guadaloupe. He returned late in the spring, and arrived at Halifax, in H. M. S. *Blanche*, on 10th May, where he was received with great rejoicing.—February 13th. The Honorables Pierre A. de Bonne and James Walker, were appointed judges of the Court of Common Pleas, for Lower Canada.—On 29th April the following message was transmitted to the House of Assembly, then in session at Quebec, by Governor Lord Dorchester. "The Governor has given directions for laying before the House of Assembly an account of the Provincial Revenue of the Crown, from the commencement of the new constitution to the 10th January, 1794." It is unnecessary to give the details which accompanied the message: it may be sufficient to state that for the period indicated the gross revenue amounted to a little over £14,000 sterling, a sum which, however, did not nearly meet the expenses of the Civil Government, which were estimated at about £25,000 sterling a year.—The Session was closed on 31st May, 1794, when the Royal assent was given by the Governor-General to five bills; the Judicature bill was, however, reserved for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure. —Mr. Panet, the Speaker of the House of Assembly for Lower Canada, having been appointed one of the Judges of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas for that Province, Chartier de Lotbinière, Esq., was chosen Speaker in his stead. Mr. Panet, finding that his acceptance of the appointment necessitated his removal to Montreal, subsequently declined, and remained a member of the Assembly. During this (the second) Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, the House of Assembly formally resolved: "That in all unprovided cases, resort shall be had to the rules, usages, and forms, of the Parliament of Great Britain, which shall be followed unti this House shall think fit to make a rule or rules applicable to such unprovided cases." The Hon. Henry Caldwell was, on 30th June, appointed Receiver-General of Lower Canada. M. Denant was nominated by Pope Pius VI., Bishop of Canathe (*in part. infid.*) and coadjutor of Quebec; M. Denant was not consecrated until the following year.—The Second Session of the seventh General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened on 6th June by Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth, who in his opening speech referred to the brilliant services of Prince Edward in the West Indies; and both Houses, in their addresses in reply, alluded in the most eulogistic terms to the achievements of His Royal Highness. The Session terminated on the 9th July.

*The colours captured at the taking of Martinique, were, on 17th May, 1794, escorted by a detachment of Life Guards from St. James' Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, where they were received by the Dean and Chapter, attended by the Choir. The colours were afterwards put up in the Cathedral as memorials of the success of the British forces under Prince Edward's command in the West Indies.

During the month of June, Prince Edward proceeded on a tour through the adjoining Province of New Brunswick. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Governor Carleton from St. John up the river to Fredericton, the Capital, returning thence by way of St. John. The Prince reached Halifax about the end of the month, and being now the senior officer in Nova Scotia, assumed command of the troops.—December 11th. The Hon. James Monk, Attorney General for Lower Canada, was appointed Chief Justice of the the Court of King's Bench, at Montreal. A Proclamation was issued by the Governor-General in December, announcing that His Majesty, in Council, had been pleased to give his assent to the "Act for the divison of Lower Canada into Districts, for amending the judicature thereof, and for repealing certain laws therein mentioned." This act was commonly known as the Judicature Act, and came into force on the 11th December.

1795. The Parliament of Upper Canada met at Newark on the 6th July, and was prorogued on the 10th August. Five Acts were passed, the most important being the "Act for the public registering of deeds, conveyances, wills, and other incumbrances which shall be made, or may affect any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, within this Province." No stronger proof of the practical manner in which the first settlers of Ontario conducted their affairs could be given than the passage of such an Act* as this in the fourth session of the first Parliament of the Province.—Governor Simcoe received and entertained, at Newark, for some days, the Duke de Liancourt, a French nobleman then travelling in America. —The Third Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened by Lord Dorchester, on 5th January, 1795. This Session was closed on 7th May, after a speech from Lord Dorchester, in which His Excellency expressed his approbation of the measures and conduct of both Houses. On the 16th February, the Public Accounts were laid before the Assembly for the first time. The estimates for the Civil Government for the year ending 5th January, 1796, amounted to £19,993 sterling. The actual expenditure for the previous year had been £19,985 sterling. A sum of £5,000 sterling was voted by the Assembly "towards defraying the cost of the administration of Justice, and the support of the Civil Government for each year, to count from 5th January, 1795, and in future."—The Acts passed during the third session of the first Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada were: An Act to amend the Judicature Act of the previous session; an Act respecting the inspection of Pot and Pearl Ashes, and also an Act to permit their importation from the neighbouring States; an Act to ratify and confirm the agreement made between the Commissioners of the two Provinces; an Act respecting the registration of Baptisms, Marriages and Burials; an Act to compel vessels coming from places infected with plague, or any pestilential fever or disease, to perform Quarantine; an Act granting to His Majesty certain duties on Licenses, and also an Act imposing

* It may interest some of our readers to know that the system of registration of titles which has been found of such great utility in the Province of Ontario, and, as may be seen from the above, was one of the first measures to receive the sanction of its Legislature, is now, although under entirely different conditions, and in fact upon a system altogether distinct, engaging attention in England, and to a certain extent became law on the passing in August last, of the "Act to simplify titles, and facilitate the transfer of land in England."—38 and 39 Vict., Cap. 87.

duties on the importation of certain goods, wares and merchandise, therein mentioned, the money so raised to be applied to the support of the Civil Government of the Province; an Act respecting the validity of certain proceedings in the Court of King's Bench; and an Act respecting Aliens. These Acts, although few in number, made some very important additions to the Statutes of Lower Canada, and appear fully to justify the approbation bestowed by the Governor-General.—April 15th. The Hon. John Collins, Member of the Legislative Council, and Deputy Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, died suddenly at Quebec.—May 14th. Jonathan Sewell, Esq., appointed Attorney-General for Lower Canada, and Advocate-General for the said Province. —May 18th. A Proclamation was issued by Governor-General, Lord Dorchester, laying an embargo upon all ships in Lower Canada ports laden with wheat, wheat flour, or peas, and prohibiting the exportation of the same. —June 4th. Louis Charles Foucher appointed Solicitor-General and Inspector-General for Lower Canada.—September 3rd. John Coffin, Esq., appointed Surveyor-General of Woods for Lower Canada; and Mr. William Vondenvelden, to print all Laws of the Province of Lower Canada.—September 9th. A Proclamation was issued by Governor Lord Dorchester, laying an embargo upon all vessels laden with wheat, peas, oats, indian corn, barley, flour and biscuit, from 10th September, until the 10th of December following. —10th August. The thanks of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada were voted to Lieutenant-Colonel William Campbell, of the 24th regiment, for his "judicious, prudent and spirited conduct during his command at Fort Miamis during the year 1794.—20th November. The Fourth Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened by Governor-General Lord Dorchester, at Quebec.—April 11th. John Wentworth, Esquire, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, created a baronet. The General Assembly of Nova Scotia (Third Session of 7th General Assembly) met at Halifax, on 12th March—Thomas Barclay, Esquire, speaker. The session closed on the 13th April. During this session an Act was passed authorising the raising of £2000 by lottery for road purposes, an Act which was afterwards duly confirmed by His Majesty. Sir John and Lady Wentworth made a tour of the Western part of the Province this year. The Militia of Nova Scotia were employed (by a system of rotation) in repair and enlargement of fortifications during the summer.

1796. The Fifth Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe at Newark on the 16th May. This Session, which closed on the 3rd June, was a very short one. Seven Acts were passed, three of which related to the adminstration of justice and constitution of Courts of Law; one was "An Act for the better regulation of certain coins current in this Province." The remaining three related to local matters.—A Proclamation, dated 2nd January, was issued by Governor Lord Dorchester, authorizing the importation by sea of all kinds of grain and provisions on account of the distress caused by the general failure throughout Lower Canada of the harvest in 1795. —The Fourth Session of the First Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, which had commenced on 20th November, was closed by Governor Lord Dorchester on 7th May. The Session had been a very long one, and a great deal of work had been done. Twelve Acts were passed, of which the most impor-

tant was "An Act for making, repairing and altering the Highways and Bridges within the Province of Lower Canada." This Act contains seventy-three sections, and appears to have been drawn up with great care. Of the remaining Acts those to declare the date from which Acts of Parliament should take effect; to provide for the safe custody and registering of all Letters Patent granting Crown Lands; to regulate persons who hire or engage to perform voyages to or from the Indian Country; and to authorize the apprehension of felons escaping from the Provinces of New Brunswick and Upper Canada, are the only ones now possessing any interest; the others have long since expired or been repealed.—A Proclamation was issued by Lord Dorchester on 17th May, offering a reward of £50 for the discovery of the murderer of John Palley and Margaret Debard, who were murdered at William Henry on the night of Sunday the 8th May. This murder caused a great sensation at the the time, and the citizens of William Henry offered a reward of a like amount for the detection of the murderer.—On 31st May a Proclamation was issued dissolving the Parliament of Lower Canada, and directing the issue of writs, returnable on the 20th July, for a new election.—On 7th July Isaac Ogden was appointed one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, Jonathan Sewell Commissary of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, and Herman W. Ryland Clerk of the Executive Council. An Order in Council was passed on 7th July for the purpose of regulating trade and commerce between the United States and the Province of Lower Canada.—Governor Lord Dorchester embarked with his family on Saturday, 9th July, on board His Majesty's Ship *Active*,* and sailed for England on leave of absence. Previous to his departure his lordship received addresses from the inhabitants of the cities of Quebec and Montreal expressing their attachment to him and wishing him a pleasant voyage.—On 12th July General Robert Prescott, Lieutenant-Governor, issued a Proclamation assuming the government of Lower Cannda during Lord Dorchester's absence.—On Tuesday, 6th September, a disastrous conflagration occured in the Upper Town of Quebec, the Recollet Church and a number of houses from St. Louis Street to Mount Carmel were destroyed; at one time the Castle of St. Lewis was in great danger, but a fortunate change in the wind drove the fire up Carrier Street towards Mount Carmel, where it was stopped. A Proclamation, dated 30th October, was issued by General Prescott, Lieutenant-Governor, directing the immediate arrest of all foreigners guilty of treasonable practices and seditious attempts to alienate the affections of His Majesty's subjects. An Order in Council of the same date ordering all persons, being subjects of France, who had arrived in Lower Canada since 1st May, 1794, to leave the province within 24 days, was also published. On 11th November, another Proclamation appeared announcing hostilities with Spain. The General Assembly of Nova Scotia, met at Halifax on Thursday, 3rd March. The session was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Wentworth, who referred to the prosperous state of the province, and, in view of the diminution of the public debt, suggested a reduction of taxation. The balance against Nova Scotia, at that

* The *Active* frigate, with Lord Dorchester and family on board, was shipwrecked on the Island of Anticosti. The ship was lost, but all the people were saved. Lord Dorchester and family got safely to Perce, then a fishing village, on the Gaspe coast. His Lordship and family arrived at Halifax on the 15th August in the Provincial vessel *Earl of Moira* whence they sailed in the *Dover* for England.