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# THE CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

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## PERSONAL REPRESENTATION AND THE REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

### II.

HAVING endeavored to explain the principles, and practice incident to the Representation of Minorities and to Personal Representation, the next point is to examine the relative merits of these systems of election as compared with each other and with our present system of election by majorities. For efficiency in securing a full and complete representation of the community, there can be no comparison between Mr. Hare's system and either the restricted or the cumulative vote. The former would secure the representation of all classes, interests, and opinions, according to their numbers, and either of the latter could, at best, only secure a fair representation of different political parties. But it is contended by many that Mr. Hare's system is utterly impracticable, by reason of its complexity; and some go so far as to allege that, even were this difficulty overcome, it would be, for various reasons, inexpedient. No satisfactory decision on the expediency of adopting it can be reached until the correctness of these views has been examined. This, I believe, can best be done by allowing its opponents to speak for themselves; and then subjecting their arguments to a fair criticism. Of all the opponents of Personal Representation, the ablest appears to be the late Mr. Bagehot, who, in his well-known work, '*The*

*English Constitution*,' has assailed it most keenly. This gentleman admits that 'if Mr. Hare's plan would accomplish what its friends say, or half what they say, it would be worth working for, if it was not adopted till the year 1966'; that for *mis*-representation it would substitute correct representation; that it gets rid of all difficulties as to the size of constituencies; that under it 'the admirers of a great man could make a worthy constituency for him;' and that he 'could reckon other advantages.' But having done this he goes on to oppose it on the ground that 'the voluntary composition of constituencies appears to him inconsistent with the necessary pre-requisites of Parliamentary Government,' and supports this theory in the following language:—

'Under the voluntary system the crisis of politics is not the election of the member, but the making the constituency. President-making is already a trade in America; and constituency-making would, under the voluntary plan, be a trade here. Each party would have a numerical problem to solve. The leader would say: "We have 350,000 votes, we must take care to have 350 members;" and the only way to obtain them is to organize. A man who wanted to compose part of a liberal constituency must not himself hunt for 1000 other liberals; if he did, after writing

10,000 letters he would probably find he was making part of a constituency of 100, all whose votes would be thrown away, the constituency being too small to be reckoned. Such a liberal must write to the great Liberal Association in Parliament street; he must communicate with its able managers and they would soon use his vote for him. They would say, "Sir, you are late; Mr. Gladstone, Sir, is full. He got his 1000 last year. Most of the gentlemen you read of in the papers are full. As soon as a gentleman makes a nice little speech we get a heap of letters to say, "Make us into that gentleman's constituency." But we cannot do that. Here is our list. If you do not want to throw your vote away you must be guided by us: here are three very satisfactory gentlemen (and one is an Honorable): you may vote for either of these, and we will write your name down; but if you go voting wildly you will be thrown out altogether."

'The evident result of this organization would be the return of party men mainly. The member-makers would look, not for independence, but for subservience—and they could hardly be blamed for so doing. They are agents for the Liberal party; and, as such, they should be guided by what they take to be the interests of their principal. The mass of the Liberal party wishes measure A, measure B, measure C. The managers of the Registration—the skilled manipulators—are busy men. They would say, "Sir, here is our card; if you want to get into Parliament on our side, you must go for that card; it was drawn up by Mr. Lloyd; he used to be engaged on railways, but since they passed this new voting plan, we get him to attend to us; it is a sound card; stick to that and you will be right." Upon this (in theory) voluntary plan you would get together a set of members bound hard and fast with party bands and fetters, infinitely tighter than any member now.

'Whoever hopes anything from desultory popular action if matched against systematized popular action, should consider the way in which the American President is chosen. The plan was that the citizens at large should vote for the statesman they liked best. But no one does anything of the sort. They vote for the ticket made by 'the caucus,' and the caucus is a sort of representative meeting which sits voting

and voting till they have cut out all the known men against whom much is to be said, and agreed on some unknown man against whom there is nothing known and therefore nothing to be alleged. Caucuses, or their equivalent, would be far worse here in constituency-making than there in President-making, because on great occasions the American nation can fix on some one great man whom it knows, but the English nation could not fix on 658 great men and choose them. It does not know so many, and if it did, would go wrong in the difficulties of manipulation.

'But though a common voter could only be ranged in an effectual constituency, and a common candidate only reach a constituency, by obeying the orders of the political election contrivers on his side, certain voters and certain members would be quite independent of both. There are organizations in the country which would soon make a set of constituencies for themselves. Every chapel would be an office for vote-transferring before the plan had been known three months. The church would be much slower in learning it, and much less handy in using it; but would learn. At present the Dissenters are a most energetic and valuable component of the Liberal party; but under the voluntary plan they would not be a component,—they would be a separate, independent element. We now propose to group boroughs; but then they would combine chapels. There would be a member for the Baptist congregation of Tavistock, *cum* Totnes, *cum* &c., &c.

'The full force of this cannot be appreciated except by referring to the former proof that the mass of a Parliament ought to be men of moderate sentiments, or they will elect an immoderate Ministry and enact immoderate laws. But upon the plan suggested, the House would be made up of party politicians selected by a party committee, chained to that committee and pledged to party violence, and of characteristic and therefore of immoderate representatives, for every 'ism' in England. Instead of a deliberative assembly of moderate and judicious men, we should have a various compound of all sorts of violence.

'I may seem to be drawing a caricature, but I have not reached the worst. Bad as these members would be if left to themselves—if, in a free Parliament they were

confronted with the perils of government, close responsibility might improve them and make them tolerable. But they would not be left to themselves. A voluntary constituency will nearly always be a depotic constituency. Even in the best case, where a set of earnest men choose a member to expound their earnestness, they will look after him to see that he does expound it. The members will be like the ministers of a dissenting congregation. The congregation is collected by unity of sentiment in doctrine A, and the preacher is to preach doctrine A; if he does not he is dismissed. At present the member is free because the constituency is not in earnest; no constituency has an acute, accurate, doctrinal creed in politics. The law made the constituencies by geographical divisions; and they are not bound together by close unity of belief. They have vague preferences for particular doctrines and that is all. But a voluntary constituency would be a church with tenets; it would make its representative the messenger of its mandates and the delegate of its determinations. As in the case of a dissenting congregation one great minister sometimes rules it, while ninety-nine ministers in the hundred are ruled by it; so here one noted man would rule his electors, but the electors would rule all the others.'

In examining Mr. Bagehot's criticisms, it must be borne in mind that they were written prior to the passage of the second Reform Bill; and consequently that he was comparing personal representation with a political system very different from that existing on this continent. In England at that time, the franchise was confined to an intelligent minority of the whole people; the House, owing to this fact and the social circumstances of the country, consisted almost entirely of well-educated and refined men, and partyism was almost always kept subordinate to patriotism. Had he been comparing it with an American polity where the franchise is practically almost universal in all cases, and where party violence controls almost all political action, both in the House and outside of it, he would, I think, have arrived at very different conclusions. But, however this may be, it is easy to show that most of his conclusions are inconsistent and untenable; and that even supposing all of them to be

correct, the evils which he dreads could easily be avoided by a slight modification of the system which, for various reasons, I think would be advantageous. Before explaining the modification, I shall strive to indicate what I believe to have been Mr. Bagehot's errors.

1. Mr. Bagehot alleges that the system would necessitate party organisation, and that the result of it would be the return of party men mainly, bound to a certain card or 'platform'; and he then goes on to allege that certain voters and certain members would be quite independent of it, as other organisations would soon make a set of constituencies for themselves. Are not these inconsistent positions? How can it be true that the same system would simultaneously increase party ascendancy, and yet enable 'other organisations'—including, of course, any who might be dissatisfied with the platform—to 'make a set of constituencies for themselves?' Does not the very life of party ascendancy lie in the fact, that the system of elections by majorities forces dissatisfied electors either to follow their own party, or one whose views they dislike still more; and would not a system which, it is admitted, would relieve them from the necessity, tend to weaken such ascendancy instead of strengthening it? Mr. Bagehot's mistake arises from a failure to bear in mind the essence of Mr. Hare's system. He says that this wide party organisation would be necessary in order to prevent votes being 'thrown away,' whereas Mr. Hare's central idea is to prevent any vote being wasted. The elector would name the candidates whom he would wish to have returned in the order of his preference; and as he might make the list as long as he chose, it is next door to impossible that *all* those named would either fail to obtain a quota, or be elected before his vote came to be counted—in which cases only could any vote be wasted.

2. Mr. Bagehot alleges that, with personal representation, 'instead of a deliberate assembly of moderate and judicious men we should have a various compound of all sorts of violence.' Granting it to be true that in the United Kingdom the present system does result in the return of a House consisting of 'moderate and judicious men,' the election of such men can be due only to the fact of such men being

preferred by the immense mass of the electors of *both* political parties. Under the new system, as under the old, the mass of the electorate would return the mass of the House ; and the change from one system to the other could do nothing to modify the actual opinions of electors : consequently the character of the mass of the House might be expected to remain unchanged. Mr. Bagehot admits that the electors would seek first of all to return the famous men of their party—which return is by no means sure on this continent. But he forgets that, this being assured, the influence of local celebrities would come into play ; and that the next desire of the mass, not ardently devoted to some one measure, would be to return a local man, with whom they were acquainted, as the representative of their own town or county—which class may be regarded as furnishing the mass of the House.

3. Mr. Bagehot seems to imagine that party tickets would be formed under the same circumstances as those of the American Presidential ticket, under which the candidate wanted is some unknown man against whom nothing can be alleged. I am surprised that anybody should suppose the circumstances to be analogous. Is it not plain that the need of having obscure candidates arises from the fact that, under election by majorities one party can return its candidate only by defeating his opponent ; and that none can hope to defeat a man against whom nothing can be alleged by opposing to him a prominent man who must necessarily be open to criticism ? And is it not equally plain that this influence in favor of obscurity would not exist were a party able to elect a batch of members irrespective of the approval or disapproval of other parties ? Nay, is it not plain that its interest should lead it to choose such men as would be best fitted to sway the House and wield the rod of office ?

4. Mr. Bagehot tells us that voluntary constituencies would be despotic, and the members for them hopelessly enslaved. As to their probable disposition I will say nothing ; but ability to enslave their members they certainly would not possess. Election by local majorities renders re-election almost hopeless unless the support of the same men can be secured at each con-

test ; consequently, for a member to offend only so many of his supporters as constitute his majority, is to lose his seat, no matter how generally his conduct may be approved outside his own constituency. But under personal representation this would not be the case. All being free to vote for whom they please, the member could appeal to new men ; and if he could show any fair argument in favor of his action, or had gained any fair standing in the House, there can be little doubt that he would be sent back to it by parties uninterested in the quarrel and so fitted to judge fairly of its merits. This facility of appeal to new men would alone suffice to render enslavement impossible.

Such are the points on which I believe Mr. Bagehot's conclusions to have been incorrect. But having quoted the views of the ablest opponent of personal representation, it may be well, or at all events it is only fair, to quote the reply made either to this or to similar attacks by its ablest supporter. Mr. J. S. Mill's reply is too long to be quoted in full, but a few extracts from it will probably prove sufficient. Replying to the charge that the system would confer undue power on cliques, and that it would lead to the formation of party tickets for the whole country, Mr. Mill says :—

'The answer to this appears to be conclusive. No one pretends that under Mr. Hare's, or any other plan, organisation would cease to be an advantage. Scattered elements are always at a disadvantage compared with organised bodies. As Mr. Hare's plan cannot alter the nature of things, we must expect that all parties or sections, great or small, which possess organisation would avail themselves of it to the utmost to strengthen their influence. But under the existing system these influences are everything. The scattered elements are absolutely nothing. The voters who are neither bound to the great political, nor to any of the little sectarian divisions, have no means of making their votes available. Mr. Hare's plan gives them the means. They might be more, or less, dexterous in using it. They might obtain their share of influence or much less than their share. But whatever they did acquire would be clear gain. And when it is assumed that every petty interest, or combination for a petty object, would give itself an organisation,

why should we suppose that the great interest of national intellect and character would alone remain unorganised! If there would be Temperance tickets, and Ragged School tickets, and the like, would not one public-spirited person in a constituency be sufficient to put forth a "personal merit" ticket and circulate it through a whole neighbourhood? And might not a few such persons meeting in London, select from the list of candidates the most distinguished names without regard to technical divisions of opinion, and publish them at a trifling expense through all the constituencies? It must be remembered that the influence of the two great parties under the present system is unlimited: in Mr. Hare's scheme it would be great, but confined within bounds. Neither they, nor any of the smaller knots, would be able to elect more members than in proportion to the relative number of their adherents. The ticket system in America operates under conditions the reverse of this. In America electors vote for the party ticket because the election goes by a mere majority, and a vote for any one who is certain not to obtain the majority is thrown away. It might be hoped, therefore, that every Liberal or Conservative who was anything besides a Liberal or a Conservative—who had any preferences of his own in addition to those of his party—would scratch through the names of the more obscure and insignificant party candidates, and inscribe in their stead some of the men who are an honor to the nation. And the probability of this fact would operate as a strong inducement with those who drew up the party lists, not to confine themselves to pledged party men, but to include along with these in their respective tickets, such of the national notabilities as were more in sympathy with their side than with the opposite.

The minor groups would have precisely the amount of power which they ought to have. The influence which they could exercise would be exactly that which their number of voters entitled them to; not a particle more; while, to ensure even that, they would have a motive to put up, as representatives of their special objects, candidates whose other recommendations would enable them to obtain the suffrages of voters not of the sect or clique. It is curious to observe how the popular line of

argument in defence of existing systems veers round according to the nature of the attack made on them. Not many years ago it was the favorite argument in support of the then existing system of representation that under it all "interests" or "classes" were represented. And certainly all interests or classes of any importance ought to be represented, that is, ought to have spokesmen, or advocates, in Parliament. But from thence it was argued that a system ought to be supported, which gave to the partial interests, not advocates merely, but the tribunal itself. Now behold the change. Mr. Hare's system makes it impossible for partial interests to have the command of the tribunal, but it ensures them advocates, and for doing even this it is reproached. Because it unites the good points of class representation and the good points of numerical representation, it is attacked on both sides at once.'

Mr. Mill's arguments seem to me to be generally correct; and, for the reasons urged by him, as well as those previously stated, I feel no doubt that Mr. Hare's scheme in its original form, could not fail to prove an immense improvement on our present system of election by local majorities. But although strongly of this opinion, I do not presume to say that the arguments used against it should be regarded as futile. On the contrary, I feel sure that very many persons would be found to echo the words of the man whom Mr. Bagehot heard saying that 'he never could remember it two days running'; and I think also that the danger of violent cliques becoming represented by violent men is a reality. Now, whatever might be the case in England, it is certain that on this continent no system of election which was not clearly understood by the great mass of the electors could ever prove permanent. It has been well said by 'A Japanese Traveller,' that 'the foundation of American politics is, *not* to honor politicians; *always* to speak evil of dignities, if they are on the other side in politics; always to bear false witness, if elections can be carried that way; to think a great deal of evil of everybody, and, politically, to do always to the other side exactly what you would not at all like them to do to you.\* We have, happily, not advanced

\* North American Review, July August, 1877, pp. 83-4.

quite to this point in Canada; but we are 'progressing' towards it, and have already advanced so far on the way that any system of election under which the correctness of the election returns could remain in doubt, would produce such a cry of 'corruption' as would bring it to an end on the first trial. And although I believe the danger of the election of violent men to be much less than is supposed, and the counteracting tendencies to be altogether overlooked, its possibility follows inevitably on the simple fact that there are in every country minorities of fools as well as minorities of sages—the great mass of mankind being mediocre. These I believe to be substantial and well-grounded objections to the scheme. All others I consider fallacious and ill-grounded; but must still admit them to be possibilities, and, therefore, cannot overlook them. But I also feel perfectly satisfied that all the apprehended evils of personal representation could be avoided, all its substantial advantages retained, and the system of election made clear to the dullest intellect fitted to exercise the franchise, by a few modifications which I shall now strive to explain.

It is almost self-evident that all the apprehended dangers and complexities of personal representation arise from the proposal to abolish local constituencies and to allow any elector to vote for any candidate in the whole country whom he may prefer. The danger of the election of fanatics or impracticables, arises from the facts that under Mr. Hare's scheme any 658th part of the electorate of the United Kingdom could return a member, and that the numbers of these parties are so small as to be powerless unless all in the Kingdom could be allowed to unite their strength. But were the Kingdom divided into, say, 65 electoral districts, each returning ten members, no party could return a representative unless it were as strong in one constituency as, under Mr. Hare's scheme, it would require to be in the whole country. Thus, supposing the quota to consist of 1000 votes, a party possessing 999 votes in each district would be out-voted in all and remain unrepresented, while under Mr. Hare's scheme it would return 64 members. The change, of course, would render the House a less faithful representative of the various opinions and interests of the community

than one elected under Mr. Hare's system pure and simple; but it would effect an enormous improvement on the present system, as it would render possible the representation of as many different shades of opinion and interest as there were members returnable by each district, while it would unquestionably put an end to any danger of impracticable cliques being able to elect impracticable members. Then the possibility of the ascendancy of a party committee at head-quarters to whose orders all party electors would be forced to submit, and whose 'ticket' they would be forced to accept, is also due to the proposal to make the whole country, practically, one electoral district, and would be obviated by a partial retention of separate constituencies. Were a country divided into several electoral districts, each returning any given member of representatives, it would be impossible to form one party ticket for all of it, as no elector could vote for a candidate outside his own district. And as the chance of local interests being left unrepresented arises from the fact that under Mr. Hare's system, the electors of one neighborhood might not act together, it is clear that this possibility would be destroyed by a system which would force them, to a great extent, to do so. Besides which, it may be remarked that the maintenance of separate constituencies, however large they might be, would tend to preserve to local celebrities some of the advantages which they now enjoy as candidates over outsiders, and to maintain the numerical ascendancy in the House of the class which Mr. Bagehot styles 'moderate and judicious men.' Should it be alleged that the change would destroy the life of personal representation, the answer is that it is impossible to gain inconsistent advantages. The benefits promised, and the evils predicted, as the results of personal representation, are both based on the wide range of choice which it would afford to electors. As this is narrowed the alleged dangers of the system are lessened; and as it is widened its admitted advantages are increased. It follows that the highest balance of advantages is to be found in applying the system to local constituencies which shall afford the widest field of choice consistent with an avoidance of the evils said to be consequent on making it as wide as the whole list of candidates through-

out the country. Where that point is to be found is the problem to be solved. The solution would vary according to the social circumstances of different countries ; but in Canada I should say that it would be found in constituencies returning from nine to eleven members. It could vary, however, in different provinces, and would probably require to do so from the fact that the boundary-line of an electoral district could not be carried over that of a province. And I should incline to the smaller number because it would facilitate such a simplification of the mode of election as would enable each elector to understand at the time of voting to what candidate his vote would be applied—without which simplification I see no hope of the scheme finding favor in the eyes of either legislators or electors.

It may be remarked, however, that it might be wise to commence with small constituencies and to enlarge them as the system became familiar to the people ; and that even constituencies returning only five members, in which the votes of one-fifth of the electorate would constitute a quota, entitling a candidate to be returned, would be a great improvement on our present system.

As to the simplicity of the mode of election, it is evident that the mere substitution of small constituencies would alone do much to simplify Mr. Hare's system, as it would lessen the number of transfers of votes to be made. With a small list it would be perfectly possible for the electors to mark the whole of it, assigning their votes to each candidate in the order of their preference ; or saying in effect : I assign my vote to A ; but if he has already obtained a quota without my vote, or cannot obtain one with it, let my vote go to B ; if he should be in the same position as A, let it go to C, and so on through the entire list. Were this done we should have all the members for each district returned by an exactly equal number of votes. But this, I fear, could not be done. The Canadian elector would probably reject any system under which his vote could be transferred by any public officer, despite any security which could be offered that the transfer would be in accordance with his own orders, or any facilities, however many, for detecting anything approaching to corrupt practises which might be afforded : he would want to know from

the first, as clearly as he does under the present system, to whom his vote was assigned. If the manner of election could be altered so as to enable all to understand this point, all the complexity incidental to election by quotas would disappear, and the position of each candidate would be as clear to each elector at the close of the polls as it is to-day under the system of election by majorities. This, I think, could be done by the substitution of successive polling, either in different parts of the electoral district, or for different candidates for Mr. Hare's system of contingent voting. The former of these systems can probably be most clearly explained by way of illustration.

Taking then the case of Ontario, I would propose that the province should be divided into ten electoral districts, nine of which should return nine, and the tenth, seven members ; that for each district there should be appointed at each election a Registrar, or head Returning-officer, whose duties should be analogous to those assigned in Mr. Hare's scheme to the Registrar ; that any person desirous of offering himself as a candidate should be required duly to notify the Registrar, within one week of the issue of the writs, of his intention to do so, such notification being accompanied by the payment of \$200 towards meeting the expenses of election ; that at the end of the period fixed for receiving candidates, the Registrar should publish a list of the parties so offering themselves ; an announcement of the days on which the polls should be successively opened in different parts of the district ; a statement of the total number of electors in the district, and of the quotient obtainable by dividing such total by that of the number of members to be returned, and declaring that any candidate for whom any number of votes not less than the above-mentioned quotient should, on such days, be polled, should be declared elected to serve in Parliament as a member for the said district.

It will be seen that in the above scheme there is a variation from Mr. Hare's system, in the fact that while he would make the quota consist of a ninth part of the votes polled, I propose to make it consist of a ninth part of the whole electorate. The reason of the difference lies in the fact that a knowledge of the quota at the outset of the election, so as to be able to declare



any candidate elected so soon as he had completed it, would be essential to the working of the system whereby I hope to be able to get rid of contingent voting, and to make the whole process of election plain to all fitted to be electors.

To make this process plain, let it be supposed that the city of Toronto, and the counties of York, Ontario, and Peel, constitute one electoral district returning nine members; that the total electorate consists of 9,000 electors; and, consequently, that 1000 votes polled for any candidate would form the quota entitling him to be declared elected.\* The difficulty here, as before, would be to prevent the more popular candidates engrossing all the votes, and leaving an insufficient number to form quotas for all. To meet this difficulty, I would propose that the polls should be opened on the first day of election in Toronto only, but with the electors free to vote for any candidate on the list; that the mode of voting should be by the old style of entering the voter's name in a polling-book; or—if it should be desired to retain that mischievous system, the ballot—by delivering to each elector a voting-paper with his name and address written thereon, and allowing him to vote by retiring to a private booth and making a × opposite the name of the candidate for whom he should desire to vote; that at the close of the booths the voting-papers—or polling-books—should be taken to the Registrar's office, and the votes for each candidate there counted in the presence either of the candidate himself or of an agent appointed by him; that if from such counting it should appear that there had been polled for any one, or more, of the candidates, a number of votes not less than the quota of 1000, the Registrar should instantly issue a proclamation declaring such candidate duly elected by votes polled for him, or them, in certain specified ridings, wards, and polling-places within the limits of the three city ridings, declaring the votes polled for him, or them, at all other polling-places, cancelled, and the electors free to vote again, and stating that no further votes would be re-

ceived for these candidates, which proclamation he should forward to all the postmasters in the district, to be by them posted in their offices for the information of the electors; that on the second day after the issue of this proclamation, the polls should be opened in East York and South Ontario, for the receipt of votes for any candidates remaining unelected; that at the close of the day's polling the votes should be taken to the Registrar's office—which should now be temporarily established at the most central polling-place in these two ridings—and there assorted in the same manner as before; that to the votes polled on this day should be added those previously polled for the different candidates in Toronto, and that if the total should amount to a quota for one or more of them, he or they should be declared elected by votes polled for him or them, in specified ridings, wards, and polling-places, within the limits of the *five* ridings; that on the second day thereafter, the polls should be opened in West York and Peel, and a similar process pursued there, any candidate being declared elected who had polled a quota within the *seven* ridings; and that on the second day thereafter, again, the polls should be opened in North York and North Ontario, and the same process pursued there, any candidate being declared elected who had polled a quota within the *nine* ridings. At the close of this day the polls would have been opened in all parts of the district; but all the members to be returned by it could not have obtained a quota, since this could have been done only by all the electors having voted, and having voted in the shape of nine equal bodies, each constituting a ninth part of the whole electorate, which is morally impossible. It follows that at this time the electorate would be divisible into those electors who had not voted at all, those who had voted for unsuccessful candidates, and those who had voted for elected members, the latter class including the surplus votes over and above the quota polled for such members, but not appropriated to them, and declared to be cancelled, and the electors free to vote again. At this point of the election they should have an opportunity of so doing. The Registrar should now transmit, by post, to each of these electors, a paper stating that, as the quota of the candidate for whom he had

\* I am aware that in strict equity much less than this number would form a quota, from the fact that the entire electorate never votes; but I propose this number in order to ask no more for minorities than all must admit to be their right.

voted had been completed before his vote came to be counted, it had been cancelled; that he was free to vote for any of the candidates still unelected; that he could do so by marking an enclosed voting-paper in a specified manner, and returning it within three days; and if it should be desired to impose a new check on the Registrar, the voter might also be furnished with a slip stating for whom he had voted, to be sent to the candidate himself. This done, these votes should be added to those previously polled for the different candidates; and if the result should be to complete the quota of any one of them, he, also, should be declared elected. It is probable that such completion would ensue in one or two cases; but it is impossible that the quota of all the members could yet be completed. It is probable, however, that at this time some five or six members would have been returned; as there can be no doubt that the purely Ministerial and Opposition parties would each have been able to find quotas for two members at the polling-booths, and that one or two more, probably independent men or candidates of some special class or interest, would have gained quotas at the distribution of the surplus votes. There would still remain some three or four members yet to be returned. At this point it would be evident that the electors could 'agree to differ' no longer, no one candidate being able to complete his quota; and such being the case, it follows that the election of the yet unelected members would have to be contested. I would, therefore, have the Registrar now issue a proclamation declaring all the votes polled for the unelected candidates cancelled, and the electors who had thus voted, free to vote again at a second election to be held on a specified day all through the district, on which occasion the election should be by a cumulative vote, each elector possessing as many votes as there were members to be elected, and being free to distribute them amongst the candidates as he should choose. Of course on this occasion none of those electors whose votes had been appropriated to elected candidates should be allowed to vote again; and to hinder any attempt at repetition on their part, each deputy returning-officer should be furnished with a copy of the Registrar's list of votes appropriated, and with the voting-papers of

these electors in his district. At this election the return of the members remaining unelected would be completed. Their election would, to some extent, be contested; but the majority would be unable, even here, to monopolise the representation, as the cumulative vote would secure to each party a share of it proportionate to its strength in the electorate; and as there could scarcely be more than three or four members to be returned, the objections to that form of voting would cease to exist, as they apply only to cases in which a large number of members are returnable. The election being thus completed, the Registrar should endorse on each voting-paper the name of the member to whom it had been appropriated; and cause to be printed, in book form, separate statements of the names and addresses of the electors whose votes had been appropriated to each member. The constituency of each member should consist of the electors whose votes had been thus appropriated; and, in case of the death or removal of any of them, of those qualifying on the same property. This done, any elector who had voted for a defeated candidate should, on application to the Registrar, in a prescribed form to be furnished by postmasters, have his name entered on the constituency of any of the last elected members whom he might desire, and in default of such application should be entered on the constituency of the candidate declared member for the riding in which the elector was rated. And in case of the death of any member, his successor should be elected by the electors forming the constituency of the deceased, the election being conducted by sending voting-papers to the electors to be marked and returned by them, and the rule of the election being that the candidate obtaining the largest number of votes should be declared elected.

In case this scheme should not be favourably received I would suggest another which is, perhaps, rather more simple, though I do not think it would be more advantageous—that of successive voting for different candidates. In this system I would have exactly the same process as that explained above pursued down to the time of nomination. But here a change would be necessary. If the polls were to be successively opened for different candi-

dates, some rule settling for which candidates they should be first opened would be indispensable. The rule which I would propose is that one polling-day should first be appointed for those candidates who seemed to have a reasonable chance of obtaining a quota, and another for those who had not—in other words by dividing them into what we might call contested and uncontested elections. And to ascertain the relative chances of the different candidates, I would propose that nominations should be made by the formal presentation to the Registrar of nomination-papers in much the same manner as requisitions are now made to candidates; that any electors who should desire to bring forward any candidate should be empowered to do so by the presentation to the Registrar of a requisition inviting the party to stand; that to be effective, such requisition, or nomination-paper, should be accepted by the nominee, and signed by at least fifty electors; that to prevent fraud in requisitions, each signature should be required to be attested by the witness of some one of the clergy of the district, that the Registrar should ascertain the number of signatures on each requisition—or verify the number alleged by the presenter to be upon it—and having done so should issue a proclamation appointing a polling-day on which votes should be received for all candidates nominated by not less than three-fourths of a quota, but for none others; that at the close of the polling-day each returning-officer should forward all the votes polled in his division to the Registrar; that on receipt of them the Registrar should have them counted and set aside to the candidates for whom they had severally been polled; that in case any candidate should have received a number of votes in excess of the quota, the Registrar should appropriate to him, in the first instance, all the votes polled for him in that county or riding wherein the greatest number of votes had been polled for him; and next, those of the adjoining counties or ridings in the order of their topographical proximity to it, and of the number of votes polled in each, until a sufficient number had been appropriated to form a quota; that the votes so appropriated should be entered in polling-books by the Registrar, and that the electors whose votes had been

so appropriated should form the constituency of the member elected; that this done, the Registrar should issue a proclamation declaring all candidates for whom not less than the quota had been polled duly elected, specifying the ridings, and, in the case of the riding wherein the appropriation ceased, the townships and wards wherein the votes constituting the quota had been polled, and declaring all votes polled for this candidate in any other part of the electoral district, cancelled, and the electors who had so voted free to vote again; that this being done he should transmit by post to each of the electors whose votes had been thus cancelled, a voting-paper stating that as the quota of the candidate for whom his vote had been recorded had been completed before his vote came to be counted, he was free to vote again, and could do so by making his mark opposite the name of any one in the accompanying list of candidates, whose quotas had not been completed, and returning the paper on or before a specified date; that on receipt of these voting-papers the Registrar should assign the votes as desired, and, in case the result should be to complete the quota of any of the yet unelected candidates, that he should issue another proclamation declaring such candidates duly elected. After this point no other candidate could complete the quota, and the election of the remainder of them would have to be contested. The Registrar should, therefore, now issue a second proclamation appointing a polling-day at which votes should be received for the yet unelected candidates, but stating that on this occasion the election should be by a cumulative vote, each elector possessing as many votes as there remained representatives unelected, those highest on the poll being returned, and everything subsequent being conducted in the same manner as that described of the like elections under the system of successive voting in different constituencies.

I cannot help thinking that either of these systems of election would be understood by almost any elector. The principle of election would simply be that with nine members to be returned, each ninth part of the electorate—the details of the franchise being settled—should be entitled to return one of them; and the rule of elec-

tion would simply be that all candidates who could obtain the support of this proportion should be returned, and when no more could gain it, then those who should poll the largest number of votes. In the process of election by voting successively for different candidates, the supporters of each class would vote on different days, and the only repetition of voting would be on the part of those electors whose votes should remain unappropriated at the first poll. These parties could not fail to understand their position when informed that for A there had been polled 1800 votes; that the quota being 1000 there had been appropriated to him 500 votes in centre Toronto; 300 in East Toronto, 150 in West Toronto; and 50 in certain wards in York township, and that all votes for him elsewhere were cancelled, and the electors free to vote on the second polling-day. Or under the system of successive voting in different constituencies, the surplus votes for any candidate would be reduced to a *minimum*, as voting would be stopped almost as soon as the quota was completed; and as the more

popular candidates would be elected on the earlier polling-days, their surplus supporters in the late polling parts of the district would be free to give their support to those candidates standing second or third in their estimation. Under either system it seems almost certain that five or six members would be chosen by quotas, and as the former number would require the approbation of 55, and the latter of 66 per cent. of the total electorate, there would remain to vote at the second polling-day, under the most unfavourable circumstances, only from 34 to 45 per cent. of it. That these could be made to understand their position is almost self-evident, and that the slight inconvenience on their part of going a second time to the poll would be richly repaid by the very many evils incidental to our present system which would be lessened or abolished, and the many new advantages which would be gained by the change will appear conclusively in my next paper, in which an attempt will be made to set them forth.

JEHU MATHEWS.

(To be concluded in the next paper.)

## SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.\*

### III.

SO the Reverend and I had at last arrived at Hamilton, the principal town in the Bermuda Islands. A wonderfully white town; white as snow itself. White as marble; white as flour. Yet looking like none of these, exactly. Never mind, we said; we shall hit upon a figure by and by that will describe this peculiar white.

It was a town that was compacted together upon the sides and tops of a cluster of small hills. Its outlying borders fringed off and thinned away among the cedar forests, and there was no woody distance of curving coast, or leafy islet sleeping upon the dimpled, painted sea,

but was flecked with shining white points, — half-concealed houses peeping out of the foliage.

The architecture of the town was mainly Spanish, inherited from the colonists of two hundred and fifty years ago. Some ragged-topped cocoa-palms, glimpsed here and there, gave the land a tropical aspect.

There was an ample pier of heavy masonry; upon this, under shelter, were some thousands of barrels containing that product which has carried the fame of Bermuda to many lands,—the potato. With here and there an onion. That last sentence is facetious; for they grow at least two onions in Bermuda to one potato. The

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onion is the pride and joy of Bermuda. It is her jewel, her gem of gems. In her conversation, her pulpit, her literature, it is her most frequent and eloquent figure. In Bermudian metaphor it stands for perfection,—perfection absolute.

The Bermudian weeping over the departed exhorts praise when he says, 'He was an onion!' The Bermudian extolling the living hero bankrupts applause when he says, 'He is an onion!' The Bermudian setting his son upon the stage of life to dare and do for himself climaxes all counsel, supplication, admonition, comprehends all ambition, when he says, 'Be an onion!'

When parallel with the pier, and ten or fifteen steps outside it, we anchored. It was Sunday, bright and sunny. The groups upon the pier, men, youths, and boys, were whites and blacks in about equal proportion. All were well and neatly dressed, many of them natively, a few of them very stylishly. One would have to travel far before he would find another town of twelve thousand inhabitants that could represent itself so respectably, in the matter of clothes, on a freight-pier, without premeditation or effort. The women and young girls, black and white, who occasionally passed by, were nicely clad, and many were elegantly and fashionably so. The men did not affect summer clothing much, but the girls and women did, and their white garments were good to look at, after so many months of familiarity with sombre colors.

Around one isolated potato barrel stood four young gentlemen, two black, two white, becomingly dressed, each with the head of a slender cane pressed against his teeth, and each with a foot propped up on the barrel. Another young gentleman came up, looked longingly at the barrel, but saw no rest for his foot there, and turned pensively away to seek another barrel. He wandered here and there, but without result. Nobody sat upon a barrel, as is the custom of the idle in other lands, yet all the isolated barrels were humanly occupied. Whosoever had a foot to spare put it on a barrel, if all the places on it were not already taken. The habits of all peoples are determined by their circumstances. The Bermudians lean upon barrels because of the scarcity of lamp-posts.

Many citizens came on board and spoke eagerly to the officers,—inquiring about the Turco-Russian war news, I supposed. However, by listening judiciously I found that this was not so. They said, 'What is the price of onions?' or, 'How's onions?' Naturally enough this was their first interest; but they dropped into the war the moment it was satisfied.

We went ashore and found a novelty of a pleasant nature: there were no hackmen, hacks, or omnibuses on the pier or about it anywhere, and nobody offered his services to us, or molested us in any way. I said it was like being in heaven. The Reverend rebukingly and rather pointedly advised me to make the most of it, then. We knew of a boarding-house, and what we needed now was somebody to pilot us to it. Presently a little barefooted colored boy came along, whose raggedness was conspicuously un-Bermudian. His rear was so marvelously bepatched with colored squares and triangles that one was half persuaded he had got it out of an atlas. When the sun struck him right, he was as good to follow as a lightning-bug. We hired him and dropped into his wake. He piloted us through one picturesque street after another, and in due course deposited us where we belonged. He charged nothing for his map, and but a trifle for his services; so the Reverend doubled it. The little chap received the money with a beaming applause in his eye which plainly said, 'This man's an onion!'

We had brought no letters of introduction; our names had been misspelt in the passenger list; nobody knew whether we were honest folk or otherwise. So we were expecting to have a good private time in case there was nothing in our general aspect to close boarding-house doors against us. We had no trouble. Bermuda has had but little experience of rascals, and is not suspicious. We got large, cool, well-lighted rooms on a second floor, overlooking a bloomy display of flowers and flowering shrubs,—calla and annunciation lilies, pinks, double geraniums, oleanders, pomegranates, blue morning-glories of a great size, and many plants that were unknown to me.

We took a long afternoon walk, and soon found out that that exceedingly white town was built of blocks of white coral. Bermu-

da is a coral island, with a six-inch crust of soil on top of it, and every man has a quarry on his own premises. Everywhere you go you see square recesses cut into the hill-sides, with perpendicular walls unmarred by crack or crevice, and perhaps you fancy that a house grew out of the ground there, and has been removed in a single piece from the mold. If you do, you err. But the material for a house has been quarried there. They cut right down through the coral, to any depth that is convenient,—ten or twenty feet,—and take it out in great square blocks. This cutting is done with a chisel that has a handle twelve or fifteen feet long, and is used as one uses a crowbar when he is drilling a hole, or a dasher when he is churning. Thus soft is the stone. Then with a common handsaw they saw the great blocks into handsome, huge bricks that are two feet long, a foot wide, and about six inches thick. These stand loosely piled during a month to harden; then the work of building begins. The house is built of these blocks: it is roofed with broad coral slabs an inch thick, whose edges lap upon each other, so that the roof looks like a succession of shallow steps or terraces; the chimneys are built of the coral blocks and sawed into graceful and picturesque patterns; the ground-floor verandah is paved with coral blocks; also the walk to the gate; the fence is built of coral blocks,—built in massive panels, with broad cap-stones and heavy gate-posts, and the whole trimmed into easy lines and comely shape with the saw. Then they put a hard coat of whitewash, as thick as your thumb nail, on the fence and all over the house, roof, chimneys, and all; the sun comes out and shines on this spectacle, and it is time for you to shut your unaccustomed eyes, lest they be put out. It is the whitest white you can conceive of, and the blindingest. A Bermuda house does not look like marble; it is a much intenser white than that; and besides, there is a dainty, indefinable something else about its look that is not marble-like. We put in a great deal of solid talk and reflection over this matter of trying to find a figure that would describe the unique white of a Bermuda house, and we contrived to hit upon it at last. It is exactly the white of the icing of a cake, and has the same unemphasized and scarcely perceptible polish. The white

of marble is modest and retiring compared with it.

After the house is cased in its hard scale of whitewash, not a crack, or sign of a seam, or joining of the blocks, is detectable, from base-stone to chimney-top; the building looks as if it had been carved from a single block of stone, and the doors and windows sawed out afterwards. A white marble house has a cold, tomb-like, unsociable look, and takes the conversation out of a body and depresses him. Not so with a Bermuda house. There is something exhilarating, even hilarious, about its vivid whiteness when the sun plays upon it. If it be of picturesque shape and graceful contour,—and many of the Bermudian dwellings are,—it will so fascinate you that you will keep your eyes upon it until they ache. One of those clean-cut, fanciful chimneys,—too pure and white for this world,—with one side glowing in the sun and the other touched with a soft shadow, is an object that will charm one's gaze by the hour. I know of no other country that has chimneys worthy to be gazed at and gloated over. One of those snowy houses half-concealed and half-glimpsed through green foliage is a pretty thing to see; and if it takes one by surprise and suddenly, as he turns a sharp corner of a country road, it will wring an exclamation from him, sure.

Wherever you go, in town or country, you find those snowy houses, and always with masses of bright-colored flowers about them, but with no vines climbing their walls; vines cannot take hold of the smooth, hard whitewash. Wherever you go, in the town or along the country roads, among little potato farms and patches or expensive country-seats, these stainless white dwellings, gleaming out from flowers and foliage, meet you at every turn. The least little bit of a cottage is as white and blemishless as the stateliest mansion. Nowhere is there dirt or stench, puddle or hog-wallows, neglect, disorder, or lack of trimness and neatness. The roads, the streets, the dwellings, the people, the clothes, this neatness extends to everything that falls under the eye. It is the tidiest country in the world.

Considering these things, the question came up, Where do the poor live? No answer was arrived at. Therefore, we agreed to leave this conundrum for future statesmen to wrangle over.

What a bright and startling spectacle one of those blazing white country palaces, with its brown-tinted window caps and ledges, and green shutters, and its wealth of caressing flowers and foliage, would be in black London! And what a gleaming surprise it would be in nearly any American city one could mention, too!

Bermuda roads are made by cutting down a few inches into the solid white coral,—or a good many feet, where a hill intrudes itself,—and smoothing off the surface of the road-bed. It is a simple and easy process. The grain of the coral is coarse and porous; the road-bed has the look of being made of coarse white sugar. Its excessive cleanness and whiteness are a trouble in one way: the sun is reflected into your eyes with such energy as you walk along that you want to sneeze all the time. Old Captain Tom Bowling found another difficulty. He joined us in our walk, but kept wandering unrestfully to the road-side. Finally he explained. Said he, 'Well, I chew, you know, and the road's so plaguy clean.'

We walked several miles that afternoon in the bewildering glare of the sun, the white roads, and the white buildings. Our eyes got to paining us a good deal. By and by a soothing, blessed twilight spread its cool balm around. We looked up in pleased surprise and saw that it proceeded from an intensely black negro who was going by. We answered his military salute in the grateful gloom of his near presence, and then passed on into the pitiless white glare again.

The colored women whom we met usually bowed and spoke; so did the children. The colored men commonly gave the military salute. They borrow this fashion from the soldiers, no doubt; England has kept a garrison here for generations. The younger men's custom of carrying small canes is also borrowed from the soldiers, I suppose, who always carry a cane, in Bermuda as everywhere else in Britain's broad dominions.

The country roads curve and wind hither and thither in the delightfulest way, unfolding pretty surprises at every turn: billowy masses of oleander that seem to float out from behind distant projections like the pink cloud-banks of sunset; sudden plunges among cottages and gardens, life

and activity, followed by assudden plunges into the sombre twilight and stillness of the woods; flitting visions of white fortresses and beacon towers pictured against the sky on remote hill-tops; glimpses of shining green sea caught for a moment through opening headlands, then lost again; more woods and solitude; and by and by another turn lay bare, without warning, the full sweep of the inland ocean, enriched with its bars of soft color, and graced with its wandering sails.

Take any road you please, you may depend upon it you will not stay in it half a mile. Your road is everything that a road ought to be: it is bordered with trees, and with strange plants and flowers; it is shady and pleasant, or sunny and still pleasant; it carries you by the prettiest and peacefullest and most home-like of homes, and through stretches of forest that lie in a deep hush sometimes, and sometimes are alive with the music of birds; it curves always, which is a continual promise, whereas straight roads reveal everything at a glance and kill interest. Your road is all this, and yet you will not stay in it half a mile, for the reason that little, seductive, mysterious roads are always branching out from it on either hand, and as these curve sharply also and hide what is beyond, you cannot resist the temptation to desert your own chosen road and explore them. You are usually paid for your trouble; consequently, your walk inland always turn out to be one of the most crooked, involved, purposeless, and interesting experiences a body can imagine. There is enough of variety. Sometimes you are in the level open, with marshes thick grown with flag-lances that are ten feet high on the one hand, and potato and onion orchards on the other; next, you are on a hill-top, with the ocean and the islands spread around you; presently, the road winds through a deep cut shut in by perpendicular walls, thirty or forty feet high, marked with the oddest and abruptest stratum lines, suggestive of sudden and eccentric old upheavals, and garnished with here and there a clinging adventurous flower, and here and there a dangling vine; and by and by your way is along the sea edge, and you may look down a fathom or two through the transparent water and watch the diamond-like flash and play of the light upon the rocks and sands

on the bottom until you are tired of it,—if you are so constituted as to be able to get tired of it.

You may march the country roads in maiden meditation, fancy free, by field and farm, for no dog will plunge out at you from unsuspected gate, with breath-taking surprise of ferocious bark, notwithstanding it is a Christian land and a civilized. We saw upwards of a million cats in Bermuda, but the people are very abstemious in the matter of dogs. Two or three nights we prowled the country far and wide, and never once were accosted by a dog. It is a great privilege to visit such a land. The cats were no offence when properly distributed, but when piled they obstructed travel.

As we entered the edge of the town that Sunday afternoon, we stopped at a cottage to get a drink of water. The proprietor, a middle-aged man with a good face, asked us to sit down and rest. His dame brought chairs, and we grouped ourselves in the shade of trees by the door. Mr. Smith—that was not his name, but it will answer—questioned us about ourselves and our country, and we answered him truthfully, as a general thing, and questioned him in return. It was all very simple and pleasant and sociable. Rural, too; for there was a pig and a small donkey and a hen anchored out, close at hand, by cords to their legs, on a spot that purported to be grassy. Presently, a woman passed along, and although she coldly said nothing she changed the drift of our talk. Said Smith:—

‘She didn’t look this way, you noticed? Well, she is our next neighbour on one side, and there’s another family that’s our next neighbours on the other side; but there’s a general coolness all round now, and we don’t speak. Yet these three families, one generation and another, have lived here side by side and been as friendly as weavers for a hundred and fifty years, till about a year ago.’

‘Why, what calamity could have been powerful enough to break up so old a friendship?’

‘Well, it was too bad, but it couldn’t be helped. It happened like this: About a year or more ago, the rats got to pestering my place a good deal, and I set up a steel-trap in the back yard. Both of these neighbours run considerable to cats, and so

I warned them about the trap, because their cats were pretty sociable around here nights, and they might get into trouble without my intending. Well, they shut up their cats for a while, but you know how it is with people; they got careless, and sure enough one night the trap took Mrs. Jones’s principal tomcat into camp, and finished him up. In the morning Mrs. Jones comes here with the corpse in her arms, and cries and takes on the same as if it was a child. It was a cat by the name of Yelverton,—Hector G. Yelverton,—a troublesome old rip, with no more principle than an Injun, though you couldn’t make *her* believe it. I said all a man could to comfort her, but no, nothing must do but I must pay for him. Finally, I said I warn’t investing in cats now as much as I was, and with that she walked off in a huff, carrying the remains with her. That closed our intercourse with the Joneses. Mrs. Jones joined another church and took her tribe with her. She said she would not hold fellowship with assassins. Well, by and by comes Mrs. Brown’s turn,—she that went by here a minute ago. She had a disgraceful old yellow cat that she thought as much of as if he was twins, and one night he tried that trap on his neck, and it fitted him so, and so sort of satisfactory, that he laid down and curled up and stayed with it. Such was the end of Sir John Baldwin.’

‘Was that the name of the cat?’

‘The same. There’s cats around here with names that would surprise you. Maria,’—to his wife,—‘what was that cat’s name that eat a keg of ratsbane by mistake over at Hooper’s, and started home and got struck by lightning and took the blind stagers and fell in the well and was most drowned before they could fish him out?’

‘That was that colored Deacon Jackson’s cat. I only remember the last end of its name, which was To-Be-Or-Not-To-Be-That-Is-The-Question Johnson.’

‘Sho! that ain’t the one. That’s the one that eat up an entire box of Seidlitz powders, and then hadn’t any more judgment than to go and take a drink. He was considered to be a great loss, but I never could see it. Well, no matter about the names. Mrs. Brown wanted to be reasonable, but Mrs. Jones wouldn’t let her. She put her up to going to law for damages. So to law she went, and had the face to



claim seven shillings and sixpence. It made a great stir. All the neighbors went to court; everybody took sides. It got hotter and hotter, and broke up all the friendships for three hundred yards around—friendships that had lasted for generations and generations.

'Well, I proved by eleven witnesses that the cat was of a low character and very ornery, and warn't worth a cancelled postage-stamp, any way, taking the average of cats here; but I lost the case. What could I expect? The system is all wrong here, and is bound to make revolution and bloodshed some day. You see, they give the magistrate a poor little starvation salary, and then turn him loose on the public to gouge for fees and costs to live on. What is the natural result? Why he never looks into the justice of a case,—never once. All he looks at is which client has got the money. So this one piled the fees and costs and everything on to me. I could pay specie, don't you see? and he knew mighty well that if he put the verdict on to Mrs. Brown, where it belonged, he'd have to take his swag in currency.'

'Currency? Why, has Bermuda a currency?'

'Yes,—onions. And they were forty per cent. discount, too, then, because the season had been over as much as three months. So I lost my case. I had to pay for that cat. But the general trouble the case made was the worst thing about it. Broke up so much good feeling. The neighbors don't speak to each other now. Mrs. Brown had named a child after me. So she changed its name right away. She is a Baptist. Well, in the course of bap-

tizing it over again, it got drowned. I was hoping we might get to be friendly again some time or other, but of course this drowning the child knocked that all out of the question. It would have saved a world of heart-break and ill blood if she had named it dry.'

I knew by the sigh that this was honest. All this trouble and all this destruction of confidence in the purity of the bench on account of a seven-shilling lawsuit about a cat! Somehow, it seemed to 'size' the country.

At this point we observed that an English flag had just been placed at half-mast on a building a hundred yards away. I and my friend were busy in an instant trying to imagine whose death, among the island dignitaries, could command such a mark of respect as this. Then a shudder shook them and me at the same moment, and I knew that we had jumped to one and the same conclusion: 'The governor has gone to England; it is for the British admiral!'

At this moment Mr. Smith noticed the flag. He said with emotion:—

'That's on a boarding-house. I judge there's a boarder dead.'

A dozen other flags within view went to half-mast.

'It's a boarder, sure,' said Smith.

'But would they half-mast the flags here for a boarder, Mr. Smith?'

'Why, certainly they would, if he was dead.'

That seemed to size the country again.

MARK TWAIN.

## SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

'Soul-soothing art! which morning, noontide,  
Even

Do serve with all their changeful pageantry!

Thou, with ambition modest, yet sublime,

Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given

To one brief moment, caught from fleeting time,

The appropriate calm of blest eternity.'

— *Wordsworth.*

It is within the last century and a half that landscape painting proper has had its existence. Formerly landscapes were employed only as backgrounds, and were looked upon as merely accessories to the art. The background waited upon the figures, and was in shadow or sunshine, summer or winter, just as it was wanted to bring out in strong relief or to soften the principal subject of the composition.

In England, before the middle of the eighteenth century, no one thought of studying Nature for the amount of landscape required in a picture, and the grouping of trees and foliage in a picturesque manner was effected by first smearing wet colours on a palette to form some suggestion of a landscape, and then copying the arrangement on the canvas. Blotting paper was also moistened for the same purpose. Claude may be said to have made landscapes popular in England; indeed he was always much more appreciated than the painters of the English school, who were much neglected in consequence.

To Turner belongs the glory of being the first 'to venture to place twenty miles of landscape within the four walls of a frame,' and of being almost the first who directly studied from Nature. Richard Wilson and John Constable also did their part in raising this branch of the art, and making it understood and felt.

RICHARD WILSON, the first of the two mentioned, was a native of Wales, and was born at Pinegas, Montgomeryshire, in 1714. His father was a clergyman, but poor, and does not seem to have done anything to further his son's artistic education, although Richard showed his taste for drawing as soon as he could speak. Fortunately for him a distant relative was not

so blind to his talent, and being well-to-do, took the boy under his protection, bringing him to London, where he placed him under a portrait painter of the name of Wright. Until the age of thirty-five Wilson attempted nothing but portraits, which he executed in a very indifferent manner, so that the world has not lost much by the fact that not a single specimen has been preserved.

During this period of his life but little is known of him, except that he had an intense longing to visit Italy, which he was at last able to do by much economising and by the help of friends. He remained in Italy six years, and seemed as if he never wished to leave it. The character of the country left such an impress on his mind that all his pictures are stamped with it; whatever scenes he painted, English or Welsh, the blue skies, the marble ruins, the whole spirit of Italian landscape pervaded the picture. His landscapes were always given warm tones of atmosphere, and he would paint a scene in Wales without a single Welsh characteristic. He retained too, all through his life, some degree of mannerism; his shades are always very dark, to bring out the lights, and he was very sparing of half-tints. For some time after he went to Italy, he still remained faithful to portrait painting, not knowing in fact that he was capable of anything else, till one day strolling into the studio of Zuccharelli, and finding that artist out, he amused himself by copying a picture while waiting. Zuccharelli, on entering, at once exclaimed on seeing his work, and persuaded him that he was a veritable landscape painter. Wilson now gave himself up enthusiastically to his art; he soon became imbued with the love of it and looked at everything with a painter's eye. Nature to him was a huge landscape executed by a Master Hand. At the sight of a cascade, 'how capitably that water is done,' he would exclaim; or on coming across a lovely bit of country life he would say, 'how well those figures stand out; what a splendid composition!' His demonstrative nature

met with many a rebuff on his return to England. When he arrived there, portrait painting was the only popular style, and he was consequently disregarded and his works despised. The taste of the English people at this time was formed by a few dilettanti who, having made the grand tour, set themselves up as judges and patrons of art. Such men were not likely to appreciate any English painter; whatever was foreign pleased them best, and Wilson, poor, without friends, with nothing but intrinsic merit to speak for him, was left entirely in the shade.

Just at first, on his immediate return from Italy, he met with some success. The Duke of Cumberland and the Marquis of Tavistock became purchasers of his pictures, and he was made a Royal Academician; but he soon faded away into obscurity, and lived wretchedly. Picture dealers could not understand him, artists and connoisseurs would not. Still he struggled and painted on, with here and there a faint beam of hope to cheer him. Once, his only friend, Sir William Beechy, succeeded in bringing him under the notice of the king, who employed him to paint Kew Gardens, to which his majesty was particularly attached; but Wilson offended him by his inability to forget Italy, and embellished and beautified the gardens in such a way on his canvas, that the king was angry and refused to think of him again. No one now bought his pictures, unless some broker took pity on him, and even these wearied of paying the most contemptible price for his works. 'I would willingly oblige you,' said a Jew to him one day, 'but look at the other end of my shop and you will see every picture you have sold me during three years.' At last things came to such a pitch that he was actually dying of starvation, and one day he gave one of his finest works for a pint of stout and a morsel of cheese. Formerly good-natured and lovable, he now became morose, passionate, and, worse still, addicted to drinking. His sight began to fail him, his hand to tremble, and his paintings of course deteriorated. 'You look at my landscapes too closely,' he said once to Sir William Beechy; 'you should examine a picture with your eyes, not with your nose.' Just when he had reached this unhappy stage, a brother of his died, and left him a small property in Wales, whither he at once went,

and where he died at the age of sixty-one. His best known picture is the 'Death of Niobe's Children.' In this, and also in his 'Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenas,' we see Wilson in all his grandeur and charm. These subjects he could treat in his own peculiar manner, and he was consequently more successful with them than with English scenery. A 'View in Italy,' is a beautiful little landscape, and a genuine bit of Nature. Wilson foresaw that a time would come when his memory would be honoured and his works sought after, and he was right. To-day picture collectors and artists value his pictures as they deserve, and recognize his claim to be a great landscape painter.

JOHN CONSTABLE was born in 1776, at East Bergholt, in Suffolk. His father was a miller, possessing considerable property in the county, and was too matter-of-fact and business-like to appreciate his son's budding talent, or to wish him to be anything better than a miller like himself. The youth, in consequence, met with great discouragement from his family, was compelled to fall in with their wishes, and a mill at Bergholt was put under his care and management.

Here, amidst his duties, which it is but just to say he did not neglect, his thoughts were often on his art, and he became penetrated with a passionate love for country sights, cloud effects, and all the beauties of Nature that were so easily within his grasp in his out-of-door life. His chief study was that of clouds; he kept his sketch-book always near him, and never neglected an opportunity of filling it. At last some friends came to his rescue; they pointed out to his father wherein his talent lay, but at first with no success; ultimately, however, he was persuaded to allow his son to go to London. When Constable first arrived there he seemed likely to gain some popularity, and he was in great hopes that his parents would sympathise with him, but his dreams were speedily dispelled, for the encouragement he met with was only transient, and he was plunged into despair. At that time landscape painters were too full of conventionalities and imitations, for a real expounder of Nature to be appreciated. Constable was criticized, laughed at, and entirely misunderstood. In vain he tried to teach other ideas by his paintings and his words. 'A painter who imi-

tates another painter is no longer a child of Nature; he is only the grandchild,' he would quote. He would say it was his aim to forget he had ever seen a picture, so much was he desirous to learn nothing save from Nature.

Discouraged by the censure he every where met with, he returned to Suffolk, where he gave himself up to study and solitude. A few years later he was again induced to visit London to try his fate, but with no better success. He now attempted portraits, and historical and even religious compositions; but his *forte* did not lie in this direction, and he therefore pleased neither himself nor the public, so he returned to his landscapes once more. His style was peculiar, and differed very much from that of the period in which he lived. Mill scenes and rivers he delighted most in, and never tired of introducing the ash, his favorite tree, into his pictures. He aimed at a correct representation of chiaroscuro; in fact he made it too principal an object to himself, and so it became forced and unnatural. 'Though my pictures should have nothing else,' he said, 'they shall have chiaroscuro.' Ruskin cruelly remarks that 'the sacrifice was accepted by the Fates, but the prayer denied. His pictures *had* nothing else; but they had *not* chiaroscuro.' Relative masses of light and shade are beautiful when subordinate to the more important features of a composition, but when an artist strives to make lesser things take the place and prominence of essentials, his works can never rise to the highest degree of excellence. Constable was middle-aged before his pictures began to have any hold on the public, and then it was France which set the example of praising him. At the exhibition in Paris, in 1825, many of his pictures were accepted, and were so much thought of that his works considerably influenced French painters in inducing them to leave the conventionalities then in vogue, and to try like Constable to paint faithfully. From this time his pictures began to sell well, and English admirers of art commenced to appreciate him. He only enjoyed a few years of popularity and success, for in 1837 he died suddenly in London, a few nights after the Royal Academy school at Somerset House was closed, at which he was the last visitor. His life was a continual struggle

against public opinion and family dislike to his art. His wife was almost the only person who never ceased to encourage and aid him, so that amid all his difficulties he never entirely lost hope or energy. Some idea may be given of what artists had to contend against, when it is mentioned that patrons of art considered that brown was the correct colour to be used for trees, grass, &c., in landscape paintings; and Constable was severely dealt with on account of his obstinate persistence in painting the grass green, and the foliage as he saw it around him. 'See here,' said Sir George Beaumont to him one day, pointing to an old violin, 'this is the colour that predominates in Nature.' Constable's reply was to place the violin upon the grass plot near them. One of his finest works is 'Salisbury Cathedral.' It was painted for the bishop of the diocese, but his lordship, finding fault with a certain cloud in the picture, refused it when it was finished. The 'Farm in the Valley' is another of his best pieces: the clouds are slightly heavy, but the forest of oaks is grand; the foreground is occupied by some cattle drinking in the stream.

Amongst many others is 'Hadleigh Castle,' now in a private collection, and which was exhibited in 1829. The castle, which is in ruins, is situated in Suffolk, where most of his scenes are laid; a stream parts its two decayed towers. The whole picture is wild and stormy looking. While Constable was touching up this picture at the Academy, Chantrey came to him and objected to the foreground as being too cold, and thereupon seizing the palette, altered it to his liking, but not to Constable's, who could not avoid exclaiming, 'There goes all my dew!' The last picture he ever painted was one of 'Arundel Mill and Castle.' It belongs to his children, and it has been praised as possessing 'that silvery brightness of effect, which was a chief aim with him in the latter years of his life.' It is a winter scene, the trees bare of foliage: in the centre is the picturesque old-fashioned Mill; to the left is the grand old Castle, situated so beautifully above the river Arun. In his lectures Constable recommended students to pay great attention to winter scenery. 'It is the time,' said he, 'when a painter learns the structure and anatomy of trees. A tree

bared of its leaves is to the landscape painter what the nude and the skeleton are to the painter of figures.'

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER was born in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, April 23rd, 1775. He was baptized at the parish church of St. Paul's, where the register records the fact. His father was a barber, and kept a small shop, in whose windows Turner's first essays in art were exhibited. They were done in water-colours and were little sketches of scenes round about his beloved river 'Thames, 'his youth's study, and one of the last sights which sank before his dying eyes.' Many a morning before sunrise did Turner and his friend Tom Girtin, leaving the city behind them, walk to Battersea or Chelsea, and roam along the side of the river. The sun rising in a misty fog, the black and silent barges, the bridges, all had an exquisite poetry for the two youthful enthusiasts. Here they sketched, or perhaps contented themselves with filling their souls with deep insight and clear knowledge, to bear such ripe fruit in Turner's after life, and to show the bud of promise during Girtin's short career. The boys were both poor, and for some time their only education was the natural study that they acquired for themselves. Their sketches, however, attracted much notice; artists and men of taste were seen to congregate round the barber's shop ready to point out to each other every recent addition to the collection. By the interest of a customer of the father's, who doubtless had instilled into him, during the process of shaving, accounts of the wonderful talents of the boy, Turner was sent to study under Thomas Malton, who is chiefly known by a treatise he wrote on perspective. Here fortune followed him, and again he was enabled to further his studies by the aid of a friend who opened to him his galleries and his purse.

Turner chiefly worked in water colours during this early period of his life, and was employed by gentlemen to paint their country residences; and he assisted architects in their designs, which helped to lay the foundation of his correct drawing. Turner and Girtin made a perfect revolution in the art of water-colour painting; rejecting the old style of preparing a drawing by an uniform tint and putting in colour afterwards, they

first practised the washing down of broken tints to obtain variety, and showed many other methods to secure wonderful effects of bright and half lights. In 1789 Turner became a student of the Royal Academy; ten years after he was made an associate, and in 1802 was elected an academician. One of the earliest works he exhibited was 'Dover Castle,' and though it and another of 'Rochester' met with great praise at the time, Ruskin, who has truly been called the apostle of Turner, does not consider he did anything worthy of notice before the year 1800. He divides Turner's artistic life into four periods—the first from 1800 to 1820, when he was simply a student and an imitator, though even in his imitations he was different to any other beginner, for 'instead of copying a Vanderveelde, he went to the sea, and painted *that*, in Vanderveelde's way. Instead of copying a Poussin, he went to the mountains, and painted *them*, in Poussin's way. And from the lips of the mountains and the sea themselves, he learned one or two things which neither Vanderveelde nor Poussin could have told him.' In his second period, 1820 to 1835, he began to idealize, and to show a delicate handling and brilliant colouring. In his third period, 1835 to 1845, he gave himself up to the calm following of truth, and soared above all the prevalent theories of art. From 1845 to his death in 1851, his health began to give way, his strength to decline, and his pictures to bear strong evidence of this decay. It would be impossible here even to enumerate all the pictures of the four periods so different in style and treatment.

'All various, each a perfect whole  
From living nature, fit for every mood  
And change of the still soul.'

I shall therefore describe only one example of each period, mentioning incidentally the most celebrated of his works belonging to the division.

Perhaps the most well known of the pictures of the first period is 'The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides.' This picture was painted after Turner had first visited Switzerland, and he introduced into it the knowledge he had gained of mountain scenery. The styles of Wilson and Morland may be traced in this composition, and he fell into their faults of being too heavy and sombre. The gardens are

broken and rocky, and behind the dragon rushes an enormous torrent. The dragon is the noblest and truest part of the picture: it is simply terrible, and leads the mind on to fancy in all its immensity and horror. In another picture, 'Jason,' painted about this time, there is also a wonderful dragon just displaying one huge coil. In 1807 Turner commenced his *Liber Studiorum*, a number of sketches embracing six distinct subjects—history, elegant pastoral, pastoral, marine, mountain, and architectural. The sketches themselves are at the National Gallery, but they were never meant for exhibition, being merely executed and intended as hints to the engraver. The engravings are what ought to be studied; they are simply superb. Turner superintended them all, and etched and engraved many of them himself. He took the idea from Claude, who did a work of the same kind which met with great success. Turner's came out at intervals in the shape of a book, but was not very warmly received on account of the inequality of the engravings, some being of the first proof, and some of a very inferior quality, in the same number. The best of the whole series are 'Grande Chartreuse,' 'Source of Avernus,' 'Rizpah,' 'Dumblane,' 'Raglan,' 'Hind-head,' and 'Little Devil's Bridge.' There were seventy-one plates in all.

The chief pictures in Turner's second style, from 1820 to 1835, are the 'Bay of Baïæ,' 'Polyphemus,' 'Carthage—Dido directing the equipment of the Fleet,' 'Landing of William of Orange,' 'Lake Avernus, the Fates, and the Golden Bough,' and 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' This last picture was once the loveliest of the works of the second period, but it has been ruined by neglect or some other cause. 'Polyphemus' is a good specimen of his execution at this time. It represents the Greeks under Ulysses sailing away from the cave of the Cyclops. The time is early morning, and a magnificent sunrise perfectly glorifies the picture. The whole painting is a fine piece of idealism. The sky in this picture is the finest in all Turner's oil paintings. Next to it comes that of the 'Slave Ship,' recently exhibited and sold in New York, and which has been sadly unappreciated. The sun effect in the 'Slave Ship' can never be understood by the general public, on account, as Ruskin

points out, 'of it being impossible to paint sunshine colour of the pitch of light which has true relation to its shadows,' hence 'magnificent effects of sunshine colour will always be unintelligible to the ordinary observer.' The drawings of the 'Rivers of France and England,' and the vignettes of Rogers's 'Italy,' were commenced about this time and are wholly perfect. Both the series of 'Rivers of France' and 'Rivers of England' were unfortunately stopped for want of encouragement.

In the third period Turner painted, amongst about thirty others, 'Apollo and Daphne,' 'Ancient Italy,' 'Modern Italy,' 'The old Téméraire being towed to her last moorings,' and 'Phryne going to the Bath.' 'The old Téméraire,' one of Nelson's ships, was painted in 1839. It was well received, and is one of the last pictures that exhibits all Turner's strength. It is painted with all the love he ever bore to seamen and ships. It is a splendid composition, and the sky painting, in which is represented a sunset, ranks after the 'Slave Ship' in truth and beauty. After 1845, Turner's strength began to give way, and though about seventeen paintings may be counted that were done up to his death, they bear sorrowful evidence of his declining years and health.

Turner's pictures need careful study to enable the spectator to enter into his conceptions and to rise to his level. Ruskin is of opinion that as surely as we trust Nature in her laws, so may we find in Turner's works the like phenonoma. Not only did he imitate her outwardly, but he understood her wondrous workings and her inner speech. In his works we may see:

'the soul of truth in every part;  
A faith, a trust, that could not be betrayed.'

It is painful to know how little he was appreciated in his own time, one of the finest of his works being offered to the public for a hundred and fifty guineas and remaining unsold. But when we remember that men like Sir George Beaumont were at the head of public taste we must cease to wonder. This nobleman, though refusing to acknowledge Turner's genius, pretended such a passion for art, that he carried a work of Claude's constantly about with him in his carriage, for fear of it meeting with any injury during his absence from home. In Italy, when some of Turner's pictures

were exhibited theysaid of them (*à propos* of some mustard mills that an enterprising Englishman had recently erected) that they had two new English importations, and that in coming over the mustard must have got mixed up with the pictures. It is only fair to add, that many of the contemporary members of the Academy honoured Turner and his paintings as they deserved.

Turner's personal character is generally not very flatteringly drawn; he is considered a miser and a misanthrope. As for the first charge, we know he left all his possessions to the British nation; and as for the next, the great disappointment which he experienced in early life in reference to the woman he loved and who loved him, was such that it followed him all his life, and tinged it with melancholy.

Turner died at Chelsea, December 19th, 1851, and was buried close by Sir Joshua Reynolds in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Thornbury aptly says of him: 'If I was, in as few words as possible, to try to describe the special characteristics of Turner's genius, I should not select the versatility that ied him from poor English hedges and ditches to Jason on the war-trail and Ulysses triumphing at sunrise, nor to the industry that produced twenty thousand sketches, but the wide sympathies that made him take as great an interest in a plain Scottish peat-bog as in the most gorgeous visions of modern Italy, or the wildest depths of the Alps, the aerial perspective in which he revels in the 'Modern Italy,' the 'Bay of Baiaë,' and the 'Crossing of the Brook,' and the extraordinary 'multitude' and quantity which we see in his 'Grenoble,' in the Liber Studiorum. Turner was the first to give us storm and sunshine, and widen on all sides the hitherto narrow domain of landscape painting.'

AMY RYE.

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### THE CHILD AND THE SUNBEAM.

'T WAS beauteous eve, a sunset beam  
 Descended on a mother's grave,  
 And like a mourner, it would seem,  
 A weeping willow there did wave;  
 And culling simple flow'rs quite wild,  
 Which sprang from tears that fell around—  
 There sat a little orphan child.

And oft at summer-day's repose,  
 When o'er the earth was Nature's hush,  
 When dew was trembling in each rose,  
 And mellow light half hid it's blush,  
 Among the simple flow'rs quite wild,  
 Which sprang up there from tears that fell—  
 Were seen the sunbeam and the child.

The autumn came, and summer's bloom  
 Passed like a friendly smile away,  
 The willow leaves fell o'er the tomb,  
 The transient sunbeams scarce would stay;  
 And then the simple flowers quite wild,  
 Which grew from tears shed round the grave,  
 Seemed fading like the orphan child.

'Twas eve again; a stormy cloud  
 Hung darkly o'er that lonely place,  
 The wintry blast was long and loud,  
 No eye a sunbeam there could trace,  
 But 'neath the withered flow'rs so wild,  
 Which once had risen there from tears—  
 Lay sleeping too the orphan child.

W. McDONNELL.

## STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

## A STORY OF BOHEMIAN LIFE.

## CHAPTER V.

THE next day, after a long and sound sleep, for I had retired early, I rose in such unusual spirits, with such a sense of bodily comfort and mental serenity, that I scarce recognized myself. Was the Bohemian régime beginning to act, I wondered? I dressed, and went down to breakfast and did full justice to its excellent coffee and traditional *hörnchen*, a sort of breakfast roll in the shape of a crescent, white and crisp, and speckled with anise-seed, and listened good-humoredly to the various household anecdotes Peppy was trying to entertain me with. The rare fellow watched my movements with studied interest, and seemed to count the *hörnchen* as I dispatched them, one after the other, no doubt cogitating in his mind the physiological problem of the possibility of an Englishman's heart being secreted somewhere in his stomach, and revealing itself through his appetite. Meanwhile, a few questions I put to him relative to the engagement between Christopher and Miss Prochazka caused the thermometer of his suspicions to rise ten degrees at once, as I judged, for he vouchsafed the comforting assurance that my lordship was a far more suitable match for the baron's daughter than the humble musician, whatever his genius might be.

Towards noon, after paying a visit to the dogs, and inspecting the various guns kept for sporting purposes, I determined to carry out my programme, and see the forester about a day's sport. This time I took good care to heed Peppy's road direction, and set out with somewhat clearer ideas of the Herrnstein locality than I had the day before. The afternoon was hazy, but of that suggestive haziness that hints at suppressed splendors. The sun, behind transparent clouds, shed over all the sombre and dreary landscape a golden mist that betrayed un-

told glories. Still the air was dry, and it is one of the peculiar features of this healthful climate that its veiled lights are never due to dampness in the atmosphere, but to the playful shifting of the clouds. I paced along slowly, in secret admiration of the effective variety of hues that tinted the woods and hills, and let myself go into all sorts of speculative reveries regarding the country and the people I had come to visit. I recalled to mind the early history of Bohemia; how, midst all the vicissitudes of its political fortunes, it remained true to its principles of right and honor. How free from cabinet intrigues and the spirit of self-aggrandizement that tormented its neighbors. How favorably even its early paganism compared, in its noble aspirations, with the more than questionable Christianity of its false friends, the White Mantles of the Teutonic order, whitened sepulchres, wolves in sheep's clothing, who, in their rapacious duplicity, and under cover of proselytism, had pressed so hard upon its territorial rights. How splendid, in this retrospective view, stood out then the noble figure of Queen Hedwige. True consort of that most chivalrous of husbands, how bravely did she keep at bay, and for so many years, the covetousness of her greedy neighbors, and save the kingdom from their encroachments,—tact, patience, piety, her only artifices.

Then I drifted into comparisons of people and country. How much there is of the ancient Gaul in the brave Slavonic race! How French the Poles were! How Charlemagne and Napoleon in their vast schemes might have had some such thoughts! How, thinking of Brittany, the whole landscape before me looked familiar. The same grey tones; the same dark evergreens; the same low sky; and the wind moaning through the Boehmerwald sounding like the distant roar of the sea that borders that relic of old France.



I had, meanwhile, reached the broad plateau on which Lhudoslau's comfortable dwelling-house was seated, and tying my horse to the post before the door, I entered. A large, blazing fire illuminated the sitting-room, where the family was usually assembled. The children, two rosy, chubby boys, sat on the floor playing marbles. Frau Lhudoslau was busy setting the table for the afternoon lunch, the third meal of the day, and corresponding, I fancy, for its quaintness with the old English four o'clock tea. Before the fire, in the large family arm-chair, sat the tall, well-knit forester, smoking a pipe and engaged in conversation with a little figure I could scarcely make out, who was seated on a low stool at the corner of the hearth, and busy knitting.\*

'Ach, Herr Fe!' cried the buxom *Forssterin*, as I closed the door behind me; 'and here is Herr Osborn! Nepomuk, Nepomuk,' calling her husband, 'here comes Herr Osborn.'

The forester turned round, and with the same demonstrative hospitality with which his wife always greeted me, came towards me with glad welcoming and those cordial and well meant attentions which establish so readily a courteous familiarity between the higher and lower classes of the rural districts.

'I am cold and hungry, friend Lhudoslau,' I said, taking the chair of honor that was placed for me on the other side of the hearth, 'and you must invite me to that tempting lunch I see Frau Kathrina is getting ready. Nothing like a good bumper of foaming beer and a bit of Schweitzer and brown bread, after a hard ride.'

'Ja! Ja! that's it! and gentle folks know it as well as we,' replied the good man, rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction. 'How often haven't I seen Count Rudolph smack his lips, after emptying one of our big jugs, and say, "One more, one more, old fellow!"'

'And Mistress Amelia! how she enjoys our *knödel*s and *blutwurst*e at hog-killing times!' fell in Frau Kathrina with exultation. 'Ho, Sepperl!' calling her oldest boy, who was standing by looking at me

with that air of bashful curiosity illustrated by a finger in the mouth, 'here, run into the store-room, and get me the semmel-box, whilst I go for the beer.'

'No, Frau Kathrina,' I cried, 'no *semmeln* for me; I like your good brown bread full as well, and better.'

She smiled, but the aristocratic *semmeln*, together with ham and cold snipes, were added to the usual lunch, despite my remonstrances. When the substantial fare was disposed of, and we had returned to our seats near the fire, Lhudoslau produced a couple of pipes, and we fell to talking game and sport. The growing dusk meanwhile had gathered in the room, and enveloped all things in gloom. The little figure of the stranger, whom the forester called Milic, was only visible at intervals, by the flicker of the fire, but it kept up an active knitting, as I could see by the rapid play of the needles gleaming in the dark. Now and then, heedless of our presence, he would mutter a few, to me, unintelligible words, and give a start. I asked Lhudoslau what it meant?

'Oh, nothing, sir; one of those poor innocents, you know, that bring good luck. He used to keep the sheep for the Prochazkas when he was younger, but he is scarcely good for anything now, and lives on a little pension the baron allows him, and the bounty of the neighbors. Don't mind him, sir, he is only strange.'

We resumed the former subject of our talk, and I began to state my errand, that I had come, namely, to see about getting up for the next day a sporting match between him and me, and I asked how we should proceed to carry it out? Whilst I was speaking, I fancied I could feel through the dark the eyes of my queer *vis à vis* riveted on me, and an unaccountable sensation of awe crept over me. Presently, and as I was listening to the forester's answer, the little figure dropped the knitting, and fell a shivering as if seized by a fit of ague. Frau Kathrina just then bringing a light, I could see more plainly the truly remarkable countenance of this extraordinary specimen of Bohemian innocence. He was quite short, and his thin legs just reached the ground from the low stool on which he sat; he was clad in the poor shepherd attire of the peasantry. A scanty head of black hair hung Indian

\* It is no uncommon thing to meet peasants in Bohemia, men and boys, engaged in this feminine occupation, whilst driving their flocks.

fashion down each side of his pale face, which, in shape and features, might have been called handsome, but for its total want of expression. The eyes alone appeared alive, and seemed to send out, at intervals, flashes of light.

The forester and his wife nodded to each other with a motion of the head that had reference to their weird guest, and looked at him with a sort of reverential interest.

'The spell is on him now,' whispered Lhudoslau to me; 'just wait a moment, sir, it will be over in a minute; we must not interrupt him.'

I smiled, but let them have their way. His eyes gradually turned up, so that we could see only the white of them, and his lips quivered and muttered a few sentences, which Lhudoslau translated to me as follows:

'Poor, poor lady! so beautiful, so sad! Jesu, Maria, all is well!'

'Poor, benighted creature,' thought I.

'Do these words convey any meaning to you, sir?' asked Lhudoslau, with a sort of anxious interest.

'Not the least. This poor man, I suppose, is demented.'

'Oh no, sir! no, no. We all know that Milic is in his right mind. These spells come on him, now and then, and his words generally mean something.'

'He sees, you know,' remarked Kathrina, in a tone of conviction. 'He sees what no one else can see.'

I felt no inclination to combat the simple faith of these good people, and fixing with the forester upon the hour of our next day's meeting, I bade them all good night, and returned home.

On arriving, Peppy informed me that Count Rudolph had come all unexpectedly, and was awaiting my return in the library. I hastened to meet him.

Count Rudolph S— was a man of about thirty years old; tall, of a commanding appearance, and quite handsome. In manner he differed entirely from the chevalier, whose bearing was so gentle that it almost seemed timid. There was a brusque frankness in his gestures that indicated determination, rapid action, and the habit of command.

'I have come all of a sudden, Mr. Osborn, as I very often do—have to do—' said he, wheeling an arm-chair towards me,

after we had shaken hands. 'I left my brother at Pilsen, transacting some business for me, and shall await his return here. I trust you will not lose by the exchange,' continued he, with a smile; 'I am not quite the poet Frederic is, and break sometimes roughly into the charmed circle of this little colony of dreamers, but I mean it all well—brother knows!'

I assured him that I felt fully persuaded of that, and expressed my pleasure at having such a pleasant end put to my solitude. I then acquainted him with my adventures during the chevalier's absence, and the sport I had engaged for with Lhudoslau for the following day, into which scheme he entered heartily. We inaugurated this, our first acquaintance, with a smoke, and fell a talking upon various subjects. I expressed to him my surprise at the primitive character of the people, and that such a little *Thebaïde* as his estate seemed to be, could exist in the whirlwind of the progressive thought of the age. He replied: 'This is a curious country, as you will find; very curious. I, who make my home in Vienna, in the midst of all the excitement and rush of the world, and should therefore not complain of a dearth of sensation,—I never come over here without surprise at the entirely different aspect of things, and if I but stay a week or so, begin to entertain a secret feeling of the emptiness of the one and the fullness of the other. Solitude is an unnatural state, however, and breeds chimeras. We spend most of our summers here; my wife and children recuperate from the fatigues of the capital, and get ready for new fatigues, and that indeed is all that this little new Palestine is good for.'

'There is,' I remarked, 'quite a considerable manufacture of woollen goods in Neugedein.'

'Yes,' he said, 'there are all over the country quite a number of industrial and very successful efforts made. Look at their vast porcelain manufactures, glass furnaces, iron foundries; but it is not German—never will be. I stepped into a book-store in Prague, the other day, and asked for About's "Roman Question," to while away the time in the diligence, and I was more than ever before struck with the fact that there is no despatch in the Bohemians. They seem to have an eternity before them to do

their work in. Gentlemen, all of them ; indeed, my dear sir,' laying his hand on my arm, and with a peculiar gravity, 'noblemen! the very boors! You will find in the peasantry of this country a refinement of manner and sentiment which exists no where else. The Russian peasant is ignorant and degraded ; the Pole, dirty ; the Bohemian—oh ! but, there I remember—I am running into illusions, too !—there lurks in my memory, and it is of a very recent date, too, the recollection of a hotel at Budweis you had better avoid if you can help it. The cuisine, passable ; but the beds, oh Lord ! I am a tremendous sleeper, and don't mind faint little ticklings, and never should have suspected any thing wrong about the Golden Eagle at Budweis, but for the exclamation of horror of my wife, when, in opening my valise, in hope of finding there a little trinket I had promised her, she happened to examine my comb and hair brush and underclothes : "Oh, Rudolph ! where for heaven's sake did you sleep last night !" and she rang the bell and told Gretel to have a warm bath prepared at once, and : "Quick, Kudolph, quick, undress, and get under water !" and such a rubbing and cleaning and scouring as I got that day from that divine lady's hands, I have not had since I was a boy.'

'Ha ! ha ! ha !'

'But otherwise, I assure you, they are a superior people ; not so much intellectually, perhaps, although they are very quick of apprehension ; but—what shall I call it to be up with these intelligent terms—æsthetically?—perhaps ; and that isn't it either—'

'They are thoroughly penetrated with the religion of life, as I take it,' said I, trying to help the count out of his rhetorical difficulty.

'That's it. They are profoundly religious without the least touch of bigotry or pharisaism. Our Herr Dechant is a capital companion at table, and though he is too fat to dance himself, enjoys a ball immensely ; he is moreover the tenderest man at the poor's bed-side.'

Supper meanwhile being announced, the subject was broken off, and, as after the evening's meal each of us retired to his room, our first interview ended there.

## CHAPTER VI.

The next morning brought us together over the breakfast table, and I had an opportunity to study more minutely my friend's brother. There was something so breezy about him that his very presence had an exhilarating effect ; nor was there in his joyous epicureanism anything vulgarly sensual. He confessed candidly that the aim of life with him was to enjoy all that the world had to give. Frederic's asceticism, said he jocosely, atoned for all his self-indulgence. In reply to my own confession of satiety of men and things, his opinion was that like good Queen Catharine Parr, I was troubled by too much thought. Give up that wretched habit of thinking, said he, and all will be well. Life, he maintained, could be made a festival or a funeral, and the healthiest and happiest way to look at it was with the natural eye, and not through a microscope. Hold on to its realities, its prose, and make of its poetry an after-dinner nap only.

'And yet,' I said, as we were leaving the dining-room to take a little smoke in the library, previous to making ready to join Lhudoslau on the hunting-ground,—'and yet, these people à *illusions* seem infinitely happy.'

'Oh, yes !' he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'and so are children with soap-bubbles. There is no happier man than Prochazka over his cabbalistic signs and Egyptian hieroglyphics ; but what an unpractical use of his faculties and energies ! What good can ever come of it ? Marie, now, is a sensible girl, and though her head is a good deal in the clouds, she keeps diligently digging the lower earth with her little toe-nails. The estate was never more flourishing than since she assumed the administration of it. She would make a capital wife to some man of genius or other, who needed a woman's sympathy, and had to be cared for and looked after. But heaven forbid I should wish the dear girl such a lot in life ! This platonic love of hers for Christopher—I suppose Frederic has told you about it—is most provokingly absurd. I might otherwise have had no trouble in finding her a suitable husband.'

'And what prevents her marrying Christopher ?' I asked. 'Considerations of *mésalliance* ?'

'I can hardly tell. Christopher is a clever and honest fellow, and they are not afraid of *mésalliances* in that family; but—indeed the situation is perfectly enigmatical.'

Peppy meanwhile came in to announce that the dogs had been fed and that all was in readiness for our starting; and we started.

There is perhaps no keener enjoyment in life than that of the amateur hunter, provided he has some sort of poetic fibre in him. In that season of the year when the bright hues of summer are gone and the loud tones of autumn hushed when the grey predominates, and sky and landscape seem to have both gone to sleep to dream of glories past and glories to come, there is a sentiment afloat that stirs the inner and outer man, and makes him seek a relief against the melancholy of nature. In no other season of the year, and at no other occupation, perhaps, does he feel himself more the lord of his surroundings. Spring and summer may intimidate him with their splendors; but with her proud attire laid aside, and in her modest grays, nature shows herself less imposing, and he brushes through wood and fields, over her fallen branches and dead leaves, listening to his own self, and hearing himself the better during her silence. He is filled with a sense of power, scarcely feels the load of gun and powder-box and pouch, and walks all day without fatigue. Then comes in at intervals the excitement of the aim, the hit or the miss, all of which exhilarates and rouses him to renewed efforts.

The day was particularly in our favor—the air clear and bracing, and the ground firm under the foot. When we had reached the wood that stretches northward on the other side of the Herrnstein, the count called my attention towards its historic phase, and how it had been a battle-ground for Hussite skirmishes.

'On this very spot,' stamping on the ground, 'a little band of Hussites held in check a considerable detachment of imperial troops, and made a terrible havoc among them.'

'Yes, but the Imperialists got the better of them, your lordship,' fell in Lhudoslau, 'and hung many a brave fellow on those trees yonder.'

'Then came Ziska with reinforcements,' continued the count—

'A little too late, your honour, to save the brave little band. But, oh, how he retaliated! Ah, Ziska, Ziska!'

This last exclamation was made with such a fervor of enthusiasm that I jokingly remarked that Lhudoslau's patriotism as an Austrian subject was of a rather doubtful character, and contained seeds of rebellion against the rightful emperor and the holy Mother Church. They laughed.

'You must not press this question too closely, my dear sir,' again observed the Count. 'Our Bohemians are somewhat like the Poles, drawing continually upon the ideal glory of their forefathers as upon an inexhaustible fund. I am afraid, despite their attachment to the tiara, they will always entertain a secret love for the semi-heretical doctrines of old Huss and his compeer Hieronymus.'

'No, no, your lordship,' interposed the forester, good-naturedly, 'you know the old adage, "No real Bohemian can ever be a heretic."'

'Well,' said I, 'I rather like this sub-current of nationality and sense of religious liberty. There is no telling what Bohemia and Poland may not yet become, midst this grand tempest of revolutionary ideas which sweeps over the world just now.'

'Hush, hush,' interposed Count Rudolph, with a half-serious, half-comic air. 'I am pledged, you know, to Austrian politics, and may not countenance such seditious opinions. But,' putting his gun in readiness, 'we have come to the game grounds, and now for native Bohemian huntsmanship and English skill.'

And each of us busying himself forthwith with what might prove the chances of the chase, took his stand and watched his opportunities.

It were useless to describe the many successful and unsuccessful shots that echoed through the still air. Suffice it to say that the evening found us with pouches well filled and hunters' appetites, and that we did full justice to the substantial provisions Frau Kathrina had, according to agreement, set out for us, the forester's house having been chosen for the general place of rendezvous. The sun had set when we turned homeward, and Count Rudolph, to save time and pains, proposed we should cut across the fields, despite bogs and marshy grounds, and get as quickly as possible upon

the Kauther road. We had been walking a mile or more in silence, breaking through underbrush, climbing over fences, and leaping over ditches, and so intent upon reaching the highway, that we had not noticed that we were pursued. A little man was running after us, whose laboured breathing showed that he had had some trouble in coming up. I was the first to notice him.

'Why, Milic! I cried, recognising the little figure I had first met at Lhudoslau's.

The count, who was in advance of me, turned round: 'Hallo, old fellow!'

But the little man made such vehement gestures, and talked with such volubility, that Count Rudolph turned back; and the subsequent conversation between them, which was translated to me, was to the effect that a few steps further would have led us into one of those bottomless swamps from which there is no extricating oneself. We stood still a moment to consult. In the far-off distance to our right lay a cluster of houses, one of which Milic signalled as the Stickna cottage, the virtuoso's home, and he proposed we should turn back the way we came, and he would show us a path that would take us past their door, and where if we were very tired we could rest. The proposition was accepted and we followed our little guide. On the way Count Rudolph questioned him as to how he came to know of our danger and discover our whereabouts? He pulled out a handkerchief and handed it to him, saying that, in coming through the woods, he had found it hanging on some underbrush, no doubt the count having lost it in his haste, and that as soon as he had picked it up, he saw—saw gradually where we were, and the danger we were running. The count and I looked at each other, half in amazement, half smiling at the improbability of the story.

'Well,' said Count Rudolph, after a pause, 'whatever this poor fellow's delusion may be, one thing is sure, he has found us, and saved us from the mischief of an ugly swamp. To-morrow I shall have the place examined and find out what danger we really ran. If it is as bad as Milic says, there ought to be some posts put there as warnings.'

We soon reached the path we were going towards, and being put in the road

by the queer little man, thanked him, and bade him good night. I meant to reward him with a few silver coins, but Count Rudolph held me back, saying that he never took any money, and that it would only hurt his feelings. We pushed on again; the night had meanwhile set in, and the stars shone bright and clear.

'How do you feel about turning into Stickna's?' asked my companion, as we were nearing the cottage.

'Just as you say,' I replied; 'I am good yet for an hour's walk at least.'

'Oh! for English walking power!' said he, laughing. 'I am well-nigh spent, I confess, but if we turn into Christopher's I shall be bored to death, and between the two evils, the walking on is the least—Hark!'

Just at that moment there rose from the little house in sight sounds of a violin. The *coup d'archet*, as it is called, struck me at once as being that of an experienced hand. It was the prelude to an old ballad, which both my companion and I were familiar with. We stopped a moment to listen, and followed the well-known theme under the idealisations of the virtuoso, with increasing rapture.

'This is genius, real genius,' exclaimed the Count, as the last notes died away, and we resumed our tramp. 'His composition is of the Schubert order, not so scientific, perhaps, but of a higher conception. What a pity that these very extraordinary people are so absolutely good-for-nothing in real life.'

'It is probably that very thing that makes them extraordinary,' I remarked.

'True enough,' and to beguile the rest of the road, the Count entered into the details of Christopher's family and his relations to Marie.

'He is,' said he, 'the son of a very respectable family, whose limited means alone had caused them to drop the legitimate *Von* before the family name. The father was an officer in the army, and left his widow and son quite a comfortable little income; but Frau Stickna encroached upon the capital to give Christopher a superior education. He graduated with us boys, at Pilsen, and, indeed, our summer vacations were always spent together. It was, in fact, during these childish sports that his intimacy with Marie sprung up. Marie, with

her maternal instincts, took him always under her wing. He was very delicate, and extremely timid. When he graduated, he had the choice between a good university position and a little clerkship on my estates; he preferred the latter, for no other reason than to remain near his divinity. He cultivated music; he played, she sang, and so they lost themselves in those far-off realms where no sensible person can follow them.'

'And has Marie never had a more substantial lover?' I asked.

'Frederic, you know—or has he not told you?—was at one time badly hit, and set about adoring her; but I put a timely end to that, I assure you. A younger son, you understand, a Knight of Malta' (with a smile), 'and a virtue like Marie's; such a passion would only have proved disastrous in the extreme. I took him with me to Paris, where you made his acquaintance, and had him healed before the malady had reached any vital point. No place like Paris to cure one of sick fancies and impossible ideas!'

'It kills as often as it cures.'

'Oh yes, no doubt.'

'Kills often all hopes and spirits!'

The Count looked at me somewhat searchingly, but I evaded the look and continued in a bantering tone:

'Cracked hearts may perhaps get mended there, but I doubt whether it ever forms healthy ones.'

'Ah, well, my good friend,' he replied lightly, 'all great capitals are alike. It is the same in Vienna. Life has a thousand sides. We must not look too curiously into its dark corners. Get married, Mr. Osborn, and surround yourself with half a dozen little ones, and all its gloomy aspects will disappear. Nothing like a family, my dear sir!'

'I believe you; but the deuce is, in this wild sea of life, to cast anchor in the right place.'

'Pshaw! who risks nothing, gets nothing! Risk it, *mon cher*, risk it!'

Meanwhile we had reached home, and found ourselves in warm and comfortable quarters, with all the means at hand to wipe away every trace of fatigue—a plentiful supper and a soft bed.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE days meanwhile had passed gently, noiselessly, like so many setting suns, and I wondered at the satisfaction their delicious monotony left behind. Was it the pernicious contentment of the lotus-eaters, I asked myself with some alarm. No, for there were the French and German papers that kept us informed of the great struggles of the world, and we listened to its tumult like mariners in a quiet haven to the distant roar of the sea.

Count Rudolph had left, and I had insensibly fallen into Frederic's quiet ways, and taken part in the few interests that engaged his out-door attention—now a pond to be cleaned and replenished with fish, now a felling of timber, now some new cottages to be built for new settlers,—and I began seriously to consider the project of buying land at a good distance from any capital and turning *gentilhomme campagne* myself. For, in the meantime, I had become quite intimate at the Schlossein, had been introduced by the baron into some of the secrets of his sombre studies, had made Christopher's acquaintance and heard him play to Marie's fine voice, had tasted Herr Dechant's preserved plums, had played chess with the Kapellan, had flirted a little with the Miss Reichhardts, two pretty young girls of Neugedein,—in short I began to feel so completely at home in this new experiment of life, that there is no telling to what indefinite period my visit to Bohemia might not have been protracted, but for an eventful evening, the astounding revelations of which took me unexpectedly back to Paris.

It was on one of those perfect days when everything is in tune—air, sky, spirits—that we gathered after dinner in the baron's vast study, and, midst mocha and margilehs, talked of all sorts of things deep into the twilight. The conversation at first ran upon trifles. I praised Barbara's fine *civet de lièvre*, which I pronounced equal to any of Chevet's; and told Marie I should want her recipe for Kolatschen and Krapfen by the time I returned home.

'Yes, yes,' fell in Prochazka playfully; 'be sure of that. Kolatschen and Krapfen are the test of the light or heavy hand of our housewives. Beware of a heavy Krapfen; the same hand can box your ears in a manner

you will never forget. Let it be the trial you subject your future spouse to.'

'But I should scarcely dare to invite any of my sceptical friends to a dessert of poppy-seeds,' I said; 'they would think I intended some practical joke or other, and the drug-gist where I should have to get them, might suspect me to be the father of an unpardonably large family.'

Marie laughed. 'Opium, you know,' said she, 'does not always put to sleep, but keeps awake also. Frederic,' speaking to the chevalier, who was watching the moon coming up nearly full on the horizon, 'do you remember our poppy sports?'

'I should think I did,' he replied, 'and they were anything but soporific in their effects.'

'Poppy sports?' I asked.

'Yes,' said the baron. 'I had a number of poppy-beds—we raise the plant for the seed, you know, for cooking purposes—and these youngsters knew exactly the time when the seeds were ripe. I had a terrible time to protect my beds against their marauding propensities.'

'Are they good raw?'

'Oh, delicious!'

'Well,' said I tauntingly, 'if English ale and French wines are somewhat responsible for the robustness or lightness of the respective temperaments of these two people, I do not see why your taste for poppy-seeds, if it is largely indulged in, may not have something to do with the dreaming character of your population. Milic, I suppose, has fed on poppies all his lifetime.'

Marie looked serious.

'And his visions—'

'Milic is no visionary,' fell in the baron.

'Surely,' I said, 'you do not consider him in a normal condition?'

'It may not be what is vulgarly called a normal condition,' observed Frederic, 'and yet, nevertheless, a profoundly interesting one as far as hidden truths are concerned—normal, perhaps, in a far more advanced sense of the word than we give it now. Your late experience with that handkerchief of Rudolph's, and the fact, as has been ascertained since, that the swamp would have become quagmire without the poor fellow's timely intervention, are surely not illusions.'

'I confess, the occurrence, with its inexplicable mystery, is perplexing in the

extreme; but the fact that Robert Houdin does the same inexplicable things, and with unflinching certainty, ought to satisfy any reasonable mind as to supernatural intervention. Robert Houdin—'

'Frederic,' said the baron, interrupting me, 'tell Mr. Osborn what this magician of magicians confessed to the Baron de Mirville, in regard to clairvoyance.'

'De Mirville,' began Frederic, 'is well known in the religious and literary world of Paris as a sincere inquirer into the mooted questions of the day, and a staunch pillar of the church. Wishing to ascertain what this king of jugglers might have to say on the subject of second-sight, so constantly misapprehended by the scientific world, he went to see him. He found that he treated the matter as a joke, insisted that it was all more or less clever charlatanry. De Mirville offered to take him to Alexis, a clairvoyant, then of considerable repute, to test the matter. Houdin consented, and the result was that this subtlest of *prestidigitateurs*, after having exhausted all the resources of his art to nonplus the magnetic lucidity of the seer, confessed to De Mirville, in two letters which were subsequently published, that he had satisfied himself that it was perfectly impossible for either chance or skill to produce the wonderful effects he had witnessed.'

I was silent. It was evident that my friends had a strong leaning towards the supernatural, and as the constitution of my mind was wholly adverse to such theories, I did what I always do under such circumstances, namely, when thrown with minds antagonistic to mine, I follow them in their arguments to see what they end in. All error, to exist at all, must have some basis of truth; and truth, however deep buried, is worth getting at. So that, drawing my chair nearer the baron's, I said:

'If truth had preserved her ancient costume the fable speaks of, instead of rigging herself with all the follies of the day, we should not so constantly mistake her; but she comes to us in such questionable shapes that we have to be necessarily on our guard, and to believe all the—'

'My dear sir, truth has always been rigged, as you call it; the human mind could not apprehend it otherwise. From the earliest days down to ours, it has ever worn a mask. Every thinking man is an

Œdipus called upon to guess the riddle of the Sphinx or die; to know the substance by the shadow; to read the spirit through the letter. Our present age is no less symbolic than what we call the dark ages; and future generations, to understand us rightly, will have to read our spirit through our masks. The great question, after all, is not so much the truth of things, for all that is, is; but the good of things; to exercise the spiritual eye to such a degree that it distinguishes readily the good of things, which is their life, from the bad, which is their death; to gain wisdom in choosing the right, and not run after the reflection in the water and let the reality go. The world at large is not wise, it confounds the two, the substance and shadow, and has ever to learn afresh through dire experiences.'

'All this is perfectly true,' I said, 'and the very thing I am contending for—not to run after the false; not to accept all the multitude of theories and hypotheses the human mind in its constant travail is ever bringing forth, but to pause before the incomprehensible and allow reason fair play.'

The baron smiled.

'The point lies here,' continued he. 'In order to ascertain what the good and evil, the true and false, of a subject-matter is, we must examine it; look into it, lose much time perhaps and find nothing; but nevertheless investigate. It won't do to stand aloof, and pronounce upon it on the strength of its appearance, and because our reason condemns it. There is, perhaps, something higher than mere reason to guide us in our researches—our intuitions. After all, everything depends upon a just equilibrium. A mind well balanced will not rush into things and accept or reject at random; it will not be led away by the allurements of phantasms, nor stand obstinately aside before dubious questions. Reverent obedience and freedom from prejudice I take to be the fundamental principles by which a searcher after truth should be governed.'

We had unconsciously drifted upon grave subjects, and the conversation which had begun with Krapfen and Kolatschen threatened to run into the unpalatable subject of controversy.

I rose and walked to the window; the moon shone bright.

'Does Milic live far from here?' I asked Frederic.

'No,' and stepping up to me he pointed in the direction of the church; 'about twenty minutes walk in the rear of the churchyard'

'Miss Marie,' said I, half in fun, half in earnest, 'how would you like to take a moonlight walk to the wizard's?'

She looked up from her work—Miss Prochazka always found means to pick up some piece of work or other to fill out the gaps of conversation.

'Oh! not to night!' said she, startled at my proposition.

'Why not? It is beautiful out!'

'But to what purpose? What do you want with Milic?'

'Oh nothing! an idea I have; a mere notion.'

Marie looked at her father, who did not seem to object to the proposition. 'Will you come along, Frederic?' she asked, turning to the chevalier.

'No, I shall keep your father company. You may, however,' added he, looking at me, 'not find him in the mood, you know; there is nothing so uncertain as seership.'

'Ah well!' I replied lightly, 'you shall have us then the sooner back, unless,' with a bit of raillery, 'Miss Prochazka consents to run away with me.'

Marie smiled, and went out to get ready.

On the way the conversation ran chiefly upon the peculiar gifts I was about to inquire into. She related a number of instances where they had proved of extreme utility; she referred again to the scene in the miner's hut, and attributed my sudden appearance to the fervour of her prayers, insisting that prayer, coupled with a spirit of obedience, was sure to bring help in times of great need; in short she brought to bear upon my incredulity all the fire of her conviction. Still, as I frankly confessed, I lacked the needful receptivity, and was a poor subject for spiritual influences. Meanwhile we had reached the hut. We paused a moment before entering. Milic was singing in an undertone an old hymn—a soft, mild voice, full of secret contentment, I thought. She raised the latch, and we stepped in. He was sitting near the window, knitting, the bright light of the moon illumining the modest poverty around him,



and touching his brow as with a glory. He jumped up, as he saw us, and with many ejaculations, which I understood, for once, as they were so many names of the Saints in Paradise, he welcomed us, and busied himself forthwith with lighting a candle, and brushing the snow from our feet, and finding us seats—an old rickety chair and a low stool; he seating himself meanwhile on a big box, which from its cover I judged to be his cupboard and safe. It seemed to me I had never before been more impressed with the kindliness and thorough simplicity of his countenance. His little eyes travelling from Marie to me expressed both gladness and wonder at this unexpected visit, and I guessed from Marie's gentle tones and his answers that she was gradually introducing the object of it. But though we waited a long time, and both kept up a lively talk, there came no signs of inner sight.

'Milic,' said Marie to me, somewhat discouraged, 'is disposed to gossip and talks too much; I am afraid we have come to no purpose,' and she rose.

I was going to follow her example, when she beckoned me to sit still and wait a little while longer; I saw she wished to break up his garrulousness by withdrawing. She stepped into the next room and busied herself straightening matters; hanging up a garment here, folding a cloth there. My own mind meanwhile began wandering over other subjects, and for a few moments there was perfect silence. Presently, and before I was aware of it, Marie had drawn nearer, and was watching Milic, who was quivering all over with the same curious ague fit I had witnessed once before. She made me a sign that he was going into the desired state; but, instead of speech, and to our utter astonishment, his face underwent a most remarkable change. Gradually, and before our very gaze, his countenance assumed an expression that harrowed my whole soul, for it was that of one I had known in life, and hated, hated even after death. His little stature seemed to grow in size, and he struck an attitude, as foreign as possible to what his conceptions of high life could be; for it was that of an *habitué de salon*, full of manly grace, holding to his eyes what gave the idea of an opera-glass, and apparently intent upon some spectacular show. Suddenly, and without visible cause, the same

countenance turned to me, and from an expression of surprise changed to one of anger. He raised his arm, as if in defence, and seemed dealing out blows as well as receiving some. Finally he thrust his hand into his breast-pocket, and, pulling out what was actually nothing but a leathern tobacco-pouch, threw it violently into my face, whilst his lips moved, and he pronounced what to my crazed and scattered senses sounded like '*Boulogne!*'

Marie told me afterwards that whilst this weird and unearthly scene was being enacted, my face was as pale as death, and that I kept recoiling to the farthest end of the room, with outstretched hands as if to ward off the seeming apparition.

Milic however had sat down again, and we thought all was over, when, on a sudden, the fit returned; again he rose; the features of the stranger which had begun to relax their hold and yield to Milic's, again reassumed themselves, and we beheld for the second time the stranger's tall form enact as it were a second scene, and this time, with set lips and determined eye, go through a sword exercise.

This proved too much for me; I staggered. Marie caught hold of me and whispered: 'Be brave; see it through; this means something.' I tried to rally courage. The figure, after a few passes, reeled and fell, and putting its hand to its side as if heavily wounded, muttered a few words, which Marie, for I had lost all control over myself and had sunk upon a chair, alone caught. When I recovered my senses, I found myself lying on the floor, Milic rubbing my limbs with a muttering of sweet tones, as if talking to a child, and Marie bathing my temples with cold water. 'A nightmare,' I thought, 'a horrid nightmare,' and I tried to throw off the oppressive recollection. Thinking that a brisk walk in the cold air would best help me to drive off its maddening effects, I pressed Marie to return home. We sook hands with Milic and left. On the way I tried to reason myself out of it; laid the whole thing on an over-excited brain, on a haunting recollection of past events, on the projection of my own embittered feelings and thoughts; but whenever I questioned Marie as to the reality of what we had seen, her own observations, so accurate and minute, chimed so perfectly with mine, that all attempts to

attribute the circumstance to a phantasm of my own brain, proved vain and fruitless, and I could not but give in to a most mysterious and insoluble problem.

Marie's solemn manner and my disturbed countenance could not fail to reveal to the friends we had left at home that something extraordinary had happened. I requested her to relate the circumstance as it occurred, adding that I would give the key to it when she had done. But I was far from suspecting the new trial that awaited me. I was still ignorant of the last words of him whom Milic had impersonated as a dying man, and though I listened with apparent composure to the rehearsing of the dreadful scene, I was not proof against the crushing revelation these final words contained for me.

'Tell my sister Juliette, that I die repentant!'

'What! what!' cried I, springing up towards Marie, scarcely knowing what I was about, and taking hold of both her hands, which I shook violently—'what is it he said?'

She repeated and repeated it again. But it seemed as if my mind refused absolutely to recognize the truth of the declaration. I walked the room up and down in an agitation I endeavoured in vain to conquer.

'Frederic, we must go home! I must be off to-morrow! Can I get away to-night? I must away—immediately!' I cried.

The baron meanwhile had risen, and taking me quietly by the arm, he led me to a seat. I scarcely felt the pressure of his hand, and yet, midst all this turmoil of passionate feelings, I felt an inexplicable power laying the tempest. It seemed like a soothing potion calming the irritation of the nerves, and re-establishing their balance.

'Mr. Osborn,' said he, after a moment's silence, during which we had all sat perfectly still, 'you need rest, before all other things. Believe me, whatever the duties that call you away may be, you can only accomplish them satisfactorily when your mind and body shall have recovered their equipoise. Besides, it would be very difficult to find means of conveyance to-night. Let a twenty-four's rest come between you and the journey.'

'I will then acquaint you,' said I, after a pause.

'That might not be wise just now; let it rest till—'

'No, no,' I replied. 'I feel much calmer; it may even help to relieve me entirely; once all told you will be able to judge better of the character of the revelation and the occasion of it.'

They all drew closer around me and I began:

'Six years ago, I became acquainted with a Madame de Sancerre, a widow, whom I met in the Pyrenees, where in the first year of her bereavement she had gone to seek health and rest. I will not enter into any details of her personal attractions; suffice it to say that her beauty, her grace, the quality of her mind, all united to captivate me. I sought her society again the following winter, when she gradually returned to the circles she had frequented before. She lived with her father, her mother having died some years previously, and seemed to devote herself wholly to his comfort. Monsieur d'Herblay was a retired banker, a man of the world, but exceedingly severe in his opinions, and of stern and unapproachable manners. However, he seemed to favour my visits to the house, and took even pleasure sometimes in discussing with me the various topics of the day, but always condescendingly, and as an old man would with one much younger in years and experience. In short, our intimacy grew to thoughts of marriage, and when I declared my feelings to that effect, my proposal was met with kindness and pleasure by both father and daughter. In France, you know, a marriage proposal is always followed hard upon by the ceremony itself. There are, as a general thing, no long engagements. I wished myself to make it as short as possible, and pressed Madame de Sancerre to fix upon an early period. I felt convinced of the sincerity of her attachment to me; I had learned to appreciate her domestic virtues, and was therefore considerably surprised to find her so unwilling to fix a time, and to put me off month after month with vague promises. I appealed to the father, of whose principles of honour I had not the slightest doubt, and felt sure that, whatever the obstacle might be, it would not be of an intriguing character; but he also would

lightly answer: "Woman-caprices; let her be awhile, she will come round by-and-by." But this "by-and-by" was getting to be unbearable. One morning I plucked up courage, and determined to bring her to a decision. I presented myself at the house—it was an unusually early hour—and not finding the accustomed attendance in the hall to announce my visit, and feeling at liberty about the premises, I walked into the drawing-room, and—I need go no further—the mystery was revealed! Her private boudoir opened into the drawing-room; the door was half open, and there I saw two persons standing—my Juliette, with her hands on the shoulders of that same form impersonated by Milic, with her head buried in his breast, and convulsed with sobs; and on the young man's countenance, reflected by the mirror before him, an expression of the profoundest grief, nay, despair, so pale and distorted were his features. I withdrew hastily. I flew rather than walked down-stairs; flew through the streets; returned home I scarce know how, and for a moment, indeed, hesitated between life and death. An implacable reason read off to me with cruel distinctness the whole story as from a printed page. A previous secret attachment! An attachment she dares not confess to her father! I have served to cover it only! The situation has become untenable for them through my impatience, and they lament together their misfortune! What was I to do? It was the cruelty of the duplicity that most incensed me! That she loved another I could have borne, had she trusted to my honor, frankly confessed it, and only asked of me to keep the secret. But for both to make me the shield, as it were, of their selfish love, and use the highest and most sacred of all sentiments as a blind to conceal their attachment, seemed to me the most unpardonable insult that could be offered to any man of heart, and I determined upon having some satisfaction at least. Revenge upon her was out of the question; not from love, but her sex protected her. I resolved, however, that he should be punished. A few lines, as concise as my profound contempt for her could make them, informed her of my withdrawal. Then I watched my opportunity with him. It was not till some weeks after the event that I saw him at the Theatre Francais—

I had lain in wait in most of the best places of amusement all this time without success. Now was the moment. During one of the *entre-actes*, I followed him into the *foyer*, and there, before a number of persons, gave him a thorough thrashing. Milic represented faithfully the scene in all its particulars: the interest in the play as manifested by the opera-glass—the surprise and anger at my unexpected assault—the challenge to meet him at the Bois de Boulogne—there, the duel with swords, his fall and death. So faithful and minute has been his representation, that I can scarcely doubt the truth of the last words. Oh, could it be possible! I cried, rising with a return of agitation and walking up and down the room again.

'Mr. Osborn, calm yourself,' said the baron, 'and try to understand the whole circumstances. Had you never heard of that brother?'

'Never! When M. d'Herblay went with me over the financial preliminaries that always precede a marriage-contract, he said, "Juliette's dowry is in her lawyer's hands, and must be nearly doubled by the interest, considering that her personal expenses are very few and she lives with me. She is my only child and will inherit all my property."'

'Very strange!'

I resumed my seat. Frederic meanwhile had risen and in his turn was nervously pacing to and fro.

'I think,' he said, 'it might be. You know it is always when the mystery is inscrutable that hypothesis comes in and often proves a solution. There is a skeleton in every family—a secret kept from the world and diligently guarded. Suppose an unworthy son, an unworthy brother, whom neither father nor daughter could avoid; disinherited, banished from the family—'

We all silently assented to his idea, for the same thought had simultaneously come to us all as we became gradually more familiarized with the event.

'I start to-morrow,' I said; and holding out one hand to the baron and the other to Marie: 'Whatever may happen, whatever discoveries I may yet make, be sure that I carry away with me the tenderest gratitude for your friendly hospitality and for the conviction that I have become in your midst a wiser and better man.'

We parted. The next morning saw me off; and six weeks later Frederic received from me the following letter :

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—All proves true, and your supposition is correct. Juliette had a younger brother whose father's sternness and rigidity drove into all sorts of dissipation. He gambled, drank, and finally forged his father's name to a very considerable amount ; he was given over by him into the hands of justice under a false name and put into prison. The sister, meanwhile, did all she could to reclaim the prodigal, and, with the sweet illusion to bring about his conversion, prevailed upon M. d'Herblay to work out his release. The father yielded, but with the understanding that he should retain the assumed name of his disgrace. The young reprobate, however, did not hold out long in his protestations of reform, and was soon again swallowed up in debts of all kinds. Juliette spent all she had of her own to cover his follies, and exhaust-

ed herself in threats and remonstrances to no purpose. At last, one more loss at the gaming-table, more formidable than the others, proved the last drop too much in the cup of his transgressions. I was destined, it seems, to put an end to her troubles ; for it was on that memorable morning, when I came upon them accidentally, that they were deploring the fatal issue of his persistent misconduct, and that I made the terrible mistake you are acquainted with. Juliette's procrastination in regard to our marriage is thus explained : her means were forfeited ; she dared not disclose how, and hoped to gain time. You know the rest. But, oh, Frederic ! there comes to your poor friend, after these sad misunderstandings, sound of marriage-bells ! Rejoice with me, all of you. Tell Milic—ah, well, tell him what you please ! I know his good honest soul can but rejoice at the turn my fortunes have taken through him ! Bless the incomprehensible little man !

'Ever Yours,

'PAUL OSBORN.'

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### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

'Try to become little with the Little one, that you may increase in stature with Him.'—St. Bonaventure.

Little Star, so pure and bright,  
Shining through the startled night,  
Whither dost thou lead the way  
Shining to the perfect day ?

'Christ is little, learn to be  
Meek and pure and bright as He,  
Thus His secret ye shall know  
In His Father's grace to grow.'

Little lamb, so fairly white,  
Where the watchers of thy night ?  
Fear'st thou not the beasts of prey  
Now thy shepherds are away ?

'They are gone, but Christ is nigh,  
Christ, as young and pure as I,  
While they kneel around His bed  
He is watching at my head !'

Little flower, thy day is done,  
Thou art withered in the sun,  
Could'st not live another day ?  
Christ with thee would gladly play.

'That were joy, but shorter days  
Bring a richer meed of praise,  
Now I breathe my life away  
In His manger with the hay !'

Little thought, so vain and weak,  
Dar'st thou of thy Lord to speak ?  
Would'st thou bring Him of thine own,  
Lay thyself before His throne ?

'Yes, for He is little too,  
And can tell what small things do,  
To His stable I will go,  
Hoping soon with Him to grow.'

F. R.

## A FLYING VISIT TO PARIS.

‘NEVER been to Paris? Bless me! And in a fortnight you start for Canada!’

My interlocutor had a vague idea that this was synonymous with its being ‘all up’ with me,—notwithstanding that he prided himself on freedom from insular narrowness, and could ‘survey mankind from China to Peru’ with cosmopolitan impartiality,—his standpoint being London, and his ‘extensive view’ being taken through the medium of English books of travel and English magazine-articles. The gaze of pitying wonder with which he had accompanied the first part of his exclamation did not much disconcert me; for I was aware that the pinnacle from which he looked down on my shortcomings,—or shortgoings,—was not lofty, having for its base one visit on his part to Paris for a very few days, a very long while before this. It was evident, however, that from this moment I was to be patronized, some half-dozen insignificant voyages across the Atlantic fading into absolute nothingness in his eyes—as he did not know what they implied—beside one trip from Dover to Calais, the importance of which he certainly appreciated to the full. He had looked me up on this memorable evening to say good-bye to me before I said good-bye to civilization; explaining that he would not have another chance of doing so, as he was to start the next morning on a summer-trip to France and Switzerland, with an uncle of mine, to whom he anticipated acting as ‘guide, philosopher, and friend.’ He had been drawing a fancy contrast between the Elysian Fields, actual and metaphorical, before them, and the slightly modified log-hut he supposed to be before me. Without following him in his extremes of contrast, I was wondering how it had come about that during a long residence in England I had never crossed the channel,—just as I had never climbed the Monument; and I had already begun to calculate the time remaining before my voyage to rectify these and

other omissions, when he upset his tumbler in his sudden enthusiasm over this proposal:

‘By George! Why not come with us? Eh? Your uncle would be delighted,—so should I;—it’s only ten o’clock now; we start from Charing Cross at 6:15 in the morning. Where’s your portmanteau? We’ll pack it at once; then you—’

‘But my arrangements for—’

‘Oh! Let them stand over; you will be back in a week,—for I suppose you cannot go beyond Paris with us, as you have only a fortnight altogether before leaving for Nova Zembla—Scotia, I mean. There, now, don’t lecture,—a mere *lapsus linguæ*; I do know the difference,—and which is which, too. You may examine me on board the boat; you will not look so fierce then. But, now I come to think of it, I want to see H— before I start; so I must leave you to pack alone; pop in a few collars, you know, and—oh! by the way, yes! Don’t forget a bit of soap; it is so rare in France that they let it out by the bubble! *Au revoir*. 6:15, to the minute, remember!’

He dived into his Hansom and was clattering down the street before I could make any remonstrance for myself, or protest against his audacious libel on French cleanliness. But Sefton (such is the name he shall take ‘for the purposes hereinafter recited’) was not round the corner before I had made up my mind to seize this opportunity, which offered pleasant companionship and chimed in well with my other plans, while it would probably be a good many years before another as favorable would occur. So, without more ado, I packed my portmanteau and went to bed. What is more, I stayed in bed until the boy who had instructions not to let the sun rise until I was up, found it advisable, not being a Joshua, to transfer the responsibility of waking me from his aching knuckles to his brass-toed boots. I then started up, with a confused apprehension of earthquake,

and a vague intention of escaping to Paris in a portmanteau. Why, when one is in a hurry, buttons are faithless to their trust—why keys that have always fitted, change their constitution and will not fit—why memory serves one by intermittent starts that send one up and down stairs twenty times instead of twice—why knives become blunt, and coffee hotly refuses to cool,—these are problems which I propounded that morning tersely enough, but in language which I will call symbolical. *Solvitur ambulando*; and I found myself in due time with a very red face and very bad temper in the underground train for Charing Cross; sitting on an obstinate portmanteau in desperate endeavor to reduce it to being locked. Serenity returned when it was conquered; and I kept myself awake through the tunnels by a severe study of the advertisements in the compartment; placing my chief reliance on the copious distribution of exclamation-points.

At Charing Cross I found Sefton and my uncle at the book-stall, loaded with comic papers, and discussing the comparative merits of several French and English 'Conversation Manuals' with the boy; in which proceeding Sefton told me, aside, that he was taking part entirely to humour my uncle; thereby implying that to supplement *him* by a Manual or Dictionary was absurdly superfluous. The boy, quite unabashed by the fact that he had just been recommending a Spanish and Italian manual as French, was giving a running criticism to the effect, as far as I could judge, that each book in turn was incomparably the best; while Sefton demonstrated that each was the worst. He was rewarded before leaving Paris by my uncle's cordial agreement with him on that point. 'The book must be utterly incorrect,' said my uncle indignantly; 'I might as well read Greek to the waiters as read from it. They never understand a word of it any more than I do myself!'

Rumbling over the bridge and getting peeps through it at the Thames, bowling merrily along over London house-tops and dashing through Kent at a breathless rate,—too fast, as it looked very beautiful this bright June morning,—we were soon at Dover, and stepping on board the packet with dire forebodings; for those neat little steamers have a world-wide reputation as theatres of undignified suffering. But when,

after much whistling, much bustling, thumping, shouting, and snorting, we left the pier and made a bee-line for Calais, we were agreeably disappointed to find the notoriously ill-behaved channel wearing a very smooth and smiling face. We plucked up courage immediately, and had our scornful laugh at the ladies who, having made elaborate arrangements for sea-sickness, were not to be put off by any unreasonable caprice on the part of the weather, but insisted on being sea-sick, as was their right and due. Then we made some strikingly original remarks about the white cliffs of Albion, and put ourselves into a very good humour by our cleverness, so that we must needs look about for a Frenchman to sharpen our French upon. We found one; but as we woke him up from a sound sleep which he had come on board to woo an hour before we started, as a safeguard from *mal de mer*, and had won just as misery was marking him for her own, he did not appreciate our communicativeness; but made some very earnest remarks in very bad French—we could not understand it at all—and then tried to get asleep again. He failed; and the result was unpleasant for him. Consequently we had quite enough of that Frenchman before we landed; he was not exactly sociable, but he said a great deal.

When we reached the Calais pier, and I had gained the gangway plank after suffocating in the crush beside the boiler, and with six distinct and obdurate corners of portmanteaus pressed against my will into my body, I disentangled myself from a few umbrella ribs and marched into France. At the head of the plank a *gendarme* touched me on the shoulder and asked my name. I felt this to be a supreme moment; that in which an elegant accomplishment was to rise to the rank of a useful acquirement; and I answered, modestly, but firmly, '*Je m'appelle Lelan.*' It was the further duty of that *gendarme* to ask my nationality; but he passed me on with the remark, 'English,—of course!' This struck me as a careless and ill-warranted assumption on his part. We had at the Calais station a meal which I regarded as breakfast, Sefton as luncheon, and my uncle as dinner. My view was founded upon the time of day; but they discussed it upon its merits,—until they found that it had none. What

disgusted us especially was that when we addressed the waiters in good French, they invariably replied in bad English; and thus my uncle's struggles with the Manual were a work of supererogation. We had here also our first experience of a singular monomania by which French waiters seemed possessed, one and all—the idea that our only capacity, our only earthly desire, was for 'rosbif' or 'bifteck.' It was of little use expostulating with them, and expressing a wish for *This à la That*; they would bow, seize on one's plate, vanish amid a flourish of napkins, and return with little round pieces of compressed 'rosbif.' While speaking of the waiters, I may as well confess that they astonished us a little by their mode of dealing out the bread supply. In most cases the bread was made to suggest, very literally, the staff of life,—being in rolls as long as walking-sticks. A *garçon* thrusts one of these over your shoulder, and by a quick slash with his knife decapitates it into your plate.

Our journey from Calais to Paris, and many other things that a trustworthy and painstaking chronicler would carefully describe to you, gentle reader, I, claiming neither of these characteristics, shall not. I have opened, very much at hazard, a very desultory diary of a flying visit to Paris; and, as my aim in making the visit was pleasure, and is now simply to go over the ground again with you, if you care to come, in a hop, skip, and jump fashion, you must not expect any particular sequence, anything at all instructive,—anything, in fact, but random notes and jottings. There are plenty of good guide-books to Paris. Place your trust in them, not in me. That will prove, I think, a superfluous admonition.

The fact is, I did not see anything very much worth describing from the window of our compartment. The country was pretty enough, but flat and uninteresting. Now and then a way-side crucifix reminded me that I was not in England; and here and there a bloused peasant, or a woman at work in a field, excited a momentary glance. But it was a long journey, and the carriage in which we rode was cushioned and padded so luxuriously, that I must own to having soon fallen fast asleep. At Amiens I woke up and had a capital view—of the refreshment-buffet. Nearing Paris, and passing through St. Denis, we noticed many of

the houses bearing marks of the late war. Patchings and repairs were everywhere visible, and here and there might be seen the ruins of an edifice not yet rebuilt, or not worth rebuilding. We were soon at the *gare*, or terminus, of the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, and I was in Paris. My view of the city was for some time very limited, as I was obliged to wait in the *Salle d'attente* during the examination of my friend's luggage. At last I saw three men groaning under the weight of two trunks which one English porter had tackled unassisted, and we followed them to the Grand Hôtel omnibus. After a second Babel had been enacted by some half-dozen irrepressible *gamins* and the three bloused porters, there seemed some likelihood of our making a start. Before that desirable event, however, two *gendarmes*, whose expressions denoted deep bitterness of soul (probably on account of their stunted growth), glared at us suspiciously through the door, and then, plainly persuaded of our revolutionary intentions, copied the number of our vehicle in two formidable note books, and reluctantly growled '*Va-t-en, donc*,' to our Jehu. That worthy, seemingly anxious to escape the stern presence of the law, as represented in the three-cornered hats of the *gendarmes*, cracked his whip about his horses' ears. Then, not relying on that to convey to them his wishes, he rose to his feet and shrieked out a volley of what may have been oaths or endearments, but which had the desired effect. The animals feebly attempted a distant imitation of a trot, and he relapsed into comparative calmness, appealing to Heaven for aid only twice every minute, on a rough average.

The drive to the Grand Hôtel occupied about a quarter of an hour, during which I took the edge off my curiosity by industriously staring at every house, shop, vehicle, and passer-by. The first remark was mine. I said: 'This is wonderfully like New York!' Sefton smiled with the air of host and proprietor, and told my uncle that this observation was very hackneyed, and, he thought, rather fanciful. Dickens gave him a very different idea of New York. Whereupon I was in a minority; Sefton and my uncle had never seen New York, but they had read Dickens. So that I ventured no further comparisons; but I could not restrain some expressions of ad-

miration as we turned into the Boulevard des Italiens, and drove along to the Boulevard des Capucines and our destination. When we drew up at last in the spacious, glass-roofed court-yard of the 'Grand,' I left to Sefton the business of engaging rooms, and took a glimpse up and down the boulevard, until he called me, when one of those useful and ornamental props to French society, who flourish under the evergreen title of *garçons*, shot us up in the lift *au quatrième*. My room had a small balcony looking out on the boulevard, and I enjoyed a few minutes in leaning over it and watching the novel and lively scene below. The Parisian *boulevards*, for beauty, convenience, and quiet, are far and away ahead of the ordinary street. To a Londoner, the climate of whose native city forbids any attempt at such luxury, they seem especially delightful. The trees which line their sides, the breadth of pathway and amount of elbow-room they afford, and their continual life and traffic, devoid to a great extent of the usual disagreeable accompaniment of noise, owing to the long stretches of asphalt pavement, make up an *ensemble* of which a stranger at first fancies he can never tire. But there is such unvarying similarity in these boulevards, that, in time, the very regularity which constitutes half their beauty, degenerates into a wearisome sameness. Not only every boulevard, but almost every house, every shop, in each, seems to be the counterpart of another, and instead of the pleasure-grounds they appeared at first, they finally become merely convenient thoroughfares,—and that is a great deal. When we had started for our first stroll, with the intention of finding a noted restaurant, the first thing that struck me was that no one of the many hundreds on the boulevard seemed to have anything more urgent to attend to than his own enjoyment. Subsequent evenings shewed nothing to the contrary, and even during the day affairs wore a holiday aspect to me, fresh as I was from the restless, impatient, anxious-looking crowds of the London streets. After some five minutes' walk, we turned into the *Grand Café de la Paix*, outside of which, at the little round tables which already seemed familiar to us, sat some score of excited Parisians imbibing large quantities of weak *vin ordinaire* and cigarette smoke. Sefton insisted on assu-

ming the whole management of our repast ; but he was ignominiously driven to the despised Manual,—and did not escape 'ros-bif.'

Twilight was thickening into darkness when we left the café and strolled down the boulevard toward the Place de la Concorde. Darkness, I said inadvertently, for when is there darkness in Paris? Light was streaming from countless lamps, windows and *cafés*. Carriages, *remises*, and omnibusses rolled smoothly along in continuous succession, with many coloured lamps, sufficient in themselves to illuminate the street. At every few yards stood a newspaper *Kiosque* shedding a broad and mellow gleam on the pavement before it, and looking fantastically gay with its large coloured cartoons and *affiches*. Crowds of chatting and gesticulating loungers passed incessantly to and fro. Crowds sat at the round tables of every *café*, deep in politics, flirtations, or dominos, over each of which they displayed equal vehemence and excitement. An incessant hum of conversation, with ever and anon a shrill '*Mon di u!*' or, as frequently, '*Diable!*' the cracking of a whip, followed by maledictions on the slowness of some horse ; the loudly shouted orders of a *garçon*, or the tapping of a cane on a table to call his attention ;—such were few of the Babel of sounds that assailed our ears. Where were the poor? Where was want, or misery? It seemed almost that they did not exist, that all was light-heartedness, gaiety, and enjoyment. Yet not far from the lights and life of the boulevards was a gloomy refuge for many a cold and ghastly witness to the contrary. From laughter to suicide is a short step in Parisian philosophy.

My uncle was inclined to moralize ; in fact, I believe he did moralize ; and I have no doubt we should soon have had quotations from Hervey's *Meditations* and Juvenal, if Sefton had not aided me in changing the topic of conversation every few minutes, and incessantly pointed out things worth noticing and not worth noticing. So ingeniously did we manœuvre my uncle's fine old prejudices that we inveigled him into a *Café Chantant* on the Champs Elysées. Considering that my respected relative had never entered even a Theatre, and, indeed, regarded such a place of amusement as the *descensus Averni*, I think the difficulty of



our feat may be duly appreciated. A cup of very good *café noir* quieted the scruples of his conscience for a time; and, as he could not understand the songs or fathom the jokes, he applauded whenever Sefton did so. Sefton applauded very often, and always looked at me very knowingly, seeing jokes in the most unexpected places—all through a sentimental ballad, for instance—which annoyed a small and excitable gentleman behind me excessively. But Sefton was so thoroughly at home, you see; he had quite the air of an *habitué*; and showed us how to burn sugar and brandy in our spoons, balanced on the sides of our cups, and upset them into our coffee; without which he declared the coffee to be quite undrinkable. Unhappily the performance took a turn which caused my uncle to start up, regardless of the frenzied remonstrances of the little fat gentleman behind, and, growling like a true British lion, to make his way amid tables and chairs to the exit. Then he moralized until he had arranged the Parisian's future in a manner highly satisfactory to his sense of justice, but uncomfortable for the Parisian.

Leaving behind us the three *Cafés Chantants*, and the swings and the roundabout which were affording regular evening amusement to hundreds of grown-up children, we walked towards the *Arc de Triomphe*, turning back before reaching it, as we were tired after our day's journey. We retraced our steps to the Hotel; passing once more through the carnival-scene of lights and gaiety, which gave no signs of terminating for many an hour. Before retiring for the night, we seated ourselves at a round table in the luxurious court-yard of the 'Grand,' to lay our plans for the morrow, and to take part a little in the drinking which, like the brook, despite arrivals and departures, 'goes on for ever' in those pleasant precincts.

On Wednesday morning, after breakfast at the 'Grand,' we turned into the Place de l'Opéra, to have a glance at the exterior of the New Opera, then not completed, and having scaffolding still before it. The war had interrupted its construction, but since the Old Opera House in the Rue Le Pelétier had been burnt (in October of the previous year) the work had advanced rapidly. The guide-books tell us that it is the largest theatre in the world; but guide-books are

fallible. Although I believe it covers nearly three acres of ground, it does not seat as many as La Scala at Milan, or San Carlo at Naples. We could not effect an entrance, unfortunately; and the *façades* were quite spoilt for us by the scaffolding. I have said that the war retarded its completion; it very nearly also completed its destruction; the Communists used it as a powder magazine in May, 1871; and in those fiery days a powder magazine was an awkward thing for a poor young building to be. Returning to the boulevard we walked leisurely down to the Madeleine, a church which had in its day a less peaceful babyhood even than the Opera has had. Before it had grown much higher than its foundations the first Revolution put a stop to it; and subsequently Napoleon wanted to make of it a temple of glory and dedicate it to *la grande armée*. Louis XVIII had different ideas on the subject, and it was again fairly on the way of becoming a full-grown church when the Revolution of July, 1830, brought it to a standstill. Altogether it took from 1764 till 1842 to get it finished; and it has seen terrible sights since then. In the May of 1871, three hundred insurgents were driven back into it from their barricades across the Rue Royale, and slaughtered under its roof by the troops. Standing on the broad steps before its massive, calm Corinthian columns on this bright summer's day, and looking down on the busy street and towards the Place de la Concorde, it was difficult to conceive of the scene we should have beheld there a little more than three years back—difficult and saddening.

We hailed one of those most comfortable of the *genus* cab, a *voiture de remise*, and had a drive down the Rue de Rivoli to the Louvre and back; passing a recently erected bronze statue of Joan of Arc that did not greatly excite our admiration, and peeping into the arcade that runs along one side of the street, before shops that offered a temptation to get out and walk, to have a closer inspection of their windows; then over the Pont de la Concorde, along the Boulevard St. Martin, and through some old-fashioned narrow streets to the Luxembourg; stopping on the way at the church of St. Sulpice. Here a black and white canopy, suspended at the entrance, announced that a funeral had lately taken place, and the

coffin was lying within, in all the 'trappings and the suits of woe.' There were some Englishmen in the church, talking very audibly and pointing here and there as if they were in a picture-gallery. They reminded me of a cartoon in one of the comic papers, representing 'the tables turned' by a party of Frenchmen standing in the aisle of an English church during service, and criticising it aloud. It was a fair 'hit' in all respects but one: Frenchmen could not in their nature be so impolite as to teach our tourists a lesson they are so much in need of. During this drive Sefton's attention happened to be attracted by some conspicuous building, and he applied to the driver for information upon it. That mercurial charioteer was at the moment calling down curses upon his dilatory steed, and did not hear the enquiry addressed to him. Sefton, whom you have seen to be of an excitable temperament, became frantic in his attempts to call the coachman's attention. 'Mussiou, Mussiou,' he cried, 'je dayseer savey—' and, finally abandoning politeness together with his balance, he fell forward and dug at him in the back with his umbrella, screaming, 'Cochong, cochong, arraytey-moi too sweet, je dayseer—cochong, cochong!' Happily the 'cochong' was so startled by the vigorous blow he had received that he did not catch the unintentionally opprobrious epithet applied to him. He answered Sefton's enquiries somewhat curtly, and rubbed the injured part with a muttered reflection on 'ces Anglais,' which was probably not altogether complimentary. When I suggested to Sefton that *cocher* and *cochon* were not necessarily synonymous, he developed a sudden interest in the street through which we were passing, and the antiquated style of its houses. I noticed that when we descended from the *remise*, he disappeared with wonderful celerity into the Luxembourg Gardens, having paid the porcine driver about treble his fare.

I fear we did but scant justice to the Musée du Luxembourg, spending there little more than twenty minutes. For my part, knowing that we could not see them thoroughly in the short time we had before us, I wanted to finish off the galleries, museums, and churches rather summarily. It was tantalizing and unprofitable to rush through places requiring long and frequent visits to enjoy properly, glancing at note-

worthy objects merely to feel a conventional satisfaction at having 'seen' them. This being the case, I was impatient to ramble at will through the streets, where I should have ample opportunity of seeing one, and that a most characteristic aspect of Paris, —its out-of-doors life. I had vague intentions of roaming through the *Quartier Latin*, and poking into a hundred and one odd corners that had been made familiar to mind's eye by Victor Hugo, Sue, and Paul de Kock; an ill-assorted trio, I fear, but Parisians to the core, all three.

We walked through the Gardens of the Luxembourg, stopping now and again to inspect a statue or admire the sculptures on a fountain. I was struck by the remarkable neatness of these gardens; a neatness characterizing, indeed, all the parks and enclosures I saw in Paris. Although there were many children playing in them, and people of every condition roaming about at will, every flower-bed was untrampled, every grass-border sharply defined. Under like circumstances a London park would have been littered with scraps of paper, orange-peel, and nut-shells, the beds flat and trodden hard, and the grass a ghastly myth. A few steps brought us in sight of the Panthéon, or more properly now, the church of Ste. Geneviève, for although the inscription placed on it at the Revolution remains—'*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*'—it has long ceased to be a temple in honor of men. Yet the old pagan name clings to it, and ousts the Christian one pretty well altogether; while it seems the one more fitted to its Græco-Roman architecture. On entering it a custodian expressed for us and at us all due admiration for its interior;—it is very convenient to pay a few *centimes* and be supplied bountifully with appropriate epithets, in this way. Then he led us down a pair of back stairs to the *caveaux*, (which Sefton irreverently translated *cellars*), and, in a very dim light, showed us the tombs of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire, empty both, however, despite the declaration of the inscription on that of Rousseau: '*Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité.*' Soufflot, the architect of the Panthéon, the mathematician Lagrange, and others are really interred here. The price of admission generously coupled with the right of contemplating the silent tombs, that of hearing

a wonderful echo kept on the premises. Our attendant in these lower regions gave us our money's worth by a sudden yell, followed by a series of unearthly reverberations that startled my uncle out of a comparative estimate of the great men of France and of England, in which the French were coming out decidedly second best. The echoes were marvellous; but my uncle insisted upon it that our guide had understood him and yelled with ulterior motives. When we returned from gloom to daylight, another official bade us 'follow him.' We did. This time it was up—up—up; until my uncle sat down and mopped his head;—up, until Sefton did the same, shouting to me that he had 'been up before, and it really wasn't worth the trouble;—up, until I gave in and asked the man whether there was much more treadmill to mortify our flesh withal. We were to stop soon, he said, to see the interior of the dome. I called down to my followers, '*sic itur ad astra!*' and Sefton responded with the energy of despair, '*Excelsior!*' and sat still. We fully appreciated the paintings in the dome, by Gros,—after those 328 steps; I am not sure that our enjoyment of Clovis and Ste. Geneviève and St. Louis and Charlemagne and the rest was purely æsthetic; but it was genuine. I hope my little joke is not buried quite out of sight. After this we returned to the stairs, and after 94 more of them, found ourselves on the gallery outside the dome, and looking down on Paris, far, far below. Then, indeed, we were more than rewarded for our laborious ascent. It was a clear, sunny day, and we could see distinctly for miles around. The city lay spread beneath us as on a monster map. Houses we had thought wondrously high now seemed dwarfed to the ground. Streets we had admired for their breadth were scarcely distinguishable amid the mass of buildings they intersected. In the background of the picture, as we turned from side to side, lay, now Mt. Valérien, now St. Cloud, and now St. Denis. Running through all, the Seine, like a silver thread, wound in and out among the buildings. Not far from us stood the towers of Notre Dame; even they looking stunted, from our standpoint. There was the Arc de Triomphe heading the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, looking for all the world like a child's structure of three blocks, and

two rows of make-believe trees. Stretching beyond it lay the Bois de Boulogne, cut by a thin, shimmering line of water from a denser wood—St. Cloud. A brown space near the outskirts of the city, in the same direction, was the Champ de Mars, and not far from it stood a speck we were told was the Hôtel des Invalides, where lay the remains of the first Napoleon. We got our attendant on the subject of the siege; and it was not easy to get him off again. He rattled away, pointing now here, now there, shrugging his shoulders depreciatingly when he was bragging about some exploit of his own, shaking his fist at enemies in imagination and at my uncle in reality, who, not understanding the drift of the conversation, and feeling it to be hopelessly out of the scope of his Manual, retired cautiously down a few steps and asked Sefton if the man thought we had not paid him enough. The only facts I learned were, I fear, a very meagre boiling down of the whole discourse; being that the Communists had occupied the Panthéon and put barrels of gunpowder in the vaults with Guy Fawkesical intent; but had been dislodged before doing any damage. Sefton appeared to drink in every syllable, and at last was prompted by the frequent repetition of the word, to ask the man, with beautiful innocence, *whether he was a Communist.* The result was that he found it prudent to join my uncle and make for mother earth. When I had managed to put it to the man in the light of a joke he was a little pacified; but our friendly relations with him were hopelessly nipped in the bud.

After indulging in some *vin ordinaire* at an adjoining *café*, and looking up at our recent exalted standpoint, we decided on seeing Notre Dame next, and soon found our way to it. We stood a long while outside, and as I looked on the time-worn towers of which I had read so much, I became lost in pleasant reverie. I thought of Quasimodo, the Hunchback, writhing in and out among the beautiful intricacies of ornament; I thought seriously—of knocking down a miserable little intruder who emerged from a book-stall near at hand, and rushed up to us shrieking: 'Ces messieurs vill buy from me zee guide-book zeeese shentleman vill buy from me "Parees before and affaire zee Siège!"' It was really too bad—with irritating self-compla-

cency he dwelt upon the merits of *his* book, impressing upon us that *he* was the author; the worst thing he could have done by way of advertisement. We entered the cathedral; he followed us. We stood beside a coffin surrounded by long candles and draped with black; he chattered to us about his coach that would take 'zeese shentlemen' round the Forts outside Paris 'for zee fife franc.' We looked reverently around the dim, grand interior, and mused on the monarchs who had been crowned there; while this villainous little persecutor pestered us about his coach, his book, his views, until we were fairly driven away. All our awe, admiration, and appropriate frame of mind were turned into indignation against this soulless little rascal. We had seen Notre Dame, but this human gnat had poisoned all our memories of it.

A little way from the cathedral was the Morgue. Should we enter that, and make the poor victims of misery or crime objects of curiosity, and a holiday spectacle? With that silly sophistry which is used abroad to excuse visits to places we should never think of visiting at home, we argued that 'every one goes; it is one of the sights, and it will never do to have been here and not to have seen it.' So bad taste is perpetuated as a precedent and tradition, binding on each generation of tourists. With no very pleasurable anticipations we entered the small white building at the fork of the Seine. Passing through a dismal, whitewashed ante-room, we came in view of the row of marble slabs—behind a railing and glass partition—on which the bodies of the drowned or other unfortunates are placed for recognition. There were men and women passing in and out, and bestowing indifferent glances on the one body there; some shewed a curiosity we should have called revolting if we had had a better platform from which to condemn it. I thought I detected a few anxious glances, but for the most part the whole thing seemed to be taken quite as a matter of course, if not relished as an exhibition. I had a talk with one of the attendants: he told me the body there now had just been brought in; that he had seen the suicide committed by a jump from the bridge just below; rescue had been attempted, but the head had struck the

stone pier before the water was reached. The statistics he gave me, in the rough, were terrible. The annual average of bodies, he said, was about 300, mostly those of suicides, fifty of them being those of women. These figures do not represent as many cases of tragic misery, destitution, or terrible mental agony. The infidelity of a mistress, large losses at gambling, even utter *ennui* are not unfrequently sufficient cause, in the Parisian mind, for suicide. The moral courage and moral health to aid in sustaining great trials are not common qualities; and the French, especially the Parisians, pass rapidly from the extreme of vivacity to the extreme of dejection. Of these hundreds who take their own lives every year, few have a story more sad, a lot more unendurable, than many and many an Englishman and woman could reveal, who bear their miseries without a thought of the insane attempt at emancipation from them that a Parisian nurse and familiarizes himself with from the first.

It speaks well for the strength of our nerves, that after turning away from the Morgue, our first thought was of dinner. Before we felt that we had earned that, however, one or two sights more remained to be seen. During a sudden shower we took refuge in the Palais de Justice, where we listened to the voluble gentlemen in black caps and gowns eloquently abusing each other and every one else but their clients, with the vigour of lawyers added to the excitability of Frenchmen. When the rain had ceased, we crossed over to La Sainte Chapelle; the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in all Paris: it dates from the earlier half of the 13th century, and its stained glass windows surpass in their rich beauty anything of the sort of more modern production that we had seen. A conspicuous feature of the chapel from the outside is its tall, slight gilded spire, which, however, underwent restoration some twenty years ago. The Palais de Justice, Sainte Chapelle, and *Conciergerie*—a very old and sombre-looking building used as a prison during the first Revolution for those condemned to the guillotine, and now for persons awaiting trial—and the Préfecture de Police, form a close cluster of buildings which have the effect of shutting off La Sainte Chapelle from view, until one pene-

trates to a courtyard of the Palais de Justice. They are all—as are also Notre Dame and the Morgue—situated on the island in the centre of modern Paris which comprises its most ancient part, and is known as the *Cité*; and here, of old, was the town of Lutetia.

We thought that we would try a regular Parisian institution for our dinner—a '*bouillon*'; in other words, one of a number of cheap restaurants all owning one founder—a M. Duval—all under one plan, reputed a good one, and all of one colour, externally, a sort of chocolate-brown. What the dish to which these establishments are ostensibly dedicated may be, I will not undertake to say. I inspected it, ocularly, and was satisfied without venturing on further investigation; although I was told that one had not 'done' Paris until one had tasted it. The young lady who waited on us saw that we did not like *bouillon*, and the alternative which at once presented itself to her mind was—'rosbif.' I will not say that the horse had died from any of the ills that flesh is heir to; that might be unjust to the memory of M. Duval; but I will say that death must have been welcomed by the venerable quadruped. The young lady indignantly protested that it, the steel-proof substance on our plates, was *not* a horse, nor a part thereof; whereupon we were constrained to rebuke her and stride sadly away. After a long search we found the Palais Royal, and Sefton undertook to give us a dinner at the celebrated Trois Frères. He knew perfectly well where it was—had dined there before—trotted us round about and in and out until we felt in no fraternal frame of mind ourselves; finally made some enquiries, and then told us he could not keep his promise. My uncle at once proposed to 'stand' the dinner; but Sefton explained that the Trois Frères itself had ceased to stand—was *non est*. We heard this resignedly, and tried the Café d'Orléans. There we threw ourselves recklessly on the mercy of the *garçon*, and told him to deal with us even as he would that we should hereafter deal with him, and to bring anything and everything but 'rosbif.' The result of our appeal was a thoroughly and peculiarly French dinner for which Sefton expressed great relish, which my uncle called 'odds and ends of rubbish,' and which I honestly say I enjoyed thoroughly.

As they seemed disposed to waste time at the table, I left them, to continue my explorations on my own account. For a long while I could not resist the fascinations of the shops under the arcades of the Palais Royal, and spent more than an hour in enjoyment of them. But evening was drawing on, and I wished to visit one of the theatres. After some indecision among the various attractions, I determined to hear '*La Fille de Madame Angot*,' then the latest novelty, and drove to the Folies Dramatiques—a greater distance than I had expected; but along the chief boulevards, which were swarming with evening pleasure-seekers, carriages taking the *élite* to the various theatres, omnibusses, and all the life of the previous evening—of every evening in Paris. At the doors of the theatre was an irregular line of people, whom I guessed at once to be candidates for the pit, *faisant queue*; holding, in the order of their arrival, a rope leading to the ticket office, and so taking precedence of one another for places. For one to push in front of the lucky man before him would be a gross violation of the Parisian theatre-goers' traditions, and would bring speedy and condign punishment upon him, perhaps in the shape of 'bonnetting,' certainly in being relegated to the last place in the *queue*.

Our first task the next morning was the Louvre with its Galleries. Those who have visited it know what a hopeless undertaking it is to do one's duty to it in a day—two days—anything under weeks. Determined as we were to march through with out being tempted into any close examination of the bewildering treasures of art—to favor Rubens, Titian, Rembrandt, *et cetera omnia*, only with a glance or two—we did not get away until our morning had gone, and a great slice of our afternoon as well. With a crowded programme for the day, which it was now impossible to carry out, we lamented that

'Art is long, and Time is fleeting,'

and walked hastily to the river side, and along the Quai des Tuileries to the road giving access to the Place du Carrousel, the great quadrangle between the Louvre and the Tuileries. The latter palace showed terrible vestiges of fire. The North Wing, which had been completely de-

stroyed was now being restored; the South Wing was considerably damaged; while of the West Wing, facing the gardens of the Tuileries, there remained only blackened ruins. The pity of it! we said. Over the great Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel the inscription painted in the days of the Commune still remained, an inscription which we saw on the ruins of the Tuileries themselves when we viewed them from the gardens, and one we had seen on almost every public building—'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!' Sefton pointed to it, called it a 'grim satire,' and proceeded to open out on the Communists with the usual epithets of 'fiends,' 'madmen,' and so on, *ad nauseam*. It was the fashion then, and it has not died out yet. Even now we cannot be satisfied to condemn Communism, without heaping injustice on the men who fought bravely and fairly (much as that has been denied) for the principles they held true, if we hold them false, in the face of death at the hands of their fellow-countrymen and slander from every side. The workmen of Paris are *not* fiends, nor did they act as fiends in those terrible days of 1871. Horrible accusations have been thrown upon them with a persistence that has gained its purpose. The Communists stand condemned upon hearsay and worse than hearsay. To enter on a subject so grave and so embittered is far out of the scope of these light notes; but even here, and thus late in the day, I would appeal to the fairness of those who have accepted the 'fiend' story, and ask them to make sure of their facts before they indulge in their epithets.\*

Enlisting the services of a 'cochon' we had a long drive out to the Place du Trocadéro, an elevated space from which we obtained a capital view of a large part of the city on the other side of the Seine. From our position a long flight of very broad stone steps led down to the Pont d'Iéna, immediately opposite the Champ de Mars, a great, brown, desolate-looking space used chiefly for military reviews. It was the site of the Exposition of 1867, and will be that of next year's. On our return drive, we stopped at the Ecole Militaire, and at the Hôtel des Invalides. On the

broad esplanade in front of the latter, I saw with interest several disabled veterans, who smoked their pipes with a peaceful but stern dignity that convinced me of their having been in their day on good terms with their *petit Caporal*. One old fellow hobbled gravely up to us on his two wooden legs as if they were the only means of locomotion he had ever known, as upright in his bearing as many a young fellow of twenty. Even his battered wooden stumps bore witness to his unfathomable antiquity, and his eyes seemed to be gazing back into the middle of the last century; he stared *through* us into the dim vista of bellicose history until we felt more awed than flattered. Subsequently we ascertained that he was deaf, and almost blind. He conducted us through the library, dormitories, dining-halls, and kitchens, in which last we saw kitchen-utensils that spoke well for the appetites of these tumble-down heroes. There were capacious pans capable of holding and cooking half a ton of meat each! I did not take our old friend's word for it, but find it to be true. The guide books say so; and it is wicked to doubt guide books.

Passing through to the church, we approached the Tomb of Napoleon I, facing as we entered a magnificent altar behind it, which, with the subdued and tinted light falling upon its massive pillars and varied stones, was indescribably impressive. The tomb, immediately under the dome, is a large, circular pit, walled with polished granite, and paved in mosaic to represent a wreath of laurels. In the centre stands the large block of reddish-brown Finland sandstone, of enormous weight and value, which forms the sarcophagus.

My uncle moralized; Sefton read appropriate history and statistics from a guide-book. I did not listen to either of them, dear reader, so do not fear platitudes and figures. But this I will say in the face of much mockery of the 'vulgar tourist', in which very superior persons who could not be vulgar and have not been tourists, are fond of indulging; there are no platitudes of feeling, and to his emotions, however hackneyed, if they be honest, the 'vulgar tourist' has as good a right as have those very superior persons to their contempt for him—although that is pretty well as much hackneyed and by no means so likely to be honest.

\* Let me refer them, for instance, to an article entitled 'The Fall of the Commune,' by Frederic Harrison, in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, 1871.

A drive in the Bois du Boulogne to the Lakés and back, at the fashionable hour, but with most of the 'fashionables' out of town, brought our afternoon to an end. In the evening I did as all 'do—as even, I regret to say, many English and American ladies do when they visit Paris for the first time, on the ground that it is a 'typical sight'—which is lamentable for Paris—and 'must be seen,' which is lamentable for them; in fine, I went to the Jardin

Mabille. I am not going to give any descriptions of that or of anything further. Certainly, I stayed in Paris for three days longer; had my rambles into odd corners, drove out to St. Cloud, and saw altogether a great deal more. But Sefton and my uncle left for Geneva the next day, and as the party is breaking up, I will release you.

LESTER LELAN.

### NATIONALISM AND REACTION.

ON Halloween last, Sir John Macdonald made a speech to the Caledonian Society of Montreal. The chief topic of Sir John's remarks was the sentiment of attachment to one's native land, which is deemed a special characteristic of Scotchmen. He quoted those stirring lines of Sir Walter Scott's in which that sentiment is appealed to, and which never fail to move one like a grand strain of music, and asserted his hearty concurrence—who would not?—in the spirit of the verse. 'He believed in the formation and maintenance in every possible way and the development of these national societies. He had no sympathy with the cry that in Canada we should forget the old country; that we should be Canadians only; that we should not be Englishmen, Irishmen, or Scotchmen, but we should allow ourselves to be absorbed into one nationality as Canadians; he did not believe in that doctrine.' And Sir John said 'he had a suspicion that the people who talked that way, sneered at the national societies, and said Canada should be only occupied by Canadians, were not very friendly in their sentiments towards the mother country,' and this view of things the Caledonians seem to have relished greatly, for we are told that it was received with applause.

Now there are many things in Sir John's speech which must appeal to the feelings of every one not quite devoid of enthusiasm. One likes to hear this duty of loyalty to

one's native land earnestly insisted on. But what necessity was there for such language as that we have quoted? How strange it is to hear a *Canadian* statesman using such language. Is it not intended to give rise to the impression that there is something discordant between this idea of a Canadian nationality, with which we are beginning to get familiar, and British interests? There is no one in Canada so silly as to ask any man to 'forget the old country,' to sneer at the British 'national societies,' or to assert that Canada should only be occupied by Canadians, if that is meant to exclude Englishmen or Scotchmen or anybody else. No one has ever had the hardihood to advance such an opinion as this, if it were possible to conceive any body entertaining it.

But Sir John evidently means to discredit *some* views which exist and are promulgated in Canada. It is clear to everyone, indeed, that what he is denouncing are the opinions of those who make the idea of a 'Canadian nationality' a prominent one in their politics. There are such people; they are found in both political parties. They hold that this idea of a distinctive nationality of this Dominion, of which we are the founders and originators, which it is for us to weld together—to allow ourselves to be absorbed into in fact, is an entirely necessary one; that it should be kept constantly in view as a principle of action, that it should be in every way

countenanced, encouraged, and fostered. In other words, they say that a Canadian national spirit should be cultivated.

Sir John makes it perfectly plain that these are the people whom he 'suspects,' and against whose 'doctrines' he utters a warning. Their views have been attacked, an attempt has been made to discredit them, and every one who holds them is put on his defence.

Sir John dwelt much upon the 'importance' of the British national societies. He has never recommended the formation of Canadian national societies in the different provinces, to inculcate the idea that we have all of us now interests in common as a *new* branch of the British stock. It is to be presumed he does not think they would be 'important.' But one effect of the former, according to Sir John, is to check any tendency amongst their members towards being 'absorbed into one nationality as Canadians.' Are we to infer then that it is 'important' that this tendency should be held out against? If it is important for the fathers, it must also be important for the children. And if this principle is correct in Quebec and Ontario, it is correct in Nova Scotia or Manitoba. So good-bye to a world of generous hopes and ambitions! Good-bye to the 'new nationality'!

But the fact is that any one who undertakes to advocate the maintenance of distinctive old-world national sentiments in Canada, falls into logical difficulties if at the same time he seeks to discredit the idea of a distinctive new-world national sentiment. There are native Canadians as well as native Caledonians. Are they to accept Sir John's view of duty in this matter of feeling, that 'the love of their native land should dwell first in their bosoms?' This, of course, is an element in the national spirit. But perhaps the rule applies only to Caledonians. Or perhaps, as the native Canadians are only eighty-three per cent. of the population, the view they take is not 'important.'

It has been taught heretofore and believed, that this Canadian national sentiment was important, something not only commensurable, but essential, and the more vivid and active in its influence the better.

In the year 1865 and thereabouts, there was a good deal said about a Canadian national sentiment. It was then generally

said that we must cultivate such a feeling; that it was a necessary instrument to effect a real and solid union between our provinces. The confederation of Canada would be only ideal, unless this sense of belonging to a new nationality, of being absorbed into one Canadian nationality, were invoked and developed to make the union compact and real. The federal parliament was only to be the symbol of Canadian union; the union itself was the national union. And we were to do all we could to encourage and cultivate this idea.

Sir John seems to have been of that way of thinking in those days, though he now denounces those who stand by the national sentiment still. 'The colonies are now in a transition state. Gradually a different colonial system is being developed, and it will become each year less a case of dependence on our part and of overruling protection on the part of the mother-country, and more a case of healthy and cordial alliance. Instead of looking upon us as a merely dependent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation—a subordinate but still powerful people—to stand by her in North America in peace or in war.' 'We are trying to form a great nation and a strong government'; 'to form—*using the expression which was sacred at the other evening—a great nationality*, commanding the respect of the world.' These are extracts from Sir John's most interesting and instructive speech on Confederation, in February, 1865. So we are to have the nation and the nationality, without being 'absorbed' into it! The nation is not to have a national spirit. We are not to be too conscious that we are a nation.

The whole tenor of the Confederation debates is the same. This new national sentiment must be put in operation, encouraged, cultivated by every means, or the union would be nothing but a hollow show. Words of Lord Durham, written thirty years before, were cited with approval. Our object should be, in those words, to 'raise up to the North American colonist a *nationality of his own*, by elevating these small and unimportant countries into a society having some objects of national importance, to give these inhabitants a *country* which they will be *unwilling to see absorbed into that of their powerful neighbours.*' And Lord Monck, the Governor-



General, spoke publicly of 'the new nationality.' And now there seems to be but one public man of eminence who lifts his voice to remind us that the great work commenced in 1867 is not yet consummated; that the spirit which was to give the union vitality and energy and individuality, is yet to be built up; that those who are sensible themselves of that spirit as a guiding principle must try and make others feel it; that we must assert it, by example, by precept, over and over again, and so get it understood and accepted, till the whole country knows it and feels its quickening influence; that in a word, the national spirit must be cultivated. The press and the politicians have fallen away from their trust. The 'new nationality' is the shadow of a name—*Stat nominis umbra*. We are not to allow ourselves to be absorbed into one Canadian nationality; we don't 'believe in that doctrine'; we have changed our views.

Is this part of the Conservative Reaction?

It has been discovered that there is something 'not friendly to the mother-country' in this sentiment. Then Lord Durham was unfriendly to the mother-country. And so was Lord Monck; and so also is Lord Dufferin, who said at a public gathering in Ottawa, that 'every movement tending towards Canadian development and a Canadian national sentiment had his warmest sympathies.' A warm-hearted Irishman could not speak otherwise.

But if in this national spirit, which *is* yet living, and must in the end prevail, there is any hostility to England, Sir John is the guilty man. It is claimed that history must attribute to him the honour of founding this Dominion. With him then the spirit originated. Without confederation it was impossible; of confederation it is the natural outcome. Sir John is the Frankenstein who has called the evil thing into existence.

Not friendly in their sentiments to the mother-country! The charge is ridiculous. If the English, Irish, and Scotch national sentiments can exist harmoniously together in all their marked individuality, can not our national sentiment exist without hostility to England? Scotchmen talk of Bannockburn, and Englishmen of Flodden, and they hate each other when they get heated on these subjects; yet does

anybody dream that the two countries will ever fall out? The three kingdoms are united on grounds of mutual interest, nay mutual necessity, and nobody supposes that a disintegration is possible. And are we not united to Britain on grounds of mutual interest and mutual necessity? Are not these the only grounds which will ever make union possible. We cannot conceive of a time when it will be to our advantage to part from England. As then it is so clear as to be the merest axiom, that alliance with England in some shape or other means national existence, and anything else means national extinction, and as we all know this as we know other perfectly simple and obvious things, it is folly to say that in this Canadian national sentiment there is anything unfriendly to England. And it is wrong to discourage a good movement by any such pretences.

Not friendly to England! Why, in this idea of a new Canadian nationality, founded on the plain fact that we *do* belong to this land and no other, that this is the land which destiny has given us to manage for humanity, whether well or ill depending on ourselves, there is a certain element of enthusiasm. And what Canadian with the slightest capacity for enthusiasm can help feeling that England is an entirely noble and lovable country. Not so much for her knight-hoods and orders; nor for 'her army and navy, and above all, her money'—these are the basis of some people's affection, as we shall see—but for her grand ideas, her humanity, her love of liberty, her loftiness and independence of spirit (in which let us hope her colonies are not altogether wanting); for her history and traditions, from which nothing can ever separate us, whether Englishmen wish it or Canadians wish it, for the best part of these belong to us just as much as to them. We do not cease to be Britons because our fathers came out into the wilderness and slaved away their lives to add their quota to British glory; nor because we are here to-day doing our best to carry on the work in our humble way.

The national sentiment not friendly to England! If it is honorable and true in itself, can anything make it dishonorable? It would be a most deplorable thing if any duty we owe to England

should require us to abnegate a natural and generous feeling. But certainly no such duty and no such necessity exists. If it can be proved otherwise, we shall have to say that, though we are friendly to England, we must also be friendly to ourselves. *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* It is most unfortunate that anybody should be found in Canada to tell our young Canadians that a sentiment which is commendable in its nature, which they really inherit, and which would be universally entertained if all sorts of means were not used to suppress it, can be anything but a proper feeling. Inspire them rather with the spirit of these noble lines :

'This above all ;—to thine own self be true ;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

If the Canadian is allowed to be true to himself in this matter of nationality, no one need have any fear of it leading him into danger ; no, nor to the first glimmerings of unfriendliness to England.

It is asserted then that in this principle, that the national spirit must be cultivated, there is no touch of bitterness, jealousy, dislike, or any unworthy feeling towards Britain. It is advocated under the pressure of no grievance ; apart from any sense of Downing street neglect. There is something admirable in the way British statesmen deal with colonial questions nowadays,—in their large and liberal spirit, their considerateness, their desire to meet our views, their anxiety to make us feel that they deem us of importance ; while in their press and amongst the people other views are candidly uttered. We appreciate this, and reciprocate their wish to see us stand as much as possible on our own feet,—to be as little 'dependent' as possible. There is no fear of Canada being anxious to cut adrift from the alliance. The attempt to establish this national sentiment is simply the attempt to carry out the ideas of Confederation. If there is anything to keep us out of the United States, it must be this feeling held in common. If we are all Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen, why should we dislike annexation ? We have nothing much to lose. As we are not at 'home,' we might as well be living in the United States as any where else. We have thousands of our

countrymen there : they have their St. George's and St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's Societies. We should prefer having our fields and shops under British laws of course, but whatever happens we shall always be Englishmen, or Irishmen, or Scotchmen. But your Canadian has something more to lose. His country is something more than a place to 'eat and sleep and trade in.' He loses a nationality.

It is sometimes said that the national spirit does exist in quite sufficient intensity, and, if not, that it must be a natural growth, that you cannot force it or 'cultivate' it.

There is no doubt that all of us take a strong interest in our homes and ourselves. But have we the feeling which should unite us all from Halifax to Victoria, of having interests in common as one nation ? Have we the feeling of which D'Arcy McGee spoke when he looked forward to a day when our young men should 'say as proudly, *our* country, or *our* federation, or *our* empire, as the young men of other lands do in speaking of theirs.' We have been taught to refer so much to the Old Country for our national character, that we do not confidently appeal to our own essential claims to respect. We forget that after all it is what Canada is and does, what we are and do ourselves, which must entitle us to that respect on account of his country which every man desires, apart from what he may be individually.

Of course it is true that we cannot manufacture this feeling which we want. It must more or less grow with our common necessities and aspirations, our common fortunes and misfortunes. But then we need not try to stop its growth by ridicule and aspersion ; and moreover, before a principle will grow it requires to be asserted, and by constantly asserting and reasserting the principle, both in words and deeds, you do advance its growth immensely. The latter is the way in which the national spirit has already made progress in this country, and has become a ruling principle, real and influential, to many ; the former is the way in which its growth has been partially arrested.

A common trial consolidated the American nationality. There is not the slightest danger that a trial will come to us from a

similar quarter. But the Americans may claim that they were not 'dandled and rocked and swaddled' into a nation. *Nitor in adversum* was the motto which made them, and perhaps their struggles with adversity were all the better for them.

But a common aspiration may unite us, and that must be the aspiration for autonomy. Let no one be alarmed; autonomy does not mean separation.

The aspiration must be that which Sir John Macdonald laid down in the debates on Confederation. 'The colonies are now in a state of transition. Gradually a different colonial system is being developed, and it will become every year less a case of dependence on our part, and of overruling protection on the part of the mother-country, and more a case of healthy and cordial alliance. *Instead of looking upon us as a merely dependent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation*—a subordinate, but still powerful people—to stand by her in North America.' We shall make her glad to have our *alliance*, said Sir John.

But here is the Conservative Reaction again. Mr. Blake, in furtherance of these ideas of Sir John's in 1865, asserts that we should, as a matter of convenience, common-sense, and dignity, dispose of our own litigation in our own Supreme Court. Sir John inveighs against this: it will deprive us of an opportunity of getting near 'the foot of the throne.' A 'great nation' may 'offer its alliance,' but it should not aspire to settle its own law-suits; and a 'little bird' whispered that Imperial authorities would undo our legislation. Foolish little bird, to sing so out of tune with all the strains which for the last thirty years have been ringing through the empire. Imperial authorities were doubtless very glad to get rid of a little of the labour with which they are overcrowded. The Act was assented to, and we still remain a part of the British Empire.

But Reaction has made a more violent effort to drag us back than this. Listen to what a politician at the Conservative demonstration in Hamilton said the other day. Referring to the 'so-called National school' in Canadian politics, whom he characterizes as 'disaffected' and 'disloyal,' the speaker says:—

'They propose to change the present happy

relations of this Dominion with the mother-country. For my part I am entirely opposed to that school and all its apostles and disciples. I believe, as I have had occasion to say in Parliament, and on many public occasions since 1867, that there is no country on the face of the globe to-day, which occupies so favorable a position as this Dominion of Canada. There is no people more happily situated; there is no people among whom life and property are more secure; *there is no people to-day enjoying better protection from outside enemies at so little cost.* We are under this glorious flag' (pointing to the Union Jack over his head), 'and it is at once our glory and our strength. As long as England permits it to wave over us we have in time of peace the moral support of the British Empire, and we know that the army and navy, *and more than that—the money* of England, are at our backs to defend us in time of war. Therefore I say, as a Canadian, and as a Reformer—for I will never give up that name, though adventurers who do not know the elementary principles of true reform may usurp it—that so long as England permits us to remain in connection with her, and to enjoy the advantages of her power and wealth under our present constitution, we are in the most happy condition in which it is possible for any people of the earth to be. *And, that being so, I want no "Federation of the Empire."* I do not believe it is required to render permanent our connection with the mother-land.'

To what particular 'school' Mr. Macdougall belongs it would perhaps be difficult to say. But as he spoke at Hamilton by the side of the Conservative leader, and under Conservative auspices, it may be assumed, for present purposes, that he speaks the sentiments of the Conservative 'school.'

We now know the Conservative view of loyalty. It is something with which 'the army and navy, *and more than that, the money*' of England have a good deal to do. Well, no one means to despise these things; they seem to be effective stimulants to enthusiasm; they are undoubtedly what make British connection exceedingly valuable to us. Only it is well to see things in their proper light, and if these are the main inducements to British connection, let us say so. But do not let us call our ardour to retain these benefits 'loyalty,' and claim credit for it as a virtue. And is this the Conservative view of 'glory?' To have the use of the army and navy, *and more than that—the money*, of another country at absolutely no expense. This is an advantage which no one can afford to despise, but is it exactly what ought to be called 'glory?' Again, is it the Conservative view, that amid all these warning voices with which the air is thick, we are to

sit down in the calm confidence that our present relations with England are to be eternal? Why, it is not alone liberal statesmen and publicists all over the empire who prophecy that a dissolution of the present colonial ties must be looked for. Some of those highest of high Tories, the colonial Knights Commanders, are beginning to wake up to a realization of this fact. The other day we had an article from Sir Julius Vogel, once Prime Minister of New Zealand, who was forced to admit it. He argued that it was very wrong and very lamentable; that 'property was property,' and that it was highly immoral for colonists to think complacently of depriving Britain of her property. He pointed to Spain in her treatment of Cuba as an instructive lesson for British statesmen, but withal he had to admit that there was imminent danger of a crisis. And after all Sir Julius Vogel evolved some very practical hints on Federation, the only means in his opinion of keeping the Empire together.

But in Mr. Macdougall's remarks there is Reaction again. What has the Conservative leader said? 'We are in a state of transition; our relations are not permanent. We must expect to undergo a change.'

Happily we can find a manlier, and what we think will seem to most unprejudiced Canadians, a wiser tone in politics than the Conservative tone at Hamilton. About the same time that Mr. Macdougall was winning plaudits that reached the skies from the guileless people of Hamilton, for his lofty expositions of loyalty and glory, Mr. Blake was also being cheered by an equally enthusiastic assembly at Teeswater. And this is what Mr. Blake said, speaking of his conduct in the matter of the Superior Court, the Governor-General's Commission, and the Extradition Treaty:

'These views, as you will have observed, were all in the direction of securing to us that fuller measure of self-government which becomes our station amongst the peoples of the world. And here I must seize the opportunity of saying a word or two with reference to our relations with the Empire, which were necessarily to some extent, however slightly and incidentally, involved in that discussion. You know that I have expressed the opinion which, I believe, is shared by most thinking men, that these relations are anomalous, and that the present form of connection is not destined to be perpetual. My opinion is that the day must come when we shall

cease to be dependents, as I hope, by exchanging dependence for association; by rising from the present position of colonists to that of partners in the freedom, the fortunes, and the responsibilities of the Empire. The subject has received a considerable impetus since its discussion three years ago. One of the foremost statesmen of the English Liberal party, Mr. Forster, in the fall of 1875, delivered a long address, in which he fully recognized—what some people here do not appear disposed to recognize—the anomalous character of the present relations of England with her colonies, and said that the choice was between separation and federation; between partnership and dissociation. He gave his powerful voice for partnership; and he invited his fellow-countrymen—as I in my humble way invite mine—to look at the subject calmly from that point of view; and—the present tie obviously lacking the elements of permanence—to prepare their minds for the assumption of that full measure of freedom and responsibility which belongs to us as fellow-subjects of those Britons who inhabit the United Kingdom.'

This it appears is 'disloyalty.' How instructive and edifying a 'History of Loyalty' would be! If we were to trace the fortunes of Loyalty through English history, we should unfortunately find that Loyalty has very often been opposed to Patriotism. Indeed, from the time of Magna Charta downwards, they seem to have been ranging themselves in opposite and hostile ranks, and Patriotism always triumphed in the end. Then, in America, the very same story over again. We admit, as we look backwards, that Patriotism had the better cause there, and no one is sorry that Loyalty lost the day. We sympathize with Loyalty—our own progenitor; not for its political views, but for its unselfishness and its heroism. But on Canadian soil the fight still went on between Loyalty and Patriotism. Patriotism prevailed, though Loyalty held out bravely. Responsible Government was what Patriotism gained for us, and probably very few people indeed are found now to sigh over the defeat of Loyalty. According to Mr. Macdougall and Sir John, a contest is still going on. They represent Loyalty. Well, there is no help for it: their opponents will have to be content with Patriotism.

Whether Mr. Blake belongs to the 'so-called Nationalschool,' or any other 'school,' we do not know. He is a Reform minister in a Reform cabinet, but his views are such as arouse the sympathy of Nationalists—everything must have a name; that name will do as well as any other—throughout the Dominion. The spectacle of a public man

laying down this principle—that it is the duty of Canadians, always keeping in mind that their true interests lie with the British Empire, to aspire to self-government—and shaping his policy upon that principle, has created a profound enthusiasm throughout this Dominion, which only wants the means of expression to make its voice heard. It is useless for the Conservative leading journal to devote two columns and a half to prove that whatever Mr. Blake says is really of no importance. It is useless to refer to him with a sneer as ‘the *Canadian* statesman.’ Who are these writers on the *Mail* that they dare to take such a tone in Canada? Could Mr. Blake have a stronger recommendation to the allegiance of Canadians than that he is, in every essential of the term, a Canadian statesman? But it is useless for them to hope that they can stem the tide. Mr. Blake’s ideas are better and higher and more earnest than Mr. Macdougall’s ideas. They are, most indubitably, the ideas of the future. Not of a distant future, either, but of a future only separated from us by the short period necessary to settle and lay by a few personal issues, and to effect the reconstruction of parties, which is inevitable, and to get a press, also, not wedded to old ideas—not led by one or two organs which are often distinctly anti-Canadian in tone. They do not deliberately disregard Canadian interests; no one would pretend that. But they have not the enthusiasm of the new nationality. They are *in* Canada, and therefore wish her well; but they are not thoroughly *of* Canada. They think it ‘important’ that we should not ‘allow ourselves to be absorbed into one Canadian nationality.’

Here then we have the issue of the future. It is the choice between Nationalism and Reaction. Reaction says, I will have none of this national sentiment. It is ‘unfriendly’ to England; it is ‘disloyal’ and dangerous; it will lead us out of the British Empire and into ruin. Nationalism says, *You* are leading us somewhere into the dim past, behind Confederation, behind Lord Durham’s report. Let us go where our own true instincts lead us, feeling at the same time that the stronger we make Canada in all the ambitions which should inspire a nation as well as in material power and wealth, the stronger we make

England. Reaction says, We have made great strides lately; let us go back, behind the point from which we last set out, and rest. It is true I used language about an alliance between two nations, and all that sort of thing. But this idea of Federation, this idea of disposing of our own domestic quarrels, frightens me. It looks ‘disloyal.’ I think we had better remain just as we are; don’t disturb our present ‘happy relations.’ See the ‘glory’ of it all—and no cost whatever. It will always last.

To which Nationalism makes answer, What then did you mean by speaking of some thing more ‘cordial and healthy’ than these existing relations, and by a ‘state of transition.’ Are we to give up that aim you held before us in 1867? Is self-government not to be our destiny. Are we to have no word about these treaties which affect us, and the laws which are passed to bind us without the presence of representatives of ours. Don’t be afraid that England will think us ‘disloyal’ or ‘unfriendly,’ if we seek to improve our own position. This England you are so sensitive about means the Englishman of to-day. It means, not our parent, but our elder brother. He has a richer heritage than we. No one feels jealous of him on that account. Beside his own land, ours may seem but a desert; but what of that?—it is the best we have. We revere his character; we think it will be indeed a proud destiny to stand by him as he leads the world in the march of enlightenment; not as strong or powerful as he, but still, as Sir John used to say, ‘a nation.’ He has no desire to keep us in a state of kindly subjection, like the captive King of France whom the English Prince made to sit at his own board. He was a king, this guest; he was royally entertained; but still—he was not free. England will like us none the less for offering to take some share of the expense of protecting ourselves. Let us go on and fulfil our destiny.

So then we are to seek to unite this Dominion in a common aspiration,—the aspiration taught us in 1867. We are not to believe Sir Francis Hincks, much as we respect him, when he tells us that all schemes of a Pan-Britannic Federation are visionary in the extreme, and that perpetual dependency is the prospect for us. We are not to believe

Mr. Goldwin Smith, though we know his worth too, when he tells us that annexation is our fate. We shall invoke the spirit of Nationalism, which will make our fortunes something higher and better than either. Moving slowly and surely, step by step, we shall advance confidently towards our goal, an equal alliance between equal states, believing that all which is required to effect our end, is the unanimous desire of a nation.

Reaction now holds its sway; but its day cannot last forever. It is true that at

the present time, there is only one man who speaks with influence to say to us, Go on with this great work, which with so much loftiness of purpose you began ten years ago; be true to the trust you laid upon yourselves. But he is not alone. The hopes and wishes of thousands of Canadians are with him. They hear in his words the spirit which leads onwards and upwards, and where that spirit leads they will follow.

G. A. MACKENZIE.

## REGINALD HARLAND.

### INCIDENTS IN A GOLD HUNTER'S LIFE.

#### I.

SCATTERED throughout this prosaic Province, more numerous than one would imagine, are men whose bygone histories, if they could be related, are furnished with a wealth of romantic incident and adventure which would greatly surprise those who know them only in the commonplace of their present everyday life.

Men that are now engaged in peaceful pursuits, passing a quiet, though monotonous existence amid the comforts of home, have, perchance, spent their early days in fighting the nation's battles on the bloody fields of Europe or India; or have been honoured servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, and have for many a weary month hunted and trapped on the plains and barren regions of the Great Lone Land; or have been the first among our early pioneers, and entering the country when great black forests covered the length and breadth of the land have commenced civilization by chopping down a tree, experiencing trials and hardships innumerable, ere the forests were converted into fruitful fields, ere the primitive log cabin of the woodsman was replaced by the handsome, civilized

looking homestead of the present day. All these and a thousand others, we have in our midst, yet we seem not sufficiently aware of the fact, for seldom do we hear related the story of their lives.

Had they but the opportunities and encouragement, however, there are very many who could unfold tales of stirring deeds by field and flood, bold enterprise, perilous exploit, and patient endurance, enacted in almost every region of the globe. But who hears of them? The little family group around the fireside sometimes, perhaps; though oftener, no one. With excessive modesty they are locked away out of sight, and are seldom heard of more, until the troubled, bustling years pilfer them from the memory altogether.

Not the least unfruitful field for adventure and hazardous achievement, which many Canadians availed themselves of, many of whom still live to recount their exploits, was presented by the unknown country of California, anterior to 1852.

When the great news of the discovery of gold in fabulous quantities came in 1848, and spread far and wide over the continent, it found daring, eager hearts here, desirous to take their chances in the wild land

where it was discovered. The great distance they had to go, the unknown dangers they were sure to incur, the chances of leaving their bones to whiten in some golden valley, had little restraining influence, and in their eagerness to be gone, were doubtless as little considered. We purpose in the following pages to give an account of a few incidents in the life of one of these gold-hunters, who left his home with a nobler purpose, perhaps, than many; but who, when he returned, failed to realize that happiness which he undoubtedly expected would await his success. His adventures savour sufficiently of the romantic for us to deem them worth giving to the public.

The autumn of 184— witnessed the arrival at one of the hotels in the western town of Brantford, of an Englishman of about thirty-five years of age, noticeable for his fine form, his manly bearing, and the air of frankness and good-nature which he habitually wore. Having letters of introduction, he soon ingratiated himself among the prominent families of the town, and much delight was evinced by his expressing freely his determination to locate himself permanently among them. Opportunities were placed in his way, and it was not very long ere he became possessor of a flourishing business, and deserving the esteem of all who knew him.

This young Englishman's name was Reginald Harland, and he was the last of his family, so far as he was at that time aware, which had been an honourable and much respected one in Bristol, whence he had come.

Finding himself at the full flush of manhood, with only a modest patrimony, unencumbered with relatives, and with nothing particular to withhold him from making a venture in his own behalf in new fields, he disposed of what property he happened to possess, and with the proceeds in cash, sailed for Canada, resolved to succeed in life. After making this fortunate start, Reginald Harland went on prospering from year to year, until he had amassed considerable wealth, and finally became the envy of less fortunate rivals, and the hope of many a scheming matron who had marriageable daughters, and desired them wellmated.

But this Englishman was not easily suited, and instead of selecting, when he

desired to marry, a wife from the many simpering, overdressed, and artificial non-entities of the 'town aristocracy,' his taste led him to make choice of a lovely, gentle girl, the daughter of an elderly and respectable widow of limited means, who lived in a manner befitting her humble circumstances—poorly enough to be wholly out of the reach and beneath the notice of her more factitious sisterhood.

Reginald made ample provision for the old lady, whom he was depriving of a most loving and dutiful daughter, and bringing his wife to his beautiful home they spent some happy blissful months. His wife, as he expected, proved everything that he could desire. She was devoted to her husband, she pleased his friends, she adorned his home; and he was well satisfied. But the smiles of fortune which had thus far attended him, visibly changed, and there succeeded a series of reverses following swiftly one after another, which reduced his worldly condition to one little short of desperation. Some unlucky speculations, followed by a season of depression in business, then a fire—and Reginald Harland was a bankrupt.

This sudden and unlooked-for reversal of his bright prospects in life was a heavy blow to Reginald, and a great surprise to his friends and fellow-townsmen; for his usual sound judgment and acumen had brought him such a reputation for luck that he was generally considered invulnerable in matters of business. In the evening following the day of his failure, Reginald Harland and his wife were seated in the fine drawing-room of their handsome residence. Their surroundings were all costly and beautiful; the apartment was adorned with every thing that cultivated taste and ample means could procure, in those early days, to render it comfortable and elegant; yet their beautiful room occupied no share of their thoughts now.

Mr. Harland sat gloomily in front of the cheerful fire which was burning in the grate, looking all the worse for the contrast. His wife sat at a little work-table, a few paces distant, pretending to be busily employed on some embroidery she held in her hands, though she was in reality preoccupied in earnestly watching her husband. He had sat in that self-same position already for more than an hour, without speaking or

looking up, and that very unusual proceeding, united with the marked absence of the usual caresses he was wont to bestow upon her when he came home in the evening, seriously alarmed her. She knew what had happened, for he had told her in a few words at the tea-table, and she was filled with pity—mingled with not an atom of selfish feeling on her own account—to see him so dejected and cast down. She was chiefly sorry, at the loss he had undergone, for the effect it would have upon him, not that she herself regretted the sudden change which had befallen them; for that alone, no matter how crushing, would little affect her own happiness. But as she sat and watched the nervous twitching of his hands, his pale despondent face, his disheartened, gloomy, silent attitude, the sight called forth all the yearning love in her nature, and tears sprung quickly to her eyes. She dropped her work and wheeling her chair to his side, nestled with a quick impulsive movement as closely to him as possible, leaning her head over on his shoulder, not daring to trust herself to speak.

Although loving his wife dearly, Reginald felt at that moment in no humour for caresses. Looming up darkly before his mind's eye was the dread meeting of his creditors on the morrow, and he had vainly been endeavouring to decide on some plan of action. What was he to tell them? How was he to explain to men who had long before tacitly acknowledged him their peer in all things pertaining to business, the history of his failures, the part and parcel of his blunders which had brought him low? How plead with *them* to spare a little, for his family's sake?

He shrunk from that meeting, as a strong man shrinks from the throes of death; yet like death it must be faced.

It will be seen from this that Reginald Harland, proud, honourable, and generous as he undoubtedly showed himself, displayed pre-eminently the chief flaw in his character—a deficiency of moral courage. In physical courage, however, he was not lacking, as will be seen presently. The only way out of the difficulty, and the way Reginald would have adopted had he been less honourable, was compromise; but the haven for meaner men was not for him; he could never bring himself to accept terms in order to escape the consequences

of his misjudgments,—of twenty-five or of fifty cents, when he unquestionably owed a dollar.

In this sore conflict of mind his wife was little able to render him assistance; she could mutely look on and fret sorely her gentle heart at his trouble and perplexity, but she could do no more. In all situations where womanliness was demanded, her qualities would render her conspicuous, but she was wholly unable to cope with this truly masculine difficulty. He was therefore constrained to rely solely upon himself, and he did it with a grace which men usually exhibit on such occasions—a grace made up of taciturnity, hopelessness, and misery.

Notwithstanding all, however, this loving action of hers was very potent, and stirred him, when mere words would have had no influence.

He turned to her and pressed a kiss upon her cheek as he said brokenly:

'It is not so much for myself that I am troubled, my darling; but I cannot pay them even if I give up everything I have in the world, which I hesitate to do for your sake. I think I might manage a compromise—'

'Then give them everything, Reginald, except me; but do not disquiet yourself further; I cannot bear to see you so miserable,' his wife hastily broke in, looking up with a radiant smile beaming from her tear-swollen eyes.

'You don't know what you say, Eleanor,' he answered stiffly. 'You would miss the bright things which are now around you far more than you dream of. Yet I am afraid it must be so. I don't like the idea of compromise, and I think I could get sufficient money to buy a home for you just as beautiful as this one is.'

'Yes, Reginald,' she said, 'don't mind me. You will soon build another home again, if you try; and even if it be not quite so handsome—what matter? I'm sure I shall be just as happy as I have been here, wherever you may take me.'

'I will right things again, never fear; but to do it I must go a journey, and we must be separated for many months,' he could not bring himself to say years.

She looked into his eyes again, but this time all the light was gone from her face, and she answered slowly and sadly as if



she had but imperfectly understood what he had said, though conscious of a degree of pain which even the little she gleaned gave her :

'Long journey—separated—many months—why what do you mean, Reginald? Are you tired of your wife so soon?'

'No, Eleanor,' he answered, rather amazed, 'you know I love you, and therefore could never grow tired, of you. You have made me very happy indeed. Our life has been very pleasant together. But I shudder to think of the change there will be hereafter. You know the adage: "When poverty comes in at the door—" I will not run the risk of such consequences; besides, after the assets are given up, there will still remain a large amount of debt unpaid. There is only one way, Eleanor, that appears to me, and as my noble, loving wife, I ask you to assist me to embrace it.'

He spoke these words in a low grave voice, as if the very solemnity of his tone would bring to her he loved a consciousness of the vital importance of the request he was making of her.

'Do you mean to go away, Reginald?' she said in a mournful, hopeless tone, as if her husband were already drifting 'as upon some unseen current, far away, very far away from her side, probably forever.

'I mean to go away, Eleanor—for a time. I have work before me, and the sooner it is done the better. When I return all will be happy again, and I will never leave you more. I saw in one of the journals to-day that a gulch had been found in California, of almost illimitable wealth—riches enough for every man on the continent. I think I can soonest repair this sad business there. And you, my darling, must try and bear this necessary and transient separation, for both our sakes.'

Mrs. Harland bore the shock of this revelation far better than he expected, but he little knew the effort it had cost her, or the pain he had given her.

To her his presence was comfort, happiness, life; his absence, misery; and she was as little capable of existing apart from her love as the creeper is capable of holding itself upright after its support has fallen. Yet she could be brave at times, and she did not flinch now, though her quick thoughts flew to the long, vacant, lonely days which were to come. An indefinable

dread seized her, too, of coming sorrow and suffering. She strove hard to look forward hopefully and cheerfully, for did he not say that he would never leave her more after this one parting? But the haunting fear, nearly always present with susceptible natures at such times, refused to be exorcised.

A few days more—days of many trials and inward recoilings—and Reginald's affairs are at length settled, and he is preparing for the journey to California.

He has given up his beautiful home—his everything almost, and still he is a large sum behind. His integrity, though, prepossessed his creditors in his favour, and they offered to reinstate him in business again, and moreover to free him from all further obligation. But he has respectfully declined their overtures, thinking there would be little honour in accepting them; and disliking to commence again in a humble way, with an imagination bubbling over with visions of the rich gold placers of that distant country on the Pacific. He is looking forward to his early departure with a confidence in himself which augurs well for his peace of mind at any rate, and doubtless, too, for his ultimate success. When the talk with the creditors was over and the sacrifice had been made, his usual good spirits returned, and he even caused his fretting wife to lose her despondency for a time. But with her the gleam of sunshine was short-lived, and as the day fixed for Reginald's departure approached, her smiles ceased, her bright look vanished. Her imperfect comprehension of the necessity of the step about to be taken; her yearning to have him always by her side; the thousand and one indefinable fears for his safety in the far-off wild land to which he was going—all conspired to render the parting scene a very mournful one.

The day—a bright, beautiful one in early spring—had come. There was the usual bustle of preparation; the leave-taking with acquaintances; the far more impressive leave-taking with his wife, whose quivering lip and tear-stained cheek showed her inward agony; and he was gone.

After her husband's departure, Mrs. Harland, who was again settled with her mother, endeavoured to reconcile herself to the change which had fallen upon her life, by striving to bridge the short but happy

past with dreams of a still happier future, when Reginald should return never to wander more. If she partially succeeded at first, it did not last very long, for as the hours wore on and lengthened into days, and the days into weeks, weeks into a month, she missed him very sadly. No visionary indulgence could recompense her for her present need—a need growing greater day by day. At length, one happy morning, about five weeks after his departure, there came a letter from him.

With what eagerness she tore open the envelope, and hurried away by herself to enjoy the contents all alone, we need not tell.

It was dated at Independence, Mo., more than two weeks before. Reginald stated that he was in good health and eager to start across the plains, but unfortunately he had to wait on a company of emigrants whom he had joined, along with a young doctor from New York, who were afraid to venture out upon the broad ocean of the prairies until the grass should be sufficiently high to support their cattle. He then gave a short account of the journey thus far, and ended with many expressions of loving remembrance and hopes of an early return. After this precious letter, Mrs. Harland received no further word. Month after month rolled slowly away, until a year, two years, two years and a half had gone, and still there came no further sign of his existence.

Five months after he had left, a little child was born to the lonely wife, and this charge helped to distract her thoughts for awhile, and gave her occupation for her spare time. It passed through all the stages of babyhood, until it ran prattling—a beautiful little girl—by her side, when on her lonely walks around the familiar haunts of past times; but still no papa came to reward his little one's half-wondering question—'When is papa coming? I wish he would come quick, mamma.'

Three years, three years and a half, and still there came no token from the far western land, after all her waiting and watching and eager expectation, to gladden her drooping heart. This dreary season of alternate hopes and fears proved too much for the delicate and sorrowing wife, and she settled slowly into a decline. Hers was not the fibre to resist long the wear and tear

of a disturbed and yearning mind—doubtless, too, disease had lurked in it from her birth, only waiting opportunity to make its encroachments—and Reginald's absence alone would have been almost sufficient to incite these. But when the pain of separation united to fear and uncertainty regarding his safety—as in those days very extravagant notions were prevalent regarding California—and year after year passed away without news from him, no wonder the woman's courage failed her.

She gradually ceased her walks, her strength proving insufficient for open-air exercise; and was obliged to remain indoors. Here she was waited on by the careful hands of her aged mother, who with zealous and loving attentions sought to lessen every pain, and win her back to life. But all were unavailing; she grew weaker day by day.

The October wind was beginning to blow cold and chilly over the country, scattering the sear and withered leaves of autumn in crowds before it, when Mrs. Harland moved across her room for the last time. The moments of her short span of existence were now fast ebbing away. She never more rose from the couch she soon after sought, but was lifted by the arms of death to that unknown world beyond the grave, where perchance, in the immortality of love, her spirit watched over and smoothed the paths of the darlings she had left behind.

Up to the last she had never ceased her inquiries for her missing husband; he was the constant theme of her thoughts until the mists of death gathered in her eyes; but still he did not come. Her last words lovingly linked his name with that of her child, as became a faithful wife, but he was not there to respond.

She had passed away but a few moments when a rough-looking, sun-browned stranger presented himself at the house of death, and enquired for Mrs. Harland. He was told Mrs. Harland was just dead.

The girl who gave the information was filled with consternation to observe the man suddenly grow deathly pale, stagger a little, and at length fall prone upon his face across the threshold of the door, with a heavy groan. Reginald Harland had returned, but alas! too late for that happy meeting, which, in anticipation, had lightened the labour of many a hard

day's toil among the golden sands on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada.

## II.

**M**IDWINTER in Canada. The day cold and stormy. The snow deep over fields and meadows and ice-bound rivers; deeper in the cold, dark forests; and still coming, for the atmosphere is filled with the powdery particles, driven hither and thither by wild gusts, only to settle down at last to increase the fast deepening drifts.

Standing high on the right bank of the Grand River, and presenting a bold point to the nor-east storm, is a commodious, handsome residence, the home of one evidently well-to-do in the world. It is evening, and lights gleam out into the storm here and there from the casements, making the gloom of the night deeper by the contrast.

With the familiarity of acquaintances we will discard all ceremony and enter that large well-lighted apartment in the left wing, where three persons are seated before a huge open grate, in which a cheerful fire is blazing. Two of the persons are young, and are evidently husband and wife. The third has long passed the meridian of life, and seems feeble and almost done with its cares and troubles. These, it is likely he has had his full share of, for the well known lines, which age is impotent of itself to bring, trace their way over his pale, thin face. His features seem familiar, but still it would be very difficult to associate the unsuccessful Brantford merchant and the returned California gold-hunter with the attenuated, infirm old man huddled in his easy-chair before us. Notwithstanding, it is Reginald Harland. The two young persons are his children—one by marriage and the other by right, for she was the child which had been born to him when he was far away in California.

They are both very kind and dutiful to him in his declining years, and he is as comfortable as circumstances will admit. Mrs. Kirby, for that is now his daughter's name, has her mother's face and gentle disposition, and doubtless Reginald Harland keeps alive in memory the image of his

lost wife, by having it constantly by his side in the person of her daughter.

Rising softly from her seat, the young wife moves across the apartment to one of the windows, and drawing aside the heavy crimson curtains, gazes out for a few moments at the whirling snow, and listens to the moaning of the storm through the leafless trees.

'It is a very wild night,' she said at length, 'and there seems to be no sign of its clearing up. Poor Joseph will have hard work to get home from town through the deep drifts.'

'O, its likely he'll stop all night there. Catch Joseph trusting his old bones to such a keen wind as is abroad to-night,' answered her husband, throwing a fresh log on the fire, and settling himself again more comfortably in his cosy corner.

'How irreverent you are, Arthur,' said Mrs. Kirby, drawing the curtains back again to their place, and retracing her steps to her seat. 'You well know Joseph will be here sometime to-night if the trains are not delayed. I never knew the worst weather to keep him from home a single night. The telegram said they would reach here to-day, did it not, papa?'

'Thank God, it did, Eleanor; but it is frightful weather to travel, and I hope the trains will get through all right. They have a long distance to come, though, and may possibly have miscalculated by a day or so. It is not too late, however, yet, and Joseph may soon be here.'

'While we are waiting for Joseph, it will be a good time to relate your adventures in California, papa; you promised a long time ago to tell us how you found uncle Henry, and the strange way in which you were both rescued from a perilous position by unknown hands before you became separated from him; and as we expect him to-night, it will be just the thing to hear before he comes.'

'Well, Eleanor, I am agreed. But where shall I begin?' answered the old gentleman, looking up with a loving eye.

'Begin, papa, at that long-named town in Missouri, from whence the caravans started, to go their long journey across the plains.'

After a few moments silence, as if to collect his thoughts, the old gentleman commenced and related the following narrative:

The year of grace, 1849, witnessed a strange scene in the history of the Western Continent—a scene probably without a parallel in the annals of the world.

The discovery of the gold region of California, almost immediately after the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which the country was ceded to the United States, turned thitherward the eyes of the civilized world. Immediately after began that exodus of eager humanity, pouring thousands of adventurers from Mexico, the South American Republics, New South Wales; thousands more from the Eastern States, Canada, and even Europe, into the quietude of the long undisturbed and peaceful valleys under the pine-clad Sierras.

The far shining light of a wonderful Eldorado was what had attracted thitherward this motley assemblage, and in the eager, all-absorbing search for wealth, friends, home, everything was forgotten. Rough scenes were witnessed during the early days, and deeds enacted which for horror of detail have seldom been surpassed; yet from out that chaos of lawless passions, from out those scenes of tumult and crime, has been enacted as fair and order-loving a State as there is in the Union.

This, within twenty years, and in a country without any effective system of law or government, whose population was of such a diversified and mixed order, may reasonably be placed among the marvellous occurrences of this century.

Early in the year 1850, when the first great rush to the mines was nearly over, incited by a disaster, the particulars of which I need not just now enter into, and the glowing accounts in the journals of the wondrous wealth to be easily obtained by those adventurous enough to brave the dangers of the wild country, I started for California by the overland route. Reaching Independence, the great starting-place on this route, I found a caravan encamped just outside the town, expecting to start in a couple of weeks.

Deeming myself exceedingly fortunate in my opportune arrival, I made what purchases were necessary and joined it, not knowing that before two months were over, company after company would have taken the same road, until the Emigrant Trail from Fort Leavenworth to the foot of the Rocky

Mountains would be one long line of mule trains and waggons; yet so it proved.

While sauntering about the town a day or two before the start I made the acquaintance of a young man—a doctor he said he was—who was bound on the same journey as myself. Prepossessed by his appearance, and desiring some companionship, we soon became intimate, which eventually led to our linking our fortunes together.

We started before day-dawn on the 18th of April, and soon left the frontiers of civilization behind, entering on an almost illimitable plain covered with grass.

Our caravan was made up of a most heterogeneous concourse; nearly every country was represented, and every grade of society, from the Irish labourer to the English dandy; the waggons and beasts of burden partaking of the same motley character as their owners.

There was one thing, however, we all had in common—that was an eager desire to reach the gold-diggings as speedily as possible. Our company was headed by an old trapper, a man who had spent nearly his whole life in the wilderness that stretched away from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and we felt no uneasy anticipations under his leadership. He told us the Indians would scarcely venture to attack so large a party; and we were very sanguine of reaching California safely and speedily under the guidance of a man who knew every foot of the distance. The sequel shewed that he was worthy of the trust we reposed in him; and had the people of the caravan followed his instructions he would have led them all safely to the haven of their hopes—the Sacramento valley. But when we were passing through the rugged defiles of the mountains, a great many, finding the supplies they had brought with them cumbersome and heavy, contrary to the advice of the trapper, threw them away. For this wastefulness they bitterly repented when traversing the Great Salt Desert.

For the first two or three months we travelled gaily along the rich meadow lands of the Platte River until we reached Fort Laramie and the elevated mountain region. The life was fresh, and the newly awakened sense of perfect freedom from all the trammels of civilization was very exhilarating for a time.

The Doctor and myself generally spent

our evenings in the trapper's company, around his camp by fire, and many an hour he beguiled for us, relating the wild experiences of his adventurous life.

After leaving Fort Laramie the real hardships of our journey began. Up and down the mountains that hem in the Sweet Water Valley—over the spurs of the Wind River mountains—through the Devil's Gate, we toiled slowly up the South Pass, and descended to the tributaries of the Colorado River and entered the rugged defiles of the Timpanozu chain.

We arrived at the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake about the middle of August, pretty well tired out. We stopped, however, barely long enough to rest the animals and procure some fresh supplies of which we stood in need, and then struck off into the vast desert of the great Basin, whose alternate sandy wastes, vast fields of salt, and rugged mountain chains, stretched before us for five hundred miles.

Here there was no grass for our animals, no water that was not salt or brackish for either them or ourselves, and those in the train who had disburdened themselves of their provisions at the South Pass, and had neglected again to renew their supply at Salt Lake City, now came to absolute want; and as few could spare anything for them, they were eventually reduced to make use of their horses and mules for food.

After leaving Salt Lake we passed over an immense salt plain, one of the most arid regions on the face of the globe. In places the salt lay in a solid state, and sustained the weight of our caravan without giving way. Other portions of the great plain were in a state of deliquescence, and so soft that our cattle sank through into the mud beneath at every step. But the greater part consisted of dried mud, over which were thickly scattered small crystals of salt. We, very naturally, made but slow progress at this stage of our journey. Endless plains lay before us, radiating an intense heat and glare in the pitiless sun. Not a speck of green or the ghost of a shadow relieved the monotonous 'wind-swept floors of white'; to the horizon, the whole aspect of nature was grim with the all-prevailing desolation and silence of death.

Parched with extreme thirst, our eyes and nostrils choked from the effects of the saline exhalations rising on all sides from

the desert over which we were passing, our cattle sinking down and dying at almost every step, we presented a very pitiful spectacle.

In a few days, notwithstanding the trapper's utmost efforts, our train became disorganised. Some parties who were badly equipped we were obliged to leave behind; some, of themselves, turned back to Salt Lake City, resolved to accept the hospitality of the Mormons rather than venture further in such a region; others—well mounted—started desperately on ahead, and soon missing the trail, wandered around in the arid desert until, doubtless, they perished miserably of thirst and hunger. More than half of the caravan, however, still kept together, and moved forward day after day, slowly but steadily.

We reached the scanty meadows about the sink of Humboldt's River in due time, stopped a short space to recruit the wearied and suffering animals, and then took the old Mormon trail across the sixty or seventy miles of desert remaining, to the streams which are fed from the Sierra Nevada, where we found plenty of grass and good water once more. The rest of the journey we performed with greater ease, though the passes through which we entered California were terribly rugged and precipitous.

We reached Sacramento city very early in the season, considering the immense distance we had come, and at once set about serious preparations for the work which had brought us there. Our spirits, of course, were at boiling point. The land of gold was reached; all we had to do was to set to work and dig and get rich. In an incredibly short time our comrades over the plains vanished, we knew not whither, and, after bidding good-bye to the trapper, who went on to San Francisco, the Doctor and myself were left alone, as far as our late companions were concerned. Sacramento presented a novel appearance in those days. The original forest trees grew thickly in the streets and gave the city a picturesque look. Houses, shanties, and tents spread over an area of probably a square mile—not very close together, however—the streets running at right angles.

The city contained about ten thousand inhabitants, composed of natives, Spaniards, Mexicans, South Americans, convicts from New South Wales, intermingled with

criminals, idlers, and broken merchants from the east. In such a miscellaneous assemblage there were many notorious scoundrels, and crimes and deeds of blood were not uncommon at this time, though a great change took place a year or so later. Before we had been in the city two hours we were treated to an exhibition which showed far better than mere words could tell, the lawless state of the country then.

We were passing a small canvas saloon when a strong, lithe miner sprang out, shrieking 'murder,' and cleared down the street at full speed. He was immediately followed from within by another with a drawn revolver in his hand, which he calmly and leisurely levelled in the direction of the retreating victim, took deliberate aim and fired; the sharp ping was followed by the fall of the man, who was shot dead. 'Sarved the d—d cuss right, he'll be more keeful another time,' exclaimed the perpetrator of this foul deed; and he blew the smoke from the discharged pistol.

We afterwards ascertained that the murdered man's offence was of the most trivial character, and by no means warranted the fearful revenge which was taken. This episode brought into our minds with startling force the consciousness that we were not treading the quiet, orderly streets of a civilized city; it showed us the perils to which we had exposed ourselves in the mad race for wealth; it brought a yearning home-sickness difficult to allay.

On the third morning after our arrival, we laid aside our civilized attire, stuck sheath-knives in our belts and pistols in our pockets, mounted our mules, leading a third laden with all the paraphernalia of a miner's necessaries, and set off for the Grizzly Bear mines, which were high up in the mountains on a small stream emptying into the South Fork of the American River. These mines, we were told, produced well, and if we were at all fortunate, we should soon make our 'pile.'

The first day we pushed along with the utmost impatience, conjuring up the most brilliant visions of our probable success in the new life which was opening out before us.

The Doctor was now in the best spirits, and his pleasant, cheerful conversation whiled the time very agreeably. The country we were passing through consisted of a succession of hills and valleys, diversified here

and there by groves of tall oak trees. It was, we thought, a beautiful and picturesque country. The second day, the country became more hilly and broken, while to the east, separated from us by deep forests, stretched, white and cold against the sky, the lofty range of the Sierra Nevada.

Towards evening on the third day, after a long ride through the roughest district I ever saw, we approached our destination. During the afternoon we had passed several gulches where miners were at work, but we concluded not to stop until the diggings of which we had been told in Sacramento, were reached.

The sun was low in the western horizon ere we came to a halt on the verge of a high bluff, overlooking a deep valley. Far below our feet wandered a tiny stream through the windings of the vale, until lost to view to the left in the evening mists. On the right it emerged from a deep, dark canon, seemingly cleft through the heart of a mountain, which the eye could follow for a long distance until the vista closed in deep gloom. Just at the entrance of this canon were the Grizzly Bear Mines.

On the declivities at both sides of the little stream stood a number of rude log huts and canvas tents, intermingled with dwarf pines and large masses of dark rock which had fallen from the heights above. Down at the water's edge, among boulders and pine logs, working steadily and silently, were a heterogeneous crowd of uncouth men, bare armed and bare legged, delving with eager hands in the auriferous sands of the rivulet's bed. Overlooking all, silent and majestic, their summits of eternal snow glowing in the evening sun, deepening gradually from gold to rose, from rose to crimson, and finally fading into dull, misty outlines, rose the Sierra Nevada range. It was a wild, lonely scene. We sat silent on our mules a few minutes, taking in the details before descending into the gathering gloom of the valley.

Soon, however, the gold-fever dispelled 'all thoughts melancholic' which the lonely grandeur of the surroundings had inspired, and we made haste down, possessed with an 'itching palm' to handle the bright golden flakes and nuggets which we were to carry back to our far away homes in the east.

When we reached the bottom we were

greeted by a numerous company (as the men had just left off work), who good-naturedly helped us with a small tent we had brought from Sacramento. Some of the miners showed us their wealth, and one particularly rough, uncouth customer opened a leathern bag of gold-dust which he said weighed three hundred ounces. We were in a perfect flutter of excitement to see so much of the yellow metal, and had there been light enough, we should have, perhaps, fixed upon a location at once, and gone to digging without rest. We spent the night very feverishly, and early next morning, after purchasing a rude cradle from a miner who was going elsewhere, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, we set to, but being tyros at the work, with only indifferent success.

It would be monotonous to describe minutely the eight months which we spent at the Grizzly Bear Mines. Suffice it to say, that we laboured hard, digging and washing, earning on the average from three quarters to one ounce—from twelve to sixteen dollars—per diem, until the rainy season set in; then we could only work at intervals until spring. When the floods subsided we began again, and dug and cradled and washed, but, with all our efforts, we were only tolerably successful. The yield of gold was small compared with the tales brought us incessantly of other districts.

To these stories, for some time, the Doctor and I paid little attention, believing many of them to be fictions; but we soon saw they were having an effect on the other miners, who departed in twos and threes, until in a few weeks our numbers had dwindled down to four persons besides ourselves. Still we worked on, with vigour and perseverance, for two weeks more.

At length, after an unusually bad day's washing, we determined to change our location too. We concluded, however, to work where we were for another day.

The following morning we were not a little surprised to find the four miners who were left, also gone; a surprise which soon turned into indignation when we found they had taken our mules with them. They must have been daring fellows as well as rascals, for the well-known punishment for such thefts in that country was a pistol bullet. However, gone they were, and we had no means to transport our camp

utensils, and being nearly out of provisions, we were reduced to a great extremity.

The Doctor took these reverses coolly, even cheerfully. He was one of those happy-go-lucky men whom nothing seems to disturb; in fair weather or foul he was always the same—always had a kind word, a cheerful smile, and a buoyant heart to support them.

The eight months we had been in the mines had not made him a rich man, though few were more assiduous than himself. He had limited his time in California to eighteen months, so he said, and at the expiration of that time he would return whether he went rich or not. This was about the extent of his communications to me since I made his acquaintance in Independence. I did not even know his name, nor his mine. Although frank enough in everything else, I could not help remarking that he was singularly reserved respecting his relatives, his home, and his past life. There was something about the man I could not understand from the very first. I mean little traits of character that seemed somehow strangely familiar to me, yet I had no distinct recollection of ever meeting the Doctor any where before. His face sometimes affected me in the same manner.

During our mining life at the Grizzly Bear, when we were in the closest intimacy—living and sleeping together—gleams of partial recognition would flit through my mind when he would look me full in the face in his frank manner, as he generally did when in conversation; yet the mystery which hung about him refused to be unravelled, and although constantly on the very brink of discovering his identity with some one I had met earlier in life, I as constantly remained there, without stumbling upon the truth.

Whether I affected him in the same manner or not, I could not then tell; though once in a while I caught his gaze bent upon me, when he thought I was not noticing, in a sort of wondering, puzzled fashion, as if he were endeavouring as well to solve some mystery of association. However, he said nothing regarding it, and neither did I.

R. W. DOUGLAS.

*(To be concluded in the next number.)*

## SONNETS.

## I.

THE tolling belis proclaim the Sabbath morn,  
 My skimming skiff, by south winds wafted on,  
 Seems like the gulls on moveless pinion borne  
 That round me wheel their lazy flight. Upon  
 The distant spires the summer's sun shines bright,  
 And o'er the town does solemn silence reign,  
 While far beyond, the Scarboro heights loom white  
 Against th' ethereal blue ; nor doth remain  
 A cloud to hide the mantled dome that now  
 (As God, they say, joins hands with us on earth)  
 Is intermingled with the sea below.  
 And life, to-day, indeed seems even worth  
 The trouble living—seems to taste of joy—  
 That *quiet* joy most freed from joy's alloy.

## II.

On Scarboro's beetling cliffs I lay me down ;  
 The shelving beach below by waves is lapped ;  
 Behind, the forest lies, where, red and brown,  
 The maple trees, by ruthless frost enwrapped,  
 Bespeak his chill embrace in blushes fair.  
 A distant tinkling tells of browsing kine,  
 While close beside, from its sequestered lair,  
 In human haste, in beauty more divine,  
 The Spring-brook, leaping o'er it's ferny bounds,  
 In one great desperate dive it's prattling ends,  
 And now in imitation thunder sounds,  
 Then with the mighty lake its cupful blends.  
 To dive is sweet, oh Brook ! 'tis grand to-day,  
 But Brook, bright Brook ! thy morrow's cast away.

## III.

How changed we seem when by the desert shore !  
 To calmer thought the breaking waves can still  
 The troubled mind by each succeeding roar.  
 Then often cast-off conscience comes to drill  
 And marshal from the scattered rank and file  
 Of life's past deeds what sickly gleams of good  
 Will stand inspection : though we feel the while  
 How few are even these. And if we should,  
 For such communion, take more purposed heart,  
 Because the sermon was not heard in church,  
 Chide not, but know 'tis Nature's greatest part  
 To preach to men, and with them inly search.  
 In all her moods, profoundly dark or bright,  
 Sweet, speaking Nature sets our souls aright.

T. S. JARVIS.



## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.\*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN AMERICAN WRITER.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

IN ENGLAND.

'I AM not frightened, but stunned—completely stunned,' said Balfour, his hands on his knees, his head bent down. The ever-faithful Jewsbury had at once gone to him on hearing the news; and now the small man with the blue spectacles stood confronting him, all the joyousness gone out of his resonant voice. 'I feel there must be a clean sweep. I will go down to The Lilacs, and send over one or two things belonging to—to my wife—to her father's; then everything must go. At present I feel that I have no right to spend a shilling on a telegram—'

'Oh,' said Mr. Jewsbury, 'when the heavens rain mountains, you needn't be afraid of stones.' What he exactly meant by this speech he himself probably scarcely knew. He was nervous, and very anxious to appear the reverse. 'Nobody will expect you to do any thing *outré*. You won't bring down the debts of the firm by giving up the postage-stamps in your pocket-book; and of course there will be an arrangement; and—and there are plenty of poor men in the House—'

I have just sent a message down to Englebury,' he said, showing but little concern. 'I have resigned.'

'But why this frantic haste?' remonstrated his friend, in a firmer voice. 'What will you do next? Do you imagine you are the only man who has come tumbling down and has had to get up again—slowly enough, perhaps?'

'Oh no; not at all,' said Balfour, frankly.

'I am in no despairing mood. I only want to get the decks clear for action. I have got to earn a living somehow, and I should only be hampered by a seat in Parliament.'

'Why, there are a hundred things you could do, and still retain your seat!' his friend cried. 'Go to some of your friends in the late government, get a private secretaryship, write political articles for the papers—why, bless you, there are a hundred ways—'

'No, no, no,' Balfour said, with a laugh, 'I don't propose to become a bugbear to the people I used to know—a man to be avoided when you catch sight of him at the end of the street, a button-holer, a perpetual claimant. I am off from London, and from England too. I dare say I shall find some old friend of my father's ready to give me a start—in China or Australia—and as I have got to begin life anew, it is lucky the blow fell before my hair was gray. Come, Jewsbury, will you be my partner? We will make our fortune together in a half dozen years. Let us go for an expedition into the Bush. Or shall we have a try at Peru? I was always certain that the treasures of the Incas could be discovered.'

'But, seriously, Balfour, do you mean to leave England?' the clergyman asked.

'Certainly.'

'Lady Sylvia?'

The brief glimpse of gayety left his face instantly.

'Of course she will go to her father's when she returns from America,' said he, coldly.

'No, she will not,' replied his friend, with some little warmth. 'I take it from what you have told me of her, that she is too

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true a woman for that. It is only now you will discover what a good wife can be to a man. Send for her. Take her advice. And see what she will say if you propose that she should abandon you in your trouble and go back to her father! See what she will say to that!

Jewsbury spoke with some vehemence, and he did not notice that his companion had become strangely moved. It was not often that Balfour gave way to emotion.

'Why,' said he; and then he suddenly rose and took a turn up and down the room, for he could not speak for a moment. 'Jewsbury, she left me! She left me!'

'She left you?' the other vaguely repeated, staring at the young man, who stood there with clinched hands.

'Do you think,' Balfour continued, rapidly, with just a break here and there in his voice, 'that I should be so completely broken down over the loss of that money? I never cared for money much. That would not hurt me, I think. But it is hard, when you are badly hit, to find—'

He made a desperate effort to regain his composure, and succeeded. He was too proud to complain. Nay, if the story had to be told now, he would take all the blame of the separation on himself, and try to show that his wife had fair grounds for declaring their married life unendurable. Mr. Jewsbury was a little bit bewildered, but he listened patiently.

'You have done wrong in telling me all that,' said he at last. 'I need never have known, for I see how this will end. But how fortunate you were to have that friend by you in such a crisis, with her happy expedition. No one but a married woman could have thought of it. If you had formally separated—if she had gone back to her father's—that would have been for life.'

'How do you know this is not?'

'Because I believe every word of what that lady friend of hers said to you. And if I don't mistake,' he added, slowly, 'I don't think you will find this loss of money a great misfortune. I think if you were at this moment to appeal to her—to suggest a reconciliation—you would see with what gladness she would accept it.'

'No,' said the other, with some return to his ordinary reserve and pride of manner. 'She left me of her own free-will. If she

had come back of her own free-will, well and good. But I cannot ask her to come now. I don't choose to make an *ad misericordiam* appeal to any one. And if she found that my Parliamentary duties interfered with her notion of what our married life should be, what would she think of the much harder work I must attack somewhere or other if I am to earn a living? She would not accompany me from Surrey to Piccadilly: do you think she would go to Shanghai or Melbourne?'

'Yes,' said his friend.

'I, at least, will not ask her,' he said. 'Indeed, I should be quite content if I knew that her father could provide her with a quiet and comfortable home; but I fear he won't be able to hold on much longer to the Hall. She was happy there,' he added, with his eyes grown thoughtful. 'She should never have left it. The interest she tried to take in public affairs—in any thing outside her own park—was only a dream, a fancy; she got to hate everything connected with the actual business of the world almost directly after she was married—'

'Why?' cried his friend, who had as much shrewdness as most people. 'The cause is clear—simple—obvious. Public life was taking away her husband from her a trifle too much. And if that husband is rather a reserved person, and rather inclined to let people take their own way, instead of humoring them and reasoning with them—'

'Well, now, I think you are right there,' said Balfour, with some eagerness. 'I should have tried harder to persuade her. I should have had more consideration. I should not have believed in her refusals. But there,' he added, rising, 'it is all over now. Will you go out for a stroll, Jewsbury? I sha'n't bore you with another such story when you take a run out to see me at Melbourne.'

Now it happened that when they got out into Piccadilly the Kew omnibus was going by, and the same project struck both friends at the one moment—for the wilder part of the Gardens had at one time been a favorite haunt of theirs. A second or two afterwards they were both on top of the omnibus, driving through the still, warm air, greatly contented, and not at all afraid of being seen in that conspicuous position. The

brisk motion introduced some cheerfulness into their talk.

'After all, Balfour,' said Mr. Jewsbury, with philosophic resignation, 'there are compensations in life, and you may probably live more happily outside politics altogether. There was always the chance—I may say so now—of your becoming somebody; and then you would have gone on to commit the one unforgivable sin—the sin that the English people never condone. You might have done signal service to your country. You might have given up your days and nights, you might have ruined your health, you might have sacrificed all your personal interests and feelings, in working for the good of your fellow-countrymen; and then you know what your reward would have been. That is the one thing the English people can not forgive. You would have been jeered at and ridiculed in the clubs; abused in the papers; taunted in Parliament; treated everywhere as if you were at once a self-seeking adventurer, a lunatic, and a fiend bent on the destruction of the State. If you had spent all your fortune on yourself, given up all your time to your own pleasures, paid not the slightest attention to anybody around you except in so far as they ministered to your comfort, then you would have been regarded as an exemplary person, a good man, an honest Englishman. But if you had given up your whole life to trying to benefit other people through wise legislation, then your reward would be the pillory, for every coward and sneak to have his fling at you.'

'My dear Jewsbury,' Balfour said, with a rueful smile, 'it is very kind of you to insist that the grapes are sour.'

'Another advantage is that you will have added a new experience to your life,' continued the philosopher, who was bent on cheering his friend up a bit, 'and will be in so much the completer man. The complete man is he who has gone through all human experiences. Time and the law are against any single person doing it; but you can always be travelling in that direction.'

'One ought, for example, to pick a pocket and get sent to prison?'

'Certainly.'

'And run away with one's neighbor's wife?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'And commit a murder?'

'No,' replied this clerical person, 'for that might disturb the experiment—might bring it to an end, in fact. But there can be no doubt that Shakspeare committed several diabolical murders, and was guilty of the basest ingratitude, and was devoured with the most fiendish hatred—in imagination. In turns he was a monster of cupidity, of revenge, of blood-thirstiness, of cowardice. Other men, who have not the power to project themselves in this fashion, can only learn through action. It therefore follows that the sooner you get yourself sent to the tread-mill, the better.'

'And indeed I suppose I am nearer it now than I was a week ago,' Balfour admitted. 'And perhaps I shall soon begin to envy and imitate my esteemed father-in-law in the little tricks by which he earns a few sovereigns now and again. I used to be very severe on the old gentleman, but I may have to take to sham companies myself.'

With this and similar discourse the two sages passed the time until they arrived at Kew. It will be observed that as yet it was only a theoretical sort of poverty that had befallen Balfour. It was a sort of poverty that did not prevent the two friends from having a fairly comfortable luncheon at a hotel down there, or from giving up the day to idle sauntering through the wilder and uncultivated portion of the Gardens, or from indulging in useless guesses as to what might have been had Balfour been able to remain in Parliament.

'But in any case you will come back,' continued Mr. Jewsbury, who was trying to espy a squirrel he had seen run up the trunk of an elm; 'and you will be burdened with wealth and rich in knowledge. Then, when you get into parliament, shall I tell you what you must do? Shall I give you a project that will make your name famous in the political history of your country?'

'It won't be of much use to me,' was the answer; 'but I know one or two gentlemen down at Westminster who would be glad to hear of it.'

'Take my proposal with you now. Brood over it. Collect facts wherever you go. Depend on it—'

'But what is it?'

'The total abolition of that most pernicious superstition—trial by jury. Why,

man, I could give you the heads of a speech that would ring through the land, The incorruptibility of the English bench—the vast learning, the patience, the knowledge of the world, the probity, of our judges. Then you draw a picture of one of these judges laboriously setting out the facts of a case before a jury, and of his astonishment at their returning a verdict directly in the teeth of the evidence. Think of the store of anecdotes you could amass to get the House into good humor. Then a burst of pathetic indignation. Whose reputation, whose future, is safe if either depends on the verdict of twelve crass idiots? A bit of flash oratory on the part of a paid pleader may cost a man a couple of thousand pounds in the face of common-sense and justice. Balfour,' said Mr. Jewsbury, solemnly, 'the day on which the verdict in the Tichborne case was announced was a sad day for me.'

'Indeed,' said the other. 'I have got an uncle-in-law who believes in Tich yet. I will give you a note of introduction to him, and you might mingle your tears.'

'I was not thinking of Tich,' continued Mr. Jewsbury, carefully plaiting some long grass together; 'I was thinking of this great political project which I am willing to put into your hands; it will keep a few years. And I was thinking what a great opportunity was lost when those twelve men brought in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Arthur Orton. I had almost counted on their bringing in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Roger Tichborne; but if that was too much to hope for, then, at least, I took it for granted that they would disagree. That single fact would have been of more use to you than a hundred arguments. Armed with it, you might have gone forward single-handed to hew down this monstrous institution.' And here Mr. Jewsbury aimed a blow at a mighty chestnut-tree with the cord of grass he had plaited. The chestnut-tree did not tremble.

'However, I see you are not interested,' the small clergyman continued. 'That is another fact you will learn. A man without money pays little heed to the English Constitution, unless he hopes to make something out of it. What is the immediate thing you mean to do?'

'I can do nothing at present,' Balfour said, absently. 'The lawyers will be let

loose, of course. Then I have written to my wife requesting her—at least making the suggestion that she should give the money paid to her under the marriage settlement—'

'Stop a bit,' said Mr. Jewsbury. 'I won't say that you have been Quixotic; but didn't you think that, before taking such a step, you ought to have got to know what the— the custom is in such things—what commercial people do—what the creditors themselves would expect you to do?'

'I can not take any one's opinion on the point,' Balfour said, simply. 'But of course I only made the suggestion in informing her of the facts. She will do what she herself considers right.'

'I can not understand your talking about your wife in that tone,' said Jewsbury, looking at the impassive face.

'I think they mean to transfer—to the Lords,' said Balfour, abruptly; and so for a time they talked of Parliamentary matters, just as if nothing had happened since Balfour left Oxford. But Jewsbury could see that his companion was thinking neither of Lords nor of Commons.

And indeed it was he himself, despite all his resolve, who wandered back to the subject; and he told Jewsbury the whole story over again, more amply and sympathetically than before; and he could not give sufficient expression to the gratitude he bore toward that kind and gracious and generous friend down there in Surrey who had lent him such swift counsel and succor in his great distress.

'And what do you think of it all, Jewsbury?' said he, with all the proud reserve gone from his manner and speech. 'What will she do? It was only a sort of probationary tour, you know—she admitted that; there was no definite separation—'

Mr. Jewsbury gave no direct answer.

'Much depends,' he said, slowly, 'on the sort of letter you wrote to her. From what you say, I should imagine it was very injudicious, a little bit cruel, and likely to make mischief.'

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE DISCLOSURE.

'LADY SYLVIA,' said Queen T—, going up to her friend, whom she

found seated alone in her room in this Omaha hotel, 'I am going to surprise you.'

'Indeed,' said the other, with a pleasant smile; for she did not notice the slightly trembling hands; and most of Queen T——'s surprises for her friends were merely presents.

'I—hope I shall not frighten you,' she continued, with some hesitation; 'you must prepare yourself for—for rather bad news—'

She caught sight of the newspaper. She sprang to her feet.

'My husband!' she cried, with a sudden white face. But her friend caught her hands.

'He is quite well; don't be alarmed; it is only a—a—misfortune.'

And therewith she put the paper into her hand, with an indication as to where she should look, while she herself turned aside somewhat. There was silence for a second or two. Then she fancied she heard a low murmur—a moan of infinite tenderness and pity and longing—'*My husband! my husband!*' and then there was a slight touch on her arm. When she turned, Lady Sylvia was standing quite calmly there, with her eyes cast down. Her face was a little pale, that was all.

'I think I will go back to England now,' said she, gently.

And with that, of course, her friend began to cry a bit; and it was with a great deal of difficulty and of resolute will that she proceeded to speak at all. And then she bravely declared that if Lady Sylvia insisted on setting out at once, she would accompany her; and it needed equal bravery to admit what she had done—that she had written to Mr. Balfour, begging him to let us know what his plans were, and that she had told him where he might telegraph—

'The telegraph!' cried Lady Sylvia, with a quick light of joy leaping to her eyes. 'I can send him a message now! He will have it this very day! I will go at once!'

'Yes, there is the telegraph,' stammered her friend, 'and there is an office below in the hall of the hotel. But—don't you think—it might be awkward—sending a message that the clerks will read—'

Lady Sylvia seized her friend's hands, and kissed her on both cheeks, and hurried out of the room and down stairs. The elder woman was rather taken aback. Why

should she be so warmly thanked for the existence of the telegraph, and for the fact that Mr. Balfour, M.P., was ruined?

Lady Sylvia went down stairs, and in the hall she found the telegraphic office. She was not afraid of any clerk of woman born. She got a pencil, and the proper form; and clearly and firmly, after she had put in the address, she wrote beneath—'*My darling husband, may I come to you?*' She handed the paper to the clerk, and calmly waited until he had read it through, and told her what to pay. Then she gave him the necessary dollars, and turned and walked through the hall, and came up the stairs, proud and erect—as proud, indeed, as if she had just won the battle of Waterloo.

And she was quite frank and fearless in speaking about this failure, and treated it as if it were an ordinary and trivial matter that could be put right in a few minutes. Her husband, she informed Mr. Von Rosen—who was greatly distressed by the news, and was consoling with her very sincerely—was quite capable of holding his own in the world without any help from his father's business. No doubt it would alter their plans of living, but Mr. Balfour was not at all the sort of man likely to let circumstances overpower him. And would it please us to set out at once on our inspection of Omaha? for she would like to get a glimpse of the Missouri, and there was the possibility that she might have to start off for England that night.

'*Nein!*' cried the lieutenant, in indignant protest. 'It is impossible. Now that you have only the few days more to go on—and then your friends to go back—'

Here one of the party intimated her wish—or rather her fixed intention—of accompanying Lady Sylvia.

'Oh no!' our guest said, with quite a cheerful smile. 'I am not at all afraid of travelling alone—not in the least. I have seen a great deal of how people have to help themselves since I left England. And that is not much hardship. I believe one can go right through from here to New York; and then I can go to the Brevoort House, which seemed the quietest of the hotels, and wait for the first steamer leaving for Liverpool. I am not in the least afraid.'

Our Bell looked at her husband. That look was enough; he knew his fate was sealed. If Lady Sylvia should set out that

evening, he knew he would have to accompany her as far as New York anyhow.

I think she quite charmed the hearts of the kind friends who had come to show us about the place. The truth was that the recent heavy rains had changed Omaha into a Slough of Despond, and the huge holes of mud in the unmade streets were bridged over by planks of wood that were of the most uncertain character: but she seemed rather to like this way of laying out streets. Then we climbed up to the heights above the town on which is built the High School—a handsome building of red brick; and she betrayed the greatest interest in the system of education followed here, and listened to the catechising of the children by the smartly dressed and self-composed young ladies who were their teachers, just as if she understood all about cosines and angles of reflection. And when we clambered up to the tower of this building, she was quite delighted with the spacious panorama spread out all around. Far over there was a mighty valley—a broad plain between two long lines of bluffs—which was, no doubt, in former times worn down by the Missouri; and now this plain, we could see, was scored along by various channels, one of them, a little darker in hue than the neighboring sand, being the yellow Missouri itself. We were rather disappointed with the mighty Missouri, which we expected to find rolling down in grandeur to the sea—or rather to the Mississippi, if the poet will allow us to make the correction. We considered that even the name they give it out here, the Big Muddy, was misapplied, for it did not seem broader than the Thames at Richmond, while the mud banks and sand banks on both sides of it were of the dreariest sort. But she would not hear a word said against the noble river. No doubt at other times of the year it had sufficient volume; and even now, was there not something mysterious in this almost indistinguishable river rolling down through that vast, lonely, and apparently uninhabited plain? As for Omaha, it looked as bright as blue skies and sunshine could make it. All around us were the wooden shanties and the occasional houses of stone dotted about in promiscuous fashion; out there on the green undulations where the prairie began; on the sides of the bluffs where the trees were; and along

the level mud-bed of the river, where the railway works and smelting-works were sending up a cloud of smoke into the still, clear air. She listened with great interest to the explanations of the courteous officials, and struck up a warm friendship with a civil engineer at the railway works, doubtless because he spoke with a Scotch accent. But, after all, we could see she was becoming anxious and nervous, and rather before mid-day we proposed to return to the hotel for luncheon.

Four hours had elapsed.

'But you must not make sure of finding an answer awaiting you, my dear Lady Sylvia,' said her ever-thoughtful friend. 'There may be delays. And Mr. Balfour may be out of town.'

All the same she did make sure of an answer; and when, on arriving at the hotel, she was informed that no telegram had come for her, she suddenly went away to her own room, and we did not see her for some little time. When she did make her appearance at lunch, we did not look at her eyes.

She would not go out with us for our further explorations. She had a headache. She would lie down. And so she went away to her own room.

But the curious thing was that Queen T—— would not accompany us either. It was only afterward that we learned that she had kept fluttering about the hall, bothering the patient clerks with inquiries as to the time that a telegram took to reach London. At last it came, and it was given to her. We may suppose that she carried it up stairs quickly enough, and with a beating heart. What happened in the room she only revealed subsequently, bit by bit, for her voice was never quite steady about it.

She went into the room gently. Lady Sylvia was seated at a table, her hands on the table, her head resting on them, and she was sobbing bitterly. She was deserted, insulted, forsaken. He would not even acknowledge the appeal she had made to him. But she started up when she heard some one behind her, and would have pretended to conceal her tears but that she saw the telegram. With trembling fingers she opened it, threw a hasty glance at it, and then, with a strange, proud look, gave it back to her friend, who was so anxious

and excited that she could scarcely read the words—'No. I am coming to you.' And at the same moment all Lady Sylvia's fortitude broke down, and she gave way to a passion of hysterical joy, throwing her arms round her friend's neck, and crying over her, and murmuring close to her, 'Oh, my angel! my angel! my angel! you have saved to me all that was worth living for! So much can imaginative people make out of a brief telegram.

The two women seemed quite mad when we returned.

'He is coming out! Mr. Balfour is coming to join us!' says Queen T——, with a wild fire of exultation in her face, as if the millennium were at hand; and Lady Sylvia was sitting there, proud enough too, but rosy-red in the face, and with averted eyes.

And here occurred a thing which has always been a memorable puzzle to us.

'Ha!' cried the lieutenant, in the midst of an excitement which the women in vain endeavored to conceal; 'that rifle! Does he remember that wonderful small rifle of his? It will be of such use to him in the Rocky Mountains. I think—yes, I think it is worth a telegram.'

And he went down stairs to squander his money in that fashion. But, we asked ourselves afterward, did he know? Had he and his wife suspected? Had they discussed the affairs of Lady Sylvia and her husband in those quiet conjugal talks of which the outsider can never guess the purport? And had this young man, with all his bluntness and good-natured common-sense and happy matter-of-factness, suddenly seized the dramatic situation, and called aloud about this twopenny-halfpenny business of a pea-shooter all to convince Lady Sylvia of the general ignorance, and put her at her ease? He came up a few moments afterward, whistling.

'There is antelope,' said he, seriously, 'and the mountain sheep, and the black-tailed deer, and the bear. Oh, he will have much amusement with us when he comes to Idaho.'

'You forget,' says Lady Sylvia, smiling, though her eyes were quite wet, 'that he will be thinking of other things. He has got to find out how he has got to live first.'

'How he has got to live?' said the lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders. 'That is simple. That is easy. Any man

can settle that. He has got to live—happy, and let things take their chance. What harm in a holiday, if he comes with me to shoot one or two bears?'

'Indeed you will do nothing of the kind,' said his wife, severely; she had too much regard for her babes to let the father of them go off endangering his life in that fashion.

That was a pleasant evening. Our friends came to dine with us, and we settled all our plans for our expedition to the Indian reservations lying far up the Missouri Valley. And who was first down in the morning? and who was most delighted with the clear coolness of the air and the blue skies? and who was most cheerful and philosophical when we discovered, at the station, and when it was too late, that the carpet-bag we had stuffed with wine, beer, and brandy for our stay in these temperate climes had been left behind at the hotel!

The small branch line of railway took us only about forty miles on our way. We went up the immensely broad valley of the river, which was at this time only a rivulet. The valley was a plain of rich vegetation—long water-color washes of yellow and russet and olive green. The further side of it was bounded by a distant line of bluffs bright blue in color. Close by us were the corresponding bluffs, broken with ravines which were filled with cotton-trees, and which opened out into a thick underwood of sunflowers ten feet high and of deep-hued sumac. Overhead a pale blue sky and some white clouds. Then, as we are looking up into the light, we see an immense flock of wild-geese making up the stream, divided into two lines, representing the letter V placed horizontally, but more resembling a handful of dust flung high into the air.

About mid-day we reached the terminus of the line, Tekamah, a collection of wooden shanties and houses, with a few cotton-trees about. We had luncheon in a curious little inn which had originally been a block-house against the Indians, that is to say, it had been composed of sawn trees driven into the earth, with no windows on the ground-floor. By the time we had finished luncheon, our two carriages were ready—high sprung vehicles with an awning, and each with a moderately good pair of horses. We set out for our halting-place, Decatur, sixteen miles off.

That drive up the bed of the Missouri we shall not soon forget. There was no made road at all, but only a worn track through the dense vegetation of this swampy plain, while ever and anon this track was barred across by ravines of rich, deep, black, succulent mud. It was no unusual thing for us to see first one horse and then its companion almost disappear into a hole, we looking down on them; then there would be a fierce struggle, a plunge on our part, and then we were looking up at the horses pawing the bank above us. How the springs held out we could not understand. But occasionally, to avoid these ruts, we made long detours through the adjacent prairie-land lying over the bluffs; and certainly this was much pleasanter. We went through a wilderness of flowers, and the scent of the trampled May-weed filled all the air around us. How English horses would have behaved in this wilderness was a problem. The sunflowers were higher than our animals' heads; they could not possibly see where they were going; but, all the same, they slowly ploughed their way through the forest of crackling stems. But before we reached Decatur we had to return to the mud swamp, which was here worse than ever; for now it appeared as if there were a series of rivers running at right angles to the broad black track, and our two vehicles kept plunging through the water and mud as if we were momentarily to be sucked down into a morass. The air was thick with insect life, and vast clouds of reed-birds rose, as we passed, from the sunflowers. There was a red fire all over the west as we finally drove into the valley of the Decatur.

It was a strange-looking place. The first objects that met our eyes were some Indian boys riding away home to the reservations on their ponies, and looking picturesque enough with their ragged and scarlet pantaloons, their open-breasted shirt, their swarthy face and shining black hair, and their arms swinging with the galloping of the ponies, though they stuck to the saddle like a leech. And these were strange-looking gentlemen, too, whom we met in the inn of Decatur—tall, swanking fellows, with big riding-boots and loose jackets, broad-shouldered, spare-built, unwashed, unshaven, but civil enough, though they set their broad-brimmed hats with a devil-

may-care air on the side of their head. We had dinner with these gentlemen in the parlor of the inn. There were two dishes—from which each helped himself with his fingers—of some sort of dried flesh, which the lieutenant declared to be pelican of the wilderness, and there were prunes and tea. We feared our friends were shy, for they did not speak at all before our women-folk. In a few minutes they disposed of their meal, and went out to a bench in front of the house to smoke. Then the lieutenant—so as not to shock these temperate people—produced one of several bottles of Catawba which he had procured at some way-side station before we left the railway. In appearance, when poured out, it was rather like tea, though not at all so clear; and, in fact, the taste was so unlike anything we had ever met before that we unanimously pronounced in favor of the tea. But the lieutenant would try another bottle; and that being a trifle more palatable, we had much pleasure in drinking a toast. And the toast we drank was the safety of the gallant ship that was soon to carry Lady Sylvia's husband across the Atlantic.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### FIRE CHIEF.

NEXT morning, as we drove away from Decatur, a cold white fog lay all along the broad valley of the Missouri; but by-and-by the sun drank it up, and the warm light seemed to wake into activity all the abounding animal life of that broken and wooded country that skirts the prairie. There were clouds of reed-birds rising from the swamps as we approached; now and again a mourning-dove flew across; large hawks hovered high in air; and so abundant were the young quail that it seemed as if our horses were continually about to trample down a brood coolly crossing the road. We saw the gopher running into his hole, and the merry little chipmunk eyeing us as we passed; but at one point we gave a badger a bit of a chase, the animal quietly trotting down the road in front of us. The air was cool and pleasant. Dragonflies flashed, and butterflies fluttered across in the sunlight; it was a beautiful morning.



And at last we were told that we were on the reservation lands, though nothing was visible but the broken bluffs and the open prairie beyond, and on our right the immense valley of the Missouri. But in time we came to a farm, and drove up to a very well built house, and here we made the acquaintance of H— F—, who most courteously offered to act as our guide for the day. He took a seat in our vehicle; and though he was rather shy and silent at first, this constraint soon wore off. And Lady Sylvia regarded our new acquaintance with a great friendliness and interest, for had she not heard the heroic story of his brother, the last chief of the Omahas, 'Logan of the Fires?'—how, when his tribe was pursued by the savage Sioux, and when there seemed to be no escape from extermination, he himself, as night fell, went off and kindled fire after fire, so as to lead the enemy after him; and how he had the proud satisfaction of knowing, when he was taken and killed, that he had saved the life of every man, woman, and child of his followers. We did not wonder that the brother of the hero was regarded with much respect by the Omahas—in fact, there was a talk, at the time of our visit, of the smaller chiefs, or heads of families, electing him chief of the tribe. Indeed, the story reflected some romantic lustre on the peaceful Omahas themselves, and we began to cherish a proper contempt for their neighbors, the Winnebagoes—the broken remnant of the tribe which committed the horrible massacres in Minnesota some years ago, and which, after having been terribly punished and disarmed, was transferred by the government to the prairie land adjoining the Missouri.

But for the time being we kept driving on and on, without seeing Winnebago or Omaha, or any sign of human life or occupation. Nothing but the vast and endless billows of the prairie—a beautiful yellow-green in the sun—receding into the faint blue-white of the horizon; while all around us was a mass of flowers, the Michaelmas-daisy being especially abundant; while the air was every where scented with the aromatic fragrance of the May-weed. We had now quite lost sight of the Missouri Valley, and were pursuing a path over this open prairie which seemed to lead to no place in particular. But while this endless plain seemed quite unbroken, bare, and destitute

of trees, it was not really so. It was intersected by deep and sharp gullies—the beds of small tributaries of the Missouri, and the sides of these gullies were lined with dense brush-wood and trees. It was certainly a country likely to charm the heart of a tribe of Indians, if only they were allowed to have weapons and to return to their former habits, for it offered every facility for concealment and ambuscade. But all that is a thing of the past, so far as the Missouri Indians are concerned; their young have not even the chance—taken by the young men of apparently peaceable tribes living on other reservations—of stealing quietly away to the Sioux; for the Sioux and the Omahas have ever been deadly enemies.

The danger we encountered in descending into these gullies was not that of being surprised and having our hair removed, but of the vehicle to which we clung toppling over and going headlong to the bottom. These break-neck approaches to the rude wooden bridges, where there were bridges at all, were the occasion of much excitement; and our friendly guide, who seemed to treat the fact of the vehicle hovering in air, as if uncertain which way to fall, with much indifference, must have arrived at the opinion that Englishwomen were much given to screaming when their heads were bumped together. In fact, at one point they refused to descend in the carriage. They got out and scrambled down on foot; and the driver, with that rare smile one sees on the face of a man who has been hardened into gravity by the life of an early settler, admitted that, if the vehicle had been full, it would most assuredly have pitched over.

At length we descried, on the green slope of one of the far undulations, three teepees—tall, narrow, conical tents, with the tips of the poles on which the canvas is stretched appearing at the top, and forming a funnel for the smoke—and near them a herd of ponies. But there were no human beings visible, and our path did not approach these distant tents. The first of the Indians we encountered gave us rather a favorable impression of the physique of the Omahas. He was a stalwart young fellow; his long black hair plaited; a blue blanket thrown round his square shoulders. He stood aside to let the vehicle pass, and eyed us somewhat askance. The few words that F— addressed to him, and which he

answered, were of course unintelligible to us. Then we overtook two or three more, men and women, in various attire: but, altogether, they were better in appearance and more independent in manner than the gipsy-looking Indians we had seen skulking around the confines of the towns, in more or less 'civilized' dress, and not without a side-glance for unconsidered trifles. These, we were told, were mostly Pawnees, though the Winnebagos have in some measure taken to the neighborhood of the towns on the chance of getting a stray dollar by digging. After we passed these few stragglers we were apparently once more on the tenantless prairies; but doubtless the Indians who prefer to live in their teepees out on the plain, rather than accept the semi-civilization of the agency, had taken to the hollows, so that the country around us was not quite the desert that it seemed to be.

But a great honor was in store for us. When it was proposed that we should turn aside from our path and visit the wigwam of Fire Chief, one of the heads of the small communities into which the tribe is divided, some scruples were expressed, for we held that no human being, whether he was a poet laureate or a poor Indian, liked to have his privacy invaded from motives of mere curiosity. Then we had no presents to offer him as an excuse.

'No tobacco?' said our good-natured guide, with a smile. 'An Indian never refuses tobacco.'

The news of our approach to the wigwam was doubtless conveyed ahead, for we saw some dusky children scurry away and disappear like rabbits. The building was a large one; the base of it being a circular and substantial wall of mud and turf apparently about ten feet high; the conical roof sloping up from the wall being chiefly composed of the trunks of trees, leaving a hole at the summit for the escape of smoke. We descended from our vehicles, and, crouching down, pushed aside the buffalo-skin that served for door, and entered the single and spacious apartment which contained Fire Chief, his wives, children, and relatives. For a second or two we could scarcely see anything, so blinding was the smoke; but presently we made out that all round the circular wigwam, which was probably between thirty and forty feet in diameter, was a series of beds, toward which the

squaws and children had retreated, while in the middle of the place, seated on a buffalo-skin in front of the fire, was the chief himself. He took no notice of our entrance. He stared into the fire as we seated ourselves on a bench; but one or two of the young women, from out the dusky recesses, gazed with obvious wonder on these strange people from a distant land. Fire Chief is a large and powerful-looking man, with a sad and worn face; obviously a person of importance, for he wore an armlet of silver, and ear-rings of the same material, and his moccasins of buffalo hide were very elaborately embroidered with beads and porcupine quills, while the dignity of his demeanor was quite appalling.

'Will you take a cigar, Sir?' said the lieutenant, who had vainly endeavored to get one of the children to come near him.

Fire Chief did not answer. He only stared into the smouldering wood before him. But when the cigar was presented to him, he took it, and lit it with a bit of burning stick, resuming his air of absolute indifference.

'Does he not speak English?' said Lady Sylvia, in an undertone, to our guide, who had been conversing with him in his own tongue.

'They don't know much English,' said F——, with a smile, 'and what they do know, they don't care to speak. But he asks me to tell you that one of the young men is sick. That he is in the bed over there. And he says he has not been very well himself lately.'

'Will you tell him,' said Lady Sylvia, gently, 'that we have come about five thousand miles from our homes, and that we are greatly pleased to see him, and that we hope he and the young man will very soon be well again?'

When this message was conveyed to the chief, we rose and took our departure, and he took no more notice of our leaving than our coming. Shall we say that we felt, on getting outside, rather 'mean'; that the fact of our being a pack of inquisitive tourists was rather painful to us; that we mentally swore we should not 'interview' another human being, Indian or poet laureate during the whole course of our miserable lives? Our self-consciousness in this respect was not at all shared by our good friend from Omaha, who was driving one of

the two vehicles, and who seemed to regard the Indian as a very peculiar sort of animal, decidedly less than human, but with his good points all the same. Was it not he who told us that story about his wife having been one day alone in her house—many years ago, when the early settlers found the Indians more dangerous neighbors than they are now—and engaged in baking, when two or three Indians came to the door and asked for bread? She offered them an old loaf; they would not have it; they insisted on having some of the newly baked bread, and they entered the house to seize it; whereupon this courageous house-mistress took up her rolling-pin and laid about her, driving her enemy forthwith out of the door. But the sequel of the story has to be told. Those very Indians, whenever they came that way, never passed the house without bringing her a present—a bit of venison, some quail, or what not—and the message they presented with the game was always this: 'Brave squaw! Brave squaw!' which shows that there is virtue in a rolling-pin, and that heroism, and the recognition of it, did not die out with the abandonment of chain armor.

We also heard a story which suggests that the Indian, if an inferior sort of animal, is distinctly a reasoning one. Some years ago a missionary arrived in these parts, and was greatly shocked to find on the first Sunday of his stay that these Indians who had taken to agriculture were busily planting maize. He went out and conjured them to cease, assuring them that the God whom he worshiped had commanded people to do no work on the Sabbath, and that nothing would come of their toil if they committed this sin. The Indians listened gravely, and having staked off the piece of ground they had already planted, desisted from work. After that they never worked on Sunday except within this inclosure; but then this inclosure got the extra day's hoeing and tending. When the harvest came, behold! the space that had been planted and tended on Sunday produced a far finer crop than any adjacent part, and no doubt the Indians came to their own conclusions about the predictions of the missionary. Anyhow, whether the legend be true or not, the Omahas retain their original faith.

At length we reached the agency—a small collection of houses scattered about among trees—and here there were some greater signs of life. Small groups of Indians, picturesque enough with their colored blankets and their leggings of buffalo hide, stood lounging about, pretending not to see the strangers, but taking furtive glances all the same, while now and again a still more picturesque figure in scarlet pants and with swinging arms would ride by on his pony, no doubt bound for his teepee out on the plain. Alas! the only welcome we received from any of the Indians was accorded us by a tall and bony idiot, who greeted us with a friendly 'How?' and a grin. We had our horses taken out, we were hospitably entertained by the agent, a sober and sedate Quaker, and then we went out for a stroll around the place, which included an inspection of the store, the blacksmith's shop, and other means for assisting the Indians to settle down to a peaceful agricultural life.

Our party unanimously came to the opinion—having conversed to the extent of 'How?' with one Indian, and that Indian an idiot—that the preference of the Indians for remaining paupers on the hands of the government rather than take to tilling the ground, is natural. The Indian, by tradition and instinct, is a gentleman. Of all the races of the world, he is the nearest approach one can get to the good old English squire. He loves horses; he gives up his life to hunting and shooting and fishing; he hasn't a notion in his head about 'boetry and bainting'; and he considers himself the most important person on the face of the earth. But the Indian is the more astute of the two. Long ago he evolved the ingenious theory that as his success in the chase depended on his nerves being in perfect order, it would never do for him to attack the ordinary rough work of existence; and hence he turned over to his wife or wives the tending of the horses, the building of the teepees, the procuring of fuel—in fact all the work that needed any exertion. This is one point on which the English country gentleman is at a disadvantage, although we have heard of one sensible man who invariably let his wife fill and screw up his cartridges for him.

And you expect this native gentleman to throw aside the sport that has been the oc-

cupation and passion of his life, and take to digging with a shovel for a dollar a day? How would your Yorkshire squire like that? He would not do it at all. He would expect the government that deprived him of his land to give him a pension, however inadequate, and the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. He would go lounging about in an apathetic fashion, trying to get as much for his money as possible at the government stores, smoking a good deal, and being the reverse of communicative with the impertinent persons who came a few thousand miles to stare at him. And if the government stopped his drink, and would not let him have even a glass of beer— But this is carrying the parallel to an impossibility: no existing government could so far reduce Yorkshire; there would be such an outburst of revolution as the world has never yet seen.

We set out on our return journey, taking another route over the high-lying prairie land. And at about the highest point we came to the burial-mound, or rather burial-house, of White Cow. When the old chief was dying, he said 'Bury me on a high place, where I can see the boats of the white men pass up and down the river.' Was his friendly ghost sitting there, then, in the warm light of the afternoon, amid the fragrant scent of the May-weed? Anyhow, if White Cow could see any boats on the Missouri, his spectral eyes must have been keener than ours, for we could not see a sign of any craft whatsoever on that distant line of silver.

Strangely enough, we had just driven away from this spot when an object suddenly presented itself to our startled gaze which might have been White Cow himself 'out for a dauner.' A more ghostly spectacle was never seen than this old and withered Indian—a tall man, almost naked, and so shrunken and shriveled that every bone in his body was visible, while the skin of the mummy-like face had been pulled back from his mouth, so that he grinned like a spectre. He was standing apart from the road, quite motionless, and he carried nothing in his hand; but all the same, both our horses at the same moment plunged aside so as nearly to leave the path, and were not quieted for some minutes afterward. We forgot to ask F— if he knew this spectre, or whether it was really White

Cow. Certainly horses don't often shy because of the ghastly appearance of a human being.

That night we reached Decatur again, and had some more pelican of the wilderness and prunes. Then the women went up stairs, doubtless to have a talk about the promised addition to our party, and we went outside to listen to the conversation of the tall, uncouth, unkempt fellows who were seated on a bench smoking. We heard a good deal about the Indian, and about the attempt to 'civilize' him. From some other things we had heard out there we had begun to wonder whether civilization was to be defined as the art of acquiring greenbacks without being too particular about the means. However, it appears that on one point the Indians have outstripped civilization. The Indian women, who had in bygone years sometimes to go on long marches with their tribe in time of war, are said to have discovered a secret which the fashionable women of Paris would give their ears to know. But they keep it a profound secret; so perhaps it is only a superstition.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### SCHEMES.

SHALL we ever forget that sunrise over the vast plains through which the Missouri runs—the silence, and loneliness, and majesty of it? Far away—immeasurable leagues away it seemed—a bar of purple cloud appeared to rest on the earth, all along the flat horizon, while above that the broad expanse of sky began to glow with a pale lemon yellow, the grassy plain below being of a deep, intense olive green. No object in the distance was to be descried, except one narrow strip of forest; and the trees, just getting above the belt of purple, showed a serrated line of jet black on the pale yellow sky. Then a flush of rose-pink began to fill the east, and quite suddenly the wooden spire of the small church beside us—the first object to catch the new light of the dawn—shone a pale red above the cold green of the cotton-trees. There was no one abroad at this hour in the wide streets of Decatur, though we had seen two

Indians pass some little time before, with shovels over their shoulders. Our object in getting up so early was to try to get over the swampiest part of our journey before the heat of the day called up a plague of flies from the mud.

One thing or another, however, delayed our departure, and when at last we got into the swamps, we were simply enveloped in clouds of mosquitoes. If we could only have regarded these from behind a glass mask, we should have said that they formed a very beautiful sight, and so have discovered the spirit of good that lurks in that most evil thing. For we were in shadow—our vehicles having a top supported by slender iron poles arising from the sides—and, looking out from this shadow, the still air seemed filled with millions upon millions of luminous and transparent golden particles. Occasionally we got up on a higher bit of ground, and could send the horses forward, the current thus produced relieving us from these clouds; but ordinarily our slow plunging through the mire left us an easy prey to these insatiable myriads. Indeed, there were more mosquitoes within our vehicle—if that were possible—than in the same space without; for these creatures prefer to get into the shade when the blaze of the sun is fierce, though they do not show themselves grateful to those who afford it. The roof of our palanquin-phaeton was of blue cloth when we started. Before we had been gone an hour, it was gray; there was not any where the size of a pea visible of the blue cloth. But this temporary retirement of a few millions in no wise seemed to diminish the numbers of those who were around us in the air. At last even the patience of the lieutenant broke down.

'Lady Sylvia,' said he, 'I have now discovered why there is so much bad language in America. If ever we go up the Missouri again, you ladies must go in one carriage by yourselves, and we in another carriage; for the frightful thing is that we can not say what we think'—and here he slapped his cheek again, and slew another half dozen of his enemies.

'But why not speak?' his wife said.

"'It was an ancient privilege, my lords, To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.'"

Lady Sylvia was supposed to say some-

thing, but as she had tied a handkerchief tightly round her face, we could not quite make out what it was.

He continued to complain. We had delayed our return to Decatur on the previous day so that we should avoid driving on to Tekamah in the evening, when the plague is worse: he declared it could not be worse. He even complained that we had not suffered in this fashion a couple of days before, in driving over the same ground, forgetting that then we had a fresh and pleasant breeze. And we were soon to discover what a breeze could do. Our friendly guide and driver suddenly plunged his horses off the path into a thicket of tall reeds. We thought we should have been eaten up alive at this point. But presently we got through this wilderness, and began to ascend a slope leading up to the beuffs. We clambered higher and higher; we got among our old friends, the sunflowers and Michaelmas daisies; and at last, when we emerged on to the sun-lit and golden plain, the cool breeze, fragrant with May-weed, came sweeping along and through our vehicle, and behold! we were delivered from our enemies. We waxed valiant. We attacked their last stronghold on the roof; we flicked off these gray millions, and they, too, flew away and disappeared. We sent a victorious halloo to the vehicle behind us, which was joyfully answered. We fell in love with the 'rolling' prairies, and their beautiful flowers and fresh breezes.

But the cup of human happiness is always dashed with some bitterness or another. We began to think about that vast and grassy swamp from which we had emerged. Was not that, in effect, part of the very Mississippi Valley about which such splendid prophecies have been made? Our good friends out here, though they made light of their river by calling it the Big Muddy, nevertheless declared that it was the parent of the Mississippi, and that the Mississippi should be called the Missouri from St. Louis right down to New Orleans. Had we, then, just struggled upward from one branch of the great basin which is to contain the future civilization of the world? We had been assured by an eminent (American) authority that nothing could 'prevent the Mississippi Valley from becoming, in less than three generations, the centre of human power.' It was with

pain and anguish that we now recalled these prophetic words. Our hearts grew heavy when we thought of our children's children. O ye future denizens of Alligator City, do not think that your forefathers have not also suffered in getting through these mud flats on an August day!

At length we got back to Tekamah and its conspicuous tree, which latter, it is said, has done the state some good service in former days. We were much too early for the train, and so we had luncheon in the block-house inn (the lieutenant in vain offering a dollar for a single bottle of beer), and then went out to sit on a bench and watch the winged beetles that hovered in the sunshine and then darted about in a spasmodic fashion. That was all the amusement we could find in Tekamah. But they say that a newspaper exists there; and if only the government would open up a road to the Black Hills by way of the Elkhorn Valley, Tekamah might suddenly arise and flourish. In the end, we left the darting beetles and drove to the station. Here we saw two or three gangs of 'civilized' Indians, digging for the railway company. Whether Pawnees, Omahas, or Winnebagoes, they were, in their tattered shirt and trousers, not an attractive-looking lot of people, whereas the gentlemen-paupers of the reservations have at least the advantage of being picturesque in appearance. There were a few teepees on the slopes above, with some women and children. The whole very closely resembled a gipsy encampment.

And then in due course of time we made our way back to Omaha, the capital of the Plains, the future Chicago of the West, and we were once more jolted over the unmade roads and streets, which had now got dry and hard. And what was this?—another telegram?

Lady Sylvia took it calmly, and opened it with an air of pride.

'I thought so,' she said, with assumed indifference; and there was a certain superiority in her manner, almost bordering on triumph, as she handed the telegram to her friend. She seemed to say, 'Of course it is quite an ordinary occurrence for my husband to send me a telegram. There, you may all see on what terms we are. I am not a bit rejoiced that he has actually sailed and is on his way to join us.'

The word was passed round. Balfour's

telegram was from Queenstown, giving the name of the vessel by which he had sailed. There was nothing for her to be proud of in that; she did well to assume indifference.

But when, that evening, we were talking about our further plans, she suddenly begged to be left out of the discussion.

'I mean to remain here until my husband arrives,' said she.

'In Omaha!' we all cried. But there was really no disparagement implied in this ejaculation, for it must be acknowledged that Omaha, after its first reception of us, had treated us with the greatest kindness.

'He can not be here for a fortnight at least,' it is pointed out to her. 'We could in that time go on to Idaho and be back here to meet him, if he does not wish, like the rest of us, to have a look at the Rocky Mountains.'

'I can not tell what his wishes may be,' said the young wife, thoughtfully, 'and there is no means of explaining to him where to find us if we move from here.'

'There is every means,' it is again pointed out. 'All you have to do is to address a letter to the New York office of the line, and it will be given to him even before he lands.'

This notion of sending a letter seemed to give her great delight. She spent the whole of the rest of the evening in her own room. No human being but him to whom they were addressed ever knew what were the outpourings of her soul on that occasion. Later on, she came in to bid us good-night. She looked very happy, but her eyes were red.

Then two members of our small party went out into the cool night air to smoke a cigar. The broad streets of Omaha were dark and deserted; there were no roisterers going home, no lights showing that the gambling-houses were still open. The place was as quiet as a Surrey village on a Sunday morning when every body is at church.

'I have been thinking,' says one of them; and this is a startling statement, for he is not much given that way. 'And what these ladies talk about Balfour doing when he comes out here—oh, that is all stuff, that is all folly and nonsense. It is romantic—oh yes, it is very fine to think of; and for an ordinary poor man it is a great thing to have one hundred and sixty acres of freehold land—and very good land—from the

government; and if he knows any thing about farming, and if he and his family will work, that is very well. But it is only romantic folly to talk about that and Balfour together. His wife—it is very well for her to be brave, and say this thing and that thing; but it is folly: they can not do that. That is the nonsense a great many people in England think—that, when they have failed at every thing, they can farm. Oh yes; I would like to see Lady Sylvia help to build a house, or to milk a cow even. But the other thing, that is a little more sensible. They say the railway has beautiful grazing land—beautiful grazing land—that you can buy for a pound or thirty shillings an acre; and a man might have a large freehold estate for little. But the little is something; and there is the cost of the stock, and the taxes; and if Balfour had enough money for all that, how do you know that he will be able to make his fortune by stock-raising?’

‘I don’t know any thing about it.’

‘No,’ said the lieutenant, with decision; ‘these things are only romantic folly. It is good for a laboring-man who has a little money to have a homestead from the government, and work away; and it is good for a farmer who knows about cattle to buy acres from the railway, and invest his money in cattle, and look after them. As for Balfour and his wife—’

A semicircular streak of fire in the darkness, a wave of the hand indicated by the glowing end of the cigar, showed how the lieutenant disposed of that suggestion.

‘Do you think,’ said he, after a time—‘you have known him longer than I have—do you think he is a proud man?’

‘As regards his taking to some occupation or other?’

‘Yes.’

‘He will have to put his pride in his pocket. He is a reasonable man.’

‘There was one thing that my wife and I talked of last night,’ said the lieutenant, with a little hesitation; ‘but I am afraid to speak it, for it might be—impertinent. Still, to you I will speak it; you will say no more if you do not approve. You know, at the end of one year, my wife and I we find ourselves with all this large property on our hands. Then we have to decide what to do with it.’

‘Sell every stick and stone of it, and take

the proceeds back with you to England. You can not manage such a property five thousand miles away. Bell’s uncle, mind you, trusted to nobody; he was his own overseer and manager, and a precious strict one, if all accounts be true. You carry that money back to England, buy a castle in the Highlands, and an immense shooting, and ask me each August to look in on you about the 12th. That is what a sensible man would do.’

‘But wait a bit, my friend. This is what my wife says—yes, it is her notion; but she is very fearful not to offend. She says if this property is going on paying so well, and increasing every year, would it not be better for us to give some one a good salary to remain there and manage it for us? Do you see now? Do you see?’

‘And that was your wife’s notion? Well, it is a confoundedly clever one; but it was her abounding good-nature that led her to it. Unfortunately there is a serious drawback. You propose to offer this post to Balfour?’

‘Gott bewahre!’ exclaimed the lieutenant, almost angrily, for he was indeed ‘fearful not to offend;’ ‘I only say to you what is a notion—what my wife and I were speaking about. I would not have it mentioned for worlds, until, at least, I knew something about—about—’

‘About the light in which Balfour would regard the offer. Unless he is an ass, which I don’t believe, he would jump at it. But there is the one objection, as I say: Balfour probably knows as much about the raising of cattle as he knows about mining—which is nothing at all. And you propose to put all these things into his hands?’

‘My good friend,’ said the lieutenant, ‘he is a man; he has eyes; he is a good horseman; he can learn. When he comes out here, let him stay with us. He has a year to learn. And do you suppose that Bell’s uncle he himself looked after the cattle, and drove them this way and that, and sold them? No, no; no more than he went down into the mines and watched them at the work. If Balfour will do this—and it is only a notion yet—he will have to keep the accounts, and he will judge by the results what is going on right. And so shall we too. If it does not answer, we can sell. I think he is a patient, steady man, who has

resolution. And if he is too proud, if he is offended, we could make it an interest rather than salary—a percentage on the year's profits—'

'Well, if you ask me what I think of it, I consider that he is very lucky to have such a chance offered. He will live in the healthiest and most delightful climate in the world; he and his wife, who are both excessively fond of riding, will pass their lives on horseback; he may make some money; and then he will be able to come up here and go in for a little speculation in real estate, just by way of amusement. But, my dear young friend, allow me to point out that when you talk of the women's schemes as romantic, and of your wife's and yours as a matter of business, you try

to throw dust into the eyes of innocent folks. You are contemplating at present what is simply a magnificent act of charity.'

'Then,' said he, with real vexation, 'it is all over. No, we will make him no such offer unless it is a matter of business; he will only resent it if it is a kindness.'

'And are there many people, then, who are in such a wild rage to resent kindness? Where should we all be but for forbearance, and forgiveness, and charity? Is he a god, that he is superior to such things?'

'You know him better than I do,' is the gloomy response.

But the lieutenant, as we walked back to the hotel, was rather displeased that his proposal was not looked upon as a bit of smart commercial calculation.

(To be continued.)

## TRANSUBSTANTIATION AND ODIUM THEOLOGICUM.

The question—*odium theologicum* or charity: which?—is among the most practically momentous that a Canadian can put to himself. Situated as the people of this Dominion are with regard to Ultramontaniam and Protestantism, it is a matter of vital concern that nothing should be said or done which will tend to foster that spirit of sectarian bitterness which unfortunately prevails between the two principal religious elements of the population. 'Bear and forbear' should be the motto on both sides. Nor can a national magazine like the *CANADIAN MONTHLY* engage in a holier work than that of using whatever influence it may possess to disseminate the spirit inculcated by that maxim, and to discountenance its opposite.

This being so, perhaps I may be allowed to refer once more, and at some length, to the publication in this country of Gideon Ouseley's work on 'Old Christianity,'\* and to the attitude which the *Canadian Metho-*

*dist Magazine* and the *Christian Guardian* have thought fit to assume respecting its reproduction, and towards Catholics and their doctrine of transubstantiation generally. In the issue of the *Guardian* of the 7th of November there appeared an article headed, with customary politeness, 'Feeble and Fallacious,' replying to certain remarks made by me in this Magazine, 'Round the Table,' last month. The tone which the *Guardian* thinks proper to adopt towards myself is a matter of trifling moment,—no doubt of as much indifference to the general public as it is to me. But the language which it uses and the attitude which it assumes toward the religious faith of so large a body of our fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians as the Roman Catholics, is a matter of public concern. With the memory of riot and bloodshed in the not remote past, and the possibility of civil war looming in the future, the man who adds fuel to the lurid flame of religious passion which already burns amongst us, is a public enemy, and should be held up to reprobation.

\* Old Christianity against Papal Novelties. By Gideon Ouseley. Toronto: Samuel Rose, 1877.



tion as such. Protestants, being a majority, should set an example of brotherly forbearance and Christian charity; a duty especially incumbent on religious journals and ministers of religion, to whom we all look for guidance.

In behalf of Ouseley himself something may be said in extenuation. He lived in an age and country where religious rancour and sectarian hatred ran riot; a spirit to which he himself was a victim, to the extent even of having one of his eyes knocked out with a stone while preaching in the open air. But, without wishing to speak ill of the dead, it must in all honesty be said that he himself did much to provoke the violence from which he suffered. In proof of this no other evidence is wanted than his own book. It absolutely reeks with *odium theologicum* of the most malignant type. Rich as the English language is in terms of invective, its vocabulary of polemical abuse is well-nigh exhausted by Ouseley in the adjectives and epithets which he applies to Roman Catholics and their doctrines. He sets it down as certain that the Pope is Antichrist, 'the eighth beast which rose from the bottomless pit,' 'the dreadful man of sin;' that the Roman Catholic religion is a 'most frightful apostasy, in its many doctrines, idolatries, deceptions, cruelties, and blasphemies, which no informed pope, prelate, or priest ever did believe;' that the Church of Rome 'can never be reformed' (why, then, did he write his book?); that 'no informed, honest man can be a priest' (so that John Henry Newman, for instance, must be either a rogue or a fool, possibly both); that Roman Catholic priests are guilty of blasphemy, fraud, falsehood, and imposture, and are not God's ministers; that the doctrine of purgatory comes from 'Satan and his school;' that the worship of the host is 'the most diabolical idolatry that ever appeared among men; and is, in fact, not less than an agreement with Satan to secure the ruin of body and soul in hell;' that any one who believes in a certain other Catholic doctrine must be 'either ignorant, or insane, or a wicked man and of the devil,' and that, 'as the way of Christ is the sure and narrow way to Heaven, so must this doctrine that opposes it be the certain, broad road to hell.' Language of this sort gives the prevailing tone to the book, the

general character of which may be gathered from the titles at the head of the pages. Here are some of them:—'Antichristian,' 'Absurd and Idolatrous,' 'A grievous Sacrilege,' 'The Latter-day Apostasy,' 'Rise of the Apostate Chieftain,' 'The Place of the Man of Sin's Abode,' 'The Pride of the Man of Sin,' 'Man of Sin dressed in Scarlet,' 'Pollution encouraged,' 'Lying Wonders and Miracles,' 'The Beast destroys the Saints,' 'The Drunken Woman kills the Saints,' 'Number of the Beast's Name,' 'The Mock-God—Antichrist.' On page 358 the word 'lie' occurs thirteen times, in seven of them with the added emphasis of italics or capitals. Here is a sentence on that page: 'In a word, as every false doctrine is a lie, when all the dogmas combated in these sheets are proved opposed to the gospel, and are notorious lies, of course, must not that creed that teaches them be therefore the greatest lie possible?' The work appropriately closes with the following unctuous invocation: 'And now, O my God, my God, hear for Christ's sake, hear my prayer, and pour out thy enriching blessing on this book, this little effort to promote thy glory, and bring those for whom it was written to thy gospel salvation, and to thy presence, thy glory, and thy kingdom for evermore. Amen, and Amen. GIDEON OUSELEY. Methodist Irish Missionary.'

In the September number of this Magazine this book was reviewed in terms befitting its character. The review was answered by the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, which justified the work and its republication, and said that, when the present edition is exhausted, no doubt a new one will be issued. The review was also replied to by the *Christian Guardian* in an article headed 'The Canadian Monthly on the War Path,' which also justified both the book and its republication. Hence the present controversy, which has run mainly into a side issue on the question of Transubstantiation and Idolatry. As the utility and value of Ouseley's style of controversy can be tested on that issue as well as any other, the discussion will be continued on the same line.

To avoid misapprehension, I may premise that the assertions or insinuations made by the *Guardian* respecting my identity and 'high-church logic' are incorrect. I did

not write either the review of Ouseley's work which appeared in the September number of this Magazine, or the 'Note' on p. 435 of the following number; nor am I a Catholic or a High-Churchman. My belief respecting the Last Supper is, I fancy, the same as that of the editor of the *Guardian*. It is that of Zwingli, namely, that Christ instituted the Sacrament simply as a memorial, and intended the bread and wine to be mere symbols. I give the opinion for what it is worth. I make no claim to infallibility, and freely acknowledge that my view may be wrong, and that of the Roman Catholic right. I acknowledge, also, that the Roman Catholic has as much right to his belief as I have to mine. I do not think it becoming or Christian-like to coarsely revile either him or his religion because it happens to differ from mine. Ultramontaniam is another affair. If a Roman Catholic seeks to curtail the rights of others, or to meddle improperly in the secular sphere of politics, he must be stopped — by persuasion if possible, by force if need be. Happily, that question is not even touched by the subject under discussion.

On that subject the editor of the *Guardian* at last shows that he appreciates the point made by the reviewer in this Magazine. In his article of the 7th of November he admits that 'a person guilty of what another holds to be idolatry is not necessarily an idolater.' He even says, 'No one will controvert this. It was never disputed by us.' The fact is, that this discussion was brought about by his justification of Ouseley's language, including the word 'idolaters.' The controversy has at last resulted in the abandonment of an untenable position. The *Guardian* now admits that a person guilty of what it 'holds to be idolatry, is not necessarily an idolater.' It consequently implicitly admits that Ouseley was wrong in calling Catholics idolaters, and that itself was wrong in justifying his language. So far, good. But what the editor of the *Guardian* takes back in one sentence, he in effect reiterates in others. He repeatedly speaks of Catholics as worshipping 'a piece of dough.' He thinks it becoming in a minister of the Gospel of universal charity, and of peace and goodwill to all men, to outrage the feelings of the vast majority of his fellow-Christians by

speaking of their faith in this truly elegant, refined, charitable, and Christianlike way.

Is such language justifiable? A brief sketch of the history of the doctrine thus described will help to answer that question. Last month, I said that 'the doctrines of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation may be traced back to Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and other Christian Fathers of the second century.' I did not wish to appear to overstate the facts, or I might have said that the doctrines in question are really traced back to the New Testament. The Christian literature of the first century is almost wholly lost, or they could no doubt be found there. Mr. Blunt says that 'no controversy on the subject arose in the early Church, and therefore, no exact statement as to the nature of the change effected by consecration is to be expected. But that a change does take place is asserted and taken for granted as admitting of no dispute from the first.\*' The Bishop of Winchester (Dr. E. Harold Browne) says: 'Thus much we must premise as unquestionable. The whole primitive Church evidently believed in a presence of Christ in the Eucharist. *Al'* spoke of feeding there on Christ; eating His Body and drinking His Blood.†' Dr. Browne argues that 'the carnal doctrine of transubstantiation had not risen' in the time of the early Fathers; but his own citations are against him. Another Protestant authority says: 'Not only was the solemnity, in conformity with its original institution, repeated daily in conjunction with the so-called *Agape* (love-feasts), and retained as a separate rite when these feasts were set aside; but from the very first it was believed to possess a peculiar efficacy, and soon ideas of the wonderful and mystical became associated with it.‡'

A few citations will give an idea as to the doctrine held by the early Fathers.§ Justin Martyr (A.D. 147)|| says: 'We receive

\* Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 759.

† Thirty-nine Articles, 10th ed., p. 679.

‡ Chambers's Encyclopædia, Revised ed., vol. 6, p. 191.

§ The evidence is collected in Browne's 'Thirty-nine Articles,' 10th ed., pp. 677-725, and Blunt's 'Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology,' pp. 759-762.

|| The figures within the brackets are the approximate dates when the authors cited wrote or flourished.

not the Lord's Supper as common bread, or common drink ; but as our Saviour Jesus Christ was incarnate by the Word of God, and for our salvation had both flesh and blood ; so we have learnt, that this food which hath been blessed by the prayer of the word proceeding from Him, *and by which our flesh and blood are by transmutation nourished*, is the flesh and blood of that incarnate Jesus.\* Irenæus (A.D. 180) says : 'The bread which is from the earth, after the divine invocation upon it, is no longer common bread, but the eucharist, consisting of two things ; the one earthly, the other heavenly.†' Mr. Blunt says : 'The Liturgies and Fathers *universally* indicate the belief of the Church that by consecration the substances of the bread and wine become, or are made, the Body and Blood of the Lord. Thus Irenæus says that it (the broken bread and mingled cup) becometh the Eucharist of the body of the Lord ; St. Ambrose [A.D. 374] that the bread is made the Flesh of Christ ; and St. Chrysostom [A.D. 393], that the oblations become the Body and Blood of Christ. But the Fathers also declare under varied forms of expression, that the bread and wine are changed into the Body and Blood of Christ. Thus St. Ambrose says, "Shall not Christ's word avail to change (*mutet*) the elements—to change that which was into what it was not." He also compares the sacramental mutation to the change of Moses' rod into a serpent, to the change of the water of the Nile into Blood ; and St. Cyril of Jerusalem [A.D. 350], to the change of water into wine in the miracle of Cana.‡ St. Cyril also says, 'that what seems bread is not bread though the sense will have it so,' and that wine 'is changed into blood.†'

The early Liturgies are equally explicit. That of Jerusalem says that 'the Holy Ghost may sanctify and make the bread the Holy Body of Christ.‡' The Mozarabic, or Old Spanish, which was earlier than A. D. 636, says that 'bread is changed into flesh and wine transformed into blood.' The old Gallican, that the elements are

'transformed into the Sacrament of His Body and Blood,' that the Holy Spirit 'converts wine into blood,' and that 'wine is changed into the Blood and bread into the Body of Christ.\*' Mr. Blunt further says : 'The doctrine of the Real Presence was *unanimously* taught ; other questions were regarded as unimportant, and, however decided, as not trenching upon this fundamental verity. Thus Theodoret [A.D. 423], who states most expressly the existence of the outward symbols, yet adds, they are believed to be what they are called, Christ's Body and Blood, *and are worshipped.*†' And again : 'We have ample proof that a gross and material view of the Real Presence was taught in the 8th and 9th centuries, in the Middle Ages, and at the period of the Reformation.†' The rationalistic or symbolical view had a few adherents at different times, such as Origen and Scotus Erigena, but it seems never to have been general.

The attitude of the mediæval Church will be referred to later on. Even after the Reformation the belief in the Real Presence was practically universal. All were agreed as to Christ being present in the elements ; the sole dispute was as to the mode. Only Zwingli and his followers held the symbolical view, and their opinion was 'regarded with general abhorrence.‡' 'Luther bitterly opposed the symbolical view, especially towards the latter part of his career ; Zwingli's doctrine was more repugnant to him than the deeper and more mystic Catholic doctrine.§' His own view was that 'the body and blood of Christ were present in, or along with, the elements of bread and wine ; in a manner analogous to that in which the divinity of Christ co-exists in the same person with his human nature. Hence, by an analogy with the word incarnation, he devised for the Eucharistic union the term impanation.¶' The word *panis* (bread) took the place of *caro*, gen. *carnis* (flesh). Instead of God manifest in the flesh, we have God manifest in the bread. This is

\* *Ibid*, p. 761.]

† *Ibid*, p. 762.

‡ Baxter's Church History, 2nd ed., p. 369.

§ Chambers's Encyclopædia, ed. 1876, vol. 6, p. 192.

¶ *Ibid*, vol. 5, p. 525-6. It is not strictly accurate to say that the word 'impanation' was *devised* by Luther. It occurs at least as early as John of Paris, A. D. 1300.

\* Apol. I. c. 66, cited in Welchman's Thirty-nine Articles, p. 67, ed. 1848.

† Adv. Har. I. 4, c. 18 (c. 35, Oxf. ed.) Welchman, *ubi supra*.

‡ Blunt, Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 761.

the orthodox doctrine of the Lutheran Church to this day. A question here suggests itself which, simple as it is, seems never to have occurred to Luther. If he worshipped God when present in the flesh, why not when present in the bread?—a problem by no means easy of solution. Lord Cobham's belief was similar to Luther's. He expressed it thus: 'I believe that in the sacrament of the altar is Christ's very body in form of bread; that it is Christ's body *and* bread, the former being concealed under the latter, as the invisible Godhead was veiled under the visible Manhood.\*' In England, in 1417, this did not go far enough in the direction of transubstantiation, and under the Statute *De Hæretico Comburendo*, Cobham was found guilty of heresy, and roasted alive over a slow fire—tolerably conclusive evidence as to what the doctrine of the church of England was in those days.

As I said last month, Luther's doctrine was 'embodied, with little or no variation, in the Augsburg, Westminster, and other Protestant Confessions, as well as in the Thirty-nine Articles, a document accepted with certain limitations by Methodists themselves.' It will be sufficient to cite the Anglican view. On this subject Mr. Blunt says: 'As far as the formularies and expressed belief of the churches of England and Rome are concerned, they are entirely at one in believing that our Lord's Body and Blood are truly present in the Eucharist, and under such circumstances a philosophical definition as to the mode of the Presence should never have had any influence in interrupting their external communion.†' The twenty-eighth Article, while repudiating transubstantiation, says: 'The Bread which we break is a partaking of the Body of Christ; and likewise the Cup of Blessing is a partaking of the Blood of Christ. . . . The Body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten, in the Supper, only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is Faith.' This doctrine was held and subscribed to by Wesley as a clergyman of the Church of England.

The belief in Transubstantiation, then,

\* Baxter's Church History, 2nd ed., p. 320.

† Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 763.

and the worship founded on it, can be traced from the earliest dawn of Christianity to the present day. During that time it has been held by thousands of millions of men and women calling themselves Christians, including many of the best and wisest that ever lived; and from A. D. 1050, at least, till the Reformation, it was the official creed of the Christian Church universal, non-belief involving the penalty of excommunication. It is of a doctrine and worship with such a history as this that shining lights of Methodism can find nothing more charitable to say than to call it 'worshipping a piece of dough,' and 'the most diabolical idolatry that ever appeared among men'. Was ever Catholic converted to Protestantism by such language?

The logic of the *Guardian* would convict Wesley himself of theoretical idolatry, for believing that God could be present in dough, or that dough could contain God. Nay, by pushing his logic to its ultimate conclusion, the same label of idolatry can be fastened on the back of the editor of that paper himself. As thus: a Mohammedan and an Unitarian appear on the scene, and turning to him, say:

'Your language, in calling Catholics idolaters, and worshippers of a piece of dough, besides being coarse, vulgar, and abusive, is utterly inconsistent. By your own shewing you also must be an idolater, for you worship Christ, a man composed of flesh and blood and bones like yourself.'

Here a Roman Catholic steps forward, and the following 'imaginary conversation' takes place. (The quoted passages put into the mouth of the editor, are extracts from the *Guardian* of the 7th Nov.)

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—What have you to say to that?

EDITOR GUARDIAN.—Simply this. 'All depends upon whether the charge is just or not.' Because they call 'white black' must I 'not dare to call black black'? Because they call my worship idolatry, am I not to call your idolatry idolatry. Now my faith tells me that Christ was more than man; he was God. To worship him, then, is not idolatry.

R. C.—Well, my faith tells me that the 'dough' is more than 'dough'; it is God. To worship it, then, is not idolatry. If flesh and blood may be God, why not 'dough'? Both are only matter. Will you

dictate to Omnipotence the mode in which he shall manifest himself to his creatures ?

ED. G. (*looking down upon his presumptuous interlocutor with that ineffable air of lofty spiritual pride which sits so easily on certain sel.-sufficient preachers of the gospel of humility*).—You poor deluded creature, why do you 'mix up things that essentially differ, as if truth and falsehood, right and wrong, had the same claim to belief and respect ?' I am the arbiter in this business. I am the infallible judge of truth and falsehood, right and wrong. The difference between us is as between white and black. My faith is true, your's is false. Mine is right, your's is wrong. My doxy is orthodoxy, your doxy is heterodoxy. My faith is the infallibly true gospel according to the infallible John Wesley (infallible, that is, except as to his idolatrous 'Popish doctrine' of the Real Presence,—a mere spot on the sun, a mark to shew that he was human), and leads straight to heaven ; your's, you poor benighted creature, is ignorant credulity, vile superstition, and debasing idolatry, which leads straight to hell. Ouseley says so.

R. C.—It is all very well to treat my faith in this cavalier fashion ; but in so doing you commit moral suicide. You cannot impugn *my* faith without impugning faith in the abstract, your own included. We are seated side by side on the same bough of the tree of religious life, and if you saw it off you will be landed on the earth as well as I. And will not the scoffing infidel, with his gibes, and the rationalist then tell us that our vain attempt to soar into the cloudland of faith has only resulted in an ignominious descent on to the hard and solid ground of fact and reason ; and recommend us to get up and walk on our feet like men ?

ED. G.—Wrong again ! We are *not* seated on the same bough. Your bough is credulity and superstition ; mine is true faith.

R. C.—Well then, show me that your faith that Christ is God is true.

ED. G.—The Bible says so.

R. C.—I agree with you there. But I also believe the Bible when it tells us what Christ said.

ED. G.—And what did He say ?

R. C.—Many things. These among others : 'This is my body' ; 'I am the

bread of life' ; 'if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever' ; 'the bread that I will give is my flesh' ; 'except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you . . . for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed'.

ED. G.—True ; but all spoken in a figurative sense.

R. C.—So you say ; but to my mind the words were intended literally. Who am I that I should dare to give any other meaning to God's word than that which it naturally bears ? Beyond question Christ's hearers understood his language literally, and were not corrected by Him for so doing. Witness their question : 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat ?'

ED. G.—But I say it is figurative.

R. C.—Well, who is to decide between us ? If you put the question to the vote you will find yourself among a small minority ; the literal interpretation is held by three-fourths of the Christian world.

ED. G.—Poor ignorant creatures, whose opinions go for nothing.

R. C.—Well, at least you will have some respect for the opinion of Luther, your 'great reformer,' as you call him. On this very question of the Real Presence he 'taught, as one of the most central truths of Christianity, that nothing but the literal acceptance of our Saviour's language was admissible. Without defining accurately the manner of the Eucharistic Presence, he contended that the Body of the Lord was truly *there*, and absolutely refused to hold communion with all persons who insisted on resolving the words of institution into *figures*, or who construed them as nothing more than symbolical expressions pointing to the barely commemorative aspect of the Lord's Supper.' If you doubt my word on this point, turn to p. 51 of Archdeacon Hardwick's 'History of the Church during the Reformation,' 5th ed., revised by Prof. Stubbs, the greatest living historian, as Mr. Freeman calls him.

ED. G.—I don't doubt your word. But you don't suppose that Protestants pin their faith to everything that Luther said.

R. C.—Did the great Luther, then, sit alongside of us Catholics on the bough of 'credulity and superstition' ?

ED. G.—On this point, certainly. Haven't

I already told you that *I* am the arbiter here—the infallible interpreter of biblical truth. When I say the language of the Bible is literal, it *is* literal, and when I say it is figurative, figurative it is.

R. C.—But are you quite sure as to the validity of your claim to infallibility. If I mistake not, Ouseley devotes one whole ‘Letter’ (the second), of fifty-seven pages, to proving that infallibility is an impossibility, and that the Church of Rome is overturned.

Ed. G.—That is Romish infallibility. If you will look at his appendix, p. 393, you will see that he demonstrates with equal conclusiveness that the Protestant rule of faith ‘is strictly infallible.’

R. C.—True, I had forgotten. But to turn to another argument in my favour. I refer to the cloud, or shechinah, between the cherubim in the Holy of Holies, which there is no doubt the Jewish high-priest worshipped as ‘the visible presence of God.’ Apart from faith, where is the difference between worshipping a cloud and worshipping ‘a piece of dough’?

Ed. G.—Assuming that the high-priest did worship the shechinah, which I deny, there would be no real analogy. Haven’t I already told you that faith is a question of right and wrong, truth and falsehood? The high-priest’s faith was true, your’s is false. Consequently his act was worship, while your’s is idolatry.

R. C.—I suppose then that the high-priest was seated like yourself on the bough of true faith.

Ed. G.—Certainly.

R. C.—Was he seated on that bough when he rent his garments and condemned Christ to death?

Ed. G.—Of course not. How stupid you are. What has the condemnation of Christ got to do with your worshipping a piece of dough? You seem almost as muddled as Dr. Holland.

R. C.—Dr. Holland; who is he?

Ed. G.—The editor of Scribner; a ‘clever and clear-headed man,’ whom I demolished in my paper of the 7th November. I settled him with the epithet ‘muddled.’ A happy one, was it not?

R. C.—Yes, and quite characteristic and in keeping with the vigorous tone of your paper. It must be a pleasure to your subscribers to see that the language of their

organ is losing none of that peculiar and precious quality for which it has always been famous, and which your friend the editor of the *Methodist Magazine* so happily describes as ‘earnestness.’

Ed. G. (*his face beaming with pleasure*).—You flatter me. But I am glad to see that you are a man of taste; I don’t know but that I may be able to do something with you yet.

R. C.—You have put things to me very clearly; still I am not quite convinced. Moreover, though you may be right in saying that I am on the broad road to hell, still I can take comfort in the thought that I am not alone in my belief. There is the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province, for instance, and his daughters, whom you, as a loyal subject, no doubt pray for every Sunday. As your prayers seem to have been of no avail, suppose you go to one of their ‘at Homes,’ and read them a few chapters out of Ouseley’s genial book; or one or two of those beautiful articles which recently appeared in your paper, on the evils of besotted ignorance, gross superstition, and debased idolatry. They are so meek, so gentle, so full of charity, of the milk of human kindness, of sweetness and light, of truly Christian humility. They would do them a world of good. That one, particularly, where you ring the changes on that fine, sonorous phrase, ‘worshipping a piece of dough,’ would, I am sure, give them especial delight. Who knows? You might even convert them to Methodism.

Ed. G.—Happy thought! Now that you have suggested it I really don’t see why I should not take an early opportunity of acting on your well meant hint.

R. C.—Do, and take my blessing with you. But, to return to what I was saying about not being alone in my ‘idolatry,’ let me remind you that while there are only about 100,000,000 Protestants in the world, who are divided among themselves on questions of Consubstantiation, Impanation, the Real Presence, the Symbolic interpretation, and half a dozen others, there are some 275,000,000 members of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches, who believe in ‘Transubstantiation as I do.

Ed. G.—And all of whom are as ignorant, as credulous, as superstitious, and as idolatrous as yourself; and, as Ouseley says, on the broad road to hell.

R. C. (*stung at last, and turning like the worm*).—Not so. You calumniate them. Among them are men who would scorn to use the language and resort to the arts of controversy which you adopt towards them; men who intellectually and morally are as high above you as Heaven is above the earth—Cardinal Manning, for instance, the sainted John Henry Newman,—

Ed. G. (*with an aspect of thunder and the voice of a Boanerges*).—Oh, this is monstrous! This is sacrilege! Have you forgotten who I am? Manning me no Mannings and Newman me no Newmans. A fig for both of them! A fig for all the others you were going to name! What are they to ME, the duly accredited (self-constituted) guardian of Christian truth, the infallible Pope of Methodism, the only infallibly true religion under Heaven? Wretch, begone!

R. C. (*abashed and quaking with awe*).—I—I—had forgotten. *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*

The wretched culprit retires, crossing himself, utterly vanquished and humbled; while the exultant victor looks proudly around at his constituents, with the air of a conqueror waiting for the applause to come in. It comes in accordingly. It always does. His constituents read little besides Methodist literature, and consequently hear nothing on the other side save what he pleases to tell them in his own way. What that way is I shall presently show. But first let us investigate his claims to infallibility a little more closely than did his imaginary opponent; who, though so easily overawed by the overbearing style of his antagonist, is a rather favourable specimen of the Roman Catholic man of straw which journals of the calibre of the *Guardian* set up in order to enjoy the agreeable pastime of knocking down again. Whether the assertive method would be equally successful with a real flesh-and-blood Catholic is doubtful, or rather, not at all doubtful. Be this as it may, the question of the *Guardian's* infallibility, at least, can be settled. The following extract from the article of the 7th Nov. is sufficient for the purpose:

'This writer' [meaning myself], 'who was indignant at having his Protestantism impugned, claims that, before the Reformation, universal Christendom worshipped the consecrated elements as God! This is a slander on Christendom. It

was Innocent III., at the fourth Lateran Council, in 1215, that imposed on the Church the dogma of transubstantiation. Before that time even the term was unknown; and it was centuries later before it was received by the Greek Church.'

This extract is a tissue of inaccuracies. First, it was not I who was 'indignant,' but the writer of the 'note' on p. 435 of the October number of this Magazine. Next, my words are incorrectly given. What I said was this: 'During several centuries, universal Christendom believed, as an integral and vital part of its religion, that the bread in the mass was God, or that God was present in it;' and a little further on I asked: 'The whole Christian world, then, being given over to "idolatry" for several centuries previous to the year 1500 or thereabouts, will the editor of the *Guardian* be kind enough to tell us what, during those centuries, had become of the Christian religion.' Is it any answer to say that Innocent III. imposed the dogma on the Church in 1215? That is the very date I had in my mind when writing. The men referred to by me—Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, Aquinas, Chaucer, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Copernicus, Savonarola, Sir Thomas More, and St. Xavier—all lived between 1215 and the the Reformation (1517). And I now emphatically repeat that, during the three centuries between those two dates, the Christian Church *universal* did believe in the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and that even the exceedingly small and isolated minority who repudiated it, and who were looked upon as heretics in every country in Europe, all believed that Christ was actually present in some shape or another, in the consecrated bread and wine. Of Wiclif's belief a leading authority says: 'His view of the Eucharist is singularly consistent, as much so as may be on so abstruse a subject. He is throughout labouring to reconcile a Real Presence with the rejection of the grosser Transubstantiation. The Eucharist is Christ's Body and Blood spiritually, sacramentally; but the bread and wine are not annihilated by transubstantiation. *They co-exist*, though to the mind of the believer *the elements are virtually the veritable Body and Blood of the Redeemer.*'\* And this was heresy, 'into the domain of

\* Milman's Latin Christianity, 3rd ed., vol. 8, p. 194.

which his most influential supporters declined to follow him!\*" Huss 'averred Transubstantiation to be a perpetual miracle.†

Our infallible guide continues: 'It was Innocent III., at the fourth Lateran Council, in 1215, that imposed on the Church the dogma of transubstantiation.' This is another error. There was no need to impose on the Church what it already believed. As it happens, the view of Innocent III. was more spiritual than that of the Church, as may be seen from Neander's account of it.‡ The doctrine, though not formally promulgated, was held officially *by the Church* for at least a hundred and fifty years before 1215. Milner, a strong opponent of transubstantiation, admits that it was established by the Council of Placentia in 1095;§ and that about A. D. 1160, the Court of Rome required it to be acknowledged by all men.|| In 1050 Berengar was excommunicated by the Synod of Rome for disbelief in it. Is there a better test of church doctrine than excommunication? Berengar proved recalcitrant, and, in 1054, was cited by Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII., before the Council of Tours, when he gave in his adhesion to the dogma. He afterwards retracted this and gave forth his real opinion. And what was that? 'He repeatedly declares that the elements are "converted" by consecration into the body and blood of the Saviour; that the bread, from having before been something common, becomes the beatific body of Christ. . . It is not a portion of Christ's body that is present in each fragment, but He is fully present throughout.'¶ Can any one, at this time of day, see any material difference between this doctrine and Transubstantiation? And yet it was heresy then, and Berengar was again cited, this time in 1078-9, before the Council at Rome. There he signed 'a confession that the elements are "*substantially*" changed into the real, proper, and life-giving body and blood of Christ;' and he prostrated himself before Gregory in token

of unreserved submission, owning that he had sinned in denying a *substantial* change. Berengar again relapsed, and in 1080 was cited before the Council of Bordeaux.\* It is in the face of such facts as these that we are told, with an air of authority, that it was Innocent III., in 1215, who 'imposed' the dogma on the Church. Truly there are blind leaders of the blind.

Our trustworthy guide next informs that, before 1215, 'even the term' transubstantiation 'was unknown.' Another error. Bishop Browne says, 'It is said to have been invented by Stephen, Bishop of Augustodunum, about the year 1100;† but Mr. Blunt asserts that it occurs in a work written by Peter Damian before 1072, and that his words show 'that the term was not altogether unknown when it was thus used.'‡ But, after all, 'what's in a name?' If the belief in Transubstantiation existed, does it matter what it was called? Are the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation 'Papal novelties' because the words do not occur in the Bible? The word 'Trinity' was not invented till A.D. 180. The logic of the *Guardian* would wipe out of existence the very sect of which it is an organ. For, copying its language, it might be said, 'It was John Wesley, who, more than five hundred years after A.D. 1215, imposed Methodism on the Church. Before that time even the term was unknown! Alas! then, for Methodism!'

The last clause of the monumental extract which I have quoted asserts that it was centuries after 1215 before transubstantiation 'was received by the Greek Church.' The allusion here, of course, is to the formal promulgation of the doctrine by the Synod of Jerusalem in 1672. But what has the formal promulgation of a doctrine to do with the actual belief of the Church? The doctrine of the Trinity was not formally promulgated till the Council of Nice, A.D. 325; and, as I have already shewn, Transubstantiation was the official and orthodox doctrine of the Church of Rome at least a century and a half before it was formally promulgated. As a matter of fact, the belief was quite as early and as general in the Greek Church as in the Roman. In

\* Baxter's Church History, 2nd ed., p. 310.

† Milman, *ubi supra*, p. 285.

‡ Church History, vol. 7, p. 47'.

§ Church History, vol. 3, p. 28. ed. 1827.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 438.

¶ Robertson's Church History, vol. 2, p. 685, marginal p. 662.

\* *Ibid.*, p. 687, marginal p. 664.

† Thirty-nine Articles, p. 699.

‡ Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 759.



1274, under Gregory X., at the second Council of Lyons, the two Churches were actually reunited, and remained so during seven years, 1274-81. As to agreement in doctrine, Archdeacon Hardwick says: 'A later session of the prelates, on July 6 [1274], beheld the representatives of Michael Palæologus [the Emperor at Constantinople] abjure the ancient schism, and recognize the papal primacy, *as well as the distinctive tenets of the Roman Church.*'\* This does not imply that Transubstantiation was then a distinctive tenet of Rome, but it does imply that no difference of doctrine existed after the union. The two churches were in union when Berengar was excommunicated in 1050; and, at the schism in 1054, transubstantiation was not a cause of difference, the only question respecting the Eucharist being as to the use of leavened or unleavened bread. As to the belief of the Eastern Church in earlier ages, Mr. Blunt says: 'St. John Damascene sums up the teachings of the Greek Fathers, that the elements are supernaturally transmuted (*ὑπερφύως μεταμοιούνηται*) into the body and blood of Christ.† The old Jerusalem Liturgy quoted above (p. 630), affords additional proof as to the belief of the Greek Church. And, of course, before the first schism, in A.D. 734, the doctrine of 'the two Churches was identical. Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Cyril of Jerusalem, and Chrysostom were Greek Fathers, and what their views were has been already shewn.

The *Guardian's* pretensions to set itself up as an infallible judge of 'truth and falsehood, right and wrong,' are now, I fancy, pretty effectually disposed of. The result suggests a not uninteresting antithesis.

There is something which appeals to the historic imagination, something imposing in its grandeur, in the claim to infallibility by a Church hoar with antiquity and hallowed by the stirring memories of nearly two thousand years; a Church which during that time has been the solace in this life, and the guide to that beyond the grave, to thousands of millions of human souls. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step. A dramatist, one who knew his

fellow-man tolerably well, has told us that,

'Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but  
thunder.

Man, proud man!  
Dress'd in a little brief authority;  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven.  
As make the angels weep.'

There is, I repeat, something respectable in the claim of the Roman Catholic Church to infallibility. But for a mushroom religious journal,—the weekly organ of a church, or rather a Provincial section of a church, which is but a thing of yesterday, a little over a hundred years old, itself a creation of dissent, of the right of private judgment, and which to-day numbers as adherents the world over, only ten or twelve millions all told,—for a journal such as this to be putting on *ex cathedra* infallible airs, setting itself up as an infallible judge of divine truth and an infallible interpreter of divine revelation, and dealing round cheap imitation thunder stolen from the Vatican, when all the while it is merely shewing its own ignorance of the commonest facts of ecclesiastical history, is a spectacle for the mirth of the gods—one to make the angels expire in peals of laughter. It is too supremely ridiculous.

Once upon a time a frog tried to swell itself out to the size of an ox. The frog burst.

But there are worse things than even Ignorance aping Infallibility. To falsify the language of an opponent is one of them.

The *Guardian* leads its readers to infer that I said, or undertook to prove, that the Jewish high-priest 'worshipped the incense as God.' The word 'incense' was not once used by me. The word I used, and used twice, was 'cloud,' referring of course to the shechinah between the cherubim in the Holy of Holies, which the high-priest *did* worship as 'the visible presence of God.' The *Guardian* substitutes 'incense' for 'cloud.' That is, the guardian of truth garbles.

In another place the *Guardian* says, 'It is alleged,' meaning by me, 'that the whole Christian Church . . . held transubstantiation from the time of Irenæus and

\* Church History, Middle Age, 4th ed., p. 281.

† Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 761.—John of Damascus wrote about A.D. 470.

Justin Martyr down till the Protestant Reformation! What I said was that 'the doctrines of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation may be traced back to Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and other Christian Fathers of the second century.' Is there any resemblance between my statement and the *Guardian's* version of it? Not more than there is between 'white' and 'black.' My statement is true, the *Guardian's* version of it is untrue. The guardian of truth falsifies.

Again, the *Guardian* leads its readers to infer that I said that 'universal Christendom for centuries worshipped a piece of dough as God.' What I said was that 'during several centuries universal Christendom believed, as an integral and vital part of its religion, that the bread in the mass was God, or that God was present in it.' The *Guardian* leaves out the important portion which I have now italicised. The guardian of truth suppresses the truth.

The *suggestio falsi* and the *suppressio veri*—yes, both are there. But enough of the *Christian Guardian*. I here take leave of it, not without joy. Its editor will no doubt reply to what I have written. He is welcome to all the advantage which having the last word will give him. For myself, I shall notice him no more. The spectacle is not an edifying one of a religious journal, claiming by its title to be in an especial sense a guardian of Christian truth, misquoting, garbling, and falsifying the language of an opponent, in order to make a bad cause appear a good one; nor is a controversialist who resorts to such tactics one with whom a discussion can be profitably continued. And so I bid him farewell.

Having done so, I can return to my starting-point. It was there acknowledged that something might be said for Gideon Ouseley in extenuation of his having, sixty-five years ago, and in Ireland, written such a work as 'Old Christianity.' But is there any adequate plea to be urged in justification of the wrong done by the Methodist publisher who has disinterred that work from the limbo of obsolete rubbish where it was buried, and brought it to light in this country, where of all places it is calculated, by inflaming the sectarian hatred which perennially smoulders amongst us, to do most

harm? To whom is the work addressed? To Protestants? Can it do aught but evil to them? The liberal minded and charitable among them will read it with unmitigated disgust; the intolerant and the uncharitable will have their bigotry fanned by it to a white heat. Is it addressed to Catholics? To them the harm will be even greater. Does any one wish to confirm a Romanist in his faith, to render it forever impossible that he shall embrace the religion of the man who wrote such a work, to make him hate his Protestant brother with an undying hatred,—then let him place this book in his hands and bid him read it. Valid excuse for its publication there is none. Let the publisher, then, frankly confess that its reissue was an error in judgment, an anachronism; and that the best thing that remains for him to do is to withdraw it from circulation.

Of the population of this Dominion over a million and a half, or not far from a moiety, are Catholics. Is there any prospect that even a moderate proportion of these will be converted to Protestantism within a generation or two? Not the remotest. The census returns shew a steady increase in the numbers of Catholics from one decennium to another. Is it not, then, the plain duty of Protestants to make terms with the inevitable, to recognize the existence of the Roman Catholic religion in this country as a fact,—fixed, at the very least, for many a long year to come? Let Protestant and Catholic alike respect, both in word and deed, the sacred right of each to worship God in his own way. If propaganda or conversion is attempted, let it be in a kindly, courteous, and Christian spirit. In other things let them sink their religious differences; let them remember only that they are brothers, co-dwellers in a common land, joint-owners of a fair and ample domain; and putting shoulder to shoulder, let them unite their efforts to make the noble heritage which has been entrusted to their keeping, a worthy legacy for those who may come after them; and do what in them lies to help their common country on the road to that glorious destiny which they hope and believe the future has in store for her.

SCORDELLO.

## TROY.

*The Trinity College, Toronto, Prize Poem, for 1877.*

All the sweet day the fav'ring Zephyr sped  
 Our white-sailed pinnace o'er the wavy main,  
 And now, at eve, we watching from her head  
 Saw the dark outline of the Trojan plain,  
 Misty and dim, as things at distance seem  
 Through the fast-waning light of summer eve,  
 When waking from their sultry, sad day-dream,  
 The wan-faced stars grow bright and cease to  
 grieve.  
 And nearer yet and nearer grew the shore,  
 Which eve was tinting sober-grey and pale ;  
 And louder swell'd the long, low, broken roar  
 Of surges climbing o'er the loose-heaped shale.  
 No voices chid the silence of the air,  
 That seem'd to sink and die among the cords,  
 Scarce helping the loose-hanging sail to bear  
 Us all-expectant to those hoped-for swards,  
 Save when a sailor cheerily call'd his mate,  
 Or shrill-tongued halcyon pass'd in landward  
 flight,  
 On wide-spread pinion home returning late,  
 And shedding from him brine-drops silv'ry  
 bright.  
 Full soon we grated on the shingly beach ;  
 Soon disembarked upon that storied shore,  
 Whose very rocks are eloquent to teach  
 A world of legend and forgotten lore.  
 Then parted ; and I musing went along,  
 Half-fearing it might prove delusion strange,  
 Or sweet enchantment of a magic song,  
 Which loud-spoke word might dissipate or  
 change.  
 Still on ; while overhead the moon alway  
 Kept on its course across the sea of sky,  
 Fathomless-blue, save for some cloudy spray,  
 And those bright isles, the stars that never die ;  
 Until I reach'd a barrow long and low,  
 Which the tall grass clothed o'er and wild vines  
 free,  
 That still, whenever any breeze did blow,  
 Waved shadowy like the falling of the sea ;  
 And gazing thence upon the moon-lit plain,  
 The voiceful silence of the saddening scene  
 Call'd up a city's phantom to my brain,  
 And caused me muse of what Troy once had  
 been.

How doth the mem'ry of heroic deeds,  
 Wrought by the heroes of the elder time,  
 Clothe o'er thy site more than the mantling weeds,  
 And round thy brows a deathless laurel twine.  
 Just as those fires which lit the midnight sky,  
 Changing so many watchful tears to smiles,  
 Wafted to Hellas the exultant cry,  
 'Troja is fallen,' o'er the Grecian isles ;  
 So doth thy story, 'mid the rocks of time,  
 Echo along th' unending cycles through,  
 Pealing thy name in most melodious chime,  
 Ne'er growing fainter, nor its notes more few.  
 All to the magic of that world-sung song,  
 That god-breath'd legend dost thou owe thy  
 fame ;  
 The golden weft the blind man wove so long,  
 Hath linked to immortality thy name.  
 His tale to many another's lyre hath given  
 Its stirring echoes ; and in every age  
 What story more than of thy woes hath riven  
 Their hearts who dream upon the poet's page.  
 And though for long thou in the dust hast lain,  
 Still, still the visions of the mighty past,  
 The mem'ry of thy struggle, and thy pain,  
 Thy god-built turrets,—these forever last.  
 We call to mind thine ancient royal state,  
 Thy gold-starr'd ceilings, heaven-reaching towers,  
 Thine ivory sceptre, and thy Scæan gate,  
 Thine altars garlanded with sunny flowers :  
 And, mournful hero, Hector o'er the field  
 Bearing his targe that smites his steps behind ;  
 Most mighty Hector knowing not to yield,  
 The best and noblest of a noble kind :  
 And sad Achilles sitting by the shore,  
 The shore whereon the violet waves do sigh,  
 Praying the Gods who live forever more,  
 Pleading for glory, or to quickly die :  
 And silver-footed Thetis from the wave  
 Rising when Phœbus had the snow-peaks kist,  
 Such grace for him from mighty Jove to crave,  
 Obscurely fair—most like a morning mist :  
 And gold-hair'd Paris, beautiful and base ;  
 And her, the Spartan's glorious erring bride,  
 All for the witch'ry of whose goddess face,  
 So many Greeks, so many Trojans died :  
 And many a hero else whom death befell,

And in the zenith of his fame subdued,  
And now in meads of gleaming asphodel,  
The phantom pleasures of his life delude.

Yet still 'twixt thee and Tenedos there pours  
Just as of old the trough of angry sea,  
And on the oozy sand still breaks and roars,  
As when the black keels lined the yellow lea.  
And still the pines of Ida wave aloft  
Their tuneful, scented, dove-embow'ring shade ;  
And 'neath them twilight broods as grey and soft,  
As when of yore the shepherd Paris stray'd  
With glad Cœnone ; while their bleating flocks  
Grazed the wild thyme bright with ambrosial  
dew ;

And lovers piping 'neath th' o'ershadowing rocks  
Laded with love the breezes as they flew.  
Still Simois wanders 'mid his voiceful reeds,  
And Xanthus rolls his slender length along,  
Telling the story of thy mighty deeds,  
In lagging accents of a tearful song.  
All these, O Troy,—thy streams and woody hill,  
Thy barren beach whereon the long ships lay,  
Thy famous isle—th' invaders haunt—are still ;  
But Priam's Iliion hath pass'd away.  
Hath pass'd, I said ; thy men'ry ne'er can fade !  
The muse hath won thee from the dead again ;  
A golden glory crowns for aye thy shade ;  
Thou livest, O Troy, forever unto men !

R. T. NICHOLL.

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ROUND THE TABLE.

**F**RIENDS, countrymen, and alms-givers—especially alms-givers!—I beseech you to procure forthwith, read, mark, and inwardly digest, a gem of a book, entitled 'The Confessions of an Old Alms-giver, or Three Cheers for the Charity Organization Society.' Published by William Hunt, London. It is a gem of a book, in the first place for its excellent common sense and practical suggestions, some of which, indeed, will make the ordinary soft-hearted but thoughtless alms-giver stare. If they will only lead him to think, in future, before acting incontinently on the motto '*bis dat qui cito dat,*' they will do a real service, both to him and the objects of his misplaced charity. It is a gem of a book, too, because of the genuine, unadulterated humour which runs through it, from beginning to end, playing like iridescent light around otherwise dry prosaic details, and making the little volume so entertaining that he or she who takes it up is not likely to leave any of it unread, from the preface to the conclusion. The unaffected quaintness and unforced humour, reminding one of the old English humourists, is a refreshing contrast to

the mingling of flippancy, irreverence, and coarseness which, in the main, passes for humour among our near neighbours, and infects our own newspapers.

But I am digressing as much as it is this author's habit to do, who, as he says, can 'no more write straight than a crab can crawl straight,' and who, as he also says, 'contracted a curvature of the mental spine,' from having, 'as early as his seventh year or thereabouts, got hold of that rambling, shambling, slanting-dicularly constructed volume, that crab among books, "Tristram Shandy."' And, partly in consequence of this 'mental curvature,' and of the odd and unexpected turns of thought to which it leads, the reader will, notwithstanding the gloomy views of human nature which it opens up, be beguiled into not a few hearty laughs as he listens to the naive 'confessions.' 'Well! and what about the author's practical suggestions?' enquires some utilitarian friend at the Table, who doesn't want amusement so much as information. Let me premise, before mentioning some of them, that the author can claim some reasonable right to speak with

confidence on the subject, seeing that, being a retired officer of some fortune and leisure, he, some twenty years ago, 'determined,' as he tells us, to 'devote myself systematically to efforts among the poor, in the way, not of a mere amiable relaxation to be used like a flute or a novel, but of a downright vocation, whereunto I should give myself as unreservedly as though I were bound by a contract and in receipt of salary.' Such a man may claim a hearing with some grace, when he boldly asserts that 'without organization, alms-givers, whether banded together or acting apart, may soon grow to be more wholesale corrupters of their species than they which be evil-doers by profession.' He comes down with all the force of his sledge-hammer of a pen, on alms-giving without thorough investigation, of the lamentable effects of which he gives many illustrative instances; on yoking together—for the promotion of hypocrisy and imposture—of spiritual and temporal relief; and, in general, on all 'unorganized charity.' Canada is, no doubt, not yet nearly so corrupted as London by this amiable but mischievous influence, yet there are few benevolent souls among ourselves who will not be the better for reading the chapter on 'Overlapping,' and that on 'Alms-giving as an Inoculator.' As to the latter, the author says—and would that lazy-benevolent people would take it to heart!—"Few alms-givers have probably the least suspicion how rapidly they may, with the matter of the disease of pauperism, inoculate whole circles as yet non-pauperized, by a single act of bounty indiscriminately performed, or, if not indiscriminately, at least, without a sufficiently accurate knowledge of all the facts.' And the following will appeal to the experience of many who have shared the thankless task of connexion, officially, with any organized charity. 'I would that those who are so wonderfully *au fait* at pitying the sorrows of 'poor old men,' would reserve a little compassion for poorer committee men, at least when connected with a Charity Organization District Board. For example, some generous person gives us—say ten shillings, and thereupon sends a whole shoal of cases, not for enquiry merely, that were sensible enough, but for 'relief,'—yea, and if the whole be not forthwith relieved, probably at the rate of a pound a head on

an average, aye, and relieved according to the subscriber's own notions of the form relief should take, which are oftentimes identically those which the Society was founded to discourage, lo! such generous subscriber is at once brought to the conclusion that the Society is a "swindle," and that he or she cannot conscientiously—what a many-coloured chameleon is conscientiousness!—subscribe to it any longer.' And those who know something of the suffering caused to the deserving poor by careless or dishonest rich employers, in keeping back, for their own convenience, hard-earned wages, will thoroughly enjoy the castigation which the author administers 'to those my blameworthy fellow-countrymen and women who pay not on the spot for what the poor, whether as laundresses, needlewomen, shoemakers, jobbing-tailors, or otherwise, do for them.' In the concluding, or rather the penultimate chapter, 'Unorganized Charity is earnestly entreated to make her will and die,' and a form of bequest is obligingly supplied to her, modelled on the celebrated one of Don Quixote, to whom the said Unorganized Charity is not inaptly compared.

In conclusion, let all our friends at the Table possess themselves of this book, and when they have read it themselves, let them lend it to all their charitable friends. They will find in it many more pearls than in so brief a space I have been at all able to indicate. Let me, in parting, commend the following to the friend who lately discoursed so pathetically on the 'vested interests' of liquor-sellers:—

'But lo, the drink-party have a vested interest, to meddle with which were confiscation! But are there no vested interests save theirs? Have their customers none in their own social and everlasting well-being? Which are of the longer duration? The interests of the drink-merchants? Surely not—they are but life-interests at longest. But, and if the Legislature say, "Ah, but if people like to drink and be damned they must have the opportunity,—'tis one of the prerogatives of civil liberty with which we may not interfere": be it so. But how about the *jus tertii*? I am no teetotaller any more than the Bible. But neither am I a drink-totaller, and I cannot, for my life, see why the latter class are to have it all their own way, and claim a vest-

ed right to demoralize in this world (to say nothing of damping in the next) whole masses of their fellow-countrymen *at my expense*. I say at my expense, for who, in the long run have to pay the piper but the ratepayer and the charitable? Why the Bungs of England any more than the Thugs of India should be thus favoured I cannot divine. If either have the better claim, surely the Thug has it, for the Thug only kills the body and seizes the watch and purse, and after that hath no more that he can do; but the Bung, in hosts of cases, is a murderer of soul, body, and estate.'

—The little village of G— is a very peculiar place. In default of anything better to chat about, let me tell you of two of its local celebrities. I was trying to catch the train there one evening, and missed it by three minutes, and being a stranger to the place, I enquired at the station if that was the last train. The station-master, regarding me with an air of sorrow not unmixed with pity at my ignorance, informed me that it was. I ventured to persist and ask if a freight train wouldn't come along soon. He allowed that it was possible, but, with an evidently growing opinion that my ignorance was waxing criminal in its proportions, added that I couldn't go on it without an order from the traffic manager. He then appeared to dismiss me from his mind, and positively started when I ventured to ask him what inn I had better go to. Little did I know my man; little did I guess the amount of Spartan firmness, of Rhadamanthine impartiality locked up in his manly breast! Oracularly he spoke, as though the whole well-being of the X Railway Company depended on his conduct on this trying occasion. 'There are four inns in the village,' quoth he, 'but we *never* recommend one more than the others.' Admire with me that regal 'we,' indicative at once of superiority to the petty grades of innkeepers, and a just desire to preserve the suffrages of all four hosts! He now regarded me as extinguished, and closed his wicket, as much as to say, the exhibition of the great and good is over for the evening; depart, oh sinful wayfarer, in peace! I could not, however, resist the temptation to see his manly countenance again, and once more applying my knuckles, asked, out of pure deviltry, which was the way to the vil-

lage? I fancied I could detect a slightly snappish tone in his voice as he pointed to the door, but perhaps I was mistaken.

I saw this model station-master next morning. He had put on, as it were, an extra coat of holiness during the night. His conduct with regard to giving change filled me with admiration. He evidently regarded his small drawerful of silver as sacred, a trust fund not to be broken into to satisfy the carnal necessities of would-be passengers wishing to break a two dollar bill. The more energetic travellers were driven to make fearful and complicated calculations and exchanges between themselves, getting into inextricable confusion over them and finally retiring to glower at each other in silence from opposite corners, each with the firm conviction that the others had cheated him out of fifteen cents. A large and simple-minded party of country folks evidently believed they would never get off at all. Their forlorn hope, a fat old dame, had gone up smiling in the innocence of her heart, and returned crushed. Every two minutes thereafter another of the party returned to the charge, after much pressing, no one person daring the deadly breach twice. At last, just as the train was whistling outside, the last man succeeded in convincing Rhadamanthus that he *must* have got change enough by this time, and got his tickets and the hatred of the official at the same time.

But this is forestalling matters. I walked through the peculiarly winding ways of G—, and finally picked out my hostelry. It was a corner house; the rooms were all lop-sided and angular, the bar being an irregular pentagon, and the little back room where I washed my hands before tea (with a watering-pot for water-jug) was an acute angled triangle. But if the house was peculiar, so was its landlord, so were its guests. They sat dumb and mumchance, smoking round a huge coffin-like stove. Once the landlord ventured the remark that Pat had gone to —, and that he and his 'delicate' team would find the roads pretty bad. This did not lead to conversation; being apparently considered to trench too narrowly on sarcasm to be a safe subject. Suddenly, however, the springs of the landlord's tongue were unloosed. A respectable looking man came in and was immediately assailed by mine host. The

new comer was a Grit, mine host an ardent admirer of Sir John A. Their arguments were decidedly amusing. The innkeeper's style of persuasion was as follows: 'You lie. I tell you so to your face. When a man lies, I always do.' To whom the liar, 'No, John; I don't think you would call me a liar; I may be mistaken, but—' 'Ah! but I *do* say you *are* a liar!' and so on. The Grit certainly had the best of the argument, both in reasoning and in temper, but it was evident that the rest of the audience considered the landlord, with his knock-down blow of 'you lie,' clinched the victory at each stage of the battle. After ranging all over the fertile fields of scandal, and making a brilliant excursus into British Constitutional History, which would have astonished the text-writers, the visitor knocked the ashes out of his pipe and retired, pursued by a closing asseveration of his mendacity, which in this case appeared to be the landlord's mode of construing the old adage as to the manner in which to

'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.'

Sombre silence fell again upon the scene. I am inclined to believe that that controversy goes on every evening, and that when one of the combatants dies, the other will go and smoke his pipe over the grave, and not survive him long.

—The other day there was a gathering of lawyers and lawyers in embryo in one of our cities, to hear a lecture from a shining light in their profession, the title of which might have led many of them to expect that he would grapple fairly and earnestly with some of the knotty questions of legal morality, and to hope for some real and practical advice that would go down into the details of their every-day work. They listened reverently to vague generalities and irreproachable truisms, which, although they occupied some three columns in the newspaper report, may be summed up as inculcating that it is good to be honest, industrious, and careful in the practice of law, as in other branches of life, and, on the whole, profitable. It is instructive to outsiders, if not altogether flattering to the profession, to see so much amiable eloquence expended to meet the assumed necessity of impressing this upon them. Besides these moral maxims with a slight legal flavour, which I am glad to accept as I

formerly accepted my parents' *dicta* that story-telling and profanity are undesirable, there was a great deal in the lecture about the nobility of the Law, and the elevating influence of its study, which, although tully 'borne out by the authorities,' sticks in my perverse throat, as it has always done. Circumstances have made it my fate, or privilege, to hear and read much in eulogy of the Law, its study and its practice. At the feet of a professional Gamaliel, from professional works, and from professional friends I have sought to imbibe a spirit of due reverence for it all, and to lay the flattering unction to my discontented soul, that, if not over palatable, legal lore is at any rate mentally profitable and morally improving. I have failed. Avowedly, I am not impartial. But the reasons of my failure must take their chances on their merits.

Let me premise that I am not here looking at the Law as a matter of business. It is a very fine business; if I doubted that I should not look at the Law at all. It is upon the plea that its study is noble, elevating, or intrinsically beneficial to a man, as a rational (over and above a bread-winning and dollar-accumulating) being, that unhesitatingly I join issue.

Here it can only be asserted, but proof abounds, that the Law of England—and, consequently, the great body of Canadian law—ranks as the most backward branch of English intelligence. It is a system built up of the errors and patchings of centuries, unwieldy, incoherent, unequal, and obscure. The law of real property, improved as it has been, is acknowledged by all but those who profit by its intricacies, to be an anachronism, a survival from the days of Feudalism so utterly unfitted to our times that it is a burden on our shoulders instead of a light to our feet. A recent writer in the *Nineteenth Century* says: 'Every one is aware that the law relating to landed property is the standing disgrace of English Law. After many attempts to simplify it, it remains as complicated as ever. . . . The reason of this is that the law relating to land is irrational in itself.' Yet the Real Property Commission nibbles off an excrescence here, and smooths a difficulty there, without once going to the root of the matter. These are truisms as regards England. Improvements have

been made in some particulars in this country. How much they have left undone that should be done has been ably pointed out, last month and on previous occasions, by a contributor to the *Monthly*. But, allowing the utmost benefits that can accrue from these improvements in their practical application, Canadian real property law, founded as it is on that of England, and necessitating for its comprehension an intimate acquaintance with that of England, stands or falls with it as a 'noble study.' Our Common Law procedure is full of dead bones of details that should be buried with things put away as nationally childish; ghosts of ancient fictions that should be laid, for once and for all. Why is it that this condition of things is being changed so slowly? Because subtleties, countless *minutiae* of detail, hair-splitting distinctions, reservations, contradictions, utterly exasperating to the lay understanding, make up *arcana*, by keeping jealous watch and ward over which a profession believes it is maintained and waxes great. It is not less than a right, and it is now not beyond hope, that Englishmen should have the law of England simplified, codified, and written down in plain English, that he who runs may read; instead of jumbled into a patchwork puzzle, tangled, twisted, and wrapped up in barbarous jargon. But this is 'not in the interest of the profession!' or, as downright Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, says, speaking of a former generation, of 'the oligarchy of lawyers, who strangle the rights of the present with the fictions of the past.' Consequently law is studied empirically and unintelligently; walled up for professional profit, as much as possible out of the reach of the tide of progress which is carrying all else before it. Nevertheless it must soon yield to the influence and become a progressive science, instead of remaining a fossilized mystification. Already we have giants clearing away the rubbish: Sir Henry Maine, Sir James F. Stephen, Sheldon Amos, and others, following out the work well begun by Bentham and Austin. The mediæval monstrosity will die hard; but die it must. This is the study in which I fail to see nobility. If the names I have just mentioned be quoted against me, and it be argued that there *is* nobility in it, when entered upon with the determination of aiding in its reform, I can only say that to

me the nobility appears to be in the reformer and not in the thing he reforms.

Leaving the study, let me glance at its 'elevating influence' on the student. The 'industrious apprentice,' putting aside as trivial or as a disturbing element, nearly all interest in the great problems of our day, resolutely expends the best of his energy and time at the important stage of his life generally covered by his studentship—when his mind is still malleable, but taking its final 'set'—in the acquirement of a mass of undigested and lifeless facts, facts almost valueless in any broader connection than their mere professional use. He devotes himself to learning which has been eloquently described as 'of a character calculated to narrow the compass of one's mind, to direct it to the consideration of mere technicalities, to entangle it in the meshes of minute verbal distinctions and mathematical preciseness; and, generally, to contract its sphere of sympathy with animate and inanimate Nature.' The mind has to go through a course of subjection to authority, the very essence of law-study, just at a period when it should wrench the sceptre from authority, and 'prove all things' that are provable. The spirit of our age is scientific; it requires us to have a better foundation for our convictions than any high-handed 'judgment,' stronger proof than any oath or affidavit. The discipline of legal study runs in the very teeth of the spirit of verification; and, while studies mould the mind, even *volens volens*, the consistent law-student delivers himself up unreservedly to the effects of that discipline. It leaves him time for little else; scarcely a breath of the mighty *Zeit-Geist* can penetrate to his intellectual prison; and he must indeed be firm of will and warm at heart if he be not left behind the age, with a fatal warp in his mind, and his sympathy with progress choked amid the dust of 'ancient precedents.' He has sworn fealty to dingy paper instead of to never-fading Nature; he stores up painfully details of Man's errors, self-doctoring, and self-quackery, rather than details of Nature's majestic and unswerving laws. The only branch of Law which goes out and takes its place in the advancing line of scientific thought, that is, philosophical jurisprudence, finds no place in the regular Canadian course. It is regarded by the majority of Canadian lawyers much as



they would regard Heraldry, or the Language of Flowers; being considered an amiable, harmless, but unprofitable amusement for leisure hours. A leading barrister in one of our cities was asked for Maine's 'Ancient Law.' 'Maine? Maine?' he replied, 'Do you mean the Liquor Law?' This tells its own tale. That sort of thing does not pay in our practical country, and there is the ultimate consideration.

As preparation for a money-making business, then, let the study pass. But when there is claimed for it a cultivating or ennobling influence, candour must protest. It is narrowing, deadening, and inductive of at least these mental vices,—the tendencies to exalt the letter and word over the spirit and very thing, to join hands with precedent and tradition against even moderate and rational progress, and to accept in all matters the *dicta* of authority without verification.

As a result, we see minds cultivated to a marvellous degree of acuteness and fairness on points of law; but in general questions utterly at sea, capable only of half-views, and holding to those with a bigoted tenacity that is seldom amenable to counter-conviction. We see in many conspicuous instances how mere neglect of general culture has culminated in positive enmity to it; in a Philistinism which advanced years have rendered hopelessly irremediable, and which a frequently high and influential position in society makes an active evil. When this social influence becomes political, when with minds trained to narrowness, filled with deep-rooted love of precedent, with inalienable faith in the Statute-book as the universal panacea, and with views of the complicated and delicate social organism acquired in the restricted arena of professional practice, lawyers become our representatives and play the statesman before high Heaven, it is discouraging to contemplate the almost inevitable results.

—When a boy at school, and somewhat of an *enfant terrible*, a great many things in the ordering of that miniature world struck me as not 'right side up,'—which being interpreted, is, not in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. One of these anomalies, less painful personally, but more to my present purpose than some of the others, always forced itself upon my

notice on that day of days in schoolboy life,—'Speech-day.' During term and in the class-rooms, each and every master, in his views of our mental capacities and moral worth, was a desperate pessimist. Never had there been, and never would there be again, such individual and collective stupidity and remissness as he saw in the class before him. But on 'Speech-day,' when, in the decorated school-room, ladies from their eyes rained influence, and mothers, fathers, friends, and patrons were assembled, there came a sudden Millennium. In eloquent and genial speeches, each and every master expressed himself regarding the same mental capacities and moral worth, an irrestrainable optimist. Never had there been, and never would or could there be again, such individual and collective brightness and exemplariness as he saw in the school around him. I was comparatively innocent in those days; and it puzzled me.

*Mutatis mutandis*, the same phenomenon has struck me in the great world; as there is traceable many an analogy between school and society. In the working-day routine of every special occupation, the insiders—if I may use the word—are brought face to face with its seams and ugliness rather than with its attractiveness. They are pretty well aware that it is not a path of roses, and that it is trodden roughly and with a good deal of stumbling and blundering. As a child I was convinced that the life of a confectioner or pastry-cook was one long dream of saccharine bliss; but I am sceptical about it now. In those days clergymen were saints to me; writers were geniuses; actors were heroes. But clergymen know that clerical work is not exactly saintship, and that brother ministers are not in all respects as seraphic as they appear in their pulpits; authors have their own opinions of the amenities of literature, and of one another; actors, of the high-souled carelessness and gaiety of Bohemian life. Even politicians have been known to unbosom themselves of doubts as to the monopoly of virtue and intelligence by their party.

But whenever 'Speech-day' comes—and it comes very frequently in this land of cheap eloquence—on Convocations, anniversaries, society-meetings, dinners, pic-nics, and 'auspicious occasions' generally, there is a sudden and unanimous vote for the donning of rose-coloured spectacles. Pro-

fessorial Latin declares *this* to have been an *annus mirabilis* in the gratifying results of industry and regularity such and such a University has beheld on the part of its students, which is generally a remarkably free rendering of the professorial English during the year. 'The encouraging progress that our cause has made since our last anniversary,' whatever that cause may be, is demonstrated to the sympathetic accompaniment of 'hear! hear!' though unheeded echo answers, 'where?' Untrammelled rhetoric enlarges on the conspicuous merits and advantages, the incalculable influence of the party, society, profession, or trade there and then assembled; and on the distinguished virtues and talents of the brotherhood in general and certain shining lights in particular. It is all reported,—printed in *extenso* or boiled down to a genial paragraph in the newspapers. Few are so filled to overflowing with good-natured innocence as to take it all in. But silence is politely kept by all except envious and despicable rivals; and a great many good souls are vastly pleased. The question remains, does this kind of thing do good? or does it do harm?

Good it certainly does not seem to me to do. It is not encouraging. On the contrary, for (let us hope) the majority who are sensible enough to look at the facts while their orator airs his fancies, it is apt to be discouraging. They are forced to recognize that the goal is yet far ahead which he congratulates them on having touched; that there are full many errors, follies, and shortcomings in both the work and the workers he eulogizes as so near perfection. On the other hand, for the few (let us hope again) who are foolish enough to forget all this in the glow of self-gratulation, the pill of reality will taste bitter when the sugaring of fine speeches has melted. Instead of being aided to cope more cheerfully and successfully with the 'iron facts of life,' they will go away disposed to overlook and disregard them. The banishment of the spirit of criticism may add to the festivity and enjoyment of these occasions; but it robs them of the usefulness they might have. To say things which he himself does not believe is bad for any man; to be encouraged in saying things that neither he nor his audience believe, cannot be good for him or for his audience.

If these gatherings, in all their varieties, were devoted to an honest review of actual progress, colored brightly, perhaps, but checked throughout by a remembrance of actual facts; if they gave rise to some unflinching discussion of difficulties, and so elicited practical suggestions that would be as trusty staves in the hand instead of as rhetorical rocket-sticks in the air;—'Speech-days' of every kind might be pleasant, valuable, and really 'auspicious occasions,' instead of empty, useless, and often pitiable farces.

—'We praised the man of common sense,  
His judgment's good,' we said,  
But now they say 'Well, that old plum  
Has got a level head.'

Thus soliloquises an 'Old Man' in some verses which I read in the corner of a newspaper the other day. They were jocular verses, but they were well calculated to make one lament the fact that low slang, by force of its indisputable expressiveness and ludicrousness, is not only becoming the habitual language of most of our young men, but making dangerous headway in our newspapers, and gaining more permanent footing in a certain class of very popular books. I regard it—probably all the guests here do—as a very serious matter if we are to remain an English-speaking people; and I have been moved in consequence to write some verses which I will now read to the company, if they will allow me;

The well of English is defiled!  
Its waters turned to muddy slang!  
The good old English Chaucer sang,  
Has borne a vicious modern child.

A child of low and lawless birth,  
Of ugly features, without grace,  
With tricks picked up from every race,  
In uncouth and discordant mirth.

Born here, among our hybrid throng  
Of men from many lands, and nursed  
Amid rough scenes by them, ill-versed  
In how to do it right or wrong.

Small blame to them; great blame to those  
Who read the book and held the pen,  
Yet took this brat of backwoodsman,  
Of miners,—emigrants,—who knows?—

And for the laughter of the crowd  
Set it upon the printed page,  
That moulds the language of the age  
And let its voice grow strong and loud;

Until it caught the foolish ear  
Of all alert for 'some new thing,'  
And careless that the sterling ring  
Of mother-English grew less clear ;

Until the glib and hireling scribe  
Made profit of its grotesque fun ;  
Until the evil has been done  
And now a jargon of the gibe,

The silly jest, the phrases wrung  
From coarsest metaphors—a batch  
Of every street and playhouse 'catch'—  
Have passed into our daily tongue !

Shame on the pens that do not seek  
The pages they let fall to strip  
Of aught of this ;—shame on the lip  
That aught of this will deign to speak !

Unworthy offspring, base-born child  
Of our old sturdy, sir-ple tongue !  
Henceforward, written, spoken, sung,  
Let us keep 'English undefiled' !

—Are we sufficiently impressed with the importance and benefits of *education*? I feel that the answer cannot be other than no; and therefore since we have not a right conception of the need and advantage of cultivating the mind, we must be wanting in that desire, determination, and love for learning, which have characterized all the great minds of the past and present ages. Once looking in upon the social circles of the wealthier classes, all doubt as to the accuracy of the above assertion is dispelled; for, speaking in general of these social gatherings, it would be impossible for a person holding education at any value to enter one of them without having strongly impressed upon his mind the idea, that there is but little attention shown to the necessity or need of intellectual advancement; and not only is this the case with the larger social gatherings, but there is altogether too little thought within the home circle, of mental improvement. Since there is nothing like sufficient attention, within the walls of our houses, paid to the intellectual acquirements of those advancing around us into life and activity, cannot a deeper interest be diffused in some way throughout these homes? I by no means consider it advisable to dispense altogether with the many happy means of recreation and amusement generally participated in at parties and social gatherings. But why allow such entertainments to take away from us so much valuable time as they usually do? We may, and certainly it is quite

necessary to have these meetings, but instead of allowing frivolity to prevail, let us introduce something that will be improving and enlightening to our minds, though we may at the same time make them a means of enjoyment and recreation. Too many of us are possessed with the idea that our education is finished as soon as we leave school; and thus those young minds around us are neglected through our not showing them a good example, or inspiring them with diligence and a love of study, by neglect of interest on our part in their progress. A beautiful writer remarks: 'Talk of your education as being completed in the dawn of manhood!—it is a process which is never completed this side the grave! It is never completed so long as there is anything to learn! No; when the doors of the school-house or the university shut upon you, you have only just entered the outer portals of education.'

Of course any change within these social circles could not be expected, unless there were created a greater desire than at present prevails, for intellectual advancement; and, undoubtedly, the home is the place where the desire and the love for learning should originate. But all are not acquainted with the heavenly advantages of such a place, therefore it falls upon the teachers of our high and common schools—indeed it is one of their greatest duties—to put forth strenuous efforts to create and increase that desire and love for learning among their pupils. Frequently our attention has been drawn to the fact that there is altogether too little heed taken by teachers, generally, of the necessity of impressing upon the pupils the value and importance of increasing the sphere of their mind's activity. Indeed, very few pupils attending school, study with the earnestness necessary to make a marked success at all probable; nor can we altogether find fault with them on account of this, for the reason that few of them are sufficiently conscious, if at all, of the value a thorough education would be to them, since they think only of the present, and do not realize the momentous necessity of penetrating into the future, and viewing themselves as they then would be. Could they all look back from the life they are yet to enter upon, and glance over their present, their intellectual activity would be greatly

increased ; they would enter upon their studies with redoubled energy. But, although knowing that this is impossible, knowing that they are prevented from viewing their present life from a future standpoint, it should not be a hindrance to their marking out for themselves a line of action in that life yet before them ; and in spite of all the powerful influence which circumstance sways over a man's intended line of action, if they but lay out their course and keep the ship's head continually pointing towards that haven into which they have determined upon entering, reach it they will, though their vessel may be worn and weather-beaten. If all displayed as much uninterestedness and apathy on reaching their manhood, in relation to the accumulation of the necessaries of life, as the average school-boy does in reference to his studies, we should never advance in civilization. There are so many attractions for a young mind, drawing it by a powerful magnetic influence to pleasing allurements, but away from thoughtful study, that it loses sight of the importance and necessity of a deep earnestness, or anything but a passive endeavour in accumulating mental wealth. It is impossible to arrest the young mind on its course towards something of little importance, but pleasing and attractive, or substitute interest for apathy, unless there can be created within that mind concern for intellectual advancement, which would be as fascinating as the allurements which are unprofitable. But a person ever wishing to occupy a high standing in any branch of learning must have more than a longing and unsatisfied desire to know ; he must feel *determined* to penetrate far into the unexplored fields and mountains of knowledge ; nay, it will not suffice to have created within him a desire to acquire what great minds have taken years of study to simplify for his use and benefit ; he must possess determination and application, which always go hand in hand with the accomplishment of any true and good purpose ; without persistence none need expect

success. With it, a field wide in its brightness and splendour spreads out before us. No one undertaking a project can make so marked or distinct an advance in it without a love for his plan, without a love for the work itself, as can the one who is inspired with that love. Nor can he who exerts himself for his own interest compete with one who has some greater aim than self-advancement. There is always an interest created within the person who puts forth an effort, the direct benefit of which is felt outside of himself, that is alone confined to those who unselfishly work for others. A love for the learning and the study themselves must glow within the breast of him who desires success in any great mental object. Undoubtedly there are a great many, who, immediately after their minds commence to act, and after the mist which has hidden from their gaze the mountains of thought, lifts its foggy darkness, naturally have springing up within them an *unquenchable desire* and *determination* to know. These are sure to clamber high up upon the rugged mountain top, and there to find kindred minds with which to associate. But all are not thus blessed ; some have the desire without the determination or the love ; others the desire and the love without the determination ; others again the desire and the determination but not the love. We can easily understand the last of these three as being the only one really sure of success ; and since he has the determination and the desire, the love will not be found long wanting. The majority of us are in need of these qualities, which alone secure the attainment of any proposed object ; and if something could only be done within the home circle to stimulate these desires, instead of wasting time by carrying social amusements to an unhealthy excess, greatly should we be surprised and pleased with the rapid intellectual growth of our country. 'There is gold and a multitude of rubies : but the lips of knowledge are a precious jewel.'

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE moral deducible from the canvass in Quebec East should be obvious enough; yet we doubt whether those who need the lesson most, will read it aright. Both the militant parties affect a horror of invoking selfish prejudices or appealing to selfish interests; nevertheless both do, each in its own fashion, what they pretend to condemn. The Hon. Mr. Laurier is ostensibly a man of principle. His Address last summer was avowedly a reconstruction of his party 'platform.' He, and those who act with him, had agreed to abandon the excesses of the Rouges of *L'Avenir*, and to assume the position of a constitutional party, conscious of its responsibilities and proud of its position as the organized exponent of Liberal principles. Notwithstanding this, however, it can hardly be contended that the struggle in Quebec turns upon aught that deserves the name of a principle. So little have our factions to do with anything of that sort, that it may be laid down as the established strategy of both, to keep in the foreground local needs, real or imaginary, and to conceal any honest and substantial difference of opinion between them. There are two Governments at war in the constituency—the Local, battling for M. Tourangeau, and the Ottawa Administration for Mr. Laurier. Each strives to outbid the other in its corrupt offers. Do the people of Quebec desire a graving-dock, a military school, a repeal of French differential duties, or anything else up to a new citadel, they must support the new Minister. On the other hand, if they wish for any of the good things Messrs. Chapleau and Angers have in their gift, they will vote for Tourangeau, with the additional guarantee of having everything made smooth for them in another world. Experience has taught the clerical party to be more wary in exposing the cloven foot, than they used to be, and the recent hint from Rome seems to have led them not indeed 'to leave undone,' but 'to keep unknown.' Here it must be admitted that a principle is at stake; but it is not the fashion now-a-days to parade principles

where the pocket can be confidently appealed to. The so-called 'Liberty of the Church,' set up as a rival to the liberty of the people, would be worth encountering in an electoral contest even if it were sure to win. It is probable that in Quebec East, where the number of Protestant voters is insignificant, the hierarchy is certain of its ground, and does not care to provoke another struggle with the Supreme Court of the Dominion. At the same time, it must be remembered that urban constituencies are not so easily kept in line by the 'drum ecclesiastic' as their rural brethren of the orthodox faith. The struggle for existence is too keen in our cities to make the merchant or artisan unheedingful of the main chance, and thus it sometimes happens, even where the sacerdotalists have the best machinery at hand, that the Church is lost sight of in the zeal of worshippers at the shrine of mammon.

Whichever view may be the correct one, it is certain that ecclesiasticism does not play so prominent a part in the city of Laval as might have been expected. There is a national appeal to the Irish Catholics regarding O'Donoghue, which is certainly the feeblest clap-trap. Into the disputed facts of this case it is unnecessary to enter, but it seems quite clear that Ministers, cognizant of the real circumstances, are the best judges of the degree of indulgence to be extended to the exile. If it be true, as they allege, that O'Donoghue was guilty of two separate and distinct acts of rebellion; if, not content with aiding the abortive movement of Riel and Lepine, he also incited invaders from a foreign land to repeat the experiment which cost us so much expense and so much of our best blood, there seems valid reason for the distinction made by the Government. Riel and Lepine, however misguided they may have been, distinctly refused any countenance to the Fenian marauders. That they were highly culpable in resisting a government whose purposes and intentions they misconstrued, is unquestionable, and they were

guilty of a crime as well as a blunder, when they imbrued their hands in the blood of the unfortunate Scott. Yet considering the ignorance of the men, and the hot-blooded panic of the time, much might be urged for indulgence in their case. When the brief insurrection was over, Riel acknowledged his error in opposing the new régime, and in proof of his new loyalty, volunteered to oppose the Fenian raiders. O'Donoghue, on the other hand, without any such excuses as may pass muster for the *Métis*, for he well knew the character and heinousness of his crime, had hardly done with one act of treason, when he was found conspiring with a horde of ruffians to perpetrate another. No one can say that the sentence pronounced against him was ill-deserved; at the worst he was left with those whose policy of robbery and murder he admired, and if he has not been treated by them as he anticipated, he ought at least to be contented with so harmless a variety of martyrdom as he still suffers.

It is now stated that any distinction between O'Donoghue and the half-breeds in the matter of punishment had been removed long before an election in Quebec East was anticipated. We observe that the truth of this announcement is disputed by the *Montreal Gazette*, on the ground that on the 20th of September there was no quorum of Ministers present at Ottawa. This would furnish a curious addition to the proofs already furnished by experience of the chastising effects our pleasant sins bring in their wake. Whether Ministers were holiday-keeping, or engaged in the pic-nic line of business, it is unnecessary to enquire too strictly; according to our contemporary, they were not at Ottawa, and that is enough. The question of fact is not of much importance, except so far as it has influenced the vote of St. Roch's, and may be easily set at rest, when everybody has ceased to care anything about it. If it should turn out that the Order in Council was dated when His Excellency was in the North-West, and a majority of the Privy Council temporarily absent, what difference does it make? Lord Dufferin left behind him an adequate substitute in the person of Chief Justice Richards, and we live in days when the telegraph serves as many purposes as the telephone may some day answer, when that invention is perfected.

At all events, whether Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Laflamme—and the matter is constitutionally vested in the Ministry of Justice—recommended the order, is of no consequence. The hero of St. Roch's stands now upon the same footing as his brother culprits. They were not, by any means, so culpable as he, for they wanted what he had in superabundance, intelligence, education, and the guile of a practised adventurer. The 'Professor,' whether of letters, music, or the barber's art, was at least a sharp man, after graduating in that great University—the United States of America. After all, it is the zeal with which those of super-loyalty in the Dominion take up the cudgels on behalf of rebels that surprises one most. It is something new in Conservatism—at least it was until last Session—to plead for rebels or to expect a patient audience when pleading for them. The ghost of Castle-reagh, and many milder spectres who passed their hour on this earthly stage in his footsteps, would pause in their midnight round and turn paler for the nonce, on hearing that the apostles of loyalty have been transformed into advocates of mercy to rebels. The fact is that the O'Donoghue agitation is, from first to last, a miserable piece of 'buncombe', as our neighbours would term it, and would never have been begun, if the intelligent electors of St. Roch and St. Sauveur had been accessible by any other argument. The assumption that the Crown is liable to be called to account in the exercise of its undoubted prerogative by any section of the population—that it should yield to the clamour raised in the interests of party politicians—is untenable on every constitutional principle. It is not contended, we believe, that O'Donoghue was free from guilt as a rebel on two occasions. He was in fact a rebel of the most dangerous class, having the will, if not the power, of again embroiling the Dominion into conflict with the worst and most unscrupulous class of the American population. To demand for such an offender against the peace of this country, complete immunity from the legal consequences of his crime, is in fact to represent him as a martyr, whose cause is defensible for its own sake, and whose punishment was from the first an outrage on the Irish Catholic people of the Dominion. To take such a position, whether it be done through sympathy with the offender, or for

the ephemeral party purposes of a contested election, is virtually to extend sympathy to Fenian lawlessness, rapine, and murder.

The attitude of both sides during the Quebec canvass, not only on this question, but generally, ought to convince every impartial Canadian that principles have ceased to carry weight in our party politics. The Ministerial party hastened to issue a proclamation on the amnesty question, as a sop to the Celtic Cerberus, which they would not otherwise have been in any hurry about. That such a step was contemplated some time since may perhaps turn out to be true; yet it may also prove that it was devised for quite another purpose. The general election is not so far distant as to be out of the ministerial calculations; but the defeat of Mr. Laurier in his own constituency has compelled the premature unmasking of one battery, intended to dislodge opponents from an important position. The launching of the proclamation, at a time when the passions and prejudices of a class were being appealed to, was at once undignified and a confession of weakness. If it be wrong, and we believe it is, in the Opposition to pander to these passions and prejudices, it was not the true policy of ministers to confess that they had been entirely wrong heretofore, and to throw the name and dignity of the Crown into the arena as a make-weight for party purposes. The imputation of insincerity has been reasonably incurred on both sides, for neither Mr. Mackenzie nor Sir John Macdonald can affect any sympathy with O'Donoghue or the base cause of which he is the chosen representative. If the term 'clap-trap' was ever applicable to political strategy, it is surely so to an agitation commenced to embarrass a Ministry, without the pretence of a regard to principle, yet sanctioned in fact by Ministers themselves when they stooped to an ignominious concession in order to checkmate their foes and conciliate a clamorous section of the electorate in Quebec East.

Throughout the contest, selfish class interests have alone been appealed to. The Dominion and Local Governments, which are at variance, have made it a struggle of local desires to profit by political differences at the expense of the Ottawa and Quebec treasuries—a struggle in which each Ministry has endeavoured to outbid the other. Notwithstanding the zeal both factions pro-

less for purity of election, their open and avowed policy has been all along to bribe the masses *en bloc* or class after class. In one of his Scottish speeches recently, the Marquis of Hartington accused Lord Beaconsfield of striving to consolidate his power by pandering to the tastes and complying with the demands of trades and professions at the expense of the national interests. It is unnecessary to inquire here how far the imputation is a just one; but in Canada, it is indubitably the case that both our so-called parties have contracted a similar taint, which is gradually permeating the life-blood of this Dominion, and poisoning the vitality of the body politic. The degree of responsibility which should be borne by both it may be difficult to apportion accurately; but the fact remains that in default of any substantial programme of party principle, or any just claim to public confidence, Ministerials and Conservatives have both employed the same unworthy tactics. On the one side, there is the appeal based upon Mr. Laurier's position as a Minister,—one who will be more likely to give the local interests of Quebec what they demand than his opponent in the 'cold shades' can possibly do, even with the best intentions. On the other, the reaction is pointed to as an evidence that the Government tenure of office is precarious, and that if the electors hope to obtain what they want by bowing to the setting sun, they will speedily discover their mistake. Meanwhile, there is the Local Government in the field, abounding in promises, ready to spend and be spent, in the service of the city, if the East division will but return Mr. Tourangeau. Canadian politics have too often been unsavoury from the vindictive personal elements intermingled with them. Now, however, we have sounded the depths of degradation by the bold avowal on both hands that political principle, in the worthy sense of that abused term, has no existence, and that party success or failure depends upon a nice calculation of probabilities, in which the balance is held by the selfish local interests of a constituency.

The formation of a National Society in Montreal is a hopeful sign that the more intelligent of the community are awakening to a sense of the essential pettiness of our

## CURRENT EVENTS.

existing political system. There is no reason why men of different parties, creeds, and origins should not unite in one common effort against both partisan stratagems and sectional aims, and the movement inaugurated at the meeting presided over by Ald. Stephen, has its best justification in the present deplorable condition of affairs. That the new Association will attain its objects completely we are not so sanguine as to imagine. The canker of partyism and sectionalism has eaten so deeply into our politics that it cannot be eradicated by mere wishes and resolutions, however sincerely uttered or sagaciously framed. Aspirations are in themselves good only so far as they lead to practical effort in a right direction, and it is by no means clear that a national movement is sustainable whose foundation is aspiration merely. The purposes of the Canadian National Society are certainly laudable in themselves—if only they can be attained. 'To promote a spirit of harmony and mutual confidence' is unquestionably a good aim to keep in view; but how is it to be secured? Party men are not subject to instantaneous conversion, either in reference to principles, habits of thought, or modes of action, at will—save perhaps where the hope of office clears the vision and opens to the eye a prospect tempting personally to the individual, but of little value to the nationality. It is much to be feared that, after 'the first spasm of hopeful enthusiasm, our party Nationalists will return to the old familiar practices, like the dog and the sow in the book of Solomon. 'The sentiment of Canadian patriotism among all classes of our people—irrespective of their political associations, their national origin, or their religious belief,' sounds well, and yet it may, when put to the test, prove a mere conventional platitude, as other sentiments have done before. Patriotism, like loyalty, can only possess substantial value when it is based upon principle; and to believe 'in country before party,' is virtually to ignore party altogether. In Canada, allegiance to country is incompatible with any but the loosest attachment to party, and therefore the surest method of securing the one is by utterly abandoning the other. There is no reason certainly why a party man should not be a patriot, in the abstract; the misfortune is that patriotic and party aims are so

inextricably confounded in Canada, that it will prove impossible to distinguish the one from the other, where they conflict. In which event, the nebulous claims of country are sure to succumb to the more appreciable merits of party. The danger indicated is merely an obstacle in the way of the new Society, and not an insuperable one, on condition that party men enter this political Rine movement, resolved to reform their tactics, to remodel their conventional language towards opponents, and to act honestly and ingeniously when they are called on to deal with principles. Otherwise the spirit of 'harmony and confidence' will resemble the mining and countermining of the belligerents at Plevna, where, if there is on common purpose existing, there is certainly a mutual understanding.

There is yet another point to be noticed, and it can hardly have escaped the attention of the leaders in the movement. The third purpose of the Society is declared to be 'the vigorous development of our internal resources,' and so on. Here a rock of offence meets us at the threshold. Are our internal resources to be developed by a 'national policy' or on the cosmopolitan system of Mr. Cartwright? If this question 'affecting the interest of Canada' is to be discussed 'from the standpoint of country before party,' one or two results is possible. Either the needs of the Dominion will be found to coincide with the party platform, in which case there will be no purpose in deciding which is 'before or after the other,' or parties must be destroyed in the national interests, and what umpire is to decide whether one or other or both shall be offered as a holocaust? 'Religious belief,' again, ought not to be a cause of dissension in a free country like this; and yet it is unhappily so, in a marked and anomalous degree. If we are to have 'justice in the enactment and administration of laws,' what will become of Ultramontaniam, in the struggle for existence? It is, or ought to be, clear enough that the hierarchical assumptions of Quebec sacerdotalism are inconsistent with the first principles of nationalism, and that, notwithstanding the temporary truce, the battle must be fought to the end. Will the Montreal Society do battle for the supremacy of law, as it is bound by its principles to do, whenever the hierarchy shall determine to precipitate the



conflict between Church and State? These are some of the difficulties in the way of the new movement, not insisted on with any hostile purpose—for we strongly approve of it—but because it seems to us that its attempt at conciliation, where there can be no concord, is a mistake which may sooner or later prove fatal to a very laudable conception. In any case, its originators will justly claim the merit of having made an earnest attempt to elevate the tone of our political system, and whether the movement succeed or fail, its promoters deserve full credit for the new element they have introduced into the dull and degraded level to which our public life has fallen.

The death of Chief Justice Draper, at a mature age, reopened for the moment a completed and well-nigh forgotten chapter of our political past. It recalled the struggles of party when the foundations of our existing system were laid; when the complexion of our nationality was set, so to speak, in grooves never since departed from; and when politicians had tangible objects, for and against which they could contend. It is easy now to indicate the weak position Mr. Draper occupied in that transition time; yet perhaps the warmest advocates of parliamentary government will be the readiest to do him justice. Sir Francis Hincks, one of the few surviving gladiators in that momentous conflict, has done good service, in his somewhat discursive lecture on the subject. Nothing so soon escapes public notice, after it has served its temporary purpose, than the basis of fact, on either side, underlying every period of strong political convulsion. There are the methods of ignorance which misunderstands, and the method of perversion misrepresenting events. In both instances, without designed unfairness, the leaders of the blind, as well as the blind themselves, fall into the ditch. The struggle for Responsible Government did not begin with party, although it ended in subserviency to party interests. Perhaps the worst enemies to that system were members of its own household. Those who have read attentively those portions of English history, especially relating to Canada, will not fail to have observed that, from the debates on the Quebec Act of 1774 to the final triumph of the British principle of parliamentary government, the

enemies of equitable rule were pre-eminently the Whigs. Burke, Fox, and Barré, succeeded by Earl Russell and the Whig aristocracy, were always the enemies of fair play to Frenchmen, and not over friendly to free government elsewhere than in the urban constituencies they desired to treat as pocket boroughs. Anyone who wishes a complete justification of Marshal McMahon, and his forerunner Lord Metcalfe, may find it in the great Whig principle laid down by Lord John Russell in his resolution, 'That while it is expedient to improve the constitution of the Executive Council, it is unadvisable to subject it to the responsibility demanded by the House of Assembly.' No one could possibly define the principle more clearly, and act on it with greater alacrity than Earl Russell, that Canada should be governed for the people and not by them; and until Mr. Gladstone infused something like a conscience into the English Liberal party, it never acted otherwise.

Mr. Draper's course, during the conflict, was perfectly consistent, and there is no reason to believe that it was ever dishonest or tortuous. He was, above all things, an Englishman, and a loyalist who accepted, without questioning them, the dicta of the Whig Minister. He could not understand, and certainly no crassness of intellect prevented him from understanding, the sort of double responsibility our Colonial system implied. Either the Governor was responsible to the Crown or he was not; if he were, then 'the well-understood wishes and interests of the people,' as expressed by their representatives, ought not to bind him, when they conflicted with the views of the Imperial Government of the day. If he was not responsible in that sense, then he became an independent Sovereign, with Lords and Commons of his own. Mr. Baldwin, with clearer moral vision, was as forcibly convinced that the two responsibilities were perfectly compatible, so long as the Imperial Government desisted from their purpose of ruling the colony from Downing Street, and Canadian Governors selected their advisers from those who possessed the confidence of the Canadian people. Under the circumstances of the colony at that time, it is unfair to judge Mr. Draper in the light of to-day. The Union came upon the British population as a great triumph. They had been secured an equality

in the representation, to which they were not entitled, and which brought ultimately its own nemesis after it. In all that they did, however, they were not merely sustained but prompted by the *soi-disant* Liberals of England. Lord Durham, whose luminous Report is now justly appealed to as the charter of our nationality, was still the victim of national prejudice. Lord Sydenham, a man in many respects illustrious, seems to have entertained but an inadequate conception of responsible Government as we understand it. Sir Charles Bagot appeared for too brief a period, as a light in a dark place, and gave way to Lord Metcalfe, in whom the old system found its chief supporter. As Sir Frances Hincks wrote in the *Pilot*, 'the honest tyranny of Sydenham' gave way to 'the paternal despotism of Sir Charles Metcalfe,' and the tactics of the Imperial Government, whether Whig or Tory, went out of fashion in 1845. The brief controversy during Earl Cathcart's vice-royalty need not occupy our attention, farther than to quote the *dictum* of M. Caron, which, in a year or two, was proved true, that with Lord Metcalfe's departure, a new era had arisen, and thus the struggle virtually ended.

Now Mr. Draper's part in the entire controversy may be summed up in brief thus. He was passionately attached to British connection, by birth, culture, and personal bias. When he entered upon his political life and during the greater part of it, the public officers were admittedly the best persons to administer the Government; and, in the earlier days of colonization, that sort of Government, *au défaut de mieux*, was perhaps as good as any other, and certainly more effective. If Reformers, like Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine, who had something to reform, claimed that the period set for the reign of paternal despotism had come to an end, there were also Conservatives, like Mr. Draper, who believed the proposed innovations to be premature, and thought that there was something worth conserving. The fitful years of the Rebellion, the unsettled and dark future which seemed in store for the Union, until Lord Elgin took the reins, may well have confirmed minds of a conservative bias in their views. Time has proved that Mr. Baldwin and his far-seeing coadjutors were right, and we, the first inheritors of the free institutions they secured

us, should be proud of them and their bequest. At the same time, we owe a debt the impartial chronicler to come will cheerfully pay to the late Chief Justice and those who thought and acted with him. The present generation is not so much unjust as oblivious of the struggle of thirty or forty years ago. When it comes to occupy its proper place in Canadian annals, a due meed of praise will be awarded to those who checked, as well as to those who urged on, our national chariot in its somewhat heady and unequal progress. As a judge, it is unnecessary to speak of the late Chief Justice. It may have surprised many that a man identified with what the popular mind regards as despotic Government, should have been so tenderly solicitous in the honest and fearless administration of justice. The mystery will disappear if one considers that the statesman and the judge were the same conscientious man, as earnest in what we now regard as mistaken political views, as, for thirty years, he proved himself upon the bench a faithful dispenser of right between man and man, 'without fear, favour, or affection.' Chief Justice Draper may be said to have been the last Canadian embodiment of a type of character fast disappearing from among us. His intellect was acute, subtle, and many-sided rather than profound; yet finely-tempered and always on the alert, well-burnished and ready for use. In manner, suave and self-possessed, as became a cultured man, he could boast a keen and caustic humour which appeared to flash forth at times almost involuntarily, with a dulcet smile and a merry twinkle of the eye. His weapon, as fitted one of the old school, was the rapier rather than the bludgeon, and whether on the bench or off it, he had the reputation of using the stiletto under the fifth rib, without drawing too much blood, but always with effect and in a gentlemanly way. Fox once adduced as proof of the Chancellor's disingenuousness that 'no man ever was so wise as Thurlow looked;' but he was not responsible for his looks. And in the same way Chief Justice Draper was rather fond of fence, not because there was any lack of kindness in his nature, but because his quickness of intellect burst out spontaneously in characteristic flashes of polished satire. In short he often 'looked' mischief, when he was not meaning it. Of his legal acumen

and attainments this is not the place to speak; it is sufficient to note that, during a judicial career of thirty years, he possessed the entire confidence of the legal profession—a sure criterion of a judge's probity, knowledge, and sound judgment. During a long public career, he was the centre of political strife, or at times, after he had left the arena, the victim of party suspicion and prejudice; yet although, in moments of passion, hard things were said of him, we do not believe that his honesty of purpose or perfect freedom from bias was ever called in question. He was made to be a judge, and the judicial character of his mind overpowered any tendency, conscious or otherwise, which an honest impartiality and love of justice could, or ought to, condemn. With him departed the last of our old school of judges—not of our great judges, for happily we can boast of some yet living and in mature vigour of mind and body who would adorn any bench in the civilized world—but judges of that earlier type which, whether it be desirable or not, can never be reproduced. He was also one of the few great party gladiators at a momentous crisis in our constitutional history, who witnessed in its beginnings the old régime which preceded Confederation. Greater men have trodden the stage of public life; men of less contracted views and of keener political provision than William Henry Draper—but upon no public man has the grave closed with more genuine respect and unfeigned regret than upon him.

The award by the Fisheries Commission of five millions and a half of dollars has come upon the public as a surprise—a god-send, as it were, from the sea. The fate of the other arbitrations had appeared to predetermine the result of this, which was peculiarly our own. Deprived of compensation for the Fenian raids, on good technical grounds we admit, nobody expected success from a controversy in which American cajolery and finesse, essayed a supreme effort. When it was announced that the Commission had, by an unanimous vote, rejected the Canadian claim, so far as the fishing for bait and the other necessary accompaniments were concerned, people generally appear to have regarded our case as lost. They forgot that that claim was ruled out simply because it was not

referred to the Commission, and it seems likely now that this decision will be of benefit. The matters ruled out were in fact not decided upon, instead of being decided against; in other words, the Commission did not rule that the privileges were not valuable, and therefore not appraisable, but that it was *ultra vires* to rule upon them at all.

Now we are far from desiring to urge any course which will impede the amicable and speedy adjustment of this vexed question for all time, provided it can be equitably adjusted; still it may not be amiss to point out, when dealing with the United States, that an important claim has not been adjudicated upon, simply because it was not contemplated in the Treaty, and this is a matter for reciprocal legislation on the part of the Dominion and the States. Not much stress is to be laid upon the retiring shot on the part of Mr. Kellogg; he probably knew that his countrymen would expect something melodramatic from him in the shape of blue fire, and the result was his inane and untenable protest. No public man of any sense would contend for an instant that, in an international arbitration, where each nation chooses a representative, and both agree upon a third as umpire, either may disavow the reference because its representative refuses to concur. Let us suppose Sir Alexander Gait and Mr. Kellogg as the contestants to have paired off; there yet remains M. Delfosse, Belgian Minister at Washington, who was specially agreed upon by both parties as referee, and his decision is in our favour. It is unnecessary, however, to enter into the question. Our neighbours are rather proud of being sharp at a bargain, and their reputation for 'sharpness' is dearer to them than their credit for honesty and good faith. But both the press and the people appear to be agreed that it is quite possible to be too sharp for success, and that any attempt to repudiate the award would reflect indelible disgrace and dishonour upon them for all time to come. The more so, after receiving a larger amount from Great Britain than was required by the Geneva award, and quietly pocketing the balance.

Sir Alexander Gait deserves the greatest credit for his part in this result. Not because he adhered to his country, 'right or

wrong,' which would be the moving cause for gratitude across the border, but because throughout he acted in a purely judicial spirit, rejecting a Canadian claim which appeared to him untenable, and firmly deciding in our favour when he was convinced we were right. The amount awarded comes far short of our just expectations; but such as it is, we feel more satisfied, because the credit remains with our representative of having acted in concert with a gentleman who has no earthly reason for doing us that measure of justice, but has probably injured his position as a diplomat by so doing. Unlike previous foreign referees—and we say this without impugning their good faith—he had no state reasons for coquetting with the Washington Government, and was at liberty to pronounce an impartial verdict. At any rate he dared to do right, whilst the American Commissioner could not have done so, if he would. To the Canadian counsel we also owe much for the exhaustive work they performed. No one, perhaps, outside the circle of parties and witnesses actually engaged, can conceive the amount of earnest labour Messrs. Doure and Wilson were compelled to undergo. If we single out Sir Alexander Galt as especially entitled to gratitude, it is because he represents the true National feeling of Canada. Tied to neither party, he now occupies the unique position of being the representative of Canadian aspirations, Canadian interests and expectations. Without being a bigot, he has had the manliness to protest against clerical assumptions in the Province where he resides, and by doing so, has severed the bond which long united him with men he personally respects. He is an avowed champion of a national, in preference to a cosmopolitan, fiscal system, not on party grounds or with a view to party successes, but from sincere and profound conviction. His judgment in matters of finance is unimpeachable, and his honesty and conscientiousness are far above the reach of slander or calumny. Above all, he is peculiarly the statesman demanded at the present juncture of affairs, to interpose in the tempest of party combat, and to give audible expression and forcible effect to the needs of the time.

Within the past few months, the National movement has assumed an importance

which places it beyond the reach of vulgar abuse and ridicule—if not of misunderstanding and, we fear we must add, of misrepresentation. The attention of the British public has been directed to the subsisting relations between England and the Colonies with good effect. Of the statesmen belonging to the Liberal party, only two appear to cling to the anti-Colonial notion of former years—Lord Blachford and Mr. Lowe. The former may be termed a statesman of the past, inheriting the traditional opinions and still tempered by the modes of thought prevalent during his term of active service. Of his long and vigorous Colonial administration as Sir Frederick Rogers, we desire to speak with unfeigned respect, and he has lately developed strength in polemical literature of the highest order. But his views now are merely a survival of that spasm—or tetanus, perhaps, it might more properly be termed—which shook the frame of the Liberal party some years ago. As for Mr. Lowe, nobody expects much good now from his great abilities. He is the Ishmael of politicians, and to the Liberal party, as the *Spectator* lately observed, he appears 'not only provoking, but perverse,' and peevish also, with that sort of puerile peevishness we learn to tolerate in a clever child. The exponents of Liberal opinion in England are extremely anxious that views like those of Lord Blachford and Mr. Lowe should be kept in the background, if they must be entertained at all. No possible 'plank' in the Liberal platform, supposing the party fatuous enough to adopt it, could be more dangerous or more suicidal than the disintegration of the Empire. England has survived the fever of doctrinarism which afflicted her after the fiscal revolution of 1846, and the party of progress has learned in adversity that it must cease to be the party of suicide. When Lord Beaconsfield menaced his opponents with the magic words, 'Federation of the Empire,' he probably did so as a mere *ruse de guerre*; yet it served to show the direction of that popular breeze of which the English Premier has approved himself a skilled observer. Whatever strength the anti-Colonial theory may have had in the mother-country, ten or fifteen years ago, it hardly exists as a factor in the political account now, save so far as it is useful as a Conservative taunt.

Colonial connection, however, is one thing and the National principle of Federation is another; and it is observable that the strongest friends, at present, of the one, are, to all appearance, the bitterest foes of the other. There is no danger of any party arising either in England or here—at least during the present generation—which will have the temerity to hoist the flag of disintegration. *Cela va sans dire*. The London *Civil Service Review* is indignant that Lord Blachford, who so long occupied the position of permanent head of the Colonial Office, should now turn out to have been the advocate of an anti-Colonial policy. The indignation is natural, but vented in the wrong direction. Lord Blachford has always been consistent, so far as appears; and if his chiefs or those of them attached to his political school, have altered their opinions, that certainly is no reason for being angry with him. He merely accepted the traditions of the office and is faithful to them; *they* are not, either because, in the face of public opinion, they dare not, or else because they have conscientiously changed their opinions. If there be any virtue in consistency—and it is but a mulish sort of virtue after all—Lord Blachford has a right to the credit of it, in addition to the reasons, satisfactory to him, for being of the same opinion still. Surely the survival of opinions is no greater offence to society than the survival of men capable of holding such opinions, and certainly Lord Blachford, whatever we may think of his views on this particular question, is too able a man and wields too powerful a pen to be readily dispensed with for some years to come.

In the noble Lord's *Nineteenth Century* article, he had one bogey, increased expenditure, increased responsibility—in short, a drain of England's wealth and an increased draft on the official intellect and inventive resource. It is perhaps a national—by which we do not mean a Canadian—failing, always to meet a proposal like that of Imperial Federation with the query, 'What will it cost?' To us it is as susceptible of proof as that the sun will shine to-morrow—the highest degree of probability short of empirical evidence—that a Federation of the Empire would cost both the Imperial and Colonial treasuries considerably less than they now expend, with the advan-

tages of closer unity in the Empire, only partially calculable in money value, additional securities for defence, and a proportional advance of trade, and all that mass of agencies which together make up what we are accustomed to term civilization. In the *Journal of Commerce*, an able financial and mercantile paper published in Montreal, there is an apparition, *mutatis mutandis*, of the same bogey. It is not guarantee or an increase in Imperial army and navy estimates which alarms our contemporary, but the apprehension that Canada would be compelled 'to assume a share of the Imperial burthens,' in which event the writer believes that separation and consequent annexation to the United States would inevitably follow. Now, as appears to us, the Canadian bogey is every whit as much a creature of the imagination as the Blachford bogey. It will scarcely be disputed that so long as we form a part of the Empire, we must inevitably bear 'a share of the burthens' of that Empire. The *Journal* may think that we ought not to bear any more than we are compelled, or bound in honour, to bear; but supposing that the United States were to go to war with the mother-country to-morrow, say on the Fishery award; what would be our obvious duty? To strike hands with the enemy or bear the lion's share of the Imperial burdens? Federation certainly would not make the danger of war less, nor would it increase it; and as for the cost, supposing it distributed *per capita* throughout the Empire, what would Canada's share in the matter of defence amount to? In a European imbroglio, which appears to be our contemporary's strong point, the liability of Canada might be practically *nil*, if, for example, England were to go to war to prop up the rottenness of Turkey. But suppose that Russia, in such a war, as might have been the case when she had a fleet in the North Atlantic or Pacific last year, were to strike a blow at the Dominion either in British Columbia or the Maritime Provinces on the east coast, on which side would lie the preponderating advantage for Canada, with isolation or federation? Nations are not so far apart, for belligerent purposes, as they used to be, and every year draws them into closer promixity. The fear of a Russian raid alarmed Australia into a panic only to be allayed by iron-clads, and the

same danger in a more substantial guise may threaten us to-morrow. Either, therefore, we must cease to be a part of the Empire, and instead of being the heir of the lion become the prey of the eagle, or the Empire must be consolidated, by placing a directing force at head-quarters, which is at once the brain force and the sensory and motor system of the entire body politic. An Empire which has no head to think, no heart to feel, and no arm to strike for its remotest outlying member; which cannot see until seeing is of no use, and never thinks of defending until the invader's back is turned, should at once abdicate Imperial functions, and propagate itself by the fissiparous method of generation Lord Balfour recommends.

Nationalists favour Federation because it is really the only solution of the problem intelligent men of all parties admit we must meet—the other alternative being the extinction of our nationality altogether. Of the two bogeys the English one, so unsubstantial that any one may see through it, is as granite compared with the pale and unreal mockery of our contemporary, which might stand for the shadow of a sprite—the photograph of a phantom seen in fever. Certainly, if any one has even plausible ground for apprehension, it is the wary and economical John Bull, who, lavish and liberal as he always is, never ceases to grumble when he fears demands upon his pocket. England has Imperial duties which she must perform on the penalty, solemnly and inexorably to be exacted, of being shorn of her prestige and her renown. We, her rising offspring, sprung into a lusty manhood, may bring her aid, no less than counsel, she wots not of—and the time may come when both may be required at the hands of every nationality she has reared. To make the family one, in fact, and not in name merely, the ties which unite it must be contracted, and the family council, at which the needs and duties of each and all the members may be discussed and defined, can only be held around the old home fireside. As for the difficulties in the way of a federated Empire, if they are all as superficial as those already advanced, they may be easily overcome. The only way to do so is to encounter them boldly, with the determination to remove them out of the way, instead of making shadowy mountains in the cloud-

land of the imagination. Certainly there would be little reason to boast of the elasticity of our constitutional system, or the indomitable skill and energy of the English speaking race, if our people should yield to the call to lay down their oars, fold their arms, and float helplessly down the stream of time. Not thus have great Empires been produced. Only in periods of despair or decadence have such counsels been heeded—and then they are the premonitory symptoms of dissolution.

Being, therefore, unwaveringly attached to British connection, and regarding Imperial Federation as the only sure method of preventing separation and placing our future beyond a peradventure, we earnestly advocate the principle. But, in order that Canada may worthily occupy her place as a member of that Imperial association, she must cherish and cultivate a spirit of Canadian nationality. In again referring to this subject, it is necessary to note two misconceptions, which so frequently appear in the utterances of public men. The first is, that the idea of a Canadian nationality is opposed to anything like a loyal attachment to the Empire; and 'the second is like unto it,' that in desiring to extinguish sectionalism and party spirit, and unite the entire Dominion by the bond of common feelings and interests, and in the hope of a common future, we are, in some unexplained sense, reflecting upon those who by birth or relationship are connected with other sections of the Empire. Nothing is needed to show the inane feebleness of the party plea—and it is nothing else—against our position than the crass pertinacity with which the changes are rung on these baseless imputations. Regarding the one, enough has already been said; yet we cannot avoid referring to the fresh evidence of its indestructible vitality as a fallacy, afforded in the proceedings of the new Canadian National Society in Montreal. The difficulties in the way of that movement were suggested before the rather warm discussion of the 27th ult., had taken place. Mr. Thomas White, Jr., of the *Gazette*, of whom, as well on more substantial grounds as because he is the 'best abused' man of his party in Quebec, we desire to speak with all respect, appears to take an unreasonably sensitive view of the subject. Why the insertion of the word 'National' in

the title should be regarded as 'a hint at independence or a menace to British connection,' passes comprehension. Now that adjectives of so neutral a tint have suddenly acquired importance, even the term 'Canadian' which Mr. White is content to endure, may be liable to a similar animadversion. Why not strike it out also, and call this nondescript, 'The Society'; though even then, the very fact of association might, as in France, be the mask of some treasonable battery. In short, why should the thing be called by any title at all, or, for that matter, have any tangible existence at all? Why not leave it *in nubibus*,  $x$  representing the loyalty and  $y$  the Canadian spirit—two unknown and unknowable quantities in a crotchety quadratic?

No one ever heard a suspicion raised against the loyalty of other 'national' societies; why should Canada alone be denied one, ten years after the existence of her 'nationality' was solemnly proclaimed in a Speech from the Throne? Why in short should this logomachy be persisted in when the real purpose of the movement is so plain and obvious? We are not aware against whom the insinuation of disloyalty is directed; it is sufficient to observe that in the mouths of those who hint at it—and we are not referring specially to Mr. White and the party of which he is an able and energetic member—it simply means a party war-cry, and proves with admirable conclusiveness that the existence of parties, as they are now, is incompatible with any effort in the 'national' direction. Upon this branch of the subject, it is unnecessary to enlarge. The able paper of Mr. G. A. Mackenzie in another part of this number of the MONTHLY, occupies the breach with great force and vigour. It appears to us, however, that the writer takes Sir John Macdonald's words on a festive occasion, rather too much *au sérieux*. The leader of the Opposition, as he shows, may not be remarkably consistent in his utterances, and, on the 1st of July next, it is not unlikely that he may, to all appearance, unsay all that he uttered as a 'Caledonian on Halloween. Sir John's mind is exceedingly flexible, and, with a warm nature and great susceptibility to external impressions, he is apt to yield to the *genius loci* or the topic of the hour. So far from finding fault with the ex-Premier on that account,

we believe it to be a most fortunate circumstance that all our statesmen are not conscious automata, whose movements may be predicted when once we know the inherited bent of their minds or the crooks received in the course of training. Intelligent people know the real worth of Sir John Macdonald; with all his faults—and they are chiefly faults of temperament—he is and will long remain, should he be spared, a political power in Canadian politics which the country can ill afford to lose.

With Mr. Mackenzie's criticism, however, we entirely agree, and cannot but admire the warm and glowing diction in which it is clothed. But when touching upon the Hon. Mr. Macdougall, he seems to us as unfair. That hon. gentleman has perhaps received less justice than any Ontario public man; and Mr. Mackenzie only follows the very bad example of Mr. Brown and his journal, when he adds his voice to the hue and cry. The Local member for Simcoe was a colleague—and a most efficient one—of Mr. Brown in the Confederation debates; but unfortunately he had a mind of his own, which he was unwilling to make over to the Dictator. The latter, not waiting, like Jonah, to be cast overboard by the sailors, abandoned the ship of State, and has since floated about in a whale, imaginative as that of Polonius,—a 'Reformer with nothing to reform.' The sole reason of the vulgar abuse heaped upon Mr. Macdougall is that he did not also throw himself into the sea. Our contributor has unhappily been drawn into the party rut, and has committed, in addition, the capital mistake of first claiming that our loyalty is founded on 'mutual interest and mutual necessity,' and then turning in eloquent rage upon Mr. Macdougall for saying precisely the same thing.

National politics are opposed to *party* politics as we now find them. The *Globe* confesses that party distinctions are now effaced and obliterated. There is no sound principle at issue between them; therefore, we should infer that neither has any *raison d'être*. Not so the party journal—his moral being that Sir John's party is neither Liberal nor Conservative, and that its own is both. The inimitable humour of this new attitude cannot be too much admired; and a political Schopenhauer would

have little difficulty in proving that there are no parties at all, from the premises laid down in the party organ. The *Journal of Commerce*, to which we have already alluded, by an 'admirable derangement of epitaphs,' as Mrs. Malaprop would say, falls into an amusing pit which it dug for us and has fallen into itself. 'If the author of these remarks'—that is the present writer—fully 'comprehended the system of government under which he is living, he would know that the Nationalists have not the most remote chance of changing the fiscal policy of the Dominion except through the instrumentality of party.' Now there is an evident paronomasia here in the case of the word 'party,' as compared with the same term further on. If by 'party' our contemporary means one or other of the existing parties, we repeat that a change in the fiscal policy is not a 'party question,' as we need not stop to prove. So long as these parties exist, neither the fiscal, nor any other 'national' question will be freely discussed or satisfactorily settled. If, on the other hand, a party is merely an organized movement in a given direction, say a reform in our fiscal system, then we have only to deny that it ever entered into our heads to obtain a solution otherwise than by 'the instrumentality of party.' So soon as the *Journal of Commerce* informs us, and we have no doubt it will at once do so, what 'the really party questions' may be, over which Canadians are to contend, it will at once be admitted that existing parties have some right to be, or at least some pretence for cumbering the ground. Our contemporary tumbles into the pit when he admits that without manufactures we can not escape the fall into 'decrepitude and decay;' secondly, that the change in our fiscal policy can only be obtained through party, the word being used in an esoteric and not in the popular sense; and finally, that at the next election it (the non-party question) will probably be the great bone of contention, and will probably cause 'a disruption of the present political parties.' That is exactly the position we started out with, instead of floundering in a Serbonian bog, and we have learned to state further, that the best time to break up parties, tried and found wanting, is the present. In short, the people should spring out of the traces,

and take care that they do not wait so long as to be strangled at the polls. There is, therefore, not so much difference between the *Journal* and us as it supposed; and it has only to take the proffered hand, to be welcomed as a 'Nationalist' whenever it plants its foot on the solid ground just pointed out, a step or two out of the mire.

To those who regard the political destiny of Canada as gradually converging to that of the United States—the vanishing-point being in the near future—the present condition of the great Republic must be of absorbing interest; yet it is scarcely reassuring. Those who hope that a better prospect is in store for the Dominion, whilst they can afford to admire the wonderful energy, fertility of resource, and splendid recuperative power of the United States, cannot fail to be pained by the events which are passing across the border. As a near relative of Brother Jonathan, Canada can sympathize with him in his struggles, his failures, and successes; but the parties are too near akin for political matrimony—and such an alliance would come within the prohibited degrees. Our tastes and sympathies, our views of Government, and, above all, our notions of international, as well as intranational morality are entirely different from, and in many respects diametrically opposed to, his. In Canada, for example, no reputable organ of a political party could venture to utter with impunity, a deliberate proposal to tamper with the national good faith, as the *New York Times* has done. The idea of paying a sum of money, found to be due by the United States, or of withholding it, according as Canada will or will not consent to accept it in discharge of other claims not the subject of arbitration, seems to us monstrous and almost inconceivable. There are three points: first, the claim for twelve years' liberty to fish in Canadian waters, the decision upon which—after a lapse of five years frittered away on various pretexts by the Americans—has been decided in our favour; the second, regarding bait, the curing of fish, &c., which was ruled out as not referred to the Commission at all; and thirdly, the dispute concerning the headlands of bays and gulfs, which Canada has always contended to include the waters within, no



matter how wide they may be. This did not, under the circumstances, require adjudication. Now, the contention of the *Times* is, that the United States Government shall refuse to pay the amount found to be due unless this country agrees to grant the fisheries in perpetuity, to surrender the second issue, and declare herself wrong upon the third. One has only to illustrate for himself the morality of such a demand, by translating it into ordinary commercial language as between man and man, to be shocked by its unblushing audacity. Another proposal is to pay this debt as the price of a Reciprocity treaty by which both parties will profit equally. In domestic policy the aspect of affairs in the States is not more creditable. Not to speak of the outrageous caballing in the Senate on the Butler and Kellogg cases, where the success or failure of party tactics may depend on the arrest and carrying off a Senator to prevent his vote being cast, look at the trifling with the public credit and reputation manifested in the Silver Bill and its financial congeners. A great deal of party recrimination is indulged in here about political corruption; but would any Canadian member dare to propose such a measure as the remonetization bill, by which every creditor, public or private, would be robbed of eight cents on the dollar? And yet it passed the House of Representatives by more than a two-thirds vote, and may yet reach the Presi-

dent, and be adopted over his veto. Even the Indian policy of the United States is honesty and justice itself compared with public dishonour and degradation like this.

But little space remains to speak of events in Europe; and they are in the making, rather than rounded and complete, while we write. At this moment, before perhaps these lines reach the reader's eye, Plevna may have fallen, and Marshal MacMahon may have struck the fatal blow at peace and free government in France. In both cases, the beginning of the end appears to be at hand; but where shall its issue be? The Marshal having once taken the bit into his teeth, appears determined never to relax his hold even if he be compelled to swallow it. The exemplary patience and endurance of the Left is admirably sustained; but, after all, it is French patience, and that cannot be more than human. The Russian triumph—which is also the victory of humanity over barbarism and brutality—is now assured. Neither the attempt to raise new levies, nor the sympathetic plaudits of Semitic visionaries in Guildhall, nor the mendacity of Pashas, can much longer avail the Turk. He has been tried in the balances and found wanting; time only will disclose how his kingdom shall be divided, or unto whom the wasted inheritance is to be given.

*November 29th, 1877.*

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

**THE IRISHMAN IN CANADA.** By Nicholas Flood Davin. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. Toronto: Maclear & Co. 1877.

This handsome volume forms the first of a series to which the publishers have given the distinctive name of 'National.' Its purpose is to describe in succession each of what may be called the national units in that aggregate sum, sooner or later to become homogeneous, which we call the Canadian people. It is not intended to describe these nationalities as, in any way, antagonistic one to another, or to exalt any one of them at the expense of the rest.

They are, at farthest, only friendly rivals, each bringing with it its native characteristic aptitudes and its peculiar talents and tendencies, and enlisting them in the cause of Canadian progress. The Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman does not cease to be what he is by descent and early training; he cannot divest himself of his national peculiarities of mind, temper, and general disposition if he would, and these must have their due weight in the formation of that new national character now in the making on this side of the great deep. Certainly if we believed that a work like the one before us would tend to retard the formation of a Canadian spirit, it would receive no words

of commendation in these pages. But even if it were possible to divest the new settler of home memories and attachments—and it is not—few would pronounce it desirable. Each of these national tributaries flows into the national river whose volume and power it materially increases; but it had a course and a career of its own before it reached the meeting of the waters. Moreover, it is profitable to take our complex nationality to pieces, as it were, and to examine each section by itself, study its structure, and endeavour to ascertain its precise value and its probable influence on the entire framework. And then again, as Mr. Davin remarks in his preface, there is an obvious advantage in grouping such records of early settlement as yet remain, about a national nucleus. In the United States there are large volumes of valuable material stored up in the libraries; in Canada, on the other hand, and especially in Ontario, facts which would be invaluable to the future historian are perishing before our eyes for want of a little industry and enterprise amongst our rulers and our literary men. 'The Irishman in Canada' is thus an attempt to reap the harvest in one part of the field and store it up safely for all time to come.

The work reflects great credit both upon the author and the publishers. It shows the results of an amount of patient industry which cannot be commended too highly. If it has a fault in this regard, it errs by excess rather than defect; for there are not a few names recorded which posterity will not be altogether unwilling to forget. In this connection it may be remarked that Mr. Davin has exhibited great skill in the manipulation and digestion of his somewhat unwieldy material, and he has managed to make the book almost uniformly interesting throughout. The style is easy and flowing, though here and there much too florid and rhetorical. That, however, is not a very grave fault in a work designedly popular in tone as well as subject. The space at our command will not admit of anything like a detailed account of the volume; and it is therefore our purpose merely to glance at some of its salient features. Passing over the ethnological and purely Irish chapters, with which, by the way, we do not altogether agree, we reach, in the fourth chapter, the foundation of Canada. Here Mr. Davin's *pièce de résistance*, if we may apply that phrase without disrespect to a Governor-General, is of course, Sir Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester. In the details of his career, our author fairly revels with honest patriotic pride; and justly so. Gen. Murray, the first English Governor of Canada, was an exceedingly upright, able, and high-minded man; it was his desire to act justly and even generously to the king's new subjects; but he wanted that natural suppleness and adaptability of temper which no

amount of training in library, camp, or cabinet can bestow. Mr. Davin very neatly and concisely sums up the character of Carleton, his successor, thus:—'In 1768 he was already popular because of his humanity, and the people with a true instinct turned towards him as a protector. His demeanour has been variously judged, some attributing the wisdom and generosity of his rule to the native goodness of his heart, others to a far-seeing policy. According to one view he was a friend of the French Canadians because he took the trouble to know them. He wished to redress their grievances, because he had diligently inquired into their situation. Being a virtuous man, he sought with activity and constancy to do right on behalf of those to whom he stood in the light of a shepherd. According to another view, he foresaw the rupture of the thirteen colonies with the mother-country, and determined to conciliate the favour of the people of Canada. We shall not detract from the claims of Carleton on our admiration, nor be untrue to the probabilities of the case, if we say we think both views are necessary to give the complete truth, as blending stars make one light' (p. 71). And this is no doubt a just conception of his character. He was sagacious and far-seeing, but he was also just, humane, and conciliatory. The English inhabitants assumed the airs and much of the insolence commonly to be found in a conquering race. Carleton stood between the victors and the brave race which had been vanquished, and he received the usual reward of a mediator in abuse and misrepresentation. The Quebec Act of 1774 was mainly his work—the result of his experience and the natural fruit of his wisdom and sense of justice. The liberties of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, of which we are so often reminded, were not, as some French Canadian journals constantly assert, guaranteed either by the articles of capitulation or by the treaty of 1763, but by this very Act, which as we have said, is mainly to be attributed to Carleton. The Whig Opposition, including Chatham, Burke, Barré, and, if we mistake not, Fox, opposed the Bill with all the oratorical resources at their command, but in vain. The report of the debates on the Bill as published by Cavendish, will give some idea of the value of Sir Guy Carleton's services to the French Canadians, the zeal he displayed, and the difficulties he had to overcome. His conciliatory policy towards the French Canadians ensured their fidelity in the hour of trial which was so soon to come upon the Colony. Mr. Davin tells the story of the invasion of Canada by the American rebels, the attempt to take Quebec by Arnold and Montgomery, and the heroic death of the latter. Sir Guy Carleton's share in the defence of Canada was in the highest degree noble and praiseworthy. Our author quotes these words from a Ca-

nadian *litterateur*, Mr. Lemoine, and they are by no means too eulogistic:—'Had the fate of Canada on that occasion been confided to a Governor less wise, less conciliatory than Guy Carleton, doubtless the "brightest gem in the colonial crown of Britain" would have been one of the stars on Columbia's banner; the star-spangled streamer would now be floating on the summit of Cape Diamond.'

Interspersed with the history, which is continuously sketched so far as it bears upon the subject, and introduced in their proper places, are graphic descriptions of early and more recent Irish settlements, the growth of the various Churches, the successive waves of immigration from the Green Isle, and indeed, under every possible head, local, general, or individual, there is information of interest not merely to Irishmen, but to all who take an interest in the early history of this their native or adopted country. For all this elaborate mass of fact in detail we must refer the reader to the work itself. The current of the history meanwhile glides easily and smoothly on. The Constitutional Act of 1791, and the war of 1812, are followed at some distance by what may be called the heart of Mr. Davin's work—his sketch of the rise of Responsible Government, extending over four chapters—about one hundred and eighty pages. It is here that the writer is seen at his best, whether in stating principles, portraying character, or following the march of events. It may be remarked here that Mr. Davin's three Irish Canadian heroes, the men to whom he is specially attached and most cordially admires, are Guy Carleton, Robert Baldwin, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee; and the pages devoted to them and to their labours are, beyond all question, the best in the volume. In sketching the struggle for Responsible Government, Mr. Davin found a group of Irishmen ready to his hand—Dr. Baldwin, and his more distinguished son, Robert, Sir Francis Hincks, who alone of them is happily yet with us, Robert B. Sullivan, and Ogle R. Gowan, who, although a Conservative, was an advocate of constitutional government. The Hon. Dominic Daly was unfortunately a trimmer, or his name might be added. Full justice is given to the agitation set on foot by two Scots, Gourlay and Mackenzie, at least so far as our author has probed the subject—and, no doubt, it is to some extent beyond his bounds. His conception of Mackenzie's aims and conduct is partial and inadequate. He declares that to Gourlay and Mackenzie belongs 'some of the credit of responsible government. But neither of them conceived the idea of responsible government as we enjoy it. Mackenzie advocated making the Legislative Council elective. This, he thought, would remedy all existing evils.' That appears to us a very unsatisfactory, and we should add, if we did

not believe the error to be purely unintentional, an exceedingly unfair account of William Lyon Mackenzie's services in the cause of constitutional government. With Mr. Davin's glowing eulogy on Robert Baldwin's character and career we fully agree. To every true-hearted Canadian of whatever origin, he is *facile princeps* among the great public men who have passed and repassed upon the stage, and for the most part passed away from it for ever. But we are free to confess that there was more than a grain of truth in what the present Premier is reported to have said of Baldwin—'he was a pure and honest, but timid politician.' It is not at all detracting from his reputation as an able and high-minded statesman to say that rougher hands than his were needed to shake up the dry bones of Downing Street and the Family Compact. The Rebellion, absurd as it was in conception, and still more ridiculous in execution, effected what Mr. Baldwin might have moved for and memorialized about until his dying day. The guns of Gallows Hill and Navy Island, though they did very little material work, summoned Lord Durham, inspired his report, and ushered in the new era. We have no further space to follow Mr. Davin in his excellent sketch of the history down to the present time. Mr. McGee justly and naturally fills a prominent niche in the Irish Canadian Pantheon, and there are others of less note, Foley and Connor, with judges, editors, clergymen, and professional men generally, all of whom belong to the same gifted and generous race. Only one of our statesmen of Irish origin is inadequately described—we refer to the Hon. Edward Blake, and it is a matter of general surprise that this should be the case. To conclude, we can sincerely say that 'The Irishman in Canada' has afforded us much pleasure, and we are exceedingly glad to commend it to the reader as an ably written, interesting, and instructive work.

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF CANADA, between 1840 and 1845. A Lecture delivered on the 17th October, 1877, at the request of the St. Patrick's National Association, with copious additions. By Sir Francis Hincks, P.C., K.C.M.G., C.B. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1877, Publishers.

A pamphlet like this, from the pen of one of the ablest of those links which still bind us to an old *régime*, will probably strike the finder as flotsam from an unknown sea. It is characteristic of our age, that with enlarged powers of perception, and improved modes of co-ordinating our perceptions, we are in great danger of losing our national memory. If Comtism were worth a rush, we ought now

to be in the full fruition of some advantages which have accrued from the religion of humanity. It may be all well to feed us with visions of things we can never see; but why not endow us now with some faculty of apprehending what our ancestors did for us. We cannot—and the greater part of us do not care whether we can or not—secure the glorious millennium, when everybody shall be embodied in nothing, somebody, or everything; and where is our own individual inheritance at this Barmecide feast?

In other words, leaving the nightmare of the 'modern symposium' aside, we desire to know a little more as 'Nationalists,' of what we owe to our forbears, and a little less of the nebulae. Sir Francis Hincks is, politically speaking, one of the notables in the development of our Canadian nationality, and we are proud to think that he is yet one of its best exponents. We have spoken of 'links;' alas! how many of them are missing? The other day only, Mr. Draper, a supple and powerful opponent of Sir Francis, was taken away; and but a handful of the old stock militant remains. It is much to the credit of Sir Francis Hincks, indeed it furnishes the noblest vindication of his character from the manifold calumnies which followed him through a long, useful, and energetic public life, that such an historic, as well as autobiographic, fragment could appear unchallenged. Tempers, as well as times, change, and in the evening of life, our most violent of partisans perhaps content themselves with perverting the present, tired of disputes in the irreparable past.

Although we have read with great care and attention the whole of this interesting brochure, and can sincerely commend it to all historical students, especially those who contemplate an essay in rivalry with Mr. McMullen or Mr. Withrow, there is neither space nor favouring opportunity to review it here at length. That it is worthy of careful attention, and forms an admirable addition to our *memoires à servir*, is certain. Summarizing in brief the scope of the lecture, with its additions, we note the following as salient points of value, and with these we must be content. In the first place, Sir Francis Hincks nobly vindicates the name and worth of Robert Baldwin, the noblest and purest of our Upper Canadian statesmen, and his testimony to his character is all the more valuable, because they did not always agree, but for a brief time entertained different views of their duty, under trying circumstances. Secondly, the author shows most distinctly that M. Lauier has endeavoured to relieve his Rouge confrères of some of the odium they justly incurred, by crediting them with the Seigneurial Tenure Reform, whereas they are entitled to no such relief. Most intelligent Ontario politicians know better than that, but some indulgence is shown

to the penitent successor of an apostle of confiscation. Thirdly, the true animus of Lord Metcalfe's assault on responsible government is shown, as well as the source of its inspiration—the late Earl Derby. Fourthly, we learn, more vividly than ever before, the true history of the period which immediately preceded the advent of Criticism—the inner history of the Clergy Reserve question, and its immediate connections. Fifthly, we have an account of the rise of Brownism, and its utter un wisdom, and the ambitions which flow from demagoguery, and a splendid vindication of William Hume Blake from the charges so indignantly repelled by his son at Teesdale. And, finally, a letter showing that Robert Baldwin, the father of Reform, approved of the coalition of 1854, as a necessity under the circumstances of the time. This meagre summary of this little pamphlet's contents can give but a faint idea of its historic value. The justification of Messrs. Baldwin and Hincks on the Clergy Reserve question, based as it is on public documents, is of itself a permanent addition to our political literature. We only wish we could confidently express the hope that Sir Francis Hincks will yet contribute, or it may be, bequeath to his adopted county, some more elaborate account of a period in our history, which he could illustrate so well, and describe, we believe, with singular fairness and judgment.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT. By George Sand. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

M. Chantabel, the 'I' of this story, is a clever sensible middle-aged French *avocat*, who has united to his professional duties that sneaking fondness for the farm life so typical of the French man of means. At the opening of the scene, his wishes are nearly accomplished, and, with an income of 30,000 fr., he is ready to sink into the unadulterated *propriétaire*. A lucky purchase has enabled him to do this with considerable éclat, for the old Baron Coras de Percefont having died childless, his ancestral manor and half-ruined tower, perched on a conical hill of volcanic formation, have come into the market at a low rate, thus enabling the Chantabels to buy out the only property which prevented them from encircling their lands with a ring fence. The accession of dignity caused by this new possession threatens to have a bad effect upon Madame Chantabel, who is a well meaning person enough, but of a much commoner and lower type than her husband. Viewed as it were from the owl-haunted battlements of the old ruin, she sees her horizon considerably extended, and looks down on old friends and relations as though she is no longer of the same

race as they. Luckily she is not allowed much latitude of mischief-making, and is properly chaffed by her worthy spouse, who dubs himself 'baron of thistles and lord of screech-owls,' though all the while a little elated in secret over his acquisition.

Then we have their son Henri, a man who could not be produced under any other style or method of bringing up, than that of the French. He has committed follies while studying at Paris, not on account of any excess of passion or emotion in his nature, but because it is the fashion to do so. Returning home to see his old love Miette, to whom he has been half betrothed for years, without seeing her while he was away, he is much agitated—at what? Lest he should 'find her no longer as charming as she had appeared at eighteen.' We rejoice to say that this insufferable young prig is properly served out, for he finds her more beautiful than ever, but not nearly so kind, and he is moreover plunged into pangs of jealousy over a mysterious person who is concealed in Miette's house. Now Miette is an orphan, and lives alone on her own property, her brother Jacques being away at his property of Champgousse. How then can a stranger be in the house without such a shock to the moral perceptions of this extremely proper young lady as could never be endured with safety? This is the problem of which master Henri chews the cud, and arrives at no conclusion. Miette is described as 'calm, pure, decided, and sincere, the personification of integrity, goodness, and courage;' and our general impression of her at the end of the book is, that though we can't find fault with a single thing she has done, said, or thought, we should have loved her much more if she had not been quite so angelic and proper. She is admirably adapted for the cool and sagacious Henri, and their reconciliation in the last chapter, when he puts on a white apron and helps her cook the dinner on a sudden emergency ('he, so aristocratic!' as his mother exclaims, in dire alarm on hearing of it) is prophetic of a long humdrum provincial life, full of prosaic respectability, and capable of instilling the extract of all the (French) virtues into the next generation.

Jacques is a pleasanter study. He is more of an animal, but withal more lovable than the calculating Henri. Although not thirty, 'he was growing very stout, his complexion once as fair as a girl's, had taken a purplish lustre in contrast with his silver blonde hair. *He had one of those faces that one sees afar off.*' Henri said of him, and in Henri's mouth the expression depicts both the describer and the person he describes, 'He is a buffoon, still young and good.' The author portrays Jacques and his lady-love with great power, but as the mystery

of the tale centres round them it would be unfair to tell it in advance. If the reader is interested, let him consult M. Chantabel, who will unravel the whole secret to him; for with the slightly overdrawn cleverness of the stage-defective, he contrives to make himself the master of every one's hidden clue of action.

Two very unpleasant persons complete the list of actors. The Countess de Nives, M. Chantabel's last client, is a peculiarly objectionable woman, of really villainous character. At the grand dinner, cooked by Miette, when all the family are gathered after the *dénouement*, the author contrives to find means, even in the mode of their eating, to delineate their varying traits of disposition. Mde de Nives, with her extreme thinness and her pock-marked complexion, has the robust appetite of avaricious persons who dine at other people's expense. The great Jacques swallows everything cheerfully, with a sincere and hearty flow of spirits; but this angular person, with her closed mouth and handsome, straight nose, too flat underneath, appeared to be carefully storing a supply of provisions in her stomach, as certain animals do in their nests at the approach of winter.

Several annoying slips in grammar occur in the translation, but not enough to disfigure the work, which is a very pleasing and powerful specimen of the style of the author, who, next to George Elliot, has done most to redeem the modern novel from decaying along with the modern drama.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- COLLECTION OF FOREIGN AUTHORS. No. IV. The Tower of Percefont. By George Sand. No. V. Meta Holdenis. By Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.
- IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS. By Walter Savage Landor. Fifth series. Miscellaneous dialogues (concluded). Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.
- THE DIFFERENT FORMS OF FLOWERS ON PLANTS OF THE SAME SPECIES. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. With illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.
- APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN WINTER RESORTS; for Tourists and Invalids. With maps. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.
- ROME IN CANADA. The Ultramontane Struggle for Supremacy over the Civil Authority. By Charles Lindsey. Toronto: Lovell Bros. 1877.
- THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF CANADA BETWEEN 1840 AND 1855. A Lecture delivered on the 17th of October, 1877, at the request of the St. Patrick's National Association; with copious additions. By Hon. Sir Francis Hincks, P.C., K.C.M.G., C.B. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1877.

reached the scene with two hundred men.—July 4th. Lieutenant-Colonel Clark crossed from Queenston during the night, and attacked Fort Schlosser. The enemy being taken by surprise, lost a brass six-pounder, about fifty stand of arms, some stores, a gun-boat, and two batteaux.—July 11th. Lieutenant-Colonel Bishopp crossed the Niagara at daybreak with about two hundred regulars (detachments of the 8th, 41st, and 49th, regiments), and forty men belonging to the Lincoln militia, with the intention of seizing and destroying the United States post and naval depot at Black Rock. The enemy were completely taken by surprise, and in a few moments the United States militia under Major Adams, about three hundred men, were dispersed, and three heavy guns found in their camp were brought to bear upon the Block House garrisoned by United States Artillery, which speedily surrendered. No time was lost in proceeding with the work of destruction; the Block House, barracks, naval arsenal, and a schooner were burnt; and all the public stores which could be removed were rapidly transferred to the British boats. But, in the meanwhile, the enemy had not been idle. General Porter had escaped at the commencement of the action; and had ridden rapidly to Buffalo, where he at once set to work to collect a force to oppose Bishopp. With this force he reached Black Rock just as the British were re-embarking, and his Indians creeping along the top of the bank, at once opened fire. Colonel Bishopp landed some of his men and drove the Indians back, but, reinforced from the main body, the Indians returned to the attack and compelled the British to take to their boats again. During this second embarkation some of the oars of Colonel Bishopp's boat were lost, and the boat drift-

ing helplessly down the stream, the gallant colonel became a target for the Indians and riflemen, and was so severely wounded that he died in a few days, universally regretted by all who knew him. The British succeeded, notwithstanding the loss of their commanding officer, Captain Saunders, and fifteen men killed, and a large number wounded, in carrying off seven pieces of ordnance, two hundred stand of arms, and a large quantity of stores.—July 30th. The United States Cruisers from Sackett's Harbour succeeded in capturing, whilst passing through the Thousand Islands, a brigade of Batteaux loaded with provisions from Montreal for Kingston, with which he retired to Goose Creek, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, below the village of Gananoque. Lieutenant Scott R. N. with three gun-boats and a detachment of the 100th. regiment, endeavoured to retake the batteaux; but the enemy had selected so strong a position, and had so strengthened it with fallen trees, that Lieutenant Scott was compelled to relinquish the attempt, not however without suffering a severe loss, as Captain Milnes, aide-de-camp to the commander of the forces, who had volunteered his services, was mortally wounded, and died shortly after.—July 25th. General Proctor appeared before Fort Meigs with about five hundred men, nearly all regulars of the 41st and 49th regiments, and two hundred Indians. Finding himself unable, owing to the insufficiency of his artillery, consisting of two six-pounder field pieces, to make any impression upon the works, he withdrew his forces and proceeded to Fort Stephenson, about twenty miles from the mouth of the Sandusky river, which he summoned to surrender. Major Croghan, who commanded the garrison of the fort, at once refused to treat, and expressed his intention of

fighting to the last. On the evening of August 2nd, after a smart cannonade from his two six-pounders, and two five and a half inch howitzers, General Proctor attempted to carry the fort by assault. On reaching the ditch the assailants found themselves exposed to a raking fire of grape from a masked six-pounder, which compelled them to retire with heavy loss. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Short, of the 41st regiment, who led the storming party, and three other officers and fifty-two men, were killed and missing, and three officers and thirty-eight men were wounded. The loss of the garrison is said to have been only one man killed and seven wounded. Thus foiled in his attempt upon fort Stephenson, General Proctor withdrew on the 3rd August and returned to Amherstburg. Commodore Chauncey, who had sailed from Sackett's Harbour with a body of United States troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, with the intention of seizing the British depot at Burlington Heights and destroying the stores; finding that the detachment on duty there under the command of Major Maule had been reinforced by the Glengarry Fencibles under Lieutenant-Colonel Battersby, declined the attack, and moved down the lake to York, where his force landed on 31st July,\* without opposition, and having taken possession of such stores as they could find, including a quantity of flour, private property belonging to and taken from the stores of Major Allan and Mr. St. George, burned the barracks wood-yard and public storehouses on Gibraltar Point, re-embarked the troops on Sunday afternoon, 1st August, and bore away for Niagara.

\* McMullen in his History of Canada, page 283, gives the date of this raid upon York as the 23rd July; but as the authorities generally fix the 31st as the day upon which the attack was made, that date has been adhered to.

The British Fleet, under Commodore Sir James Yeo, left Kingston on the 31st July, and arrived off Niagara on the 8th August. The two fleets manœuvred for two days, and on the 10th the British Commodore managed to cut off and capture two fine schooners manned by forty men each. Commodore Chauncey lost two other schooners in a heavy squall whilst trying to escape the British fleet. From these vessels sixteen men were saved by the boats of the British fleet; the remainder perished. After these occurrences the fleets separated, the British vessels returned to Kingston, whilst Commodore Chauncey remained for a short time at Niagara and then sailed for Sackett's Harbour.—On 7th September the fleets came in sight of each other, and manœuvred, but without result.—On 28th September the fleets again met off York, when a smart action lasting for two hours took place. Sir James Yeo's ship, the *Wolfe*, was severely handled, and might have been captured had not Captain Mulcaster, in the *Royal George*, run in between the *Wolfe* and the United States Commodore's vessel, the *Pike*, and thus enabled the *Wolfe* to sheer off and repair damages. After this action the British fleet retired under Burlington Heights, whither the United States fleet did not care to follow.—On 1st October, Commodore Chauncey sailed from Fort George for Sackett's Harbour, and on his way down, fell in with and captured five small vessels out of seven, with upwards of two hundred and fifty men of de Watteville's regiment from York, bound for Kingston.—On 10th September, about sunrise, the fleets on Lake Erie, commanded by Commodore Perry of the United States navy, and by Captain Barclay R. N., came in sight of each other off Put-in Bay. About noon the action was commenced by Captain Barclay, who, in the *Niagara*,

engaged the *Lawrence*, commanded by Perry. After two hours of hard fighting, the *Lawrence* was so severely handled that she struck her flag to Captain Barclay, who, however, was so short handed that he could not spare men to take possession of her. A change of wind occurred about this time, which gave a decided advantage to the United States vessels. Eagerly availing himself of this circumstance, Perry, who had left the *Lawrence* and succeeded in reaching the *Niagara*, bore up and engaged the *Detroit*, already much injured, and the *Queen Charlotte*. The remainder of the United States fleet ably supported their commander, and in four hours the whole of the British fleet was compelled to surrender. The British loss was very heavy, Captain Finnis was killed, Captain Barclay, and Lieutenants Stokoe, Irvine, Garland, Buchan, and Bignall were all wounded; in short, every commander, and every officer second in command, was either killed or disabled. The loss sustained by the detachment from the army serving as marines on board the fleet, was also heavy. Lieutenant Garden, of the Royal Newfoundland regiment, one serjeant, and twenty-four rank and file were killed, three serjeants and fifty-six rank and file were wounded, and two lieutenants, one assistant surgeon, four serjeants, and one hundred and seventy-one rank and file were taken prisoners. The loss of the United States fleet is said to have been twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded.—September 23rd. General Harrison's force having been transported by Commodore Perry's fleet from Portage river and Fort Meigs, occupied Amherstburg, Major-General Proctor having already abandoned it, and fallen back upon Sandwich.—September 26th. General Proctor, having withdrawn from Malden (Amherstburg), Windsor, and

Sandwich all such stores as could be removed, and destroyed the rest; having also burned all the public buildings at Fort Detroit, and transported the guns from the fort to Windsor on the Canadian side of the river, finally relinquished Detroit and withdrew to British territory. The defeat and capture of Barclay's squadron having rendered his position on the western frontier no longer tenable, General Proctor lost no time in commencing his retreat, having under his command the 41st regiment, about five hundred and forty strong, a part of the Royal Newfoundland regiment; and some militia, in all about eight hundred and thirty men; to which must be added Tecumseth's Indians, amounting to not less than five hundred warriors, who were actively engaged in covering the retreat.—September 27th. General Harrison occupied Sandwich, and on 2nd October resumed his pursuit of the British force, the rearguard of which he overtook on the 4th and captured a large quantity of ammunition and stores.—On the 4th October, General Proctor took up a position on Dalson's farm, a rising ground some sixteen miles from Baptiste Creek, and near the site of the present town of Chatham. Leaving Major Warburton in command, the general pushed on to Moraviantown, an Indian village about sixteen miles from Dalson's. Before daylight on the morning after his arrival, General Proctor was aroused from his sleep and informed that the enemy had already commenced an attack, had taken some prisoners and captured some ammunition and stores, and that the British force was retiring. Hastily mounting his horse, he rode with his staff to the front, and met the retreating force some three miles west of the Indian settlement at Moraviantown. The British were halted and faced about. The position taken was



a good one, protected on the left by the river Thames, not broad but deep, and on the right by a swamp, leaving a narrow front, in the centre of which the road ran, upon which a small six-pounder field-piece was posted. About 8 a.m., the enemy appeared in sight, and advanced slowly, carefully availing themselves of the excellent cover afforded by the trees. All at once the men were massed and a rush was made; this was checked by a volley from the British, but in a moment the enemy rallied and renewed the attack, this time with more success, as the British troops, dissatisfied by fancied or real neglect, and dispirited by long continued exposure and privation, made but a feeble resistance, and finally broke, and the battle was over. The greater part at once surrendered, the total loss in killed, wounded, and missing being twenty-eight officers, thirty-four serjeants, and five hundred and sixty-three rank and file. General Proctor and his staff managed, however, to make good their retreat, and with a remnant of his force amounting to seventeen officers, besides the general, fifteen serjeants, and two hundred and thirteen rank and file, assembled sometime afterwards at Ancaster. On this occasion the Indians carried on the contest with great courage and tenacity until the day was irretrievably lost and thirty-three of their number had been slain, including the celebrated Shawanese chief Tecumseth, who fell whilst

\* Tecumseth was a Shawanee, and was born in 1769 (or 1770). He first distinguished himself in resisting the attempt of General Harmer to punish the Indians in 1790; and in 1791, when General St. Clair undertook a similar mission, Tecumseth was one of his most determined and skilful opponents. From this time until 1812, the great aim of Tecumseth's life was to unite the numerous aboriginal tribes of North America in one great confederation, so that they might be strong enough to resist further encroachments, even if unable to regain their former possessions. In 1812, Tecumseth, whilst on one of his tours

bravely contending with the Kentucky horsemen under Colonel R. M. Johnston, by whose hand it is believed Tecumseth was slain, as there seems to be no doubt that it was whilst engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with Colonel Johnston that Tecumseth received the wound which caused his death. The conduct of Major-General Proctor in the management of his retreat from Malden, was very severely commented on. In the general order of 24th November, 1813, the Governor-General, who was also Commander-in-Chief, uses these words in referring to the action at Moraviantown: "In the latter, but very few appear to have been rescued by an honourable death, from the ignominy of passing under the American yoke; nor are there many whose wounds plead in mitigation of this reproach. The right division appears to have been encumbered with an unmanageable load of unnecessary and forbidden private baggage; whilst the requisite arrangements for the expedition, and certain conveyance of the ammunition and provisions, the sole objects worthy of consideration, appear to have been totally neglected, as well as all those ordinary measures

amongst the tribes, had an interview with Major-General Harrison, then Governor of the State of Indiana; no result followed this interview, and Tecumseth continued his journey to the Creek nation. On his return he found that, during his absence, General Harrison had attacked his people at Tippecanoe, and that many of his warriors had been slain. In 1812, when war between the United States and Great Britain became imminent, Tecumseth was strongly solicited by General Hull's emissaries to remain neutral during the war; but he resolutely declined to have any thing to do with the big knives, and from the first became the firm and true friend of the British, taking an active part in all the operations on the western frontier. His last words to General Proctor just before the battle of the Thames, were, "Father, tell your young men to be firm, and all will be well." In 1814 a handsome sword was sent by the Prince Regent to the son of Tecumseth, as a mark of respect to his father's memory.—*Tupper's Life of Sir Isaac Brock.*