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OUR NEW PROVINCES.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY LIEUT.-COL. COFFIN.

MR. LANGEVIN'S Report, as Minister of Public Works, is an exception to the general wearisomeness of blue books. Divested of its externals it rises, as read, in the opinion of the reader. As being the result of five weeks of laborious and well directed enquiry, it is most creditable—terse, yet not dry; compendious, replete, suggestive. It comes too, most opportunely, when the popular mind in Canada craves for information on the subject of British Columbia, and it comes *ex cathedra*. We know that, if we can rely upon anything, we can rely upon this, for the writer has achieved a reputation for truthfulness and discrimination, and from the position he occupies is, therefore, doubly trustworthy.

The mission of the Minister of Public Works for the Dominion to British Columbia embraced not only an examination into the state and condition of the public works under the control of his Department, but enquiries, even still more important at this particular time, in relation to the projected Pacific Railway, and the final settlement of its western terminus. Of all questions destined to govern the future of this great Dominion, this last is the most pregnant and the most critical, and it is clear that this great question has been with Mr. Langevin a paramount object. Like the celebrated White Horse in a battlepiece by Wouvermans, view the picture in whatever light you may, above the smoke of the conflict, and amidst the crowd of accessories, that White Horse is ever the most prominent and the most attractive feature.

We shall have occasion, by and by, to revert to this leading feature in Mr. Langevin's picture, but among the accessories we may note, first, the agreeable climate of Vancouver Island, which resembles that of England without its humidity; where the summer is dry and warm, the autumn bright and balmy, the winter and spring open, though wet; where, in seasons exceptionally severe, ice forms to the thickness of a penny piece, but where, in compensation, gooseberry buds

open in February, early plants burgeon in March, and strawberries bloom in the middle of April. The littoral, both of the Island and of the mainland—British Columbia proper—partakes of these characteristics, but the interior of both is mountainous and highly picturesque, intersected by valleys, deep and fertile, by elevated and extensive plateaux, where in winter the snow does not impede travelling, and the pasture is such—a species known as bunch grass—that animals thrive well at all seasons.

Cattle—horses, beeves, sheep and swine, multiply and fatten, winter and summer, on these nutritious grasses; oxen were seen, six years old, and in good case, which during their bovine existence, had been housed by the vault of Heaven alone; while the farmer who provides against accident by a month's winter forage in advance, is regarded as a precautionary paragon.

These conditions of climate operate exuberantly on a soil whereon flourishes, in great abundance, the Douglas pine, rising often to 150 and 175 feet, without knot or branch; and turns out logs which would make the mouth of an Ottawa lumberman water—say 80 feet long by 6 in diameter—and yet, by the side of this sylvan giant, and other noble forest trees, common to Canada, do not disdain to grow cabbages, carrots, turnips and potatoes, equal to any in the Dominion; and even at a level of 2,700 feet above the sea, on the plateaux before adverted to, were seen fields of wheat, oats and barley, which, aided by an ingenious system of artificial irrigation, presented the finest possible appearance, proclaiming, as it is prettily put, “in their mute language, that those who believed that Columbia was a land of mountains, unfit for cultivation and destined to prove a source of expense to Confederation, had made a great mistake.”

Of the flora and the fauna of British Columbia our Minister of Public Works says little. Being the head and the representa-

tive of the working-men—the class and the order of the day—he may, and he probably does hold, as a practical man, that *pommes de terres* and cauliflowers are enough of flower and fruit for a reasonable emigrant population; but an appendix tells us, extracted from a pamphlet by Dr. Charles Forbes, surgeon, R. N., that, in the end of March, buttercups were in flower, strawberries in bloom in the middle of April, with lilies, heartsease, jonquils, campaniola and lupins; apple trees in blossom, and roses in bloom by the middle of May. Of the fauna we are informed, in an appendix ascribed to J. D. Pemberton, that game of all sorts abounds. Larger species, the buffalo, is distant and but rarely seen; of bears, the brown and the grizzly, the less seen the better. The elk and the smaller deer tribes are wastefully slaughtered; in their season wild fowl swarm, ducks and geese, grouse, snipe and wild pigeons are ready to the hand of those who have the time and the taste to shoot them.

But the hidden riches of this picturesque country far exceed those which meet the eye. In the bowels of the earth, in the waters under the earth, on the rocky shores of the inland seas, in the beds of rivers, nature has been prodigal of gifts. Gold and silver, copper and coal, crop out, geologically, all over the country. Near the town of Hope, on the Frazer River, Mr. Langevin saw specimens of silver of such richness as to justify the construction of extensive works, including a road from Hope to the mine itself, and there is every reason to believe that the silver region extends through the range of mountains in which this mine is situated. Of the copper little is said, but Governor Douglas, in a report communicated to the Colonial Office, dated August 27, 1852, stated that he had “procured a rich specimen of copper ore found in a distant part of Vancouver Island,” and manifestations of the existence of this metal have reproduced themselves since; but when gold

can be had for the trouble of picking it up, but little of research will be vouchsafed to the inferior metals. The auriferous regions extend over the whole Province, from the United States frontier to the 53rd degree of north latitude. For a width of from one to two hundred miles gold is found, but specially in the beds of the great rivers, the Frazer and the Thomson, the Peace and the Ominica, and in the rivers and creeks flowing into them. The *detritus*, borne down by freshets, had created banks and bars, which on the subsidence of the water were found to abound with gold. The precious metal was literally to be had for the "picking of it up." The wonder was how it should have remained so long undiscovered, for the Indian, now as keen and as greedy as the white man in his quest for gold, must for ages have passed it by unnoticed. Cornwallis, a miner and geologist who published in 1858, and who accompanied the first rush to the diggings in 1856-7, relates how men, though surfeited with gold, still craved for more, wearied and wasteful, and yet not satisfied; how, in the space of three hours, on a mud-bank in the Frazer, with a geological shovel, (we presume very much of a trowel,) he collected to the value of fifteen dollars worth of gold dust, (p. 189); how men who were realizing from three to five ounces, or from forty-eight to eighty dollars per man, working for six hours, abandoned the substance before them for the shadow in the distance (p. 198); raging to reach the fountain of supply, the mine and the matrix remains undiscovered even now. On, on, on, *excelsior* was the universal cry, and the results were marvellous. It is stated, in a pamphlet published with the sanction of the Government, in 1864, that in 1860 "the most important creek in Cariboo was Antler, which yielded, at one time, at the lowest \$10,000 a day. On one claim \$1,000 were taken out of the sluice boxes as the result of a day's work. But Williams' creek eclipsed this—Steel's

claim gave in one day 409 oz.; the total obtained on its area of 80 by 25 feet being \$105,000. In 1861 the only mining was surface digging; but in 1862 the mining assumed a new character, and shaft sinking, drifting and tunnelling, were vigorously prosecuted, a system of mining which can be carried on throughout the year."

Happily for the country, the days of surface diggings, of washings and scrapings, of easy gains and wicked waste, have passed away, and have been succeeded by systematic mining and the employment of capital, scientific skill, and steady labour. Mr. Langevin speaks cheerfully of the prospects of mines at the extremity of the Cariboo road: "At a depth of from 100 to 150 feet under ground, and with shafts communicating with galleries, each more than 200 feet long, is the 'Lane & Kurtz' mine,' owned by an American company with a capital of \$500,000, which, though stopped for a time by subterranean inundation, is expected yet to reward great sacrifices by a rich harvest of gold." The Columbian Blue Book for 1870 gives the yield of gold for the year from the mines of Cariboo, Silionet, Columbia, Gale and Lytton, at \$1,333,745, without counting the quantity of gold carried out of the country in private hands.

The golden shower which immortalized Danæ gave, at first, but a doubtful reputation to British Columbia. In either case less of greed, and far less of guilt, might have accomplished better things. For a mining population will, of itself, never make a country; the gold which is not squandered in waste and wassail, is carried out of it. We find by authentic returns, that from 1862 to Sept. 1871, gold to the extent of \$16,650,036 has been shipped from British Columbia by banks, registered and known, to which amount should be added at least \$5,000,000 carried out of the country by miners themselves. This outflow might be arrested, and utilized *in transitu*, as suggested by Mr. Langevin, by the re-establish-

ment of a mint, the machinery for which, originally imported by the Government of Columbia, is carefully preserved. The constructors of our Canadian Pacific Railway will, no doubt, direct it in the direction of our eastern enterprizes, manufactures and products. At the same time we should bear in mind that the gold crop, if it causes no cultivation, has left behind it grand improvements. We must not forget that it has created roads in British Columbia, opening up the mining districts and developing resources generally, which would be an honour to the engineering skill of any age or country. Commander Mayne, R. N., who wrote in 1859, and who saw these roads "before they were made," describes graphically (p. 107) the inaccessibility of the mountain ranges, forcing the explorer upon trails or tracks found on the accidental ledges of precipices, hundreds of feet above the raging waters of the Frazer and the Thomson rivers. Quoting from the Journal of the Bishop of Columbia, he speaks of the ascent of the Frazer river as "impassable, much of it, for horses and mules, and even for man not without danger. At a height of 2,500 or 3,000 feet our pathway lay along the edge of a perpendicular fall. Sometimes, in the descent, the path was *nil*, the projections for the foot not an inch; it seemed like the crawling of a fly upon the face of a wall." Time and experience having proved these to be the only practicable lines of route, roads have been constructed through these cañons or ravines, along the faces of precipices, following tracks and trails indicated by the hand of Nature; impending here over gorges hundreds of feet deep, and yet from foam and spray invisible; here hollowed out into the rock itself, there built up upon huge balks and cribs of timber, and hanging, like swallows' nests, over the mad waters below. These roads, 18 feet wide, and substantial, by easy grades penetrate into the interior of the country, and each is an abiding record to the honour

of the daring, persevering and scientific men—the *vrais hommes de genie*—who planned and executed them.

But the great promise of the future of British Columbia lies deep seated in its coal measures. Coal has been found, of excellent quality, to lie on Vancouver's Island and on the main. In 1859 coal was obtained outcropping in Coal Harbour of Burrard's Inlet, and was critically used on board of H. M. ship *Plumper*, with most favourable results. Coal abounds all over the north end of Vancouver Island. It has been found of good quality a little way to the northward of Fort Rupert. But the present chief source of supply, the most practical and the most convenient, is Nanaimo. This place is 75 miles north of the capital, Victoria, on the Gulf of Georgia. The harbour is good, and there is no difficulty in making it. The coal is found handy to the ships' side. It is highly bituminous and well suited to the manufacture of gas. For economic purposes it is most valuable, resembling in quality the varieties of coal produced in the central coal fields of England, and it has been remarked at Nanaimo that the deeper the workings have been carried the better the quality becomes. For domestic consumption and for use in factories, it is thought to be equal to that brought from the Welsh mines. It is considered to be better steam coal than that of Newcastle. The English ships of war stationed at Esquimaux are all supplied with it. It can be laid down alongside the ship at from \$5 to \$6 per ton. It is sold at San Francisco at from \$12 to \$15 per ton, where English coal costs from \$20 to \$35. On 21st March, 1872, John Trutch, C. E., reported by Sanford Fleming, Engineer in Chief, states, "that at Nicolas Lake there has also been discovered a seam of coal, of superior quality, and six feet in thickness." Between Lake St. Anne and Jasper House Frank Moberly, C. E., and his subordinates confirm former discoveries of "extensive coal seams on the Pembina river, which

seams were on fire in several places," but this last is on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. Enough, however, has been said to show that the supply is unbounded, and the future commercial demand more boundless still.

Anthracite coal has been found in the interior of Columbia, on the River Nicolas, 160 miles from the sea, of a very superior quality to that produced on the coast, although this mineral exists on Queen Charlotte's Island in vast quantities, and is considered to be equal, for smelting purposes, to the Pennsylvanian anthracite; but the price should be reduced below \$10 per ton at the mouth of the pit, to make it marketable. This commodity has already attracted the attention of capitalists. Mr. Langevin speaks of one company which had expended \$80,000, which, from distance of markets, cost of labour and a depleted purse, had been compelled to abandon both mines and capital. These enterprising individuals have probably been ahead of the times, but the day cannot now be far distant when this traffic must revive, and the real difficulty will be to supply the wants of the immense and increasing steam-fleets, military and commercial, which frequent the coasts of Eastern Asia, and throng the Pacific seaboard from Cape Flattery to Cape Horn. There can be no doubt but that the heavy import duty imposed by the American tariff on Canadian coal prejudices grievously the trade between British Columbia and its nearest market, San Francisco. Though we are satisfied that the American consumer is the greater sufferer, though he pays us our price for our commodity, and thus, "to gain his private ends," taxes himself to boot; still, it is beyond question that, were the duty removed, we should sell two tons where we now sell one, and it is only to be the more deplored that the Canadian House of Commons, in the session of 1870, should by precipitate action, and showing its hand too soon, have played the game of foreign manipulators, and by

emasculating the Washington Treaty, have deprived the Dominion of "free coal," which had been freely tendered by the American High Commissioner as a pendant to "free fish." So soon as we flung away our market the Americans shut up theirs. They sell us plentifully and we buy cheaply at one point what they refuse to receive, except at great cost, at another. Pennsylvania fattens while California starves—but, while Californians are mulcted on one side of the continent, and Nova Scotians "grin and bear it" on the other, Ontario glows in the light of cheap fuel, and has effectually "taken the shine" out of the "black diamonds" of the Vancouver coal fields.

But the real treasury of British Columbia is in the ocean—the untold and immeasurable wealth of its fisheries. The waters of the Gulf of Georgia are alive with fish, proper for the food of man, while the Northern Pacific abounds in the *cetaceæ* and other deep sea species known to commerce. The whale, the "right whale" of Scoresby, the whale of train-oil and whalebone, the porpoise and the dog-fish, all oil-producing, have given birth to enterprizes which, though still in their infancy, present an infancy full of promise. In 1871 three whaling expeditions were in successful operation. The most prominent was the "British Columbia Whaling Company." They had already secured 20,000 gallons of oil and expected 10,000 more. The value of this oil is 37 cts. per gallon. In England it is worth £35 per ton of 252 gals., or about 2s. 9d. per gallon. Dog-fish oil, worth 55 cents the gallon in California, is produced in large and increasing quantities; it is stated that the catch exceeds, in importance, that of the whale. In 1870, 50,000 gallons were rendered, and at that time this branch of commerce was steadily improving. These oils, under the operation of the Treaty of Washington, will find at San Francisco not only a ready market but an increased demand. The price may or may not increase, but the

demand will be doubled. The consumer will take two gallons where he formerly took one, while the producer, the fisherman, at a very slight increase of cost and trouble, will prepare for market double the quantity, with assured sales.

The Gulf of Georgia swarms with salmon, cod, (the true cod,) herring and houlican, each in its season, with halibut, sturgeon, smelt, haddock and sardines. The salmon begin to enter the river in March, species after species following each other in regular succession. The spring or silver salmon is the first and the most valuable arrival. They vary from 4 to 25 lbs. in weight, and have been known to reach 75 lbs. These fish, instinct-driven, force their way in myriads up the Frazer river and its tributaries to the distance of a thousand miles from the sea, and at times, exhausted by their labour, are stranded in such numbers as to heap the shores with their remains and poison the air with their exhalations. Commander Mayne, (p. 183,) relating his experience at Fort Rupert on the N.W. coast of Vancouver Island, remarks: "Some idea of the prodigality of the Hudson Bay Company under the old *regime*, may be gathered from the fact told me by one of their officers, that before he took charge of the post, 3,000 salmon were used annually as manure for the garden. The fish can be bought for a leaf of tobacco each, and as 40 of these leaves compose a pound of that herb, a fair margin of profit is left. Including the packing, they might be cured at a cost of from \$1.50 to \$2 per barrel. The price obtained at the Sandwich Islands, where the company at one time carried on some little trading of this sort, averaged \$14 per barrel. I should add that 2,000 barrels might be obtained annually at Fort Rupert, and as much more at almost every inlet in the Island."

Then we have the houlican, the Indian name given to a small fish, about the size of a sprat, which produces oil of superior qual-

ity and delicate flavour, to which is ascribed all the sanative virtues of cod-liver oil, free from its nauseousness. So oily is its nature that, when dried, the fish may be lighted and will burn like a candle. Our great navigator, Cook, who, by the way, while giving a name to Cape Flattery ignored the existence of the Straits of Fuca, eathoulican at Nootka Sound. He calls them "sardines," and lauds highly the quality both of the fish and of the oil. The houlican swarm in millions. By means of a rude apparatus the full of a canoe may be taken in two hours. If these fish are sardines (the flavour is pronounced to be delicious), and can, like others of their class, be preserved in tins, we have here a most lucrative article of commerce.

Among the fish which recommend themselves especially to the table, we have the cod, the true cod of Newfoundland, and the herring, which, salted or smoked, bear transportation, and we have, without stint and beyond computation, the haddock of the coasts of Nova Scotia and Maine. We remember well when our friend McEwan, of Montreal, followed by McGibbon—canny and enterprising Scotchmen both—first introduced the smoked "Finnan Haddie" to the taste of the epicures of Canada. First a few fish, brought fresh into Montreal, were there deftly salted and smoked, and transmuted into the delicate luxury which now abounds on appreciative breakfast tables. Soon an establishment was created at Portland, and car-load upon car-load, flying to their destination, and scenting the air as they flew, inspired the American sense with a new sensation. The demand for Finnan Haddie became a craze; the appetite, growing as it fed, spread over the whole of this part of the continent, and the supply of this toothsome delicacy now hardly meets the demand. It is a delicacy which will hardly bear transportation in southern latitudes, but manufactured in the temperate climate of the Gulf of Georgia, will find its way in the best order to the markets of California, and

to those of the fish-consuming populations of the Pacific coast.

Providence has been bountiful to the hardy Norsemen in either hemisphere. The riches of the sea redress the rigour of climate. The hardy fisherman of Newfoundland, contending with the tempest and a winter of intense severity, supplies the Catholic markets of France and Spain, Portugal and the Brazils; the West Indies share in the dispensation; but the produce of the Grand Bank will not stand a voyage round Cape Horn. It must be salted until it loses all savour or it perishes. Within the Tropics, the fish, particoloured and picturesque in aspect, will not bear curing, and would hardly be worth it if it did. The Southern Pacific, therefore, looks to its Northern waters and to Vancouver Island for the same stores and supplies which the Atlantic and Mediterranean derive from Newfoundland. Both islands, so diverse in climate, lie in the same latitude. The Line 49° bisects each. Both islands,—the one the glory and the other the hope of this Dominion,—command and minister to one great need of the Catholic world; and beyond all peradventure the fisheries of British Columbia, rightly cultivated, will create a market, unrivalled, producing more of wealth than the gold mines of Ominica and Cariboo, and a wealth still more inappreciable in a vigorous growth of stalwart native seamen.

Looking at the subject in this point of view, we cannot refrain from again calling attention to the immense advantages which the Treaty of Washington has secured to the inhabitants of British Columbia. They are masters of the situation. They possess waters teeming with an untold wealth of fish, and by that treaty they possess them exclusively. They enjoy the privilege of "free fish" and "free oil," and enjoy them without foreign interference. Their own shores abound with the finest timber for ship building, and the decreased cost of materials for equipment will soon realize to them another of

the benefits flowing from Confederation. The Canadian tariff has already superseded a fiscal system unavoidably burdensome from local exigences and an isolated state; and among the blessings of reduced taxation will be found the comparative cheapness with which they can build, rig, man, equip and work their fishing craft. This combination of advantages places them beyond competition. If they grasp the opportunity now and at once, they will hold it for ever.

We have thus far touched but superficially on the great staple of the country, the great staple indeed of this continent, which, disappearing rapidly elsewhere, abounds throughout British Columbia. It is stated that the supply of timber from British Columbia has been barely tapped, hardly enough to make any impression upon these vast forests. The white pine and the yellow pine, and that most valuable species of all, the Douglas pine, are universally found on the sea coast and up to the Cascade range of mountains. Cedar and hemlock attain an enormous growth; oak, pine, poplar and maple are chiefly used for fuel. The river and the inlets of the sea coast afford unbounded water power and immense facilities for the development of a trade which must command the markets both of the Pacific sea coast and of the Eastern Ocean. Unfortunately "free lumber" has been condemned to the "limbo" of "free salt and free coal," but, however shorn of its fair proportions, what the Washington Treaty failed to give British Columbia does not want. It is a well known fact that the timber grown north of the River Columbia, although of more moderate calibre than that found south of the Line 49°, is more serviceable, and therefore more marketable, being superior in strength and flexibility, in freedom from knots, in texture of fibre and consequent durability. The demand for the article, though weighted with duties, will override such obstructions. Necessity knows no law, not even that of the Customs. If the

American consumer must have the best lumber, if the article is indispensable, he will get it, regardless of expense, whether it assume the shape of prime cost, or of duty, or of both. So long as British Columbia possesses exclusively the superior article, it will command the market, leaving the consumer to settle the question of duties, and all other "indirect claims," with his own government. It would be difficult to follow Mr. Langevin through the diversity of subjects which crowd a report at once exhaustive and instructive, but the number and the character of the population, and the social *status* of British Columbia, demand observation. The exotic population of British Columbia, the whites and the Chinese, increased by a long-drawn process of immigration, does not exceed 15,000. It must be kept in mind that this country, the existence of which was doubted by Cook in 1778, which was only explored superficially by Vancouver in 1792, was practically unknown to civilization until 1857, and then became first known to the crews of a small British exploring squadron. The previous knowledge of the Hudson's Bay Company was limited to the quantity and quality of its peltries, and their policy ignored all further knowledge. The country was, in fact, from remoteness, inaccessible, while other countries, nearer and as attractive, were, moreover, easier of access. It could only be reached by a voyage round Cape Horn, or by a journey of 7,000 miles across the Atlantic, the Plains, and the Rocky Mountains. The cost of the voyage was £70, first-class, £30 the second, and was exceeded by the cost of the journey, *plus* peril and fatigue. It was altogether beyond the reach of females and families. In 1857, contemporaneous with the surveys, came the rush for gold. This discovery brought down an avalanche, which on its subsidence left a rough *moraine*; but amid the wreck remained a very large amount of building material. The work of reconstruction dates from the

advent of Confederation. In the interval the country has become known and is appreciated, and the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway will find it populous and make it wealthy. Among the relics of the wreck were left men of education and ability, of settled habits and social standing in the land from whence they came. They have given an impulse to intellectual progress, and united with the families of officials in civil life, and of officers of the British army and navy, constituting a society which embellishes and refines, and which, for elegance and geniality, is unsurpassed in any part of this Dominion. We have had, recently, in Ottawa, in the Grand Columbian Ball, an entertainment second to none ever seen in the metropolis—an evidence of the princely spirit which presides among those who represent the social element of British Columbia.

But the scarcity of labour is a great drawback to the enjoyments of society and the wants of life. So long as the white man can get \$5 a day, and the Chinaman and Indian \$3 50, at the gold mines, they can hardly be expected to delve for coal, or dig in gardens, at a lower figure. Seeing, too, that the female population is, in number, less than one half of the male, it will easily be understood that the ministering angel is angelic in its dispensations. They are few and far between. Female "help" is almost unattainable, and the simple-minded man who soars above sentiment, whose tastes take a practical turn, would starve were it not for the intervention of the opportune Chinaman.

Of this class of the population Mr. Langevin speaks very favourably. The Chinese are pronounced to be thrifty, clean, docile and industrious, not popular with the whites, because they work cheaper, and are a living antidote to "strikes;" saving of what they make and careful of what they spend, but still consumers. They travel "first class" on steamers and stages, take their meals with others and pay for them, cook well, and make

good domestic servants. We trust that under British rule they will increase and multiply and replenish the land, to the discomfiture of a generation of cooks who spoil our victuals, and of laundresses who destroy our clothes. Let the Chinaman feel that he is safe and respected; that upon British soil he becomes a British subject, with the rights, privileges and aspirations of a British subject, and we shall secure a valuable class of settlers, an invaluable aid in the construction of our great public works, and at some future day, possibly, a successor not unworthy of Mr. Pope in the Bureau of Agriculture.

The Indian problem admits of a solution more honourable to humanity in British Columbia than has been achieved in other parts of this continent. The Indian population does not exceed 35,000 souls, decreasing annually from causes almost beyond human control or cure, but not from want of food. In the Plains, the progress of civilization is fatal alike to the Indian and to the buffalo; the destruction of the one entails the destruction of the other, but the tribes which inhabit British Columbia, both the coast tribes and the tribes of the interior, are, to a great extent, supported on fish, and the supply is inexhaustible. They are all imbued with a profound respect for the British name and character. They are not averse to labour. With a strong passion for acquiring property they combine a mania for squandering it; a love of wealth and generosity of disposition, however morbid, are ductile elements of character. They form communities, and live in permanent dwellings, crowded and filthy, and rife with disease, and yet they give ear to the voice of reason and religion, and have greatly amended their ways under the teaching of missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant. The Catholic establishments "though small and restricted as to means, have been productive of very satisfactory results." They are conducted on the principle of "schools industrial and agricultural; where ten children are lodged, boarded and clothed, where

they acquire regular habits of order and discipline, and a taste and liking for work, receiving elementary instruction at the same time." Their exertions among adults have also been eminently successful, but the system above devised is the true groundwork of permanent improvement.

The Protestant missionary, Duncan of Met-lah-kat-lah, is a name which would do honour to any country. What St. Francois Xavier was to the Japanese, what Las Cases was to the Caribs, what Howard was to the prisoner and captive, and Nightingale to the sick and wounded, such has Duncan been to the outcast Indian of the Gulf of Georgia. Chief Justice Begbie says that he is a "man of rare gifts." Among them he professes a profound pity for those who have no one else to help them, an entire devotion to their cause, with a self-denial and disinterestedness beyond praise. It is well known that, although urged to take holy orders, with the assurance of attaining the highest dignity in the Church of British Columbia, he has declined to assume responsibilities, or aspire to distinction which might impair his usefulness as a missionary. He came to the country in 1857, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, and we find that in July last he was appealed to by the British Naval authorities at the mouth of the Skeena, to stand between the red man and the white, even as the angel stood between the dying and the dead, staying the pestilence. In despite of ill health, in defiance of discouragement, he has unflinchingly worked on, in the endeavour to humanize and Christianize a race not unworthy of his noble efforts. Thus speaks Chief Justice Begbie of these tribes, a witness beyond peradventure: "The Indian admires and desires to acquire our stores of knowledge and our means of wealth. He appreciates our comforts, of clothes and food, and dwellings. But his inborn capacity for enduring hardship, the very qualities which render him useful as a hunter and a pioneer, make him tire of steady industry and

less influenced by the results. Accordingly, after years of cultivation, he constantly relapses, for a time at least, into the painted savage, and goes hunting, and fishing, or starving, for relaxation."

The Indian of the interior is not the nomadic horseman of the plains, whose vagrant habits and plundering propensities, like those of the Arab, are probably ineradicable. The tribes of the North have something of the Yorkshireman about them. They have an eye to the main chance, are good judges of horseflesh, breed horses for sale, obtain employment in "packing" or forwarding goods and merchandize, and as "common carriers" are perfectly trustworthy. Speaking of them individually, Walter Moberley, an assistant to Sanford Fleming, Esq., Engineer in Chief Canada Pacific Railway, writing from Victoria, March, 1872, reports, that in pushing his way at an anxious time in winter, "I did not take any of my party, with the exception of the above Indians, as I did not want to endanger them when the snow fell. The Indian, when properly handled, and made to feel that confidence and trust are reposed in him, will work in all kinds of weather, and should supplies fall short, on little or no food, without a murmur." Commander Mayne (p. 205) relates an anecdote of these Indians, which recalls the self-denial of the Sepoys who fought with Clive at the siege of Arcot: "When we ran short of flour, they would not eat any of the dampers, saying that I needed them, and that they could live quite as well on berries."

Traits of character such as these win the heart. They attract the interest and command the respect and sympathy of all Christian men. These Indian tribes lean with implicit faith on the honour, truthfulness and superior knowledge of "King George's men." In their simple way they plead for protection and guidance. May the people of our great Dominion discharge this most sacred duty constantly and well. Provide

tenderly for the guardianship and management of these children of the wilderness. Look upon them as wards in the Chancery of Heaven, as the greatest national trust that could be confided to the hands of men. Watch over them, instruct them, and guide them, improve and elevate them in the scale of humanity, and be assured that, as you do your duty by these helpless ones, so will God toward you.

But to enjoy as well as to admire, we must find a way. To work out the great future of British Columbia, material as well as moral, to apply its wealth, to develop its resources, we must surmount inaccessibility and remove distance. We must conquer time and space, and this has been the great object of Mr. Langevin's mission, this the "White Horse" in his pen and ink picture, in the manner of Wouvermans.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company had become a "fixed fact" in public opinion and in law, long before Mr. Langevin illustrated the subject by his experiences, but the terminus of the road, on the Pacific coast, second only to the construction of the road itself, had not yet been decided upon. It is impossible to over estimate the importance of this decision, and a recent event, the award of the Emperor of Germany on the San Juan arbitration, has added to its cogency. Upon this point—the dominating idea of the whole report—Mr. Langevin has evidently bestowed grave thought, and expresses himself with becoming caution. He deals with the subject generally, both in a military and commercial aspect. He discusses the passes through the Rocky Mountains; he details, with great fairness, the claims of the different harbours of our West to outvie the olden glories of Alexandria and Venice in the East. But while he wrote time stalked on, the inexorable logic of events had seized the subject with an iron grasp, and compressed it to a point. The Tête Jaune pass, the lowest in elevation, and the easiest of passage in the Rocky Mountains, admits

of no rivalry; commanding the situation, it crowned itself. On the other hand the San Juan award excludes all alternatives. In the selection of a terminus it leaves no choice. It overrides the merits of Burrard's Inlet, and of New Westminster, potent as they are. The decision of the Emperor of Germany has, in fact, forced upon Canada a supreme and costly effort. The Dominion declines to exist by sufferance, and all for the glorious privilege of being independent—independent, at least, of the United States—will carry its rail across the Gulf of Georgia, and reach its great Pacific terminus "dry shod" in Vancouver Island. It will compel Canada to force an iron way across the rocky islets, which, at a more northerly point, form stepping stones between the continent and Vancouver Island. At Seymour's Narrows, at the widest span, the distance exceeds, but by little, the width of the Menai straits at the site of the Britannia Bridge, and a submerged rock, very similarly situated, is already placed by nature to do the office of the Britannia rock. Once on the island, the railway route is easy, passing through the great coal field of Nanaimo by the way to Victoria and Esquimalt, the capital and the Portsmouth, combined, of Vancouver Island.

But, about halfway down the coast, through a gap in the mountain range which divides the island lengthwise, a branch line of fourteen miles in length would lead to the head of the Alberni canal, a fissure in the rocky coast twenty-five miles in length, averaging half a mile in width, with a depth of water of fifty fathoms. This canal disembogues into Barclay Sound, the noblest estuary and safest roadstead on the Pacific Ocean. Here, at the head of the Alberni canal, is a basin, the site of the future Liverpool of British North America. The distance from Japan, China, or the Asiatic coast generally, to Liverpool in England, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, *from this point,*

would be from 1,000 to 1,100 miles less than by any other existing railway, or any railway that can be made to exist.

Finally, we thank Mr. Langevin very heartily for his excellent report, faulty alone in externals. Had it been even *relié en rouge* it would have circulated better. He has brought out, in strong relief, the wealth and resources of British Columbia. He holds up to light that gem of the Pacific, Vancouver Island—a diamond, uncut but of the first water, and destined to be the brightest jewel in the diadem of this Dominion. He has disabused and reassured public opinion in relation to the value and importance of this noble Province, and we cannot do better than confirm the impression he has made, by reproducing, in conclusion, the language employed by the great American Secretary of State, William H. Seward, some four years since, on the subject of our great Western Territories and their communications.

"The route through British America is in some respects preferable to that through our own territory. By the former, the distance from Europe to Asia is some thousand miles shorter than by the latter. Passing close to Lake Superior, traversing the watershed which divides the streams flowing towards the Arctic Sea from those which have their exit southward, and crossing the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of over 3,000 feet less than at the south pass, the road could here be constructed with comparative cheapness, and would open up a region abounding in valuable timber and other natural products, and admirably suited to the growth of grain and grazing. Having its Atlantic seaboard at Halifax, and its Pacific seaport near Vancouver Island, it would undoubtedly draw to it the commerce of Europe, Asia, and the United States. Thus British America, from a mere colonial dependency, would assume a controlling rank in the

world. To her other nations would be tributary ; and in vain would the United States attempt to be her rival ; for she could never

dispute with her the possession of the Asiatic commerce, nor the power which that commerce confers."

MANITOBA.

BY PROFESSOR BRYCE.

(Presbyterian College, Winnipeg.)

THAT some more ample and inviting field for the overflowing population of our more thickly settled parts has been for some time necessary, the efforts made to open up the district in the barren Laurentian region on the northern fringe of Ontario and Quebec, the fact that large numbers of Canadians have settled in the Western States—as many, it is said, as 50,000 in the one State of Minnesota—and the long struggle to dispossess the Hudson's Bay Company of what was, after all, a *terra incognita*, and not certainly known to be a habitable region, abundantly show.

It was long argued by those who, perhaps more from anxiety for political ascendancy than for national unity, advocated the acquisition of the North West, that lines of latitude are far from correctly indicating the climate of any country ; that the reports of the rigour of the climate, and the visitation of the country by various scourges, proceeded from interested parties, either actual employees of the great Fur trading monopoly or the recipients of favours from the Company ; that, so far as information went, the scientific explorations of Professor Hind and others, and the reports of trans-continental travellers, were altogether in favour of the country. These advocates were reminded that such travellers were usually young noblemen, who only looked at the country as sportsmen, not as experts ; that even the flying visit of a scientific man may fail to discover the real difficulties of living ; and that it would have been impossible, on the

principle that 'murder will out,' to have got for so long such an unanimous verdict against the country unless it deserved it. Yet all can remember how the national heart, that had been throbbing since the scattered provinces were confederated, began to beat stronger when it was first announced that, for better or for worse, the Northwest was ours. As a resident of the Province for now nearly a year and a half, confessing my strong Canadian predisposition to see the best side of things, I propose to notice some of the controverted points, and to show the advantages this great region offers for extensive settlement. Plunging *in medias res*, one of the first things demanding attention is the climate. Climate depends on so many elements that it is not surprising it should have been most keenly debated. It is not wonderful when one meets a Hudson's Bay Company man from the district surrounding York Factory, and hears of the thermometer standing for three weeks at -54° Fah. ; or another from the Mackenzie River region, from forts within the Arctic circle, where there is a constant temperature for months of from -30° Fah. to -70° Fah. ; or another from Norway House, speaking playfully of making balls in a mould from solid quicksilver ; that it should be disputed whether such a region can be inhabited by men who, in the streets of Toronto or Montreal, are distracted by -25° . And even in regard to Manitoba, on examining a table such as the following, the resident of the Eastern Provinces is at once disposed to

decide unfavourably for a country having such extreme cold :

WINNIPEG OBSERVATORY—J. STEWART, OBSERVER.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURE.

1st Week of December.		3rd Week of December.	
1871.	1872.	1871.	1872.
-18°	-4°	-13°	-37.5°
-13°	4.3°	-16°	-35°
-18°	0°	-20°	-35°
-24°	1.2°	-30°	-41°
-25°	4°	-35°	-25°
-6°	10.3°	-28°	-32°
-11°	-12°	-30°	-35°

But in speaking of such observations it must be borne in mind that the territory from which these data are taken is one of immense extent, and that the extremes between Fort Oucau on the Mackenzie and York Factory, on the one hand, and Winnipeg on the other, are greater than between Winnipeg and Toronto, and very much greater than between Winnipeg and Montreal. It is well to bear in mind that the table before us represents probably the lowest temperature in which extensive settlement will take place ; for Missionaries from the Wesleyan Indian Station, 800 miles west of Fort Garry, from the Presbyterian Mission 400 miles west, and the Hudson's Bay Company employees from Forts Edmonton and Carlton, all report the climate milder as we go west, notwithstanding the northward inclination of the route leading to the Saskatchewan. Excepting, then, all but the statistics of the Dominion Government observer for Manitoba, given in this table, it is necessary to observe that these temperatures are perfectly exceptional. They are the coldest weeks of the respective years in which they occur, and the last of the weeks given above is the coldest for several years. Their average cold is very much greater than the average of their respective months, as will be seen from the following table :

MINIMUM AVERAGES OF MONTHS AND WEEKS COMPARED.

1st Week of December.		Month of December.	
1871	: -16.5°	{ -16.2°	: 1871
1872	: + .5°		
3rd Week of December.		{ -18.6°	: 1872
1871	: -24.5°		
1872	: -34°		

Taking these weeks, and even the months, it is true that great extremes are represented ; but it is to be remembered that these are *minima*. Such extremes, when they occur, are almost without exception found only at an early hour of the morning. On the 21st December, 1872 (the first in the table), while -37.5° was the minimum, the mercury reached -8°, an elevation in a few hours of nearly 30° ; and on the 24th, when the minimum reached was -41° (the lowest temperature for several years), the maximum was -20°, an increase of 21 degrees of heat. It will be seen from these observations that while a very great degree of cold is sometimes reached, it is quite exceptional. Some conception of the general state of temperature may be got from the following table :

AVERAGE MAXIMA AND MINIMA FOR SIX MONTHS, 1871-2.

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.
Max.	47°	18.5°	5°	7.5°	10.5°	17°
Min.	29.5°	5°	-16.2°	-9°	-7.5°	-6°

From this it will be seen how wrong would be the conclusion, drawn from the publication in the newspapers of only the extraordinary degrees of cold, that the usual temperature is too low for a high degree of comfort or civilization.

But taking into account the actual cold, another and very striking fact must be borne in mind—the universal testimony of those who have endured the rigour of a Montreal or Toronto and a Manitoba winter, that the same degree of cold does not produce at all the same effect on the body

in the two places. Persons accustomed to estimating the cold in Ontario frequently endure in Manitoba great degrees of cold, such as -30° and -35° , without a suspicion that the thermometer registers such a degree at the time. It is a frequent thing on a beautiful sunny day to have face and throat exposed, and no discomfort felt at -10° and -15° ; the feeling, many declare, corresponding to what it would have been at 10° or 15° above zero in the Eastern Provinces. It may be difficult to speak with certainty as to the cause of this, but it will not be unprofitable to examine the meteorological data.

First of all we find, on comparing the relative humidity of the air in Toronto and Winnipeg, that while the air contains quite as much moisture in the autumn months of the year in Winnipeg as in Toronto, during the winter the humidity is considerably less.

HUMIDITY FOR THREE MONTHS OF 1871.

	October	November.	December.
Winnipeg.	81	83	73
Toronto.	72	76	80

NOTE.—The unfortunate rebellion of 1869 and 1870 compels us to be satisfied with scanty data, as the records of the observer, Mr. Stewart, were among the booty captured by President Riel, and have not been restored.

If the humidity is less in Winnipeg in winter, and the air drier, it seems plain that the cold will be less felt. The damp surface of the body is a better conductor, and so produces a greater evaporation and greater sense of cold, as may be seen by the increased sense of cold if we encounter the frosty air with damp hands or face; so that in the less humid climate of Manitoba the cold will not be felt so much as the same degree would be in a damper climate, like that of Ontario.

Again, the fact that the air is very exhilarating, both in summer and winter, is noticed by all; thus the vital functions are quicken-

ed and the animal heat increased in the body to resist cold. That this is so is not surprising when we find the barometer reading much lower in Winnipeg than in Toronto, indicating a lighter air.

BAROMETER AVERAGES—THREE MONTHS OF 1871.

	October.	November.	December.
Winnipeg.	29'075	29'275	29'188
Toronto.	29'632	29'639	29'573

This relation is preserved during the whole year, the barometer exhibiting from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch difference between Winnipeg and Toronto. Winnipeg has thus, say $\frac{1}{10}$ less pressure on the body than Toronto. The lighter air stimulates the functions, respiration is quickened, the blood circulates more rapidly, and so the animal heat is greater; and the power of resisting cold being increased, the rigour of winter is not felt to the same extent.

Another striking feature is that a large amount of electricity is contained in the air. A woollen cloth, shaken in the morning of one of the bright cold days, crackles, and is full of electricity.* This suggests the pressure of ozone, of which so little is known, and the consequent invigoration of the vital functions.

These, it will be observed, are mere hypotheses, to explain a fact generally observed and constantly asserted by most intelligent and trustworthy men. The presence of so small an amount of humidity in winter would enable us to divine the amount of

* A Professor in Manitoba College informs the writer that he experienced a most peculiar sensation, accompanied by a flash, on touching with his finger a stove-pipe on a very cold and dry morning. Since beginning to write this article the writer saw a woollen scarf, with the strands of the fringe at the end of it, when brought in from the cold, standing out repelled from each other, as may be seen in the hair of electric toys when charged with electricity.

snowfall in the Province. While the rainfall in summer is large, and, judging from some reports of the Smithsonian Institute from Red River, seems at times (if the returns are correct), to have been enormous—the snowfall is small. The observations have not been taken accurately long enough to give us much information; but one thing seems abundantly proved, that the snow in the Red River and Saskatchewan valleys is much less than in the northern part of the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. In the northern part of Minnesota the crest of the watershed, known popularly as “the Height of Land,” occurs, and the snows on the southern slope are twice or thrice the depth of those on the north. The popular estimate of annual snowfall in Manitoba is from one foot to a foot and-a-half; and the fall of the past two winters has certainly not exceeded this.

With a climate then, severe, but bracing and exhilarating in the extreme; with clear, brilliant weather for weeks together; with a degree of cold excessive at a few short periods during the winter, but even then much more bearable than the thermometric observations would lead one from a moister climate to expect; with the fact that business of all kinds usually transacted in Ontario and Quebec in winter goes on uninterruptedly in the new Province; there seems no reason, in so far as climate is concerned, why there should not be a numerous population supported in comfort, and possessing all the necessaries and luxuries enjoyed by inhabitants of the northern temperate zone.

It is our next duty to notice a few facts in connection with the soil and the physical features of the Province. While the regions lying between the older parts of Canada and the young Province are, for hundreds of miles, bold and rugged Laurentian rocks; on the west side of this, a short distance to the east of the Province, Silurian beds make their appearance, and exposures of the same are found on the ridges east and west of Red

River, and on the river itself. The “drift” above these is a soft alluvium, of a very dark colour, excessively tenacious when wet, but drying with surprising rapidity, and then crumbling easily away.

This extends for a considerable distance west, but changes somewhat in the Portage La Prairie region, sixty miles west from Fort Garry. The drift is interstratified with beds of white marly clay, popularly known as “white mud.” The black alluvium is the soil generally found in the Province, though gravel ridges, rock exposures and the like, diversify it. In some parts the soil seems alkaline, a species of *soda incrustation* forming copiously on the surface, and giving the character known to the older inhabitants as “salty” to the land. The surface, except where interrupted by gravel ridges, rocky deposits, or water-courses, is a prairie—a level expanse uninterrupted for miles by a tree, or even in some cases a bush—with not more than a few inches fall in any direction. The prairie, to one who has never before seen it, is a surprising sight; ten, twenty, or thirty miles lie spread out in unbroken monotony; the sky in the distance reminds one of the sea. The prairie is thickly covered with herbage, grasses, coarse herbs, and a great variety of brilliantly flowering annuals and perennials. The strength and fertility of the soil may be estimated by the luxuriance of this growth. On the tracts alluded to above as alkaline, a thin, wiry, unhealthy vegetation appears. In a country where land is so abundant this soil is, of course, esteemed by the agriculturist as worthless. As indicating salt in the soil it shows the likelihood of the future production of this valuable substance in large quantities, as is already done for the use of the natives on Lake Manitoba, fifty miles northwest of Fort Garry.

Intersecting the whole region fit for settlement are sluggish, shallow prairie rivers, cutting their way, with as many windings as the old Meander, through muddy banks. These river banks are covered with belts of timber,

the poplar, oak and elm abounding, while the rising ground, ridges, &c., are wooded with considerable forests of the same varieties of trees. At intervals, lower spots occur in the prairie, which in wet seasons are filled with water, and in which thin belts of trees usually spring up; these receive the name "Bluffs" or "Islets de Bois."

The woodlands along the river and on the ridges, in the older parts of the Province, are, as might be expected, well nigh denuded, although the Dominion Commissioner of Crown Lands last year declared that, taking the whole Province together as reported by the surveyors, there is more woodland than prairie in it. Both the south-eastern and south-western portions of the Province seem to consist largely of forest, an elevated plateau, known as "Pembina Mountain," occupying the south-west.

It is a matter of prime importance, in a country so far north, to have a good supply of fuel. The past has been without any efforts to retain the growth of young wood, or to extend it by "planting." Every year great numbers of young sprouts are produced from the seed distributed by the amentaceous poplar, and these, being fast growers, would soon become useful did not the destructive prairie fires sweep over at intervals and destroy them.

There seems to be no reason, if settlers were more numerous and careful, why these young forests should not be largely increased. The good results that have been gained in Britain, in Pomerania, by Bremon-tier in France, and on the prairies of Illinois, might be obtained in Manitoba by "planting;" for such trees as the maple, oak and the like, will grow well; and on some of the oldest farms along Red River, almost as noble elms are found as ever adorned a Canadian forest.

Connected with the soil, and intimately bound up with the prosperity of the country, is the "supply of water." Along the streams and rivers the inhabitants make use of the running water. This did reasonably well

when the population was sparse, when no great public works or manufactories were in operation to pour their refuse into the rivers, and when, especially, no town existed to poison with its filth the already muddy and unwholesome water. The future must see a change. Either reservoirs and filters must be used, or a supply of water procured elsewhere. Along the ridges wells have been dug, and a plentiful supply of excellent water has been secured; in many cases serviceable wells have been obtained in the open prairie. In the older settlements, and especially in the basin of the Red River, it remains to be seen whether good wells can be got free of the alkaline water that in some cases is found. In all the new settlements, except one, a bountiful supply of pure water has been obtained, and in this a government artesian well is the proposed expedient. In a country with soil so easily obtainable, with a considerable amount of fuel, and an abundant supply of good water, it is difficult to see what more, for an agricultural community, could be desired, provided the soil be fertile. As to this it must be remembered that the central part of the country has been under cultivation for above fifty years, and while some wrong conclusions as to its agricultural capabilities and its climate have been arrived at from the partial experiments of the old settlers, yet many important facts may be gathered from their lengthened experience, extending from 1812 to the present time. As a proof of the great grazing capabilities of the north-western prairie, it may be stated that herds of horses frequent the plains, often remaining out a great part of the winter, exposed to the fiercest weather unharmed. That the whole food of the cattle during summer is obtained in the same manner, and the supply cut and housed for as many as forty and sixty cattle by one farmer from the grasses indigenous to the country, shows the excellent character and great abundance of the natural pasturage.

In Canadian eyes the great recommendation of any soil is its capability to produce marketable grains, and certainly no part of the zone of northern cereals yet found on the continent seems to have such wonderful productiveness as this wide Northwest. J. W. Taylor, Esq., United States Consul at Fort Garry, who has for many years made the Northwest a study, has obtained samples and statistics of the cereal yield, and published in his reports information sufficient to convince the most sceptical. An instance is given by the Consul, of a Canadian, personally known to the writer, who produced, on one of the oldest farms in the Province, from eleven acres, the great yield of 420 bushels of wheat. The question as to whether the country would bring winter wheat to maturity had been decidedly settled in the negative by old inhabitants of the country. During the past year it has been quite as certainly decided by numbers of both old and new settlers that winter wheat can be cultivated with certainty and profit. An old settler produced, by garden culture, fall wheat at the rate of seventy-two bushels to the acre. This experiment was abundantly verified by several other practical and reliable farmers. By similar culture the Hon. James McKay produced the enormous yield of 134 bushels per acre of oats. These experiments are given both as proof of the capabilities of the country, and of the advantage of careful culture. The ordinary table vegetables are surprising in their growth, and reach a prodigious size; the writer has seen nothing in his previous experience equalling the vegetable productions of the Province; and the late Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Mr. Archibald, after testing the matter fully in his own garden, gave the same as his experience. It would be burdensome to give, in a general article like this, further statistics of the agricultural productions, for these are very correctly and fully given in the public prints of the Province.

It remains merely to notice the provincial ingress and egress, and the prospects of the Province in trade and commerce. At present the great drawback of the country is the expensive journey to reach it. The great granite barrier that divides the Province from Ontario becomes more serious the more it is examined.

The writer had an opportunity of inspecting a number of the diagrams of the trial lines of the Pacific Railroad survey; these are certainly somewhat discouraging; a saw-edge would represent the appearance of the profile exceedingly well. Probably no route that is practicable has yet been discovered; yet when so great a national necessity demands it, the age that constructed a Mont Cenis and a Hoosac tunnel, can hardly fail. The undertaking will, however, tax all the engineering skill at our disposal. To a nation impatient for development, with the imprisoned inhabitants of Manitoba also calling for means of egress, it is not strange that temporary expedients are adopted to satisfy the clamour for cheaper and speedier transit. There are two means at hand of remedying the defect temporarily; the one to connect with the American system of railways; the other to connect with the line of Canadian steamers on Lake Superior, available only in summer. These two projects, which seem to be feasible, will prove, if carried out, as is expected, a great boon to the Province, and greatly facilitate passenger and freight traffic. They will be of great value in case the Province receive its quota, as expected, of Scottish, German, Russian and Ontario immigrants. The completion of these railway lines will make it possible to import food at rates lower than at present; inasmuch as, even with the imperfect means of transport, agricultural products can be brought three hundred miles and sold at lower rates than they are at present produced in the country. It is to be presumed that the inhabitants, some ten or fifteen thousand in number, will be incited to greater

efforts to produce supplies than ever. The new state of affairs, so different from the time when the Hudson Bay Company afforded the only market, taking as a maximum the small quantity of eight bushels from each farmer, will, no doubt, inspire the more energetic of the old settlers to do something for the public good, while at the same time benefiting themselves. The hope as well of the old settlers and of the country generally, is in a large immigration, which the wide prairies invite. The Indians, Hudson Bay Company posts, and the bands of

explorers will make a market for food in the interior. The distance from Winnipeg to Liverpool, by the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway, will be about the same as that from St. Louis to Liverpool. The great grain producing region of the Northwest, with its golden harvests, will be not only an attractive land for the surplus population of Europe, but will, through its great resources, mineral and agricultural, support a people who, with the bracing air of their northern climate, may be a great, hardy and heroic northern nation.

SONNET.

(From *Miscellaneous Poems of JAMES R. LOWELL.*)

THROUGH suffering and sorrow thou hast passed
 To show us what a woman true may be :
 They have not taken sympathy from thee,
 Nor made thee any other than thou wast,
 Save as some tree which, in a sudden blast,
 Sheddeth those blossoms, that are weakly grown,
 Upon the air, but keepeth every one
 Whose strength gives warrant of good fruit at last :
 So thou hast shed some blooms of gaiety,
 But never one of steadfast cheerfulness ;
 Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity
 Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,
 But rather cleared thine inner eyes to see
 How many simple ways there are to bless.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER V.

LOVE IN AN IRISH GLEN.

CROSSING the stile, Maurice turned to the right, and followed the windings of the narrow little road or lane. From the tangled and briery banks at either side tall trees stretched their drooping branches till they met overhead, making a soft green twilight underneath on the brightest day. In little rifts and hollows among their roots, purple foxgloves—the fairy folks' love—bloomed, and mysterious fernseeds ripened, on the plummy fronds, now yellowing with the gold of early autumn. The sudden whistle of a blackbird, the clear, thrilling note of a thrush, or the soft cooing of a wood-pigeon, were the only sounds that broke the silent solitude. At every step the road seemed to grow wilder, and more remote from the haunts of men, till at one of its many turns it suddenly emerged into open space and sunlight. Here the narrow channel of a river, coming down with swift rapid current from the hills, was broken, and the stream spread over the road, forming a broad but shallow ford. At the narrowest part a wooden plank, thrown from one clump of old ash-trees to a similar clump at the other side, and a row of stepping-stones, gave a choice of way to foot passengers.

Having crossed the road, the river found its proper channel again, and, a few yards farther on, flowed past the crumbling walls of an old mill, whose big wheel it had once turned. This mill had been struck and shattered by lightning, and the miller, accepting the omen as an evil one, had abandoned

it. No one had been found sufficiently courageous to take his place, so another mill had been erected lower down the stream, and the old one suffered to fall into ruins. Its mouldering walls, over which ivy was spreading its dark, rich verdure—its big, black, rotting wheel, half covered with green moss and slimy ooze, lying motionless amidst the swift current of the river—an image of death and decay where life and motion ought to have been, had an almost pathetic aspect, and might have afforded theme to a poet of Wordsworth's school. But Maurice Byrne knew nothing of Wordsworth, and was quite as insensible to any sentiment lurking in the ruined mill as Peter Bell to the poetry of the primrose. To him it was Murphy's old mill and it was nothing more. He thought as little of death or change, of blighted hopes or ruined prospects, as if such things had never been known on earth. He thought only of the beauty and goodness of little Dorinn, and the perfect happiness that would be his when she was his wife.

Springing over the stepping-stones, he kept along the bank of the river for a little way, and then turned into a footpath which led up a steep bank, and across a piece of stony, uncultivated ground, to the hills. Thickets of furze, briars and brambles, were scattered here and there, with patches of scanty herbage between, on which a few hardy sheep were picking up a spare living, every now and then leaving bits of their torn fleeces on the thorny bushes among which they fed. The "blackberry season" had just begun, and seeing some early ones that looked very large and ripe, Maurice took off his straw hat, lined it with leaves, and

gathered all he could find. Then he hastened on, even faster than before, as if to make up for lost time, crossed one ridge of rocks, ascended another, and saw in the hollow beneath the cabin of little Dorinn.

A tiny hut, with brown earthen walls; a roof thatched with heather; nothing like a window or chimney visible till you were close beside it; and looking very much like a hillock risen out of the soil. A little stack of turf was at one end, and some straw beehives at the other. Very proud of her bees was little Dorinn, and not without reason. One day a stray swarm, no one ever knew from whence, settled on an old thorn tree close to her cabin, and there little Dorinn found them. Covering them with a white cloth, she walked three miles to a village, where an old man made beehives for sale, bought one, and before night had her prize safely housed. Since then they had prospered and multiplied beyond all other bees that ever were known, and had proved a perfect mine of wealth to their young mistress. Other people had bees that fed on heath blossoms and thyme as well as little Dorinn, but no one's honey was so sweet and pure as hers, or brought so high a price, and no one had so little trouble in managing these capricious and fanciful little creatures as she had. When they were going to swarm, she had only to lay an empty hive, rubbed with sweet herbs and honey, close by, and the swarm, instead of wandering away, dutifully entered their new dwelling, and set to work on the instant. Nor did she ever take the lives of her faithful and industrious little servants. The old man from whom she bought her hives, and who knew the ways of bees, he said, just as well as if they had been his own children, had taught her how to drive them into a new hive when she wanted to take the honey, and she had never yet failed in doing so successfully.

As Maurice came up to the cabin, he saw that little Dorinn was sitting on a bench

under the shade of a magnificent mountain-ash, now covered with clusters of brilliant crimson berries, watching her bees coming home to the hives and settling for the night, and knitting busily at the same time. The lonely little glen, a mere cleft among the hills, with its tiny, tinkling, sparkling stream, falling from rock to rock, and running through yellow broom and purple heath to join the river in the vale below; the cabin rising among the great tufts of heather as if it had grown there; the pretty straw beehives ranged on a rocky ledge near; the great mountains glowing like huge amethysts in the rosy evening light; the rich masses of crimson colour made by the clustering berries of the mountain-ash, and the lovely young girl beside it, who alone broke the perfect solitude of the spot, made an exquisite picture; and as little Dorinn formed its centre and soul, Maurice keenly felt its charm. Her bright brown hair was parted on her forehead, drawn loosely back, and twisted in a shining coil behind; her dress was the cheapest cotton gown, a dark "tinker's blue," with tiny white spots; her feet were bare, for she only wore shoes and stockings on Sundays. She had no ornament but her artless beauty and simple grace, but as Maurice looked at her it seemed to him she would do honour to a palace, if he could have given her one, instead of the lowly farmhouse into which he was going to take her. Murmuring the words of a favourite song:

"Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning,

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come the more I'll adore you!

he contrived, by taking a circuitous path, to get close to her before she was aware of his approach; and he had almost touched her when his shadow, as he bent forward, caught her eye. Then she started up, her bright blush, her joyous smile, her happy eyes, assuring him of a welcome as sweet as that

of which he had been singing. Giving her the blackberries he had brought her, he made her sit down again on the bench, and, though there was very little room to spare, managed to seat himself beside her.

"Now, give me your knitting," he said, "and eat your blackberries. I hate you to be knitting when I'm talking to you, for you will always keep looking at your needles and not at me."

"Well, don't pull the needles out, as you do whenever you get hold of them," said little Dorinn, laughing, as she suffered him to take the knitting out of her hands.

"There then," he said, rolling ball and knitting together into what he called "a wisp," and throwing it behind him among the heather, "it's out of my reach; and now, tell me, wasn't I a good boy to bring you these nice blackberries?"

"Yes, indeed, you were. But where did you find them? I didn't think there was any ripe yet."

"No more there is, except on the top of Carrig mountain."

"Now, don't be romancing. There's no blackberries on the top of Carrig; and if there was, you couldn't get at them."

"And is that what you're going to tell me, after all my trouble! A great climb I had, any way, and I might have broke my neck. I wonder I didn't. But you'll give me a kiss to reward me, like a good girl, won't you?" said Maurice, in his most coaxing tone.

"It wouldn't be right to reward you for telling such a story," said little Dorinn, with mock gravity.

"I never saw such a girl! You haven't a bit of belief in you. You'll be doubting the Catechism next. May be you'll tell me it wasn't the briars scratched all my hands this way. They're smarting like anything, and I'm sure they're full of thorns. Won't you get a pin and take them out for me?"

"Now, Maurice, I'm not going to be taken in by your tricks this time. Didn't you keep me idle for an hour and more the other

day, looking for thistle thorns in your fingers, when you knew well enough there wasn't one in your whole hand!"

"Oh, well, I'm not cheating now. Just look, and you'll see."

So little Dorinn suffered herself to be persuaded, and softly touching the strong hands held out to her with her pretty brown fingers, looked first at one and then at the other.

"There isn't a single scratch," she said at last.

"Oh, but there's thorns—deep down where you can't see them. If you'll only try, you'll find them."

"Maurice, you're the biggest rogue in all Ireland, and if I served you right, I'd stick the pin into you."

"You're a hard hearted little thing," said Maurice, "and very ungrateful, too, not to give me one kiss for all those blackberries. Will you give it to me now?"

"Wait till I try if they taste as good as they look," said little Dorinn.

"Here's a beauty," said Maurice, picking out the largest and ripest; "Open your mouth, and let me put it in. Now, ain't they as good as they look?" he asked, when he had dropped one into the sweet, smiling mouth.

"I've hardly got the taste yet; give me some more," said little Dorinn.

"Who's cheating now?" exclaimed Maurice. But, apparently, he found it very pleasant to feed his pet bird, as he had called her, in this fashion, for he went on giving her berry after berry, watching her, as she took them daintily and demurely, with boyish delight; and occasionally adding zest to his enjoyment by touching her lips with one, and then suddenly snatching it away and putting it into his own mouth.

"Maurice," said little Dorinn, "will you take me up Carrig some day to get more blackberries?"

"Yes my pet, I'll take you there, or anywhere else you like, on our wedding day," said Maurice.

"It'll be a long time till then," said little Dorinn, growing suddenly grave.

"No, it won't. It'll be a very short time. I saw a wise bird, up there, and he told me that before the green leaves were all off the trees, I'd have little Dorinn for my own darling wife."

"I'm afraid he wasn't a wise bird at all," said little Dorinn. "I'm afraid he was a very foolish one, and you were very foolish if you believed him."

"Why shouldn't I believe him, when I know he spoke the truth?" said Maurice. "I'm not so disbelieving as you are! But there's some one else coming to-morrow to tell you the same story, may be you'll believe her, though you won't me."

"Now, Maurice, what is it you mean?" said little Dorinn, turning away from the bright light in Maurice's eyes, which seemed to dazzle her.

"Don't turn away your face, darling; look at me, and listen to me. I'm going to be very serious. There's some one coming to see you to-morrow that's very sorry she ever was cross and unkind to you. Some one that thinks nearly as much of you as I do myself, though she's been so bad to you lately—"

"Oh, Maurice," cried little Dorinn, her eyes filling with tears of joy, "is it your mother?"

"Yes, my own darling, it is, and I know you'll forgive her, and be good and sweet to her when she comes, for her heart was with you all the time, only she had some foolish notions about my marrying a rich wife, and buying back some of the lands that used to belong to the Byrnes."

"I always forgave her, Maurice. How could I be angry with her for thinking that a poor girl like me wasn't fit to be your wife? Wouldn't every one else say the same? And maybe it's true," said little Dorinn, her tender eyes growing wistful and sad.

"That's the one thing in the world that I'll never allow you to say to me," said Mau-

rice, putting his arm round her with proud, protecting fondness; "even if you weren't the handsomest and best girl in all the world, as I think you are, you're the one I love, and for that reason the only one that will ever be my wife. My mother knows that, too, and she's well satisfied now that it is so; and to-morrow she's coming to tell you so, and to ask you to name the day we'll be married. And what day will it be, darling?" whispered Maurice.

"I'm sure it's very good of her," said little Dorinn, "and I'm glad and proud that she's willing to have me for her daughter. As for you, if you could see my heart, Maurice, you'd be well satisfied with me; you'd never call me proud and cold, and say I didn't care for you, again. But there's my poor old grandfather. It's only natural that every one except his own child should think him a burden, and I can't bear to let him be that, even to you."

"But when we're married he'll be my grandfather, too," said Maurice.

"Now, Maurice, don't laugh, and don't be trying to persuade me. You know I'm right."

"I know you're quite wrong. Do you think I've so mean an opinion of myself as to believe I could ever feel *your* grandfather a burden? I wonder at you, Dory Laverty, so I do! I'm afraid you think my love's but a weak kind of love, if you're afraid to trust it that far."

"I think your love's like yourself, the best in the whole world," said little Dorinn. "But there's your mother. She's a kind heart, I know, and she'd do a deal to please you, but after a while she might think him a trouble and get angry, and that would vex you; and I couldn't bear to see you vexed, Maurice."

"Please God you'll live to see me vexed many a time," said Maurice comically, "though I'll take my oath never with you. But you needn't fear my mother. You won't be a week in the house till you'll

have her doing just what you like, and nothing else. Don't I know your winning ways? Come now, my pet, be as sweet as you look, and tell me I may speak to Father Cassidy as soon as I can get the house ready."

"Now, Maurice, don't ask me;—not till I've seen your mother, at any rate. Then, maybe, if she's as anxious for it as you are—"

"I won't promise you she's *that*," said Maurice energetically; "for I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, longing for the hour when I may call you all my own!"

"You don't look so very bad, for all that," said little Dorinn, looking up half shyly, half roguishly, at the handsome, happy face of her lover. "But, anyway, you must be a good boy, and not say another word to me about it until after to-morrow."

"Well, I won't—not this minute," said Maurice. "But where's that kiss you've been owing me so long."

The pure, loving eyes that had been raised to meet his looked down, but the beautiful, blushing face was not turned away, and, bending fondly over her, Maurice kissed the sweet innocent lips.

At that moment, a voice with a cheery ring and a sly humour in its tones, though somewhat cracked and shrill with age, called out:

"When furze is out of blossom
Kissing's out of fashion!"

There's plenty of the blossoms about here, any way."

The lovers started up, surprised and confused, but the next moment they were ready to laugh with the intruder, whom they knew well, and who was always a privileged person. "Never mind, childer, never mind!" he said, chuckling to himself, "sure it's only ould Matty."

CHAPTER VI.

"MATTY THE MOUSE."

"OULD Matty," as he called himself, was a little dried-up, wizened old man, with a small wrinkled face, little deep-set eyes, almost hidden by their ragged, grizzled lashes, a button-like nose, a little grinning mouth, and the smallest possible chin, all surmounted by a bald pent-house of a forehead, not in the least shaded by his scanty old rabbit-skin cap. He wore a long frieze coat, garnished with innumerable pockets, an old-fashioned red waistcoat, with flaps coming halfway down his thighs, a pair of old leather hunting breeches, leather gaiters with hay ropes twisted round them to keep them dry when he crossed the bogs, and stout, iron-heeled brogues. A leather budget hung at his back, and mysterious contrivances in wood and wire, which the initiated knew to be traps for all sorts of vermin, were suspended from his waist. In his hand he carried a blackthorn cudgel, the head of which was neatly carved into a grotesque libel of the human face—"the very *moral* of himself," he always complacently asserted.

This odd looking little man's name was Matthew Flyn, but he was known through all the province of Leinster by the nickname of "Matty the Mouse." Strangely enough, in one of the wanderings to which he had always been prone, he had managed to win one of the tallest and finest girls in Kildare for his wife, and when he brought her home, much merriment among his acquaintances was caused by the curiously contrasted couple. At first everyone pitied Matty for having gone so far from home to get a wife so well able to tie him to her apron-string, or carry him about, if she liked, as Glumdalclich carried Gulliver. But Matty had known very well what he was about when he married his handsome Biddy. She was an easy-tempered, good-natured woman, slow in speech, quiet, and

indolent. Some people might have called her stupid, but Matty liked to have all the wit and most of the talk to himself; others might have accused her of laziness, but this only gave greater scope to Matty's activity. Biddy was well pleased to sit in her chair and look on, while her husband got the meals ready, or tidied the house, which it was his great delight to do; never calling him "cotquean,"—as the Nurse called old Capulet,—or any Hibernian equivalent, when he took the broom or the frying-pan out of her hands, as a more vivacious and energetic woman might have been inclined to do, but surrendering those symbols of household authority without murmur or protest, and subsiding good-humouredly into placid repose. In truth, she thought Matty a perfect and universal genius, and he thought her the best woman in the world, so they were a happy pair; and when poor Biddy died somewhat suddenly—of too much fat and too much idleness—her neighbours said Matty's grief was deep and lasting. He gave her what he called "an elegant wake and a beautiful burying," sold his snug cabin and little bit of land, and became thenceforth a vagrant and a wanderer.

But by no means a beggar. He had innumerable ways of earning his living. He knew a great many petty handicrafts; could do a little tinkering and a little cobbling; stick broken delf and clamp wooden ware; make flies that the shyest salmon or trout would rise to; crop the ears and tails of terrier dogs after the most approved fashion, and train them to hunt rats and badgers. He knew how to manage ferrets to perfection, and could catch rabbits as dexterously as Puss in Boots. Besides all these odds and ends of knowledge, he was skilful in the diseases of dogs, horses and cattle; could compound cures for ague, rheumatism and other common ailments; and was supposed to be "good at doctoring both man and beast." But his most remarkable gift, and the one to which he owed his nickname of

"Matty the Mouse," has yet to be described. He knew how to play tunes on the comical phiz which ornamented his stick, as wonderful as those of the famous pipes of Hamelin, tunes which drew all the mice and rats within hearing from their hiding-places, made them climb up his legs, up the sleeves of his coat, even into his pockets, like Count Fosco's pets, and then, going a few yards away from the house or barn out of which he had charmed them, with the fascinated creatures following, and clinging round and about him, he would suddenly cease playing; the mice and rats would disappear as quickly as Cinderella's enchanted horses and servants when the fated hour came, and never again return to the haunts from which his magic music had lured them. Of all these talents and acquirements, Matty made shrewd and discreet use, and contrived, through one or another of them, to find a ready welcome in the servants' hall at the "big house," the farmer's kitchen and the labourer's cabin; and his cheery, contented temper, and unfailing good nature, made him a prime favourite with rich and poor, young and old.

"Never mind me, childher," he said again, as little Dorinn picked up her knitting, and began plying her needles, while Maurice threw the blackberry leaves out of his hat, and put it on his head with well-assumed indifference. "Never mind me; nobody ever minds ould Matty. And how's all up at Roebawn, Mr. Maurice? It's a beautiful evening, God bless it, and I'm thinking the farmers will have a fine time to get out the potatoes. And how's the ould mistress? Not that she's ould, either, but then she's not as young as I remember her. If I was you, Mr. Maurice, I'd be bringing her home a young daughter to help her to keep the house."

"Well, Matty, will you speak a good word for me to some nice girls?"

"Musha, now, listen to him!" said old Matty. "A clean, straight, handsome boy like you, good at both work and divarsion,

don't want an ould man like me to speak for him."

"I wish the girl I like best saw me with your eyes, Matty," said Maurice, laughing.

"Oh, faix, she's good eyes of her own. She wouldn't want to change them for mine. But you needn't be blushing, Dorinn avourneen; sure I've said no harm, and I've named no names. But, troth, it becomes you. No rose in the garden ever had such a bloom. You're the flower of this countryside any way!"

"Matty, I think the last time you were on your travels, you went to Blarney and kissed the stone!" said little Dorinn.

"No, indeed, honey, I never travelled so far as Blarney; but you see I'm old, and may say what I like, and no one's ever offended. When I see a handsome face I can't help praising it, and I'm sure the sight of yours is as good as a cordial to me any day. Every word I've said is as true as the Prayer Book, and I know Mr. Maurice will never deny it."

"Indeed I never will, Matty," said Maurice, with a merry laugh.

"I'll go bail you won't, and I'll wish you no worse wish than that you may live to be as ould as I am, and have her face still beside you, and think it the finest sight under the sun then, as you do now!"

"Thank you, Matty," said Maurice, "you couldn't give me a wish that would please me better."

Little Dorinn said nothing, but she looked up at the lonely old man with kind, pitying eyes, which he understood very well.

"God bless you, child!" he said; "but you needn't be sorry for me. It's true I have no wife or child, and I'm nothing but a wanderer in my ould age, but I've lots of friends—lots of friends. All the neighbours are good to me, and all the little children are fond of ould Matty; and when they see him coming, they all run to hear him play his queer tunes on his stick. So God's will be done! There's one in Heaven waiting for

me, and it won't be long till I join her. Though, indeed, there's many would miss ould Matty if he was gone. There's more than you think depends on me for advice in their troubles, or medicines to ease their pains. And that reminds me, Dory dear, that I came up here this evening to ask you for some of your fine quicken-berries. There's none in these parts to compare with them in size or in colour. And indeed the tree's just as pretty as a picture; it's a'most a sin to be wanting to rob it."

"Now, Matty, how can you say that when you know it's to make medicines you want them. I'm proud to think they'll be put to such good use instead of withering away on the tree."

"Well, in troth, they're good for all sorts of ailments," said Matty. "They're good as drinks, decoctions is the learned name, and good as embrocations and liniments. Sure I've a book that tells all about them, and about the virtues of all the herbs of the field, and all the trees in the wood, and about the secrets of all the minerals and metals, and about crystals and eagle stones; and there's a dictionary at the end of it tells the meaning of all the hard words. A wonderful book it is, sure enough. A fairy-woman gave it to me for saving her cat from a pack of wild boys that were going to throw it into the Liffey, to see whether it would siuk or swim."

Pulling out of his pocket a square little volume, bound in vellum, and very much blackened with smoke and dirt, he handed it to Maurice. The title-page was gone, but the book was evidently very old. There was an introduction, in which the writer professed to have collected, and then first given to the world, the choicest and rarest recipes of the most famous Arabic and Jewish doctors; in which might be found infallible cures for all the ills that flesh of man or beast is heir to. It was written partly in quaint English, partly in monkish Latin, and interspersed with many curious astrological signs, cabal-

istic symbols, and other mysterious characters and ciphers. There was a glossary at the end; and the whole book was so much worn and soiled by rude fingers that in many places it was almost illegible.

"It's as full of wisdom as an egg is full of meat, as the ould saying is,—if a body could only understand it," said Matty, as Maurice turned over the leaves and little Dorinn looked at them over his shoulder. "Many a fine cure I've got out of that same book, though them long *s's* are very puzzling, let alone the learned words, and the quare marks and signs, that ignorant people wanted to persuade me was black magic; and for that reason I don't let many of them ever see it."

"Well, they *are* queer, anyhow," said little Dorinn, looking with some little awe at the mysterious characters; "if they're not magic, what are they?"

"They're mostly languages," said Matty; "*dead* languages. Old Dr. Wingfield, Mr. Frank's father, told me so. Some of them are Greek letters, and some of them Hebrew, and some of them have a quare long name that I always forget till I call to mind the little words that will make it up when I put them together—four little words; high-row-lif—and six with the *s* left out; and now I have it—highrowliflix; that's the name, and a very quare name it is. The doctor said it was the way they used to write in Egypt. And faix, when I heard him say that, I didn't like it, for I've been told the Egyptians were powerful magicians and a wicked people entirely; and sure we all know it was for their wickedness they were once all drowned in the Red Sea. So what do you think I did? I took the book to Father Cassidy, and asked him to sign it with the Cross and sprinkle it with holy water, and say the Glory over it. For you know, childher," said Matty solemnly, "if there was any witchcraft or deviltry in it, when it felt the holy water and heard the holy words, it would have flew right out of the window, just as if it

had been blown up by gunpowder, and gone off to its *own place* and to them that wrote it."

"Do you believe that now, Matty?" asked Maurice somewhat sceptically, while little Dorinn looked up with "wonder-waiting eyes."

"Yes, faix, do I!" said Matty stoutly. "Sure there's lots of witchcraft in the Bible, and wicked spirits, and magicians; I believe in them all, sure enough. But then I'm not one of those fools that sees witchcraft and magic in learning or in skill. Now, would you think it? I've heard some people say it was by magic I played the quare tunes I can play on my stick."

"Well, so it is," said Maurice, "the magic of genius!"

"True for you," said the old man, laughing with great delight—"it is just that; it's my genius, and nothing else—the magic of genius. That's a fine saying, Mr. Maurice; you must have got it out of a book!"

"I dare say I did," said Maurice, laughing. "But there's only two kinds of magic I believe in, and that's one of them; the other is —" he stopped and looked at little Dorinn, who was that moment innocently looking up at him—"the other," he said, "comes out of the eyes that we love!"

"Oh never fear but you believe in *that* magic!" said old Matty "you needn't tell us that!"

"But what did Father Cassidy say, Matty?" asked little Dorinn.

"Oh, he said it was a good book, with not a bit of harm in it, but he said as I wished it, he'd no objection to sign it with the Cross and sprinkle it with holy water; and he did so, and not a bit of it ever stirred or changed a letter, and so I knew after seeing *that* with my own eyes, there could be nothing in it that wasn't fit for a Christian. And many a Christian it has done good to since I got it, not to speak of poor dumb brutes; and though every minute I have to spare I'm conning it over, I never look into

it that I don't find something 'good and new."

"It seems to have been well read," said Maurice.

"Faix you may say that. Many a one has got learning out of it since it was printed, but sure all the good is in it yet. Dr. Wingfield, and he's a knowledgable man, told me that if I liked he could get me a mint of money for it from a Society in Dublin that makes it its business to hunt up ould, ancient things—the Antiquarian Society they call it; I suppose because it's always searching for quare things. And there's nothing the society values more than quare ould books, as I understand. But indeed, ould things are always the best; ould songs, and ould stories, and ould people, too? Isn't that true, honey?" he asked turning to little Dorinn.

"Yes, of course, Matty, if they're like you," said little Dorinn, with a merry laugh.

"There, now," said the old man, grinning and winking at Maurice, "didn't I know she'd say so? I'll engage you thought she'd say the young ones was best. But the conceit of boys is wonderful!"

"Is there anything about bees in your book, Matty?" asked little Dorinn.

"No, avourneen, there is not, but there's something about honey, and about wax too. I'll show it all to you some day when I've got time. But, sure, you don't want any one to teach you about the bees. It's my belief it's the creatures themselves have taught you all their secrets. Quare creatures they are, too; full of whims, and fancies, and notions, just like human beings. All the care and kindness and sweet flowers on earth won't make them contented in some places, and in others, that maybe you wouldn't think half as good for them, you may set down the hives just where you choose, and they'll settle there, and thrive, and never ask to leave it. And it's the same with people as with places; there's some they won't let come within sight of the hive without stinging them, and others again may move them

about, and handle them any way they like, and never get a touch—just like little Dorinn. It's my belief them bees are as fond of her as if she was their queen."

"Well, indeed, I think they do know me," said little Dorinn, "I never got a sting in my life."

"That's what I say," said Matty, "and a mighty good sign it is, I can tell you, Mr. Maurice; none better, for the bees are a wise generation, and they never like any one only quiet good-natured people; noisy, fussy, ill-tempered people bees can never abide. And now I'll step in to see your grandfather. But first give me the book, Mr. Maurice; I'll let you look at it again any day you like, but I never part with it out of my sight."

"You won't sell it to the Antiquarian Society, then," said Maurice, returning the book, which Matty carefully deposited in one of his safest pockets.

"No, Mr. Maurice, not for its weight in pure gold. My poor Biddy thought a power of that book, and a deal of pleasure it used to give her to hear me read the hard words out of it—just for the sake of the sound of them; and when she was going to leave me, (the Heavens be her bed!) she made me promise never to part with it. And no more I won't—not for the Bank of Dublin and all that is in it, if I had the offer of it. For Biddy was a rock of sense, so she was, though very few knew it except myself. But I wonder what it is keeps me here all the night blathering to you two childher, like an ould fool that I am, and you wanting to get rid of me all the time!"

"Oh, no we are not, Matty," said little Dorinn, "we are going into the cabin with you, for grandfather will be wanting to see Maurice too."

She led the way as she spoke, and Maurice, though he would have much preferred remaining outside, if he could have kept little Dorinn with him, followed her into the cabin.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED."

On first coming into the cabin, out of the free open space and golden sunshine, it looked as dark as a hermit's cell, and almost as small, but when the eye grew accustomed to the change, it could be seen that it was clean and tidy, and more comfortable than an outsider would have believed possible. By good management it held a little dresser, with a few household articles neatly arranged on the shelves and in the recess beneath; a little table, two or three stools, a chest for clothes, a settle-bed in which little Dorinn slept, (a bed by night, a seat by day), and her grandfather's bedstead—a rough wooden frame with a chaff bed, and a wadded and quilted coverlet, the work of little Dorinn. A fire of turf was burning on the hearth, for at no season is a fire out of place in an Irish cabin, and it is always kept up, as long as a few "sods" of turf, or a "brasna" of sticks, can be had. Old Paddy was sitting in a low rush-bottomed chair near the hearth, peeling a bundle of green rushes to be dipped in grease by little Dorinn and used as candles. A stream of light from the setting sun came through the open door, and fell full on the old man's picturesque head and face; his snow-white fringe of hair, bright, dark eyes, and large finely formed features, once full of fire and energy, but now refined by suffering, and made beautiful by an expression of quiet submission and cheerful patience, often to be found in an Irish peasant, when his afflictions come, as he believes, directly from the hand of God.

"God save all here!" said Matty, (a formula never omitted by the Irish peasantry on entering a house, even if it should appear empty, lest fairies, or "something better, or worse," should be lurking there, invisible to mortal eyes). "How do you find yourself, Paddy aroon?"

"Well, I'm doing bravely, Matty, thanks

be to God. This dry weather is wondrous good for the bones, and I'm able to use my hands finely, as you see. Sure, didn't I make a lot of heath brooms last week."

"You were always fond of work, Paddy, and a fine hand at it, too."

"Well, indeed, so the neighbours used to say. But it's little I can do now, only an odd job like this, or a few brooms, as I told you, by way of amusement, and thankful I am when I can do that same. But who's that yonder at the door? Isn't that Maurice Byrne?"

"Yes, Paddy, it is me. I'm glad to see you looking so well."

"Isn't he?" said little Dorinn, "and as handsome as the picture of St. Joseph himself."

"For shame, child," said Paddy, "to be wheedling your old grandfather that way. But sit down, boys, sit down. Maurice has had his supper, I know, but maybe Matty hasn't. She'll give you a bit of oaten-cake and a drink of milk, Matty."

"Yes, and it's good cake, too, Matty," said little Dorinn, going to the dresser to get some.

"Sure, I know it's good when it was you made it, my colleen dhas!" (pretty girl) said Matty, "but I'll not take any of it this time, thanking you all the same, for I had my supper at Tim Ryan's down at the bridge."

"Well, sit down, any way, and tell us the news. I suppose you were at the fair of Kilcool."

Matty sat down, taking off his leather budget, and the belt to which his traps were suspended, and placed them, with his stick, on the floor. "Yes, I was at the fair of Kilcool," he said, "and a finer lot of sheep I never saw, and by the same token there was a colley dog there that bate everything ever I saw for 'cuteness. There isn't a word his masher says that he doesn't understand as sensible as a Christian, and he'd pick one of his own flock of sheep out of a thousand, that you'd think as like it as two peas. But

sure all dogs are 'cute. Look at that little terrier there, how he's listening to me; he knows I'm talking of his kind as well as you do. Come here, Trim. Isn't it Trim you call him? Trim enough he looks, too. Sure it was I trimmed him; and though I say it that shouldn't say it, there's never a man in all Ireland knows how to crop a dog better. Did you ever see a nicer dog, Paddy, or one with better points? Look at the little black muzzle of him! And look at his little black nose. He's true-bred, anyway!"

Still fingering the dog's ears, he suddenly looked up at Paddy. "Musha, Paddy, how old were you in the risin' of '98?"

"Well, I was only a slip of a boy," said Paddy, "just thirteen, as I've been told."

"You remember them times, I suppose."

"Troth, do I; better than what happened yesterday. Bad times they were, when hanging, and shooting, and flogging went on night and day, and the soldiers went round with pitch-caps and triangles, cropping your hair, and your ears too, and torturing you with pickets, and God knows what! I don't deny that in the end the boys used the pikes where they oughtn't, but they were only following the example set them, and true it is, they never came up to it. They'd have fought like good Christians if they hadn't been goaded into wickedness by them devils of Ancient Britons and Fencibles. And the yeomen were nearly as bad. Sure a bit of green ribbor in your hat, or a green sprig in your butt a-hole, would condemn you on the spot, and never a question asked. You know the old song:

"I met with Bonaparte, and he took me by the hand,
Saying, How is old Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's a poor distracted country as ever you have seen,
For they're hanging men and women for the Wearing
of the Green!"

"And so they did!"

"But they couldn't put it down for all that!" said Maurice, with a sudden fierceness that made little Dorinn's heart jump. "It's only the other day that a brave bold song was made, 'The Green above the Red.'"

"Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died,
And Wolfe Tone sank serene,
Because they could not bear to leave
The Red above the Green!"

"Oh! but Lord Edward was the handsome fellow!" said Paddy; "as brave as a lion, and as gentle as any lamb, with an eye and a step like a hero; and a hero he was, if ever there was one. Did I ever tell you about him and his green handkerchief?"

"No, what was it?" said Maurice.

"Well, he and a friend of his, a true patriot like himself, O'Connor by name, were at the races at the Curragh, and Lord Edward had a green handkerchief tied about his neck. There was a lot of impudent dragoon officers there, too, and when Lord Edward and his friend were going home, a dozen of the officers rode after them till they came to a lonely part of the road, and no one was near to back Lord Edward (for he would have had lots of backers on the Curragh); then they galloped in front to stop the way, and the one that took it upon him to be spokesman ordered Lord Edward to take off that rebel rag he had about his neck. 'Gentlemen,' said Lord Edward, sitting straight on his horse, and looking the officers full in the face, while his eyes flashed fire, 'here I am; let any man among you that objects to it come and take it!'"

"More power to him!" said old Matty.

"And what did they do then?" asked Maurice, whose eyes were flashing.

"Not one of them was man enough to take *his dare*. They just parleyed with his friend for a minute, and then rode off and left them there. Oh, his was the brave spirit, and the last words he ever said in this world were—'Come on! Come on!' No doubt he thought he was leading his men in the very front of

the battle! But that wasn't to be his fate. Traitors betrayed him, and he died in prison, like a wounded eagle that had chafed himself to death."

"Paddy," said Maurice, "do you remember my father's cousin that was hanged in Wicklow?"

"Is it Billy Byrne, of Ballymanus? Well I remember him. He was the pride of Wicklow. He and Hackett, and Holt, and some of the Wicklow and Wexford men, held out in the mountains for months. There was a queer song about Holt:

"Did you see Holt and his men
With the gun they called tatter-the-army."

They got the better of the king's soldiers more than once, or twice either, but at last they were dispersed, and Billy Byrne was taken and lodged in Wicklow jail. I saw him going to be hanged. They marched him down the street from the jail to Gallows Hill, where the gallows was then, with a guard of soldiers at each side of him. A fine handsome young man he was, and dressed that day in breeches and silk stockings, with ruffles on his shirt, and his hair curled; and he walked as firmly down the street, and stepped as straight and true, as if he was going to a wedding and not to his own hanging. But hanged he was, and the women looked out of the windows to see him pass, with the tears flowing down their faces, and much afraid of the soldiers as they were, many a one among them took flowers and kissed them, and threw them down upon him. He was the darling of the country, and a valiant soldier as I've heard tell of."

"Well, he died for his country!" said Maurice, much excited. "They gave him a dog's death, but he made it the death of a hero."

"Yes, he did that. But, oh! them was awful times! Every man the informers pointed their fingers at was shot down by the military; every man that was tried in the courts, that were well called the courts of

death, was condemned and executed; not even Curran—John Philpott Curran—could save them. By all account he was a splendid speaker, and he fought for the lives of the poor boys in the docks like a hero, and risked his own life every day that he did it. But it was all in vain. Judges and juries thirsted for their blood, and they were all doomed. But all the time they were murdering those they could catch, those that were still free were singing—

Up with the Green, boys! up with the Green!
Shout it back to the Sassenach, we'll never sell the
Green!

There was O'Dwyer. He and a lot of the boys were hid in the mountains round about Glenmalure and Lugalaa for five years. There was no roads into them places then, only the wild passes, where no troops could go, and Lord Carhampton himself couldn't hunt them out. And that puts me in mind of another song was made in them days:

Up the dreary mountain and down the foggy glyn,
It's there we'll make a begging bag of Lord Car-
hampton's skin!

For we are the boys that dare ye,
That dare ye, that dare ye!
We are the boys that dare ye,
For we're all United Men!

There was lots of fine rebel songs made in those days. Curran himself made a fine song called 'The Wearing of the Green.'

"There was no Fenians in those days, was there?" asked Matty.

"No, not that ever I heard of," said Paddy, "and for my part, I don't know the meaning of the word."

"It was the name the picked troops of the Irish kings in old times were called by," said Maurice, "men that would die but never yield, and among whom there never was known coward or traitor."

"Is that it?" said old Matty. "And I suppose them that call themselves Fenians now-a-days are just like the United Irishmen in 'Ninety-eight, and want the same things."

"Yes," said Maurice, "they want Ireland for the Irish—that's all."

"Oh, but, faix, that's a great deal," said Paddy. "There's a power of English in the country that would fight hard before they gave up what they have got; to say nothing of England herself."

"Well," said Maurice, "I suppose the Fenians won't be such fools as to go to war till they're strong enough."

"Oh, Maurice!" exclaimed little Dorinn, "don't talk that way. God forbid there should be any war!"

"Nonsense, child," said Paddy, "we're only just talking by way of divarsion. Maurice knows well enough that day's a long way off, if it ever comes."

"Well, I don't know," said Matty, dubiously. "Do you think there's many of them, Mr. Maurice?"

"I never heard of any just about here," said Maurice, "but I believe they're strong in Munster, and in other parts too."

"But how do you know all this, Maurice?" asked little Dorinn uneasily. Maurice was sitting on the end of the table, and little Dorinn leaning against the dresser close beside him. Looking down at her, and catching her anxious glance, the dark look that had gathered on his face cleared away, and laying his hand on her shoulder tenderly, he said, "Just from the newspapers—no other way in the world."

"I was afraid may be you were a Fenian," she said timidly.

"Not a bit of it!" said Maurice with his gay laugh. "I'm too fond of myself—and of somebody else that's better worth being fond of—unless I saw a better chance for them than I do now."

"Well, now, look here," said Matty, "sure we're all friends here, and so I'll just tell you what happened to me at the fair of Kilcool. I was standing among a ring of tents, a little way out of a crowd, where blind Billy Carroll was playing the pipes. Some were dancing jigs, and more were round a schemer that was cheating them out of their money with his pea and his thimbles,

when a young man, very well dressed, and well-looking, too, and with a dandy stick in his hand, came beside me. 'Good day to you, neighbour,' said he, in a friendly way. 'The same to your honour,' said I; for you see I thought maybe he was one of them Trinity College chaps come down from Dublin to see the fun, and maybe play a game at thimble-rig, as all them boys are mad after it. 'Are you a tinker?' says he 'if it is no offence to ask, or a cobbler?'; 'No,' said I, 'I'm not much of any trade, but I do a bit in the mending line.' 'You look like a traveller,' said he. 'True enough,' said I, 'I'm seldom off my feet.' 'And you're a good Irishman, I'll be bound,' said he. 'Troth am I, every inch of me,' said I, 'though the inches aint many.' Then said he, 'Size is nothing; it's the spirit that tells, and a heart that loves ould Ireland; and I'm sure you've got that,' said he. Well, you'd think there was no harm in that; but somehow or other I began to misdoubt him, and to guess that he was after something more than mere divarsion; though what it was, of course, I could not tell. 'Well, sir,' said I, 'What if I have?' 'Because, if you have,' said he, 'you could do her and her friends a piece of service very easy.' 'I'd like to know what it was before I'd undertake to do it,' said I. For, troth, I was a little afraid of him, having kept clear of Whiteboys and Ribbonmen all my life. 'What I'm asking won't do harm to you nor any one else,' said he, 'it's just to take these songs and ballads and histories,' says he, taking a parcel out of his pocket, 'and dispersé them about as you travel.' 'And what are they about?' says I, not putting out my hand to take them, for I was suspicious of what was in them. 'They're about the glories of old Ireland in ancient times,' says he, 'and the glories of young Ireland in the good time that's coming. They're the finest reading ever you saw in your life,' said he, 'and every true son of Ireland ought to have them by heart.' And with

that he slipped the parcel into my hand, and before I could say aye or no, he pushed back among the crowd and out at the back of the tents and was gone. And now here's the books just as he gave them to me."

Opening his wallet, Matty took out a parcel wrapped in a piece of canvas, and tied round with a green string, and untying it, spread out its contents on the table—broad sheet ballads, pamphlets, and coloured engravings.

"Musha, what are they?" said Paddy.

"Mr. Maurice will tell us," said Matty.

"Well, I'll do my best," said Maurice, "if little Dorinn will help me," and drawing her close to the table that she and he might look at them together, he examined them one by one, while Matty afterwards passed them on to old Paddy.

Maurice read aloud—"The Life and Exploits of the great Hugh O'Neill, whom England called the Monstrous Traitor, because he wanted to keep his own." "Owen Roe's victory at Beinnburb, and the life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell." "They lived in the old days," said Maurice. "The life of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, of Glenmalure, called the Firebrand of the Mountains, who died as he had lived, a Hero and a Free Man!" "He lived in the old times, too."

"Yes, but he was an ancestor of yours," said Paddy. "The Byrnes were a race of heroes, no doubt; and you've a good right to be proud of them."

"Oh, it's my mother that's proud of them, not me," said Maurice, though he had flushed a little as he read the name. "The life of Theobald Wolfe Tone' came next.

"I remember him," said Matty. "It was him brought the French to Killala Bay; as the song says:

"The French are in the bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay
Says the Shan Van Vocht."

But they did nothing after all, and he was taken hiding in the glens in Lough Swilly,

and, sooner than be hanged, he put an end to his life in prison."

"God pity us, that was a great sin," said Dorinn.

"Sure enough it was!" said Paddy. "But he had a brave heart and a high spirit, like all the bold leaders of 'Ninety-eight."

"But now here's something!" said Matty. "Look at this elegant picture of a lady on a rock above the sea, holding a harp in her hand, with a green flag over her head, and her black hair falling loose to the breeze; that's no other than the Ros gal dubh—the fair black-haired Rose of Erin."

"So it is," said Maurice, "and that's the flag of the Irish Republic over her head; there's the Sunburst on the flag. And here's poetry:

"When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God blessed the green island, and said it was good;
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the ocean the most precious stone;
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blessed:
With back towards Britain, her face to the west,
She stands like a fortress upon her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp amid ocean's deep roar!"

"Haven't they made her young and beautiful," said little Dorinn.

"Certainly," said Paddy, "so they ought. She's the Shan Van Vocht (the poor old woman, or prophetess), but she's the Ros gal dubh, too, and will be for ever."

"Aye, aye," said Matty, "she's young blood in her veins yet. But what's this now? What bird do you call this? Is it the eagle?"

He held out a brilliant picture of a phoenix rising out of a pile of ashes, with the motto "Resurgam."

"That's the phoenix," said Maurice; "that's the young bird rising out of the ashes of the old one."

"There's something about the phaynix in my ould book," said Matty. "There's great vartue in a phaynix; it's a bird that never dies. But what does this picture mean, I wonder?"

"That's a design for Emmett's tomb," said Maurice, taking it from him, and reading aloud: "One of the first acts of the Irish Republic will be to build a noble tomb for Ireland's martyr, Robert Smith Emmett, who requested with his dying breath that no stone should be raised to his memory till Ireland was free. You remember Emmett, Paddy, don't you?" asked Maurice.

"Aye, that I do, Maurice. They took him in Scalp Mountain, and hanged him in Dublin. It was said he might have escaped to France, only he wouldn't go till he had seen a young lady he was in love with. She was a daughter of Curran, the great lawyer. They took her over the sea to foreign parts and married her to some one else, but she never held up her head, and died of a broken heart. And it's no wonder. He was a man worth dying for. There was a song made about her, I've heard."

"May God rest their souls!" said little Dorinn; and a sudden thrill of terror crossed her mind, as she thought what would become of her if Maurice joined the Fenians and were hanged.

"Amen!" said Maurice gently, and as he pressed his hand closer on little Dorinn's shoulder, her terror seemed to pass away.

"Here's something else," continued Maurice, taking up a broad sheet.

"In the name of the Fenian Brotherhood!
Now's the Day and now's the Hour!

Rise, Irishmen, and shake off the chains that bind you.

Show yourselves men and the tyrants will flee before and behind you.

Fight for the dear green land till every inch is free,
We'll have Ireland for the Irish and the Saxons may have the sea!

Hurrah! for the Irish Republic and Erin go Bragh!"

"That's treason, said Matty, "nothing less."

"Well, what then," said Maurice, "if the thought's in, sure it must come out. And here's "The Green above the Red." There's brave words in that song."

Brave, wild words, as Maurice said, though

not very wise ones; the boldest of all stirring songs with which Thomas Osborne Davis, who died little more than a boy, full of passionate genius, of ardent enthusiasm, of pure, if misdirected patriotism, sought to kindle his own spirit in the breasts of his countrymen!

"Read it, Maurice," said Paddy.

And Maurice read

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

Full often when our fathers saw the Red above the
Greep,

They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike
and skene,

And over many a noble plain and many a field of
dead,

They proudly set the Irish Green above the English
Red.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the Irish
green,

And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and
mean,

And yet, by Heaven, they'd sooner raise their vic-
tims from the dead,

Than force our hearts to leave the Green and cotton
to the Red.

It was for this that Owen fought, and Sarsfield nobly
bled—

Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above
the Red,

And 'twas for this Lord Edward died and Wolfe
Tone sank serene—

Because they could not bear to see the Red above the
Green.

And 'tis for this we'll think and toil, and knowledge
strive to glean,

That we may pull the English Red below the Irish
Green,

And freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood
to shed,

Once and for evermore to raise the Green above the
Red!

"That's a mighty fine song entirely," said Paddy.

"Faix, I'd be took up by the police if it was found with me," said Matty, "or them other songs and pictures either."

"Give them to me, Matty," said Maurice.
"I'll buy them from you."

"No don't, Matty; don't sell them to him," said little Dorinn.

"Why not?" said Maurice; "I'd like to read them all."

"I don't think it would be good for you to read them," said little Dorinn, "and if they're dangerous for Matty to have, they'd be worse for you."

"You're right, avourneen," said old Paddy, "so they would. The English are far too strong with their ships, and their soldiers, and their cannon, for poor little Ireland. Didn't they beat Bonaparte himself. I've seen risings enough in my time, and warn't they all put down? and many a fine young head laid low along with them. There was the rising of 'Ninety-eight; and every one thought the French were coming to help us then, but when they did come and took Killala, sure they couldn't keep it; and it all ended in blood and misery. And then came poor Emmett's rising, and *that* was put down in a night. And Smith O'Brien's—sure didn't he make a hare of himself, and of them that were with him. And if we were to rise now it would be just the same thing over again. It was only by keeping the boys quiet, and managing them as he did, that Dan O'Connell ever got us emancipation."

"I dare say you're right enough," said Maurice, "but I like to hear you tell of the brave fellows that shed their blood for their country as if it had been water. I've always liked to hear about them, and read about them, since I can remember."

"Well, there wouldn't be any harm in that if there were no Fenians," said little Dorinn; "but if I was you, Matty, I'd burn them books and pictures—every one of them."

"Well, no, honey," said Matty, gathering them up and tying them again in a parcel, "I don't think I could do that. They're very fine writing and reading, to say nothing of the pictures, and I feel as if it would be a sin to destroy them. But I promise you I'll hide them away in a safe place that no one knows but myself; and I'll take care," he added with a laugh, "that Maurice doesn't find them. And now it's time for me to be going, for I have to get as far as Rathneed to-night; so I'll say good evening to you, Paddy. I'm mighty glad to see you looking so well and in such fine spirits." "Thank you, honey," he said to little Dorinn, as she helped him to put on his traps and shoulder his budget—"may be you won't think it too much trouble to pull them quicken-berries for me now."

"Not a bit of trouble, Matty," said little Dorinn.

"I'll go and help you," said Maurice; but he lingered a little behind the others to delight old Paddy by telling him that his mother had given her full consent to his marriage with little Dorinn. "And now," he said, turning his bright laughing eyes on Paddy, as he stood in the doorway, "it will go hard with me if she's not my wife before the new moon's an old one!"

(To be continued.)

RENUNCIATION.

BY ALICE HORTON.

HE passed me in the race !
 He was the bolder man,
 And his the victory
 Before the race began.

He knew not how to fail,
 He fell before no foe !
 More than he sought he won,—
 God has made some men so !

No knight loved dames so well,
 No dame loved falser knight ;
 I won less love, and so
 I held not love so light.

It pained me when I shrank,
 When doubting held me mute—
 To see his face look up,
 So fair and resolute.

The hours that I delayed,
 The chance I set aside,
 Rose from their graves one day
 To blame me that they died.

Thou hadst determined, Friend,
 Whilst I was wavering,
 Thou wouldst have sipped the sweet—
 I only feared the sting.

OTTAWA.

The hours that I delayed,
 Would have seen thee full blessed,
 The flower I dreamed about,
 O Friend, thou hadst possessed !

And yet, however fair
 Thy promise seems to shine,
 I'd change my autumn day
 For no such spring as thine.

To me the bliss of years
 Was slight compared with this—
 The pressure of one hand,
 The rapture of one kiss.

I could surrender fame,
 Too happy still to bear
 The thorny crown that love
 And honour bade me wear.

What though life smile on thee !
 My faithful heart holds fast
 Its richer meed of toil—
 Its consecrated past.

Sail thou on wider seas,
 Be thine the large increase ;
 I seek in quiet ports
 The holy gift of peace !

A WIREPULLER OF KINGS.*

SOME of our readers will remember that there was at one time a great panic in England about the unconstitutional influence of Prince Albert, and that connected with Prince Albert's name, in the invectives of a part of the press, was that of the intimate friend, constant guest and trusted adviser of the Royal Family, Baron Stockmar. The suspicion was justified by the fact in both cases; but in the case of Baron Stockmar as well as in that of Prince Albert, the influence appears to have been exercised for good. Lord Aberdeen, who always spoke his mind with the sincerity and simplicity of a perfectly honest man, said of Stockmar: "I have known men as clever, as discreet, as good, and with as much judgment; but I never knew any one who united all these qualities as he did." Melbourne was jealous of his reputed influence, but testified to his sense and worth. Palmerston disliked, we may say hated him, but he declared him the only disinterested man of the kind he had ever known.

Stockmar was a man of good family, who originally pursued the profession of medicine and having attracted the notice of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, the husband of Princess Charlotte, and afterwards King of the Belgians, was appointed physician in ordinary to that Prince upon his marriage. When, in course of time, he exchanged the functions of physician in ordinary for those of wirepuller in ordinary, he found that the time passed in medical study had not been thrown away. He said himself, "It was a clever stroke to have originally studied medi-

cine; without the knowledge thus acquired, without the psychological and physiological experiences thus obtained, my *savoir faire* would often have gone a begging." It seems also that he practised politics on medical principles, penetrating a political situation, or detecting a political disease, by the help of single expressions or acts, after the manner of medical diagnosis, and in his curative treatment endeavouring to remove as far as possible every pathological impediment, so that the healing moral nature might be set free, and social and human laws resume their restorative power. He might have graduated as a politician in a worse school.

He was not able to cure himself of dyspepsia and affections of the eye, which clung to him through life, the dyspepsia producing fluctuation of spirits, and occasional hypochondria, which, it might have been thought, would seriously interfere with his success as a court favourite. "At one time he astonished the observer by his sanguine, bubbling, provoking, unreserved, quick, fiery or humorous, cheerful, even unrestrainedly gay manner, winning him by his hearty open advances where he felt himself attracted and encouraged to confidence: at other times he was all seriousness, placidity, self-possession, cool circumspection, methodical consideration, prudence, criticism, even irony and scepticism." Such is not the portrait which imagination paints of the demeanour of a court favourite. But Stockmar had one invaluable qualification for the part—he had conscientiously made up his mind that it is a man's duty in life to be bored.

The favour of a Prince of Saxe Coburg would not in itself have been fortune. The late Duke of Cambridge, as everybody who has ever had the honour of being within ear-shot of him knew, was in the habit of think-

* Memoirs of Baron Stockmar. By his son, Baron E. Von Stockmar. Translated from the German by G. A. M. Edited by F. Max Müller. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green and Co. Boston and New York: Lee and Shepard.

ing aloud. It was said that at the marriage of a German prince with an English princess, at which the Duke was present, when the bridegroom pronounced the words: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a voice from the circle responded, "The boots you stand in are not paid for." But as it was sung of the aggrandizement of Austria in former days—

"Let others war, do thou, blest Austria, wed,"

so the house of Saxe Coburg may be said in later days to have been aggrandized by weddings. The marriage of his patron with the presumptive heiress to the Crown of England was the beginning of Stockmar's subterranean greatness.

The Princess Charlotte expressed herself to Stockmar with regard to the character of her revered parents in the following "pithy" manner:—"My mother was bad, but she could not have become as bad as she was if my father had not been infinitely worse." The Regent was anxious to have the Princess married for two reasons, in the opinion of the judicious author of this memoir—because he wanted to be rid of his daughter, and because when she was married she would form less of a link between him and his wife. Accordingly, when she was eighteen hints were given her through the court physician, Sir Henry Halford (such is the course of royal love), that if she would have the kindness to fix her affections on the hereditary Prince of Orange, (afterwards King William II. of the Netherlands,) whom she had never seen, it would be exceedingly convenient. The Prince came over to England, and, by the help of a "certain amount of artful precipitation on the part of the father," the pair became formally engaged. The Princess said at first that she did not think her betrothed "by any means so disagreeable as she had expected." In time, however, this ardour of affection abated. The Prince was a baddish subject, and he had a free-and-easy manner, and wanted tact and refinement.

He returned to London from some races seated on the outside of a coach, and in a highly excited state. Worst of all, he lodged at his tailor's. The engagement was ultimately broken off by a difficulty with regard to the future residence of the couple, which would evidently have become more complicated and serious if the Queen of the Netherlands had ever inherited the Crown of England. The Princess was passionately opposed to leaving her country. The Regent and his ministers tried to keep the poor girl in the dark, and get her into a position from which there would be no retreat. But she had a temper and a will of her own; and her recalcitration was assisted by the Parliamentary Opposition, who saw in the marriage a move of Tory policy, and by her mother, who saw in it something agreeable to her husband. Any one who wishes to see how diplomatic lovers quarrel will find instruction in these pages.

The place left vacant by the rejected William was taken by Prince Leopold, with whom Stockmar came to England. In Stockmar's Diary of May 5, 1805, is the entry:—"I saw the sun (that of royalty we presume, not the much calumniated sun of Britain) for the first time at Oatlands. Baron Hardenbroek, the Prince's equerry, was going into the breakfast-room. I followed him, when he suddenly signed to me with his hand to stay behind; but she had already seen me and I her. '*Aha, docteur,*' she said, '*entrez.*' She was handsomer than I had expected, with most peculiar manners, her hands generally folded behind her, her body always pushed forward, never standing quiet, from time to time stamping her foot, laughing a great deal and talking still more. I was examined from head to foot, without, however, losing my countenance. My first impression was not favourable. In the evening she pleased me more. Her dress was simple and in good taste." The Princess took to the doctor, and, of course, he took to her. A subsequent entry in his Diary

is:—"The Princess is in good humour, and then she pleases easily. I thought her dress particularly becoming; dark roses in her hair, a short light blue dress without sleeves, with a low round collar, a white puffed-out Russian chemisette, the sleeves of lace. I have never seen her in any dress which was not both simple and in good taste." She seems to have improved under the influence of her husband, whom his physician calls "a manly prince and a princely man." In her manners there was some room for improvement, if we may judge from her treatment of Duke Prosper of Aremburg, who was one of the guests at a great dinner recorded in the Diary:—"Prosper is a hideous little mannikin, dressed entirely in black, with a large star. The Prince presented him to the Princess, who was at the moment talking to the Minister Castlereagh. She returned the duke's two profound continental bows by a slight nod of the head, without looking at him or saying a word to him. At table Prosper sat between Lady Castlereagh and the Princess, who never spoke one word to him, and brought her elbow so close to him that he could not move. He sat looking straight before him with some, though not very marked, embarrassment. He exchanged now and then a few words in French with the massive and mighty Lady Castlereagh, by whose side he looked no larger than a child. When he left, the Princess dismissed him in the same manner in which she had welcomed him, and broke into a loud laugh before he was fairly out of the room."

Stockmar's position in the little court was not very flattering or agreeable. The members of the household hardly regarded the poor German physician as their equal; and if one or two of the men were pleasant, the lady who constituted their only lawful female society, Mrs. Campbell, Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess, was, in her ordinary moods, decidedly the reverse. Stockmar, however, in drawing a piquant portrait

of her, has recorded the extenuating circumstance that she had once been pretty, that she had had bitter experiences with men, and that in an illness during a seven months' sea-voyage, she had been kept alive only on brandy and water. Col. Addenbrooke, the equerry to the Princess, is painted in more favourable colours, his only weak point being "a weak stomach, into which he carefully crams a mass of the most incongruous things, and then complains the next day of fearful headache." What a power of evil is a man who keeps a diary!

Greater personages than Mrs. Campbell and Colonel Addenbrooke passed under the quick eye of the humble medical attendant, and were photographed without being aware of it.

"*The Queen Mother* (Charlotte, wife of George III.) 'Small and crooked, with a true mulatto face.'

"*The Regent*. 'Very stout, though of a fine figure; distinguished manners; does not talk half as much as his brothers; speaks tolerably good French. He ate and drank a good deal at dinner. His brown scratch wig not particularly becoming.'

"*The Duke of York*, the eldest of the Regent's brothers. 'Tall, with immense *embonpoint*, and not proportionately strong legs; he holds himself in such a way that one is always afraid he will tumble over backwards; very bald, and not a very intelligent face: one can see that eating, drinking, and sensual pleasure, are everything to him. Spoke a good deal of French, with a bad accent.'

"*Duchess of York*, daughter of Frederick William II. of Prussia. 'A little animated woman, talks immensely, and laughs still more. No beauty, mouth and teeth bad. She disfigures herself still more by distorting her mouth and blinking her eyes. In spite of the Duke's various infidelities, their matrimonial relations are good. She is quite aware of her husband's embarrassed circumstances, and is his prime minister and truest friend; so that nothing is done without her help. As soon as she entered the room, she looked round for the Banker Greenwood, who immediately came up to her with the confidentially familiar manner which the wealthy

go-between assumes towards grand people in embarrassed circumstances. At dinner the Duchess related how her royal father had forced her as a girl to learn to shoot, as he had observed she had a great aversion to it. At a grand *chasse* she had always fired with closed eyes, because she could not bear to see the sufferings of the wounded animals. When the huntsman told her that in this way she ran the risk of causing the game more suffering through her uncertain aim, she went to the King and asked if he would excuse her from all sport in future if she shot a stag dead. The King promised to grant her request if she could kill two deer, one after the other, without missing; which she did.'

"*Duke of Clarence* (afterwards King William IV.). 'The smallest and least good-looking of the brothers, decidedly like his mother; as talkative as the rest.

"*Duke of Kent* (father of Queen Victoria). 'A large, powerful man; like the King, and as bald as any one can be. The quietest of all the Dukes I have seen; talks slowly and deliberately; is kind and courteous.'

"*Duke of Cumberland* (afterwards King Ernest Augustus of Hanover). 'A tall, powerful man, with a hideous face; can't see two inches before him; one eye turned quite out of its place.'

"*Duke of Cambridge* (the youngest son of George III.). 'A good-looking man, with a blonde wig; is partly like his father, partly like his mother. Speaks French and German very well, but like English, with such rapidity, that he carries off the palm in the family art.'

"*Duke of Gloucester*. 'Prominent, meaningless eyes; without being actually ugly, a very unpleasant face, with an animal expression; large and stout, but with weak, helpless legs. He wears a neckcloth thicker than his head.'

"*Wellington*. 'Middle height, neither stout nor thin; erect figure, not stiff, not very lively, though more so than I expected, and yet in every movement repose. Black hair, simply cut, strongly mixed with grey: not a very high forehead, immense hawk's nose, tightly compressed lips, strong massive under jaw. After he had spoken for some time in the anteroom with the Royal Family, he came straight to the two French singers, with whom he talked in a very friendly manner, and then going round the circle, shook

hands with all his acquaintance. He was dressed entirely in black, with the Star of the Order of the Garter and the Maria Theresa Cross. He spoke to all the officers present in an open, friendly way, though but briefly. At table he sat next the Princess. He ate and drank moderately, and laughed at times most heartily, and whispered many things to the Princess' ear, which made her blush and laugh.'

"*Lord Anglesea* (the general). 'Who lost a leg at Waterloo; a tall, well-made man; wild, martial face, high forehead, with a large hawk's nose, which makes a small deep angle where it joins the forehead. A great deal of ease in his manners. Lauderdale* told us later that it was he who brought Lady Anglesea the intelligence that her husband had lost a leg at Waterloo. Contrary to his wishes, she had been informed of his arrival, and, before he could say a word, she, guessing that he brought her news of her husband, screamed out, "He is dead!" and fell into hysterics. But when he said, "Not in the least; here is a letter from him," she was so wonderfully relieved that she bore the truth with great composure. He also related that, not long before the campaign, Anglesea was having his portrait taken, and the picture was entirely finished except one leg. Anglesea sent for the painter and said to him, "You had better finish the leg now. I might not bring it back with me." He lost that very leg.

"*The Minister, Lord Castlereagh*. 'Of middle height; a very striking and at the same time handsome face; his manners are very pleasant and gentle, yet perfectly natural. One misses in him a certain culture which one expects in a statesman of his eminence. He speaks French badly, in fact execrably, and not very choice English.† The Princess rallied him on the part he played in the House of Commons as a bad speaker, as against the brilliant orators of the Opposition, which he acknowledged

* Lord Lauderdale, d. 1839; the friend of Fox; since 1807, under the Tories, an active member of the Opposition.

† Lord Byron, in the introduction to the sixth to the eighth cantos of 'Dor Juan' says, 'It is the first time since the Normans that England has been insulted by a minister (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.'

merrily, and with a hearty laugh. I am sure there is a great deal of thoughtless indifference in him, and that this has sometimes been reckoned to him as statesmanship of a high order."

In proof of Castlereagh's bad French we are told in a note that, having to propose the health of the ladies at a great dinner, he did it in the words—'Le bel sexe partoutte dans le monde.'

Though looked down upon at the second table, Stockmar had thoroughly established himself in the confidence and affection of the Prince and Princess. He had become the Prince's Secretary, and in Leopold's own words, 'the most valued physician of his soul and body'—wirepuller in fact to the destined wirepuller of Royalty in general.

Perhaps his gratification at having attained this position may have lent a roseate tint to his view of the felicity of the Royal couple, which he paints in rapturous terms, saying that nothing was so great as their love—except the British National Debt. There is however no reason to doubt that the union of Leopold and Charlotte was one of the happy exceptions to the general character of Royal marriages. Its tragic end plunged a nation into mourning. Stockmar, with a prudence on which perhaps he reflects with a little too much satisfaction, refused to have anything to do with the treatment of the Princess from the commencement of her pregnancy. He thought he detected mistakes on the part of the English physicians, arising from the custom then prevalent in England of lowering the strength of the expectant mother by bleeding, aperients, and low diet, a regimen which was carried on for months. The Princess in fact was safely delivered of a dead son after a fifty hours' labour, and afterwards succumbed to weakness. It fell to Stockmar's lot to break the news to the Prince, who was overwhelmed with sorrow. At the moment of his desolation Leopold exacted from Stockmar a promise that he would never leave him. Stockmar gave the promise,

indulging at the same time his sceptical vein by expressing in a letter to his sister his doubt whether the Prince would remain of the same mind. This scepticism however did not interfere with his devotion. "My health is tolerable, for though I am uncommonly shaken, and shall be yet more so by the sorrow of the Prince, still I feel strong enough, even stronger than I used to be. I only leave the Prince when obliged by pressing business. I dine alone with him and sleep in his room. Directly he wakes in the night I get up and sit talking by his bedside till he falls asleep again. I feel increasingly that unlooked for trials are my portion in life, and that there will be many more of them before life is over. I seem to be here more to care for others than for myself, and I am well content with this destiny."

Sir Richard Croft, the accoucheur of the Princess, overwhelmed by the calamity committed suicide. "Poor Croft," exclaims the cool and benevolent Stockmar, "does not the whole thing look like some malicious temptation, which might have overcome even some one stronger than you. The first link in the chain of your misery was nothing but an especially honourable and desirable event in the course of your profession. You made a mistake in your mode of treatment; still, individual mistakes are here so easy. Thoughtlessness, and excessive reliance on your own experience, prevented you from weighing deeply the course to be followed by you. When the catastrophe had happened, doubts of course arose in your mind as to whether you ought not to have acted differently, and these doubts, coupled with the impossibility of proving your innocence to the public, even though you are blameless, became torture to you. Peace to thy ashes! on which no guilt rests save that thou wert not exceptionally wise or exceptionally strong."

Leopold was inclined to go home, but remained in England by the advice of Stockmar, who perceived that in the first place there would be something odious in the

Prince's spending his English allowance of £50,000 a year on the Continent, and in the second place, that a good position in England would be his best vantage ground in case of any new opening presenting itself elsewhere.

About this time another birth took place in the Royal Family under happier auspices. The Duke of Kent was married to the widowed Princess of Leiningen, a sister of Prince Leopold. The Duke was a Liberal in politics, on bad terms with his brothers, and in financial difficulties which prevented his living in England. Finding, however, that his Duchess was likely to present him with an heir who would also be the heir to the Crown, and being very anxious that the child should be born in England, he obtained the means of coming home through friends, after appealing to his brothers in vain. Shortly after his return "a pretty little Princess, plump as a partridge," was born. In the same year the Duke died. His widow, owing to his debts, was left in a very uncomfortable position. Her brother Leopold enabled her to return to Kensington, where she devoted herself to the education of her child—Queen Victoria.

The first opening which presented itself to Leopold was the Kingdom of Greece, which was offered him by "The Powers." After going pretty far he backed out, much to the disgust of "The Powers," who called him "Marquis Peu-à-peu (the nickname given him by George IV.) and said that "he had no colour," and that he wanted the English Regency. The fact seems to be that he and his Stockmar, on further consideration of the enterprise, did not like the look of it. Neither of them, especially Stockmar, desired a "crown of thorns," which their disinterested advisers would have had them take on heroic and ascetic principles. Leopold was rather attracted by the poetry of the thing: Stockmar was not. "For the poetry which Greece would have afforded, I am not inclined to give very much. Mortals see only

the bad side of things they have, and the good side of the things they have not. That is the whole difference between Greece and Belgium, though I do not mean to deny that when the first King of Greece shall, after all manner of toils, have died, his life may not furnish the poet with excellent matter for an epic poem." The philosophic creed of Stockmar was that "the most valuable side of life consists in its negative conditions,"—in other words in freedom from annoyance, and in the absence of "crowns of thorns."

The candidature of Leopold for the Greek Throne coincided with the Wellington Administration, and the active part taken by Stockmar gave him special opportunities of studying the Duke's political character which he did with great attention. His estimate of the Duke is low.

"The way in which Wellington would preserve and husband the rewards of his own services and the gifts of fortune, I took as the measure of the higher capabilities of his mind. It required no long time, however, and no great exertion, to perceive that the natural sobriety of his temperament, founded upon an inborn want of sensibility, was unable to withstand the intoxicating influence of the flattery by which he was surrounded. The knowledge of himself became visibly more and more obscured. The restlessness of his activity, and his natural lust for power, became daily more unmanageable.

"Blinded by the language of his admirers, and too much elated to estimate correctly his own powers, he impatiently and of his own accord abandoned the proud position of the victorious general to exchange it for the most painful position which a human being can occupy—viz., the management of the affairs of a great nation with insufficient mental gifts and inadequate knowledge. He had hardly forced himself upon the nation as Prime Minister, intending to add the glory of a statesman to that of a warrior, when he succeeded, by his manner of conducting business, in shaking the confidence of the people. With laughable infatuation he sedulously employed every opportunity of proving to the world the hopeless incapacity which made it impossible for him to seize the natural connection between cause and effect.

With a rare *naïveté* he confessed publicly and without hesitation the mistaken conclusions he had come to in the weightiest affairs of State; mistakes which the commonest understanding could have discovered, which filled the impartial with pitying astonishment, and caused terror and consternation even among the host of his flatterers and partisans. Yet, so great and so strong was the preconceived opinion of the people in his favour, that only the irresistible proofs furnished by the man's own actions could gradually shake this opinion. It required the full force and obstinacy of this strange self-deception in Wellington, it required the full measure of his activity and iron persistency, in order at last, by a perpetual reiteration of errors and mistakes, to create in the people the firm conviction that the Duke of Wellington was one of the least adroit and most mischievous Ministers that England ever had."

Stockmar formed a more favourable opinion afterwards, when the Duke had ceased to be a party leader, and become the Nestor of the State. But it must be allowed that Wellington's most intimate associates and warmest friends thought him a failure as a politician. To the last he seemed incapable of understanding the position of a constitutional minister, and talked of sacrificing his convictions in order to support the Government, as though he were not one of the Government that was to be supported. Nor did he ever appreciate the force of opinion or the nature of the great European movement with which he had to deal.

It seems clear from Stockmar's statement, that Wellington used his influence over Charles X. to get the Martignac Ministry, which was moderately liberal, turned out and Polignac made Minister. In this he doubly blundered. In the first place Polignac was not friendly but hostile to England, and at once began to intrigue against her; and in the second place Polignac was a fool, and by his rashness brought on the second French Revolution, which overthrew the ascendancy of the Duke's policy in Europe, and had no small influence in overthrowing the ascendancy of his party in England. It appears

that the Duke was as much impressed with the "honesty" of Talleyrand, as he was with the "ability" of Polignac.

A certain transitional phase of the European Revolution excited a brisk demand for kings who would "reign without governing." Having backed out of Greece, Leopold got Belgium. And here we enter, in these Memoirs, on a series of chapters giving the history of the Belgian Question, with all its supplementary entanglements, as dry as sawdust, and scarcely readable, we should think, at the present day, even to diplomatists, much less to mortal men. Unfortunately the greater part of the two volumes is taken up with such dissertations on various European questions, while the personal touches, and details which Stockmar could have given us in abundance, are few and far between. We do not care much for his opinions on European questions even when the questions themselves are still alive and the sand-built structures of diplomacy have not been swept away by the tide of advancing revolutions. The sovereigns whose wirepuller he was were constitutional, and themselves exercised practically very little influence on the course of events.

In the Belgian question however, he seems to have really played an active part. We get from him a strong impression of the restless vanity and unscrupulous ambition of France. We learn also that Leopold practised very early in the day the policy which assured him a quiet reign—that of keeping his trunk packed, and letting the people understand that if they were tired of him he was ready to take the next train and leave them to enjoy the deluge.

Stockmar found employment specially suited to him in settling the question of Leopold's English annuity, which was given upon the Prince's election to the Crown of Belgium, but with certain reservations, upon which the Radicals made attacks, Sir Samuel Whalley, a mad doctor, leading the van. In the course of the struggle Stock-

mar received a characteristic letter from Palmerston.

"March 9, 1834.

"My dear Baron,—I have many apologies to make to you for not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of the papers you sent me last week, and for which I am much obliged to you. The case seems to me as clear as day, and without meaning to question the omnipotence of Parliament, which it is well known can do anything but turn men into women and women into men, I must and shall assert that the House of Commons have no more right to enquire into the details of those debts and engagements which the King of the Belgians considers himself bound to satisfy before he begins to make his payments into the Exchequer, than they have to ask Sir Samuel Whalley how he disposed of the fees which his mad patients used to pay him before he began to practise upon the foolish constituents who have sent him to Parliament. There can be no doubt whatever that we must positively resist any such enquiry, and I am very much mistaken in my estimate of the present House of Commons if a large majority do not concur in scouting so untenable a proposition.

"My dear Baron,

"Yours sincerely,

"PALMERSTON.

"The Baron de Stockmar."

That the House of Commons cannot turn women into men is a position not so unquestioned now as it was in Palmerston's day.

Stockmar now left England for a time, but he kept his eye on English affairs, to his continued interest in which we owe, it seems, the publication of a rather curious document, the existence of which in manuscript was, however, well known. It is a Memoir of King William IV., purporting to be drawn up by himself, and extending over the eventful years 1830-35. "King William's style," says the uncourtly biographer, "abounds to overflowing in what is called in England Parliamentary circumlocution, in which, instead of direct, simple expressions, bombastic paraphrases are always chosen, which become in the end intolerably prolix and dull, and are enough to drive a foreigner to

despair." The style is indeed august; but the real penman was not the King, whose strong point was not grammatical composition, but some confidant, very likely Sir Herbert Taylor, who was employed by the King to negotiate with the "waverers" in the House of Lords, and get the Reform Bill passed without a swamping creation of peers. The Memoir contains nothing of the slightest historical importance. It is instructive only as showing how completely a constitutional king may be under the illusion of his office—how complacently he may fancy that he is himself guiding the State, when he is in fact merely signing what is put before him by his constitutional advisers, who are themselves the organs of Parliament. Old William, Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle, being rather weak in intellect, was called "Silly Billy." When King William IV. gave his assent to the Reform Bill, the Duke, who knew his own nickname, cried "Who's Silly Billy now?" It would have been more difficult from the Conservative point of view to answer that question if the King had possessed the liberty of action which in his Memoir he imagines himself to possess.

The year 1836 opened a new field to the active beneficence of Stockmar. "The approaching majority, and probably not distant accession to the throne, of Princess Victoria of England, engaged the vigilant and far sighted care of her uncle, King Leopold. At the same time he was already making preparations for the eventual execution of a plan, which had long formed the subject of the wishes of the Coburg family, viz., the marriage of the future Queen of England with his nephew, Prince Albert of Coburg." Stockmar was charged with the duty of standing by the Princess, as her confidential adviser, at the critical moment of her coming of age, and (possibly) her accession to the throne. In the meanwhile King Leopold consulted with him as to the manner in which Prince Albert should make acquaintance with his cousin, and how he

“should be prepared for his future vocation.” This is pretty broad, and a little lets down the expressions of intense affection for the Queen and unbounded admiration of Prince Albert with which Stockmar overflows. However, a feeling may be genuine though its source is not divine.

Stockmar played his part adroitly. He came over to England, slipped into the place of private Secretary to the Queen, and for fifteen months “continued his noiseless, quiet activity, without any publicly defined position.” The marriage was brought about, and resulted, as we all know, in perfect happiness till death entered the Royal home.

Stockmar was evidently very useful in guiding the Royal couple through the difficulties connected with the settlement of the Prince's income and his rank, and with the Regency Bill. His idea was that questions affecting the Royal family should be regarded as above party, and in this he apparently induced the leaders of both parties to acquiesce, though they could not perfectly control their followers. The strong leaning to the Whigs in which the young Queen had been improperly encouraged by her political mentor, Lord Melbourne, had strewn her path with thorns. The Tory party was bitterly hostile to the Court. If Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Odger wish to provide themselves with material for retorts to Tory denunciations of their disloyalty, they cannot do better than look up the speeches and writings of the Tory party during the years 1835-1841. What was called the Bedchamber Plot, in 1839, had rendered the relation between the Court and the Conservative leaders still more awkward, and Stockmar appears to have done a real service in smoothing the way for the formation of the Conservative Ministry in 1841.

Stockmar, looking at Peel from the Court point of view, was at first prejudiced against him, especially on account of his having, in deference probably to the feelings of his

party against the Court, cut down the Prince Consort's allowance. All the more striking is the testimony which, after long acquaintance, the Baron bears to Peel's character and merits as a statesman.

“Peel's mind and character rested on moral foundations, which I have not seen once shaken, either in his private or his public life. From these foundations rose that never-failing spring of fairness, honesty, kindness, moderation, and regard for others, which Peel showed to all men, and under all circumstances. On these foundations grew that love of country which pervaded his whole being, which knew of but one object—the true welfare of England: of but one glory and one reward for each citizen, viz., to have contributed something towards that welfare. Such love of country admits of but one ambition, and hence the ambition of that man was as pure as his heart. To make every sacrifice for that ambition, which the fates of his country demand from everyone, he considered his most sacred duty, and he has made these sacrifices, however difficult they might have been to him. Wherein lay the real difficulty of those sacrifices will perhaps hereafter be explained by those who knew the secret of the political circumstances and the personal character of the men with whom he was brought in contact; and who would not think of weighing imponderable sacrifices on the balance of vulgar gain.

“The man whose feelings for his own country rested on so firm a foundation, could not be dishonest or unfair towards foreign countries. The same right understanding, fairness, and moderation, which he evinced in his treatment of internal affairs, guided Peel in his treatment of all foreign questions. The wish frequently expressed by him, to see the welfare of all nations improved, was thoroughly sincere. He knew France and Italy from his own observation, and he had studied the political history of the former with great industry. For Germany he had a good will, nay, a predilection, particularly for Prussia.

“In his private life, Peel was a real pattern. He was the most loving, faithful, conscientious husband, father, and brother, unchanging and indulgent to his friends, and always ready to help his fellow-citizens according to his power.

“Of the vulnerable parts of his character his enemies may have many things to tell. What had been observed by all who came into closer contact with him, could not escape my own observation. I mean his too great prudence, caution, and at times, extreme reserve, in important as well as in unimportant matters, which he showed, not only towards more distant, but even towards his nearer acquaintances. If he was but too often sparing of words, and timidly cautious in oral transactions, he was naturally still more so in his written communications. The fear never left him that he might have to hear an opinion once expressed, or a judgment once uttered by him, repeated by the wrong man, and in the wrong place, and misapplied. His friends were sometimes in despair over this peculiarity. To his opponents it supplied an apparent ground for suspicion and incrimination. It seemed but too likely that there was a doubtful motive for such reserve, or that it was intended to cover narrowness and weakness of thought and feeling, or want of enterprise and courage. To me also this peculiarity seemed often injurious to himself and to the matter in hand; and I could not help being sometimes put out by it, and wishing from the bottom of my heart that he could have got rid of it. But when one came to weigh the acts of the man against his manner, the disagreeable impression soon gave way. I quickly convinced myself, that this, to me, so objectionable trait was but an innate peculiarity; and that in a sphere of activity where thoughtless unreserve and *laissez aller* showed themselves in every possible form, Peel was not likely to find any incentive, or to form a resolution to overcome, in this point, his natural disposition.

“I have been told, or I have read it somewhere, that Peel was the most successful type of political mediocrity. In accepting this estimate of my departed friend as perfectly true, I ask Heaven to relieve all Ministers, within and without Europe, of their superiority, and to endow them with Peel’s mediocrity: and I ask this for the welfare of all nations, and in the firm conviction that ninety-nine hundredths of the higher political affairs can be properly and successfully conducted by such Ministers only as possess Peel’s mediocrity: though I am willing to admit that the remaining hundredth may, through the power and

boldness of a true genius, be brought to a particularly happy, or, it may be, to a particularly unhappy issue.”

Of the late Lord Derby on the other hand Stockmar speaks with the greatest contempt, calling him “a frivolous aristocrat, who delighted in making mischief.” It does not appear whether the two men ever came into collision with each other, but if they did Lord Derby was likely enough to leave his sting.

Stockmar regularly spent a great part of each year with the English Royal Family. Apartments were appropriated to him in each of the Royal residences, and he lived with the Queen and Prince on the footing of an intimate, or rather of a member, and almost the father, of the family. Indeed, he used a familiarity beyond that of any friend or relative. Having an objection to taking leave, he was in the habit of disappearing without notice, and leaving his rooms vacant when the fancy took him. Then we are told, letters complaining of his faithlessness would follow him, and in course of time others urging his return. Etiquette, the highest of all laws, was dispensed with in his case. After dining with the Queen, when Her Majesty had risen from table, and after holding a circle had sat down again to tea, Stockmar would generally be seen walking straight through the drawing-room and returning to his apartment, there to study his own comfort. More than this. When Mordicai became the King’s favourite, he was led forth on the royal steed, apparelled in the royal robe, and with the royal crown upon his head. A less demonstrative and picturesque, but not less signal or significant mark of Royal Favour was bestowed on Stockmar. In his case tightness were dispensed with, and he was allowed to wear trousers, which better suited his thin legs. We believe this exemption to be without parallel; though we have heard of a single dispensation being granted, after many searchings of heart, in a case where the invitation had been

sudden, and the mystic garment did not exist; and also of a more melancholy case, in which the garment was split in rushing down to dinner, and its wearer was compelled to appear in the forbidden trousers, and very late, without the possibility of explaining what had occurred.

Notwithstanding the enormous power indicated by his privileged nether limbs Stockmar remained disinterested. A rich Englishman, described as an author and member of Parliament, called upon him one day, and promised to give him £10,000 if he would further his petition to the Queen for a peerage. Stockmar replied, "I will now go into the next room, in order to give you time. If upon my return I still find you here, I shall have you turned out by the servants."

We are told that the Baron had little intercourse with any circles but those of the court—a circumstance which was not likely to diminish any bad impressions that might prevail with regard to his secret influence. Among his intimate friends in the household was his fellow-countryman Dr. Prätorius, "who ever zealously strengthened the Prince's inclinations in the sense which Stockmar desired, and always insisted upon the highest moral considerations." Nature, in the case of the doctor, had not been so lavish of personal beauty as of moral endowments. The Queen was once reading the Bible with her daughter, the little Princess Victoria. They came to the passage, "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him." "O Mamma," cried the Princess, "not Dr. Prätorius!"

Stockmar's administrative genius effected a reform in the Royal household, and as appears from his memorandum, not before there was occasion for it. "The housekeepers, pages, housemaids, &c., are under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain; all the footmen, livery-porters and under-butlers, by the strangest anomaly, under that of Master of the Horse, at whose office they

are clothed and paid; and the rest of the servants, such as the clerk of the kitchen, the cooks, the porters, &c., are under the jurisdiction of the Lord Steward. Yet these ludicrous divisions extend not only to persons but likewise to things and actions. The Lord Steward, for example, finds the fuel and lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it. It was under this state of things that the writer of this paper, having been sent one day by Her present Majesty to Sir Frederick Watson, then the Master of the Household, to complain that the dining-room was always cold, was gravely answered. 'You see, properly speaking, it is not our fault; for the Lord Steward lays the fire only, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it.' In the same manner the Lord Chamberlain provides all the lamps, and the Lord Steward must clean, trim and light them. If a pane of glass or the door of a cupboard in the scullery requires mending, it cannot now be done without the following process:—A requisition is prepared and signed by the chief cook, it is then countersigned by the clerk of the kitchen, then it is taken to be signed by the Master of the Household, thence it is taken to the Lord Chamberlain's office, where it is authorized, and then laid before the Clerk of the Works under the office of Woods and Forests; and consequently many a window and cupboard have remained broken for months." Worse than this— "There is no one who attends to the comforts of the Queen's guests on their arrival at the Royal residence. When they arrive at present there is no one prepared to show them to or from their apartments; there is no gentleman in the palace who even knows where they are lodged, and there is not even a servant who can perform this duty, which is attached to the Lord Chamberlain's department. It frequently happens at Windsor that some of the visitors are at a loss to find the drawing-room, and, at night, if they happen to forget the right entrance from the corridor, they wander for an hour helpless

and unassisted. There is nobody to apply to in such a case, for it is not in the department of the Master of the Household, and the only remedy is to send a servant, if one can be found, to the porter's lodge, to ascertain the apartment in question." People were rather surprised when the boy Jones was discovered, at one o'clock in the morning, under the sofa in the room adjoining Her Majesty's bedroom. But it seems nobody was responsible—not the Lord Chamberlain, who was in Staffordshire, and in whose department the porters were not; not the Lord Steward, who was in London, and had nothing to do with the pages and attendants nearest to the royal person; nor the Master of the Household, who was only a subordinate officer in the Lord Steward's department. So the King of Spain, who was roasted to death because the right Lord-in-Waiting could not be found to take him from the fire, was not without a parallel in that which calls itself the most practical of nations. Stockmar reformed the system by simply inducing each of the three great officers, without nominally giving up his authority (which would have shaken the foundations of the Monarchy), to delegate so much of it as would enable the fire to be laid and lighted by the same power. We fancy, however, that even since the Stockmarian reconstruction, we have heard of guests finding themselves adrift in the corridors of Windsor. There used to be no bells to the rooms, it being assumed that in the abode of Royalty servants were always within call, a theory full of comfort to a nervous gentleman, who, on the approach of the royal dinner hour, might happen to find himself with somebody else's small clothes.

In 1854 came the outbreak of public feeling against Prince Albert and Stockmar, as his friend and adviser, to which we have referred at the beginning of this article. The Prince's lamented death caused such a reaction of feeling in his favour that it is difficult now to recall to recollection the degree of

unpopularity under which he at one time laboured. Some of the causes of this unpopularity are correctly stated by the author of the present memoir. The Prince was a foreigner, his ways were not those of Englishmen; he did not dress like an Englishman, shake hands like an Englishman. He was suspected of "Germanizing" tendencies, very offensive to high churchmen, especially in philosophy and religion. He displeased the Conservatives by his Liberalism, the coarser Radicals by his pietism and culture. He displeased the fast set by his strict morality; they called him slow, because he did not bet, gamble, use bad language, keep an opera dancer. With more reason he displeased the army by meddling, under the name of a too courtly Commander-in-Chief, with professional matters which he could not understand. But there was a cause of his unpopularity scarcely appreciable by the German author of this memoir. He had, in fatal perfection, the condescending manner of a German Serenity. The English prefer a frank manner; they will bear a high manner in persons of sufficient rank; but a condescending manner they will not endure; nor will any man or woman but those of a small German Court. So it was, however, that the Prince, during his life, though respected by the people for his virtues, and by men of intellect for his culture, was detested and vilified by "Society," and especially by the great ladies who are at the head of it. The Conservatives, male and female, had a further grudge against him as a reputed friend of Peel, who was the object of their almost demoniac hatred.

The part of a Prince Consort is a very difficult one to play. In the case of Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, nature solved the difficulty by not encumbering his Royal Highness with any brains. But Prince Albert had brains, and it was morally impossible that he should not exercise a power unprovided for by the Constitution. He did so almost from the first,

with the full knowledge and approbation of the Ministers, who had no doubt the sense to see that what could not be avoided had better be recognized and kept under control. But in 1851 the Court quarreled with Palmerston, who was dismissed from office, very properly, for having, in direct violation of a recent order of the Queen, communicated to the French Ambassador his approval of the *coup d'état*, without the knowledge of Her Majesty or the Cabinet. In 1854 came the rupture with Russia, which led to the Crimean war. Palmerston, in secret correspondence with his friend the Emperor, was working for a war, with a separate French alliance. Prince Albert, in conjunction with Aberdeen, was trying to keep the Four Powers together, and by their combined action to avert a war. Palmerston and his partisans appealed through the press to the people, among whom the war feeling was growing strong, against the unconstitutional influence of the Prince Consort and his foreign advisers. Thereupon arose a storm of insane suspicion and fury which almost recalled the fever of the Popish Plot. Thousands of Londoners collected round the Tower to see the Prince's entry into the State Prison, and dispersed only upon being told that the Queen had said that if her husband was sent to prison she would go with him. Reports were circulated of a pamphlet drawn up under Palmerston's eye, and containing the most damning proofs of the Prince's guilt, the publication of which it was said the Prince had managed to prevent, but of which six copies were still in existence. The pamphlet was at last printed *in extenso* in the *Times*, and the bottled lightning proved to be ditchwater. Of course Stockmar, the "spy," "the agent of the present Leopold," did not escape, and though it was proved he had been at Coburg all the time, people persisted in believing he was concealed about the Court, coming out only at night. The outcry was led by the *Morning Post*, Palmerston's personal organ, and the

Morning Advertiser, the bellicose and truly British journal of the Licensed Victuallers; but these were supported by the Conservative press, and by some Radical papers. A debate in Parliament broke the waterspout as quickly as it had been formed. The people had complained with transports of rage that the Prince Consort exercised an influence unrecognized by the Constitution in affairs of State. They were officially assured that he *did*; and they at once declared themselves perfectly satisfied.

Our readers would not thank us for taking them again through the question of the Spanish marriages, a transaction which Stockmar viewed in the only way in which the most criminal and the filthiest of intrigues could be viewed, by an honest man and a gentleman; or through the question of German unity, on which his opinions have been at once ratified and deprived of their practical interest by events. The last part of his life he passed in Germany, managing German Royalties, especially the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia, for whom he had conceived a profound affection. His presence, we are told, was regarded by German statesmen and magnates as "uncanny," and Count K., on being told that it was Stockmar with whom an acquaintance had just crossed a bridge, asked the acquaintance why he had not pitched the Baron into the river. That Stockmar did not deserve such a fate, the testimony cited at the beginning of this paper is sufficient to prove. He was the unrecognized Minister of Constitutional Sovereigns who wanted, besides their regular Parliamentary advisers, a personal adviser to attend to the special interests of royalty. It was a part somewhat subterranean, rather equivocal, and not exactly such as a very proud man would choose. But Stockmar was called to it by circumstances; he was admirably adapted for it, and if it sometimes led him further than he was entitled or qualified to go, he played it on the whole very well.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "NORTHFLEET."

BY GERALD MASSEY.

SO often is the proud deed done
 By men like this at Duty's call ;
 So many are the honours won
 By them, we cannot wear them all !

They make the heroic commonplace,
 And dying thus the natural way ;
 Yet is our world-wide English race
 Ennobled by that death, To-day !

It brings the thoughts that fathom things-
 To anchor fast where billows roll ;
 It stirs us with a sense of wings
 That strive to lift the earthiest soul.

Love was so new, and life so sweet,
 But at the call he left the wine
 And sprang full-statured to his feet,
 Responsive to the touch divine.

"Nay, dear, I cannot see you die.
 For me, I have my work to do
 Up here, Down to the boat. Good-bye
 God bless you ! I shall see it through."

We read, until the vision dims
 And drowns ; but, ere the pang be past,
 A tide of triumph overbrims,
 And breaks with light from heaven at last.

Thro' all the blackness of that night
 A glory streams from out the gloom ;
 His steadfast spirit holds the light
 That shines till Night is overcome.

The sea will do its worst, and life
 Be sobbed out in a bubbling breath ;
 But firmly in the coward strife
 There stands a Man hath vanquish'd Death !

A soul that conquers wind and wave,
 And towers above a sinking deck ;
 A bridge across the gaping grave ;
 A rainbow rising o'er the wreck.

He saved others ; saved the name
 Unsullied that he gave his wife :
 And dying with so pure an aim,
 He had no need to save his life.

Lord ! how they shame the life we live,
 These sailors of our sea-girt isle,
 Who cheerily take what Thou mayst give,
 And go down with a heavenward smile !

The men who sow their lives to yield
 A glorious crop in lives to be ;
 Who turn to England's harvest field
 The unfruitful furrows of the sea.

With such a breed of men so brave,
 The Old Land has *not* had her day ;
 But long, her strength, with crested waves,
 Shall ride the seas the proud old way.

"WHAT IS CULPABLE LUXURY?"

(A Reply to Mr. W. R. GREG, by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH.)

A PHRASE in a lecture on 'The Labour Movement,' published in a former number of the *Canadian Monthly*, has been the inconsiderable cause of a considerable controversy in the English press, and notably of a paper by the eminent economist and moralist Mr. W. R. Greg, entitled "What is Culpable Luxury?" in the March number of the *Contemporary Review*.

The passage of the lecture in which the phrase occurred was: "Wealth, real wealth, has hardly as yet much reason to complain of any encroachment of the Labour Movement on its rights. When did it command such means and appliances of pleasure, such satisfaction for every appetite and every fancy, as it commands now? When did it rear such enchanted palaces of luxury as it is rearing in England at the present day? Well do I remember one of those palaces, the most conspicuous object for miles round. *Its lord was, I daresay, consuming the income of some six hundred of the poor labouring families round him.* The thought that you are spending on yourself annually the income of six hundred labouring families, seems to me about as much as a man with a heart and a brain can bear. Whatever the rich man desires, the finest house, the biggest diamond, the reigning beauty for his wife, social homage, public honour, political power, is ready at his command," &c., &c.

The words in italics have been separated from the context and taken as an attack on wealth. But the whole passage is a defence of labour against the charge of encroachment brought against it by wealth. I argue that, if the labouring man gets rather more than he did, the inequalities of fortune and the privileges of the rich are still great enough.

In the next paragraph I say that "wealth well made and well spent is as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain side." An invidious turn has also been given to the expression "the income of six hundred labouring families," as though it meant that the wealthy idler is robbing six hundred labouring families of their income. It means no more than that the income which he is spending on himself is as large as six hundred of their incomes put together.

Mr. Greg begins with what he calls a "retort courteous." He says that "if the man with £30,000 is doing this sad thing, so is the man with £3,000 or £300, and everyone who allows himself anything beyond the necessaries of life; nay, that the labouring man, when he lights his pipe or drinks his dram, is, as well as the rest, consuming the substance of one poorer than himself." This argument appears to Mr. Greg irrefutable, and a retort to which there can be no rejoinder. I confess my difficulty is not so much in refuting it as in seeing any point in it at all. What parallel can there be between an enormous and a very moderate expenditure, or between prodigious luxury and ordinary comfort? If a man taxes me with having squandered fifty dollars on a repast, is it an irrefutable retort to tell him that he has spent fifty cents? The limited and rational expenditure of an industrious man produces no evils, economical, social or moral. I contend in the lecture that the unlimited and irrational expenditure of idle millionaires does; that it "wastes labour, breeds luxury, creates unhappiness by propagating factitious wants, too often engenders vice, and is injurious for the most part to real civilization." I have observed,

and I think with truth, that the most malignant feelings which enter into the present struggle between classes have been generated by the ostentation of idle wealth in contrast with surrounding poverty. It would of course be absurd to say this of a man living on a small income, in a modest house, and in a plain way.

If I had said that property, or all property beyond a mere sustenance, is theft, there would be force in Mr. Greg's retort; but as I have said, or implied, nothing more than that extravagant luxury is waste, and, contrasted with surrounding poverty, grates on the feelings, especially when those who waste are idle and those who want are the hardest working labourers in the world, I repeat that I can see no force in the retort at all.

Mr. Greg proceeds to analyse the expenditure of the millionaire, and to maintain that its several items are laudable.

First, he defends pleasure-grounds, gardens, shrubberies and deer-parks. But he defends them on the ground that they are good things for the community, and thereby admits my principle: It is only against wasteful self-indulgence that I have anything to say. "No doubt," says Mr. Greg, "if the land of a country is all occupied and cultivated, and if no more land is easily accessible, and if the produce of other lands is not procurable in return for manufactured articles of exchange, then a proprietor who shall employ a hundred acres in growing wine for his own drinking, which might or would otherwise be employed in growing wheat or other food for twenty poor families who can find no other field for their labour, may fairly be said to be consuming, spending on himself, the sustenance of those families. If, again, he, in the midst of a swarming population unable to find productive or remunerative occupation, insists upon keeping a considerable extent of ground in merely ornamental walks and gardens, and, therefore, useless as far as the support of human

life is concerned, he may be held liable to the same imputation—even though the wages he pays to the gardeners in the one case, and the vine-dressers in the other, be pleaded in mitigation of the charge." Let the writer of this only allow, as he must, that the moral, social and political consequences of expenditure are to be taken into account as well as the economical consequences, and he will be entirely at one with the writer whom he supposes himself to be confuting. I have never said, or imagined, that "all land ought to be producing food." I hold that no land in England is better employed than that of the London parks and of the gardens of the Crystal Palace, though I could not speak so confidently with regard to a vast park from which all are excluded but its owner. Mr. Greg here again takes up what seems to me the strange position that to condemn excess is to condemn moderation. He says that whatever is said against the great parks and gardens of the most luxurious millionaire may equally be said against a tradesman's little flower-garden, or the plot of ornamental ground before the cottage windows of a peasant. I must again say that, so far from regarding this argument as irrefutable, I altogether fail to discover its cogency. The tradesman's little bit of green, the peasant's flower-bed, are real necessities of a human soul. Can the same thing be said of a pleasure-ground which consumes the labour of twenty men, and of which the object is not to refresh the weariness of labour but to distract the vacancy of idleness?

Mr. Greg specially undertakes the defence of deer-parks. But his ground is that the deer-forests which were denounced as unproductive have been proved to be the only mode of raising the condition and securing the well-being of the ill-fed population. If so, "humanitarians" are ready to hold up both hands in favour of deer-forests. Nay, we are ready to do the same if the pleasure yielded by the deer-forests bears any reason-

able proportion to the expense and the agricultural sacrifice, especially if the sportsman is a worker recruiting his exhausted brain, not a sybarite killing time.

From parks and pleasure-grounds Mr. Greg goes on to horses; and here it is the same thing over again. The apologist first sneers at those who object to the millionaire's stud, then lets in the interest of the community as a limiting principle, and ends by saying: "We may then allow frankly and without demur, that if he (the millionaire) maintains more horses than he needs or can use, his expenditure thereon is strictly pernicious and indefensible, precisely in the same way as it would be if he burnt so much hay and threw so many bushels of oats into the fire. He is destroying human food." Now Mr. Greg has only to determine whether a man who is keeping a score or more of carriage and saddle horses, is "using" them or not. If he is, "humanitarians" are perfectly satisfied.

Finally Mr. Greg comes to the case of large establishments of servants. And here, having set out with intentions most adverse to my theory, he "blesses it altogether."—"Perhaps," he says "of all the branches of a wealthy nobleman's expenditure, that which will be condemned with most unanimity, and defended with most difficulty, is the number of ostentatious and unnecessary servants it is customary to maintain. For this practice I have not a word to say. It is directly and indirectly bad. It is bad for all parties. Its reflex action on the masters themselves is noxious; it is mischievous to the flunkies who are maintained in idleness, and in enervating and demoralizing luxury; it is pernicious to the community at large, and especially to the middle and upper middle classes, whose inevitable expenditure in procuring fit domestic service—already burdensomely great—is thereby oppressively enhanced, till it has become difficult not only to find good household servants at moderate wages, but to find ser-

vants who will work diligently and faithfully for any wages at all."

How will Mr. Greg keep up the palaces, parks, and studs, when he has taken away the retinues of servants? If he does not take care, he will find himself wielding the besom of sumptuary reform in the most sweeping manner before he is aware of it. But let me respectfully ask him, who can he suppose objects to any expenditure except on the ground that it is directly and indirectly bad; bad for all parties, noxious to the voluptuary himself, noxious to all about him, and noxious to the community? So long as a man does no harm to himself or to anyone else, I for one see no objection to his supping like a Roman Emperor, on pheasants' tongues, or making shirt-studs of Koh-i-noors.

"It is charity," says Mr. Greg, hurling at the system of great establishments his last and bitterest anathema—"It is charity, and charity of the bastard sort—charity disguised as ostentation. It feeds, clothes, and houses a number of people in strenuous and pretentious laziness. If almshouses are noxious and offensive to the economic mind, then, by a parity of reasoning, superfluous domestics are noxious also." And so it would seem, by parity of reasoning, or rather *a fortiori*, as being fed, clothed, and housed far more expensively, and in far more strenuous and pretentious laziness, are the superfluous masters of flunkies. The flunkey does some work, at all events enough to prevent him from becoming a mere fattened animal. If he has to grease and powder his head, he does work, as it seems to me, for which he may fairly claim a high remuneration.

As I have said already, let Mr. Greg take in the moral, political, and social evils of luxury, as well as the material waste, and I flatter myself that there will be no real difference between his general view of the responsibilities of wealth, and mine. He seems to be as convinced as I am that there

is no happiness in living in strenuous and pretentious laziness by the sweat of other men's brows.

Nor do I believe that even the particular phrase which has been deemed so fraught with treason to plutocracy would, if Mr. Greg examined it closely, seem to him so very objectionable. His own doctrine, it is true, sounds severely economical. He holds that "the natural man and the Christian" who should be moved by his natural folly and Christianity to forego a bottle of champagne in order to relieve a neighbour in want of actual food, would do a thing "distinctly criminal and pernicious." Still I presume he would allow theoretically, as I am very sure he would practically, a place to natural sympathy. He would not applaud a banquet given in the midst of a famine, although it might be clearly proved that the money spent by the banqueters was their own, that those who were perishing of famine had not been robbed of it, that their bellies were none the emptier because those of the banqueters were full, and that the cookery gave a stimulus to gastronomic art. He would not even think it wholly irrational that the gloom of the workhouse should cast a momentary shadow on the enjoyments of the palace. I should also expect him to understand the impression that a man of "brain," even one free from any excessive tenderness of "heart," would not like to see a vast apparatus of luxury, and a great train of flunkeys devoted to his own material enjoyment—that he would feel it as a slur on his good sense, as an impeachment of his mental resources, and of his command of nobler elements of happiness, and even as a degradation of his manhood. There was surely something respectable in the sentiment which made Mr. Brassey refuse, however much his riches might increase, to add to his establishment. There is surely something natural in the tendency, which we generally find coupled with greatness, to simplicity of life. A person whom I knew

had dined with a millionaire *tête-à-tête*, with six flunkeys standing round the table. I suspect that Mr. Greg, in spite of his half-ascetic hatred of plush, would rather have been one of the six than one of the two.

While, however, I hope that my view of these matters coincides practically with that of Mr. Greg far more than he supposes, I must admit that there may be a certain difference of sentiment behind. Mr. Greg describes the impressions to which I have given currency as a confused compound of natural sympathy, vague Christianity, and dim economic science. Of the confusion, vagueness and dimness of our views, of course we cannot be expected to be conscious; but I own that I defer, in these matters, not only to natural feeling, but to the ethics of Christianity. I still adhere to the Christian code for want of a better, the Darwinian morality being avowedly that of gregarious animals, not of men, and the Utilitarian morality being, so far as I can see, no morality at all, in the ordinary sense of the term, making no appeal to our moral nature, our conscience, or whatever philosophers choose to call the deepest part of humanity. Of course, therefore, I accept as the fundamental principle of human relations, and of all science concerning them, the great Christian doctrine that "we are every one members one of another." As a consequence of this doctrine I hold that the wealth of mankind is morally a common store; that we are morally bound to increase it as much, and to waste it as little, as we can; that of the two it is happier to be underpaid than to be overpaid; and that we shall all find it so in the sum of things. There is nothing in such a view in the least degree subversive of the legal rights of property, which the founders of Christianity distinctly recognized in their teaching, and strengthened practically by raising the standard of integrity; nothing adverse to active industry or good business habits; nothing opposed to economic science as the study of the laws regulating the produc-

tion and distribution of wealth; nothing condemnatory of pleasure, provided it be pleasure which opens the heart, as I suppose was the case with the marriage feast at Cana, not the pleasure which closes the heart, as I fear was the case with the "refined luxury" of the Marquis of Steyne.

If this is superstition, all I can say is that I have read Strauss, Renan, Mr. Greg on the Creeds of Christendom, and all the eminent writers I could hear of on that side, and that I am not conscious of any bias to the side of orthodoxy; at least I have not given satisfaction to the orthodox classes.

Christianity, of course, in common with other systems, craves a reasonable construction. Plato cannot afford to have his apologies treated as histories. In "Joshua Davidson," a good man is made to turn away from Christianity because he finds that his faith will not literally remove a mountain and cast it into the sea. But he had omitted an indispensable preliminary. He ought first to have exactly compared the bulk of his faith with that of a grain of Palestinian mustard seed. Mr. Greg makes sport of the text "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none," which he says he heard in his youth, but without ever considering its present applicability. Yet in the next paragraph but one he gives it a precise and a very important application by pronouncing that a man is not at liberty to grow wine for himself on land which other people need for food. I fail to see how the principle involved in this passage, and others of a similar tendency which I have quoted from Mr. Greg's paper, differ from that involved in Gospel texts which, if I were to quote them, would grate strangely upon his ear. The texts comprise a moral sanction; but Mr. Greg must have some moral sanction when he forbids a man to do that which he is permitted to do by law. Christianity, whatever its source and authority, was addressed at first to childlike minds, and what its antagonists have to prove is

not that its forms of expression or even of thought are adapted to such minds, but that its principles, when rationally applied to a more advanced state of society, are unsound. Rightly understood it does not seem to me to enjoin anything eccentric or spasmodic, to bid you enact primitive Orientalisms in the streets of London, thrust fraternity upon writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or behave generally as if the "Kingdom of God" were already come. It is enough if you help its coming according to the circumstances of your place in society and the age in which you live.

Of course, in subscribing to the Christian code of ethics, one lays oneself open to "retorts courteous" without limit. But so one does in subscribing to any code, or accepting any standard, whether moral or of any other kind.

I do not see on what principle Mr. Greg would justify, if he does justify, charitable benefactions of any kind. Did not Mr. Peabody give his glass of champagne to a man in need? He might have spent all his money on himself if he had been driven to building Chatsworths and hanging their walls with Raffaelles. How will he escape the reproach of having done what was criminal and pernicious? And what are we to say of the conduct of London plutocrats who abetted his proceedings by their applause though they abstained from following his example? Is there any apology for them at all but one essentially Christian? Not that Christianity makes any great fuss over munificence, or gives political economy reasonable ground for apprehension on that score. Plutocracy deifies Mr. Peabody; Christianity measures him and pronounces his millions worth less than the widow's mite.

In my lecture I have applied my principles, or tried to apply them, fairly to the mechanic as well as to the millionaire. I have deprecated, as immoral, a resort to strikes solely in the interest of the strikers, without regard to the general interests of industry

and of the community at large. What has Mr. Greg to say, from the moral point of view, to the gas stokers who leave London in the dark, or the colliers who, in struggling to raise their own wages, condemn the ironworkers to "clamm" for want of coal?

I would venture to suggest that Mr. Greg somewhat overrates in his paper the beneficence of luxury, as an agent in the advancement of civilization. "Artificial wants," he says, "what may be termed extravagant wants, the wish to possess something beyond the bare necessities of existence; the taste for superfluities and luxuries first, the desire for refinements and embellishments next; the craving for the higher enjoyments of intellect and art as the final stage—these are the sources and stimulants of advancing civilization. It is these desires, these needs, which raise mankind above mere animal existence, which, in time and gradually, transform the savage into the cultured citizen of intelligence and leisure. Ample food once obtained, he begins to long for better, more varied, more succulent food; the richer nutriment leads on to the well stored larder and the well filled cellar, and culminates in the French cook." The love of truth, the love of beauty, the effort to realize a high type of individual character, and a high social ideal, surely these are elements of progress distinct from gastronomy, and from that special chain of gradual improvement which culminates in the French cook. I doubt whether French cookery does always denote the acme of civilization. It seems to me that in the case of the typical London Alderman, it denotes something like the acme of barbarism; for the barbarism of the elaborate and expensive glutton surely exceeds that of the child of nature who gorges himself on the flesh which he has taken in hunting: not to mention that the child of nature costs humanity nothing, whereas the gourmand devours the labour

of the French cook and probably that of a good many assistants and purveyors.

The greatest service is obviously rendered by any one who can improve human food. "The man is what he eats," is a truth only somewhat too broadly stated. But then the improvement must be one ultimately if not immediately accessible to mankind in general. That which requires a French cook is accessible only to a few.

Again, in setting forth the civilizing effects of expenditure, Mr. Greg, I think, rather leaves out of sight those of frugality. The Florentines, certainly the leaders of civilization in their day, were frugal in their personal habits, and by that frugality accumulated the public wealth which produced Florentine art, and sustained a national policy eminently generous and beneficent for its time.

Again, in estimating the general influence of great fortunes, Mr. Greg seems to take a rather sanguine view of the probable character and conduct of their possessors. He admits that a broad-acred peer or opulent commoner "may spend his £30,000 a-year in such a manner as to be a curse, a reproach, and an object of contempt to the community, demoralizing and disgusting all around him; doing no good to others, and bringing no real enjoyment to himself." But he appears to think that the normal case, and the one which should govern our general views and policy upon the subject, is that of a man "of refined taste and intellect expanded to the requirements of his position, managing his property with care and judgment, so as to set a feasible example to less wealthy neighbours; prompt to discern and to aid useful undertakings, to succour striving merit, unearned suffering, and overmatched energy." "Such a man," he says, in a concluding burst of eloquence, "if his establishment in horses and servants is not immoderate, although he surrounds himself with all that art can offer to render life beautiful and elegant; though he gathers

round him the best productions of the intellect of all countries and ages; though his gardens and his park are models of curiosity and beauty; though he lets his ancestral trees rot in their picturesque inutility instead of converting them into profitable timber, and disregards the fact that his park would be more productive if cut up into potato plots; though, in fine, he lives in the very height of elegant, refined and tasteful luxury—I should hesitate to denounce as consuming on himself the incomes of countless labouring families; and I should imagine that he might lead his life of temperate and thoughtful joy, quietly conscious that his liberal expenditure enabled scores of these families, as well as artists and others, to exist in comfort, and without either brain or heart giving way under the burdensome reflection."

It must be by a slip of the pen, such as naturally occurs amidst the glow of an enthusiastic description, that Mr. Greg speaks of people as enabling others to subsist by their expenditure. It is clear that people can furnish subsistence to themselves or others only by production. A rich idler may appear to give bread to an artist or an opera girl, but the bread really comes not from the idler, but from the workers who pay his rents: the idler is at most the channel of distribution. The munificence of monarchs, who generously lavish the money of the tax-payer, is a familiar case of the same fallacy. This is the illusion of the Irish peasant, whose respect for the spendthrift "gentleman" and contempt for the frugal "sneak" Mr. Greg honours with a place among the serious elements of an economical and social problem.

But not to dwell on what is so obvious, how many, let me ask, of the possessors of inherited wealth in England, or in any other country, fulfil or approach Mr. Greg's ideal? I confess that, as regards the mass of the English squires, the passage seems to me

almost satire. Refined taste and expanded intellect; promptness to discern and aid striving merit and unearned suffering, life surrounded with all that art can do to render it beautiful and elegant, the best productions of intellect gathered from all intellects and ages—I do not deny that Mr. Greg has seen all this, but I can hardly believe that he has seen it often, and I suspect that there are probably people, not unfamiliar with the abodes of great landowners, who have never seen it at all. Not to speak of artists and art, what does landed wealth do for popular education? It appears from the Popular Education Report of 1861 (p. 77) that in a district taken as a fair specimen, the sum of £4,518, contributed by voluntary subscription towards the support of 168 schools, was derived from the following sources:

169 clergymen	contributed	£1,782	or	£10	10	0	each.
399 landowners	"	2,127	"	5	6	0	"
217 occupiers	"	200	"	18	6		"
102 householders	"	181	"	1	15	6	"
141 other persons	"			228			

The rental of the 399 landowners was estimated at £650,000 a year. Judging from the result of my own observations, I should not have been at all surprised if a further analysis of the return had shown that not only the contributions of the clergy but those of retired professional men and others with limited incomes were, in proportion, far greater than those of the leviathans of wealth.

To play the part of Mr. Greg's ideal millionaire, a man must have not only a large heart but a cultivated mind; and how often are educators successful in getting work out of boys or youths who know that they have not to make their own bread?

In my lecture I have drawn a strong distinction, though Mr. Greg has not observed it, between hereditary wealth and that which, however great, and even, compared with the wages of subordinate producers, excessive, is earned by industry. Wealth earned by industry is, for obvious reasons, generally

much more wisely and beneficially spent than hereditary wealth. The self-made millionaire must, at all events, have an active mind. The late Mr. Brassey was probably one man in a hundred even among self-made millionaires; among hereditary millionaires he would have been one in a thousand. Surely we always bestow especial praise on one who resists the evil influences of hereditary wealth, and surely our praise is deserved.

The good which private wealth has done in the way of patronizing literature and art is, I am convinced, greatly overrated. The beneficent patronage of Lorenzo di Medici is, like that of Louis XIV., a chronological and moral fallacy. What Lorenzo did was, in effect, to make literature and art servile, and in some cases to taint them with the propensities of a magnificent debauchee. It was not Lorenzo, nor any number of Lorenzos, that made Florence, with her intellect and beauty, but the public spirit, the love of the community, the intensity of civic life, in which the interest of Florentine history lies. The decree of the Commune for the building of the Cathedral directs the architect to make a design "of such noble and extreme magnificence that the industry and skill of men shall be able to invent nothing grander or more beautiful," since it had been decided in Council that no plan should be accepted "unless the conception was such as to render the work worthy of an ambition which had become very great, inasmuch as it resulted from the continued desires of a great number of citizens united in one sole will."

I believe, too, that the munificence of a community is generally wiser and better directed than that of private benefactors. Nothing can be more admirable than the munificence of rich men in the United States. But the drawback in the way of personal fancies and crotchets is so great that I sometimes doubt whether future generations will have reason to thank the present, especially

as the reverence of the Americans for property is so intense that they would let a dead founder breed any pestilence rather than touch the letter of his will.

Politically, no one can have lived in the new world without knowing that a society in which wealth is distributed rests on an incomparably safer foundation than one in which it is concentrated in the hands of a few. British plutocracy has its cannoneer; but if the cannoneer happens to take fancies into his head the "whiff of grapeshot" goes the wrong way.

Socially, I do not know whether Mr. Greg has been led to consider the extent to which artificial desires, expensive fashions, and conventional necessities created by wealth, interfere with freedom of intercourse and general happiness. The *Saturday Review* says:

"All classes of Her Majesty's respectable subjects are always doing their best to keep up appearances, and a very hard struggle many of us make of it. Thus a mansion in Belgrave Square ought to mean a corpulent hall-porter, a couple of gigantic footmen, a butler and an under-butler at the very least, if the owner professes to live up to his social dignities. If our house is in Baker or Wimpole street, we must certainly have a manservant in sombre raiment to open our door, with a hobbledehoy or a buttons to run his superior's messages. In the smart, although somewhat dismal, small squares in South Kensington and the Western suburbs, the parlourmaid must wear the freshest of ribbons and trimmest of bows, and be resplendent in starch and clean coloured muslins. So it goes on, as we run down the gamut of the social scale; our ostentatious expenditure must be in harmony throughout with the stuccoed façade behind which we live, or the staff of domestics we parade. We are aware, of course, as our incomes for the most part are limited, and as we are all of us upon our mettle in the battle of life, that we must pinch somewhere if appearances are to be kept up. We do what we can in secret towards balancing the budget. We retrench on our charities, save on our coals, screw on our cabs, drink the sourest of Bordeaux instead of more generous vintages, dispense

with the cream which makes tea palatable, and systematically sacrifice substantial comforts that we may swagger successfully in the face of a critical and carping society. But with the most of us, if our position is an anxious one, it is of our own making, and, if we dared to be eccentrically rational, it might be very tolerable."

Nor is this the worst. The worst is the exclusion from society of the people who do not choose to torture and degrade themselves in order to keep up appearances, and who are probably the best people of all. The interference of wealth and its exigencies with social enjoyment is, I suspect, a heavy set-off against squirearchical patronage of intellect and art.

Those who believe that the distribution of wealth is more favourable to happiness and more civilizing than its concentration, will of course vote against laws which tend to artificial concentration of wealth, such as those of primogeniture and entail. This they may do without advocating public plunder, though it suits plutocratic writers to confound the two. For my own part I do not feel

bound to pay to British plutocracy a respect which British plutocracy does not pay to humanity. Some of its organs are beginning to preach doctrines revolting to a Christian, and to any man who has not banished from his heart the love of his kind; and we have seen it, when its class passions were excited, show a temper as cruel as that of any Maratist or Petroleusc. But so far from attacking the institution of property,* I have as great a respect for it as any millionaire can have, and as sincerely accept and uphold it as the condition of our civilization. There is nothing inconsistent with this in the belief that among the better part of the race property is being gradually modified by duty, or in the surmise that before humanity reaches its distant goal, property and duty will alike be merged in affection.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

* The *Saturday Review* some time ago charged me with proposing to confiscate the increase in the value of land. I never said anything of the kind, nor anything, I believe, that could easily be mistaken for it.

SPRING.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE jocund Spring, in garments green bedight,
 Leads the glad chorus of the opening year:
 Gay tulips her vaunt couriers appear
 In vari-coloured tabards, heralds bright,
 And wave their banners in our dazzled sight,
 Blazoned with 'broidery of gold, while near
 Rings the fair trumpet-flower its elf-horn clear.

The crocus pale, a sacred acolyte,
 Swings its pure censer in the morning air,
 And flings its perfumed incense far and wide;
 While the fair lily, pure as any saint,
 With the "rathe primrose," sweet and rare,
 Trip lightly in the Spring's train side by side,
 The beauteous queens of that procession quaint.

CURRENT EVENTS.

FURTHER details of the ministerial crisis in England seem to confirm the opinion which, in common probably with all who considered the circumstances attentively, we had formed. The real reason why the Conservative leader, after putting forth all his strength and exerting all his strategical skill to turn out the Government, refused himself to take office, appears to have been that there was disunion in his own party. Under the decent mask of a demonstration in favour of Lord Derby, a section large enough and sufficiently well supported by general feeling to command deference to its wishes, protested against the leadership of Mr. Disraeli. Lord Derby, like a man of honour, declined to supplant his chief, and the consequence was that a Conservative Government could not be formed, and Mr. Gladstone, after a prolonged resistance, in which personal weariness and annoyance probably mingled with a somewhat overstrained idea of the responsibilities of a victorious Opposition, consented to return to power.

The reasons formally assigned by Mr. Disraeli for refusing office were, as we said at the time, evidently hollow. To declare that the Conservative party is not prepared with a policy generally would be to declare that it ought not to oppose the policy of the Government, that as a party it ought not to exist. To say that it is not prepared with a policy on the current administrative questions of the day, such as the Alabama question (which however is settled,) and the Central Asian question (which is also settled) is to say what must be in some measure true of every Opposition coming over to the Treasury Benches and gathering the threads of government into its hands. Nor is there any weight in the suggestion that Mr. Disraeli

could not properly dissolve the present Parliament because it was one of his own calling. It is the fact, and a strange fact, that the present Parliament, in which the Liberals have a majority of nearly a hundred, was called by the Conservative leader under a Reform Bill framed by himself, and, as he fancied, in the interest of his own party. It is also true that as a general rule a party leader is not permitted to appeal to the country by a dissolution against a Parliament of his own calling. But the rule is one rather for the Crown than for the Minister. The circumstances of the present case clearly warranted Her Majesty in offering Mr. Disraeli a dissolution, and there was nothing to prevent his acceptance of her offer. The Irish University question was not one on which he was likely himself to feel very strongly; judging from the absence of Lord Derby and other leading Conservatives, it was not one on which a great party struggle was expected; and when the Conservative leader in the Commons, describing fatal division in the ministerial camp, swooped upon the disordered foe, and sent out a whip so strong that we are told a member was brought by special train from Paris, we may be sure that he intended to turn out the Government and take its place, not to go through the damaging process of declaring that he was unable to do so because he had no policy, and despaired of success in an appeal to the country. He judged, no doubt, that a dissolution would give him a sufficient accession of strength to carry on the Government. We suspect that he was right, and that the Conservatives have missed an opportunity which may not present itself again.

But the mutiny is perfectly intelligible, and would surprise no one who is aware of

the feeling with which Mr. Disraeli is really regarded, not by the mere readers of his speeches, but by those who sit round him and whose interests have been entrusted to his hands. If, in speaking of a crisis arising out of an Irish question, we may be allowed to indulge in a bull, the Conservative party does not want to commit suicide a second time. When its members swallowed their principles, and after throwing out Mr. Gladstone's limited extension of the franchise, voted for household suffrage with universal suffrage in its train, their scruples were overcome by a positive assurance that the votes of the uneducated *residuum*, to which a singular Conservative appeal was to be made, would give them a majority and confirm their tenure of power. The result was an overthrow such as no party had encountered since the election which followed the Reform Bill, and which immediately led to Church Disestablishment and Land Law Reform in Ireland, with an assured prospect of the ultimate application of the same principles to England. Mr. Disraeli is a debater and a tactician of a high order; a legislator or administrator he has never proved himself to be. He rose to the leadership of the Protectionists by his brilliant and cutting speeches against Sir Robert Peel. Having attained that position he developed a remarkable and almost unique capacity for Parliamentary tactics and for forming combinations against governments. But with the exception of the Reform Bill, which he borrowed from his opponents, and its supplementary enactments, he has never, in the whole course of his long public life, carried a practical measure of any importance. His first budget was the ruin of the Government; and the Abyssinian Expedition, the most important thing which he has had to administer, completely slipped through his hands, and instead of costing two millions, which he repeatedly assured Parliament was its limit, cost nine, though all went well and not a shot was fired. What he is to do then

must be done, as in his last administration, by tactics, and of tactics his followers have begun to count the cost. They count it the more anxiously because the next things to be sacrificed will be Primogeniture and Entail. They prefer a man like Lord Derby, who might hold power quietly, and without being compelled to buy or outbid the Radicals, by social and personal position, united to legislative and administrative power. Such we believe is a pretty correct view of that part of the affair.

From a supposed physiognomical resemblance, a fanciful comparison has been drawn between Mr. Disraeli and the Prime Minister of the Dominion. Both are strategists. But the strategy of Sir John Macdonald has kept one of the weakest parties in the world in power for twenty years, and the strategy of Mr. Disraeli has kept one of the strongest parties in the world out of power for nearly thirty years.

Whatever may be said in conventional phrase about loss of prestige and captured flags, and whatever fanciful laws may be laid down as to the instability of governments restored to office after a resignation, there can be little doubt that the strength of the Gladstone Ministry will be increased, or as we should rather say, that its weakness will be diminished by what has occurred. Smothered disaffection among its supporters will have found a vent, personal grudges will have expended themselves; mutiny will have been brought face to face with a penal dissolution which it has every reason to dread. But above all, the unconditional refusal of the Opposition to take office, grounded partly on the despair of success in an appeal to the country, has declared the present Government to be the only one possible: and necessity, though it may be unwelcome, is always strong. Prestige is a luxury; Ministers as well as men may live without it. No one could be more devoid of prestige than Lord Liverpool, whose reign was interminable, nor does any halo surround the Gov-

ernment which in this Dominion has long managed to keep itself in existence, and appears likely to do so for an indefinite time to come. The divisions which have taken place since the crisis seem to show that the ministerial party has rallied; and the prosperous condition of the revenue, disclosed by the budget, will put the whole country in good humour with itself and with the Government. The price of coal is also falling; and though the Government has no more to do with its rise or fall than it has to do with the weather, this also will help to allay the popular discontent. The Irish University question remains unsolved and insoluble; but it is equally insoluble for both parties, since neither of them can adopt concurrent endowment, and the Irish Catholics will vote for nothing else.

It has been said that political foresight does not extend for more than a few years. But it is just those "few years" over which political foresight does not extend. It is possible to discern the general forces in action, and to predict from them the general tendency of events: it is not possible to predict, amidst the infinite complication of influences and the boundless multitude of contingencies, the particular occurrences of the immediate future. The Gladstone Ministry may fling itself out of window by some extraordinary act of folly, or be flung out of window by some inscrutable accident: but present appearances are in favour of its protracting a rather tame existence till the autumn of next year, when at latest, a dissolution must take place. By that time probably the question of the Land Law or that of the County Franchise, perhaps both of them, will have been raised, and will form the programme upon which the Liberal party, under Mr. Gladstone or some other leader, will go to the country.

The result will make no difference to the Colonies. Recent debates in the British Parliament have shewn plainly enough that whatever rhetorical fireworks Conservative

leaders may throw upon the platform, they are not inclined to incur the responsibility of propounding in Parliament any reversal of the present Colonial policy, or of advocating any advance in the direction of Imperial Confederation. On the other hand the notion that Mr. Gladstone meditates further innovation, though cherished with peevish persistency, is totally baseless. He has selected as Governor-General of Canada a vehement upholder of the existing connexion. Nearly thirty years have now elapsed since he was himself Colonial Secretary, and it is not likely that his thoughts have ever been specially turned to the Colonies, occupied as he has constantly been with home questions of the first magnitude. To say that he cannot wish to add a Colonial struggle to his present difficulties is only to say that he is not insane. That he has been in favour of retrenchment may be assumed, and he is a declared friend of self-government. But in retrenchment we have acquiesced, while of self-government we are proud. He has allowed himself in his dealings with the United States to be daunted by the exposed situation of Canada; but so has every British Minister of whatever party: the Ashburton Treaty was the work of a Conservative government, of which the Colonial Secretary was the late Lord Derby. As a financier Mr. Gladstone has been uniformly successful, and all the members of the Empire feel in their degree the benefit of the prosperity which under his government has been fostered in its commercial centre. As a great commercial and industrial community, the leaders of which are men of Mr. Gladstone's class, and workers like him, we can hardly affect to share the prejudices of Lord Dundreary, or the resentments of the great ladies of May Fair.

The abandonment of the Fenian Claim was an act of weakness with which we shall never cease to reproach Mr. Gladstone's government. Unhappily we, as Canadians, are not in a position to hold very high lan-

guage on the subject. We have taken a money compensation without too curiously enquiring from what quarter it came, while no protest is entered by our Government or Legislature against the violation of our national rights, and our citizens, murdered by American filibusters, sleep in neglected graves. Of Scott's murder we have heard enough, because it afforded party capital: but the blood of those who were slain at Ridgeway was only Canadian blood.

There is one other matter in which the outlying parts of the Empire have a painful interest, and in regard to which Mr. Gladstone, if he has not been a sinner above all Imperial Ministers, seems to stand in need of special admonition—we mean the administration of the War Department. In all wars hitherto the enemy of Great Britain has been either entirely confined to his ports or prevented from coming out in force. But the conditions of naval warfare and the relative strength of the maritime powers are now greatly altered, and in any future war we must be prepared to see an enemy in force at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. This renders it of vital importance to the colonists that the War Department should be filled not with mere party leaders and debaters, or ordinary administrators, but with men really capable, on a sudden emergency, of wielding the armaments of the Empire. The system of party government no doubt requires in general that offices should be provided for the principal members of the party without much reference to their personal fitness. But in this case party ought to give way to the salvation of the Empire.

We in Canada again are unfortunately not without a special interest in the pacification of Ireland, and consequently in the particular question on which the British Ministry fell. That question, as we have said, is practically insoluble if both parties consider themselves bound to resist what is called Concurrent Endowment. But it is surely irrational to extend this principle from the

endowment of Churches to the endowment of Universities. It is not the duty of the State, according to the view of its functions which is now rapidly gaining ground throughout Christendom, to provide religion, but it is the duty of the State to provide education; and this duty like other duties must be discharged, under the elective system, in a way acceptable, or not intolerably distasteful, to the mass of those who have votes, and by whom the government is virtually appointed. It is preposterous to expect a Parliamentary Minister to legislate in the matter of Irish University education without regard to the fact that three-fourths at least of the Irish people are Roman Catholics, and, as such have, or are compelled by their priesthood to exhibit, an insuperable antipathy to undenominational education and free knowledge. The question of principle as to the lawfulness of shewing any consideration for the principles of Roman Catholicism was settled when, by the Act of Emancipation, power to enforce such consideration was given to the Roman Catholics. The concession of political power carried all the rest. If there is to be University Education at all in Ireland, and if the Roman Catholics will not accept it in the undenominational form, to denominational Universities we must come: and the evils of denominational Universities, with free Universities alongside of them, and free booksellers' shops, are greatly exaggerated by the purists of the opposite system. The fanaticism of a certain section of the Radicals is almost as noxious and as baneful as the fanaticism of the priests. The State, wherever it gives money or confers power, is of course entitled to maintain a general control, and it may properly insist on testing the students in the Irish Universities, through State Examiners, in neutral subjects such as languages and mathematics. Every nation is also entitled and bound to exclude from all national institutions anti-national influences, such as that of the

Jesuits. The plan of Professor Fawcett, who in effect proposes to empower a delegation of Trinity College to make laws for the University education of a whole people, to the great mass of whom the College is absolutely alien and an object of positive mistrust and aversion, is a violation of principle more valuable than any involved in this particular question.

It may be noticed by the way that a practical lesson has been afforded to Protestant politicians who think to supplant their rivals by buying the Roman Catholic vote. The Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland were bound by the strongest tie of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone's government, which had given them religious equality; yet having got all they could from that quarter, they had no scruple in turning round at once and denouncing the confederate of yesterday. There is only one way in which you can purchase their faithful support, and that is by becoming their slave.

At Ottawa, little enough is done in the way of practical legislation for the country, but the struggle of parties is carried on vigorously, with a shrill accompaniment from the organs on both sides. The Government holds its own, and will, no doubt, continue to do so to the end of the Session; and, so far as we can at present see, for sessions yet to come. It is in possession; it commands all the influences which, in the absence of any question sufficient to stir national feeling, are generally all-powerful. The Opposition is without a principle, and the absence of a principle is not compensated by the presence of a leader capable of arousing national enthusiasm in his favour. Under these circumstances it matters little, except to the writers of editorials bound to explain defeats as accidents, whether the ministerial majority is large or small. The Government cannot be turned out. It is safer, probably, with a small majority than

with a large one; because large majorities are never compact.

No doubt the Government will receive a blow if Sir Hugh Allan fails to float the Pacific stock. That he has failed is positively asserted on one side, and flatly denied on the other. We expect the truth from events. But it has always seemed to us probable that, even in the present abundance of money in England, English capitalists would shrink at once from an unsurveyed route.

We regard with mixed feelings the inquiry which has been instituted in consequence of the motion of Mr. Huntington, and for the gravity of which the character and position of the author of that motion are a sufficient guarantee. It is well that of the charges against personal integrity which have now become our ordinary weapons of debate, one at least should be brought to a definite issue before something like a judicial tribunal. It will help to restore the sense of responsibility both on the part of the accusers and on that of the accused. The old system of duelling, though most barbarous and detestable, was hardly worse than the total prostration of all regard for personal honour towards which we have been visibly tending. On the other hand, it is painful to all but the most violent partisans to think that we have come to such a pass that the chief of the nation can be gravely accused, and by a large portion of our people seriously suspected, of taking money from foreigners, and foreigners unfriendly to our sovereign and our nationality, for the purposes of political corruption. We doubt whether such a thing could occur in Mexico. There is surely some inconsistency on the part of those who exult in Mr. Huntington's motion, and at the same time denounce as treason any suggestion that our national position is not the soundest and the proudest in the world.

The Prime Minister erred, as we conceive, even strategically, in affecting to treat

Mr. Huntington's motion for inquiry as a motion of want of confidence, voting it down and then bringing it in himself. A *bona fide* motion for inquiry, as this unquestionably was, cannot be a motion of want of confidence, since a motion of want of confidence must be founded on facts proved or alleged to be proved, whereas a motion for inquiry distinctly implies that nothing has been proved. By the course which he took the Prime Minister made it easy for his opponents to assert, and difficult for his friends to deny, that he wanted to burke the inquiry, but found that his party was frightened, and would not stand by him in the attempt. He should have seconded Mr. Huntington's motion. That was the most politic as well as the most gallant course.

Much is said about the sectionalism of politics at Ottawa. It is the constant theme of mutual recriminations, the Ministerialists charging the Opposition with setting Ontario against her sisters, the Opposition retorting that the Ministers hold down Ontario by a combination of the smaller provinces. The charge in both cases is well founded, and yet neither side is much to be blamed. This state of things was the inevitable consequence of Confederation with party government, and the blame rests on those whose shortsightedness retained, and actually sanctioned, party government in framing the plan of Confederation. It ought to have been easily foreseen that when the first transports of fraternization were over, when the last toast had been drunk to unity, and the last cheers had died away, the provincial interests and jealousies which had been with so much difficulty kept in abeyance for a moment, would to some extent reappear, and that they would furnish the materials out of which a party leader in the Confederate Parliament would construct a following, and supply the fulcrum of his sway over the Confederation. That he should pay his allies with Better Terms, and bribes of all kinds at the expense of the Confederation,

was equally a matter of course. The only way of avoiding the danger was to make the Government thoroughly national, and to remove from the holders of power all temptation to purchase support for themselves at the expense of the general interest. And this is the only way of preventing further mischief from sectionalism now. If we adhere to the party system the struggle between Ontario and the smaller provinces will some day give a rude shock to the Confederation.

It has been alleged that, in the United States, Party has been a unifying agency, because the parties have extended through the whole Union. But what could be more sectional than the antagonism between the North and the South, of which the party struggle between Republicans and Democrats was the embodiment, and which ended in a sectional civil war? In the history of parties in the States sectionalism crops up everywhere. It was by holding the balance of parties that Pennsylvania was enabled so long to impose her sectional tariff upon the Union. Division will not produce unity, nor will faction foster patriotism, adorn them both with constitutional rhetoric as you may.

To vary the scene at Ottawa there has been a *fracas* with the press. The Opposition having attacked the Government for allowing public servants to write in party newspapers, the Ministerialists have retorted by carrying a resolution condemnatory of a newspaper article written by an Opposition member, and in which the motives of those who had voted with the Government against Mr. Huntington's motion were criticized with much copiousness of diction, and in a style thrilling with the anguish of suffering virtue. The reading of this detectable production by the Clerk, both in French and English, occupied a considerable portion of one of the sittings of the Great Council of the Nation. If the Clerk had been at liberty to comment, he might, at the conclusion of the reading, have

said : "Such, gentlemen, is the party press, the natural offspring and counterpart of the strife of factions here—a strife without a principle, without a national object, which necessarily degenerates more and more into ignoble personalities, drives from public life all who have a regard for their own character, and is likely, if it continues much longer, to consign a nation endowed with rare political qualities, capable of producing true statesmen and sustaining the highest institutions, to a domination of roguery and ruffianism." Let the writer of the obnoxious article be prosecuted, as the Minister of Justice seems to hold that he can be; his counsel will be a bungler if he cannot prove by reference to party writings and speeches, from those of the Prime Minister downwards, that his client, so far from being a conspicuous malefactor, is merely a typical man."

No individual politician, no particular set of politicians, is responsible for this state of things. It is not unlikely that the present Prime Minister may occupy an unenviable place in history as having tainted the political character of a young nation. But his policy, his strategy, his cynical tone, are the inevitable results of the party system in such a country as ours. The weapons with which he defends himself are the same as those with which he is assailed. He is personally above suspicion of corrupt gain, which is more than can be said of some of those who most bitterly denounce his corruption. There is no reason to doubt, on the contrary there is reason to believe, that he would willingly have his name associated with good measures and preserved in the grateful recollection of his country. But suppose he were to adopt the most patriotic and self-denying policy possible, what credit would he get for it? He would estrange his partisans and be as rancorously reviled as ever by his opponents. The less patriotic the policy of a leader of faction is, the safer is his government; and while we blame a man in such a position for the evil which he does, we must

not forget to thank him for that which he leaves undone.

We have harped upon this string, and we mean to harp upon it. We know, as we have said before, that mere argument can do nothing against habit, interest and passion. The shock that overthrows a system so deeply rooted as that of party government will come from without. But in the meantime the public mind may be prepared.

The defeat of Mr. Macpherson's resolution by a large majority in the Senate, though hailed with exultation by ministerialists, leaves the matter exactly where it was before the public. Deserving as many of the Senators may be personally of respect, to regard that body as a branch of the legislature is absurd. Its voice is the voice of the Minister ventriloquizing through his nominees. That the powers of the Constitution should have imagined that it could be anything else—that they should have fancied that the mere use of the Sovereign's name in the process could have any real effect on the result—is a striking example of the influence which forms and phrases exercise on the imagination even of men of business. We have had reason, through the whole course of this affair, to wish that some of our best advisers in commercial matters were not consigned to an august limbo in which they can speak neither with the authority of representatives of the people nor with any authority of an independent kind. We must deprecate, too, the attempt to put down Mr. Macpherson on the ground of his alleged personal motives. If persons specially aggrieved were not to be allowed to speak, public wrongs would never be redressed. Given the Treaty with British Columbia and the Act of Parliament, we fail ourselves to see in what respect the Government has deserved censure; and as to the exclusion of American capital, or of the capital of Beelzebub, by any provision you can devise from any enterprise once on

the stock market, we hold it to be a delusion and a dream. But Mr. Macpherson's resolutions stand, we repeat, precisely where they were.

We feel pleasure in turning from these faction fights to something in which we can all agree. "It is difficult," said Sir Joshua Reynolds at the opening of the Royal Academy, "to give any other reason why an Empire like that of Britain should so long have wanted an ornament so suitable to its greatness than that slow progression of things which naturally makes elegance and refinement the last effort of opulence and power." If Canada has not opened a Royal Academy she has had an Exhibition of Paintings, and the public interest shown in it is a sufficient proof that the point in our "progression" has been reached at which, a large measure of opulence having been attained, the nation is ready for elegance and refinement. Among the paintings the best, as might have been expected, were some Canadian scenes, in which, with a good command of the power of artistic expression, the painter had embodied the genuine results of daily observation, and the true poetry of familiar feeling. One or two of the paintings of animals were not without a similar charm. The subjects were healthy and indicative of a sound moral taste. There were no sensualities and no horrors. The worst sin with which any exhibitor could possibly be charged was vulgarity. But we must not expect too much. Painting, of all the Arts, is the one which can least be called into existence by a fiat of the national will. Good schools, and above all daily study of the works of great masters, are essential to the formation of a great painter. "Study," says Reynolds, "the works of the great masters *for ever*. Study, as nearly as you can, in the order, in the manner, and on the principles on which they studied. Study Nature attentively, but always with those masters in your company; consider them

as models which you are to emulate, and at the same time as rivals with whom you are to contend." The same authority holds that "the true and only method by which an artist makes himself master of his profession is imitation, of which his life ought to be one continued course." Raffaello, as Reynolds remarks, began by imitating Perugino, under whom he studied; he then imitated Michael Angelo; he learnt colouring from the works of Leonardo da Vinci and Fra. Bartolomeo: he studied all the remains of antiquity within his reach, and procured drawings of those which he could not see. It is true that models are now in a certain sense multiplied and diffused, in a way in which they were not in Raffaello's time, by engraving and chromo-lithography; but though a great privilege has thus been extended to the mass, to the student nothing can supply the place of the originals. A sculptor would be more assisted by casts than a painter by prints or chromos. What is called the genius of the painter in fact grows only on a prepared soil, and under conditions which have been slowly generated in the old world, and are incapable of immediate transportation to the new.

In painting we shall long have to look to the schools and galleries of Europe for the fruits of high art. In music the course is more open to us. The least material of the art partakes of the ubiquity of mind, and, if we cannot hope to produce great composers, we may aspire to the worthy performance and adequate appreciation of great compositions. Nothing prevents our cultivating a natural taste for music, which would not only be an immense accession to the national happiness, but an antidote to the special liabilities of our national character, correcting the hardness, the coarseness, the vulgarity of soul, as well as the misery consequent on a too eager and engrossing pursuit of gain. Many a German, in the narrowest circumstances, draws from music alone ten times as much genuine enjoyment as a go-ahead

American tastes in his whole course through a life of anxious and contentious rapacity to an early grave. A musical element effectively introduced into our national education might, in some degree, sweeten the whole current of existence, promote social intercourse without extravagance among the rich or drunkenness among the poor, soften the harshness of the industrial and commercial struggle for existence, and as Orpheus tamed lions and tigers, mitigate the ferocity even of politicians.

It is time to think of national taste, pleasure, and recreation generally. It is time to rescue our theatres from the carrion, mostly of New York origin, to which they are at present abandoned, and which turns what might be excellent schools of sentiment as well as places of healthy enjoyment, into organs, and most powerful organs, of national depravation. It is time to see that our cities are not left, as almost all the great cities in the States have been left, to grow into Babylons, without the reservation of proper parks and grounds for health, stillness, exercise and innocent recreation. Our land is our habitation, as well as the scene of our money-making; and if it is not a pleasant habitation, the only rational object of our money-making is lost.

The claims of taste unite with those of commerce in directing our attention to the minor and more mechanical, but by no means low, and very profitable, departments of art. In one of these, photography, Canada has already obtained conspicuous excellence. Among our French population there probably slumber capacities of elegant manufactures of all kinds, which are now wasted on farming after the fashion of the Breton peasantry in the age of Louis XIV. The French are also peculiarly amenable to the discipline of the factory. In erecting schools of practical science our Government should not neglect the interests of ornamental and textile art. After all, our climate is severe, and our French province, at all

events, has a better chance, in the long run, of being the factory and the art-workshop than of being a granary of the continent.

When the bill providing for a change in the form of the periodical returns made by the banks becomes law, the public will be let into the secret of how much the bank discounts have been swelled by loans on the security of stocks. And the figures will afford no unfair measure of the amount of bank loans employed in stock-gambling. Within a few years there has come into vogue, in Canada, a pernicious system of stock-gambling, which deserves nothing but discouragement. The speculative spirit is not new; though it has taken a new, and perhaps more dangerous form. The speculation in real estate, which culminated in 1856 and collapsed in the next year, had the effect of turning men's attention in other directions. Land that bears no crops, and contains no buildings, yields no revenue; while municipal taxes and the interest of the investment soon double the original cost. From the first settlement of the country land has been steadily rising in value; though that value has not always kept pace with the artificial price to which the arts of speculators have sometimes brought it up. The utter break-down of the real estate speculations of 1854-6 brought this commodity into temporary disrepute. When some years of prudence had restored the shattered fortunes of the more adventurous class of the population, men who had for some years been timidly brooding over their gains began to launch out in new directions. Accumulations of floating capital lay in every direction to tempt speculation. The Building Societies were glad to forego their usual conditions of monthly payments, and make loans repayable in a lump sum, at the end of a stipulated time, receiving their interest meanwhile half-yearly, as in the case of individuals. Two or three years ago the difficulty was to get borrowers on any conditions.

With the banks, money was easy. The condition which this state of things attested was one of abnormal inactivity; and it was, of all others, the most favourable to a new era of speculation. The movement, as it is called, of real estate, was chiefly confined to an actual but increased demand, the few speculators merely serving as intermediate distributors of such specks of the earth as the men of this generation, happy in finding them free from preoccupants, required to turn to account. Stocks became favourite investments, chiefly because a regular income from them could be counted on with certainty. Under the influence of a rapidly increasing demand the price went up, till in many cases it became altogether abnormal. During the rise, holders suddenly found their wealth increased. If they had more stock, they would have a corresponding addition to their profits. Why then not create more? So they argued. Suddenly an increase of bank stock to the amount of ten millions is decided upon—in one case against the better judgment of one of our most successful bankers. Old stock is pawned to assist in the creation of new; old and new are pawned to raise money to enable the borrowers to speculate for a rise. Suddenly the inevitable result begins to declare itself. Margins begin to narrow as the hypothecated security tumbles down in price. The speculators for a rise are in a state of consternation, and their necessities compel them to pay from 10 to 20 per cent. for money. Some of the banks rather liked to make advances on stock: the transaction was so safe and pleasant. What could be more convenient than to lend at call, and obtain absolute security? When the margin between the amount loaned and the market price of the security was getting too narrow, payment could be demanded, or at the worst, the stock could be thrown on the market. This may do very well for fair weather finance; but in case of one of those periodical panics which occur at irregular

intervals of years, the margins would disappear under the abasement of price, and the inevitable attempt to realize on the falling stocks would make them nearly unsaleable.

It is well that the public should know the extent to which bank loans have been made on the security of stocks. The necessity of making the disclosure every month or week may tend to check a practice of which the tendency is only evil. No bank is authorized to lend on the security of its own stock; but if different banks draw largely on the stock of one another, the object of the prohibition can hardly be attained. It may possibly appear that whatever stringency there is in money, is due, to no inconsiderable extent, to the amount of money absorbed by loans on stocks. From that stringency useful if unpleasant lessons have been learnt. The Government can close the gambling houses of Baden-Baden; but if the stock gamblers cannot be so dealt with, there are ways in which their machinations may be legitimately discouraged. The moral effect of risking money on games of hazard, whatever form they may take, is always and everywhere injurious.

The last wreath of the smoke in which the great moral and international fruits of the Treaty of Washington have been dispersed to the winds, is a work by Mr. Caleb Cushing, one of the counsel of the American Government at Geneva. Mr. Caleb Cushing will be remembered as the terrible enemy of Great Britain, whose thunderbolts in the Crompton case "rebounded from the throne of Queen Victoria," though without visibly disturbing the serenity or security of the occupant. He was also credited, and from a perusal of his present volume we should say not without reason, with a share in the composition of the American case, which he admits was "not so cold as the English case," and which the leading journal of Germany, though friendly to the United States and unfriendly to England, less coyly

characterized as unparalleled for coarseness and malignity.

The present object of Mr. Caleb Cushing's wrath is the British Arbitrator, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who has given publicity to his reasons for dissenting in some cases from the judgment of his colleagues. The discretion of the Lord Chief Justice in doing so has been questioned by Mr. Lowe and other English critics. But his defence is that though the particular case has been decided, and the decision must of course be frankly accepted by England as the losing party, the more important question remains, whether the principles embodied in the decision shall be accepted as rules of International Law, and recommended by Her Majesty for the adoption of other powers. It seems obvious that if the Lord Chief Justice is of opinion that the principles ought not to be accepted, and that their adoption would produce widespread injustice and mischief instead of preserving harmony among nations, he is at least as much bound to record his dissent, with the reasons for it, as a judge is to record his dissent from the ruling of his colleagues on the bench. This defence would of course not extend to any undue vehemence or want of gravity in the language of the statement. But Sir Alexander Cockburn has a very strong sense of justice, a sense of justice so strong that a doubt whether his client was in the right palpably affected his power as an advocate at the bar; and for this allowance is to be made if he expresses himself earnestly against what he believes to be wrong. That his language is not that of a perfect gentleman nobody has ventured to assert. We may add that, in criticizing the conduct of the British Arbitrator, and in the discussion generally, rhetoric, aided by bunting and gunpowder, has invested the Geneva Conference far too much with the attributes of a high court of justice. Mr. Caleb Cushing, for instance, in the work before us, exults in the idea that Great Bri-

tain was tried before the Geneva tribunal as a criminal, and joyfully represents the nation as cut to the heart on becoming suddenly conscious that it was being submitted to such a humiliation. The veracity of the boast is equal to its decency. Criminals do not usually appoint their own judges. The Geneva tribunal had no power to try anybody; it was not, in the proper sense of the term, a tribunal at all; it had no authority but that which was conferred upon it by the parties, and the authority which they conferred upon it was simply that of assisting them by friendly arbitration in the settlement of certain disputed questions. It had no more power of summoning anybody before it who did not choose to come, or enforcing its sentences on anybody who did not choose to accept them, than the attendant who swept its hall of conference. There has been much dispute, in canvassing the liberty assumed by Sir Alexander Cockburn of publishing his dissent, as to the character in which he appeared at Geneva. Was he a representative of Great Britain or a European judge? The answer is that he was neither the one nor the other, but the British member of a board of arbitration, charged with the settlement of a certain difference between Great Britain and the United States.

On Mr. Caleb Cushing's reply to the Lord Chief Justice we may bestow the same encomium which he bestows on the American case. It is not so cold as its English counterpart. As a fitting introduction to the discussion of a point of public law, Mr. Cushing has hunted up the whole history of his antagonist with the same deadly diligence with which an American politician on the stump hunts up the "record" of the other candidate, and interprets all its incidents with the same charity and fairness. It is a relief to find that the Lord Chief Justice of England has not committed forgery, robbed a bank, stolen money letters from the post office, or perpetrated any of those acts which form the more salient fea-

tures of a campaign biography in the speeches and editorials of the opposite party. He is, however, a very infamous, vile and despicable character, morally odious, and professionally beneath contempt. His family was one of some distinction, but there must have been something bad in the blood, since one of the race, during the last war between England and America, left unpleasant traces in the United States. It was no doubt this taint that shewed itself in the character of Sir Alexander, who, hopeless of attaining political distinction in an honourable way, became a parliamentary "Dalgetty," and hiring himself out as the mercenary defender of the worst of causes, received the Chief Justiceship of England as the wages of his venal tongue. In this ill-gained elevation he did not fail to give constant indications of the depravity of heart and mind which was destined ultimately to lead him to differ in opinion from Mr. Caleb Cushing. In particular he printed a corrected report of his charge to the Grand Jury in the Eyre case, from which a sagacious observer might have at once divined that he would one day print his reasons for holding that England was not liable to the payment of damages in the case of the Shenandoah. How curious is the uniformity with which a bad character betrays itself, how striking the consistency which runs through a career of crime! It is needless to say that, as a judge, Sir A. Cockburn displayed a total want of judicial intellect and temper. — "Confused thoughts," "equivocation in matters of law," "tendency to declamation," "vacillation," "unseemly wrath," "offensiveness of deportment," "partiality," "forgetfulness of his own official opinion,"—were his regular characteristics on the bench, as an equitable survey of his course as Chief Justice proves. We are shocked, but not surprised to find, that when he denied having given his assent to a judgment, as the judge who delivered it supposed he had, his col-

leagues "gave no support to his denial." If he wrote anything on law, it was of course a plagiarism, and of course a great American authority shewed that even as a plagiarism it was incorrect. We are thus fully prepared for his conduct at Geneva, where he "threw off the mask;" was guilty of "falsehood," "dishonourable imposition," and "smuggling;" shewed "neither the impartiality of a jurist nor the delicate honour of a gentleman;" "poured out the bile which had been accumulating on his stomach;" threw himself into "ecstasies of spiteful rage;" "demeaned himself so fantastically" that his country must have been ashamed of him; dealt with documents "disingenuously," and committed "judicial indecencies to parallel which it would be necessary to go back to the days of infamous judges like Jeffries or Scroggs;" not to mention his "prolixity," "looseness," "diffuseness," "unjudicial violence and extravagance,"—"want of logical continuity of thought,"—"self-contradiction," "irrelevancy," "mental eccentricity," and "incapacity of going through any process of reasoning without inconsistencies and self-contradictions at every step." In short "the air of impartiality and honour was not that which the British Arbitrator was habituated to breathe." Consistent in infamy to the last, at the conclusion of the Conference he took up his hat—we sincerely hope it was his own.

Everything that this modern Jeffries touches he taints. Everybody who is opposed to him or contrasted with him, acquires new lustre from the opposition or contrast. The Solicitor-Generalship and Attorney-Generalship, because he has held them, sink into "routine offices;" the policy of Lord Palmerston in the Greek question, because he supported it, becomes one of the blackest spots in history; Mr. Finlayson, for having written a diatribe against him, and against the most sacred of the chartered rights of Englishmen at the same time, is exalted into the position of a great

jurist; and even Lord Selbourne's merits are enhanced by the reflection that "nothing could deform him into a Cockburn."

To throw out in sinister relief the dark figure of the British Arbitrator, the other members of the Board are painted with a pencil dipped in the colours of the rainbow or the *New York Herald*. Count Sclopis is "a man of large stature and dignified presence; of the high breeding of rank, but without pretentiousness; cordial and kindly in social intercourse; the impersonation as it were of the intellect and the culture of continental Europe." But to form an adequate idea of his greatness you "must conceive and picture to your mind's eye the Alpine cradle of the adventurous and martial, but cultivated race of Italianized Savoisian princes, nobles and people—the fertile but ravaged valleys of the Rhone, the Arve, the Alberine, the Arc and the two Doras; the castellated heights of L'Ecluse, Montmelian and La Brunnetta; the vine-clad hillsides and the lofty *cols* diminished by the giant peaks of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa; the sepulchral monuments of Haute Combe and of Brou, and the rich plains along the Italian foot of the Alps." It is a pity that Mr. Cushing did not think of mentioning the white mice. But if Count Sclopis embodies all this, Lord Burleigh's nod is nothing to him; he is a walking diorama. Mr. Stämpfli is "a genuine representative of democratic institutions—sprung from the people—the son of his own works, clear-headed, strong-minded, firm-hearted—somewhat positive—not prone to talk except when talk was of the essence of things, and then briefly and to the point—in a word, of the very stuff out of which to make Presidents of Federal Republics." The village of Beatenburg, to which Mr. Stämpfli retired to get up the case, is described in a beautiful passage—"In such a blessed retreat even law-books might lose their dulness, and diplomatic correspondence, depositions and legal pleadings be invested with the

charmed reflection of the matchless scenery of lakes, fields, hamlets, cities, mountains, and rivers glittering in the sun, and resting in the horizon at the snow-crowned heights of the Jungfrau." "And so it seems to have been," continues Mr. Cushing, with graceful playfulness, "for good St. Beatus blessed the mountain labours of Mr. Stämpfli." He did so with a vengeance. The Viscount of Itajuba, with all his belongings, is beplastered in the same tasteful style. "In comparing Mr. Stämpfli, with his deep brown complexion, his piercing dark eyes, his jet black hair, his quick but suppressed manner, and the Viscount of Itajuba, with his fair complexion and his air of gentleness and affability, one having no previous knowledge of their respective origins would certainly attribute that of the former to tropical and passionate America, and that of the latter to temperate and calm-blooded Europe." Of the United States Arbitrator, Mr. Adams, what language can convey an idea? Even Geneva, the scene of the conference, comes in for a puff, which makes us feel how hopelessly depraved the nature of the Lord Chief Justice must have been when he could behave as he did in such a spot. "It is a *city*, in respect of the commodities of life; it is a *country* in so far as regards the locality and the surrounding natural objects." The italics are Mr. Cushing's own, and they are intended, no doubt, to impress upon our minds the unique character of a city which has stores inside it, and country on the outside. Every face beams wisdom and goodness; every prospect pleases; only the British arbitrator is vile. Mr. Cushing has described the manners of the Chief Justice, which are as disgusting as his learning is shallow, and as his reasonings are weak. We are sorry that a delicacy, which we think overstrained, has precluded a description of the personal appearance of this bad man, in which nature has no doubt warned the beholder of the villainy that dwells within. Delicacy, however, has not prevented Mr.

Cushing from introducing an allusion to the family reasons which are supposed to have led to the refusal by Sir A. Cockburn of a well-earned peerage, from which we hope an English mechanic would have had the heart, if he had not the refinement, to abstain.

Mr. Cushing's wrath is the more notable, and we feel it the more, because everything which has happened, or which he has had the opportunity of observing, in the course of these proceedings, has been of a character to soothe and propitiate his patriot heart. Nothing, for example, can be more gratifying than the contrast presented to him between British and American institutions. "Government in England is at the mercy of every gust of popular passion, every storm of misdirected public opinion, every devious impulse of demagogic agitation—nothing correspondent to which exists in the United States." While Mr. Gladstone and the other Ministers were "tossed to and fro on the surging waves of public opinion," it was matter of the highest thankfulness and gratulation and public pride to Mr. Cushing, as an American, "to see the Government of the United States—President, Secretary of State, Cabinet, Congress—continue in the even tenor of their public duty, calm, unruffled, self-possessed as the stars in Heaven." Our inexperience of sidereal "Indirect Claims" obliges us to take the truth of the comparison on trust. The light of the American Counsel, however, which shines in these pages, is very like that of a star—clear and brilliant, but steady and serene.

Mr. Cushing corrects by the way some British errors respecting the United States. "It not uncommon in England to suppose and to say that *demagogy*, that is factious appeal to popular prejudice or passion, is a conspicuous feature of political action in the United States. It seems to be supposed also that demagogy here pleases itself, especially with accusations of Great Britain." "The absolute reverse of all this," says Mr.

Cushing, "is the truth." It is a pity that he has forgotten to confirm his statement by reference to the unshaken dignity and rectitude with which, in defiance of Irish demagogues and their following, the Government of the United States kept the path of international duty in the matter of the Fenian Raids.

Mr. Cushing concludes, of course, with an apocalyptic vision of the Republic of the future, to which he adds an invitation to Canada, delicately worded, so as "not to shock respectable susceptibilities." After reading his work we feel inclined to anticipate the happy future and throw ourselves at once into his arms.

The Geneva rules, at least according to the Geneva interpretation of them, are about to pass into the limbo of Utopian regulations. They are the work of the professors of a speculative science spinning their tops in a vacuum, under the inspiration of "good St. Beatus." An attempt by a weak neutral to enforce them against a powerful belligerent would certainly be resisted by the belligerent, and then, as Mr. Stämpfli has not a cosmopolitan police as well as cosmopolitan theories at his command, there would be two wars instead of one. The result of overstraining the obligations of neutrality would, in fact, instead of universal harmony, be universal war. When the jurists have ended their debate, we shall be left again, in our observance of neutrality, to the rules of natural equity and good neighbourhood. There can be no doubt that the principle of arbitration is of great value in many cases; though in what cases is a point which will be practically settled not by *a priori* definitions, but the general relations, strength and temper of the parties; just as in private life some quarrels admit of mediation and some do not. But no heavier blow could have been inflicted on the system than the occurrence at the very outset of a great arbitration case, in which the parties were England on one side and the power repre-

sented by Mr. Caleb Cushing on the other.

The one consolation is that, when the fine has been paid, and the principles on which it is partly imposed have been repudiated, there is an end of this affair. The lesson taught is one which we hope, to use Mr. Cushing's polite phrase, has begun to "perforate the heads" of public men in England. History is full of proof, from the case of Judah and Ephraim downwards, that community of origin and language does not prevent one nation from being the bitter enemy of another, especially if the separation from the common stock has taken place in the way of hostile disruption. It is unfortunately a fact, patent to all who choose to see it, that as a nation, and with individual exceptions of which we have reason to feel proud, the people of the United States are, and by every possible index of national feeling show themselves to be, the bitter enemies of England. To propitiate them is impossible; and the way to prevent their hatred from assuming active and dangerous forms is to maintain strictly business relations with them, scrupulously to observe towards them every rule of courtesy as well as every obligation of justice, and never by ill-timed and unreciprocated advances to encourage their politicians in the belief that capital is to be made by invading our rights or trampling on our honour. Even with the utmost reserve and prudence on our parts, the future has difficulties and perils enough in store.

In the meantime we cannot help wishing for Mr. Caleb Cushing's production a wide circulation in Europe. European statesmen have had their differences and their rivalries with England; but they are men of sense and gentlemen. They cannot fail to draw their inferences, which will be the more salutary and practical because the American Government has of late shown a tendency to depart from the line traced for it by Washington, and to meddle in European affairs. General Grant, in his inaugural

message, announced the immediate advent of universal republicanism, with America for a guiding star. This flourish drew a scream of rage and terror from the monarchical powers of Europe like that which, in "Old Mortality," arises from the inmates of the Lord Lieutenant's coach when they see Goose Gibbie rushing at them in full career. The Continental dynasties have not yet had occasion to study hyfalutin. A guiding star without a powerful fleet is more likely (if we may be pardoned the abuse of metaphor) to light members of Congress to their back pay than European nations to revolution. Nevertheless, it is not improbable that pleasant experiences may be in store for other powers besides that to which the ties of kindred have hitherto secured a monopoly of American affection.

Poor Dr. Tiffany has been roasted enough. Instead of basting him we will venture to suggest to an indignant public that if he spoke a word out of season, as he too manifestly did, he was at all events actuated by no unfriendly feelings towards Canada, and as far as we can see, by no unfriendly feelings towards England. His infelicitous oration was a rather instructive disclosure of the impressions prevalent among the people of the United States as to the inclinations of the people of this country. Americans who have never been among us are, generally speaking, firmly persuaded that we must wish to be annexed, and that we are prevented from carrying our wish into effect only by British bayonets. They start in incredulous astonishment when you tell them there are no British bayonets in the Dominion except the reduced garrison of Halifax, and that Canada is as free from parental despotism and as completely her own mistress as any young lady in the United States. The source of their error, besides the belief in the overpowering attraction of "The New Civilization" expressed with picturesque simplicity by Dr. Tiffany, are the recollections of the rebellion

of 1838, and the present relations between the population of French Canada and that of the adjoining States. Americans have never been able, or perhaps they have never been willing, rightly to understand the nature of the rebellion of 1838, which was in fact not so much an insurrection against the Government of the Mother Country as a civil war between the Family Compact and the popular party in Canada. The relations between the population of French Canada and that of the adjoining States furnish, unfortunately, a more substantial ground for belief in a tendency to annexation ; for it seems clear that the French of the frontier are being Americanized by intermingling with their neighbours. On the other hand it is our strong conviction that the Americans would never think of laying violent hands upon Canadian independence. In spite of their Indirect Claims and their Caleb Cushings, we give them credit for a morality which would restrain them from the commission of so outrageous and barefaced an act of rapine as the piratical conquest of an unoffending nation. If they do not pay a very unswerving allegiance to any monitor in their own breasts, they are sensitive to the opinion of the world, which, they must know, would ring with indignation at such a crime perpetrated by republicans and professors of universal benevolence. It must be borne in mind that the Mexican war was the work of Southern rapacity, and that it was from New Orleans that Walker and his fillibusters went forth : the Northern people, though under the influence of their Anglophobia they can make themselves very disagreeable, are not regardless of moral considerations. But apart from morality, all sensible Americans—that is to say, the great majority of the nation—know very well that if they swallowed Canada against her will, she would infallibly be poison to them. A despotic government, like that of Austria before the recent revolutions, on annexing a province has only to take military possession, and send down a governor to assume the

command and keep in check any local disaffection. But a republic which annexes must also incorporate ; it must do so on pain of contravening its own fundamental principles, subverting the moral basis of its own institutions, and as it were committing suicide in the act of self-aggrandizement. When annexed we should have votes ; and the Eagle must be endowed with a gizzard of a superior order if it could digest four millions of Canadians, invested with political power, and exercising it, as they infallibly would, against the government which had robbed them of their nationality. In a territorial and commercial point of view the Americans would probably be willing enough to let General Grant have his way with regard to St. Domingo ; but they shrink from the political annexation of an alien and uncongenial race. Least of all would the Republican party which is now in power be inclined to annex a mass of population which would be likely to go almost as one man into the Democratic ranks, the British Canadians from a love of local independence which would attract them to the Democratic doctrine of State Right, the French Canadians from religious affinity to the Roman Catholics of the States, who all belong to the Democratic party. In our speculations on the probable conduct of the people of the United States, we are too apt to regard them as a united mass acting solely with a view to national aggrandizement, whereas, like all nations under party government, they are divided into two masses bitterly hostile to each other, and caring at least as much for victory in the party strife as for any object of national ambition. Hatred of Great Britain is strong enough to unite American parties : we doubt whether anything else is.

Our relations with our neighbours must always be so intimate, and their condition must affect us in so many ways, that a change in it for the better will always be good news to us. And there is reason to

believe that a change for the better is now taking place. "The New Civilization" is not so fatuously in love with itself that it cannot feel the presence of evils and struggle to amend them. In the late revisions of State Constitutions, especially in the States of New York and Illinois, a tendency has been shown on the part of the people to retrace their steps in a Conservative direction, to divest their representatives of powers which have been abused, and, above all, to restore the independence of the judiciary. In the State of New York, though the system of electing the judges has not been abandoned, the term of office has been lengthened, and the minority clause has been introduced into the election law. The adoption of the minority clause in this and other cases shows that the people are becoming sensible of the evils attending a tyranny of the majority. Possibly the example of Canada and England in retaining an independent judiciary may not have been without effect in helping the people of the United States to reascend the fatal slope, though we may be sure no reference was made to it by the prudent advocates of reform. The trial of the murderer Foster was marked, it is true, by a degrading exhibition of perverted sentiment; still the sentence of the law was carried into effect in spite of the great efforts made to prevent it, and we may hope that even in the City of New York respect for the sanctity of human life is beginning to revive, and that authority is taking courage to protect the peaceful citizen against the hitherto all-powerful ruffian. Tweed and his gang have, we fear, escaped punishment; only a Vigilance Committee could have given them their due, and if ever there was a case in which such wild justice was warrantable, it was theirs. But, at all events, Tammany has been overthrown, and the city government which has succeeded it, if still objectionable, and still tainted with the character of a ring, is, at all events, an improvement on the horde of

banditti which it has displaced. A thorough reform cannot be effected at New York, or in any other city, without a complete change in the system of municipal government, which, in truth, is just as much needed on this side of the line as on the other. Slavery was very far from being the sole source of all the political evil in the United States,—but the Old Democratic party, of which the great slave-owners were the leaders, was the source of a very large portion of the evil. The Northern wing of that party comprehended in its rank and file the whole of the Irish mob of the cities and the rowdy class generally: and these allies, as the price of their support, were permitted by the Southern grandees to revel in public plunder and to commit with impunity every sort of crime. There can be no doubt that, since the overthrow of this organization, a more respectable element has been getting the upper hand, and making serious though fitful and often abortive attempts at reform. Corruption still reigns at Washington, as the disclosures of last session too clearly proved, and the clique which misrules and plunders the country under the name of General Grant, strengthened by its victory over the abortive mutiny of the Liberal Republicans under the preposterous leadership of Horace Greeley, defies or evades all measures of reform. The rules framed by the Civil Service Commission are set at nought, and its most important member has consequently resigned. Still there appears to be a genuine feeling of indignation among the people; and we shall not be surprised if, next fall, purity were to make some head against party at the polls. If the Democratic leaders could get rid of their Irish mob, and become the champions of local self-government and administrative reform, they might rally many good citizens to their standard.

In the West an important popular movement has commenced against another great evil, the tyranny of companies, or, as they are called in the States, corporations, especi-

ally the railways. With a government which represents not the nation but a faction, and which is consequently unable to grapple with any powerful interest, and in a loose and shifting society, the members of which generally speaking are sadly wanting in political courage and readiness to stand up against public wrong, these bodies, or rather the men who rule them, have acquired a power above all control, of which they make a most unscrupulous and oppressive use. Indeed their influence has become a political peril of the first magnitude. The farmers of Illinois have, however, risen in a body against railway tyranny in their State, and it is probable that they will not be put down.

Still, though the horizon generally appears to be brightening, in one quarter it is as dark as ever. The state of the South seems in no way to have improved. Carpetbagging misrule, supported by Washington bayonets, petty civil wars between rival gangs of political banditti, murderous affrays between whites and negroes, appear to be still the order of the day, and all sorts of speculation, corruption, and perversion of justice are no doubt going on beneath this agitated surface. It becomes a serious question what the influence of these miserable satrapies upon a free government may be. Already the President, while he is a constitutional ruler in one half of the Union, is a corruptionist despot in the other half. Perhaps history may have to record one more instance of signal and nicely adjusted retribution. The offences of the South having been atoned for by the conquest, the territorial ambition which mingled largely with the purer motives of the North may be punished in the results.

Accuracy has never been the forte of the countrymen of Gil Blas, and it is impossible to make out, amidst the conflicting accounts from Spain, whether the Carlists are gaining or losing ground. But there can be little

doubt as to the ultimate issue. The Highlanders of Spain, even if they gain a Preston Pans, will have little more chance of seating their Prince Charlie on the throne of Madrid than their Scotch counterparts had of seating theirs on the throne of Westminster. The nation is too far advanced in Liberalism, both political and religious, to bend its neck again to the absolutist and ultramontane yoke, imposed by the least civilized portion of the people. The length and serious character of the struggle are in fact all in favour of the Republican Government, round which the nation must be compelled to rally against this formidable irruption of brigandage under the banner of Papal reaction. If it is true that Cabrera has been dug up and called to command Carlists, the presence of that bloodthirsty and fanatical chief will serve to make the Liberals and Constitutionals of all shades feel more deeply the need of union for their common defence and for the salvation of the country.

The danger lies not so much in the temporary successes of the Carlists as in the existence among the Liberals of a multiplicity of factions, in their want of political experience, and in their revolutionary chimeras. Evidently many of them, like the enthusiasts of the first French Revolution, are victims of the illusion that political change will produce a sudden access of universal felicity, and are ready to pull down everything which stands between them and the gate of social bliss. A moderate Federal Republic, with strong local institutions based on the old provincial feeling, is probably the constitution which (all the dynasties having failed) would best suit the actual state of the people, and has fairest chances of holding its ground. But some of the Federalists carry the principle to such an insane excess that they want to put an end to the central government altogether and abolish the national capital. Federalism has also, in Spain as at Paris, become mixed

up with Communism, although the Federal Republic is really more conservative than the Unitarian, which lends itself to the despotism of a violent faction and was consequently the favourite of the Jacobins. Whoever is actually at the head of affairs will do well by getting over the provisional and "constituent" period as rapidly as possible, and giving the nation a government capable of maintaining order, and protecting life and property, before the civil tie is completely loosened and the habits of allegiance are entirely broken up.

The Spanish sky is not bright; but the Spaniards have great qualities, and those who compare what Spain was in 1773 with what she is in 1873 will not be without hope for her future.

SELECTIONS.

A MONOLOGUE ON MATRIMONY.*

"Oh! magic of love! unembellished by you,
Has the garden a blush, or the herbage a hue?
Or blooms there a prospect in nature, or art,
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the
heart?"—*Moore.*

ALTHOUGH Cupid cannot be said to be young, yet he seems to enjoy perpetual youth, for he is not in the least the worse for wear,—his locks are still golden, his cheeks glowing, and the bright kindling glance of his eye is as radiant as ever; while his votaries are even more numerous than they have been in any previous age of the world: we therefore venture to hope that our theme may not prove "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," at least to our fair friends. First let us premise that we do not intend to inflict on the reader a grave homily on this delicate subject, but rather a gossiping sketch of the felicities and infelicities of the estate matrimonial, and its counterpart—celibacy, with an accompaniment of illustrative facts and anecdotes. Marriage has been designated an episode in the life of man,—an epoch in that of woman; it is certainly a most important crisis in the history of both, for it generally causes a strange metamorphosis in habit and character.

* From "Salad for the Solitary and the Social." New York; De Witt, C. Lent & Co., Publishers.

"The happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chemic compounds are,
Each with his own existence parts,
To find a new one happier far."

The ancients exalted domestic affection into a household god, and one of the most beautiful antiques now preserved is a gem representing the draped figure of a woman worshipping this deity, as it kneels upon a pedestal. Croly wrote the following sweet lines upon it:

"Oh! love of loves! to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he wants to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come
And on its altar closed—forever closed—thy plume!"

It has been said that while *Adam* was created *without* Paradise, *Eve* was created *within* the sacred enclosure, and that consequently the former always retains something of the original earthiness of his origin; while woman, "the precious porcelain of human clay," exhibits more of the refining process, both as to her physical and moral nature."

"If man is the head, woman is the crown.
She was formed of a rib out of the side of

Adam, to be equal with him,—under the arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.* The world has, in the main, indorsed the sentiment of this worthy divine.

Southey says, "Take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world, would be palsied.

"This is the salt unto humanity,
That keeps it sweet."

Its influence is sedative, sanative, and preservative—a drop of the true elixir, no mithridate so effectual against the infection of vice. Love, it has been said, invented the art of tracing likenesses, and thereby led the way to portrait painting; the cherished idol of our affection being ever imaged on the mental retina, or enshrined within the sacred recesses of the heart, as an idealization. Love, indeed, lends a precious seeing to the eye, and hearing to the ear: all sights and sounds are glorified by the light of its presence.

Home, the domain of the affections and the graces, is also the conservator of virtue. The amenities that adorn and beautify our earthly life spring up and flourish within that Eden enclosure—Home!

"Here woman reigns—the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."†

From the marriage relation spring those gentle charities and kindly offices of domestic affection which temper the austerities and selfish maxims of the world; while they serve also to help our faith in a future blissful estate of being, of which they are the type and harbinger. It is the sanctity of the domestic circle which links heart to heart in a hallowed compact, whence well up those genial affections of our better nature that fertilize the barren wastes of humanity and bless the world. If there be a spot on earth over which angels may be supposed fondly to linger, and scatter the sweet incense of heavenly blessing, it must be the sanctuary of a consecrated home. The surest safeguard against interruptions to domestic concord is the habit of wearing a smiling face;

* Matthew Henry.

† Cowper.

it will prove the panacea for every ill—the antidote for every sorrow; and who that has felt the luxury of thus conferring happiness, and chasing from the brow a shadow and the heart a grief, would grudge the effort for so rich a boon? There is a magnetic power in a spirit of cheerfulness and good temper. Its influence is as salutary and inspiring in the sphere of home, as sunbeams are to the flowers of the field. Among the most insidious foes to domestic happiness and moral health are the tyrannies of fashion, inconsiderate or unkind words, and the cruelties of scandal: all these are usually found to accompany weak heads, and perverted or petrified hearts. What spectacle can be imagined more touchingly beautiful or impressive than that which the marriage ceremonial presents? To witness the voluntary consecration of two intelligent beings on the altar of mutual faith and affection,—the union of their lives and fortunes in a solemn covenant which naught but death may dissolve, is indeed a scene of surpassing interest. That many instances of an infelicitous kind have occurred cannot be denied, but it is no less true that, in the great majority of cases, the marriage union has been productive of the happiest results; and were its claims always properly appreciated, such beneficent effects would ever follow in its train. True it is, as society is constituted, marriage becomes somewhat of a lottery—for its votaries are either the victims of Cupid or cupidity; in either case they are under the blinding influence of passion, and consequently but little subject to the control of reason."

An instance in which marriage was literally a lottery, was exemplified in a freak, said to have been enacted by a certain youthful swain in France, who, relying upon his personal attractions mainly, actually put himself up as the prize in a lottery of ten thousand tickets, at the value of two dollars each. This novel matrimonial expedient created a wondrous sensation among the belles of the French capital; and the result was, that all sorts of speculation went on among the fair, who eagerly bought up the tickets. A fair young damsel, who speculated merely for the frolic of the thing, became the holder of the prize ticket; the lucky youth tendered her the pecuniary proceeds of the lottery—\$20,000; they became a case of "love

at first sight," and within the brief limits of the day Hymen settled their destiny.

The happy marriage, says Steele, is where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty.

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."

Singular spectacles—rather we should say, pairs of spectacles—are occasionally to be seen in our popular promenades—ladies of towering altitude allied to dwarfish bipeds, who seem as though they were designed rather for the effect of contrast than equality; while again similar lofty specimens of the masculine sex are to be met with, peering into the upper air, dragging by their side like abbreviated instances of the feminine; seemingly to indicate that in resigning themselves to the stern alternative of espousing that (falsely so called) necessary evil,—a wife, they had sagaciously selected the least. Hood's inimitable pen portrays a calamitous case of the opposite kind, which the reader will possibly remember; yet we are tempted to introduce it here :

"Of wedded bliss bards sing amiss,
I cannot make a song of it ;
For I am small, my wife is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

"When we debate it is my fate
To always have the wrong of it ;
For I am small, and she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

"She gives to me the weakest tea,
And takes the whole souchong of it,—
For I am small and she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

"Against my life she'll take a knife
Or fork, and dart the prong of it !
For she is tall, and I am small,
And that's the short and long of it.

Necessarily there is no occasion for such marked dissimilarity of size in marriage; but there is no accounting for the eccentricities

which sometimes control connubial destiny. Neither is there inferiority or superiority between the sexes; each forms the complement of the other. Man has strength, woman beauty; man is great in action, woman in suffering; man's dominion is in the world, woman's at home; man represents judgment, woman mercy.

Arthur Helps justly remarks, "Women are in many things our superiors, in many things our inferiors—our equals, never. I hold with Coleridge, that there are souls masculine and souls feminine. If they had been made exactly amenable to our ways of reasoning, they would have too little hold upon us. Whereas now, being really resolved to rule, as all we men are, at least in serious matters, we are obliged to guide and govern them—when we do guide and govern them—through their affections, so that we are obliged perpetually to pay court to them, which is a very beautiful arrangement."

So, after all, it is a very pleasant vassalage that is imposed upon us by matrimonial bonds. "Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an Irish peer remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a gentleman should look at the faults of a pretty woman is—with his eyes shut!"

Instances, not a few, of disastrous marriages might be quoted, but as their rehearsal would not excite any pleasurable sensations, we shall refrain from the unwelcome task; we may, however, refer to the case of an adroit spinster, who was *cute* enough to prevent such an apparent catastrophe. A young Scotchman having wooed a pretty buxom damsel, persuaded her to accompany him to a justice of the peace, for the purpose of having the nuptials celebrated. They stood very meekly under the operation, until the magistrate came to that clause which imposes the necessity of subjecting the lady to the rule of her husband. "Say no more about that, sir," interrupted the half-married claimant; "if this hand remains upon this body, I'll make her obey me." "Are we married yet?" eagerly ejaculated the exasperated maiden to the ratifier of covenants between man and woman. "No," responded the wondering justice. "Ah, very well; we will finish the rest another time," she continued, and in a moment more vanished, leaving the astonished

swain to console himself for the escape of the bird he thought he had so securely caught and caged.

As a counterpart to the foregoing we might cite the instance of a certain couple of rustics who presented themselves to the priest as candidates for the holy estate of matrimony. On the conclusion of the ceremony the redoubtable husband, who began to have sundry misgivings at what he had done, said, "Your reverence has tied the knot tightly, I fancy; but, under favour, may I ask if so be you could untie it again?" "Why, no," replied the dominie; "we never do that on this part of the consecrated ground." "Where then," eagerly inquired the disconsolate victim. "On *that*," was the response, pointing to the churchyard.

A curious legend is related of Eginhard, a secretary of Charlemagne, and a daughter of the emperor. The secretary fell desperately in love with the princess, who allowed his advances. One winter's night his visit was prolonged to a late hour, and in the meantime a deep fall of snow occurred. If he left, his footmarks would betray him, and yet to remain longer would expose him no less to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighbouring house, which, it is said, she did. It happened that from the window of his chamber the emperor witnessed this novel proceeding; and in the assembly of the lords on the following day, when Eginhard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to a man who should compel a king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders through frost and snow on a winter's night? They answered that he was worthy of death. The lovers became alarmed, but the emperor, addressing Eginhard, said, "Hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death—but I give thee two lives; take thy fair porter in marriage, fear God, and love one another."

Balzac, the French novelist, exhibits another example of eccentricity in matrimonial affairs. When Balzac was at the zenith of his fame, he was travelling in Switzerland, and had arrived at an inn just at the very moment the Prince and Princess Hanski were leaving it. Balzac was ushered into the room they had just vacated, and was leaning from the window to observe their departure, when his attention was

arrested by a soft voice at his elbow, asking for a book which had been left behind upon the window seat. The lady was certainly fair, but appeared doubly so in the eyes of the poor author, when she intimated that the book she was in quest of was a pocket edition of his own works. She drew the volume from beneath his elbow, and flew downstairs obedient to the screaming summons of her husband, who was already seated in the carriage, railing in a loud voice against dilatory habits of women in general and his own spouse in particular; and the emblazoned vehicle drove off, leaving the novelist in a state of self-complacency the most enviable to be conceived. This was the only occasion upon which Balzac and the Princess Hanski had met, till his subsequent visit to Germany, when he presented himself—as her accepted husband. During these long intervening fifteen years, however, a literary correspondence was steadily kept up between the parties, till at length, instead of a letter containing literary strictures upon his writings, a missive of another kind, having a still more directly personal tendency, reached him from the fair hand of the princess. It contained the announcement of the demise of her husband, the prince, that he had bequeathed to her his domains and his great wealth—and consequently, that she felt bound to requite him in some measure for his liberality, and had determined upon giving him a successor—in the person of Balzac. It is needless to state that the delighted author waited not a second summons; they were forthwith united in wedlock at her chateau on the Rhine, and a succession of splendid fêtes celebrated the auspicious event.

The following romantic incident of real life has been also traced to Switzerland. Several years since an ill-assorted marriage held for a season in unwilling captivity a husband and wife, whose mutual distastes at length became so confirmed that they resolved upon a separation, and made an appointment with an attorney to meet and sign a deed to that effect. On their way thither they had to cross a lake, and as it happened they both embarked on the same boat. On their passage a storm arose, and the boat was upset. The husband, being a good swimmer, soon reached the shore in safety. On looking round to see the fate of his fellow-

passengers, he distinguished his wife, still struggling for her life, and in imminent danger. A feeling of his early affection returned to him, and plunging again into the water, he swam to her, and succeeded in rescuing her. When she recovered her senses, and learned to whom she owed her life, she threw herself into his arms, and he embraced her with equal cordiality; they then vowed to bury their differences in oblivion, and their after married life was no more darkened by the storm-clouds of strife, but brightened and glorified with the sunshine of love.

Those who wish to become acquainted with "the loves of the poets," we refer to Mrs. Jameson's pleasant book on that delicate subject. We may, however, glance at the eccentric conduct of Swift in his love matters. His first flame, whom he fantastically christened Varina, he deserted, after a seven years' courtship: the next he styled Stella, who, although beautiful in person, and accomplished, after a protracted intimacy he secretly married in a garden, although he never resided under the same roof with her, and never acknowledged the union till the day of his death. The third became a similar victim to his selfish hard-heartedness, which, it is said, caused her death. With all his wit and genius, such wanton brutality must ever reflect the deepest disgrace upon his character. The following case looks somewhat squally, and indeed possesses so much of the marvellous as to challenge belief. It is that of a gentleman who confesses he first saw his wife in a storm, took her to a hall in a storm, courted her in a storm, then married under the same boisterous circumstances, and lived with her during a like condition, but buried her in pleasant weather. The union of hearts and hands in holy wedlock has given birth to many luminous poetic effusions. The briefest exposition we remember to have seen is the following, which was doubtless intended merely as a love missive between two ardent souls, whose elective affinities—if spirits may commingle—resolved themselves into a perfect spiritual amalgam. Says our love-sick swain: "My heart to you is given: oh, do give yours to me; We'll lock them up together, and throw away the key."

We remember to have read somewhere an

account of a most exemplary instance of conjugal fidelity and devotion, which, if true, is certainly without a parallel. A young nobleman of Genoa, named Marimi, who held large estates in Corsica, whither he used to repair every few years to regulate his affairs, had married a beautiful creature, named Monimia, an Italian. They lived for some years in undiminished felicity, till—alas for the mutations of time!—the devoted husband was compelled no longer to defer a visit to the land of his possessions. During his absence, the island being at the time in a state of insurrection, a report reached the ears of the anxious spouse that he had fallen a victim to the popular fury and revolt. About the same time, as he was passing along the harbour, he overheard some sailors, who had just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife, then absent from the republic. The name of his beloved wife was at length mentioned, when, all suspicion yielding to the painful conviction that it was indeed she of whom they spoke, he became so overpowered with grief that he swooned away. On his recovery he determined to lose no time in repairing to his home, in order to ascertain the certainty of the report. Strange as it may appear, simultaneously with this the equally distressed wife resolved upon a similar procedure. They both took ship—one for Corsica, the other for Genoa; a violent storm overtook both vessels, and each was shipwrecked upon a desolate island in the Mediterranean. Marimi's ship first made land, and the disconsolate widower, wishing to indulge his grief, wandered into the embowered recesses of a neighbouring wood. Soon afterwards a Genoese ship landed Monimia, with one of her maids; actuated by similar emotions, she bent her sorrowing steps to the same retreat. They each heard the other complaining of their bitter fate; when, moved by a mutual curiosity to see their companion in grief,—judge of their amazement and rapturous surprise, when they instantly recognized in each other the object of their ardent solicitude and affection. One long, straining and passionate embrace, and they immediately expired!

Like a suit at chancery, marriage is likely to last a lifetime; each is much easier to get into than get out of again. A writer in *Punch* had the audacity thus to estimate matrimony:

"Which is of greater value,—pr'ythee say,—
The bridegroom or the bride? must the truth be
told?

Alas, it must; the bride is given away,—
The bridegroom, often, regularly *sold!*"

That is indeed a frail bond of affection which
would seek to unite hearts and hands together
by the blandishments of beauty merely, with-
out the deep faith of the heart.

"'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine."

This last named grace seems to have given
place to the modern infallible specific—money;
money, in the world's estimate, like charity,
covers a multitude of sins.

Some rhymester thus sums up the case in the
court of Cupid:

"Fair woman was made to bewitch:
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
A slave or a tyrant, a blessing or curse,—
Fair woman was made to be—which?"

"A French woman will love her husband,"
it has been said, "if he is either witty or
chivalrous; a German woman, if he is con-
stant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does
not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a
Spanish woman, if he wreaks terrible vengeance
upon those who are under her displeasure; an
Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical;
a Russian woman, if he despises all westerners
as miserable barbarians; an English woman,
if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the
court and nobility; and an American woman,
if he has—plenty of money!"

"Matches are made for many reasons,
For love, convenience, money, fun, and spite;
How many against common sense are treasons!
And few the happy pairs who match aright!
In the fair breast of some bewitching dame,
How many a youth will strive fond love to waken:
And when at length successful in his aim,
Be first *mis-led* and afterwards—*mis-taken!*"

In Southern Italy love making is, sometimes,
carried on by a system of pantomimics, from
opposing balconies. A code of significant
attitudinizing signals is adopted between the
parties; and although the method is mute,
yet, as actions speak louder than words, this

silent system seems to answer the purpose well
enough for that meridian.

That brief episode of romance, courtship,
is the spring-tide of life—the May of human
existence; fond memory clings to it with
cherished and lingering devotion; for, if at
no other period, the heart then reveals its
generous sympathies, and the habitual selfish-
ness of our nature is forgotten. If the month
posterior to the nuptial ceremony—the honey-
moon—is so richly freighted with happiness, it
is more than the great dramatist affirms of the
period anterior to that event, when he insists
"the course of true love never did run smooth."

Emerson has some poetic and forcible words
upon this subject of love; he says, "Be our
experience in particular what it may, no man
ever forgets the visitations of that power upon
his heart and brain, which created all things
new; which was the dawn in him of music,
poetry, and art,—which made the face of
nature radiant with purple light, the morning and
night of varied enchantments,—when a single
tone could thrill the heart, and the most trivial
circumstance associated with one form is put in
the amber of memory,—when we become all
eye when one is present—all memory when
one is gone."

Thackeray insists that "it is a good thing
for a man to be in love,—it softens his asper-
ities of character and quickens his sensibilities.
It is like inoculation, a kind of disease, with a
sanative effect resulting from it."

The true antidote or specific for love-sickness
is unremitting industry; since it is when
unoccupied that the poor victim is especially
vulnerable. It is then that the arch cunning
of Cupid usually takes effect, by bringing up
the vision of the *inamorata* in all her bewitch-
ing splendour. Yes, it is the lustrous eye, the
smiling lip, or the relieve bust, that does all
the mischief. Potential as it is, yet is beauty
—"the eye's idol"—often the most evanescent
and frail of Heaven's endowments. Notwith-
standing its frailty, however, the poet lavishes
all his wealth of imagery and pomp of diction
in the celebration of its praises.

Once, at Holland House, the conversation
turned upon "first love." Tom Moore com-
pared it to a potato, "because it shoots from
the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron,

"because it becomes all the less by *paring*." It was so in his case.

The Hibernian was in earnest, if not in haste, in his love: suit for a beauty, when he told her he "could get no sleep o' nights for dhramin' ov her." One of the most concise courtships we have heard of, was the following: An eminent geologist, who was travelling several years ago in a stage-coach, happened to take a seat opposite to a lady. Of course glances were exchanged, for how could they help so doing? A code of eye-signals was next adopted, and soon afterwards eye-language was exchanged for verbal conversation. After a few interchanges about fossils and petrifications, they began to talk about living objects and subjects, from generalities they descended to specialities and personalities. Said the gentleman, "I am still unmarried;" quoth the lady, "So am I." No. 1 then replied, "I have sometimes thought of marrying;" "So have I," responded No. 2. Then a pause ensued. "Suppose we were to marry one another," was then proposed by the man of fossils: "I would love and cherish;" "and I," said the fair one, "would honour and obey." Two days after, it is said, they did the deed.

Punch thus portrays the symptoms of a case of *heart-disease* or absent-mindedness super-induced thereby, the interlocutor being in evidence:

"Tell me, Edward, dost remember how at breakfast, often we
Put our bacon in the teapot while we took and fried
our tea?
How we went to evening parties on gigantic brewers'
drays,
How you wore your coats as trousers, in those happy,
happy days?
How we used to pocket ices when a modest lunch
we bought,
Quaff the foaming Abernethy, masticate the crusty
port?
How we cleaned our boots with sherry, while we
drank the blacking dry?
And how we quite forgot to pay for articles we used
to buy?"

Yes, falling in love is a queer business; for instance, a student leaves college, covered with academic honours, and not a stir in his affections, excepting for his "kith and kin;" but a fair maiden passes him on his way, and

straightway he loses his heart—the victim of a glance from a sunny face. A learned metaphysician, apparently lost to all external things by his abstract studies, walks out from his library, and his eye is suddenly arrested by the vision of a little satin shoe tripping most daintily along; and this grave epitome of severe learning becomes a ready captive to Cupid's snare! Take another instance: a redoubtable son of Mars, full panoplied for the fight, panting for victorious fame, enters a gay saloon in a foreign clime, where he meets a Spanish brunette, in her blaze of beauty; with a twirl of her fan she takes him captive. Who shall give to us a mathematical demonstration of the mystery?

Notwithstanding all that women have charged against us, men, under the counts of "woman's rights," and "woman's wrongs," are they not indispensable to our social happiness? Are they not the "queens of society," whose empire is the heart, and whose sceptre is love? Of all the tributes ever paid to woman's worth by pen of poet, and they have been neither few nor small, a single line of Scotia's bard is the most comprehensive:

"What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere not for the lasses, o'?"

One of the old dramatists thus touches upon the seductive subject: "Sing of the nature of woman, and the song shall be surely full of variety,—old crotchets and most sweet closes,—it shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly—one in all, and all in one!"*

But leaving woman as Adam found her, the predestined mistress of the affections, we will refer the reader to the old poet Gower's chivalric devotion to the maiden of his muse:

"What thing she bid me do, I do;
And where she bid me go, I go;
And when she likes to call, I come;
I serve, I bow, I looke, I loute,
Mine eye it followeth her about"

The human family is divided into two classes, the married and the single; the former have been often deemed legitimate objects for their raillery and jest by the advocates of celibacy; and it is but fair that the opposite party should

* Beaumont.

be permitted a share of the like pleasantry. As a specimen of the former, take the following lines of a most inveterate woman-hater—one of the early printers who flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century. The extraordinary production in which this curious satire occurs is entitled "*The scole-house, wherein every man may rede a goodlie prayer of the condycyons of women,*" &c. This erudite scribe thus apostrophizes the sex :

"Trewly some men there be
That lyve always in great horroure,
And sayth it goth by destynie,—
To hang, or wed,—both hath one hour ;
And whether it be ! I am well sure
Hanging is better of the twaine,—
Sooner done and shorter payne !"

It is admitted, on all hands, to be both a delicate and perilous thing to pry into a woman's age ; and the embarrassment becomes increased in the exact ratio of its advance, especially in the case of an unmarried lady. The precise epoch at which the epithet *old* may be admissible is no less involved in mystery. It is, therefore, highly expedient to avoid inquisitiveness upon the subject. Possibly the solution of the mystery of woman's age may be found in the fact that beauty does not always bloom ; and when her dimpled smiles and ruddy hues pass away, it is a vain endeavour to supply their lack by the aid of costly cosmetics and *bijouterie*.

Unmarried maidens ought, of course, to be styled the *matchless* among the fair, for in more senses than one, the definition is applicable to them. Are they not usually the ministering angels of the social circle ; and are they not the *sine qua non* in the chamber of sickness ? Some of the sweet sisterhood remain unintentionally among the unmarried, and these claim our respectful sympathy ; others there are, known by the epithet *coquette*, possessing more charms of person than graces of character ; these often fail of matrimonial alliance from presumption. When too late, these nymphs resort to every expedient to avert the unwelcome issue, but in vain ; "love's sweet vocabulary" has been exhausted, and the charms, divinations, and necromancy of Venus herself have been called into requisition, but potent as they usually are, without the desired effect in their behalf. We have been accus-

tomed to associate Cupid with simply his bow and quiver full of arrows ; but the queen of love, it seems, can invoke to her aid much more varied and irresistible artillery for capturing the citadel of the heart. To enumerate in full detail these appliances of woman's art would startle the credulity of the unsuspecting reader. Neither the "gentle moon," nor good old St. Valentine, the tutelary divinities of the tender passion, have, in their case, done their office ; who, therefore, can wonder, after such an expenditure of effort and exemplary enduring patience on their part, that our forlorn fair ones should become the victims of ennui,—or that their once jubilant and joyous features should become tinged with an expression of melancholy. We hear much of the merry old bachelor, that he is devoid of care, that he is everywhere the centre of a charmed circle, and that he is, in a word, a being envied by all, pitied by none. Even *Lord Bacon*, among others of the literary and learned, insists that mankind is indebted to the unmarried and the childless for its highest benefactions in the world of science and song. "They are," he adds, "the best of friends, the best masters, and the best servants." The verdict of society has, however, changed since the days of that sage philosopher.

Old bachelors have been styled "unproductive consumers ; scissors with but one blade ; bows without fiddles ; irregular noun-substantives, always in the singular number and objective case ; unruly scholars, who, when told to conjugate, always decline."

Some wag thus apostrophizes the old bachelor : "What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house and his rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night, when the fierce winds blow, and when the earth is covered with snow. When his fire is out, and in shivering dread, he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws up his toes, all encased in yarn hose, and buries his nose 'neath the chilly bedclothes ; lest his nose, and his toes, still encased in yarn hose, should chance to get froze. Then he puffs and he blows, and says that he knows no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes ; and with ahs ! and with ohs ! with his limbs to dispose, so that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze—to his slumbers, in silence, the bachelor goes !"

Apart from its endearing associations and

immunities, the marriage relation is constituted the great conservator of human existence; without it the world would soon become a waste, and the beneficent purposes of its great Author be frustrated. This sentiment we accordingly find to have obtained, as by instinct, in all ages. Fines were first levied on unmarried men in Rome, about the middle of the fourth century; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to insure obedience to connubial edicts, celibacy was visited by penal punishments.

Having indulged our laugh against the bachelor tribe, and the *matchless* spinster sisterhood, we have a few words to say about bewitching widows—perhaps the most difficult to define of all human enigmas. Widows, generally speaking, are especially dangerous to the peace of bachelors; having graduated in the school of domestic life, they have become proficient in “the art which conceals art,” they have exchanged simplicity for sophistry and seductive contrivance. They do not often say—“no,” to an “offer;” and if the party is timidly backward in coming forward, they have an enchanting habit of meeting him half way.

Old *Weller*, in the *Pickwick Papers*, warns his impressible son, *Sam*, against their wiles, and affirms, that “one *vidder* is equal to twenty-five single vomen!” Here is a life-like sketch of a first-class widow :

“She is modest, but not bashful, free and easy, but not bold—
Like an apple, ripe and mellow, not too young, and not too old ;
Half inviting, half repulsive ; now inviting, now too shy ;
There is mischief in her dimple, there is danger in her eye !
She can tell the very moment when to sigh and when to smile ;
Oh ! a maid is sometimes charming, but a widow all the while.
Are you sad ? how very serious will her handsome face become :
Are you angry ? she is wretched, lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb :
Are you mirthful ? how her laughter, silver-sounding, will ring out :
She can lure, and catch, and play you, as the angler does the trout !”

So long as fascinating women, be they widows or maidens, still remain amongst us, to light up life's pathway and to gladden our eyes, there

is hope for bachelors, old or young. So that if even any crusty, rusty old blades, long “laid on the shelf,” and deemed beyond all redemption, should thus become *owned* and polished, their dulness removed, their temper improved—and a new edge being put upon them, they may hereafter cut a better figure in the world, with more comfort to themselves and advantage to their neighbours. The most effectual way to curb a wild youngster is to *bridal* him; and the best way to keep a man in *countenance*, who is tired of inspecting his own disconsolate visage in the mirrors, is to turn his gaze towards some *smiling* vision of beauty, and then, if he may, secure it, as real estate or personal property.

Tom Moore once committed an act of petty larceny, by clipping a stray ringlet from the head of a young lady, who, on demanding restitution, received from the poet this witty reply :

“On one sole condition, love, I might be led,
With this beautiful ringlet to part,—
I would gladly relinquish the *lock* of your head,
Could I gain but the *key* to your heart !”

Few topics have been made so fruitful a theme of badinage and sarcasm by the wits as that of marriage. If the old bachelor is said to become *bearish* in his isolation, a man of the opposite class, during courtship, is thought to exhibit a strong resemblance to a goose; and when this incipient stage is exchanged for the estate matrimonial, he is honoured with the epithet *sheepish*. Some have indulged their vein of irony in verse, a curious specimen of which we subjoin; it evinces as much ingenuity as wit, for it admits of being read two ways, to convey a directly opposite sentiment. We transcribe it according to what we consider its true meaning; but in order to make it tell the reverse, it will be necessary to alternate the lines, reading the first and third, then the second and fourth :

“That man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by a wife ;
Who's freed from matrimonial claims,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

“Adam could find no solid peace
'Till he beheld a woman's face ;
When Eve was given for a mate
Adam was in a happy state.

"In all the female race appears
Truth, darling of a heart sincere :
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride
In woman never did reside.

"What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in woman we behold ?
The failings that in woman dwell
Are almost imperceptible.

"Confusion take the men, I say,
Who no regard to women pay,
Who make the women their delight
Keep always reason in their sight."

One of the most eminent of her sex, Mrs. Jameson, referring to the mission of woman, has said : "It is hers to keep alive all those purer, gentler, and more genial sympathies—those refinements in morals, in sentiments, in manners, without which men exposed to the rougher influences of every-day life and in the struggle with this selfish world, might degenerate (do degenerate, for the case is not hypothetical) into mere brutes." Such is the beautiful theory of woman's life-mission—preached to her by moralists, sung to her by poets—till it has become the world's creed and her own faith.

The marriage bond has been compared to the "Gordian knot," because it is an inextricable one—which none are supposed to be competent to unloose. In these modern days, however, too many, disregarding the sanctity

of this union, wait not for death to dissolve it, but, like Alexander the Great, ruthlessly sunder at will the mystic cord.

The wedding-ring, symbolical of the perpetuity of the conjugal relation, has ever been the accepted accompaniment of marriage. Its being put on the fourth finger of the left hand has been continued, from long-established usage, because of the fanciful conceit that from this finger a nerve went direct to the heart.

"Little, simple, valued thing, made for little finger
fair,

How much sorrow you may bring, when for lucre
you ensnare !

Yet, if heart and hand unite, and if soul to soul be
given,—

Then the solemn nuptial rite is a sweet foretaste of
heaven !"

Evil portents sometimes scare the happy pair, even after the Gordian knot has been tied. *We* are not, say you, fair maiden, superstitious on that subject : well, then, that being the case, we will tell you on which day to do the deed, if it has not been already enacted : we subjoin a little *advice gratis* :

Now list the oracle : "On Monday, for wealth ; Tuesday, for health ; Wednesday, the best day of all ; Thursday, for crosses ; Friday, for losses ; Saturday, no luck at all !"

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

AN interesting correspondence has been going on in *Nature* with regard to the inheritance of instincts amongst animals. Mr. Huggins, the well-known astronomer, communicates a singular case in which an unnatural and clearly acquired instinct has been transmitted through several generations of a famous breed of dogs. His own dog, by name Kepler, is the son of the celebrated English mastiff, Turk, and Mr. Huggins obtained him when a pup of only six weeks of age. He was soon discovered to have the most extraordinary an-

tipathy to butchers and to butchers' shops. Nothing would induce the dog to pass a butcher's shop, and this antipathy was both so unaccountable and so inconvenient, that Mr. Huggins was induced to investigate the matter carefully. It was then found that the same strange antipathy existed in Turk, in Turk's father, and in all Turk's sons ; so that there can be no question as to its being an inherited instinct. What may have been the origin of an instinct of such strength as this is proved to be by its constant transmission in

the male line, it is difficult to say. Perhaps some explanation may be found in a passage quoted by a correspondent from Boswell's Life of Johnson :—"The custom of eating dogs at Otaheite being mentioned, Goldsmith observed that this was also the case in China; that a dog-butcher there is as common as any other butcher; and that when he walks abroad, all the dogs fall on him. Johnson.—'That is not owing to his killing dogs, sir. I remember a butcher at Lichfield, whom a dog, that was in the house where I lived, always attacked. It is the smell of carnage which provokes this, let the animals he has killed be what they may.' Goldsmith.—'Yes; there is a general abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre. If you put a tub full of blood into a stable, the horses are like to go mad.'" There can be little doubt as to the fact that many animals dislike the sight or odour of blood; but the above explanation would hardly serve to account for any dog having a dislike to a butcher or to a butcher's shop. In fact, if this explanation were true, we should expect to find that no butcher could keep a dog or induce it to stay with him, whereas the reverse is notoriously the case. More probably, therefore, Mr. Darwin is correct in his suggestion that the dislike shown by Turk and his relations is to be placed in the category of those unaccountable likes and dislikes which dogs and other animals are apt to exhibit without any assignable cause.

The Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have just received a first instalment of the work of surveying and mapping the Holy Land. It consists of the first three sheets of an Ordnance map of the country, on the scale of one inch to a mile, based on an accurate trigonometrical survey, and including the district between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the country north of Jerusalem towards Nablous, and embracing an area of five hundred and sixty square miles. The survey has been already completed over an area of about one thousand square miles, and further sheets may be expected almost immediately.

The explosive compound known as "lithofracteur" consists of nitro-glycerine, containing the ingredients of gunpowder, namely, saltpetre, sulphur and carbon, mixed with sand. It thus

differs from "dynamite," over which, however, it does not appear to have any special advantage. It is much safer than nitro-glycerine itself, since it will burn in an open fire without exploding, and it is also not exploded by mechanical violence, blows, or concussion, however violent. When fired with a Bickford fuse and detonator in thin zinc tubes, either against stockades, in mines, or under water, it explodes with an inconceivable violence. It is likely to take a prominent part in the warfare of the future, and it is at present employed in the Prussian service. It is likewise capable of many peaceful applications, one of the most striking of which is found in the recent proposal to employ it in cutting through sandbanks, and other obstructions to navigation. Thus it has been proposed to use it for cutting through a huge sandbank at Rotterdam, nearly a mile in width, by sinking tubing of that length charged with ten tons of the explosive.

The so-called "practical man," remarks Mr. Bramwell, the eminent engineer, is the bane of science, and "the perpetual bugbear in the way of improvements." The truly practical man, that is the man who knows the reason of that which he practises, and who possesses that necessary amount of theoretical and scientific knowledge which justifies him in pursuing any process he adopts, is a help, and not a hindrance, to the progress of science. "But the practical man, as commonly understood, means the man who knows the practice of his trade but knows nothing else concerning it; the man whose wisdom consists in standing by, seeing but not investigating the new discoveries which are taking place around him, in decrying these discoveries, in applying to those who invent discoveries, even the very greatest, the name of schemers; and then, when he finds that beyond all dispute some new matter is good and has come into general use, taking to it grumblingly, but still taking to it, because if he did not he could not compete with his co-manufacturers. The aim and object of such a man, indeed, is to ensure that he should never make a mistake by embarking his capital or his time in that which has not been proved by men of large intelligence and large hearts. It is such a practical man as this who delays all improvements."

It is probable that China will one day be one of the great coal-producing countries of the world. It is stated on competent authority that the known coal-fields of China cover an area of about four hundred thousand miles, whereas the coal-fields of Great Britain do not occupy more than the comparatively insignificant area of about twelve thousand square miles. Baron von Richtofen reported in 1871 respecting certain coal-bearing provinces, notably that of Shansi, containing some thirty thousand square miles of country in which the coal-measures come to the surface, with beds of coal varying from twelve to no less than thirty feet in thickness. The recent coal-famine in England has drawn forth the proposition that the English Government should make a formal demand for the opening of the coal-fields of China, and in event of refusal to comply with this demand should declare war against the Celestial Empire.

An important extension of the work of the United States Signal Office, so far as the system of weather telegraphy is concerned, is about to be put into operation. It is proposed to employ the country post-offices as intermediate agents for disseminating weather intelligence, for which purpose the territory east of the Mississippi has been divided into districts of about two hundred miles square, each having a point of distribution near its centre, to which the "probabilities" will be telegraphed from Washington, and from which two copies of the report are to be sent to all post-offices within the district which can be reached by mail as early as six o'clock in the evening. Country post-offices are notoriously the centres of information in rural districts, and

in order to afford the farmers in the community, especially, an opportunity of profiting by this information, postmasters receiving this information are to place a copy as soon as possible in a conspicuous situation, where the public can see and read it.

A Berlin chemist has introduced a solution of gutta-percha in ether for the purpose of giving maps, pictures, globes, &c., a clear thin coating for protecting them against dust and dirt. Objects so covered can easily be cleaned by the application of a moistened rag. Drawings, executed with pencil, crayon, or charcoal, can easily be fixed permanently by the use of the same solution in a dilute form, the evaporation of the ether leaving a thin but sufficiently protective, and quite transparent film of gutta-percha on the surface of the paper.

The make of pig-iron in the Marquette district, to the south of Lake Superior, is given, in round numbers, as fifty-one thousand tons for 1871, as compared with forty-nine thousand tons in 1870, thirty-nine thousand tons in 1869, and thirty-eight thousand tons in 1868. The value of the iron ores and pig-iron from the same district, taken together, is stated at six millions of dollars for 1871, as compared with two millions and a half in 1866, four hundred thousand dollars in 1860, and only twenty-eight thousand dollars in 1856. From these figures some idea may be obtained as to the rate at which the iron industry in this district has progressed within the last quarter of a century. The entire production of rails in the United States during 1871 is estimated at about seven hundred and fifty thousand tons.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Courtenay Boyle writes in *Macmillan* on "Ball-giving and Ball-going," which is becoming the most interesting subject in London. Mr. Boyle gives us some rather curious glimpses into the habits of the great world. He ascribes special virtues to balls. "There must be more unbending in a ball

than in any other party. It is impossible to go through the whole course of a ball without relaxing from that stiffness of manner which too often is assumed through the whole of less varied evenings. There are, moreover, so many ways in which people may enjoy themselves at a ball, and within certain

limits liberty as to coming and going is so wide, that a ball is always looked upon as the climax of hospitality. Drums and dinners play their part, but balls are, in theory at least, the great means of producing social happiness and amusement."

Some givers of balls are *nouveaux riches* who want to rise in society. "These persons have at first a hard task. The most lavish expenditure and the greatest possible taste will be all in vain, if 'people don't go.' The fatal criticism, 'No *cute* was there,' is enough to nullify every effort, and make every expenditure resultless. It is, however, in modern times, rarely the case that no good friend, herself of established position, can be found able and willing to canvass for guests of the required calibre. The would-be hosts, therefore, are sure to find some means of making the excellence of their hospitality known, and have they only perseverance and lavishness, are sure ere long to find their rooms thronged with persons who, but a short time previous to their appearance, would not have dreamed of being present. The process is, of course, gradual, and cannot be carried out in one year or two. But so many instances are to be found of its ultimate success, that it cannot be denied to be extremely likely to have the desired effect." "Brilliant entertainments in London, at which gradually but surely the presence of all who can confer prestige is obtained, are followed by perpetual hospitality in the country; and it is hoped, often not without reason, that such an employment of wealth may be the means for making a permanent advance in the social scale, even if not for earning a way to the peerage."

There are many hosts known whose sole object is hospitality. Such hosts have many difficulties to contend with. The first is fixing a day. When the hostess has fixed her day, she is in danger of hearing that a bigger than she has selected the same day. Certain great houses have the privilege of throwing themselves open on the shortest possible warning. When it is announced on Monday that the owner of one of these is going to have "a small dance" on Wednesday, there is weeping and gnashing of teeth in the house of the hostess of Wednesday, who knows that many of her nicest people will be drawn away. A still greater difficulty lies in arranging the invitations. People have begun to regard the house of the giver of a ball as public property. There is little scruple in asking for invitations. Hosts are overrun with notes asking cards for cousins and friends, or for leave to bring so-and-so, who has such a pretty daughter. Hostesses themselves are to blame for giving friends the privilege of issuing invitations. When it is understood that Lady A. has entrusted a certain number of "cartes blanches" to Mrs. B., the great thing is to "get at" Mr. B.; and Lady A. her-

self is comparatively disregarded, and a notion springs up that an invitation can be somehow or other procured even for the house of an utter stranger. The name of those who ask for invitations is legion. They are to be found in every class, from the guests of Bryanston Square to those who pester the Lord Chamberlain with their obtrusive egotism on the eve of a Buckingham Palace ball. There is absolutely no limit to the boldness shown. Such a letter as the following is possible:

"Dear _____,—I hear you are going to have a dance on Thursday. That is the night in which I have my theatricals, but we need not clash, as the play will be all over at eleven, and I can then bring my people on.

Yours very truly,
_____,"

And this from one who was scarcely known to her correspondent, and who had not been asked to the dance.

Invitations are best managed when the mistress of the house does them herself, or there are young ladies to take them in hand. When this is not possible recourse is had to a formal list. But this leads to curious results. Cards are sent to people who have done with balls for ever, others are asked under names which have long ceased to be theirs, and some are invited who were decidedly not intended to be present but who happen to have similar names to those who were. The system, moreover, has the disadvantage of formality, and of preventing the feeling that the invitation springs directly from the friendship of the hostess. Mistakes, however, happen even when the invitations are managed by mamma and the girls. Rudolphina leaves all the S.'s under the sofa, and they are found there the next morning.

Then there is the difficulty about the size of the rooms. A ball which is too empty is a failure. A ball which is too crowded is not very nice. If you have two dances instead of one, people fancy they are asked to the wrong one. Nothing is more unpleasant than a ball which is too crowded. A "squash" without dancing is tolerable; but to attempt to dance in a place five feet by three is as inconvenient to the dancers as a perpetual squeeze is to chaperons. At least twenty per cent. more people than were at first asked are sure to appear, and the list should be calculated accordingly.

Sometimes a popular hostess determines to have "just a few people," and is rash enough to let the secret ooze out. She is at once placed in the dilemma of mortally offending several of her dearest acquaintances, who would resent being left out of anything select, and seeing her little party swell to abnormal dimensions.

The first requisite of a good ball is that the guests

should know and like each other. The second is good music. Proper ventilation, a good floor, a graceful arrangement of flowers, and a well managed supper, are minor but important considerations. For the supper nobody cares very much but a few *gourmets*, but everybody likes to have his moderate wants easily satisfied, and, above all, not to be poisoned with bad champagne. The effects of crowding and bad music are soon over: an injury to digestion not so soon.

Viewing balls from the point of view of those who go to them, they are given more for young women than young men. The difficulty of securing the attendance of men who will dance is in itself a sufficient proof of this.

And to a girl, a London season is, as has been said, much what going to school is to a boy. A girl is taught to fight her own battles, to develop her own idiosyncrasy, to rely on her own resources, by going out. Her rough edges—may the goddess of female perfection pardon the phrase—are knocked off. The most remarkable difference in character may be observed between the *débutante* in her first season, and her who has been out for two or three years. Shyness, diffidence, want of self-confidence have vanished; and in their place are tact and *savoir-faire*. Just as, however, in a boy, going to school will develop bad qualities as well as good, so in a girl a London season will bring into prominence many a fault which, were it not for repeated mixings with society, would perhaps lie hid. Conceitedness, rudeness, what is usually called "being fast," vanity—are all faults which are encouraged by ball-going. On the other hand, the mortifications which sensitive girls sometimes undergo in a London season are such as to act as a salutary training on certain minds, even though they blur the *couleur de rose* which may previously have seemed to shine o'er the world. Assuredly it is a time of no slight anxiety for a mother when she takes her daughter out for her first season.

Men being at a premium, the "gross result" has been brought about that at the starting of a girl's career it is more or less an honour for her to be asked to dance. The *débutante* must accept all partners who offer themselves, at the risk of being left blooming alone. She ought to be allowed to give some evasive answer, like "not at home." Sometimes young ladies have two cards—one for desirable partners to write their names upon, one to be shown when an undesirable gentleman claims his dance.

The conversation of a ball-room has perhaps met with more severe criticism than any means of interchanging ideas. If it is remembered that every ball-room conversation is limited, first by the necessity for dancing, and secondly by the necessity of "not staying too long away from mamma," it does not seem as if much ought to be expected. There is no time for depth of discussion during a "square," or between the intervals of a "round." "Sitting out," indeed, generally conduces to conversation, which sometimes is of an exceedingly interesting

nature; but sitting out is generally the privilege of old friends, who need no stimulus to a quiet and agreeable talk. It must be in the nature of things extremely difficult to begin, carry on, and finish a conversation worth anything with about twelve different people in one night. As soon as you have got beyond the opening sentences it is time to leave off. The first orthodox questions, as to the opera, the weather, the park, the last "new thing," are like a prelude to a piece of music, or the first few moves in a game of chess. They are unavoidable, but useless. No one can plunge into conversation with a stranger, or the acquaintance of a week, at once. Just as good swordsmen spend some time in feeling their adversaries' strength, so even a good talker will find it necessary to test the powers of his companion. Were it not so, the most absurd results would take place, and you might find yourself plunging into a gossiping conversation with a blue-stocking, or discussing Mill with her whose soul is in the valse. On the whole, it seems doubtful whether, except from its brevity, ball-room conversation is much worse than the conversation of other times. It lacks, indeed, time enough to become developed, and it is always being commenced *de novo*; but many clever things are said in a ball-room, and the foundation of many an important idea or phase of mind is laid during the music of a dance.

One of the witty journals of London lately carried on a discussion as to flirting. Flirting means so many different things to different people, that it would be difficult to obtain any general assent as to the light in which it ought to be held. If by flirting is meant—in the ball-room sense—making deliberate love where nothing more than passing amusement is intended, then most people would agree that flirting is most pernicious. The girl whose sole object is to get proposals which she rejects with scornful merriment and "tip-tilted nose," has much to answer for. The man whose eyes are continually saying that which he never brings his lips to say, has more. Both do harm which they cannot repair. Both inflict wounds which they cannot heal, but which are none the less deep because they do not bleed. Society is not so hollow that all in it is to be looked upon as false. Otherwise the honest man or woman would have no place there; and Heaven forbid that this should be the case. Deliberate falsehood therefore—and such flirting is nothing else—is powerful for ill. Far be the day when every girl has to look upon what is said to her at a ball-room as entirely fictitious and untrustworthy, or when a man may look and say things by which next morning he may utterly refuse to abide. If flirting, however, merely means chaff, good-humour, fun, and wit; the pleasure which two people who like one another's society take in being together; a chat over a past pleasant party, a scheme for a future one,—then none may wage successful war against it. Stupid among the stupid is the girl who never gets beyond cold commonplaces because she is afraid of having love made to her; and wearisome is he whose actions and words are regulated solely by the fear of being asked his intentions. In this respect, indeed, different men have different privileges. The *parti* of the season must be far more guarded than he whose "detrimentalism" has been known for years. The Foreign-office clerk, or the younger son in the Grenadiers, may

say and do much that the owner of acres or the eldest son may not. All this is pretty well understood; and considering the number of people who would be affected by them, mistakes as to this seldom occur.

Remarks follow on hours, dances (Mr. Boyle thinks it is time to invent a new dance), and various points of manners. Sage precepts are given as to the necessity of learning to dance and to "steer." On the whole, Mr. Boyle thinks that wonderful good humour is displayed in ball-rooms. Collisions are thought nothing of. Falls are rare, and generally are caused by the spurs of men in uniform. On one occasion at a full-dress ball a lady was seen at one side of the room with her dress caught in the spur of a man who was at the other side. Between the two was a large length of binding, on and over which dancers were in the greatest possible danger of tripping.

A word of sympathy is bestowed on chaperons. It is fortunate that there are men who will chat with them. An occasional bit of gossip must be an enjoyable variation of the endless duty of watching, watching, watching, half asleep, yet obliged to keep awake, through the endless succession of rounds and squares. It is wonderful that a Chaperons' Co-operative Society has not been got up to enable some few ladies of undoubted stability and wakefulness to do duty at a ball for the whole number.

With many people a ball is not considered perfect unless it finishes with a cotillon. There are men who devote themselves to cotillons, and hop about London with the sole object of learning new figures, or taking care that the old ones are properly performed. In some great houses the cotillon is the most important thing of the evening. The presents are provided with lavishness, and the figures are splendidly got up. But Mr. Boyle doubts whether the cotillon is really enjoyable. Its essence is rivalry. One is preferred, the other rejected. This may be very well among friends, but is questionable among strangers. More than one leader of a cotillon found this last year, and discovered that even men did not like to kneel at the feet of a strange young lady in the middle of the room and be scornfully rejected. The best people do not stay for cotillons in London, whatever they may do in a country house.

Mr. Boyle concludes with the following remarks:

"It has been said that going to balls exercises a considerable moral effect upon young girls. It does so to a certain extent also upon men, and perhaps even upon chaperons. In the little world of the ball-room many of those feelings, phases of character, and motives of action come into play which influence life in the graver world outside. The pride of the proud, the cynicism of the cynic, the kindness of the warm-hearted, the softness of the gentle

—all these are attributes which to no small extent affect the intercourse of people in a ball-room. Habits are formed, developed, or unlearned, which come not to an end when the time of ball-going is over. And the disposition which will be esteemed or loved in real life will be popular in society. As the man is most popular who thinks and gives no offence, whose good humour attributes the best motives to every action, who goes through the world happy himself and using his best endeavours to make other people the same; so the girl who is never offended, never rude, who laughs if she is "thrown over," and who does not think that her friends mean to be unkind to her, will find herself with most partners and with the greatest capacity of enjoying her ball-going as well as her after life."

Mr. Boyle's paper is full of instruction in their own pursuit to the ball-goers of the great world; for other readers it is not devoid of instruction of a different kind.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains a remarkable article by Mr. Freeman, the historian, on "Public Opinion and Private Morality." "Many things," says Mr. Freeman, "both great and small, forcibly bring before the mind the thought that there is a sense in which we, who live in the great kingdoms and commonwealths of modern Europe, are less patriotic than the citizens of ancient city communities. There are many points in which our political life is more healthy than theirs was; but it certainly seems that we have not as a rule, that living feeling of the State, as something ever present to our thoughts, as something demanding of us constant efforts and constant sacrifices, which the loyal citizens of an ancient or medieval commonwealth certainly had." In a large state, in one sense, be it of the size of Denmark or of the size of Russia, it is impossible that the existence of the state can be brought home to every man as something in which he is personally and daily concerned, in the same way in which it can in a state composed only of a single city. The average citizen cannot have the same constant personal knowledge of public affairs, the same personal share in them, which he may have in a city commonwealth. Be the constitution of the state never so free, the ordinary citizen hears more of a government which is set over him than of a commonwealth of which he forms a part. The natural, the unavoidable result, is a comparative deadness of public feeling. On a great emergency, a war for instance, when the being of the state and his personal duties towards it are strongly brought home to him, the citizen of a large state will be as ready for patriotic action as the citizen of a small state. But he needs to have the existence of the state, and his duties towards it, brought home to him in this special way. He is not like the citizen of the small commonwealth, brought face to face with them every moment of his life."

This intensity of patriotism has its evils, one of which is that faction runs higher, and treason is more rife in city communities than in nations; but its existence is historically certain. An old Roman held that all private feelings should be sacrificed to public duty of any kind. *Æmilius Paulus* celebrated his triumph though one of his sons was just dead and the other dying. But with us not only is a domestic affliction a good excuse for absence from public duty, but not to make the public give way to it would be thought a social indecency, even when the mourning is merely ceremonial. In the Crimean war officers came home "on urgent private business." A Greek or Roman general would have made short work of any officer who had talked to him of urgent private business as a reason for leaving the camp. In all reforms among us, "vested interests" are scrupulously respected at whatever sacrifice of public advantage, and indeed regarded as more sacred than the public institution. There is a want of reverence, too, in Mr. Freeman's opinion for the law as the law, which is shown in many trifling ways, such as the general habit of bribing railway porters, and disregarding the law against smoking in railway carriages. People, who in private transactions would be scrupulously moral, think nothing of smuggling and cheating the Post-office. Public crimes, particularly those on a large scale, such as public massacres and unjust wars, are viewed with far less abhorrence than private crimes. This Mr. Freeman thinks was shamefully manifest in the case of the late Emperor of the French. "The man who by perjury and sacrifice rose to power in the land, which, if not his own by birth, had at least made him her own by adoption—the man who employed the power thus gained by wrong to the further working of wrong in every form—the man who for nineteen years laboured for the corruption of his own people, and who filled two continents sometimes with his unprovoked wars, sometimes with his secret conspiracies—lived the object of far more admiration than abhorrence, and has gone to his grave with something like the honours of a benefactor of mankind." The feeling of the ancient commonwealth against the tyrant was stronger, because his tyranny was felt more personally by the citizens. Tyrannicide is now universally condemned, but the crime of Orsini was not nearly so great as that of Napoleon, though to the mass of men it seemed greater, because being on a small scale it was more like a private crime. The general sentiment respecting Governor Eyre is adduced as another instance of the same laxity of public morality. "The magistrate who receives a limited authority to act according to the laws of the commonwealth, and who uses that authority to break the laws of the commonwealth, is far more guilty

than the private man who breaks those laws. People would easily see this if it were brought close home to them; they would not all like to be hanged by the arbitrary will of the mayor or sheriff of their own town or county. They might, perhaps, even think it a crime if Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli caused the chief men of the other side of politics to be hanged by a court-martial or shot down in the streets. But when the same kind of thing is done at a distance by a foreign President or a Colonial Governor, then it seems to be a praiseworthy example of energy. In the case of the *Alabama*, again, the nation, which was guiltless, is made to pay for what was in fact the crime of particular men, who fitted out a ship to prey on the commerce of a friendly nation." Mr. Freeman sums up by saying: "To make too little of the commonwealth—to set the interests of the particular member of the body before the interests of the whole body—to think lightly of crimes against the state as compared with crimes against a particular person—generally, to put what is private first and what is public second, is the temptation which besets our particular state of society and form of government." It does not at all follow that that state of society and that form of government are in themselves bad. It does not follow that any other state, past or present, would be better. Every state of society and form of government has its own weak side, and there may be others, past or present, the weak side of which is weaker than the weak side of ours. I have already noticed some of the things in which we have the advantage over the state of things in most times and places. If we have fewer heroic patriots, we have fewer base traitors. If we are unduly tolerant to great and exceptional public crimes, yet there has been no time in which the ordinary public business of a state has been carried on with less of petty every day corruption. Our judges, our public men in general, stand above all suspicion of doing anything for unlawful gain. We are so used to this, we so naturally take it for granted, that we hardly understand how rare and great an advantage it is, how few times and places there have been which could say the same. But though we certainly have no reason to wish to exchange our actual state for that of any other time or place, we may still very usefully look about us to see what the faults of our existing state of things are, and whether other times or places may not sometimes give us hints for making things better. A state of things which should combine the patriotism of a small community with the peace and order of a large one is the ideal of human society. We may at least strive to get as near to it as the imperfection of all human things will let us.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, FROM AGRICOLA'S INVASION TO THE EXTINCTION OF THE LAST JACOBITE INSURRECTION. By John Hill Burton, Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. Second edition. Vol. I. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

Mr. Burton's History of Scotland has generally been accepted, by those competent to judge of its merits, as the best work upon the subject which has yet appeared; and that this verdict is endorsed by the general reading public, is proved by the fact that we have here the first volume of a second edition. As the author remarks, it is no light task "to follow the destinies of a nation through seventeen hundred years, rendering an account of the remarkable events, tracing the changes gradual or convulsive, and unravelling, or rather endeavouring to unravel, whatever mysteries and difficulties obscure the sight." If this be true of all countries, of none is it more true than of Scotland, the early history of which is shrouded in a darkness so profound that in many cases it has been but intensified, instead of being dissipated, by the persevering efforts of investigators.

The present volume is but the first of the eight volumes which compose this admirable work. Its arrangement may, perhaps, at first sight, seem somewhat erratic, but it is in reality not unnatural and is certainly convenient. The first two chapters treat of the Roman period, from the first appearance of the legionaries in Scotland to the fall of the Roman rule in Britain. Next follow two most interesting chapters on the "unrecorded ages," dealing fully with the prehistoric remains of Scotland. It might be thought that these, as being clearly earlier in point of time, should precede those dealing with the Roman occupation; but the author's reasons for intercalating them here seem to be of a sufficient nature. The prehistoric memorials of Scotland "connect themselves with other occupants of the soil, who may have belonged to it any series of ages before the Roman occupancy, or throughout that period, or after it was over. Thus, it will be found that these memorials blend into, and form a sequence with, others

of a distinctly later period, and the sequence thus created by the nature of things would have been broken by any attempt at a more accurate chronological adjustment." The author, however, not only treats of the hill-forts, round towers, Picts' houses, megalithic monuments, flint and bronze implements and the like, which are properly "prehistoric," in the sense that the history of their makers is absolutely unknown, and nothing can be predicated as to their age; but he also deals with memorials which, like the famous "sculptured stones," are only "prehistoric," in the limited sense that no history of them has been preserved, whilst the date of many of them can be at any rate approximately fixed. He shows, also, a somewhat remarkable scepticism, in some cases wise, in other perhaps somewhat strained, as regards certain very widely accepted archaeological theories.

The scepticism we have just alluded to is exemplified in a still more striking manner, and unquestionably with just and sufficient cause, in the succeeding chapters, in which the author has to deal with such subjects as the Arthurian romances, the Ossianic literature, the huge Pictish controversy, and Druidism. To be open to conviction is unquestionably a good thing, and the destruction of rooted beliefs, when they have no foundation in actual facts, is undoubtedly a "useful process." Still, it will be with a pang of regret that many who have been fed in early life on the meagre diet of ordinary school histories, will give up King Arthur and his round table, or the Druids with their white robes and golden sickles. It is also a melancholy reflection that so much of the earlier portions of the histories of Britain which are usually set before the young, should have such a slender basis of fact for their justification.

The remaining seven chapters of the first volume are concerned with the early history of Scotland, from the time when Christianity was introduced, to the accession of Malcolm IV. and the Treaty of Falaise.

THE STORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1873.

Principal Dawson is one of the eminent men of science who at the same time are avowedly and distinctively Christian in their sentiments and beliefs. There are many eminent or obscure scientific observers who in their hearts are imbued with deep feelings of religiosity, who believe that the universe around them, "from beyond Orion and the Pleiades, across the green hem of earth, up to the imperial personality of man," is glorified by the indwelling presence of a great First Cause, but who, nevertheless, cannot lay claim to the title of "Christian," in the strict acceptance of this term. The God of the evolutionist, when he does not go so far as to dispense altogether with such a being, is a far-away, impersonal abstraction; and even less "advanced" thinkers class all religious conceptions under the head of "unthinkable" or "unknowable," and must thus be regarded as enemies to the Christian philosophy. Few men of science, indeed, are apparently willing to adopt the only two reasonable lines of conduct which present themselves to one investigating religious subjects from the so-called "scientific" standpoint. They will neither refrain from regarding an entirely non-scientific subject like religion—which is not based upon knowledge acquired through the medium of the senses—through scientific spectacles and treating it by the scientific method; nor will they "act upon that sound principle in philosophy and science which withholds those who may not have made themselves acquainted with all the elements of a given question from taking any part in the discussion of that question." Hence it happens that, though the study of nature is essentially a religious study, and though few eminent men of science could be called absolutely irreligious, few scientific authorities, comparatively speaking, could properly be called "Christian." Dr. Dawson, as we have already said, is a striking exception to this statement; and though he may at times have defended theological tenets which theologians themselves will probably ere long admit not to be necessarily connected with the scheme of Christianity, though he may sometimes have, perhaps, missed the substance in chasing the shadow, and though he may be at times hampered by beliefs which are not really necessary to a thorough acceptance of revealed truth—nevertheless it must be conceded that his position is, in the main, he only one left to those who think that the spiritual philosophy is founded on eternal facts, and who do not find themselves able to swallow the "new decalogue" so urgently pressed upon them by the "advanced" thinkers.

The present work originally appeared, for the most part, in the form of a series of articles in the *Leisure Hour*; and it may be considered as consisting of two distinct, though connected, divisions. The first division of the work, embracing three-fourths of the whole, may be regarded as a popular account of the leading facts of geology, as they present themselves to "a geologist whose studies have led him to compare with each other the two great continental areas which are the classic ground of the science, and who retains his faith in those unseen realities, of which the history of the earth itself is but one of the shadows projected on the field of time." The great formation of geology, from the Laurentian to the Pliocene, are passed in review one by one; the leading facts as to their lithology are briefly spoken of; and a graphic account is given of the more remarkable forms of life which characterised each successive period. The high eminence which the author has attained to as a geologist renders it unnecessary for us to say that the manner in which this portion of the work has been carried out deserves the utmost commendation. The general reader will find in it "the more important results of geological investigation divested of technical difficulties, yet with a careful regard to accuracy of statement, and in such a manner as to invite to the further and more precise study of the subject in nature, and in works which enter into technical details." The scientific reader also will not fail to meet, amidst much that is familiar, with some new facts as well as many "original suggestions and conclusions as to the relations of things." The work, therefore, may be regarded as being upon the whole a very interesting and popular account of the vast revolutions through which the earth has passed before finally assuming its present form, and become peopled with its present inhabitants. If any fault could be found, it is simply that illustrations might with advantage have been more generally introduced.

The last chapters of the "Earth and Man" will be those which are most deeply interesting to the general reading public, as containing the author's views on the notorious doctrine of evolution and on the question as to the descent of man. It need not be said, to those who are familiar with the literature of the subject, that Principal Dawson is an ardent advocate of the doctrine of creation as opposed to the doctrine of evolution; and that he wholly eschews the hypothesis that man—in all, at any rate, that makes him truly man—has descended from any lower animal form. He points out, and we think most fairly and justly, that the doctrine of evolution, if pushed to its logical conclusions, is distinctly and inevitably atheistic, and that, to say the least of it, its conception of the supreme Being is such as can never be brought

into harmony with any possible form of Christianity. We are, however, glad to see that the author does not ignore or overlook the real existence of natural selection and evolution, and that he is quite willing to recognise their operation within certain definite limits. In fact, he takes up the almost invincible position that evolution, within the aforesaid definite limits, forms part of the scheme of creation. The evolutionists themselves are very fond of asserting that this position is an untenable one, that the two ideas are incompatible, and that he who believes evolution to have taken place at all must believe that nothing else has ever taken place, whilst he who believes in a creative power cannot reasonably believe in any form of creation except the direct and immediate one. Never, however, was there an assertion more baseless. There is plenty of room in the doctrine of creation for a subordinate doctrine of evolution, and there is absolutely no essential antagonism between the two ideas. The antagonism is on the part of the evolutionists, who, recognising nothing but blind forces in nature, shutting out all design and purpose, and leaving no place for mind, are logically driven to exclude from their philosophy the idea of a Creator. On the other hand, the believer in a personal God is left perfectly free to believe, should facts seem to warrant the belief, that a part of the great work of creation has been effected by means of evolution. We will not do Dr. Dawson the injustice of endeavouring to reproduce in abstract the arguments by which he supports his position. For these the reader must refer to the work itself; but we may conclude with a quotation which embodies the author's views as to the general scope and tendency of the doctrine of evolution:—

“ This evolutionist doctrine is itself one of the

strangest phenomena of humanity. It existed, and most naturally, in the oldest philosophy and poetry, in connection with the crudest and most uncritical attempts of the human mind to grasp the system of nature; but that in our day a system destitute of any shadow of proof, and supported merely by vague analogies and figures of speech, and by the arbitrary and artificial coherence of its own parts, should be accepted as a philosophy, and should find able adherents to string upon its thread of hypotheses our vast and weighty stores of knowledge, is surpassingly strange. It seems to indicate that the accumulated facts of our age have gone altogether beyond its capacity for generalization; and but for the vigour one sees everywhere, it might be taken as an indication that the human mind has fallen into a state of senility, and in its dotage mistakes for science the imaginations which were the dreams of its youth. In many respects these speculations are important and worthy the attention of thinking men. They seek to revolutionise the religious beliefs of the world, and if accepted would destroy most of the existing theology and philosophy. They indicate tendencies amongst scientific thinkers, which, though probably temporary, must, before they disappear, descend to lower strata, and reproduce themselves in grosser forms, and with most serious effects on the whole structure of society. With one class of minds they constitute a sort of religion, which so far satisfies the cravings for truths higher than those which relate to immediate wants and pleasures. With another, and perhaps larger class, they are accepted as affording a welcome deliverance from all scruples of conscience and fear of a hereafter. In the domain of science evolutionism has like tendencies. It reduces the position of man, who becomes a descendant of inferior animals, and a mere term in a series whose end is unknown. It removes from the study of nature the idea of final cause and purpose; and the evolutionist, instead of regarding the world as a work of consummate plan, skill, and adjustment, approaches nature as he would a chaos of fallen rocks, which may present forms of castles and grotesque profiles of men and animals, but which are all fortuitous and without significance.”

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.'s bulletin for the month embraces their reprint of Prof. Goldwin Smith's thoughtful and scholarly "Lectures on the Study of History," and a new edition of His Excellency, the Earl of Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes." The latter is enriched by a preface which His Excellency has been pleased to prepare for this edition. An excellent engraved portrait of the author, the work of the B. A. Bank Note Co., of Montreal, appears as a frontispiece to the book. This firm have also issued, by arrangement with the Palestine Exploration Committee, a Canadian edition of "Our Work in Palestine," a compilation of the results of excavations and explorations in Jerusalem and the Holy Land, undertaken at the expense of the Pales-

tine Exploration Fund. The volume will be found of great value to all interested in sacred antiquities, as well as to the ordinary Bible reader. A number of maps and plans lend increased interest to the book.

The new edition, above noted, of Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," has had a special Canadian preface prepared for it by His Excellency. Like all the utterances of the distinguished gentleman it is most felicitously expressed; and from it the reader will learn, with a feeling of mingled interest and amusement, "what has become of Wilson"—his Lordship's valet, who figures so prominently and dramatically in the pages of the narrative.

His Excellency takes the opportunity in the preface of making a *naïve* reference to the license of

American reprinters of European literature, which conveys its own admonition; and which, but for the circumstance alluded to in the opening sentences of the preface, would have deterred the author from assenting to a re-issue of the book on this side of the Atlantic. The reference, though adroitly pointed, is good humoured; and, unfortunately, as we in Canada are unavoidably accessory to the injustice of this literary-booty seizing, we cannot ourselves 'cast the stone.' When, may we ask, however, shall we be answerable for our sins alone? And when shall we have the opportunity to do justly on our own account? We append the passage referred to:

* * * * * "But for this I should never have had the hardihood to appear as an author before the public of this Continent, whose geographical position and fiscal arrangements enable its inhabitants to skim the cream from the literature of Europe, without troubling themselves either with its sedimentary deposits or the irritating restrictions of its copyrights."

The following new novels are now ready in separate form:—"Pascarel," by Ouida; "The Death Shot," by Capt. Mayne Reid; "Old Kensington," by Miss Thackeray; "Little Kate Kirby," by Mr. F. W. Robinson; and "May," by Mrs. Oliphant. Lord Lytton's posthumous story, "Kenelm Chillingly: his Adventures and Opinions," has been issued by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., of Toronto, who also shortly publish reprints of "A New Magdalen," by Wilkie Collins; and "A Simpleton," by Charles Reade. "Middlemarch," by George Eliot, the great novel of the day, has been brought out in paper form.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. of Boston, have recently reprinted Mr. W. R. Greg's new work, "Enigmas of Life," which has reached a third edition in England; and "Memoirs of a Brother," by Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days," &c.

Mrs. Elliot's delightful work on "Old Court Life in France," is being re-issued on this side the Atlantic in *Appleton's Journal*.

Messrs. Harper have issued a reprint of "Turning Points in Life," by the Rev. Fredk. Arnold, a good incentive book for young men, of the stamp of Smiles' "Self Help," "Character," and other kindred works.

Messrs. Longmans' new works embrace Earl Russell's "Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe;" "A Life of Humboldt," translated from the German, and compiled in commemoration of the centenary of his birth; and a translation from the German also, of Prof. Helmholtz's "Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects."

As a contribution to the records of the personal life of Dickens, a most valuable book appears in "Charles Dickens as a Reader," by Charles Kent. It should be possessed by every one who has heard the novelist read.

A reprint of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's papers to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the title of "The Christian Vagabond," is very highly spoken of by English critics. The hero of the book is a sort of modern Christ, who, inspired with a gracious benevolence, pilgrimages through the land doing homage at the shrine of charity. The *motif* of the book would seem to be the antipodes of that of "The True History of Joshua Davidson," though we can readily comprehend why the latter should have so large a sale.

New revised editions are in progress of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and of Appleton's new American Cyclopædia. The latter will incorporate the matter of the annual volumes issued since the completion of the original work, and will be compressed into the compass of fifteen volumes, we believe.

Messrs. Strahan & Co. have just issued "The Men of the Third Republic," a series of sketches of the political leaders in France, and "Political Sketches—Cabinet Portraits," reprinted from the *Daily News*. Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have imported small editions of each of these entertaining volumes.

"The Story of the Earth and Man," a collection of the interesting contributions of Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, to *The Leisure Hour*, on popular Geology, has just appeared. Special Canadian editions have been imported by Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto, and Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The third and concluding volume of "The History of England from the year 1830," by the Rev. W. Nassau Molesworth, has just been published. The work is confined to a narrative of the successive political changes in the history of England from the period, and inclusive of, the Reform Bill. A ministerial history of modern times would be interesting reading, but the secrets of Cabinet manœuvring are not likely to be got at correctly by contemporary writers.

A further selection from the Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson appears under the title of "The Bath Archives." The period covered by the volumes is from 1809 to 1816, and they contain a profusion of anecdotes of the great personages of the time—royal, political, military, literary and diplomatic.

A new volume of the Haydn series of Manuals is ready, viz., "A Dictionary of Popular Medicine and Hygiene," edited by Dr. Edwin Lankester, assisted by Professors of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

A companion of the Moxon series of Poets has been issued in a critical history of the rival schools of poetry, &c. The work bears the title of "Comparative Estimate of Modern Poets," and is written by a Barrister, Mr J. Devey, M.A.

A translation of the magnificently illustrated work of M. Flammarion, on "The Atmosphere," has been prepared by Prof. Glaisher, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Some ten chromo-lithographs and over eighty woodcuts enrich the work.

A series of popular essays on "The Structure of the Old Testament," by the Rev. Professor Stanley Leathes is just ready.

A volume of Sermons on "Prayer and Contemporary Criticism," by the Rev. R. Henry Roberts, B.A., is announced.

A new work by the "Literary Recluse," the Rev. Francis Jacox, is announced, under the title of "Traits of Character, and Notes of Incident in Bible Story."

The new series of the admirable "Biographical and Critical Essays" of Mr. A. Hayward, Q.C., recently published, has gone into a second edition. The subjects of the Essays are Miss Edgeworth, George Canning, Marie Antoinette, Lady Palmerston, Marshal Saxe, Alexander Dumas, Sir Henry Holland, and Lord Lansdowne.