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ROSE-BELFORD'S  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SONNETS.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE, MONTREAL.

I.

THE sonnet is the cameo of literature. It is small in compass, but complete in itself, and the slightness of its shape is compensated by the perfection of its art. It is difficult of construction, being made up of numerous prosodiocal intricacies, but the result is a combination of rhythm and rhyme, both satisfactory to the mind and soothing to the ear. Of all the forms of composition it is that whose peculiar and perhaps arbitrary requirements have been most rigidly adhered to by poets, and it is remarkable that the failure of a sonnet is often in proportion to its deviation from those prescribed external rules. What these rules are it is unnecessary to repeat here, as they belong to elementary instruction in *belles lettres*, but it may be stated generally that the Italian method has always enjoyed a canonical force, both because it is the original one, and the one most beset with the temptation of ingenious difficulty. This consists, of course, of the fourteen lines, divided

into two quatrains and two tercets, the three uneven and the three even lines rhyming together. It is often the case that the two last lines are so constructed as to contain the epigram or *conceit*, which the Italians regard as the essence of the sonnet, but this rule is less observed in the other modern languages. In place of further explanation, we may as well cite Petrarch, the king of sonneteers, taking as an example his beautiful apostrophe to Love and other objects which adorn Vauclose.

Amor che meco al buon tempo ti stavi  
Fra queste rive a' pensier nostri amiche,  
E per saldar le ragion nostre antiche  
Meco e col fiume ragionando andavi :  
Fior, frondi, erbe, ombre, antri, onde, aure  
soavi,  
Valli chiuse, alti colli, e piagge apriche,  
Porto dell' amorose mie fatiche,  
Delle fortune mie tante e si gravi :  
O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi ;  
O ninfe ; e voi che'l fresco erboso fondo  
Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce :  
I miei di fur sì chiari ; or son sì foschi,  
Come Morte che'l fa. Così nel mondo  
Sua ventura ha ciasun dal di che nasce.

As showing how early the frame of the sonnet was fixed, and with what perfection it was cultivated, I am in-

clined to add a quotation from Garcilaso de la Vega, the soldier-poet of Castille, who flourished from 1503 to 1536. His works are very rare on this continent, and it is only by chance that I have procured a copy.

Senora mia, si de vos yo ausente  
 En esta vida duro, y no me muero,  
 Paréceme que ofendo á lo que os quiero,  
 Y al bien de que gozaba en ser presente.  
 Tras este luego siento otro accidente,  
 Y es ver que si de vida desespero,  
 Yo pierdo cuanto bien viendoos espero;  
 Y así estoy en mis males diferente.  
 En esta diferencia mis sentidos  
 Combaten con tan áspera porfia,  
 Que no sé que hacerme en mal tamano.  
 Nunca entre si los veo sino renidos :  
 De tal arte pelean noche y dia,  
 Que solo se conciertan en mi dano.

The use or the neglect of the Sonnet among British poets is one of the curiosities of literature. Some of our greatest names have overlooked it entirely, while some have employed it very sparingly, and a few have made it one of their chief claims to immortality. Among the former I may instance, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlow, Ford, Massinger, Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Prior, Swift, Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, Pope, Savage, Thomson, Collins, Goldsmith, Scott, and Campbell. In the case of Addison, Dryden, Pope, and Swift, this silence is the more remarkable that the Sonnet would appear to have been precisely the vehicle for that condensation of thought and terseness of expression which were among the chief traits of these men of genius. Among the second may be mentioned Ben Jonson, Milton, Young, Cowper, Gray, Coleridge, Burns, Byron. Among the latter are Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, Kirke White, Lamb, Mrs. Hemans, Tennyson, and Longfellow. It is a further literary curiosity that the very best sonnets in the language are the productions of some of our minor poets. Chief among these is Bowles, whose sonnets are all gems. Next to him ranks Aubrey de Vere, a poet alto-

gether too little known in this country. Other names are Drayton, Sir John Davies, Donne, Raleigh, Wither, George Herbert, Walker, Rossetti, and contemporaries too numerous to mention.

However limited the form of the sonnet, its capabilities, as a medium of expression, are infinite. Delightful old Herrick, one of its masters, thus speaks of its varied range :

I sing of books, of blossoms, birds and bowers,  
 Of April, May, of June and July flowers ;  
 I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails,  
 wakes,  
 Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal  
 cakes.  
 I write of youth, of love, and have access  
 By these, to sing of *cleanly wantonness* ;  
 I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,  
 Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.  
 I sing of times trans-shifting ; and I write  
 How roses first came red, and lilies white ;  
 I write of groves, of twilight, and I sing  
 The court of Mab, and of the fairy King.  
 I write of Hell ; I sing, and ever shall,  
 Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

The words *cleanly wantonness* I have italicized, because they appear to me to express a characteristic of our literature, on the whole, as distinguished from the French for instance, and also because they show that already in Herrick's time (1591—1662) the word 'wantonness' was drifting from its original to its present signification.

Dante used the sonnet mainly for his mystical plaints ; Petrarch, for his morbid love ; Sidney, for courtship ; Spenser, for allegorical conceits. Shakespeare's sonnets are a *crux*. Those of Milton are patriotic and personal, and all pitched in a minor key. Wordsworth's sonnets would require a study by themselves, but the best of them are devoted to the description of external objects, which was really the salient point of the poet's genius. That this species of verse was a pastime to him in his various moods we learn from the following beautiful lines, which may also be taken as an example of his best manner :

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,  
 And hermits are contented with their cells ;

And students with their pensive citadels :  
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for  
bloom,

High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells :  
In truth the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is ; and hence to me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;  
Pleased if some souls—for such there needs  
must be—

Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

Rogers was not so easily content as Wordsworth, for he said that he never attempted to write a sonnet, because he did not see why a man, if he has anything worth saying, should be tied down to fourteen lines.

The sonnets of William Lisle Bowles are plaintive and philosophical ; of Kirke White, melancholy ; of Shelley, enigmatic ; of Coleridge, ecstatic ; of Lamb, quaint and sportive ; of Barry Cornwall, mostly descriptive ; of Mrs. Hemans, devotional ; of Leigh Hunt, imaginative. Of Keats and Tennyson, all that need be said is that their sonnets rank among the best of their works.

## II.

The Sonnet has always been a favourite in American literature, and with the single exception of Poe, who has left only one example, all the American poets of distinction have attempted that measure. I may begin the series with Washington Allison, the contemporary of Coleridge, whom he met in Europe in 1804, and with whom he was associated as a literary colleague. Next comes Richard Henry Dana, the author of the 'Buccaneer,' who died lately at the age of ninety. His sonnets are few but well constructed and full of feeling. The same may be said of Joseph Rodman Drake's, the famous author of the 'Culprit Fay.' Drake was a genius, and, but for the mental misfortune which overtook him prematurely, would have become an American Keats. Bryant's sonnets, although few, are worthy of

the poet whose only fault was that he wrote too little. I have not room for an example, but cannot refrain from citing these lines from the sonnet on 'Midsummer :

For life is driven from all the landscape  
brown ;  
The bird has sought his tree, the snake his  
den,  
*The trout floats dead in the hot stream,* and  
men  
Drop by the sun-stroke in the populous town.

Longfellow is by far the first of American sonneteers. Indeed, I do not see that he is second to any in the whole of English literature. His sonnets are not very many, but they are nearly all perfect. Nowhere is this great poet's artistic skill so exquisite, while his range of subjects is comparatively wide, and, strange to say, he oftener reaches the sublime in them than in any other of his forms of verse. I am embarrassed by my choice, and may as well quote a couple at random. Here is one from that delicious series, entitled 'Divina Commedia :

How strange the sculptures that adorn these  
bowers !

This crowd of statues, in whose folded  
sleeves

Birds build their nests ; while canopied  
with leaves,

Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,  
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers !

But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled  
eaves

Watch the dead Christ between the living  
thieves,

And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers !  
Ah ! from what agonies of heart and brain,

What excitations trampling on despair,  
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of

wrong,  
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain.

Uprose this poem of the earth and air.  
This mediæval miracle of song !

The following is a cabinet or *genre* picture of Chaucer at Woodstock, and a charming development of the same thought expressed in a few lines of the author's 'Morituri Salutamus :

An old man in a lodge within a park ;  
The chamber walls depicted all around,  
With portraits of huntsman, hawk and  
hound,  
And the hurt deer. He listened to the lark,  
Whose song came with the sunshine through  
the dark

Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound ;  
 He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound.  
 Then writeth in a book like any clerk.  
 He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote  
 The Canterbury Tales, and his old age  
 Made beautiful with song ; and as I read  
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note  
 Of lark and linnet, and from every page  
 Rise odours of ploughed field and flowery  
 mead.

After Longfellow, the next place is naturally allotted to Oliver Wendell Holmes. 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' has written only a few sonnets, and, if truth must be told, none of them are of the best kind. A similar remark may be made of Lowell, whose muse is more specially lyric. It is, therefore, unnecessary to give specimens.

Among the minor American poets, Stedman stands most deservedly high, and he is among those whose sonnets are of unusual excellence. Here is one on 'A Mother's Picture,' which is replete with the most tender and delicate feeling :

She seemed an angel to our infant eyes !  
 Once, when the glorifying moon revealed  
 Her who at evening by our pillow kneeled, —  
 Soft-voiced and golden-haired, from holy  
 skies,  
 Flown to her loves on wings of Paradise, —  
 We looked to see the pinions half concealed :  
 The Tuscan vines and olives will not yield  
 Her back to me, who loved her in this wise,  
 And since have little known her, but have  
 grown  
 To see another mother, tenderly  
 Watch over sleeping children of my own.  
 Perchance the years have changed her : yet  
 alone  
 This picture lingers ; still she seems to me  
 The fair young angel of my infancy.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is essentially a colourist, and his sentiment of nature is of the warmest. He is not a prolific writer, but his work, whether in verse or prose, is thoroughly conscientious, and therefore satisfactory to his readers. The following on 'Barberies,' is one of the first sonnets in the language :

In scarlet clusters o'er the grey stone wall  
 The barberries lean in thin autumnal air  
 Just when the field and garden plots are  
 bare,  
 And ere the green-leaf takes the tint of fall ;  
 They come, to make the eye a festival !

Along the road, for miles, their torches flare,  
 Ah, if your deep-sea coral were but rare  
 (The damask-rose might envy it withal).  
 What bards had sung your praises long ago.  
 Called you fine names in honey-worded  
 books, —  
 The rosy trumps of turnpike and of lane,  
 September blushes, Ceres' lips aglow,  
 Little Red Ridinghoods, — for your sweet  
 looks!  
 But your plebeian beauty is in vain.

I have not mentioned Whittier, because his sonnets are few and none of them noteworthy. This is the more singular, inasmuch as the Quaker poet is a master of versification, and his mind is cast in a serenely reflective mould. I wonder that he, who has followed Longfellow in so many phases of his literary career, should not, in his old age, like the latter, have adopted the sonnet to depict scenes or express sentiments which he cared not otherwise to put forth in larger compositions. Whittier is not as old as Longfellow, yet his declining years are neither as prolific, nor as sustained in power, as those of his great rival. The maturity of Longfellow's genius is a marvel and a blessing. His very latest productions, the 'Arm-chair,' for instance, lately addressed to the children of Cambridge, are as alert in thought, as fruity in feeling, and as exquisite in felicity of expression, as any of his master-pieces of five-and-twenty years ago. Longfellow is the most popular poet of the age, not only with the medium but with the highest orders of intelligence, and he has done more to give his country a name abroad than any single American of this century. He has produced much, but it is safe to say that, with the exception of his 'New England Tragedies,' there is not one of his poems which is not destined to a long life.

I have said that Edgar Poe has written but one sonnet, and that a very poor one ; but it must be remembered that he was cut off in his prime, and always lived in psychological conditions that were injurious to the normal development of his genius. As a purely poetical organization,

however, he must ever be allowed the front rank among American bards, and the little that he has left the world acquires additional worth among the thoughtful from the consciousness of the wonders which he would have achieved had he ever been able to do justice to himself.

### III.

Canadian poetry is a narrow domain, but it is fairly well stocked with names and works. The pity is that it is not appreciated even among ourselves, and is practically a sealed book to the outer world. It is our bounden duty to do it at least common justice, whenever opportunity offers, and the pages of the CANADIAN MONTHLY are the natural field for such rehabilitation. In the restricted sphere of the sonnet our Canadian verse is specially meagre, but it happens that the little we have to offer is so very good as to compare favourably with anything which we have presented in the foregoing pages.

I shall doubtless surprise everyone of my readers by claiming for John Reade the second place, after Longfellow, among the sonneteers of America. The judgment, however, is a deliberate and conscientious one, and I invite the sceptics to give Mr. Reade's works that critical examination which alone can convince them whether I am right or wrong. It is altogether too much the fashion to depreciate native productions to the advantage of foreign talent, simply because we are personally acquainted with the authors and elbow them in the round of their every-day duties. It is an additional drawback with our writers that they have not the chance to appear before us in the tempting presentations of creamy paper, new type, and elegant binding, which so often entice one to read and affect to relish what one would not otherwise care for. Not having facilities of permanent publication, they throw off their fan-

cies in the columns of newspapers, or the pages of periodicals, and thus receive at best only an ephemeral notice. Mr. Reade has published a fine work, 'The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems,' but his sonnets are not in them. These are the fruits of his maturer years. Pending their collection in book form, I cannot do more than select one or two of his sonnets as proof of the high position which I claim for him.

God help the man who mortgages his life  
For patriot dues! Henceforward he is safe  
No more. His noblest virtues only chafe  
The hydra that he serves to lust of strife.  
His self-respect, his every social tie,  
All that for which the world's best heroes  
fight  
Must be surrendered, or, unless he die,  
He is a slave—mayhap a despot slave,  
Like Dionysius, fearful of the light,  
Or Belisarius, begging to his grave  
Through streets o'er which his conquering  
banners wave.  
And his reward—to have poor poets sigh  
Above his dust the requiem of the brave.

Here is another of the finest classic mould :

If Homer ne'er had sung; if Socrates  
Had never lived in virtue's cause to die;  
If the wild chorons of the circling seas  
Had never echoed back poor Sappho's sigh;  
If Sparta had not, with the purest blood,  
Traced on all time the name 'Thermopylæ';  
If Greece, united through the surging flood  
Of Persian pride, had not arisen free;  
If nought of great, or wise, or brave, or good  
Had proved thee, Hellas, what thou wast  
to be;  
Save that thou didst create 'Antigone'—  
Thou still hadst in the van of nations stood.  
Fallen are thy noblest temples, but above  
Them all still stands thy shrine of Woman's  
Love.

I must be allowed to transcribe a third, on a personal theme entitled 'Tulit Alter':

Honores? Shall I thus complete thy plaint,  
O elder brother? Or, the actual wrong,  
Is it much lighter? Those who would thy  
quaint,  
Immortal verse have claimed could not for  
long  
Deceive or prince or peasant. If the song  
Worthless had been, Bathyllus had not  
sinned—  
That is thy praise, my great, long silent  
friend,  
And Heaven's best gifts to all mankind  
belong.  
Birds, sheep, and bees, and oxen, are they less

Happy because they go uncrowned of men?  
Or better for thy praise, Pythagoras,  
Who would have brought the golden age  
again?  
Like them should we to duty yield our days,  
Careless alike of human blame or praise.

If John Reade is a genuine poet, Charles Heavysege is one also. Here at least are two names which do not go forth to the world on sufferance, or on appeals *ad misericordiam*. They stand upon their own merit and need not fear comparison with any contemporaneous poets. We have a right to be proud of them, for they shed as much lustre upon this young country as any of the public men of whom we are constantly writing. This is not the place for an analysis of Heavysege's genius, to which I have attempted to do justice in another quarter, and of which I may have occasion to speak more fully on a future occasion. I have to do with him now only as a sonneteer. His compositions of this kind are not numerous, and are all found, I believe, in the volume which contains his 'Jephthah's Daughter.' The following is a magnificent instance of the sublime in thought and expression and, I, for one, am quite willing to set it beside most of the sonnets which I have already cited.

'Tis solemn darkness; the sublime of shade;  
Night, by no stars nor rising moon relieved;  
The awful blank of nothingness arrayed,  
O'er which my eyeballs roll in vain, deceived.

Upward, around, and downward I explore,  
E'en to the frontiers of the ebon air;  
But cannot, though I strive, discover more  
Than what seems one huge cavern of despair.

Oh, Night, art thou so grim, when, black  
and bare

Of moonbeams, and no cloudlets to adorn,  
Like a nude Ethiop 'twixt two hours fair,  
Thou stand'st between the evening and the  
morn?

I took thee for an angel, but have wooed  
A cacodæmon in mine ignorant mood.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY has been the receptacle of much clever verse of native production, and many of the sonnets which it has published from time to time are worthy of repro-

duction. I would instance those of Mr. A. W. Gundry and Mr. Francis Rye. In the number for December, 1876, I find the following credited to the well-known initials, F. A. D.:—

True love is like no fickle sunbeam's ray,  
In April days to shine awhile and fade;  
But rather like the ivy overlaid,  
Ungraceful column in some cloistered way,  
Which upward grows by slow degrees and  
sure,  
From tiny plant to sturly, trusty stem,  
Until it twines a leafy diadem,  
Around the carven charms of marble pure.  
No weaker grows its friendly firm embrace.  
Come sun, or rain, or night, or heat, or cold,  
And ever through the years it spreads apace  
With tender ties, which ever grow so bold,  
It clasps with binding tendrils every grace,  
And, constant, love each better being old.

The following is from 'Spring Wild Flowers,' a volume of poems, by Professor Daniel Wilson, LL. D., University College, Toronto.

True love is lowly as the wayside flower,  
That springeth up beneath the traveller's  
tread,  
And lifteth trustfully its lovely head,  
Content to bless therewith the passing hour;  
Unheedful of the wealth of Heavenly dower  
It lavisheth upon a path bestead  
With the coarse trafficking of sordid meed,  
So it lie open but to sun and shower.  
And love no less deals with unstinted hand:  
Lavish to others, heedless of reward:  
Deeming no sacrifice of self too hard,  
So that, with fruitful arms outspread, she  
stand  
Sowing around home's hearth her harvest  
treasure:  
Heart's hoards of golden grain, showered  
down in affluent measure.

The exiguity of space interferes with my proposed rehearsal of French-Canadian poetry, which I will have to postpone until another time. I must say, however, that the subject is full of interest, and will be replete with pleasant surprises when fully treated for English readers. I will confine myself, in conclusion, to two sonnets from the pen of L. H. Frechette, late M. P. for Levis, and a poet of undisputed genius. In his latest work, 'Pêlé-Mêle,' he has a collection of sonnets, which are perfect in form and sentiment, and mainly devoted to domestic themes. It will be observed how scrupulously Mr.

Frechette follows the Italian standard. The following is on "Belœil Lake," imbedded in the mountain of that name, on the banks of the beautiful Richelieu.

Qui n'aime à visiter ta montagne rustique,  
O lac qui, suspendu sur vingt sommets hardis,  
Dans son lit d'algue verte, au soleil resplendis,  
Comme un joyau tombé d'un écrin fantastique?

Quel mystère se cache en tes flots engourdis?  
Ta vague a-t-elle éteint quelque cratère antique?  
Ou bien Dieu mit-il là ton urne poétique  
Pour servir de miroir aux saints du paradis?

Caché, comme un ermite, en ces monts solitaires,  
Tu ressembles, o lac! à ces âmes austères  
Qui vers tout idéal se tournent avec foi.

Comme elles, aux regards des hommes tu te voiles;  
Calme, le jour--le soir, tu souris aux étoiles;  
Et puis il faut monter pour aller jusqu'à toi!

This is addressed to Miss Chauveau, a daughter of the late Premier of Quebec.

A quoi donc revent-ils, vos beaux yeux andalous,  
Quand, voilant à demi sa lueur incertaine,  
Votre regard s'en va se perdre loin de nous,  
Comme s'il contemplait quelque image lointaine?

Quand vous semblez chasser toute pensée humaine,  
Et que, sur le clavier au son plaintif et doux,  
Sans but, las et distrait, votre doigt se promène,  
Jeune fille rêveuse, à quoi songez vous?

Oh! sans doute qu'alors votre âme ouvre ses ailes,  
Et s'en va retrouver, dans des sphères nouvelles,  
Ceux que le ciel emporte, hélas! et ne rend pas!

Nous vivons dans un monde où presque tout s'oublie;  
Mais il reste toujours quelque chaînon qui lie  
Les anges de là-haut aux anges d'ici-bas!

With these beautiful verses, as a delicate perfume in the nostrils, this short paper may be appropriately closed.

## BALLADS OF FAIR FACES.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

No. 1.—AT CACOUNA.

WHY sittest thou by the shore,  
Emmeline!  
Why sportest thou no more,  
Emmeline!

'Mid those maids of the period just emerging from the brine?  
'Those blue eyes on the blue water why so sadly dost incline,  
Looking wistful, and half tristful,  
Emmeline!



One summer morn like this,  
 Emmeline!  
 That heart beat close to *his*,  
 Emmeline!  
 And I rather think he took the liberty to twine  
 His arm for just a moment round that slender waist of thine.  
 Oh, was it not imprudent, in a pennyless law-student,  
 Emmeline?

He love you! the poor wretch,  
 Emmeline!  
 But there's many a better catch,  
 Emmeline!  
 Cut him dead when next you meet him, burn his letters every line,  
 And deserve the eligible match your 'dearest friends' assign;  
 He is but a poor and true man, you a *lady*—not a woman,  
 Emmeline!

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No. 2.—AT OTTAWA.

Queen-like pride and saint-like sweetness,  
 Grace as of the cypress tree;  
 Can my verse enshrine the picture,  
 Leila, for the years to be?

Pride that bends to greet my coming,  
 With a 'stoop-to-conquer' spell,  
 The tiara of her tresses,  
 Which the gold-drops grace so well.

Sweetness of a soul untroubled!  
 Who can tell what thoughts arise—  
 Heaven or dinner, Love or bonnets—  
 In the blue depths of her eyes.

Grace that drapes with more than beauty,  
 The hid form that seems so fair;  
 Gems to match the roseate colours,  
 Gold to deck the dark-brown hair.

Too fair picture of the period,  
 What a life would it impart,  
 To the charms so nearly perfect,  
 If she only had a heart.

## A PHASE OF MODERN THOUGHT.\*

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SOME years ago a Moderator of one of the Scottish Churches, in an address that, if I remember rightly, it took five hours to deliver, and a short extract from which filled half a dozen columns of a newspaper, announced that infidelity in all its forms was 'coming in like a flood.' This flood, it appeared, was so huge in volume and so impetuous in strength, that it threatened to sweep before it the last fragment of human faith.

By one who takes this rather dreary and hopeless view of things, the age in which we have had the misfortune to be born might, in less voluminous language, be called the age of scepticism. Now it seems to me that this is one of those large generalizations which people allow themselves to make and to express, either because the bent of their minds leads them to take a morbid view of life, or because a rough-and-ready opinion saves the labour of careful investigation and patient thought. That a very thorough sifting of traditional opinions is going on, extending even to those fundamental beliefs that have come down to us as the most precious heritage of the past, is a fact patent to any one who thinks at all; but, that this search into the foundations of things is accurately defined when it is said that we live in an age of scepticism, no one who looks at the facts in their completeness can for a moment admit. For the sceptical spirit is essentially a spirit of negation; it throws down without trying to build up; feeling no

reverence for the cherished convictions in which the men of the past found rest and peace, and in the light of which they walked all the days of their life, it throws them aside in indifference and levity, without stopping to ask what was the secret of their power and influence. The spirit of the age, as embodied in our foremost thinkers, is as far removed as possible from this wanton sporting with the spiritual life of man; intensely critical it is yet reverent; when it destroys it is with a view to the reconstruction of a fairer edifice in the place of the one it has overthrown; and that which the pure sceptic would turn away from as dead and lifeless, it regards as but transmuted into a higher form and as instinct with a fuller life. No doubt the engines of destruction are sometimes brought to bear upon that which stands compact and firm, and shows no symptom of decay; but upon all such misdirected energy we may look with a measure of complacency, assured that whatever rests upon a solid foundation of truth cannot be moved, but must stand fast for ever. If, therefore, we are to characterise the age at all—and all such attempts to imprison the infinite variety of life in a neat formula can at best be but moderately successful—we must call it an age of search rather than an age of scepticism.

Casting one's thoughts back to a few of the representative men of the eighteenth century, and comparing them with the leaders of thought in our own days, one cannot but be struck with the presence in the one case, and the absence in the other, of

\* An address delivered at the opening of the 39th Session of Queen's College.

a narrow dogmatism or an equally narrow scepticism. However different may be the personal characteristics of the writers of the last century, they seem to us, looking back upon them now, to have had a simple and superficial way of dealing with questions that we feel must be approached with the greatest deliberation and care. Somehow they took life more easily than we do now, and settled the problems of life in an off-hand way that we may envy, but cannot imitate. What could exceed the easy indifference with which David Hume, the acutest mind of the eighteenth century, proves, to his own satisfaction, that there is no proper foundation upon which an edifice of truth may be reared, and that God, Freedom, and Immortality, are therefore beyond the reach of verification. No doubt in Hume's case personal temperament had a little to do with the matter, for we must agree with his mother in saying that 'David' was a 'fine good-natured crater,' however unable we may be to go along with her when she added, that 'he was unco-wake-minded.' But that it was not all temperament is shown by the prevalence, among persons the most different in disposition, of the same superficial way of dealing with things. No two men could be more unlike each other than David Hume and Samuel Johnson, and yet their *method* of thought was at bottom the same, diverse as were the conclusions to which they came. As Hume disposed of current beliefs by a facile denial that failed to see the essential truth in them, so Johnson settled all disputes by an equally facile acceptance. Hume was good-natured, and Johnson was imperious and dictatorial; but both alike were satisfied with a view of things that to us seems merely to skim the surface, or, at the most, to go but a very little way beneath it. The same thing may be seen in other branches of literature besides those of philosophy and morals. We find it in the superficial optimism of

Pope's *Essay on Man*, an optimism which was natural enough to the wits and beaux of the reign of Queen Anne, to whom life seemed as pleasant as it well could be, and which got rid of the perplexities suggested by the want and wretchedness of the lower classes and the inevitable suffering and evil of all men, by steadily looking the other way, and passing by on the other side; and we find it also in the Deism of the same poem, so much in vogue at the time, and not a stranger even in the pulpit itself, which put for the belief in a living God, the barren abstraction of a Ruler of the universe, who did not rule, a fiction useful enough to point a few moral platitudes, but having no more real connection with the course of the world, or the lives of men, than the 'quiet gods' of Epicurus and Lucretius—

'The Gods who haunt the lucid interspace of world and world,  
Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind,  
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,  
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar  
Their sacred everlasting calm!'

In Goldsmith, too, whom we may take as a type of the man of letters of the century, we meet with the same general cast of thought. Goldsmith has all the simplicity and grace that charm us so much in his own 'Vicar of Wakefield,' but we look in vain in him for any perception of the seriousness and importance of the great questions that perplex the present age. In reading him we feel that we are carried back to a time when it was possible, as it is not now, to go through life without once thinking seriously of the meaning of life. Goldsmith's 'happy-go-lucky' disposition had certainly something to do with this, but we might safely say—were it not absurd to suppose that a man *could* belong to any age but his own—that, had Goldsmith lived in the nineteenth century, the child-like spontaneity of his writings would have been tinged at least with the prevalent unrest of the times.

These names have not been purposely selected to bear out a foregone conclusion, for the same superficiality, and the same simple acceptance or rejection of customary ideas, will be found in other writers of the century—in Addison, Swift, and Gibbon, not less than in Goldsmith, Pope, and Hume. As time has gone on the current of thought has broadened and deepened, and we, who float far down its course, can no longer be satisfied with the answers that seemed sufficient to the men of the last century. Between the names I have mentioned and writers of our own day there comes a group of literary men—among them Burns, Wordsworth, and Shelley—forming a connecting link between the two centuries, and displaying in varying proportions the simplicity and indifference of the one combined with the critical spirit of the other. When we come to such representatives of our own age as Carlyle, Spencer, Tennyson, Arnold, and Froude, we see at once that the whole aspect of things has changed, and that we have to do with men who, however they may differ from each other in temperament and in belief, are bound together by the common characteristics of intense seriousness, and full appreciation of the difficulty of all inquiries into the nature of the world we live in, and of the way in which we ought to live in it. It is impossible to imagine Carlyle dismissing a difficult problem with Johnson's oracular 'I tell you so, Sir;' Spencer uprooting men's faith with the levity of Hume; Tennyson contented with the rose-coloured optimism of Pope; Arnold with the boyish gaiety and innocence of all serious questions natural to Goldsmith, and even to Addison; or Froude with the cold, intellectual scepticism of Gibbon. The world has gone on, and we have gone on with it, and however wistfully we may look back on the past, shining in the mellowed and deceptive light of the setting sun, we can no more recover its simplicity and indifference, than the

old man can bring back the freshness and buoyancy of his youth.

An age of search is always more or less an unhappy one. Some account a thinking being must give to himself of the world he lives in, of the way he ought to live his life, and of his relations to his fellow-men and to God. Thought must have a body of doctrine to give it definiteness, shape, and consistency. It is no more possible permanently to resist this tendency of the human mind to fashion a creed for itself as adequate as it can be made, than to prevent the child from growing up into the man. If thought, as Carlyle has said, is a sort of disease, at least it is a disease that cannot be escaped by taking thought. To counsel a man to stop thinking, and to adopt without criticism the beliefs that satisfied the men of the past, is to go against the rational nature with which it is man's glory, if also his misery, to be endowed.

'Well I perceive that never sated is  
Our intellect unless the Truth illumine it,  
Beyond which nothing true expands itself.

Therefore springs up, in fashion of a shoot,  
Doubt at the foot of truth; and this is nature,  
Which to the top from height to height impels us.\*

\*Dante, *Paradise*, IV., 123-132 (Longfellow's Translation.)

The higher the endowment of any being, the greater its capacity for suffering, although also the greater its capacity for joy. The jelly-fish, hardly emerged from the perpetual sleep of nature, has few pains and few pleasures; the higher animals, with a complex nervous system, sensitive in every fibre, and thrilling to the least impact of the world, feel intensely, and are capable of a varied life of pleasure and of pain. So it is in the realm of thought: the more delicate the mental organization the more readily it responds to the waves of influence that roll in upon it from without. At the same time, the normal condition of a think-

ing being is not doubt but conviction. Hence it is easier to believe altogether, or to disbelieve altogether, to accept some definite formula of things in child like faith, or to reject it in child-like unbelief, than it is to hang poised in doubt. For in this last condition there is all the unhappiness that comes to the mind when old and familiar truths are slipping away from its grasp, and none of the joy that suffuses with fresh life him who has recovered by his own efforts the harmony and contentment of faith. On this debateable ground between belief and unbelief, many of the best minds of the present day seem to me to stand, not from any fault of theirs, but because they are heirs of the scepticism of the last century, and are too early to share in the fruits yet to come from the travail of the present century. Hence the sighs of despondency and even the wails of despair that from time to time we hear. So reticent in these days are men of their deeper feelings, that we seldom get a sight of their inmost selves; but occasionally the veil is withdrawn, and as the dark interior is for a moment lit up, we are made spectators of that most tragic of all spectacles, a noble nature sitting desolate among its broken gods. Perhaps, no one has expressed with so much fidelity the infinite sadness that follows the eclipse of faith as Matthew Arnold :

The sea of faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's  
shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd ;  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night wind down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Who can read these words without thinking of a Samson Agonistes, bereft of sight by the Philistines, and moaning :

O, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day !

But is there total eclipse without all hope of day ? May we not find in such cries of anguish the promise and prophecy of assured conviction ? I think we may, and I hope, by a brief consideration of some of the forms which the struggle between the new and the old has taken in our own day, to indicate one of the sources of error into which some of those at present most relied upon by thinking men for guidance have fallen, and so have failed to reach the solid ground of faith. When doubt is held out to us as a substitute for belief, we may be sure that an effort is being made to combine irreconcilable propositions. To get rid of this implicit contradiction, it is therefore necessary first to see clearly what is the issue of the negative side of a theory, and only then can we hope to discover the full sweep of the positive principle it contains. The theory to which I particularly refer, and to which I shall immediately ask your attention, is that which attempts, by an application of the conception of development to the history of human thought, to reduce Religion to a worship of the 'unknowable;' but before stating and examining it, it may be of use first to indicate some of the departments of knowledge to which the notion of development, the distinctive notion of the nineteenth century, is applied, and to point out what I regard as the true aim of Science on the one hand, and of Philosophy and Religion on the other.

It is a marked characteristic of modern thought that, while the immense accumulation of knowledge has compelled a greater division of labour than ever before, so that no man can hope to be equally at home in all branches of knowledge, there is a not less marked tendency to combine all modes of existence in one, so as to give some sort of theory of the world as a whole. The effort to unify knowledge is as persistent as the effort to specialize it. The guiding idea which rules all investigations is the idea of progress, development, evolution. In the last

century men were contented to take things as they stand, and to determine their fixed relations to each other; in the present century, they seek to explain how things have come to be as they are, by viewing them in the vast perspective of their history. The change from what a follower of Comte might call the 'statical' aspect of things to their 'dynamical' aspect—from the investigation of things as they are to the inquiry into the way in which they have come to be what they are—is only a natural extension of the scientific method. The impulse which leads us to analyse a drop of water in order to find out its constituent elements, to follow back a pencil of light along its multitudinous waves of ether until we trace it home to its source in the sun, and to prolong our gaze far into the depths of space in search of new worlds, must, sooner or later, compel the attempt to pierce the mists that hang over the far-off past; and once set in motion, this scientific 'wonder,' which Aristotle well says was the beginning of philosophy, cannot be prevented from extending to animal life and to man, as well as to inorganic nature. It is not, however, my intention to trace out the wide and varied applications of the notion of development. Even were I competent to deal with so vast a subject, the attempt to condense so much into a single lecture could only result in vagueness and bewilderment. I shall, therefore, confine myself mainly to a consideration of that most striking of all the tendencies of the present age, the tendency to regard the whole intellectual development of the race as the successive steps by which the conclusion has been at last reached, that all real knowledge, or at least all definite knowledge, is confined to the realm of science, and must be sought for by the scientific methods of observation and experiment. This tendency rests upon a half truth that needs to be supplemented by the other half; for the attempt to expel religion from

the domain of specific knowledge, and to confine it to the domain of the 'unknowable,' would never have been made had the limits of scientific investigation been definitely marked out to begin with. It seems, therefore, advisable, by pointing out what are the actual results reached by science when it traces things back along the line of their development, to clear the way for an examination of that mistake in the application of the idea of evolution to the process of human thought, which converts religion into a shadow of its true self.

A great deal of useless antagonism to the advance of science, and many bitter attacks upon theology, might have been spared had a clear view been first obtained of the topics that fall within the realm of science as distinguished from those that fall outside of it. It requires no reflection to see that the determination of the distance of the sun from the earth, or the classification of the various orders of living beings, is a scientific enquiry to be prosecuted by the astronomer and the biologist respectively. But when the astronomer tries to account for the present position and state of the worlds disposed through space, by the hypothesis of a nebulous matter, from which by the operation of natural laws these worlds were gradually evolved; or when the biologist endeavours to show that the infinite variety of living beings which seem to be divided into distinct and separate species may all, in the course of ages, have come from one or more primordial forms, by the addition of one slight peculiarity after another in each successive being; people seem to suppose that science has suddenly leapt beyond its own domain and has intruded into the domain of philosophy and theology. In this view I am unable to share. So long as we are investigating the laws which bind things together in space, or which account for the successive phases through which they pass in time, we are pursuing the legitimate ends of science.

The physical origin of the worlds composing our solar system, the age of the earth and of man, the development of all forms of animal life by a gradual process of change—these topics are the exclusive property of science, and must be determined on scientific evidence, and scientific evidence alone. It is difficult to say who is most to blame for the confusion of thought which has set science and religion in apparent antagonism to each other—the scientific man who talks as if the nebular hypothesis were an explanation of the origin of things that somehow banished a creative intelligence from the universe, and as if the development theory as applied to the explanation of animal life were incompatible with the idea of final cause; or the theologian who imagines that the safety of religion would be endangered, were he to admit that the earth, as we know it, existed ages ago in the form of a nebulous mist, that all animal life is linked together by a chain of natural causation, and that the ancestry of men recedes far back into remote ages. I think we shall do well to blame neither the one nor the other, but rather to see, in the attitude of both, another illustration of the extreme difficulty there is in adjusting the relations of new and old conceptions. Each party sees the imperfection of the other, but not its own. The theologian is wrong when he resists the application of the scientific method to a problem with which it alone is competent to deal—the natural history of the earth and of animal life; the scientific man is fatally wrong when he imagines that, by giving a date and assigning a physical cause, he has extruded the Creator from the workmanship of His hands. The former, by his jealousy and hatred of theories that are no more irreligious than the once dreaded truth that the earth moves round the sun, damages the cause he has most at heart; the latter, by putting forward his physical theory as if it were a final expla-

nation of the nature of things, gives impetus to a passionate resistance that he might moderate or allay. It must, then, be recognized that no scientific explanation of the temporal origin of the world or of animal life, can be put in the place of a theory of the ultimate nature of the universe. When science has pointed out the laws that regulate the co-existence and succession of things, it has completed its proper work; when it attempts to palm off this enquiry as a substitute for an investigation into the connection of all things with intelligence, it is no longer science, but a sceptical philosophy. The moment we desert the point of view of things in space and their phases in time, to make some affirmation about their relation to intelligence, we pass over into the realm of philosophy and theology, and leave the realm of science behind. The nebular theory, as an explanation of the way in which the worlds we know have come out of a primeval mist, is a scientific theory; it is a philosophical theory masquerading in the garments of science, when it pretends to have swept away all explanations of the world that recognise the presence, in nature, of an Infinite Intelligence. The doctrine of evolution is a scientific theory, so long as it only proposes to explain the gradual way in which all living beings have been formed by the slow accumulation of slight increments of difference; but it ceases to be scientific, and becomes philosophical, when it is supposed to render superfluous the existence and operation of the living God. But while it is proper to resist the false philosophy of scientific men, that is no reason for contemplating with a vague alarm, born chiefly of ignorance of its true nature, the bounding steps of science itself. The very idea of a conflict between science and religion is as absurd as the idea of a conflict between two powers that never cross the border line of each other's territory. Religion can have nothing to fear from

science, although it has much to thank it for. As the plant lives upon inorganic substances, and the animal upon the plant, so philosophy and theology take up and absorb the rich materials furnished by the sciences. For this reason I am unable to regard recent scientific theories, so far as they do not present themselves as philosophies in disguise, in any other light than as valuable aids in the comprehension of the infinite wisdom and power of God. When I am told that millions of ages ago the earth on which I dwell existed in the form of a congeries of diffused nebulous atoms, I do not feel as if I had heard anything to shake my faith in the presence of Intelligence in the universe, since the process by which the earth has come to be what it is, implies the existence and operation of the same natural laws that exist and operate now, and law does not operate of itself, but only intelligence wrapped up in law. And when scientific men tell me that the earth has existed, not for six thousand years, as Archbishop Usher supposed, but for millions of ages, so far from feeling as if I had lost anything, I feel that I have greatly gained—that just as the wonder of the universe grew upon men's minds, when for the ancient fiction that the over-arching vault of heaven was part of a closed sphere covering in the earth as the central object, there was substituted the conception of a space stretching to infinity and studded with worlds of vast dimensions; so, by running back the history of our world into the illimitable past, the universe has become for me wider and more spacious and more worthy the habitation of the Ancient of Days. Nor, when I am told that the whole race of living beings, including man, is bound together by the tie of a long descent, do I feel as if I must surrender my belief in the providence of God; rather my conception of His wisdom and power is intensified and elevated, just as I should be compelled to attribute much higher intelligence and purpose to man, were

he capable of inventing machines that should go not for a few months or years, but for millions of years, and that should have the unique power of reproducing others of their kind, infinite in variety, and gradually growing more complex, more perfect, and more wonderful.

The governing idea of modern thought, as I have said, is that of evolution, development, progress. An attempt is made to see the present in the light of the past, to trace things back to the earliest state in which we are capable of knowing anything about them. And the idea of development is applied not only or chiefly to nature and to animal life but more especially to man in all the phases of his existence. For the idea of the progress of man is intimately bound up with the idea of his unity. Each nation has come to be regarded as but one of the family of nations that together make up the one great nation of mankind. As Christianity has given birth to a magnificent missionary organization, designed to lift up the lower races to the level of the highest, so, under the indirect impulse of the idea of man's unity, scientific thought has in our day widened its outlook so as to take in all phases of the human race. Hence the rise of the new study of Anthropology, the object of which is to collect and systematise all the facts relating to the condition of the lower races, with a view to the better explanation of the manners and customs of the higher; hence the extreme interest in Philology, the science whose final aim is to trace the connection, and the origin and development of the various languages in which men have clothed their thoughts and emotions; hence the rise of Comparative Religion, the science which tries to connect together the various manifestations of the religious consciousness; hence also the overwhelming interest in the development of human thought as a whole.

It is of this last topic that I purpose



now to say a little, and here it is that we meet with the view which has been referred to already as very prevalent in our day, the view that Science deals with the knowable, Religion with the unknowable. How has this conclusion been reached? Manifestly if all mankind constitute a spiritual unity, and if human nature is essentially the same in all races of men, the intellectual life of the race must be governed by some law or principle that all modes of thought will partially exemplify. Just as we may follow the process of political organisation through its successive phases, so we may turn our attention to the development of thought as a whole. And evidently the law which is to explain this vast process of development must be very comprehensive in its character, and must gather up under itself all the manifestations of intellectual life, scientific, philosophical, and religious. The problem is: What is the end towards which human thought has been ever tending in all the successive phases of its evolution? Can we supply a formula which shall adequately characterise the whole process of intellectual development? What is the lesson for us of the whole mental activity of the past? And the answer to the question as to the end towards which all past thought has been steadily progressing, will, it is at once evident, be determined mainly by the estimate we form of that which is most valuable in the thought of the present time. To those who regard the great achievement of modern thought as the accumulation of scientific knowledge and the application of scientific methods of research, past thought must and does seem mainly a preparation for complete liberation from the unscientific methods of philosophy and theology. There are, of course, minor differences among those who take this view; one class of thinkers regarding the process of thought as tending to sweep away for ever the whole vast structure of belief built upon the

foundation of supersensible realities by the misdirected energy of centuries, and another class, less destructive in their tendency, only seeking to banish philosophy and theology to an inaccessible region, where at least they can do no harm—but both alike are agreed in maintaining that all definite knowledge is the exclusive property of science. These two theories form in fact part of one general system of thought, and are much more closely linked together than their respective advocates are at all willing to admit.

One cannot take up any of the more influential magazines, or read the more popular works of current literature, or even glance at the leading articles in the better class of newspapers, without seeing distinct traces of some such view as that just indicated. There is a widespread conviction, not always definitely expressed, and often, one may suspect, not even clearly formulated, that science and literature are the sole avenues that lead to definite and verifiable results, and that all enquiries into the ultimate nature of things, all speculations on the nature of God and His relation to the universe and to man, are fruitless attempts to solve the insoluble, which lead the befogged enquirer to substitute vague and shadowy abstractions for facts, and a jargon of words without meaning, for simple and perspicuous language. It is easy to show that this prevalent view of things has emanated from a few eminent men, and by gradual infiltration has spread among the lesser representatives of science and literature. Taking Matthew Arnold as the typical man of letters of the century, we find that the view which, in the 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease', takes the form of an undeveloped, but clearly felt, tendency to turn away from all ontological speculation as hopeless and a mere waste of time, is by him expressed with perfect definiteness and self-consciousness, although it is not thrown into the shape of a reasoned system of thought. Not only does Mr.

Arnold reject all beliefs in the supernatural as survivals of obsolete modes of thought, but he employs his inimitable power of raillery to throw contempt upon all efforts to prove the existence and nature of God. But even in the midst of his negations, that striving after a new basis upon which to rest belief, which I have ventured to say is the distinctive note of the age, is not less clearly marked. For while Mr. Arnold does not disguise his contempt for metaphysic—a kind of metaphysic, it may be remarked, that is unknown to the modern metaphysician—and expressly denies the existence of a 'personal' God, he holds that in our actual experience there is revealed to us a great reality 'that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.' Rejecting the popular conception of God as that of a 'magnified and non-natural man in the next street,' he yet maintains that there is a mighty 'stream of tendency' flowing through the ages, that we may, if we please, call God, but which is better characterized as the 'Eternal Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness,' or still better, since man is not only a moral but also an intellectual and æsthetic being, as 'the Eternal Power, not ourselves, by which all things fulfil the law of their being.' This conception is the ripest fruit of culture, of that loving and sympathetic study of the literature of all times, and especially of the great literatures of the world—the Bible and the masterpieces of Greek thought—which brings us into communion with 'the best that has been thought and known in the world.' The Eternal, not ourselves, is no figment of the imagination such as the metaphysical theologian evolves from his inner consciousness, and attempts to prove by school logic, but a reality verifiable in experience, and therefore assured to us by the only evidence that is really convincing.

The same tendency to deny any definite knowledge of a Supreme Being, while substituting an analogous con-

ception in its place, is expressed still more clearly, because more consciously, in the most popular systems of philosophy of the present day. The most considerable achievement of Comte, according to his own showing, is to have given a complete theory of human development, known as the 'law of the three stages,' which fully accounts for all the facts, and at the same time is destined to be the great instrument of social regeneration. According to this 'law,' all past advances of thought were but the successive steps by which man has emancipated himself from a false theology and a barren metaphysic, and has learned to confine his attention to that which can be directly verified in experience. The first stage of thought is the 'theological,' in which the phenomena of nature are supposed directly to manifest, or to be directly produced by, supernatural beings made in the image of man. At first men imagined that divinities, with attributes like their own, resided in sensible objects. A withered tree stretching its bare and gaunt arms to the sky, a huge rock vaguely suggestive of a human form, a curious shell with its brilliant hues—in short, all objects that called forth the wonder or awe of men—were supposed to be embodied divinities with power to bless and curse the lives of men. By and by, as the wonder of the heavenly bodies struck upon men's minds, a worship of the stars grew up, that prepared the way for the second theological phase of thought—that in which the gods were no longer believed to reside in special objects, and to be fixed to a definite place of abode, but were supposed to move about freely from place to place like men themselves. This second step in the march of thought effected a partial liberation from the idea that nature was wholly given up to the play of caprice: as a tolerably firm grasp was obtained of the fixed laws by which things are connected together, the interference of the gods was more and more denied,

and they were banished from the world, into which they were only allowed to enter on rare occasions and on some special errand. No longer was it imagined that sensible objects imprisoned a divinity within them, but only that each class of objects—the earth, the sea, the sky, the sun—was presided over by a god distinct and separate from it. And when this path of thought was once fairly entered upon, it was inevitable that, with the growing perception of the universal reign of law, the gods should give place to one God, guiding and controlling all events by His direct agency, or through the intermediation of His ministers. Theology had now run its full course, advancing from Fetishism, though Polytheism, to Monotheism, and no further advance could be made without seeking for a new principle of explanation. This new principle was the ‘*metaphysical*,’ supposed at the time to be constructive and positive, but in reality purely critical and negative. For the gods were now substituted such abstractions as ‘*substance*,’ ‘*force*,’ ‘*cause*,’ conceived of as real entities, lying behind and producing phenomena. The blank spaces left in men’s imaginations by the dethronement of the gods were filled by these impalpable fictions. The whole value of this movement, apart from its organising influence on society, lay in its virtual denial of theology; positive value it had none, for the hidden ‘*essences*’ and ‘*occult qualities*,’ by which it endeavoured to allay the dimly-felt craving for a scientific explanation of things, had no more reality than the gods they displaced. But the human mind could not for ever ‘*live in a vain show*,’ and in these latter days, it has at length awakened from its long slumber in the person of M. Comte, and, shaking off its troubled dreams, has come to see what all along it was vaguely feeling after, that the only truly ‘*positive*’ method of explanation is that which accounts for facts by natural laws, as the only positive rea-

lities are phenomena themselves, not gods or abstractions. The immutability of natural laws being at last fully recognised, human thought has entered upon the last stage of its development, that in which it forbears in its search for truth to fly beyond the laws which govern the coexistence and succession of phenomena. The scientific method, applied in the first instance to the world of nature, must be extended to animal life and the life of men, and only thus can a true basis be found for such a knowledge of the laws of society as shall affect the regeneration of men, by bringing them into vital contact with that ‘*Great Being*,’ Humanity itself.

The essential agreement between Arnold and Comte is at once apparent. Both reject a personal God as an exploded superstition; both insist upon the necessity of verifying everything by experience; and both hold that there is a Great Being, higher than the individual man. Neither, again, makes it very clear what exactly he means by ‘*experience*.’ Comte especially talks of ‘*experience*’ and ‘*phenomena*’ in a way that is rather puzzling. A ‘*phenomenon*’ is an ‘*appearance*,’ and we naturally contrast an appearance with a reality distinct from it. Are we then to suppose that there is something behind the veil of appearances, something which we can never know? or are we to conclude from Comte’s words that there is nothing whatever behind, and that the suggestion that there is must be charged merely to the misuse of a word? In the former case, the progress of thought is to be conceived as leading to the absolute denial of everything but phenomena; in the latter case, it will be an advance towards the recognition that, while there is a reality distinct from phenomena, our minds are so constituted that they can never know it. The truth seems to be that Comte was so very eager to put to rout the theologian and the metaphysician, that he neglected to

ask himself which of these views he really proposed to adopt.

This ambiguity is cleared up by two thinkers, who are in no sense followers of Comte, or in any way indebted to him. It is a curious instance of the power of the age to shape the minds of individuals, even when they are themselves unconscious of it, that three writers, differing so much from each other in their methods and aims as Comte, Sir William Hamilton, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, should be ruled by the same general idea, and should help out the deficiencies of each other's theories. Hamilton agrees with Comte in holding that we can know nothing but phenomena, or, as he more usually expresses it, that knowledge is of the relative and finite, never of the absolute and infinite. But he approaches the question rather from the side of the person knowing, than from the side of the object known. It is the weakness and limitation of the human mind that, in Hamilton's view, prevents us from ever arriving at a knowledge of things as they truly are. In putting forward this theory, Hamilton did not for a moment suppose that he was playing into the hands of the enemies of theology; on the contrary, it seemed to him that, by demonstrating the imbecility of the human intellect, he was leaving the way open for the acceptance of a supernatural revelation. In this spirit his most distinguished follower, the late Dr. Mansel, attempted to show that, as the mind of man, from its very constitution, is for ever shut out from a knowledge of the Infinite, the existence and nature of God must be certified to us by an act of pure faith. These writers did not see that they were sawing away the branch on which they were themselves seated. For, evidently, if we can form no notion whatever of a Supreme Being; if our minds are so weak and helpless as to be necessarily excluded from any comprehension of the Infinite; no revelation of God, however clear it may be in itself, can

have for us any meaning whatever. If I cannot in the least understand the nature of God, it is vain for any one, inspired or uninspired, to speak to me of God; the words he makes use of to express his meaning will be for me simply sound without sense. Not very many years ago there was still alive a learned divine who was so firmly convinced of the irreparable confusion wrought in men's minds by the Fall that he denied their ability to be sure of the proposition that two and two make four. He forgot that, if we are so utterly helpless, even his own proposition that mathematical truth is uncertain must be equally uncertain. And a like criticism applies to all demonstrations of the absolute imbecility of the human mind to comprehend the Infinite. If thought cannot get beyond its asserted limitations, how can it know that it is limited?

The next step in the development of the doctrine of nescience has been taken by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Endorsing Hamilton's proof of the necessary limitation of the human intellect, Mr. Spencer adds that, while all definite knowledge is of appearances, there is yet a Reality behind appearances, which is certified to us, not by a definite, but by an 'indefinite,' consciousness. And, like Comte, he endeavours to make good his theory by an appeal to the course which thought has taken in the past. Mr. Spencer's account of the intellectual development of man is, in fact, very much that which Comte's becomes when it is seen that, to assert the limitation of thought to phenomena, is tacitly to declare that there is a reality behind phenomena. Mr. Spencer does not, like Comte, regard the progress of thought as merely the clearing out of the way of theological and metaphysical conceptions preparatory to the undisputed sway of science, but rather as a double movement, at once negative and positive, by which on the one hand science has gradually encroached upon the territory of definite pheno-

mena, at first unjustly appropriated by theology, and in so doing has learned to free itself from the influence of metaphysical abstractions and to comprehend its own method; and by which, on the other hand, theology has been slowly taught to give up its untenable claim to the realm of finite things, but has for that very reason substantiated its exclusive right to the realm of the 'unknowable.' Thus, by the natural evolution of thought, science and theology have learned to give and take. The successive forms assumed by the religious consciousness as time has gone on, betray an ever-increasing disposition to retire from the field of specific knowledge, but at the same time an invincible determination to hold to the last by the truth that there is *something* higher than phenomena, which can never be explained away. Long and bitter has been the struggle between the representatives of science and the representatives of religion, the former ever insisting that things must be explained from themselves alone, and the latter opposing the attempt as a degradation. The blame of this conflict is due neither to science nor to religion, but to both. Feeling from the outset that the knowable universe was under the dominion of unchanging law, science had yet so imperfect a comprehension of its own principle, that over and over again it made use of such metaphysical fictions as 'nature's abhorrence of a vacuum,' 'aureity' and a 'vital principle.' Religion on the other hand, while rightly claiming that there is a Power transcending the finite, has inconsistently attributed definite attributes to it, and so has degraded it to the level of the finite. Thus science and religion have fallen into opposite mistakes, the one trying to explain the knowable by the unknowable, the other to explain the unknowable by the knowable. What is the true lesson for us? Manifestly, that the realm of the knowable must be entirely surrendered to science, and the realm of the unknowable to reli-

gion. Mr. Spencer does not propose this truce of life-long enemies in mockery, but in perfect seriousness and good faith. Science may seem to have the lion's share in the spoil, but in reality religion gets all that is rightfully its due. Nor is it any degradation of the 'Great Reality' which forms the true object of religion to strip it of all attributes, and therefore of the attribute of personality; for the properties with which it has been invested by mistake really destroy the absolute and mysterious perfection of its nature. 'May we not, without hesitation, affirm,' says Mr. Spencer, 'that a sincere recognition of the truth that our own and all other existence is a mystery absolutely and for ever beyond our comprehension, contains more of true religion than all the dogmatic theology ever written?'

The theory which I have just hurriedly summarised may be familiar to many present who have never read a line of Mr. Spencer's writings, for it is simply that presented by Professor Tyndall, with so much force and clearness, in his now celebrated Belfast address. In this case the disciple is so highly gifted with the eloquence that captivates a popular assembly that he is apt to occupy in many minds the place rightfully due to his philosophical master. One thing should be perfectly clear from the outline of Mr. Spencer's theory just drawn, namely, that he is honestly anxious to effect a reconciliation between science and religion. The theologian may refuse to accept the reconciliation offered to him; he may regard it as too much like clapping a man in prison, and then telling him he is free to roam over the whole world—in imagination; but he need not, therefore, doubt the sincerity of Mr. Spencer's attempt to act as a mediator between science and religion. But after all, the important thing for us is not what Mr. Spencer intended to do, but what he has actually suc-

\* First Principles, 3rd (Eng.) ed., p. 112.

ceeded in doing. And here, I think, our verdict must be, that his proposed reconciliation of science and religion is no reconciliation at all, but one of those compromises, that consist in holding together, by main force, two contradictory propositions, that must fly apart the moment they are left to themselves. It is impossible to harmonise the assertion, that there is an absolutely mysterious, inscrutable, unimaginable and unthinkable power—for all these epithets are applied to it—with the assertion that this power can be known to exist; an irresistible logic compels us either to deny the existence of an inscrutable power, or to deny its inscrutability. How is it possible to tell that there is any reality behind appearances, if the human mind by its very nature throws up an impenetrable wall, behind which, strive as it may, it is unable to go? If we can neither look through, nor around, nor over the wall, what reason have we for saying that behind it there is anything but empty space? I have never been in Australia, but, as I have the testimony of those who have been there, I do not doubt its existence; but if any man tells me there an island in the Pacific seas which neither he nor any one else has ever seen, can I be accused of undue scepticism, should I refuse to accept his imagination as a substitute for knowledge? And the case against Mr. Spencer is much stronger than this; for he not only says that neither he nor any one else has a knowledge of the Great Reality which he yet asserts to exist, but he tells us that no one can, in imagination, form the vaguest conception of it, or by any possibility ever know or conceive of it! For good sterling gold, we are asked to accept an irredeemable paper-money, payable at a bank in the clouds. How can any one, with a due respect for the principles of evidence, ask us to believe in the existence of that, which no man can either think or imagine? The Great Reality, we are told, is 'mys-

terious;' and so verily it is; but the mystery enveloping it is one that disappears when we give up trying to get sense out of nonsense.

So far we have been looking at only one side of Mr. Spencer's theory. But it has another and more hopeful aspect, to which I now gladly turn. That a writer of Mr. Spencer's undoubted intellectual power should have committed himself to a theory which, taken literally, is so manifestly absurd, would be incomprehensible, were it not that he reads into it more than he formulates clearly to himself. Attempting to substitute for a personal God, the fiction of a perfectly inscrutable, unthinkable, and unimaginable something-we-know-not-what, he really gives meaning to what would otherwise be unmeaning, by tacitly asserting that God is not only knowable but known. In the same breath Mr. Spencer tells us that the Great Reality is unknowable, and that it is 'manifested to us through all existence.' Now if he would only bring together these two independent statements, first that there is a Being higher than all finite existence, and, secondly, that this Being is 'manifested to us in all existence'—he might be led to see that, when he pronounces this Being to be inscrutable, he is false to his own better thoughts.

In our every-day mood, we are occupied with the things that immediately present themselves to our senses—with that which we can see and hear and touch and handle—or we are engaged in shaping things into new forms—constructing a house, or a steam engine, or a book. Our interest lies in the details of existence, in particular and definite objects, and we do not think of the unity which binds things together and makes them all parts of a single world. Scientific knowledge also is concerned with particular and finite things, although at the same time it seeks to detect their hidden affinities for each other. The astronomer first takes note of the

heavenly bodies as separate existences, and then he tries to discover what connects them together—what influence, *e.g.*, the sun has upon the motions of the earth, and the moon upon the flux and reflux of 'the tides; the geologist marks the peculiarities of different sorts of rocks, and then he attempts to explain their origin; the chemist tries by analysis to find out the various elements, but he also asks how these act and re-act upon each other. In all these cases we are occupied with particular things in space and time, and the unity we are seeking for is at the most the unity of a special law, applying only to certain select aspects of nature. Thus both in our ordinary mood, and in our scientific mood, we concentrate our attention upon particular things, or particular classes of things. But there is another mood of which we have all had experience, in which we turn away from all this detail, and we say to ourselves: 'All is one,' and these things I see around me are but 'parts of one stupendous whole;' 'all finite things are in incessant fluctuation, transition, and metamorphosis; even the 'so solid-seeming earth' has gone through many changes and is moving to an unknown doom; successive generations of animals and of men are ever appearing and vanishing like forest leaves; and yet, through all this birth, growth, and decay, there is *something* that is unchanged and unchangeable. Thus there arises in us a deep and solemn emotion, born of the contrast of the finite and the infinite, the transitory and the eternal—an emotion that informs the noblest, if also the saddest, verses of the poets, and that lies at the basis of religion in all its forms and modes. Here in fact we have the first vague, shadowy and undefined conception of God. But observe that our attitude is mainly negative. The Supreme, we say to ourselves, is *not* any or all of these finite things that we see and hear and touch, but something altogether higher; He

does *not* pass away, but remains for ever; He does *not* change as they do, but is eternally the same; He is *not* limited but unlimited; He is *not* comprehensible but incomprehensible. Thus feeling and thinking, we part the universe in two, and on the hither side we set the Finite, Relative, Knowable, on the farther side the Infinite, Absolute, Unknowable.

This is the point which Mr. Spencer, by a circuitous course, has reached. Convinced of the finite and transitory character of all earthly things, and profoundly impressed with the unity underlying all things, he separates from the finite and infinite, the known and the unknown. The infinite he thinks of as a shadowy *yonder*, a vague illimitable something, which eludes the grasp of definite thought, and which, just because of its indefiniteness and impalpability, affords free play to the imaginative and emotional nature. And undoubtedly there is something fascinating in this conception. It is that which commended Pantheism to the ancient Hindoo, Gnosticism to the early Christian philosopher, and Mysticism to the mediæval thinker. But it is not the be-all and end-all of religion, but only its initial stage. It is impossible permanently to persuade people that in this vague and unsubstantial one, they have reached the *ultima Thule* of human comprehension. As inevitably as we say to ourselves 'the unknowable is,' there arises the question, 'but *what* is it?' There is no way of escaping from the dilemma, either of positively conceiving the infinite, or of confessing that imagination has outrun reality. That which the intellect cannot at all comprehend, the imagination will soon let drop. A God that is not known is for us no God. Him who is 'ignorantly worshipped' will, after a time, cease to be worshipped at all. To tell us that the unity of all existence is for ever inscrutable is to prepare the way for the rejection of all belief in the divine. But, as a

matter of fact, while Mr. Spencer and his followers proclaim the inscrutability of the infinite with their mouths, in their hearts they confess that He is 'not far from any one of us.' For they tell us that He is 'manifested to us in all existence,' and that which is so 'manifested' cannot be unknown, much less unknowable. The very idea of the unity of all things implies as much. For a unity cannot exist apart from that of which it is the unity. The law of gravitation is a unity that is manifested in the motion of worlds as well as in the fall of a stone, but it is not a mysterious something apart from its manifestations, but something revealing its nature in them. And what gravitation is to the world of matter, God is to the whole creation. He who is the perfect unity of all things, manifesting Himself in the minds and consciences of men as well as in the motions of worlds, cannot be hidden behind a thick cloud of darkness, but reveals His glory and majesty in the world we know. He must be sought, not in the empty grave of a dead and lifeless abstraction, but in the marvellous life and energy of the real universe. Men cheat themselves by words and phrases. They speak of the 'laws of nature,' as if law had any meaning apart from Him who clothes Himself in law; they speak of 'matter' as containing the 'promise and potency' of life, as if matter, when so defined, were not but another name for God as He manifests Himself in the physical world; they speak of 'force,' as if it were something visible to the eye of sense instead of being but the outward form of that which inwardly is intelligence; they speak of 'life' as if it could be fully explained by that which is lower than itself, and did not rather point upward to that which is higher; they speak of 'mind' as if it were a thing apart, externally acted upon, instead of being the key to all modes of existence. A writer in a recent number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY (July,

1879, p. 27), informs us that 'in the modern doctrine of development' we have a 'substitute for the religion, or rather the theology, which it tends to supersede.' If this means, that we may dispense with religion and theology because we can recount the successive forms which life has assumed in the course of ages, I confess that to me the doctrine of development seems as poor a substitute for the 'religion, or rather the theology,' which it does not 'tend to supersede,' as the proposition that every triangle contains two right angles. No scientific truth as such can serve as a 'substitute' for religion, simply because science does not seek, and so does not find, the evidence of intelligence in the world. But if, as I suspect, the writer means that the doctrine of evolution, by binding together all living beings in a chain of intelligible law, entitles us to infer the presence of an intelligence working for immeasurable ages towards a predetermined end, then we cannot indeed admit that this apprehension of a fact will take the place of religion (which is more than the apprehension of any number of facts), but we may admit that it goes some way in the direction of a true theology. Every addition to our knowledge, whether it be of the physical world, or the world of living beings, or the world of self-conscious and intelligent men, is, when brought into relation with that Being who 'manifests Himself to us in all existence,' an advance in the comprehension of His nature. And as the increase of knowledge has no cessation, as the discovery of truth is a perpetual process, we may grant that the Almighty cannot be 'found out to perfection,' *i.e.*, in the infinite fulness of His nature, while discarding the false and self-contradictory theory which holds that of Him we know nothing whatever. This recognition of the real, although partial, comprehension of the infinite, is at once the last result of a true philosophy and the point from which a true theology must



set out. And the humility to which it prompts is as far removed from the spurious humility which falls down in speechless awe before the Unknowable, as the vague and unintelligent dread of the savage before his fetish, from the enlightened reverence and love of the Christian for a revealed God.

These considerations lead to a truer conception of the intellectual development of man than is to be found either in Comte or in Spencer. As against the former, we must deny that the development of religion was a purely negative process, in which the belief in the divine was gradually refined away until it vanished into nothing; as against the latter, we must deny that the sole residuum of religious progress is the consciousness of an indefinable and unthinkable reality. Science and religion are inseparable strands of thought that have been intertwined from the dawn of intellectual activity. Their analytical separation should not make us forget the necessity of their real union to the highest comprehension of the universe. The knowledge of sensible and finite things and of their laws has been ever accompanied by the knowledge of a higher unity embracing and upholding them, and related to them as mind to matter, soul to body, or the garment to the form it covers. As science has continuously advanced to a clearer comprehension of the unity of the world—not the abstract unity of a colourless abstraction like the 'unknowable,' but the concrete unity of specialised laws—so religion, taking up the conclusions wrought out by science, has learned more and more to recognise God, not in caprice and arbitrariness, but in that steady and calculable action which is the most perfect evidence of intelligence and the highest expression of personality. The imperfections of the one have been

but the obverse and counterpart of the imperfections of the other. As the world ceased to be regarded as given up to chance and accident, and was seen to be governed by ordered harmony and law, so the religious consciousness learned to substitute for the arbitrary and capricious gods of an earlier age, a God of absolute perfection, not swayed from side to side by gusts of passion as men are prone to be, but moving on with the sure and unflinching steps of infinite power, intelligence and goodness. The advance of religion and the advance of science are really phases of one great movement of thought. The one has gained nothing that has not been equally a gain of the other. As that scientific curiosity which urges men on to the conquest of fresh fields of knowledge can never die away so long as man is man, so religion must continue to seek for ever worthier and nobler conceptions of God. Thus harmony is introduced into our view of the whole process of spiritual advance; and thus also we get rid of the fretful pessimism at present in fashion, as well as of its counterpart,

'The barren optimistic sophistries  
Of comfortable moles—'

the one springing from a selfish concentration on one's own petty pains, and the other from an equally selfish counting up of one's immediate pleasures—and we learn to sympathise with that large optimism of the purest and highest minds of all ages, which, without turning its back on the wretchedness and the evil of the world, contemplates all things 'under the form of eternity,' and rests in the indestructible faith of

'One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.'

## WINNIPEGOOSIS.

BY W. F. MUNRO, TORONTO.

THE Winnipegosis country is at present one of the most inaccessible regions of the North-West. There is but one way of getting into it, and that offers few of the conveniences or attractions of modern travel. Starting from Winnipeg with a half-breed guide and a couple of Red River carts to carry provisions for the trip, the explorer (tourist is not the word here) proceeds due north-west along a well worn trail running nearly parallel with the old survey of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and distant from it some ten or twelve miles. For twenty miles or so the road is through an almost dead level prairie; further on the land is more ridgy and uneven, the soil lighter and sometimes stoney. In Township 15, Range 2 west, we pass on the right a large sheet of brackish water, called Shoal Lake, swarming with pelican when we saw it last July. This is a very common bird in the North-West, an ugly unclean biped, with a bill over a foot in length, and a hideous pouch or fish bag where it stores its food, which is not always in the best condition. Some twenty miles further on brings us to Oak Point, on Lake Manitoba, and close to the boundary line of Keewatin, or the North-West Territory, as it is now called in the new maps. Here a post of the Hudson Bay Company has long been established, and around it have gathered a considerable population of half-breeds, some of them well to do in the world. Eight miles to the south there is another still larger settlement called the Saint Laurent Mission, which has a Roman Catholic establishment of some kind or

other. The land around both settlements is tolerably fair, being a black sandy loam resting on the universal white limestone, and having some loose stone through it. But there is really no farming done except by the few white men who have taken up claims in that quarter. The half-breed here, as elsewhere over the whole country, is content with a weedy ill-fenced garden patch, which he has probably never put a hand to himself. From one of these people, a very intelligent and trustworthy person, we hired a York boat for the trip up the lakes; we also engaged two French half-breeds, old *voyageurs* in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, who knew the country well. These, with Mr. Walter Dickson, of Water Hen river, an old Hudson Bay officer, the writer, and two boys made up the crew of the York boat. This is the only sort of craft as yet on these waters. It derives its name from the original pattern invented at York Factory for the navigation of the rivers running into Hudson Bay. It measures 35 feet in length, with 8 or 9 feet of a beam, pointed at the stern, and carrying a large square sail and six long heavy spruce oars. It is not exactly the thing for lake navigation as sailing is next to impossible except with a fair or nearly fair wind; when that fails there is nothing for it but to lie over in some convenient shelter and wait for a change.

We were favoured with prevailing south winds and made a good run to the Narrows, which divide Lake Manitoba into two nearly equal parts. Here the crossing of the Canadian Pa-

cific Railway was to have been, under the old survey and the Mackenzie administration. We hauled up at Mr. William Sifton's, who has charge of the telegraph line which here crosses the lake. Mr. Sifton has one or two white neighbours who came to settle beside him in the hope of the railway crossing near them, and who are not at all pleased with the change of route. The country all around here, unlike the lower portion of the lake, is thickly wooded with very good poplar, ash, and oak. Mr. Sifton and his neighbours have cleared a number of acres, which were filled with the very perfection of garden vegetables. The root crops in the north-west are a standing marvel, but here they were exceptionally excellent. We never before saw such potatoes or such cabbages, beets, onions, and carrots. It may be here said that Mr. Sifton tells a very different story from what has been so industriously circulated about the country eastward to Selkirk, along the old route of the Pacific Railway. He has travelled it frequently, and maintains that there are no difficulties in the location such as to warrant the change to the south of the lake. The old route would certainly have been the shortest to the Saskatchewan, as it would have been a good thing for the Narrows and the Winnipegosis country, which must long remain a *terra incognita*, unless something is done to put steamers on the lakes. On the other hand, the new route satisfies the Manitobans, and serves a settled country much in need of railway communication.

Sailing from the Narrows, and feeling grateful for the kind hospitality of our host and his amiable wife, we pass on the right the weird caves of the Manitou, where the 'untutored mind' was awed by the unseen power giving audible expression to itself. Northward in the distance rises 'the bluff,' and between, a wide expanse of lake, the most exposed,

and at times stormy, part of the waters north of the Narrows, but with a fair wind from the south, we made to within sight of the mouth of the Water Hen the same evening. A little before dark a squall rose, and we hauled up on the lea of an island for shelter and rest for the night. Rain came on, but we managed to start a fire on the beach, under the partial protection of the thick woods that came within a few feet of the water's edge. Our supper of duck pemmican, and the inevitable black tea, despatched, we lay down in our buffaloes and went to sleep, but at midnight our half-breeds raised a shout that the wind had changed, and our boat was in danger from the boulders on which she was hauled up, so we had to tumble into the stern sheets and get poled round a point of the island into shelter. It was pitch dark, and the rain came down in torrents—we had to remain in the boat. All next day, as we sailed and rowed up the Water Hen river, and the following night, as we camped on the shore, the rain came pouring down; buffalo robes, blankets, every stitch of clothing we had on, or could put on, were soaking wet. Next morning broke fine, and as we were making our way into Water Hen Lake, and round the turn into the river again, we had time to get a good dry. Not one of us caught the least cold after our forty-eight hour's drenching. The Water Hen river, as in the gloom and mist of the wet morning we entered it, had a strange Indian look about it. It would have hardly been a surprise to have seen an army of braves start like Roderick Dhu's warriors from the reeds and willows as we slowly passed up the stream. The banks are uniformly low, with a varying belt of tall bright green grass extending from the water's edge to the dark line of woods in the background. Sometimes the woods came even to the water's edge, receding in a semicircle to give place to the broad belt of meadow grass,

which is the prevailing feature of the banks on both sides. The clumps of willows and scattered poplar often occur on these green patches, adding much to their picturesque beauty, and often assuming the appearance of an artificial landscape. Many tempting locations for settlement occur along the whole extent of the river. The land is rich and heavily wooded, but the trees are seldom over a foot through at the butt; the clearing could thus be done with one-half the labour of the Ontario settler. The river is a beautiful clear stream with a pebbly bottom, never varying in depth more than a few inches, and stocked with the finest whitefish in the world! What more could be wished? and yet there is only one white man living on the Water Hen. The river flows nearly due south from Water Hen Lake, which receives its waters from Lake Winnipegosis through a stream also called Water Hen river, which flows due north, and thus parallel with the other river. The two rivers run in opposite directions, distant from each other not more than six miles at any point. About the middle of the first stream the current is a little swift for a few miles, but nothing to interfere in the least with navigation by steam. This part of the river gets the name of Rapids, which is rather misleading, as we got well over them before I was informed that they were so designated, and it would never have occurred to me to apply such a term to what was little more than a perceptible current. We might easily have pulled our boat through, but our half-breeds preferred 'tracking,' although that involved walking through wet grass up to the shoulders, and sometimes wading in the river waist deep, in order to cut off corners or keep the boat in the channel. With a heavy load 'tracking' has always to be resorted to, but the *voyageurs* are used to it, taking to water like true spaniels. White men would hardly do this kind of work. The Water Hen is the only floating

entrance into Winnipegosis, it adds thirty miles to the water stretch, and is the worst part of the route for a sailing craft, as the wind from any southern point, favourable as far as the 'turn,' is dead-a-head for the rest of the river passage into Winnipegosis. It will always be the *bête noire* of lake navigation, except for pleasure excursions which are still far enough away in the future. South-west, some eight or nine miles from the outlet of the Water Hen into Manitoba, the distance between the two lakes, Manitoba on the east and Winnipegosis on the west, is only one mile and three-quarters. The barrier between is a low, marshy neck of land, at the highest point not more than ten feet above the level of Winnipegosis. The difference of level between the lakes is said to be about eighteen feet. A cutting through Meadow portage, on this narrow neck of land, will no doubt be made some day, but unfortunately the water is shallow for a good way out on both lakes, so that besides the canal a long and wide channel leading up to it at both ends would require to be dredged out and something in the nature of breakwaters erected for the protection of vessels entering the canal, as there is no natural harbour on either side. The entire basin of the two lakes is hollowed out of a dull white limestone, somewhat shaley in texture, with the *debris* of which the shores of the lakes are almost everywhere strewed; the very sand seems to be nothing but granulated limestone. There would be no fear of the canal or the channels we have described being choked with mud or drift, as there is no sweeping current, but the bottom of the lakes, especially in the shallower parts, is crowded with boulders, and as ice forms at the bottom, the stones are lifted in the spring and floated about. But the filling up of the channels from this cause might be guarded against in the form and construction of the breakwaters.

Mr. Dickson, my *compagnon de voy-*

*age*, is a close and intelligent observer of natural phenomena ; we had many interesting discussions on the geology and physical geography of the lake region. It was his opinion that the whole country was undergoing a gradual elevation. At one point on the east shore of Lake Manitoba, below the Narrows, where we camped for a short time, we observed, inland some 200 yards or so, a clearly defined beach, as if the water had just left it ; it was at least ten feet higher than the present beach. Between it and the present beach was a low marsh, full of tall reedy grass. An old Indian half-breed lived in a house built a few yards above this former beach, and had been there for more than twenty-five years. He told us that when he first settled in the country the water was up to where his house now stood, and he pointed out a tree to which he used to fasten his canoe. The question naturally arose, what has caused the shrinkage? In support of his theory of a gradual elevation of the land, Mr. Dickson related some curious facts which came under his observation during his residence of thirteen years on the east coast of Hudson Bay. As he alludes to these facts in a manuscript work, illustrating his Arctic experiences, which has been put into the hands of the writer with a view to future publication, I will take the liberty of giving his own words :

‘An old Indian pilot, named Swallow, a native of the country, whose whole life had been passed in this part of the coast (near Cape Jones, east coast Hudson Bay), assured me that many of the islands in this particular quarter had risen above the sea during his own life time, having been only mere shoals when he was a boy. The Indian Swallow, when wandering about the hills near the sea coast one day, came upon an old ship’s anchor firmly jammed into a crevice of a rock on the very summit of a hill fully four hundred feet above the present sea

level. The anchor had undoubtedly been lost by some ship which must have found several fathoms of water above this very hill. One fluke of the anchor, settled into the crevice of the rock, could only have been lifted out of its place by a buoy rope or chain attached to the crown. Whether this was attempted or not is uncertain, but probably it was not, for there was no hole in the crown for any such line. It is probable that the anchor itself had only a hemp cable attached to it originally, as neither shackle nor any portion of a chain was found. A clumsy wooden stock, very much decayed, but still recognisable as oak, was found attached, and the iron, although a good deal corroded and scaled off, showed that it had been used on a large vessel, and must have once weighed a ton weight in iron alone.’

One would suppose that the tipping up of the end of a continent would back up the waters flowing towards that end and rather raise than lower the level in the upper courses. This would undoubtedly happen if the continent were a perfectly level plain, and the lower end raised above the axis of elevation, but would scarcely be expected in the case of the land between the lakes and Hudson Bay, so long as the Nelson river has a downhill course with abrupt and frequent rapids. To account for the shrinkage spoken of, on the theory of an elevation of the land, we must either suppose the elevation to have been local, or its axis to have been at a point far removed from the present lakes. There is another theory which struck the writer forcibly, when coasting the south shore of Lake Manitoba, on our return trip. The entire south end of this lake is now bare of timber like the surrounding prairie and for probably the same reason ; that it has been swept by fires. But at no very distant date heavy forests must have lined the shores, and these would resist the encroachment of the waters, which are now blown by the north

wind and scattered over wide areas to the south and west. Mr. Sifton informed us that the depth of the water at the Narrows varied constantly with the change of wind. With a prevailing north wind the water fell at least two feet, returning to its former level in a calm or with a south wind. A north wind, which had been blowing for two days and had taken us to the foot of the lake, was followed by a calm, and we had a striking illustration of the backward flow of the water which began after the wind abated—the writer, in swimming across the narrow entrance into Lake Francis, being carried a considerable distance out by the current. Supposing the waters that now fill Lake Francis and the other interminable bays, creeks, and marshes at the south end of the lake—not to speak of those on the west side, were recovered and held within a secure and well-defined boundary such as existed when the forests were standing, the level of the whole lake would be raised probably to the height of the deserted beach above mentioned.

But to return to the Water Hen where we were about to make the bend to the south, on our way to the upper lake. Here we touch an Indian reserve, and are met by the whole Water Hen band, men, women and children, who turn out to see us. Some of the men boarded our boat and gave us a hand at the oars, some held up pails of berries, offering them for a little flour. We passed another reserve at Dog Creek below the Narrows, but the band were away on a bear hunt and we saw none of them. These Indians are nearly all Swampy Creeks and are included in Treaty number two, numbering less than a thousand all told, scattered over several reservations. The agent in charge of them, that is who pays them the treaty money, resides several days' journey from some of the reservations and not immediately in the neighbourhood of any. Each band, on selecting its own reser-

vation, was promised a supply of farming implements, such as ploughs, harrows, waggons, &c., and a certain number of oxen. Some five or six years ago the Water Hen band got their implements, but up to the time we met them the oxen had not arrived. Meantime the ploughs and harrows were rotting, or had been sold for a handful of tea. Thus are our Indian affairs managed in the North West! The late appointment of Instructors is probably a step in the right direction if a proper selection has been made, and if they do away with the small reservations, and prevent the wily half-breeds from mixing with the bands and sowing the seeds of discontent and rebellion.

The north branch of the Water Hen, which we now turned, is much the same in appearance as the south branch. Although the water was at its highest, there was no perceptible current. Rather more than a mile from where the river opens out into the lake, or rather where the lake narrows into the river, and on the left or west bank, we came to Walter Dickson's house, a substantial log building 32 x 24 feet, the timbers of good-sized spruce, nicely hewn, and the corners neatly joined. Here we notice the same perfection of garden vegetables as we were struck with at the Narrows. The soil is the same and so is the timber, with the addition of spruce which occurs in clumps, never in continuous belts. Mr. Dickson selected this spot in the belief that, sooner or later, he would witness and reap the benefit of the change which accompanies the opening up of a country rich in natural resources, and requiring only to be known in order to be settled. It is more than probable that he will not have to wait a great while to see the steamboat passing his door. We enter Lake Winnipegosis, or rather a long arm of the lake, which, as before said, narrows into the Water Hen river. Coasting along the west side, we come to Salt Point, and encounter the same

difficulty with the wind as at the turn of the Water Hen. Here we notice the remains of the Hon. James McKay's salt works. The wells are now pretty much diluted, but on the supposition that the salt beds underlie the uniform limestone formation of this region, which is in the highest degree probable from other surrounding indications, there is nothing to hinder the successful manufacture of salt. Properly sunk wells, with a small engine to pump the brine and a couple of wooden steam-pans, would not involve a great outlay, and when it is considered what a barrel of salt is worth at the Saskatchewan, when it costs about \$25 to take it there, the wonder is that no one has taken the manufacture in hand long ago. But of course little more can be done than what was very inadequately attempted by Mr. McKay, until the means of transport are provided. It may be asked why have not the Winnipegers, or some other enterprising Manitobans, gone into the whole question of the opening up of this great region, including the manufacture of salt, the mining of coal on the Saskatchewan, along with other enterprises of great pith and moment appertaining to the development of the Winnipegosis country. The answer is easy to those acquainted with the people of the North-West. They are too busy with what they have on hand already, and are strange to all projects that require time to mature.

Rounding Salt Point we have to wait for a south wind which, at length, takes us on our way north. Passing Ladle Island, and Red Deer Point, we come to Birch Island, covering an area of 55 square miles, said to be the best timber limit on the lakes; the lease of it was purchased at the auction sale on the first of September last by Mr. Whitehead, the railway contractor, for \$6,000 over the upset price of \$20 per square mile, which was the highest price paid for any of the nineteen limits then put up for sale. Mr.

Whitehead also purchased the limit of Red Deer Point, including Coleman's Island, an area of 34 square miles, for \$1010. Neither of these limits, though probably the best the country affords, can be said to be valuable in the sense we in Ontario would apply to timber limits. The spruce, for which they are alone at present valuable, does not show in close belts like the pine forests on the Ottawa, but is scattered among the other timber, and at best, is seldom more than 18 inches through. Sawed into rough lumber, however, it is worth \$30 a thousand at the foot of the lake; and this is found to have attraction sufficient to allure several into the business. A mill is already in operation at Totogan, on the south-west end of Lake Manitoba, and the owners have nearly completed a steamboat to be used for hauling logs. At the auction sale they purchased several good limits, one on the east of the Water Hen river, for which the sum of \$810 over the upset price was paid. Another firm, who managed to secure one or two limits, have taken steps this fall in the direction of putting up a saw-mill and building a steamboat.

From the north-east point of Birch Island it is almost a straight line due north some forty miles to Mossy Portage between Winnipegosis and Cedar Lake on the Saskatchewan, of which this lake is merely an expansion, but a pretty extensive one forming a sheet of water, in some places, much wider than any stretch across Winnipegosis. From the north-east corner of this lake, where it narrows again into something like river dimensions, the distance to where it enters Lake Winnipeg is only about twelve miles, but in that short space it makes some curious developments, in one place expanding into a second lake, and having a total fall of about 60 feet divided over five rapids, ranging from one to seven feet in height. The Grand Rapids have a fall of  $43\frac{1}{2}$  feet in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, to avoid which, the

Hudson Bay Company have built a tramway some four miles in length at a cost of \$20,000. There are no such serious obstructions to the navigation of the Saskatchewan above Cedar Lake, and it will be readily seen that if this lake were once connected with Winnipegosis, which is exactly on the same level, a new and much shorter and better route to the Saskatchewan would at once be established. That a canal will be cut sooner or later, may be taken for granted. Mossy Portage, though it is only three miles in a straight line across, may not be the best place to make the connection. It has been chosen on account of its approach from Cedar Lake, commencing at the bottom of a fine bay, having a depth of six feet, at a distance of two hundred yards from the shore, from which, southward, the portage passes over a corduroy road built by the Hudson Bay Company through a swamp three-quarters of a mile in length, then over a fine hard ridge, gradually rising in height till within a quarter of a mile of Winnipegosis, when it descends suddenly into the lake. The highest part of the ridge is about 93 feet above the lake, which would involve serious cutting to make a canal, but the writer has been informed that at some other point called Mud Portage, the Indians can cross in their canoes in the spring from the one lake to the other without portaging; if such be the case, the cutting of a canal four feet deep would be an easy matter and might all be done with a dredge. It may be asked why the Hudson Bay Company have not utilised this route, instead of the one by Lake Winnipeg. In the first place, they have an established post at Norway House, which for more than a hundred years has been their headquarters and distributing point for the north-west as far as Hudson Bay. It is convenient to the mouth of the Saskatchewan, so that, in a manner, they have been forced to use this route; besides, the Hudson Bay Company are famed for a dislike

to innovation. At the same time, they have not been quite indifferent to the Winnipegosis route, for their fine steamer the *Colville*, which plies between Selkirk, Norway House, and the Grand Rapids, was built with the intention of putting her on Lake Manitoba, which they expected her to reach by way of Fairford through the Little Saskatchewan, as it used to be called, though they could not get her through. Even if this could have been managed, the steamer's draft of five feet would have prevented her from ever getting up the Water Hen; 1200 cords of wood were cut and distributed over the *Colville's* intended route, but not a stick ever went into her furnaces.

It is not at all likely that the Hudson Bay Company, under its present auspices, will again attempt the operation of this other lake route, especially in view of its early opening-up by private enterprise. If the Company decided to take any steps in this direction, it would only be for the purpose of shutting out others and maintaining their hold on the country, which has long been one of their choicest preserves; but times have changed with the Hudson Bay Company since 1870, and they are no longer in a position to compete successfully with individual enterprise.

The development of the Winnipegosis country as a financial or speculative project will best prosper in the hands of a strong private company. Commencing on a small scale, say with one steamer on the lakes and another on the river, no extraordinary risk whatever would be incurred, for there would be a certainty from the very start of getting the greater part of the freight which is now carried every year from Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan.

At the very lowest calculation, there is said to be one thousand tons of freight carried to the Saskatchewan country and the far North-West by Red River carts alone every year, at an average cost of \$200 per ton. The



lowest rate ever paid has been, in one or two instances, this year \$8.50 per 100 lbs., and it is said to have been as high as \$14. \$200,000 paid every year for the carriage of freight to one of the most sparsely settled countries in the world, what would the amount be when the valley of the Saskatchewan—the Garden of the North-West—teems, as it must in a few years, with a large population. It may be said that the Pacific Railway, when completed to the Saskatchewan, will be a sufficient outlet to this great country, but the railway will only serve the country west of where it strikes the river, and wherever that be, it will be far to the west of Winnipegosis, leaving untouched and unprovided for the great regions of the Swan River, the Red Deer River, the Duck Mountains, the Porcupine and the Basquia Hills. We did not explore any part of this region, but Mr. Dawson, who ascended the Swan River in a canoe, in 1868, thus describes the country:—‘From Winnipegosis Lake to Swan Lake the distance is about six miles. The stream which connects them is, appropriately enough, called Shoal River, which varies in breadth from 150 to 300 feet, and is very shallow, though having a swift current. About Swan Lake the country is very interesting. Numerous islands appear in the Lake. To the north, an apparently level and well-wooded country extends to the base of the Porcupine Range, while to the south the blue outline of the Duck Mountains is seen on the verge of the horizon. Ascending from Swan Lake for two miles or so, the banks of the Swan River are low. In the succeeding ten miles they gradually become higher until they attain the height of 100 feet above the river. About thirty miles above Swan Lake, the prairie region fairly commences. There the river winds about in a fine valley, the banks of which rise to the height of from eighty to one hundred feet; beyond these an apparently unbroken level

extends on one side for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to the Porcupine Hills, and for an equal distance on the other side to the high table-land called the Duck Mountains. From the south, westward to Thunder Mountain, the country is the finest ever seen in a state of nature. The prospect is bounded by the blue outline of the hills named, while in the plain, alternate wood and prairie present an appearance more pleasing than if either entirely prevailed.’

A grant of land in this region would greatly strengthen a private company and aid in developing the country, provided the company was bound to sell to actual settlers at not more than one dollar per acre. Nor would such a grant be too much to ask as an equivalent for cheap freights and the opening up of a territory rich in coal and salt, which could only be rendered available for consumption by the operation of such a company. There is no doubt as to the existence of coal in the valley of the Saskatchewan, for it is found in extensive veins cropping out on the banks of the river, ready to be put on barges and thus transported by the shortest and cheapest route to the City of Winnipeg and the bare prairie country to the south of the lakes.

The principal part of the capital of such a company would be invested in the works required at each end of the lakes, and ultimately perhaps, in connecting the lakes by means of a canal at Meadow Portage, as already referred to. The Canadian Pacific Railway, west of Winnipeg, is located near the fourth base line, passing within ten to fifteen miles of the south end of Lake Manitoba. There are one or two good points on the south-east of the lake, from which a tramway could be built south, to connect with the railway, but if the present location of the road should be changed to one further north, as at the present writing it is supposed it will, the line will pass Portage Creek, which is further west, at or near a point from which navigation to the

lake could easily be rendered possible for steamers of light draft, and only such could be used with safety on the lakes even if the Water Hen river were left out of the course by having a canal at Meadow Portage. If no change, however, is made in the location, a tramway from the crossing at Portage Creek or some point east or west of it to its nearest navigable point would be shorter and probably less expensive an undertaking than the one south from the eastern end of the lake. The works at the head of Winnipegosis to connect with Cedar Lake would be of a more formidable character, but quite within the scope of a good com-

pany's operations, even if it should be found necessary to cut through the line of Mossy Portage already described. Perhaps the most serious portion of the undertaking would be to provide shelter in that exposed part of the lake; the same difficulty being met here as at Meadow Portage, only that the depth of water is greater, being at least six feet at a distance of 70 yards from the shore, near Mossy Portage. We hope to see an attempt made, at no distant day, to open up this new route, as there can be no question as to the great interests involved in it, and the advantage it would be to the whole North-West.

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TIME.

BY GEO. E. SHAW.

O'FT have I thought an hour would never go,  
 Yet see how soon, how sure, whole years are gone!  
 Impatience seems to check the fragments' flow,  
 While the main stream doth glide unceasing on.  
 We cannot trifle with the sweeping stream,  
 Nor make a trial-passage to the main;  
 We pass but once along, and when we seem  
 Experience-taught, then is experience vain.  
 And yet withal, Time's stern, unyielding will  
 Perhaps works well to Earth, for could the base  
 Renew their course, and do their evil still,  
 They'd work more harm than Virtue could efface,  
 And hence 'tis better, better far, I see,  
 That Time should onward flow unceasingly.

TORONTO.

## ARCHITECTURE IN CANADA.

BY R. C. WINDEYER, TORONTO.

THERE is no art in the Dominion so little studied, so little understood, but withal of such great importance to the individual and to society at large as Architecture. For the last few years, on account of the wealth accumulated in the country, buildings of all classes have been put up through the length and breadth of the land.

In the large cities, such as Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, and London, men following exclusively the profession of architecture are to be met with, and from these men, with few exceptions, have also emanated the designs for churches and other more or less important buildings in smaller towns and villages. It has been repeatedly said that nothing shows more clearly the state of civilization at which a country has arrived than its architecture. With the historian, poet, and artist, the ruins of cities that once swayed the destinies of empires have ever been subjects of deepest interest. Rome and Athens to-day, with their broken shafts, dilapidated arches, and mutilated temples, tell the beholder, more clearly even than history and tradition, of a civilization long since passed away—they are living memorials of the wealth and brain power of past ages.

Such being the effect that architects of the past, especially those of the mediæval ages, have left on the present, it certainly behoves us of to-day to see that an art, the importance of which none can gainsay, is carried on by competent and skilled men. On account of wealth being more generally diffused now-a-days than

formerly, combined with the fact that modern civilization is of an entirely different type from that which preceded it, more money in the aggregate is spent upon building than perhaps in any previous era of the world's history. Inasmuch as no building with any pretensions to ornamentation can be put up without a plan, it follows that men more or less skilled in both construction and design must be employed. A knowledge of no art can be obtained without the study and application of the principles involved in that art. A surgeon must have studied anatomy before he can, without danger to life, amputate a limb. A physician must have studied the properties of drugs before he can, with safety, prescribe a remedy for a disease. A lawyer must go through a set curriculum before practising in a court of law, and as a rule an apprenticeship is necessary to be gone through in order to understand any one of the various avocations incidental to a highly civilized state of society. Were this not a fact; had not experience taught mankind that a certain amount of training is absolutely requisite to the proper practice and profession of any art, the English language would never have possessed such words as 'charlatan,' 'empiric,' 'quack,' and 'mountebank.' Truly has it been said that words are like fossils in which are imbedded realities long since passed away, which else would never have been known, or if known, probably forgotten. Since, as remarked above, men more or less skilled in construction and design must be employed by the public in making

plans for every description of building, it behoves society to protect itself against false and presumptuous professors in an art, partly æsthetic, but to a greater extent, essentially practical. The word architect means 'chief workman,' and not as commonly accepted, 'draughtsman.' As architecture is now practised, it is contended that without certain necessary safeguards, such as exist in the legal and other so-called learned professions, the public interests are not sufficiently protected. It has been remarked that architectural works should be the utterance of public sympathy and should not be treated by those interested in them in the spirit of a clique. Architecture is daily becoming more depressed, faulty, and full of shams, from the interference of sciolists and connoisseurs. An architectural work is chiefly valuable for its details, but so long as the designs for buildings are selected by men who know nothing whatever of the correctness or incorrectness of those details, and who are guided by those calling themselves 'architects,' who, in their turn, studiously ignore the art-workman and the intellectual labour of the artisan, so long will money be squandered on unsightly buildings, and our public edifices be destitute of artistic power and feeling. The public being wholly uninformed on such subjects generally defer to the opinion of these sciolists and connoisseurs, who having neither confidence in themselves nor in any architectural draughtsman, advertise throughout the length and breadth of the land for designs, fondly imagining that they will obtain thereby the best plans at the least price. Facts prove, however, that no first-class piece of architecture has, in any part of the world, been put up from a competitive design. No architect who loves his profession simply as an art, and for the pleasure he derives from its pursuit, but only he who regards his calling as a money-making one, will risk his reputation on the 'competition die.'

Building committees, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are composed of men unable to judge of the merits or demerits of the plans submitted to them, and as a consequence, a man who thoroughly understands his profession is very chary of exposing his work to an ordeal he cannot precisely gauge. He cannot tell that his judges are not ignorant; he does not know that they are not venal and partial, and therefore does not like to run the chance of an inferior work, with public acclamation, being preferred to his superior one. The premiums offered by these building committees for what they consider the best design are so despicable, that even a man who is doing a good business and does not perchance understand architecture, either as an art or a science, will not withdraw his attention from a certainty for an uncertainty.

These building committee men seem to forget the old saying, 'that a labourer is worthy of his hire.' They forget that a doctor is paid his bill, even if his patient has taken adulterated drugs and died a lingering death. They forget that a lawyer is paid his fee, even if he has made faulty pleadings, and thereby lost the widow her last mite. They forget that a merchant does not buy a cargo of wheat or import a thousand dollars' worth of a 'special line' of goods on the chance of Mr. So-and-so taking either the one or the other off his hands. Physicians and barristers do not come in crowds, and bring hundreds of prescriptions and deeds made on speculation for a man's approval, yet it is no uncommon thing for so-called architects to swarm like bees round a man and ask him to take a pick from their rejected wares. A man who writes 'Architect' after his name has a great variety of things to know and understand, totally distinct from the qualifications of a mere draughtsman. He should be a judge of all kinds of material used in building, their qualities, properties, strength, durability, etc., together with their

various methods of mechanical workmanship, and, likewise, should possess a thorough knowledge of English so as to write out a clear and unambiguous specification, in order that justice may be done both to his employer and to the mechanics who carry out his plans. Inasmuch as many valuable works on architecture are written in French and Latin, a knowledge of these two languages is a decided advantage, though perhaps not a necessity; yet without the capacity of reading any other language than one's own, a man can scarcely be said to be liberally educated. A mere draughtsman—a man who has spent but three or five years in an office—is totally unable to acquire a sufficient knowledge of both the æsthetic and practical features of architecture, so as to be entrusted with the designing and execution of a building of any importance. The average time that a young man, say from sixteen to eighteen years of age, spends in an architect's office is between two and three years, and by the time he is twenty-one years old, he casts his bread on the waters, and puts forth his sign as 'Architect.' Full of self-importance, and with builders anxious to do any work he may chance to obtain, flattering him and paying apparent deference to his architectural skill, he ceases to study, even if he has the inclination, and the consequence is, if he succeeds in business, he assists, with others of the same stamp, in putting up buildings in which the five orders are burlesqued; in erecting edifices which are nauseous imitations of the Farnese Palace; and in constructing churches with tin spires and flying buttresses in honour of Him who hates a lie.

Architects who are in the habit of competing, being aware that the men composing building-committees and who select the designs, do not understand the meaning of a line when drawn, or whether the specification is correctly written, use all their skill to catch them by glare and frippery, and

in this way a once noble art is degraded. Competent architects are set on one side because they will not pander to ignorance and conceit, and buildings are put up which remain till they are either burnt or pulled down, or crumble away from faulty construction—memorials of the folly of those who selected the designs and of the incompetence and want of experience of those who made the plans. Competition amongst architects, it is contended, puts a premium on quackery and fraud by its almost forcing men to display their designs in the most meretricious garb, based upon a false estimate of the cost, in order that they may have a show of superiority over other plans that may be chaste and pure and which rest upon a true estimate of the cost. Competition nominally aims at obtaining the best skill in the market, but fails for the reasons above stated, and also from the fact that one who has been but two or three years at the business may hit off a design or plan that captivates the uninitiated, and, from want of skill and experience, may make such errors in his detail-drawings and specifications as to cause the expenditure of thousands of dollars more than the contemplated outlay, in order to render the 'captivating building' even fit for occupancy.

Architecture cannot raise its head without wealth, and since wealth is now more diffused than formerly, and not confined (as in days gone by) to the educated and upper classes of society, it has long been under popular influences which are always fickle, unsettled, and more or less inimical to the spread of true art.

Painting, which is essentially a fine art, has undergone the same deterioration; the object of the present race of artists being to paint pictures to suit the masses, but not to raise the standard of art. Inasmuch as people are surrounded in daily life by bricks and mortar, and as the outward eye is naturally affected by what it sees, it

forms an estimate from the objects presented to it. It is common to hear men, otherwise tolerably informed, openly avow that they do not understand architecture, but that they know well what pleases the eye. Such people, however, forget that unless that which is continually around them and before their eyes, is more or less refined, they are totally unable, except by study and contemplation, to form a correct idea of what is chaste and elegant. People who have, from early childhood, heard no music except that which meets their ears from the hand-organ on the street, would have but a poor appreciation of Mozart and Beethoven. The man who says he knows what pleases his eye in matters of architecture, and sets himself up as a connoisseur when his whole life has been spent in a place where nothing but bricks and mortar, heaped up without regard to either art or science, have been constantly before him, and who has never read about or studied the art, is as much able to give an intelligent opinion upon what is correct, chaste, and pure in architecture, as the man whose knowledge and taste of music has been acquired by listening to the soft and dulcet strains of the street-organ. In both of these imaginary cases it is apparent that something more than good eyesight and perfect hearing is necessary to appreciate or understand what is truly correct and pleasing in art. In truth, it is cultivation or training, and without that, no man, whatever his abilities may be, can give a correct opinion upon anything relating to architecture, sculpture, painting, or music. The poet who wrote—

It is the mind that sees, the outward eyes  
Present the object, but the mind describes,

knew full well the necessity and value of cultivation.

From this lack of knowledge and the uncritical faculty of the public, it comes that the profession of architecture has in its ranks men totally incompetent,

who yet, at the same time, hold, in popular estimation, more or less prominent positions.

In order that the practice of architecture should not be followed by incompetent men, and that money should not be wasted, and our towns studded with unsightly and badly constructed buildings, it is contended that the Legislature should throw its protecting ægis around architecture, and compel every one who follows it as a profession and a means of livelihood to undergo, in common with land-surveyors, lawyers, and others, an examination as to his skill and capacity.

Competition amongst architects has lowered the standard of the artisan, inasmuch as the former having, in but few instances, sufficient knowledge to guide the latter in the conduct of his art, prefer employing one who knows just enough to keep them straight in matters of strength and stability to one who is so thorough a mechanic as not to be persuaded to violate his art by carrying into execution any crudity or absurd novelty in matters of detail.

Another cause of the decline in building and architecture is, that cheap labour is carrying the day against skilled, and so long as that is the case, the thorough and intelligent mechanic must lose ground, and his place be supplied by men who have never served their apprenticeship to what they profess to follow. Men who have no pride in their art, have, as a rule, no character either for skill or integrity to maintain. A mechanic, now-a-days, is not employed because he is skilled and honest in the conduct of his craft, and consequently has no inducement to earn a good name in these respects, inasmuch as he knows that the veriest tyro will be employed, if he undertakes to do the work at a lower price. A good mechanic, for his skill, and the benefits he bestows on society, is entitled to a better position than he now holds, and it is much to be doubted whether more real ability is not required by those who execute the finest

joiner work, put life into stone, turn an intricate vaulted arch, and make the exquisitely wrought engines that drive our looms, railway cars, and steamboats, than by those who sell tea, sugar, dry goods, and grain, or who dabble in stocks. The system of suretyship also works prejudicially in matters of building, and causes, in many instances, good and reliable mechanics to be ignored, by placing skill at a discount and money at a premium. Suretyship, moreover, adds to, instead of diminishes, the cost of building, simply for the reason that if a mechanic is skilled in his calling and has not the means to procure the necessary funds as a guarantee for the carrying out of his contract, his tender is rejected and the work is given, often at a higher price, to one who may not be as skilled, but who is able to furnish the requisite guarantee. In large and heavy undertakings, especially in those of railways, the system of causing the contractor to find suretyship, moreover, enhances the cost of construction, while no advantage at all accrues to the public either in the quality of the work or in securing the completion of the contract by the time specified. Were the system of suretyship abolished, there is no doubt but that work would be done cheaper and better, and contracts would be carried out by skilled men, and not, as is often the case now, by a man who has money, but has no knowledge personally of construction. We in Canada are apt to look to England for whatever is excellent in the arts and sciences, and doubtless the Motherland, in many instances, is a good exemplar. But notwithstanding the vast sums of money that have been spent in England on ecclesiastical edifices during the last quarter of a century, there is no disputing the fact that the architects there have put up no buildings comparable with those of the mediæval craftsmen. The main reason of this is, that architecture, even there, has also been under the controlling influence of scio-lists and connoisseurs, and that any-

thing which showed that wealth had been spent upon it has been mistaken for art.

The restorations that have been made by such men as Scott, Street, Burgess, and others, have detracted from the beauties of the original works, and the people of England should rejoice to know that Dean Stanley and other architectural amateurs were foiled in their almost successful scheme of 'restoring and beautifying' St. Paul's Cathedral. As with us, the draughtsman there has been exalted, the thorough architect passed over, and the art-workman entirely ignored; and until the mere draughtsman finds his proper level, and the competent architect works hand-in-hand with the art workman, no improvement will take place, and the public will be the sufferers. A short time since, in Toronto, architects were invited to compete for a large building, which drew out a number of designs. The building-committee had not amongst its members a single person possessing any knowledge of plans or of architecture. The most highly-coloured and flaunty drawing, with statues here and there on the façades, was chosen. The architect who made the design knew full well that the statues could never be put up at the cost, and his only object in showing them on the design was to catch the unwary, and give a better aspect to the building than it would have without them. The ruse succeeded; the design with imaginary statues was accepted, but, of course, they were never put up, no places having been left for such ornamentations by the fraudulent designer and the no less criminal committee. In church architecture especially, there ought to be, above all things, truth and honesty of construction, yet in no class of buildings is there more sham and dishonesty. A building erected to the Almighty ought not to appear better than it is by artificial means. No-

thing is to be more deprecated than making a church appear rich and beautiful in the eyes of men, yet at the same time full of trick and of falsehood.

All plaster, cast-iron, and composition ornaments, painted like stone, are the veriest impositions, and notably unfit for a sacred edifice. 'Omne secundum ordinem et honeste fiat.' Let people build according to their means, and consistently with truth, and not endeavour to aim at grandeur by fictitious effect. Plain stone and brick work, and wooden principals and rafters impress the mind with feelings of reverential awe which never can be produced by cement and plaster imitations of stone groining and elaborate tracery, any more than by tin spires, tin pinnacles, and tin flying buttresses, which in these days are stuck about churches in painful profusion.

From want of knowledge, it is no uncommon thing to find the entrance gates and archway to a cemetery adorned with pagan instead of Christian emblems. Had the Romans not practised burning instead of burying their dead, they would not have used cinerary urns; had they believed in the glories of the Resurrection, they would not have sacrificed bulls and goats, and decorated the friezes with the heads of goats and oxen, nor placed the inverted torch of despair on their mausoleums. They were at least consistent: we are grossly inconsistent. In matters purely mechanical, the architect of the present day has far superior advantages to his professional brother of ancient or mediæval days,

and should avail himself of such improvements, confine them to their legitimate uses, and prevent their being substituted for nobler arts.

There is too much reason to fear that the wealth and art-taste of the present day lean towards ready-made manufacture. Nevertheless, castings for ornamental sculpture should be entirely rejected as bringing about monotonous repetition in place of beautiful variety, flatness of execution for bold relief, while encouraging cheap and false magnificence.

Branding-irons were formerly used for marking slaves, and most appropriate is their use for marking owners' and makers' names on carriages and machinery; but when used to replace the sculptor's art they tend to subvert a principle, and in this way mechanical inventions in untrained and unskilled hands become degrading and objectionable.

A piece of architecture differs from a painting, inasmuch as the latter can, when finished, be concealed from view if found to be discreditable, while the former, if faulty and mean, remains a public eye-sore and mars the beauty, it may be, of nature. For this reason, and many others, it behoves the public to know that those following the profession of architecture are educated and skilled men. At the present time any one, whether skilled or not, may set up as an architect; but for the public weal, considering the vast importance and varied ramifications of the building trade, it is necessary that the Legislature should protect its interests.



## AUTUMN RAIN.

BY J. R. WILKINSON, LEAMINGTON.

All day I've sat and listen'd and watch'd  
 The drearily falling rain ;  
 Driven by wearily sounding winds  
 Against my window pane ;  
 The clouds drift low in the sombre valley,  
 Obscured is the lonely sea ;  
 Yet mournful tones from her heaving bosom  
 Are borne on the winds to me.

All nature seems dead, or dying,  
 Enshrouded as by a pall ;  
 Mouldering leaves in eddies flying  
 Flutter in heaps against the wall.  
 All day on my sensitive ear,  
 'Mid the withered grass and flowers,  
 Beats the rain like mourner's tears,  
 Grieving sadly through all the hours.

There are lonely graves on the hillside ;  
 There are thoughts that are full of pain ;  
 There are dreams, and regrets that are waken'd  
 To-day by the Autumn Rain !  
 And I listen in vain for a footfall,  
 For a voice that's hush'd and still ;  
 Whose flute-like tones so tender,  
 Could all my being thrill.

There is silence upon the uplands  
 (Save the sob of the wind and rain) ;  
 No note of the song-birds greet me  
 From forest, or vale, or plain.  
 They are gone with the beautiful summer,  
 To a clime by the south winds fann'd ;  
 With never a care, nor a sorrow  
 In that far off Southern land.

And I would go hence in the gloaming,  
 E'er the light of the soul be dead ;  
 I would rest where no earthly turmoil  
 Could disturb my lowly bed :  
 And, perhaps, at the heavenly dawning,  
 Far beyond the light of the spheres,  
 I shall hear that voice and footfall  
 Through all Eternity's years !

## THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, TORONTO.

## I.

IN Pepys' Diary we have 'one of the most curious records of the seventeenth century.' It covers, it is true, only ten years, but they are years of great interest to all who love to linger over the pages of England's history. During that period the Commonwealth passed away, and Charles ascended the throne of his fathers; the great plague devastated the metropolis one year, and an ever-memorable fire buried it in ashes the next; in England the Act of Uniformity became law, and Episcopacy triumphed; in Scotland the popular voice denounced prelacy, as it had before denounced popery, and hill-side and valley were dyed with the blood of the adherents of the Covenant. The decade covered by this journal is excelled in importance by few decades in our history since the days of Egbert, perhaps only by those in which a Norman Conqueror assumed the kingship, a Papal usurpation was cast off, and an Oliver Cromwell raised his native land to the rank of a great and powerful nation. We may justly, then, expect to find much in the pages of one such as Pepys to instruct and edify.

Not only is there a value attached to this work from the fact of its dealing with so interesting a period, but it has a peculiar worth besides. Clarendon wrote his 'History of the Rebellion,' and Burnet his 'History of His Own Time,' from personal and party standpoints. They may both be very trustworthy works in the main, but the colouring would be far

from acceptable to every one. Pepys is not writing history. He has nothing to do with the past or with the future, but with an individual present. Day by day he writes a brief account of what he has seen, and heard, and done, simply for his own benefit, and it would seem without a thought or an intention of its ever being read by any other eye than his own. We have thus, as it were, a view into the inner self of the man. The work may be, as Charles Knight says, 'the most amusing exhibition of garrulous egotism that the world has seen;' but we feel that we can trust it. There are no political or ecclesiastical shadings to mislead one; nothing to compel one to read with caution akin to that which is necessary to be observed when walking amid pitfalls or near quicksands. I admit we shall find much in these pages to smile at—many weaknesses, many foolish ideas; we shall miss the spirit of piety so refreshing in Evelyn, and the love of God's world of nature so delightful in Gilbert White, but it is because Pepys does not assume that which he has not. He is not a pious man nor a naturalist, and does not claim to be either. He is just a simple-hearted, honest, vain, and, I fear I must add, selfish old fellow, that you may learn from and laugh over to your heart's content.

Samuel Pepys lived in an age not so remote from the present in time as differing from it in its social and national life. In his day there were no

railways, no telegraphs, no steamboats, no penny post, few newspapers and little travel. England was a quiet, restful country. The silence of its forests and valleys was unbroken by the noise of commerce. Ancient villages and noble mansions lay secluded in the deep, dark woods. Stately rivers flowed undisturbed and gracefully through bright, green glade and solitary wilderness, by lordly castles and ivy-clad churches and quiet farm-houses, on to the sea. The old stage-coach rolled heavily along the turnpike road. Now much is changed. Railways have joined villages and towns together and covered the country with a network of bustling life. Trade has laid its hand upon the valley stream. Wild moor and swampy fen are fast disappearing. The stage-coach has gone and with it the famous roadside inns. Old customs and habits are forgotten. The England of the ancient days has been changed as by a magician's wand. Its old, quiet life has passed away. New manners, new ideas, new laws have wrought a revolution vast and great, not only in political matters, but particularly in things social. Then the people had but few longings and these easily satisfied; now their ambitions are boundless, their wants unlimited. Then conservatism clung to the past and contentment hallowed the present; now the past is forgotten, the present restless and ever changing. Then men lived quietly, did their business, took their rest and went through life enjoying some of its pleasures; now men have barely time to exist. Whether the changes which an advanced age has brought upon us are for better or for worse, each man must judge for himself, and escape the charge of 'old foggyism' or a lack of conservatism as best he may.

The first introduction Pepys affords us is, on New Year's Day, 1659-60. He was then about 27 years of age, and had been married some five years. His private condition, he says, at this time was very poor. It seems he had

taken as a wife a very beautiful girl only fifteen years of age, whose handsome appearance and good looks were her only fortune. Poverty marred the joys of the first years of their married life, and they were obliged to become pensioners on the bounty of a wealthy relative. On the day he commences his Diary, he tells us he dined at home in the garret on the remains of a turkey, and in better times he often looked back to the days when his poor young wife used to make the fire and wash his clothes with her own hands. I am afraid, from the fact that she burned her hand over that turkey, she was not as successful a housewife as our average Canadian young lady makes. In truth, sundry intimations I find scattered through the Diary, would lead me to suppose nearly all her qualifications were summed up in her beauty. Pepys, indeed, never appears to have thought of anything else. If ever man was proud of a wife's good looks, he was of her's. After his return from a great wedding party, he writes, 'among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest.' Once, when in company with some gentlemen who were discussing pretty women, he says he was not a little glad to hear his wife spoken of as a great beauty. And when he presented her to the Queen, he mentally compared her with the king's younger sister. Mrs. Pepys wore little black patches on her face, which in those days were supposed to enhance a lady's beauty, and her husband says of this occasion: 'The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.'

Speaking of Mrs. Pepys reminds one that Mr. Pepys' early blunder, which, to do him credit, he tried to make the best of, did not incapacitate

him from making matches for other people. He undertook, the dear good gossip, to settle the marriage destinies of many a couple. He had a sister, Paulina, who was a great deal of trouble to him. She was, he says, proud and idle, and not over friendly to his wife. Moreover, he adds, 'I find her so ill-natured that I cannot love her, and she so cruel an hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases.' Her father and brother kept her, but Pepys writes: 'God knows what will become of her, for I have not anything yet to spare her, and she grows now old and must be disposed of, one way or other.' 'Disposed of' meant married, and Pepys set to work to find her a husband. This was no easy task. His wife tried to help him in the matter. She adroitly proposed to a gentleman, her husband's chief clerk, to take Miss Pepys for a wife, but, writes Pepys, 'he received (the advice) with mighty acknowledgements . . . but says he had no intention to alter his condition.' Sometime after this a young country clergyman, Richard Cumberland, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, paid him a visit, and, says Pepys, 'a most excellent person he is as any I know, and one that I am sorry should be lost and buried in a little country town, and would be glad to remove him thence; and the truth is, if he would accept of my sister's fortune, I should give £100 more with him than to a man able to settle her four times as much as, I fear, he is able to do; and I will think of it, and a way how to move it, he having in discourse said he was not against marrying, nor yet engaged.' But the parson was not caught. And time rolled away and yet no husband for Paulina. Poor Pepys was much distressed. He talked with his father in the garden early one autumn morning, 'about,' says he, 'a husband for my sister whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly.'

And they did 'endeavour,' and by and bye we are told that she had a match on foot with one Jackson, and Pepys determined to have her married at his house and to be merry at it, 'and do resolve to let it be done as soon as I can.' He tells us when he met this Jackson he found him to be 'a plain young man, handsome enough for Pall, one of no education nor discourse, but of few words, and one altogether that I think will please me well enough.' At last the sister was married, and, says Pepys, 'that work is, I hope, well over.'

It was not always Pepys found so much difficulty as in the case of his sister, but then it must be remembered she was 'proud and idle,' and 'old and ugly.' Generally speaking, he must have been very successful or he would hardly have enjoyed the reputation he did. Even his cousin Roger, he says, 'bids me to help him to some good rich widow, for he is resolved to go and retire wholly into the country.'

But the most interesting and important match in which he was employed was one between the eldest son of Sir George Carteret and the daughter of the Earl of Sandwich. Mr. Pepys and the mothers arranged all the preliminaries; the young people were not consulted till everything was settled. Then arrangements were made to bring them together. One Saturday in July the young lady was visiting at a friend's house in the country, where a large company was assembled, and thither Pepys undertook to accompany the intended bridegroom. On the way he talked with him of the important affair in hand, but, says our Diarist, 'what silly discourse we had as to love-matters, he being the most awkward man ever I met with in my life as to that business.' After their arrival, a nobleman, Lord Crewe, engaged Philip (that was the name of the youth) in conversation, and, says Pepys, 'he answered him well enough

in a few words; but nothing to the lady from him at all.' Then 'to supper, and after supper to talk again, he yet taking no notice of the lady. My lord,' continues Pepys, 'would have had me have consented to leaving the young people together to-night to begin their amours, his staying being but to be little. But I advised against it, lest the lady might be too much surprised. So they led him up to his chamber (by-the-way, he was lame), where I stayed a little to know how he liked the lady, which he told me he did mightily: but, Lord! in the dull-est insipid manner that ever lover did. So I bid him good night;' and as things were rather discouraging so far, went to consult with his friends what to do. It was agreed, at last, to have them go to church together on the next day.

Early on Sunday morning Pepys dressed, and finding Philip, took him apart for an hour or two to give him special instructions: but the account given in the Diary is so amusing that I may be pardoned for transcribing a wholepage. 'I taught him,' says Pepys, 'what to do: to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments, and also take a time to do the like to Lord Crewe and Lady Wright. After I had instructed him, which he thanked me for, owning that he needed my teaching him, my Lord Crewe come down and family, the young lady among the rest; and so by coaches to church four miles off. Thence back again by coach, Mr. Carteret having not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when we come home, and he will hereafter do it. So to dinner. By and by my Lady Wright and I go out, and then my Lord Crewe, he not by design, and lastly my Lady Crewe come out, and left the young people together. And a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most inno-

cently come out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration, which made us without have good sport to laugh at. They together an hour, and by and by church time, whither he led her into the coach and into the church. Home again, and to walk in the gardens, where we left the young couple a second time; and my Lady Wright and I to walk together, who tells me that some new clothes must of necessity be made for Lady Jemimah, (the bride elect) which and other things I took care of.' What a busy Sunday! And yet that same evening, after all his anxiety and care over this party, 'I spoke,' he says, 'with Mrs. Carter, an old acquaintance, that hath lived with my Lady these twelve or thirteen years, the sum of all whose discourse and others for her is, that I would get her a good husband; which I have promised, but know not when I shall perform.'

The next day the company broke up. Pepys advised young Carteret to give the servants £10 among them, which he did. 'Before we went, I took my Lady Jemimah apart, and would know how she liked this gentleman, and whether she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed, and hid her face awhile; but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered, that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect.' So Pepys and Philip left together for London. 'In our way, Mr. Carteret did give me mighty thanks for my care and pains for him, and is mightily pleased, though the truth is, my Lady Jemimah hath carried herself with mighty discretion and gravity, not being forward at all in any degree, but mighty serious in her answers to him, as by what he says and I observed, I collect.' However, notwithstanding the evident reluctance of the principal parties to the match, there was 'mighty mirth,' among the friends on both sides when the 'good

news' was brought. A week after, Pepys writes, 'I find Mr. Carteret as backward almost in his caresses as he was the first day;' and a week further on he found 'the young lady mighty sad, which troubled me;' and this was her wedding-day. There were some rejoicings, yet nothing such as Mr. Pepys had hoped for, but, he says, 'the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial.' It was rather mean of him, however, to write the following, as he did of another couple: 'To Church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the Church, which I have not seen for many a day; and the young people so merry one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.'\*

Times have changed since Pepys' day. Whatever may be the custom among princes or the aristocracy, it is certain that among the masses—the great middle class—the occupation of a match-maker has mostly passed away. There are mistakes, sad mistakes, made in marriages, but they are made by the parties themselves; and the probability is they are neither so great nor so frequent as in the years gone by when the parents or friends took the whole matter into their own hands. The only satisfaction that attended the old plan was, that if other people arranged your matrimonial affairs, you in your turn arranged somebody else's. This, however, was a poor return for a life of misery and discontent. Nor would many agree with the doctrine of Richard Steele, though it be ever so true, that children 'are so much the goods, the possessions of their fathers and mothers, that they cannot without a kind of theft, give away themselves.'

\* December 25th, 1665.

I can readily imagine that Philip Carteret and Lady Jemimah would think Pepys nothing better than a troublesome meddler, and to that verdict I fancy most young people who read this will assent.

Though our author began life under very adverse circumstances, yet through the influence of powerful friends he obtained the position, soon after the Restoration, of clerk to the Acts of the Navy, or as we should call it First Secretary to the Admiralty. In this position he had ample opportunities of observing life in high circles. He attended court and saw and heard much of the 'merrie monarch' and his doings. Terrible as are the charges which history brings against Charles the Second, they are not more severe than the allusions Pepys makes to him in his Diary. Whatever virtues he may have had were swallowed up and lost in his abominable vices.\* He seemed to have had no shame about him. To say nothing of the sin that has robed him in rags of infamy forever, he was repeatedly seen drunk by his subjects. Once, when after a quarrel with his brother, the Duke of York, they were reconciled in a company, Pepys says: 'They all fell a crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were, and so passed the day.' Nor was he even seriously-enough minded to attend to the affairs of state. As Lord Braybrooke observes, 'Nero fiddled while Rome was burning;' and when England was in the utmost distress at the tidings that the Dutch had destroyed her fleet at Chatham, and were advancing up the river to London, Pepys tells us that Charles was supping with his mistress at the Duchess

\* Burnet says, rather severely but very truly: "He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them." See 'Own Time,' vol. 2, p. 480, and for a sketch of the profligacy of the Court, *Ibid.*, vol. 1, p. 482.

of Monmouth's, 'all mad in hunting of a poor moth.' Pepys often expresses himself as indignant and pained at the light conduct of the King. He writes how on one occasion he attended the Council Chamber, and though the business to be transacted was of great importance, 'all I observed there was the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while and not minding the business; and what he said was mighty weak.' It must have sadly pained those noble cavaliers, who had lost blood and fortune and suffered shame in the years gone by, to find that he for whom they had fought was unworthy of their love, undeserving of their fealty. The only rebuke, however, they could administer to their sovereign was through the Parliament. The House of Commons held the money. Charles would fain have taxed the people himself, but the experiment had cost his father his head and was not to be repeated. And when the extravagances of the King had overwhelmed him in debt, he felt the remonstrance of the people in the reluctance of the Parliament to grant him supplies. At one time he was actually, so Pepys says, without a handkerchief and but three hands to his neck in his possession; he owed a bill of £5,000 to his linen draper, his credit was bad, and his servants, when their quarter's wages were due, finding they could get no money, seized his linen and let him shift the best way he could.\* At the beginning of his reign the Parliament voted him £1,200,000 to pay his debts, and it could not go on forever taxing the people to support a King in wild riot and dark licentiousness. It made very little difference if the King did regard his subjects, as Pepys said Lord Carnarvon regarded wood, 'as an excrescence of the earth, provided by God for the payment of debts; ' the rumbling of the thunder of discontent was heard in the distance rolling along the

hills of determinate opposition. 'I remember,' says our journalist, 'what Mr. Evelyn said, "that he did believe we should soon see ourselves fall into a Commonwealth again." '†

There were some brave, faithful men who remonstrated with the King to his face, notably Sir George Carteret, who, as he told Pepys himself, once took 'the liberty to tell the King the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion in the Government, and sobriety, and that it was that, that did set up and keep up Oliver, though he was the greatest rogue in the world.' Nor were there others wanting to reprove the King and his Court, for at a meeting of Parliament, at which Pepys was present, when both houses were assembled to hear the King's speech, he says: 'One thing extraordinary was this day, a man, a Quaker, came naked through the Hall, only very civilly tied about the loins to avoid scandal, and with a chafing-dish of fire and brimstone upon his head, did pass through the Hall crying 'Repent! Repent!' † Yet Charles seemed beyond the reach of good influences; 'the king do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a very sorrowful consideration.' But the Stuarts never seem to have profited by anything, either adversity or prosperity. Charles surrounded himself with men in wickedness second only to himself, in craftiness, second to none. And at the same time, from the far-off parts of England, pious parsons and simple-hearted squires, and honest yeomen, and hard-working peasants, were looking towards London, thanking God for the return of the King, and believing him to be the very pink of perfection, and his Court the very centre of purity and virtue. How thoroughly deceived they were! ‡ People are always too

\* November 30th, 1667.

† July 29th, 1664.

‡ See for Charles the Second's character, Burnet's 'History of His Own Time,' vol. 2.

\* September 2nd, 1667.

apt to think too much of princes and nobles, and to expect too much from them. One cannot but agree with Mr. Pepys, that 'the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men.\*'

If we would have an illustration of the good opinion entertained of Charles by those of his subjects who knew little or nothing of his personal habits or of his court, we may find it in Dr. Lightfoot's learned '*Horæ Hebraicæ*.' At the beginning of his '*exercitationes upon St. Mark*,' he has an anthem of praise to 'the Mercy of God, and the clemency of the king,' in confirming him in a rectory to which he had been presented 'by that power that while the wars prevailed possessed all.' In reference to his suit for the king's favour, he says, 'It is a comfort that my business lies before a *king*, not before a *common man*,' and after telling us that 'the royal father of his country received my supplication cheerfully, complied with my desires, and granted me his donation,' he breaks forth into this jubilant strain, which for his own credit, we trust was at least sincere: "O! how would I commemorate thee, thou best of princes, greatest Charles, how would I commemorate thee! What praise or what expressions shall I use to celebrate or set forth so great clemency, commiseration and goodness? Those are light obligations that speak, these my obligations stand amazed, are speechless, and swallowed up in admiration. It is for common men to do benefits that may be expressed in words, it is for Charles to oblige beyond all that can be spoken. \* \* \* \* Far be it, far be it, from me, most unworthy man, to boast: all this, most great, most merciful prince, redounds to your praise alone; and let it do so: rather let England glory in such a

prince, and let the prince glory in such mercy. Triumph, Cæsar, triumph in that brave spirit of yours, as you well may. You are Charles, and you conquer; you subdue all by pitying, delivering, giving, and forgiving all.\*'

We may call this painful gratitude. Perhaps many of those old dedications truly expressed the honest convictions of the men who wrote them; there is at least a bare probability that they did, though they were unworthy of great scholars, and utterly repugnant to our idea of the position of literary men towards the public, as indeed the one I have just quoted is to our view of the relationship of kings and their subjects; and if we allow them to be as sincere as the humiliating and sycophantic addresses made by modern municipalities to a prince on a royal progress, we shall doubtless give them all the credit they deserve.

But let our opinion of Charles be what it may, there is just that amount of adventure attached to his younger days to surround him with a halo of romance. Take, for instance, his escape after the Battle of Worcester. Who has not read of the gallant young prince making his way to the sea coast, in a 'country-fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary gray-cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin,' hiding in the strangest of places—in the woods in a thick-leaved tree; on a hay mow in a poor man's barn; in the hiding holes that the devout Roman Catholic gentry had in their houses for priests;—at one time in the stillness of night hurrying across the country, over hedges and ditches, in bare feet, which were soon torn and bleeding by the sharp thorns and the rough stones; at another acting as servant to a lady; running narrow escapes almost every hour, listening from his seat among the boughs of the oak to the conversation of his pursuers; racing at midnight up a 'very deep and very dirty lane,'

478. seq.; the first part of which work Johnson described as 'one of the most entertaining books in the English language.'

\* July 26th, 1665.

\* Lightfoot's *Horæ Hebraicæ*, vol. 2, pp. 388-9.



followed by some men from a mill which he had just passed; at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, disappointed by a mariner whom his friends had engaged to carry him to France; but whose wife, suspecting 'he was doing something that would undo him, shut the door and swore he should not go out of the house;' then, the same night, almost discovered by a blacksmith, who, after examining his horse's feet, declared that the 'four shoes had been made in four different counties,' and, suspecting the near presence of the prince immediately went to a meeting-house, where a preacher was telling the people that 'they would merit from the Almighty' could they but find Charles Stuart, and informed them, whereupon search was at once made; but the Prince had gone? All this is familiar to every English school-boy, and makes his young blood thrill with an emotion greater even than the perusal of that

prince of novels 'Robinson Crusoe;' and though the special service used for nearly two hundred years, on the 29th of May, in memory of the Restoration — 'a happy event,' says Dean Hook, 'for which Christian people cannot be too thankful' — has been abolished by Royal Warrant, and justly so, the day is still remembered in many parts of England by the wearing of green oak leaves, or, as they call them in some of the Midland counties, 'shigshag' leaves, in the hat or on the coat; and inflicting upon the unfortunate individual forgetting the custom some punishment, such as a sharp pinch.\* But such usages are fast fading away.

\* There is a good account of Charles' escape from Worcester in Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion,' pp. 766 *seq.*; and an account, said to be written by the King himself, given from the Pepys' MSS., in Magdalen College, Cambridge, in Knight's 'Half-Hours with the Best Authors,' vol. 5, pp. 134 *seq.*

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(From the German of Novalis.)

BY A. W. G.

GIVE me thy hand, forever  
 Be brother mine, and never  
 Thy heart from my heart sever,  
 Nor, living, turn from me;—  
 One temple for down-bending,  
 One goal to which we're tending,  
 One glow for joy unending,  
 One heav'n for me and thee!

TORONTO.

## THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

## CHAPTER XXV.

‘RUFUS! I don’t quite like the way you look at me. You seem to think—’

‘Give it tongue, my son. What do I seem to think?’

‘You think I’m forgetting Regina. You don’t believe I’m just as fond of her as ever. The fact is you’re an old bachelor.’

‘That is so. Where’s the harm, Amelius?’

‘You don’t understand—’

‘You’re out there, my bright boy. I reckon I understand more than you think for. The wisest thing you ever did in your life is what you did this evening, when you committed Sally to the care of those ladies at the Home.’

‘Good-night, Rufus. We shall quarrel if I stay here any longer.’

‘Good-night, Amelius. We sha’n’t quarrel, stay here as long as you like.’

The good deed had been done; the sacrifice—already a painful sacrifice—had been made. Mrs. Payson was old enough to speak plainly, as well as seriously, to Amelius of the absolute necessity of separating himself from Simple Sally, without any needless delay. ‘You have seen for yourself,’ she said, ‘that the plan on which this little household is ruled is the unvarying plan of patience and kindness. So far as Sally is concerned, you can be quite sure that she will never hear a harsh word, never meet with a hard look, while she is under our care. The lamentable neglect, under which the poor creature has suffered, will be tenderly remembered and atoned for, here.

If we can’t make her happy among us, I promise that she shall leave the Home, if she wishes it, in six weeks’ time. As to yourself, consider your position if you persist in taking her back with you. Our good friend Rufus has told me that you are engaged to be married. Think of the misinterpretations, to say the least of it, to which you would subject yourself—think of the reports which would sooner or later find their way to the young lady’s ears, and of the deplorable consequences that would follow. I believe implicitly in the purity of your motives. But remember Who taught us to pray that we may not be led into temptation—and complete the good work that you have begun, by leaving Sally among friends and sisters in this house.’

To any honourable man, these were unanswerable words. Coming after what Rufus and the surgeon had already said to him, they left Amelius no alternative but to yield. He pleaded for leave to write to Sally, and to see her, at a later interval, when she might be reconciled to her new life. Mrs. Payson had just consented to both requests; Rufus has just heartily congratulated him on his decision—when the door was thrown violently open. Simple Sally ran into the room, followed by one of the women-attendants, in a state of breathless surprise.

‘She showed me a bedroom,’ cried Sally, pointing indignantly to the woman; ‘and she asked me if I should like to sleep there.’ She turned to Amelius, and caught him by the hand to lead him away. The ineradicable instinct of distrust had been once more roused in her by the too-zealous at-

tendant. 'I'm not going to stay here,' she said; 'I'm going away with You!'

Amelius glanced at Mrs. Payson. Sally tried to drag him to the door. He did his best to reassure her by a smile; he spoke confusedly some composing words. But his honest face, always accustomed to tell the truth, told the truth now. The poor, lost creature, whose feeble intelligence was so slow to discern, so inapt to reflect, looked at him with the heart's instantaneous perception, and saw her doom. She let go of his hand. Her head sank. Without word or cry, she dropped on the floor at his feet.

The attendant instantly raised her, and placed her on a sofa. Mrs. Payson saw how resolutely Amelius struggled to control himself, and felt for him with all her heart. Turning aside for a moment, she hastily wrote a few lines, and returned to him. 'Go, before we revive her,' she whispered; 'and give what I have written to the coachman. You shall suffer no anxiety that I can spare you,' said the excellent woman; 'I will stay here myself to-night, and reconcile her to the new life.'

She held out her hand; Amelius kissed it in silence. Rufus led him out. Not a word dropped from his lips on the long drive back to London.

His mind was disturbed by other subjects besides the subject of Sally. He thought of his future, darkened by the doubtful marriage-engagement that was before him. Alone with Rufus, for the rest of the evening, he petulantly misunderstood the sympathy with which the kindly American regarded him. Their bedrooms were next to each other. Rufus heard him walking restlessly to and fro, and now and then talking to himself. After a while, these sounds ceased. He was evidently worn out, and was getting the rest that he needed, at last.

The next morning he received a few lines from Mrs. Payson, giving a favourable account of Sally, and pro-

missing further particulars in a day or two.

Encouraged by this good news, revived by a long night's sleep, he went towards noon to pay his postponed visit to Regina. At that early hour, he could feel sure that his interview with her would not be interrupted by visitors. She received him quietly and seriously, pressing his hand with a warmer fondness than usual. He had anticipated some complaint of his absence on the previous day, and some severe allusion to his appearance in the capacity of a Socialist lecturer. Regina's indulgence, or Regina's interest in circumstances of more pressing importance, preserved a merciful silence on both subjects.

'It is a comfort to me to see you, Amelius,' she said; 'I am in trouble about my uncle, and I am weary of my own anxious thoughts. Something unpleasant has happened in Mr. Farnaby's business. He goes to the City earlier, and he returns much later, than usual. When he does come back, he doesn't speak to me—he locks himself into his room; and he looks worn and haggard when I make his breakfast for him in the morning. You know that he is one of the directors of the new bank? There was something about the bank in the newspaper yesterday which upset him dreadfully; he put down his cup of coffee—and went away to the City, without eating his breakfast. I don't like to worry you about it, Amelius. But my aunt seems to take no interest in her husband's affairs—and it is really a relief to me to talk of my troubles to you. I have kept the newspaper; do look at what it says about the bank, and tell me if you understand it.'

Amelius read the passage pointed out to him. He knew as little of banking-business as Regina. 'So far as I can make it out,' he said, 'they're paying away money to their shareholders which they haven't earned. How do they do that, I wonder?'

Regina changed the subject in des-

pair. She asked Amelius if he had found new lodgings. Hearing that he had not yet succeeded in the search for a residence, she opened a drawer of her work-table, and took out a card.

'The brother of one of my school-fellows is going to be married,' she said. 'He has a pretty bachelor cottage in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park—and he wants to sell it, with the furniture, just as it is. I don't know whether you care to encumber yourself with a little house of your own. His sister has asked me to distribute some of his cards, with the address and particulars. It might be worth your while perhaps to look at the cottage when you pass that way.'

Amelius took the card. The small feminine restraints and gentlenesses of Regina, her quiet even voice, her serene grace of movement, had a pleasantly soothing effect on his mind after the anxieties of the last four-and-twenty hours. He looked at her bending over her embroidery, deftly and gracefully industrious—and drew his chair closer to her. She smiled softly over her work, conscious that he was admiring her, and placidly pleased to receive the tribute.

'I would buy the cottage at once,' said Amelius, 'if I thought you would come and live in it with me.'

She looked up gravely, with her needle suspended in her hand.

'Don't let us return to that,' she answered, and went on again with her embroidery.

'Why not?' Amelius asked.

She persisted in working, as industriously as if she had been a poor needlewoman, with serious reasons for being eager to get her money. 'It is useless,' she replied. 'to speak of what cannot be for some time to come.'

Amelius stopped the progress of the embroidery by taking her hand. Her devotion to her work irritated him.

'Look at me, Regina,' he said, steadily, controlling himself. 'I want to propose that we shall give way a

little on both sides. I won't hurry you; I will wait a reasonable time. If I promise that, surely you may yield a little in return. Money seems to be a hard task-master, my darling, after what you have told me about your uncle. See how he suffers because he is bent on being rich; and ask yourself if it isn't a warning to us not to follow his example! Would you like to see *me* too wretched to speak to you, or to eat my breakfast—and all for the sake of a little outward show? Come, come! let us think of ourselves. Why should we waste the best days of our lives apart, when we are both free to be happy together? I have another good friend besides Rufus—the good friend of my father before me. He knows all sorts of great people, and he will help me to some employment. In six months' time I might have a little salary to add to my income. Say the sweetest words, my darling, that ever fell from your lips—say you will marry me in six months!'

It was not in a woman's nature to be insensible to such pleading as this. She all but yielded. 'I should like to say it, dear!' she answered, with a little fluttering sigh.

'Say it, then,' Amelius suggested tenderly.

She took refuge again in her embroidery. 'If you would only give me a little time,' she suggested, 'I might say it.'

'Time for what, my own love?'

'Time to wait, dear, till my uncle is not quite so anxious as he is now.'

'Don't talk of your uncle, Regina! You know as well as I do what he would say. Good heavens! why can't you decide for yourself? No! I don't want to hear over again what you owe to Mr. Farnaby—I heard enough of it on that day in the shrubbery. O my dear girl, do have some feeling for me! do for once have a will of your own!'

Those last words were an offence to her self-esteem. 'I think it's very

rude to tell me I have no will of my own,' she said, 'and very hard to press me in this way when you know I am in trouble.' The inevitable handkerchief appeared, adding emphasis to the protest—and becoming tears showed themselves modestly in Regina's magnificent eyes.

Amelius started out of his chair, and walked away to the window. That last reference to Mr. Farnaby's pecuniary cares was more than he had patience to endure. 'She can't even forget her uncle and his bank,' he thought, 'when I am speaking to her of our marriage!'

He changed colour as that bitter reflection occurred to him. By some subtle process of association which he was unable to trace, the image of Simple Sally rose in his mind. An irresistible influence forced him to think of her—not as the poor, starved, degraded, half-witted creature of the streets, but as the grateful girl who had asked for no happier future than to be his servant, who had dropped senseless at his feet at the bare prospect of parting with him. His sense of self-respect, his loyalty to his betrothed wife, resolutely resisted the unworthy conclusion to which his own thoughts were leading him. He turned back again to Regina; he spoke so loudly and so vehemently that the gathering flow of her tears was suspended in surprise. 'You're quite right, my dear! I ought to give you time, of course. I try to control my hasty temper, but I don't always succeed—just at first. Pray forgive me; it shall be exactly as you wish.'

Regina forgave him, with a gentle and ladylike astonishment at the excitable manner in which he made his excuses. She even neglected her embroidery, and put her face up to him to be kissed. 'You are so nice, dear,' she said, 'when you are not violent and unreasonable. It is such a pity you were brought up in America. Won't you stay to lunch?'

Happily for Amelius, the footman

appeared at this critical moment with a message: 'My mistress wishes particularly to see you, sir, before you go.'

This was the first occasion, in the experience of the lovers, on which Mrs. Barnaby had expressed her wishes through the medium of a servant, instead of appearing personally. The curiosity of Regina was mildly excited. 'What a very odd message!' she said; 'what does it mean? My aunt went out earlier than usual this morning, and I have not seen her since. I wonder whether she is going to consult you about my uncle's affairs?'

'I'll go and see,' said Amelius.

'And stay to lunch?' Regina reiterated.

'Not to-day, my dear.'

'To-morrow, then?'

'Yes, to-morrow.' So he escaped. As he opened the door, he looked back, and kissed his hand. Regina raised her head for a moment, and smiled charmingly. She was hard at work again over her embroidery.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE door of Mrs. Farnaby's grand-floor room, at the back of the house, was partially open. She was on the watch for Amelius.

'Come in!' she cried, the moment he appeared in the hall. She pulled him into the room, and shut the door with a bang. Her face was flushed, her eyes were wild. 'I have something to tell you, you dear good fellow,' she burst out excitedly—'something in confidence, between you and me!' She paused, and looked at him with sudden anxiety and alarm. 'What's the matter with you!' she asked.

The sight of the room, the reference to a secret, the prospect of another private conference, forced back the mind of Amelius, in one breathless instant, to his first memorable interview with Mrs. Farnaby. The mother's piteously hopeful words, in speaking

of her lost daughter, rang in his ears again as if they had just fallen from her lips. 'She may be lost in the labyrinth of London. \* \* To-morrow, or ten years hence, you *might* meet with her.' There were a hundred chances against it—a thousand, ten thousand chances against it. The startling possibility flashed across his brain nevertheless, like a sudden flow of daylight across the dark. 'Have I met with her, at the first chance?'

'Don't deceive yourself with vain hopes!' he answered, warming into sudden excitement on his side. 'Promise me that, before I speak.'

She waved her hand derisively. 'Hopes?' she repeated, 'I have done with hopes, I have done with fears—I have got to certainties, at last?'

He was too eager to heed anything that she said to him; his whole soul was absorbed in the coming disclosure. 'Two nights since,' he went on, 'I was wandering about London, and I met——'

She burst out laughing. 'Go on!' she cried, with a wild derisive gaiety.

Amelius stopped, perplexed and startled. 'What are you laughing at?' he asked.

'Go on!' she repeated. 'I defy you to surprise me. Out with it! Whom did you meet?'

Amelius proceeded doubtfully, by a word at a time. 'I met a poor girl in the streets,' he said, steadily watching her.

She changed completely at those words; she looked at him with an aspect of stern reproach. 'No more of it,' she interposed; 'I have not awaited all these miserable years for such a horrible end as that.' Her face suddenly brightened; a radiant effusion of tenderness and triumph flowed over it, and made it young and happy again. 'Amelius!' she said, 'listen to this. My dream has come true—my girl is living! my own darling is found, thanks to you!'

Amelius looked at her. Was she speaking of something that had really

happened? or had she been dreaming again?

Absorbed in her own happiness, she made no remark on his silence. 'I have seen the woman,' she went on. 'This bright blessed morning I have seen the woman who took her away in the first days of her poor little life. The wretch swears she was not to blame. I tried to forgive her. Perhaps, I almost did forgive her, in the joy of hearing what she had to tell me. I should never have heard it, Amelius, if you had not given that glorious lecture. The woman was one of your audience. She would never have spoken of those past days; she would never have thought of me——'

At those words, Mrs. Farnaby abruptly stopped, and turned her face away from Amelius. After waiting a little, finding her still silent, still immovable, he ventured on asking a question.

'Are you sure you are not deceived?' he asked. 'I remember you told me that rogues had tried to impose on you, in past times when you employed people to find her.'

'I have proof that I am not being imposed upon,' Mrs. Farnaby answered, still keeping her face hidden from him. 'One of them knows of the fault in her foot.'

'One of them?' Amelius repeated. 'How many of them are there?'

'Two. The old woman and a young man.'

'What are their names?'

'They won't tell me their names yet.'

'Isn't that a little suspicious?'

'One of them knows,' Mrs. Farnaby reiterated, 'of the fault in her foot.'

'May I ask which of them knows? The old woman, I suppose?'

'No, the young man.'

'That's strange, isn't it? Have you seen the young man?'

'I know nothing of him, except the little that the woman told me. He has written me a letter.'

'May I look at it?'

'I daren't let you look at it!'

Amelius said no more. If he had felt the smallest suspicion that the disclosure volunteered by Mrs. Farnaby, at their first interview, had been overheard by the unknown person who had opened the swinging window in the kitchen, he might have recalled Phœbe's vindictive language at his lodgings, and might perhaps have suspected the girl, and the vagabond sweetheart who was waiting for her in the street. As it was, he was simply puzzled. The one plain conclusion to his mind was, unhappily, the natural conclusion (after what he had heard) that Mrs. Farnaby had no sort of interest in the discovery of Simple Sally, and that he need trouble himself with no further anxiety in that matter. Strange as Mrs. Farnaby's mysterious revelation seemed, her correspondent's knowledge of the fault in the foot was a circumstance in his favour, beyond dispute. Amelius still wondered inwardly, how it was that the woman who had taken charge of the child had failed to discover what appeared to be known to another person. If he had been aware that Mrs. Sowler's occupation at the time was the occupation of a 'baby-farmer,' and that she had many other deserted children pining under her charge, he might have easily understood that she was the last person in the world to trouble herself with a minute examination of any one of the unfortunate little creatures abandoned to her drunken and merciless neglect. Jervy had satisfied himself, before he trusted her with his instructions, that she knew no more than the veriest stranger of any peculiarity in one or the other of the child's feet.

Interpreting Mrs. Farnaby's last reply to him as an intimation that their interview was at an end, Amelius took up his hat to go.

'I hope with all my heart,' he said, 'that what has begun so well will end well. If there is any service that I can do for you——'

She drew nearer to him, and put her hand gently on his shoulder. 'Don't think that I distrust you,' she said very earnestly; 'I am unwilling to shock you—that is all. Even this great joy has a dark side to it; my miserable married life casts its shadow on everything that happens to me. Keep secret from everybody the little that I have told you—you will ruin me if you say one word of it to any living creature. I ought not to have opened my heart to you—but how could I help it, when the happiness that is coming to me has come through you? When you say good bye to me to-day, Amelius, you say good-bye to me for the last time in this house. I am going away. Don't ask me why—that is one more among the things which I daren't tell you! You shall hear from me, or see me—I promise that. Give me some safe address to write to; some place where there are no inquisitive women who may open my letter in your absence.'

She handed him her pocket-book. Amelius wrote down in it the address of his club.

She took his hand. 'Think of me kindly,' she said. 'And once more, don't be afraid of my being deceived, There is a hard part of me still left which keeps me on my guard. The old woman tried, this morning, to make me talk to her about that little fault we know of in my child's foot. But I thought to myself, "If you had taken a proper interest in my poor baby while she was with you, you must sooner or later have found it out." Not a word passed my lips. No, no, don't be anxious when you think of me. I am as sharp as they are; I mean to find out how the man who wrote to me discovered what he knows; he shall satisfy me, I promise you, when I see him or hear from him next. All this is between ourselves—strictly, sacredly, between ourselves. Say nothing—I know I can trust you. Good-bye, and forgive me for having been so often in your way with Regina. I

shall never be in your way again. Marry her, if you think she is good enough for you ; I have no more interest now in your being a roving bachelor, meeting with girls here, there and everywhere. You shall know how it goes on. O, I am so happy !'

She burst into tears, and signed to Amelius with a wild gesture of entreaty to leave her.

He pressed her hand in silence, and went out.

Almost as the door closed on him, the variable woman changed again. For a while, she walked rapidly to and fro, talking to herself. The course of her tears ceased. Her lips closed firmly ; her eyes assumed an expression of savage resolve. She sat down at the table and opened her desk. 'I'll read it once more,' she said to herself, 'before I seal it up.'

She took from her desk a letter of her own writing, and spread it out before her. With her elbows on the table, and her hands clasped fiercely in her hair, she read these lines addressed to her husband :

'John Farnaby,—I have always suspected that you had something to do with the disappearance of our child. I know for certain now that you deliberately cast your infant daughter on the mercy of the world, and condemned your wife to a life of wretchedness.

'I know what I am writing about. I have spoken with the woman who waited by the garden-gate at Ramsgate, and who took the child from your hands. She saw you with me at the lecture ; and she is absolutely sure that you are the man.

'Thanks to the meeting at the lecture-hall, I am at last on the trace of my lost daughter. This morning, I have heard the woman's story. She kept the child, on the chance of its being reclaimed until she could afford to keep it no longer. She met with a person who was willing to adopt it, and who took it away with her to a

foreign country, not mentioned to me yet. In that country my daughter is still living, and will be restored to me on conditions which will be communicated in a few days' time.

'Some of this story may be true, and some of it may be false ; the woman may be lying to serve her own interests with me. Of two things I am sure—that my girl is identified, by means known to me of which there can be no doubt ; and that she is still living, because the interest of the persons treating with me is an interest in her life.

'When you receive this letter, on your return from business to-night, I shall have left you, and left you for ever. The bare thought of even looking at you again fills me with horror. I have my own income, and I mean to take my own way. In your best interests I warn you, make no attempt to trace me. I declare solemnly that, rather than let your deserted daughter be polluted by the sight of you, I would kill you with my own hand, and die for it on the scaffold. If she ever asks for her father, I will do you one service. For the honour of human nature, I will tell her that her father is dead. It will not be all a falsehood. I repudiate you and your name—you are dead to me from this time forth.

'I sign myself by my father's name  
—EMMA RONALD.'

She had said herself that she was unwilling to shock Amelius. This was the reason.

After thinking a little, she sealed and directed the letter. This done, she unlocked the wooden press which had once contained the baby's frock and cap, and those other memorials of the past which she called her 'dead consolations.' After satisfying herself that the press was empty, she wrote on a card, 'To be called for by a messenger from my bankers'—and tied the card to a tin box in the corner, secured by a padlock. She lifted the box, and placed it in front of the



press, so that it might be easily visible to any one entering the room. The safe-keeping of her treasures provided for, she took the sealed letter, and, ascending the stairs, placed it on the table in her husband's dressing-room. She hurried out again, the instant after, as if the sight of the place were intolerable to her.

Passing to the other end of the corridor, she entered her own bedchamber, and put on her bonnet and cloak. A leather handbag was on the bed. She took it up, and looked round the large luxurious room with a shudder of disgust. What she had suffered, within those four walls, no human creature knew but herself. She hurried out, as she had hurried out of her husband's dressing-room.

Regina was still in the drawing-room. As she reached the door, she hesitated, and stopped. The girl was a good girl in her own dull placid way—and her sister's daughter too. A last little act of kindness would perhaps be a welcome act to remember. She opened the door so suddenly that Regina started, with a small cry of alarm. 'O aunt, how you frighten one! Are you going out?' 'Yes; I'm going out,' was the short answer. 'Come here. Give me a kiss.' Regina looked up in wide-eyed astonishment. Mrs. Farnaby stamped impatiently on the floor. Regina rose, gracefully bewildered. 'My dear aunt, how very odd!' she said—and gave the kiss demanded, with a serenely-surprised elevation of her finely-shaped eyebrows. 'Yes,' said Mrs. Farnaby; 'that's it—one of my oddities. Go back to your work. Good-bye.'

She left the room, as abruptly as she had entered it. With her firm heavy step she descended to the hall, passed out at the house-door, and closed it behind her—never to return to it again.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

AMELIUS left Mrs. Farnaby troubled by emotions of confusion and alarm, which he was the last man living to endure patiently. Her extraordinary story of the discovered daughter, the still more startling assertion of her resolution to leave the house—the absence of any plain explanation, the burden of secrecy imposed on him—all combined together to irritate his sensitive nerves. 'I hate mysteries,' he thought; 'and ever since I landed in England, I seem fated to be mixed up in them. Does she really mean to leave her husband and her niece? What will Farnaby do? What will become of Regina?'

To think of Regina was to think of the new repulse of which he had been made the subject. Again he had appealed to her love for him, and again she had refused to marry him at his own time.

He was especially perplexed and angry, when he reflected on the unassailably strong influence which her uncle appeared to have over her. All Regina's sympathy was with Mr. Farnaby and his troubles, Amelius might have understood her a little better, if she had told him what passed between her uncle and herself on the night of Mr. Farnaby's return, in a state of indignation, from the lecture. In terror of the engagement being broken off, she had been forced to confess that she was too fond of Amelius to prevail on herself to part with him. If he attempted a second exposition of his Socialist principles on the platform, she owned that it might be impossible to receive him again as a suitor. But she pleaded hard for the granting of a pardon for the first offence, in the interests of her own tranquility, if not in mercy to Amelius. Mr. Farnaby (already troubled by his commercial anxieties) had listened more amiably, and also more absently, than usual; and had granted her petition with the

ready indulgence of a pre-occupied man. It had been decided between them that the offence of the lecture should be passed over in discreet silence. Regina's gratitude for this concession inspired her sympathy with her uncle in his present state of suspense. She had been sorely tempted to tell Amelius what had happened. But the natural reserve of her character—fortified, in this instance, by the defensive pride which makes a woman unwilling (before marriage) to confess her weakness unreservedly to the man who has inspired it—had sealed her lips. 'When he is a little less violent and a little more humble,' she thought, 'perhaps I may tell him.'

So it fell out that Amelius took his way through the streets, a mystified and an angry man.

Arrived in sight of the hotel, he stopped, and looked about him.

It was impossible to disguise from himself that a lurking sense of regret was making itself felt, in his present frame of mind, when he thought of Simple Sally. In all probability, he would have quarrelled with any man who had accused him of actually lamenting the girl's absence, and wanting her back again. He happened to recollect her artless blue eyes, with their vague, patient look, and her quaint, childish questions put so openly in so sweet a voice—and that was all. Was there anything reprehensible, if you please, in an act of remembrance? Comforting himself with these considerations, he moved on a step or two—and stopped once more. In his present humour, he shrank from facing Rufus. The American read him like a book; the American would ask irritating questions. He turned his back on the hotel, and looked at his watch. As he took it out, his finger and thumb touched something else in his waistcoat-pocket. It was the card that Regina had given to him—the card of the cottage to let. He had nothing to do, and nowhere to go. Why not look at the cottage? If it proved to

be not worth seeing, the Zoological Gardens were in the neighbourhood—and there are periods in a man's life when he finds the society that walks on four feet a welcome relief from the society that walks on two.

It was a fairly fine day. He turned northward towards Regent's Park.

The cottage was in a bye-road, just outside the Park; a cottage in the strictest sense of the word. A sitting-room, a library, and a bedroom—all of small proportions—and, under them, a kitchen and two more rooms, represented the whole of the little dwelling from top to bottom. It was simply and prettily furnished; and it was completely surrounded by its own tiny plot of garden-ground. The library especially was a perfect little retreat looking out on the back garden; peaceful and shady, and adorned with book-cases of old carved oak.

Amelius had hardly looked round the room, before his inflammable brain was on fire with a new idea. Other idle men in trouble had found the solace and the occupation of their lives in books. Why should he not be one of them? Why not plunge into study in this delightful retirement—and perhaps, one day, astonish Regina and Mr. Farnaby by bursting on the world as the writer of a famous book? Exactly as Amelius, two days since, had seen himself in the future, a public lecturer in receipt of glorious fees—so he now saw himself the celebrated scholar and writer of a new era to come. The woman who showed the cottage happened to mention that a gentleman had already looked over it that morning, and had seemed to like it. Amelius instantly gave her a shilling, and said, 'I take it on the spot.' The wondering woman referred him to the house-agent's address, and kept at a safe distance from the excitable stranger as she let him out. In less than an other hour, Amelius had taken the cottage, and had returned to the hotel with a new interest in life and a new surprise for Rufus.

As usual, in cases of emergency, the American wasted no time in talking. He went out at once, to see the cottage, and to make his own inquiries of the agent. The result amply proved that Amelius had not been imposed upon. If he repented of his bargain, the gentleman who had first seen the cottage was ready to take it off his hands, at a moment's notice.

Going back to the hotel, Rufus found Amelius resolute to move into his new abode, and eager for the coming life of study and retirement. Knowing perfectly well beforehand how this latter project would end, the American tried the efficacy of a little worldly temptation. He had arranged, he said, 'to have a good time of it in Paris,' and he proposed that Amelius should be his companion. The suggestion produced not the slightest effect; Amelius talked as if he was a confirmed recluse, in the decline of life. 'Thank you, he said, with the most amazing gravity; 'I prefer the company of my books, and the seclusion of my library.' This declaration was followed by more selling-out of money in the Funds, and by a visit to a bookseller, which left a handsome pecuniary result inscribed on the right side of the ledger.

On the next day, Amelius presented himself towards two o'clock at Mr. Farnaby's house. He was not so selfishly absorbed in his own projects as to forget Mrs. Farnaby. On the contrary, he was honestly anxious for news of her.

A certain middle-aged man of business has been briefly referred to in these pages, as one of Regina's faithful admirers, patiently submitting to the triumph of his favoured young rival. This gentleman, issuing from his carriage, with his card-case ready in his hand, met Amelius at the door, with a face which announced plainly that a catastrophe had happened. 'You have heard the sad news, no doubt?' he said, in a rich bass voice attuned to sadly-courteous tones. The servant

opened the door, before Amelius could answer. After a contest of politeness, the middle-aged gentleman consented to make his inquiries first. 'How is Mr. Farnaby? No better? And Miss Regina? Very poorly, eh? Dear, dear me! Say I called if you please.' He handed in two cards, with a severe enjoyment of the melancholy occasion and the rich bass sounds of his own voice. 'Very sad, is it not?' he said, addressing his youthful rival with an air of paternal indulgence. 'Good-morning.' He bowed with melancholy grace, and got into his carriage.

Amelius looked after the prosperous merchant, as the prancing horses drew him away. 'After all,' he thought bitterly, 'she might be happier with that rich prig than she could be with me.' He stepped into the hall and spoke to the servant. The man had his message ready. Miss Regina would see Mr. Goldenheart, if he would be so good as to wait in the dining-room.

Regina appeared, pale and scared; her eyes inflamed with weeping. 'O Amelius can you tell me what this dreadful misfortune means? Why has she left us? When she sent for you yesterday, what did she say?'

In his position, Amelius could make but one answer. 'Your aunt said she thought of going away. But,' he added, with perfect truth, 'she refused to tell me why, or where she was going. I am quite as much at a loss to understand her as you are. What does your uncle propose to do?'

Mr. Farnaby's conduct, as described by Regina, thickened the mystery—he proposed to do nothing.

He had been found, on the hearth-rug in his dressing-room; having apparently been seized with a fit, in the act of burning some paper. The ashes were discovered close by him, just inside the fender. On his recovery, his first anxiety was to know if a letter had been burned. Satisfied on this point, he had ordered the servants to assemble round his bed, and had peremptorily forbidden them to open the

door to their mistress, if she ever returned at any future time to the house. Regina's questions and remonstrances, when she was left alone with him, were answered, once for all, in these pitiless terms:—'If you wish to deserve the fatherly interest that I take in you, do as I do; forget that such a person as your aunt ever existed. We shall quarrel, if you ever mention her name in my hearing again.' This said, he had instantly changed the subject; instructing Regina to write an excuse to 'Mr. Melton' (otherwise the middle-aged rival), with whom he had been engaged to dine that evening. Relating this latter event, Regina's ever-ready gratitude overflowed in the direction of Mr. Melton. 'He was so kind! he left his guests in the evening, and came and sat with my uncle for nearly an hour.' Amelius made no remark on this; he led the conversation back to the subject of Mrs. Farnaby. 'She once spoke to me of her lawyers,' he said. 'Do they know nothing about her?'

The answer to this question showed that the sternly-final decision of Mr. Farnaby was matched by equal resolution on the part of his wife.

One of the partners in the legal firm had called that morning, to see Regina on a matter of business. Mrs. Farnaby had appeared at the office on the previous day; and had briefly expressed her wish to make a small annual provision for her niece, in case of future need. Declining to enter into any explanation, she had waited until the necessary document had been drawn out; had requested that Regina might be informed of the circumstance; and had then taken her departure in absolute silence. Hearing that she had left her husband, the lawyer (like every one else) was completely at a loss to understand what it meant.

'And what does the doctor say?'

Amelius asked next.

'My uncle is to be kept perfectly quiet,' Regina answered; 'and is not to re-

turn to business for some time to come. Mr. Melton, with his usual kindness, has undertaken to look after his affairs for him. Otherwise, my uncle, in his present state of anxiety about the bank, would never have consented to obey the doctor's orders. When he can safely travel, he is recommended to go abroad for the winter, and get well again in some warmer climate. He refuses to leave his business—and the doctor refuses to take the responsibility. There is to be a consultation of physicians to-morrow. O Amelius, I was really fond of my aunt—I am heart-broken at this dreadful change!'

There was a momentary silence. If Mr. Melton had been present, he would have said a few neatly-sympathetic words. Amelius knew no more than a savage of the art of conventional consolation. Tadmor had made him familiar with the social and political questions of the time, and had taught him to speak in public. But Tadmor, rich in books and newspapers, was a powerless training institution in the matter of small-talk.

'Suppose Mr. Farnaby is obliged to go abroad,' he suggested, after waiting a little, 'what will you do?'

Regina looked at him with an air of melancholy surprise. 'I shall do my duty, of course,' she answered, gravely. 'I shall accompany my dear uncle, if he wishes it.' She glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. 'It is time he took his medicine,' she resumed; 'you will excuse me, I am sure.' She shook hands, not very warmly—and hastened out of the room.

Amelius left the house, with a conviction which disheartened him—the conviction that he had never understood Regina, and that he was not likely to understand her in the future. He turned for relief to the consideration of Mr. Farnaby's strange conduct, under the domestic disaster which had befallen him.

Recalling what he had observed for himself, and what he had heard from Mrs. Farnaby when she had first

taken him into her confidence, he inferred that the subject of the lost child had not only been a subject of estrangement between the husband and wife, but that the husband was, in some way, the person blamable for it. Assuming this theory to be the right one, there would be serious obstacles to the meeting of the mother and child, in the mother's home. The departure of Mrs. Farnaby was, in that case, no longer unintelligible—and Mr. Farnaby's otherwise inexplicable conduct had the light of a motive thrown on it, which might not unnaturally influence a hard-hearted man weary alike of his wife and his wife's troubles. Arriving at this conclusion by a far shorter process than is here indicated, Amelius pursued the subject no further. At the time when he had first visited the Farnabys, Rufus had advised him to withdraw from closer intercourse with them, while he had the chance. In his present mood, he was almost in danger of acknowledging to himself that Rufus had proved to be right.

He lunched with his American friend at the hotel. Before the meal was over, Mrs. Payson called, to say a few cheering words about Sally.

It was not to be denied that the girl remained persistently silent and reserved. In other respects the report was highly favourable. She was obedient to the rules of the house; she was always ready with any little services that she could render to her companions; and she was so eager to improve herself, by means of her reading-lessons and writing-lessons, that it was not easy to induce her to lay aside her book and her slate. When the teacher offered her some small reward for her good conduct, and asked what she would like, the sad little face brightened, and the faithful creature's answer was always the

same. 'I should like to know what he is doing now.' (Alas for Sally—he' meant Amelius!)

'You must wait a little longer before you write to her,' Mrs. Payson concluded; 'and you must not think of seeing her for some time to come. I know you will help us by consenting to this—for Sally's sake.'

Amelius bowed in silence. He would not have confessed what he felt, at that moment, to any living soul—it is doubtful if he even confessed it to himself. Mrs. Payson, observing him with a woman's keen sympathy, relented a little. 'I might give her a message,' the good lady suggested—'just to say you are glad to hear she is behaving so well.'

'Will you give her this?' Amelius asked.

He took from his pocket a little photograph of the cottage, which he had noticed on the house-agent's desk, and had taken away with him. 'It is *my* cottage now,' he explained, in tones that faltered a little; 'I am going to live there; Sally might like to see it.'

'Sally *shall* see it,' Mrs. Payson agreed—'if you will only let me take this away first?' She pointed to the address of the cottage, printed under the photograph. Past experience in the Home made her reluctant to trust Sally with the address in London at which Amelius was to be found.

Rufus produced a huge complex knife, out of the depth of which a pair of scissors burst, on touching a spring. Mrs. Payson cut off the address, and placed the photograph in her pocket-book. 'Now,' she said, 'Sally will be happy, and no harm can come of it.'

'I've known you, ma'am, nigh on twenty years,' Rufus remarked. 'I do assure you that's the first rash observation I ever heard from your lips.'

((To be continued.))

## EDUCATION AND CO-EDUCATION.\*

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D., QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

BECAUSE the aims of your Association are modest, and therefore suited to the present condition of popular sentiment with regard to Education for ladies in this part of Canada, because they are in the right direction, and promise to lead to greater things, I had much pleasure in acceding to your request to give the Inaugural Address of this year. The higher education of women and such various questions connected with it as co-education in the recognised colleges of the country, and the fitness of women for professional and industrial careers other than those to which they have been usually limited, are now discussed everywhere. Sides have been taken, with more or less vehemence, and as usual in the heat of discussion extravagant language has been used all round. We may classify the positions taken on the whole subject into the customary three, Extreme Right, Extreme Left, and Middle. The Right wing includes those who resent all interference with use and wont. Departure from traditional views of education and life by any woman they associate with a tendency to part the hair at the side and with lax views of morals and religion. They hurtle the vigorous words 'unmaidenly,' 'unwomanly,' 'indelicate,' at the innovators, well aware that such words are offensive, perhaps not so well aware that they could be easily retorted against themselves, were re-

torts desirable. Is it more unwomanly to walk to college than to ride to hounds? More indelicate to sit in the same room with young men listening to lectures on philosophy or science, for two or three hours in the day time, than to dance fast dances with them all night? More unmaidenly to practise the healing art than to cultivate the art of husband-hunting? Is it less unworthy of the sex to know something than to know nothing, to do something than to do nothing, to cultivate faculties than to dwarf them? 'My daughter would like to be a physician,' said a lady to her medical man. 'I trust, madam, that you will sanction nothing so indecent,' was the immediate reply. With gentlemen the question has now got beyond this style of argument; but it is still the favourite with a few boors and not a few ladies. It is the initial stage of argument with which every step in the progress of the race has been met; and as it is admirably suited to hurt the feelings of women, I have little doubt that it will be used for some time yet against any step in advance that women may take. As usual the best allies of the Extreme Right have been the Extreme Left. Their loud cry of 'Woman's Rights' has led them to forget that there is such a thing as Woman's Duties; their contention that 'there is no sex in mind' to forget that there are undoubted mental differences corresponding to the physical differences between the sexes. I have no desire to allude to the extravagances in speech and conduct of which they have been guilty. Let

\*The Inaugural Lecture of the Ninth Session of the Montreal Ladies' Educational Association.

the scant justice which women long received serve as their excuse. The Middle school includes all who desire to see the same thought given to the education of girls that has hitherto been given to the education of boys. What that may involve or result in they are not equally clear about. Neither are they agreed as to the practical steps that should be taken in the matter. This party has its Right Centre, and Left Centre, and Cross Sections. 'The air is thick with schemes for the education of women,' some advocating one scheme and others another. But this very variety shows how the question has advanced. Where there was formerly indifference or contempt, interest and intelligence are everywhere manifested, and these ensure that right conclusions shall eventually be reached. For the improvement in England much is due to Her Majesty, the late Prince Consort, and the Royal family,—our own gracious Princess especially. It was owing to the Queen's insistence that the first vote—the modest vote of £30,000, which has now swelled to between one and two millions—for the promotion of Common School Education in England was pressed upon Parliament. Her Majesty founded the first scholarship in Queen's College, Harley St., the first public institution opened in England for the higher education of girls. And when in 1871, a society was formed for establishing on a comprehensive scale good secondary schools where girls could be prepared for such colleges as Girton, Newnham Hall, Cambridge, and others, the Princess Louise consented to be its first President. Her Royal Highness did as much for the true education of girls in Canada by the wise words she spoke on the occasion of consenting to become the Patroness of your Association—words which have been read from the pulpit, and which should be written in letters of gold in your annual reports, and perhaps not less by the first walk she took from Rideau Hall into Ot-

tawa, and back again, sustained only by thick soled boots and a memorable little cane.

The ground on which I advocate a thorough mental training for girls similar to that which is thought essential for boys is the equality of the sexes. That ground is given to me in the first chapters of Genesis. The account of our origin given there assigns to man a dualistic constitution both as to nature and sex. As to nature, it is two-fold, matter and spirit. Matter-day-Saints, as Matter-Evolutionists have been called, profess to evolve consciousness and conscience from protoplasm, thought from no thought, dominion over the world from the elements of the world. And in all ages ascetics have dishonoured the body. Both are wrong. Man's nature has two sides. Both sides are from God, and both are sacred. As to sex, we have also a dualistic conception of humanity. It is declared that two sexes are needed to make up the perfect type of mankind. 'Male and female created He them.' Here is the familiar truth of the equality before God of man and woman, a truth unrecognised by any other religion, but imbedded in the deepest stratum of the Christian revelation. They are different but equal, and the two make up the ideal one that was in the mind of God when He created them, and that received full expression in the Son of Mary who combined in His character all that is excellent in both. Tennyson speaking of the relation between man and woman caught this true conception, and so writes more grandly than Milton.

Here is Milton's view :

'For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him.'

Tennyson, in his *Princess*, strikes a far higher note :

'For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse . . . his dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference ;  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;

The man be nerve of woman, she of man ;  
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height  
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw  
 the world ;  
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward  
 care,  
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;  
 Till at the last she set herself to man,  
 Like perfect music unto noble words.'

The figure in which the distinct creation of woman is Biblically revealed is very expressive. Much has been written on it ; but nothing that seems to me better than the words of the old Commentator, Matthew Henry, I think. She was taken, not from the head, for that would have indicated that she was to rule over man ; not from the feet to be trampled on by him ; but from his side, under his arm and nearest his heart to show that she was to be loved and protected by him. In God's sight the two are one—

' Each fulfils

Defect in each, and always thought in thought,  
 Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,  
 The single, pure, and perfect animal  
 The two-cell'd heart, beating with one full  
 stroke,  
 Life—'

There ! you have just proved what I have always asserted, exclaims one of my friends on the Extreme Right. What need of a woman learning Greek or Mathematics ? Her end and aim is marriage ; her kingdom, a happy home ; her subjects, little children clinging about her knees. Exactly so, and just because her relation to man is so close, just because her sphere is so important to man's highest welfare is she entitled to the best that education can do for her ? Because of her relation to man, and because of what she is in herself, a thorough mental training is due to girls. These are the two grounds into which the first—the equality of the sexes—divides itself.

1. Because of her relation to man. It is interesting to note how a great practical statesman, educator, and born conservative like Stein saw the truth on the subject from this point of view. In a letter to Frau v. Berg, he writes : ' I think the lot of women

in the upper classes of society is less happy than that of men ; the latter are generally educated for definite vocations, and live in the discharge of them. The former are seldom educated for the vocation intended for them by nature, that of mother and educator. We develop in them only the vague wish to please, and instruct them in the material means of doing so, and their whole life is devoted to an empty struggle for universal admiration, which is never attained, and an observance of a multitude of aimless duties. Their whole system of ideas consists of incoherent fragments of opinions, usages, and judgments of the great world, and everything concurs to estrange them from their one true vocation.' As his English biographer, Professor Seeley remarks : ' This last reflection is rather curious, when we consider that the standing argument of conservatives in female education is that women ought to be educated for their natural vocation, that of wife and mother. What strikes Stein as the fault of the established system is precisely that they are *not* educated for this.' The same thought struck the first Napoleon, a man far greater as a practical statesman than even as a soldier. One day he said to Madame Campan : ' The old systems of education seem to be worth nothing. What is there wanting in order to train up young people properly in France ? ' ' Mothers ! ' was the reply. ' Well,' said he, ' therein lies at once a complete system of education. It must be your endeavour, Madame, to form mothers who will know how to educate their children.'

The great majority of women will be wives and mothers. Their influence in both relations is paramount. In the latter, there is no one to compete with them for the first ten years of the child's life, and in that time more is done towards the formation of character than in all the rest of life. Seeing that this enormous power must be in their hands, have we edu-



cated them so that it may be used to the best advantage? As a rule, we have not. Their education has been partly received in society and partly in the boarding-school, and in both cases erroneous ideals and aims have been set before them. A native lady in one of the zenanas visited by Miss Carpenter in India, exclaimed, with longing and pathos that revealed her own true heart, 'your existence is that of a river bearing blessings wherever it runs, whereas ours is an enclosed well or stagnant pool.' The Hindoo fancied that all Englishwomen were like Miss Mary Carpenter. She was not aware that in many circles in England such a lady would be called 'blue,' or some other epithet still more vigorous, and that the objects set before the average young Englishwoman in good society are not much more elevated than those thought most highly of in the zenana. Last century Captain Cook found the hearts of the South Sea Island women set upon beads and feathers. Does not society teach our young ladies to estimate such things as the chief good? The form varies, but the thing remains the same. The ideals of savages are their ideals. Distinging the delicate rim of the ear, the cartilage of the nose, and the lower lip, must go under one category. The one practice is fashionable with us, the second with Hindoos, the third with the ladies of Africa. Compressing the head, the waist, and the feet out of shape are alike useful and ornamental. The Flatheads adhere to the first, Christians to the second, and the older civilization of China to the third custom. When I think of the varieties of dress, head-gear, and ornamentation that have been thought fashionable among us in this century, and of all that is involved in the disproportionate degree of time, thought, and money bestowed on these things, of the poor and false ideals set before our girls in good society, of the dreary, aimless, brainless round of exhausting frivolity

to which they are doomed, I cease to wonder that there are so many unhappy marriages, and that the race should be so slow in learning the alphabet of Christianity. For Rousseau did not exaggerate in that much quoted word of his in the *Emile*, 'Men will be always what women please; if you wish men to be great and good, teach women what greatness and goodness are.'

And what shall I say of most of the boarding schools that profess to give a fashionable education? Not much, for their supply is according to the demand. It is of no use in any case to rail against outcome. We must go deeper. The popular idea is that any lady, especially if she be a widow not so well off as she once was, can keep a boarding-school, and if she brings in teachers to give instruction in French, drawing, music, dancing, deportment, and fancy-work, what more can be wanted? Scraps of history and science may be thrown in, but as to the systematic study of anything, or methods of study, or mental training, it is seldom dreamed of. Why should it, if insipidity of mind and apathetic elegance of manner be considered more valuable? There has been improvement, but I fear that the complaint made by a French reviewer, a generation ago, is still too well-founded: 'Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women who are supposed to have finished in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of indolent insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves.' Were it not for the love that God has implanted in the hearts of women, and love, instead of being blind, is that which gives true

insight, were it not for those instincts which are the inherited thought of the race, the results of such education would be unspeakable. As it is they are bad enough for women themselves, their children, and the race. Their own health and the lives of their children are often sacrificed from ignorance of elementary knowledge of anatomy and physiology; and, because of their prejudices and wrong ideas, they give a twist to the moral and intellectual nature of youth that it never completely recovers from. We are now finding out that all we have done for India avails nothing, simply because we have not reached the women. The question with statesmen and missionaries is how shall we educate or influence the women of India? Had we not better begin nearer home?

Speaking of things as they are today, and not as they were a quarter of a century ago, let us thankfully acknowledge that improvement both in the physical and mental training of women has been and is being gradually effected. Girls are more encouraged to take active exercise in the open air, to move about freely without thought of the posture-master, and to lead the same outdoor life as boys. And blessed be the man or woman who invented or made fashionable the game of lawn-tennis. No one can excel in it dressed in tight stays or pull-backs. I have indeed seen a young lady try to play the game so dressed, but shall not attempt to describe the ridiculous figure the poor creature cut as she hopped from court to court like a 'hobbled' donkey or a very lame and limp duck. But she was the sad and sorrowful exception that proves the rule. Physical invalidism is now not thought 'lady-like.' Perhaps Muscular Christianity has helped to dispel that idiotic notion. And for a brief comprehensive account of what has been done in Europe and America in the way of giving women means and opportunities of mental training, particularly

as regards the secondary education that leads up to the University, and also in the way of opening the avenues that lead to professions from which custom, at least, formerly excluded them, let me refer you to a thoughtful paper by Mr. McHenry, Principal of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, on 'The Higher Education of Women,' which you will find in the *Canada School Journal* of last month.

I would like to face the real question that is at the root of all the present discontent and present movements. What kind of mental training should be given to women? Should it be substantially the same as that given to men, or should it be substantially different? In order to answer this, we must first ask, what is the great object of education, whenever we get beyond that familiarity with the three R's which opens to us the gates of knowledge, and with which the mass both of men and women must for a long time rest content? It can never be too much insisted on that the aim of education is not to store the mind with facts, but to train the mind itself; to develop it in the natural order and relations of its faculties, and so aid in developing character to all its rightful issues. That is a good education which enables us to look at things in the clear light of reasoned thought, and to consider impartially all questions with which we must deal instead of seeing them under the false colourings and refractions of prejudice, emotion, or individual temperament. Education should guarantee not merely the possession of truth, stumbled into by us somehow or other, but the knowledge of how to proceed so as to attain truth, and the knowledge of what is and what is not attainable. We must be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us, for our belief that it is true, not that which has been called woman's best reason—I believe that it is just because it is—but a reason that we come to, as the result of articulated thinking. We are all biased in differ-

ent ways. And that is the best education which delivers the mind from bias, sets it *in equilibrio*, and enables it to act normally and vigorously. Now, it has always been thought a matter of the last importance to give such an education to men. Our methods may have been defective, but such an aim has been always professed. The whole structure of our magnificent educational systems has always had this in view. Every improvement suggested is with the view of securing this more completely.

The first question then to be asked here is, do women need such a mental training as much as men? Unless mind in women is something essentially different from what it is in men, that is, unless they do not possess minds at all, but something else they call their minds, there can be no hesitation as to the answer. We may go further. There are physiological reasons to show that women require a sound mental training more imperatively than men; and that therefore no obstacles should be placed in the way of those who are struggling to obtain its advantages.

Mr. Herbert Spencer points out ('The Study of Sociology,' p. 374) that there is a somewhat earlier arrest of individual evolution in women than in men, and that this shows itself in their physical and mental constitution. 'The mental manifestations have somewhat less of general power or massiveness; and beyond this there is a perceptible falling-short in these two faculties, intellectual and emotional, which are the latest products of human evolution—the power of abstract reasoning and that most abstract of the emotions, the sentiment of justice—the sentiment which regulates conduct irrespective of personal attachments, and the likes and dislikes felt for individuals.' If this be so, and probably most people will admit the fact, though they may not necessarily accept the cause assigned by Mr. Spencer, it follows that the best mental training

that can be had is even more indispensable in the case of women than of men. Women are already handicapped by nature. Is it necessary that they should be, in addition, artificially handicapped by unwise restrictions, by the foolish customs and opinions of a half or quarter educated society?

If being granted, then, that the best education is needed by women, the next question is, where are they to get it? Well, it is not at all likely that the great colleges and universities that have been built, equipped, and endowed in the course of centuries by pious founders and wise States, and that have hitherto been used by young men, can be duplicated at once. That is out of the question. Even if duplicates were provided, such institutions would have as a rule empty benches for many a day. We may be quite sure that we shall have no 'ugly rush' of ladies seeking higher education. Hence the so called 'Ladies Colleges,' that are to be found in various parts of the country, must accommodate themselves to the average condition of female education, and can afford to supply only those branches and 'accomplishments' that the majority demand. Such adventure institutions, unendowed and possibly aiming at annual dividends, cannot possibly give such an education as the old recognised institutions. We are thus driven to ask, why should not ladies, in search of a sound education, seek a regular college and university training?

Why not? It has been said or hinted that grave evils would result from allowing young men and young women to attend the same college. There is no evidence to this effect. The evidence that we have is all the other way. Surely by this time we have got far ahead of the gross idea that woman's virtue depends not on herself, her modesty, self-respect, and principle, but on thick veils, padlocks and duennas. It is best to imitate nature, and nature by sending boys and girls to the same family has ordained that

they should grow up together in mutual honour and helpfulness. As a rule, boys are best when they have sisters, and girls are best when they have brothers. The two sexes now attend the same Common Schools, High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, and Normal Schools, and no one dreams of there being anything improper in their so doing. And, who would not rather trust them when they have attained the age of mutual self-respect, than in the years immediately preceding? Of course certain practical regulations would be needed, and these could easily be made; such as, not allowing both sexes to board in the same house, and in colleges where residence is enjoined, having a separate hall with a lady at its head; sitting on different benches in the class-rooms; perhaps entering or leaving by different doors; though, in my opinion, the fewer the regulations the better. The essential idea of college life is that students have attained to years of understanding, and that they are to be trusted. Professors who cannot manage students on this principle have mistaken their vocation. And students who are strangers to it should be taken or sent home as soon as possible. So far as there is evidence on the subject, it is to the effect that the influence on young men of the presence of female students is good and only good, and *vice versa*.

It is asked sometimes, with the alarm begotten of profoundest ignorance, are the subjects of a regular college course suited to ladies? A simple enumeration of these is sufficient to dispel the alarm. Take the old or any proposed new curriculum, and what subject in it is in any way objectionable? Language, literature, mental philosophy, mathematics, physical science, natural history, at which does male or female modesty or incapacity take alarm! Besides, all these subjects need not be taken by every student. Every college now allows a great measure of liberty in this respect.

More and more, too, options are being allowed. Very radical proposals are being made in Britain for bifurcating or trifurcating the subjects required for a degree. And I do not see why some subjects considered specially desirable for ladies should not be allowed to rank in place of others not considered so desirable. A thorough knowledge of music, for instance, might stand for Greek or senior mathematics. As to regularity of attendance, here too, the college is not subjected to the rigid rules of the school. In most colleges it is considered sufficient if actual attendance is given from two-thirds to four-fifths of the session.

But is not excessive study injurious to young women? Very, and to young men likewise. Many of the noblest young men I have known have killed themselves. The best are apt to injure themselves. No fear of the idlers. But we do not, therefore, exclude diligent and talented young men from college. Bad results flow chiefly from entering college too soon or insufficiently prepared in the secondary school, from bad boarding-houses, from the too numerous examinations now in vogue, and from over anxiety to attain honours. These causes, the last excepted, should and could be easily guarded against. A moderate amount of regular study is physically and mentally beneficial to both young men and women. No one doubts this as far as men are concerned, and I would refer those who want testimony for it in the case of women, to an article in the *Contemporary Review* of January, 1878, by Frances Power Cobbe, on 'The Little Health of Ladies.' It is not work but worry or mental vacuity, not regular but irregular study, or study under conditions prejudicial to health, that injures.

Besides, it is a mistake almost ludicrous to suppose that excessive study is required for the ordinary B. A. examination. The knowledge represented by the possession of a pass degree, no matter from what univer-

sity, is exceedingly moderate, though the value of the training received may be said to be incalculable. There is nothing like the regular university course. It is adapted to average minds, and confers benefits on the greatest.

I know of no reason that can be urged against women studying in our recognised colleges that has not been urged from time immemorial against every step in advance taken by the race, against every reform that has ever been made in the realm of thinking or of action. Of course this reform will come slowly. The mass of social prejudice to be overcome is enormous, and women are peculiarly sensitive to social opposition. At first, average young men in our colleges will be subjected to rather an unfair competition, for the young women will be a select class, chiefly those who survive the operation of a very rigid natural selection. But in time this will be righted.

II. Woman should have every possible opportunity of obtaining a sound mental training because of her relation to man and the importance of her position as a probable wife and mother. But to consider woman as merely a satellite of man—or, as Von Hartmann respectfully calls her, 'a moral parasite of man'—is a caricature of the truth that man is her natural head and protector. She is 'a primary existence,' owes responsibility directly to God, is bound to cultivate her faculties for her own sake, and has, in many cases, to fight her own way through the world. It is impossible to overlook the fact that there is an immense number of unmarried women, and women who are not likely to be married, or who have no disposition to waste their lives in frivolity or idleness until they meet with some man whom they can honestly marry. This class is increasing, and as civilization progresses it is sure to increase still more. The law of all progress is that the simple and homogeneous is, through a process of continuous differ-

entiation passing into the complex and heterogeneous. Where woman is the property, and the servant, or plaything, of man, there is no woman's question. All women will be pretty much alike, and all will be provided for after a fashion. Whenever she is really recognised as his equal, variety will be seen in women as in men. All savages are alike. Converse with one savage and you have conversed with the tribe. The more advanced the civilization the greater variety among individuals. There is a higher unity, but the uniformity has gone. In an advanced civilization, then, you will no more be able to class all women as simply wives than to class all men as simply husbands. There will always be some kinds of work that men can do best; and other kinds that women can do best—but no longer can all the honourable professions be reserved for men. We may discriminate on the ground of ability or fitness, but not on the ground of sex; and before we can decide as to ability, a fair field must have been granted. Here, too, the question is solving itself. Gradually women are finding their way into new employments. We see them in railway and telegraph offices, and hear of them at bank meetings. Thousands are employed as teachers, copying-clerks, type-setters, writers, artists, house-decorators, and thousands more might be employed in dry-goods and other establishments. The medical profession has been thrown open to them in Great Britain and in the United States; and Miss Cobbe believes, and with reason, that there will soon be women-doctors and women's hospitals, attended by women-doctors, in every town in the United Kingdom. All the nineteen British medical examining bodies are now allowed to confer their licenses or diplomas upon women. In Canada, the Medical Faculty connected with Queen's University has decided to open classes for women next spring, the matriculation examination and the curriculum to be

the same as for men. Of course, this means double work for the Professors, for it is generally recognised that co-education is out of the question in medical and surgical studies. Naturally enough the Professors were unwilling to undertake so much additional labour, but they could not resist the appeals made to them in letters from young women who felt impelled to devote themselves to the profession, and who were unwilling to exile themselves from their own country in order to get the necessary education. Large classes are not expected, but I understand that a sufficient number have engaged to attend to make the experiment worth trying.

But the question of higher education should be looked at apart from professional education and apart from the employments or careers to which it may lead. Culture is a good in itself, and should be sought for its own sake. If it be true that 'in this world there is nothing great but man, and in man nothing great but mind, then to neglect the proper cultivation' of the mind is a sin against our highest interests, and inexorable nature forgives no sin. What would any man who has received a thorough University training barter for it! He may have sought it at first not for its own sake, but because by that avenue only he could enter some calling that would give him honourable position as well as bread and butter. But having obtained a measure of culture, he usually values it aright. Unless he is an incurable Philistine, he has been taught to know himself, his intellectual strength and intellectual weakness, the meaning and range of his powers, and the impassable walls that hem him in. He has learned to be modest and to be confident. He looks through appearances to the heart of things; and refuses to bow down to the idols that lead the crowd astray. My only astonishment is that all such men do not resolve, as a matter of course, to give

to their children that which has been their own chief solace, that which has refined and strengthened their own natures, making them independent of the accidents and changes of time by giving them unfailing resources within themselves. Why should I deny my son the highest possible training of which he is susceptible, even though he may have to earn his bread all his days by the sweat of his brow? Why should I deny my daughter the same true wealth that cannot be taken away from her, even though I see no prospect for her but to be a sempstress? If their external lot is to be circumscribed and their fare scant, the more reason that they should have compensations in themselves. Have worthier conceptions of human nature. Set high and not poor ideals before your children, and they will seek to attain to them. We talk on Sundays of the dignity of human nature, of the worth of the soul, of the sufficiency of character; and throughout the week we are materialists pure and simple. The objects set before our sons are to get money; and the prize dangled before our true-hearted girls' eyes is a husband with money. We do boys and girls grievous injustice. Too often we succeed in debasing them. They owe to us their stunted natures, their worldly minds, and the general atheism of their lives, venerated with the form of religion prevailing in their day. Can we not believe the great Teacher's words, 'the Kingdom of God is within you,' and so believing, care for that which is within rather than for that which is without?

We should, I say, value culture for itself, and not for the career it may lead to, or the external advantages it may secure. But here, as in every other similar case, the first leads to the second. What the world needs above everything else is well-qualified workers in every department. My great difficulty is, not to find positions, but to find persons qualified to fill them. Work is always needed

to be done. But who shall direct us to honest and competent workers? They are at present establishing a new industry in Halifax, and they have sent two of their leading merchants to roam over the Great Republic to try and find some one fit to be entrusted with its management. I understand that it was difficult to find a person qualified to fill a situation in Montreal worth \$25,000 a year. There are Professorships vacant in our Universities every year, and men competent to fill them are not easily found. When a lady applies to me for a governess, though I know of many out of work, I am thankful to find one whom I can recommend. Principals of Ladies' Colleges assure me that their difficulty is the same. We need not be alarmed at the spread and improvement of education. What the world needs, and greatly needs, is not less of it, but more and better. Depend upon it, the well-educated man and woman can always get work to do, and food and raiment, at least, as recompense. They ask for no more. In themselves they have a kingdom and an inexpugnable fortress into which they can at all times retreat, where no storms beat, and no famine threatens. 'Not by bread alone is the life of man sustained; not by raiment alone is he warmed,' writes a seer who did much for the higher life of England, in the first half of our century, 'but by the

genial and vernal inmate of the breast, which at once pushes forth and cherishes; by self support and self-sufficing endeavours; by anticipations, apprehensions, and active remembrances; by elasticity under insult, and firm resistance to injury; by joy and by love; by pride, which his imagination gathers in from afar; by patience, because life wants not promises; by admiration; by gratitude—which debasing him not when his fellow-being is its object—habitually expands itself for his elevation, in complacency towards his Creator.' Every word of this is as true of women as of men. And the substance of what I have written is this, throw no obstacle in the way of those women who seek to develop and cultivate to the utmost their higher nature, intellectual, emotional, and moral. Let them know that all the avenues, and all the pages of knowledge, are open to them; and that it is not unworthy of their sex to think and to hope. For a very long time, only a small minority will seek to obtain this good thing of full-orbed culture. Among that minority may be—probably will be—some fitted to bless mankind. In the name of justice, for man's sake as well as for woman's sake, let the few who seek, find; or if they fail, let them not have to blame any but themselves. Failure, both men and women must acquiesce in. Injustice, neither man nor woman can bear.

## THE POWERS OF CANADIAN LEGISLATURES.

BY S. J. WATSON, TORONTO.

A POLITICAL heresy has lately attempted to sap the common faith in the powers of the Provincial Legislatures: its present object is to dwarf and belittle them; its future object to sweep them out of existence.

This heresy, formulated in brief, would make the uninformed believe that these Legislatures are little better than deliberative bodies; that they possess, of right, few executive functions; that their usefulness is a debatable question, and that their existence may almost be said to depend upon sufferance. In speculative politics, the right of these Legislatures to live, is a fair subject for discussion, like the utility of the Federal Senate. It happens, however, that very little investigation will show that our Legislative Assemblies exist to perform the functions which render necessary the life of a Colonial Parliament.

Let us inquire by what titles our Canadian Legislatures have, in times past, designated themselves.

We find in an official document, issued by Sir Peregrine Maitland, dated York, 21st of October, 1826, the words:—'Whereas, by our Proclamation, bearing date the 25th day of September last, we thought fit to prologue our 'Provincial Parliament,' etc.

The Legislature of the late Province of Canada was, throughout its history, styled, in official documents, 'The Provincial Parliament.' Taking up, at random, the Journals of the old House of Assembly, we find in those of 1854, a Proclamation of the Earl of Elgin dissolving 'the present Provincial Parliament of Our said Province.'

In the earlier years of Confederation, the Proclamations respecting the

summoning of the Houses of Ontario and Quebec, employed the words 'Legislature or Parliament of the Province of Ontario;' and 'Legislature or Parliament of the Province of Quebec.'

In the Confederation Resolutions, 72 in number, adopted on the 13th of March, 1865, by the late Parliament of Canada, we find that the words 'Legislature' and 'Parliament,' 'House of Commons,' and 'House of Assembly,' are regarded as practically synonymous and interchangeable.

Resolution 6 'There shall be a General Legislature or Parliament for the Federated Provinces, composed of the Legislative Council and the House of Commons.'

Resolution 49. 'The House of Commons, or House of Assembly shall not originate,' etc.

Resolution 79. 'The sanction of Imperial and Local Parliaments shall be sought for the Union of the Provinces,' etc.

It will not be hard to show that our Provincial Legislatures rank amongst the most important factors in our political system; that they are not the mere appendages of the Federal Parliament; that they have high duties to fulfil, and that, within their own sphere, they are independent of the Ottawa House, and are absolutely sovereign. Let us test the matter.

On the 17th of September, 1792, the first Parliament of Upper Canada met at Newark. Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe delivered to them an address, the opening paragraph of which says:—

'I have summoned you together under the authority of an Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, passed



in the last year, and which has established the British Constitution, and also the forms which secure and maintain it in this distant country.' Mr. John Macdonnell, one of the members for Glengarry, was elected Speaker. The Speaker, following the English precedent, presented himself for approval to Lieut.-Governor Simcoe, who represented the King of Great Britain. The approval was granted, and the King's Representative then promised that the members of the House should 'enjoy freedom of debate, access to his person, and freedom from arrest.' There are some who think that Simcoe had no authority to make this promise. But it must be remembered that he was a military man, and belonged to an order which, as a rule, refuses to act except on unquestionable authority. Is it not more than probable, therefore, that in the solemn ceremony of opening a new National Legislature in the wilderness, Simcoe left nothing to chance or the hazard of the moment, but that every act and every word were carefully studied beforehand, and authorized by the Governor-General in Quebec, acting for the King, or by the monarch himself, in a manner now unknown to us. No Royal Instructions can cover every eventuality that may arise in the administration of a Dependency; much is left to the discretion of the Governor, and much communicated to him which is never made public.

Would it not have degraded the solemnity of founding a new order of things to the level of a meaningless farce, if the Lieut.-Governor had not promised that the members of the nascent Legislature should not enjoy 'freedom of debate and access to his person?' The promise of freedom from arrest was in reality a very simple affair; little more than a matter of form. From 1792 until 1840, the year of the Union Act, a period of nearly half a century, there was only one case in which Privilege was pleaded against arrest.

The difficulty as to Simcoe's promise is, after all, a mere question of words. The great self-evident fact remains unassailed and unassailable, that the Legislature of the Province of Upper Canada, as long as it existed, continued to do all things pertaining to a Parliament. It raised money by taxes; made, enforced, and repealed laws; exercised the right to arrest and imprison. In a word, the Upper Canadian Legislature, in its local sphere, was as much a Parliament as, in its imperial sphere, was the House of Commons in Westminster.

We shall see, further on, whether, in the opinion of some of our ablest jurists, the rights and powers of the old Legislatures have not descended to the present Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec. In the meantime, we shall glance at some of the acts of the Legislature of Upper Canada; acts in which it exercised powers that were locally sovereign; which powers were never abrogated or questioned by the King's representative, or denied by the King's Courts.

The Statute of 31st George the Third, cap. 31, known as the 'Constitutional Act,' authorized the division of the Province of Quebec into the separate Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and the establishment of their respective Legislatures. The second section of this Act provides, amongst other things, 'That in each of the said Provinces, his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, shall have power during the Continuance of this Act, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of such Provinces, respectively, *to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government thereof*, etc. The italics are our own.

The Union Act, 3-4 Vic., cap. 35, sec. 3, enacts as follows:—

'From and after the Re-union of the said Two Provinces, there shall be within the Province of Canada one Legislative Council and one Assembly \* \* which shall be called "The

Legislative Council and Assembly of Canada;" and within the Province of Canada, Her Majesty shall have power, by and with Advice and Consent of the said Legislative Council and Assembly, *to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government of the Province of Canada,*" &c., &c.

It will be seen by the passages marked in italics, that the powers and functions of the old Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada were neither abrogated nor changed by the Union Act; but, on the contrary, were transferred in full force to their Legislative heir-at-law and successor. Nay more, the same clear and emphatic language which, in the Imperial Act of 1791, defines the object of the creation of the old Legislatures, namely:—"To make laws for the peace, welfare and good government of each Province," is repeated in respect to the creation of the Legislature of the United Provinces.

We shall proceed to show, in the language of official documents themselves, how the Legislatures of Upper Canada, and of United Canada, interpreted Lieut. Governor Simcoe's concession, and the words we have italicised. In the proceedings of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, 1828, are found:

Motion, that Nathaniel Coffin, Esq., Adjutant-General of Militia, and James Givens, Esq., Superintendent of Indian Affairs, having been summoned by a Committee to appear before them, and not having complied therewith, they be apprehended and placed at the Bar, to answer for such contempt, forthwith. Amendment, for appointing a Committee to search into precedents, and ascertain in what cases the Executive Government should be addressed, in order to produce the attendance of any public officer, &c., negatived: main motion agreed to. Sergeant-at-Arms reports his proceedings upon the Speaker's warrant, and the refusal of those gentlemen to allow themselves to be arrested; Report ordered to be

entered upon the Journals, *nem con.* They are placed at the Bar, and, being called upon for their defence, they severally explain the cause of their refusal; their statements to be taken down in writing, and entered on the Journals. Motion, that James Givens, Esq., has been guilty of contempt of the House, and a breach of its privileges, and that the Speaker do issue his warrant for committing him to the York Gaol for the remainder of the present Session: several amendments negatived, and motion agreed to. A like resolution, respecting Nathaniel Coffin, Esq. Speaker submits the form of separate warrants of committal, which are approved by the House. Sergeant-at-Arms directed to carry the same into execution.

The plea of Messrs. Coffin and Givens was, that both of them had applied to his Excellency for leave to attend the Committee, but that, in each case, he had refused permission. In the case of Mr. Givens, his answer was, 'That he is an officer of the Indian Department, and is now acting at the head of that Department in this Province.' In the case of Mr. Coffin, his Excellency's answer was, that he could not give him permission to attend the Committee, appointed to enquire and report upon the petition of William Forsyth, because he (the Lieut.-Governor), did not know what were the matters of which Forsyth complained, or what were the facts in regard to which the Committee desired to interrogate Mr. Coffin. (Journals, 1828).

In respect of these arrests, a Message was transmitted to the House of Assembly, by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland. Mr. Speaker Willson, who, in his signature to the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, at the opening of the Session, styles himself, 'John Willson, Speaker, *Commons* House of Assembly,' read the Message to the House:

'P. MAITLAND. The Lieutenant-

Governor, acquaints the House of Assembly that the Adjutant-General of Militia, and Colonel Givens, Superintendent of Indian affairs, acting as the head of that Department in this Province, have reported to him that they are in custody under a warrant of the Speaker of the House of Assembly for a contempt in disobeying the summons of a Select Committee appointed to report upon a petition of William Forsyth.

‘The Lieutenant-Governor will always view with extreme regret any circumstance likely to produce misunderstanding between any of the branches of the Legislature; and, notwithstanding the protection which he justly owes to all officers serving under his Government, and acting, as he conceives, in the due discharge of their duty, he has forborne to interrupt the proceedings of the Session, by hastening the intended period of Prorogation\*, indulging a hope that some measure useful to the country might be matured before the Legislature separated.

‘The departure of the Assembly from the usage prevailing in this Colony, and as far as he can learn, in other Governments, could not be acquiesced in by him without that conviction of its propriety which he does not now entertain.†

‘For his future guidance, under similar circumstances, he will solicit the directions of His Majesty’s Government—if the power claimed by the House of Assembly has been constitutionally assumed and exercised, the House has discharged its duty in asserting it. If, otherwise, the Lieutenant-Governor, in withholding his permission,‡ had a duty to fulfil from which

he could not properly recede—and of this the Assembly may be assured, that if the propriety of its proceedings shall be confirmed by His Majesty, no one will be more ready than himself to recognise the privilege in question on all future occasions, and to enforce its observance by all whom it is his duty to control.

‘Government House,  
‘24th March, 1828.’

This message from Sir Peregrine Maitland is nothing less than might be expected from one who cherished his peculiar views on what we now term Responsible Government. The second paragraph ends with a sneer. It is to be observed, however, that the complaint is a personal one; the House had dared to imprison two officers whom the Lieutenant-Governor regarded as under his protection, ‘acting as they conceived, in the due discharge of their duty.’

But the most important point yet remains to be noticed. There can be no doubt that Sir Peregrine fulfilled his promise ‘to solicit the direction of His Majesty’s Government.’ There can be as little doubt, that no official answer to the ‘solicitation’ was ever made public. The Imperial Government, by its silence, must be taken to have acquiesced in the course of the Upper Canadian Legislature. The House took no action on the Message. Messrs. Givens and Coffin were committed on the 22nd of March; the House was prorogued on the 25th of March, when, of course, they would be liberated.

In the House, in 1829:—

Motion, that Allan N. MacNab, Esq., having refused to answer certain questions put to him by the Committee on the Hamilton Outrage, and having otherwise misdemeaned himself, is guilty of a high contempt and breach of the Privileges of the House. Motion agreed to. Mr. Speaker to issue his warrant for apprehending him. He is placed at the Bar, and

\* This expression is somewhat obscure: it may mean, however, that, although the prorogation of the House would, of necessity, have liberated the officials, the Lieut.-Governor had forborne to hasten that event.

† Sir P. G. Maitland was unaware of the case of the Legislature of Jamaica, and Major-General Carmichael, noticed further on.

‡ To obey the summons of the Committee.

called on for his defence, which he makes accordingly. Motion, that Mr. MacNab be discharged; amendment, that he be committed to York Gaol during the pleasure of the House, carried. The Speaker submits a warrant of committal, which is approved by the House. Mr. Speaker reports a letter from Mr. MacNab relative to his imprisonment. Order, that he be discharged. Mr. Speaker submits a warrant for his discharge, which was approved of.'

[From the Journals, 1829 :—

'Mr. Henry John Boulton, Solicitor-General: For a high contempt and breach of the Privileges of the House, in objecting to answer questions put to him by the Committee on the Hamilton Outrage. He is placed at the Bar, and makes his defence. He is admonished and discharged. Order, *nem. con.*, for placing on the Journals what Mr. Speaker (Bidwell) said in admonishing him.'

The Speaker, in his admonition to the Solicitor-General, amongst other things, said :—

'The privileges of the House of Assembly, which you have questioned, have been given to it by the Constitution, and for wise and useful purposes. They are necessary for the preservation of its rights and the performance of its most important duties. It is the Grand Inquest of the Province. It is not merely allowed, but bound, to inquire into all grievances and abuses, and to remedy them; especially those which, from the rank, influence, or number of delinquents, or from any other circumstances, the ordinary tribunals of justice cannot fully and promptly redress. These privileges, therefore, are necessary for the protection of the people and the welfare of the country.

'It is to the spirit and firmness with which the House of Commons in England has upon all occasions asserted and maintained its Privileges

against the King and the House of Lords, and, when necessary, against popular prejudice, that our parent country owes her liberties and the best principles of her Constitution. They must be as necessary for the protection of the subject and the preservation of liberty in this Province, as they ever have been in England. They should be guarded and supported, therefore, with the same vigilance and resolution here as they have been in that country—whose example it is our pride and duty to follow.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Finding, from your answer, that you are now disposed to treat its Privileges with just and becoming respect, and to defer your own private opinion to the judgment of that body whose constitutional right it is to decide upon its own Privileges, it is willing to dismiss you with no other punishment than this admonition from its Speaker. This moderation is a proof that these Privileges have been safely lodged by the Constitution in its hands, and that they will never be used in a wanton or oppressive manner.']

Now for a few illustrations of the manner in which the Parliament of the late Province of Canada asserted and vindicated its privileges, in its endeavours 'to make laws for the peace, welfare and good government' of the country.

[From the Journals, 1854-5 :—

*In re* the Argenteuil Election.—D. G. Lebel, Deputy Returning Officer for St. Hermas, was summoned before the Bar of the House to give an account of his conduct at the said election. Leave was given him to produce witnesses. He was declared guilty of a breach of privilege in closing the poll several hours before the time prescribed by law, without any adequate reason therefor, and was committed to gaol for twenty-four hours.

[From the Journals, 1854-5:—

Mr. T. Brodeur, member for Bagot, refused to obey the order of the House, which directed him to be examined as returning officer, touching the Bagot election. He was taken into custody and placed at the Bar, but having answered the questions, put to him by the House, was discharged.]

A peculiar case was that of Mr. J. Gleason, because the House took cognizance of a matter that was an offence at law. For his conduct in sending a challenge to Mr. N. Casault, M.P.P., a member of the Bellechasse Election Committee, Mr. Gleason was placed at the Bar; but on his petition expressing his sorrow and praying the indulgence of the House, he was discharged from custody. (Journals, 1854-5.)

*In re* the Lotbinière Election of 1858. James McCullough, for having disobeyed the order of the House to attend and give evidence touching the election for the County of Lotbinière (1858), was placed at the Bar. He was examined. Motion that J. McCullough, Poll Clerk, and George Coté, Deputy Returning Officer, for the parish of St. Sylvestre, are guilty of a gross fraud and breach of Privilege in being privy to the fraudulent registration on the poll-book of fictitious names, &c. Both were found guilty and committed to gaol during pleasure. Coté was discharged on May 12th, but McCullough was kept in prison until the 6th of August, 1858, when he was liberated by the Speaker's warrant, directed to the keeper of the common gaol of York and Peel. (Journals, 1858.)

The next case in point is the Saguenay Election. M. McCarty, A. Guay, L. Lavoie, and E. Tremblay appeared at the Bar to answer for their conduct at the election. They were severally found guilty of a breach of Privilege, having been privy to the fraudulent inscribing of names on the poll-books for the parishes for which they were

respectively Deputy Returning Officers, and were committed to gaol for ten days. The Speaker reported that an application had been made to the Courts, on the part of Lavoie, for a writ of *habeas corpus*. . . (Jours. 1854-5.)

For further notice of this case see *infra*.

The last noticeable case in which the late Legislature of Canada vindicated its right to punish breach of its Privileges, was in 1866, in regard to an assault committed on one of the members. The sentence was that the assailant should be reprimanded, and committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, during the pleasure of the House. During the existence of Lower Canada as a separate Province, there were several occasions on which its Legislature imprisoned for breach of Privilege; but space forbids special reference to more than two of them, in another place.

We have seen how the Legislatures of Upper Canada defined and maintained their privileges. Let us now see in what light the Jurists regarded these claims. We shall take the case of *MacNab v. Bidwell and Baldwin*, as reported in Draper's King Bench Reports, Easter Term, 1830; pp. 144-158. It has been already noticed.

The Court held that 'the House of Assembly in this Province have a constitutional right to call persons before them for the purpose of obtaining information; and if the House adjudge the conduct of such persons in answering or refusing to answer before a Select Committee to be a contempt, they have the right of imprisoning them.' The charge was trespass and false imprisonment against the Speaker, and another member of the House of Assembly, Mr. Baldwin. Chief Justice, the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, in delivering judgment, said, amongst other things:—

. . . 'In a case, then, of contempt, so clearly and directly alleged on the pleadings, and resolved by the House,

I cannot see upon what sound principle the power of the Assembly can be denied. . . . Then, if *a priori*, and independently of precedents, such a body as the House of Commons must be armed with authority to commit for contempt, and thereby to remove any immediate obstructions to its proceedings, I think the same power, for the same reasons, must be admitted to reside in the House of Assembly here : for that Assembly represents all the people in this Province ; it has, in conjunction with the other branches of the Legislature, *power to bind the lives, liberties and estates of all the inhabitants of this country.* (The italics here, and elsewhere in this decision, are our own.)

‘ Although the Legislature of this Colony is subordinate to the Imperial Parliament, it is the *supreme power* acting in this Province ; *its legislative authority extends to the most important objects*, and the instances in which it is restrained, are, perhaps, not those of the greatest and most immediate consequence for the welfare of society. If a legislative body with such powers, and established for such purposes, had not also the power of giving effect to their consultations, by protecting themselves from insult, and removing obstruction from their proceedings, I am not certain that more injury than good might not be found to result from the Constitution conferred upon us ; and I cannot satisfy myself, upon any reasoning, that it is not as important for us as the people of England that our Legislature should not be compelled to make laws in the dark, and that they should have power to inquire before they come to decide. .

‘ Without discussing further the objections that have been or may be raised, I am, on the whole, of opinion that this action cannot be supported.

. . . It is plain that if upon this record this action could be sustained against one of those defendants, no one could venture hereafter to fill

the situation of Speaker ; and if it could be sustained against the other, certainly that would be an end of an independent exercise of the will and judgment upon constitutional questions by the members of that body.

‘ The true point of view in which to regard the question is, that these powers are required by the House in order to enable them to promote the welfare of their constituents ; we are bound to suppose that they will use them with discretion and for good ends, and, *if we had the power*, we should have no right to withhold them, on the assumption that they desire to pervert the objects of their Constitution.’

Judgment for defendants.

We shall now glance very briefly at two of the instances in which the Legislature of the Province of Lower Canada claimed and asserted its privileges. During the Session of the Provincial Parliament of Quebec, in 1817, Samuel Wentworth Monk was committed by the Assembly to the common gaol of the district, during pleasure, for a contempt : refusing to produce certain registers and documents before the House, or one of its Committees. A Special Committee was appointed to examine into the precedents for such commitments. They cited, amongst other cases, that of the Legislature of Jamaica, which attached the person of Major-General Carmichael, the officer in command of the Forces, and brought him to the Bar of the House, to give evidence as to the proceedings before a Court Martial.

The Parliament of Quebec was prorogued on the 22nd day of March, 1817, and, on that day the Court then sitting for the trial of crimes and criminal offences—on motion, granted a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the above cause of detention being returnable, it was moved that Samuel Wentworth Monk be discharged. The Court,

without determining whether the detention of Mr. Monk was legal or illegal, whether the warrant by which he was detained was accurate or inaccurate, discharged him upon the ground that the period for which he was committed had expired. (Stuart's L. C. R., pp. 120-121).

But it was not in the case of the popular and elective branch of the Legislature alone that the Canadian Judiciary, in times past, admitted and confirmed the claims for Privileges. In the case of *Daniel Tracy*, reported in Stuart, L. C. R., pp. 478-517, the Court held that 'the Legislative Council has a right to commit, for breach of Privilege or in cases of libel; and the Court will not notice any defect in the warrant of commitment for such an offence after conviction.' The libel was published in the *Montreal Vindicator* of the 3rd Jan. 1832.

The same order was entered in the case of *Ludger Duvernay*, brought before the Court by another writ of *habeas corpus*, upon a conviction by the Legislative Council on the 17th of January, 1832, for a similar breach of Privilege, in publishing in the paper, *La Minerve*, on the 9th Jan., 1831, a libel upon that branch of the Legislature. Justice Kerr, in the course of his remarks, observed: 'But it has been argued by the defendants' advocate that the Legislative Council has acquired no such power, (that of the House of Lords, in the matter of Privilege), by immemorial custom and usage, and that the Parliamentary Charter of the year 1791 confers no such authority upon it. I certainly admit that this body does not possess, like the House of Lords, a right to fine and imprison beyond the Session, nor so extensive Privileges as the Lords and Commons possess. But can the exercise of the power of proceeding summarily and committing for a libel against the Legislative Council, as an aggregate body, be refused to them without their sinking into utter contempt and inefficiency?

. . . And whether a political institution is vested with the authority to make laws, or to explain and enforce them, it must of necessity possess all the powers requisite to ensure the purposes for which it was created. . . . The counsel for the defendants appear to consider the Privileges of both Houses of Parliament, of punishing for contempt, to be derived from the *Aula Regis*, which exercised all the authority of a Supreme Court of Justice; but the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Courts, which do not derive their jurisdiction from the same source, exercise the same right of punishing summarily all contempts committed against their dignity and authority.'

Justice Bowen, in pronouncing his decision said, amongst other things: 'Looking at the Act, 31 Geo. III. cap. 31, we find that the Provincial Legislature is empowered 'to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government of the Province;' and in no part of this Act is there any mention of what shall be the Privileges of either branch of the Provincial Legislature; but it is certainly true that the framers of it intended to confer upon the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada a Constitution modelled, as far as circumstances would permit, precisely upon that of Great Britain. It has been well observed by Sir William Blackstone, treating upon this very subject, 'that the Privileges of Parliament are large and indefinite; that if all the Privileges of Parliament were once to be set down and *ascertained*, and no Privilege to be allowed but what was so defined and determined, it were easy for the Executive Power to devise some new case, not within the line of Privilege, and *under pretence thereof*, to harrass any refractory member and violate the freedom of Parliament; the dignity and independence of the two Houses are therefore in great measure preserved by keeping their privileges *indefinite*. . . .

'Besides, by the conviction before

us, the Legislative Council have done no more than the House of Commons has invariably done upon similar occasions—imprisoned the offender during the Session of the Legislature, and in doing so have exercised a power which, during a period of nearly forty years has been frequently exercised by the Assembly of this Province. . . . That these Privileges have likewise been acted upon by other Provincial Legislatures, and have been recognised by the highest authority, may be seen by the Journals of the Assembly of Jamaica, in 1808, in the case of Major-General Carmichael. . . .

‘This Province enjoys a Constitution similar to that of England, in virtue of a particular Statute, it is true, to make laws for the welfare and good government of the Province. Although the Statute mentions only this power, it does not deprive the Colonial Legislatures of their powers which are inherent and necessary for bodies constituted to perform their duties with liberty, independence, and for the general good. . . . If in England this power is recognised as inherent in the Constitution, that is to say, as a Parliamentary law, necessary to the independence of their bodies, as a law of the country, it exists in this country. In granting us the Constitution, Great Britain has given us the laws to protect it. Although the Constitutional Act maintains but certain particular duties, this does not deprive the Colonial Legislature of other powers which are enjoyed by the other Colonies, where Constitutions are only established by Charter; indeed the Provincial Legislature has performed other duties inherent in the Imperial Parliament, and the right of doing which cannot be denied to our Provincial Legislature, although not mentioned in the Constitutional Acts; and their duties are also of high importance, and required power and independence of a Constitutional character to fulfil them. These rights have been

claimed and exercised in this country since the commencement of the Constitution.’ (The italics in the foregoing, are in the Report.)

The case of *Lavoie* (see above), was the only one of importance, which during the existence of the Parliament of the late Province of Canada, was contested before the courts.

‘Lavoie was committed to gaol by the House of Assembly of the Province of Canada, on the warrant of the Speaker of the House, for the space of ten days, for breach of the Privileges of the House, in that, as Deputy-Returning-Officer, he had connived at and been guilty of gross fraud,’ etc.

The court held, on his petition for a writ of *habeas corpus*, that such malversation of office was a breach of the Privileges of the House, and that the House had in such case the power of determining judicially all matters touching the election of its own members, including the performance of the duty of those officers who are entrusted with the regulation of the election of its members; and further, that the Courts of Law could not enquire under such a commitment, nor discharge nor bail a person so committed; yet, as the commitment did not profess to be for a contempt, but was evidently arbitrary, unjust, etc., the court would not only be competent, but bound to discharge the person.’ (Stephens’ Quebec Law Digest, pp. 922 923.)

We have now done with the illustrations of the claims of the Provincial Legislatures of Upper, Lower, and United Canada. Enough has been brought forward to prove that they were not mere automata, created by the Constitutional and Union Acts, and gyrating in limping and aimless impotence in the narrow circles of a statute law. Proof has been given that these old Legislatures were something nobler and more powerful than the mere letter of the Acts which gave them a legal and technical claim to exist. Our Canadian Courts, always



and righteously jealous of the least infringement of personal liberty, felt bound, even when that liberty was jeopardized in conflict with these Legislatures, to recognise that, in certain cases, they possessed powers inherent, and independent of the phraseology of the statute-draftsman. In a word, the Canadian tribunals ruled that, barring those sovereign attributes which belong, by assured and pre-eminent right to, the Imperial Legislature, and which cannot be delegated, the

Legislatures of the Provinces of Upper, Lower, and United Canada were not mere deliberative bodies with an incidental permission to enact laws, but were real and veritable Parliaments.

We shall, at another time, endeavour to prove that the present Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec are the inheritors of the powers and Privileges of the old Provincial Parliaments of Canada.

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SOMEWHERE.

HOW can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere  
 In God's great universe thou art to-day :  
 Can He not reach thee with His tender care?  
 Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within  
 The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,  
 That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?  
 Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him :  
 Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb ;  
 And somewhere still there may be valleys dim  
 That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear  
 Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,  
 O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er  
 In His great universe thou art to day!

*From 'Friar Anselmo.'*

## SOME LAST WORDS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY OUR OLD FRIEND OF NEWFANGLE.

WELL, my dears, here I am at your service again. An old woman, to be sure, and a bit of a battered old body, seventy-seven years old, but sound at the core yet, and still able to tell how many beans make five. I am rather flattered by being told that in my person there has been a good lawyer lost. To tell you the truth, girls, I have sometimes thought so myself. But, lawyer or no lawyer, I hope I may never have a worse cause to plead than that of the men of our common human nature, our fathers and sons and brothers. A man who sings the praises of women may be a 'noble poet;' I am content, but, to my thinking, it is a yet nobler task to undertake the defence of men upon whom unjust aspersions are cast. It has been suggested that I might have left the defence of men to themselves. Not a bit of it, my dears. Few men would think it worth their while or would take the trouble. And here I am led to ask, is this opponent of mine a man or a woman? From all outward signs I should say a man. It would be an extremely rare woman who would speak of men as 'Non-Resident' does, whereas I could imagine it possible that a man might think himself entitled to speak of his own sex in any terms that might please himself—a *rara avis* to be sure, but then there *are* odd fishes. Women generally reserve their censure for women; read their books about themselves; listen to their talk about one another. Besides, there is the principle of *detur digniori*—yes, my dears, I know a few scraps of Latin-grammar like several lady writers whom I

could name. So that, for all these reasons I trust I may take the liberty of supposing 'Non-Resident' to be of the masculine gender.

My dears, I really ought to beg your pardon for asking you to listen to a very few words—and I promise a *very* few—from 'our venerable friend' of Newfangle. I shall confine myself strictly to correcting mistatements—as nearly as I possibly can, at least—and it is always well and right to do that. It has been suggested that my 'first homily' was 'throughout a *sneer*'—yes, my dears, *sneer* in italics—'at the higher education of women.' You will find it hard to believe so wild a mistatement, so bring the MAGAZINE (for all this has, somehow or other, got into print) and see for yourselves that, in that 'homily,' education is very slightly spoken of twice, and, each time, expressly with reference to men and women alike, as being both subject to the same conditions. In all the rest, about nineteen-twentieths of the whole, I think I may say positively that education is not once alluded to. In like manner, the imputed 'attack' might be disposed of. You know very well, my dears, that my 'homily' has been highly approved of by women—for Bella will continue to think Jack the finest fellow in the world—and that it has been read by men to their wives and daughters—they have told you so themselves. Nay, a critic has said 'it is written with the utmost good humour, and no one could be offended at it. But it is more than that,' &c., &c.

My definition of an average man 'Non-Resident' 'demurs to.' But,

unfortunately, in the very next sentence, we find an evident misunderstanding of what average means. He speaks of 'the average yield of a field of wheat,' an expression which has no meaning, at least, here in Newfangle. No farmer here would say so—no farmer would know what was meant. If he had anything to say about his field of wheat, he would put his meaning into some other and more intelligible form. In default, then, of a juster appreciation by 'Non-Resident' of the word 'average,' we may fairly fall back on my own interpretation, that, namely, of 'nearly all men.' Average men are all those who are not remarkable in any way, whether for good or evil; they spread over the dull level of mediocrity—a vast uninteresting plain, which comprehends within its limits the great bulk of humanity—if not ninety-nine out of a hundred, certainly not less than ninety. Nearly all men in short. I do not know why the 'manufacturer or importer, the milk-seller, the shopkeeper, the lawyer' are held up as peculiar examples of dishonesty; it can hardly be intended to attribute to them a monopoly of cheating; men of whatever calling are, take them all round, pretty even. Stand up then, men of the Dominion, and plead to this indictment. What say you? Guilty or not guilty?

A good deal of pathos—irreproachable where well bestowed—is thrown away, so far as I am concerned, upon 'women of mature age weeping,' and 'many a poor school teacher, &c.' I will ask 'Non-Resident' to widen his charity in my case, and to believe me capable of heartily commiserating *all* unfortunate women. At the same time, I must say that the female school teacher, who has come most in my way, has been rather a dashing young woman, with plenty of money for dress, and plenty of leisure for displaying it. And I can truly declare that, in all my time, I have never heard of a single one being

defrauded of never so small a portion of her stipend. So that there are two sides to *that* 'shield.' The scorn attributed to me is mere matter of imagination. I did not say one word about the loss to the women themselves, one way or another, beyond stating its amount and its proportion to their earnings, as a matter of figures when I was necessarily dealing with figures, and as a matter likely to be lost sight of when our eyes were dazzled with such a sum as \$21,000. What I did say was that the *proportion* of the 'helpless relatives' of this small *proportional* loss—this fraction of a fraction in their case—could hardly be supposed to cause much suffering to them. When the cruelty of men's cheating is held up to reprobation in a sensational style, I claim, for my part, the absolute right to dissect it to the last atom, and exhibit it in its naked truth. It must be borne in mind that these 'helpless relatives' are a pure assumption, except in a certain proportion of cases in which they may no doubt be fairly supposed to exist. Let us have the truth without exaggeration. Fortunate the woman, as fortunate the man, who have it in their power to assist helpless relatives. It is a virtue certainly not confined to women. I am sorry, more sorry for him than for myself, that 'Non-Resident' has so low an estimate of the 'appreciation shown by a Woman of Newfangle of the circumstances and needs of her struggling and suffering sisters,' and that he attributes to her an ignorance upon such points which taxes our credulity even in a royal personage in these times, in the well-worn story of Marie Antoinette. The 'Woman of Newfangle' must find her consolation in throwing herself upon the consideration of the community in which she has lived all these long years, and which must happily know more about her than a 'Non-Resident' can. I can only say that in Newfangle—and I hope it is the same where 'Non-Resident' lives

—our struggling and suffering sisters are never—no, *never*, I believe—left without help. Our charities do not lie dormant here more than elsewhere.

The 'story' of Baron Huddleston may be 'alarming' or charming—either epithet seems about equally applicable—for aught I can say. 'Non-Resident's' estimate of a lie is self-evident, but perhaps it is not all. It may possibly be thought that, where one is glib and fluent in a lie, and another boggles, the first has probably had more practice. But the 'story' was introduced with no intention of this kind; it was left to make its own impression purposely without one word of comment. It was brought in as having a direct bearing on the point at issue, namely, how far on such an authority as to the credibility of women in courts of justice it would be admissible to strike off one from the list of 'fraudulent' cases in Newfangle. It has been said to me, 'if fraud is imputed to all these men, why not impute falsehood to all these women? There is no more proof of one than of the other, nor is one a bit more hard or unjust or unfair than the other.' I have not said so, but I have no answer to make.

I am sorry that 'Non-Resident' should think that I desired 'to take a small advantage' in the case of Captain Carey. My explanation is somewhat akin to that of 'Non-Resident.' Carefully examine the relative dates for yourselves, and you will see that, when I spoke to you about the matter, the ultimate decision had not yet reached us here. I, too, knew all about the torrent of indignant condemnation, but it is a mistake to speak of the 'apparent unanimity of public opinion;' unanimity was far from apparent or real. There is no more dangerous 'torrent' to be carried away upon than that of popular clamour. You will remember that, from the first, I told you to reserve your opinion. I recommended to you two maxims, always safe and more than safe—Believe in

innocence till guilt is proved—Do not kick a man when he is down. In short, I do not know a principle of more universal acceptance than that, while a case is yet *sub judice*, outsiders must not presume to pronounce upon it. There must be so many scholars of this common school that to claim to be one of them is a very small matter.

'Non-Resident' says 'that was an unfortunate reference' (to the United States) 'from our friend from Newfangle, &c.,' and yet it is to the United States that he goes for his examples of the 'defrauding' of women; of the 'weak binding themselves together to resist the oppression of the strong;' and of 'the preposterous system of sex protection,' all which, we are given to understand, fall far short of the truth. It is of American men that we are asked to believe that, when they are paying to 6,500 women the sum of \$1,300,000 (at the low average of \$200 each), they are capable of the almost incredible cheese-paring meanness and guilt of endeavouring to rob them back again of a sixtieth part of the money! Say what you will of it, whether or not it be 'so much the worse for the facts,' it is incredible on the very face of it. 'Mr. Stephenson,' asked a member of a Parliamentary Committee, 'if a cow should stray on the track of the railway, how then?' Answers canny north-country George, 'So much the worse for the cow.' If 'Non-Resident' will permit me, I will take the liberty of pointing out to him that facts depend for their true significance on all accompanying and associated circumstances. There is the fact that we stand stock-still and see the sun rise up, travel across the sky, and sink down to rest, no facts on the face of creation are more absolutely manifest, yet—so much the worse for the facts. 'Non-Resident' speaks of the time-honoured privilege of the sex, 'what she will, she will, you may depend on't,' and if the facts go against her, 'so much the worse for the facts.' Is he not caught napping for once? Is

not even 'Non-Resident' here having his own little fling at the sex ?

In the case of the English female authors, I am content to 'let judgment go by default' (has there not another lawyer been lost beside the woman of Newfangle ?). I am so much more in the habit of seeing English magazines than American, that I did not notice that 'Non-Resident' referred particularly to American magazines. I apologise.

With regard to the man who is paid \$1,800 a year, I spoke designedly. From what was said, it was to be understood that this man is a mere copying clerk of the most ordinary capacity, a class of men notoriously receiving small, very small payment. Either, then, this is an exceptional case in some way or other, or it is not uncommon for copying clerks in the U. S. P. O.'s to be paid \$1800 a year for their services. This certainly does seem a case of 'so much the worse for the facts,' and I think we could not very well come to a 'decision' about it 'without knowing more about the case.' On the face of it, 'Non-Resident' has here discovered an 'Arcadia' of his own—an arcadia of American P. O. copying clerks. It would appear that all the cases in connection with this part of the subject are allowed 'to go by default in the very *test instances* selected by' himself, namely, any inadequacy of the lady's salary or hardship to herself, or any 'preposterous sex protection' in the cases of the illustrations and the cabinet. By the way, if 'genius usually commands its own recognition, especially musical or pictorial art,' how came it that these 'very exquisite' illustrations did not command their recognition ?

The difference about 'difference' may be briefly disposed of. We need no conjuror to discover that 'difference' in the dictionary is not explained as 'inferiority.' If one says, 'there is a difference between June and July,' it is true that there are minor varia-

tions, but we should hardly think of any inferiority of either to the other. But, if he says, 'there is a difference between June and January,' he hastens to make it appear that he is conscious of the manifest inferiority of January (just the same as there is a manifest inferiority in the case under notice—see 'Newfangle' *passim*), and he adds, 'it is by no means sought to deny or underrate the difference.' I may remark too, that it was not 'Non-Resident,' but a writer under another name, who made use of the very correct phrase so that I am as well entitled to my interpretation as he is to his own. Besides, as his view is insisted on a little bit strongly, it would have been better to be careful as to 'fact.' I did not 'declare that any one who knows the real force or meaning of language would agree with one,' but that I 'would be judged by all who knew the real force and meaning of words,' a much more modest and moderate course, I submit.

The 'sculptor' is pretty well worn too. But the fact remains that he does every day produce, without any insuperable difficulty, statues of men in their ordinary dress, whereas he knows that the indescribable extravagancies of feminine costume are wholly out of the range of 'æsthetic' art—that if there be 'grace,' it is a grace beyond the reach of *his* art. The painter can deal with them more easily ; he has colour and light and shade at his arbitrary command, and he has stratagems and dodges with which to evade the monstrosities. Look, for example, at that print of the poor princess Charlotte—her sad death is one of my early recollections, and I have had that print ever since I was very young. See how the lavish display of the figure (as is in vogue to-day), is brought within better bounds, by the floating scarf and the hand laid in the bosom.

My dears, there is a good deal of idle talk about men and women. Men and women are much of a muchness.

Women move in a more contracted sphere; their virtues and vices are less conspicuous; that is all. There are other kinds of cheating beside defrauding of money. Shakespeare did not draw Lear cheating Goneril and Regan, but Goneril and Regan cheating Lear.

'Non-Resident' cries out 'how often do we hear the sad story of helpless and inexperienced women entrusting their whole property to men in whom they placed implicit confidence, and finding themselves suddenly left penniless, destitute of the little provision they had saved for old age or sickness! How often do we hear of female wards (even here 'Non-Resident' cannot compel himself to include male wards; the condition of both are precisely similar) finding that their inheritance has, somehow or other, melted away under the manipulation of its supposed guardians? No doubt such cases do occur; it is true that 'no one with the most moderate knowledge of the world will deny it.' But here, as usual—nay as invariable with 'Non-Resident,' the 'shield' has but one side. Here he forgets his own 'homily,' and does fail 'to balance his fault finding with a frank and cordial recognition of all that he can endorse and approve.' Can it really be possible that 'Non-Resident' is not aware that such cases are immeasurably—aye immeasurably—out-numbered by those in which guardians and trustees faithfully discharge their duty, always an onerous and thankless one (let us judge from this outcry against them *how* thankless)—how often, at their own trouble, loss of time, cost, and sometimes serious loss of money, they steadfastly protect the interests of 'helpless and inexperienced women,' of 'female wards,' of 'widows and orphans?' Crimes are dragged to light; faithful performances have no record. Banks will break; trustees will be criminal or weak, they may yield to urgent entreaties to choose investments bearing higher interest, which means

worse security. All this is part of human nature, just as murders and robberies are part of human nature. But we do not lose our faith in our fellow men for all that, however it may be with 'Non-Resident.' There is no distrust, there is no panic; men still die happier to think that they will leave the interests of all that they hold most near and dear in the safe and faithful charge of their brother or their friend. Marriage settlements and trusteeships are expressly devised by *men* for the benefit and protection of *women*, and, if we enquire of lawyers, I take it that we shall not find them less frequent than formerly. It is most surely so in Newfangle. Of this we may be certain—that no 'higher education' of women will ever prevent the occasional defalcations or weaknesses of trustees, will ever make themselves cease to crave for higher interest and more money.

We are told of the 'almost incredible meanness and injustice on the part of men towards women,' which has so often justly stirred the indignation of 'Non-Resident.' Such indignation is righteous and admirable. But what do we hear of all the acts of kindness and beneficence done in secret, or of which no note is taken. What do we hear of the multitude of magnificent institutions—almost exclusively the work of men—by which the poverty, the affliction, the suffering, the insanity, the idiocy, the blindness of women has been alleviated from generation to generation? Nay, who have been the founders of these very women's colleges? Have they been men or women? Is it Mr. or Mrs. Holloway who is, at this very moment, founding a college for women, at a cost to himself of £250,000 sterling? If the vices of men are more conspicuous, so certainly are their virtues. Before all things, let us be just; let us hold the unweighted balance even. I shall be happy myself to accept a brief for women; I will do my best for them, but it will not be by

calling men 'cheats.' Depend upon it, you will never lift women up by pulling men down. Only endorse the brief with a good fee and I am your woman.

I am sorely tempted to transgress, to tax the patience or at least the space of the Editor of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*. I have the audacity, after all my professions of brevity, to ask for yet another column. I have only this moment come into possession of an extract from Mr. Anthony Trollope's 'Victoria and Tasmania,' and I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe it. All readers may not have seen it:— 'Women, all the world over, are entitled to everything that chivalry can give them. They should sit while men stand. They should be served while men wait. Men should be silent while they speak. They should be praised, —even without desert. They should be courted—even when having neither wit nor beauty. They should be worshipped—even without love. They should be kept harmless while men suffer. They should be kept warm while men are cold. They should be kept safe while men are in danger. They should be enabled to live while men die in their defence. All this chivalry should do for women and should do as a matter of course.'

Pretty well, I think, for a beginning. There is no stint there. And now, ladies, let me entreat your most particular attention to what follows. Let me ask you, in all seriousness, shall all this, that this generous, chivalrous gentlemen offers you, be blotted out of the scroll, to make room for one odious word?

'But there is a reason for all this deference,' continues Mr. Trollope, 'one human being does not render all these services to another—who cannot be more than his equal before God—without a cause.'

One pauses here for a moment and holds one's breath, in reverence for that indisputable truth, so grandly because so simply put.

'A man will serve a woman, will suffer for her—if it come to that, will die for her—because she is weaker than he and needs protection. Let her show herself to be as strong, let her prove by her prowess and hardihood that the old ideas of her comparative weakness have been an error from the beginning, and the very idea of chivalry, though it may live for awhile by the strength of custom, must perish and die out of mens' hearts.'

'Perish and die out of mens' hearts.' I could imagine—not easily though—that some—some very few—of these modern writers might say, 'let it perish, what does it do for us?' My dear girls, Young says—

'We take no note of time but from its loss.'

All this once lost (and if lost gone, it is to be dreaded, for ever) you will take note enough of it then, I will warrant you. When all that makes the charm between men and women shall have perished and died out of men's hearts, you will take note enough of it then to your bitter and lasting sorrow, to your irredeemable loss. Let us hear Mr. Trollope farther.

'I have often felt this in listening to the bold self-assertion of American woman—not without a doubt whether chivalry was needed for the protection of beings so excellent in their own gifts, so superabundant in their own strength. And the same thought has crept over me when I have been among the ladies of Victoria. No doubt they demand all that chivalry can give them. No ladies with whom I am acquainted are more determined to enforce their rights in that direction. But they make the claim with arms in their hands—at the very point of the bodkin. Stand aside that I may pass on. Be silent that I may speak. Lay your coat down upon the mud, and perish in the cold, lest my silken slippers be soiled in the mire. Be wounded that I may be whole. Die that I may live. And for the nonce they are obeyed. That

strength of custom still prevails, and women in Victoria enjoy for awhile all that weakness gives and all that strength gives also. But this, I think, can only be for a day. They must choose between the two, not only in Victoria but elsewhere. As long as they will put up with that which is theirs on the score of feminine weakness they are safe. There is no tendency on the part of men to lessen their privileges. Whether they can make good their position in the other direction may be doubtful. I feel sure that they cannot long have both, and I think it unfair that they should make such demand. For the sake of those who are to come after me—both men and women—I hope that there will be no change in the old-established fashion.'

What follows comes from a private source, and, as I am not authorized to name the writer, I can claim for it no further weight than internal evidence may furnish. The writer, however, is a gentleman at the English Bar, a man of letters, who moves, and has always moved, in good society. 'It deals with what is a crying evil of the age, but I cannot but hope and think that it will die out sooner or later. Women will be made to feel that their interest lies in occupations and in personal qualities which are purely feminine, and in accordance with God's Will, when He created them. Most men, I should imagine, like a woman because she is not a counterpart of himself, and the folly of dressing like men, talking like men, and thinking like men, will, sooner or later, become apparent.' In a letter just received, he says, 'I have cut out a page or two of Trollope's "Victoria and Tasmania,"

as I think, if you have not before seen what he says, you will be pleased to find that he agrees with you in all you say and write about women. To me it is only wonderful that their own instinct and natural shrewdness has not, long before this, convinced them of its truth. If it be "Women's Mission (to use their own phrase) to be a wife and mother, they certainly have less chance now of becoming the first than they had years ago. Mothers they may become, for temporary connections are much more frequent, and considered much less discreditable, than formerly. Society now winks at them, and almost recognizes their necessity. This is what it has come to.'

It is impossible to get over this, which is notoriously true. It is impossible to get over other things to which the most distant allusion is all that can be ventured upon, but which indisputably forms links in the same chain. There is no smoke without fire; it may be only a preliminary puff of a smoulder; but the smoulder is there. You ask a mariner if the land is in sight. He answers, 'no, but we can see the loom of the land.' Can we be confident that we do not see in all these signs the loom of a land which will shortly appear on the horizon, a land which will fall disastrously short of the happy land we have lived in hitherto.

My dears, I have been carried away, but I can hardly wish a word of it unsaid even to you. I could not too earnestly implore you to take it all—all that Mr. Trollope has said—to your young hearts, and may Heaven's blessing rest upon it and upon you!



## UNDER ONE ROOF:

## AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## A NIGHT CHASE.

SIX days out of the seven had elapsed without any tidings from Sir Robert reaching Halcombe, and two at least of the little household were growing very impatient to discover the mystery that had gathered round him. It was with difficulty, as we have seen, that Gresham had been persuaded to suffer so considerable a time to pass in inaction, and to Lady Arden this passiveness was well nigh intolerable. To her Sir Robert's silence appeared absolutely unaccountable, except on the ground of his being too ill to write, or on that of his letters having been intercepted. To have suddenly changed his intention of leaving one hemisphere for the other, and then to have even returned to England without informing her of the fact, was an act of neglect and even cruelty, with which she refused to credit him. That he was not, morally speaking, his own master, was true enough, but no malign influence of a mere moral kind could, she felt, have induced him to thus behave to her. He must be under not only dictation but restraint; or he must be utterly prostrated by illness.

As time went on, these convictions began to be more and more shared by the rest of the family, and even Gresham, notwithstanding Mr. Bevill's concurrence with his own judgment, began to doubt of its wisdom.

On the seventh morning, it had been arranged that the detective was to come over to the Hall to receive his last instructions, and so impatient were the two young men that on his not putting in an appearance immediately after breakfast they set out in the dog-cart to meet him. They had passed through the Wilderness and reached the moorland, when they saw a horseman coming from the direction of Mirton, and at once concluded that it was he; but on his coming nearer they saw that he was a stranger; he had an olive complexion with long and pointed moustachios, and except that he had so good a seat on his horse, might have been taken for a Frenchman. He raised his hat, too, in a foreign fashion as they met, and then passed on. It seemed unlikely that he should be bound for any place but the Hall, and no sooner had they parted, than it struck them that he might be the bearer of some message which might relieve the common anxiety. Gresham accordingly pulled and was about to hail him, when he saw that the stranger had also reigned his steed and was turning back.

'Could you happen to tell me, gentlemen,' said he in broken English, 'whether I am on the right road for Halcombe Hall?'

'Yes, yes,' said Gresham, eagerly; 'have you any message for any of the family? I am Sir Robert Arden's nephew.'

'My business is with one Mistarre, —Mistarre—ah! *oui* Mistarre Mayne.'

'I am the man, sir,' cried Mayne, eagerly. 'What have you to say to me?'

'Merely that I am ready to start for Weymouth,' answered the supposed foreigner, with a suppressed grin.

'Confound the fellow, it's Bevill,' cried Mayne. 'Why you would deceive the very devil.'

'I hope to deceive my gentleman, who is next kin to him,' answered the agent dryly. 'I thought it was inexpedient to come to the Hall in my own proper person; and now that I have met you I will, with your permission, not go there at all; it is better to be on the safe side.'

'But how will you get back to Merton, without being recognised?'

'A handful of water from the first pool and a twitch at these moustachios will make Richard himself again,' returned Mr. Bevill coolly. 'In the meantime I wait your instructions.'

These were soon given; indeed, they consisted mainly in impressing on him the anxiety that prevailed in the family, and the necessity of relieving it as soon as possible. He was to telegraph to them, though in guarded terms, every point that seemed of importance; and Gresham would hold himself in readiness to join him at a moment's notice.

It is a vulgar error to ascribe any great intelligence to the mimetic art, even when displayed in its higher walks; like the business of the conjuror, and of the statesman, it is magnified by the majority of mankind, because they are necessarily unacquainted with it, but the effect of Mr. Bevill's masquerading was to impress both the young men with a sense of his sagacity, and to convince them that he would leave nothing undone through lack of strategy and prudence in the matter entrusted to him. When he had left them they began to feel that sort of complacency which we experience even under the most menacing circumstances, when we know that we have at least taken every precaution

possible, and if things go wrong, it must be owing to the malignity of fate. And this feeling they imparted in some measure to the rest of the household.

For the first time for many days, Lady Arden was able to listen to the words of wisdom that fell from the Great Baba with something like her old appreciation; for the pretty prattle of the nursery, though it never loses its music for the mother's ear, has, when her heart is sore and sad, a pathos that melts what is wax already, and gives to grief its hesitating tear.

With an inopportuneness characteristic of its age, the child, too, would generally choose Sir Robert for the topic of its talk, and this his deserted consort found intolerable.

That evening, however, Lady Arden joined the rest of the family (which included, it should be mentioned, that newly-joined devotee, Mr. Frederic Mayne), in their usual acts of idolatry; and the Great Baba, in the drawing-room before the late dinner, was more adorable than ever.

His brother Frank had a tame starling, and he stated at immense length how he too intended to procure a feathered pet, and by what means. Salt, as a device for placing on birds' tails, and so securing them, he had, he explained, hitherto found illusory; the birds were too rapid in their movements; but he (Baba) had observed [this with all the grave simplicity of a White of Selborne describing a fact in Natural History] that the goose was the most slow moving of all birds, and a goose he accordingly meant to catch, and put it in a cage to sing to dear Papa when he came home.

This statement, delivered with the most unconscious comicality, was supplemented by a request that 'Georgie dear' (Gresham) should indicate upon the instant *which* goose in Gilbert Holme's collection he considered would be most eligible for this experiment.

In vain did Gresham aver with much emotion (he was half suffocated with

suppressed mirth, and nothing made the Great Baba so wrath—except contradiction—as laughing at him) that he did not know one goose from another; nothing would satisfy the exacting infant, or induce him to retire to his couch until Gresham had passed his word that he would visit the farmyard and investigate this weighty matter that very night.

Out of which absurd agreement a strange event came to pass, which set many minds at work, and added the glamour of mystery to the gloom that already shadowed Halcombe Hall.

After the ladies had retired that night Gresham bethought him of his promise, which could fortunately be kept in all its integrity by the young men's visiting the curate, and smoking a pipe with him at the Manor Farm, as they often did. After an hour's chat and smoke, they were returning through the shrubbery, when Gresham suddenly stopped, and pointed out to his friend that, though the rest of the house was in darkness, there was a light in Sir Robert's dressing-room.

'But why should there not be?' inquired Mayne.

'I know Lady Arden has never entered the room since my uncle left us,' returned Gresham. 'And she told Evelyn that she never—Good Heavens! look yonder.'

'What is it! I see three windows lighted up instead of only two.'

'That is just the wonder of it. There are only two windows to all appearance in that dressing-room, though there are three when looked at from outside. The third gives light to only what is called the "Priest's Hole"—a hiding-place, no doubt, for the family confessor in the Jacobite times. Its very existence is unknown, except to the members of the family. One has to stand on the broad window-ledge, and open a sort of cupboard with a spring. Sir Robert keeps his private papers there, I believe.'

'Then it is probably Lady Arden herself.'

'No, no,' interrupted Gresham, hastily; 'don't speak, don't move. We must get at the bottom of this; no woman could have reached the place without great difficulty; see, that is a man's shadow.'

'By Jingo, so it is,' exclaimed the other. The head and shoulders of a man with one projecting arm, as though he were taking something from this secret repository, could be now distinctly seen. Then the candle that had revealed him was suddenly extinguished and all was dark again.

'There's a thief in the house,' whispered Gresham, in great excitement; 'and I am sure it is none of its inmates. He must therefore break cover somewhere or another; either at the back or front; if you run round to the stable yard, I will stand here, and we will give the alarm to one another. Walk softly on the grass, and—hush, listen! By Jove, there he is.'

The lifting of a window somewhere on the lower floor was distinctly heard, and then a figure dashed across the lawn within a hundred feet of them, and sped along the avenue.

The young men darted after it like two arrows discharged by a single string, and three pairs of winged feet broke the silence of the night together by their patter on the gravel. All three were good runners, but the stranger had two advantages over his pursuers—he had not dined so recently, and he was not wearing evening boots of polished leather. These latter were no obstruction to the young gentlemen's progress on the gravelled avenue, but when they had shot through the lodge gates and found themselves on the steep and slippery village street, their footing became insecure. They could not 'take off' from the toe, which is necessary to a very high rate of speed, because their boot-soles, save the high heels, became as unelastic as wet blocks of patent blotting paper. And yet after the first fifty yards they gained upon the flying foe. This, though they did not know

it, was because they had youth upon their side, an excellent ally while he sticks to you, though at bottom always a deserter. When the supposed thief had reached the spot where the moss-grown stocks stood opposite the blacksmith's shop, his pursuers were flying by the village inn, and when he sped by the cattle-pound, they were racing past the stocks. This was a gain of full five yards.

'If Dyneley were here he would have had him by this time,' panted Gresham.

'We shall have him ourselves in ten minutes,' responded Mayne.

An interchange of ideas which cost them—that is, lost them—at least four feet.

At the cattle-pound the road turned sharp to the right and then to the right again, up to the moor, and at the first bend on the left was the bridle road into 'the Wilderness.'

They ran right on to the second bend before they discovered—by stopping and listening—that their man was behind them. He had taken the bridle road. This 'check' might have been fatal to them, but at this moment the full moon came out, showing each branch and leaflet as clearly as at noon-day, and also the object of their pursuit, straining up the grass-grown road a hundred yards in front of them. There was but one abrupt turn in this road, and then a straight run on to the moor.

'We have got him,' said each young fellow to himself, for bountiful Nature had just given to each his 'second wind,' and it was plain by his style of going that the fugitive had no such auxiliary. He had begun to 'wobble' in his gait, which is a very bad sign, and signifies, among other things, as I happen to know, that the runner is past his prime. They calculated, and with reason, though they would necessarily lose sight of him for a minute or so at the turning, that when they reached it he would be only half his present distance ahead of them. And

they were right. Indeed he was leading by considerably less than fifty yards, but then he was on horseback. He had evidently left his steed tied up at this concealed spot, in readiness for some such emergency as had occurred, and the result had justified his precaution.

He was cantering away from them as leisurely as a railway train from a couple of cows, and they perceived at once that further pursuit was useless.

The young men flopped down on the wayside, and gazed after the vanishing figure, with gasps and gurgles. Their neat evening costumes were in a pretty state; their great coats lay somewhere in the mire, where they had thrown them, as a ship throws over her ballast, anywhere; their boots were split and sloppy, and they had run a mile from home at midnight for nothing. The first use to which Mayne put his recovered breath was to burst out laughing.

'We thought we were so cocksure of him,' said he, 'didn't we?'

But Gresham did not even give an answering smile.

'You saw the scoundrel pull up his coat collar as he rode off,' observed he, earnestly. 'Do you know why he did that?'

'No, how should I,' returned the other; 'He couldn't have been *cold*, that's certain.'

'Well, he did it to escape recognition, that was Ferdinand Walcot.'

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### BLACK NEWS.

THE astonishment which had been the portion of Mr. Frederic Mayne consequent on the events of the last twenty minutes was nothing as compared with the amazement with which he listened to his companion's last observation.

'No, my dear Gresham, I can't stand that,' he answered. 'I can only just credit that I am sitting here on a damp bank, with my clothes torn, after chasing a burglar by moonlight; to ask me to believe that that burglar was Ferdinand Walcot is to overdraw the small balance of credulity I have still on hand. Let it even be granted that he should come to rob the house, in this inexplicable manner, I could still never be brought to admit that dear Uncle Ferdy could run like that.'

'As cowards will fight with a rope round their necks,' observed Gresham, gravely, 'so even elderly gentlemen will make use of their legs when to be caught is ruin. Of course under the circumstances—midnight and twenty miles an hour—I can't swear to the man's identity, but I am morally convinced of it. I felt it was so all along, but when I saw him pull up the collar of his coat, I said to myself no man but Ferdinand Walcot, being at his last gasp for breath, and with his wits shaken into a hasty pudding, could have thought of such a precaution at such a moment.'

'There is something in that,' replied Mayne, musing; 'but why the deuce didn't you mention it? If I had thought it was Uncle Ferdy, I *must* have caught him. Oh dear, to see him scuttle up the village!'

And Mr. Mayne fell prone upon the bank, to the still further damage of his dress coat, and roared with laughter.

'Yes, it was Walcot,' continued Gresham, meditatively, 'but unless we can get proof of it, it might do more harm than good to say so. Moreover, it would alarm Lady Arden and the girls exceedingly, as, to say the truth, it does me.'

'How so?' inquired Mayne, quickly. 'Who's afraid of him? I would give a thousand pounds if he would only come again—just once—like a thief in the night. Indeed I don't know why I say *like* a thief—for no doubt he came in that very capacity.'

'I think so too, Mayne,' said Gresham, earnestly, 'and that is what makes the thing so serious. He would never run such a risk, unless for an immense and immediate gain. It is my conviction that some crisis has taken place as respects my unhappy uncle.'

'Indeed that seems very probable,' said Mayne, rising to his feet, and turning with his companion towards home. 'We may, in that case, hear something decisive in the course of the next twenty-four hours; nothing can be worse for poor Lady Arden than this state of anxiety and suspense.'

'We always think that till the catastrophe happens,' answered Gresham, gloomily: 'then we find the worst is to know the worst. I own to you, Mayne, that I have a deep presentiment of evil as regards Sir Robert.'

'Half the unhappiness in the world,' answered Mayne, philosophically, 'arises from presentiments—speculating for the fall, as Mr. Beville calls it. For my part I am morally certain not only that Uncle Ferdy will eventually come to grief, and that I shall live to see it, but that Sir Robert will "enjoy his own again," as the song says.'

'The song, however, you remember was wrong,' remarked Gresham, dryly. 'However, it is well, of course, and one's duty, to keep a good heart. In the mean time silence will be our best plan as regards this night's adventure.'

'I quite agree with you, my dear Gresham, and not only for the sake of the ladies at the Hall. If the hero of to-night is really the man you suggest, and he suspects us of having identified him, he will expect us to take some important step, or at all events to make a row. Our remaining quiet will puzzle even him. Let us say nothing of what has happened unless we find any of the household suspect it, and in that case only describe our

visitor as an ordinary burglar. Only we must brush our own great coats, else old Parker will say, 'They was very drunk last night, them two was, and fout on the ground.'

There was no sign, however, that any one at the Hall had been aroused: the young men let themselves in as usual, and with their own hands drew down the window of the dining-room through which the supposed thief had made his exit. Gresham called his friend's attention to the fact that it was the same window through which in summer time Walcot and Sir Robert were wont after dinner to issue on to the lawn. 'He knew that it moved easily, and without noise.'

Mayne nodded acquiescence, and murmured something in admiration of Uncle Ferd's excellent memory. Neither of them had much sleep that night. Anxiety as to what the morrow might bring forth kept Gresham's eyes from slumber. Mayne suffered from even a worse foe to sleep. The sense of the ridiculous oppressed him; 'to see him scuttle up that hill,' he kept saying to himself, and he had to stuff the sheet into his mouth to stifle his untimely mirth.

Nothing did happen on the morrow till its close. Late in the evening a telegram arrived from Mr. Bevill. 'The *Meduse* (this was the name of the trader from Marseilles) brought neither of our friends to Weymouth; this is certain. There were no passengers at all. I do not, nevertheless, despair of getting hold of one end of the thread within a few hours. If harm had been done I should have learnt it.'

The two last sentences, as all well understood, were put in by the detective by way of sedative. The rest of the message was simply astounding.

'He has killed him,' said Lady Arden, clasping her hands.

'No, no,' said Mayne. 'It is his own influence that is dying, and he dare not trust Sir Robert to communicate with those who love him. That

is why these extraordinary precautions have been taken to conceal their whereabouts. If any calamity had happened, at sea, for example, we must, as Bevill says, have heard of it ere this.'

'But where can they be?' reiterated her ladyship.

'Well, they may have never left Marseilles; their appearing to do so may have been a *ruse* to throw Bevill off the scent, I confess I think it unlikely, however, that he should have been so hoodwinked. On the other hand, the captain of the ship may have been induced to touch somewhere, and put them on shore—at Gibraltar, for instance—before reaching Weymouth. For my part I feel no whit discouraged. The work has to be done over again, that is all. If they are above ground, Bevill will find them.'

Lady Arden shook her head. The phrase 'above ground,' which Mr. Mayne had used, suggested its alternative.

'He has killed him,' she repeated, despairingly.

This unhappy condition of his hostess disturbed the young man exceedingly; he reproached himself with having advised delay, and, by way of penance, resolved to tear himself away from Halcombe, and the sweet flower that bloomed there, and assist Mr. Bevill in his researches in person.

Lady Arden did not oppose this, for she had lost confidence in the detective, but, like the rest, as soon as Mayne was gone she began to feel his loss. His good sense and sanguine views had acted as a tonic to them in their troubles, and when the doctor who had to be called in to her ladyship next day (as is the way in the country when such an opportunity occurs, 'just look at' the rest of the family) he said, 'You are all running down like clocks, but especially Miss Milly.'

On the same night a telegram reached the Hall from Mayne, which fulfilled Mr. Bevill's hope that 'one

end of the thread' would presently be in his hands, and also afforded some comfort. It appeared certain that Sir Robert was at all events in England. The detective had ferretted out a sailor belonging to the *Meduse*, and left behind—he was probably a runaway—when the vessel returned to France; and he had stated that the two 'gentlemen passengers' had been put ashore, at their own request somewhere on the English coast. At what place the Frenchman could not tell, they had left the ship in a small boat, which had afterwards returned to it.

The next morning two letters were brought up to Gresham's room, that gentleman, as usual, being late for breakfast; one in Mayne's handwriting and the other in a hand he did not at the moment recognise. He naturally opened the former first. It detailed the news given in the telegram of the night before, but added for his private eye, if he should think it desirable to conceal the matter, that the French sailor had described the old gentleman—doubtless meaning Sir Robert—as being deadly ill, which had been the cause of his having been put ashore with his companion.

Then for the first time Gresham began to apprehend the worst. With a certain quickness of action, that signified no eagerness (for he expected nothing), but merely impatient with Fate, he took up the second letter. To his amazement he found this to be from Walcot himself.

'May 21st, Salton Point.

'DEAR SIR,

'It is with the most poignant sorrow that I have to communicate to you the death of your revered uncle, which took place last night. He had been ailing, as his letters have no doubt informed Lady Arden, for a considerable time; the doctors he consulted on the Continent agreed with his own family physician in the necessity of a complete change of air and scene, and at one time he had actually

resolved upon a voyage to Australia; with the caprice of an invalid, however, he suddenly determined to return to England by sea from Marseilles. On the voyage (we were bound to Weymouth) his symptoms grew so alarming, that I persuaded the captain to put us ashore at this place, where we have since remained.

'I more than once suggested that Lady Arden or yourself should be communicated with, but this he peremptorily declined to permit. Mr. Howard, his medical attendant here, a gentleman who tells me he was at college with you, and whom you will doubtless remember, had hopes of him so late as up to yesterday afternoon. But he finally succumbed to his disease—fatty degeneration of the heart, I understand, a mischief that has been long at work—at 6.45 P.M.

'I am thankful to think that nothing was left undone that could be done to save his life, or alleviate his sufferings. He could not, as I have said, be induced to see you; but your immediate presence *now* here, is, I need not say, very desirable. I propose to return with you, with our precious charge—though alas! what we so loved in him is now no more—to Halcombe, on the 26th, and have made all arrangements for that purpose; unless you would prefer a later date. I have purposely avoided the use of a mourning envelope, lest it should meet Lady Arden's eye, to whom it is your unhappy privilege to break this sad intelligence.

'I am, dear Sir,

'Yours truly,

'FERDINAND WALCOT.'

Gresham threw on his clothes, and leaving word that he was gone to breakfast at the Manor Farm, betook himself at once to Dyneley. He needed his advice, of course, but the hope that the curate might be induced to take upon himself that duty which Walcot had described as his 'privilege,' was the true spur that urged him. The

young fellow was brave enough, and had given proofs of it; but he shrank from all things painful—and, to do him justice, especially from those painful to others; the ocean in its most furious mood was in his eyes a less formidable thing to face than a woman's tears.

While Dyneley read the letter aloud, Gresham strode about the farm parlour, putting in his indignant commentaries upon Mr. Walcot's text.

'Did you ever read such a tissue of hypocrisies? His "poignant sorrow" forsooth, as though he had not counted on my poor uncle's death, and very likely hastened it! It is sad, indeed, as you say, but one's anger fairly overcomes one's sorrow in the presence of such duplicity. The idea of his pretending to be unaware whether poor Sir Robert had written to his wife or not when every word must have been dictated by him! Then his daring to talk about our "precious charge"—"though what we loved in him is now no more," pah, it sickens me! Of course, I will go to this place—wherever it is—at once; but as to breaking the news to poor Lady Arden—I really think, my dear Dyneley, since you are a clergyman, and if you wouldn't mind—'

Dyneley looked up with a surprised air that presently vanished in a sad smile; 'I will see Lady Arden, Gresham, if you wish it; it falls, as you say, within my duty.'

'Thank Heaven!'—ejaculated the other *naively*, 'what a good fellow you are—I suppose, by-the-bye—only this man is such an unconscionable rogue—that my poor uncle is really dead! If Walcot has only lied to us in this, as in all else, I would willingly forgive him.

'No, this is the truth,' said Dyneley thoughtfully; 'looking at it all around, I see no hope of its being otherwise. And mind you, though I share your opinion of this man, you have no right to say he hastened your uncle's death. This is a dangerous

thing to say, and, what is more, an unjustifiable one. There has, you see, been a doctor in attendance on him—do you know the gentleman, by-the-bye, as is stated here?'

'Yes: I remember Howard: he was in my own year. A very honest fellow I should think, though (like myself) not overburdened with brains.'

'A year or two, especially in early manhood, sometimes makes a serious difference in man's character,' observed Dyneley musing.

'That's true: but I may say—yes, for certain—that Howard could have stooped to nothing, I do not say criminal, but underhand. What has been done—so far as he is concerned—we may take it for granted has been done on the square.'

'Very good,' observed the curate. 'That is worth knowing: it corroborates so far my own view that we should be slow to impute misconduct to any one in this affair, without proof; but there is something wrong as to the date of this letter. It was written on the 21st, and speaks of poor Sir Robert as having "died last night;" and yet it only reaches you to-day, the 25th.'

'Gad, I never noticed that,' said Gresham; 'it's very queer, to say the least of it. It cannot surely be more than two days' post, if so much.'

'It is two days' post' answered the curate, thoughtfully; 'the envelope tells us that much; the dates 24th and 25th are on it; it could not have been posted till then, till two days after it was written.'

'What an observant fellow you are!' cried Gresham admiringly. 'I should never have thought of looking at the envelope. Mr. Bevill now would set me down as a born fool.'

'Never mind Mr. Bevill; though I don't say that it is not within the bounds of possibility that we may still require his services. It is your duty no doubt to start for Salton at once: I would go with you myself, but that



I feel I may be of use to poor Lady Arden just at present.'

'Of course you will be of use; of the greatest comfort to her, and to the girls also. Evy has often said what a comfort you are, when there is real trouble anywhere.'

'Has she?' exclaimed Dyneley, eagerly. Then hastily added with a deprecatory smile. 'Well, you know, we clergy are still believed in by the ladies: our experience among the poor is of use to us, for when there is real sorrow, human nature is the same everywhere, and the same sources of comfort——.' Here he stopped, for it was plain that his companion was not attending to him; 'What are you looking for, my dear Gresham?'

'Your *Bradshaw*: I've got it now; but, dear me, Salton Point is not in it.'

'I dare say not; there is probably no station there. I don't think I ever heard of the place. See here in the map—you must go to Saltonburg, and then drive over—it looks about six miles. You have just time to sit down and get your breakfast; and be in Mirton to catch the mid-day coach. I will send round the dog-cart from the stables to pick you up here.'

'Then you are going to the Hall at once—well, it is best to get these things over. I am awfully obliged to you for taking the matter off my shoulders. I say—you'll make it clear to *all* of them—I mean the girls of course (he was thinking of Elise, but dared not mention her) how it was that I went off without saying good-bye, won't you? Thanks. God bless you, old fellow.'

Then as he sat down to his meal alone, he murmured. 'What a capital fellow a *good* parson is. I wish Dyneley could have come with me down to Salton Point. Poor old Sir Robert—he was a kind friend in me, in life, whatever happens, I shall never forget that. How wretched it will be down there; and with that infernal scoundrel in the house——Well, well; I must go through with it.'

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### SALTON POINT.

THAT Mr. Dyneley 'did not know Salton Point' only proved, not indeed that it was unknown, but that he was of stay-at-home habits, or, at all events, had not travelled much upon the railways of the south coast. To every one that did so, Salton Point has long been a household word, and the place itself perfectly familiar, so far as the art of the painter can make it so. The locality in question had never, it is true, been made the subject of any picture in the Academy, or even in Suffolk Street, or Pall Mall; but the pictorial advertisement of it displayed at all the stations in the summer months was such as, once having seen, no eye could easily forget. The scene was at once so brilliant, picturesque, and fashionable.

On a beautiful heath that contrasted strongly with the broad, bright border of garden flowers that Art had placed on it, stood 'The Point Hotel, Salton,' a palatial edifice, 'replete,' said the letter press beneath the picture, 'with every modern convenience, and supplied with every luxury of the season.' One carriage and four, it was true was departing from its principal entrance, but then two were driving up to it full of expectant guests; those who were already its happy tenants were taking equestrian exercise upon the specious parade in front of it; or playing croquet on its 'unrivalled' lawn; or endeavouring (in vain) to exhaust the resources of the establishment in the articles of open flies, garden seats, or arbours 'so happily situated as to views both on land and sea.' A considerable portion of the British Navy was stationed immediately opposite this abode of bliss, and the rest of it appeared to be coming up full sail to join it. The extreme proximity of the numerous bathing machines (each with 'Point Hotel' upon them) to these

vessels of war, was, in fact (to the modest mind), the only drawback to the attractions of this marine abode, and even that might have been a mere misrepresentation of perspective. The whole picture reminded you of one of Claude's, at least in one respect, that every object that a landscape could suggest was to be found in it, besides those (such as the bathing machines and croquet ground) which had turned up since the elder master's time. Moreover, the tints in which the landscape was portrayed were of the most intense description; never were skies more blue, never was sea more green—indeed I may *so* green—as they were depicted in Salton Point. The British passenger is not, as a rule, impulsive (unless you abstract his umbrella), or else the attractions of scenery and climate as represented in this delightful picture were such as to have infallibly diverted him from going anywhere else, and taken him, out of hand, from the main line on to the branch to Salton-borough, whence a coach, with four flying steeds (said a supplementary advertisement) would convey him to the Point Hotel.

For George Gresham, journeying slowly by breaks and branches, as is the way with those who patronise cross lines, this picture, which began to meet his eye, late in the afternoon, at every station, had, of course, a special attraction. It was some sort of satisfaction to him, on his melancholy errand, to be thus assured that the locality at least to which he was bound was of a cheerful kind. It was nothing to him, of course, that the internal arrangements of the hotel were conducted in the continental fashion, or that 'the *table d'hôte* was second to none,' but these facts seemed somehow to relieve the gloom that in his imagination enveloped the roof beneath which his uncle had come to his end.

Gresham's first disenchantment took place at Saltonborough, where, instead of the Flying Coach, he found only a melancholy one-horse omnibus start-

ing for 'The Point,' and on which, save for a humpbacked driver with a keen hatchet face, he was the only passenger. Lightly laden as it was, and level as was the lonely road on which it travelled, its progress was very slow. On both sides of it extended a treeless waste, on one hand consisting of rank meadow land; on the other of marsh, which presently became a morass, and eventually an arm of the sea—apparently suffering from paralysis. It had hardly any tidal movement, and the very gulls that flew lazily across it seemed to partake of its stagnation. There were no vessels, save one huge collier lying on her side in the mud, like a sea monster in a fit; but several masts, or what looked like masts, stood up forlornly in the ooze and slime, as though, like human ne'er-do-wells, the ships to which they had once belonged had gradually 'gone under.'

After a few miles, the road itself, to avoid sharing a similar fate, proceeded along a causeway; but causeway or road, there was nothing on it except the one horse omnibus which appeared to be journeying with the last man to the end of the world.

'There don't seem many people about,' observed Gresham to the driver, after a long silence; 'I suppose the season has hardly begun yet.'

'The season,' answered the other moodily, and not even taking the trouble to turn his head to his companion; 'oh! yes, the season's begun fast enough; we've nothing to complain of about *that*.'

'I mean the visitors at the hotel,' continued Gresham; 'they don't appear to have come down yet.'

'Yes, they have; more on 'em than usual,' was the unexpected reply. 'Last week we had twice as many as this time last year; now we've got our usual quantity.'

'They don't seem to ride or drive much at all events,' remarked Gresham.

'Small blame to 'em,' answered the driver crustily. 'Half on 'ems dead.'

'Half of them *dead*?' repeated Gresham in accents of horror. 'There must have been an epidemic, then—what on earth was it?'

'I dunno; you must ask the doctor, Mr. Howard. Epidemic or not, we can't afford to have many sick at the Point, or we should soon have to shut up shop.'

'But I thought it was so healthy,' argued Gresham; 'the advertisement on the railway——'

Here the driver burst out into such a laugh that an old crow, the only living denizen of the landscape beside themselves, rose with a frightened 'caw, caw,' from the ditch beside them, and sailed away into the gathering mist; for the dews were already falling.

'Oh! yes, the Point is healthy enough,' observed the man, 'after he had thus relieved his feelings; 'but if you think it like that picture at the station: oh lor! however, I belongs to the establishment; and you had better judge for yourself.'

And again he relapsed into taciturnity.

This idea of an epidemic, however, without at all alarming Gresham on his own account, had re-awakened his suspicions of Mr. Walcot's morality. Was it possible that, knowing of this visitation, he had wilfully brought Sir Robert here in his critical state, to fall a victim to the contagion?

'Do you really mean to say, my good man, that one half of the visitors at The Point Hotel this spring have died there?'

'Yes, I do,' was the dogged reply. 'There was two on 'em in all, and now there's only one on 'em.'

Then Gresham perceived that circumstances or Nature had made his companion a cynic, and dowered him with that grim humour which is the ordinary mitigation of that calamity.

'I am Sir Robert Arden's nephew; it is to *his* death, as I suppose, that you have so unfeelingly referred?'

'I didn't mean no unfeelingness,' muttered the man in ungracious apology; 'though, of course, it don't put inn folks in any particular good temper when a party only takes his rooms to die in 'em; and I would not 'a said a word if I had known you was kith and kin to him. You are like the old gentleman, too, now I come to look at you. He was but skin and bone when they landed him, and as yeller as any guinea.'

'Then he was very ill from the first?' sighed Gresham, whom sympathy on Sir Robert's account had rendered insensible to the compliment thus paid to himself.

'I believe you; as ill as ill could be. He only used the sittin' room (it was No. 1 on the first floor) for a day or two, and then took to his bed reglar. Now the other one—maybe you are *his* nephew by the mother's side?'

'No, no; I am not; but I know the gentleman you speak of—well enough; what were you going to say about him?'

'Well, I was going to say,' said the hunchback, with a caution, aroused no doubt by the eagerness of his companion's tone, 'that the other one, *he* is alive enough; here to-day and in London to-morrow, and all over the place.'

'In London to-morrow?' repeated Gresham. 'Is he going to London?'

'Not as I knows on, though it's like enough. It's a way we have of speaking: here to-day and gone to-morrow—which is what happened to your uncle the Baronet. Ah! that was hard: to have a Baronet in our "arrivals" for a week or less, and then to lose him altogether.'

'But when did Mr. Walcot go to London?'

'Well, the day after Sir Robert took and died. He had done all he could for him—that everybody says—when his friend was alive, and never left his side. But when he was dead, I suppose he thought he might be his own master (as he is everybody else's; I

never knew so masterful a gentleman) for four and twenty hours.'

'I see,' replied Gresham, thoughtfully. He was wondering whether that time could possibly have been consumed by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot in going to Halcombe instead of London. It was on the night of the 21st that Mayne and he had their burglar-chase; and the date tallied with this.

'I don't think you'll find Mr. Walcot at The Point just now,' continued the driver. 'He has been waiting at home for some one—you, as it turns out—every day except that next one after his friend died, and now it seems he has given you up. At all events he was just going out for a sail when I started for the station, and I notice that the wind has changed, which will keep him out longer than he bargained for.'

There were two sources of comfort for Gresham in this piece of intelligence; in the first place the carelessness of Walcot in leaving the coast clear for him to make all inquiries at the hotel, in his absence, seemed to prove him innocent of foul play as respected his late companion; secondly it was a great relief to the young fellow to feel that he might take his last farewell of Sir Robert without this man's hypocritical presence.

As the last of the afternoon was fading into evening the omnibus deposited Gresham at the door of The Point Hotel. This building, so palatial in its proportions upon canvas—or rather on the advertisement board—was in fact a four square edifice of moderate size, without verandah, balcony or porch, to relieve its excessive hideousness. It was newly built, yet already showing traces of decay. The brilliant *parterre* of flowers, which should have separated it from the blooming heath, existed perhaps in pots in the autumn months; but at all events it was absent now; while the 'unrivalled croquet ground' was represented by a patch of mangy grass, on one side of the mansion, with three

rusty hoops upon it, and a broken mallet. The 'magnificent parade' on which the carriages and four had been represented, with equestrians of both sexes caracoling with such a sense of freedom, was there—so far as space was concerned; only instead of gravel it was sand. Indeed there was rather too much of space about The Point Hotel. Before it was the sea; on the right hand was the heath, on the left hand was the heath, and behind it was the heath. Not a tree was there to be seen anywhere; but only the heath and the horizon. That the hotel itself had been made the central object in the picture was not to be wondered at; for except a half-finished row of unoccupied lodging-houses there was no other building visible. A more depressing scene at the close of the day, thought Gresham, could hardly be imagined; and in this house laid the corpse of his only relative, and to whom he was indebted for all he possessed on earth!

At the door stood the landlord, a pleasant-featured, bright-eyed man, whose foreign appearance had perhaps suggested to the composer of the advertisement that phrase about the establishment being conducted 'on the Continental system.' He had a napkin in his hand (being his own waiter), which he waved slowly before him, like a saluting flag, and he smiled on the new arrival as it is popularly believed only a French innkeeper can smile. And yet his name was Jenkins, and he was English.

'Welcome, sir,' he said, 'you have had a fine day for your journey. A private sitting-room, I conclude?'

'My name is Gresham, I am the nephew of the late Sir Robert Arden.'

'A thousand pardons.' The smile flew from Mr. Jenkins' face, and he threw up his hand so tragically that it almost seemed he was about to apply his napkin to his eyes. We have been expecting you these many days—ever since, in fact—Dear me, what a melancholy event.'

'Can I see—the—the —' Gresham

hesitated. There is always a difficulty to the sensitive mind in speaking of the newly dead.

'The late Sir Robert Arden, Bart., lies, sir, in Number Four. My wife will usher you there if you wish it, but Mr. Howard begged particularly to have a few words with you first. He is now in your sitting-room. Mr. Walcot begged that he might be at hand in case of your arrival during his own absence. Selina!'

A very stout, but by no means vulgar-looking woman—she looked like the housekeeper in a family of distinction, and full ten years her husband's senior—here made her appearance.

'If you will kindly walk this way, sir,' said she, in a hushed voice.

She leads the way upstairs to a sitting-room on the first floor, where a young man of Gresham's age is sitting by the fire (for it is cold at 'The Point' still) reading a book in the French tongue—doubtless a scientific work on surgery. With a natural modesty he crams this into the pocket of his shooting jacket as the visitor is announced, and then comes forward with a grave smile of greeting. 'So glad to see you, Gresham, though alas on a most melancholy occasion. We have been expecting you these three days.'

'I only got Mr. Walcot's letter yesterday morning,' returned Gresham; 'there must have been some wretched mistake about it.'

'Mr. Walcot certainly wrote to you on the twenty-first,' answered the other, 'for I saw him direct the envelope. I am sorry for the mischance—for a certain reason.'

'What is that?'

'No matter, my dear fellow, that will keep. How well you are looking? You are not changed in anything since we parted at college, while I—I suppose it is being anchored so near the shore here in all sorts of weather—I have become a wreck this long time.'

If this had really been the case, sal-

vage was certainly due to somebody, for Mr. Howard still presented a very seaworthy and even taut appearance.

For a surgeon in so out-of-the-way a spot he was very smartly dressed, and had a certain air of fashionable idlesse, though far removed from ennui. The whiskers that sentinelled his handsome face were exceptionally well looked after, and he had an admiring way of regarding his boots which revealed the dandy.

'I was right,' thought Gresham, noticing this, 'about my friend here, so far as honesty is concerned, but it remains to be seen whether that scoundrel has not made a fool or a tool of him.'

'My dear Howard,' said he aloud, 'I present myself to you as an old friend in sad trouble, who may need your help; at all events I must ask of you to behave towards me with perfect frankness.'

'You mean as regards what has happened here, and especially with respect to Mr. Walcot's conduct,' was the unexpected reply. 'Most certainly I will do so, and the more willingly since I have been requested by that gentleman himself to conceal nothing.'

'Why should he suspect you of concealing anything?' put in Gresham quickly. 'Why should he have hinted at concealment at all!'

'Because he foresaw what would happen,' answered the young surgeon, with a smile. 'He knew you would want to pump me because you mistrust him. "Your friend Gresham thinks I am a rogue," said he, "because his interests and mine happen to be somewhat antagonistic, and he honestly thinks it. I cannot stoop to contest that point, but must leave you to judge for yourself. Only when he comes, for Heaven's sake answer all his questions without reserve, else he will at once believe that I have murdered his poor uncle, and that you have connived at it." I think that "and that you have connived at it," was a capital joke,' observed Mr.

Howard, 'though indeed (he added, precipitately) all jokes on such a subject are out of place.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Gresham, gravely. 'Of course, my dear Howard, I have no fear of your having played into this man's hands—which, to say only the bare truth, are not clean ones; but are you sure—are you quite sure—that you have been so careful of the case that nothing amiss could have happened without your knowing it, that your confidence has not been won, and your watchfulness lulled to rest, by this man's show of affection for your patient?'

'I am quite sure, Gresham,' answered the young man, confidently. 'Every thing has followed the course of nature—which is unhappily not always so satisfactory as some people would have us believe. Mr. Walcot was very kind and attentive to your uncle, but not demonstratively so.'

'Indeed? And did not Rir Robert on his part appear "ate up" with him, as poor Lady Arden used to call it?'

'Well, no, certainly not that. He seemed to be quite conscious of his care and kindness—which were intermittent—but no more.'

'Then he must have found him out, exclaimed Gresham, naively. 'That must have been terrible, to have one's pillow smoothed by a hand we know to be false.'

The surgeon answered nothing to this, but regarded his companion very curiously, as though he had been some physiological phenomenon.

'Ah, you don't know this gentleman as I know him,' continued the other, pacing the room with hasty steps; 'he has played the very devil.'

'That is just what my people say of me,' observed Mr. Howard, quietly, 'just because I am not a success in life, as you may guess by seeing me down here. But I am not so very bad, I do assure you.'

'No, but then you have only injured your own prospects, not deliber-

ately attempted to destroy those of others. You have not estranged man from wife, and kith from kin, for your own vile ends. By the bye,' here his voice softened, 'did my uncle ever speak of me!'

'To my knowledge, never.'

Gresham bit his lip: 'Nor of his wife!'

'Yes, he used to talk to himself about her, but that was when his mind wandered, and from what I gathered the lady was dead.'

Gresham threw up his hands. 'Poor Lady Arden!' he said. Then after a long pause he added softly, 'I think I will see him before this man returns.'

'If you *wish* it, certainly,' said the surgeon, rising, and lighting a bedroom candle.

'I don't *wish* it: I abhor it,' answered Gresham, with a half shudder; 'but I think it is my duty.'

'Very good; just let me pour you out a glass of wine. As a medical man I prescribe that.'

Gresham shook his head, and motioned him impatiently to lead the way.

'You will do as you please, of course, my dear fellow, but I should say, "sherry." You will see a great change—a *very* great change. We expected you, you know, much earlier.'

Gresham shivered, and with a gesture, half of impatience, half of disgust, followed the doctor out of the room.

In a minute or two they returned, and this time Gresham drained the glass which he had refused before. He was very pale, and his hand trembled as it carried the wine to his lips.

'I guessed how it would be,' observed Howard, coolly, 'it is often so with those who look on death for the first time. I felt something like it myself at my first *post-mortem*. This was a particularly bad case, for your poor uncle suffered from a complication of maladies, though the immediate cause of his decease was, as Walcot told you, fatty—Hullo, *here is* Mr. Walcot.'

## CHAPTER XL.

## AT THE INN.

NEITHER of the young men had heard Mr. Walcot's step in the passage, or his hand on the door, yet there he stood in the middle of the room, with his keen face fixed on Gresham. He was dressed in rough sailor garb, having just landed from the sailing boat, and it contrasted strangely with the delicacy, nay, almost the effeminacy of his features. His cheeks, for all the buffeting of the wind, showed no trace of colour; and the tone of his first words, 'So you have come at last, Mr. Gresham,' although somewhat reproachful, was as gentle as a woman's.

'I started as soon as I got your note, which was this morning,' answered Gresham, coldly, and without taking the least notice of the other's outstretched hand. 'Its delay is unaccountable to us.'

'Not more so than it is to me,' was the calm reply. 'I think you saw me write it and post it also, Mr. Howard.'

'Yes, by Jove, and so I did,' said the surgeon, quickly. 'I had forgotten about the posting, but now I remember you dropped it in the box in my presence, and remarked on the time it would take to reach Halcombe.'

'The envelope was dated Salton 24th,' observed Gresham, coldly. 'As it happens, I brought it with me, and here it is.'

'That's curious, indeed,' said Walcot, examining it. 'The only explanation possible is that it must have stuck in the box; these country postmasters are so careless. However, unhappily, haste could not have mended matters.'

Gresham turned upon his heel, and poked the fire. It made him mad to hear this man discourse so oilily, and the more so because the oil allowed no chance of friction; if he would only

say something he could 'take hold of,' that would have given him the opportunity to exhibit the contempt that consumed him!

While his back was turned Walcot cast a glance of interrogation at the surgeon, who replied to it with a significant nod. Then he went on in still lower and more gentle tones. 'Have you taken your friend, Mr. Howard, to pay his last sad visit to——'

'Yes, yes, I have,' said Howard, hastily, 'it is not necessary to refer to that.'

'Just so; I have ventured in your absence, Mr. Gresham, to take all necessary steps with regard to our proposed sad journey to-morrow—if to-morrow suits you.'

'Of course it does,' answered Gresham, with irritation; 'the sooner we get away from this hateful place the better. Why did you ever bring him to it?'

'Because otherwise he would have died on board the *Meduse*,' answered Walcot, calmly.

'My uncle was well enough when he left Halcombe.'

Mr. Walcot smiled a pitying smile, and looked at Mr. Howard as though he would say, 'Did I not tell you so?'

'I am bound to say, Gresham,' said the young surgeon, in answer to his silent appeal, 'that your uncle must have been very far from well at the date you speak of. He must have had in fact the seeds of death in him for many months.'

Here the landlord came in to lay the cloth for dinner.

'It is a fine night after all, gentlemen,' he said, in chirpy tones; 'and there will be a lovely moon. Salton by moonlight is much admired, is it not, Mr. Howard?'

'It looks better than by daylight,' answered that gentleman unsympathetically; 'but best of all, to my thinking, in a fog.'

'Dear me,' said the landlord, 'now that's curious. Though indeed I have known some who say "Give them a

downright wet day." We have a piano in the house, you must know, sir,' turning to Gresham, 'and Mrs. Jenkins has, it is thought, a pretty touch; and there is my museum. A bat that I caught with my own hands on the terrace; a lamb with two heads born in the immediate neighbourhood; some beautiful specimens of dried frogs from Salton marsh. All the fauna of the locality in short, as Mr. Howard is so good as to call them—Here is the wine *carte* gentlemen. I would venture to recommend our 'ock.

'If you mean your beef, Mr. Jenkins, there is nothing to be said against it,' said Howard smiling; 'but it is no use your looking at me for a recommendation of white vinegar. It is against my professional principles, unless I have a commission.'

'Mr. Howard will always have his joke,' explained the landlord.

'Bring some champagne,' said Walcot, curtly; 'and remember that we wish to see the cork.'

'You'll be sure to *taste* it, at all events,' observed Howard; he was doing his best to dissolve the gloom of the little party, but by no means with the desired effect. He was the only one of the three who did justice to the entertainment, which was of the usual British-inn description; soles, a leg of lamb, and an apple tart.

Directly it was concluded, Gresham rose with a sigh and left the room.

Walcot looked up with the same look of enquiry as he had worn before.

'Do not fear,' said Howard, assuringly. 'He has had quite enough of *that*, poor fellow. You were quite right to put me on my guard. He turned as white as a woman when she sees blood.'

'Poor fellow,' said Walcot, pityingly. 'You must never mention to him what I told you. It would wound his *amour propre*; and besides, he would resent above all things my ap-

pearing to take any interest in him. His prejudices are beyond belief.'

'That is only to be expected,' said Howard, coolly helping himself to champagne (they had no other wine); 'given a super-sensitive nature, and all these things follow in their proper places. It is a pity in Gresham's case, for he is an excellent fellow. At college—where I was, however, two years his senior—he was a general favourite, and deservedly so.'

'No doubt,' said Walcot, coldly. 'His uncle, however, had a great dislike to him.'

'Ah, *his* nature, perhaps, was also super sensitive.'

'Very much so,' said Mr. Walcot.

In the mean time the subject of this talk had gone out upon the heath with his cigar. The presence of Walcot was intolerable to him, but so soon as he had left it he ceased to think of the man. He paced the silent desolate heath which under the moon's radiance, and fringed by the silver of the wave, was not without its grace, and even grandeur, with unwonted thoughts of death; it was rare for him (as for most of us) to dwell on such a topic, but the place, and circumstance, and time, all tended to draw his mind in that direction. He did not think of the Hereafter, nor even of death in its general or philosophical aspects: that is not the manner of such men; but only of the dead man lying near him. What a sad end it was, and how wholly unexpected, that one of such a gentle nature, made to be loved by his fellow creatures, and who had been loved by some of the best of them, should have perished *here* among strangers save for one familiar, but false friend! All the dead man's past kindnesses, from the 'tips' he had given him as a school-boy, to the hopes which he had once expressed in him—it had been on his going to Germany after the Cambridge *fiasco*—as the last of all his kin—rose up before Gresham, one by one, and made appeal, as it were, for his uncle's



memory against harsh judgment. Sir Robert might have shaken the very dust from his feet on leaving Halcombe; he might have elected—nay it was too likely that he did so—to become henceforth a stranger to his own belongings, for the sake of this worthless scoundrel who had so fooled him, and it might be that he had made such dispositions in his will that all who were really worthy of his remembrance, or had a natural claim to it, were left out in the cold, to the ad-

vantage of this scheming villain. If that should be the case—and notwithstanding that, if it were so, Gresham's once smiling future would be dark and cheerless indeed—the young fellow now made up his mind that no feeling of bitterness should take root within him. He would think of Sir Robert as he had been in the good old time, and he would set down any harshness or injustice, not to his hand at all, but to the alien fingers that had guided it.

(*To be continued.*)

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## ROUND THE TABLE.

### ECCENTRICITIES OF LOYALTY.

NOW that the exuberance of civic festivities is over, and the people of Western Ontario are generally cooling off to a temperature a little below boiling point, the philosophical observer may find much to amuse and instruct in the records of the late progress. In the first place I want it noticed that the object of all these processions, speechifying, and cheerings is persistently ignored; or rather, it is deliberately misrepresented. To listen to these loyal address factors you would believe this was all got up to please the Governor-General and his wife. Nothing of the kind! Beyond the fact that they afford some slight evidence of personal popularity and of general content (which could be and is supplied in half-a-dozen better ways) I can see no reason why this eternal round should not have proved an unmitigated piece of boredom to the Marquis. There would be a novelty about the first few receptions, which would soon wear off, to be succeeded by a deadening feeling of monotony; so many more yards of red drugget walked over, so many more reams of

addresses, authorised and unauthorised, in bad prose and limping verse, listened to,—so many mayors, aldermen, presidents of societies and even school children 'personally introduced,'—so many more stacks of heads to bow to, widely-gaping throats to be cheered at by, heavy lumber arches decked with evergreen and Chinese lanterns to be passed under. Clearly enough the pleasure aimed at was that of the crowd. Each town wanted a holiday, an excuse for illuminations and decorations—what matters it if the Vice-Regal guests had seen better at Montreal or Toronto? the good folk of — hadn't seen anything of the sort and were not going to have their colossal arch of welcome's nose put out of joint by any such injurious comparison. The guests were the excuse and part of the attraction, but the concomitant glories were intended more to please their hosts than them.

Sometimes an attempt to break the ordinary routine, appears to have had a singular effect. Undoubtedly there was novelty in the idea that set off 'thirty or forty locomotive engines' whistling a simultaneous welcome in Stratford railway-yard! The good

people of Stratford must have acquired a taste for vigour of sound (in preference to expression or delicacy of rendering), since their big explosion last spring which smashed windows a mile off, but I can imagine that if all the forty whistled to the full extent of their powers (and it would have been disloyal to have done otherwise), the Princess, who comes of a family with some pretensions to musical taste, must have mentally determined to pass Stratford in future *incognito*. Suppose other places had wished to show off their peculiar excellencies in a like manner, what odd results would have been heard! Imagine the exhibitors at Guelph being bidden at a word of command to tread each man on the tail of his neighbouring exhibitor's pig (to secure unanimity of action and pressure), what a squeal of welcome would have arisen! I do not like to pursue this painful subject further, and it is hardly necessary, as the example of Stratford is not likely to be followed.

Then there are the eccentricities of the illuminators. Your truly delightful illuminator best loveth the transparency. His ideas are sometimes deliciously clear, but at times become vague, a trifle vague. When I saw a picture of Her Majesty gazing rather stolidly at a remarkable 'wall of waters' (supposed to represent the rapids above Niagara), and labelled 'your mother next,' I got in a sort of a quandary. Was the painter so unacquainted with contemporary history as to imagine the Queen had ever been within a mile of Goat Island, and so ignorant of recent history, as to know of no insuperable objection to her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, visiting Canada shortly?

But I must not forget the man who had (*teste* the Globe) twenty-one glass globes displayed 'to represent a royal salute!' a feat which requires unusual clearness on the part of the globes, or extraordinary perspicacity on the

part of the reporter. Perhaps, however, as was well suggested to me, the globes exploded regularly, one after another, which would account for the similarity being recognised.

On the whole, there must be some feeling of relief that it is all over. The civic mind cannot long continue spinning addresses in prose and verse out of its inner consciousness. The average throat of humanity must have found its cheering capabilities sorely overtaxed before it would have called in the 'forty whistling as one' at Stratford. It will be a relief to all concerned to drop back to the level of everyday life, where grammar and the construction of sentences can be left with impunity to mere literary men, and where high state dignitaries, raised to the exalted language of the seventh heaven by congenial eloquence and wine, need no longer perorate about Princesses in the hospital slang of Bob Sawyer.

F. R.

#### UNITARIANISM AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

—'Rather severe on Cardinal Newman,' he murmured aloud, as he laid aside the last number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, and wearily leaned his head on his hand. 'Strange that his case—in many respects so different—is yet similar to my own.' Here the beautiful hymn by Dr. Newman, 'Lead, kindly Light,' came into his mind, and, half-unconsciously, he repeated it aloud:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night be gone,  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost  
 awhile."

'What a remarkable thing,' thought the soliloquiser, 'If God be, indeed, the loving Father which we Unitarians believe him to be, and not the stern Deity of the Calvinistic theology, will He not guide His children on the way to Heaven? Here is Dr. Newman, with all his brilliant talents, imploring the direction of God with the artless simplicity of a child: "Lead *Thou* me on." Did *God* lead him into the Church of Rome? Again, here am I, who was brought up from childhood in the teachings of high-Calvinism, and only at the dawn of manhood began to doubt whether such a portraiture of God as it presents could be He whom doctrinal theology reveals as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. How well do I remember the long years of struggling before its cruel dogmas were thrown aside. I searched the Scriptures and earnestly prayed to God to guide me into all truth. I became a Unitarian, embracing that faith which some suppose to be a stepping stone to infidelity. How two devoted seekers after truth, both earnestly imploring the guidance of Heaven, should be led into Romanism on the one hand, and Unitarianism on the other, is incomprehensible to me. An Evangelical would probably explain it in this way: "Dr. Newman's surroundings in his youth may have influenced his conduct more than he himself was aware of; for surely it is monstrous to believe that God led him into the idolatries of Romanism. Then, in the other case, the horrors of ultra-Calvinism, in which you were cradled, brought on such a re-action on attaining years of discretion that you were naturally driven to embrace Unitarianism." Evangelicals would doubtless explain it in that fashion, and there may be

some grain of truth in what they say. Still, the question troubles and perplexes me, for since God is so wise, loving, and merciful, surely He is able to lead His trusting children aright, no matter what untoward circumstances may surround them. Wherever the fault may lie, it does not lie in Him. Perchance our early education and various influences in afterlife may frequently prevent us from seeing things clearly. Was Dr. Newman deceived in thinking himself divinely led when he entered the Church of Rome? No doubt of it. Then may not I, too, be deceived in my earnest belief that it was God who led me to embrace Unitarianism? Yes, it is at least possible. Joseph Cook says that "our age has many in it who wander as lost babes in the woods, not asking whether there is any way out of uncertainties on the highest of all themes, and in suppressed sadness beyond that of tears." But, he adds, "I will not be a questionless lost babe, for I believe there is a way, and that, although we may not know the map of all the forest, *we can find the path home.*" I hope so. Of one thing we may be sure, that all who earnestly seek the truth will, sooner or later, find it. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." God is *love*; and though, in His wisdom, He may see fit to lead His children a long way round, He will lead them safely home.'

M. E. S. S.

J. G. W. ON DR. NEWMAN.

—J. G. W. accuses Dr. Newman of indulging in 'glittering generalities,' and cites as an example the credit he gives the Christian Church for the overthrow of slavery. J. G. W. takes, however, too narrow a view of the subject in limiting slavery, as he appears to do, to the negro slavery of modern times. A little more 'generality' in his thought would have

saved him from an error. Dr. Newman speaks of slavery as it existed at one time throughout the world, the slavery not of inferior races specially, but of multitudes of unfortunate victims of war and poverty. How the Church dealt with this wide-spread system of slavery, Mr. J. G. W. can learn, if he will, from Mr. Lecky's 'History of European Morals,' vol. ii, p. 69, *seq.* During the first two centuries that elapsed after the conversion of Constantine but little was done in the way of legislation to ameliorate the conditions of slavery; but the Emperor Justinian introduced important measures of reform which Mr. Lecky specifies. He then goes on to say: 'Important as were these measures, it is not in the field of legislation that we must chiefly look for the influence of Christianity upon slavery. This influence was indeed very great, but it is necessary carefully to define its nature . . . The services of Christianity in this sphere were of three kinds. It supplied a new order of relations in which the distinction of classes was unknown. It imparted a moral dignity to the servile class, and it gave an *unexampled impetus to the movement of emancipation.*

'At a time when, by the civil law, a master whose slave died as a consequence of excessive scourging was absolutely unpunished, the Council of Illiberis excluded that master for ever from the communion. . . . The chastity of female slaves, for the protection of which the civil law made but little provision, was sedulously guarded by the legislation of the Church. In the next place, Christianity imparted a moral dignity to the servile class not only by associating poverty and labour with that monastic life which was so profoundly revered, but also by introducing new modifications into the ideal type of morals.'

These, no doubt, were the facts of which Dr. Newman was thinking when he spoke of the influence of the Church upon slavery; and they seem to me sufficient, broadly speaking, to justify his position. Perhaps, however, J. G. W. is prepared with a number of other instances of the Doctor's proneness to 'glittering generalities.' If so, he would do well to bring them forward, as there is a wide-spread impression among reading-men that this is a literary sin which is particularly repugnant to Dr. Newman's genius.

TINEA.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

*The Life of Charles James Mathews*, chiefly auto-biographical. Edited by CHARLES DICKENS. No. 71 of Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

No one expected that Mr. Charles Dickens would rival or even approach his father as a novelist, humorist, or emotional writer, but certainly the literary surroundings amongst which he was brought up justified the belief that he would have proved an able man of letters, especially in the fields of editing

and biography, success in which can be obtained by the apt disposition of material furnished by others. We do not think that this belief is confirmed by the manner in which Mr. Dickens has accomplished his present task. No doubt there are difficulties in the way, and the author of an actor's biography has to keep an even course between that exuberance of merely theatrical detail which proves attractive to old playgoers and that wider view of his subject which rather commends itself to the general public.

But in this case Mr. Dickens has

been unusually favoured. Mathews was not simply an actor. Indeed, we shall probably be supported by public opinion when we say that those pages which relate to his life before he appeared professionally upon the stage are the most interesting among the many very interesting pages of this book. Moreover, it was a great advantage to have an account of the greater part of two out of three periods of Mathews' life, written by the hero himself in his own racy style. We will, however, give a short account of the actor's career before paying attention to the subordinate point of the editor's shortcomings.

Charles James Mathews was born at Liverpool, on Boxing-night, 1803, and narrowly escaped being christened Paul. His father and mother were both well-known comedians of their day, and appear to have entertained much affection for their child, whom they designed for some more serious (or, in the cant of the day, respectable) profession.

But no amount of dressing the little fellow up in 'a complete parson's suit of black, old-fashioned square-cut coat, long-flapped waistcoat, bands, shoes and buckles,' could give the twig the necessary clerical bend, when the company of such men as Colman, Hook, Liston, Kemble, and James and Horace Smith, was leading him to look at things from a dramatic and literary standpoint. Indeed, we can imagine the circumstance operating rather to turn his attention to mimicry and the art of 'making up' for a part, in which he afterwards excelled.

The usual school-boy troubles being over, architecture was chosen as his future vocation, and his studies commenced under Pugin. Among other works upon which he was employed, he mentions the Pavilion at Brighton, which was 'artistically executed under the personal superintendence of George the Fourth.' We prefer to attribute this favourable criticism to the sarcastic powers of the embryo comedian rather than to a lack of taste in the budding architect.

Even in those early days his histrionic powers were noticeable. A professional trip to Paris made him acquainted with French actors and acting, and, upon his return, his imitation of the celebrated M. Perlet, at a private but largely-attended amateur performance, was so perfect as to deceive even men intimate with the great original.

Hardly had the young man acquired a smattering of his profession, when an event occurred which changed the complexion of his whole life. Lord Blessington, who was on friendly terms with Mathews the elder, was bitten with the mania for building a castle on his Irish estates, and young Mathews was sent for in a hurry to help to put the nobleman's crude ideas into shape. Nothing came of the building project, but so much was Lord Blessington taken by the vivacious manners and versatile talents of his new companion that he took him to Italy, where a most delightful year was spent, chiefly at Naples, amid charming company.

To our mind this part of Mathews' life is the most interesting. Certainly it had a great effect upon his future capabilities as an actor. The youth, who had known Lamb, Hook, and Liston as a boy, was now being polished by associating with D'Orsay and the society of the best travelled Englishmen to be found in Italy. It is little wonder, then, that he should have earned the praise of being the only light comedian who, in acting a gentleman upon the stage, still preserved the manners of a gentleman in a drawing-room.

After Italy, he was sent to Wales to oversee certain building operations arising out of one of the then numerous bubble companies, in which his father had unfortunately dabbled. Already he was writing songs and pieces for his father's performances (including the well-known 'Jenny Jones'), and, when the Welsh Iron and Coal Company exploded, his relatives were a little non-plussed as to the best course for him to pursue. He resisted, however, all temptations to the stage, and entered the office of Nash, the architect. Not getting on here as he expected, he essayed a second continental tour of a more purely professional character than the last, ending, however, in his meeting Lord Normanby at Florence, and going in with him, heart and soul, for private theatricals.

A severe illness sent him home again, and his expiring effort as an architect was to apply for and obtain a district surveyorship, a post which he did not retain long. In 1835 his father died, financially embarrassed, and Mathews' own troubles began. We cannot follow him through the second period of his life, the period of unwise attempts to manage large theatres without capital,

of repeated bankruptcies, arrests, and struggles. As an actor he at once made his mark, and marked out for himself the school of so-called *light* comedy, in which few, if any, have followed him. It was not, however, till he shook himself free from the trammels of manager-ship, that he was really able to feel upon an independent footing, and to reap the harvest of his own talents. His death, for we must hurry to a close, did not occur till the 24th of June, 1878, when he had been forty-four years before the public as an actor of the first rank, had visited Australia once and America three times, and had achieved the great honour of acting, with marked success, before a Parisian audience in their own tongue.

So much for the substance of the book; but what can we say for Mr. Dickens' part in it? This appears to us to have been performed carelessly, and with lack of discretion. The idea of giving alternate chapters of biography, and of correspondence, may be a good one, but, besides the objection to a plan that takes you twice over the same period, we find in many cases a verbatim repetition. An editor who was worth his salt would have omitted these duplicated passages in the letters. After all, the correspondence, even of a Mathews, is not of such a sacred nature as to merit preserving *in extenso*, as we should do

the letters of a Goethe or a Cromwell. Again, the letters of Mathews' mother to him, and, in fact, all the correspondence about mere remittances of money for travelling expenses, should have been ruthlessly expunged, as interesting to no living soul. Then, when explanation or information is really needed, we do not get it, as in the case of the sudden return from Naples, the cause for which is left entirely to our imagination. Chapter viii. is incorrectly entitled, 'Second Visit to England,' instead of 'to Italy,' and trivial, but not the less annoying, errors in grammar, spelling, and construction abound. When so much of the work was done to the editor's hand, these little matters are the more inexcusable.

But we do not want our readers to think that the book is spoilt by these faults. It remains in their despite eminently readable and amusing, full of anecdotes, jokes, and puns. Some of the little character-sketches are delightful, as for instance the 'take-off' of the modern traveller who 'does' a country with 'a haste that puts him on about a par with an intelligent portmanteau.'

'Did you go to Rome?'

'Rome? Did we, mamma? Oh, yes, I remember now. It was the place where we saw that old beggar woman with the child on the steps of a church.'

The reprint is carefully executed.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE caterers for public amusement are putting forth this season a programme so rich in promise, and have already given so fair an earnest of its fulfilment, that we are induced to resume the monthly reviews of dramatic and musical events which formed a prominent feature of this magazine in days gone by. They were discontinued at a time when the small interest which the general public seemed to take in dramatic affairs suggested that criticism there anent would be even more stale, flat, and unprofitable.

But the current season has opened with indications of a revival, both of

managerial enterprise and of a responsive interest on the part of theatre-goers. We believe that of the companies which have already visited us, such as deserved any encouragement at all, have played to good average 'business,' and we are disposed to think that the prospects are in favour of continued success.

There seems to be a very general opinion that 'the times' are improving, and if there be any justification for that belief, it is superfluous to point out that its animating influence will be felt in no direction more strongly than in that of public amusements. What, however, is more certain and more directly to the

purpose, is that the system now adopted by the managers of our Toronto theatres is, in more than one respect, a marked improvement on that formerly in vogue. At the Grand Opera House, Mr. Pitou has abolished altogether the old Stock Company, and wisely placed his trust in combinations. In so doing he has, we believe, shown himself fully alive to the conditions of successful management in Toronto. It had become imperative that the stock company should either be vastly improved or altogether abandoned. Toronto theatre-goers had grown more than weary of a system under which the only new thing presented for their delectation was the weekly passage of a single first, or second-rate star through a dull dramatic firmament of fixed rushlight mediocrities. The inevitable re-appearance of 'the old familiar faces,' and the invariable repetition of the old familiar mannerisms in every play, in every conceivable make-up, and under every conceivable circumstance, was beginning to exhaust the patience of even the most enthusiastic *habitués* of the theatre. There have been some very tolerable actors—as well as some very intolerable ones—among the various stock companies Toronto has had; but it would have required phenomenal versatility, such as certainly none of them possessed for them to have assumed satisfactorily all the incongruous rôles, which they were called upon at short notice to prepare. The system was unfair to the 'stars,' it was unfair to the company, and, above all, it was unfair to the public. To have made it otherwise, it would have been necessary to keep on foot a regular company of such first-rate ability as would have ruined the management in salaries, unless there had been developed an enthusiasm for theatre-going as yet unprecedented in Toronto. The alternative which Mr. Pitou has adopted, in bringing to his theatre week after week, a series of 'combinations,' or regularly organized travelling companies, with limited *répertoires*, is one which obviates the most serious of the disadvantages to which we have alluded as connected with the 'stock' system—although it has others of its own. Without dwelling on these at present, it will suffice to say that under this new régime, Toronto audiences will, at all events, have change and variety, such as a city with but two theatres could not otherwise obtain. The various companies visiting us, hav-

ing been organized each with a view to the production of a certain piece or class of pieces, and having played them consecutively a great number of times, may at least be expected to present them with a smoothness and *ensemble* that was always lacking when one company was forced hurriedly to get up numerous fresh plays, and, thus insufficiently prepared, to support a different 'star' every week. In this connection, however, we would strongly protest against a trick, which these travelling companies are frequently guilty of, and which will prejudice the interests of our local managers even more than their own, if it is long continued. We refer to the unaccountable manner in which the approach to Toronto seems to affect the health of the actors and actresses who are advertised for a week before the arrival of the company, and—we are sorry to add, throughout their stay—to play important parts; but who are suddenly taken ill somewhere on the route, leaving their parts to be filled by sorry substitutes, without any apology or announcement being made to the public, before or after the performance. It is the chief drawback to these transitory companies that the public have no guarantee of the fulfilment of their advertised pledges—and no hold upon them in default. Such being the case, it is only right that the managers of our theatres should be held responsible for any small dodges of the kind just referred to, and it is to their interest to look to it that their patrons are protected from anything of the kind.

One thing more, before we enter upon the details of our task. It is much to be regretted that our daily press neglects to exert any influence towards the elevation of the public taste in the dramatic art, by competent or even outspoken criticism. In this respect the *Toronto Evening Telegram* sets a meritorious example to its bigger brothers. The leading dailies—except on very rare occasions—entrust their dramatic criticism to tyros whose 'notices'—couched in an unvarying phraseology which suggests the use of regular forms in blank, filled in with names and dates as required,—are utterly misleading to such of the public as read them, and must be anything but encouraging to actors or managers who are wise enough to value intelligent criticism above monotonous encomiums dealt out in return for their advertising.

We will proceed to pass briefly in re-

view some of the 'attractions' which have so far visited the Grand Opera House.

Early in the season Mr. Lawrence Barrett, supported by Mr. Eben Plympton and an efficient company, presented for the first time in Toronto, a drama adapted especially for him from the Spanish, by Mr. W. D. Howells, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The play, which has the rather vague and hap-hazard title of 'A New Play,' has its action in the days of Shakespeare, amid the actors of the old *Globe Theatre*, the chief interest of the piece centering in the rôle of *Yorick*, which Mr. Barrett assumed. *Yorick*, 'a fellow of infinite jest,' at the first, is represented as the victim of gradually increasing jealousy and suspicion of his young wife, *Mistress Alice* (Miss Ellen Cummins), who loves his protégé, *Master Edward* (Mr. Plympton). He is made to act the rôle of a deceived husband in 'A New Play' produced by Heywood at the *Globe Theatre*, Alice and Edward taking the parts of his guilty wife and her lover. The situation, though far-fetched and spoiled by a too detailed and elaborate correspondence of the circumstances of the play, and the play within the play, is unquestionably a strong one, and gives ample scope for some subtle and powerful acting. We are forced to confess that Mr. Barrett entirely failed to realize the possibilities of his part. In the first act he seemed to think that light-hearted gaiety and whimsicality were amply represented by incessant restlessness of legs, hands and eyes, and a rapidity of utterance which it was almost impossible to follow, while, as the tragedy of his situation deepened, the spasmodic jerkiness of his movements, and the breathless rapidity of his speeches were increased, presumably to portray increasing depth of passion. We cannot say that the effect was artistic; nor do we think Mr. Barrett's *Yorick* a success in any respect. He entirely fails to make the character his own, or to leave any impression of a distinctive personality with his audience. In marked contrast to this is his *Richelieu*, a finished study which, although marred by some of Mr. Barrett's inevitable mannerisms of mouth and eyes, it is always a pleasure to witness.

The apparently inexhaustible fleet of 'Pinafores' now cruising about the continent, has sent us representatives in Haverley's Juvenile crew, the Saville-

Lee crew, and, more recently, Haverley's Chicago Church Choir crew—for, in boarding this subject, we are nothing if not nautical. Some of the 'Pinafore' companies, on the other hand—notably the last mentioned—are anything but nautical in appearance.

The success attending the visit of Haverley's Juvenile Pinafore Company was attributable rather to the 'infant phenomenon' craze by which astute managers like Mr. Haverley know so large a part of the public to be possessed, than to much intrinsic merit in the performance itself. The singing, especially in the choruses, was often shrill and hopelessly out of tune, while in some cases, especially in that of the *Josephine* (Annie Walker), it was rather pitiable than enjoyable to witness the unsuccessful attempts of the child to render music entirely beyond the compass of her voice. *Sir Joseph Porter* (Frankie Bishop), *Dick Deadeye* (Arthur Dunn), and *Hebe* (Daisy Murdoch) however, all had excellent voices, and sang with spirit and precision; while Jennie Dunn, as *Ralph Rackstraw*, had a sweet voice and sang carefully, but was overweighted by the difficulties of her part. The acting of little Arthur Dunn as *Dick Deadeye*, notwithstanding some excusable self-consciousness, was really superior in grotesqueness and humour to that of any 'grown up' representative of that blighted and misanthropical tar we have seen. Zoe Tuttle was a bright and piquant *Buttercup*, but Daisy Murdoch as *Hebe* was more pert and saucy than her part required or than it was pleasant to see a child applauded for.

From a musical point of view, Haverley's Chicago Church Choir Company is unquestionably the best Pinafore combination that has visited Toronto. There was not a poor voice in the cast, while some of them, notably the fine baritone of Mr. McWade (*Captain Corcoran*), and the rich contralto of Miss Bartlett (*Buttercup*), were exceptionally good. The really phenomenal *basso profundo* of Mr. A. Liverman, elicited repeated *encores* of the song 'He is an Englishman;' the tremendous power of his voice compensating for some lack of musical quality and of skill in its management. The choruses were strong and spirited, and the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Louis J. Falk, a very fine one. Altogether, more was made of the music than previous companies had even suggested the



possibility of; although we scarcely think that the somewhat ambitious alterations in Sullivan's score were improvements on the original or altogether in keeping with its general *motif*. Mr. McWade acted *Captain Corcoran* with refreshing life and zest, it being a part, as a rule, played very tamely. Miss Bartlett made his attachment to *Buttercup*, as charmingly represented by her, one in which the audience could heartily sympathize. With these exceptions, however, the acting was very *amateurish* and flat. The parts of *Sir Joseph* (Mr. F. A. Bowden), *Dick Deadeye* (Mr. L. W. Raymond) and *Hebe* (Miss Ada Somers), losing all their due prominence, and, indeed significance. The crew in this Company are so sombrely—almost dingily—dressed, as to detract very materially from the general brightness of the effect.

The Saville-Lee English Opera Company, who paid their second visit to the 'Grand' a few weeks ago, do *Pinafore* full justice all round; and have, in Mr. Digby V. Bell, an excellent singer and actor, who catches the full humour of the part of *Sir Joseph Porter* and renders it inimitably. He is ably seconded by Miss Carrie Burton, who makes a dainty and coquettish *Hebe*. This Company, however, is scarcely strong enough to attempt 'The Bohemian Girl' with much success; nor did Mr. J. J. Benitz (as *Devilshoof*), and Mr. Percy J. J. Cooper (as *Florestine*) improve matters by introducing buffoonery utterly incongruous and out of place in that opera. The most interesting performance by the Saville-Lee Company was that—for the first time in this City—of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operetta, 'The Sorcerer,' which met with success almost as remarkable as that of *Pinafore*, on its production at the *Opera Comique*, in London, a year or two ago, with George Grossmith and the late Mrs. Howard Paul in the leading parts. Whether it be that the 'points' of its satire are best appreciated in England, or that its music, although fully as charming, is not so full of 'catching' airs as *Pinafore*, it certainly has not created anything like the same enthusiasm on this side of the Atlantic. Though

it be heresy to say so, we think it superior to *Pinafore* in the humour of its plot and the quaint satire of its *libretto*; while its music, although in a somewhat higher vein, is bright and captivating in the extreme. It was well received here, and rendered very satisfactorily, Mr. Bell again decidedly taking the lead, both in acting and singing, in the part of *John Wellington Wells*, the Family Sorcerer. The marvellous grotesque dancing of Mr. George Grossmith, the originator of this part in London, contributed in a great degree to the original success of the opera. Mr. Bell, not being George Grossmith, cannot justly be taken to task for its omission; but the dancing having been omitted, we think we may fairly say that Toronto has not yet seen the 'Sorcerer.'

Mr. John T. Raymond, in a three nights' engagement last week, made his first appearance here as *Ichabod Crane*, in a new play by Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, entitled *Woolfert's Roost*, and dramatized, with many variations, from Washington Irving's book of that name. The drama is no better—rather worse—than Mr. Rowe's former not very successful attempts. There is no coherence or sequence in the plot—if plot it can be said to have—and there is not much literary merit in the dialogue by way of compensation. Some of the situations would be good if anything led up to them, or they led up to anything, but neither is the case. The associations of the piece, and the very pretty scenery it introduces, give it a sort of idyllic interest; and Mr. Raymond makes *Ichabod*, the Schoolmaster, an amusing, if not a very distinctive, character. In fact, if *Ichabod* were suddenly to exclaim 'there's millions in it!' we do not think the audience would resent it as much of an incongruity. Mr. Raymond played *Colonel Sellers*—intentionally—once again during his stay, and when we hear of Sothorn doing something better than *Dundreary*, or of Jefferson eclipsing his *Rip Van Winkle*, we shall be ready to believe that Mr. Raymond will ever make the mark in any other part that he has done in *Colonel Sellers*.

October 28th, 1879.