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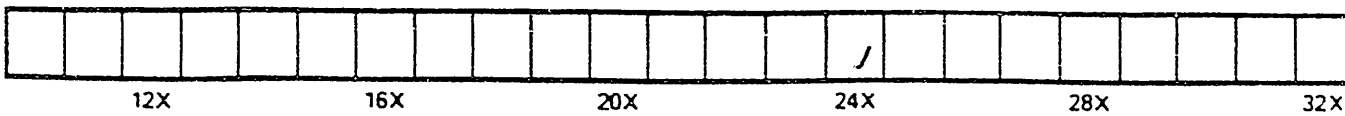

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME VIII.

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VOL. 8.] JULY, 1875. [No. 1.

THE NEW CANADA:

ITS NATURAL FEATURES AND CLIMATE.

BY CHARLES MAIR, WINNIPEG.

SOME time ago I sailed up the Mississippi from the mouth of the Wisconsin River to St. Paul, in the [illegible]th followed by Father Hennepin, the Recollet friar, nearly two hundred years before. I ascended in a big Mississippi steamer crowded with passengers, and impelled by an agency which Hennepin, had he met it on his route, would have instantly attributed to the devil. He ascended in a bark canoe, having ventured up the Great Lakes, and with indomitable perseverance penetrated the savage wilderness for a distance of nearly two thousand miles. Not far below Lake Pépin he was captured by a war-party of Dacotahs, and carried northward to *Lac des Mille Lacs*, giving their name to the Falls of St. Anthony on the way; and after incredible hardship and suffering at length returned to Quebec. Thence he went to Holland, where he published a narrative binding up fancy and fact, and discharging his malice towards certain of his rivals in a most happy and gratifying manner. He and his two companions were the first white men who beheld the great prairies of the North-West. His narrative, published in London in 1698, contains a rough wood-cut of the bison, the first time that shaggy animal had the honour of appearing in print, and another, equally rude, but the first, of Niagara Falls. The sketch is taken from the American descent, and gives a foreshortened view of Lake Erie, exhibiting the surrounding country as a wilderness of cedar and pine. On a rocky plateau overlooking the Falls are represented the Chevalier de la Valle, with whom Hennepin descended the Mississippi, and three others of his party, one of whom holds his palms to his ears to drown the thunder of the waters; whilst, at the foot of the cliff, below Table Rock, on the opposite margin, are clusters of Indians. His description of the Falls is so interesting and quaint that I am tempted to quote a portion of it:

"Betwixt the lakes *Ontario* and *Erie*," he says, "there is a vast and prodigious Cadence of Water, which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford a parallel. At the foot of this horrible Precipice we meet with the river *Niagara*, which is not above half a quarter of a League broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is

so rapid above this Descent that it violently hurries down the wild Beasts while endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its Current, which inevitably casts them down headlong above six hundred foot. This wonderful downfall is compounded of two great Cross-streams of Water, and two Falls with an Isle sloping along the middle of it. The Waters which fall from this vast height do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder; for when the Wind blows from off the South, their dismal Roaring may be heard above fifteen Leagues off."

If the poor old Recollet could return and "do" the Falls, he would get his weather-eye opened, and would feel inclined to shirk charges quite as "outrageous" as the noise. If he could make a return trip on the Upper Mississippi he would find brand-new little towns squatting on the very spots, mayhap, where his savage comforters shed so many tears over him because of their religious intention to burn him alive; and, higher up, he would ascertain by personal inquiry at St. Paul, a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, that his old friends, "Ye Nation of ye Meadows," had, long ago, "sold out and gone west." . . . A hundred years after this notable voyage the United States of America began their national life with a population of four millions, and a civilization bounded on the west by Lake Ontario and the Alleghanies—the "Far West" being at that time somewhere in the neighbourhood of Buffalo. Another hundred years and the Dominion of Canada begins its national life with an equal number of people, with a civilization empowered and heightened by steam, and with a vaster extent of those fertile prairies which have made their progress the wonder, though not perhaps the envy, of the world. But little was known of the republican Great West until the expedition of Lewis and Clarke revealed its marvellous fertility and resources, and equally little was known of our own richer areas until the publication of the Imperial and Canadian reports, and the North-West evidence taken by a Committee of the English House of Commons, much of which was given with the bias congenial to fine old gentlemen deeply interested in fur. Over two hundred years have elapsed since Charles II. ceded to the Hudson's Bay Company, as a preserve for fur-bearing animals, the enormous areas now known as the North-West Territories, and nothing could exceed the tenacity with which it clung to its mighty domain, or the ingenuity with which it contrived to extend the impression that the entire country was a howling waste of perennial snow. Various travellers, indeed, had penetrated these supposed regions of eternal frost, and ascertained, much to their surprise, that large portions of them were more than ordinarily fertile and salubrious. But their recorded observations seldom found their way into the hands of the people of Canada, who had the greatest interest therein, and the impression still remained that the areas of the North-West were by nature more suited to nourish muskrats than to support man. In 1857 an attempt was made to popularize the North-West Territories. An exploring expedition was sent, under the control of Professor Hind, which collected and collated a vast amount of statistical and other information, all of which was published by Government in the form of a blue-book. The false impressions of many who read this publication were, no doubt, removed by its perusal, and numerous pamphlets were based upon it which did a certain service in pioneering the truth. But blue-books and pamphlets, however valuable in themselves, are not, now-a-days, the true and effective *media* of communication with the general public. Unfortunately, moreover, nearly all of these pamphlets were written in that stilted, and, to those who are familiar with it, jaded scientific style, which, while affecting to be practical, is, of all methods, the least practical in its results. As a consequence of this treatment those quasi-scientific appeals, one by one, fell dead from the press. The mind of the great agricultural community remained unmoved, and the ideas which flourished for a time in the busy brains of attentive readers, lacking the tap-root of popular interest to nourish them, faded away before questions of narrower but more immediate interest.

At length the condition of transfer was embodied, through the instrumentality of the Hon. Mr. Macdougall, in the British North America Act incorporating the Dominion. The subsequent mission to London of this temporarily undervalued, yet able and thoroughly Canadian statesman, and his

colleague Sir George Cartier; the truthful letters of Canadians in the Territory, which had free circulation in the Canadian papers; the French insurrection and its culminating atrocity, fairly aroused the public mind, and now there is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the country who has not some notion, however vague, of Red River. But with all our lights it is difficult to appreciate the enormous extent of the North-West Territories, stretching from Labrador to the Rocky Mountains, and from the parallel of 49° to the Northern Ocean. The widening of the continent in its northern trend adds immensely, of course, to the acreage of British America; and the area of the territories lately held by the Hudson's Bay Company under charter and lease from the Crown may safely be estimated at not less than two millions of square miles. Within this vast domain, and occupying an almost central position on the map of America, lies the great Central Basin known as the Fertile Belt. This tract of mixed prairie and wooded country, it is now known, includes not only the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan areas, but the great valleys of the Athabasca, Peace River, and the Upper Mackenzie, forming in all a superficies of something like 600,000 square miles, much of which is admirably adapted, both by soil and climate, for settlement, and watered by rivers of great magnitude. There are, no doubt, considerable portions of the North-West Territories external to the Wheat Belt which are capable of producing cereals. But these portions are broken and subdivided, and are subject to physical conditions which will make their occupation a difficult one, and dependent upon mining and manufacturing interests for support. The occupation of these districts will certainly be tardy, and it is not to them that the stream of immigration will be, or should be, directed, for many years to come. It is the great central prairie land, extending from the margin of the forests west of the Lake of the Woods, in a varying expanse of fertile and indifferent soils, to the Rocky Mountains, and from the American boundary to the 60th degree of north latitude, which demands immediate attention and development, which offers the most powerful inducements and advantages to our people, and which is capable, through agriculture alone, of sustaining a population of thirty millions of souls.

The geological features of this tract are of the most interesting character, but do not enter into the scope of this article. My purpose is to give the general reader some account and idea of the superficial features of the country—its soil and its resources—referring him for other information to the works of Sir John Richardson, the Reports of Captain Palliser, Professor Hind, and the Geological Survey of Canada. The prairie country, then, may be described simply as a vast plateau resting upon Silurian strata, and stretching from Lake Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, with a mean ascent westward of about six feet in the mile. The slope of this great plateau is not gradual however, but is broken into three great steppes, or abrupt elevations of the prairie, boldly marking three distinct levels. These steppes are very irregular in their outline, having received their present form by erosion and denudation, and mark very prominently the different elevations of the country at different periods. The most recent of these includes the Province of Manitoba, and eastward to the Lake of the Woods, and is bounded on the south and west by Pembina Mountain, and its prolongations known as the Riding Duck and Porcupine Mountains. These so-called "mountains" are simply abrupt escarpments which formed the ancient headlands of a great lake, covering the entire basin now known as the first steppe, but which has dwindled within comparatively recent times into the narrow limits of Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba. The soil of the timbered area which extends from Pointe du Chêne to Lake of the Woods, consists of gravel and sand, and unless as a nursery for timber, is almost entirely worthless. On Red River the soil is a heavy, tenacious clay, of great depth, mainly devoid of sand or loam, and exceedingly productive in wet seasons. Further west, on the Assiniboine River, the clay rests upon gravel at depths varying from six to twenty feet. A deposit of black sandy loam is imposed upon the clay, in many places six and even eight feet in depth. Water in this district is found everywhere by sinking to the gravel, and wheat has been known to mature in this soil when not a drop of rain fell from seed-time to harvest. A considerable area of the steppe consists of marshy lands or muskegs, as they are called, but which are rapidly drying up. Vast deposits of mud

are yearly made by the streams entering Lake Winnipeg, and these, "with the deepening of the rocky channels which drain that lake into the ocean," are speedily converting its liquid area into dry land.

The second steppe, which has for its eastern boundary the steep escarpments already mentioned, includes the prairies of the upper Assiniboine, and of the Saskatchewan from Fort à la Corne to the Elbow of the south branch, and to Fort Pitt on the north branch. The physical aspects of this great division are entirely different from those of the lower levels just described. Here we find multitudes of little lakes, and bare or wooded hills, and soils exceedingly variable in nature and quality. Vast and unmixed beds of sand alternate with wide areas of fertile land. Lakes of fresh and salt water lie, at some places, within a few feet of each other, and alkaline deserts, thirty and even forty miles in extent, separate immense tracts of a productive character. The Touchwood Hills country, which lies in the heart of this great steppe, exhibits the best characteristics of its soil and scenery. An endless labyrinth of picturesque hills extends in all directions for a great distance. These hills are not steep, but roll gently down into symmetrical valleys, where little lakes, fringed with reeds and rushes, sustain innumerable flocks of ducks and geese. Dozens of these lakes can be seen from some of the eminences, and, what with the magnificent cloud-scenery, the beautiful belts of aspen crawling everywhere amongst the hills, and the sunny spaces of greensward between, the sense of natural and lonely beauty is fully charmed and satisfied. Add flocks and herds and vistas of undulating grain, and the world cannot offer a scene of superior promise, or of finer pastoral sweetness and content. The greater part of the northern portion of this steppe is timbered and well suited for settlement.

The eastern escarpment of the third great steppe, which extends to the base of the Rocky Mountains, is formed by the Grand Coteau, the Eagle, and the Thickwood Hills. Both branches of the Saskatchewan have their sources in this steppe; and in ancient days, says Palliser, "these hills formed simply the headlands of a great bay, into which poured the waters of the two Saskatchewans, at that time independent rivers, debouching where they now make the acute bends known as their Elbows." The plains of this steppe are composed of cretaceous strata, with only a thin coating of drift, and their surfaces are, in some localities, traversed by profound rents resembling the valleys of great rivers, but which, after running for several miles, are generally found to be closed at both ends. These rents are caused by the winter frosts; but the landslips remaining unremoved by water, they form gentle slopes, and resolve in course of time into beautiful valleys. On the lower level these valleys are scooped out by the spring freshets, and connect with the river system, though in general they are quite dry in summer. There is no more noticeable feature of the prairie deposition everywhere than the ease with which it is detached and borne away by water. Even the smallest streams have cut gigantic excavations in the prairie, and through this peculiarity yearly changes take place in the courses of the rivers, which, from the various terraces which mark their excavation, must have been at one time of vastly greater volume than at present. These ancient terraces intrude quite into the Rocky Mountains, and form the various passes through that great barrier, from the Athabasca down to the boundary, sometimes expanding, as in the case of the Kootanie Plains, into extensive prairies. The finest grazing lands of the continent probably lie along the slopes of the mountains, for here, owing to the light snowfall—seldom more than a few inches—not only horses but horned cattle find their own food all winter; whilst, owing to the high latitude, the firmness and flavour of the beef remain unimpaired. Vast portions of this steppe are eminently inviting to the immigrant. There is a larger extent of good land than in the lower levels, and, owing to the depression of the Rocky chain in its northern trend, the severity of the climate is greatly mitigated by the mild winds from the Pacific seaboard. The mountain passes, again, are wonderfully easy, when we consider the contorted country through which they penetrate. On the Athabasca Pass the traveller *unconsciously* attains the Height of Land, whilst in gaining the Vermilion Pass, in latitude 51°, the only steep climb is at first up the face of the terraces for 150 feet, and then a gentle slope leads to the Height of Land.

Such is a brief *resumé* of the superficial features of the Fertile Belt, and I shall now

describe the chief characteristics of its climate, leaving details of resources and productions to be dealt with further on. The most valuable feature of the climate of the great prairie plateau is the wonderfully direct north-western curves of the isothermals, or lines of equal temperature, which not only trend but improve north-westward in a manner highly conducive to health and comfort. It is an agreeable hyperbole to say that a degree west is equivalent to a degree south. Yet, so far as the north-west climate is concerned, there is not only an atom of truth in the saying, but, in some respects, it falls short of the truth; for, whilst the south is in a great measure a region of effeminacy and disease, the north-west is a decided recuperator of decayed function and wasted tissue. A peculiar feature of the climate is its lightness and sparkle. There is a dryness and a relish in its pure ether akin to the rare vintages which quicken the circulation without impairing the organism. The atmosphere is highly purified, joyous, and clear, and supercharged with that delicious element which is strongly associated with the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and at deadly enmity with morbid and unhealthy phenomena. Surrounded by this invisible yet inspiring influence one lives a fuller, freer, and happier life than in the more nitrogenous atmosphere of the Atlantic seaboard. The cares of manhood press less heavily upon the brain, and the sense of toil is lost in the increased capacity to endure it. It is the superabundance of this element which enables the human organism to cope with and move about freely in a winter temperature which freezes mercury to stone. The thermometer may indicate the utmost cold; but if the weather is calm the body takes no increased note of its intensity, and feels no serious inconvenience in a register which, in the denser atmosphere of Ontario, would send Canadians shivering to their stoves. It pervades the entire animal economy, quickens the pulse, increases the appetite, and heightens the mental equilibrium. Its influence is noticeable during prolonged exercise in an unquenchable and painful thirst. This is not simply a local craving, a mere thirst of the throat and stomach; but, arising from dry muscular attrition and fierce combustion of the blood, the whole body thirsts and cannot be satisfied. Buffalo flesh hung up in August on the Eagle Hills, or the bluffs of Battle River, dries without taint, and of the fresh meat an Indian or half-breed hunter will eat and digest eight pounds in a single day. The effect of the north-west sun in discolouring living integument is very marked. Exposed to it the Canadian reddens, the English half-breed browns, the French half-breed chars. The opaque skin means rude health, and man seems more dirty than he really is.

Spring opens almost on the same day from Red River to the Athabasca. Eastward, where the ice on the lakes blends its chilliness with the warm winds, the season is comparatively variable and uncertain; but in the Saskatchewan country spring opens like a flower, and advances rapidly. Irregular spring weather begins in March. "Early in April the alders and willows are in bloom, and the little prairie anemone covers the dry southern exposures." The warm weather is appreciable early in April, and the heat of summer is very powerful. But from the rarity and purity of the air it has not that exhausting effect upon the system peculiar to the Atlantic seaboard. Night makes heavy reprisals upon day, and towards evening an agreeable coolness creeps into the air, which frequently deepens with the night into absolute cold. The overcoat is, consequently, not at all objectionable, and the blanket is never taken off a north-west bed in summer.

As might be expected, where the radiation is so great, the deposition of dew is also very great, and, in a country where the mean fall of rain is rather under than over the requirements of agriculture, it is a feature of the highest value. The average rainfall is much less in the Fertile Belt than in Eastern Canada, the showers being frequent, but not abundant. Nightly, however, during the dryest season of summer, the sprouting grain is literally drenched with dew, and the spongy earth takes in sufficient moisture to maintain its powers of reproduction and stimulation to the utmost. For this reason the prairie grass exhibits a growth wonderful for its richness and plenty. The nightly frosts in September keep it green and juicy until the snow falls, which preserves it fresh and nutritious until spring, and this enables the half-breed and Indian of the interior to travel with horses all winter. There is al-

ways a wind from some quarter stirring on the prairies. It seldom blows from the south more than a few hours continuously, and this is fortunate, for there is danger in its breath, and anything but healing on its wings. It is this evil wind which, when prolonged, lifts the locust from the sandy plains of the Great American Desert, and blows him up to the lusty wheat-fields of Red River. It brings with it the dim edge of fever, the dread of pestilence and famine, the languor and stupor of ineffable heat. Thunder storms are very frequent. Though short, they are sharp and dangerous, and a season seldom passes without some loss of life by lightning. Tornadoes are rare in summer, and only one destructive wind-storm has burst upon the country in eight years. It lasted for several hours, and its effects in Red River Settlement were unpleasantly marked. The juncture of the seasons is not very noticeable. Spring glides insensibly into summer, summer into fine autumn weather, which, during the equinox, breaks up in a series of heavy gales of wind accompanied by rain and snow. These are followed by that divine aftermath, the Indian Summer, which attains its true glory only in the North-west. The haziness and dreamy fervour of this mysterious season has often been attributed to the prairie fires, which rage over half a continent in the fall, and evolve an enormous amount of heat and smoke. My own observations incline me to accept this explanation, as upon no other material grounds can they be accounted for, standing alone, and as inexplicable as the zodiacal light. Winter begins with crisp clear weather, which grows increasingly cold and cloudy. The wind wheels to the north-east, and a furious storm of snow sets in, which sometimes lasts for several days. The weather then clears up, and the rest of the month is generally fair, though excessively cold. For many weeks the heavy matted vegetation of the prairies prevents drifting, and the level expanse gleams with a faint yellowish tinge, caused by the innumerable grassy points protruding from the snow. Nothing can excel the purity and delicacy of the sky-colours in the North-west. There is a warmth of tint and a touch of spring in the fleecier clouds which it is difficult to harmonize with the cold and illimitable expanse beneath; whilst the sky itself has a translucency, a boundless and serene depth of blue, which taxes and delights the eye. This firmness and quality of colour in the sky adds great solemnity to the North west night, emphasizing the clear and separate beauty of the stars. The prevailing winter-sunset here is orange, deepening towards the horizon, but fading zenithward into chromic yellows of fainter and fainter shades. Over these floats a broad riband of amethyst, which stiffens at its upper edge and blends with the imperial blue. The chill, tawny red of a Canadian winter-sunset is not so noticeable here, nor that blotted or bleared aspect of the night-sky which frequently makes the winter evenings of the eastern Provinces lustreless and dull. January is a keen month, with an occasional storm, but not much snow, a feature which frequently characterises the succeeding month. The *terror* of the winter, if I may so speak, begins in the early part of March, when those dreadful storms of snow and rain take place which make travel on the plains so dangerous. Occasionally almost an entire winter may pass away without any serious or protracted storm, as, for example, the winter before last, which was very mild from the beginning of the year until spring. But though this is sometimes the case, it is unnecessary to conceal the fact that several weeks of winter are very trying, not so much from the cold, which, for reasons already given, is easily endured, but from the prevalence of keen and biting winds. The sky is bright, the snow sparkles beneath the sun, the sun turns a warm and generous face to the earth. Viewed from within doors the scene is enchanting and inviting; but it is all vanity and illusion. Outside and away from obstruction a still small wind is blowing, generally in a direction opposite to one's own—a stream of intensely chilled air, noiseless, liquid, incessant, and from which there is no escape. It pierces an ordinary wrap like a needle, and no specious device, or cosy-looking invention of the traveller, can shield the most prominent feature from attack and disgrace. Luckily it does not chill one's bones. The moment a shelter is reached its spell is over; Richard's himself again, feeling thankful over his spirits and water for having at last outwitted the invisible demon without. Barring this annoyance, the average Canadian is satisfied with the winter of the North-west, and not only tolerant of it, but de-

lighted with it. As regards the animal economy of our race, it is enough to know that it is suitable to it, and temperate enough to conserve the highest physical development of the European, be he Teuton or Celt.

The great storms which one hears of in the East in connexion with this country are infrequent, but certainly very violent and dangerous. A brief description of one of them may be interesting to the eastern reader, and will suffice for all. It was preceded by some eight days of a strong west wind, not sufficiently boisterous to prevent travel. These were followed by a day of remarkable mildness and beauty; so much so that we were completely deceived, and camped on the open prairie, near the edge of a little clump of wild plum trees. Toward night snow began to fall, accompanied by a rough wind from the north, which increased in violence and fury, and kept the party busy all night keeping up the fire. By morning the storm had become a terrific hurricane, extinguishing our fire, and driving us to the shelter of a poplar thicket to the east of our camp. The wind lifted the snow from the plains like powder, and swept it onward in a lofty, blinding, and overwhelming mass. The noise of its commotion was simply appalling, and rose above mere moanings and howlings into a prolonged yell, as if the spirits of anguish and exquisite pain had their abiding-place in the storm. To remove a few feet from each other was to become instantly invisible; and, circumscribed in every way, our thoughts in due process became limited to a consideration of extreme misery. But after all we were safe. We had health, food, bedding, and a troublesome outline of a fire, and, compared with the situation of one of our number, our position was a secure one. That a man of coolness and resource can save his life, even under the most desperate circumstances, is evinced by the case of Mr. J. J. Setter, a native of Red River, and a man of great humour, courage, and physical strength. He was one of our party, and, about daybreak of the first morning of the storm, started from camp in order to find a little hut built as a shelter for the mail-carriers, who, the country being then an uninhabited wilderness, carried the mails with dog-trains. After some search, for it was impossible to see more than a few feet in advance, he found the hut, made a fire, and then returned to apprise us of the fact. But the storm had meanwhile completely obliterated his snow-shoe tracks, and, blinded by the furious drift, he lost his way, and wandered far out on the plain. His situation was a dreadful one; but, though his strength began to fail, and a feeling of sleepiness and exhaustion came over him, he never lost head or heart, and kept constantly moving. At length, when his hopes of safety were very slim indeed, it suddenly struck him that he might find a clue in the "bent" or lie of the grass. The prevalent wind of the country, he thought, would naturally give an easterly or south-easterly inclination to it, and as he knew that he was on the left bank of the Red River, if this were the case there might yet be a chance of regaining camp. After many trials he found that it was even so, and followed up his clue. At dusk, and cowering over our fire in indescribable agony of mind, we heard a faint halloo, and immediately afterwards the tall figure of our lost friend appeared before us. He was literally coated with ice, and staggering to the fire with a ghastly attempt at a joke, he fell all his length at our feet.

Instances are known of men and dog-trains having been completely buried by such storms for several days, and who yet came out alive. Instead of heralding speedy death, with food and bedding at hand such an occurrence is in fact a protection. The snow forms a close and comfortable shelter, where there is no danger of being frost-bitten, if men have only sense enough to lie quiet, and take precautions against chilling after emerging from the snow. Hesitation and confusion of mind have much to do with loss of life in such storms. In one of them a large mule-train, while crossing the great trackless waste between Fort Abercrombie and Devil's Lake in Dacotah Territory, was caught and overwhelmed. Those who did not get bewildered escaped with their lives, whilst the others were, of course, frozen to death. Many of the mules turned tail and fled before the storm, and others were found standing in their tracks, stone-dead, the drivers only discovering the fact upon vainly attempting to drive them into camp.

On the third morning of our storm the sun rose unclouded, and the plains sparkled like a diamond. Their surface showed like an ocean, wreathed and curled into a thou-

sand fantastic shapes, and beaten by the tempest into a stiff crust, which bore us without snow-shoes for a hundred miles. Ten days afterwards the winter broke up, and water took the place of snow. It is then very difficult to travel. The suddenly melted snow fills the innumerable *coulées* and creeks to overflowing, and swells them to the magnitude of great rivers. It is difficult to make headway against them, and even the capital native methods of transportation sometimes fail to cope with the wild impetuosity of the freshet.

To sum up: the winters of the North-west, upon the whole, are agreeable, and singularly steady. The moccasin is dry and comfortable throughout, and no thaw, strictly speaking, takes place until spring, no matter how mild the weather may be. The snow, though shallow, wears well, and differs greatly from eastern snow. Its flake is dry and hard, and, in its gritty consistence, resembles white, slippery sand more than anything else. Generally speaking, the further west the shallower the snow, and this rule obtains even into the heart of the Rocky Mountains. In south-western Ontario the winter is milder, no doubt, than at Red River; but the soil of the North-west beats the soil of Ontario out of comparison, and, after all, who would care to exchange the crisp, sparkling, exhilarating winter of Manitoba for the slush and mud and rawness of Essex? And as for the Ottawa Valley, where, compared with the North-west, there is simply no land at all, and where the snow often lies four or five feet deep on a level, he would be a madman to do so.

As for the summer of the North-west nothing more need be said; there is nothing to surpass it in America.

In another paper I hope to deal with the resources and productions of this great region.

SONNET.

From "SPRING WILD FLOWERS;"

A Volume of Poems, by Professor Daniel Wilson, LL.D., University College, Toronto.

I STOOD upon the world's thronged thoroughfare,
And saw her crowds pass by in eager chase
Of bubbles glistening in the morning rays;
While overhead, methought God's angels were
With golden crowns, of which all unaware
They heedless crowded on in folly's race.
But yet methought a few were given grace,
With heavenward gaze, to aspire for treasures there,
All trustfully as an expectant heir;
Through whom the soul shone, as the body were
But as a veil, wherein it did abide,
Waiting till God's own hand shall it uncover.
O God! that such a prize in vain should hover
O'er souls in nature to Thyself allied!

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XVI.

"SUGARING OFF."

"Do you think, because you fail me,
And draw back your hand to-day,
That, from out the heart I gave you,
My strong love can fade away?"

NEXT day Alan contented himself with paying a few friendly New Year's visits in Mapleford, not caring to venture to the Mill at the risk of finding Mr. Sharpley established there. The day following that he must return to Carrington. As before, he walked on before the stage, accompanied by Ponto, along the now comparatively well-tracked road, though the walking was here and there rather heavy.

He had a good half-hour to spend with Lottie, who was unusually conciliatory, as she always was when she had treated him particularly ill. When he gently reproached her for so neglecting him for Mr. Sharpley on the night of the party, she only said, with a little toss of her pretty head, that, if Mr. Sharpley chose to be attentive she could not help it, and he was a much greater stranger than Alan, so, of course, she had to be civil to him. And Alan was very willing to take the best view of the matter and to tax himself with being exacting, nor did he wish to waste his last precious minutes in reproaches; so Lottie and he parted on as good terms as ever, she announcing to him that she was coming into Carrington in February, to stay with Kate Lindsay after her marriage. Alan did not say this time that he would rather it had been with some one else. He felt glad that she was coming on any terms.

Alan felt pretty home-sick when he got back to his lonely lodging. But work has a wonderful effect, and in his daily work and his studies, and his walks and talks with Philip Dunbar, with now and then an afternoon's skating on the "rink"—which was only a circumscribed space laboriously kept free from snow,—the long cold January wore away. At the "rink" he generally encountered little Pauline Arnold. He and she were growing great friends, and she would often catechise him about his name and his family, and get him to tell her stories about what he and his brothers and sister used to do when they were children. Ben had gone off on one of his wandering expeditions, probably to join some of his people in deer-hunting; but Alan knew that when he was tired of it he would return.

Near the end of January Kate Lindsay's marriage took place, and Lottie wrote to Alan an unusually extensive epistle, describing its grandeur, she herself being first bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall went on the usual "wedding trip,' of about a week's duration, and then Lottie arrived to be with her friend in her new house during the season of receiving and returning wedding calls.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Sharpley managed to obtain early intelligence of Lottie's presence in Carrington, and that he was one of Mrs. Marshall's earliest visitors, a circumstance due much more to his knowledge of her visitor's arrival than to his regard for his "friend Mr. Marshall." Alan found him there when he called, and could hardly get a word with Lottie apart, so steadily did Mr. Sharpley maintain his position near her. And in fact he was obliged to leave Mr. Sharpley behind when, after making a tolerably long visit, he felt it time to go. Mr. Sharpley had established himself on a comfortable footing of intimacy which could disregard formalities, and with which neither the bride nor her friend seemed at all displeased.

And so it went on through the whole of Lottie's visit. If Alan joined Lottie and her friend for a walk, Mr. Sharpley was almost sure to attach himself to the party before the walk was over; if Alan went to

Mrs. Marshall's to spend an evening in Lottie's society, he was compelled to endure Mr. Sharpley's also; worst of all was the intimate, confidential tone which that gentleman assumed, and which Lottie was very far from seeming to repel. On fine afternoons Mrs. Marshall and Lottie would go to visit the rink, not to skate, for neither possessed that accomplishment, but only to look on the animated scene. Mr. Sharpley, who at other times used to skate a little, lost on these occasions all his taste for the amusement, and mounted guard beside Lottie and her friend, or friends; the little group usually seeming to be provided with plenty of amusement, which sometimes found expression in merriment that was a little too loud and noisy. Alan used to flit backwards and forwards in an undecided manner, skating up to the party and remaining with them till he could no longer stand Lottie's flirtation with Sharpley, then gliding off to his friend Mr. Dunbar, who, a far from uninterested spectator, was watching the progress of affairs, and anon returning again to Lottie as if impelled by some irresistible fascination. "Just like a moth round a candle," Mr. Dunbar said within himself as he looked on.

In fact it was evident, even to less interested eyes than Alan's, that Mr. Sharpley was "going in" pretty strongly, as his friends said, for Miss Lottie Ward, but whether it was with ultimately serious intentions, or merely as a flirtation, it was not so easy to discover. As for Lottie, while she received Mr. Sharpley's attentions with apparent pleasure, she was by no means inclined to tolerate any neglect of Alan's, and was, or appeared to be, absurdly jealous one day when he had skated nearly all the afternoon with little Pauline Arnold, not coming near her till it was almost over. Alan kept up his hopes on such symptoms, though he often had a hard battle with the fears which would take form in spite of him. But he persuaded himself that Lottie was only coquetting with Sharpley—it was her nature to do that—and so he could not blame her, and it was very natural for a girl brought up in the country to be pleased and flattered by such marked attentions. But he could not believe that they could have the effect of removing her affection from him, although between his dislike and jealousy of Sharpley and his natural desire to see all he could of Lottie, poor Alan was kept in a constant fever of anxiety and worry.

It was well for him that he had to go off on a business expedition with Mr. George Arnold, to see and value some timber which the firm proposed to buy, and so missed the latter part of Lottie's visit, and the large party that Mrs. Marshall gave for her as soon as she was in a position to do so by having been invited to a number of places herself. The party was not one that Alan would have cared for, being chiefly composed of people like the McCallums, who, though wealthy, possessed but little cultivation or refinement; and Mr. Dunbar's society had made him rather quick to see such deficiencies in any one, that is, except Lottie. While if he had not gone to the party, to be made miserable by seeing Mr. Sharpley's conspicuous attentions, he would have made himself hardly less miserable by imagining them at home. But the long journey he was obliged to take by sleigh through a wild tract of country, and the excitement of various little adventures, such as meeting a bear which Alan brought down with his rifle, after George Arnold had tried and failed, served as a wholesome distraction to the morbid state of mind that had been growing upon him; and when he returned Lottie had gone home, having been somewhat hastily recalled by a temporary indisposition of her mother. It was at once a disappointment and a relief to find her gone. She was removed from Mr. Sharpley's daily society now, and for himself, he hoped to see her on his visit home at Easter, when he would have a day or two of holidays. Easter came early that year, but early as it was, the winter was already breaking up, and under the influence of a bright March sun and mild days the snow was going away so fast that Alan saw he should have no sleighing to go home with. But had the roads been ten times as bad, and had he been obliged to walk, Alan would have gone nevertheless. It was splendid sugar-making weather—bright, warm sunny days, and frosty nights. Alan knew how the sap would be running from the pierced trees into the wooden sap-buckets in the "maple bush" at Blackwater Mill. He had usually helped them there with their sugar-making, for at Braeburn they had not maple trees enough to make "sugaring" worth while. What pleasant days he and Lottie had had in that wood, watch-

ing the buckets filling, and emptying them into the great cask which, when full, was conveyed to the farm-house to be boiled there in the great iron kettle! And then the "sugaring off," when the golden syrup was declared to be about sufficiently boiled, and was tested, much to the young people's delight, by being poured over plates of snow, forming, as it rapidly cooled, a delicious bit of confectionery. All the old, free, happy times came back to Alan in his exile, and he had an unconquerable longing to have once more a taste of them. He would be in time, at least, for the "sugaring off;" and he hoped the old associations that would be revived would revive also Lottie's old affection, in case Mr. Sharpley's attentions might have had a tendency to diminish it. So we cheat ourselves with vain hopes and screen the edge of the precipice at our feet with flowers till the treacherous footing gives way, and precipitates us to the bottom.

There would be no stage through to Mapleford on Good Friday, as it only went three times a week, and Alan could not leave on the Thursday morning, so he made up his mind to hire a conveyance, and start on the Thursday afternoon. He met Mr. Dunbar, however, on his way to the livery stable, and on telling him of his intention was met by the kind proposal that he should take for the journey a horse which Mr. Dunbar had lately bought.

"I should really be glad if you'd take him," said Mr. Dunbar, who when he did a kindness, always managed to do it in the kindest way. "The roads have been so uninviting of late that I haven't been able to give him proper exercise, and he's eating his head off in the stable, and getting spoiled, besides, for want of work. So take him and welcome. You'd better ride I think, than go on wheels."

As Alan, having thanked him heartily, was turning away, Mr. Dunbar added—"Poor Joseph Morgan is dead; he died this morning; I've just been writing to Miss Lenore Arnold about it. She'll be interested in hearing, for her generosity has been just keeping them alive of late.

Alan inwardly wondered—it was natural enough, in his circumstances, that he should wonder—whether Mr. Dunbar was not glad of the opportunity of writing to Miss Lenore about anything, since he seemed to admire her so much. He had often wondered at his friend's inveterate bachelorhood.

It was one of the brightest of March afternoons when Alan started on his ride to Mapleford—one of those unnaturally mild, spring-like days, when the sunshine falls so sweet and golden that the snow and slush under foot seems an anachronism, and we like to cheat ourselves into thinking that "the winter is over and gone," and that all the delights of spring are at hand, without thinking of the long tract of bleak ungenial weather that must come between.

But, as the sun sank low and Alan drew near to his destination, the air began to grow keen and frosty again. He could trace its influence in the hard crunching sound of his horse's hoofs against the freezing slush, and in the coating of ice that was already covering the little runnels of water on the road. But the clear, bracing air was a delight to breathe, and Alan, who had made up his mind to cast care behind him, felt his spirits rising rapidly as he drank in the exhilarating air, and watched the clear, bright, saffron tones of the sunset. He would have Lottie all to himself here; and instead of the artificial town, with the multifarious sights and sounds that so distracted her volatile fancy, there would be the free, open sky, and delicious spring air, and the quiet fields and trees, to open her heart and give him fresh assurance of the love he had won from her when the last spring was shedding her witchery over the earth, as Lottie had done over him.

So thinking and dreaming, Alan, who had put Mr. Dunbar's rather "fresh" horse to its best paces during the last few miles, came in sight of the well-known mill on the high ground, just below which, though an intervening rise hid it from him, was the miller's house. Then a gallop and he was at the wide gate. He would ride in, surprise Lottie—for he had not told her he was coming—stay as long as he could, and then push on to Mapleford, in time to walk in upon them just as they were separating for the night.

He encountered no one in the broad lane that led to the house. It would be about tea-time, he remembered, the days were so long now. He could see the broad golden sunset through the pines that edged the rock, below which fell the water-fall; he could hear its rushing sound already begun,

for it had broken loose from its icy fetters. Long afterwards these sights and sounds remained photographed on his memory, as often happens in a crisis in our lives.

He turned in towards the back-door. He thought he would go in through the outer kitchen, and come upon them unawares. He could hear Lottie's voice already in merry tones. He dismounted quietly, and tied his horse near the door, which was partly open. He entered quietly. There was the great sugar-cauldron, just as he had seen it so often of old, with Mrs. Ward beside it, dipping in her long iron ladle. And there was Lottie, looking brighter and prettier than ever, holding a plate of snow ready to catch the syrup from the ladle. And beside her—very close, and looking at her with an unmistakable expression of ownership—stood Mr. Sharpley. As she turned, with the well-known arch look in her brown eyes, holding the plate of cooling syrup to her companion, he put his arm round her waist in the most matter-of-course way and kissed the face turned towards him —a liberty which Lottie only noticed by a light laugh, as she looked up at him in the old, insinuating way that Alan knew so well.

That was quite enough for him to see. He knew his fate now, without plainer telling. He had presence of mind left to retire noiselessly, without letting his presence be observed, but how he got to Mapleford he never knew. That part of his journey always remained a blank to him. But he knew afterwards, from the condition of his horse when he arrived, that he must have galloped, at full speed, nearly all the way.

It was with a curious, stunned feeling, that he went through the greetings and the little excitement of the arrival. He did not yet realise the blow which had fallen, and anything that could stave off thought was welcome. His mother and Jeanie noticed how pale and haggard he looked, and set it down to his having been overworked, an impression he did not care to remove. When Jeanie, shortly after he had gone, heard the news of Lottie's new engagement, she remembered Alan's haggard looks and depressed spirits, and traced them to their true source; but even *she* never knew that he had stopped that afternoon at Blackwater Mill.

He got through his visit somehow, so different a visit from what he had intended to make it, but afterwards it seemed to him as if it had all been a dream. He felt as if he could neither think nor feel. His mind had not yet adjusted itself to the new state of things, and he felt bewildered between things as they had been and things as they *were*. It was not till he returned to Carrington that the full sense of his desolation rushed upon him, and he had to face the knowledge that the fair fabric of dreams and hopes in which he had lived so long, had all crumbled into dust.

It was about a week after that Good Friday that, in going to the post-office to look for his home letter, he got, along with it, one bearing the post-mark of Dunn's Corners, but directed in an unfamiliar hand, the writing, evidently, of a person not accustomed to letter-writing. He knew what it was, immediately, as well as if it had been handed to him open, though he trifled with it for some time before he could make up his mind to open it.

It was, as he expected, from Mrs. Ward; much such a letter as Mrs. Ward might have been expected to write under the circumstances, with a good many inaccuracies, literal and grammatical, but withal concise, and very much to the point. She reminded Alan that she had told him that the engagement must be considered as broken off, and that Lottie was at liberty to "do better," should opportunity offer. Such an opportunity had offered itself in Mr. Sharpley's proposal, and she and her husband had felt that they would not be doing their duty by their daughter if they did not advise her to accept it. She had, therefore, accepted it, with their advice and approval; indeed they would have very much disapproved of her refusing it, since Mr. Sharpley was a very nice, steady, prosperous young man, and it was not every day that a girl met with such a chance. Mrs. Ward hoped that Alan was satisfied, and that he would see it was all for the best; though for her part she would have been very glad had it been so that Alan could have been in Mr. Sharpley's place. She hoped, too, that he would not think hardly of Lottie, who had, she thought, acted very sensibly, and that they would always be just as good friends as ever.

It was only what Alan had expected, and yet, somehow, the seeing it in black and white before him made him feel as if it were real and tangible. His mind went bitterly back over the past year, over his doubting

hope, his timid love, his joy when he had reason to believe it returned, his short-lived happiness, and then the months of trouble and separation and hoping against hope. Well! it was all over now, but, "how *could* Lottie?" That was the thought that would always recur! He would not think harshly of her if he could help it—but how *could* she do it?

Perhaps Lottie could hardly have told. She had very much drifted into it by force of circumstances. She had at first accepted Mr. Sharpley's attentions out of pure coquetry, till she had begun to feel him a necessary and agreeable appendage, and so he had gradually usurped Alan's place in her thoughts. She was not in love with Mr. Sharpley, any more than she had been with Alan. But the prosperous, pleasant career which, as his wife, she seemed to see before her, beguiled her fancy, and there was no real love at bottom to rise against the ignoble temptation and drive the intruder out. And so she had come to cherish the thought as a pleasant one, and Alan's image had grown dimmer and dimmer. And, if anything more were needed, Mr. Sharpley's persuasive accents, and her father's and mother's advice and encouragement would have done the rest. She thought of Alan, still, with a little *tendresse*, which did not, however, disturb the complacency with which she looked forward to her wedding preparations. She did not in the least realise the intensity of his suffering, but she rather hoped that he would not "get over" it directly. Indeed, it gave her a curious satisfaction to think that he would not, for she would have felt decidedly slighted, if he could have "got over his disappointment" as easily as Robert Warwick, who was to be married to Mary Burridge in May. She thought that she would always be a great friend of Alan's, and felt rather injured that he had not come to see her during his Easter visit to Mapleford.

It would have been too much to expect Mr. Sharpley to have any compunction in possessing himself of what he did not think Alan had any right to claim in his altered circumstances. *He was* in love, so far as his cold, shallow temperament would let him be, and he had had some misgivings as to whether he was not letting his feelings run away with him to an unwarrantable degree, in bestowing himself on a country girl, with no "style" about her, when he might have had, as he believed, a tolerably extensive choice among the Carrington "young ladies." But, after all, the choice there was limited to a rather second class "set," and he felt convinced that Lottie, with her good looks, and the advantage of his supervision, would soon take on a polish quite equal to theirs, while he knew that from the miller's ample resources, a pretty substantial portion would, sooner or later, fall to Lottie's share. So, on the whole, even taking into consideration the great aims and objects of his life, he felt that he might in this case give the reins to his inclination, and marry the girl he really wanted. For Alan he felt a contemptuous sort of compassion, such as mean spirits, when successful, often feel for those they have distanced in the race. He had, long ago, quite forgotten any uncomfortable feelings he might have had in regard to past transactions between them.

Alan never wrote to Lottie, or attempted to procure an interview. When the first keenness of the suffering was over, he tried to make excuses for her, and he did not wish to reproach, or wound her, now that matters had gone so far and could not be undone. He wrote to Mrs. Ward a few lines, acknowledging her letter, with the information it contained, saying that it was for Lottie, of course, to decide her own lot, and that however deeply he must regret it, he wished her all happiness in the lot she had chosen

And Mrs. Ward remarked to her husband that, really, the young man had behaved very well, and that the whole thing had been most satisfactorily managed, which Mr. Ward only thought another proof, added to the many he had already had, of the extreme cleverness of his energetic wife.

Lottie's wedding was fixed for the first week in June, for Mr. Sharpley saw no reason why he should wait, nor was Lottie unwilling to enter upon the importance and the excitement of her new life as a town lady. So Mrs. Ward immersed herself in the work of getting Lottie an outfit that she should not be ashamed of, and thought very little of Alan, or of the Campbell family, who, when they heard the startling news, took up Alan's cause with an indignation far greater than any that Alan ever manifested, whatever he may have felt.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEW FRIENDS.

"It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part."

ALL that Spring seemed lost to Alan. Afterwards he could never remember how it had passed, as often happens with times of intense suffering. He could well remember, however, the feeling of the long weary struggle to accommodate his mind to the altered circumstances, to steel himself to think of Lottie as another's, and crush back the wild longings that would continually rise in spite of him, to mock him with the ghost of a dead Past—to rouse his energies to go about the daily work that now seemed so objectless—though he hated himself for feeling it so, when there were the dear ones at home to labour for. But life just then seemed to him a weary waste of arid sand, over which his tired feet must plod on—on—with no bright goal in view, no pleasant resting-place or shelter when the toil was over!

He shrank from society, and liked best to take refuge in silence and his own thoughts; and now and then, from these, when he could command his attention so far as to fix it on a book. Even Mr. Dunbar's companionship he ungratefully shunned, the converse that had formerly been so pleasant seeming an intolerable burden to him now. He always carefully avoided meeting Mr. Sharpley, the very sight of whom gave him a stab of pain, the pain of putting anything so hated in such close connexion with what he had so loved.

Ben had returned to his work with the Spring that loosened the fettered waters once more; and he was now and then Alan's companion in a walk, his very taciturnity making him a grateful companion, since he neither cared to talk, nor expected to be talked to. But these country walks revived the pain in a new form. There was hardly a symptom of Spring, hardly a wild flower or opening blossom, that did not recall Lottie, and the thought of the last Spring. The hepaticas, so delicately fragrant, the snowy trilliums and convallarias, and the bright phloxes, all vividly reminded him of the bouquets he had brought her from the woods in the first happy flush of his avowed love. And at such times, Ben would wonder how his face would change and grow white and take that hard, set look; while Alan would walk rapidly homeward, intent only upon controlling the paroxysm of agony till he was alone. It seemed so hard to believe that it was all over and yet he must believe it! In after years he could hardly recall the image of that dark gloomy time, which clouded over the bright Spring skies for him till he could hardly see any brightness, and would not have believed in the possibility that any "bright light" could be hid in clouds like these.

But just when all was darkness, and his need was sorest, a friend and comforter was sent him, in the person of a new boarder who came at this time to stay for awhile at Mrs. O'Donohue's, during a temporary sojourn in Carrington.

The new-comer, Ralph Myles, was a young man, very little older, apparently, than Alan. He was rather under the middle height, but strongly built, and his well-knit frame, all sinew and muscle, seemed to bear witness to a life of hard toil. His square, rather heavy features were plain, at least you thought so until you saw them lighted up by a smile of remarkable sweetness, or noticed the truthful, earnest, kindly expression of the clear grey eyes, which seemed to look on every one he met as if he had a message of love to deliver, and only longed for an opportunity of delivering it.

And so indeed it was. Ralph Myles had chosen as his vocation that of being "a son of consolation" to those who were wandering in darkness, and misery, and sin, all unmindful of the "blue heavens above us bent," of their true welfare, present and future; the task of "making straight paths for the feet" of those who were stumbling, astray and benighted, through the wilderness of this world. His youth had been spent, not in college education, but in arduous toil, and was so, still, at intervals; for his family were poor and struggling with the difficulties of a farm which they were reclaiming from nearly "wild land," and often needed his cheerfully given and efficient help. But Ralph had a higher mission, a still more pressing "vocation," and in pursuance of it had become a lay-preacher and evangelist, making a specialty of a mission to the lumbermen, on which he had been sent, with the scantiest of pay. It was a much needed

mission, for some of the gangs of lumbermen, especially in the back country, had lost any gleams of Christian knowledge they had ever possessed, and lived absolutely as heathens; swearing, drinking, and gambling being the rule instead of the exception. Often separated from their families for long periods, they were deprived of every softening influence, and some of them were as hardened "roughs" as one could well meet with anywhere, confirming each other's evil habits, and spending in noisy drinking-bouts the earnings they should have brought home to their families.

But the worse they were, the more field they furnished for Ralph Myles's ardent missionary zeal. He went about among their shanties in the far backwoods, beyond the reach of wheeled vehicles, and even of horse-tracks, carrying at his belt a small hatchet, to make his way through the tangled forest, and a pocket-compass to guide him to his intended destination. He sat among the men around their camp-fires, talking to them as one of themselves, and teaching the great truths he longed to bring to bear upon them in the homeliest phraseology. He preached to them in his powerful, sonorous voice, and rough, untutored eloquence, with an originality, but, above all, with a force of heart and feeling that told upon his hearers, rough and hardened as they were, and sometimes, by a happy stroke that went home to some still responsive hidden chord, would bring unbidden tears to eyes long strangers to them, even as the rough Cornish colliers used to be melted by the burning appeals of the Wesleys. It is said that "where there's a will there's a way," and it seems true, to some extent at least, that a whole-hearted, genuine impulse, if unwavering and full of faith in its object, does, in some measure, bend the order of things—even of material things—to its will. And so, with implicit faith in his message, and a burning desire to deliver it, Ralph Myles was making his way, and meeting with encouraging success, where "practical men," so-called, would have prophesied complete failure. But fervid enthusiasm will prevail when cold calculation must inevitably fail.

It was in the prosecution of his unwearying labours in this mission that Ralph Myles had come for a time to Carrington, which he intended to make a centre for little missionary tours in various directions, especially up the large river into which the Arqua ran.

It was at a crisis in Alan's life that Ralph Myles came to be his fellow-boarder. There were already boarding there one or two young men of rather unsteady habits, from whom Alan had been wont to hold himself aloof, disliking their practices and the tone of their conversation. They, along with two sons of the landlady, Mrs. O'Donohue—reckless, rollicking young Irishmen, whose means of living were not very clear, unless they lived upon their poor, hard-working mother—used to have what they called "social evenings" of card playing, generally accompanied by gambling, which social evenings were wont to be wound up by "a glass,"—meaning more accurately half-a-dozen glasses. Other young men of similar tastes sometimes came in to join them, and these evening parties often became rather boisterous, to say the least of it, before they ended, which they usually did in the strains—very musical, for the O'Donohues had fine voices—of "He's a jolly good fellow;" and energetic exclamations that the singers did not intend to "go home till morning," resounded with startling vehemence through the quiet streets. Poor fellows! it was hardly to be much marvelled at if they did amuse themselves in this way. No taste for any purer, more elevated pleasures had ever been cultivated in them; they did not care for reading, no taste for it having ever been awakened in their untutored minds; there were no pleasant home-circles open to them, where their hearts and minds might have been awakened to purer tastes and a nobler conception of life; they were hirelings and strangers, whom the busy little world of Carrington—divided off into several "sets," and all intent on their own pleasures and profit—disregarded and threw upon their own resources, such as these resources were.

And now that Alan was despondent and miserable, often feeling not equal to seeking even Philip Dunbar's society, finding the books that used to interest him now demanding more command of thought than his depressed and heart-sick frame of mind would allow; when the volume would drop neglected from his hand, while his thoughts went bitterly back to the sorrow that they were ever morbidly feeding on, he began to listen to the merry sounds—as they seemed—that came up from the room below, and

then, as at least a temporary diversion and refuge from the painful thoughts that sometimes became intolerable, he began to join the circle, at first as a spectator merely, then gradually as a participator. He learned, for the first time in his life, to play at cards, and began to like the excitement of it, and even the further excitement of playing for money. And then, too, against all his own former principles, he began to join in the "social glass," at first out of mere good-fellowship with the fellows who were so friendly, and by degrees for its own sake—for the exhilarating effect and the temporary relief from present misery. The latent tendency which he inherited from his father, and which had first been excited by Mr. Dunbar's generous wine, was now being developed fast. Moreover, he was becoming familiarised with a tone of conversation such as he had never before been accustomed to. Low jests, stories of doubtful tendency, evil such as he had formerly never even dreamed of, were growing far too familiar to his ear. In short, Alan, under the pressure of a shock which he had no inner strength to resist, was fast going on the downward road to ruin, as many another has done before him; when, happily for him, the strong, kind heart and resolute love of Ralph Myles interposed and saved him from himself.

This might, indeed, have been tried by Mr. Dunbar, but he wanted Ralph's lever—that power of thorough faith, by which he produced such effects. The slight cynicism which tinged his manner either sprang from or was accompanied by scepticism. Alan could not have told why it was that he felt his kind friend could not be a helper to him at this time; why, in regard to the very highest subjects, there seemed to be about him so different an atmosphere from that in which he had been brought up. Mr. Dunbar was one whom his own painful experience and the restless spirit of the age had shaken loose from his moorings. He had suffered much in various ways, and felt as if he had been hardly dealt with by what people in general called "Providence," but what he called "chance," or "fate," or "luck." He could feel no Father's love, could see no Father's hand guiding the "changes and chances of this mortal life."

His experience of those whom the world calls "Christians," had not been a happy one. His mother had been a weak, inefficient woman, making a rather ostentatious profession of religion an excuse for neglecting home duties, even for much unprofitable gossip about her neighbours. Then, as he had seen more of life, he had seen many strange inconsistencies between the things which these people professed to believe and the things they did. He had seen those who were looked upon as pillars of their respective religious organizations, professed champions of a cause that essentially looks beyond the "fashions of this world that passeth away," just as worldly, as unscrupulous in their business transactions, as greedy of this world's filthy lucre, as their more irreligious neighbours. He had seen men like Dick Sharpley evidently parading their "religious connexion," with the aim, half avowed, of improving their business connexion, and he had seen such manœuvres succeed. He had seen employers, men who took a prominent part in church matters, going complacently to church with their families, seemingly careless of the fact that by their compelling their employees to work on the day of rest, they were depriving them of all chance of receiving the spiritual nourishment which they appeared to think needful for themselves. He saw churches in which it was supposed that the "gospel was preached to the poor," fenced about with pew-rents, and filled up with well-dressed congregations, who sat in their luxurious pews and listened to the exposition of a religion of love and self-sacrifice, without one thought of the poor sunken creatures wrangling and writhing in their ignorance and vice and misery, not a stone's throw without, who might, by the extending of a helping hand, have been given a chance to rise. But the people who professed to be followers of Him who came to "seek and save that which was lost," went home to enjoy their Sunday dinner and their Sunday afternoon of repose or gossip, or indolent reading, without any idea, apparently, that they had anything to do with the matter. Even in the management of some so-called "charities," he had seen abuses which excited his indignation—the grinding down of the poor to serve the selfish ends of those who managed them to suit their own interests, all the while gaining and taking credit for their supposed self-denying exertions. In politics, too, in which Mr. Dunbar took a deep interest, he had often seen men who professed to be follow-

ers of embodied Truth and Love, setting at nought the simplest principles of political honesty, sacrificing truth and fairness to party exigencies, and conscience to expediency, and taking their full share in all the unfairness, misrepresentation, and animosity of blind partisanship; in short, doing and condoning, apparently without a single scruple, evils which he, Philip Dunbar, who made no profession of faith at all, would have died sooner than endorse or participate in. His keen eye had detected Pharisaism and hypocrisy in a hundred guises, until he had hardened himself into a general belief that the whole was a sham and an unreality. Judging more hastily and less candidly than he would have done in any legal matter, he judged Christianity by the shortcomings and inconsistencies of those whose want of practical faith made them unworthy to fight under her banner, and, of course, taking a test of this kind, found it wanting.

The divisions of the Christian Church, too, were another stumbling-block to him; not because theoretical differences existed, for he was philosopher enough to allow for the differences in mental constitution and habit which prevent any truth from being seen exactly alike by all, but because the great common cohesive force whose power all professed to own, did not more generally triumph over the theoretical differences; because that which is admittedly the strongest of all bonds seemed to be so often the most embittering source of alienation and separation. And again, instead of referring this evil to its source in the erring heart of man, he half unconsciously referred it to a defect in the religion which he thought he judged "by its fruits."

Moreover, in the course of his extensive reading, he was constantly coming upon some of the attacks—sometimes covert and sometimes open, but generally keen and bitter—which a philosophy falsely so-called "is so fond of launching at a misconceived Christianity"—misconceived, because its enemies will not take the trouble of candidly studying it at its fountain head. Not by the utterances of its Founder, but by the "traditions of men," they judge, and so grossly misjudge it. Mr. Dunbar could hardly take up a scientific periodical without meeting with some of the insinuations or bold, unblushing invectives of those who avail themselves of the light given them by the God of Nature, by which they are enabled to see a little way into His wondrous workings, to draw hasty conclusions, and from them falsely to deduce systems of thought which would exclude the Creator from His own universe, and reduce everything to the blind working of the forces which He has permitted them to study. Philip Dunbar did not go so far as that however. Such things had their effect upon his mind, but he never lost his faith in abstract truth and goodness, and that, at least, saved him from the black gulf of materialism. He thought that his "faith had centre everywhere"—

> "Nor cared to fix itself in form,"

forgetting that, as human beings, we want something real, something concrete to cling to; and that form, however worse than useless it may be when deprived of the living spirit which alone can give it any value, may yet, when that spirit is present to animate it, be not only a beautiful but even a necessary expression of the life within. But though this was Philip Dunbar's own state of mind, he was at least careful not to disturb another's happier faith, where he saw it was genuine. When, as in Lenore Arnold, he saw a real attempt to live out the spirit of the religion believed in, he respected it as a beautiful development of humanity, and would not have uttered a word to shake what he deemed a fair illusion. And in regard to Alan, he would have avoided doing anything to lessen his reverence for that which might be a safeguard to him in passing through life, knowing, as Mr. Dunbar did, how much safeguards are needed in it. But when Alan, in his distress, needed real help and comfort, he knew intuitively that Mr. Dunbar had it not to give.

Ralph Myles, on the other hand, was one of the happy few who seem to reach the light without any intermediate experience of darkness and doubt. He held the living principle of the truth he had received with too firm a grasp to admit of doubting, and weighing, and critically theorising respecting that which energized his whole soul and being. He had got beyond the need of logical demonstration, if logical demonstration were possible in a sphere which so far transcends human reason. He could as easily have doubted the existence of the warm physical life that animated his physi-

cal frame, as the strong spiritual impulses that pervaded his inner being. Some of the more formally appointed labourers in the same field, who, taking their stand upon the advantages of college education and ecclesiastical authorization, would have hardly deigned to acknowledge Ralph as a fellow-labourer, might have envied him the strong ardent zeal and satisfied grasp of Truth that was the moving principle of his happy and useful life.

He had the gift, and a rare and valuable one it is, of drawing out the confidence even of the reserved. He saw Alan's unhappiness and his danger, and by degrees he obtained some glimpses into the state of his mind. He set himself to break up the dissipated habits of the little coterie, and almost without their knowing why, his presence had a restraining influence, and his efforts to rouse them to a sense of something nobler and better were not without their effect.

But he made Alan his especial care, for he was drawn towards him by a strong attraction, and soon gained over him a powerful influence. He taught him to see, or at least believe when he could not see, that life here is but a discipline and education for a nobler one in the future, that he had been hitherto satisfying himself with the lower love, and allowing it to crowd out the desire or wish for the higher, and that that higher and inexpressible Love which had a right to claim him as its own was now guiding every step of a way intended to lead him to his true rest. And wearied out with his misery and his fruitless struggle, as well as burdened with a sense of sin and wrong-doing, Alan, at last, was fain to abandon the useless conflict, and give himself up in child-like faith to the "unseen Friend at his side," —to the Divine Love that, through suffering and death, had bought for him a purified conscience and true spiritual life.

But all this was not learned in a day.

(*To be continued.*)

CANADA.

I KNOW a land in the glowing West,
Which my youthful heart loved first and best;
A land which seemed to my raptured eyes,
As a last sweet likeness of Paradise—
Where birds and flowers were bright and gay,
And all nature joined in my happy play;
Where the blushing morn and the balmy air
Seemed ever breathing a thankful prayer;
And a spirit dwelt in the young moon's light,
And guarded with beauty each summer night.

Ah, would 'neath the dear old roof I might stand,
And feast my eyes on that pleasant land,
On the meadow reach where the "scarlet cup"
Seems drinking the dazzling sunshine up.
Where Ontario's waters in calmness lie
'Neath the azure blue of the boundless sky.
And the war-birds flash and the blue-birds play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day;
While some youth springs down from the glowing land.
And the light skiff darts from the yellow sand.

And then when the light snow falls thro' the air,
And winter sets in, oh! how bright and clear!
When the sleigh-bells ring their joyous song,
When the days are short and the nights are long,
When the dear toboggan is drawn thro' the street,
And moccasins pulled over dainty feet,
When swiftly we fly down some terrible slope,
With nothing to stop the toboggan, I hope!—
O can there on earth be more glorious fun?
Is any land better? say? under the sun.

But alas! I know that a change is there!
'Tis not in the sunshine, 'tis not in the air,
No! man may improve (?) every acre of soil,
As for fame or for riches he'll stubbornly toil,
But the air and the light, though we question them well,
Escape, with their secret scarce deigning to tell!
Yes, the sky is our birthright, 'tis young, and 'tis old,
And there's room for us all in that wonderful fold;
But the reason I sigh, though I know 'tis in vain,
Is for flowers that, alas! will bloom never again.

For the beech and the maple whose shadows no more
Will make like an old Roman pavement the floor
Of the forest; where lately the chip-munk and deer
Lived happy and free as the birds of the air;
And all the bright flowers that bent o'er the stream
Are gone, like the visions that flit thro' a dream;
And down by the brink of my own darling lake,
Where the lilies would tremble, would quiver and quake;
Stone battlements cover the sand and the shore
And the whip-poor-will sings nevermore, nevermore!

But why should I mourn? Here in England I find
The treasures of ages, the triumphs of mind;
And wherever we are in this Pilgrimage time,
Dear friends, we shall meet in a happier clime,
If here we look humbly and trustfully on
To the heaven where loved ones already are gone;
And if flowers and forests that charmed me of old
Have vanished like sunsets of crimson and gold,
They have left me bright pictures, and ne'er from my heart,
Shall the love of the home of my childhood depart.

London, England. E. S. T.

THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

By the Rev. G. M. Grant, Halifax,

Author of "Ocean to Ocean."

PART III.

IN 1835 Howe found out that he was an orator. So did the people of Halifax; and the year following he was elected as one of the four Reform candidates for the county. Now commenced the third period of his life, his ten years conflict for Responsible Government. The old order of things was strongly entrenched in Halifax. The citadel was too stoutly defended to be taken by a rush. Whether it was that the crisis gave birth to the men, or that the men gave birth to the crisis, certain it is that we have had no such men in Nova Scotia since. Well and long was the battle fought; and, now that the smoke has cleared away, we can see that what was involved was not mere reform, but a social and political revolution.

In the course of the contest hard things were said, and some wise men have blamed Howe for them. He could have done all that he did, say they, without speaking and writing bitterly, and so making enemies. To say the least, this is doubtful. Omelettes cannot be had without breaking eggs, nor wars without wounds. If there must be war, it will be essentially barbarous, in spite of all the International Peace Congresses in the world. A dog will bite if you try to take away his bone, and so will the average Briton if you touch his position, privileges, prejudices, or purse. Perhaps he will base his resistance on principle, on the cause, the country, or some other grand word. "I must bring in a bill to reduce your salary from £8,000 to £5,000," said the Prime Minister to the Bishop. "B—but, my dear sir," exclaimed his Lordship, horror-stricken, "what then will become of religion?"

From the first Howe seemed to know instinctively what was involved, and that there was no other course but to fight the battle out, although the fighting was sometimes merciless enough. "Forced into a cleft stick, there was nothing left for us but to break it," was his pithy way of putting the case. Naturally enough the stick objected to being broken. And as in every war, for one man killed in battle, five or six die from other causes connected with the war—bad boots, bad food, bad rum, wet clothes, the trenches for beds, hospital fever, and such like—so the open opposition of debate was the least that he had to fear. That, as one of the finest peasantry in the world said of Donnybrook, "was enjoyment." Howe was once asked by an old sportsman with whom he had gone fishing for salmon, how he liked that sport. "Pretty well," was the answer, "but after all it's not half so exciting as a fortnight's debate in the Legislature, and a doubt as to the division." The personal slanders in private circles—and he could not afford to be wholly indifferent to such; the misrepresentation not only of motives, but of the actual objects sought to be attained, which circulate from mouth to mouth till they become the established "they say" of society; those ceaseless petty annoyances and meannesses of persecution which Thackeray declares only women are capable of inflicting; these were showered about and on him like a rain of small-shot, and these *do* gall, no matter how smilingly a man may bear himself. He objected to the Anglican Bishop being a member of the Council, and to an Anglican clergyman being invariably Chaplain of the House of Assembly. The whisper went round that his real reason was not the equality of all denominations before the law, but that he himself was an infidel. He condemned the exaction of fees by the Judges, and there could be no doubt of the illegality of the practice; but he was none the less charged with bringing the judicial tribunals of the country into contempt. He advocated the opening of the outports, believing that when Halifax prospered at the expense of the rest of the Province it was no

more a sign of prosperity than the growth of a tumour that absorbs the strength of the body is a sign of health; and he was, of course, held up as the enemy of his native city. He demanded that the Provincial Government should have the regulation of the Post Office. It was gravely answered that if that were done we might stop the mails! He claimed that political offices should not be held in defiance of the will of the people; and "they said" that all he wanted was an office for himself. He declared that the people were dissatisfied because the executive was not responsible to them; and he was accused of being the author and fomenter of the dissatisfaction. When he and his friends proved that everything they asked for was in strict conformity with British precedents and the British constitution, the serious arguments they got in reply were that what might be granted with safety in Britain could not be granted in colonies, that colonists were too democratic for British institutions, and that they must be content if it was thought necessary that they should not enjoy some of the legislative privileges of the mother country.

But the favourite cry against him all these years was that he was a rebel. It was the most telling, for many good people believed it, and believed that he had infected the farmers of the country until, as Howe said, "they wouldn't buy eggs from the Chezzetcookers, lest the very hens had also been infected." I would not exaggerate the bitterness felt against him by the official class of the day, nor revive memories that all are willing to let die, but it is necessary to refer to these things to illustrate his character and environment. After all, these people did as most of us would probably have done. They were taught, and they believed easily, that this printer Howe was bad, that he spoke evil of dignitaries, that he was a red republican, and a great many other things equally low. The dignitaries could not control themselves when they had to refer to him; to take him down to the end of a wharf and blow him away from a cannon's mouth into space was the only thing that would satisfy their ideas of the fitness of things. Their women, if they saw him passing along the street, would run from the windows shrieking as if he were a monster whose look was pollution. Their sons talked of horsewhipping, ducking in a horsepond, fighting duels with him, or doing anything in an honourable or even semi-honourable way to abate or demolish the nuisance. And they did not confine themselves to talk. On one occasion, before he became a member of the House, a young fellow inflamed by drink mounted his horse and rode down the street to the printing office, with broadsword drawn, declaring he would kill Howe. He rode up on the wooden sidewalk, and commenced to smash the windows, at the same time calling on Howe to come forth. Howe was in, and hearing the clatter rushed out. He had been working at the desk, and had on only a pair of trowsers, all bespattered with ink, and a waistcoat half-buttoned. Appearing on the doorstep with shirt sleeves partly rolled up, just as he had been working, and bare head, he took in the situation at a glance. A madman on horseback and sword in hand must be always an unpleasant antagonist. Howe did not delay a minute nor say a word. His big white face glowed with passion, and going up to the shouting creature he caught him by the wrist, disarmed, unhorsed, and threw him on his back in a minute. Some years after, another young gentleman challenged him. Howe went out, received his fire, and then fired in the air. He was a dead shot, but had no desire to have murder on his soul. He was challenged afterwards by at least two others, but refused to go out again. He had gone once to prove that he was not a coward, but he had no intention of being made a target of. And he was no coward. There was not a drop of coward's blood in his body. Even a mob did not make him afraid. Once when the young Ireland party had inflamed the Halifax crowd against him, he walked among them on election day as fearlessly as in the olden time when they were all on his side. He knew that any moment a brickbat might come, crushing in the back of his head, but his face was cheery as usual, and his joke as ready. He fought as an Englishman fights; walking straight up to his enemy, looking him full in the face, and keeping cool as he hit from the shoulder with all his might. And when the fighting was done, he wished it to be done with. "And now, boys," said he once when he was carried home in triumph, "if any of you has a stick, just leave it in my porch for a keepsake." With shouts of laughter the shillelaghs came flying over the heads of the people in front till the porch

was filled. The pleasantry gave Howe a stock of fuel, and sent away the mob disarmed and in good humour.

We can see the true grit that was in such a man, but we must excuse those who fought hand to hand with him, if they could not see it. He was the enemy of their privileges, therefore of their order, therefore of themselves. It was a bitter pill to swallow when a man in his position was elected member for the county. The floodgates seemed to have opened. Young gentlemen in and out of College swore great oaths over their wine, and the deeper they drank the louder they swore. Their elders declared that the country was going to the dogs, that in fact it was no longer fit for gentlemen to live in. Young ladies carried themselves with greater hauteur than ever, heroically determined that they at least would do their duty to Society. Old ladies spoke of Antichrist, or sighed for the Millennium. All united in sending Howe to Coventry. He felt the stings. "They have scorned me at their feasts," he once burst out to a friend, "and they have insulted me at their funerals.

There was too much of human nature in Joe Howe to take all this without striking hard blows back. He did strike, and he struck from the shoulder. He said what he thought about his opponents with a bluntness that was absolutely appalling to them. He went straight to the point he aimed at with Napoleonic directness. They were stunned. They had been accustomed to be treated so differently. There had been so much courtliness of manner in Halifax before; the gradations of rank had been recognised by every one; and the great men and the great women had been always treated with deference. But here was a Jacobin who changed all that; who in dealing with them called a spade a spade; who searched pitilessly into their claims to public respect, and if he found them impostors declared them to be impostors; and who advocated principles that would turn everything upside down.

For a time things went from bad to worse. In his first Session in the House of Assembly, he got twelve Resolutions passed against the Council, as constituted, that laid the axe at the foot of the tree. He carried himself with a wariness as well as strength that gave him the leadership of the popular party at once. The first great step gained in the political contest was the separation of the Executive from the Legislative Council and the *quasi* acknowledgment of at least some responsibility to the Assembly. The next was the enforced retirement of four of the old Council, and the substitution of Howe and three others in their places. At the age of 36, the printer's boy became at the same time Mr. Speaker, and the Honourable Mr. Howe. But any one of the four who had been obliged to make way for him was considered by society worth a hundred Howes. They were rich, influential, able men. In their eyes he was a nobody, a political mendicant. Could they forgive him? They could not.

The coalition of the new with the remanent members of the Council did not work well. New cloth on old garments is at the best a temporary makeshift. The college question then came up, and leading Baptists thought that Howe did not use them well. He was for one free unsectarian college for Nova Scotia, just as he was for free unsectarian schools whenever he could get them; whereas they declared that they had been forced, by the injustice shown to Mr. Crawley by a rump board of Governors of Dalhousie College, into the policy of a college for their own denomination. The Baptists are a strong body in Nova Scotia, and they threw a heavy sword into the scale against him. And there were other reasons that made him feel uncomfortable in the Executive Council. Two of his defects were brusqueness of manner, and an egotism that craved the appearance as well as the reality of power. The first made him disagreeable to the Governor, Lord Falkland; the second made him intolerable to colleagues who disliked him from the first, and regarded him as an intruder. His retirement from the Council and resumption of the editorial chair followed. Then clamor rose. Personalities formed the staple of newspaper articles all over Nova Scotia, and of the discussions in the House. That was the epoch of thirteen or fourteen days' debates, followed by divisions with majorities of one, two, or three. Lord Falkland declared in public despatches that he would take any other members of the Liberal party into his Council, but that Joseph Howe he could not and would not take. Poor Lord Falkland! he was very angry, and as we must judge men according to their light. I do not wonder much. He was a man with a handsome face, had

been a Lord of the Bedchamber and what not in England, and he looked upon colonists as a kind of semi-savages that he had come out intending to be very kind to. Social equality he had never dreamed of. Yet here was an Orson, very strong, but a perfect brute, who would perhaps walk up the street arm-in-arm with a truckman, shake hands with him, and next minute enter Government House, and calmly offer the same hand to a Lord of the Bedchamber, husband of a king's daughter, as if a Lord was not very different from a truckman, and was on a level with Orson himself. And when Orson left the Council he was worse. He went back to his printing business, and set people laughing at the Lord's anointed. It was a terrible time in Nova Scotia.

About the same period, the year 1845, Howe was penniless. When he went into the House of Assembly, eight years before, he was making money. His paper circulated all over the Province, and brought him in an increasing revenue every year. In 1836 his profits were £1,500. A wise friend then advised him to stick to his own business, and to keep out of the House. Had he taken the advice he might have lived longer and died as rich as Horace Greeley. And yet I do not know. "Money is not made," a Halifax millionaire used to say, "money is saved." Joe Howe never had the faculty of saving; and when he became the man of the people and kept open house in Halifax, it was simply impossible for him to save. He would toss a half-crown to the boy who held his horse for a few minutes at a roadside inn, when the little chap expected a halfpenny. A poor fellow who had perhaps voted for him would write to him from the jail, and Howe would say to a young relative in whom he had confidence, "Go and get him out; if there is no other way, pay what he owes, and take his note, if he is worth anything." But usually he wasn't worth anything, or the note wasn't. Or a warm-hearted Irishman, with an indefinite number of children, would come and explain to him that from bad luck he had laid in nothing for the winter, and that no work was to be had; and Howe would give him an order on a friend's provision store for a barrel of pork. The friend would take him to task when they met: "I say, Joe, look here! a barrel of pork you know costs £4. It will never do." "Oh! what's the use," would very likely be the reply, "he's on our side, and must not starve."

He loved, too, to keep open house in that truly hospitable way that cooks, with a right sense of what their profession is entitled to, detest. He would invite, or take along with him to dinner, a friend or half a dozen of his constituents whom he chanced to meet, without sending notice beforehand, and never dreamed of apologising to them though there was only half a peck of smelts, or some such provision, on the table. They got a welcome, and that made a dinner of herbs better than a stalled ox would have been without love. And no distinguished stranger visited Halifax without being hospitably entertained by him.

Such a style of living and of spending money left him not only without a dollar, but in debt to his friends; and though they said nothing about it, the ugly fact always does leak out, and was made the most of by his opponents. It injured his self-respect and moral tone. No man, least of all he who aspires to be a statesman, should ever forego "the glorious privilege of being independent." Let no high-hearted young man enter the political arena with the intention of running for the blue ribbon, unless, like Francis Deak, he has made up his mind to live on something like potatoes and salt, and unless he previously owns enough money to buy the potatoes at least. Never did political friends act more liberally to a leader than Howe's friends acted, but well for him had he reflected that the future of the country was bound up with his, and that prudence, therefore, was a duty he owed to the future. The man that has to pass round the hat or put his hand in his pocket for a politician is inclined to feel that he has bought him. The cords may be silken but they are none the less real. The feeling may slumber while the two are on the same side; but should duty compel the politician to take an independent course, the friend feels not only angry but injured. In Howe's case, those who aided him behaved with rare generosity, because they not only loved him, but felt that they owed much to him. On one occasion it was necessary for him to find £1,000 when he was not worth £100. He went to two friends and told them the circumstances. They advanced the money, he insisting on their taking from him obligations that covered all he was worth. Many years after,

one of the friends fell sick. Alone in his bedroom, and believing that he would not recover, he remembered Howe's note for £500. If he died, his executors would count it among his assets. This would never do. The sick man staggered out of bed and across the room, rummaged among his papers, found the note, burnt it, and then staggered back to bed prepared for death. It is only right to add that the angel of death was so satisfied that he left the room and the man recovered. A politician must have had rare qualities who inspired men to do such things for him. It was well that they did such things. It was not well that they had to do them. Let it not be forgotten that Howe meant to pay everything he ever owed or ordered. He had faith in himself, in his resources, in his star, and felt that it would come all right. In the meantime he could not deny himself the pleasure of giving to the needy, even though the beneficence was sometimes like that of Mr. Skimpole, who invariably left Mr. Jarndyce to pay the bill. Creditors of his have told me that in settling with them he was always scrupulously correct; and that he would insist on their taking interest as well as principal, even when they were unwilling to do so. Still, would that he had kept out of debt!

The last two of the ten years' conflict for Responsible Government he spent on the head waters of the Musquodoboit, where he worked a farm; in other words he worked for his living hard as any Musquodoboit farmer. Here he renewed the physical and nervous strength which had been giving way under the strain to which they had been subjected. He writes in his "Letters and Speeches:"—"I had been for a long time overworking my brains and underworking my body. Here I worked my body and rested my brains. We rose at daylight, breakfasted at 7, dined at 12, took tea at 6, and then assembled in the library where we read four or five hours almost every evening. I learned to plough, to mow, to reap, to cradle. I knew how to chop and pitch hay before. Constant exercise in the open air made me as hard as iron. My head was clear and my spirits buoyant." In those evenings in the library he educated his daughters, explaining to them, as they read, the English classics. Such an education is worth more, how much more need not be specified, than the ordinary boarding-school gives. In the intervals of farm work he went through the Province electioneering, and firing the Nova Scotian heart. He did the work of three men and as many horses. One summer he addressed 60 meetings in 90 days, many of the meetings being in the open air, and lasting the whole day, as able opponents had to be met and answered. He could feel the pulse of a crowd in five minutes, and adapt himself to its sympathies. He was equally at home with the fishermen of Sambro, the farmers and shipbuilders of Hants, the coloured folks of Preston, and the Germans of Lunenburgh. He would ride 40 or 50 miles, address two or three meetings, talk to those who crowded round him after the meeting, and spend the night at a ball or rustic gathering as light of foot and heart as if he had been idling all day. The winters were spent in Halifax in the discharge of his duty as a member of the House.

The Musquodoboit people were delighted to have him among them, and chuckled hugely when they found the great Joe Howe ignorant of some detail of the farm, or little matter they knew all about. One evening he was mowing on the intervale, when he noticed a beautiful creature not much bigger than a large rat, regularly striped with black and white stripes on the body, and a fine little bushy tail curved round on its back. "What a charming creature for my little girls!" thought the unsuspecting town-bred farmer, and gave chase at once. Getting near, he was about to clap his hat on the pretty thing, when it lifted its tail a little higher, and, whew! he smelt a Tartar. However, not being sure of the cause, he carried the pet home in the waggon, but hat and clothes had to be buried, and he himself well fumigated before he could approach his nearest and dearest. This was a hair in his neck that every Musquodoboit man could pull at any time. In fact, it redressed the balance between them, and made them feel at ease in his presence. They were quite certain that if he knew more about the Constitution, they knew more about skunks.

The fact that in no part of Nova Scotia is Howe's character more highly estimated, and his memory more fondly cherished than in Musquodoboit must go for something in a general estimate of him. Our country-people are naturally keen, inquisitive, opinionative; inclined to be suspicious rather than

reverential of any one above them. In our country districts the catechism classification of men as superiors, inferiors, and equals has no place. All are equals. I know no body of men so little inclined to hero-worship as our farmers. The politician who could stand the test, not of an ordinary canvassing tour, but of a two years' residence among them, must have had good stuff in him. "You know me well and have never failed me," he said twenty years after; "for twelve years you honoured me with your suffrages, for more than a quarter of a century you have given me your political support, and within that time, I passed upon this river, in intimate and close communion with you, two of the happiest years of my life! I miss from among you some of the old friends who respected and loved me, and who now sleep tranquilly on the hillsides. We would not wish them back; the resolute performance of our public duties is the best tribute we can pay to their memories."

Anecdotes about him circulate like current coin up and down the river, most of them illustrative of the strong and the good features of his character. Lady collectors once called on him for a subscription to send the Gospel to the South Sea Islanders. "Why not begin nearer home?" he questioned. "There's a camp of Indians three miles back in the woods. I spent part of last Sunday reading the Bible to them, but I did not find that any one else had been there on a similar errand." At a monster tea-meeting in the settlement, an old worthy was called on for a speech. He tried, but broke down. Howe was at his side in a minute, and, with his hand placed affectionately on the old man's back, he covered the break-down, and actually turned him into the hero of the hour. "Our friend," he said, "is not accustomed to speak to crowds, but he can do something far better. He can speak to God. Often has he been out in the woods with me calling moose, and when our tent was pitched for the night, and supper over, he never let me go to rest till he had prayed with me. And there under the stars in the silent woods we worshipped more truly than in church." These simple stories are told with exceeding relish by the people. They give us glimpses of his character, and help to explain why the people felt that Howe was their friend. He was interested in them individually, and they trusted and loved him in return.

When, notwithstanding Lord Falkland's proscription, Howe and his party were sustained at the great election of 1847, after a thorough discussion of all the principles and issues involved, the great battle of his political life may be said to have been fought and gained. Responsible, that is, popular or party, Government, in the fullest sense of the word, was secured for Nova Scotia, and Joe Howe was acknowledged to be its prophet. He succeeded Sir Rupert D. George as Provincial Secretary, and for the next ten years he wielded as real power in Nova Scotia as ever dictator wielded in Rome or Mr. Gladstone in Britain.

In speaking of the conflict for Responsible Government, I have scarcely referred to the able men who fought by Howe's side, nor of the general condition of political affairs all over British America at the time, simply because justice could not be done to the men or the question in a Magazine article. My aim, at present, is to give some insight into the character of Mr. Howe, not to write a history of his times nor to compare him with his contemporaries. It ought not to be forgotten that, though he had strong enemies, the popular current was with him, and that he did not create though, as far as his own Province was concerned, he did much to guide the current. He rose on it into power; and he then found how true was his great opponent's warning, that it is always easier to attack than to defend, to find fault with appointments than to make better ones, and that men do not cease to be selfish because they call themselves Reformers.

(To be concluded in our next.)

VOICES.

I.

THE VOICE OF THE DISCIPLE.

ONE fate with Thee, my Master, I will share;
Shame were it to rejoice where Thou didst weep;
Where Thou didst wake, my Lord, I would not sleep,
Or faint where Thou didst bear.

Far off I follow Thee in spite of strife,
Returning to Thee though awhile I stray,
In spite of thorns and briars in the way,
Still on the path to Life.

And not alone, because Thy presence fills
My midnight darkness and my midday light;
And so, though friend-bereft, I am not quite
Guideless upon the hills.

II.

THE VOICE OF THE BELOVED.

My child, thou doest well to trust My love—
Can any save thee if I let thee die?
Has the world proved to thee more kind than I,
That thou should'st doubt and rove?

The world gives tinsel, I do give thee gold;
I cast not off My friend for being poor;
Come, sad and desolate, unto My door,
Or totter even, when old.

Who suffer here, hereafter reign with Me,
If only they trail not their spirit-wings,
Or tire them, by pursuing earthly things,
For My eternity.

ALICE HORTON.

ALCOHOL IN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

BY STEPHEN A. ABBOTT, MONTREAL.

THE position which is ultimately to be assigned to alcohol in society and legislation will be determined chiefly by the verdict of medical science upon the character of that article. For about half a century this remarkable spirit has been the subject of a systematic and searching investigation, not only in the realm of medical science, but also, through its relation to intemperance, in those of scriptural exegesis and political economy. The controversy which has thus arisen in each of these departments of human thought has been of an intensity and volume commensurate with the great importance of the subject. It is felt that the physical and moral well-being of the people is, to a considerable extent, involved in the question of the cause and the prevention of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. As this question falls naturally within the domain of physiological and medical science, it is chiefly to these quarters that we look for its final solution. For even were the Church universally to teach that the use of alcoholic beverages is not compatible with a Christian life, and political economy were to demonstrate to the satisfaction of every one that the public sale of such liquors is highly prejudicial to the financial and material welfare of the body politic, still so long as science teaches that men may safely indulge in a moderate use of those liquors, alcohol will be commonly used, and will have a recognised place in legislation. The majority of men are far more sensible to demonstrations in physics than to doctrines in ethics, and they yield much more readily to arguments *ad hominem* than to those derived from considerations of the public weal.

The result of the vast mass of experiments and investigations which the controversy on alcohol has stimulated, on the part of both friends and opponents, has been to enlarge the bounds of those branches of science which relate to the physical life of man. Another result has been widely to popularize many important scientific truths. Every professional temperance lecturer is, or ought to be, well acquainted with the *pros* and *cons* of the question in its physiological aspect; and by means of these teachers, as well as by a temperance press, the people are instructed in various physiological facts, of which many would otherwise remain ignorant.

In this matter, contrary to the natural order of sequence in reform movements, scientists must admit that the initiative in the alcohol controversy was taken by the temperance reformers, who argued that what was morally wrong could not be physiologically right. This proposition was a challenge to the adherents of the universal and hitherto unquestioned belief in the virtues of alcohol; and the chemists and the physicians set themselves to work to ascertain the real nature of alcohol and its effects on the human organism. The teetotallers formulated their doctrine as early as 1832, which was substantially the same as that which they hold at present. They asserted that alcohol was an irritant and narcotic poison, with a special affinity for the brain; that it is the sole intoxicating ingredient in fermented and distilled liquors, and is injurious in proportion to the frequency and amount of its consumption; that upon entering the body it excites violent reaction in all the organs with which it comes in contact, and these are stimulated to an increased effort to expel it. Upon this doctrine they joined issue with the prevailing opinion, and with the learning, fashion, and social habits of the age. Intemperance had always been recognised as a disastrous vice, but previous to that period it was regarded as akin, in its cause, to gluttony, being simply the result of excess in the use of a legitimate and even necessary article of diet. The novelty of the teetotal doctrine was that it proscribed *entirely* the use of this article, as being in its very nature injurious

to the healthy human system. This was a vital point, and upon it the discussion commenced, and is not yet terminated.

Until then, the knowledge possessed by medical men of the *rôle* of alcohol within the body was very meagre. They were, of course, well acquainted with the train of diseases produced by the excessive use of alcoholic liquors, but they seem not to have given much attention to the pathology of those disorders. The first recorded experiments made with the view of tracing the course of alcohol in the body, were conducted by Dr. Kirk, of Greenock, Scotland, who, in 1830, made public the result of his examination of the brains of some men who had died after hard drinking, from which he obtained by distillation a quantity of alcohol, retaining the smell of whiskey, and burning with a blue flame.

The next contribution to the sum of knowledge upon the subject was the publication, in 1833, at Plattsburgh, N.Y., of the famous experiments and observations of Dr. Beaumont upon the stomach of a French Canadian, named St. Martin. While stationed at the military post of Michilimackinac, St. Martin received a charge of duck-shot in the side, making a frightful wound and laying open the stomach. Dr. Beaumont dressed the wound, but the aperture into the stomach never closed; and through this opening, which remained two and a half inches in circumference, at intervals during eight years, Dr. Beaumont observed the process of digestion, and the effect of all the usual errors of eating and drinking. He noticed that when St. Martin had taken a glass of brandy the coats of the stomach assumed an inflamed appearance, as if he had over-eaten, or the flow of perspiration had been suddenly checked. Nor did it make much difference whether he drank brandy, whiskey, wine, or beer, except so far as one was stronger than the other. After drinking hard for eight or ten days the stomach would show alarming appearances of disease; yet the man only felt a slight headache, and a general dulness and languor. "The whole class of alcoholic liquors," says Dr. Beaumont, "may be considered as narcotics, producing very little difference in their ultimate effects upon the system." He infers that the use of ardent spirits always produces diseases of the stomach if persisted in, and that "water, ardent spirits, and most other fluids, are not affected by the gastric juice, but pass from the stomach soon after they have been received."

In 1839, Dr. Percy, of Nottingham, published his investigations, which gave powerful support to the temperance doctrine, and greatly stimulated the discussion in Great Britain and on the Continent. Indeed, within a few years after this date, nearly every physician and chemist of eminence in Europe, particularly in Germany, seems to have studied the problem of the action of alcohol, but with varying conclusions as to the character of its effects. Dr. Percy made numerous experiments on dogs and men, and arrived at these conclusions:—

1. That the distillation of the blood, after the injection of alcohol by the stomach, yielded a liquid which dissolved camphor and burned with a bright blue flame.

2. That after the use of alcohol to the point of common intoxication, the substance of the brain yielded a larger measure of alcohol than a much greater weight of blood. "Indeed, it would seem that a kind of affinity existed between alcohol and the cerebral matter."

3. That alcohol may be detected in the blood, &c., and may be separated with great facility from the bile and liver.

The teetotallers used this testimony with great effect, but they were soon after confronted with opinions of a contrary nature, put forth by the great Baron Liebig and other German and French *savants*, who affirmed that alcohol is not eliminated by the excretory organs. In 1843, Liebig, in his famous work on "Animal Chemistry," admitted that alcohol could not be regarded as food in the sense of being an element of nutrition. In his own words, "Beer, wine, spirits, &c., furnish no element capable of entering into the composition of blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of the vital principle." But he still contended that alcohol might, like oil, starch, or sugar, be included amongst the elements of respiration, which, uniting with oxygen, contribute to the maintenance of animal heat. The great reputation of Liebig gave this hypothesis popularity, and while the partisans of alcohol loudly proclaimed his adhesion to their views, some of the temperance leaders appear also to have accepted this doctrine. Dr. Carpenter, in the fifth edition of his "Physiology," admitted

that alcohol was fuel, in considerable quantities, and as such gave it a place as food in fever; as did also Prof. Miller, of Edinburgh University, in his "Alcohol," and, still later, in his "Nephalism," both well-known temperance works. Dr. Carpenter seems later to have modified his opinion, for he says, in his "Manual of Physiology," (1865), "Alcohol cannot supply anything which is essential to the due nourishment of the tissues."

Liebig's theory, however, was ably combated by Dr. Lees,* who, while acknowledging that some portion of the alcohol might be decomposed in the blood, maintained that this could only take place by robbing the blood of oxygen intended first to burn up the effete tissues of the frame, and, second, to oxidise the oils and fatty matters of the blood, and in such a case it leaves a more valuable fuel than itself undecomposed, and consequently the body becomes cooler. That Dr. Lees was correct seemed probable from the experiments of Drs. Fyfe and Prout, of Aberdeen, who demonstrated that less carbonic acid was eliminated in the breath after the use of wine. Now, the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled in the breath has been generally acknowledged as the measure of the animal heat generated in the body from the combustion of the carbon in the food by the oxygen inhaled by respiration. Numerous experiments were accordingly made to ascertain the relative quantities of carbonic acid exhaled before and after the imbibition of alcoholic liquors, and in nearly every case it was found that the quantity exhaled afterwards was lessened.† This theory was subsequently confirmed by other experiments, showing that the temperature of the body, as indicated by the thermometer, is lowered after the ingestion of alcohol. In 1867, the Chicago *Medical Journal* published a series of experiments with Bourbon whiskey and sherry wine. The whiskey was mixed with sugared water, and in one hour after the subject had drank 4 oz. the temperature was lowered from 98¼° to 97½°, while the pulsations per minute increased from 83 to 88. A year later Prof. Binz, of Bonn, published the results of forty-nine experiments on man and beast, and in every case the temperature sank after the use of alcohol. He says that in man half a glass of light hock reduced the temperature on the average 0.°5 in a very short time. In intoxicating doses on dogs and rabbits the temperature was rapidly reduced 4° or 5°. One of the most eminent of the partisans of alcohol, Dr. F. E. Anstie, the author of "Stimulants and Narcotics," in a lecture before the Royal College of Physicians, in 1867, finally abandoned the notion that alcohol warms. He says: "Alcohol, as has been abundantly proved by the researches of Dr. Sidney Ringer, does not elevate, but reduces bodily temperature, when given even in the largest non-intoxicating doses, except in the case where the temperature is already below the normal standard."

In mentioning the above experiments we have broken through the chronological order of the scientific investigations concerning alcohol, because it seemed well to follow out to the end the discussion on the particular question of its heat-giving properties. This is one of the points long in dispute which may now be considered as definitely settled, since those who contend for its utility in other respects, all concede that, so far from fortifying the system against cold, alcohol renders the drinker less able to withstand it.

The decomposition of alcohol in the system still remained a disputed question. If it did not warm the body, might it not nourish as food? The temperance men admitted that a part might be decomposed, but if so, where were its derivatives? The oxidation of alcohol would produce aldehyde and acetic acid, but no one could find these products in the blood after the ingestion of alcohol, though numerous attempts to do so were made. In 1854 we first hear of another argument in favour of alcohol, which has ever since played an important part in this controversy. Dr. T. K. Chambers advanced the notion that alcohol acts as a con-

* Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds, England, to whose numerous writings I am much indebted in the preparation of this article, has done more than any other man to establish the temperance doctrine upon a scientific basis. By his talents, learning, and extraordinary industry, extending already over more than a quarter of a century, he has rendered such services to the cause as must make his name illustrious among temperance reformers.

† Liebig himself admitted, two years later, that alcohol diminishes the quantity of carbonic acid given out, and that alcohol is far less valuable than fat as a heat producer.

servator of the tissues, that is, it arrests the process of disintegration, by which the used-up, effete materials of the system are replaced by new. Hence the stoutness of wine and beer drinkers in general, and the fact that working men take less food with alcohol than without. Dr. Lees and Professor Miller readily admitted that alcohol retards the elimination of waste material from the system and diminishes the appetite, and they urged these facts as strong reasons against its use. "The question comes to be," says Professor Miller, "whether shall we take alcohol, eat less, and be imperfectly nourished; or take no alcohol, eat more, and be nourished well?"

In 1861 Dr. Chambers appears to have modified his opinion on this point, for he writes:—

"Dr. Dorders has gone so far as to call alcohol a savings bank. Now we must not forget that metamorphosis is life, that the arrest which we cause for temporary purposes is an arrest of life, and that it is beneficial only when it enables the body to lay in supplies of nutriment. . . . . We think that the evidence, so far as it has yet gone, shows the action of alcohol upon life to be consistent and uniform in all its phases, and to be always exhibited as an arrest of vitality."

We now come to the remarkable French work, "Du rôle de l'Alcool," published in 1860, by MM. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, the two former physicians, and the latter a chemist, of Paris. The appearance of this work, on account of the high character of its authors, and the positiveness of their conclusions, formed an epoch in the history of this controversy. They were not obnoxious to the charge of partisanship, for they were not teetotallers; and their experiments with alcohol were a sequel to a series they had been conducting for some years in regard to the action of anæsthetic agents in general. They discovered a new and more certain test of the presence of alcohol and its derivatives in the breath as well as in the excretions. Their experiments were conducted with the utmost care, and are detailed at great length. The following are the most important of the conclusions at which they arrived:—

1. Alcohol is not food.

2. Alcohol is never transformed, never destroyed, in the organism.

3. Alcohol accumulates, by a sort of elective affinity, in the brain and in the liver.

4. Alcohol is eliminated in totality and in nature. The channels of elimination are, the lungs, the skin, and, above all, the kidneys.

5. The use of fermented and distilled liquors is often noxious; it should never be tolerated but in exceptional circumstances.

These conclusions of the French *savants* confirmed the doctrines of the temperance men in every essential point, and led many English and American medical men to abandon the theory that alcohol contributes in any degree to nourish the body as food.

The following year Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S., instituted a series of experiments which exceeded in number any previously recorded. They were made on an empty stomach, and Dr. Smith concludes from them that pure alcohol slightly increases the amount of carbonic acid evolved; "that alcohol is probably not transformed, and does not increase the production of heat by its own chemical action, but indirectly, by a general temporary increase of the vital functions; that alcohol is not a true food, and it neither warms nor sustains the body by the elements of which it is composed." The rank and file of the medical profession, however, still denied the deductions which were naturally drawn from the conclusions of these authorities. But the highest teachers of the profession seem generally to have admitted the doctrine of the teetotallers. The *British Medical Journal* thus summed up the discussion at that time:—

"The grand practical conclusions are these:

"1. That alcohol is not food, and being simply a stimulus to the nervous system, its use is hurtful to the body of a healthy man.

"2. That if its imbibition be of service, it is only to men in an abnormal condition."

For several years subsequent to 1861, we meet with no recorded experiments opposed to the conclusions of Dr. Smith and the Frenchmen. But shortly prior to 1870, Drs. Anstie and Dupré made some experiments which the former claimed to have exploded the error of the French observers. In 1870, Dr. Parkes and Count Wollowicz published a series of very careful experiments on the effects of alcohol, which do not in all respects sustain the conclusions reached by investigators ten years before.

They found that moderate doses of alcohol slightly raised the temperature, though this, they are careful to state, seemed due to a quickened circulation rather than to the oxidation of the alcohol. They gave the subject—a strong, healthy man, who had been in the habit of drinking from one to two pints of beer daily—water during eight days, and the average number of beats of the heart during that period, was 106,000 in twenty-four hours. Then, during a period of eight days, they gave him an average quantity of between four and five ounces of alcohol per day, and the heart-beats were quickened to the rate of 127,000 per day. They next gave him half a bottle of brandy per day, and the pulse was raised to 131,000 movements in the twenty-four hours. On the fifth day after the alcohol was left off, the heart showed signs of unusual feebleness. Our investigators concluded that any quantity over two ounces of absolute alcohol daily would certainly do harm to a healthy man.

In May, 1874, Dr. William A. Hammond delivered an address before the Neurological Society of New York, in which he gave the results of his investigations into the action of alcohol. This address was published in the New York *Tribune* and other pro-alcohol papers as being an answer to the fallacies of the teetotallers. Dr. Hammond states that a portion of the alcohol is excreted unchanged, and that the rest undergoes decomposion, and, in some mysterious way which he is unable to explain, developes force. He also revives the old doctrine of Dr. Chambers, that the chief virtue of alcohol is in retarding the destruction of the tissues. But, as we have seen, Dr. Chambers himself subsequently admitted that this very metamorphosis of tissue is life, and its temporary arrest is an arrest of life. From the same premises, therefore, these two gentlemen draw opposite conclusions. Dr. Hammond distinctly admits, in another place, the doctrine in physiology that by the transformation of the tissues thought and muscular force are generated. His argument, then, destroys itself; for that portion of the alcohol retarding the transformation of tissue would neutralize the effects of the other portion which is decomposed, and which he claims to develop force; and the subject, so far as alimentation is concerned, would be in the same condition as before taking the alcohol.

We cannot give a better idea of the present position of this controversy than by quoting from a recent number of the *Lancet* (November 7, 1874), the chief organ of the Medical Profession in Great Britain. It says :—

"The French chemists have been shown to be wrong, not in saying that the system eliminates alcohol, which was a sound truth discovered by themselves, but in maintaining that all the alcohol taken was eliminated. It has been amply shown by Anstie and by Dupré that the system does change alcohol; that alcohol to the amount of an ounce and a half can be taken without more than a mere fractional elimination of it by any of the excretory organs.

"There is a most powerful reaction in the medical profession in favour of moderation, and the employment of very limited quantities of alcohol; and practitioners are becoming daily more and more impressed with the advantages arising from the use of the lighter over that of the heavier alcoholic drinks."

In the beginning of the present year, Dr. W. B. Richardson, F.R.S., gave a course of six lectures upon alcohol, before the Society of Arts, London. According to the *Lancet*, which accepts Dr. Richardson's views, he denies that alcohol is food, while admitting with Dr. Anstie that it is disposed of in the living body by other processes than direct elimination. His inference is that it is decomposed by oxidation into secondary products, at the expense of oxygen, which ought to have been applied to the natural heating of the body.

Hitherto we have given only the individual opinions of eminent physicians upon the several points of the controversy. A better idea of the gradual advance of the profession at large upon this question is afforded by several public declarations which large numbers of medical gentlemen have at various times put forth in a collective capacity. The first of these was published about 1842, and was signed by nearly two thousand medical men of Great Britain. They declared that the most perfect health is *compatible* with total abstinence, and that the universal practice of such abstinence would greatly contribute to the health, morality, and happiness of the race. They thus abandoned the old dogma that the moderate use of alcoholic liquor is beneficial; but their testimony is negative as to the real

point at issue, namely, whether such use is injurious. In 1871 appeared another declaration signed by two hundred and sixty physicians and surgeons, comprising the *élite* of those professions in London and the provinces. This document was a protest against the too free prescription of alcoholic liquors by medical practitioners. They state that "while unable to abandon the use of alcohol in certain cases of disease, they are yet of opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe it without a grave sense of responsibility."

In February, 1873, ninety-six medical gentlemen of Montreal signed a declaration of opinion relative to the use of alcoholic liquors, which took ground in advance of any previous declaration. This document bore the names of about five-sixths of the practising physicians, among whom were the most eminent members of the profession, English and French, in the city. They were of opinion "that total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, whether fermented or distilled, is consistent with, and conducive to, the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigour." In affirming that total abstinence is *conducive* to the highest degree of health, they have virtually yielded the whole ground to the teetotallers, and have taken a position that logically banishes alcoholic liquors from society as beverages.

During the same year, one hundred and thirty physicians of New York City and vicinity published a document giving their views concerning alcohol. They endorse the later English declaration, and in addition express the belief that "alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs." They "would welcome any judicious and effective legislation which should seek to confine the traffic to the legitimate purposes of medical and other sciences, art, and mechanism." During the year just past, the Ohio State Medical Society resolved, "that they would use their influence against the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and deplored the excessive use of alcohol as a medicine." In October last, the American Medical Association, at its annual meeting at St. Louis, deprecated the use of alcohol as a beverage, and declared that it should be confined to the uses of science, the arts, and medicine. The physicians of the Eclectic School of New York State resolved to use all laudable means to discourage the use of alcoholic liquors as beverages, and not to use them in prescriptions unless imperatively demanded.

If we are to consider the preceding individual and collective testimony of medical men as indicating the actual position of alcohol in medical science, it is very evident that an extraordinary advance has been made towards the standpoint of the teetotallers. Half a century ago, when discussion commenced on this subject, medical men regarded a moderate use of alcoholic beverages as decidedly promotive of health and strength; they almost universally believed that alcohol warmed, and that it nourished the frame like any other food; while they used it so frequently in medicine as to cause the people to regard it as a veritable panacea. On each of these points medical opinion is now completely reversed. In medicine, as in any other practical science, the relations which many things are held to bear to the general economy must not unfrequently be changed in order to harmonize with the constantly increasing body of facts and laws which compose the science and make it progressive. The increased knowledge of the action of alcohol, which has been acquired by observation and experiment, has, as we have seen, greatly modified the opinion which was formerly entertained of it. Over a few minor points there is still some dispute; but the general question as to whether alcohol is, in its very nature, inimical to the human constitution, must be held to have been decided affirmatively. It is doubtful, however, if a majority of the profession would categorically acquiesce in this conclusion. Among many of them still lingers the old belief in some mysterious properties of this tricksey spirit, which caused the ancients to regard it as *aqua vitæ*. But this fact is simply an instance of a medical dogma surviving after it has been abandoned by medical science. After Harvey had demonstrated the circulation of the blood, his doctrine was combated for fifty years before being finally admitted.

It is a curious fact that alcohol was pronounced a poison by toxicologists, several years before the teetotallers commenced their crusade against it. In 1813, Orfila published his celebrated work on Toxicology, in which alcohol was classed as a Narcotico-acrid poison, along with strychnine. All writers on *materia medica* now rank it as such.

It is also worthy of mention that the ex-

perience of total abstainers, under circumstances that render it irrefutable, accords with the view that alcohol is essentially injurious to man. There is an Insurance Society with its headquarters in London, called the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, which has been in operation about thirty years. It has two separate sections, one consisting of moderate drinkers or temperate men (intemperate men are, of course, rigorously excluded), and the other of abstainers. During the first eight years of its existence, the annual rate of mortality in the Temperance Section was 6 per 1,000, while among lives insured in the other offices it averaged 11 per 1,000, and in the Equitable Society, 13 per 1,000. The Institution numbers now about 20,000 in the General Section, and 10,000 in the Temperance Section. Taking the whole period of its existence, it has been found that the profits in the Temperance Section, vary from 17 to 20 per cent. higher than in the other section. The report for 1874 shows that the expected claims in the Temperance Section the preceding year, based on the ordinary mortality tables of the country, were 137 for £26,058, while the actual claims were but 90 for £13,005. In the General Section the expected claims were 224 for £48,883, and the actual claims were 262 for £50,772. The deaths among abstainers were 47 fewer than the estimated number, while the deaths among non-abstainers were 38 more than the estimated number.

Another fact equally conclusive as to the advantages of abstinence, is furnished by the experience of a Foresters' Lodge, in Streatham, England. In 1869, the Lodge had 120 members, of whom 98 were moderate drinkers, and 22 were abstainers. At the end of the year the non-abstainers had drawn £95 15s. for sick and funeral money, while the abstainers had only drawn 25s. The following year the membership increased to 111 non-abtainers and 25 abstainers. At the end of the year, the former class had drawn £90 6s. for sick and funeral money, and the abstainers only 14s. In 1871, the Lodge contained 105 non-abstainers and 45 abstainers. At the end of the year, the first class had drawn £65, while the abstainers drew nothing.

As to the advantages of abstinence in most circumstances of health, there is now scarcely any difference of opinion among well informed medical men. The main controversy has now shifted to quite another ground, namely, the value of alcohol as a medicine. It would be making this article too long to follow the discussion into this new field, but it may be remarked that the revolution in opinion that has already taken place among the professsion regarding the medicinal value of alcohol, bids fair to banish it in all except very rare cases of disease. There has recently been established in London, a Temperance Hospital, for the purpose of testing the principle of treating disease without alcohol. From the first report it appears that during the seven months the Hospital had been opened, 73 in-patients and 470 out-patients had been treated. Among all these cases only one death had occurred, and in that single instance only, alcohol had been administered. A writer in a recent number of the Dublin *University Magazine* (Feb., 1875) states that "men of the highest scientific attainments, who have made the subject a special study, concur in opinion that alcoholic medication is not sustained by the investigations of science, nor justified by the conclusions of authoritative experience."

From a comparison of the position held by alcohol half a century ago, with that which it occupies to day in physiological and medical science, we observe a rapid tendency towards its complete proscription, not only as an article of drink, but for most purposes of a medicine. The notion so common until late years, in regard to its supposed virtues, is no doubt the most terribly disastrous physiological error that has ever been brought to light;* and society has a right to demand of its medical guides that now, the error being discovered, they shall at once bring their professional practice and great social influence into harmony with the teachings of their own

* As to the effect of alcoholic liquors used in moderation, the following is an extract from a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, written some two years ago by Sir Henry Thompson, Physician to the Queen, than whom there is no higher authority in Great Britain:—

"I have long had the conviction that there is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, in this country, than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this the extreme indulgence which produces drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquors to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition, and such as is quite common in all ranks of society, injures the body and diminishes mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of."

science, as expounded by its recognised leaders. In no department of science is an adherence to ancient but exploded systems less tolerable than in medicine, and no disrespect is meant to that noble profession to which humanity owes so much, in saying that humanity would still be immensely the gainer, if a yet larger proportion of medical men were more readily disposed to follow the later teachings of science concerning alcohol, than to conform to a popular but pernicious custom.

AFTERWARD.

THE sea is calling the sea,
Wildly, fitfully calling,
And a voice in my heart is calling thee,
Thro' the tears that break it in falling!
Oh! the wild rose bends to the bee,
And the shadow pales to the sun,
And the stream grows dark 'neath the alder tree,
And the stars blink other to one;
But never a word hast thou,
For the words of love I pour,
And I pray the prayer, and I vow the vow,
But thou answerest none the more!

Is it that Death has set
Thy feet on a plane too high?
Is it that eyes with the earth mist wet,
Cannot look into eyes that are dry?
Is it that ever my voice
Breaks with the weight of tears?
O spirit blessed, rejoice, rejoice—
But mine are the sorrowful years!

And the sorrowful years they stand,
Like spectres haunting the night,
But the light that streams from that other land
Is caught on their garments white.
And the kiss of the rose to the bee,
And the paling of shadow to sun,
Can never be types of thy greeting to me
When the sorrowful years shall have done.
Oh, not as the star to the star,
Of a different glory and range,
But soul unto soul, as the angels are,
And the greeting will not be strange!

St. John, N. B. MARY BARRY SMITH.

UP THE SAGUENAY TO HA-HA BAY AND CHICOUTIMI.

BY JULIA ALEYNE, BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

PERHAPS there are few among the pleasure seekers of the day, who are aware of the exceeding grandeur and picturesque beauty of that most wonderful of rivers, the Saguenay. Certainly there can be nothing more refreshing to the thinking man, nothing affording more food for reflection or scientific observation, than a trip over its inky waters. For perfect wildness and grandeur of scenery, there is probably nothing equal to it on this continent. It is a river which one should see, if only to observe what dreadful aspects nature can assume in her wildests moods. The effect produced upon the mind in passing from the broad St. Lawrence, reaching on, on as far as the eye can see, into the narrow and fearfully deep Saguenay, whose waters lave the sides of the towering rocks, which rise on either side, and almost shut out the very light of heaven, is such as no pen can paint, or tongue describe.

As the tourist suddenly passes from a landscape of such remarkable beauty, into a region of primitive grandeur, where art has done nothing, and nature everything, "where," to quote the words of a noted writer, "at a single bound, civilization is left behind, and nature, in naked majesty, stares him in the face, when he sees Alps on Alps arise, when he floats over unfathomable depths through a mountain gorge, the sublime entirely overwhelms the sense of sight, and fascinates the imagination."

There can be little doubt that at some remote period, these massive granite walls were rent asunder by some great convulsion of nature, and thus this wonderful river forced a passage to the St. Lawrence.

In fact the aborigines regarded it as the entrance to a "region of death and demons;" and when Jacques Cartier first attempted to explore its windings in 1535, the seamen drew back in terror, refusing to enter its gloomy depths: they believed that the Great Spirit in his anger had torn the mountains asunder, drained an immense lake in the far north, leaving its bed an oozy marsh, and so formed the passage of the Saguenay.

This river is the principal outlet of Lake St. John, a sheet of water about forty miles long; its waters are remarkably clear, and abound in a great variety of fish. There is a most beautiful curtain-fall, 236 feet high, into this lake, which is so conspicuous as to be seen forty or fifty miles distant.

The river is only half a mile in width for the first half of its course, and runs through an almost untrodden wilderness, abounding in falls and rapids, but it gradually widens, till near its mouth it is about three miles wide. The original name of the Saguenay was Chicoutimi, signifying "Deep Waters," and black and deep they certainly are, varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty fathoms in depth, nearly the whole way. A few miles below Lake St. John is the little village of Chicoutimi, which is the highest point navigable for steamboats, as there is a range of rapids above it, which extends ten miles up to the lake. The Indians say there is a subterranean fall above the foot of the rapids, which they call Manitou or "Great Spirit."

The village has an ancient appearance, and lies back among the bleak rocks and barren hills, a desolate picture indeed! The only object of interest is a rude catholic church, said to have been founded by the Jesuits at a very early period. In the belfry hangs a clear toned bell with an inscription upon it, which has never yet been translated or expounded. But the great resort of the tourist is Grand, or Ha-Ha Bay.

The name of this bay is said to have arisen from the circumstance of early French navigators sailing up the river for sixty miles, with eternal sameness of the feature, grim and lofty rocks, on which they could not land, and no bottom for their anchors, till at last upon finding themselves in this beautiful bay, they broke out laughing, "Ha-

Ha," when they found landing and anchorage. The village lay smiling in the sunshine, as we sailed into the bay, on that summer's afternoon.

There is a church there; and about one hundred and fifty families reside in the two villages that follow the crescent beach. The wharf was a busy scene as we landed; the *habitans* had turned out *en masse* to witness the arrival of the boat—the one exciting event of the day—and were gesticulating and vociferating wildly in their barbarous *patois*, making a perfect Babel. As we returned to the boat, after our *promenade en voiture* over the hills, we noticed a long procession of boatmen marching on board with the inevitable "huckleberries," —six hundred coffin-shaped wooden boxes. At first we could not imagine what all those queer looking boxes contained, but upon being enlightened by one of the men, I fully sympathized with Col. Ellison in "A Chance Acquaintance," when upon a similar occasion he expressed a fear that Ha-Ha Bay was being depleted of its entire infant population.

Leaving Ha-Ha Bay, and sailing down the river to the St. Lawrence, a distance of sixty miles, we have the grandest scenery; penetrating through a mountainous tract of syenite granite, with walls of perpendicular rocks, rising from a thousand to eighteen hundred feet above the surface of the water. It is an awful sight, as we raise our eyes heavenward, to look up at those massive granite rocks, towering majestically above our heads, and in some places almost shutting out the light of day. And now we come to the great attractions of the Saguenay, Cape Eternity and Trinity Rock. If the only recompense for a visit to this remarkable river were a sight of these stupendous promontories, I feel sure no one would be disappointed. There is a grandeur and sublimity about them which is perfectly indescribable. It was at night when we first passed these gigantic cliffs, and as we dimly made out their forms in the deepening obscurity, the land seemed enchanted and unreal, and we felt as if we were travelling into a region of unknown wonders. But upon our return trip we had the bright afternoon sun, and as we bade adieu to Ha-Ha Bay, and commenced the descent of the river, we began, as if by instinct, to strain our eyes, that we might get the first glimpse of all the magnificent natural grandeur that now burst upon our view. The vessels shut off steam as they approach these points, and, as the boat turned her prow into the lonesome Bay of Eternity—creeping into the grim shadows—and lay to under those towering cliffs, that lifted their threatening heads full eighteen hundred feet above us, we looked up at the "measureless mass," that seemed to swing and sway overhead, and our nerves trembled with the same terror that besets him who looks downward from the verge of a lofty precipice.

The wonderful Gothic arch was pointed out to us, the reputed doorway of an unexplored cavern, under which an upright shaft of stone had stood for ages, statue-like, till not many winters ago, the frost heaved it from its foundation, and it plunged headlong down through the ice into the unfathomed depths below.

The boat whistle was blown, and the cannon fired to awaken the echoes that answer from Trinity Rock, and reply from its "mighty mate," Cape Trinity, on the other side of the bay, and then we sailed away from their gloomy shade towards the broad St. Lawrence. The water is very deep in the vicinity of these promontories; in some places it is over twelve hundred feet, and owing to the height of the overhanging cliffs, it assumes a black and inky appearance. Then we saw the bald-headed eagle, the salmon leaping from the water after its prey, and porpoises and seals bobbing up and down.

It was just at nightfall that we came in sight of Tadousac upon own return. The sun was setting as we sailed out of the gloomy depths of the Saguenay into the beautiful bay that say stretched out before us, and the sky and the river were one blaze of crimson, purple, and gold, while just over the tops of the dark trees, appeared the full orbed moon; the front of the wood was buried in shadow, but a bridge of silver spanned the gulf, and the hither shore was flooded in light. It was one of the grandest sights I ever beheld. Even yet the beauty of that scene lingers in my memory and fills me with perfect delight, and with the hope that sometime perhaps, I may see it again!

The bay of Tadousac is just at the entrance to the Saguenay, and here it is that that dark narrow stream "steals down from the north out of regions of gloomy and ever

enduring solitude" into the vast St. Lawrence.

The return boat from Quebec was just starting on its trip up the river as we entered the bay; and as we watched it sail through the moonlight—past the two giant cliffs that stand like sentinels, keeping guard at the portals of this strange river—into the dim obscurity beyond, it seemed in its turn to be hastening, over a pathway of silver, into some weird world of mysteries and wonders.

The bay of Tadousac is picturesque beyond description; and there, amid frowning hills and wild scenery, nestled the village with its odd little cottages, its grand hotel, and Lord Dufferin's charming villa, looming up before our astonished vision, like some fairy palace; and, last but not least, the little church, over three hundred years old, which Mr. Howell has so graphically described. There it stands, conspicuous in its old-fashioned simplicity, between the hotel and Lord Dufferin's villa. There the light is ever burning, still keeping its weary vigils night after night, for nearly three hundred years, and seeming doubly sacred from its antiquity.

Tadousac is also interesting to the traveller from the fact of its having been, from a very early period, the capital of the French settlements, and one of their chief fur-trading posts; and here, too, once stood the first stone and mortar building ever erected in America—the home of Father Marquette. A cluster of pine trees over two hundred years old has grown from the centre of these historical ruins.

On our return trip we stopped at Cacouna, Riviere du Loup, and Murray Bay; all of them first class watering places of the Lower St. Lawrence. And here congregate most of the fashionables of Montreal and Quebec, many of whom spend the entire season at these resorts. There are excellent hotels at both Cacouna and Murray Bay, where every accommodation can be found, billiard rooms, bathing-houses, and sailing-boats kept ready for the use of visitors. At Cacouna the water is quite salt, and the sea-bathing lacks nothing but the surf; but at Murray Bay, as at Quebec, the tide, which rises over fifteen feet, is the impulse, not the savour of the sea. We found Cacouna a most enjoyable spot in which to pass the hot summer days, and the week spent at Murray Bay I shall always look back upon with pleasure. The pleasant hotel, with its broad verandas, and shady lawns, filled with a gay party of pleasure-seekers; the light airy toilets of the ladies; the fantastic costume of the gentlemen; their straw hats decked with white muslin scarfs, or blue gauze veils, which were supposed to be worn for the purpose of protecting the back of the neck from the glare of the sun; the moonlight rambles by the river; the sails in the Indian canoes, and the difficulty experienced in getting into them without upsetting; the rides over the hills in the primitive charettes of the *habitans*, which are nothing more than hay carts on two wheels, with straw beds fastened on them, upon which we spread ourselves, in humble style, clinging frantically to the slats in the sides, in order that we should not slide down upon our neighbours as the cart jolted and tossed about most unmercifully, taking away one's breath, and almost the power of speech; all contributed to make up a *tout ensemble*, so odd, so primitive, so perfectly unlike anything we had ever experienced before, that our enjoyment was almost without alloy.

Unlike our fashionable people, the Canadians do not go to the sea-side expecting the luxuries of Saratoga or Newport. Although, as I have said, both Murray Bay and Cacouna boast of excellent hotels, yet the majority of city people go to these resorts with the intention of roughing it. They hire cottages from the *habitans*, just as they are, rag carpets, pine furniture, blue crockery, &c.; and probably enjoy the novelty and change from their own luxurious homes, so much the more; at least they all appear to enjoy their sojourn at Murray Bay.

But every pleasure must have an end; so in course of time we bade adieu to this pleasant sea-side town, sailed past Quebec, teeming with historic recollections, up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and through Lake Champlain to our own beloved Hudson.

TALFOURD'S TRAGEDY OF ION.

BY E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D., OTTAWA.

THIS Tragedy, like everything from Talfourd's pen, bears the impress of his large and tender humanity. It is, however, even amongst his writings, pre-eminently distinguished by noble and lofty sentiments, and by classic grace and elegance of style. As a play, it is no doubt better adapted for the closet than the theatre, and it has, consequently, been but seldom represented on the stage. To this cause in some measure must be ascribed the fact that the tragedy is not so well known or so popular as many modern dramatic productions of inferior literary merit.

"The beautiful Ion of Euripides," as a writer in the *London Quarterly* observes, "has suggested the name of the hero of the play and some circumstances of his position at the opening of the scene. Like the 'fatherless and motherless' boy of the Greek tragedian, he is a foundling who has been nursed and reared within a temple, and is now employed in the service of the place; but, with these exceptions and a few scattered images, the author has taken nothing from that play."

The Ion of Talfourd is Grecian not merely in its title and in its story. It is Grecian in the character and management of the plot and in the tone of lofty sentiment which pervades the whole; but above all is it Grecian in the use which is made in the play of the controlling agency of *Destiny*.

Deeply imbued with the spirit of the immortal masters of the Greek Drama, the author has, to use his own words, "breathed an atmosphere of Grecian sentiment over the work," an atmosphere, however, which glows throughout with a warmth and colouring reflected from a purer faith, a more enlarged philanthropy, than Grecian philosophy ever dreamed of.

A few words suffice to give a general outline of the plot.

The scene is at Argos, one of the most ancient and important cities of the Morea. The crimes of Adrastus, the reigning monarch, have drawn down upon his subjects the wrath of Heaven. A wasting pestilence walks through the city, and the people perish by thousands. Meanwhile Adrastus, regardless of the judgments of the Gods, sits in his palace, surrounded by a crowd of revellers, mocking the sufferings of his people and drowning their prayers and shrieks of agony in the loud roar of his frantic orgies. In their distress the Senators despatch a messenger to consult the oracle at Delphi, hoping thence to learn the cause of the woes of Argos and the best means of appeasing the offended Gods.

The messenger has not yet returned, and the king, who in a moment of unwonted pity for his suffering subjects had consented to the mission, becoming impatient of all counsel, "has again retired to his palace in awful mood," having called together the reckless of his court to "share his stores and end all with him;" and when the citizens ventured to disturb his dreadful feastings with an humble prayer that he would join with them in some solemn ceremonial to avert the wrath of heaven, "the poor slave who bore the message flew back smarting from the scourge, and muttered a decree, that he who next unbidden met the tyrant's gaze should die."

Such is the posture of affairs at the moment when the play opens, and presents to us the high priest and the venerable sages of Argos assembled within the sacred precincts of the Temple of Apollo, deliberating if aught can yet be done to move the tyrant's pity on behalf of his sore afflicted people. It is resolved to send another messenger to the king. Each sage in turn volunteers to undertake the perilous embassy. Ion, however, comes forward—Ion, the gentle foundling of the Temple, the much loved, adopted child of the high priest, Medon—and earnestly entreats that he may be selected for the duty, urging, as a special reason for preferring his strange

request, that "high promptings which could not have risen spontaneous in his nature bade him plead thus boldly for the mission."

Medon, recognizing in Ion the appointed minister of *Destiny*, reluctantly yields to his request, exclaiming, "My brave boy, it shall be as thou wilt; I see thou art *call'd* to this great peril, and will not stay thee."

The preceding part of the play contains an exquisite delineation of the lovely character of "Ion," and affords at the same time an intimation of the mysterious change which had already begun to creep over his nature, foreshadowing the terrible office assigned to him by Fate. The portrait of Ion is drawn by Agenor, one of the sages of Argos, who, on being informed that Ion alone was permitted to leave the precincts of the Temple to visit the plague-stricken city, thus expresses his surprise:—

"What, Ion,
The only inmate of this fane, allowed
To seek the mournful walks where death is busy!
Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
From some bright sphere, which sorrow may not cloud,
To make the happy happier! Is he sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
By no internal contest is he trained
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquish'd; Love, the germ
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals,
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
And faltered into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictur'd speech, and others have wax'd loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
Struck sunlight o'er it; so his life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream,
In whose calm depths the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light
And takes no shadow from them."

To which another Sage replies—

"Yet, methinks,
Thou hast not lately met him, or a change
Pass'd strangely on him had not miss'd thy wonder.
His form appears dilated; in those eyes
Where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells;
Stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now
Knew not the passing wrinkle of a care;
Those limbs which in their heedless motion owned
A stripling's playful happiness, are strung
As if the iron hardships of the camp
Had given them sturdy nurture; and his step,
Its airiness of yesterday forgotten,
Awakes the echoes of these desolate courts,
As if a hero of gigantic mould
Paced them in armor."

Before setting out upon his perilous mission to Adrastus, Ion bids farewell to the High Priest Medon, his "more than father," asks and obtains his fatherly blessing, and then seeks occasion to say a parting word to his fair playfellow Clemanthe, Medon's daughter.

Clemanthe, supposing that Ion was about to make one of his accustomed visits to the city, to relieve and console the perishing plague-smitten wretches from whom all others fled, rebukes him with more than sisterly earnestness for risking his life for strangers, "in whose aid," she adds, "even he could do but little."

The reply of Ion is exquisitely beautiful and touching. It is, indeed, one of the gems of the poem. Never before, perhaps, was the priceless value of the lesser charities of life more feelingly and eloquently set forth. The whole passage indeed is not unworthy of a place beside the splendid lines on mercy which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Portia.

"It is little,
But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear

Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,
To him that else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels."

Clemanthe's alarms for Ion's safety are not diminished when she learns the true object of his visit to the city. She intreats him to forego his purpose, reminding him of the almost certain death which awaits him, and, in the terrible agony of the parting moment, "forgetting her maiden bashfulness," reveals to him the cherished secret of her soul, her long felt love for Ion, the depth and intensity of which she herself had hardly known till then. From Ion's lips she learns that her love is not unreturned.

The next act opens with the interview between Adrastus and Ion in the palace of the former. For dramatic effect this scene is perhaps the most striking in the play.

The tyrant still holds his revel. He has, however, dismissed his courtiers and now feasts alone. His stern and haughty spirit scorns alike the sympathy and the flattery of the crowd of sycophants by whom he is surrounded. Feeling his doom at hand, he resolves to meet it as befits the descendant of the long line of kings of whose glories "he was the sad inheritor."

The gloomy current of Adrastus's thoughts, as he thus feasts alone, is suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a soldier of his guard who, trembling with terror, announces that a youth has made his way into the palace, and, regardless of the warning that the interview would probably be bought with life, persisted in demanding audience of the king. Adrastus directs the soldier to admit the bold intruder, whom, as he enters, he thus sternly accosts : "Stranger, I bid thee welcome ; we are about to tread the same dark passage, thou almost on the instant." Then, turning to Crythes, the captain of the guard (who had ushered in Ion to his presence), he enquires : "Is the sword of justice sharpened, and the headsman ready?" adding, as Crythes is about to leave :

"Crythes ! till yon dial
Cast its thin shadow on the approaching hour
I hear this gallant traitor. On the instant
Come without word, and lead him to his doom.
Now leave us."

Unappalled by the death which awaits him, Ion pleads in a strain of bold and lofty eloquence the cause of the afflicted Argives. He tells the king that the nation's fate lies circled in his. He conjures him, by the memory of a father's and a mother's love, by the memory of childhood and its early friends, to harken to his subjects' cry of agony.

Adrastus listens to the appeal unmoved. "In every word," he answers,

"Thou dost but steel my soul.
My youth was blasted ; parents, brother, kin,
All that should people infancy with joy,
Conspired to poison mine."

But when Ion asks if he had "ever loved?" and tells him—

"To think upon the time
When the calm depths of thy yet lucid soul
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,
As if some unseen visitant from heaven
Touched the calm lake, and wreathed
Its images in sparkling waves."

Then, indeed, the monarch's heart is moved. As Ion speaks, visions of long-lost happiness roll back upon his soul ! Memory recalls the one bright gleam of love—kindled light that for a short season had gladdened his dark and fate-encircled existence. He listens, spell-bound. The looks, the voice of the speaker aid the spell. He seems to see once more the form of her "who alone had ever loved him for himself." He seems to hear again the "long-hushed music of the only voice that ever spoke unbought affection to him," and at the touch of Memory's potent wand a fount of sad but delightful sorrow bursts from the monarch's rocky breast !

His long pent-up grief, the woes which he had hitherto laboured to conceal, scorning to communicate them to any of the vile herd of cringing parasites by whom he was surrounded, are poured into the attentive ear of Ion. Adrastus tells him how he was doomed from the very moment of his birth :

"At my birth,
This city, which, expectant of its Prince,
Lay hushed, broke out in clamorous ecstacies ;

Yet in that moment, while the uplifted cups
Foamed with the choicest products of the sun,
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand throats,
My doom was sealed. From the hearth's vacant space,
In the dark chamber where my mother lay,
Faint with the sense of pain-brought happiness,
Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these words
Of me the nurseling—'*Woe unto the babe!*
Against the life which now begins shall life,
Lighted from thence, be arm'd, and both soon quench'd
End this grand line in sorrow!' Ere I grew
Of years to know myself a thing accursed,
A second son was born, to steal the love
Which fate had else scarce rifled; he became
My parents' hope, the darling of the crew
Who lived upon their smiles, and thought it flattery
To trace in every foible of my youth—
A Prince's youth—the workings of the curse;
My very mother—Jove! I cannot bear
To speak it now—look'd freezingly upon me!"

He tells how this younger and more favoured brother died; how a horrid suspicion, which his parents shared, fell on him that he was privy to his brother's death; how, maddened by the foul suspicion, he fled to the mountains, "breasting the icy wind in the vain hope to cool his spirit's fever;" and then reveals the one joyous passage in his darksome life, his passionate but ill-starred love. "Wandering," he says, "through those wild scenes,"

"My steps were stayed by the bright vision of a maid, whose face
Most lovely, more than loveliness revealed
In touch of patient grief, which dearer seemed
Than happiness to spirit seared like mine.
With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth
The body of her aged sire, whose death
Left her alone. I aided her sad work,
And soon two lonely ones, by holy rites
Became one happy being."

His father's spies, however, tracked out their sylvan home, and at the moment when in defiance of fate, his happiness seemed complete, when he had embraced a son—

"While jocund smiles
Wreathed on the infant's face, as if sweet spirits
Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,
The ruffians broke upon us; seized the child;
Dash'd through the thicket to the beetling rock
'Neath which the deep sea eddies; I stood still
As stricken into stone; I heard him cry,
Press'd by the rudeness of the murderer's gripe,
Severer ill unfearing—then the splash
Of waters that shall cover him for ever;
And could not stir to save him!"

Ion.— And the mother—

Adras.—She spake no word, but clasped me in her arms,
And lay her down to die, a lingering gaze
Of love she fix'd on me—none other loved,
And so passed hence. By Jupiter, her look!
Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!
She lives again! She looks upon me now!
There's magic in it, bear with me—I am childish.

We pass now to the great square of the city, where Adrastus is seated on a throne, surrounded by his sages.

Agenor entreats the king "if he will not submit to cast himself upon the earth with his subjects in penitential shame," at least not to augment the wrath of Heaven, and "to cease the mockery of his frantic revels."

Adrastus in haughty language declares that the few hours of empire allowed to him by fate shall be the most lustrous of his reign, that the "Royalty of Argos shall pass in festive blaze to darkness." Scarce has the monarch ceased to speak, when a loud shouting is heard without. Phocion, the messenger to Delphi, has returned. He rushes into the square, followed by a crowd, and, holding in his hand the fatal scroll, reads aloud the oracular response, the doom of Adrastus and his race!

"Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's race shall cease."

The response of the oracle, the reproach of his councillors serve only to rouse up a spirit of stern defiance in the monarch's breast. He derides the oracle and commands his soldiers to hew down Phocion and his friends. The conclave breaks up. Adrastus hastens to resume his revel. The sages resolve to strive once more to pacify the gods by sacrifice, while Phocion and his friends hurriedly arrange a meeting to concert measures for effecting their country's deliverance by slaying the tyrant.

The third act opens with a beautiful and touching scene between the now affianced lovers—Ion and Clemanthe. Clemanthe playfully but sadly remonstrates with Ion, reminding him that his unwonted melancholy scarcely befits him at such a time. He then for the first time reveals to her in solemn and affecting words the dreadful and mysterious change which had lately passed

passed over his nature. He tells her how the bright visions of his boyish days have vanished and been succeeded by dark and ever-haunting terrors:

"I strove awhile
To think the assured possession of thy love
With too divine a burthen weigh'd my heart
And pressed my spirits down—but 'tis not so;
Nor will I with false tenderness beguile thee,
By feigning that my sadness has a cause
So exquisite. Clemanthe! thou wilt find me
A sad companion;—I who knew not life
Save as the sportive breath of happiness,
Now feel my minutes teeming, as they rise,
With grave experiences; I dream no more
Of azure realms where restless beauty sports
In myriad shapes fantastic; dismal vaults
In black succession open, till the gloom
Afar is broken by a streak of fire
That shapes my name—the fearful wind that moans
Before the storm articulates its sound;
And as I pass'd but now the solemn range
Of Argive monarchs, that in sculptured mockery
Of present empire sit, their eyes of stone
Bent on me instinct with a frightful life
That drew me into fellowship with them,
As conscious marble; while their pondrous lips—
Fit organs of Eternity—unclosed
And, as I live to tell thee, murmured 'Hail!
Hail! Ion the devoted!'"

In some expressions which fall from Clemanthe during this interview the highly wrought mind of Ion discovers irresistible evidence to confirm the belief, which he had for some time felt it impossible to resist, that he was himself marked out by destiny for the dread office of the "avenger" of his country.

"*She* has said it," he murmurs musingly, "her pure lips have spoken out what all things intimate, dids't thou not mark *me* for the office of avenger, *me?*"

Tearing himself from Clemanthe, he repairs to the rendezvous appointed by Phocion. The conspirators hail as a good omen the spontaneous accession of Ion to their councils. They had shrunk from inviting one of so pure and gentle a nature to join them in their deed of blood. They are yet more persuaded that his thus joining them is an augury of success when he tells them: "The Gods have prompted me, for they have given one dreadful voice to all things, which should be else dumb or musical."

The conspirators cast lots to decide who shall slay the tyrant. The lot falls on Ion. Approaching the altar, and lifting the sacrificial knife, he says: "I dedicate this arm to the destruction of the king and of his race;" adding words of which none then knew the terrible import to himself:

"And if he has a child
Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
My country asks, harden my soul to shed it."

While this is being enacted, Medon accidentally learns the incredible fact that his adopted child Ion, whose lips were but now giving utterance to the terrible oath we have just heard, is the son of Adrastus, the long lost son, over whose supposed early death the unhappy monarch had so long mourned in secret.

Medon hastens to rejoice Clemanthe with the unexpected tidings, and learns with horror her fears (founded on Ion's strange language at their recent interview, and on what she had, unperceived, witnessed at the fatal rendezvous), that Ion was, probably, at that moment about to stain his hitherto guiltless soul with the tremendous crime of parricide.

Availing himself of a secret passage which led from the Temple to the palace, Medon gains the chamber of the king, at the moment when Ion is about to plunge the steel into his father's heart, at the bidding too of the king himself, who, recognizing in Ion the resistless minister of fate, has composed himself to welcome death at his hands. Thrice the son had raised the weapon to inflict the fatal blow—thrice his hand refused its office and fell powerless at his side; again the steel is lifted, when the the voice of the high priest is heard, exclaiming:

"Ion, forbear,
Behold, thy son, Adrastus!"

One moment of delicious ecstacy Adrastus knows, as he clasps to his breast his long lost son, the first that he has known since that son had been snatched from his arms and consigned, as he believed, to an ocean grave. One moment only—in the next the conspirators becoming impatient of Ion's long delay, burst into the presence of the doomed ones, and the dagger of one soon drinks the monarch's blood.

The native nobleness of the monarch's soul gleams forth in his dying moments. His heart, naturally generous and tender, had been steeled by the wrongs he had endured, the sufferings he had undergone. He finds in his last moments a melancholy satisfaction in the thought that the calamities which his crimes have brought upon his people, will be more than atoned by the blessings which his son's virtues must ensure them. He exacts from Ion a solemn oath, that he will mount the throne his ancestors had filled, and with his latest breath he hails him "King of Argos." The citizens echo with delight the words, and salute Ion as their king.

But the pestilence still rages, and to Ion's question "if any symptom of returning health bless the wan city," Agenor answers sadly, "No, the perishing

"Lift up their painful heads to bless thy name,
And their eyes kindle as they utter it.
But still they die."

The stern decree of Heaven is but half accomplished. The words of the oracle ring in Ion's ears.

"Argos ne'er shall find release,
Until her monarch's race shall cease."

Fate demands one other victim—himself. He is impatient to offer up this last sacrifice on the altar of his country, and is only deterred from doing so at once by the solemn pledge which he had given to Adrastus. Resolved, however, to abridge as much as possible the period of his people's sufferings, he gives directions that at the dawn of the following day every thing shall be in readiness for the sacrifices and games with which the enthronement of the kings of Argos was wont to be preceded.

The thought of Clemanthe alone unmans the heroic soul of Ion. To die were easy, but the parting with his beloved Clemanthe, the thought of the anguish which the morrow's dawn will bring with it to her, almost unmans him.

In the vain hope that he may wean her affections from him, and thus, perhaps, mitigate her anguish when the terrible catastrophe occurs, he affects towards her an indifference, even coldness, of manner. He attempts to persuade her that the crown which he is about to assume must of necessity place an impassable barrier between them, and that their paths must henceforth be separate.

"Dark and cold," he says, hinting at his own fate,

"Stretches the path which when I wear the crown
I needs must enter: the great Gods forbid
That thou should'st follow in it!"

Alarmed at the strange import of these words, she enquires in terror—

"And shall we *never* see each other more?"

Ion, whose mind is at the moment filled with the prospect of the death which so soon awaits him, answering his own thoughts rather than the question of Clemanthe, replies that he believes and feels they will meet hereafter.

"Yes,
I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow forever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living form,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish; we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe!"

It is almost needless to add that Ion, unable any longer to sustain the character which his tenderness for Clemanthe had induced him to affect, flings aside the thin disguise with which he had vainly endeavoured to conceal his real feelings, and confesses himself hers for ever.

We are now arrived at the closing scene of the tragedy.

It is early dawn. Ion is to be enthroned in state. The great square of the city is thronged with spectators. Clemanthe has concealed herself close at hand, within the shrine of Minerva, from which she hopes, unseen, to "feast her eyes by witnessing the greatness of her idol." On one side of the square is the throne, on the other the altar for the sacrifice.

The statues of the gods which adorn the square are gaily decked with garlands. The trumpets sound. A procession of priests and sages enter the square, followed by Ion arrayed in royal robes. As he takes his seat upon his ancestral throne, to which the high priest Medon conducts him, "the paleness of the grave marbles his face," which wears, however, a look of calm determination and even of holy joy.

The promise made to his dying sire is now fulfilled. He has taken his seat upon

the throne of Argos. The moment for the last sacrifice has arrived, and Ion is prepared.

He approaches the altar unattended, and thus invokes the Gods:

"Gracious Gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now; and if there is a Power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes,
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven: to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows!"

The fatal wound is given, and Clemanthe rushes forth from her concealment to catch the fainting form of Ion.

While the warm life-blood of the youthful patriot is still welling from his self-inflicted wound and the multitude stand aghast at the terrible and unlooked for catastrophe, the ears of the dying hero catch the joyous words, uttered by the slave of Adrastus as he bursts into the square:

"The Pestilence abates."

He springs upon his feet, and feebly, but exultingly exclaims—

"Do ye not hear!
Why shout ye not? Ye are strong—think not of me;
Hearken! the curse my ancestry has spread
O'er Argos is dispell'd—Agenor, give
This gentle youth his freedom, who hath brought
Sweet tidings that I shall not die in vain—
And Medon! cherish him as thou hast one
Who dying blesses thee; my own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee, also—Argos lives—
The offering is accepted—all is well!"

We have thus endeavoured to present an outline, meagre and imperfect no doubt, of this exquisite play. We have given at length some of the striking and characteristic passages which it contains, preferring rather to afford the reader an opportunity of forming an estimate of the poem, than to attempt any laboured criticism of its merits.

We have alluded to the Grecian atmosphere which the author has breathed around this work. In two particulars, especially, is the Grecian character of the play most striking: in the ideality or general elevation of the characters, and in the controlling influence of "Destiny" throughout.

An American critic, thoroughly qualified to judge on such a point, has truly said that the play is "the most successful reproduction of the antique spirit with which he is acquainted."

If ideality, or the elevation and dignity of the principal personages of the play, may be regarded, as Schlegel thinks, as the very essence of the ancient Grecian Drama, then is "Ion" altogether "Grecian." Everything is raised above the level of ordinary humanity; all the characters, but especially the principal ones, are cast in a noble and heroic mould. Even the slave Irus speaks in a strain of eloquence, and Adrastus, the king, amid all his crimes, preserves a majestic, and almost godlike port, and shews proofs of an exalted and generous nature. The character of the gentle Ion seems to us one of the most lovely creations of modern fancy. The author has endeavoured to depict, and with wonderful success, a nature "essentially pure and disinterested, deriving its strength entirely from goodness and thought, not overcoming evil by the force of will, but escaping it by an insensibility to its approach, vividly conscious of existence and its pleasure, yet willing to lay them down at the call of duty."

All who study this lovely creation of Talfourd's, will, we think, feel satisfied that no heathen poet could have ever conceived such a character. Such purity and goodness, coupled with such tender charity towards the faults and failings of others, such child-like gentleness united with such heroic daring, such self-sacrificing nobleness combined with such meekness, constitute a character which could not have been imagined by any one who did not sit in the bright light of Gospel revelation, and had not been accustomed to contemplate the perfect character of the Saviour of the world.

The other point of resemblance, as already stated, between this play and those of the Greek dramatists, is in the introduction of Destiny as the great agent by which the catastrophe is brought about. In "Ion," we seem to be brought as it were into the very presence of this dread power. It influences and controls the thoughts and actions of both the principal personages. It marks out the victims, it appoints the avenger. Indeed the author was forced (as he himself intimates in his preface) to avail himself of this tremendous agency to enable him to work out the plot. But over and above the old Greek

notion of Destiny, the author has recourse, he tells us, "to the idea of *fascination* as an engine by which Fate may work its purposes on the innocent mind, and force it into terrible action most uncongenial to itself, but necessary to the issue."

The employment of either of these agencies in the play was perfectly admissible; but the employment of both at the same time, was, as the author felt, hardly justifiable, and detracted from the feeling of reality of the poem. It seemed, however, to the author, that by nothing short of the united influence of these two tremendous agencies could the gentle and ethereal Ion have been involuntarily impelled to the commission of acts so utterly abhorrent to his nature.

It cannot be questioned that the introduction of these Greek elements into the play has tended materially to diminish the interest it is calculated to excite. By raising the characters of the *dramatis personæ* above the level of ordinary humanity, and by exempting them from the weaknesses or failings of our common nature; by making the actions of those characters the necessary result of the resistless energy of inexorable fate, rather than the consequences of their own free will in other words, by making the *dramatis personæ* more than men in their nature and their powers, and less than men in their control over their own conduct, Talfourd has, no doubt, to a considerable extent diminished the reality of the drama, and placed his characters outside the pale of human sympathy and human interest.

This undoubtedly is a defect in the play, a defect of which no one could be more sensible than its accomplished and critical author, who in reference to these peculiarities of the play, says: "The drama may be described as the phantasm of a tragedy, not a thing of substance mortised into the living rock of humanity, and therefore incapable of exciting that interest which grows out of human feeling, or of holding that permanent place in the memory which truth only can retain." We have thus in Talfourd's own beautiful language, referred to the main defect of this elaborate composition, considered as a drama. It may indeed have other defects both as a drama and a poem. But on these it is not our present purpose to dwell.

Suffice it merely to say, in conclusion, that while we claim not for Talfourd a place among the highest in the Pantheon of Poets, we still think that for tenderness and elevation of thought, for purity of sentiment and elegance of diction, it would be difficult to point out on the bright muster roll of ancient or modern bards any name which deserves to be placed above that of the gifted and accomplished author of "Ion."

MEDICINE AND MATRIMONY.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY ARNE.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR the little company in la Sainte des Eaux now ensued a charming spring time. Through all the country side sweet Nature, with her tender, silent, swift, magic fingers, was everywhere at work. The air gradually lost its chilliness, still clinging from the snow-time. The river, which the ice in its breaking up had rendered somewhat muddy, became constantly clearer, and more easily reflected the hues of the sky. Every day the grass grew greener, buds swelled on the trees, and here and there those of the willow opened. The firs that had wintered their old dark, needle attire, appeared yet darker when the fair, soft, new shoots sprouted from their boughs.

Klari at first thought it pleasure enough simply *to be*—to sit out on a sunny hill, leaning perhaps against a maple stump, to breathe the wonderful, invigorating air of the wide out-door world, and feel that she lived. Existence, *that* sufficed.

"If life were nothing but this, dear Margaretta," said she softly, "I should have everything that I wish."

The bush-smoke rose up into the sky, and bluer even than it, against a background of tall, leafless tamaracks and beeches. Upon the mountains in the North the fires were also lighted, and when the afternoons waned, there stole gradually over all a deep peace.

"How is it," asked she, "that so very lately I was so very wretched? Dear aunt Meiklejohn! I really love her. And yet how ungrateful, how unamiable, how harrassing I have been. After this I must write her long letters twice a week."

The garden-making began. The birds returned in clouds, and while they flew hither and thither, mating, pairing, and nest-building, they loudly sang. Klari made acquaintance with the whistle of the robin and the trilling of the rossignol. She rose at five to listen to their concerts, and to behold the sun in the beauty of his dawn.

"Dear Margaretta," said she earnestly, "I am really afraid that my own good spirits will fly away with me if this extraordinary exhilaration continues. I cannot understand how any one can be out of humour with any one else or anything in this delightful world."

Very shortly afterwards, however, there came a letter from Mrs. Meiklejohn that helped her to quite a clear explanation on that point. It contained what were evidently extracts from last Sunday's sermon, tacked on to sundry directions as to millinery, with variations on the favourite theme of her niece's settlement in life.

"Change," it ran, "is the human lot. We must all, the middle-aged and the youthful alike, be in some measure prepared for it. I have decided to spend the summer at the salt-water, and thither you will accompany me as soon as any of the places are open. See that all your things are carefully done up, and that your whole wardrobe is in order. Your Victoria lawns—the proper quantity of starch—fluting—sea-side hats—and so on. It is not always possible sucsessfully to carry out the plans we would; the future may mature or may frustrate them. All is uncertain. We are here to-day and yonder to-morrow. I intend settling $5,000 upon you when you marry, and will further allow you another thousand dollars for your outfit. I desire to leave your own choice and taste unfettered as much as possible. Having had more experience than you in shopping, *et cetera*, we can put our heads together over the more important items. And I am sure that you will not choose unworthily of either yourself or me." With much more to the same and other purposes.

Klari, uncertain whether her aunt, in those bewildering paragraphs, meant to refer to her future clothes or her future husband, brought the letter to her cousin, while the wings of her soaring spirits pitifully trailed.

"When I was so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Who is this Judge," asked Margaretta, when she had finished reading it, "of whom she makes such frequent mention?"

"Oh, that is one of the *partis*," answered Klari, sighing. The letter had wakened her from her own Utopian dream of the last few weeks, and she returned wearedly to the discussion of her aunt's. "An elderly widower, I believe, highly respectable, and supposed to be very wealthy. Though, with me, suppositions as to wealth go for nothing. Aunt Meiklejohn, you know, is supposed by a dazzled world to be very wealthy."

Margaretta mused, with the letter still in her hand.

"At least," said she, "you are not altogether dowerless, whatever aunt may mean by expressing her intentions just now with regard to you."

"Ah, no indeed! And with three hundred dollars a year, to whom or what may not one aspire? Three hundred dollars! Sufficient to keep me, when left to myself, quite luxuriously in gloves and boots. A pity that I have not aunt's faculty of turning and altering a dress half a dozen times in the course of its life, and making it do duty, at different stages of its career, for everything from a full evening toilet down at last to a morning wrapper. The various phases and disguises which one white silk of mine was subjected to last winter, only an accomplished expert in *chiffonnerie* could have determined. It was cut up into strips at last, and is now binding the flounces of that black dress you have admired so much."

"Yes," said Margaretta, "it is very pretty. If I were a gentleman and saw you in that dress, I should assuredly fall in love with you, even though you had put on with it your ice-cold-queen demeanour."

"It was in that dress I met a gentleman whom, if I ever marry, I will marry, if he will marry me."

"Dear, Klari," exclaimed Margaretta, "you are very provoking. I have been fancying all the time that there must be something of this kind at the bottom of your seeming caprices, though you would not confess. You will tell me all about it at once. Has he not then proposed to you?

"Oh, no."

"How long has he known you?"

"He doesn't know me at all!"

"What are you saying, child? How long then have you known him?"

"I don't know him either."

"Klari! Who is he?

"I don't know."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know."

"And he doesn't know you, I suppose?"

"Probably not."

Margaretta was silent from simple amazement.

"Dear Margaretta," exclaimed Klari "do not look so shocked, and I will tell you all that I myself know of the matter. The day before we left town I went to perform a message for aunt that took me through a retired street near the Medical college. In passing along I observed a group of students standing opposite what was evidently a boarding-house, gesticulating upwards towards one of the second-story windows. I at first thought that it was either a clown or a large monkey who was leaning out and going through the oddest contortions, but as I approached I discovered it to be another young gentleman in a parti-coloured dressing-gown. He stopped and looked at me with all his eyes, and I looked at him with all mine. And you will think me very foolish, but in that moment I experienced a strange sensation that has made the profoundest impression upon me. I could not then and have not since been able to rid myself of the idea that his destiny and mine are in some way connected. I felt drawn towards him. It was as if something passed between us—something electric—something magnetic; ah! I know not what; I cannot tell you. Talking about it seems like rubbing the feather-powder off a butterfly by too much handling. But one thing is certain, that I shall not think of marrying, even with my newly-acquired dower-dignity, until I have again seen the unknown in motley, and satisfied myself by more accurate observation whether I dreamed or not."

Margaretta listened to this recital without interruption. If she had felt inclined to smile at what, under other circumstances, she would have dismissed with an impatient Pish! she sustained herself. She knew her cousin too well to doubt her earnestness, and was therefore convinced of the futility of any remonstrances. But Klari's avowed determination to continue setting at nought the wishes of her friends on the flimsy grounds of this baseless fabric so alarmed her, that she was induced to try the effect of a few words.

"Ah, you know, dear," said she affectionately, "that I am neither romantic nor imaginative. Such a magnetic encounter as you represent would be totally impossible to me, and I can only regard what you have told me from a practical point of view; in its influence, that is, upon your present and your future. You might as well say, dear, that you would wait for Orion or one of the stars in Charles's Wain."

Klari smiled. Perhaps so remote a marriage-possibility had not been far from her own thoughts.

"And then only think how contradictory you must appear to yourself," continued Margaretta. "You who have set your face so determinedly against matches which you had abundant opportunity of knowing were excellent, now so perversely to allow your fancy to be taken captive by some tattered, unformed lad of a student with a taste for practical jokes, and with whom you have never exchanged a word. He may be rough in manner, too; poor, of the most undesirable connections."

"If he is proved to be rough and undesirable my fancy will not be captive long."

"And in the meanwhile wasting your time in a sentimental, romantic waiting; for what? Something less substantial than a will-o'-the-wisp!"

"I am waiting anyway."

"I could not have believed, Klari, that you had been so much in earnest."

Klari was for a moment silent. Any discussion with any of her lady-friends that was likely to take the form of wrangling she at once ended.

"Forgive me, Margaretta," she then said very gently. "The whole affair is of so

slight a nature that, as I have already said, it will scarcely bear talking over aloud. Do not think me ungrateful, insensible, *entêtée*, but indeed, indeed, I am afraid that I must be intrusted with my own future; being three-and-twenty, you know."

Margaretta at this was also silent, and when she at length spoke, it was to say with a sigh,

"Poor aunt Meiklejohn."

CHAPTER V.

AT the T—— hotel Dr. James Rossèl was making giant strides in those branches of knowledge hitherto so lamentably neglected by him, which society so graciously imparts. We find him the hero of quite a large circle of young ladies, children, and matrons.

At salt-water resorts the presence of gentlemen is by no means confidently to be counted upon. Their's have all the uncertainty and rarity of angels' visits. They may snatch a happy one, or two, or three days' leisure, in which to take a longing glance at the to them unattainable paradise; but they are the Peri at the gate, and they hasten back to the hot, prim city streets and ways, leaving a clear coast.

Dr. Rossèl, however, remained in perpetuity. Him the lady residents of the hotel had always with them, and he became correspondingly popular. It very soon began to be the Doctor here and the Doctor there, the Doctor will do this for us and the Doctor will do that, at all hours of the day. He was the promoter, or at least seconder, mainstay, and centre of all expeditions and excursions, land or marine. From croquet to schooner-sailing, from pigeon-berry picking to hay-cart picknicing, from ninepins to billiards, he was for everything equally available and enthusiastic. Under such propitious circumstances he also, from time to time, added to those notes formerly begun with his ever fruitless Galahad-quest, though never to the dimming of that impalpable, ever-present photograph.

"We must turn out in force upon the wharf to-morrow," he said one day to some of his friends. "My uncle, Judge Rossèl, has written to engage rooms for himself and a large party who are expected in the next steamer."

"I hope the party is not very large," said some one with a salt-air appetite, "the salmon being always so small."

"*Autres temps autres mœurs*," said some one else, "and I hear that there has just been a successful take."

A young lady with a blonde complexion, standing beside Dr. Rossèl, took him into her confidence in an undertone.

"Short allowance of salmon," said she to him, sweetly, "and the arrival of Miss Meiklejohn at one and the same time, would be rather overdoing our misfortunes, and she, you know, is also coming to-morrow."

"Indeed!" said he carelessly. "And is the lady's presence so baleful that it must of necessity add to our misfortunes?"

"Oh, I meant with respect to us ladies, you know."

"Ah," said he. "Who then is Miss Meiklejohn?"

"Oh, do you not know?" The blonde young lady became quite animated. "The very greatest flirt in the Province—preposterously great! I have heard witty gentlemen call her Juggernaut—a kind of heathen goddess on wheels who, when she is wound up to go, runs down any one and every one in her way, but principally you gentlemen, I suppose; at least Miss Meiklejohn does. So you see, Doctor, we need not look for any attention from you while she remains."

He murmured some illusory platitudes, and asked, with awakening curiosity,

"Is she so very beautiful?"

"Oh, not at all *your* style, Doctor. You like fresh, unaffected, natural, milk-and-roses—or is it buttermilk?—kind of girls; and she, you know, has been out in society this ever and ever so long. She is tall, dark, and oh, no, not pretty except for her eyes. *They* are somewhat peculiar, and have a very disagreeable way of staring into yours and laughing at you, even when the rest of her face seems to be quite polite and serious. Some people think her clever and fascinating, but I really don't know. I am quite afraid of clever women. Aren't you, Doctor?"

The Doctor's reply, whether it signified assent or dissent, was not audible. Musingly he looked off seaward with introverted gaze.

The next day, as the hour approached for the arrival of the steamer, the wharf

was as densely crowded as any one could desire. All the inhabitants of the place, as was indeed usual, had flocked down in fresh toilets from hotel, cottages, and boarding-houses, for the sake of a break in the monotony, for the sake of a walk, for the sake of looking at each other, and particularly to welcome disembarking and exchange greetings with passing friends, and to refresh their minds with a good, general, exhaustive stare. The steamer was late on this particular day, causing an improvisation of seats extraordinary. But as no accident of a serious nature ever occurs in these waters, she finally appeared, sweeping slowly round from the black, fiord-like Northern stream into the little harbour of l'Ance à l'Eau, her decks packed with passengers.

All was at once activity—motion and commotion. And amid the bustle of the landing, and the persistent pressing forward at one time of two counter-currents, those who would come on shore and those who would go on board, there appeared at the top of the gangway a tall, white-haired, florid, pompous-looking gentleman, having a lady on his left arm. He picked his way down with elegance and determination, and Dr. Rossèl, quickly approaching, addressed him as "uncle."

"Ah, Jim!" said the uncle, shaking his nephew heartily by the hand, and advancing with him to a comparatively safe position. "Glad to see you, my boy, and very glad to see you looking so well. But, heavens and earth! do you always have such a crush as this down here among the rocks? I begin to think, my dear, that we were very venturesome in coming ashore when we did. Here, Jim, you want to be employed in something useful and agreeable at the same time, I am sure. My dear, you must allow me to make you acquainted with my nephew, Miss Meiklejohn, Dr. James Rossèl, in whose charge I will leave you for a moment."

And then it was that these two found themselves face to face. Their eyes met in the simple interchange of courtesies, and behold, it had come! The moment of meeting, of which each, unknown to the other, had so often dreamed, the moment of actual bowing and hand-clasping acquaintanceship, and with it the opportunity for all the necessary measuring, estimating, and balancing process that usually precedes heart-barters.

The recognition on either side, however cleverly veiled, was complete. At the mention of her name Jim's thoughts had naturally reverted to the conversation of yesterday; but when he saw with wonder and joy that it was indeed She! all the other ladies in the world, young or old, blonde or squaw, became as a thick winter-morning's fog, which this Sun rising ever higher and stronger scattered to the four corners of the earth in mere cloudy fragments. And his heart bounded in exultation and thanksgiving when he thus beheld her, the radiant, lofty, sweet embodiment of his very dream-vision which, with hope and something of faith, he had for three loyal months carried in the depths of his soul. More dazzling if possible, and still the very same, with no shadow of a doubt. Blessed fate! blessed summer days! blessed host of the T— hotel! with huzzas, vivas, and medals to the silvery Spoons!

Klari, for her part, looked at him, and beheld a tall, large, somewhat ungainly person with features devoid of the line of beauty, but with the same appearance of strength that supplied the want of grace in his figure so evident also in his countenance that you pardoned its plainness. And as his earnest, searching, triumphant glance met hers, she fell away from him a little, for there certainly stood the hero of the boarding-house window, concerning whom she had confessed to feeling so deep an interest.

A train of thought fortunately flies through a head very much faster than through a steel pen. They had been examining each other therefore for only fifteen seconds, when Klari recovered herself and spoke.

"Judge Rossèl has returned for the remainder of us, I think," said she, with no apparent tinge of embarrassment in her voice, and attentively attending to the fastening of her glove. "We are such a collection of trappings and odds and ends, the confusion was so great and my aunt so anxious, that he caught me up in despair at last as being easily movable, and fairly carried me off, thus definitely disposing of at least something." She smiled slightly and glanced up at him for one instant from under her lashes.

He, borne upwards by the influence of her presence and the sound of her voice,

was by this time suspended high in delicious air, so that he made answer somewhat absently.

"I began to fear that you would never come," said he.

Klari smiled again. "Yes," said she, "we were detained in the Bay for some time this morning. A question of tides, they said."

"Tides," said Jim from his heights, "are a tremendous bore."

"Occasionally at the mouths of rivers, are they not?" said Klari. "But not I think in this one."

"Ah! Perhaps not in this one," said Jim.

"The detention, however, was rather fortunate," continued Klari, occupied again with her glove-fastening, "as it gave us an opportunity of seeing the country for a few hours in carts. I like carts so much."

Jim liked carts too—glorified, winged carts, to suit his present altitude.

"Judge Rossèl has taken the kindest care of us during the whole journey," Klari went on as if bound to pursue the conversation at all hazards. "My aunt, you know, made his acquaintance recently in the West, from whence she accompanied him and his party to M——, my cousin and I joining them there. Quite a formidable sequence of events, is it not? And he has been telling us that you and we have been fellow-citizens in M—— for some time past,—is it not odd that we should never have met?" Saying which she turned full upon him the questioning, dancing, kindling light of eyes so like his treasured memory of them that he suddenly and impetuously exclaimed—

"Have we then never met?"

"Have we, then?" said she.

"Do you not remember that we have?" asked he, anxiously.

"Do you?" said she.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, with confidence and enthusiasm. "And I shall never forget! It was on a glorious, sunshiny, cloudless, beneficent, Heaven-sent spring afternoon, and the day of our last medical Convocation. In—in a window. You had a white frill at your throat, and there was somewhere a butterfly with orange-barred wings. And—oh—that ancient Turkish—"

But at this Klari could not avoid laughing aloud. A laugh breaking forth so clearly, though so low, so thrillingly, so frankly, so friendly, that Jim, entranced, thought it the voice of a message-bird bearing to him tidings of life.

"Are you laughing at my dressing-gown?" he exclaimed, as if now taking for granted that her recollections kept pace with his own, while he was drawn ever higher into the region of delicious air.

"No, at your grimaces," replied Klari.

"I have given up grimaces," said he earnestly, and could say no more.

Indeed, at this moment, the simple Arcadian scene was interrupted, and succeeded by a purely conventional modern one. A short, seemingly well-lubricated, elderly-looking gentleman with a row of youthful auburn curls showing beneath his hat, appeared pressing his way towards them through many obstructions.

Jim's cheery voice was heard accosting him with, "Hallo, Spicer, you here?"

"Yes, confound it," said Mr. Spicer, grasping Jim's hand in an almost affectionate manner. "Just ashore this moment. Never seen such a disorderly, headless crush in the whole course of my life, give you my word. Have been hunting up and down this half hour. Excuse me," and breaking off in his sentence, he hurried to Miss Meiklejohn's side.

He was the bearer of certain evidently important messages from her aunt, who was not yet extricated, which in the delivery sounded like "Carriages, walking, fatigued, trunks," "trunks, fatigued, walking, carriages," and *vicê versâ*, and again repeated for several minutes. All of which referred to the means of reaching the hotel. Soon, however, the whole party found themselves together with many mutual congratulations, and the animated discussion that followed was at last decided by Mrs. Meiklejohn, as by imperial ukase. The force was to be divided in carriages and on foot.

Klari's lot fell among the latter, and then with Mr. Spicer upon one side and Dr. Rossèl upon the other, to each of whom impartially she made her exclamations of rapture, she first learned the charm of that grand and sterile country. Of its giant cliffs, and deep-cut gorges, its towering headlands, its weird defiles, the great white shining rock-masses, where bracken and stunted cedar and poplar-growths shoot up through the crevices, the narrow barren stretches of sand-soil, and lastly, the out-look over the bay and across its gleaming bar.

That night Margaretta was in Klari's room for a few minutes.

"Had you seen Dr. Rossèl before to-day?" she asked her after some indifferent conversation.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the constellation of Charles's Wain."

And thereupon Margaretta crossed the room, and kissed her cousin cordially upon either cheek.

CHAPTER VI.

THE promenading, boating, bathing, climbing, lounging, continued in the general society of T—. All the resources of the place were tested in turn. Daily parties were made up for croquet on the hard-beaten grassless lawns, or for journeys to the inland lake, or visits to Hudson Bay House, or to the first church erected in the Western world, or for rambles among the higher rocks, or for bowling, or sailing in smacks, or simple strolling with no defined object whatever.

In particular instances, these amusements were of course somewhat varied. In that of Mrs. Meiklejohn and Judge Rossèl, for example; who had taken to the gentle craft of angling, and who with unflinching, almost sleepless vigilance, cast out towards each other lines baited with artificial flies of cunning, so like nature, that the wary old fish themselves were all but satisfied.

In that also of the young blonde, who set traps and snares, constructed neither to maim nor kill, but to capture alive, in the habitat of Dr. Rossèl, to whom she whispered every day the assurance of the betrothal of Miss Meiklejohn and Mr. Spicer.

In that, too, of the latter gentleman, who danced constant attendance upon Klari's evanishing footsteps in the sand with the zeal and something of the grace of a dervish.

As to Dr. Rossèl, his employments, depending as they did to a great extent on those of Miss Meiklejohn, were somewhat varied and uncertain. Greatly to his bewilderment he had been gradually forced to come down from those airy, seemingly secure heights to which she had permitted him to rise on the red-letter day when they two had so frankly and gaily met, and for a long time he had made no ascents but those rough toilsome ones that led to sterile rocks. In the wealthy Mr. Spicer, he acknowledged a formidable rival, but as to which she least discouraged—her general deportment being best expressed by negatives—it would have been difficult for either of the gentlemen to say.

Certain it is that she very frequently wore an impenetrable, icy, winter-night aspect, which no stray beam from the veiled moons of her eyes was suffered to light up. Jim's refuge was then, at times, the blonde trapper, who received him always with the same kind and pretty face. At others, he would launch his canoe in the waters of the bay, and paddle outwards with strong, vigorous strokes, that soon rendered him an indistinct speck to the observers on the verandahs, and from which adventures only nightfall brought him back. At others again, he would put on a formidable heavy pair of boots, that might have resisted a jungle, and a wide-brimmed, provincial-looking straw hat, the universal *chapeau de pâille* in fact of more favoured parishes, that had been plaited for him by a leathery old *habitante* out of the gleanings of a whole oat-field, and stalk straight into the unknown lands of the back country. The veiled moons would occasionally be visible on his return, and would indeed change themselves by some mysterious celestial alchemy, untaught in his College, into warm genial suns before him, in whose fertile rays he would bask and dream, and sigh for perpetual noon-day.

Mrs. Meiklejohn could not resist commanding Klari once more regarding Mr. Spicer, whatever qualms may have overtaken her in the West; and her pre-occupation led her to believe that everything worked according to her wishes, so that Margaretta was left alone to puzzle over what seemed a more perplexing riddle that ever. While her whole instincts went with Dr. Rossèl, as far as the man was concerned, and while she would for that reason have put her cousin's shapely hand within his with the heartiest confidence in their united future, the eminent social position and advantages offered by Mr. Spicer were not without their allurements. In her conversations with Klari therefore—rather her appeals and addresses to her—she endeavoured to bring forward both sides of the question with the strictest justice. But Klari remained a puzzle.

"I shall begin to flatter myself, dear," said she on seeing her return, dispiritedly, from her solitary perch, on the white headland overhanging the bay, where she would sometimes sit for hours, observed occasionally through the cedar-boughs from the hotel, but rarely interrupted, "that no place suits you, but my Sainte des Eaux."

"I was happy there."

"Why will you not be happy here?"

No answer.

"You know, dear Klari, that I have never altogether understood you. Still, from what you yourself previously told me, I should have thought that when you had found your ideal, you would at least have given him a little encouragement. I do not see that there can be any question of cabbages here, and Dr. Rossèl is certainly only waiting his opportunity to declare himself. Or perhaps magnetism has proved a dream?"

Klari still had nothing to say.

"You have yourself been convinced for some time, as I gathered from what you said in La Sainte des Eaux, of the necessity of your marriage; what else can a young lady in your position do but marry? And aunt's hints since she went West, if not before, have been sufficiently significant. Let me entreat you, if your heart is pleading for James Rossèl, as I believe it to be, not to let any foolish fancies prevent you from showing your preference. A young lady can do that without loss of dignity. As it is, you freeze him every day, and though I grant that you can thaw him out again with marvellous dexterity, it is still possible that the freezing process may take place once too often. Have you become speechless?"

"Only have patience with me, dear Margaretta."

"Patience, dear child, undoubtedly. Aunt Meiklejohn, you must know, believes that all is understood between you and Mr. Spicer, and in such event she will most probably give you a much handsomer *trousseau* than in her former vexation with you she intended to have done. While he will, of course, make you mistress of an unimpeachable establishment. Everybody knows his horses; and the arrangements of his house are, I am told, quite perfect. An estimable man too, and one who is, I am sure, sincere in his attachment to you. What do you think of Mr. Spicer, dear?"

"Forgive me, Margaretta!"

"You know that it is only the desire for your own good that induces me to teaze you."

"Yes, indeed, I know. Therefore I say forgive me."

"Well, you have before you at this moment, love and the strictest economy with Dr. Rossèl, and commanding wealth and—and ——"

"Toleration."

"Toleration with Mr. Spicer. Think and act, dear child."

A day of purpose and achievement, as if preconcerted, at last came to all most interested. It was in August, month of harvests, month of crickets; and even in the barren clime of T— there was something ripe to the reaper, and, inland, an occasional cheerful crick! crick!

In the afternoon it happened that Klari sought her aunt, and after some search, found her in the little parlour upstairs. She was sitting upon the sofa with a slightly tear-bedimmed eye, but with an expression of triumph on her face, and beside her was the Judge, also slightly agitated, but smiling and apparently at peace with the whole world. To the intruder it was evident that the artificial flies had successfully landed their respective fish. She would have retreated, but Mrs. Meiklejohn recalled her.

"Your future uncle, my dear," said she, taking Klari's hand.

Judge Rossèl took the other. "I congratulate," said Klari, and forgot her errand.

"My dear," said Mrs. Meiklejohn, "Augustus, I should say Mr. Spicer, has been looking for you. He will walk with you, and I have given him my permission to do so when he finds you. Away, then, child."

"Shall I go in search of him, aunt?"

"Do so, dear," said Mrs. Meiklejohn, deaf to her niece's tones.

Klari turned away in bitterness of spirit, thinking "Will they drive me?" and met him on the stairs, anxiety depicted in the whole man.

"Oh, Miss Meiklejohn ——" he began.

"I have seen my aunt," she coldly interrupted.

"And will you then favour me with a short stroll?"

She passed out of the door without speaking, and he after, while mechanically she took the path to the white headland. An ominous, portentous silence on the part of

Mr. Spicer, who toiled up the steep way breathing loudly, and almost exuding oil. Klari went up like an arrow, and as silent, but when they reached the height she sat down in her accustomed place, saying—

"This is strolling sufficient."

Seaward went her gaze. The sunshine, steely-bright and keen, was flashing off the waters as light strikes from a sword. A thousand gulls dipped their silver-fair breasts in the waves, white porpoise-forms turned over here and there like rounded storm-caps, and ships spreading wide sail-wings fled outwards, or rose up, dark and tall, against the line of sky.

Mr. Spicer's glance followed hers, and he perceived by the long, high sand-bar that the tide was almost out.

Standing up then before her, after a short pause, and without further preface than what it itself contained, he propounded to her the following question :—

"Miss Meiklejohn, will you be my wife?"

Scarcely had Klari left the parlour that contained the elderly anglers, when Jim, approaching from an opposite direction, also entered it. He drew back immediately with "I beg your pardon," but as the aunt had before done, so now did the uncle. Jim concealed a smile at this explanation of certain hitherto dark passages in the Judge's letters, and at the same time offered his heartiest congratulations.

"But, my dear aunt that is to be," said he, "can you direct me where precisely to find Miss Meiklejohn? I have looked for her in vain in a dozen places."

"Aha!" said the judge. "She has gone out for a walk in her favourite direction, I believe. Go on, my boy; you will overtake her if you walk fast enough."

Mrs. Meiklejohn darted a sharp look at her bridegroom.

"Wait," said she, "and we will accompany you as far as the beach. I have promised some friends of mine a collection of sea-urchins, which I have not yet made, and your and the judge's scientific knowledge will be very useful to me."

There was considerable delay, but Jim saw the happy pair safely stuck in the soft sand, each armed with a stick for puddling in search of their *radiata* specimens, before he left them, and it was then with a light, bounding step that he hastened in the direction of the steep, rocky path. He had already made three-quarters of the ascent, when Klari and Mr. Spicer appeared on their way down.

"Spicer! dash his ingenuous auburn wig," thought Jim. "How many more marches is he fated to steal on me?" And thereupon he stopped and complely blocked up the way.

They approached in silence, unsmiling, uncommunicative, apart, and Jim instinctively sought by a lightning glance to decipher each countenance. Whatever he read there, and to whatever conclusion he came, he at once acted as if no Spicer existed in the wide universe, and, turning to Miss Meiklejohn, he exclusively addressed her.

"I was about seeking you on your headland," said he, "where they told me I should find you. Will you not return?" Involuntarily to himself there was the pathos of pleading in the words.

"If Mr. Spicer will excuse me," said Klari, in the same cold voice with which she had set out.

Mr. Spicer bowed with inexpressible stiffness, and immediately continued the descent, hastily, stumbling, breaking off branches and twigs from the slender brush, rolling down rock-fragments before him, as if a tiny avalanche were loosened.

And now in the seat from which she had just risen Klari was again sitting, cold, sad, and motionless. Jim had thrown himself down a little distance off, yet at her feet, and he thought despondingly that Spicer, with a special license in one pocket and the wedding-ring in the other, could not have put a deeper gulf between them at that moment than what lay there in her own frozen presence.

For a long time he sat thus and watched her, while she forever watched the sea, until suddenly he lifted himself up and spoke to her. Spoke hopelessly, passionately, longingly, and could not guide his utterance as he would.

While, by beach and bar, gently, gradually, all but imperceptibly, the tide was beginning to rise.

"I do not know how it is that I dare to love you;" he exclaimed, "but I do love you with my whole heart and soul!"

And Klari moved. As suddenly as he had spoken, the crimson blood swept up

into her face, her eyes returned swiftly from their wanderings over sea, but not to seek his, for her head drooped upon her breast.

Jim beheld, and dared not trust his vision; dared not still believe; dared not approach her.

"Klari," he said, and his voice sounded unnatural to his own ears, "Is it possible that you can love me?"

She drew a deep breath and clasped her hands together, and would have looked at him, but could not.

Doubt had tormented him so long, he must now reach beyond doubt.

"Klari," said he again, "do you love me?"

She raised her eyes to his gaze then, and so liquid did they seem that he looked down into her soul, and their meaning was clear. But she became quite pale.

"Yes, Jim, I do," said she, and broke down, sobbing.

He was beside her in a moment.

It was, perhaps, an hour and a half after these events that our second happy couple found themselves speaking in connected sentences.

"Why did you make me wait so long, Klari?"

"I could not bear to be taken."

"And now?"

"Ah, Jim ——"

After another hour.

"I have $5,000 in the bank," said he.

"I also," said she.

"Mine is at seven per cent."

"And mine at six."

"But we will still be happy, Klari?"

"Yes, Jim."

THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF CANADA.

BY JEHU MATHEWS, TORONTO.

THERE can be little doubt that of late a feeling of anxiety in regard to the political future of Canada, and a desire to find an answer to the question, Whither are we drifting? have begun to manifest themselves amongst the thinking part of our people. Of the existence of such a sentiment ample proof is to be found in the various views enunciated in the several publications whose titles are placed at the foot of this page,* and in the discussions to which they have given birth—to say nothing of the utterances of some of our prominent public men. Different policies have been recommended for adoption, but none of them can be said to have emerged from that chrysalis stage in which all political theories remain until they are put into a practical shape in the legislature; or, at least, until some political party has incorporated them into its "platform." Under these circumstances it may be well to seek to discover in what direction the various theorists desire that we should drift, and what would be the consequences of following any one of them. Without a clear understanding of these points it is scarcely possible to say whether any political policy is practicable; and utterly impossible to compare the relative merits of many rival policies.

Foremost amongst the exciting causes of this spirit of enquiry has been the action of that party which inscribes on its banners the words "Canada First," and calls on us "to cultivate a national spirit." What is meant by this language is, like most of the movements of the party, rather ambiguous. But this ambiguity is precisely what its members ought, in justice to themselves and their fellow-countrymen, to have cleared up. For accordingly as one interpretation or another

* Canada First, or Our New Nationality. By W. A. Foster, Esq.

Canadian Nationality: its Growth and Development. By William Canniff, M.D.

Imperial and Colonial Confederation. By A. T. Drummond, B.A., LL.B.

The Colonial Question. By W. H. Fuller, M.A.

Speech of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., at Aurora.

The Canadian Question. By William Norris, Late Captain of Canadian Volunteers.

is set upon their watchwords, they embody radically different policies, aim at contradictory ends, and appeal to directly opposite principles and feelings.

In reply to the cry of "Canada First," it may fairly be asked, In respect to what countries, and in relation to what authorities is it proposed to place her so? Our situation in this matter is very similar to that of a Kentuckian or Californian in the neighbouring Union. There the cry "Kentucky First," or "California First," is either one which may be heard with cordial good-will by the citizens of the other States, even though each should re-echo it on behalf of his own State; or it may be rank treason which each and all of them would unite to extirpate with fire and sword. So long as it implies only that the inhabitants of each State should bestow on their own a greater share of affection than on any other State; and that they should exert themselves, by all legal means, to make it surpass its neighbours in moral, intellectual, and material growth, no exception will or ought to be taken to it. But if it be meant to maintain "Kentucky First," not only in opposition within constitutional limits, to sister States, but even in opposition to the whole Union, then it is simply rebellion—a setting-up of the claims which were made on behalf of each of the seceding States in the late war, and which were then opposed by the last logic of nations. It is much the same with Canada. She forms one member of a mighty Empire, over which one Sovereign reigns, and in which the Imperial Legislature is acknowledged, for certain purposes, to be supreme. If by "Canada First" it be meant only that Canadians should exert themselves to equal, or surpass, other members of the Empire in a career of generous rivalry in the arts of peace; and in time of war by nobler efforts against the common foe; there is nothing to hinder almost all our people, of every shade of politics, from endorsing it. But if, on the other hand, it is meant that the claims of the Empire on our allegiance should be ignored whenever they may happen to clash with any special interest of Canada—then it is evident that a claim is being asserted on behalf of a Province of the Empire analagous to that which led to secession in the States; which claim was there rightly declared to be inconsistent with political unity, and which would here be more fiercely opposed by some of our people than any other project which could be submitted to them.

Then in reference to "the cultivation of a national spirit," it may be asked, what sort of a national spirit is it desired to cultivate? It has been almost always remarked by travellers in our country, that the national spirit was very strongly developed in Canada—that is to say, the spirit of the glorious BRITISH nationality. Is it desired to *supersede* this national spirit by any other; or merely to cultivate such a national spirit as English, Irish, Scotch, Australian, or Canadian, may each feel for the land of his birth, while proudly merging the inferior glories expressed by what I would call his national Christian name, in those proclaimed by his yet more glorious national surname of BRITON? Do these war-cries mean, Canada First, *in the Empire*, and a *British*-Canadian national spirit; or do they mean, Canada First *irrespective of the Empire*, and a spirit of nationality *exclusively* Canadian? They may be interpreted in either sense, and I believe are so interpreted. But it is obvious that until one or other interpretation has been formally adopted, people may call themselves members of the same party, while holding views essentially at variance with each other. This will not do. No party can serve any practical purpose until its members are agreed on the objects which they will strive to promote or retard. "A party," says Burke, "is a body of men united to forward the public interest, on some common principle on which they are all agreed." In the present instance the common principle has never been clearly defined. All known to outsiders is that the language of their watchwords involves an endorsation of one or other of the above policies. But between these two "there is a great gulf fixed." On which side of it the party now is, or is most likely hereafter, to be found, I offer no opinion. But it is easy to see that it must ultimately take its stand on one side or the other; there is no *via media* open. And it also seems pretty clear that on whichever side it may take its stand, it must alter its tactics if it would forward its objects. Dr. Canniff, in his calm and thoughtful pamphlet, confesses that he "is now convinced that a Canadian political party is an impossibility," (p. 13.) It not only is so, but must remain so, until it can state plainly to what goal it wishes to

lead Canada. If its leaders do not know where they wish to go, they can scarcely expect outsiders to accept them as guides. On the other hand, if they really wish to maintain British connection, feelings, traditions, and institutions in Canada, it is a mistake to be continually calling people's attention to the other side of the case. There are permanent and powerful influences at work to bind any man to the land of his birth or adoption, which there are not to bind him to the cradle of his race. De Tocqueville, in considering the relative influences of the Federal and State Governments in the United States, points out the facts that the several States maintain the liberty, regulate the rights, protect the fortune, and secure the life and the whole future prosperity of every citizen; and that the Federal Government is very far removed from its subjects, while the State Governments are within the reach of them all, and ready to attend to the smallest appeal. And for these, as well as other reasons, he draws the conclusion that the Americans are more likely to attach themselves to the States than to the Union.* Whether this view has been confirmed—it is impossible to prove that it has been refuted—by the late war, is a question on which people will probably differ. But it is perfectly clear that the same reasoning is much more applicable to the British Empire than to the American Union. For there the Imperial Government is still further removed from its subjects, and possesses still fewer prerogatives, than the Federal Government; while the Colonial Governments are more powerful than those of the American States. Hence when the propagation of "States' Rights" theories led to secession from the Union, it follows that the proclamation of similar tenets should be carefully avoided by those in favour of the maintenance of the unity of the Empire. Therefore if the watchword means "Canada First *in* the Empire," some clearer expressions of devotion to it than any which have lately been made, should, from time to time, be set forth in the interest of the principles of the party. But if, on the other hand, the watchword means "Canada First unconditionally," then a great many important points which have scarcely been examined, must be clearly established before the advocates of this policy can expect their countrymen to accept it. Under present circumstances, when we have been told that Canada can have independence should she desire it, I think that the advocacy of its establishment ought not to subject its authors to the charge of having violated either legal or moral duties, inasmuch as the Empire to which they are due has generously offered to sacrifice them to our will. But if Nationalists attempt to influence men by painting the glories of an imaginary Canadian future, they have no right to complain if Imperialists oppose to these pictures, the historic realities of the past, the substantial benefits of the present, and, perhaps, even the imaginary glories of a Pan-Britannic Empire in the future. If they speak of what we and our sons may be, it is open to their opponents to speak of what our fathers were, and to ask if we are likely to go astray while following in the footsteps of the men who clung to Fatherland "for better for worse," and in a howling wilderness laid the foundation of the fair inheritance which we possess to-day. There *may be* some descendants of the U. E. Loyalists, who have "progressed" so far as to "thank God that they are not like their fathers;" but I am strongly of opinion that they are few and far between. If Nationalists are allowed to present their own side of the case freely, they have no right to complain when what the *Nation* has contemptuously styled "the annual loyalty cry" is raised against them. If they may appeal to one moral feeling, their opponents may appeal to another.

But whatever arguments Nationalists may use, or in whatever manner they may reply to Imperialists, they must, as before remarked, establish a great many important points before they can expect their countrymen to accept their policy. They must prove that separation from the Fatherland is either unavoidable or desirable; and to establish the former of these propositions they must show not only that the connection cannot permanently be maintained on its present basis, but also that a satisfactory modification of the terms of union is impossible. Then, supposing the desirability of separation to be established, they have to examine the responsibilities, naval, military, diplomatic, and financial, which Independence must entail on any country; and the probability of our being able to discharge them in time of peace, and to maintain order, liberty,

* Democracy in America, pp. 382-3.

and unity within, in face of the increased subjects of dispute which would be afforded to sectional and partisan feeling, and the possible intrigues of the American Government with discontented parties or provinces. Next, supposing a satisfactory conclusion to have been reached on all of these points, they would have to compare the probable amount of happiness and prosperity which we should enjoy as an independent nation with that which would accrue to us as members of a Pan-Britannic Empire or of the American Union, and to show that the balance of advantages would be on the side of the former polity. And then, supposing these points also to have been established, and a separate nationality proved to be the highest ideal to which we can aspire, they would have to prove our ability to maintain it against that last logic of kings and nations—the sword. Setting aside the chance of our independence being assailed by any European power — though this is rather a bold assumption in face of the fact that when sectional feeling ran high amongst us one of our parties threatened to "look to France"—the fact remains that Canada, with a population of 4,000,000, would be confronted all along her southern frontier by the United States, with a population of 40,000,000, *equally brave and civilised* as her own. So that to demonstrate her ability to maintain her national independence under these circumstances, it is requisite to prove that she could repel an assault against ten-fold odds—a thing which never has been, and never will be, accomplished in the history of the world. We are, it is true, continually told that the apprehended assault would never be made; that the two great Anglo-Saxon Republics would live together in harmony as sweet as that of cooing-doves. Those who may feel inclined to accept this Progressionist cant, I would invite to consider the admissions made by Dr. Canniff in regard to the conduct of the Union towards us in the past.* In reply to his theory that this hostility has been induced by our connection with Britain, and would cease with the dissolution of it, I would point to the facts that the States have displayed a similar lust of territory in reference to Texas, California, Alaska, and Cuba—in fact against all their neighbours—and that the gains derivable from the annexation of Canada are much more considerable than those which could have been expected in any of the former cases. It would augment their military and naval strength by adding our resources to their own, and by removing the danger of any European power being enabled to assail them on their northern frontier by means of an alliance with Canada. So long as Canada were not annexed, she might be a formidable ally of possible foes, but once absorbed, no enemy could find a territorial basis of operations against the Union. It would bring them large commercial gains, by throwing open our markets for the products of their manufacturing industry, and shutting out those of England by protective duties on the coast. It would prove directly profitable to their revenue, for were Canada taxed for Federal expenditure at the same rate as are the States, there can be little doubt that, after payment of the expenses of government, there would remain a balance of $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 per annum, which sum would constitute a clear gain to the Federal finances. And finally, it would enable them

* "It is true the attitude that nation has always maintained towards Canada has been uniformly unfriendly, often actually hostile. Indeed, the history of the United States is prominently characterized by unswerving efforts to obtain possession of British America. Every inch of land along the boundary which could possibly be claimed has become from time to time a question of international dispute. And in consequence of the ignorance or indifference of British negotiators on the one hand, and American craftiness on the other, valuable and important portions of Canadian territory have been severed from their legitimate connection, to enlarge the domain of the United States. It is true that shortly after the Revolutionary War, when numbers of American Loyalists had sought new homes in the wilderness of Upper Canada, the United States endeavoured to starve them out by insisting upon an early evacuation by the British of the various military posts along the frontier, which were a channel through which came the necessaries of life to the refugee settler. It is true that at the close of last century the United States sought a reason to declare war against England in order to seize Canada, and that in 1812, war was actually made—whatever reason may have been given—that British America might be conquered. Again, it is true that the Canadian rebellion in 1837-8 was encouraged, with the expectation of acquiring the country; and again it is true that the United States acted a disgraceful part in publicly and privately encouraging Fenians to invade Canada for the same object: and it is true that, in a multitude of ways, efforts have been put forth to control the destiny of the country by indoctrinating Canadians with the theory of Manifest Destiny." (p. 18.)

to accomplish that "Manifest Destiny," the attainment of which has been their national day-dream during the last half-century. Any one of these motives continually proves sufficiently strong to induce the most unblushing aggression. Devotion to the Union alone led Northern Americans to fight the late civil war, in violation of a principle to which they were almost as much devoted as to it—that the sole right of government is derived from the consent of the governed. What, then, would be the result of the combined influence of all of these military, commercial, financial, and moral inducements, in the absence of any counter-irritant? Should some obstinate optimist reply that it would not be an invasion of Canada, we can only "agree to differ" on this question. But behind it there is another point on which we must agree to concur. That there is a possibility of such an attack being made all must admit; and none will dare to deny that against Canada, unassisted, it could not fail of success. Hence the stubborn fact that the Canadian nationality would be *dependent for its existence* on the forbearance of the United States, remains unshaken and indisputable. Such a species of "Independence" is no *desideratum* for any nation; and people who admit that Canada would occupy such a position should not seek, either directly or indirectiy, to make Canadians covet it.

These considerations are so obvious, and at the same time so powerful, that very few advocates of nationality are to be found amongst our people. The most outspoken with whom I have met is Mr. Norris, in his pamphlet entitled "*The Canadian Question.*" Even were he right in his conclusions as to the effects of separation, the case would not be closed, for the question would remain whether the same, or even greater benefits than those which he promises, might not be had at a less cost by means of another policy. But in front of this there lies the previous question of the actual correctness of his conclusions, which point I now propose to examine.

In order to prove that the Fatherland is desirous of a disruption of the Empire, or at least of Canadian independence, Mr. Norris quotes an article from the *Times* written three years ago, in which that sheet said, "Take up your freedom, your days of apprenticeship are over." Mr. Norris affirms that "It is nonsense to say that this is not the language of England" (p. 83). I reply that it is nonsense to say that it either was or is; seeing that it was repudiated at the time it was written, and that to-day there is not a single political party in England which inscribes "Colonial Emancipation" on its banners. A movement in favour of it was initiated immediately after the *Trent* difficulty, but the result has been that no political party has adopted it as part of its policy. Within the present year, Messrs. Foster, Childers, and Goschen have disowned it on behalf of Liberalism, while Conservatism has always opposed it, and, as "deeds speak louder than words," has conveyed its ideas pretty clearly by the annexation of the Fiji Islands. As to the nation, the facts that it has never sent an emancipationist party to the house, and that it has this year accepted the annexation of Fiji to the Empire, seem rather inconsistent with a desire for its disruption. And if anything else is requisite to overturn the alarm caused by the words of the *Times* in years past, I would refer to an article in its own columns on the 1st of May, 1875, in which it said, in reference to the Australian colonies:—"The time may come when they will desire to be more closely united with her, and to be admitted to a share in the government of an Empire of which they will be no mean part." "The matter," it is remarked, "may possibly come forward before our own generation has passed away." . . . "It may be well that all these matters should be sometimes discussed; and *there can be at least no harm in the endeavour to familiarize ourselves with the notion of a vast united Empire*, in which our remote dependencies in the far off East and West will find a place, and of which the old country will be the centre and common link of union. For some time yet it can only be a dream; but *it is a dream which we are the better for indulging in, and the day in which it will be fulfilled literally may be nearer than any of us suppose.* It is something, meanwhile, to be assured that events are at any rate proceeding in the right direction. Whatever may be our relations with our Australian colonies fifty or a hundred years hence, we cannot be wrong now in keeping up a loyal union between all the distant members of the Great Britain that is to be. There can be no possibility

of error in such a policy as this. It is quite possible that Sir George Bowen and other Colonial Governors may be *preparing the way for the grandest Federation of States the world has witnessed.*"

On the Canadian side of the case, Mr. Norris tells us that "to avoid participating in the future of the United States, independence is highly expedient for Canada" (p. 68). He affirms that "her weakness consists in the differences among her people, caused by different nationalities and different religions, with no common standpoint of union. . . . When the interest of their native lands is involved the old feeling revives, and they are ready to betray the land of their adoption (p. 68). But, on the other hand, independence "would create a nationality which would unite the people as one man against all encroachments by the United States, and effectually prevent the absorption of the country by that power" (p. 65). Unfortunately for the former of these theories, Mr. Norris says elsewhere: "The most encouraging fact brought out by the last census is, that 83 in every 100 of the population are native-born Canadians, and probably 10 more in every 100 were brought to Canada so young as to regard it as their native land (p. 22). This stubborn and admitted fact overturns most conclusively a theory which very many British immigrants would feel inclined to denounce as being nothing short of calumnious and insulting. For even were *all* immigrants "ready to betray the land of their adoption," they would be powerless to do so, as native-born Canadians outnumber them by nearly five to one; or, classing youthful immigrants with the latter, as is done by Mr. Norris, by thirteen to one. Even granting the idea that nationality "would unite the people as one man against all encroachments by the United States" to be correct—though I very much doubt it—the question remains untouched how *even such union* would enable four millions of people successfully to resist forty millions? Then, separation from the Fatherland is recommended, because "this connection is not only a source of embarrassment to England and Canada, but it is the cause of actual injury to the latter in more than one respect which independence only can remedy" (p. 73). One of these is that it involves Canada in quarrels in which she has no interest, and that these quarrels are settled at her expense. It would have been well for Mr. Norris, before writing so confidently as he seems to do on this matter, to have examined the views expressed by his English Emancipationist brethren. Their grand argument has always been that "For Canada and Canada alone England stands constantly on the brink of war with the United States." Hence it appears that there is at least another side of the case to be heard. But independently of this neglect, Mr. Norris's reasoning is rather inconsistent and defective. He tells us that the "spoliation" of Canadian territory and interests by the United States has been, and is, going on, and affirms that "Independence and Independence alone, will put an effectual stop to this spoliation; without it, it will continue" (p. 70). Here again the conclusion is rather rash. If, as Mr. Norris tells us, American hostility to England has been bought off from time to time by the surrender of Canadian territory and interests to our cousins, it follows that the latter regarded the spoils as valuable. But if the spoils of Canada are valuable when won from England, would they be of any less worth when gained from Canada alone? Would not the gain derivable from the spoliation of independent Canada be just as great as that accruing from the spoliation of British America? If the gain has been valued in the past, why should it not in the future? If the temptations have proved effective in the past, they should also prove effective in the future, unless some new deterrent force would be created by Independence; but of such force neither Mr. Norris, nor anybody else, has advised us. The truth seems to be that *two* countries will always have more cause of strife with a third than will *one* of them alone. But as "Union is strength," their unity will enable them to make better bargains conjointly than separately, the gain being manifestly greatest in the case of the weaker and more exposed of the two. On this point, as on every other, the matter for consideration is the *comparative* merit of the different policies open to us.

The catalogue of the advantages of separation is not, however, yet exhausted. Mr. Norris goes on to inform us that, "In consequence of its present position, Canada is shut out from the labour market of Europe, except that portion of the continent comprised by the British Isles" (p. 74). He

then goes on to argue that this position has hindered her growth in wealth and population, as compared with that of the States. Had Canada been part of the Union, and grown only as she has done, would he assert that her growth has been below that of sister states? A glance outside may not be amiss on this subject. Nobody considers it strange that New Zealand has failed to acquire a population as large as that of Australia; all admit that the immensely greater extent of the latter country, and its start of half a century in the race, form a sufficient explanation of its excess of wealth and population to-day. Yet similar circumstances in the case of Canada and the States are almost always overlooked. When the two countries started on their race about ninety years ago, the States had much larger and more fertile territories than those of Canada to offer to the emigrant; they had attained an amount of wealth and population which enabled Americans to lead the way in settlement and the State to perform services in opening up new lands and developing natural resources, which the Canadian municipality—for it was then no more—was powerless to effect; while in Europe their climate was, and is, popularly believed to be temperate, and that of Canada frigid. Yet in face of all these immense advantages, and the subsequent still greater advantage derived from the *prestige* of success, the fact is that at the date of their first census, in 1790, their population stood to that of Canada somewhere in the proportion of 30 to 1, while to-day it stands somewhere about 10 or 11 to 1, thus proving that Canada has been growing thrice as rapidly as the Union. The further fact that from 1830 to 1871 the population of Quebec and Ontario increased from 700,000 to about 2,800,000, or 300 per cent., while the increase in the States during the same time was only from 12,866,000 to 38,558,000, or 199 per cent., shows that Canada has no reason to fear a fair comparison of her *rate of growth* with that of the States. Her *aggregate* growth of course will not stand such a comparison any more than will the growth of New Zealand with that of Australia, but for similar reasons, only more strongly developed. The causes are physical and economical, and not political, as Mr. Norris seems to imagine when he tells us that "Canada cannot offer citizenship to any one," and that "the dependent position of the country is just as effective in repelling the inhabitants of Britain as those of any other country" (p. 74). Australia, *in a similar position*, throws into the shade the growth of even those Western States which he holds up to our eyes, thereby proving most decisively, that inability to offer citizenship, does not repel immigration. He tells us that "owing to the difference in money and the increased price of all necessaries of life, the labourer and artizan are better off in Canada than in the States" (p. 76). But he omits to explain how they would continue to be so when subjected to the increased burdens consequent on the birth of our new nationality, which burdens, I should say, would be as powerful to repel emigrants as the privileges of citizenship to attract them. Finally, Mr. Norris alleges as an argument in favour of Independence that "the dependent position of Canada not only prevents immigration, but also prevents the investment of capital in the country . . . . . No English capitalist will invest his money in a country subject to such misfortunes" (p. 76). Had he taken the trouble to examine the Public Accounts for 1874 he might have found reason to alter his opinion. For there, at pp. xlv. and xlvi. are statements showing that of the funded debt of Canada, there are $85,798,000 payable in London, and only $8,914,000 in Canada. And in reference to railways, we find Mr. Jenkins, when *defending Canada* as a field of investment for British capital, against the *Times*, publishing a table the total of which is £32,704,000, as containing "a correct statement of the amounts advanced to Canada on Railways."*

Mr. Norris sums up his case as follows:—"As Independence, then, would prevent absorption by the United States, preserve Canadian territory, induce immigration and the investment of foreign capital, and stimulate progress and enterprise, it would therefore be beneficial to the country, and is to be desired." For the reasons above stated, I think that Mr. Norris fails to prove that it would effect any of these things. If so, his argument for Independence falls to the ground, without even urging against it the drawbacks incident to the change, which he almost omits to examine. And after all, he

* A Criticism on Critics, by Edward Jenkins, p. 20.

proves recreant to his principles, as he proposes that England should "protect and guarantee Canadian independence" (p. 83). His position on this point is really rather inconsistent. We are told that Canada could support her own independence, yet an English guarantee is sought in aid of it! It is maintained that England wishes to sever the connection, yet that her interest would lead her to grant the required guarantee! As there seems lately to have sprung up something like a popular feeling in favour of this scheme, I propose to consider it carefully in the second, or concluding, part of this paper.

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

BY H. H.

V.

Separation from Spain—Predominance of the Church of Rome—Confederation of States—Cholera—Revolution—Carrera dictator—Assembly of representatives—Controlling Elections—Courts of Law—The Military system—Immunities of Soldiers and Ecclesiastics—Tithes—Education—Revenue—Benefits of Carrera's Government—His Death—Political troubles thereupon—Civil War—Overthrow of the Government—Expulsion of the Jesuits—Reforms—Counter-revolution—Peace—Immigration.

THE separation of Central America from Spain took place in 1821, when the latter country was so weak from internal dissensions as to make it impossible for her to offer any obstacle to it. It was begun and finished in one day, by a declaration that Spain had no longer any right or power to interfere in the affairs of the country. Slavery was abolished at the same time, and the form of government established was declared to be republican. Many Spanish office-holders and residents who had acquired property, or had other ties in the country, joined in the formation of the republic, and some of these being hidalgos (hijos de algo—*anglice*, sons of something), an aristocratic element was introduced, which has been one of the most fertile causes of the subsequent revolutions and anarchy which have characterized Spanish America.

For a time the Spaniards had the power in their hands, and the laws of the republic were assimilated as closely as possible to those of Spain. The predominance given to the Church of Rome was kept up in all its force, and, every attempt made to liberalize the country being at once put down, the government was carried on for some time by the few aristocratic families who had remained.

The discontent caused by this bore its natural fruits. Those who considered themselves pre-eminently natives of the country, born in it, with one of their parents indigenous to it, looked upon those in power as foreigners, who had no right even to a share in the government, much less to have supreme control over it. The first years of freedom, therefore, instead of being taken up in the consolidation of the new institutions, were occupied by jealousies and rivalries; then came the first revolution, and the Serviles, as the party in power were called, were overthrown, the principal of them exiled; and the five Central American States were confederated on the model of the United States.

But self-command and loyal submission to the law and the will of the majority have never been Spanish virtues, and the liberated colonies showed themselves as wanting in them as the old country. The government established was headed by General Morazan, a brave soldier and a man of capacity, and he tried to give some solidity to the national life, and make the country prosperous. But every element was wanting to make either a stable government or a great country.

The roads were either mule tracks or Indian paths over rough mountains. The capitals of the several States were so far distant from each other that prompt com-

communication between them was impossible. There were no manufactures, and except cattle-raising, the agricultural interests of the country were small, the principal ones being cochineal-raising in a small part of Guatemala, indigo-growing in San Salvador, and sufficient sugar-cane for home wants. Add to these the persistent narrowing down into the smallest compass, by former rulers, of everything like material progress or intellectual development, and it will not be surprising that the first experiments in self-government were a failure. One petty revolt after another broke out, all of which were suppressed, but at such a cost as to render the carrying on of good government impossible.

An outbreak of cholera in 1837 in Guatemala was received by the people of the outlying districts as a proof of Divine anger against the introduction of a liberal government, and fanatical priests went about the country threatening still further punishment if protestants and heretics were not exterminated. Of the former there were perhaps not more than a hundred in the country, but every man was a heretic who was favourable to the government. Just then a rumour was set about that some foreigners had been caught throwing poison into the rivers, and this was said to be the cause of the pest. The town where this horrible rumour was started was about half a day's journey from the capital. Its inhabitants were a tribe of Indians who, from their proximity to the capital, had adopted the Spanish language and dress, though Indians in every other respect, and they were a bold and fearless race. Amongst them was a youth about 20 years old, called Carrera, who earned his living by driving pigs to the city, and he put himself at the head of his townsmen to rid the country of its enemies. Getting together a band of men as ferocious as himself, he retired into the mountains, descending from time to time on defenceless towns and estates to rob and murder friend and foe alike. At first he was denounced by all parties, as he gave it out that he sought the destruction of the white people whatever might be their political opinions. Through the rapidity and dash of his movements he soon became terrible, and the government made overtures to him and bribed him to retire to his home. The Conservative party then entered into negotiations with him, and he recommenced a revolution in their favour, and soon a priest called Hobos began to figure as chaplain to the liberating army, and from that time there was a certain amount of principle introduced into Carrera's movements. A proclamation was issued in his name, saying how his heart bled for the want of religion and the oppression of the clergy, but confessing that he was totally unfit for any share in the government. He said that God had raised him up to restore the religion of his fathers, which once accomplished, he would retire to his home. His forces swelled rapidly, and though almost without arms, he and his hordes continued to be a terror to the country, for wherever they went pillage and every evil attendant on such men were the rule.

Morazan was at that time in a distant State, but on finding that Carrera was growing powerful, he hastened with troops, and wherever they met the rebels succeeded in putting them to flight. But defeat to such men had little meaning in it, for after a battle they retired into the mountains, appearing in the valleys again, always with the cry, "Long live our holy religion. Death to all heretics;" and, with these cries on their lips, they committed the most atrocious barbarities. Carrera was at last invited to the capital to discuss with the government what terms he would accept. High mass was said in the cathedral before the discussion, to which the rebels went, headed by Carrera, whose dress on the occasion was a red coat, common Indian trousers, bare feet, and a fashionable woman's bonnet of the period on his head. After keeping the city in a state of alarm for several days, terms were come to, and the rebels promising to disperse, Morazan again left. He was scarcely out of the country when depredations were renewed, and Carrera, favoured by the Conservatives, went on gaining power until, in spite of numerous defeats in the plains and mountains, he surprised Morazan (who had returned) in the city of Guatemala, and defeated him after a hard fight. The government troops retired from the city, and thus at the age of 22, this illiterate Indian, who could neither read nor write, was declared president of the republic.

His first step was to shoot or banish all the more prominent members of the government, and form a new government from the

principal members of the aristocratic party. He recalled all the priests, monks, and Jesuits, who had been banished by Morazan, to all of whom he gave rich properties; and a form of government was established which lasted, almost without any change, even in the personal members of it, from 1841 to 1865, when Carrera died.

His power, which had commenced in such an extraordinary manner, continued to increase until he was feared by all parties. He was declared president for life, and though for ten years there were constant revolutions to overthrow him, he defeated them all, sometimes shooting the leaders, and giving to others important posts in the army. After his accession to office, he laid on one side all his prejudice against foreigners, and became very friendly towards them, especially to Englishmen, who, he used to say, were the only people who always told him the truth.

The country under his rule continued to enjoy profound peace, and every opportunity was given to it to repair the injuries it had received in its first era of independence. Carrera was very anxious for the progress of the country, but in many respects he was scarcely a free agent, owing to his defective training, and the influence of his ministers and advisers kept him in ignorance of all that he might do.

The government was carried on in the name of a republic, with Carrera as president. He abolished the confederation of the Central American States, and was President of Guatemala only, aided by Don Pedro Aycinena, a descendant of a noble Spanish family, as Prime Minister, and Don Manuel Echeverria, a shrewd lawyer, and a man of great tact, honesty, and ability. These two were the real sharers in the power of the president, and although the system they established may be termed a paternal despotism, they conscientiously believed their government to be the best fitted for the wants of the country, though they finally erred in keeping the power too long, and in resisting reforms which even their warmest friends advised.

There was an assembly of representatives who met annually to pass or approve of the laws introduced by the government, but were not allowed to initiate new laws. This assembly was elected by the municipalities of each department, except a few who were members by right of their position, such as the Archbishop, Bishops, and Commander-in-Chief.

Of course the government were careful that few but their own friends should be elected to the assembly, and the elections were conducted on the following plan:—

When the term of an assembly expired, the ministers wrote privately to the governors of the departments, indicating the persons they wished to be elected for the ensuing term. On this the municipalities were notified that on a certain day they must appear before the head of the department to vote for the person whom they wished to represent them. This announcement bewildered them. Those in office for the year, as a rule, did not know who had been their representative for the previous term, and after discussing the matter it was usually decided that the best thing they could do would be to go and consult the governor about it. They were, of course, told that the election being a free one, they must vote for whom they pleased, as it was not the governor's place to interfere. After waiting patiently to see if he would not give them a hint about it, the poor fellows asked him in despair if he would not have the kindness to suggest some one. The governor would then point out to them how wicked it was to oppose the government, and how angry Carrera would be if he knew they had done so, and the result was that the government candidate was returned unopposed. Any office holder might be a member, and out of an assembly of about sixty members, one-third were clerks in the custom-house, or persons dependent on the government for their livelihood; and, all but about half a dozen being supporters of the ministers, the best understanding existed between the legislature and the executive.

The promulgation of new laws, or the reform of old ones, was entirely in the hands of the government. When anything of the kind was to be done, a decree was issued, commencing with an explanation of the motives why it was considered necessary, and closing with a decree in which the law desired was embodied. This was signed by the president and one of the ministers, and printed in the official *Gazette*, which was the only newspaper in the country. Copies were sent to the chief towns in the departments, and on the following Sunday the al-

calde (mayor) of the town, accompanied by his secretary and a dozen soldiers, read the new law at each corner of the public square, and the new decree became law.

The most important part of the machinery by which the country was governed were the governors of the departments, ten in number, but the largest of these were divided into sub-departments, under a lieutenant-governor. The Conservatives named these governors, corregidores (correctors), but the Liberals called them political chiefs. By law each governor was nominated by the president for four years, but the same system of perpetuity was adopted with respect to them as obtained in other offices, and some of them were in the same office for twenty years. The office was one of great power for good or evil. Each governor was responsible to the president for the carrying out of the policy of the government, and for keeping the public roads and buildings in repair. The municipalities were under his control, and he had to see that the local taxes were properly administered in the towns where they were collected. The financial operations of the government, and the administrations of justice were under his supervision, and as a rule he was the military commander of the district. Although in some few instances they were great tyrants, and made themselves obnoxious to all classes, they were mostly decent, orderly men, who tried their best to keep the people quiet, and allow as few innovations as possible.

The basis of the laws, civil and criminal, were the old Roman laws, with such general precedents as Spanish experience afforded. In each department there was a court of justice presided over by a judge of the first instance: before him came every cause which was beyond the jurisdiction of the municipalities. Everything was in writing, and accusations, testimony, defences, and pleadings were all given in documents written on stamped paper. The judge took his own time in giving a verdict, which he did also in writing; after which he sewed all the documents together, and delivered the case for perusal to the parties interested. Appeal was allowed to both litigants, and the documents were sent to the Supreme Court for its final decision. The system was a very dilatory one, but the judges were usually upright men who gave their verdict on the merits of the case.

The great evil in the criminal law was the power to condone such serious crimes as murder, wounding with intent, and robbery, by the payment of a fine, the proceeds of which went into the government coffers.

For commercial litigation there was a court held in the city of Guatemala, presided over by a judge of com erce, who also dealt with cases of bankruptcy. The action of this court was prompt, and its technical formalities less irksome than in the ordinary courts.

The military system established is recognised by all parties as a great evil, but hitherto all attempts to control or reform it have been in vain. By law every able-bodied man, not a foreigner or a pure Indian, was a soldier. Every town had its companies of soldiers with officers and commander belonging to the same town. Every Sunday morning after Mass the drummer went round to call the soldiers together and they were formed in line in front of the town-hall to pass list. Many of the townships were of great extent, and men had to come every Sunday on foot to pass list. For the poorer people the system was very rigorous, but was so lax amongst the better classes (the men who wore boots and cloth coats), that they never appeared at assembly and no notice was taken of them. In times of peace no further service was required, and no military instruction was ever given. But when a revolution broke out the governor would send word to each town that the commander should collect as many men as possible with all secrecy, and take them to head-quarters. The non-commissioned officers were then called and told to go out and bring all the men they could lay hands on, but on the first capture being made the news that they were catching soldiers spread rapidly, and the men would at once leave whatever work they were doing and run off to the bush or mountains to hide; there they were hunted out, their hands tied behind them, and they were marched off without even saying good-bye to their wives. For estate-owners the system was a great curse, for no matter how urgent the work they had in hand, all the operatives would run away, and those who had the good fortune to escape being taken remained in hiding until the scare was over. In return, however, the sol-

diers had a number of privileges called "fueros," which they prized so much that they preferred being soldiers with all the evils attendant on it, to giving up their "fueros." A soldier could claim to be exempted from work on public roads, and also he was allowed to pay a smaller municipal tax than a civilian. Even in times of peace, when every man was living as a civilian, a man who passed list could not be sued either for debt or crime before the municipal officers or the judge. The military commander of each town was also judge in complaints against soldiers, and it being necessary to his comfort to be popular with his men and not to offend them, a civilian complaining against a soldier was apt to get scant justice. There was a superior military judge in each department for the more serious charges, and in a case where a civilian and a soldier were mixed up in the same complaint the greatest confusion arose.

The privileges and immunities enjoyed by the Church were so extensive as to make the civil power of an entirely inferior grade. No priest or monk could be sued for debt or tried for any breach of civil or criminal law, except by an ecclesiastical court composed of priests like himself.

The most severe tax known in the country was levied by the Church, but it was of so oppressive a nature that no one thought it wrong to evade it as often as he could. This was the diermos or tenths, a favourite tax amongst Spanish rulers from the time of Philip II. One in ten of everything produced went to the church, no matter whether its production were profitable or not. One calf, one cheese, one bushel of corn, one bushel of beans, one cental of sugar, in every ten, had to be given up in kind or its equivalent in money paid, and in addition to this, the local priests claimed the first fruits of everything. The collection of the diermos in each department was farmed out either by auction or private contract, and in most cases those who were given the contracts were priests, although especially prohibited by their vows from doing any kind of business.

Judging from the working of this measure in Guatemala it must be confessed that it was one of the greatest obstacles to a progressive policy which the government had to contend against; as it diverted large revenues from the control of the government, into the hands of a body already rich by means of other fees which bore a large proportion to the earnings of the people.

Morazan's government had paid considerable attention to popular education, but, on the accession of Carrera, one of his first decrees was to prohibit anything being taught in the public schools beyond the Catholic doctrine, a little reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic; and fines were imposed on schoolmasters who infringed the law. Higher education was almost entirely in the hands of the Jesuits, who had a large college in the City of Guatemala.

The chief sources of public revenue were the import duties of about 35 per cent. *ad valorem*, and the rum licenses. One half the revenue was produced from rum, which was the liquor drunk in the country, and which sold at about ¼ of a dollar a bottle. The government sold to the highest bidder a monopoly to sell rum. First it was in every town so that the monopoly might be distributed amongst many holders; but in later Conservative times a company was formed, who offered the government $100,000 a year more than the tax had ever before produced, and they were given the sole right to make and sell rum in the country. This company soon became another great source of weakness to the government, which they first tried to coerce, and they afterwards caused its overthrow, though by a fortunate circumstance this and every other monopoly fell at the same time.

Whatever the opponents of Carrera might say, the general condition of the country under him was peaceful. Travelling was perfectly safe and free from risk. Even among the wildest mountains, highway robbery or murder in the woods was unknown. Very few of the laws of the country were oppressive to foreigners, who were well treated and respected so long as they conformed to the law. Except that they were prohibited all public mention of any other than the Roman Catholic religion, and were expected to abstain from political discussions, they enjoyed a greater amount of individual liberty than the natives.

Carrera died on the 14th April, 1865. On his death-bed he requested that General Cerna, one of his most trusted friends, should succeed him, and the government had no difficulty in securing his election by the Assembly. With every disposition to govern

well he lacked the capacity to do so, and caused great discontent from the first by continuing with the same ministers, governors, and officials. He was also believed to have fallen entirely under clerical influence, a thing which was never said of Carrera. At the end of his term of four years, he and his ministers offered themselves for re-election, when they were opposed by a moderate party headed by General Zavala, an educated man, who was very popular with the army. But with such a backing of government officials in the Assembly, Cerna was re-elected, though only by a small majority. No change being introduced by the ministers, a revolution broke out, headed by one of Carrera's Field Marshals, Don Serapis Cruz, and from that time (1868) forward the country was in a continual state of anxiety and alarm until January, 1870, when Cruz was enticed with his soldiers into approaching the City of Guatemala under a promise of being joined by the garrison. This was only a ruse on the part of the government, who had Cruz and his forces surrounded during the night, and fell on them as they were coming from mass, and caught the chief, whose head they cut off, and had it paraded in triumph through the city. The same afternoon, three of the most prominent members of the Assembly who had favoured Zavala's election, were thrown into prison and banished from the country.

Within a year the principal of the exiles, Don Miguel Garcia Granados, a politician of great culture and knowledge, got up another revolution, which was destined to overthrow the government of 30 years' standing. During Cruz's rebellion, a prominent member of his staff was a young man called Rufino Barrios, who had been educated by the Jesuits, but who afterwards had the most bitter hatred for them. He possessed many of the qualities which had made Carrera famous, and notwithstanding his being denounced by the government as a bloodthirsty assassin he soon became a popular hero. On Cruz's defeat and death he retired into Mexico, on the frontier of which country he bought an estate. Here he was sought out by Granados, who offered to make him major-general of the revolutionary army, and he entered the country at the head of 36 men, armed with Remington rifles, whilst the government still trusted to the old-fashioned muskets. Barrios attacked 200 government soldiers with his 36 men, and put them to flight, after killing 22. His force was soon augmented, and he was joined by Granados. A fortnight after the first fight Granados and Barrios, at the head of 300 men, defeated 800 of Cerna's troops; and at the end of two months, Cerna himself, at the head of 3,000 men, was twice defeated, and finally escaped from the country. The last fight had been about four leagues from the City of Guatemala, from which a deputation left on the same day, and offered the Presidency of the Republic to Granados, who entered the city on the 30th of June, 1871. The campaign had been conducted on both sides in the most orderly manner, no outrage being committed on either side, and although the capital was occupied by nearly 3,000 men, who the day previously were rebels, there was not an instance of either drunkenness or violence during the whole day. The fallen ministers were allowed to leave the country, and no one connected with the late government was either shot or imprisoned.

After expelling the Jesuits from the country, Granados made an honest attempt to introduce a constitutional government, and gave orders for the election of an assembly to make a constitution which should place future governments, whether liberal or conservative, under greater control. The election was a free one, and resulted in a majority against the government, and the first Assembly became so disorderly that the friends of Cerna thought there was good hope of his return to power, and a revolution again broke out supported by funds supplied from the capital, and this revolution would have been successful, but for the energy and valour of Barrios. Meanwhile the president was attacking and destroying one monopoly or another, until the whole fiscal system was changed. The clergy were placed under civil law, all foreign monks were banished, and those who were natives were obliged to leave their convents and go out into the towns as ordinary priests, and had a pension allowed them. Colleges were opened in all the principal towns, the convents in the capital were converted into public free schools, liberty of the press permitted, and an attempt made to introduce trial by jury, which was soon abandoned.

But the country was not yet ready for such sweeping changes, and Granados finding

that the revolution was gaining ground, but, unwilling to adopt desperate measures, retired from the presidency in favour of Barrios, who was declared President in 1873. He made up his mind to suppress the revolution by punishing the capitalists who supplied the funds for it, but he refused to shoot any of them. Instead of this, he adopted the policy of thrashing them, and he carried it out so energetically, that the representatives of the foreign powers then in the city, protested in the name of humanity against men of education and refinement being subjected to so degrading a torture. But the thrashings still went on, until the rebels submitted, and at the end of 1873, the country was once more at peace, with a ruler as despotic and as much feared as Carrera had been.

The prime minister is Don José Maria Samoyoa, a man of great administrative ability and financial talent. They call themselves liberals, but are as far from being so as the man they overthrew. Barrios's intention is to govern without an assembly, instead of which he has nominated a council with whom to consult. Many of them were supporters of the late government, and the system so far appears to work well.

The policy of Barrios with the church has been bolder and more sweeping than any known in modern times. All property belonging to the church has been put under government control. Diermos or tenths have been abolished, the peculiar dress worn by the priests has been prohibited under severe penalties, freedom of religion has been decreed, and every effort is being made to educate the people.

The new government is paying much attention to road-making, and facilitating, by every means possible, the traffic between the interior and the seaports. The country now possesses several telegraphic lines, and a Canadian, named McLuder, has a contract to place all the capitals of the departments and the seaports in telegraphic communication with the capital, and has a school for teaching young men how to operate.

The effects of these measures will be the work of time. The country has rich and extensive lands for the cultivation of coffee, sugar, and cocoa. It exports at present about 150,000 cwt. of coffee, and this will go on increasing as long as the country is at peace. It has fine timber on its unopened coasts to supply the world for a generation, and there are signs, even now, of prosperity which it has never enjoyed. Immigration is favoured by Barrios, and already many Germans and Swiss have found prosperous and happy homes there. There are few foreigners who have lived there who have not been charmed with its delicious climate, and the pleasant life of its inland towns; and so long as revolutions can be kept down, there is every reason to believe that it will advance in material progress, so as to form a contrast, and may be an example to old Spain.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE sultry term, tardy and coy though its approaches have this year been, visits us at last with unabated ardour. We could welcome the heat as a long parted friend, if its attentions were not too demonstrative to consist with bodily comfort, or serious mental exertion. At such a time Dominion Day intervenes appropriately as a respite for the toiler in the season when he needs a respite most. Anniversaries with us are simply days of recreation, of which we cannot be said to enjoy too many. Rest from labour there is for every one once a week; but no stated period, regularly recurring, for recreation. Otherwise these holidays, except so far as they partake of a religious character, have no significance. No one is exuberantly loyal on Her Majesty's birthday, or fervently grateful for Confederation on the first of July. An Englishman who visited us on the 24th of May, might suppose that loyalty was oozing out of our finger ends, that our attachment to the Crown constituted the very essence of our colonial being—in short, that we were *Angliores Anglis ipsis*, more thoroughly monarchical than London itself, not excepting the tradesmen of the West end, whose reverence for the sovereign is essentially personal, scarcely even Benthamite, but altogether selfish. Canadians are loyal to the Crown, with a steadfast loyalty resting upon sentiment in part, but mainly on a more secure and promising foundation. It can stand the wear and tear of work-a-day life, and is perhaps never less apparent than on a state holiday. As a people, we are fond of a good speech; but we do not usually "spout" on these occasions. We do not indulge in "orations," as our American and French fellow-mortals are prone to do on festive days. The man who can claim to be, what Mr. Carlyle calls "a well-fired volley of talk," has his value in Canada, rather too high a one perhaps, but he knows better than to cast his pearls before—holiday-makers.

It may be a question how far these little pauses in the life struggle subserve their purpose. They are supposed to afford relief and refreshment to the weary and the heavy-hearted; but it is perhaps safe to say that, in the great majority of cases, they remove, for the hour, an accustomed burden, only to heap upon the bowing shoulders a heavier one. There must be something wrong in our conventional holiday-making, or those who have the best right to claim a pause from toil and care, would not return from pic-nic or excursion so jaded and dejected as they usually do. Mr. Greg, in the robes of Cassandra, has complained that the working man no longer takes pleasure in his work, which may be true or not, but it is abundantly plain that he makes a labour, and a wearing labour, of his pleasure. The only real enjoyers of a holiday are the very young; and their joy sheds a sober cheerfulness by reflection upon their elders. A party of obstreperous Sunday-school children, returning from a pic-nic in 'bus or boat, carries with it a bubbling, overflowing mass of accumulated joy and gladness, in which regrets for yesterday, or apprehensions for to-morrow, mingle no bitter ingredients. Children are the only honest and consistent Epicureans, yet they are not altogether selfish. Of pure animal spirits they have enough and to spare for their elders, who stand by grimly smiling, yet refuse to dance when the little ones pipe forth their shrill huzzas from throats untouched by the mellowing and deepening hand of time. Their philosophy is not more elevated perhaps, than that of the Garden; but to "eat, drink, and be merry" with them, has no dark shadow in advance, to mock the banqueter or mar the feast. They, at least, know not that they are self-deceived when their hearts whisper, "other days shall be as this day and much more abundantly." The same spontaneous joyfulness may last on, perhaps, in *diminuendo*, however, into pairing time, when love gives its aid to youth, and nerves the wings of pleasure. But by degrees, the shadows

lengthen, the means become the end, till, at last, pleasure itself becomes a harder task than the labour it should relieve. No doubt it is a change in form, like turning over in bed, but, as this is rather a sign of sleeplessness than repose, so the other affords no merciful oblivion, no refreshing rest.

Of all the forms of work, the most exhausting and the most unsatisfactory is that which we expend upon our pleasures; and yet it is that into which we most eagerly rush—lotos-eating to no purpose.

Those of us who sit at home at ease on Dominion-day might perchance find matter for satisfaction, if not for ecstacy, in contemplating the glorious event it is designed to commemorate, if we could exactly make up our minds in what its glory consists. Everybody agrees that Canada occupies a stronger position as a united Confederation, than it did when divided into isolated Provinces; but that reflection is as old as the fable of the bundle of fagots. The country has progressed wonderfully, in other than mere material interests, and in these also (for further particulars consult the *Canadian Year Book*, and other Arabic authorities). We occupy a higher position in the scale of nations, was on the pen-tip, but here arises a difficulty at the outset. Are we a "nation?" A very grave authority has pronounced it high treason to say so; and, therefore, until that knotty point is definitively settled, tender consciences will shrink from too gushing a display of rejoicing on July the First. We should be sure what sort of a thing was born on that occasion, before we celebrate the anniversary. Lord Monck, it is true, spoke of Canada as "a new nationality," sitting too, *in loco reginæ;* yet, perhaps, if he had been at liberty to exercise an Irishman's privilege, he would have corrected himself; but nationality goes for nothing, when the impeccability of the Crown is involved. Ordinary Irishmen "have leave to speak twice," not so vice-regal Irishmen; *litera scripta manet* therefore, as against Lord Monck. Then there is Mr. Macdougall, who, by the way, was shrewdly suspected at the time of having smuggled those treasonable expressions into the Royal Speech; but he is joined to his idols, and the wisest course therefore, as appeared in South Simcoe, is to let him alone.

It appears that it is also high treason to "imagine"—we believe that is the technical word—to imagine, not the sovereign's death, but a possible future of Canada, apart from the mother-country. There are actually people who desire to constitute a new offence "against the Queen, her crown and dignity," that of looking more than one inch beyond your nose. If such a penal statute is to be enacted, we insist that it shall be *ex post facto*. If Mr. Goldwin Smith is to be berated in fish-wife dialect, because he thinks that, sometime or other, Canada will be independent, and has the honesty and manliness to say so, then we should like to see a number of others taken from the Senate, the Cabinet and the *sanctum*, and pilloried beside him. We could name one hon. gentleman, the managing director of a certain joint-stock company (limited), who would not be outside the cage to throw a putrid egg at him or them. As a mentor, our oldest city journal may have claims—though it is apt to overrate them—for age is, or ought to be, the time for counsel; its weak point is always memory, except where it remembers things that never happened. The inexperience and want of ballast in youth, is often compensated for by the vigour of the reminiscent faculty. It is natural, therefore, that the youngest of our dailies should have turned upon Nestor, by recalling some forgotten words of his own. The *Liberal* has an awkward, perhaps an unjustifiable, memory; for violent memories do not become young people when dealing with their elders, especially when extending, as in this case, to words uttered before the youngster was born. It would appear that an hon. Senator once regarded it as impossible, "that these great Provinces shall be permitted to hold their present relations to the mother country," and he looked forward—it luckily might be done with impunity then—to a time when Canada should "stand together, and in close alliance and heartiest sympathy with Great Britain." The Senator was none other than Nestor himself. Now, as it takes two people to make an alliance as well as a quarrel, and as it would be a solecism in language to speak of sympathizing with one's self, it is obvious that Mr. Goldwin Smith's "treasonable" opinions and Mr. Brown's patriotic and prophetic utterances mean the same thing. Both of them are agreed that, at sometime in the future, Great Britain will be one entity and Canada another. The latter may have renounced this opinion; perhaps, be-

cause his powers of prevision are not so acute as they used to be, or because he has reached the goal of his ambition, and is too weary to go further. If so, why, instead of abusing Mr. Smith for giving substantially his own forecast of the future, does he not frankly own that he has changed his mind? Instead of that, he meets the *Liberal's tu quoque* by endeavouring to wriggle out of the plain and obvious sense of his words. His journal, in fact, pays him the equivocal compliment of urging that what he did say was something different from what he meant to say. The *Globe* is wary enough, however, not to be entrapped into any recognition of the *Liberal's* existence; to use an expressive Scotch phrase, it "never lets its eyes touch" the audacious thing. *N'importe*, the latter has ability, enterprise, and what are of almost equal value as things go, gentlemanly instincts to guide it in political controversy, and can afford to be "sent to Coventry" without a murmur. Yet, is it not pitiful to witness the wretched vindictiveness of a journal, so influential and pretentious as the *Globe*, trampling upon the ordinary courtesies of a common profession? When a gentleman of the bedchamber, attached to a Thracian court, was filled to bursting with the awful secret that his master, King Midas, had ass's ears, he dug a hole in the ground and committed it to the treacherous keeping of mother earth; but he did not think it necessary to thrust into the sand his head and neck up to the shoulders, as our contemporary is in the habit of doing, when he desires to speak *at* a rival, rather than *to* him.*

It is claimed that between Mr. Brown and Mr. Goldwin Smith there is the essential difference, that the latter wishes for independence, whilst the former does not. What, we should like to ask, has wishing to do with it, if, as Mr. Brown has said, it is inevitable? It matters little when once a man is down the rapids, past self-help or other help, whether he desires to "shoot Niagara" or not. A boy may wish to be a man, but he cannot, by any effort of his own, make himself a year, or even an hour, older. There is one thing, however, which he may do—and which, if he be wise, he will do—prepare for manhood during the season allotted to preparation. It is not otherwise with a nascent community like ours. Attached as we are to the mother country by ties of natural affection and enlightened self-interest, we cannot afford to neglect the training needed for a future which we cannot lose sight of, if we would. The looseness of the colonial tie and the liberty of action we enjoy, so far from being reasons why our destiny should be left to care for itself, are additional motives for discipline and self-culture. A nation under rigid tutelage may take time in its training; but Canada is already her own master in all but the name: can she afford to look forward to the assumption of full responsibility without striving hand or heart in preparing herself for the independent nationality for which she may possibly be destined?

Mr. Blake's Walkerton speech afforded material for some warm discussion a month ago, when our June number was passing through the press. It may not be too late even now to examine briefly the speaker's new position, and to indicate its real significance. He has been charged with harking back from the advanced stand-point occupied in the celebrated speech at Aurora. If this be the case, it is of some importance to ascertain the fact; for although consistency is not the most exalted of virtues, or in many cases a virtue at all, there is a lingering attachment to it in the public mind. This is not uniform in its manifestations, it is true; still it is always there in a latent state ready to break out fitfully upon occasion. Mr. Blake has accepted a prominent place in the Cabinet, reluctantly indeed, but that is a purely personal matter and may be left out of account. The position of an independent member of Parliament was highly prized by the Minister of Justice, for it gave his abilities and eloquence full scope, untrammelled by the restraints of place. This is an advantage, however, which has its drawbacks. No man, avowedly attached to a party in power, can long maintain himself in this anomalous position, when his knowledge and capacity are of so high a character as to give his country or party a right to claim their employment where they can be of most use. A Cabinet Minister has a hundred opportunities of effective action to one possessed by the most earnest

* Since the above was written and in type, the *Liberal* has, we regret to say, suspended publication. As, however, this misfortune does not affect the validity of our position, we leave the paragraph as it stands.

of independent members. It is true that he must be content to waive, for the time, the most advanced of his opinions. He must hasten gently in schemes of reform imperfectly understood by the people, and endeavour to "educate his party" by calm exposition and with untiring patience. The question must now be answered—has Mr. Blake surrendered or disavowed any of his principles? The fossil politicians assert that he has—especially those of his own party, who have displayed much ill-disguised and unseasonable glee at the fancied retractation. Their exultation was ill-disguised, for it bubbled up unconsciously in every sentence; it was unseasonable, because it appeared simultaneously with Mr. Blake's assumption of office in a government supported by the whole party. It was a dubious compliment to Mr. Mackenzie and Reformers generally, when congratulations on the accession of the new minister were couched in language representing him as a traitor to principle and a convert to safe and canny mediocrity. Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked, but we are not informed that he kicked his own friends.

Turning to the speech itself, it will be easy to prove that the insinuations referred to above are utterly without foundation. The pregnant sentences in which the speaker dwelt upon the "cowardice" of those who despised free expression of opinion, who "hounded down new views and declared them unsound" without argument, and even without examination, are noticeable. The comparison between England and Canada, to our disadvantage, is far too true, and extends to other domains than that of politics. The repression of inquiry in all departments of human thought is a standing reproach to Canada, the burden of which is not shared with us by any civilized country under the sun. In that, more than in anything else, we see the reason why our literature is dwarfed and petrified as it is, even in this our time of national youth. The questions which Mr. Blake is said to have abandoned are thus referred to in the Walkerton speech, with evident reference to his utterances at Aurora:—"He had now to say that, upon these questions and his views in regard to them, he stood by them still; and that it would be his happiness and pleasure, as he conceived it to be his duty, to use his opportunities * * to develop in the presence of his fellow-countrymen, these opinions, in order that he might, if he could, hasten the day for an intelligent discussion and determination as to their wisdom and truth." Then a recognition is given of the necessity of informing the people, or, in other words, forming public opinion, as a condition precedent of sound legislation. No ultra-radicalism is here, and there is certainly no recantation.

Turning to the particular measures advocated, we find that the first regards the Senate. Mr. Blake acknowledges that the subject is beset with difficulties. He urges some strong and, as we think, valid objections against the nominative life-system; but nothing appears to show that he is ready to adopt the fatal system of election by the local legislatures. We cannot be brought to believe, until we see it in his parliamentary action, that a man who has always protested earnestly against untoward connection between the Local and Dominion Governments and Legislatures, will deliberately and on reflection adopt a system which would involve our whole system in pernicious confusion. The United States' system suits in some degree a federation of nearly forty States; the equality of senatorial representation provides a powerful conservative counterpoise to the popular body in the Representatives; and if the villainous caucus and wire-pulling had not reduced chicanery to one of the fine arts, the Senate might now be what it once was, an embodied element in the political machinery, reflected from the minds of its founders. As every one knows, it is far otherwise; those in particular who have followed the contested elections for the Senate, are aware that corruption is as rife there as in all other departments of government. Yet there are essential distinctions between the American system and that of Mr. Mills: two only are elected from each State, and but one at a time; the elections recur at intervals of three years, and a new legislature is always or almost always the constituency. Mr. Mills's scheme would keep the larger Provinces in a continuous electoral ferment. The affairs of the Province, which are the primary duty of the Legislature, would be lost sight of, both at the polls and in the House. If it were desired to devise a scheme which would utterly deprave our entire governmental system, a better one could not be chosen by Mephistopheles himself.

The question of minority representation may be taken in here in connection with that of the Senate. Mr. Blake, as his factionist enemies have noted, regards it as one in which the people must be educated. No one will object to this "formation of public opinion," who has noticed that Mr. M. C. Cameron talks a good deal of nonsense upon it. Perhaps he and others would not have proclaimed with all the pride of originality "that the majority ought to rule," if they had known Mr. Hare's scheme as one to secure "personal representation." For the present, it cannot be applied to the House of Commons, owing to the backwardness of popular knowledge as to the arguments in its favour. To the Senate, however, it can be applied at once. We oppose Mr. Mills's scheme for election by legislatures in fours or threes, because we have a shrewd suspicion, from American and French records, to what it would lead. But supposing that instead of a tainted election of that kind, there should be a real election by the people directly? The need is, in Mr. Stuart Mill's phrase, "a Chamber of Statesmen;" the less of purely local representation, the better; we want the intellectual *élite* of the Dominion, and we can obtain them by minority representation. A statesman like Robert Baldwin or Lafontaine, could not then be kept out of the Senate by any local wire-pulling; each, in his own Province, would unquestionably secure the necessary proportion of votes. The hunting down of leading men, representing a salient principle, would cease; cabals and rings would die of sheer impotence. Let Mr. Mills's apportionment of the Senate in the Provinces be adopted. Twelve representatives in Ontario and Quebec, chosen every four years in batches of six would be the least disturbing mode of election. Every elector would vote for a limited number, but his franchise would avail for one only. If the first, second, and third of his choice were elected otherwise, his vote would be recorded for the fourth. At least he would be represented personally in the Senate, as he often is not in the House. Minority representation could not be tried under more favourable conditions than we have here, and there would be a Senate as far superior to the nominated Senate, as we believe in all earnestness the latter is to any similar body elected on the plan of the member for Bothwell. Moreover the adoption of this scheme would tend directly to the promotion of a public opinion in favour of the general scheme, such as Mr. Blake desires; for it is only because it appears novel and speculative that it does not win the support of a practical people. It seems at least worthy of consideration from the Government, for it could be adopted as a *dernier resort* from the nominative system, without dislocating any limb of the body politic.

The other subjects touched upon in the Walkerton speech are—reform in the civil service, compulsory voting, and Imperial federation. The first is one already pressed upon public attention through these pages. Mr. Casey made a courageous effort last session, and might have succeeded if there were any honest desire to secure efficiency in the service. The putrifying influence of party is the essential cause of the woful condition of the civil service. So long as party members and party managers think themselves at liberty to button-hole ministers and demand, as a reward for services past or future, the appointment of constituents or relatives to the service, without regard to competency or even character, so long will the evil continue. Whilst those who are trustees for the people act otherwise than they would do were they trustees for private individuals or corporations, there is no hope of improvement. Those who would scorn to take a man into the employ of a bank or a mercantile firm in which they held a responsible position, without strict examination into his capacity and general character, do not scruple to do otherwise when they are servants of the people. The dictates of conscience and the sense of honour are flung to the winds so soon as they have crossed the Rubicon into the charmed territory of official power. Nor is this all; for promotion goes by favour, not by desert. The salaries, which ought to be the rewards of assiduity and the careful and honest discharge of duty, are poured, like the sunshine of heaven, on just and unjust alike. There is no equable adjustment of recompense to service; everything goes on in that happy-go-lucky way dear to red-tape. If Mr. Blake can effect a reform in the service, he should lose no time in commencing the work; he has an Augean stable to cleanse, and the sooner he applies himself to the task the better.

Compulsory voting has been the subject of considerable ridicule lately; yet an examination of the subject in all its bearings, should give pause to the jesters. We do not approve of Mr. Bethune's penal measure in its favour, because such punitory provisions unsupported by public opinion, are sure to defeat themselves. It is quite sufficient that the law should declare it to be an elector's duty to vote, on pain of disfranchisement for a term of years. Statutory provisions have a wonderful effect on the *morale* of a people, and if such a declaration were placed on the Statute-book, the great bulk of those who abstain from voting occasionally or uniformly, would feel constrained to do what the law commands. They may be divided, generally speaking, into two classes. The first includes those who hold back because they desire to be bribed. Under such a law as we have indicated, their occupation would be gone; and the case is similar with those who think they are conferring a favour upon a candidate. instead of discharging a duty to themselves and the State. The second class are those who may be heard boasting that "they take no interest in politics, having enough to do to gain a livelihood." People of this sort seem to look upon a neglect of their duties to the community as an evidence of superior virtue, rather than the positive infringement of a law most important to the well-being of society. They are punctilious, sometimes Pharisaic, in looking after family, church, and charitable obligations; but the idea that the State, the great guardian of all the other social relations, needs anything at their hands seems Quixotic. "Politics now-a-days are so rotten, that it is too much to ask a man to defile himself with them," they urge, and perhaps with some truth. They forget that some of the worst catastrophes recorded in history were precipitated from kindred solutions of social confusion. The Romans knew their duty better; for they deemed it a heinous offence to despair of the State. So far as the authority of the Republic could enforce it, Rome, not over-zealous about other matters, insisted that political duties should occupy the chief place. These, in better times, can surely be done, without leaving the others undone. The men who declare our politics to be unworthy of attention, do so from ignorance or self-conceit—either because they do not know that a class which might ameliorate them must be answerable for all its evils if they stand aloof, or because they have failed to see under a popular franchise, any prospect of that importance to which they conceive themselves entitled. In any case, let the obligation to obey the law be thrown in the scale, and there is little doubt that the vast bulk of them will fall into line, and conscientiously perform their duty as citizens.

The Federation of the Empire has not yet assumed a tangible shape for Parliamentary discussion, it is true. Perhaps it never will, until it is undertaken in earnest by the Colonial office. Mr. Disraeli has expressed a favourable opinion of the principle · but he has given so many oracular utterances without taking the first step towards giving them practical form, or putting them into debateable propositions, that nothing is to be expected from him, save mysterious hints and squeezable theory. But Earl Carnarvon is eminently a man of action, determined to make his office a centre of life and light to the outlying members of the Empire. The Earl of Salisbury is trusted in Indian affairs, but he has strangely erred in church matters this session, not to mention his *fiasco* in the River Pollutions Bill, which is quite worthy of the dullest head in the Cabinet. The only Minister, therefore, who can be said to work with energy and deliberate purpose, is the Colonial Secretary. As an English journal remarks, "The Colonial office is now administered in a more vigorous and original spirit than has been felt during the present generation, in that region of Olympian slumber." When last in power, Lord Carnarvon completed, though he did not originate, our own Confederation. He has constantly pressed schemes of Australian and West Indian Confederation, and he is now engaged, with characteristic energy and earnestness, in organizing a Dominion in South Africa, extending from Port Natal to the Cape. In his despatches to Sir Henry Barkly, he commends it to the colonists, because it "would tend to develop the prosperity of South Africa, to sweep away many subjects of prolonged and unfruitful discussion, and to knit together the scattered communities of European race, into a powerful and harmonious union, valuable alike for the interests of themselves and of the whole Empire." The minister who penned these words is not likely to stop short in his work, or content himself with an Empire which, after all, would

only be a loosely connected set of magnificent, but isolated fragments. Moreover, the English people have been aroused from their apathy regarding the Colonies. They are beginning to talk of the dignity and glory of the Empire, and nothing is so likely to direct and fix their attention to the subject as a vigorous policy at the Colonial office. It seems probable, therefore, that at a day not far distant, less so perhaps than most people suppose, a tangible scheme of Imperial Federation will be devised. The first step would naturally be a conference of representatives from all the Colonies with the Minister. Of the scope and extent of the measure it would obviously be premature to speak. But it is not premature to discuss the propriety or impropriety of federation in the abstract. It can hardly be questioned that an overwhelming majority of Canadians desire to remain attached to the Empire, and would gladly hail the adoption of any measure which would tighten the bond without making it unduly irksome, pecuniarily, or politically to the Dominion.

It is scarcely necessary to follow the contested elections, of which there has been the usual crop during the month. In most cases the result turned upon casual treatings, and the evidence bore too close a resemblance to what we have read many a time before to be diverting. It is plain that the law intended to enforce the closing of taverns on polling day is systematically set at naught. It is equally clear that there are men who would hesitate to give a money bribe, who are not above treating promiscuously, in the teeth of the statute. The reason doubtless is that, in many of the constituencies, perhaps throughout the country, treating is regarded as a proof of liberality of soul and love of good-fellowship. A candidate who is hail-fellow-well-met with the electors wins his way to their hearts by a very short cut. Until the penalties attached to treating have firmly impressed the kind of men who hold the balance at an election and can turn the tide in favour of one candidate or the other, treating will not be stamped out. It is obvious that public opinion or moral scruples are powerless in the matter; the only real deterrent is to be found in a rigorous interpretation of the law. How the popular feeling runs is distinctly apparent in the fact that some total abstainers and prohibitionists have been detected in the commission of the offence. They have been charged with inconsistency, and sometimes hypocrisy also, but the accusation has been too rashly made. The fact is that, as things go, they cannot help themselves; they must do as their opponents do, or suffer defeat. It must be borne in mind that, at the height of election excitement, when the issue is trembling in the balance, the temptation is overpowering to forget one's principles and row with the tide. Let the statute be enforced, as some of our judges are enforcing it, and the time is not far distant when the one party will not have the advantage of pleading the necessity of acting as the other does. We observe a tendency in some of the party organs to complain of judicial interpretation as too rigid; they would have the law made more flexible, especially when it affects a candidate of their own. Scorpions are not too severe à chastisement for opponents, but whips of a harmless kind are quite harsh enough for friends. It is singular that objections of this character are oftenest heard from the "party of purity," the original advocates of stern and inflexible measures. They appear to have imagined that the fruits of this legislation would enure to themselves, the "corruptionists" being the only sufferers. Perhaps they have begun to realise the fact that corrupt practices are the result of corruption in the body politic, and not the peculiar taint of any particular party. The engine they devised for the foe has recoiled with double violence upon themselves; hence the cry of distress which rises continually. It is urged that the promoters of the law never intended that it should be construed so rigidly. On the contrary, they always contended that its provisions were not stringent enough. When they had secured power, they very properly closed up the gaps and loop-holes of escape, and shouted lustily for a stern administration of it; but that was before their own ox was gored so unmercifully. It is trifling to speak of legislative intentions; the scope of a statute is to be discovered from its provisions, and it is not pretended that any act has been adjudged an offence by the bench which is not within the purview of the law on its most obvious construction. If the objectors desire its interpretation in a "non-natural" sense, where their own partisans are concerned, let them say so; we believe

that all whose opinion is worth having will agree that the rigorous course adopted by the judges is wholesome and salutary—the only one indeed calculated to ensure the speedy and effectual enforcement of the law. In England, great difficulty has been found in reaching agents or *quasi* agents who bribe or treat. As with us before Mr. Blake's provision saddling culpable agents with the costs, they are absolutely irresponsible. "The officious friend, the silly friend, and the secret traitor," to use the *Spectator's* classification, all do their mischievous work with impunity. The Election Petitions Committee, in a report recently presented, suggest a thoroughly drastic mode of dealing with them. It is proposed that immediately after the decision of the judges on the petition, "all persons with respect to whom there has been evidence in the course of the trial that they have bribed, treated, or unduly influenced," shall be summarily tried by the Election Judges, "and such persons, if convicted, shall be sentenced to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three calendar months, with or without hard labour." Mr. Blake's plan is decidedly inferior to this. It is true that under the former, the agent may be charged with the costs, but how is the payment to be enforced when it cannot be recovered by distraint, as where a man has no property to be distrained? The result may probably be that agents will in future be of a still lower and disreputable class—men of straw, who have little or nothing to lose—and the mischief will be aggravated. The English provision would cut at the very root of the evil, and is therefore deserving of consideration by our own Government, if any change in the law be contemplated.

The people of Toronto have at length aroused themselves to a sense of the danger which threatens their only Park. It is probable that the terms offered by the University authorities will be accepted, and the city spared the disgrace involved in the loss of the only breathing-space accessible to all classes of society. The subject has been fully treated in the local papers, and we allude to it here for another purpose. The statement has been made that our national University is sorely in want of money, and that it is compelled by force of circumstances to lay out the Park in building lots, unless the city is prepared to give the Senate an equivalent rental. This announcement gives additional point to the question frequently urged of late. What is to be the future of University education in this Province? The enquiry is all the more serious and important, because the class at present interested is small. The general public would not let the Provincial University perish, but they know little of the real needs of the time, and of the work which must be undertaken before it can satisfactorily discharge its proper functions. The cry of centralization is always raised when any plan is propounded to broaden the foundations of the institution. No objection that can be urged has so much of unreason in it. A University must have its headquarters somewhere, and, as we know by disagreeable experience, the frittering away of university powers has been our besetting transgression against the interests of higher education. It is not by any means essential to consolidation that the examinations should be held at Toronto. What is essential to any plan of national culture may be simply stated in a few words—high standards of examination simultaneously conducted in all collegiate institutions, from headquarters outwards in all directions. The jealousy of institutions now possessing University powers is unreasonable and unaccountable, unless on the supposition that they fear competition with University College. The great *desideratum* in higher education is, that it shall be rated everywhere at a uniform value—that a degree of B. A., M. B., M. A., or M. D., should not represent diverse values according to locality. Ontario cannot afford to maintain more than one University, indeed there is no room for more; and therefore the truest policy would be, and is, not destruction or even absorption of existing institutions, but the consolidation of them all.

Failing this, under the sanction of Parliament, the University Senate should be urged to the work of expansion. No doubt everything would depend at the first set-off, on the exact state of the endownment; and Parliament would unquestionally demand as a condition precedent to any aid they might advance, that assurance should be given of its provident management. In other countries there is either adequate property at command, or individual endowment by bequest or otherwise. The erection of Keble College at Oxford is evidence of what older lands can do by collective liberality. Ours

is not a rich country in the sense of accumulated wealth, and, notwithstanding some noble exceptions, the miserable sectarianism of many keeps them aloof from the people's university, open to all creeds, without inculcating any save the common Christianity, which is a cult and not a creed. When we remember that in the two venerable universities of England, where prejudice is so inveterate, so much has been done to nationalise and unsectarianise them, it is painful to find it is boldly asserted here that creed is of greater importance than knowledge, and that unless you pronounce the shibboleth of a sect, you ought to be debarred the privileges of study and the distinctions of learning. Where theology is taught with a view to the clerical profession, tests are, of course, necessary; but what business they or the churches which impose them have to do with the degrees in Arts, Law, or Medicine, we fail to see.

The first step in the way of expansion is to utilise the machinery of the University for popular purposes. Oxford and Cambridge have middle-class examinations, including what we so much want, adequate tests of female education, applied by University examiners. The women of Canada can compare in general intelligence and aptitude for learning with those of any country where they suffer from similar disadvantages. The eagerness with which they apply themselves, when the opportunity offers, as in Toronto and Montreal, gives promise of results far exceeding ordinary expectations, if one university would only extend the advantages of its examinations, diplomas, and degrees, and institute separate courses and certificates to those whose ambition does not lead them to aim so high. To raise the standard of female education is a matter of primary importance, which should no longer be neglected; but there is in addition a large class of young men who cannot leave their homes, or afford four years' training in the University. They are by no means to be neglected, and by some such machinery as obtains under the supervision of Oxford or Cambridge, an examination might be held in every important town in Ontario. Popular lecture-courses are also given at various central points, and these, in conjunction with the examinations, are stimulating intellectual cultivation in an astonishing degree. To the University of Toronto every one of these young men and women would be a staunch friend, who would extend the cords and strengthen the stakes of Alma Mater, and lay deep a foundation of affection and gratitude in the hearts of the whole people.

The exodus of the American people eastward is in full progress, and it is calculated that at least seventy-five thousand will scamper over the old world, from Skye to Khartoum, or from the Alhambra to the Kremlin, this season. The heated term has set in also, and no activity appears anywhere except with the brokers of Wall street, the criminal classes, and the hangman. In the absence, therefore, of more exciting political topics, the American papers are still discussing the enigma propounded to the Philadelphia Committee by President Grant. The *Herald* takes some pride in announcing that the English press, especially the higher weeklies, "endorse" its view of the puzzling letter. When the occupant of so high an office declares that he does not desire a third term any more than he did a second or first, when he tells the Pennsylvanians that the constitution does not prohibit a third term, and further, "that he would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise," his utterances, to say the least of it, are ambiguous. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, erewhile ambassador to England, and the negotiator of an abortive Alabama Treaty, dissects the letter without much consideration for General Grant's feelings or dignity. Referring to the clause quoted above, he says—"The idea of the President, that the safety of the country may demand the re-election of a President for a third term, in my opinion, is an idle conceit, having no other support but the most egregious vanity. * * * May he not conclude that a nomination by a convention is conclusive as to the duty?" and so on. No one who reads the letter—with the knowledge that Grant's most intimate friends and allies are pressing his re-nomination, obviously with his connivance—can believe that he intended to decline; and if the Pennsylvanians accept the other view, they must be easily satisfied. Vice-President Wilson, who is supposed to have an eye on the White House himself, agrees with Mr. Johnson, though he ex-

presses himself in politer and more guarded language. Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist orator of by-gone years, on the other hand, openly advocates the third term. If the Republicans desire success, the nomination of Grant is, to all appearance, the most politic course they could adopt, and if he should be nominated he will certainly regard it as "an imperative duty" to stand between his party and defeat. Whether he would be elected as against Gov. Tilden or Chas. W. Adams, or any strong Pennsylvanian, is a question. We think he would, because the power of the Executive patronage is almost invincible, and but little doubt can be entertained that the so-called Democratic reaction was really a rebuke to Grant from a large section of his own party. At all events, the Democrats will nominate a "straight" candidate, and not repeat the Greeley fiasco.

Centennialism is as much in vogue as ever. The first naval action of the Revolution was celebrated at Machias in Maine, on the 12th ult.,—a trumpery boarding of a revenue cutter by some fishermen. The New York *Herald* celebrated an overlooked centennial all to itself on the 15th, one, however, of no little importance—the appointment of Washington to the supreme command. Some curious information is given from John Adams's diary. Slight in importance as the matter might then have appeared, there was imminent danger of a collapse in the Revolution. The New England jealousy of Southerners was even then rampant. Hancock, whose name appears in bold and dashing chirography at the head of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, desired the command for himself, although he had never been in action or commanded a battalion. He was backed by others, including Tom Paine, who afterwards figured in the French Revolution, and as author of the "Age of Reason." Samuel Adams and Cushing also looked askance at the Virginian colonel. John Adams, much to Hancock's chagrin, secured the nomination of Washington, and by it, perhaps, the eventual success of the Revolution. Bunker Hill was the great centennial of the month. That battle of the 17th of June, 1775, was like that of Lexington—a defeat, not dishonourable in any sense to the Americans. They had an inferior force, badly disciplined, and still worse equipped, and every inch of ground was bravely contested. It was the first proof of unquestionable courage on the part of the rebels, and the moral effect of it remained with them to the end. It is somewhat amusing to read Burgoyne's despatch in a newspaper of to-day, with criticisms upon its truth, but we can hardly find fault with Bostonians who rank Bunker Hill as a cherished memory.

It seems a very difficult thing in the United States—or perhaps we should say New York and Chicago—to secure the punishment of a swindler. The legal proceeding are so dilatory, the opportunities for legal exceptions so ample, and the absurd method of empanelling juries so obstructive to justice, that we only wonder that a scoundrel ever meets his deserts. Perhaps no man ever merited condign punishment more richly than "Boss" Tweed. Many a poor youth has swung from Tyburn tree, immaculate as compared with him. Sentenced to fourteen years at the Penitentiary in Blackwell's Island, he has enjoyed himself tolerably well, save when the Grand Jury came there on an official visit, his counsel meanwhile raising technical points in the courts. They finally triumphed in a judgment which occupied a full page of the *Herald* in the smallest type. It appears that the judge who had sentenced Tweed gave a longer sentence than the law permitted, and he was ordered to be discharged. The District Attorney, however, had twenty-six additional indictments in hand, and Tweed was transferred to Ludlow St. jail. The contention on his behalf is that, by law, the succeeding indictment referring to the same matter—peculations of ten or twelve years, we presume—must supersede the first, and should be quashed. In other words, the first indictment came to the ground from the court's discharge, therefore the second cannot be entertained. We do not say that the New York judges are venal, but it is surely time that a law which permits this legal ingenuity should be amended.

We have no intention of noticing at length the trial of Tilton *vs.* Beecher. The case is still suspended *in nubibus*, with no prospect of an agreement by the jury. Anything more thoroughly degrading, not to mention the Christian profession, but to our common humanity, has never defiled the columns of

the press in any country. It is hard to guess where the severest censure ought to fall. The parties are all bad, the counsel worse, and the press which has ministered to a depraved public appetite, worst of all. The only man who figured with credit to himself, and gave dignity to prurience in which he had no share, was Judge Neilson. To him alone can any pure-minded man give a tribute of praise in the matter. He strove, as far as he could without ruling out relevant evidence, to exclude the nauseous and corrupting out of court. He certainly gave a latitude to counsel, both in cross-examination and address, an English judge would not have yielded. For that he may not be personally to blame, and we should like to think so, because he has exhibited throughout patience, dignity, and an impartial desire for substantial justice between two most eccentric and hare-brained men. We may take another opportunity of examining the moral bearings of the case; meanwhile the jury are still enjoying themselves in the retiring-room, and whether they agree or not, we trust no second trial will deprave the popular mind as this has done for nearly four months past.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN. By A. de Quatrefages, Member of the Academy of Sciences, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

Some curious stories are told of members of the Paris Academy of Sciences, who continued their researches even when the German bombardment was at its fiercest. These are probably apocryphal—Gallic versions, we may suppose, of the well-known anecdote of Archimedes at the taking of Syracuse. Ballistæ and Krupp ordnance differ considerably—the latter being much more insinuating and unceremonious in siege operations. Archimedes perished, though not till after the storming of the Sicilian capital; no Parisian *savant*, on the other hand, seems to have fallen, while absorbed in scientific enquiry. Whether these tales be true or not, science, since the war, has certainly shared in that wonderful resurrection of France which astonishes the world and disturbs the dreams of Bismarck. What is more to our immediate purpose, French science is distinctly belligerent. M. Papillon, for example, following M Berthelot, claims to have utterly overthrown the atomic or molecular theory of matter on irrefragable evidence. M. de Quatrefages, again, the author of the book under review, is a determined opponent of Darwin's theory of the origin of species. He is a professor in the Paris Museum of Natural History, and, as the preface informs us, "one of the eminent founders of anthropological science." This volume consists of five lectures delivered to working-men at Vincennes, and is, therefore well fitted to occupy a place in "The Popular Science Library" of Messrs. Appleton. We could wish that Miss Youmans, whose translation of these lectures is so well executed, would undertake an English rendering of the author's Academy lectures on anthropology. Popular addresses have an important use, no doubt; but when it comes to a matter in eager controversy between dogmatic scientists, no student can afford to content himself with diluted versions of the argument on either side. It so happens that in England and Germany as well as the United States, the evolutionists are having it all their own way; and, like other dominant parties, whether theological or scientific, are particularly anxious that nobody should hear diverse views from competent authorities, fortified by the evidence which they claim to possess. We have an instance of this scientific dread of untrammelled exposition in the padding contributed by way of an appendix. Prof. Gill, of the Smithsonian Institute, is so terribly afraid for the safety of the Darwinian ark, that he cannot think of letting M. de Quatrefages speak without using paste and scissors in gathering scraps to controvert him. It is to be regretted, for the American professor's own sake, that he did not confine himself to quotations from Huxley, Owen, and Darwin.

In these lectures, the writer purposely avoids the importation of theology and philosophy into a purely scientific question. In the first four, which treat respectively of the Unity of the Human Species, the Antiquity of Man, the Unity of Man, and the Physical Characteristics of the Human Race, this course was compara-

tively easy ; but in the fifth lecture, which deals with the Intellectual and Moral Characteristics of the Human Race, he necessarily trenches somewhat on the territory of psychology and ethics. It is very skilfully done, however, and, on the whole, he maintains his position as a teacher of natural science alone. One broad principle underlies the professor's entire view—the principle of the stability of species. Those who desire to read an English view from the same side, should consult the chapter on Specific Stability, in Mr. St. George Mivart's *Genesis of Species*. M. de Quatrefages states the matter thus :—"When you have two different vegetables, or two different animals, and wish to know whether they belong to *distinct species*, or only to *two races of the same species*, marry them. If the union proves immediately fertile, if the fertility is propagated and persists, you may affirm that, notwithstanding the differences which separate them, these vegetables and these animals are only *races of the same species*. If, on the contrary, you see the fertility disappear completely or diminish notably at the first union, if you see it decreasing and go on diminishing, to disappear at the end of a few generations, you may, without hesitation, affirm that these vegetables and these animals belong to *distinct species*." In other words, species run in parallel lines and meet at neither end ; between any two of them there is and always has been a great gulf fixed, which may sometimes be overcome abnormally and temporarily, but never bridged *in permanence*. Mr. Darwin, whose wonderful power of scientific generalization and masterly skill and industry in collecting and arranging the results of scientific observations will always, whether his theory is established or not, entitle him to one of the highest places in the great Walhalla of science, was not slow to appreciate the difficulty, nor does he, in his latest work, claim to have altogether surmounted it. Its bearing upon his theory is obviously fatal ; for if the doctrine of specific stability be a law of nature, the apparent exceptions can weigh but little. If species can only in rare instances be transmuted, and even this is not to be taken as proved, then Mr. Darwin's theory wants one of its main supports.

Our Smithsonian professor has got an easier way out of the wood. He settles the French anthropologist by calling his argument a *petitio principii* and also a *reductio ad absurdum*. Now, M. de Quatrefages's argument, put in logical form, stands thus :—If Mr. Darwin's view be correct, then species may be successfully and permanently intermixed ; but they cannot be so intermixed ; therefore Mr. Darwin's view is not correct. This is what is known as a conditional syllogism and is perfectly valid ; if the premises be admitted as proved, the conclusion inevitably follows. Prof. Gill, observing the hypothetical statement in the major of a proposition which is negatived in the conclusion, calls it arguing in a circle, or "begging the question." He might as well have styled it an *ignoratio elenchi*, a *fallacia accidentis*, or an undistributed middle. He denies the minor premise in point of fact, and, if he could substantiate his denial, the French *savant's* argument would fall to pieces. When he can do that he will add something to the elucidation of the subject. In another place, notwithstanding his positive assertions here, Prof. Gill admits his imperfect knowledge of hybridism, and claims that, therefore, no law can be postulated regarding the immutability of species. If he means that there has not yet been time to search out apparent exceptions strong enough to cast doubt upon the law, he is correct ; otherwise no searching is necessary. Sheep and hogs, dogs and cats, lions and antelopes have been living in close proximity for ages ; where are the links between these species ? If they do not exist, why not ?

Our author deals with man alone, except so far as his argument requires. From his principle it of course follows that man is one species and has dispersed and peopled the earth from one centre. He believes with Dr. Dawson, that our race was contemporary, in western Europe, with the mammoth, and produces some probable, if not conclusive, evidence in proof of it. In answer to the query, "Whence comes man ?" he professes to have nothing positive, but he "can affirm, in the name of scientific truth, that we have had for ancestor neither a gorilla nor an orang-outang, nor a chimpanzee, any more than a seal or a fish, or any animal whatever." This is the conclusion after a brief but lucid account of the structural differences between man and the anthropoid apes. Side by side let us place Prof. Huxley's words, on the other side, as quoted in the appendix :—"I may add the expression of my belief that the attempt to draw a physical distinction is equally futile, and that even the highest faculties of feeling and of intellect begin to germinate in lower forms of life. At the same time no one is more strongly convinced than I am of the vastness of the gulf between civilized man and the brutes ; or is more certain that, whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly not *of* them. No one is less disposed to think lightly of the present dignity, or despairingly of the future hopes, of the only consciously intelligent denizen of the world."

We cannot, unfortunately, dwell upon M. de Quatrefages's concluding chapter, which is, from its subject, one of deep interest. He denies entirely the existence of savage races having no moral sense or religious feeling, supporting his position by an examination of supposed instances in Australia and elsewhere. It is here, as we have already hinted, that the author is obliged to leave the strict ground of physical science ;

but the chapter will, perhaps, be read with more attention than those which lie within the prescribed limits.

THE EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY: also, an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox. By Thomas Carlyle. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1875

The name of Thomas Carlyle is not to be lightly spoken of. During a busy and protracted literary career, he has been beset with enemies and detractors on every side, with extravagant eulogists, and, what is worst of all, with unworthy imitators; but that he has left his stamp and impress on the age admits of no dispute. He has been, after Coleridge, our greatest lay preacher—a contemporary John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness, and warning men, in no gentle terms, to flee from impending wrath. Perhaps no living man has been so roundly abused and misrepresented, or—and this is perhaps harder to endure—so grossly flattered, and yet we are not aware that he has ever shown sign of resentment on the one hand, or of delight on the other. Some men have regarded him as a cynic, the preacher of a negative gospel, a prophet whose mission it appears to be, like Ulysses, though in another sense, *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*, to give nothing but an uncertain sound—in short a Germanized Jeremiah whose message has only attracted attention, because of the uncouth jargon in which it is clad. To others he has been as an angel of light, the unfolder of a new evangel, the oracle of truth and earnestness, the enemy of cant and sham of every sort. They would claim that the character he has drawn of John Knox in the volume before us, is the fruit of introspection—"emphatically of Scottish build; eminently a national specimen; in fact, what we might denominate the most Scottish of the Scots, and to this day typical of all the qualities which belong nationally to the very choicest Scotsmen we have known, or had clear record of: utmost sharpness of discernment and discrimination, courage enough, and what is better, no particular consciousness of courage, but a readiness in all simplicity to do and dare whatever is commanded by the inward voice of native manhood; on the whole, a beautiful and simple, but complete incompatibility with whatever is false in word or conduct; inexorable contempt and detestation of what in modern speech is called *humbug*. Nothing hypocritical, foolish, or untrue can find her hour in this man; a pure, and mainly silent tenderness of affection is in him, touches of genial humour are not wanting under his severe austerity; an occasional growl of sarcastic indignation against malfeasance, falsity, and stupidity; indeed, secretly an extensive fund of that disposition, kept mainly silent, though inwardly in daily exercise; a most clear-cut, hardy, distinct, and effective man; fearing God, and without any other fear" (pp. 179–182).

This extract, with some modification, and perhaps an additional touch or two from the brush of some appreciative scholar, if only he had the hand of the master, would not form an inappropriate sketch of Thomas Carlyle. When his German disguise is peeled off, the distinctive character of the Scot is revealed, and the likeness is unmistakable. The chief foes he has spent his life in fighting, have been summarized in two ideas; "Self in the sense of selfishness, and God as the artificial property of a party." These he finds rampant everywhere in "politics, art, science, and religion." He is a worshipper of earnestness, it is said, without much regard to its object. Mr. Morell observes, "disgusted with journalism he has shown an inclination to make sincerity the *whole* test of moral greatness. He *tends* to make Paul the persecutor as elevated as Paul the apostle. He *tends* to sink all consideration of the object towards which our zeal is directed, in the glory of the zeal itself." The italics are Mr. Morell's, and they were needed; because Carlyle's hero-worship is not quite so undiscriminating. It is quite true that Dr. Francia, the Jesuit dictator of Paraguay, Oliver Cromwell, Frederic the Great, Harold, the Olafs, and John Knox, are all heroes whom he admires in his own way, though by no means equally. Of the Vikings of the Baltic, his favourites are evidently those who struggled to establish Christianity. He can give a back-handed c[illegible] at modern dogmatism, it is true, and sometimes shows a lingering affection for the hammer of Thor; but this arises from his love of sincerity *per se*. When it comes to a question of comparative value in earnestnesses, he takes sides at once. His pathetic reflections on Mary, Queen of Scots (p. 242), are the outpourings of a tender and thoroughly human heart. We should gladly insert them, did space permit; and it would be a pleasure to know how Mr. Froude regards them, especially the allusion to "that last scene in Fotheringay," which the disciple has gloated over with brutal savagery. "With irresistible sympathy," says the master, "one is tempted to pity this poor sister-soul, involved in such a chaos of contradictions; and hurried down to tragical destruction by them. . . . The tendency of all is to ask, 'What peculiar harm did she ever mean to Scotland, or to any Scottish man not already her enemy?' The answer to which is, 'Alas! she meant no harm to Scotland; was perhaps, loyally wishing the reverse; but was she not with her whole industry doing, or endeavouring to do, the sum-total of all possible harm that was possible for Scotland? . . . And there, with as deep a tragic feeling as belongs to Clytemnestra, Medea, or any other, we must leave her con-

demned." Neither pity for beauty in misfortune, nor his respect for sincerity of ulterior motive, stays the moralist's hand here. Had the choice lain between Mary and Elizabeth, or even the Regent Murray, the verdict might have been otherwise; but it was between Mary and Knox, the Roman Catholicism of the Guises, and the Scottish Reformation.

It appears to us that the great objection to much of Carlyle's writing is to be traced to a different, though not uncongenial, tendency—a tendency to admiration of power or force, without much regard for the motive which prompts its exercise. The "Kings of Norway" is taken, as the author states, from Snorro Sturleson's History of the Norse kings, a compilation from the Icelandic Sagas, as indicated by a German work of Dahlmann, "The History of Denmark," now over thirty years old. We cannot say that the general effect of the panorama is agreeable. As a work of art it is skilfully done in itself; but it resembles, too closely, what we may imagine Pompey's statue to have been, after it was bespattered with the blood of Cæsar—the only human thing about it is the gore. A series of deeds of violence, however touched with picturesqueness, is repulsive; and such reading, even when enlivened by grim humour, or relieved by moralizing on the advantage of turning Chaos into Kosmos, is not to our taste. "The Immensities" are lost sight of here—as they are more signally in Mr. Froude, the disciple, when he treats of Mary Stuart, or of Irish history—in a blind worship of "blood and iron," where they are found on the successful side. In Mr. Froude's case, the Carlylean doctrine is improved upon by a complete disregard also of the "veracities," on which the master loves to dwell; for historical facts are distorted, and historical records deliberately garbled.

When these Norse sketches first appeared in *Fraser*, the *Saturday Review* took the author to task with its usual tartness. It complained that he constantly blundered in all that relates to English history, and "having blundered, chuckles over it as if he were delighted with his own cleverness." A number of these errors are indicated, and a general censure passed upon Carlyle's credulity in accepting all the absurdities of the Norse legends, when he had English authorities on which he could rely. There are other errors in addition, which we have noted: here are several in one sentence. Carlyle says that Cnut (Canute) died leaving two legitimate sons—only the younger of whom was his widow's son. These two were Harold I. and Harthacnut; that the former might have made a good and orderly king, but only reigned a year and a day. Here are no less than three blunders altogether. Canute was married only once—to Emma, the widow of Ethelred II., both Sweyn and Harold being illegitimate. Secondly, Harold reigned in a most villainous fashion. He seized Alfred and put out his eyes, because he had invaded the kingdom, and he slew in cold blood every tenth man of his prisoners. "Never was a bloodier deed done in the land since the Danes came," an old song said; but Mr. Carlyle had supped so full of horrors previously as to consider this "good and orderly." Lastly, Harold reigned five years, from the death of his father (1035) down to 1040; it was his brother who did not much exceed a year, dying in 1042.

The quaint renderings of Norse surnames, and the arch references, half-humorous, half-satirical, always allusive and never direct, to current topics of controversy, are eminently characteristic. Singular to say, as we approach the close, we find that the evolution of Kosmos from Chaos culminates in civil war, anarchy, and "absolute ruin," lasting a century. In the "Epilogue," however, many thoughts are awakened in our author of "despotism and democracy, arbitrary government by one, and self-government (which means no government or anarchy) by all; of Dictatorship with many faults, and Universal Suffrage with little possibility of any virtue." On this subject, Mr. Carlyle entrenches himself behind some "strange, piercing, and winged words" from Ruskin (*Fors Clavigera*, Letter xiv.); it is only to be regretted that he did not also reproduce, as a pendant, certain well-known chapters from Froude's History of Ireland.

The monograph on Knox we can only recommend to the perusal of the reader; it is much the better half of the book. Carlyle has thrown his whole heart and all his untiring energy into the sketch. The "portraits" which are engraved in this volume are only the thread on which the author has strung pearls of impassioned and earnest eloquence. Whether the Somerville portrait be the true semblance of his earthly tabernacle or not, in the text we have the whole man in all his noble though rugged proportions. Carlyle having almost reached his eightieth birthday, this may be the last work to come from the living hand, and it is gratifying to find that it has not lost any of its cunning, even to the end.

It is the popular fashion to mix him up confusedly with the materialistic, sensational, and utilitarian philosophers of the time. His chief guide in philosophy, however, is consciousness; he is therefore eminently an idealist, an intuitionalist, and a spiritualist. In literature, of the school of Weimar, notably an admirer of Goethe and Jean Paul; and in England, of Coleridge and Wordsworth. The practice is too common of confounding together all who hesitate to accept dogmatic religion; but this is extremely unjust, at least so far as regards Carlyle. His attachment to the philosophy of Fichte and Jacobi has imparted to his writings a certain Pantheistic tinge, it is true; moreover, certain

stock passages, quoted from his biography of Sterling, and his "Past and Present" especially, have given his name an ill-savour in orthodox circles. Yet that this treatment is unfair we shall show by letting Carlyle speak for himself in a few brief sentences from his Inaugural Address at Edinburgh (1866), and with these we close :—"I believe you will find in all histories that . . . no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great, unknown, omnipotent, all-wise, and all-virtuous Being superintending all men in it and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world." And again, after quoting Goethe (*Wilhelm Meister*) on the three-fold character of reverence, Carlyle continues thus :—"He defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion, the highest of all religions ; a height, as Goethe says—and that is very true, even to the letter, as I consider—a height to which the human species was fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having once attained it, it can never retrograde. It cannot descend below that permanently, Goethe's idea is."

JANET DONCASTER. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co., 1875.

We have all heard of the blind Professor and M.P., and of his wife, whose abilities and education make her a fitting helpmate to her sightless husband. Except in a volume of essays which appeared in their joint names and in a small work on Political Economy, the husband has hitherto been the mouthpiece of the pair. One is therefore curious to read the lighter production of a lady who seems in advance of her time, a foreshadowing of the being who will form the upper class after half a century of Women's Rights, Women's Colleges, and Women's Employments.

In most respects the novel is an excellent one, a simple tale plainly told, characters clearly drawn, and the descriptions which form the setting of the story not too minute or obtrusive. There is humour, too, in many parts, and Mrs. Fawcett has studied the style of writing now fashionable. She even adopts the fashionable sneer at her heroine's mother being a narrow Evangelical, as her successors will, in another generation, label their's a bigoted Ritualist. But the unloveliness of her characters prevents her novel from being successful. Alas for the coming generations if the morality of our female novelists is significant of the effect we may expect from their teaching !

Mrs. Fawcett, with evident approbation, separates her heroine from her husband, because he is a drunkard ; and she carries her through the usual courtship into an engagement which is stealthily continued until neglect and *delirium tremens* carry off the husband and leave Janet Doncaster free to marry again, Mrs. Fawcett may, and probably does, consider drunkenness a sufficient reason for a separation *a mensâ et thoro ;* but why stop at drunkenness Every man and woman finds some disenchantment in matrimony. What is to be a sufficient reason to justify desertion a fortnight after marriage ? If drunkenness, why not epilepsy, heart-disease, rheumatism, or bunions ? Where shall we draw the line ? Janet Doncaster's love-passages with her lover are carried on with a good deal of decorum, but the position is one which Mrs. Fawcett's disciples may find too trying. We are hardly sufficiently educated to approve of "indulged individualism" as glossed by Mrs. Fawcett, any more than we can admire the same quality in the grosser impurities of Ouida.

The volume is printed and bound most creditably by the Canadian publishers.

THE BOUDOIR CABAL : a Novel of Society. By Grenville Murray, author of "Young Brown," "The Member for Paris," &c. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto : Rogers and Larminie.

We seem in the pages of this bright and sparkling novel to really enter different phases of London society. Even after gaspingly following the fortunes of Lord Mayrose in their fitful progress through a daily paper, we rise from a re-perusal of the novel in a complete form, even more impressed with its ability and fascination. To attempt an extended notice would be impossible. Characters and episodes crowd each other as they do in London streets and drawing-rooms. A story, excellent in its moral tone, is the vehicle for introducing us to politics treated from a very Conservative point of view, and we pass through a political revolution as complete as the equally conservative mythical battle of Dorking. We are tempted to compare this episode in reform with the one chronicled by Warren in "Ten Thousand a Year." Both novels are by Tory writers, both are moral ; but what a change they depict in the manners, customs, and modes of thought of times separated by barely forty years ! Second in importance to the political element, is the explanation of the mode of swindling the trusting English public by traffickers in worthless foreign loans. Even if Mr. Grenville Murray's novel had no other good qualities, he deserves the gratitude of the British investor for his exposure of abuses which were verified to the letter in the evidence given before the committee appointed by the House of Commons last session. His comments on private asylums for the mentally afflicted are most judicious. His suggestions

that all lunatic asylums should be public, and every official paid by the state, are the only remedies which can possibly prevent the abuses which no amount of inspection can ferret out. If, in addition to such a law, it were made impossible to deport such persons from the country (legislation much required in Canada), the relatives of the insane could have no fear that their patients would be kept under restraint one day longer than is essentially necessary. Altogether we know no more agreeable volume for the summer holidays.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A VIGOROUSLY written paper, published anonymously, but attributed to Colonel Chesney, the author of the "Battle of Dorking," and entitled "What could we have done for France or Belgium?" opens the *Fortnightly* for June. The writer shows the fact, which is now evident to all the world, that the so-called "scare" had far too solid a foundation to rest upon. "There has been no justification" says the writer, "for what Germany has lately done towards her two neighbours. The excuses put forward in either case are too flimsy to bear the slightest examination of any one judging them by other eyes than German." Referring then to the prevalent notion that the panic was occasioned by newspaper correspondents, he says, "no one who is the least behind the scenes at Berlin, Paris, or London, much less at St. Petersburg, has the smallest faith in this view. War, instant, aggressive, and to be carried out to the bitterest end, has been actually contemplated by Germans, with a late prostrate and now unoffending rival." The Belgian complication, he contends, was purposely kept up as a means for the occupation of that neutral kingdom. Of the truth of this view we have now irrefragable evidence: and the question remains,—What could England have done for France or Belgium? Without examining the very able comparison of England's position in 1815 and 1875, we may give his conclusion. "In short, if we examine fairly the means at our present disposal, in money, in naval strength, in land forces, we must admit, that if Germany should return suddenly to the policy threatened three weeks since, England could do nothing for France or Belgium." *Per contra*, let us quote Mr. Morley's lucid utterance in 'A Day at Sedan'—the last paper in the number: "If England, Italy, Austria, Belgium, and Turkey chose to constitute themselves into a great peace league, and are prepared instantly to back diplomatic reasoning by military sanctions, they may succeed in keeping down the smouldering flames." As an English journal remarks, it comes after all to the old phrase supposed to be obselete, "the balance of power." *Mutatis mutandis*, it is the old story over again, and severe as the struggle might be, the result would be the same.

Prof. Clifford appears desirous of being considered the hierophant of the new *cultus* in which matter is deity. The work criticised in his latest paper, "The Unseen Universe," we do not consider a strong one, but little of its argument is answered. The Professor indulges in taunt, sneer, and satire, the most unsatisfactory of logical weapons—and the most unworthy, because whether we be spiritualists or materialists, we are certainly too serious to be made matter of gibe. We have no room for any of the offensive passages we had marked, nor need we characterise them otherwise than as a reproduction of Tom Paine's tactics in a cultured garb. It is amusing to fall upon a writer, who complains in italics of *negative* words—*im*-mortality, *in*-finite, &c., although he uses, to take only one example, "*in*-destructible *a*-toms" on his own side. His notion of immortality is worth studying for its absurdity. He urges, contrary to universal experience, that it is the vigorous who desire another life, because they have a natural shrinking from death, while the infirm and the aged, who are spent in the struggle, care little for life, either here or hereafter. Appeals to the heroism of being able to address our associates as "my brothers" in some general scheme of self-help, with the blessed hope of annihilation as the goal, will injure science not religion. Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Order and Progress," is a review of Mr. Frederic Harrison's collection of essays. Author and critic are both in sympathy, and both are singularly able writers. But they are preachers of a strange evangel, both in religion and politics, followers of an esoteric will-o'-the-wisp. Positivism is doomed to premature death, in proof of which we shall cite one passage: "He (Mr. Harrison) is one of the initiated, and though he is willing to speak to us on equal terms, we feel that his consciousness of superior wisdom is veiled not abandoned. If a difficulty is unanswered, it is not that it is unanswerable (?) but that we are unworthy to have the answer (!). We are babes to be fed with milk, before we can digest the strong meat of pure positivism." *Sic fiat ad finem.* Mr. Sayce's paper on University examinations, is the old and futile plea against all examinations, on the ground of cramming practised in preparation. Mr. Lewis Carroll in "Some Fallacies on Vivisection," makes a laudable attempt to expose the hollowness of the pleas for scientific brutality. Mr. Sanday's paper on "Marcion's Gospel," takes the author of "Supernatural Religion," metaphorically speaking, by the

throat. The latter was quite aware of the task before him, when he essayed in one chapter to deal with Basilides and Valentinus, and with Marcion in another; the second (Vol. II, chap. vii), being nearly seventy pages in length. In fact, defeat here would be fatal to any theory depending on a late date for our gospels, especially the Synoptics. Irenæus, as the rationalist admits, charged Marcion with mutilating the Gospel of St. Luke. Now Baur and our author claim that the writer of the third gospel and Marcion borrowed from a common source. Mr. Sanday proves, as we think, by irrefragable evidence, textual and otherwise, that Marcion compiled his Gnostic gospel directly from the gospel now in our Bibles.

In the *Contemporary Review* there are none of the articles of which we can afford space to speak more than cursorily. Mr. Gladstone's paper on Prince Albert, though it contains some lucid reflections on the influence of the Crown in later years, is otherwise of little value, and has the peculiar demerit of telling what we knew before, in the language of the orator rather than the essayist. M. Milsand's paper on "Religion and Politics in France," is a much needed exposition of the various social elements which keep France in a state of unrest. His sketch of her history, from 1789 until now, is exceedingly instructive and thoroughly clear. It would be difficult here to measure the value of this paper to foreigners, and perhaps to Frenchmen also. The writer is no radical; he abhors with impartial hatred both universal suffrage and ultramontanism. The return of Barodet and Paray-le-Monial are as one in his detestation. "The evil," he says, "is altogether moral, and requires a moral remedy." Mr. Brodrick's "Universities and the Nation," is an able defence of Oxford and Cambridge, in the course of which Mr. Goldwin Smith is freely quoted. Dr. Badger's criticism of Mr. Bosworth Smith's lectures on Mohammed, calls for no remark; there is little in it new to the readers of the *Monthly*, who have had the opportunity of reading an account of the work in these pages. Mr. Sully's paper on "The Opera," contains much that we should like to have condensed. His views of the actual function of what many seem to regard as a hybrid amusement, perhaps an irrational one, are valuable.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE CINCINNATI MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

To all who are interested in the higher culture of the American people, the results of the Musical Festival held in Cincinnati, in the month of May of this year, must be very encouraging. To have carried out successfully a series of renderings of the very highest creations of musical genius, to have stirred by these performances the liveliest enthusiasm of large multitudes, and finally, to have made what might have been expected to be a losing enterprise financially (considering the enormous expenses incurred) a complete success, even in that point of view, was, indeed, a triumph of which those by whom it was achieved might well feel proud.

The hall used for the festival was one originally built for the Sangerfests of the German musical societies, and is capable of seating 5000 persons. Its acoustic properties are excellent; no sound, however faint, failed to be perfectly heard; no grand outburst from orchestra, organ, and chorus was ever overwhelming. Borne on the waves of sound the souls of the listeners yielded to the harmonious spell, and all the emotions of which human nature is capable when most deeply stirred—sorrow, joy, pleasure, pain, tranquil content, feverish unrest, triumph transcendent—responded to the voices of the great masters of musical science and art.

There were four evening concerts and three matinées. The selections given were from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Mozart, Strauss, Brahms, Wagner, Rossini, Gounod, Schubert, Gluck, Meyerbeer, Weber, Liszt, Verdi, Handel, Bach, Fesca, and Thomas, an array of names showing that, while the conductors of the festival were anxious to do justice to the great creators of the past, they were not disposed to neglect the many admirable composers of more recent times and of the present day. A word or two here with regard to Theodore Thomas, the musical conductor of the festival, may not be uninteresting. For many years Mr. Thomas has been known as the musical educator of the American public; and it is owing, in a large measure, to his devoted and untiring efforts that classical music enjoys amongst them the popularity it does. He was born in Hanover in the year 1835, but came to this country with his father when only ten years of age. His first instruction in music he received from his father, who was a skilled violinist. When only six years of age young Thomas played in public in his native land, and was received with marked favour. Not many years after arriving in the United States he took the position of first violin during the engagements of Sontag, Jenny Lind, and other illustrious singers, and finally rose to be conductor of both the Italian and the German operas. This was not the sphere of action,

however, best suited to his peculiar talent, which lay in the interpretation of the symphonic works of the classical composers; and, therefore, abandoning the opera, at no slight pecuniary sacrifice, he devoted himself to establishing the Symphony soirées, which afterwards became so famous and successful.

The festival orchestra included one hundred and one instruments,* exclusive of the organ, which was built specially for the occasion. The organist was Mr. Dudley Buck, of Boston. Mr. Thomas had this powerful orchestra so perfectly under control that it could be made to represent, with equal perfection, the sighing of a breeze, "a vaporous mist of melody," as in the introduction to Lohengrin, or the triumphant shouts with which the approaching conqueror is greeted in Brahms's "Triumphlied." These two works with Beethoven's 7th Symphony, constituted the programme for the first evening.

Johannes Brahms is a name comparatively little known on this continent, and the performance of his "Triumphlied" at Cincinnati was the first that had ever been attempted anywhere out of Germany. Born at Hamburg, in 1830, Brahms early devoted himself to music. It was not, however, till 1852 that he attracted any public notice. It happened that in that year Joachim, the celebrated violinist, being at Brunswick and needing some one to accompany him on the piano, employed young Brahms. The work they first took up was Beethoven's Opus 47, (his greatest work for the violin), but, to Joachim's despair, it was found that there was a difference in pitch between violin and piano. "That is very easily remedied," said the young musician, "I can alter the key from A minor to A flat minor." This feat so astonished Joachim that he took an interest in his clever companion, examined some of his compositions, and, finding them full of merit, sent him, with a highly recommendatory letter, to pursue his studies under Schumann. The latter was impressed very much as Joachim had been; indeed, he carried his admiration of Brahms so far as to speak of him in a letter as "the New Messiah."

The text of the "Triumphlied" is taken from the 19th chap. of Revelations. "Alleluia! Praise the Lord! Honour and power and glory to God; for in righteousness and truth the Lord giveth judgment," are the words of the first movement, which expresses most grandly a cry of gladness, a shout of joy. The second movement, in which praise is joyfully ascribed to the Most High, is similar in spirit to the first, but is in slower time and is more expressive of fervid adoration than of eager excitement. The third movement expresses the welcome of the nation to their victorious Emperor Wilhelm, to whom this triumphal hymn is dedicated. This wonderful composition, it is stated, was placed in rehearsal lately, at the Crystal Palace, London, but had, to be abandoned as impracticable. Its difficulties are, indeed, extraordinary (one of these being a double chorus of eight parts), so that it was more dreaded by the festival singers than anything else they attempted. Still they carried it through nobly, to the great delight and surprise of Mr. Thomas, who congratulated them warmly on their success.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony (performed after the "Triumphlied") displays the great composer's powers in their full maturity, having been written when he was forty-four years of age, before the terrible calamity of deafness had fallen on him. It is in four movements: many of its strains, wildly joyous, invite to mirth and gaiety; but in the allegretto, there steals upon the ear a sadder strain, intensely melodious, and heavenly in its soothing tenderness; and this again is succeeded by a quick playful movement, in which we seem to recognise, as it were, laughing streams of music flowing over rocks of massive chords, and here and there breaking into rippling runs, or bubbling up in foam-like shakes. Its performance occupied forty-five minutes. An effort was made to encore the allegretto movement; but this and all similar demands, save one, were invariably refused by Mr. Thomas. The exception made was in the case of Rossini's "Night Shades no Longer," sung by the school children.

The first night's performance ended with selections from "Lohengrin." Ever since 1862 Theodore Thomas has been labouring to introduce Wagner's music into America, but it is only during the last three years that his efforts have been attended by any marked success. At present Wagner enjoys in this country an equal popularity with the sweetest masters of Italian song. The general characteristics of his works are pretty well known. His imagination revels in the gigantic and grand, and he aims at, and we may fairly say accomplishes, effects never contemplated by earlier composers. Complaint has been made of the "anarchy" of Wagner's scores; but on this occasion Thomas had culled and arranged all the more melodious passages with excellent effect. The first selection presented the advent of Lohengrin in his boat, drawn by a swan, and then a tumultuous chorus succeeding the defeat of the Duke Frederic by an unknown knight (Lohengrin). The second scene begins with a representation of day-break, twelve trumpets sounding the "réveillé," and answering one another from distant towers. The effect of this was magnificent, and called

* There were ten violas, one harp, ten violoncellos, nine double-basses, one piccolo-flute, three flutes, four oboes, one English horn, four clarionets, one bass clarionet, four bassoons, four horns, twelve cornets, three trombones, two tubas, and two double drums, &c.

forth most enthusiastic demonstrations from the audience.

The solo parts during the entire festival were sustained by eight performers : Mrs. Smith and Miss Whinnery, sopranos ; Miss Carey and Miss Cranch, altos ; Messrs. Winch and Bischoff, tenors ; and Messrs. Whitney and Remmertz, b. ssos. Of these Miss Cranch only is a native of Cincinnati ; Miss Whinnery, however, obtained her musical education there, under Madame Rive. Mrs. Smith, a Boston lady, possesses a high pure soprano voice, flexible and graceful, and of such power as to be distinctly heard in every portion of the vast hall. Miss Carey's singing was most charming, and took the hearts of her audiences by storm. The role of "Ortrud," in "Lohengrin," is now recognised as peculiarly her own in this country. It is the sympathetic quality of this lady's voice that rouses such enthusiasm. It is stated that some years ago, when a late Chief Justice of Kentucky was on his death-bed, he sent for Miss Carey, and begged the favour of one song. "Let it be 'Home, Sweet Home,'" he said. Miss Carey sang ; but her tears overcame her, and she was unable to proceed. The dying man, turning his head on the pillow, thanked her. Miss Carey's fame has travelled beyond the limits of this country ; and she is said to be now determining whether or not to accept some very flattering offers that have come to her from distant Russia, the land where prima donnas are so enthusiastically worshipped.

Mr. Winch (of Boston) possesses an unquestionably fine tenor voice of brilliant quality and pure tone ; but, on one or two occasions, he showed signs of fatigue not visible in the other leading singers. Mr. Bischoff has studied music in the best German schools, and has made a decided mark in German opera, to which his voice, a "robust tenor," seems peculiarly suited. Mr. Frantz Remmertz (of New York), baritone and bass, has a voice deep and sonorous, but at the same time sweet and pathetic. Mr. Whitney ranks as the greatest American basso. He was fulfilling important engagements in London, England, at the time the preparations for the festival were being made ; but his services were considered so indispensable to its success, that he was induced to return to America specially for the occasion.

The music provided for the matinées was not less choice than that performed in the evenings, but it was more varied, and did not impose so severe a strain on the powers of the singers, or on the attention of the audiences. Among the pieces included in the Wednesday morning programme, were Beethoven's Overture of "Leonora," "In Native Worth," from the "Creation," Meyerbeer's "Stella del Nord," and Brahms's "Hungarian Dances." The score of the latter composition was only received in this country during the present season. The matinée closed with a trio from "William Tell," and the ever-welcome Overture to that opera. Wednesday evening was fully occupied with the oratorio of "Elijah," the work which carried Mendelssohn's fame to the highest point, but which also carried him to the grave at the early age of thirty-eight. The circumstances of the first production of the "Elijah," at the Birmingham Festival, in 1847, and of its subsequent successes, are too familiar to all lovers of music to be recapitulated here. We may quote, however, the account given by Ferdinand Hiller, of the manner in which a portion of it, at least, originated. "One evening," he writes, "I found Mendelssohn deep in the Bible. 'Listen,' he said, and then read to me, in a gently agitated voice, a passage from the 1st Book of Kings, beginning with the words, 'And behold the Lord passed by.' 'Would it not be splendid for an Oratorio?' he exclaimed. It afterwards became part of *Elijah*."

The character of the Prophet in this Oratorio, is one that requires above all things sustained power on the part of a singer. Mr. Whitney's voice served him well ; his conception of the part too was solemn and dignified, and it is not too much to say that he carried with him, all through, the rapt sympathy of his hearers. The chorus singers also did nobly; their eight hundred voices giving out a richness and volume of sound truly inspiring. No one endowed with true musical taste can listen to the "Elijah," worthily performed, without feeling how richly deserved was the tribute paid to Mendelssohn by the late Prince Consort, in the following words, written in a libretto of the oratorio: "To the noble artist who, though encompassed by the Baal-worshippers of false art, has, by his genius and study, succeeded, like another Elijah, in faithfully preserving the worship of true art; once more habituating the ear, amid the giddy whirl of empty, frivolous sound, to the pure tones of sympathetic feeling and legitimate harmony ; to the great master, who, by the tranquil current of his thoughts, reveals to us the gentle whisperings, as well as the mighty strife of the elements—to him is this written in grateful remembrance, by ALBERT."

Both in "Elijah," and in the "Triumphlied," the grand organ contributed much to the general effect. In the latter work the organist had a very difficult task to perform, having to provide a perfect organ part from the orchestral score. When Brahms directed the performance of this work himself, in Cologne, he used the organ ; but either the part was not written out or it has not been published.

Thursday's matinée was chiefly distinguished by the singing of choruses by fifteen hundred children, of the public schools. The day was bright and sunny, and the children, in their white dresses and fluttering ribbons, seemed a song in themselves; at least the sight of them appealed very strongly to the hearts of all present. After a beautiful overture came the first chorus, a prayer from Gluck, arranged for the

children by Mr. Singer. Their voices were harmonious, and in perfect unison ; once they got a little flat, when the organ emphatically gave the pitch, which the youthful choristers caught without difficulty, and maintained to the end. Rossini's " Night Shades no Longer," as sung by the children, created such overpowering enthusiasm, that Thomas had to yield, as already mentioned, to the demand for a repetion. His own delight on the occasion seemed, indeed, to be as unbounded as that of the audience.

The culminating point of the festival was, however, Thursday night's performance. The programme included Bach's Magnificat in D, to be performed for the first time in America, and "Beethoven's wondrous Ninth Symphony." The latter was doubtless the magnet that drew together so unprecedentedly vast a concourse of people, estimated to have numbered eight thousand.

Of Bach, an eminent modern composer, Gounod, has said that were all the music composed since his time swept out of existence, upon what he alone did it could all be rebuilt. The Magnificat in D is divided into twelve numbers, two solos for sopranos, one each for alto, tenor, and bass, a duet for alto and tenor, a trio for two sopranos and alto, and four choruses. The character of the music is calm and devotional; it roused little enthusiasm, but was listened to with close and respectful attention. Miss Carey's alto solo, and the trio sung by Mrs. Smith, Miss Whinnery, and Miss Carey, were gems in themselves; but they were soon lost in the splendid choruses at the close, the grand and intricate harmonies of which convey a majestic idea of the composer's genius.

Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, and the terrible crowding from which the audience was suffering, and which, during the intermission, seemed positively unbearable, the opening of the Ninth Symphony worked like magic in restoring content and quiet. In the directness of its appeal to our higher nature, it seemed to say : " I understand you ; listen to me while I interpret for you your inmost emotions." Opinions, however, have been far from unanimous, even among high authorities, concerning the merits of this celebrated work. Marx, on the one hand, has declared that " it exhausts the resources of instrumental music," while Spohr on the other, maintains that, "in spite of occasional traits of genius, it is inferior to any of Beethoven's earlier ones." For our own part, we shall only speak of it as it affected ourselves. For one hour it seemed to fairly charm existence. The first three movements are orchestral, plaintive, full of melody, and changeful; the first, *Allegro ma non troppo*, being succeeded by the *Scherzo*, almost wildly gay, yet revealing an undertone of sadness; and this giving place to an *Adagio*, in which the great charm of the symphony resides. The tones of this movement seem like sobs ; the exquisite *diminuendos* are wails of profound sorrow. At the close of the Adagio, there is one abrupt and almost frantic transition, the fourth movement beginning with a piercing note, like some supreme cry of anguish ; then, as if sorrow had exhausted herself, the music follows a more tranquil course of expression, reminding us of Tennyson's beautiful lines in " In Memoriam."

" My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then."

The chorus in this symphony had a difficult task. Some of the vocal parts lie almost out of range; but they " scaled the heights " with enthusiasm. The performance, altogether, was superb; and at its close the audience completely lost self-control, the vast mass rising to their feet, cheering, gesticulating, waving handkerchiefs, while the chorus-singers bestowed special cheers on their conductor, Mr. Otto Singer. Such a scene might naturally remind us of the first performance of the symphony in 1824, at Vienna, in the presence of the great master himself. At that time he had been completely deaf for twenty years, and, having his face turned intently towards the orchestra, he knew nothing of the tumult of enthusiasm or the thunders of applause that filled the building, till some one gently turned him towards the audience. Then he *saw* what he could not hear ; and many in the audience realising thus for the first time the full extent of the great composer's affliction, melted into tears.

We have not space to discuss at any length the music produced on the last day of the festival (Friday). " Pieta, Pieta," from Meyerbeer's " Prophet," was exquisitely sung at the matinée by Miss Carey ; while Handel's " Oh, ruddier than the cherry!" displayed the great versatility of Mr. Whitney's voice. The programme for the evening consisted of Schubert's Ninth Symphony, in C, selections from Wagner's " Walkure," and Liszt's beautiful Cantata, " Prometheus." It is painful to think that such genius as Schubert's should have been associated with so much of worldly misfortune, and should so signally have failed of recognition among his contemporaries. Beethoven knew very little of him ; though, shortly before his own death, looking over a number Schubert's songs, he recognized in him, as he said, " a godlike spark." The Ninth Symphony was finished in March, 1828, and Schubert died in the following November. It was his purpose to throw into this work the whole wealth of his genius, so that it might be a monument of him to after generations. Those who have heard it cannot fail to wonder at the superhuman sweetness poured forth from a life so unfortunate and sorrowful.

Mr. Otto Singer relieved Mr. Thomas in the performance of the " Prometheus." At a concerted moment, the chorus-singers, who felt how much they owed to his faithful drilling, covered him with a shower of bouquets, with which they had provided themselves for

the occasion. The festival closed amid joyous excitement. All had gone well: the public had been nobly entertained, musical art had been honoured, the most fastidious critics acknowledged that justice had been done to everything that was attempted; and finally, when all expenses had been paid, there was found to be a surplus of two thousand dollars in the treasury. Cincinnati has won for herself a place second only to Boston in musical fame among the cities of the continent; and no doubt she is looking forward to a time when even her last very creditable effort will be definitively surpassed. A. Y.

Newport, Kentucky, May, 1875.

LITERARY NOTES.

IT was rumoured lately, with what correctness we know not, that Mr. Disraeli was about to hold an advisory conference with representatives of the various Colonies of the Crown, on the subject of Imperial Confederation. Whether the rumour be true or false, it is sufficiently evident that "disturbing forces" are at present at work in other places than Canada, in the discussion of the relations of empire and colony; and that the whole question of Imperial policy on the subject is likely to come up for immediate and practical settlement. But with whatever disfavour agitation upon the subject is looked upon in a certain quarter in Canada, it is gratifying to find that in England the problem of colonial relationship is being freely and candidly discussed, and that there, at any rate,

"——— No one suffers loss or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies."

The latest contribution to the subject comes to us in the shape of a political pamphlet, entitled "The Great Game, a plea for a British Imperial Policy," by "A British subject" and it is rather amusing to find how strange a phase the work presents of the question of Canada's relation to the Crown.

With a good deal of aggressive strength, but much more of indiscreet and intemperate zeal, the anonymous author proposes a scheme of Imperial Federation which shall embrace all the Colonies of the Crown save Canada, which is to be left to her democratic idols, and to have no share in this dream of a mighty Pan-Britannic Empire. The reasons given by our author for this exclusion of Canada are, that "while she remains nominally a part of the British Empire, she is the pledge of its thraldom to her insolent neighbour," and that "she is a child too big and wilful for paternal amendment of her evil republican ways; and the elevating effect of the indirect influences of British connection is far too slight to justify an enormous sacrifice of British Imperial efficiency," which would be involved in her retention. Newfoundland and British Columbia, however, are not to be given over to the Philistines, but are to be brought under the benign influences of this political union. Such are the "base designs" of this "revolutionary" dreamer, and the fate in store for us, unless the organ of British connection which has endeavoured to suppress the latent treason in our midst shall succeed in annihilating this new *doctrinaire*, and shall plant in the English mind reasonably intelligent notions of Canada and Canadian political opinion, in place of this heresies and ignorances of the fatuous writer. But in spite of the author's animosity to Canada and the neighbouring republic, "The Great Game" will doubtless have readers; and we learn that Messrs. Willing and Williamson, of this city, have just issued a reprint of the work, with a Canadian introduction

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Monthly and National Review."

SIR,—In the article entitled "Intellectual Progress of Canada during the Last Fifty Years," which appeared in the number of your Periodical for June last, it is stated that Queen's College, Kingston, "seldom counts over twenty students in Arts." The author of the article, James Douglas, Jun., Quebec, I believe to be the student of that name who graduated at Queen's College, as Bachelor of Arts, in the year 1858. In the session then ending there were thirty-seven students in Arts; in last session there were fifty-nine. In every intervening session the numbers have been over twenty, and for the whole number of sessions since Mr. Douglas graduated, namely eighteen, the average number is thirty-eight.

I remain, your's truly,

W. SNODGRASS,
Principal of Queen's College.

Queen's College, 29th June, 1875.

vinces, and the conviction, then rapidly spreading amongst the leading British colonists, that, as General Shirley expressed it, "*delenda est Canada*" became stronger than ever.—Major-General James Abercrombie was appointed commander of the army in North America, and Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal American Regiment, (then consisting of four battalions of 1,000 men each). Lord Howe, Edward Whitmore, and Charles Lawrence were made Brigadier-Generals for service in America.

1758. On 20th May a council was held at the governor's house in Halifax, at which a plan was adopted for convening a house of representatives of the inhabitants of the Province, to be known as the General Assembly of Nova Scotia; this Assembly was to consist of sixteen members, and to meet in the following October.—On Sunday, 28th May, Admiral Boscawen set sail from Halifax with a fleet of twenty-three ships of the line, eighteen frigates, and one hundred and sixteen transports and other vessels, for Louisburg, having on board 12,260 men under command of General Amherst, (with whom were Wolfe, Lawrence and Whitmore, Monckton being left in command at Halifax.) The fleet anchored in Gabarus Bay on 2nd June, but owing to fog and other causes, the troops were unable to reach the shore until the 8th, when Wolfe's Brigade effected a landing—he being one of the first to plunge into the surf and make for the shore. The landing was disputed by the French under Colonel St. Julien, but was finally effected with a loss to the British of about 110 men, killed wounded, and missing; the French loss amounted to upwards of 70 men, and over 20 guns which had been placed along the shore to prevent a landing.—On 28th June, Colonel Messervé and his son died of small-pox, to the great regret of the force. Colonel Messervé had under his command a company of volunteer engineers (chiefly carpenters), who were of great service to the attacking force. On 9th July a sortie was made, under Lieutenant-Colonel Marin; a party of the 17th were surprised, and Lord Dundonald was killed. On 26th July the French batteries were in a ruinous state; the fleet had been captured or destroyed; and, further resistance being useless, M. Drucour, the French commandant, on petition of the inhabitants, proposed to surrender. Articles of capitulation were agreed upon, and on the 27th the garrison laid down their arms. The prisoners, including land and sea forces, numbered 5,637; they were sent to England, and the inhabitants who had not borne arms were sent to France. Upwards of 200 cannon, and large quantities of military stores of various kinds, fell into the hands of the victors. The capitulation included the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island), and Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Rollo was sent to take possession.—Whilst victory perched on the standard of General Amherst, a far different fate befel General Abercrombie, who embarked, on the 5th July, on Lake George, to attack Carillon (Ticonderoga) with a force of 6,367 regulars and 9,024 Provincial militia. Montcalm, who commanded the French, had a force of about 3,800 men (nearly 3,000 regulars). The first attack was made on the 6th, when Lord Howe was killed, and the British repulsed. On the 8th the principal action took place with a loss to the English of nearly 2,000 men, killed and wounded, after which Abercrombie retired to the head of Lake George.—Learning that the troops had been withdrawn from Fort Frontenac, General Abercrombie despatched Colonel

Bradstreet with a large force to surprise that important post. Bradstreet reached Fort Frontenac on 25th August, compelled the small garrison to surrender, and destroyed the place, together with a number of small vessels which had been sent there after the capture of Oswego.—Towards the close of the year, Fort Duquesne, which had been attacked by General Forbes, was abandoned by M. de Ligneris, and completely destroyed by the British force, who gave the name of Pittsburg to the place.—When the details of the operations of the British forces in America reached England, General Abercrombie was at once superseded, and Major-General Jeffry Amherst* was appointed to the chief command of the British troops in North America. —The first General Assembly of Nova Scotia met for the first time in the Court House in Halifax, on Monday, 2nd October, and elected Robert Sanderson their speaker. The session lasted until 21st December.

1759. M. de Bougainville arrived at Quebec from France on 14th May, bringing with him the grand cross of the order of St. Louis for M. de Vaudreuil, and promotions and honors of various degrees for those who had distinguished themselves in the campaign of the previous year. In addition to honors and rewards, however, M. de Bougainville brought the alarming intelligence that the British Government was making every preparation for sending a large force to act directly against Quebec.—A council of war was called, and every possible effort was made to put the capital in a state of defence.—Early in the spring General Amherst concentrated his troops at Albany and Fort Edward; and, having despatched a force of regulars under Prideaux, supported by militia and Indians under Sir William Johnson, to operate against Niagara, he himself advanced into the Champlain district, arriving at Carillon (Ticonderoga) on 22nd July. Prideaux reached Fort Niagara on 5th July; he was killed on the 19th by the explosion of a shell, when the command devolved upon Sir William Johnson, to whom the fort surrendered on 25th July.—The British fleet, numbering over fifty vessels, under the command of Admirals Saunders, Holmes and Durell, and having on board 7,600 soldiers, and 1,000 marines, under commond of Major-General James Wolfe, who had with him as Brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend and Murray, arrived off the Island of Orleans on 26th June. Troops were landed on the Island on 27th and 28th; there was a violent gale at the time, and the shipping and boats sustained a good deal of damage. June 29th—The French, about 1 a.m., by favour of a north-west wind and ebb of tide, sent down several fire-ships and rafts, with an intention to destroy the British fleet; but the activity of the sailors with their boats and grapplings prevented any damage to the ships. June 30th—Amherst's, Kennedy's, Webb's and Fraser's regiments crossed to Point Levi, and encamped opposite to Cape Diamond. July 5th—Colonel Burton, with the 48th and Major Dalling's Light Infantry, posted at Point Levi, opposite south side of the town of Quebec. July 8th—General Wolfe landed on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, east of the Falls of Montmorency, with the greater part of two brigades, and proceeded to

* Jeffry Amherst was born on 29th January, 1717; he was the second son of Jeffry Amherst of Riverhead, in the County of Kent. Amherst was made a Knight of the Bath in 1761; created Baron Amherst in 1776; appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army in 1778. He attained the rank of Field Marshal; was Colonel of the 2nd Lifeguards, and of the 69th regiment; and Governor of Guernsey. Lord Amherst died on 3rd August, 1797.

form a camp. July 10th—Fire was opened upon Quebec from a battery (5 13 inch mortars, and 6 32 pounders) at Point Levi. July 18th—General Wolfe reconnoitred the north shore above the town, with a view to ascertain whether a landing could be effected. July 22nd—Colonel Carleton landed with a body of troops at Pointe-aux-Trembles, where a number of prisoners (including 150 ladies) were taken. The ladies were conveyed to Quebec the following day. July 28th—A duel was fought between Captain Ross and Lieutenant Naim of Fraser's regiment. July 31st—An attempt was made by two regiments from Point Levi, supported by the troops in camp to the east of the Montmorency River, to take the entrenchments on the west side of the Montmorency, but the attempt failed, and the troops were withdrawn; the casualties were thirty-eight killed and sixty-two wounded. The cause of failure was the precipitancy of the grenadiers, who rushed to the attack before the troops sent to their support had time to form. August 8th—An expedition under Brigadier Murray attempted a landing at Point-aux-Trembles, but finding the French were well prepared, withdrew with a loss of 26 men killed, and 10 officers and 36 men wounded, and about 10 sailors killed and wounded. August 19th—Deschambault was surprised by a force under Murray, and a large quantity of stores destroyed. August 27th—General Wolfe was taken ill, an occurrence which was very much regretted by the whole army, whose confidence in their general was unbounded; fortunately, the attack passed off, and the general was able to meet his officers in consultation on the 30th. August 29th—The *Sutherland* was attacked by seventy-five batteaux; the attack was, however, repulsed, with the loss of four batteaux. September 1st—All the houses on the east side of the Montmorency were burned by the British troops. On this and the following day the cannon which had been mounted on the works at Montmorency were removed to Point Levi, where preparations were made for the encampment of the troops which had occupied the works on the north shore, east of Quebec. September 3rd—General Wolfe withdrew the greater part of his men from the camp at Montmorency, and landed them at Point Levi. From this date until the 11th, observations were made daily by the General and his Brigadiers of the character of the north shore, and the vessels of war and the troops were so disposed as to be available for landing at the point there is every reason to believe the General had by this time selected, so soon as the weather, which had for some days been very wet and stormy, should moderate. September 4th—An officer and three Rangers arrived in the British camp with despatches from General Amherst to General Wolfe. They left Crown Point on the 8th August, at which time General Amherst was actively engaged in making all preparations necessary for taking possession of Lake Champlain, and thence advancing upon Canada. September 12—General Wolfe's orders of this day revealed the plan which he had finally resolved upon, namely, to make a vigorous attack on the west side of the city, where the French had supposed a landing to be impracticable. The army was directed to embark in flat-bottomed boats by midnight, and upon a signal from the *Sutherland* they were to repair to that rendezvous. Great care was taken in the selection of the party, which was under the command of Captain Delaune, to lead in the ascent of the heights; twenty-four men were finally chosen, and so care-

fully and well did they perform their duty that they were already on the heights before the French guard had been turned out to dispute the ascent. September 13th—By eight o'clock the British army, numbering about 4,800 men, under the immediate command of General Wolfe, was drawn up on the heights above what is now known as Wolfe's Cove, and prepared to advance on the city. Montcalm, on hearing that Wolfe had landed, lost no time in moving against him. The two armies met, the English reserving their fire until the French were within forty paces; a volley was then delivered with such precision that the advance of the French was checked at once; all efforts to re-form the line were vain, and thus, in a short half hour, was lost and won the City of Quebec, and with it the possession of a continent. General Wolfe, who had received three wounds, died on the field, and his body was sent to England.* As soon as the result of the battle became known, intrenching tools were served out, and the British troops at once began to make redoubts, not knowing but that they might, on the following day, have to fight to maintain the position they had so bravely won, it being reported that the French expected a reinforcement of 2000 men before morning. During the night a slight attack was made, but Colonel Burton, with the 48th Regiment, was able to drive off the assailants. September 14th—The Marquis of Montcalm* died of his wounds, and was buried in the Ursuline Convent in Quebec. September 18th — Quebec capitulated, and the Red Cross of St. George floated from the Gibraltar of America. When the news of the capture of Quebec reached Britain, the whole three kingdoms were filled with joy—the more so as British arms had, during the three or four years immediately preceding, sustained some severe reverses in Canada. London, and other cities and chief towns, sent congratulatory addresses to the king; and Parliament directed a statue to be erected in Westminster Abbey in commemoration of the death and achievements of General Wolfe; the thanks of Parliament were voted to the principal officers of the army and navy who had taken part in the expedition against Quebec.† A general thanksgiving was also ordered throughout the kingdom. In France, too, the loss of Quebec and the death of Montcalm made a painful impression upon the public mind, whilst through-

* Major-General James Wolfe was born at Westerham, in the County of Kent, in 1726. His father was a general officer; and Wolfe was thus enabled to commence his military career at an early age. He was present at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and also at Laffeldt, where he attracted the particular notice of the Duke of Cumberland, by whom he was ever afterwards befriended. Wolfe was specially selected by Pitt for the attack upon Louisburg, and his conduct on that occasion led to his being entrusted with the command of the land forces in the expedition against Quebec.

* Louis Joseph de Montcalm, Marquis of St. Veran, was born at Condiac in 1712, and like his rival, Wolfe, entered the army at an early age. He served in Italy, Bohemia and Germany, and had acquired considerable distinction, when the defeat of Dieskau rendered it necessary for the French Court to select an officer for the command in Canada. Montcalm justified the confidence placed in him, and did all that it was possible for him to do to maintain the supremacy of the French in Canada; but although millions could be found for the reckless extravagance of the French Court, and the Intendant Bigot could lose thousands at the gaming-table, no money was forthcoming to maintain the strength and efficiency of the army, and its General submitted to a fate he could not avert, and died happy that he had been spared the humiliation of having to surrender the Capital.

† The *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1794, (Vol. LXIV., Part I.) contains an account of the death, on 27th December, 1793, of Lieutenant John McCulloch, a native of the north of Ireland, who had, when very young, been taken by his father to North America. Lieutenant McCulloch was captured by the French in 1756, and taken to Quebec, where he was permitted to range about wherever he pleased until November, when he was charged with

out Europe it seemed to be taken for granted that the capture of Quebec had brought to a conclusion the struggle between France and England in the North American colonies. September 26th — That portion of the French army which had composed the garrison of Quebec, including 26 officers, 49 non-commissioned officers, and 540 rank and file, embarked at Quebec for France, conformably to the terms of the treaty. August 4th—Bourlamaque blew up Fort St. Frederic and retired to Isle-aux-Noix. General Amherst at once occupied the deserted post, and proceeded to erect a new fort. August 9th—M. de Levis left Quebec on a tour of inspection, and proceeded as far as Fort Frontenac, returning by way of Lake Champlain to Montreal, where he arrived on 11th September. On the 15th September de Levis was informed by express messenger that Montcalm had been beaten before Quebec. He left immediately and joined the army, of which he at once assumed the command, at the Jacques Cartier river, on the 17th, and led the troops back towards Quebec. He reached St. Augustin on the 19th, and there learned that Quebec had been surrendered by M. de Ramezay, commandant, on the 18th, upon which he retired to the Jacques Cartier and fortified his camp there. Admiral Saunders and General Townshend sailed from Quebec on the 18th of October, and were followed by General Monckton and Colonel Guy Carleton on the 24th, on which date the last of the English fleet left Quebec. November 28th—General Murray caused blockhouses to be erected outside the city of Quebec, to cover the fortifications. August 17th—Nova Scotia divided into five counties—Annapolis, King's, Cumberland, Lunenburg, and Halifax.—On 4th December the first session of the Second Assembly of Nova Scotia began. Mr. William Nesbit was chosen speaker.

1760. During the autumn of 1759 and spring of 1760 no serious attempt was made by the French Government to send aid to the handful of men who were still determined to hold out whilst defense was possible. Far different, however, was the conduct of the British Government. Stimulated by the success which had at length crowned their efforts, every endeavour was made to ensure the retention of that which had been so hardly won. Numerous squadrons covered the seas, so that the ocean-way between Europe and Canada was absolutely barred against France; whilst Lord Colville, with a powerful fleet, was waiting in Halifax until the spring should be sufficiently advanced to permit him to ascend the St. Lawrence. The Anglo-American Provinces vied with each other in their efforts to raise men and money to ensure the fruition of their hopes. The army at Quebec was to be reinforced, and ascend the St. Lawrence; Colonel Haviland was preparing for an advance from Lake Champlain by way of Isle-aux-Noix and St. John's; whilst General Amherst was to assemble a large force at Oswego, descend the St. Lawrence, and effect a junction with the two other corps at Montreal. February 22nd and 24th—Attacks were made by the French upon Point Levi, but they were promptly and easily repelled by the garrison. March 19th—Strong reinforcements were sent to Ste. Foye and Quebec. April 10th—

being a spy, and sent to France; from thence he was, in 1757, sent to England on an exchange of prisoners. Provided with a letter of introduction from General Shirley, Lieutenant McCulloch waited on General Wolfe; and it is claimed that from him Wolfe gained much information respecting the fortifications of Quebec, and first learned of the existence of that path by which the troops ascended to the Plains of Abraham.

The ice gave way, and General Murray sent off a schooner with despatches for the officer commanding the fleet to hasten his coming. April 24th and 25th —The inhabitants of Quebec were compelled to leave the city as an attack by the army of the Chevalier de Levis was daily expected. April 26th—M. de Levis landed his forces at Pointe-aux-Trembles, and marched on Lorette. April 27th—General Murray withdrew his troops from Cap-Rouge and Ste. Foye. April 28th—General Murray, having decided to risk a battle, marched out to Ste. Foye, where an engagement took place, which resulted in the defeat of the British force, which was compelled to retire into the city, with a loss of nearly one thousand men in killed and wounded. May 9th—The frigate *Lowestoff* arrived off Quebec and saluted the forts, her arrival being welcomed with the most lively satisfaction by the garrison. May 15th—The first division of the British fleet arrived. May 16th —The *Vanguard* moved up the river, accompanied by two frigates, captured the French shipping above Quebec, and prepared to enfilade the trenches of De Levis, who retired precipitately, leaving his cannon, tents, and war material, the whole of which fell into the hands of the British. July 15th—General Murray passed the Jacques Cartier on his way to Montreal, arriving at Three Rivers on 6th August and Sorel on the 12th. August 7th—Colonel Haldimand left Oswego with the first division of General Amherst's army, on his way down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. August 9th—Fort Jacques Cartier was attacked by Colonel Fraser, and surrendered the next day. August 10th—General Amherst left Oswego with the main body of Royal Artillery and regulars. August 12th—Brigadier-General Gage followed General Amherst from Oswego with eight battalions of Provincial troops. August 17th—La Galette (Osgewetchie) was reached, and a French vessel stationed there was captured. August 27th—Isle-aux-Noix surrendered to Colonel Haviland. September 3rd—Haviland's corps reached Longueuil, and General Amherst's force arrived at Isle Perrot. The forces of Amherst and Haviland were joined by those of General Murray on the 7th, and the combined force beleagured the city on the 8th. The Marquis de Vaudreuil had, however, on the 6th, come to the decision, in spite of the strong opposition of de Levis, who wished to fight to the last, that any further resistance was useless, and had sent a flag of truce to General Amherst, with an intimation that he was willing to negotiate for terms of surrender. On 8th September the capitulation of Montreal was signed by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and Canada passed finally under British rule. The British took possession of Montreal the same day. The Governor General, Chevalier de Levis,* the troops, numbering about 185 officers and 2400 men,

* The Chevalier de Levis lost no time, on his return to France, in seeking active employment, for he was present at the battle of Johannisberg, gained in 1762, by the Prince de Condé over the famous William, Duke of Brunswick. On the conclusion of the war he was appointed governor of Artois; he was nominated a Marshal of France, and created Duke de Levis in 1784. He died at Arras in 1787, leaving a son, Pierre Marie Gaston, duke de Levis, a well known political writer and moralist after the restoration. Among the officers who surrendered at Montreal with De Levis were Bourlamaque and Bougainville. These officers had taken an active part in the military operations in Canada during the latter years of the war, and now, at its close, returned to France, resolved, like De Levis, to continue in the service of their country. M. de Bourlamaque lived until 1764, and died at Guadaloupe, of which he was then governor. Colonel Bougainville entered the marine service, and fought, as a leading naval commander in the French fleet, during the war of American Independence. He afterwards took a voyage round the world, and became known by his geographical discoveries.

officers of the civil government,* and some 500 or 600 sailors, servants, women and children, embarked for France. Before leaving Canada, M. de Vaudreuil sent orders to the commandant at Detroit, and to other officers commanding French posts in the west, to surrender their commands to such British officers as might be deputed to take them over. Thus, by 1761, French domination existed no longer in any part of Canada, after a duration of nearly two centuries. September 9th—Amongst the articles taken possession of by General Amherst on entering Montreal, were the colours of Shirley's and Pepperell's regiments, which had been lost at Oswego when these regiments surrendered in 1756. These colours were marched out of Montreal by a detachment of grenadiers and a band of music, and carried down the right of the line to headquarters, where they were lodged. — Governor Lawrence was taken ill on Saturday, 11th October, with fever and inflammation of the lungs, of which he died on Sunday the 19th. During the eleven years he had spent in Nova Scotia, he occupied either the chief or a prominent position in all its affairs, both civil and military, and won the respect and confidence as well of the authorities in England as of the settlers of Nova Scotia. On the death of Governor Lawrence the command of the Province was assumed by the Honorable Jonathan Belcher.†—King George II. died at Kensington Palace on the 25th October, in his 77th year, and was succeeded by his grandson, King George III.—When the capture of Quebec by the English became known amongst the Acadian Indians a disposition to treat for peace soon became apparent, and treaties of peace were accordingly made by the Micmacs and the St. John and Passamaquoddy tribes with the Governor of Nova Scotia, early in the Spring of 1760.—In May six vessels left Bordeaux with 400 troops and horses to strengthen the garrison of Montreal. Three of these vessels were captured in the English Channel; the remaining three reached the Bay of Chaleurs and landed the troops at the mouth of the Restigouche, where there were fortifications and the beginning of a town to be called Petite Rochelle. Commodore Byron had followed the French vessels, and arrived at the Restigouche on the 24th June; and on the 8th of July an action took place which resulted in the capture of the three French vessels—the *Machault*, 32; *Bienfaisant*, 22; and *Marquis Marloze*, 18—the recapture of several small English trading vessels, and the total destruction of the place. Byron afterwards destroyed the settlements (some 200 houses) on the Mirimachi.—On the 8th of September Governor Lawrence opened the second session of the Second General Assembly of Nova Scotia; this

* On their return to France a strict investigation was held into the conduct of the Governor-General, Intendant, and other civil officers charged with the administration of affairs in Canada. On 10th December, 1763, the president of the commission which had been appointed to conduct the investigation, rendered his final decree regarding the parties accused. De Vaudreuil was, with five others, relieved from the accusation. Bigot, the Intendant, who had been committed to the Bastile on 17th November, 1761, was sentenced to exile for life. Many of the less prominent officers were sentenced to banishment for various terms, and compelled to make restitution. The amount thus ordered to be made good by defaulters is said to have exceeded 11,000,000 of francs.

† Jonathan Belcher was the second son of Governor Belcher of Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard, Cambridge, where he graduated; he then went to England, and entered at the Middle Temple. He was appointed Chief Justice of Nova Scotia in 1754, and was one of the strongest advocates of the necessity for a representative Assembly in Nova Scotia. Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, who was born at Halifax, was the grandson of Chief Justice Belcher.

session closed on the 27th September, having passed twenty acts, and a resolution that their constituents should not be put to any expense for their attendance.—On 9th February Mr. Pitt had given instructions that the fortress of Louisburg should be demolished, the harbour made as impracticable as possible, and the garrison, artillery, stores, &c., be sent to Halifax. The work of demolition had been carried on during the summer under the superintendence of Commodore Byron, and the last blast was fired on the 17th October.—Major-General Paul Mascarene, whose moral qualities, patience, and perseverance in loyalty and duty had endeared him to Nova Scotia, died this year.—Captain John Rous* also died this year.—The House of Commons voted £200,000 to the North American Provinces for the expense of levying, clothing, and pay of troops raised by them for His Majesty's service in the war with the French in Canada.—Colonel Frye, in command of Fort Cumberland, Chignecto, reports to the Governor of New England, on 7th March, that the inhabitants of Miramichi, Richibucto, Buctouche and other places on the Bay of Chaleurs, had, accompanied by M. Menach,‡ their priest, formally renewed their submission, and subscribed to certain articles drawn specially to meet their cases. M. Menach also brought with him two Indian chiefs, Paul Lawrence and Augustine Michael, who came on behalf of their tribes (Micmacs) to tender their submission. The total number of Micmacs who gave in their submission amounted to nearly 3,000, represented by fourteen chiefs.—For several years the dark clouds of war had overshadowed the land, the long gathering storm had at last burst on the Plains of Abraham—the struggle was over—and the sky was now clear; but in its mighty course the tempest had swept away forever the golden lilies of France, and the meteor flag of England floated over the Capital of Canada. Henceforward the matter of fact Saxon was to rule in place of the glory-loving Frank, and the influence of commerce was to rise superior to the glorious traditions of war.

* Captain John Rous, then Captain of a Boston privateer, first came into notice in 1744, when he captured five armed French vessels at the port of Fishot, Newfoundland. He was engaged in the expedition against Cape Breton in 1745, and in acknowledgment of his services on this occasion he was, on the 24th September, 1745, gazetted a Captain in the Royal Navy. In 1755 he commanded the little squadron which accompanied Colonels Winslow and Monckton in the expedition against Fort Beausejour. In 1756 he accompanied the Earl of Loudon in his unsuccessful attempt against Louisburg. Captain Rous was in command of the *Sutherland* at the capture of Louisburg and at the seige of Quebec, and it was from the deck of that vessel that General Wolfe's last order was issued previous to the battle on the Plains of Abraham. Captain Rous was sworn in a member of the Council of Nova Scotia on the 1st of October, 1754.

‡ The Abbe Miniac, or Menach, came to Acadia with Father Gerard in 1742. He brought letters from the Bishop of Quebec to Governor Mascarene setting forth that he was a man of experience and ability, and had filled the offices of Grand Vicar and Archdeacon. He was placed in charge of the Indian mission at Miramichi in 1775, succeeding M. La Corne.