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PARLIAMENTARY LAW AFFECTING LAWYERS IN PARLIAMENT.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C.

LAWYERS, for the great and good service of the Commonwealth,' says Sir Edward Coke, 'have been eligible for members of Parliament.' And although English Parliamentary history shows that some of the members of the long robe became the unscrupulous defenders of unconstitutional sovereigns, it also shows that others distinguished themselves as the able and patriotic advocates of the liberties of the people, and, 'for the great and good service of the Commonwealth,' led to successful issues those great contests between the House of Commons and the Crown, which resulted in the establishment of Parliamentary government, and of those constitutional rules by which the boundaries of Parliamentary privilege and Prerogative right are clearly defined and limited.

The training of the lawyer and his mastery of the principles of the Common Law, which are the foundations of our jurisprudence, fitted him for the

legislative work of Parliament; and therefore we can well understand how the presence of lawyers in Parliament was recognised from early times. In 1300, when Edward I. summoned a Parliament to consider of his right to Scotland, the writs issued for the election of members recited the King's desire to have 'conference and treaty' with men learned in the law (*jurisperitis*), and others, upon his ancient right and dominion over Scotland (a). The University of Oxford was directed to elect four or five, and the University of Cambridge to elect two or three 'of their most discreet and learned lawyers' (b) (*de discretioribus et in jure scripto magis expertis*). And though it is alleged that the rule and intention of the early constitution of Parliament was that the constituencies should elect members from amongst their re-

(a) Luder's Parliaments, 63.

(b) *Ibid.* 266.

sidents, who should be acquainted with their necessities and grievances, yet in practice the electors swerved from this strictness, and elected outsiders (a). The number of practising lawyers who sat in Parliament, says Hallam, seems to afford the inference that this election of non-residents had begun in the reign of Edward III. It is not to be doubted that many practising lawyers were men of landed estate in their own counties (b).

But the lawyers of that time did not use their privileges wisely, for, says Hallam, 'these lawyers put forward many petitions in the name of the Commons which only concerned their clients, as we may guess from the number of proposals for changing the course of legal process which fill the rolls during this reign' (c).

In an unwise attempt to remedy this abuse, the House of Lords adopted an ordinance (not having the force of an Act of Parliament), in 46th Edward III. (1372)—and made, as stated in a note to Ruffhead's edition of the Statutes, 'after the dismissal of the Knights of the Shire, which irregularity might perhaps be the reason why it was not entered upon the statute roll or printed in the Statute Book'—by which it was declared that no gentlemen of the law (*gentz de ley*) who conducted various businesses for other persons in the Courts of the King, and who brought before Parliament various petitions in the name of the Commons,

(a) By 1st Henry V. c. 1 (1413), it was enacted that the Knights of the Shire to be chosen shall not be chosen unless they be resident when they be chosen the day of the date of the writ of the summons to Parliament, and that the Knights and Esquires and others who shall be chosen of those Knights of the Shires be also resident within the same Shires in manner and form aforesaid; and that the citizens and burgesses of the cities and boroughs be chosen of citizens and burgesses resident, dwelling, and free in the same cities and boroughs, and not otherwise. The provision as to residence was repealed by 14 George III. c. 58 (1774) as 'unnecessary and obsolete.'

(b) Hallam's Middle Ages, 528.

(c) Ibid.

which in no wise related to them, but only to the private persons for whom they were engaged, should be returned or accepted as members of Parliament, and that the *gentz de ley* then returned 'should not have any wages' (a).

Thirty-two years afterwards a Parliament was elected in accordance with this ordinance, to which historians have given the soubriquet of *Parliamentum indoctum*, or, 'The unlearned Parliament' (b). Sir William Blackstone, referring to it, says that by an unconstitutional prohibition, grounded upon an ordinance of the House of Lords, there was inserted in the King's writs for the Parliament holden 6th Henry IV. (1404), that no apprentice or other man of the law—*qui in jure regni docti fuissent*—should be elected a Knight of the Shire (c). And Sir Edward Coke, the great master of Parliamentary and Common Law, gives this testimony:—'At a Parliament holden at Coventry, anno 6, Henry IV., the Parliament was summoned by writ, and by colour of the said ordinance it was forbidden that no lawyer should be chosen knight, citizen, or burgess; by reason whereof this Parliament was fruitless, and never a good law made thereat, and, therefore, called *Indoctum Parliamentum*, or lack-learning Parliament.' And so it was, for only one Act, relating to first fruits, sheriffs, escheators, &c. (repealed in 1863), was passed in that Parliament. 'And seeing these writs were against law,' says Sir Edward Coke, 'lawyers ever since, for the great and good service of the Commonwealth, have been eligible; for as it hath been said the writs of Parliament cannot be altered without an Act of Parliament, and albeit the prohibiting clause had been inserted in

(a) 10 Ruffhead's Statutes (Appendix), 43; 1 Revised Statutes (Imp.) 217.

(b) 'If you were not assisted by the Judges, and the House of Commons by other gentlemen of the long robe, experience tells us you might run the hazard of being styled *Parliamentum Indoctum*.'—*Mr. Waller's Speech before the House of Lords*.—Barr. Anc. Stat. 338.

(c) 1 Bl. Com. 202.

the writ, yet, being against law, lawyers were of right eligible, and might have been elected knight, citizen, or burgess in that Parliament (a).'

James I., after dissolving the Parliament, which, on Sir Edward Coke's motion, had adopted the famous 'Protestation concerning the liberties of the House' (b), and with the intention, doubtless, of indicating his desire that Sir Edward Coke and the other leaders of the Parliamentary opposition should not be elected, issued a Proclamation in which voters for members of Parliament were warned 'not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who may seek reputation by stirring needless questions' (c).

Some further reasons, in addition to those above stated, have been suggested for the exclusion of lawyers from Parliament. Whitelocke says, they were excluded by the Crown, who apprehended opposition from them. Barrington, in his work on 'Ancient Statutes' (p. 373), supposes that the exclusion arose, not from contempt of the law, but of the professors of it, who at this time being auditors (stewards) to, and dependent upon men of property, received an annual stipend, *pro concilio impenso et impendendo*, and were treated as retainers. And Carte, the historian, thinks the reason why so many lawyers sought to become members of Parliament, arose from their desire to receive the wages then paid to members by their constituents, whilst from their profession they were obliged to be resident in London (d).

But in ancient law-making, as in modern legislative work, lawyers were found to be such valuable members of Parliament, that the rash and unconstitutional experiment of 1404 was never repeated, except in the abortive attempt of James I. to exclude 'curi-

ous and wrangling lawyers' referred to above. From the frequent reference made to them in the earlier Journals of the House of Commons, their presence appears to have been so needed that they were more frequently called upon for committee and legislative work than other members. For instance, we find orders like the following: 'The Serjeants of the Law to be warned for their attendance at the Committee for matters of the Union [with Scotland] this afternoon' (a). 'All the Serjeants at Law, and other lawyers to be sent for by the Sergeant of this House with his Mace, out of Westminster Hall' (b). 'A special order moved and made, that no lawyer of the House depart the town without license of the House' (c)—meaning that they should not leave the House to attend to their briefs on circuit. 'That the lawyers and serjeants be sent for—a collection of them' (d)—without indicating anything of their politics, or whether the collection was to be made in the Common Law or Equity Courts, or out of the 'senior' or 'junior' bar. Again, 'That the deficient of lawyers, if they come not by this day se'n-night be sent for by warrant' (e). And, as if to make it certain that the House was in earnest, it ordered 'the Sergeant to warn the lawyers to attend,' and directed 'the lawyers of the House to be put in writing, and to be noted if they be absent,' which was subsequently done, as appears by the entry, 'The names of the lawyers read that were absent' (f), but no punishment appears to have been awarded against these 'deficients.' And in the matter of 'impositions' or 'grievances,' the House desired 'that the King's Counsel may attend this afternoon, and all other lawyers of the House' (g); and when the report of the Committee on grievances was brought

(a) 4 Coke's Inst. 47.

(b) 'King James in Council, with his own hand, rent out this Protestation.'—1 Commons Journal, 668.

(c) Barrington's 'Ancient Statutes,' 337.

(d) Ibid.

(a) 1 Commons Journal, 184.

(b) Ibid. 188. (c) Ibid. 326.

(d) Ibid. 412. (e) Ibid.

(f) Ibid, 441. (g) Ibid, 421.

in, an order was made 'that the lawyers prepare themselves, and the report be disputed on Friday peremptorily' (a). Some time afterwards, however, an order was made imposing a fine upon those who came in after prayers. In the debate, it was urged that 'lawyers cannot attend in term time,' to which the Solicitor General replied, 'that lawyers spend their time ill in Westminster Hall, if they, for their late coming, cannot afford to pay sixpence' (b).

But the House would allow lawyers of only one religious persuasion to practice, for later on we find an order 'that all lawyers of the House be added to the Committee respecting recusants, and by them consideration be taken of the best means to discover Popishly-inclined persons living in the Inns of Court and Chancery, or that are lawyers and practise the law, and to prevent all hurt which can grow by them' (c).

There was a time when there were no Queen's Counsel, with the right of pre-audience in the Courts. And as the House had so earnestly desired the attendance of lawyers at its sittings, it acted consistently in sending its Sergeant-at-Arms to the Courts with the following message:—'Ordered, that the Sergeant go to all the Courts to move them, from this House, to hear those of this House before any other, that so they may attend their service in this House, and yet not lose their practice' (d).

Young lawyers got into Parliament in those days, and one of them, designated as 'one of the busy young lawyers in the Proclamation [of James I.] that ought not to have been elected,' was, on the 16th of February, 1620, expelled from the House, after being called to the Bar upon his knees and informed by the Speaker, that 'his offence great, exorbitant, never the

like, but that the House was very merciful, and might have imprisoned and further punished him.' His offence appears to have been that in a debate on a Bill respecting the Sabbath, which he desired should be called Sunday, he indulged in certain alleged atheistical sentiments, and called the laws against Papists 'gynnes and barracadoes,' and those against Puritans 'mousetraps,' and charged that the Bill 'was a mousetrap to catch a Puritan,' and he 'paralleled David's dancing to dancing at a May pole, which was a general scandal' (a).

The House occasionally usurped the powers of our modern Benchers, and the prerogatives of the Courts in dealing with junior barristers and attorneys: for about the time of the expulsion of the young lawyer just referred to, the House appointed three separate committees to deal with the following offences:—'Against young lawyers making unfitting speeches against men in their pleadings;' 'to prevent the excessive fees of lawyers;' 'to provide against any lawyer taking fees in any one term, on both sides;' and 'against judges suffering their sons or favourites to practise before them, to prevent this, and against favourites in all Courts' (b). And later on (10th of March, 1605), a Bill was brought in and passed, 'to reform the multitudes and misdemeanours of attorneys and solicitors-at law, and to avoid certain unnecessary suits and charges in law' (c)—a measure which had subsequently to be supplemented by a Bill 'for abridging the number of unskilful attorneys, and for reducing them to an orderly practice.'

But attorneys were not looked upon with much favour by the House. They appear to have been occasionally thorns in the path of impecunious members; and for their daring in issuing and serving the ordinary legal

(a) *Ibid.* 441.(b) *Ibid.* 668.(c) *Ibid.* 863.(d) *Ibid.* 479.(a) *Ibid.* 521-5.(b) *Ibid.* 595.(c) *Ibid.* 837. 3rd James I., c. 7.

process against these impecunious members and their servants, they were declared 'guilty of a breach of the privileges of the House,' and sent to the Tower, or to Newgate, or to the easier custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, to atone for their offences.

The jurisdiction of the High Court of Parliament over attorneys' Bills of Costs was asserted only once, as we believe. On the 4th of April, 1700, the indignation of the House of Commons was aroused against an attorney named Rogers, for sending to some clients of his—and who, as appears by the motion, were not members of Parliament—an exorbitant bill of costs, with a letter threatening to sue for the same; and as a terror to grasping and evil-minded attorneys, Rogers was made an example of, as appears by the following entry in the journals of the House, under the head of 'exorbitant charge by a solicitor, respecting a petition:'

'A complaint having been made to the House of an exorbitant and scandalous bill of charges, delivered by one Thomas Rogers, a solicitor, to the gunners of Portsmouth, in respect of a petition of theirs presented to the House the last session of Parliament, highly reflecting in divers articles thereof, upon the honour of the House and proceedings thereof, and the House being further informed that the said Rogers threatens to sue the Petitioners at law for the said demands; ordered, that the said Thomas Rogers be, for the said offence, sent for in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms' (a).

After having thus asserted its summary jurisdiction over the members of the legal profession, it was proper that the House should enforce those duties which relate to the discharge of the judicial and legislative functions of Parliament. All members of Parliament are called upon to legislate in respect of private and public rights for the public, or for those who may

be suppliants or petitioners for special legislation. And in that capacity they are bound to act as judges rather than as lawyers or politicians. And in the performance of their legislative as well as their professional duties, the members of the Bar should ever remember that they belong to a profession which has always claimed and insisted that the highest honour and the highest character should be maintained by its members; a profession which, while it acknowledges and upholds the absolute purity of the Bench, claims that the reflex of that purity is, and always should be, shed around the members of an honourable and learned Bar. They should remember, too, that their profession, because of its ability and trained power of argument, stands in the full light of a keen and searching public opinion, and that the reputation of high honour and integrity which is claimed for it should ever be maintained unsullied.

We have referred to the statements of Barrington and Hallam that many of the lawyers at the time of their exclusion from Parliament, in 1404, held retainers and received annual stipends from the great lords and men of property, and put forward petitions in the name of the Commons which only concerned their clients; and it was doubtless from the fact that, subsequently, many of the lawyers elected to Parliament, were in the habit of appearing as counsel in respect of private legislation before the House of Lords, that induced the House of Commons to discountenance such practice as inconsistent with the independence and duty of a member of Parliament. The earliest case which illustrates the action of the House occurred in 1558, and is thus reported: 'It was declared to the House by one of the burgesses that Mr. Story had not well used himself, being a member of this House, to go before the Lords, and be of counsel with the Bishop of Winchester against the patentee [of his lands]; which by the House was taken to be

(a) 13 Commons Journal, 313.

a fault. Whereupon, Mr. Story excused himself by ignorance of any such order, and since had considered it, and doth acknowledge it not to be well done, and accordingly required the House to remit it, which willingly by the House was remitted.^(a) Subsequently the practice was expressly prohibited by a standing order passed on the 6th November, 1666,^(b) in the following words:—‘That such members of the House as are of the long robe shall not be of counsel on either side in any Bill depending in the Lords’ House, before such Bill shall come down from the Lords’ House to this House.’ This rule has been relaxed only on rare occasions—once when the King’s and Queen’s Attorneys and Solicitors-General, then members of the House, were permitted to plead before the House of Lords for and against the Bill against Queen Caroline, and then it was understood they should not vote on it in the Commons; and again when Mr. Roebuck was allowed to appear against the Sudbury Disfranchisement Bill, which had passed the Commons, and then only because it was held to be a Bill involving a matter of public policy.

The foundation of this rule is the unwritten law of Parliament, which declares that ‘a member is incapable of practising as counsel before the House or any Committee, not only with a view to prevent pecuniary influence upon his votes, but also because it would be beneath his dignity to plead before a court of which he is himself a constituent part. Nor is it consistent with parliamentary or professional usage for a member of Parliament to advise as counsel upon any private bill, petition, or other proceeding in Parliament’^(c).

But although the unwritten law of Parliament had enabled the House to punish by expulsion members who had

received moneys ‘for their pains and services’ in promoting private bills in Parliament, the House, on the 2nd May, 1695, affirmed the common law of Parliament, ‘making it a high crime and misdemeanour for any one to presume to offer money to any member of the House to stimulate him in the discharge of his duties’^(a), in the following words:—‘That the offer of any money or other advantage to any member of Parliament for the promoting of any matter whatsoever depending, or to be transacted, in Parliament, is a high crime and misdemeanour, and tends to the subversion of the English Constitution.’^(b)

Prior to this, and about 1571, complaint was made to the House that some members had been guilty of some gross breaches of parliamentary law in taking ‘fees or rewards for their voices in the furtherance or hindrance of Bills offered in the House,’ and a Committee was forthwith appointed to examine the matter, and on the following day they reported, ‘That they cannot learn of any that hath sold his voice in this House, or in any way dealt unlawfully or indirectly in that behalf’^(c).

In 1677, complaint was made to the House that Mr. John Ashburnham, a member, had received £500 for promoting the business of French merchants in connection with legislation. His was the first case of the kind recorded in the journals of the House. The charge was investigated and proved, and he was expelled under a resolution which declared that he had ‘committed an offence to the dishonour of the House, and contrary to his duty as a member thereof’^(d).

But this precedent before their eyes did not prevent a Speaker of the House (Sir John Trevor), who also held the judicial office of Master of

(a) 1 Commons Journal, 58.

(b) 8 Commons Journal, 646.

(c) May’s ‘Parliamentary Practice,’ 377.

(a) 151 Hans. 3rd, S. 177.

(b) 11 Commons Journal, 331.

(c) *Ibid.* 93.

(d) 9 Commons Journal, 24.

the Rolls, and another member, the Chairman of the Committee (Mr. John Hungerford, M.P. for Scarborough), in 1694, from receiving 'gratuities' from parties interested in the promotion of a private bill before the House, and which violation of Parliamentary law was doubtless the cause of the passing of the resolution above referred to. The City of London was at that time promoting 'The City of London's Orphans' Bill,' and after the passing of the Bill the city gave to the Speaker (Sir John Trevor) 1,000 guineas as a 'gratuity,' as expressive of its gratitude for his services in aiding in the passage of the Bill. For this act of dishonour he was expelled the House, and he had from the chair to put the resolution which declared, 'That Sir John Trevor, Speaker of this House, receiving 1,000 guineas from the City of London after passing of the Orphans' Bill, is guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour' ^(a). Such a crime could not be concealed, for, with a curious and quaint simplicity, the city officers entered in the books the payment to the accomplice in this crime, Mr. Hungerford, as follows:—'March 23, paid Mr. Hungerford, Chairman of the Grand Committee, for his pains and services, twenty guineas.' The city books with this entry were produced to the House, and thereupon it was ordered 'that Mr. Hungerford, a member, being guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour by receiving twenty guineas for his pains and services as Chairman of the Committee to whom the Orphans' Bill was committed, be expelled this House' ^(b). These cases doubtless led to the adoption of the standing order of 1695.

Other cases occurred during the same Parliament—one, the case of Mr. Henry Guy, the Secretary of the Treasury and a member of the House. His crime was charged in the bald term

'a bribe of two hundred guineas.' He was not expelled, but was committed prisoner to the Tower of London ^(a), under the following resolution:—'Resolved, that Mr. Henry Guy, a member of this House, for taking a bribe of two hundred guineas, be committed prisoner to the Tower of London, and that Mr. Speaker do issue his warrant accordingly' ^(b).

But the case which more accurately illustrates the position and duty of the lawyer in Parliament is the case where one Bird, an attorney, offered a fee of a guinea to Mr. Musgrave, a barrister and a member of Parliament, to revise a petition relating to a private Bill then before the House. Mr. Musgrave, according to his duty, at once reported the matter to the House, and an order was made directing Bird to attend the House and answer for his offence. The Journal reports the case thus:—

'The House being informed by Mr. Musgrave that Mr. Robert Bird, of Staple Inn, came to him yesterday, in the Court of Request, and desired him to present a petition, and pulled out some guineas to give him for the same; ordered, that Mr. Robert Bird, attorney-at-law, be summoned to attend this House upon Monday morning.

'Mr. Bird, attending according to order, was called in, and, being at the Bar, was told by Mr. Speaker that there had been a complaint made against him to this House for offering money to Mr. Musgrave, a member of this House to present a petition to the House. Whereupon he said that some persons did apprehend that a Bill depending in this House for settling an estate late of Mr. Howland, did affect their interest in part of that estate, and therefore desired him to prepare a petition to be presented to this House for the protection of their interests, which accordingly he did;

(a) Commons Journal, 236, 275.

(b) The vote for his expulsion stood 66 yeas and 103 noes (11 Com. Jour. 307.)

(a) 5 Parliamentary History, 908.

(b) 11 Commons Journal, 283.

and that he being a stranger to the proceedings of this House, and there being a title in the case, and knowing Mr. Musgrave to be a gentleman of the long robe, did intend to give him a guinea for his advice in that matter; but understanding by Mr. Musgrave he had committed an error in so doing, he begged pardon of Mr. Musgrave, as he now did of the House; and he then withdrew.

'Resolved, That the said Mr. Bird be called in, and that Mr. Speaker do reprimand him upon his knees at the Bar.

'And he was called in, and upon his knees reprimanded accordingly, and then discharged' (a).

About 1720, there occurred a scandal in English political history which brought discredit on the English name, and disaster on several of the leading statesmen and politicians. The South Sea Company and the Bank of England were competitors for the funding of the National Debt. The former won by corrupting the leading men of the Ministry and House of Commons. But their sin was soon found out; Parliament was hastily summoned, and met on the 8th December, 1720, for the nation 'could seek for relief nowhere but in Parliament; and, true to its duty, the House effectively and expeditiously investigated the charge, and, on the 28th January following, expelled the guilty members.

The Parliamentary investigation disclosed that while the Company's Bill, authorizing the contract with the Government, was being promoted in Parliament, about £170,000 of paid up stock had been placed to the credit of members of the Ministry and of the House of Commons, as a 'gift,' without any prior 'agreement' or 'understanding' whatever. The members implicated were the Earl of Sutherland, First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. John Aislabie, M.P., Chancellor of the Ex-

chequer; Mr. James Craggs, M.P., Postmaster-General; (a) and Mr. Charles Stanhope, M.P., Secretary of the Treasury. Of these, the Earl of Sutherland and Mr. Stanhope were cleared by a very narrow majority, or as a writer at the time observed, 'by the unworthy partiality of Parliament.' Mr. Craggs died pending the investigation, but his estates were confiscated to make good the losses of the Company; and Mr. Aislabie, who vehemently denied any corrupt intent or bargain in the matter, was expelled the House, and committed prisoner to the Tower.

Equally effective were the measures taken against the incriminated members of the House. Five were expelled the House, and committed prisoners to the Tower; and to make good the losses to the Company, the following sums were levied from their estates:—Sir Theodore Janssen, M.P. for Yarmouth, £200,000; Sir Robert Chaplin, M.P. for Great Grimsby, £35,000; Mr. Jacob Sawbridge, M.P. for Cricklade, £72,000; Mr. Francis Eyles, M.P. for Chippenham, £45,000; and Sir George Caswell, M.P., who had been knighted three years before for 'having loaned the Government large sums of money, at three per cent., when they could get it nowhere else,' £250,000 (b).

The ministers of the Crown and members of Parliament involved in this scandal were, by an Act passed in 1721 (7th George I. c. 28), disabled from holding any office or place of trust under the Crown, and from sitting or voting in Parliament thereafter, in order 'to deter all persons

(a) This minister had acted as a Lord Justice of Great Britain during Queen Anne's reign, in the negotiations respecting the boundaries of the Hudson Bay territories after the Treaty of Utrecht. — *Ontario Boundary Documents*, 360.

(b) The proceedings of the House of Commons in investigating these charges against the Ministers and M.P.s, will be found in 7 *Parliamentary History*, 685-856.

(a) 11 Commons Journal, 275.

from committing the like wicked practices for the time to come.' (a).

We pass by the days of Robert Walpole and the days when public contractors revelled in the possession of paid members of Parliament in their service, during the times of the great continental wars at the beginning of this century ; for to the honour of the profession be it said, that the name of no lawyer of prominence stands associated with those days of public corruption. We now come to the days when public honour and public morality had triumphed over corruption in Parliament.

In 1830 the following case occurred : Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, member for Colchester, a solicitor, had entered into a partnership with Mr. Sydney, another solicitor, as solicitors and Parliamentary agents, and the firm sent a notice to a country solicitor, who was promoting a Bill before the House, that Mr. Harvey's practice and experience in promoting Bills in Parliament gave him facilities for conducting Parliamentary business which would be found very advantageous to his clients. The letter was franked by Mr. Harvey as M.P., and had on it what appeared to be the ordinary seal of the firm. The country solicitor brought the matter before the House, and petitioned Parliament to take into its serious consideration ' whether the practice, above disclosed, of members possessing an interest in Bills which were in progress through the House was not one which ought to be disallowed.' (b).

In the debate which followed Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham said : ' He marvelled to hear it a matter of doubt whether an individual, being a judge of some of the Courts at Westminster, a justice of Quarter Sessions, or even a member of any inferior judiciary, exercising deliberate functions,

could practise in those Courts or judicatures as counsel, agent, or solicitor. It was a proposition utterly repugnant in itself. The same rule must apply to the House of Commons ' (a). And Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel gave these reasons against the practice :— 1st. Because it was consistent with the uniform practice of the House that lawyers should not take any part as members of Parliament in any proceedings wherein they were professionally engaged ; and the same rule should apply to solicitors ; 2nd. That any member taking pecuniary reward for his services did that which was incompatible with the discharge of any Parliamentary duty ; 3rd. The practice referred to gave members of Parliament an undue preference over the other members of their own profession, and therefore it should not be sanctioned by the House (b). To put a stop to this practice, the House, by a large majority, adopted the following standing order :—

' That it is contrary to the law and usage of Parliament that any member of this House should be permitted to engage, either by himself or any partner, in the management of Private Bills before this or the other House of Parliament, for pecuniary reward (c).'

We have now shown from the written and the unwritten practice of Parliament ; from the exposition of Parliamentary law by Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel, from the nature of the judicial and legislative functions incident to the position of a member of Parliament, that the independence and honour of the House is as well protected against the monetary influence of the subject as it is now protected by statute from the monetary and official influence of the Crown.

From the examples above quoted, it will be seen that the law of Parliament has been exemplified in such a

(a) Reg. ealed by 30 and 31 Vic., c. 59, L. R. 2, St. 475.

(b) 22 Hansard, 2nd S., 727.

(a) 22 Hansard, 2nd S., 1025.

(b) Ibid, 1038.

(c) 85 Commons Journal, 7.

way that it was not necessary in order to constitute a breach of the law that there should be any payment, called in the rough vernacular 'a bribe,' or that there should be any prior agreement, understanding, or expectation that any money or fee would be paid for services in legislation. But if money had come to, and been accepted by, a member, whether as a 'gratuity' or as 'payment' for services rendered, the Parliamentary crime was committed which rendered the guilty member liable to expulsion. These examples show that from the earliest days Parliament has exercised a strict surveillance over its members in cases where there had been the reception of money for services rendered in the House; and that it has endeavoured by the extreme punishment of expulsion to war against the corruption of members and the 'selling of their voices' in Parliament. According to the common sense of the thing, the member who accepts a fee from private parties for services rendered in Parliament sells for money his judicial and legislative functions, and surrenders his independent and free judgment of right and wrong in respect of the measure before the House; his usefulness there 'for the great and good service of the Commonwealth' is gone; and he becomes for the time being the representative of the private interest whose money is in his pocket, rather than the representative of the people he was elected to serve.

But while Parliament has thus punished the acceptance of money for legislative services, another, and equally dangerous interference with the judicial and legislative functions of Parliament, came prominently before the House, and was dealt with in consequence of the following case:—

In 1858, a charge was preferred against Mr. Isaac Butt, M. P., for Youghal, an able and eloquent Irish Queen's Counsel, that he had, while a member of Parliament, agreed, in consideration of receiving a large sum

of money, to advocate and prosecute in the House of Commons, certain claims of the Ameer of Rhajapoor, in Scinde. A committee of the House was appointed to investigate the charge, and their report, while it acquitted Mr. Butt of the corrupt agreement charged, reported that he was to receive £10,000 to proceed to India to prosecute the Ameer's claims before the Local Government of Bombay; and that it was not shown that any payment to Mr. Butt had reference to any proceedings in Parliament (a). But to show the opinion of the House as to the employment of members in regard to matters which might thereafter come before them in their capacity as members of the House, the following resolution which applies equally to lay, as it does to legal, members was carried:

'That it is contrary to the usage, and derogatory to the dignity of this House, that any of its members should bring forward, promote or advocate in this House, any proceeding or measure in which he may have acted, or been concerned, for or in consideration of any pecuniary fee or reward' (b).

This resolution affirms the principle which should guide every member of Parliament, lawyer and layman, in his public duty. During the debate, the views of one of the leading journals were quoted by Lord Hotham, the mover of the resolution, as follows:— 'A barrister in Parliament is retained by a fee of exaggerated magnitude, to advise upon business professedly intended to be brought before an ordinary court of law. Consultations are gravely held, and suggestions gravely made, to the effect that the matter is one in which resort to a legal tribunal is hopeless. The legal member, to whom the retaining fee has been paid, is requested to undertake the case. He does so ostensibly as a representative of the people giving his unbiassed opinion on a matter of national con-

(a) 148 Hansard, 3rd S, 1855.

(b) 113 Commons Journal, 247.

cern—*really as a hired advocate, uttering purchased sentences*, on behalf of a cause in which his interest is only of the pounds, shillings and pence kind. The House cannot hesitate a moment in stringently enforcing the plain rule, that no legal member shall advocate or promote in Parliament any cause or matter in respect of which he has been professionally consulted as a fee'd advocate (a).

Sir Hugh (now Earl) Cairns, who was then Solicitor-General, warmly vindicated his legal brethren in the House, from the imputation sought to be cast upon them by some of the speakers, and—in words in which all honourable men will concur—added: 'That every member of the profession who entertains that feeling of honour which he believed was common to the whole body, would at once declare that he could not advocate, or even vote for any question in the House, in which he had been professionally engaged, lest he might unconsciously, perhaps, be biassed by the opinion which he had, as an advocate, expressed outside of the House (b).

The evil thus sought to be corrected, was that members of Parliament, who in their professional capacity as barristers, had been retained as counsel in cases, or who held the position of standing counsel for individual clients or corporations, should not 'confuse

their two capacities,' and act as advocates outside, and judges inside of Parliament; or as the *Times* put it,— 'have one hand raised in philanthropic declamation, and the other thrust behind to take the rupees.'

It will be seen that the resolution passed in 1858, extends to all cases of employment, professional and otherwise, the principle enunciated by the House of Commons three hundred years before, when it declared in 1558, that 'Mr. Story had not well used himself, being a member of this House, to go before the Lords and be of counsel with the Bishop of Winchester, and which, by the House was taken to be a fault' (a); and also the standing order of 1666, which prohibited members of the House, who were of the 'long robe,' acting as counsel in promoting private bills before the Lords (b).

The views enunciated by Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Cairns in the cases above referred to, and the reasons which induced the House of Lords to pass the ordinance of 1372, which excluded lawyers from Parliament, show the sense in which Sir Edward Coke's words, that lawyers, 'for the great and good service of the Commonwealth,' are eligible for Members of Parliament, must be interpreted.

(a) 1 Commons Journal, 58.

(b) 8 Commons Journal, 646.

(a) 151 Hansard, 3rd S. 179. (b) *Ibid.* 193.

ONE FAITH IN MANY FORMS.

BY M. A. JEVONS.

WHAT is His Name? What name will all express Him,—
 The mighty Whole, of whom we are but part—
 So that all differing tongues may join a worship
 Echoing in every heart?

Then answers one—'God is an endless sequence,
 Incapable of either break or flaw,
 Which we discern but dimly and in fragments!
 God is unchanging Law.'

'Nay,' said another, 'Law is but His method;
 Look back, behind the sequence to its source!
 Behind all phases and all changes seek Him!
 God is the primal Force.'

'Yea, these are great, but God himself is greater;
 A living harmony, no dead-cold rule,'
 Saith one who in sweet sounds and forms of beauty
 Hath found his soul's best school.

'Law, force and beauty are but vague abstractions,
 Too unconnected with the life of Man,'
 One answers: 'Man hath neither time nor power,
 Such mighty thoughts to scan.'

'But here upon the earth we find him living,
 And though in little time he fail and pass,
 And all his faiths, and hopes, and thoughts die with him,
 Surely, as ripened grass;

'Yet Man the race—man as he may be—will be,
 Once he has reached unto his full-grown height,
 Calm, wise, large-hearted and large-soul'd, will triumph,
 In self-renouncing might.

'Who will not own, even now, with sight prophetic,
 Life is divinest in its human dress,
 And bend before it with a yearning reverence,
 And strong desire to bless?'

Yea! Worship chiefly Love, but also beauty,
 Wisdom and force; for they are all divine!
 But God includes them, as some great cathedral
 Includes each separate shrine.

So, Brothers, howsoe'er we apprehend Him,
 Surely 'tis God himself we all adore—
 Life of all life, Soul of all souls, the Highest,
 Heart of all hearts, and more.

(From the London Spectator.)

SIX DAYS OF RURAL FELICITY.

A SUMMER ID(LE)YL IN PROSE.

BY T. H. F.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

I WAS about to give up in despair when I perceived, through a narrow opening among the trees upon my left, one of the loveliest little sheets of water imaginable. It was nearly circular in shape, and its banks were prettily fringed with the most delicate ferns and mosses; while numerous trees cast their cool, refreshing shadows far over its limpid bosom. It was just such a spot, I thought, which sportive fauns and coy dryads might choose for a retreat from the noonday heats, or where Diana, weary with the chase, would have delighted to lave her glowing brow and chaste hands. So charming a place certainly deserved some appropriate name; such as the nymphs' retreat, or Diana's bath. Doubtlessly that small piece of board nailed across the top of an upright post upon the further bank which I now perceived, contained the name which it had been thought appropriate to bestow upon it. The inscription ran thus:

Alevinière.

La pêche est défendu ici.

I could think of no word or appellation that at all corresponded with *alevinière*—some French term I suppose—so it was not to be expected I could decipher it, or the words underneath.

It was almost a sacrilege, I thought, that the glassy serenity of its waters should be disturbed by so much as a

ripple—but it would never do to return empty handed, and this was my last chance. And although I felt I was doing despite to the spirit of the place and offering an insult to its guardian deity, I put on a fresh bait and threw in.

Phew! How they *did* bite! The water seemed literally to swarm with fish; and one after another I drew them out, large and small. This was glorious sport indeed, and I thought with an exultant but most pardonable pride, of the rich feast I was preparing for Harry's guests. I hallooed to Monsieur Mallet until I was hoarse, for I felt it was selfish to have all this fun to myself. He had certainly redeemed his word, and it was only fair that he should enjoy some of the rare sport he had promised me. I doubted not I should be regarded as the champion angler, and that the glory of this achievement would efface the disgrace of my failure at billiards; for they would all surely have to admit that fishing was really my strong point.

When I had caught between forty and fifty my second box of bait became exhausted. This was especially aggravating; for no sooner had I landed one trout than there had been another splendid fellow tugging away at the end of my line, and to leave off under such circumstances was not to be thought of.

I laid down my rod, and was looking about me for a suitable place to dig for some more worms when I heard Monsieur Mallet's voice a short distance away. I hurried out just in

time to behold the little gentleman in the act of picking himself up out of the stream, his hat floating away upon the current, and his clothes dripping with water, into which he had fallen, I learned, in his eagerness to secure a large trout which had broken his line and escaped. It was the poorest sport he declared, with two or three round French oaths, he had ever had. He had only three miserable little specimens to show me, which were not worth the trouble of catching.

Possibly the fact of my having gone before and frightened away all the fish did not suggest itself to him as the probable cause of his ill luck, but it did to me most forcibly. He walked on with me a short distance, and I was about to point out to him the little pond, when he observed, with a sly twinkle of the eye :

‘ Ah ! if we could only fish zere, we might have ze rare sport indeed ! You see zat sign, it says breeding pond, no fishing allowed here. Excuse me for ze liberty, but I thought I vould just mention it.’

‘ Oh !—yes—indeed,’ I remarked, with a feeble laugh, and with about as ghastly a countenance as might be borne by anyone who wasn’t exactly a corpse, ‘ that—that *would* be sport.’

Monsieur Mallet said he would try his luck a little longer, and then return. I begged him, in a tone of the most unfeigned solicitude, to return to the house now, as I feared he would take cold ; but he replied that he was used to such mishaps, and felt no apprehensions whatever. I then said that I would return as I had had quite enough of it for one day ; and after I watched him safely out of sight, I hurried back, with a palpitating heart to the scene of my triumphs, and one by one those unfortunate trout were returned to their native element far more speedily than they had left it ; and the entire surface of the water was soon covered with their floating carcasses.

‘ Why don’t the infernal things

sink !’ I exclaimed in despair, as it dawned upon me that I should have dug a deep—very deep hole in the ground, and buried these damning evidences of my guilt. I picked up my rod—the upper joint had been badly split by the last fish, who had been a big fellow, and had fought desperately, and it now fell off—and with my basket hastened away from the spot, fearing Monsieur Mallet’s return before I had effected my escape, and the discovery of the egregious blunder I had committed. I walked rapidly and reached the house just as the company were assembling to lunch. I declined Helen’s pressing invitation to partake of it—she was sure I must have quite an appetite after my long walk—telling her I was greatly fatigued ; had caught a severe cold, besides had a wretched headache (three atrocious falsehoods) and that I preferred the quiet of my own room. The truth was, I dreaded Monsieur Mallet’s return. He would doubtlessly discover those fish and the remnant of my rod, which in my haste I had overlooked, and the affair would be too irresistibly ludicrous even for the polite gravity of a Frenchman. The story would be too good to keep to himself ; the others would be told ; and if De Villefort got hold of it, I knew I should never hear the end of it. That those unfortunate fish would, in some way or other, return to plague their destroyer, I felt certain.

As I reached the top of the stairs on the third story, distant shouts of laughter from below smote upon my guilty conscience. Yes, I thought, Monsieur Mallet has already returned, and is regaling the company with a narrative of my exploits. Had I thought for a moment of the extreme improbability of this, I need not have so unnecessarily tormented myself—but how true it is that a guilty conscience needs no accuser.

I remained in my chamber, in no enviable state of mind, until it was time for me to keep my appointment

with Harry ; and having dressed, I descended to the main entrance, where I met De Villefort, just starting out for a walk.

'I am going to take an airing,' he said, 'and will walk your way. Harry told me he was going to take you to dine with the Morleys this evening, and I can assure you that you will have an enjoyable time of it, for they are most delightful people.'

'Yes;' I replied, 'as Harry has not returned I am to meet him there at six o'clock. If you are going that way I shall be glad of your company.'

As we walked along, De Villefort slyly observed that he would have to put me on my guard against the fascinations of the elder sister. 'She is a most charming young girl,' he said, 'and if you come away with a whole heart, it will be more than what nine-tenths of the *young* fellows who visit her, ever do.'

'I have no fear on that score,' I laughed. 'I'm too old for any nonsense like that.'

'Don't be too sure,' he remarked slyly. 'Older fellows than you have been caught in the toils before. If you don't come away with an ardent desire to become Jack's brother-in-law, I'm mistaken.'

I felt that if I had to become a matrimonial connection of Jack's, I might perhaps prefer to have it brought about in a different way, and in a much remoter degree. I laughed at the idea, but merely remarked, 'that would be love at first sight truly.'

'Though, perhaps,' added De Villefort with a sly look out of the corner of his eye at me, 'in the words of the old ballad you used to admire so much, you can say,

"Some thought, none others can replace
Remembrance will recall,
Which in the flight of years we trace,
Is dearer than them all."

The allusion was too obvious to be misunderstood. I blushed, laughed, and remarked carelessly, 'Oh! yes, I suppose we all have some bright spot in

our memory—is this it,' I said, as De Villefort suddenly stopped before a pretty villa, thoroughly English in its appearance and surroundings, and possessing an air of extreme comfort and refinement—'the second house on the right—as I think Harry said.'

'Yes; charming spot, isn't it,' remarked De Villefort. 'So go in and enjoy yourself old fellow; but—don't forget my caution. Oh! by the way,' he added, 'I forgot to ask you if you had any luck this morning.'

'None at all—that is, none worth mentioning,' I replied, 'hazarding a glance at his face; but as it wore a perfectly unconscious expression, I felt that my secret was safe so far, at least from him.'

Wishing me good-evening he turned back towards Belmont, while I strained my eyes in a vain endeavour to ascertain if Harry was coming; but no object was visible in the long stretch of road that extended away towards Toulouse.

The bare idea of walking into a house, and making myself perfectly at home among its inmates, to whom I was an entire stranger, was suggestive of such cool, deliberate, effrontery, that it quite threw me into a profuse perspiration. But still, I thought, I couldn't stand here gaping at the house—and as Harry had told me I was expected, I might as well go in as remain here perhaps an hour longer for him to come. So I passed along the trim gravel walk to the front door and screwed up my courage sufficiently to give the bell a feeble pull. Perhaps, after all, I thought, Harry has arrived before me, and that will make it all right.

The door was opened, and I was about to present my card to the servant, when an elderly lady approached me from one of the inner rooms, and took me cordially by the hand.

'This is indeed a pleasure,' she said in the warmest tone of welcome, 'and one to which we have long looked for-

ward ; and we only regret that Henry could not prevail upon you to come before.'

'Yes—I—I believe I am a little late,' I stammered, stupidly misunderstanding her.

'We have all heard so much of you ; your name, indeed, is so often upon Henry's lips, that I quite feel as if I were welcoming an old friend of my own.'

To this kind speech I replied that I was very happy to see *her* ; and after finally prevailing upon my hat to stay upon the peg from which it had persisted in falling some three or four times, I was conducted, in a somewhat flushed and heated state, into an elegantly-furnished apartment. A young lady arose upon our entrance, and approaching me, extended her hand in an exceedingly open and cordial manner, observing, at the same time, 'In welcoming so old a friend of Harry's, I really feel as if no introduction were needed. We have long anticipated this pleasure, and hoped for it sooner.'

The long cherished expectation of seeing me, entertained by this family—of which I had lived in total ignorance until the present moment—ought certainly to have been highly gratifying ; and the overpowering emotions it seemed to afford them when they did were so infectious that I became quite overpowered myself, though not exactly with feelings of the same kind. My embarrassment was excessive, but I managed to convey the idea that the feeling was reciprocal, and that I myself, had long looked forward—Heaven forgive the polite lie—with the greatest pleasure to this felicitous occasion. In my conclusion I was about to sit down on the piano stool, when the young lady brought forward a large, comfortable arm-chair, and insisted upon my taking it.

'John,' she said, turning towards a person who sat in one corner of the room, and whom I had not before observed, 'this is Harry's friend of whom you have heard us speak so

often—this is Mr. John Briarton, turning towards me—'I am happy to make you acquainted. Mr. Briarton is one of our particular friends.'

A rather tall and slender young man arose stiffly from his seat, made a stiff bow, and then sat stiffly down again. Indeed he was the stiffest piece of humanity I have ever seen ; and a poker might have been considered limber in comparison.

Her graceful ease, and charmingly open and informal manner, soon put me quite at my own ease. De Villefort was right, I thought, she certainly was exceedingly beautiful ; not at all like her sister Fannie (Harry's wife) though I thought I could detect a family resemblance—but she was far handsomer. Had I been twenty years younger, De Villefort's caution, I felt, might well need to have been heeded. That such advice was not heeded by Mr. John Briarton was soon very apparent. That young man had evidently hopelessly succumbed to the charm of his fair enslaver. This was shown by the tender glances he bestowed upon her, and the ill-concealed frowns with which he regarded me when I presumed to converse with her, or she with me—upon which occasion he would withdraw further into his corner, with a so apparent increase of stiffening in his back bone, that only to look at him actually infused an increased rigidity into my own spinal column. He deigned to hold no conversation whatever with me, and once or twice when I ventured to address a few words to him, his expression plainly indicated that my ideas were worthy only of his contempt. His motive for this strange behaviour I could not imagine, unless, indeed, he regarded me as a possible poacher upon what he considered as his own proper and exclusive domain ; in which case he intended me to understand that I was to regard him as my mortal foe. The idea of my becoming his rival or anybody else's was exceedingly funny.

After half an hour's pleasant chat, dinner was announced.

'I regret that my son's absence,' observed my hostess—this was the first allusion made to Jack—'will necessitate my calling upon the kindness of my guest to assist me at table; but by two such old friends,' turning towards Mr. Briarton and myself, 'I am sure no apology will be required.'

My heart sank within me at these words. A pretty situation truly for a person who had never had a carving knife in his hand. But I replied that I should be happy to make myself of any possible use (alas! was I fast becoming an adept in the art of easy lying?) and that it would be a great pleasure to me.

With a steak or a plate of chops, I felt I might achieve a tolerable success; but with anything requiring animal dismemberment, my case was hopeless.

Mr. Briarton was placed at one end of the table, and I at the other. There was a large dish before me, and with the gloomiest forebodings I contemplated the cover that concealed the dreadful secret which lay beneath. Indeed, so disquieted had I become that I did not observe a strange young lady in the room; and I was only made aware of her presence by someone's saying, 'This is Cornelia; you have of course heard of *her*.'

I rose to my feet, blushing deeply, stammered an apology, bowed towards that person, and said:

'Oh! yes, indeed, I have heard of Cornelia—frequently.'

I was proceeding, in evident confusion, of ideas, to say something about my admiration for that noblest of Roman matrons and brightest ornament of her sex, when the waiter, removing the cover before me, revealed a pair of roast ducks, confirming my worst apprehensions, and effectually destroying all my interest in ancient history.

I looked anxiously at Mr. Briarton's dish of roast beef, as I took up my knife and fork and proceeded to mutilate in the most masterly manner

the poor amphibious animals which had certainly offended me in no way that they should have been subjected to such barbarous treatment at my hands. And after supplying the wants of those who partook of my dish—Mr. Briarton having stiffly declined duck—I sat down flushed and exhausted, for I had laboured dreadfully over the refractory animals—whether because the ducks were tough or my knife dull, I didn't know—and proceeded to satisfy what little of my own appetite remained to me.

Although my hostess and her two charming daughters exerted their utmost powers in making themselves agreeable, I was far from feeling entirely comfortable. I wished Harry would come; but his absence I could easily account for, as he had been undoubtedly detained at Toulouse; but why Jack Morley himself should have been absent without leaving either apology or explanation, was something I could not understand. But as they were plain, old-fashioned people, this was perhaps nothing more than plain, old-fashioned behaviour on his part; though even with my limited knowledge of the usages of polite society, I could not help feeling somewhat annoyed too, by Mr. Briarton's conduct; though I took not the slightest notice of him, and I hoped that Miss Morley, likewise, was too intelligent and discriminating a person to care anything for such a puppy.

Our conversation turned chiefly upon books, and covered a wide range of subjects. 'Daniel Deronda,' 'Helen's Babies,' 'Through the Dark Continent,' and other popular works of the day came under review; upon all of which my two younger entertainers expressed the most intelligent and correct opinions. Their intellectual gifts indeed seemed not one whit less than their graces of conversation and manner, and I felt that I might, upon the whole, have passed a not altogether unpleasant evening had it not been for one unfortunate occurrence.

During a somewhat prolonged absence of the waiter from the room, who, from some cause or other, failed to make his appearance after repeated summonses, I politely volunteered, in a fit of temporary insanity, to open a bottle of champagne, partly hoping, perhaps, to efface, by the masterly manner in which I should achieve this performance, any unfavourable impressions they might very reasonably have entertained of my capacity as a carver. They apologized for putting me to the trouble, but if I would be so kind they would feel greatly obliged.

I raised the bottle in my hand, untwisted the wires about the cork and began to cut the strings. The neck of the bottle was pointing, inadvertently of course, directly towards that part of the table at which Mr. Briarton sat, and I had just severed the last string when the cork was discharged with a loud report, and struck that gentleman squarely between the eyes. The liquid, which foamed out in torrents over the tablecloth, I attempted to divert into a glass, but in the flurry of the moment I emptied the remainder of the bottle's contents into the younger sister's lap.

I do not propose—and if I did I should fall far short of the requirements of the occasion—to describe the nature of my feelings at the moment. To simply say that I was profuse in my apologies; that the colour of my face must have been reflected in the dishes before me; and that I made the feeblest of attempts to laugh it off with Mrs. Morley and her daughters, who begged I would not allow it to trouble me, as it was nothing at all—possibly Mr. Briarton thought otherwise; but he expressed no opinion—all this was no more than might have been expected of anyone under similar circumstances; but it conveys no idea whatever of the true state of my feelings.

I felt that I had disgraced myself in the eyes of my hostess and the

young ladies, and that I had effectually destroyed all possibility of Mr. John Briarton's ever regarding me with feelings other than those of the deadliest animosity. After this, I thought, it mattered little what I did, or said, and a spirit of utter recklessness soon seemed to have taken complete possession of me. Of course I use this word, as applied to myself, in a somewhat modified sense. By this I mean that I appeared to be fast losing my reserve. That I began to chat and laugh in quite a free, unconstrained manner; verging at times almost upon an excess of animal spirits. That I acted, in a word, as ordinary and reasonable mortals would have done in the society of two beautiful and fascinating girls, who were employing, in their efforts to make themselves agreeable, all those powers of which they were possessed in so eminent a degree; but as much unlike the naturally sober and sedate Edward Hastings as could be conceived. All easily explainable, I suppose, upon the simple philosophical principle that when, happily a bashful man can forget his extreme sensitiveness and his over-anxiety to do just the right thing—in other words, the really more indifferent he is as to his appearance and manner, to the better advantage he shows. I should certainly have sunk under the mortification, which those unlucky ducks and that exasperating bottle had caused me, had I not, with an effort born of sheer desperation, risen gloriously to the imperative demands of the occasion.

With a gallantry, conceived in in spirit of pure audacity and utter disregard of the possible consequences of my rash act, I anticipated Mr. Briarton's intention, and offered my arm to the elder sister, leaving him to Mrs. Morley or Cornelia, or to both.

Upon reaching the parlour, I politely intimated that I should be charmed to hear her play and sing; both of which she did in so exquisite

a manner, that I quite went off into ecstasies, and actually paid her several very pretty little compliments. I was fairly thrown into raptures of admiration upon Cornelia showing me a collection of drawings and water-colours, all the work of her own fair hand, and upon my expressing an especial admiration for one in particular, she kindly pressed it upon my acceptance. I was really having a delightful time, and I rather hoped now that Harry would not come; and as to whether Mr. Jack Morley came or remained away, was a matter of perfect indifference to me. I was getting on well enough without either of them.

Mr. Briarton, on entering the parlour, had retired into his corner more rigid, gloomy and morose than ever, and most of the time had apparently been occupied with a book, but really, I doubted not, had been secretly taking mental and visual note of my every word and act that related in anyway to Miss Morley. I was confirmed in this idea the more, inasmuch as I had detected him several times in the act of casting glances of the deadliest defiance at me over the top of his book, and that I should be confronted with a black and terrible array of my offences at some opportune moment in the near future I doubted not either.

I glanced at my watch; it wanted a few minutes of ten, and for nearly two hours I had been steaming away under high pressure; and the tension had been so severe that I now began to experience serious premonitions of an impending collapse. But I must retire with flying colours, or I might weaken the highly favourable impression I flattered myself I had made. So I rose to go, expressing much regret to my hostess at not having had the pleasure of meeting her son, but hoping that it was only reserved for a future opportunity.

My words seemed to surprise them greatly. They certainly expected me to remain, and trusted that no feeling of delicacy on account of Harry's ab-

sence had induced me to take my departure, as they supposed I fully understood the cause of his detention; and that he would be greatly disappointed at not finding me here upon his return. My room was prepared for me whenever I wished to retire. Cornelia rose, saying that she would see that John carried my luggage up stairs in case it had arrived, and united with her mother and sister in expressing the hope that I would not think of leaving, as they had all expected that I had come to make them a good long visit.

Oh, no! I replied, I had not come to stay; and I thought it highly improbable that Harry would come now. They were exceedingly kind, but I must return to Belmont, though I should be very happy, with their permission, to call again.

I was about to extend my hand to Mr. Briarton, but that gentleman simply made me a distinct bow, in a manner which unmistakably indicated that no nearer approach to acquaintanceship would be tolerated. So, again resisting their urgent entreaties that I would reconsider my purpose and remain, I bid them good night, and started on my walk back to Belmont.

Exceedingly hospitable people, I thought to myself; no doubt they thought I came to stay for a month at least; but I don't see why they should have either. But it's the way they show their plain, old-fashioned hospitality, I suppose.

Despite the efforts I made to banish from my mind all thoughts from my unfortunate performance at the dinner table, they would return to annoy me; for a person so keenly sensitive as I was could not fail to be very disagreeably affected by so humiliating a *contre-temps*. I bitterly blamed Harry as the cause of it all, for had he been there, my services would undoubtedly have been dispensed with. I should be the laughing-stock of the whole family. No; I had not had a good time; I would not admit it. Instead

of passing a nice, quiet evening with Jack, smoking his cigars, and enjoying his books, I had been compelled to do the agreeable to an old lady and a couple of young girls, and to submit to the insulting treatment of a 'particular friend' of the family. Yes, Harry had played me a very shabby trick; and as for Mr. Jack Morley himself, his conduct was simply inexcusable, to say the least of it.

As I ascended the stairs, my temper was not improved by hearing loud shouts of laughter issue from one of parlours. I was certain they had got hold of that fish story by this time, and were making merry over it at my expense. I hurried up to my room, slammed the door after me, and went to bed in the worst possible of humours.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EXPLANATION THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE, FOLLOWED BY ONE THAT WAS.

'Pshaw! I have overslept myself!' I exclaimed, as I opened my eyes to the fact that the early morning sun was already flooding my chamber with his cheery beams.

This exclamation was evoked for the reason that I had, the day before, resolved that I would this morning put my long cherished purpose into execution; namely, to rise with the lark, and meet the glowing sun upon the upland lawn; and then, if the time before breakfast permitted, stroll into the farm-yard and the dairy, and over to that rustic little bridge.

What peculiar charms the two former of these places were supposed to have possessed for me, I must admit I had no very distinct idea; but I had always associated them with my ideas of rural life, as being necessary appendages to every country house. I might also perhaps have entertained the idea that a rustic little bridge was

a necessary appendage, too; but that this was the case I was not quite so sure. I had seen nothing of the kind about the grounds as yet; but still a closer inspection might not fail to reveal it.

Two quick raps upon my door, accompanied by the sound of Harry's voice, brought me to my feet. When admitted, his first words were, in a tone of some little displeasure. I thought,

'Well, I must say, you are about the most unreliable fellow I ever knew. What excuse have you to offer for yourself?'

I regarded him with a slightly puzzled look, and said shortly.

'What do you mean?'

'Why didn't you come?' said Harry.

'Come where?' I replied.

'Absolutely forgotten all about it already,' he observed, regarding me with a despairing air.

'Oh! I understand,' I said, 'Why didn't *you* come?'

'It was really too bad of you,' remarked Harry; 'especially after Jack had prepared the most sumptuous of dinners; bought a box of especially fine regalias, and laid in a supply of choice old Madeira; and all in honour of your visit. After your promise to me, old fellow, I must say it was very shabby of you not to come.'

Now, if Harry thought that by this puerile attempt at a joke, I was to be diverted from any feeling of displeasure that his own conduct in the matter might very reasonably have caused me, he was mistaken. But I would let him see that I could indulge in a little pleasantry of the kind myself; so I said, in a somewhat ironical tone:

'Oh, yes; I enjoyed the dinner immensely; relished the cigars and the Madeira beyond measure, and thought Mr. Jack Morley himself really one of the most hospitable and agreeable fellows in the world; and the plainness and old-fashioned ways of his mother and sisters particularly charming.'

‘But no; old fellow, joking apart,’ said Harry in a serious tone, ‘why *didn't* you come?’

‘With all my heart, joking apart,’ I replied, ‘why didn't *you* come?’

Just at this moment a light rap called me to the door, and upon opening it, I received from one of the servants, a note bearing my address, which, with some surprise, I opened and read. Its contents were as follows:—

‘ROSEVALE,
Aug. 20th, 1878.

‘Edward Hastings, Esq.

‘Sir,—Your unwarrantable intrusion into the house of Mrs. Percival last night calls for prompt explanation and apology, if indeed, under the circumstances, either be possible. Whether intended as a practical joke, a piece of harmless pleasantry, or an act of pure bravado, your conduct in masquerading under the assumption of a name and personality other than your own, is equally offensive; and for your audacious and extraordinary performances in the rôle of a buffoon—but which, perhaps, may sit quite naturally upon you—I assure you, sir, you will be held to a strict accountability.

‘Yours, etc.,
‘J. BRIARTON.’

‘Briefly, but strongly expressed,’ I exclaimed with a laugh, as I finished reading. ‘I thought it would come. Poor Briarton! he is the most unreasonable of lovers. The extraordinary performances refer no doubt to those ducks and that champagne bottle, and the audacity probably consists in my having presumed to make myself agreeable to *his* lady love. As for the rest of the note, it seems to indicate a slight confusion of ideas, as he calls Mrs. Morley by the name of Percival, and appears to be doubtful about my identity too.’

‘Harry, to whom all this, of course, was quite unintelligible, had been regarding me with a half-puzzled, half-comical look; but at mention of the name Percival, he burst into a loud

laugh. He asked permission to read the note; which, having done, he indulged in another hearty burst of laughter, and regarding me with an intensely amused and comical expression, he exclaimed:

‘Ten thousand pardons, my dear fellow; you certainly did keep your word, but you—you went to the wrong house, that's all.’

‘What do you mean?’ I exclaimed. ‘Precisely what I say,’ replied Harry.

‘Pshaw! the idea's ridiculous, absurd—impossible,’ I said. ‘I followed your directions and made no mistake about the house.’

A sickening suspicion, momentarily strengthening, that I had fallen an only too ready victim to one of De Villefort's most successful practical jokes, began to creep over me; but the matter seemed so inexplicable—so impossible of solution upon any such supposition, however, that I vehemently scouted the bare idea of such a thing as mistaking the house.

‘I think I can explain the matter,’ said Harry. ‘I know that Henry Percival has been expecting a friend, a Mr. Charles Mortimer, to visit him for some time past—in fact, now that I think of it, he did tell me that he was to arrive last night. He expected to be absent himself in Paris for several days, and asked me as a particular favour to call upon his friend. You were undoubtedly taken for him, as he is an entire stranger to the family; though how you could pass the whole evening there without the mistake being discovered, quite baffles my comprehension.’

‘Yes; you are doubtless right;’ I said, ‘and I now blush at my own stupidity in not seeing it sooner. Let no one say after this that truth is not stranger than fiction. An explanation and apology, I suppose, is next in order, and then to settle accounts with De Villefort.’

‘De Villefort; why, what has he to do with it?’ asked Harry, with some surprise.

'Everything,' I replied. 'He took me to the house.'

'It must have been a mistake on his part,' observed Harry, 'though he certainly knows the place.'

But I knew that individual too well to give him the benefit of so charitable a doubt; and after requesting Harry not to speak of the matter; I finished dressing and followed him down stairs.

At my particular request I was placed at Helen's end of the table, as I could endure Madame McMahon's propinquity no longer. For being compelled to sit tongue-tied at every meal—the pale young lady on my right, in the meantime not having made the slightest response to my first advance, and Harry being compelled to be all ears—I simply felt to be no longer endurable.

After taking my seat, and exchanging the usual morning compliments with Mrs. Mowbray and Helen, the latter asked me if I had passed a pleasant evening.

'Well, no,' I answered quite thoughtlessly, 'I cannot say that I did altogether;' but the impoliteness of the reply flashing upon me the next moment, I made haste to flatly contradict myself by saying, 'Oh! yes! I meant to say that I did—that I had a delightful time.' My confusion could hardly have escaped their notice.

'And you doubtlessly thought Miss Morley exceedingly pretty and quite agreeable?' observed Helen, with a sly look at me.

'Oh! yes; very pretty indeed, and very agreeable,' I replied, blushing; 'you mean the—the elder sister, I presume?'

'I suppose I am the elder sister,' remarked Mrs. Mowbray, laughing, 'though I can hardly flatter myself that you intend the compliment for me.'

Confound my stupidity! I had put my foot in it again; and as these words were not calculated to restore my composure of mind to any very alarming extent, I said—as successful

extrication from my embarrassment this time seemed simply hopeless:

'The truth is, Mrs. Mowbray, I was not at your brother's house at all, last night. I will explain everything to Miss Mowbray after breakfast, as I wish her advice upon a certain matter.'

Helen regarded me with a somewhat surprised and curious look; but evidently observing that I appeared greatly embarrassed, she merely remarked, with a smile,

'Oh! certainly; I shall be happy to afford you the benefit of my sage counsels.' The conversation then changed to other topics.

During breakfast I ventured several glances towards Monsieur Mallet, but as the gravity of his countenance—once when he caught my eye—quite reassured me, I was encouraged to hope that he had not discovered those fish. De Villefort's eye I studiously avoided; I would take some other time and place to pay my respects to him.

Shortly after breakfast I observed Helen enter the library, and thinking it a favourable opportunity for my purpose, I was hurrying after her when I was intercepted by Mdlle de Clerval.

'Oh! Mr. Hastings!' she exclaimed, with one of her most bewitching smiles, 'I must remind you of your promise.'

'Ah; what promise is that?' I said, quite innocently.

'Fie, fie!' she exclaimed, with a charming air of mock reproof, 'you men are so unreliable. Have you forgotten already? I mean your promise to sing.'

Mdlle de Clerval spoke English quite faultlessly; she was extremely pretty; her manners were very fascinating, though decidedly coquettish, I thought; and she had a captivating way about her that was quite irresistible. So I only did, I suppose, what any other young fellow, who had not the moral courage to withstand her blan-

dishments, would have done under the circumstances. I promised I would be present at the appointed hour; but if I took any at all it must be one of the most subordinate parts—even this I felt was a fearfully rash promise for me to give—and I must again disabuse her of any illusion she might be under, that I possessed any musical capacities, for I really had none.

'Ah no,' she said, 'Mr. Hastings cannot convince me of that. The naturally soft tones of his voice, when speaking, forbade the idea that he had no voice for singing.'

I blushed deeply at this compliment, which I knew to be so totally unmerited. But who of us can be insensible to flattery, especially when it comes from the lips of a young, beautiful and charming woman; certainly not I—not even while I felt myself to be so thoroughly undeserving of it—our self-pride—and who is without a touch of it?—is gratified, and that is sufficient. So I again repeated my promise that I would come and contribute my humble share to the general entertainment, and I was then suffered to depart in quest of Helen.

I found her alone in the library. She was writing at a small table in one corner, and as the morning's sun flooded the cosy little apartment with his warm and golden effulgence, I thought that never before had she appeared more beautiful, so like the Helen of old, as on this glorious summer morning. Her every motion had always been the embodiment of grace, ease, and quiet dignity; and now, although engaged in one of the most ordinary of occupations, her head slightly inclined over the paper upon which her eyes were intent, and resting lightly on her left hand, supported by her elbow, I thought her the very personification of grace itself. I was treading upon dangerous ground, and I knew it; but I could no more have contended with the emotions which she at that moment inspired me than could one of her fabled victims of old

have withstood the wiles of the Siren.

She looked up with one of her old smiles, and said,

'I am writing to Alice Lea; you of course remember her.'

'Oh yes,' I replied, seating myself at a window, the furthest from her; 'I remember her well. But it is so long ago since I have seen her, that I doubt if I should know her now.'

'I hardly think you would,' said Helen, 'she has altered so greatly. She is as handsome as ever, though, and just as full of fun. And she is like myself (with a most becoming blush), still a spinster.'

'That is certainly, to the great discredit of some one,' I observed with a laugh.

'Whom do you mean,' said Helen with a roguish twinkle of the eye, 'Alice or myself?'

'Why, I—I mean Alice,' I stammered, blushing to the very roots of my hair. But fearing this reply might seem somewhat impolite, I added, with as gallant an air as I could assume; 'of course I intended to include Miss Mowbray.'

'How polite you have grown,' she laughed. 'You used to call me Helen.'

I never yet did pay, or try to pay, a compliment, or to say what by a violent stretch of courtesy might be called a gallant thing to the fair sex, without immediately falling into such a state of embarrassment, that I heartily wished the words unsaid. The polite things I had said to the supposed Miss Morley were uttered under the most exceptional circumstances, when I was responsible neither for my words nor my actions.

Helen's last remark rather added to my embarrassment, but I managed to reply with a laugh:

'Oh yes; but that was very long ago.'

'But not so long ago that I make it an excuse to call you, Mr. Hastings,' she remarked with a smile.

The charming ease and old time heartiness of Helen's manner were not

without their influence over me, and yet I was conscious at times of something very much like that old feeling of bashfulness and constraint, which I used to experience in her presence.

'The long ago,' she said pensively. 'Do you know, Edward, I often think of the happy days I spent in dear old England. It does indeed seem very, very long ago.'

'Yes,' I observed philosophically, and with more truth than gallantry; 'and we are both considerably older than we were then.'

'Our childhood days were always the happiest,' she said, 'and I often wish I could go back to them.'

'Yes,' I replied, in a sentimental tone; 'youth may be considered the youngest—the happiest period, I mean in—in our existence. But—surely Miss Mow—Helen; if you prefer it (with a blush)—surrounded as you are here by every home comfort and luxury, and with so many ways of making the time pass pleasantly and delightfully, can hardly consider the present less happy than the past. I should certainly not have thought it. But I sincerely pity that person whose experiences have been such that he cannot look back to even one bright spot in his past life.'

This was an exceedingly neat speech, and I felt quite proud of it. But my self-complacency was somewhat disturbed by Helen's observing, with a rather sly look directed towards me:

'But such is not your unhappy fate, I hope.'

'Oh! no,' I replied, with an attempted laugh, but blushing again to the roots of my hair—'I—I don't suppose—can say that—in fact I—I don't imagine that—that anybody can in fact.'

This was not quite so neat, and consequently I did not feel quite so proud of it. There had been something too, in Helen's expression I thought, as of a meaning deeper than the words conveyed, that made me feel decidedly uncomfortable.

'But this place,' she continued with a slight sigh, 'has not for me the true home feeling. Our earliest impressions are our strongest, and it matters not with how much of subsequent good or evil, happiness or misery, our after lives may be attended, they will return at times with a charm even heightened by that delightful glamour with which our memory invests them. How true the song—you always admired it—that,

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may
room,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home."

I mean the home of our first young and fresh affections, and about which our memories will ever remain fragrantly entwined.'

'Yes,' I observed, 'you know what Byron says. That—

"— ever and anon of griefs subdued,
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,"

but—but I don't think that this would apply to you—what I meant to refer to was the—the electric chain you know, which Byron mentions when he says—

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we
are darkly bound."

The electric chain he means, you know, that binds our past to—to our present. What a beautiful expression and—and how true that—that.'

Now, why couldn't I leave poetry and sentiments alone. I should have inextricably floundered into a hopeless confusion of words and ideas, had not Helen relieved me, by observing in a more cheerful and animated tone:

'But we were speaking of Alice Lea. In her last letter she spoke particularly about you. She knew you were to visit us; and wondered if you remembered all the youthful pranks she used to play upon you.'

'I have not forgotten them,' I said, with a laugh. 'She was a terrible romp, and an awful tease, to be sure. If you have not closed your letter, you

may give her my kindest remembrances.'

'Of her being a terrible romp and an awful tease?' queried Helen, laughing.

'Oh, no,' I replied, laughing myself. 'She might consider me impolite. I wouldn't mention that, if I were you.'

At this moment a strain of music, faintly wafted in through the open door, brought with it a very disagreeable reminder. I rose to go, and had taken a step or two towards the door, when Helen looking up, said, with an arch look.

'Has my society grown so irksome to you already, that you are going to seek for more agreeable elsewhere?'

'Your society irksome, Helen? In your society alone, did I ever know what true happiness was!'

The reader must not suppose that I gave utterance to this tender sentiment. No; I only thought it, and dearly wished that I dared to.

'Certainly not Miss—a—Helen,' I replied. 'But I promised Miss de Clerval that I would join her musical party—to be sure I don't know anything about music—but I only promised to get rid of her. Though, I suppose, I must put in an appearance, if nothing more; for I should have more trouble in inventing an excuse than perhaps keeping my promise might give me.'

'Oh! by the way,' said Helen, laying down her pen, and folding her paper, 'upon what profound and *important* subject was it that you desired the benefit of my sage advice. I am sure, I don't know whether to feel complimented or not, since you seem to have forgotten all about it.'

I had indeed forgotten all about it. But what else could I think about but Helen, when Helen herself was before me?

Was I again yielding myself up, slowly but surely, to the old enthralment? If so, I felt that I must combat the feeling with every power within me.

'Oh! I had almost forgotten it,' I laughingly said, resuming my seat.

My account of the affair at Mrs. Percival's afforded Helen the greatest amusement. Several times she gave way to hearty laughter, in which I could not help joining. The little episode of the champagne bottle she found especially amusing, and also Mr. Briarton's behaviour, whom she said, she knew to be of an exceedingly jealous disposition, and who had been paying court to Miss Percival for some time. So entertaining indeed did she find my story, that she insisted upon knowing the full particulars; and I concealed nothing from her. She laughed heartily over Mr. Briarton's note, and doubted not, she said, that it would be followed by a challenge to mortal combat. Goldsmith's comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' she declared, was nothing to it; and in this new version of 'The Mistakes of a Night,' in which I myself had sustained the principal rôle, I had acquired sufficient material to write a piece equally diverting. She assured me, however, that I need have no fear that any offence would be taken by the family at my mistake; and she agreed with me in thinking that I had fallen a victim to one of De Villefort's most successful practical jokes. And it was arranged that we should call at Mrs. Percival's that afternoon, when I could make all proper explanation and apology. The matter thus disposed of, I again rose to go, when Helen said:

'Oh, by the way, Edward, recurring to the subject of music, I have a new piece upon which I should like your opinion. If you can spare me a few moments more I will just run it over. It is a sprightly little thing, and, as that is the kind of music I believe you used to like most, I am sure you will be pleased with this.'

Now, why did I not, at this very instant, flee from the spells of the enchantress, as fraught with the deadliest peril to my peace of mind and my soul's repose, instead of fatuously following her into an adjoining apartment, and standing by her side at the

piano, as I had so often done in the old days, and watching those dainty fingers flit over the keys with all their old masterly skill and grace—for Helen was a superb musician and sang as well as she played—why did I not, at least, steel my heart against every dangerous emotion, every painful recollection that might arise; why did I not compel myself to listen with dull ears and an unappreciative spirit—but, pshaw! ask the poor moth why it flutters around the fatal flame, until, with singed wings, it drops dead into that which has consumed it. It's answer would be mine.

As she finished, she asked me how I liked it. I pronounced it lovely, beautiful, exquisite! How, indeed, could it be otherwise when Helen herself was the performer?

'If not too much trouble, Helen,' I said, 'I would like to hear you sing; I suppose you remember some of my old favourites.'

'Oh, yes!' she replied, taking one from a collection of songs upon the stand at her side; 'this, I believe, used to be one of them.'

It was one of the loveliest of all Verdi's impassioned melodies; the aria, 'Ernani Involarni.' I was always keenly susceptible to the influence of music—it possessed for me, indeed, a spell indescribably delightful—and now, as I listened entranced, what memories of the olden time—she often had sung it for me before—the well-remembered tones of that voice awoke within me. It was said of Rubini, I think, that he had tears in his voice; and I may say of Helen's that there was a vein of melancholy—I know of no fitter word—pervading its tones that gave it its greatest charm. It was a pure soprano of great richness and power, and admirably adapted to interpret the sentiment of Verdi's impassioned strains. My heart seemed bursting with a suppressed cry; a loud long cry of yearning love, anguish and despair, and sometimes, I think, that once a wild idea crossed

my mind of throwing myself at her feet and revealing the sorrowful secret of a lifetime!

When she had sung one or two more of my favourite songs, I expressed my thanks and rose to go.

'How is it,' I said, 'that Miss de Clerval has not secured your services for this morning's entertainment?'

'I begged off to write to Alice,' she replied.

'I don't know how they could have spared you,' I said. 'Indeed, Helen, the operatic stage has lost one of its brightest—no, I don't mean that exactly, because it never possessed you; what I mean to say is that the operatic stage is now without one of its brightest—no; I—I don't mean precisely that either;' with increased confusion and growing desperation; 'what I *do* mean to say is this, that the operatic stage would find you one of its brightest ornaments—that is if you—if you were a member of it.'

I fear the effect of this compliment was somewhat marred by the bungling manner in which it was expressed; but I never yet did attempt anything of the kind without making an egregious failure of it, or, in common parlance, putting my foot in it.

She received it, however, very graciously, and with a most becoming blush, observing that she feared I considerably over-rated her abilities.

'That is quite impossible,' I said, 'and I am sure——'

'Ah! you truant; I have found you at last,' a voice at this moment interrupted me just behind us.

I turned and beheld Mdlle. de Clerval. She was standing in the partly opened door, and regarding us with an expression which seemed to say, 'So I have caught you at it, have I?'

'A thousand pardons,' she exclaimed, 'for my mistake. Had I known that Mr. Hastings was so agreeably occupied I should not have thought of intruding upon him, but I supposed Miss Mowbray was alone. I have been looking for him, though, every-

where; for what purpose his guilty conscience, I am sure, will tell him.'

This young lady, I felt, allowed herself entirely too much freedom of manner; and the way in which she was laying siege to me and following me about, I thought, was actually indecent. I felt provoked at the interruption, and fear that in my inmost heart I was ungallant enough to wish her at—well, anywhere but where she was. I said, however, as politely as I could:

'I must ask your pardon, Miss de Clerval—Mademoiselle would have stuck in my throat and choked me; but I did not think it was so late.'

'I don't doubt,' she remarked, with a sly smile, 'that you have found the time pass quickly, and should not think of tearing you away from such charming society, only—we are all ready, and waiting but your arrival.'

'Helen,' I said, turning towards her with a sort of forlorn hope, 'perhaps you can convince Miss de Clerval that I don't know how to sing.'

'Why, no, Marie,' she said, 'I know Mr. Hastings does not sing; and you are quite mistaken in supposing so.'

Bless her dear heart for those words!

'It is very clever of you to say so, Helen,' remarked Miss de Clerval, with a very significant smile; 'Mr. Hastings does not sing—that is not *to-day*. Now confess, Helen, that you are a little selfish in wishing to monopolize Mr. Hastings, and keep him all to yourself. Your little ruse is very clever, but really *ma chère*, I can see quite through it, and am not to be deceived.'

Gracious heavens! Was there absolutely no way of convincing this persistent young woman that really I did not know how to sing? And, actually, I was becoming so exasperated that a wild idea for an instant possessed me, of rushing into the parlour, and treating the company to a specimen of my vocal powers by bellowing them all deaf. Then possibly they might begin to entertain a suspicion

that they had been but the victims of the wildest delusion.

But I had given my word, and I supposed there was no escape for me; for in the hands of this accomplished coquette, I was as pliant as wax.

'I will keep my promise to be present,' I said, 'but only as one of the audience. And Helen,' I added, with a laugh, 'if you will accompany me, perhaps our united efforts may be successful in disabusing the company of the idea that I am a sort of second Mario, as I have no doubt De Villefort has led them to believe.'

I had no sooner entered the parlour than I was greeted with such flattering exclamations as '*Il est arrivé, Il est venu,*' etc. My presence, in fact, seemed to afford the company the most unbounded delight; and three or four young ladies approached me, and one of them politely put into my hands a roll of music.

'What is this?' I feebly asked, with an air of utter helplessness.

'Your part; *votre rôle,*' responded a chorus of voices.

I turned the piece over several times; opened it upside down; reversed it; glared at it; folded it up again, and handed it back to the young lady from whom I had received it, and all with an air of such utter imbecility that it might seem as if I had not the first intelligent idea of what I was doing.

Helen, however, was at my side, and emboldened by her presence, knowing I could rely upon her for full corroboration, I informed the group that had gathered about me, that I was exceedingly sorry to disappoint them, but I knew nothing about music—not one note from another, in fact—and I would appeal to Miss Mowbray for confirmation of this statement, but with their kind permission I would take my seat among the audience, as I was excessively fond of music, though no musician myself, as I had said; and I doubted not I should greatly enjoy the performance.

Having thus, awkwardly enough, extricated myself from my embarrassing position, I was about to add, as a matter of mere politeness, a few words of apology for the disappointment I had occasioned them, when I happened to catch De Villefort's eye. He was regarding me with a villainous grin, so unmistakably expressive of the intense enjoyment my position was affording him, that, overcome by a sudden feeling of irresistible indignation and anger, I turned on my heel and walked off to another part of the room, without deigning another word.

Among the audience was that *bête noire* of my waking hours, Madame McMahon, and being compelled to pass close to her, to take my seat in the only chair remaining unoccupied, I heard her commenting in very audible Anglo-Saxon—probably for my especial benefit—upon the insufferable insolence of these 'Engleesh.' I gave her one glance of ineffable contempt—though my blood was boiling—and took my seat next to Monsieur de Clerval.

My defection, of course, caused some change in the programme, and during the interval, we conversed pleasantly together, he remarking, among other things, that he regretted to hear from Monsieur Mallet of our poor luck at fishing. He had caught, he informed me, some eighteen or twenty very fine trout. Possibly he thought it had been owing to the difference in our bait, as he had used the artificial fly, otherwise he could hardly account for our ill-success. I thought that I could, very well; but I left him to the undisturbed enjoyment of this pleasing delusion, as it would have been an act of cruelty—to myself—to have undeceived him.

The music was about to begin when a servant entered the room, and, approaching me with a small silver plate in his hand, presented me with a card. I lifted it off, and read upon it the name—Mr. John Briarton. The servant made some remark in French, which Monsieur de Clerval kindly in-

terpreted for me as meaning that 'the gentleman was awaiting me in the blue drawing-room.'

Though possibly of all in the world the person whom I should have least cared to see, I was rather glad of this excuse to withdraw from the room; for, having been at first the observed of all observers, which was sufficiently embarrassing, I was sure, from the peculiar looks that were at times thrown upon me by several of the company, and by the exchange of low spoken words among them, that I was being made the subject of ill-natured remark, probably on account of my having excited expectations which I had failed to fulfil; so my position was disagreeable enough; and I was glad of any opportunity to escape from it.

My rising abruptly, just as the music began, of course drew every eye upon me, and so embarrassed me, that in taking a step I stumbled clumsily over Monsieur de Clerval's feet, and in the effort to regain myself, knocked my chair over. With a flaming countenance, and looking straight before me, to avoid the black looks of anger and displeasure, which I felt sure my awkwardness had drawn upon me, I managed to reach the door; but exactly how I accomplished it, I have only the mistiest recollection.

As I entered the room where Mr. Briarton was, he rose and observed, in a manner somewhat less stiff than formerly, I thought,

'I addressed a note to you this morning, Mr. Hastings, which——'

'Which I received,' I said, cutting him short, for I was feeling thoroughly angry, and totally indisposed to show him the least courtesy, 'and permit me to add, sir, that I do not intend to discuss the subject further than to say, that, without considering myself in any way whatever accountable to you for the unfortunate mistake of last night, I propose to make at the earliest opportunity full explanation and apology to Mrs. Percival and her daughters; and you will oblige me by in-

forming them of my intentions in the that respect. I wish you good morning, sir.'

'Let us shake hands,' exclaimed Mr. Briarton, advancing towards me, as I was about to leave the room.

I paused involuntarily, and regarded him in astonishment. Had he taken leave of his senses; else how account for this sudden outburst of amiability?

'The fact is Mr. Hastings,' he said, actually with a smile, 'I came to offer you an apology.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed, somewhat abashed at my former warmth of manner.'

'Yes, sir,' he continued, 'to offer you an apology. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Henry Mowbray this morning by a fortuitous but most felicitous chance, and he availed himself of the opportunity thus presented to explain everything to me in a manner eminently satisfactory. Again, I say, sir, let us shake hands upon the amicable termination of an affair, which you must admit, sir, wore at one time a highly threatening aspect, and which, sir, might have resulted in the most serious consequences, if not worse, to one or both of us. Once more, sir, I say, let us shake hands.'

'Oh! certainly,' I said, suiting the action to the word, sharing with him perhaps something like a vague feeling of relief that I had escaped the dangerous uncertainties which usually attend upon a couple of persons when in the attitude of confronting each other with loaded pistols in their hands, and so many measured feet of ground between them. For such his words had hinted at, I imagined.

'Perhaps, sir,' said Mr. Briarton, with a jocosé air, 'you may be able to recognize that small article of portable property;' pointing towards a table in one corner of the room, upon which lay a hat.

'It looks like my hat,' I replied.

'It is, sir,' he said, 'and perhaps you may wonder how it came into my possession.'

'I was not aware that it had,' I said with a laugh, caused more by Mr. Briarton's queerness of manner than by his words.

'Oh, yes,' continued that gentleman, with an air of excessive good humour, 'but as you know, sir, it is usually considered that a fair exchange is no robbery, I do not intend to bring an action against you for *petit larceny*.'

I looked at him, thoroughly perplexed, and was about to ask him for an explanation of his words, when he sprung another of his conundrums upon me, saying,

'It may, perhaps, Mr. Hastings, have puzzled you to account for the way in which your name became known to me.'

'Well, no,' I replied, 'I hadn't really given it a thought.' And this he followed up with still another conundrum, by holding out towards me a small card, and observing, with an air of much humorous enjoyment.

'And it also perhaps may puzzle you to account for the manner in which I became possessed of this little article of personal property, which you may possibly be equally competent to identify.'

There was no perhaps about it. I was considerably puzzled. So much so, in fact, that the suspicion was creeping over me, that Mr. John Briarton was neither more nor less than an amiable lunatic, inclined to moroseness upon occasions, but perfectly harmless at all times.

'Yes,' I said, receiving it from him, 'it is one of my visiting cards.'

'This, sir,' he said, with the manner of a person who was endeavouring to repress his risibilities until he had reached the full climax of his joke; and pointing towards my hat, 'will explain that. I found this card in your hat where you left it last night, when you appropriated mine.'

'Oh, then,' I replied, reddening, though joining in the hearty laugh which my mistake occasioned him, 'I owe you an apology; so we can cry quits.'

The exuberance of spirits and good humour with which Mr. Briarton fairly seemed to bubble over—so entirely unlike his manner of the previous evening—I was quite at a loss to account for, except upon the supposition that actuated by his jealous fears of a possible rival in myself, he had been goaded to the point of at once bringing Miss Percival to terms, the terms being highly gratifying to himself, and it was to be supposed, to the young lady in question likewise.

‘So we are to have the pleasure of seeing you again shortly,’ he remarked with the most affable manner.

‘Yes,’ I replied; ‘Miss Mowbray and myself promise ourselves the pleasure of a call upon Mrs. Percival this afternoon.’

‘Miss Mowbray, I believe, is a particular friend of Miss Percival,’ observed Mr. Briarton. ‘Really charming young lady; do you not think so, sir?’

I replied that I certainly did think so.

‘Such an eye; such dignity of bearing, such grace, and such wonderful vivacity! In short,’ said Mr. Briarton, with the manner of a person who was imparting a secret in the strictest confidence, ‘you behold before you, Mr. Hastings, the happiest man in the world.’

I did not exactly see the connection between the fact of Helen’s undoubted desert of the encomium he had passed upon her, and that of his being the happiest man in the world, but I attributed the irrelevancy to the rapidity with which he glided from one subject to another.

‘And her intellectual gifts too,’ pursued Mr. Briarton with an air of the greatest satisfaction. ‘That young lady, sir, has a mind that would do credit to an Hypatia, a Cleopatra, or any other illustrious female of antiquity, distinguished for her mental endowments. She is, sir, in a word, a most charming girl.’

I felt a little provoked at the rather familiar way in which I thought he had

spoken of Helen, and I could not help saying with some slight displeasure.

‘Permit me to remind you, Mr. Briarton, that girl is scarcely an appropriate term to apply to a lady who is but a few years my own junior, and I, I need hardly say, cannot be called a very young man.’

‘Very good indeed, Mr. Hastings—capital!’ he said, laughing as if he thought I had said something really very funny. ‘But without intending the slightest personal reflection, sir, permit me to correct you by observing that the lady in question is considerably more your junior than by a few years only. If I cannot with exact truth, sir, say sweet sixteen, I may, however, veraciously remark, by the trifling addition of but two years, charming eighteen.’

‘As a particular friend, Mr. Briarton, of that lady,’ I said with considerable warmth, ‘I cannot permit her to be triflingly spoken of. You must yourself, sir, see the impropriety of such remarks.’

‘Your sentiments do you credit, sir,’ he replied, ‘and I doubt not would be highly appreciated by the lady herself. But be assured, sir, you are quite mistaken. Indeed, Mr. Hastings, it has always been a maxim with me that the male member of the firm hymeneal should invariably be, if not more than a day, the senior of his female partner, in order that he may properly maintain that position of superiority which the wisdom that cometh by greater number of years, but which is, in fact, the distinguishing endowment of his sex, justly entitles him to. These being my expressed sentiments, Mr. Hastings, it is scarcely to be expected that I should ally myself matrimonially with a lady who would be—again, sir, I assure you, I design no personal reflections—at least ten years my senior.’

Mr. Briarton, if in his right mind, was assuredly one of the most incomprehensible of rational beings; and I could not refrain from a hearty laugh

despite the displeasure his words had caused me, as I said:

'Pardon me, Mr. Briarton; but I fail to see exactly what your matrimonial opinions have to do with the matter. I am sure you do not wish to offend me; but it is not agreeable to me to have the lady made the subject of a joke.'

'My matrimonial opinions, sir?' he exclaimed, evidently much amused; 'it would be decidedly funny if I had no opinions whatever of my own upon a matter that so nearly concerns me. My matrimonial opinions, sir? They have everything to do with the matter. Inasmuch as that young lady is disposed to cast upon me the eye of connubial affection, I——'

'Mr. Briarton,' I exclaimed, now thoroughly angry, 'I can suffer this to proceed no further. You may think it humour, sir, but it is misdirected and in exceedingly bad taste. It is very disagreeable to me; and I shall certainly not allow Miss Mowbray to be made the subject of any unbecoming jest in my presence.'

'Miss Mowbray!' he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh; 'well that is good, I must say. I was speaking of Miss Percival, sir.'

'Oh!' I said, feeling exceedingly foolish, and reddening to the roots of my hair, 'I beg your pardon, but I really thought you were alluding to— to Miss Mowbray.'

Mr. Briarton burst into another hearty laugh. 'That is a joke,' he exclaimed. 'Let us shake hands upon the happy removal of this second misunderstanding.'

I again responded to this further manifestation of his friendliness, but with the secret feeling that if there were the slightest possibility of the successful consummation of my own highest hopes causing me to behave like this poor idiot, I might, perhaps, prefer to postpone it to an indefinite period of time.

'The ladies,' he said, 'will be delighted to see you, sir, and I shall have

the pleasure of presenting you to your other self—your other self, sir,' and here again his risibilities quite overcame him, as if he had given expression to the funniest idea ever conceived.

'So Mr. Mortimer has arrived,' I remarked.

'He did, sir, shortly after your departure last night—fresh from the Exposition. Wonderful display, sir; wonderful! You may imagine our astonishment.'

Whether their astonishment was evoked by the wonderful display, or by the unexpected arrival of a second Mr. Mortimer, I did not trouble myself to inquire.

As Mr. Briarton was about to leave he regarded me with a peculiarly humorous twinkle of the eye, and said with the manner of a person who had reserved his best joke for the last,

'Excuse me, Mr. Hastings; but really—ha!—ha!—no offence meant I assure you, sir—I must beg you to give me timely warning when you open—ha! ha! ha!—your next bottle of champagne. It afforded us all the greatest amusement I assure you, sir; it positively did;' and indulging in another hearty outburst of laughter, probably to show me that he cherished no ill-feeling towards me upon the matter, he took his departure.

With the comforting assurance that I had made myself the laughing stock of the whole family, I returned to the drawing-room in no very pleasant mood, but with a feeling of relief at my deliverance from the society of this idiot; and I fear that the high opinion I entertained of Miss Percival was somewhat diminished at the thought of the very questionable taste that would lead her to link her fate and fortune with those of such a fool.

As I was leaving the room, my eye fell upon the card which he had returned to me; and as I took it up, I could not help thinking, had I only used it as I had intended, what trouble and vexation would have been spared me.

(To be continued.)

NOTRE DAME DES ANGES.*

BY 'FIDELIS.'

SOFTLY falls the July evening, in its fading fair and sweet,
 Through the pine boughs gleams the river, flowing swiftly at our feet,
 And the mazy islands, mirrored in its calm and quiet breast,
 Seem enfolded in an atmosphere of heavenly peace and rest.
 And the spirit of the Sabbath seems to rest on rock and tree,
 On the woodland and the river, far as the eye can see ;
 Only the birds' sweet evensong in liquid music swells,
 And, soft and faint, we catch the chime of distant Sabbath bells !
 Yet, though the scene around us is fair as scene can be,
 Our thoughts go wandering eastward as the river to the sea,
 To where an old grey city sits throned in rugged state
 And guards our noble river at its rocky entrance gate.
 All stained with many a winter storm, she keeps her rocky hold,
 With the mountains round about her, like Jerusalem of old,
 While many a noble memory of siege and hard-won fight
 Clings round those grim old ramparts like rays of sunset light.
 Yet not to gallant deeds of arms upon the hard-fought field,
 And not to knightly honours won where knightly foemen yield,
 Does thought most reverently turn, when, from the ages' wreck,
 We gather thy most precious things,—old chivalrous Quebec !
 A nobler glory shines on thee, that time can ne'er efface,—
 The glory of the Christian love that shed its tender grace
 About the rude colonial life that kept its foothold here,
 Through many a shock of savage arms and many a tempest drear.
 On from embrasured rampart,—on from bastioned citadel,
 The eye still travels onward, on one green spot to dwell,
 Where winding in his silver curve, St. Charles tenderly
 Seems to caress the meadows fair where best he loves to stray,
 For there the rude stockaded huts and grass-thatched roofs arose
 Of *Notre Dame des Anges*, where men who Christ's dear service chose,
 Braved for His sake the bitter cold, privation, suffering, dread,
 And even to the burning stake could follow where He led !
 The huts and palisades are gone, no ruins mark the spot,
 But graven stone or monument their memory needeth not ;—
 Brebœuf and Lallemand burned their names deep on our history's page,
 Their martyr fires shall light the past for many a future age.
 Their inmost faith is ours, and though *we* worship not as they,
 Fain would we keep their spirit fresh in Canada to-day :—
 No truer heroes ever found a grave beneath our sod,
 Than these who sealed by life and death their love to man and God !

* See description of *Notre Dame des Anges* in the first chapter of Parkman's 'Jesuits in North America.'

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH ART.

BY JULIA ALEYNE, BURLINGTON, VT.

I.

IT is to Hogarth that we must ascribe the honour of having been the true promoter of the Renaissance in England, as were Cimabue and Giotto in Italy. Before his time, English art was in its dawn; in fact art scarcely existed there save as an exotic.

Perhaps it may be considered a singular circumstance that art should have flourished at such an early date, not only in Italy and Spain, where climate and surroundings were congenial, but even in the gloomy Netherlands, and yet should have failed of any especial original development in England before the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Yet such was the case. 'All the various schools of Italy, Spain, Flanders, Germany and Holland had bloomed and decayed, and the French school had attained a considerable development before a national school of English painting was so much as founded.'

But M. Taine says: 'A work of art is determined by an aggregate, which is the general state of the mind and surrounding circumstances, and that a certain moral temperature is necessary to develop certain talents; if this is wanting, these prove abortive; consequently, as the temperature changes, so will the species of talent change. And in every simple or complete state, therefore, the social medium, that is to say, the general state of mind and manners, determines the species of works of art, in suffering only those which are in harmony with

it.' Thus we may be surprised that in the unpropitious Netherlands art should have flourished at such an early period; but M. Taine says, 'consider the German character;' he calls them 'the great labourers of the world.' 'In matters of intellect none can equal them,' he says. 'In erudition, in philosophy, in the most crabbed linguistic studies, in researches of the laboratory, in all science, in short, whatever stern, hard but necessary and preparatory work there is to be done, that is their province. Patiently they bide their time and work out the great problem of the universe.'

But, although national English art can only be said to begin with Hogarth, there were a few English painters before his time who claim a passing notice; and perhaps a brief account of the state of art in Great Britain before the eighteenth century may be of interest to the reader.

Mr. Vertue (to whom the antiquarian world owes many obligations for his valuable researches relating to the history of art) has taken great pains to prove that painting existed in England before the restoration of it in Italy by Cimabue. He says, 'if what we possessed of it in those ignorant times could be called painting, I suppose Italy and every nation in Europe retained enough of the deformity of the art to contest with us in point of antiquity. That we had gone backward in the science farther almost than any other country, is evident from our coins, on which there is no more human similitude than an infant's first scrawl of the profile of a

face ; and so far, therefore, as badness of drawing approaches to antiquity or ignorance, we may lay our claim to very ancient possession.*

'As Italy has so long excelled us in the refinement of the art, she may leave us the enjoyment of original imperfection.'

Mr. Vertue says also that the earliest place in a catalogue of English painters is due to St. Wolstan, bishop of Worcester, in 1062, and to Ervenius or Erwen, his master, an illuminator of MSS.

In no country, however, has painting risen suddenly into eminence. 'The future Scott, Lawrence, or Chantrey, may be indicated afar-off in the barbarous ballads, drawings or carvings, of an early nation'—says Allan Cunningham. Coarse nature and crude simplicity are the commencement as elevated nature and elegant simplicity are the consummation of art. But poetry, painting, sculpture, and music are the natural offspring of the heart of man. They are found among the most barbarous nations, and they flourish among the most civilized. Arising not from necessity or accident, but entirely from nature, they can never be wholly lost to us, even in the most disastrous times. It is true that the poetry of barbarous nations is rude, and their attempts at painting uncouth, yet even in these we may recognise the foreshadowings of future excellence. In Great Britain, painting was centuries in throwing off the fetters of mere mechanical skill, and in rising into the region of genius.

The original spirit of England had

* The indefatigable labours of Mr. Vertue left nothing unexplored that could illuminate his subject, and led him to many particularities that are at least amusing. He had for several years been collecting materials for this work. He conversed with most of the virtuosi in England, and he noted down everything he heard from them. He visited every collection, attended sales, copied every paper he could find relating to the arts, and wrote down everything he heard, saw or read.

Mr. Vertue's collection of works on art amounted to nearly forty volumes.

appeared in many a noble poem, while the two sister arts were still servilely employed in preserving incredible legends, in taking the likeness of the last saint whom credulity had added to the calendar, and in confounding the acts of the apostles in the darkness of allegory.* Even when Cæsar landed in Great Britain, he found the inhabitants acquainted with the arts and arms ; and his savage successors, the Saxons, added to their native ferocity a love of splendour and a rude sense of beauty still visible in the churches which they built, and the monuments which they erected to their princes and leaders.

'Their works were called ornamental, but the graces of true art, the truth of action and the dignity of sentimentality, are wanting,' says Allan Cunningham.—'and they seem to have been produced by a sort of mechanical process, similar to that which creates figures in arras.'

Thus, as before remarked, as the conditions under which any work of genius can become possible, are a region and climate friendly to art ; the stimulus of a beautiful landscape ; and a keenly responsive æsthetic nature in the people. It is not strange that in those early times Great Britain should have failed to produce any very remarkable works of genius, nor that painting, which requires seclusion and repose for its development, should have made so little progress ; for it was not likely to obtain patronage from a fierce nobility, whose time was mostly passed in warfare, and whose feet were seldom out of the stirrups.

All art was neglected, save that which embellished armour, and weapons, and military trappings. 'Elegance was drowned in absurd pomp, and luxury in grotesque extravagance.'

In fact, all the early works of art in Great Britain were from the hands of foreigners, for it was the interest

*Allan Cunningham's 'Lives of the British Painters.'

of Rome to supply the island with painters as well as priests, whose mutual talents and zeal might extend and embellish religion.

For many centuries the country continued in gross ignorance of all that genius, beauty, or grandeur gave to art. 'Now and then the effigy of a prince or an earl was painted, legends were imaged forth for the church, pageants were stitched and daubed for the nobles; stones were quarried for the manufacture of saints; trees cut down in the royal parks to be chipped into apostles; and art, to the ordinary eye, seemed in full employment. But of true art there was none.'

In the time of Henry III., however, there were a few painters of some originality, but the most valuable artists of that age in England were the illuminators of MSS.

Henry III., a good and pious king, founded many cathedrals and churches; he employed the crude talent of the natives in the building and embellishing of these cathedrals and palaces, and enriched them with sculpture and painting. He succeeded in attracting to his court some foreign artists, 'and the manufacture of saints and legends was carried on under the inspection of one Grillian, a Florentine.'

The royal instructions of 1233, are curious, and give us an insight into the character of art at that period, for in those early times the professional equipment of an English artist was curiously compounded. He was at once a carver of wood, a maker of figures, a house and heraldry painter, a carpenter, an architect, a goldsmith, an upholsterer, a mason, and sometimes too he was a tailor, for paintings and statues then were ordered exactly as tables and chairs are now.

There is extant a curious example of the character of the times, and a scale by which we can measure the public admiration of art. It is a contract between the Earl of Warwick and

John Rag, citizen and tailor, London, in which the latter undertakes to execute the emblazonry of the earl's pageant in his office of ambassador to France.

In the tailors' bill, gilded griffins mingle with Virgin Marys; painted streamers for battle or procession with the twelve apostles; and 'one coat for his grace's body, lute with fine gold,' takes precedence of St. George and the dragon.*

From that period—the time of Henry III.—Mr. Vertue could discover no records relating to the arts for several reigns.

'In Italy,' he says, 'where the art of painting has been carried to an amazing degree of perfection, the lives of the painters have been written in numberless volumes, alone sufficient to compose a library. This country, which does not always err in vaunting its own productions, has not a single volume to show on the works of its painters. In truth it has very rarely given birth to a genius in that profession. Flanders and Holland have sent us the greatest men that we can boast, among whom are Holbein, Rubens and Vandyck.'

Horace Walpole, however, whom I shall repeatedly quote, goes so far as to ascribe the invention of oil painting to the English.

From the fact of a picture of Richard II. having been done at that time, with the words 'Invention of painting in oil, 1410,' affixed to it, he argues that Jan Van Eyck might have visited England and thus obtained the secret of oil-painting. The fact that Jan Van Eyck's name was found on the back of some old pictures at Chiswick, and one in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, seems to be a proof that he visited England, in which case, Horace Walpole says, it is highly probable that he learned the secret at that time.

During the long reign of Edward

* Allan Cunningham.

III., art and learning were much more in favour.

Mr. Vertue says : ' Many portraits are preserved at Windsor in illuminated MSS., and there is also a portrait taken from a bust of the same age, the face of which is far from being executed in a contemptible manner.'

The King encouraged poetry and learning ; a better taste and less barbaric splendour distinguished the court ; the country became rich as well as powerful, and the martial barbarism of the preceding reigns was toned down into something like elegance.

The art of painting during the reign of Edward the Black Prince partook of the warlike spirit of the King. ' The royal commissions for saints, virgins and apostles, gave way to orders for gilded armour, painted shields, and emblazoned banners. St. Edward was less in request than St. George.' During the civil wars which succeeded, art continued to work patiently at its old manufacture. No new paths were explored, and the painter seemed to have no other aim than that of reproducing the resemblance of that which had preceded him.

Those works were the first blind groping of art after form and colour. The faces were without thought, the limbs without proportion, and the draperies without variety.

But, during the next century, the demand for saints and legends began to diminish somewhat, and a more rational taste to dawn. Portraits were frequently attempted : they were grim and grotesque, it is true, but they showed glimpses of feeling and truth of character which distinguish true works of art. . . . About this time another branch of art, in what was thought to be a far humbler pursuit, began to make rapid progress, and to rise in importance.

The illustration of missals, and of books of chivalry and romance, became a favourite pursuit with the nobles and a lucrative employment to

artists. Many of these illuminations were beautiful ; ' but their beauty was less that of sentiment than of colour.' The drawings were often stiff, but many of the ornaments were painted in good taste and highly finished. In some of the finest illuminations there was a vivid richness and delicacy of hue approaching the lustre of oil-painting.

' They are valuable also for their evidence of the state of art, for the light which they throw on the general love of mankind for literature, and for the information which they indirectly convey concerning the condition of our courts and nobles,' says Allan Cunningham.

They were richly bound and clasped with silver or gold, and deposited in painted cabinets and in tapestried rooms. They were exhibited on great occasions, and their embossed sides and embellished leaves were admired by nobles, knights and poets. They were the pride, and formed part of the riches, of their possessors.

' The art of printing and the Reformation threw these illuminated rarities first into the shade, and afterwards into the fire. The zeal of the reformers was let loose upon the whole progeny of the Church of Rome, and *wooden saints and gilded missals served to consume one another.*' The manufacture of tapestry also aided in diffusing a love of painting over the country, and was carried to a high degree of perfection. The ladies of rank worked at it with their own hands, and the rich purchased it in great quantities to adorn their churches and palaces. The earliest account of its appearance in England is during the reign of Henry VIII., but it was probably well known and in general use much earlier. The traditional account that the English learned it from the Saracens has, probably, some foundation.* But as painting rose in fame,

* Allan Cunningham's 'Lives of the British Painters.'

tapestry sunk in the estimation of the people, and by degrees the fanciful creations of the loom vanished from the walls of the palaces and churches, and the art is now neglected.

But all this time painting was slowly gaining ground, till in the reign of Henry VI., England really possessed one celebrated artist of her own. This was William Austen, the founder and the artist of the famous monument to Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick,* in St. Mary's Church, at Warwick, a work which shows Austen to have been little inferior to his celebrated Italian contemporaries, Donatello and Ghiberti.

Henry VII. was one of the first British monarchs, who paid any attention to the arts or encouraged painting; he employed some distinguished foreign artists, among whom Jan Mabuse was the principal.

In the time of Henry VIII., and later, in the reigns of the Charles', the munificence of those sovereigns attracted to their courts some few celebrated artists of the Dutch school, among whom were Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyck, all of whom did much to enrich the country with beautiful works of art. Henry VIII. in imitation of his rivals, Charles V. and Francis I., was very anxious to be considered a patron of the fine arts. He therefore invited Raphael as well as several others of the great Italian masters over to England, offering them great inducements if they would settle in the country. A few of the lesser luminaries really left the sunny skies of Italy for a time, and accepted the generous patronage of the English king.

Holbein was certainly the greatest artist who visited the English court in Henry's reign; and what the Italian masters accomplished in Spain and France was done by Flemish and German masters in England.

Holbein came to England with a

portrait of Erasmus, and a letter of introduction from that great scholar to Sir Thomas Moore, who received him very kindly, giving him apartments in his house at Chelsea, and employing him to paint the portrait of himself, his family and friends.* Having enriched his apartments with the productions of Holbein, Sir Thomas adopted an expedient to introduce him to Henry VIII. He arranged the pictures in the great hall in an advantageous manner, and invited the king to an entertainment. On entering, his Majesty was so impressed with the beauty and merit of the productions, that he anxiously enquired for the artist. Holbein was then presented to the king, who immediately took him into his service, giving him apartments in the palace with a liberal pension, besides the price of his pictures.† Holbein painted the king several times, and also the principal personages of the court. He is chiefly distinguished as a portrait painter, although he was not exclusively such. He painted in oil, in distemper and in water colours, and he also excelled in wood-engraving, of which works the most important are a set of wood-cuts, entitled 'The Dance of Death,' after his own designs, consisting of fifty-three small upright plates.

One of the finest of the great painters' works is the portrait of Morett, the jeweller of Henry VIII., now in the Dresden Gallery, where it was long miscalled a Leonardo da Vinci.

The so-called Meyer Madonna, also in the Dresden Gallery, representing the family of the Burgomaster Meyer, is probably a copy of the Darmstadt picture of the same subject.‡

Many ordinary English painters imitated the great German master; but although numerous pictures said to have been Holbein's, have been handed down to succeeding generations, the

* Holbein was born at Basle, in 1498.

† Spooner's 'History of Art.'

‡ Wormin's 'Epochs of Painting.'

* Richard, Earl of Warwick, died in 1439.

names of these painters have not been preserved, and it is not till we come to the Elizabethan age, that we meet with the first really good English portrait-painter, Nicholas Hilliard, who was born in 1547. Hilliard was chiefly a miniature painter; he painted Mary Queen of Scots, and also Queen Elizabeth; he continued in vogue during the reign of King James, and a great number of portraits from his hand are still extant. Several were exhibited in the first National Portrait Gallery in 1866, and are highly prized by connoisseurs, possibly more on account of their variety and curiosity than from their intrinsic merit as works of art.

During the reign of Charles I., who was a noted patron of art, Rubens and Vandyke came over to the English court, and were generously patronized by the king. Rubens did a great deal for the encouragement of art in Great Britain. He was the son of a distinguished magistrate in Antwerp, and was born in 1577. He was sent to England on a secret mission by the Infanta Isabella of Spain, to ascertain the disposition of the government on the subject of peace. The King, Charles I., who, as before remarked, was an ardent lover of the fine arts, received the illustrious painter with every mark of distinction, and immediately employed him in painting the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, where he represented the apotheosis of his father, James I., for which he received £3000.

In one of the frequent visits with which the king honoured him during the execution of the work, Rubens alluded with great delicacy and address to the subject of a peace with Spain, and finding the monarch not averse to such a measure, he immediately produced his credentials. Charles at once appointed some members of his council to negotiate with him, and a pacification was soon effected. The king was so highly pleased with the artist's paintings, and particularly with his conduct in this diplomatic emergency, that he gave him a muni-

ficent reward, and conferred on him the honour of knighthood. He also presented the painter with his own sword, enriched with diamonds; his hat-band of jewels, and a gold chain which Rubens always wore.

Rubens painted the portrait of Charles I. when in England, and also that of his Queen, Henrietta Maria.

Vandyke, another eminent Flemish artist, was the son of a glass-painter of Antwerp, and was born in 1599.

Hearing of the great encouragement extended to the Arts by Charles I., he determined to visit England. He went to London in 1629, expecting to be presented to the king, but his hopes not being realized he crossed over to Paris, and from there returned to Antwerp. Charles, however, having seen a portrait by Vandyke of the musician Laniere, requested Sir Kenelm Digby to invite him to return to England. Accordingly, in 1631, he arrived a second time in London, and was received by the king in a most flattering manner. He was lodged at Blackfriars, where His Majesty frequently went to sit for his portrait, as well as to enjoy the society of the artist. The honour of knighthood was conferred upon him in 1632, and in the following year he was appointed painter to the king. Prosperity now flowed in upon the artist in abundance, and although he worked with the greatest industry, often painting a portrait in a day, he never could fulfil all his commissions! Fond of display, he kept a splendid establishment, and his sumptuous table was frequented by persons of the highest distinction.

As he was anxious to execute some great work in England, he proposed to the king to decorate the walls of the Banqueting House (of which the ceiling was already adorned by Rubens) with the history and procession of the Order of the Garter; but the project was put an end to by his death. Vandyke took a high place in portrait painting; he was unrivalled for the delicate beauty of the hands

and was a perfect master of drawing and *chiaro-oscuro*. 'Man in his noblest form and attitude was ever present to his fancy, for no one has ever equalled him in depicting manly dignity. All his men are of robust intellect, for he is a painter of mind more than of velvet or silk, yet he throws a cloak over a cavalier with a grace that few have attained.'

'Vandyke's pictures,' observes Barry, 'are not less remarkable for the truth, beauty and freshness of the tints than for the masterly manner of their handling or execution.'

His attitudes are graceful and natural, and although he seldom flatters, his portraits impress one with the feeling that he has not only selected the most suitable attitude for his figures, but that he has chosen the best view of the countenance. Reynolds says of the St. Sebastian and Susanna in the Dusseldorf Gallery, that 'they were done when he was very young; he never afterwards had so brilliant a manner of colouring; it kills everything near it. This is Vandyke's first manner, when he imitated Rubens and Titian, which supposes the *sun in the room*; in his pictures afterwards he represented common *daylight*.'

There are some very fine portraits by him of distinguished personages, besides the Royal Family, in the mansions of the English nobility.* Charles I. had made a very fine collection of the works of the old masters; his galleries and cabinets were filled with all the monuments of genius which he could procure in other countries or his own. He treated with the greatest attention all the foreign artists who visited the English Court, as before remarked, and introduced their productions into his palaces. Inigo Jones was his architect, and Vandyke was his painter.

Of the contents of King Charles's galleries, we have various accounts, but all agree that they contain many

works of very high talent. The merit, however, of commencing this royal collection is due to Henry the Eighth. It contained in his time one hundred and fifty pictures, including miniatures; and when we reflect on the deficiency of public taste, we cannot but feel that he did much for art. The influence of a king of true taste, like Charles, was soon visible in the nation and the collection of paintings commenced by Henry was greatly increased under Charles' supervision.

Foreign countries, knowing the King's refined taste, now propitiated the English court with gifts of the fairest works of art. The States of Holland sent Tintorellos and Titians. The King of Spain presented the Cain and Abel of John of Bologna, with Titian's Venus del Pardo; and other States courted Charles by gifts of a similar nature, though of less value. He employed skilful painters to copy what he could not purchase. Through the interposition of Rubens, he obtained the cartoons of Raphael, and by the influence of the Duke of Buckingham, the collection of the Duke of Mantua, containing eighty-two pictures, principally by Julio Romano, Titian and Correggio. Thus the great gallery of Whitehall was rendered a place of general attraction, and there the king was oftener to be found than in his own apartments, as well as all who loved or encouraged art.

The gallery of Whitehall contained in all four hundred and sixty pictures, mostly by the finest artists. Correggio, Romano, Permegiano, Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Tintoretto, Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Vandyke, and Holbein were represented, and all were the private property of the king, who considered this noble gallery but as the commencement of one much more valuable and magnificent; and throughout his life he continued to collect materials with taste and enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, his munificence did

* Spooner's 'History of Art.'

not succeed in calling into being one good English painter, unless we except William Dobson, who gained the title of the English Vandyke.

He was articled to Sir Robert Peake, a painter and picture dealer, with whom Dobson's chief education consisted in copying the works of Titian and Vandyke. Vandyke seeing some pictures by this artist exposed for sale in a shop window, sought him out, and found him living in a miserable garret; he relieved his necessities, and generously recommended him to Charles, who took him into his employment, and on the death of that great artist, appointed him his serjeant painter, with a pension of £300 a year.

Sir Joshua Reynolds speaks of him as one of the greatest artists England had produced. 'His touch was bold and free; his colouring warm and harmonious,' says Reynolds. His works were highly esteemed, and are to be found only in the public galleries and among the collections of the nobility of England. Dobson was the painter of several good historical pieces, as well as portraits. Two fine examples of his work were exhibited at Manchester in 1857—Sir Charles Cottrill, master of ceremonies to Charles I., and Sir Balthazar Gerbier in the same piece.*

Robert Walker, another very good artist in the time of Cromwell, comes next.

He had a clever manly touch, without much refinement of colouring or glazing, says Wormin, and his head of Cromwell in the Pitti Palace, where it has been attributed to Lely, is the work of a ready master. The Duke of Tuscany's agent paid £500 for this portrait in Cromwell's life time, which was then considered a great price.

In the time of Charles II, the Vandervelds, Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, were the favoured masters of the day, and we are told that 'the few common-place painters, whom

England then produced, assiduously copied the manner of these much belauded foreigners.' Richard Gibson, the dwarf, was born in 1615, and died in 1690.

He was one of Lely's imitators; he had considerable reputation as a painter, but excelled chiefly in water colours; there is a great drawing of Queen Henrietta by him, at Hampton Court. The Parable of the Lost Sheep, which was the innocent cause of Vandervoort's death, was one of his best productions.

Abraham Vandervoort was the keeper of the king's collections, and prepared a catalogue of his pictures as they were arranged in the palace, at Whitehall; he was also Charles' medallist, and he appears to have enjoyed a distinct salary of forty pounds a year for each office. These favours seem to have made Vandervoort very nervous. The king had requested him to take particular care of a miniature, by Gibson, the Parable of the Lost Sheep, alluded to above; poor Vandervoort put it away so carefully that when Charles asked him for it he could not find it, and in despair he hanged himself: it was, however, found after his death.

George Jameson, called, by Walpole, the Scottish Vandyke, was another good painter of the time. He was a fellow-pupil with Vandyke in the school of Rubens, at Antwerp, about the year 1616. He had quite a successful career, and was noticed especially by Charles I., who visited Edinburgh in 1633, and sat to Jameson for his portrait, with which the king was so well pleased that he presented the painter with a diamond ring.

Charles the Second's Riley was one of the best native painters that England had produced. Horace Walpole says, 'I have seen draperies and hands painted by Riley that would do honour to either Lely or Kneller.'

Riley was born in 1646, but received little notice till the death of Sir Peter Lely, when one of the courtiers being

* Wormin's 'Epochs of Painting.'

persuaded to sit to him, the picture was shown to the king. Charles himself then sat to him, but this almost discouraged the bashful artist from pursuing his profession. Looking at the picture, the king exclaimed, 'Is this like me? then odds fish, I am an ugly fellow!' This discouraged Riley so much that he could not bear to finish the picture.

James and his Queen sat to him; so did their successors, and appointed him their painter: he gained considerable reputation, and had a fine collection of pictures, drawings, etc.

Sir Peter Lely was of a Dutch family, and was born in Westphalia, in 1618. His real name was Vanden Fals, and his father was a 'captain of foot,' who, having chanced to be born in rooms over a perfumer's shop, which bore the sign of a lily, took, fantastically enough, the name of Du Lys, or Lely, which he transmitted to his son.

The younger Lely came to England in 1641, the year of Vandyke's death, and became a celebrated painter of women. His works are characterized by a beautiful colouring and graceful attitude. Vandyke was his model, but far inferior to that celebrated artist in simplicity, elevation of design, and purity of colour, 'he endeavoured to supply his want of taste with affectation and *clinquant*.'

'His nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. His habits were a sort of fantastique night-gown, with a single pin.' He was, in truth, the ladies' painter, as most of his portraits were ladies and very beautiful. No one knew better than he how to paint 'the sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul,' 'the cheek of cream,' and the delicate hands, some of his female portraits rivalling those of Vandyke. His style is well illustrated in the so-called Beauties of Charles II., of which one of the best pictures is the Princess Mary as Diana.

Samuel Pepys says, in his memoirs, that he called at Mr. Lely's, who was 'a mighty proud man and full of

state,' where he saw the Duchess of Cleveland 'sitting in a chair, dressed in white satin; also Lady Castlemain, a most blessed picture, of which he was resolved to have a copy.'

Lely was commissioned to paint the portrait of Cromwell, who said to the artist, 'Mr. Lely, I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts and everything as you see me; otherwise I never will pay one farthing for it.'

At last Lely was appointed Court painter to Charles II., who, also, conferred on him the order of knighthood. He amassed a large fortune, gained a great reputation, and was for many years the most eminent painter in England. Of the numerous works which he painted, upwards of seventy are still in Great Britain—portraits of ladies of rank and note, and men of birth or genius.

It was at this time, during the reign of Charles II., that allegory became the fashion, and walls, ceilings, and staircases were profusely decorated with the most unmeaning classical and so-called historical subjects, 'in which real historical characters in wonderful costumes were represented with the attributes of the gods, surrounded by impersonated virtues, and gods and goddesses, shepherds and shepherdesses, swains and nymphs, disporting themselves in foolish wantonness over acres of canvass.*'

The Italian Verrio was the first to introduce these wonderful 'historico-allegorico-mural' decorations. Charles II., wishing to revive the manufacture of tapestry at Mortlake, sent over to England for Verrio; but, changing his purpose after the painter's arrival, consigned Windsor to his charge instead.

Horace Walpole says of him, 'Antonio Verrio was an excellent painter for those things for which he was em-

* Mrs. Heaton.

ployed; *i. e.* without much invention; and with less taste his pencil was ready at pouring out gods, goddesses, kings, emperors, and triumphs over those public surfaces on which the eye never rests long enough to criticize, and where one would be sorry to place the works of a better master, I mean ceilings and staircases. The New Testament or the Roman history cost him nothing for ultramarine; that, and marble columns and marble steps he never spared.

The first picture Verrio drew for the king, was his majesty in naval triumph in the public dining-room in Windsor Castle. He painted most of the ceiling there, one whole side of St. George's Hall, and the Chapel. On the ceiling of the former he painted the Earl of Shaftesbury in the character of Faction dispersing libels; on another ceiling he revenged a private quarrel with the housekeeper, Mrs. Marriot, by borrowing her ugly face for one of the furies. With still greater impropriety he has introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and one or two other friends in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.*

The king paid him generously for his work, giving him large sums of money for much worthless decoration, which has now almost entirely disappeared. He also gave the artist lodgings at Hampton Court, a pension of £200 a year, and a place as master gardener.

Verrio was extravagant, and kept a fine stable, and often pressed the king for money with a freedom which his majesty's own weakness indulged. He went one day to the king to ask for money as usual, but, finding his master occupied with business; he waited a little at the door. His majesty seeing him, called out, what is it Verrio, what do you want now? 'Some more money your majesty,' replied the artist. 'More money,' called out the king, 'why I thought I gave you £1000 only last week; at

this rate it costs you more to support your household, than it does me mine.' 'Well, but your majesty does not have to keep a public table as I do,' replied Verrio; the king laughed and gave him the money. On the accession of James II., Verrio was again employed at Windsor. He painted the king and several of his courtiers in the hospital of Christ's Church, London. He has placed his own portrait in the room where he represented the history of Mars and Venus; and for the Bacchus bestriding a hogshead, he has, according to his usual style, borrowed the countenance of a *dean*, with whom he was at variance. At last he condescended to serve King William and was sent to Hampton Court, 'where among other things, he painted the great staircase, and as ill as if he had spoiled it out of principle,' we are told. But his mural decorations continued in fashion for many years, and were the admiration of all the young artists of his time.

Sir Godfrey Kneller was another favourite master of the period. He is said 'to have united the greatest vanity and the most consummate negligence of character; at least where he offered one picture to fame, he sacrificed twenty to lucre; and he met with customers of so little judgment, that they were fond of being painted by a man who would gladly have disowned his works the moment they were paid for.' In fact he was so covetous that he made his reputation subservient to his fortune. 'Historic painters,' said he, 'make the dead live. I paint the living and they make *me* live.' And this was the reason he gave for preferring portraiture. Sir Godfrey's father was an architect of Lübeck, who intended his son for the military profession* With this view he sent the youth to London to study mathematics and fortification. But young Godfrey showed such a great taste for painting, that

* Horace Walpole.

* Sir Godfrey Kneller was born in 1648.

his father allowed him to follow the natural bent of his genius, and when he was seventeen sent him to Rome, where he became the pupil of Carlo Marretti, and afterwards of Bernini. He then went to Venice, where he received great attention from the principal families among the nobility, for whom he painted some portraits which were much admired. After he had completed his studio, he went to England, as he had heard 'that England contained the golden fleece for the Jason of portraiture.'

The secretary of the Duke of Monmouth, having seen some of Kneller's portraits, sat to him for his picture, which, on being shown to the duke, the latter was so much pleased with it that he sat for his own, and induced the king, his father, Charles II., to have his portrait painted by the same artist. But the king had promised the Duke of York his picture, to be painted by Sir Peter Lely, and, unwilling to go through the ceremony of a double sitting, he proposed that both artists should paint him at the same time.

Lely, as much the older man and the established painter, took the light and station he preferred. Kneller took the next best, and went to work with so much expedition that he had nearly finished his portrait when Lely had only laid on his dead colouring. This novelty pleased, and Kneller immediately found himself in possession of great reputation and abundant employment; and the great number of portraits he painted proves the stability of his reputation.

He had the honour of painting ten sovereigns—King William, the Czar Peter, Charles II., James II. and Queen, William and Mary, Queen Anne, George I., Louis XIV., and the Emperor Charles V. In fact, all the sovereigns of his time, all the noblemen of the court, all the men of genius in the kingdom, and almost all the ladies of rank or of beauty in England, sat for their portraits. When he painted the head of Louis XIV., the

king asked him what mark of his esteem would be most agreeable to him. Kneller modestly replied, that if His Majesty would bestow a quarter of an hour upon him, that he might make a drawing for himself, he should consider it the highest honour he could receive. The king complied with his request, and the painter drew him on grey paper with black and white chalk. Kneller painted Dryden in plain drapery, holding a laurel, and made him a present of the work. The poet repaid this by an epistle containing encomiums such as few painters deserve:

'Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy
skill,
That nature seems obedient to thy will,
Comes out and meets thy pencil in the
draught,
Lives there, and wants but words to speak
the thought.'

To the incense of Dryden was added that of Pope, Addison, Prior, Ticknell, and Steele. No wonder the artist was vain! says Allan Cunningham. However, the vanity of Kneller was redeemed by his naïveté, and rendered pleasant by his wit. 'Dost thou think, man,' said he to his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil, 'dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No! God Almighty only makes painters.'

When Kneller heard that Jervas, who was a very pompous man, had set up a carriage with four horses, he said, 'Ah, mine Got, if his horses do not draw better than he does, he will never get to his journey's end.'

After the death of Lely, Kneller stood at the head of the profession in England, and his character was made so conspicuous by the many royal favours heaped upon him that it is not at all strange that he met with the great encouragement he did. In those days, kings governed the fashions, and fashions always govern the world. Sir Godfrey Kneller was the *fashion*; therefore it is not surprising that he became very rich and married a high-born English lady. He left no family, however, to succeed to his wealth and

country-seat of Whitton. His best friend was King William, for whom he painted the beauties of Hampton Court, and by whom he was knighted, in 1692, and presented with a gold medal and chain, worth £300.

Of all his works, Sir Godfrey was most proud of the 'Converted Chinese,' at Windsor; but the series of forty-three portraits, known as the 'Kit-Cat Club,' is, perhaps, the most popular. That Kneller possessed powers of a high order is admitted by his severest critics, for some of his best portraits are painted in a masterly manner; but his most sincere admirers, who are good judges, acknowledge that the greater part of his works are a disgrace to himself and his patrons.*

Kneller lived to paint George I., and continued in favour throughout his reign.

Both of the Vandeveldes were, from 1675, established in England in the service of Charles II. and James II., each with an allowance of £100 a year. The son made pictures from the drawings of the father, as the elder Vandevelde was paid for making draughts of sea-fights, and the son for putting the said draughts into colours. The drawings they generally made on prepared canvass in pen and ink. The sea-pieces at Hampton Court, painted in 1676-82, are probably their joint productions.

William Vandevelde the elder, was born at Leyden, in 1610, but settled in Amsterdam, and acquired great distinction there, executing many works for the Dutch Government. His pictures now seem to be very scarce. Among the most important works of William Vandevelde, the son, are the following large sea-pieces:—'A Storm Rising,' at Bridgewater House, and 'A Calm,' at Manchester House.

The National Gallery possesses two cabinet pieces of great beauty, equally characteristic, showing the same con-

trast of calm and storm, and both signed W. V. V.†

Joseph Highmore, a good portrait, but an indifferent historical painter, was likewise a pupil and imitator of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was a man of great general acquirements; he had considerable anatomical knowledge, and made the drawings for Cheselden's *Treatise on Anatomy*; we owe to him also, says Wormin, one of the best works on perspective—'The Practice of Perspective, on the Principles of Dr. Brook Taylor, in a series of examples from the most simple and easy to the most complicated and difficult.'

Thomas Hudson was a portrait painter, who was all the fashion at one time. He was the scholar and afterwards the son-in-law of Richardson (of whom I shall speak hereafter), and was the first man of his profession after the retirement of his father-in-law. He was the instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who afterwards, by effecting a revolution in the English art, overthrew the popularity of Hudson. The latter left off the practice of his profession, and retired to his villa at Twickenham, where he remained for the rest of his life.

But with the accession of the Georges to the English throne, a more active era in painting had commenced, and the foreign artists were from this time gradually but steadily superseded by native talent, which, both in quality and quantity, soon completely surpassed that of the foreigner.

Laguerre, Dahl, Denner, the miniature painter Amegourie, and Jean Baptiste Vanloo, were the last of the host of foreign artists who reaped a harvest in England. Laguerre was a pupil of Le Bruun, and the assistant and imitator of Verrio, with whose name his will be preserved long after their paintings shall have disappeared, both being immortalized by that well-known line of Pope's—

* Spooner's 'History of Art.'

† Wormin.

Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.

'The same redundancy of history and fable is displayed in the works of both; the same amount of *torsos* and flaunting drapery and angels, with wide-spreading wings.'

Laguerre being born in Paris, in 1663, Louis XIV. did him the honour of being his godfather, and gave him his own name.

He there studied in the Royal Academy of Painting. In 1683 he came to England with a painter by the name of Ricard, and both were employed by Verrio. Laguerre painted for him a great part of the large pictures in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and succeeded so well that he afterwards obtained a great many commissions, and executed numerous halls, ceilings, and staircases, particularly at Lord Exeter's, at Burlington, the staircase at old Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, and a good many rooms at Marlborough House, in St. James' Park.

King William gave him lodgings at Hampton Court, where he painted the labours of Hercules in *chiaro oscuro*, and being appointed to repair those valuable pictures, 'The triumph of Julius Cæsar,' by Andrea Mantegna, he had the judgment to imitate the style of the original instead of new-coating them in vermilion and ultramarine, a fate that befel Raphael, even from the pencil of Carlo Marratti.*

Laguerre was at first chosen to decorate the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, but was set aside by the prevailing interest of his rival, Sir James Thornhill, though Sir Godfrey Kneller—through pique to Thornhill—employed him to paint the staircase of his house, at Wilton, where Laguerre distinguished himself beyond his common performances.

In 1711, he was made director of an academy of painting in London, and would have been chosen governor on the resignation of Kneller had he not

been defeated again by his rival Thornhill. 'In fact he was,' says Vertue, 'a modest unintriguing man; God had made him a painter and there left him.'

Charles Jervas was another popular painter in the time of George I.

Horace Walpole says, 'No artist of so much eminence as Jervas is taken so little notice of by Vertue in his memorandums. One would think Vertue foresaw how little curiosity posterity would feel to know more of a man who has bequeathed them such wretched daubings. Yet, between the badness of taste of the time, the dearth of good masters, and a fashionable reputation, Jervas sat at the top of his profession, and his own vanity thought no encomiums disproportionate to his merits.' Yet he is said to have been defective in drawing, colouring, composition, and even in that most essential talent of a portrait painter, likeness. In general, his pictures were a light, flimsy kind of fan-painting as large as life.' It is a well-known story of him that, having succeeded in copying (he thought in surpassing) a picture of Titian's, he looked first at the one and then at the other, and then, with the greatest complacency, exclaimed, 'Poor little Tit. ! how he would stare !'

But what principally recommends the name of Jervas to posterity was his intimacy with Pope, and by that partial man was artistically much over-rated, being at the best, we are told, 'but a weak, diaphanous enlarger of fans and fire-screens.'

He was, for a long time very much in love with Lady Bridgewater; having ventured to look on that fair one with more than a painter's eyes. So entirely did the lovely lady possess his imagination that many a homely dame was delighted to find her picture resemble Lady Bridgewater. Yet neither his presumption nor his passion could extinguish his self-love. One day, as she was sitting to him for her picture, he ran over the beauties of

* Horace Walpole.

her face with rapture, 'but,' said he, 'I cannot help telling your ladyship that you have not a handsome ear!' 'No,' said Lady Bridgewater; 'pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?' He turned aside his cap, and showed his own.* Jervas studied under Sir Godfrey Kneller for some time; he was permitted to copy what he pleased in the royal collection, and to take copies also from the cartoons at Hampton Court.

The friendship of Pope, and the patronage of other men of genius and rank, extended his reputation, to which the *Tuttler*, No. 8, contributed considerably, calling him 'the last great painter that Italy has sent us' (he was born in Italy). His collection of drawings and Roman fayence, called Raphael's earthen-ware, and a fine cabinet of ivory carvings, by Fiamingo, were sold after his death. But, we learn that most of those deathless beauties, whom Pope promised his friend 'should bloom in his colours for a thousand years,' have met the usual fate, and perished among the lumber of garrets long ere this.

'Another master of the time, Jonathan Richardson,' says Walpole, 'was undoubtedly one of the best painters of heads that had appeared in England.' He was a pupil of 'Charles the Second's Riley'—with whom he lived for years, and whose niece he married.

According to Walpole, his heads were distinguished for vigour and boldness of colouring, as well as freedom and firmness of execution; but his pictures were destitute of imagination, and his attitudes, draperies and backgrounds were totally insipid; nevertheless, his paintings were above the average mediocrity of his contemporaries. As an art-critic he was perhaps the most original that England had yet produced. He published

some essays on 'The Whole Art of Criticism,' which may still be read with profit; his writings were considered more matter of fact and comprehensive than any others in the English language. One of his reasons for writing, he said, was to correct a *false taste*.

He was not a highly educated man, but had given his son a university training, and once making use of the expression that he looked at classical literature through his son, Hogarth drew Richardson, Jun., impaled *with a telescope*, the sire peeping through it at a copy of Virgil.

The taste and learning of the son are visible in the joint works he produced with his father. Besides the 'Art Criticisms,' they published 'An Argument in Behalf of the Science of a Connoisseur,' and, in 1722, brought out 'An Account of some of the Statues, Bas-reliefs, Drawings and Pictures in Italy, with remarks by Richardson.' As there was a good deal of singularity in his style and expression, those peculiarities struck superficial readers, and between the envious and jealous the book was much ridiculed. There were a few paintings and drawings by his son, for he painted a little too, and considered himself a connoisseur in Art. Richardson had a great collection of drawings, the sale of which lasted eighteen days.

At the Strawberry Hill sale, in 1842, a picture of Horace Walpole by him was bought by the Earl of Waldegrave for one hundred guineas.

Richard Wilson, Francis Hayman, the recorder of the old splendours of Vauxhall, and one of the first members of the Royal Academy; Allan Ramsay Kent, art referee in general; and Sir James Thornhill, the successor and imitator of Verrio; end this line of mediocrities, and bring us down to the date when, for the first time English Art began to be something more than a mere name.

*Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting.'

LAKE ONTARIO.

BY 'GARET NOEL,' TORONTO.

AS oft we fly in fancy's wayward dream
 From wonders near to loveliness unseen,
 And lakes, skies, mountains unfamiliar, seem
 More fair than aught the actual sight may gleam,
 So I in thought a wanderer have been,
 And feel my longings with the mystery
 Of scenes far distant, beauties more serene,
 Till waking suddenly, I gazed on thee
 Oh, loved Ontario, and knew thy majesty.

No petty lake thou seemest, hid away,
 Flower-gemmed and shadow-haunted, 'midst the trees ;—
 More like a Titan in thy mighty play,
 And godlike in thine anger when the breeze,
 Fresher and fresher blows, until one sees
 Thee rent the human hearts by miseries,
 The smiles, the calm that gentle bosoms please,
 Fade, while the waves, white-capped, and stormy, rise
 And shriek into the gloom that shrouds thee from the skies.

And Nature, cunning sorc'ress with delight
 Her varied spells flings o'er thy waters free,
 Till we behold thee flush'd with sunset bright,
 Or sparkling in the morn's glad jubilee ;
 But most night makes a solemn haunt of thee,
 When through Heaven's vault the watchful stars hang clear,
 So wondrous clear, it seems that, longingly,
 Each would sink downward like a glorious tear
 And in thy peaceful breast forever disappear.

Nor in rude terrors are thy shores arrayed,
 Nor rock nor chasm a lonely grandeur sheds,
 It is as Nature here soft touches laid,
 Bidding the mountains lift their distant heads,
 A gentle beauty with thy changes weds,
 Low hills that tell the fertile soil beneath,
 While as a girdle round thee verdure spreads,
 Till the soft plains with fancied odours breathe,
 And smiling groves a pleasant memory bequeath.

A change doth come upon them when the air
 Through a soft haze transmits the golden ray,
 And deeper, deeper grow the sunsets fair
 Till it is grief to link them with decay,

And earth, grown envious, paints in colours gay
 Her drooping foliage, till from Heaven the hues
 Seem caught by Nature and far, far away
 Red, gold and crimson glowing tints diffuse,
 Till, spell-bound rapt, the death that lurks beneath we lose.

Beauty and grandeur thine associates are
 And wed to thee was solitude of old,
 When Ocean held us in our homes afar
 Knowing thee not, what ages hast thou rolled
 And to lone shores thy changeful story told ?
 Sure thou was wrought for giants, not for men,
 Thou and thy sister lakes, and rivers bold,
 Vast woods and plains that stretch beyond our ken,
 A splendour on us bursts that mocks both sight and pen.

Yet man was with thee ; see the light canoe
 That noiseless darts from out the wooded shore,
 The fierce dark eye that sweeps the covert through
 Ere the wild owner leaps upon the strand,
 The Indian knew thee, with his dusky band :
 Oft on thy shores his wandering steps he stay'd,
 Cleft thy blue waters with unerring hand,
 Or raised the deadly whoop, in peaceful glade,
 Such was he then, but now in waning fears arrayed.

Our chain is on him, and he knows decay ;
 His step fades from the land he called his own ;
 His were the lakes, the torrents, and his sway,
 Rude and unlicensed o'er the plains was thrown,
 We brought him culture, peace, strange arts unknown,
 To tame his savageness and make him mild,
 And now behold him, how degraded grown ?
 Alike with winds and waters nature's child
 He shrinks before us fierce, unalterably wild.

Now commerce makes of thee her daily mart,
 And cities young and growing stud thy shore ;
 Man views thee as the miser's dearer part ;
 Yet there are moments, or at thoughtful hour
 Of earliest dawn, or when beneath the power
 Of the night-wind thy fresh'ning waves we break
 And watch the moonlight fall in silvery shower,
 When we feel all thy grandeur, mighty lake !
 And thoughts that mark us higher in our bosoms wake.

ACROSS THE SEA ;

OR, THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

II.

BY I. R. ECKART, TORONTO.

ON our way down the St. Lawrence to the sea we had delightful weather, and the passengers amused themselves in the best way they could—ship-quoits, reading, writing and whist, alternating. On each side of the river we saw the homes of the *habitans*, the happiest, because the most contented, people in the world. A peculiar race they indeed are. Though they cannot be credited with energy or inventiveness, they certainly can be commended for quiet industry and thrift. They go on the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by ambition and satisfied with their lot. What was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them. Taking little thought for the morrow, they let the morrow take thought for itself. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' About politics, unlike their western brethren, they trouble themselves little. They generally vote as the priest desires, and they look up to their county member as a wonderful being, endowed with great power. Is he not eloquent, and does he not procure an occasional grant from *L'Assemblée Legislative* to their county exhibition? Can he not talk learnedly on every subject? Do his speeches not appear in the *Gazette*? Does he not dine with *Son Excellence*? *Ma foi, oui. Ah, qu'il est sage, cet homme-là*, is their verdict. Their own want of knowledge is simply astounding.

They know that there are such countries as '*Les Etats, La France, et L'Angleterre*,' but I fancy some could be found who think that Napoleon is still Emperor of France. They have heard of Russia, and know it is somewhere. As a rule, very temperate is 'Jean Baptiste.' Whiskey is almost unknown, but he now and then indulges in a '*coup de bon gin*.' Only sometimes, on the way home from market, does he ever get tipsy, but then he is under the care of *la bonne femme*, who pilots him safely home. The oddest sight in the world is to see him on the way to market with his load of vegetables made up in bunches for sale. A very few dollars would probably buy the load, yet to sell that, if living up in the mountains, he must start at four in the morning, and only get back late at night. He doesn't drive—not he—there he sits, meekly on the left, his *bonne femme* has the reins, and both himself and his horse are under petticoat government. Such a hen-pecked individual is not likely to be very warlike, though Chateauguay tells a different tale. Any youth who has gone through *L'Ecole Militaire* is looked upon as a budding Napoleon. They are generally content with a second-class certificate, but are lost in wonderment at his genius if a lad should take a first class. '*Une vraie première classe*,' they incredulously exclaim. '*Une*

vraie, vraie première classe. 'Mon Dieu, qu'il est adroit. As a rule, the *habitant* leads an industrious, moral life. He has full faith in the power of his priest to ensure for him future happiness, and the Curé—good man—certainly counsels him to avoid evil and do good. 'Jean Baptiste' fulfils the injunction, 'Be virtuous, and you'll be happy.' He is indifferent as to having a good time.

Nothing eventful occurred on the voyage, and we reached Liverpool after a rather longish run. At Liverpool I soon felt at home. Entering the coffee-room of the 'Adelphi Hotel,' a well-known voice exclaimed: 'Why E., where in the world did you spring from,' and, looking in the direction whence it came, I saw an old acquaintance from the 'Queen City,' who informed me that he intended that day sailing for Canada, having apparently done the lions to his satisfaction. On my way to the business part of the town, for Liverpool, though possessing nearly a million inhabitants, cannot lay claim to the title of city (think of that, ye people of St. Catharines!), I came across half a dozen Canadians, who seemed to be not at all sorry to be turning their faces homeward.

The evening of our arrival, the Mayor gave a banquet to three of Her Majesty's Ministers—Colonel Stanley, Lord Sandon, and Mr. Asheton Cross. I happened to receive an invitation which I availed myself of, being anxious to hear these distinguished men. Their manner of speaking is entirely different to that of our public men. There was no effort whatever at impassioned sentences. No endeavour to win their hearers by gesture eloquent with meaning, or by tone of voice resonant with feeling. How unlike the withering utterances of Blake, the fiery eloquence of Fraser, or the keen, incisive tones of Cameron—so fierce in debate, and so gentle, yet firm in his intercourse with his fellow-men! How astonished the orators of old

would have been! I wonder whether the feeling of admiration or of contempt would have filled the minds of Burke, Grattan, Pitt or Fox, could they but have heard their representatives of to-day in the House of Commons. Colonel Stanley and his *confreeres* spoke simply in a quiet, business-like way. No effort to amuse was mingled with that to inform. They spoke slowly, as if carefully weighing every word, and as if considering the impression it would convey to the public through the press.

I cannot but allude to a remark made by one of the guests before the speaking commenced, which I supposed evidenced pretty fairly the amount of information possessed by the average Englishman concerning Canada. I happened to be placed next to the Mayor's brother, who presided at the head of one of the tables. He was most kind, and, after chatting for some time, introduced me to a gentleman on my right, a colonel somebody or other, a rather distingué looking-man. After a remark or two, he asked me,

'When did you return?'

I answered that 'It was my first visit to England.'

'Where from?' he replied.

'From Canada,' I answered.

'You a Canadian!' he exclaimed, 'I thought you were an Englishman.'

He then, in a quiet way, looked me over, apparently astonished that I had not moccasins on my feet, or some evidence of fur about my dress. I happened to eschew the wines that were temptingly offered, and confined myself to drinking 'poll.' My newly made acquaintance appeared to wonder at that, and remarked, 'You seem most abstemious.' Puzzling himself over what the usual beverage of a Canadian must be, he suddenly asked, 'By the way, do you make beer in your country?' I am ashamed to say that I almost laughed in his face; but after a moment, I quietly answered 'that we not only made it, but drank

it too; and that as far as my observation went, the imbibing powers of the Canadians were unfortunately quite equal to those of the English.'

Referring to the careful, cautious way in which the distinguished speakers, on this occasion, delivered themselves, as if weighing every word, and considering the interpretation that might be put upon it by the newspapers, I was afterwards much struck by the great difference observable in the style of utterance of the press in the two countries respecting their public men.

In the former, when exception is taken to their actions by their opponents, it is almost always done in a respectful way, and argument is used there, while personal abuse of no mild character is too often resorted to here. The characters of our public men are so berated that a stranger, taking it for granted that such words would not be lightly written, would be more than likely to conclude that our statesmen were corrupt and unprincipled, and of a very low type indeed.

The close of the dinner was followed by our introduction to the ministers and several other prominent men, and as my eye did homage to these descendants of men whose names were, centuries ago, high up on England's roll of honour, I could not but contrast their manner when conversing with my insignificant self with that of some of Ontario's public men. There was an unaffectedness and straightforwardness as striking as their courtesy was graceful. The affectation of superiority, so common in our public men, was entirely absent. They seemed as anxious to acquire as they were willing to impart information. I could not but contrast them with some of our leading men, with whom, during my official life, I had had the honour of being brought into contact, who, while they endeavoured to impress one with a sense of their superiority and the loftiness of their position, only disgusted you with their rudeness and surprised

you by their ignorance. They felt important, and attempted a haughtiness that was as ridiculous as the gravity of the monkey, and in them became simply offensive pomposity. There are some notable instances of men who, having been armed with a little brief authority, have displayed such insolence of office as to disgust and alienate their friends and supporters; a course of conduct which has resulted in some cases in their being relegated to the cold shades of obscurity from which they should never have been brought forth. These men have mistaken positive rudeness for what they have ignorantly imagined was independence of manner. They forgot that, after all, they are but the creatures of the people's will, and that those who have made can *unmake*. But, fortunately, there are very many instances of the contrary, men whose geniality and considerateness are as conspicuous as their ability, and who are both honoured and liked.

Just as in the old country you have men that have been alluded to as 'Old Pam,' and 'Dizzy,' and 'Albert Edward,' so on this side men speak with a loving familiarity of 'John A.' and other favourite and genial statesmen. On the other hand, the superior manner of some chills those that venture to approach their presence, and causes dislike; while men cannot but have a fondness for those that, like themselves, show their humanity by their little weaknesses—akin possibly to their own. The majority of men claim as one of themselves a good fellow who can unbend sufficiently to enjoy a good story, have a kindly word for every one, and who likes a 'little game.'

How different the actual character of public men sometimes is to the impression conveyed by public journals respecting them. The writer's long connection with the Ontario public service taught him not a little of inner political life, and the true character of the public men of that Province. During that period he served under

eight chiefs. An experience of so long a time, and of so many chiefs, with such different characteristics, ought to somewhat qualify him to form an estimate of what manner of men they are. One of the present ministers of Ontario, certain newspapers are given to describing, as half the time asleep, dozing peacefully in his official chair, indifferent to the cares of State. The actual fact is entirely the contrary. Beneath an apparently indolent manner, there exists great decision and promptness of character. My personal observation taught me that no minister was more quick at arriving at the actual facts of a case through a few pertinent questions than was the one attempted to be belittled. If an attack is made upon the department in his charge, he does not allow it to go idly by, but quickly combats and promptly repels it. His manner of speaking is an evidence of what I say. During a debate he may have appeared listless and indifferent, but when he rises to speak his whole manner changes, and with rapid utterance and vigorous argument takes his part. In the administration of his department there is an entire absence of fuss, but a vigilant supervision is felt. He is loyally supported through liking, not served through fear. So, too, in the case of one whom his opponents try to belittle by characterising his speeches as *vox et preterea nihil*. Is it a matter for derision that, being gifted with strong lungs, the strength of his convictions should sometimes cause him to add force to his argument by the thunder of his voice. Are we not told, 'Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' It is true that an impulsiveness of manner, and occasional *brusquerie* sometimes offends, but no more warm friend, loyal and true, can a man ask for than he. Few give so much time and care to their work.

I spent four or five days in Liverpool, during which I had a look at the docks and public buildings. I was particularly struck by the way every

inch of ground in the suburban parts was utilized, and at the narrowness of the roads. Each house, though it might have only a frontage of about half as much again as that of one of the houses in our ordinary terraces, had some pretentious name at the side of the entrance, such as Northwood, Bellevue, &c., &c. They all had, however, a small strip of ground in front and at the side of the house.

In Liverpool I was first made acquainted with the Englishman's desire for tips, of which I had much experience afterwards. One couldn't get in or out of a Hansom without some able-bodied man or boy rushing to open the flaps, and then shamelessly holding out his hand for a tip. If you asked a poorly-dressed man the direction of a street, his face wore a much injured look if his reply were not rewarded, and oftentimes, to one's additional chagrin, one found that that reply savoured more of falsehood than of truth. I never met any one, either in London or Liverpool, who honestly confessed that he could not give the desired information. Two streets to the right, three to the left, then you come to a square, and on its left you will find, &c., &c., would, I think, make any inquirer feel that he was in drill parlance, 'as he was.' The dodges of the cabbies would have been amusing, had they not been expensive. On one occasion a friend of mine hailed a Hansom, and directed the driver to take us to St. Paul's Cathedral. He gravely called a man from the sidewalk, saying, 'I say Bill, can you tell me the way to St. Paul's?' Receiving a reply, he slowly drove on. Looking down the street we first crossed, before us we saw the spire of St. Paul's, not three minutes' walk from where we were. The rascal coolly drove *away* from the cathedral, his intention, evidently, being to favour us with a drive of an hour or so. My friend shouted to him: 'A nice sort of Cabby you are, not to know where "St. Paul's" is. None of your non-

sense ; drive us there directly,' which was accordingly done. On receiving his fare, he loudly protested that he had made a mistake, a statement which we clearly made him understand we did not believe.

In London, I was at first fairly stunned with the noise, and, for the first time in my life, experienced the feeling of being lonesome in a crowd. Unfortunately, nearly all to whom I had letters of introduction—it not being the season—were out of town, so at first in the way of sight-seeing, I had to paddle my own canoe, half the pleasure being lost through want of a congenial companion. Shortly, however, at the 'Alexander' Hotel, I met some Quebec acquaintances, and with them at once drove out to Hampton Court, one of the monuments of the great Cardinal. 'Had I but served my God as I have served my king, He would not have deserted me in my old age,'—so regretfully sighed Wolsey, as he found the king's face turned from him, and himself stripped of all the magnificence with which he had loved to surround himself. As we all know, Hampton Court, with his other properties was taken possession of by bluff King Harry the VIII., when it suited his purpose to discard his favourite. Turned into a royal residence, it was in later reigns greatly added to. It contains a magnificent collection of paintings, and the portraits of the beauties of Charles II's court. Imbued as I am with a keen appreciation of 'lovely women,' I was sadly disappointed at not having an opportunity of seeing them, for whatever the faults of the 'Merry Monarch,' he had indeed an eye for beauty, though it could not be said that any one of the fair at whose shrine he worshipped, was to him 'a joy forever.' As fickle as a woman, enduring constancy was no part of his character.

Our time was too limited to permit of our seeing the interior of the palace, so we had to content ourselves with the outer surroundings. Innocently

I was led into the maze, and after wandering about for some time, my friend suggested that it was time for dinner, and that we had better return to the Court. Before long I became a-maze-d indeed at the difficulty in getting out. We tried the right—then the left—to find ourselves as we were. Every now and then we came across others in a plight similar to our own. The old soldier in charge from his elevated post, now commenced to direct us, but all in vain, and, on my angrily pitching into him, he of course commenced to chaff. Now then, two gentlemen from the horseguards—to the right. Although deprecating the rank he bestowed on us, we went to the right. *By your left* shouted our tormentor—*by our left* it was. Now then, governor, addressing my companion, this way quick. Make way for the two gentlemen from the horseguards, he now roared, of course calling the attention of the people who were standing near him. Well, at last, hot and angry, we got out, and bestowing our blessing on the old soldier, made our way back to the court.

During dinner our anger turned to laughter, for the situation, if annoying, was certainly ridiculous. We drove quickly home to the 'Alexander,' stopping at an old-fashioned inn, where the landlord served us with the condescension of a 'Brummel' and the charges of a 'Delmonico.'

The following day, in American parlance, we did the 'Tower,' a building with which, as everybody knows, are associated memories of the most stirring events in English history. Arrived there, we found a number of 'Innocents abroad'—like ourselves—gathered together in an outer room, waiting for the arrival of a guide. A 'Beefeater' shortly appeared, dressed in a most fantastic costume, and marshalled us into line. I don't propose to give a minute description of the Tower or of any of the public places I have visited. They have been too often described by more able pens.

I would only endeavour to portray the first impressions given us by the sight of places long familiar to my mind through pages of history that I had loved to dwell upon; but, in saying that, I would certainly not imply that the memories connected with the Tower could afford me pleasure; far from it; for are they not associated with tales of murder, of strife, of wrong? If the walls could but speak, what scenes of woe, of anguish, of hopeless despair, they would depict. As the places were pointed out where had languished the heroes of my boyhood, I could not but feel disgust at the 'good old times' of which the present generation hear so much. Good old times! indeed!—times when might alone was right, and successful ambition cut down all who happened to stand in its path. Brothers, in their lust for power, slaying brothers, and sisters, like Mary and Elizabeth, keeping one another's life in a state of perpetual dread. Edward IV. murdering his brother Clarence, and Edward's own two sons in their turn murdered by their uncle, Richard III. Lord Hastings, for opposing this Richard's evil ambition, was ordered by him to instant execution. Essex, a victim of that virgin Queen (who appears to have delighted in destroying those upon whom she had once smiled), cut off at thirty-four years of age—a life full of promise, suddenly ended by the caprice of a woman. As a soldier and a courtier, he took front rank, but the greater qualities a man in that age appeared to be endowed with, the more exposed he seems to have been to the successful machinations of his enemies. Sir Walter Raleigh, a soldier, statesman and author, confined in the Tower twelve years; released in order that he might search for gold in South America, and, in consequence of Spanish jealousy, again imprisoned and finally beheaded. We remember the story of his ready gallantry in throwing his cloak in front of Elizabeth over a muddy spot that

she was about crossing in one of the streets of London, so that she might, by stepping thereon, be saved from contact with the mud. 'Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fail,' wrote he on a pane of glass in a window that he knew Elizabeth must see, which brought the rough and ready Tudor-like reply, 'If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.' If this poetical interchange had reference to the courtship of Elizabeth, his heart evidently did fail him, and no wonder, for she appears to have been endowed with masculine vigour rather than with feminine grace. His heart did not, however, fail him in the dread hour of death, when he stood on the scaffold in his sixty-sixth year, with hopes unfulfilled and the arrow of disappointment piercing his heart, and met his fate resolutely and bravely. The Countess of Salisbury, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, all three underwent the bitterness of death. In strong contrast with these sad tales is the story told of John, King of France, taken prisoner at Poitiers by the Black Prince, entertaining Edward III. and his courtiers in the Tower.

It was but fitting to pass from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, where, in many cases, the slayer and the slain lay not far from one another. Catholic Mary and Protestant Elizabeth—in life deadly enemies, in death lying peacefully together; the effigy of the latter, with hands raised to heaven as if imploring that mercy she had denied on earth. Her heart was evidently not filled with the quality of *mercy*, and she could not have believed with Portia that

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown.'

One would have thought that the agony of suspense that she herself must have suffered when a prisoner at the hands of her sister Mary would have taught her compassion for the fair, if frail, Mary, Queen of Scots, and saved the beautiful neck from the

axe of the executioner. What cold, cruel women were these two daughters of bluff King Hal. The whirligig of time does, indeed, bring strange revenges. The same hand that had signed unhappy Mary's death-warrant signified by gesture her assent to the proposition that Mary's son should succeed to her throne. I suppose she knew that any opposition of hers would be useless, and among her bitter thoughts must have been one that it had come to pass that to the son of the woman that she had consigned in her prime to a cruel death she must relinquish the pomp and the power that she had loved so well; and that fate had decreed that to him her sceptre must pass. Truly, the ways of Providence are past finding out. How they persecuted one another in those days—under the mask of religion, burning and imprisoning one another—outwardly for conscience sake—practically, to destroy or remove some rival whose interests clashed with theirs, and, at the same time, Protestant and Catholic alike, pretending to be followers of one who preached above all things mercy and forgiveness, and taught us to pray 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' It does seem to me that—at the dread day—it will matter little whether on earth we called ourselves Protestant or Catholic.

Those sombre thoughts have been called forth by the sight of the tombs of two of England's Queens—hard-hearted, cruel beings, Mary and Elizabeth—belonging to the sex to which we men gallantly give the credit of being specially endowed with the attributes of mercy and gentleness. Have we not to look far over the pages of history to find the reigns of any two of our sex in which were enacted deeds of cruelty and bloodshed that could equal those perpetrated under the sway of these sweet, gentle creatures, who, if they themselves did not personally act, certainly

did approve. 'Qui fecit per alium, fecit per se.' And now let me get back to the Abbey. It was with a strange sensation that I looked upon the helmet that our gallant king Harry the Fifth wore at Agincourt, and not far off is his tomb. The hand of the recumbent figure has been cut off. The tombs of our kings what a sermon they preach, reminding us—lesser mortals—'what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.'

What matters all their greatness to them now. Many of the figures were mutilated, in some cases, I am told, by Cromwell's order. Some friends of mine who had been travelling through England, told me that in many cathedrals were to be found similar traces of his handiwork. I confess that it was with feelings not of regret that I saw marks of cuttings on the pavement of the cathedral shewing where they had taken it up in order to remove from the sacred spot the remains of this 'brave, bad man.' I am not much of an admirer of the Stuarts, but to me the execution of Charles I. appears indefensible. It may be said that his death was necessary in order to ensure the peace of the kingdom, and to prevent the cavaliers from having his name as a rallying cry, but being dead he still spake to them through his son, and, as events proved, not without avail; though unfortunately, that son did not sustain the character of his father. Apart from his inborn idea of the divine right of kings, which resulted in an arbitrariness that alienated the Commons and the people, the character of Charles the First, the martyr king, was, by no means, altogether faulty.

His peculiar and erroneous ideas had been instilled in him from his youth up, but he was '*sans peur et sans reproche*.' His life and death showed that. In that dissolute age, his private character was without stain. In this generation, her most gracious Majesty is deservedly extolled for her many virtues and her

blameless life. How much more credit should we give the martyr king when we contrast the different age in which he lived, when, as a witty Frenchwoman once phrased it, 'people had no morals to speak of.' It is a pity that his son, the merry monarch, who never did 'a wise thing and never said a foolish one,' had not followed in his footsteps. Quite in keeping with his character, was the fact I noticed that, in the Crown Jewel room, among the crowns, his was the largest and most glittering. And yet it has always appeared to me that he rather purposely affected frivolous manners, and that underneath these, there were startling qualities he was too lazy to manifest. Strange it is that the adversity of his youth had not developed them, but the mercurial temperament inherited through his mother's blood, and the training of the French court, left its stamp upon his character so markedly as to obliterate the strong qualities that his Scotch blood, one would suppose, must have endowed him with.

With great interest we looked upon the tablet to Wolfe, the young soldier to whom Canada owes her Red-cross flag and her liberty. He is represented as seated on the ground, his shoulders and head supported by a soldier. In front of him is another soldier with an eager expression on his face, and right arm extended, pointing in the direction of something going on of apparently great consequence. It is evidently meant to portray Wolfe's last moments.

It will be remembered that, when dying, he was roused to consciousness by the cry of 'they run, they run.' Asking who ran, he was answered 'the French.' 'Then I die happy,' he exclaimed, and his spirit winged its way to the God of battles. In the British Museum, I saw the cloak upon which he died, and it may be imagined what interest it possessed to one—a native of Quebec—to whom the Plains of Abraham were as fami-

liar as the play-ground of his school. The nation's sorrow at his death was well described by the lines—

'Oh, Wolfe ! like a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pray, and think e'en conquest
dear ;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to
glow
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-
wringing tear.'

It did not seem to me that the monument to Palmerston was as imposing as it should have been. Here and there are occasionally seen two names close together of those that history tells warred with one another all their lives, notably Pitt and Fox. I could have spent a month in the Abbey, so full of interest did its surroundings appear to me to be. What memories of mighty men and of the great past it recalled ! I noticed many among those in charge of our guide whose countenances wore simply an amused look, as if they were going through some old curiosity shop. On coming to the Coronation chair the guide told us that in it had been crowned the Kings and Queens of England for the past 600 years. 'Was Queen *Victoria* crowned in it,' asked an oldish man with a strong Tunker accent. 'Yes,' replied the guide in an indignant, though sing-song tone of voice. 'I have told you that in it were crowned the Kings and Queens of England for the past 600 years.' 'Why, you don't say,' replied the American. 'Why, I've got a better chair than that *myself* at home.' That was *his* estimate of historical surroundings.

In the Poets' Corner, I saw in unpretending letters, the name of 'Charles Dickens.' Many will remember a lecture given by Canon Kingsley, on Westminster Abbey, in Toronto some two or three years ago. The lecturer spoke of memorials to the mighty dead, and said that the greatest ambition a man could have would be so to distinguish himself, that when he passed away his memory might be deemed worthy of a tablet in the Ab-

bey. He concluded, 'my friends, it should be the ambition of every Canadian to win a right to have his name inscribed on the roll of honour in Westminster Abbey. It is my great hope that the time may come when I may have *my bust* in Westminster Abbey, and I repeat it, it should be the ambition of every Canadian to have *HIS BUST THERE.*' The audience mistook or pretended to mistake his meaning—the word 'bust' conveying to their minds, an entirely different meaning to what he desired to express, namely: what is called a spree or jollification. The shout of laughter that went up I shall never forget, nor the puzzled expression of the Canon, who failed to see in the subject of his remarks any cause for merriment. He must have concluded that we were the most rude or the most ignorant people in the world, to behave in so light a way, when so grave a subject was being alluded to. Well, the worthy Canon himself has since passed away, and his hope that he might have his bust in Westminster Abbey, is almost realized. A tablet bearing his name is there.

The next morning was devoted to St. Paul's Cathedral, which was founded, A. D. 612, by Ethelbert, King of Kent. On its site were four churches that were all successively destroyed—

the last in the great fire of London in 1666. The present church is capable of holding 12,000 persons. The interior is much more imposing than one would expect from the exterior. Here are monuments to Sir John Moore, Nelson, Cook, Howe, Dr. Johnson, and other notables. There, too, are the remains of Wellington, and fittingly those of its architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

The British Museum was next visited. What a collection of curiosities! To take in at all what one saw there would require much more time than I had at my disposal. Everybody was talking about Cleopatra's Needle which was being 'set up' in one of the streets of the city. I had occasion to pass it several times while it was being placed in a perpendicular position. There was always a crowd looking on. It did not strike me as being as imposing as I had expected. After being buried in the sand for centuries it now stands on English ground, bearing testimony to the skill of a people that were mighty long ages ago, and appropriately enough, the remains of the Queen of Egypt, during whose reign it was fashioned, are in the same great city. In the Museum is pointed out Cleopatra's mummy. Where is Antony who sacrificed an empire for her sake?
(*To be continued.*)

AVE IMPERATRIX.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

SET in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide!

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
Leap through the hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
 Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
 To battle with the storm that mars
 The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
 Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
 And the high steepes of Indian snows
 Shake to the tread of armed men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
 Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
 Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
 When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
 To tell how he hath heard afar
 The measured roll of English drums
 Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
 Where, girt and crowned by sword and
 fire,
 England with bare and bloody feet
 Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
 Grey pillar of the Indian sky,
 Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
 Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
 Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
 And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
 The grave white-turbaned merchants
 go :

And on from thence to Ispahan,
 The gilded garden of the sun,
 Whence the long dusty caravan
 Brings cedar and vermilion ;

And that dread city of Cabool
 Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
 Whose marble tanks are ever full
 With water for the noonday heat :

Where through the narrow straight Ba-
 zaar

A little maid Circassian
 Is led, a present from the Czar
 Unto some old and bearded Khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
 And flapped wide wings in fiery fight ;
 But the sad dove, that sits alone
 In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
 To greet her love with love-lit eyes :
 Down in some treacherous black ravine,
 Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
 The lingering wistful children wait
 To climb upon their father's knee ;
 And in each house made desolate

Pale women, who have lost their lord,
 Will kiss the relics of the slain—
 Some tarnished epaulette—somesword—
 Poor toys to soothe such anguished
 pain.

For not in quiet English fields
 Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
 Where we might deck their broken
 shields
 With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
 And many in the Afghan land,
 And many where the Ganges falls
 Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
 And others in the seas which are
 The portals to the East, or by
 The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves ! O restless sleep !
 O silence of the sunless day !
 O still ravine ! O stormy deep !
 Give up your prey ! Give up your
 prey !

And thou whose wounds are never healed,
 Whose weary race is never won,
 O Cromwell's England ! must thou yield
 For every inch of ground a son ?

Go ! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned
 head,
 Change thy glad song to song of pain ;
 Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
 And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
 Possess the flower of English land—
 Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
 Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
 The whole round world with nets of
 gold,
 If hidden in our heart is found
 The care that groweth never old ?

What profit that our galleys ride,
 Pine-forest-like on every main ?
 Ruin and wreck are at our side,
 Grim warders of the House of pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the
fleet?

Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What words of love can dead lips send!
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end! Is this the end!

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless, and with thorn-crown-
ed head,
Up the steep road must England go,

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchmen shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.
—*Selected.*

CHESS AND CHESS-PLAYERS.

With some reflections on games and sports generally.

BY JOHN WHITE, GODERICH.

AN extraordinary amount of attention is given now-a-days, to sports and games of all kinds. 'Sporting papers' innumerable abound and thrive; even the sober 'dailies' appear to have gone out of their recognised province, or, at least, to have extended it, in devoting whole columns to the chronicling of feats of prowess and skill in pastimes of nearly every description.

Not only is the result of each important (?) match duly announced at the earliest possible moment, but the preliminaries, the attendant gossip and rumour relative to each, are discussed, to an extent endurable only to the most enthusiastic votary of the particular sport or game so amply recorded.

That the public taste is largely in this direction is evident from the avidity with which such reports are read and looked for, and the very general and regular manner in which they are prepared and provided.

It is generally conceded that exercise in the open air is not only necessary, but beneficial, both physically and mentally, when taken in moderation, in proper time and place, with due regard for the capability of each *physique*; so that the frame will not be overtaxed, or the powers strained beyond their natural capacity to bear; but there is grave danger and evil also in not adhering strictly to the proper conditions under which it should be followed, and the limit to which it should be indulged in. So also with sedentary recreations; while they may often pleasantly and even profitably release the mind during leisure hours, if used in moderation, with favourable associations; when they are allowed to engross the attention, and encroach upon time to the exclusion of more important subjects, they inevitably tend to demoralize and destroy.

Chess-players claim for their favour-

ite, that it is the 'king of games;' possibly from its exceedingly complex nature, and the intense hold it takes of the imagination and intellect; but herein lies its greatest danger; since to excel in it requires not only a vast amount of practice and study, but a waste of more time than should properly be given; and an almost complete surrender of thought and attention.

An ardent and lively imagination, a temperament bold and sanguine, sound health and great experience in the mysteries and subtleties of the game, are all necessary to the achievement of fame in the annals of chess. Many of its votaries, possessing all the above enumerated qualifications, but lacking the elements requisite for the pursuit of some higher and more useful calling, have yielded to the fascination of the game, devoting to its practice all their energies, giving up their best days to that which should, at least, be merely a temporary recreation.

If continued and persisted in, such a course inevitably leads to a most deplorable result. Unfitted for healthy and honourable pursuits or useful occupation of any kind, the infatuated devotee of this most engrossing of all sedentary games, becomes a prey to a species of mania; his nervous system, overstrained by the unnatural excitement, his affections perverted, will submerged, his health becomes seriously impaired, and he breaks down prematurely, too often becoming a mere wreck of his former self; passing into obscurity, after having, perchance, achieved, as his only reward, a questionable distinction; his vanity flattered by the praise and admiration of mistaken friends, by whom he will soon be forgotten, or, at least, remembered with mingled feelings of pity and contempt.

The picture is by no means overdrawn, neither are such cases so rare as might be supposed; all the large cities furnish numerous such examples, so great a fascination does the game

and its associations possess for ill-disciplined minds, with a bias for disease and a craving for unwholesome and unnatural excitement.

The centres of civilization in the old world and on this continent also, attract a class of men, who frequent chess-clubs or coffee-houses, and endeavour to improve their limited or scanty finances by a mild species of gambling, playing chess with novices or amateurs for a small stake wagered on each game.

These are the 'professionals' of chess, and they are nearly always successful, their opponents being generally inferior, both in skill and experience.

How contemptible does such a vocation appear to the man of healthy and active intellect who is following a useful and honourable career; yet, let him cast the mantle of charity even upon these, when he reflects that such a life may be the outcome of oppression, weakness or misfortune, and forms the pitiful resource from dejection or despair of minds which have become unfitted for higher and nobler pleasures and pursuits.

The foregoing applies, of course, only to those who may be weak and imprudent enough to surrender themselves entirely to chess; both as a profession and amusement; comparatively few who play the game go so far or sink so low as to be classed among professional chess-players. Many learn the game, who never indulge in its practice to an unreasonable extent, being satisfied with an occasional *partie*, or discovering only tedious difficulties or wearying distraction, where others describe elegant combination and ingenious strategy.

Nervous temperaments are afflicted after its practice by a recurrence of the positions which have arisen in recent encounters, interfering with the natural rest, and disturbing the brain to an unwholesome degree; this is a very frequent form of attack, and has driven numerous would-be disciples of Caissa, to other recreations. Many

romantic and pleasing incidents are narrated and preserved which have been associated with the game, more particularly in Eastern lands, where it originated and is still largely practised. Several of these incidents are familiar to amateurs generally, and it will be unnecessary further to describe them, than as largely partaking of the marvellous and supernatural.

The lover who is brought into unwanted proximity to the fair fingers of his Dulcinea over a game, may well be pardoned for retaining pleasing recollections of chess; but this style of game is seldom played according to the legitimate and recognised rules, and most frequently subsides into a species of amusement which the veterans of the chess-world facetiously and contemptuously denominate 'skittles:' the highly essential rule of 'touch and move' being completely ignored, moves are made and 'taken back' with ridiculous ease and frequency, the whole *séance* being conducted in utter defiance of all the laws as laid down by the best-known and most respected 'authorities.'

The couple who isolate themselves by pairing off for chess in a social gathering are not in harmony with their surroundings; not only will they most likely be exposed to the merry gibes and lively banter of their more healthily occupied friends, but their game will probably be subject to playful interruption and mildly-contemptuous criticism, unfavourable to its expected enjoyment, and rendering impossible the concentration which its character demands.

Although to become proficient at chess, undoubtedly needs quickness of perception, liveliness of imagination, and even genius of a certain kind among its other requisites, there is no more general mistake concerning the game than to suppose it requires a high order of intellect; for, on the contrary, the great majority of its devotees, who have become slaves to it in a manner, are men whose tastes and

habits have become vitiated, depraved or debased, and whose peculiarities and eccentricities become more marked as they advance in years; whatever talent or ability they may have becoming warped or blunted by its misdirection, and finally repressed and destroyed by being continually confined and exercised within one narrow and unwholesome orbit.

Among many notable examples of the terrible effects of intense devotion to the game, may be cited the case of a well-known American player, who, some years ago, achieved a world-wide reputation for his matchless skill, creating a temporary *furor* during his brief career.

Flushed with victories, his vanity, flattered by the plaudits of injudicious friends, he attempted and performed unrivalled feats of skill and endurance, overtaxing his powers, until the time came when, the necessity for his prodigious efforts being over, the excitement which had sustained him subsided, and there came, as in all other similar cases, a corresponding period of reaction and depression; the nervous system, strained to unnatural tension, broke down entirely, leaving the physical health entirely shattered and the intellect enfeebled and beclouded, a prey to puerile fears and morbid fancies, quite unfitted for any active or useful occupation or profession.

A still more injurious form of the chess-fever, comes in the solitary habit of poring for hours over intricate positions and problems, than which, we know of no study so calculated to enervate, depress, and unnerve the mind for all healthy and generous sentiment and action. The *player* can, at least, enjoy in some degree the warmth of human sympathy or applause in his defeats or victories, and retain to some extent his social qualities by the companionship; but the problematist has not even this to commend his unfortunate taste, which will eventually overshadow or destroy in him even the

qualities necessary for the manlier *rôle* of a practitioner.

Among numerous other celebrities in the world's history who exhibited a passion for chess, may be mentioned Charles I. of England, the first Napoleon, Marshal Saxe, the historian Gibbon ; all these were men of undoubted ability, of commanding genius ; but their foibles and eccentricities were marked in a like degree, and in each and every one of them there existed the unwholesome craving for intense intellectual exercise and excitement which this game seems peculiarly fitted to provoke.

The calm, well-balanced mind, exercised to a legitimate degree in peaceful and active pursuits, turns from such vicious food as altogether foreign to its nature and requirements, possessing sufficient resources of a stronger and higher character to keep it in the necessary and healthy occupation.

Another objection to the practice of chess remains in the fact that triumph is always bought at the expense of an opponent. The conclusion of a game frequently leaves the victor elated and jubilant, but the vanquished suffers a humiliating mortification, which is seldom concealed and exhibits itself in a variety of disagreeable manifestations, according to the character of the individual. In the majority of instances these cases occur ; very few players being able to sustain a defeat with perfect equanimity or good-humoured indifference. So powerfully are the interest and attention excited and retained that chess forms, without doubt, the greatest trial of temper of any sedentary game played merely for its own sake, without the addition of any considerable money stake or wager of any kind. To the possessor of a sensitive and generous mind, the above, alone, might form valid cause for discontinuing its practice ; unwilling to give pain, his pride will yet revolt from admitting the superiority of his adversary, which his own defeat might be taken to

imply. Chess Clubs are too often the scene of numerous petty bickerings and unseemly squabbles, some of which partake largely of the ludicrous element ; whilst others extend to angry and violent wrangling or dispute. Rival claimants for fame, jealous of each other's reputation for skill, are also peculiarly sensitive to the criticisms which may be passed upon their own performances, and receive graciously whatever flattery or praise may fall to their share from the admiring spectators ; whilst he who is almost invariably beaten, comes too often to feel for his victorious antagonist the bitterest hatred and deep-rooted detestation.

To fix an average for the duration of a game is an utter impossibility ; as that depends partly on the species of opening adopted, and largely on the temperament and style of the players themselves.

When a first-rate or 'professional' sits down with an amateur or novice, much his inferior in skill, the combat is generally over in a few minutes ; but when 'Greek meets Greek' then comes the 'tug of war' with a vengeance ; anytime from two to four hours will almost certainly be occupied in the encounter, during which time the attention of both will be closely rivetted, all their skill employed, and powers taxed to the utmost to secure a victory. It may also be noticed in this connection that, although chess is very generally supposed to be an intellectual game, the possessor of the sturdiest and most vigorous physique has much the best chance in such a strife as this ; for, although his opponent may be quite equal or even superior in skill, the less robust frame will be unable to sustain with facility, the long-drawn concentration and tedium of the conflict ; the attention will begin to flag, or the perceptive faculties to be obscured by the intolerable strain, and presently he makes an error or slip, generally taken advantage of by

his fresher antagonist to get a superior position, which eventually terminates in victory.

Different altogether is the effect of such strife as this to that which follows the healthy weariness of out door exercise and amusement, for what may justly be claimed a safety-valve for exuberant vitality, predisposing to sound rest and sleep, whilst the former leaves instead restlessness and feverish excitement.

There comes a period in the lives of many blessed with redundant health and spirits, when the youthful frame seeks, as a necessity, its further development in the practice of such games as cricket, lacrosse, baseball, &c., or in sports of various kinds and degrees of strength and skill.

Such exercise and amusement under the genial influence of fresh air and sunshine, can scarcely fail to be beneficial in every way, if not too violently pursued; prudence being observed in the choice of associates, and in not allowing the amusements to become mere hobbies, excluding higher and more essential pursuits and aspirations.

A very common danger, however, with games of all kinds, is that they frequently bring in their train objectionable acquaintances, 'the professionals' of each, together with temptations of various kinds, drinking, gambling, &c. The evils attendant on cards and billiards especially, are innumerable; the former, more particularly, having been instrumental in the ruin of many, who, beginning, perhaps, with an apparently harmless game, among a few friends in the home circle, have sought a more extended and varied acquaintance with it, eventually finding themselves engulfed in a vortex of vice and crime, from which escape seemed impossible.

It is the first element of evil in each and every game, sport or amusement, which should be carefully shunned and repressed; for, once fostered and pursued, the downward tendency is

dangerously easy and rapidly progressive.

In view of these facts, does not the question arise;—would it not be better to avoid the danger by abstaining altogether from recreations having in themselves the germ of evil; particularly as substitutes, if sought for, can always be found more entertaining and more instructive.

In the last century, much astonishment was created by the appearance of one or two celebrities in the chess arena, who exhibited their powers of conducting two or three games 'blind-fold,' or without sight of board or men. Now-a-days such performances are by no means rare; we may frequently hear of or read reports of meetings where there have been as many as eight or ten games played simultaneously in this way, by some one who possess a faculty astonishing to many who have but a superficial acquaintance with the game.

It will not appear so difficult or wonderful when we reflect that there are but a few regular 'openings' or ways of beginning a game generally recognized and adopted as best; and that each of these has its distinctive features, peculiar to itself, and to a player of good memory and constant practice, so familiar that it becomes comparatively easy for him to recall the answering moves either in attack or defence. Of course, great powers of concentration will be required to grasp and master all the combinations as such a game or games advance in complication, and the brain requires to photograph these everchanging features, retaining each succeeding one until the conclusion.

Such feats can only be performed by one peculiarly constituted for them, after long practice and study; and, although their effects may not, at once, be apparent, can never fail to be injurious to the individual who attempts them, overstraining his powers by the long-sustained and unnatural effort.

The so-called master of the game

is, in reality, its veriest slave, most of his thoughts are tinged by its effects upon his mental constitution, and he is happiest when in his favourite haunt, surrounded by its feverish atmosphere.

A limited experience may claim in favour of chess that it is only a quiet and harmless recreation, with, in the main, gentlemanly associations;—to this, we reply that: if the player's demeanour and appearance be outwardly calm, his heart and brain are throbbing with repressed excitement, ruinous to sound health. In regard to its harmless character, we have endeavoured to describe some of its attendant evils and grave dangers; as to its being a recreation, it appears, in almost every case, to be a severe mental effort and labour; and finally, that its tendencies are nearly always mean and selfish,

much more frequently productive of evil than of good.

To those who begin to be aware of the insidious and baneful effects of chess, who find that they may be in danger of becoming victims to its, for them, powerful fascinations, or, of their being tempted to devote to it precious time, which should rightfully be given to some useful, peaceful and honourable calling, ordinary prudence will suggest the propriety and absolute necessity of its being abandoned at once and for ever. Multitudes of young men, starting in life with fair prospects and average abilities, unsuspecting of its pernicious effects, have been led away to become completely infatuated by it, sinking gradually into a career terminating often in disgrace and ruin.

SONG-CROWNED.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

THEY kneel above me on the altar stairs,—
 High priests, round whose great brows the diadem
 Of song flames like an aureole: to them
 The high gods listen, and their songs are prayers.
 And those flower-bordered singing robes of theirs
 Flow down unheeded to my lowly place
 So near that I may kiss the radiant hem,
 And catch immortal fragrance unawares.
 But they who stand so high in heaven's grace
 Chant on, in such a rapt inspired madness,
 That I who kneel with veiled unlifted face
 While that divinest rain of music swells,
 Dare not look upward with wide eyelids bold,
 Lest I should see what their clear eyes behold—
 The awful place where perfect Beauty dwells,
 And die of the full blaze of that supremest gladness.

MR. J. A. FROUDE ON THE OXFORD REVIVAL.

BY LL.B.

TAKING up a late number of *Good Words* (for July, 1881), I find 'Reminiscences of the High Church Revival. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Letter vi.' After a lengthy quotation from Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro vita sua*, in which the latter tells how he came to have certitude of the Christian religion as a whole and the 'Catholic Church' as its present living embodiment, Mr. Froude proceeds to dilate at some length upon the passage quoted, and, in the course of his remarks, to give the reasons why (to use his own expression) 'he could not go with Dr. Newman, but preferred to steer away into the open ocean'—an ocean, I fear, almost boundless and islandless. In the course of his comments, Mr. Froude has the following passage, which, it appears to me, is calculated to convey, especially to unthinking minds, notions radically opposed to what I am convinced are entitled to be considered, at least, as 'the better opinion'—and these regarding not alone historical facts, but, moreover, the philosophical deductions to be drawn from them. Here is the passage to which I refer :

'Religious knowledge has grown like all other knowledge. Partial truths are revealed or discovered. They are thought to be whole truths, and are consecrated as eternal and complete. We learn better; we find that we were too hasty, and had mistaken our own imagination for ascertained realities. "No truth, however sacred," Cardinal Newman says, "can stand against the reason in the long run, and hence it is that in the Pagan

world, when our Lord came, the last traces of the religious knowledge of former times was all but disappearing from those portions of the world where the intellect was active and had had a career." What is the fact? In the early stages of the Greek and Roman nations certain opinions had been formed about the gods; and certain religious services had been instituted. In these traditions there was much that was grand and beautiful; there was much, also, that was monstrous and incredible. As civilization developed itself, both conscience and intellect protested and declared that the Pagan theology could not be true. If the Olympian gods existed, they were not beings whom it was possible to reverence; and, the established creed having broken down, men were left face to face with nature to learn from fact what the Divine administration of this world really was.'

Dr. Newman has written a 'Theory of Development,' in which he maintains the development of our religious knowledge: do not Mr. Froude's opening words seem to blend harmoniously in the same strain? These two writers differ as the poles; but has not Mr. Froude been unwittingly maintaining in some measure his adversary's position?—a development of religious knowledge? Let us clearly understand Mr. Froude. He has drawn a general proposition from particular ones. He is combating Dr. Newman's views with respect to a particular religion—Christianity; and this he does by deducing from the history of the Greek and Roman nations the general

proposition, that religious knowledge develops, and then, without much apparent ground, placing Christianity within the same category. But I must deny the correctness of his view of the religions of Greece and Rome. Was their history one of development? Was it not rather one of retrogression? This I affirm, and to convey what I conceive to be the correct view of the matter, I cannot do better than make use of Mr. Lorimer's 'Institutes of Law,' where many eminent authorities are considered and quoted (p. 96).

'No where,' says Müller, 'have we seen the original character of the worship of Zeus as the God, or, as he is called in later times, the Father of the Gods, as the God of Gods, drawn with so sure and powerful a hand as in Welcker's *Mythology*. When we ascend with him to the most distant heights of Greek history, the idea of God, as the Supreme Being, stands before us as a simple fact. Next to this adoration of one God, the Father of men, we find in Greece a worship of nature. The powers of nature worshipped as such were afterwards changed into a family of gods, of which Zeus became the King and Father. This third phase is what is generally called Greek mythology; but it was preceded in time, or at least rendered possible in thought, by the two prior conceptions, a belief in a supreme God, and a worship of the powers of nature.'

The same remarks are indubitably true of the religion of the Romans, and what is here shown to be the case with regard to the religions of these two nations is, by Mr. Lorimer, supported by a large body of weighty authority, shown also to be the case with regard to the oriental religions. If these views are correct, Mr. Froude has based his conclusion of a growth of religious knowledge upon false premisses, and the facts seem to point in the opposite direction, that is to say, towards a retrogression not a growth—a develop-

ment—of religious knowledge. And coming now to the religion which we accept as true—as divine—shall we say that our knowledge of the truths of Christianity have grown like all other knowledge; that partial truths were revealed; we thought them whole truths, and consecrated them as eternal and complete; but now we have learned better? No. Shall we not rather believe that the truths of Christianity—the Articles of the Christian Faith—were 'once (for all) delivered to the saints'—that it is our duty to 'hold fast' that 'form of sound words,' that 'form of doctrine'—that it is better to 'stand in the ways and ask for the old paths,' where is the good way and walk therein, recognising that upon us have 'the ends of the world come,' that is, God has made his final revelation to man? The truths revealed may be but partial; we do not consecrate them as eternal and complete, in the sense Mr. Froude means. 'Now I know *in part*, then (and not till then) shall I know even as I am known.' Shortly: 'What God has given us from heaven cannot be improved; what man discovers for himself does admit of improvement; we follow old times then *so far* as God has spoken in them; but in those respects in which God has not spoken in them we are not bound to follow them. Now what is the knowledge which God has *not* thought fit to reveal to us? *Knowledge connected with this present world*. All this we are left to acquire for ourselves. . . . But let us turn to that knowledge which God has given, and which, therefore, does not admit of improvement by lapse of time; that is *religious knowledge*.' This kind of knowledge, then, *as knowledge*, it must be insisted, does not grow. Truths have been revealed to us; though transcending our reason, they are consonant with it: we *apprehend* them now; we shall *comprehend* them, 'When the day dawns and the shadows flee away.'

And here, in conclusion, I may fit-

tingly call attention to a fact which will be found well worthy of consideration, and which will, perhaps, enable my readers to better appreciate my meaning in the preceding remarks inasmuch as they will understand more fully from what point of view I have written. The fact is this: that in the *creeds* of the 'Catholic' communion we find little more than easily apprehended statements of historical facts

revealed to us in Holy Scriptures; while in the *confessions* of the 'Protestant' communions we find dogma, definitions of faith, and the acceptance of these hard and fast doctrinal definitions made the conditions of communion.

I venture to disagree with much more of Mr. Froude's letter, but space will not permit of my now lengthening these remarks.

 PRIÈRE.

[*Song.* Translated from the French, by GOWAN LEA; Author of 'Translations from the German,' 'Translations from the French,' 'Sonnets,' &c., &c.]

AH, if you knew how I deplore
 My solitude continually,
 Sometimes before my cottage door
 You would pass by.

If you but knew the joy I took
 In meeting but your fleeting glance,
 Up to my window you would look
 As 'twere by chance.

If you but knew what comfort sweet
 My heart has known when near you stood,
 You could not hesitate to meet—
 No sister would.

If you but knew what I could tell—
 My love, and if you knew the how,—
 I almost think, perhaps,—that—well—
 You'd enter now.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY THE HON. SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, K.C.M.G.

IN a contribution to the CANADIAN MONTHLY for August, Mr. William Norris has renewed the expression of his 'detestation as a Canadian' of the political position of his country. He had previously, in the number for June, made a new effort to convince his countrymen, that the Independence scheme, which he had unsuccessfully advocated, about six years ago, was worthy of support. The ostensible object of the second article is to complain that 'freedom of discussion' is not tolerated in Canada, in other words, that leading public journals refuse the use of their columns to an advocate of revolution, leaving him to inculcate his views by other means. I have already had an opportunity of discussing the 'Political Destiny of Canada' with a much more formidable antagonist than Mr. William Norris, and I have failed to discover in the various papers contributed by that gentleman even an attempt to answer the arguments which I have adduced in opposition to the views of revolutionists, whether advocates of Annexation, or of what in my judgment is the more indefensible scheme, of Independence. Under these circumstances I should not have felt called on to notice Mr. Norris' late papers, had he not gone out of his way to make a most unwarrantable personal attack on me, which I shall very briefly dispose of. Mr. Norris insinuates that I remain in Canada to earn a pension by advocating Imperialism. Having adopted Canada as my country fifty years ago, I venture to think that my claim to give expression to my

opinions is quite as good as that of Mr. William Norris, or any of his co-revolutionists. I cannot imagine that Mr. Norris is so deplorably ignorant as to be unaware, that the recipient of a pension, conferred by Act of Parliament, on a class of public servants for special services rendered to the Crown, is just as independent in the advocacy of opinions as any other individual in the community. I am charged by Mr. Norris with 'endeavouring to suppress necessary freedom of discussion.' The advocates of revolution entertain peculiar views regarding 'freedom of discussion,' as I have more than once pointed out. There is perfect freedom of the press in Canada, and the propagandists of annexation and independence avail themselves of every opportunity to endeavour to make converts to their views, happily, having reference to the public tranquillity, without any appreciable success. When, however, the fallacy of the arguments of such writers is exposed, there is at once a cry of interference with the 'freedom of discussion.' It is charged against me by Mr. Norris, that 'I mounted into power on the strength of my liberalism,' the obvious meaning of which is that I am inconsistent in not adopting the views of Mr. William Norris. If I had felt it my duty to change my political views, I would have had no difficulty in finding precedents for doing so in the English history of our own times, but I am unaware that, during a long public career, I have ever modified my views on any question of importance. Referring to the opinions of

another writer, whom he charges with 'taking the rôle of a party man and defending his leaders,' Mr. Norris proceeds; 'he does this after the example of Sir Francis Hincks.' This remark I must acknowledge my inability to comprehend, and I can only reply, that having long since entirely withdrawn from party connection, it is inapplicable to me. So much for the personal attack.

Mr. Norris is one of those advocates of change, who feel aggrieved at being described as an annexationist. I am not unaware, that in a pamphlet published in 1875, Mr. Norris declared that 'the political institutions of the United States are, in a great measure, one of the main sources of the widespread immorality which prevails. The doctrine of universal suffrage is held by Canadians generally, as being responsible for the most of it; but the fault or evil lies deeper.' Elsewhere in the same pamphlet, referring to universal suffrage, Mr. Norris declared that 'at present it may be said with truth to be the source of most of the corruption which is eating into the heart of the United States, and which threatens at no distant day to engulf the whole nation.' Mr. Norris likewise drew attention to a 'material difference in the institutions of the two countries,' owing to 'the nature of their administrations and governments,' and he maintained that 'the susceptibility of the government to the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives, which is the main characteristic of the English system of government, is entirely wanting in that of the United States.' Again, 'The contrast between the Canadian and American governments in this respect is striking and very unfavourable to the latter. Under the Canadian system, the Executive is constantly under the control of the people and susceptible to their will.' I must confess that the impression left on my mind, after a careful perusal of Mr. Norris' pamphlet of 1875, was that

the author, having a decided repugnance, as well to Universal Suffrage as to the political institutions of the United States, was so apprehensive that Canada would inevitably be absorbed in the neighbouring Republic, that he had reluctantly arrived at the conviction that her only safeguard was in Independence. He declared that 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. Nothing but independence can ever avert this misfortune, which, like a black cloud, continually overhangs the country.'

The independence, of which Mr. Norris has constituted himself the special champion, he has himself candidly admitted, would have to be maintained by external influence. After referring to several of the European States, whose independence is sustained by the policy of the greater powers, Mr. Norris proceeds to state: 'The independence of Canada must be sustained, if granted, by similar means.' Strange to relate, Mr. Norris, who writes in a tone of decided hostility to Great Britain, appears to have no doubt that she would not hesitate to guarantee the independence of Canada, at the constant risk of war with the adjoining Republic. The danger to which Great Britain is liable, owing to its connection with Canada, has not unfrequently led to expressions of opinion, as well by leading statesmen, as by influential public journals, that it might be her interest that the subsisting connection, which is believed by many, if not by Mr. Norris, to be most beneficial to Canada, should be dissolved. Mr. Norris has not failed to remind the readers of his pamphlet, that the London *Times* met the unreasonable complaints of some Canadians, that Great Britain had sacrificed their interests by consenting to the Treaty of Washington, with the petulant retort, 'Take up your freedom, your

days of apprenticeship are over.' Notwithstanding these complaints and retorts, no member of either the Imperial or Dominion Parliament has ventured to propose the dissolution of the connection; and Mr. Norris has himself candidly admitted that his scheme of independence is disapproved of by 'the great body of the Canadian people.' It is almost amusing to read on one page of Mr. Norris' pamphlet his denunciation of the Imperial Government, and on another, his assurance that Great Britain would, out of mere generosity, undertake to guarantee the independence of the ungrateful people who had voluntarily severed a connection, all the advantages arising from which were derived by them. Referring to the Treaty of Washington, Mr. Norris describes the English Commissioners as 'four foreigners, whose interest it was to obtain the best terms for their own country, by the sacrifice of Canada,' adding, 'independence, and independence alone, will put an effectual stop to this spoliation; without it, it will continue.' Then it is affirmed that Canada was made to contribute to the Alabama losses, a statement which contains about as much truth as the previous one, that 'the Colonial Government received an intimation to move for a settlement of what is known as the headland question.' One party in the country, according to Mr. Norris, 'submitted to the most galling Downing Street slavery with seeming pleasure and satisfaction.' This is not a description of old times, but 'after responsible government was conceded.' It is said that 'one chief clerk can govern Canada now. whereas, before Confederation, it took four or five.' I might cite many more extracts to prove that the *animus* of Mr. William Norris towards Great Britain is anything but what might be expected from one who boldly claims at her hands no less a favour than the 'guarantee of her independence.'

No one, I imagine, can draw any other conclusion, after reading the

chapter in Mr. Norris's pamphlet, entitled, 'Could Canada support Independence?' than that he was convinced that without a guarantee from Great Britain, her absorption by the United States would be her 'manifest destiny.' Poor England! Her reward for conferring on Canada practical independence, and relieving her from a vast number of obligations incident thereto, is to be told that, 'if above all, it was England, which initiated and encouraged Canadian nationality, then England would guarantee Canadian independence, otherwise she would be false to that career which, for the last two hundred years, has made her respected by the world as the first nation, not only in power but in honour, and the respect with which she regards and fulfils all her obligations. This guarantee would not cost England much.' The foregoing passage is by no means consistent with the general tone of the author's comments on England's treatment of Canada; but I need not pursue that branch of the subject. Knowing, as I do, that in the event of the separation of Canada from Great Britain, no such guarantee as Mr. Norris has suggested would be given, I have felt myself warranted in declaring the independence scheme of Mr. Norris even more indefensible than the other revolutionary project of annexation.

I confess that the passages that I have already cited from Mr. Norris's pamphlet of 1875 led me to believe that he was attached to monarchical institutions, although I have never seen any suggestion as to the mode of maintaining them in a state of independence. Believing, as I do, that the inevitable consequence of separation from Great Britain must be the adoption of Republican institutions, it seems to me that it would be the height of absurdity to maintain two distinct federal republics on the same continent, with the necessary additions of separate armies, navies, diplomatists, and customs officers. Mr. Norris is one of the very few of those,

favourable to revolution, who advocates independence in preference to annexation, and he seems to admit that those 'on the Canada side,' as he terms his adherents, if he really has any, are 'young, foolish and enthusiastic,' an opinion in which he will find many to agree with him. It is true that he characterizes me as 'an effete publicist' and 'a politician of a past generation,' but he must surely be aware that I am by no means singular in my opinions. I have just been reading a lecture recently delivered in Manchester by the Rev. A. J. Bray, of Montreal, who is certainly neither 'effete' nor of a 'past generation,' and I find that he assured his audience that 'wherever the British flag is unfurled, there are no people more loyal to the institutions and Queen of England, than the Canadians.' I fear very much that Mr. Norris has imbibed even more advanced views than he held in 1875, for I find in one of his recent contributions that he looks on 'universal suffrage' as a question 'in the near future' in England, and that 'when it comes, as come it will, the monarchy will not last long,' indeed he almost fixes the time for the revolution, for he says, 'there may not be a crowned king in Britain itself twenty years hence. The French Republic is silently honeycombing all the monarchies in Europe.' I have perhaps dwelt too long on Mr. Norris's visionary projects, and I have had other opportunities of discussing the grievances of which he complains. There is, however, one topic which he has introduced, and on which I regret to be obliged to acknowledge, judging from the tone of the press, that he holds opinions that are very prevalent. He observes:—'The power of conferring titles and imperial rewards on colonists will be found always detrimental to Canada, not only in the making of treaties, but in less important affairs. Canadian legislators will constantly have their eyes turned to

see what may influence Downing Street to bestow them, not to what the interests of Canada require.' I have never before seen the objection to 'imperial rewards' stated so offensively, but I admit that, in many influential quarters, a good deal of jealousy has been manifested as to the conferring of titles. There is, perhaps, no one living in Canada precisely in the same position as myself, as regards this question. The orders conferred on me, on two different occasions, were in recognition of services rendered in other colonies of the Empire, and whatever may be the merits or demerits of my Canadian public service, I received for it no special recognition. I can, therefore, discuss the question, as regards Canada, with strict impartiality. For a long period of years, England, like nearly all European States, has deemed it sound policy to reward public services—civil, military, and naval—by admission to orders of merit, established by statutes of the Crown, and limited as to the number of admissions. The memorable reply of Lord Nelson before the battle of Trafalgar, to those who implored him to throw off his decorations, so as not to be a mark for the sharpshooters of the enemy,—'In honour I gained them, in honour I will die in them,'—is a good illustration of the value set upon decorations for merit by all classes, from the recipient of the Victoria Cross down to the young girl who is proud of the decoration of a ribbon, as a reward for proficiency or good conduct. I know of no great state without an order of merit but the United States, and it is not a little singular, that in no country are titles of distinction so prevalent. The titles of Honourable, Judge, General, and Colonel are so common, that it is difficult to find an individual who is not addressed by one of them. Republican France has not abolished the national orders of merit. In process of time, as the Indian Empire and the Colonies became more important, and as the United Kingdom itself increased

in population, it was found that the long established order of the Bath did not afford room for all those whose public services were deemed worthy of recognition. It was accordingly determined to establish a new order of merit, 'The Star of India,' and to extend to the colonies generally, the old order of St. Michael and St. George, which had previously been conferred in recognition of services, rendered in Malta and the Ionian Islands. In the year 1868, new statutes were enacted, authorizing admission to the order of St. Michael and St. George, of such persons 'as may have held, or shall hereafter hold, high and confidential offices, or may render extraordinary and important services to us, as Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, in relation to any of our colonial possessions, or who may become eminently distinguished therein by their talents, merits, virtues, loyalty or services.' I presume that the most pronounced advocate of revolution would hardly object to the establishment of an order of merit for colonial services, and I have not failed to remark that although there were, on the occasion of the Queen's last birthday, a considerable number of promotions, and admissions to the order of St. Michael and St. George, outside of Canada, no complaint on the subject has been made from any other colony of the Empire. I can well imagine the storm of indignation that would have raged among Mr. Norris and his 'young, foolish and enthusiastic' friends, if the statute had contained the words 'excepting the Dominion of Canada,' immediately after 'in relation to any of our colonial possessions,' and yet that would be the proper mode of giving effect to the wishes of the authors of the thoughtless criticisms which have been made on the subject. As to the persons selected, the responsibility must necessarily rest on the advisers of the Crown in England, who naturally must be influenced, as regards

Canadian appointments, by the advice of the Governor-General of the Dominion. When it is borne in mind that the numbers in the three classes of the order, for all the colonies, are respectively 25, 60 and 100, there need be little danger of admissions except for merit. The other colonies would doubtless, have no objection to the exclusion of Canadians from the order, and if rumour is to be believed, instances have occurred of Canadians declining to be members of an Order, of which the Queen herself and several of the Royal family are members. I have, perhaps, dwelt too long on this last subject, which is only incidentally noticed by Mr. Norris, in the quotation which I have given. I may, however, call attention to his insinuation that Sir John A. Macdonald may have been influenced in his conduct as a Commissioner at Washington by the hope of obtaining the rank of K. C. B., which had actually been conferred on him several years previously, in recognition of his services as Chairman of the Delegates who had charge of the Confederation measure.

I do not intend to dwell at any length on the very extraordinary views entertained by Mr. Norris on the political questions of the day, but if there are any persons in the community, even among the 'young, foolish and enthusiastic,' with whom Mr. Norris is proud to be associated, who look to that gentleman as their leader, it may be desirable to direct their attention to his very peculiar views on these present-time public questions. He professes great admiration for the 'National Policy,' and approves of the Pacific Railway, and thinks that 'it is a matter of the greatest surprise to Canadians how it is that any party can be found to oppose them.' Dr. Canniff having defended the National Policy, Mr. Norris remarks, 'it can only be said that it will be a small business defending what no one attacks,' and this is published at the

very time that Mr. Blake and several of his friends were engaged in exposing the demerits of the very measures of which Mr. Norris approves. But, says Mr. Norris, 'the Liberal party must be educated,' and the sooner they set about it 'the sooner will they return to power.' The whole political disquisition is simply a mass of inconsistency.

To conclude, I need not discuss the

questions of Imperial Federation, or Annexation, both of which schemes have been unequivocally condemned by Mr. Norris, and, as he has himself admitted that, without Great Britain's guarantee, Canada could not maintain her independence, and as there is not the most remote probability that such guarantee would be given, I deem it unnecessary to dwell further on Mr. Norris's papers.

THIS HARP IS MUTE.

A MELODY.

BY T. H. F.

*' Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !'*

THIS harp is mute ; the fairy hand
That touched its magic chords of old,
Hath vanished, and it lieth now
As silent, still, and cold.

Its strings are broken, and the voice
That once to their's sweet music kept,
Like the hushed tones of this lone harp,
In silence long hath slept.

This heart is dead, to it alike
Is pain or pleasure, joy or woe ;
The voice is still that thrilled *its* chords,
To rapture's wildest glow.

Within this heart, but now its urn,
Where fires of passion uncontrolled
Once burned, the ashes now repose—
No marble half so cold.

Without a hope, without a fear,
Pleasure and pain alike are fled ;
What is there left to fear or hope,
If love itself be dead ?

Yet sometimes on the whispering gale,
 And sometimes o'er the murmuring sea,
 Like cadence of a dying strain,
 A tone comes back to me.

And oft when to the moonlit wave
 The evening zephyr whispers low,
 Methinks that I can hear therein,
 A voice of long ago.

This heart is dead ; for her it lived ;
 With her it died ; therein no more
 Shall passion or shall grief revive,
 For ever, ever more.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, TORONTO.

(III.)

CHAPTER XX.

A JOURNEY TO TORONTO.

TO make my narrative intelligible to those who are not familiar with the times of which I am about to write, I must revert briefly to the year 1834. During that year I made my first business visit to Toronto, then newly erected into a city. As the journey may be taken as a fair specimen of our facilities for travelling in those days, I shall describe it.

I left our shanty in Sunnidale in the bright early morning, equipped only with an umbrella and a blue bag, such as is usually carried by lawyers, containing some articles of clothing.

The first three or four miles of the road lay over felled trees cut into logs, but not hauled out of the way. To step or jump over these logs every few feet may be amusing enough by way of sport, but it becomes not a little tiresome when repeated mile after mile, with scarcely any intermission, and without the stimulus of companionship. After getting into a better cleared road, the chief difficulty lay with the imperfectly 'stubb'd' underbrush and the frequency of cradle-holes—that is, hollows caused by up-turned roots—in roughly timbered land. This kind of travelling continued till mid-day, when I got a substantial dinner and a boisterous welcome from my old friend Root and his family.

He had a pretty little daughter by this time.

An hour's rest, and an easy walk of seven miles to Barrie, were pleasant enough, in spite of stumps and hollows. At Barrie I met with more friends, who would have had me remain there for the night; but time was too valuable. So on I trudged, skirting round the sandy beach of beautiful Kempenfeldt Bay, and into the thick dark woods of Innisfil, where the road was a mere brushed track, easily missed in the twilight, and very muddy from recent rains. Making all the expedition in my power, I sped on towards Clement's tavern, then the only hostelry between Barrie and Bradford, and situated close to the height of land whence arise, in a single field, the sources of various streams flowing into the Nottawasaga, the Holland, and the Credit Rivers. But rain came on, and the road became a succession of water-holes so deep that I all but lost my boots, and, moreover, it was so dark that it was impossible to walk along logs laid by the roadside, which was the local custom in daylight.

I felt myself in a dilemma. To go forward or backward seemed equally unpromising. I had often spent nights in the bush, with or without a wigwam, and the thought of danger did not occur to me. Suddenly I recollected that about half a mile back I had passed a newly-chopped and partially-logged clearing, and that there might possibly be workmen still about. So I returned to the place, and shouted for assistance; but no person was within hearing. There was, however, a small log hut, about six feet square, which the axe-men had roughly put up for protection from the rain, and in it had left some fire still burning. I was glad enough to secure even so poor a shelter as this. Everything was wet. I was without supper, and very tired after thirty miles' walk. But I tried to make the best of a bad job: collected plenty of half-consumed brands from the still blazing log-heaps, to

keep up some warmth during the night, and then lay down on the round logs that had been used for seats, to sleep as best I might.

But this was not to be. At about nine o'clock there arose from the woods, first a sharp snapping bark, answered by a single yelp; then two or three yells at intervals. Again a silence, lasting perhaps five minutes. This kept on, the noise increasing in frequency, and coming nearer and again nearer, until it became impossible to mistake it for aught but the howling of wolves. The clearing might be five or six acres. Scattered over it were partially or wholly burnt log heaps. I knew that wolves would not be likely to venture amongst the fires, and that I was practically safe. But the position was not pleasant, and I should have preferred a bed at Clement's, as a matter of choice. I, however, kept up my fire very assiduously, and the evil brutes continued their concert of fiendish discords—sometimes remaining silent for a time, and anon bursting into a full chorus *fortissimo*—for many long, long hours, until the glad beams of morning peeped through the trees, and the sky grew brighter and brighter; when the wolves ceased their serenade, and I fell fast asleep, with my damp umbrella for a pillow.

With the advancing day, I awoke, stiffened in every joint, and very hungry. A few minutes' walk on my road showed me a distant opening in the woods, towards which I hastened, and found a new shanty, inhabited by a good-natured settler and his family, from whom I got some breakfast, for which they would accept nothing but thanks. They had lately been much troubled, they said, with wolves about their cattle sheds at night.

From thence I proceeded to Bradford, fifteen miles, by a road interlaced with pine roots, with deep water-holes between, and so desperately rugged as to defy any wheeled vehicle but an ox-cart to struggle over it. Here my troubles

ended for the present. Mr. Thomas Drury, of that village, had been in partnership with a cousin of my own, as brewers, at Mile End, London. His hospitable reception, and a good night's repose, made me forget previous discomforts, and I went on my way next morning with a light heart, carrying with me a letter of introduction to a man of whom I had occasionally heard in the bush, one William Lyon Mackenzie.

The day's journey by way of Yonge Street was easily accomplished by stage—an old-fashioned conveyance enough, swung on leather straps, and subject to tremendous jerks from loose stones on the rough road, innocent of Macadam, and full of the deepest ruts. A fellow-passenger, by way of encouragement, told me how an old man, a few weeks before, had been jolted so violently against the roof, as to leave marks of his blood there, which, being not uncommon, were left unheeded for days. My friend advised me to keep on my hat, which I had laid aside on account of the heat of the day, and I was not slow to adopt the suggestion.

Arrived in town, my first business was to seek out Mr. William Hawkins, well-known in those days as an eminent provincial land surveyor. I found him at a house on the south side of Newgate (now Adelaide) street, two or three doors west of Bay Street. He was living as a private boarder with an English family; and, at his friendly intercession, I was admitted to the same privilege. The home was that of Mr. H. C. Todd, with his wife and two sons. With them, I continued to reside as often as I visited Toronto, and for long after I became a citizen. That I spent there many happy days, among kind and considerate friends, numbers of my readers will be well assured when I mention, that the two boys were Alfred and Alpheus Todd, the one loved and lamented as the late Clerk of Committees in the Canadian House of Commons—the other widely known in Europe and America, as the

present Librarian of the Dominion Parliament.

My stay in Toronto on that occasion was very brief. To wait upon the Chief Emigrant Agent for instructions about road-making in Sunnidale; to make a few small purchases of clothing and tea; and to start back again, without loss of time, were matters of course. One thing, however, I found time to do, which had more bearing upon this narrative, and that was, to present Mr. Drury's letter of introduction to William L. Mackenzie, M. P. P., at his printing-office on I think Hospital Street. I had often seen copies, in the bush, of the *Colonial Advocate*, as well as of the *Courier* and *Gazette* newspapers, but had the faintest possible idea of Canadian politics. The letter was from one whose hospitality Mackenzie had experienced for weeks in London, and consequently I felt certain of a courteous reception. Without descending from the high stool he used at his desk, he received the letter, read it, looked at me frigidly, and said in his singular, harsh Dundee dialect: 'We must look after our own people before doing anything for strangers.' Mr. Drury had told him that I wished to know if there was any opening for proof-readers in Toronto. I was not a little surprised to find myself ostracized as a stranger in a British colony, but, having other views, thought no more of the circumstance at the time.

This reminds me of another characteristic anecdote of Mackenzie, which was related to me by one who was on the spot when it happened. In 1820, on his first arrival in Montreal from Scotland, he got an engagement as chain-bearer on the survey of the Lachine canal. A few days afterwards, the surveying party, as usual at noon, sat down on a grassy bank to eat their dinner. They had been thus occupied for half an hour, and were getting ready for a smoke, when the new chain-bearer suddenly jumped up with an exclamation, 'Now, boys, time for

work ! we mustn't waste the government money !' The consequence of which ill-timed outburst was his prompt dismissal from the service.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME GLIMPSES OF UPPER CANADIAN POLITICS.

IN the course of the years 1835, '6 and '7, I made many journeys to Toronto, sometimes wholly on foot, sometimes partly by steamboat and stage. I became very intimate with the Todd family and connections, which included Mrs. Todd's brother, William P. Patrick, then, and long afterwards, Clerk of the Legislative Assembly; his brother-in-law, Dr. Thomas D. Morrison, M.P.P.; Thomas Vaux, Accountant of the Legislature; Caleb Hopkins, M.P.P., for Halton; William H. Doel, brewer; William C. Keele, attorney, and their families. Nearly all these persons were, or had been, zealous admirers of W. L. Mackenzie's political course. And the same thing must be said of my friend Mr. Drury, of Bradford; his sister married Edward Henderson, merchant tailor, of King Street West, whose father, E. T. Henderson, was well known amongst Mackenzie's supporters. It was his cottage on Yonge Street (near what is now Gloucester Street), at which the leaders of the popular party used often to meet in council. The house stood in an orchard, well fenced, and was then very rural and secluded from observation.

Amongst all these really estimable people, and at their houses, nothing of course was heard disparaging to the reformers of that day, and their active leader. My own political prejudices also were in his favour. And so matters went on until the arrival, in 1835, of Sir Francis Bond Head, as Lieutenant-Governor, when we, in the bush, began to hear of violent strug-

gles between the House of Assembly on the one side, and the Lieutenant-Governor supported by the Legislative Council on the other. Each political party, by turns, had had its successes and reverses at the polls. In 1825, the majority of the Assembly was Tory; in 1826, and for several years afterwards, a Reform majority was elected; in 1831, again, Toryism was successful; in 1835, the balance veered over to the popular side once more, by a majority only of four. This majority, led by Mackenzie, refused to pass the supplies; whereupon, Sir Francis appealed to the people by dissolving the Parliament.

What were the precise grounds of difference in principle between the opposing parties, did not very clearly appear to us in the bush. Sir Francis Head had no power to grant 'Responsible Government' as it has since been interpreted. On each side there were friends and opponents of that system. Among Tories, Ogle R. Gowan, Charles F. Fothergill, and others, advocated a responsible ministry, and were loud in their denunciations of the 'Family Compact.' On the Reform side were ranged such men as Marshall S. Bidwell and Dr. Rolph, who preferred American Republicanism, in which 'Responsible Government' was and is utterly unknown. We consequently found it hard to understand the party cries of the day. But we began to perceive that there was a Republican bias on one hand, contending with a Monarchical leaning on the other; and we had come to Canada, as had most well-informed immigrants, expressly to avoid the evils of Republicanism, and to preserve our British constitutional heritage intact.

When therefore Sir Francis Head threw himself with great energy into the electoral arena, when he bade the foes of the Empire 'come if they dare!' when he called upon the 'United Empire Loyalists,'—men, who in 1770 had thrown away their all, rather than accept an alien rule—to vindicate once

more their right to choose whom they would follow, King or President—when he traversed the length and breadth of the land, making himself at home in the farm-houses, and calling upon fathers and husbands and sons to stand up for their hearths, and their old traditions of honour and fealty to the Crown, it would have been strange indeed had he failed.

The next House of Assembly, elected in 1838, contained a majority of twenty-six to fourteen in favour of Sir F. B. Head's policy. This precipitated matters. Had Mackenzie been capable of enduring defeat with a good grace; had he restrained his natural irritability of temper, and kept his skirts cautiously clear of all contact with men of Republican aspirations, he might and probably would have recovered his position as a parliamentary leader, and died an honoured and very likely even a titled veteran! But he became frantic with choler and disappointment, and rushed headlong into the most passionate extremes, which ended in making him a mere cat's-paw in the hands of cunning schemers, who did not fail, after their manner, to disavow their own handiwork when it had ceased to serve their purposes.

CHAPTER XXII.

TORONTO DURING THE REBELLION.

IN November, 1837, I had travelled to Toronto for the purpose of seeking permanent employment in the city, and meant to return in the first week of December, to spend my last Christmas in the woods. But the fates and William Lyon Mackenzie had decided otherwise. I was staying for a few days with my friend Joseph Heughen, the London hairdresser mentioned as a fellow-passenger on board the *Asia*, whose name will be familiar to most Toronto citizens of that day. His shop was near Ridout's hardware-

store, on King Street, at the corner of Yonge Street. On Sunday, the 3rd, we heard that armed men were assembling at the Holland Landing and Newmarket to attack the city, and that lists of houses to be burned by them were in the hands of their leaders; that Samuel Lount, blacksmith, had been manufacturing pikes at the Landing for their use; that two or three persons had been warned by friends in the secret to sell their houses, or to leave the city, or to look for startling changes of some sort. Then it was known that a quantity of arms and a couple of cannon were being brought from the garrison, and stored in the covered way under the old City Hall. Every idle report was eagerly caught up, and magnified a hundred-fold. But the burthen of all invariably was, an expected invasion by the Yankees to drive all loyalists from Canada. In this way rumour followed rumour, all business ceased, and everybody listened anxiously for the next alarm. At length it came in earnest. At eleven o'clock on Monday night, the 4th of December, every bell in the city was set ringing, occasional gunshots were fired, by accident as it turned out, but none the less startling to nervous people; a confused murmur arose in the streets, becoming louder every minute; presently the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, echoing loudly along Yonge Street. With others I hurried out, and found at Ridout's corner a horseman, who proved to be Alderman John Powell, who told his breathless listeners, how he had been stopped beyond the Yonge Street toll-gate, two miles out, by Mackenzie and Anderson at the head of a number of rebels in arms; how he had shot Anderson and missed Mackenzie; how he had dodged behind a log when pursued; and had finally got into town by the College Avenue.

There was but little sleep in Toronto that night, and next day everything was uproar and excitement, heightened by the news that Col. Moodie, of

Richmond Hill, a retired officer of the army, who was determined to force his way through the armed bodies of rebels, to bring tidings of the rising to the Government in Toronto, had been shot down and inhumanly left to bleed to death at Montgomery's tavern. The flames and smoke from Dr. Horne's house at Rosedale, were visible all over the city; it had been fired in the presence of Mackenzie in person, in retaliation, it was said, for the refusal of discount by the Bank of Upper Canada, of which Dr. Horne was cashier. The ruins of the still-burning building were visited by hundreds of citizens, and added greatly to the excitement and exasperation of the hour. By-and-by it became known that Mr. Robert Baldwin and Dr. John Rolph had been sent, with a flag of truce, to learn the wants of the insurgents. Many citizens accompanied the party at a little distance. A flag of truce was in itself a delightful novelty, and the street urchins cheered vociferously, scudding away at the smallest alarm. Arrived at the toll-gate, there were waiting outside Mackenzie, Lount, Gibson, Fletcher and other leaders, with a couple of hundred of their men. In reply to the Lieutenant-Governor's message of inquiry, as to what was wanted, the answer was 'Independence, and a convention to arrange details,' which rather compendious demand, being reported to Sir Francis, was at once rejected. So there was nothing for it but to fight.

Mackenzie did his best to induce his men to advance on the city that evening; but as most of his followers had been led to expect that there would be no resistance, and no bloodshed, they were shocked and discouraged by Col. Moodie's death, as well as by those of Anderson and one or two others. A picket of volunteers under Col. Jarvis, fired on them, when not far within the toll-gate, killing one and wounding two others, and retired still firing. After this the insurgents lost all confidence, and even threatened to shoot Mac-

kenzie himself, for reproaching them with cowardice. A farmer living by the roadside told me at the time, that while a detachment of rebels were marching southwards down the hill since known as Mount Pleasant, they saw a waggon-load of cordwood standing on the opposite rise, and that supposing it to be a piece of artillery loaded to the muzzle with grape or canister, these brave warriors leaped the fences right and left like squirrels, and could by no effort of their officers be induced again to advance.

By this time the principal buildings in the city—the City Hall, Upper Canada Bank, the Parliament Buildings, Osgoode Hall, the Government House, the Canada Company's office, and many private dwellings and shops, were put in a state of defence by barricading the windows and doors with two-inch plank, loopholed for musketry; and the city bore a rather formidable appearance. Arms and ammunition were distributed to all householders who chose to accept them. I remember well the trepidation with which my friend Heughen shrank from touching the musket that was held out for his acceptance; and the outspoken indignation of the militia sergeant, whose proffer of the firearm was declined. The poor hairdresser told me afterwards, that many of his customers were rebels, and that he dreaded the loss of their patronage.

The same evening came Mr. Speaker McNab, with a steamer from Hamilton, bringing sixty of the 'men of Gore.' It was an inspiring thing to see these fine fellows land on the wharf, bright and fresh from their short voyage, and full of zeal and loyalty. The ringing cheers they sent forth were re-echoed with interest by the townsmen. From Scarborough also, marched in a party of militia, under Captain McLean.

It was on the same day that a lady, still living, was travelling by stage from Streetsville, on her way through Toronto to Cornwall, having with her

a large trunk of new clothing prepared for a long visit to her relatives. Very awkwardly for her, Mackenzie had started, at the head of a few men, from Yonge Street across to Dundas Street, to stop the stage and capture the mails, so as to intercept news of Dr. Duncombe's rising in the London District. Not content with seizing the mail-bags and all the money they contained, Mackenzie himself, pistol in hand, demanded the surrender of the poor woman's portmanteau, and carried it off bodily. It was asserted at the time that he only succeeded in evading capture a few days after, at Oakville, by disguising himself in woman's clothes, which may explain his raid upon the lady's wardrobe; for which, I believe, she failed to get any compensation whatsoever under the Rebellion Losses Act. This lady afterwards became the wife of John F. Rogers, who was my partner in business for several subsequent years.

In the course of the next day, Wednesday, parties of men arrived from Niagara, Hamilton, Oakville, Port Credit, and other places, in greater or less numbers—many of them Orangemen, delighted with their new occupation. The Lieutenant-Governor was thus enabled to vacate the City Hall and take up his head-quarters in the Parliament Buildings; and before night as many as fifteen hundred volunteers were armed and partially drilled. Among them were a number of Mackenzie's former supporters, with their sons and relatives, now thoroughly ashamed of the man, and utterly alienated by his declared republicanism.

Next morning followed the 'Battle of Gallows Hill,' or, as it might more fitly be styled, the 'Skirmish of Montgomery's Farm.' Being a stranger in the city, I had not then formally volunteered, but took upon myself to accompany the advancing force, on the chance of finding something to do, either as a volunteer or a newspaper correspondent, should an opening oc-

cur. The main body, led by Sir Francis himself, with Colonels Fitzgibbon and McNab as Adjutants, marched by Yonge Street, and consisted of six hundred men with two guns; while two other bodies, of two hundred and a hundred and twenty men, respectively, headed by Colonels W. Chisholm and S. P. Jarvis, advanced by bye-roads and fields on the east and on the west of Yonge Street. Nothing was seen of the enemy till within half-a-mile of Montgomery's tavern. The road was there bordered on the west side by pine woods, from whence dropping rifle-shots began to be heard, which were answered by the louder muskets of the militia. Presently our artillery opened their hoarse throats, and the woods rang with strong reverberations. Splinters were dashed from the trees, threatening, and I believe causing, worse mischief than the shots themselves. It is said that this kind of skirmishing continued for half-an-hour—to me it seemed but a few minutes. As the militia advanced, their opponents melted away. Parties of volunteers dashed over the fences and into the woods, shouting and firing as they ran. Two or three wounded men of both parties were lifted tenderly into carts and sent off to the city to be placed in hospital. Others lay bleeding by the road-side—rebels by their rustic clothing; their wounds were bound up, and they were removed in their turn. Soon a movement was visible through the smoke, on the hill fronting the tavern, where some tall pines were then standing. I could see there two or three hundred men, now firing irregularly at the advancing loyalists; now swaying to and fro without any apparent design. Some horsemen were among them, who seemed to act more as scouts than as leaders.

We had by this time arrived within cannon-shot of the tavern itself. Two or three balls were seen to strike and pass through it. A crowd of men rushed from the doors, and scattered wildly in a northerly direction.

Those on the hill wavered, receded under shelter of the undulating land, and then fled like their fellows. Their horsemen took the side-road westward, and were pursued, but not in time to prevent their escape. Had our right and left wings kept pace with the main body, the whole insurgent force must have been captured.

Sir Francis halted his men opposite the tavern, and gave the word to demolish the building, by way of a severe lesson to the disaffected. This was promptly done by firing the furniture in the lower rooms, and presently thick clouds of smoke and vivid flames burst from doors and windows. The battalion next moved on to perform the same service at Gibson's house, three or four miles further north. Many prisoners were taken in the pursuit, all of whom Sir Francis released, after admonishing them to be better subjects in future. The march back to Toronto was very leisurely executed, several of the mounted officers carrying dead pigs and geese slung across their saddle-bows as trophies of victory.

Next day, volunteers for the city guard were called for, and among them I was regularly enrolled and placed under pay, at three shillings and nine pence per diem. My captain was George Percival Ridout; and his brother, Joseph D. Ridout, was lieutenant. Our company was duly drilled at the City Hall, and continued to do duty as long as their services were required, which was about three weeks. I have a vivid recollection of being stationed at the Don Bridge to look out for a second visit from Peter Matthews's band of rebels, eighty of whom had attempted to burn the bridge, and succeeded in burning three adjoining houses; also, of being forgotten, and kept there without food or relief throughout a bitter cold winter's night and morning. Also, of doing duty as sentry over poor old Colonel Van Egmond, a Dutch officer who had served under Napoleon I., and who was grievously sick from expo-

sure in the woods and confinement in gaol, of which he soon afterwards died. Another day, I was placed, as one of a corporal's guard, in charge of Lesslie's stationery and drug-store, and found there a saucy little shop-boy, who has since developed into the portly person of Alderman Baxter, now one, and not the least, of our city notabilities. The guards and the guarded were on the best of terms. We were treated with much hospitality by Mr. Joseph Lesslie, late Postmaster of Toronto, and have all been excellent friends ever since. Our corporal, I ought to say, was Anthony Blachford, since a well-known and respected citizen.

Those were exciting times in Toronto. The day after the battle, six hundred men of Simcoe, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dewson, came marching down Yonge Street, headed by Highland pipers, playing the national pibroch. In their ranks, I first saw Hugh Scobie, a stalwart Scotsman, afterwards known as publisher of the *British Colonist* newspaper. With this party were brought in sixty prisoners, tied to a long rope, most of whom were afterwards released on parole.

A day or two afterwards, entered the volunteers from the Newcastle District, who had marched the whole distance from Brockville, under the command, I think, of Lieutenant-Colonel Ogle R. Gowan. They were a fine body of men, and in the highest spirits at the prospect of a fight with the young Queen Victoria's enemies.

A great sensation was created when the leaders who had been arrested after the battle, Dr. Thomas D. Morrison, John G. Parker, and two others, I think the Messrs. James and William Lesslie, preceded by a loaded cannon pointed towards the prisoners, were marched along King Street to the Common Jail, which is the same building now occupied as York Chambers, at the corner of Toronto and Court Streets. The Court House stood, and

still stands, converted into shops and offices, on Church Street ; between the two was an open common which was used in those days as the place of public executions. It was here that, on the 12th of April following, I witnessed, with great sorrow, the execution of Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews, two of the principal rebel leaders.

Sir F. B. Head had then left the Province.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VICTOR AND THE VANQUISHED.

IT is now forty-three years since the last act of the rebellion was consummated, by the defeat of Duncombe's party in the London district, the punishment of Sutherland's brigands at Windsor, and the destruction of the steamer *Caroline* and dispersal of the discreditable ruffians, of whom their 'president,' Mackenzie, was heartily sick, at Navy Island. None of these events came within my own observation, and I pass them by without special remark.

But respecting Sir Francis Bond Head and his antagonist, I feel that more should be said, in justice to both. It is eminently unfair to censure Sir Francis for not doing that which he was not commissioned to do. Even so thorough a Reformer and so just a man as Earl Russell, had failed to see the advisability of extending 'responsible government' to any of Her Majesty's Colonies. Up to the time of Lord Durham's Report in 1839, no such proposal had been even mooted ; and it appears to have been the general opinion of British statesmen, at the date of Sir Francis Head's appointment, that to give a responsible ministry to Canada was equivalent to granting her independence. In taking it for granted that Canadians as a whole were unfit to have conferred on them the same rights of self-

government as were possessed by Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen in the old country, consisted the original error. This error, however, Sir Francis shared with the Colonial Office and both Houses of the Imperial Parliament. Since those days the mistake has been admitted, and not Canada alone, but the Australian colonies and South Africa have profited by our advancement in self government.

As for Sir Francis's personal character, even Mackenzie's biographer allows that he was frank, kindly and generous in an unusual degree. That he won the entire esteem of so many men of whom all Canadians of whatever party are proud — such men as Chief Justice Robinson, Bishop Strachan, Chief Justices Macaulay, Draper and McLean, Sir Allan N. McNab, Messrs. Henry Ruttan, Mahlon Burwell, Jno. W. Gamble, and many others, I hold to be indubitable proof of his high qualities and honest intentions. Nobody can doubt that had he been sent here to carry out responsible government, he would have done it zealously and honourably. But he was sent to oppose it, and, in opposing it, he simply did his duty.

A gentleman well qualified to judge, and who knew him personally, has favoured me with the following remarks apropos of the subject, which I have pleasure in laying before my readers :—

'As a boy, I had a sincere admiration for his [Sir Francis's] devoted loyalty, and genuine English character ; and I have since learnt to respect and appreciate with greater discrimination his great services to the Crown and Empire. He was a little Quixotic perhaps. He had a marked individuality of his own. But he was as true as steel, and most staunch to British law and British principle in the trying days of his administration in Canada. His loyalty was chivalrous and magnetic ; by his enlightened enthusiasm in a good cause he evoked a true spirit of loyalty in Upper Canada, that had well-nigh be-

come extinct, being overlaid with the spirit of ultra-radicalism that had for years previously got uppermost among our people. But Upper Canada loyalty had a deep and solid foundation in the patriotism of the U. E. Loyalists, a noble race who had proved by deeds, not words, their attachment to the Crown and government of the mother land. These U. E. Loyalists were the true founders of Upper Canada; and they were forefathers of whom we may be justly proud — themselves “honouring the father and the mother”—their sovereign and the institutions under which they were born—they did literally obtain the promised reward of that “first commandment with promise,” viz: length of days and honour.’

William Lyon Mackenzie was principally remarkable for his indomitable perseverance and unhesitating self-reliance. Of toleration for other men’s opinions, he seems to have had none. He did, or strove to do, whatsoever he himself thought right, and those who differed with him he denounced in the most unmeasured terms. For example, writing of the Imperial Government in 1837, he says:—

‘Small cause have Highlanders and the descendants of Highlanders to feel a friendship for the Guelphic family. If the Stuarts had their faults, they never enforced loyalty in the glens and valleys of the north by banishing and extirpating the people; it was reserved for the Brunswickers to give, as a sequel to the massacre of Glencoe, the cruel order for depopulation. I am proud of my descent from a rebel race; who held borrowed chieftains, a scrip nobility, rag money, and national debt in abomination. . . . Words cannot express my contempt at witnessing the servile, crouching attitude of the country of my choice. If the people felt as I feel, there is never a Grant or Glenelg who crossed

the Tay and Tweed to exchange high-born Highland poverty for substantial Lowland wealth, who would dare to insult Upper Canada with the official presence, as its ruler, of such an equivocal character as this Mr. what do they call him—Francis Bond Head.’

Had Mackenzie confined himself to this kind of vituperation, all might have gone well for him, and for his followers. People would only have laughed at his vehemence. The advocacy of the principle of responsible government in Canada would have been, and was, taken up by Orangemen, U. E. Loyalists, and other known Tories. Ever since the day when the manufacture of even a hob-nail in the American colonies was declared by English statesmen to be intolerable, the struggle has gone on for colonial equality as against imperial centralization. The final adoption of the theory of ministerial responsibility by all political parties in Canada, is Mackenzie’s best justification.

But he sold himself in his disappointment to the republican tempter, and justly paid the penalty. That he felt this himself long before he died, will be best shown by his own words, which I copy from Mr. Lindsey’s ‘Life of Mackenzie,’ vol. ii., page 290.

‘After what I have seen here, I frankly confess to you that, had I passed nine years in the United States before, instead of after, the outbreak, I am very sure I would have been the last man in America to be engaged in it.’

And, again, page 291:—

‘A course of careful observations during the last eleven years has fully satisfied me that, had the violent movements in which I and many others were engaged on both sides of the Niagara proved successful, that success would have deeply injured the people of Canada, whom I then believed I was serving at great risks; that it would have deprived millions, perhaps, of our own countrymen in Europe of a home upon this continent, except upon con-

ditions which, though many hundreds of thousands of immigrants have been constrained to accept them, are of an exceedingly onerous and degrading character. . . . There is not a living man on this continent who more sincerely desires that British Government in Canada may long continue, and give a home and a welcome to the old countryman, than myself.'

Of Mackenzie's imprisonment and career in the United States, nothing need be said here. I saw him once more in the Canadian Parliament after his return from exile, in the year 1858. He was then remarkable for his good humour, and for his personal independence of party. His chosen associates were, as it seemed to me, chiefly on the Opposition or Conservative side of the House.

Before closing this chapter, I cannot help referring to the unfortunate men who suffered in various ways. They were farmers of the best class, and of the most simple habits. The poor fellows who lay wounded by the road side on Yonge Street, were not persons astute enough to discuss political theories, but feeble creatures who could only shed bitter tears over their bodily sufferings, and look helplessly for assistance from their conquerors. There were among them boys of twelve or fifteen years old, one of whom had been commissioned by his ignorant old mother at St. Catharines, to be sure and bring her home a check-apron full of tea from one of the Toronto groceries.

I thought at the time, and I think still, that the Government ought to have interfered before matters came to a head, and so saved all these hapless people from the cruel consequences of their leaders' folly. On the other hand, it is asserted that neither Sir Francis nor his Council could be brought to credit the probability of an armed rising. A friend has told me that his father, who was then a member of the Executive Council, attended a meeting as late as nine o'clock on the 4th

December, 1837. That he returned home and retired to rest at eleven. In half an hour a messenger from Government House came knocking violently at the door, with the news of the rising; when he jumped out of bed, exclaiming, 'I hope Robinson will believe me next time.' The Chief Justice had received, with entire incredulity, the information laid before the Council, of the threatened movement that week.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RESULTS IN THE FUTURE.

WHATEVER may be thought of Sir Francis B. Head's policy—whether we prefer to call it mere foolhardiness or chivalric zeal—there can be no doubt that he served as an effective instrument in the hands of Providence for the building up of a 'Greater Britain' on the American continent. The success of the outbreak of 1837 could only have ended in Canada's absorption by the United States, which must surely have proved a lamentable finale to the grand heroic act of the loyalists of the old colonies, who came here to preserve what they held to be their duty alike to their God and their earthly sovereign. It is certain, I think, that religious principle is the true basis, and the one only safeguard of Canadian existence. It was the influence of the Anglican, and especially of the Methodist pastors, of 1770, that led their flocks into the wilderness to find here a congenial home. In Lower Canada, in 1837, it was in like manner the influence of the clergy, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, that defeated Papineau and his Republican followers. And it is the religious and moral sentiment of Canada, in all her seven Provinces, that now constitutes the true bond of union between us and the parent Empire. Only a few years since, the statesmen of the old country felt no

shame in preferring United States' amity to Colonial connection. To-day a British premier openly and even ostentatiously repudiates any such policy as suicidal.

That Canada possesses, in every sense of the word, a healthier atmosphere than its Southern neighbour, and that it owes its continued moral salubrity to the defeat of Mackenzie's allies in 1837-8, I for one confidently hold—with Mackenzie himself. That this superiority is due to the greater and more habitual respect paid to all authority—Divine and secular—I devoutly believe. That our present and future welfare hangs, as by a thread, upon that one inherent, all-important characteristic, that we are a religious community, seems to me plain to all who care to read correctly the signs of the times.

The historian of the future will find in these considerations his best clue to our existing status in relation to our cousins to the south of us. He will discover on the one side of the line, peaceful industry, home affections, unaffected

charity, harmless recreations, a general desire for education, and a sincere reverence for law and authority. On the other, he may observe a heterogeneous commixture of many races, and notably of their worst elements; he will see the marriage-tie degraded into a mockery, the Sabbath-day a scoffing, the house of God a rostrum or a concert-hall, the law a screen for crime, the judicial bench a purchasable commodity, the patrimony of the State an asylum for Mormonism.

I am fully sensible that the United States possesses estimable citizens in great numbers, who feel, and lament more than anybody else, the flagrant abuses of her free institutions. But do they exercise any controlling voice in elections? Do they even hope to influence the popular vote? They tell us themselves that they are powerless. And so—we have only to wish them a fairer prospect; and to pray that Canada may escape the inevitable Nemesis that attends upon great national faults such as theirs.

(To be continued.)

CONSCIOUS.

BY SARA DUNCAN, BRANTFORD.

TO know a song of songs in all the air,
And strive in vain to catch the echoes faint!
To love in truth, a flower surpassing fair,
Yet lose its perfectness with blind restraint!

To hate this darkness and to long for light,
Yet grovel closer to our shadowy earth!
Essay, with sparrow's wings, the eagle's flight,
What boon is knowledge of our own unworth?

The untold sweetness of the flower and song
Hath here a herald. A glad hope that we,
Rejoicing in full noontide, shall be strong,
Whispers the secret of futurity!

POLITICS CONSIDERED AS A FINE ART.

BY J. W. LONGLEY, M.A., HALIFAX, N.S.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY has shewn that murder can be elevated to one of the Fine Arts—no one has yet shewn that politics can be raised to the same plane. If it could be done the world might possibly be happier and wiser. Notwithstanding the great varieties and diversities of government which prevail in the world, from the Absolutism of Russia to the Democracy of the United States and Canada, it is wonderful to note how similar are the conditions of political success, and how singularly, in all countries, men come to the front as the result of accident, circumstance, and even caprice. There is so much unaccountable in political elevations and political falls that the whole matter is looked upon as a game—a mere chance—a toss of the die. And yet, in the face of this jumble, is it not extraordinary how inexorably it happens that clever, able men are almost always found in every age and every country to lead and guide the destinies of the State?

It is interesting to philosophize upon the incidents and circumstances which go to favour the 'game' theory in politics. It is not necessary to travel out of our own country for illustrations. In selecting men to carry the standard of the party in election contests, constituencies are inscrutably capricious. Devoted service to the cause is passed over; splendid fitness is ignored; fond aspiration is overlooked, and some man, who has no special qualifications, no desire for political life, and has done nothing to merit the confidence of the party, is selected as the candidate, and wakes

up, to his great surprise, some fine day, to find himself an M.P., and able not only to ventilate his views in the presence of the whole country, but, also, to have a direct voice in the making of laws and the moulding of institutions. This looks as if politics were, indeed, a game, and that no one who was wise would think of troubling his head about it, because the old Calvinistic doctrine of election governed the case. If he has been 'pre-ordained' to Parliament, he will get there. If not, of course there is an end to the matter.

It is almost touching to dwell on the subject of disappointed ambition on the part of many who have had ardent yearnings for public life. Properly speaking, the word ambition has only one meaning—a desire to become eminent in statecraft. It transcends every other worldly application of the term. A man may be ambitious to be rich; a youthful pedagogue may fasten upon a college presidency as the coveted goal of his hopes; a curate may patiently long and struggle for a bishopric; a young barrister fixes his eye on a chief-justiceship as the crowning glory of a human life. All these are the legitimate and natural aspirations of professional life. But the concentrated essences of all these little aims are not to be compared to one burning throb of his heart who has learned to dream of political eminence—in whose ears have rung the imaginary plaudits of admiring multitudes, and whose soul has been captivated by the Syren who sings of power. There are higher ambitions

than that which longs to be the leader of a party—the ambition to build up a well-rounded manhood, thereby fulfilling, not only the duties of life with fidelity, but the conditions necessary to a higher and purer existence. This, truly, is the loftiest aspiration in the range of human effort. But when we come down to matters of a mere earthly and selfish kind, the only thing really worthy of being considered the goal of hot ambition is the House of Commons. As compared with the population of the country, the number who have been inspired with this ambition is fortunately small; but, still, how many have felt the insatiable yearning for political life, and have died with their fondest hopes unfulfilled. If this failure had been the result of fixed law, whereby, in the race for distinction they had been left behind, on the merits—been outstripped by men of greater capacity and stronger claims,—the disappointment might have been less keen; but to have seen their chances slip away from them to light upon the shoulders of men of infinitely less ability, who possess neither claim nor desire for the honours which are thrust upon them—this awakens a sense of injustice which ministers to the bitterness of baffled hope.

I have in my mind the case of a gentleman in one of the finest constituencies in Nova Scotia. He was a large and independent farmer, of education, literary taste, and refinement of manner. Above all, he had a lifelong aspiration for a seat in Parliament. He was a supporter of Joseph Howe, whose splendid genius and brilliant parts as a politician, made public life worth seeking in Nova Scotia. The county had frequent elections, and was allotted three seats in the Assembly. The Liberal party had not many men suitable for public life. He had no great competition to contend against. For years, at every succeeding election, he toiled for the success of his party, expecting that the next

would bring him to the front. He distinguished himself on the public platform; he made himself personally familiar with every section of the county; he was active in every organization and movement of his party; in a word, he neglected none of those means which ordinarily tend to secure the object aimed at. Yet, time after time, he was passed over at the party convention, while men, vastly his inferiors in ability, and who had never given the matter of a seat in Parliament a serious thought, had to be urged to accept the honour which was thrust upon them. I remember the very last Convention which my friend attended. He thought, on this occasion, that his name would be sure to be accepted by the party. He had got his strongest rival to decline a nomination. But the fates were against him. A most inferior old fellow was fished up at the last moment. A ballot was taken, and my friend had scarce half-a-dozen votes. He went away a bitterly disappointed man, and shortly afterwards died.

This case is given merely for the purpose of illustrating the accidents of political life. Hundreds of similar cases have occurred within the boundaries of Canada. In the face of these, how can politics be considered as a Fine Art? How can it be reduced to a practical science, and not a game of chance? In some countries such things as pocket-boroughs are in existence, and have been in the past to a still greater extent. There it is possible that a man, born of rich and influential parents, may 'secure an interest,' and get into Parliament to a certainty. In such a case, a young man may design himself for the profession of politics, and base his life-work on this assumption. But in Canada there is no such thing as a pocket-borough. There are a very few constituencies which are so strongly Liberal or Tory that the successful candidate of a party may be practically the master of the seat. But, in

every case, the aspirant has to run the gauntlet of the party convention. This is the important distinction between English and Canadian pocket-boroughs, if we have any of the latter. In the former, the candidate is put forward by some noble lord and he is elected; but who shall be the candidate, in Canadian politics, is a question for a free assembly, chosen fairly; and, in scarcely any instance, would it be entirely safe for a politician, no matter if he be the leader of the party, to dictate to this convention. From these incidents in our political system one general principle may be deduced, namely, that the professional politician stands in an entirely different position from any other professional man in the country. In other words, there can be no such thing as the political profession. You can ask a young man if he intends to be a lawyer; physician, engineer or clergyman, but it is the merest satire to ask him if he intends to be a politician, because, if he feels in his soul that he has a genius for political affairs, and his nearest and most impartial friends recognise qualities of special fitness for the duties of a public man, neither he nor his friends can tell if he will ever be able to command a constituency.

Yet it does seem a little strange that such an important field of labour as statecraft opens up should be left entirely to the chances of the hour. No man is permitted to stand in a court of law to advocate the rights of an individual until he has had a long and special training for the profession of the law. Is less caution necessary when a man is to be intrusted with the political destinies of a whole nation? Under an enlightened and seemingly faultless system of government, we have, in theory at least, nothing but amateur politicians. Out of over two hundred members of the House of Commons, but a small percentage are selected for any special fitness to transact political business.

A city constituency will select a successful merchant to represent its commercial interests. Sometimes an agricultural county resolves to protect its special interests by sending a farmer to the Commons. But all this is sheer nonsense. If anyone will take the trouble to look at the matter carefully, the proper man to represent commercial, agricultural, manufacturing and all other interests, is a trained, professional politician. We see this illustrated every day. A man may have every quality which goes to make up a successful merchant—may understand trade in all its practical details, and still have no understanding of the relation which legislation bears to trade. Edward Blake is a lawyer, and Chas. Tupper is a physician by profession; and neither of them, probably, was ever engaged in a commercial transaction in their lives. Yet, either one of them could annihilate a half dozen Chambers of Commerce in the discussion of any fiscal question. Why? Simply because they are trained politicians, and have made a special study of questions touching the influence of legislation on the various departments of industry. Joseph Howe was a printer and journalist, and yet, at the Detroit Convention of representatives of Boards of Trade from all parts of the United States and Canada, 'men who think in millions, and whose daily transactions would sweep the products of a Greek Isle,' he rose above them all in his ability to grapple with the great question of commercial reciprocity. Why? Because he was a trained politician, and had made this subject a special study.

In theory, at all events, this amateurism in politics is unsound and absurd. It is working fairly well, because, by accident, a few of the ablest men in the country generally manage to get seats in Parliament, and their presence keeps the rest straight. But no one can tell, under the present system, how soon we may wake up and find ourselves governed by a Praise-

God-Barebones Parliament, without one man of experience or commanding ability in it. Nothing is more fatal than mediocrity in government. As Carlyle has said so often and so forcibly, the history of the world is the biography of a few great men. Nations invariably take their cue from their intellectual rulers. They become great and powerful, when they have great and powerful men to guide their destinies, while everything sinks into anarchy and confusion when petty beings stand at the helm and shape affairs. No one can affirm with certainty of conviction, that we shall always have Macdonalds, Blakes, Mackenzies, and Tupper, in the Parliament of Canada. We may possibly have greater men, but it is equally possible that the House of Commons of Canada may sometime be without an able statesman, and that would be a greater calamity than if our North West should break away and drift over in the direction of China.

Pages might be filled with illustrations of the petty tactics, paltry intrigues and clever schemings, whereby nominations to parliament are now secured in this country. Indeed, if all these ingenious manipulations could be embodied into anything definite and reliable, politics would quickly develop into a Fine Art. But no sound teacher will hold up low and unworthy ideals to those whom he desires to lead into elevated and worthy channels of action. Is it not possible to frame certain rules or precepts, by following which the very highest type of man may rely upon gaining an entrance to public life, and adorning it by his pursuit of it? To be able to say to a young man who gives unmistakable evidences of a genius for political matters: 'By pursuing a certain course faithfully, persistently and ardently, you will be sure to attain the object of your ambition, and be sought after and elevated to your proper sphere in the counsels of the nation?' If this can be done, we may not de-

spar of being able to have at all times at our command, men fit to guide and govern the country.

It may be premised that our young ideal has no special course of training to pursue for his chosen calling. There is no college where statecraft is taught. Canada has no diplomatic service where young men can be trained to public business. He will have to select some regular profession to employ his energies and obtain his living. It is to be presumed that any young man who expects to be anything in this country is poor; but, if he be an exceptional case, and inherits wealth, the necessity for work is not in the least removed. It may not be essential to his livelihood, but it is to his success. No idler is going to carve a name for himself in Canadian history, except by accident. The very first rule which our ideal must observe in this march toward political eminence, is that nothing really great can be achieved in this age without labour—systematic, continuous labour.

To pass over briefly the incidental qualities necessary, it may be said, of course, that our young friend shall be well educated—a professional training is desirable. Not but what numbers of uneducated men, not only find their way into public life, but into the highest positions as well. But this is accidental and quite wrong. Of the professions most likely to strengthen and develop qualities essential to success in public life, the law stands ahead of all others. A barrister, if he makes any progress in his profession, must needs be addressing courts and juries. He acquires the art of thinking clearly, and it is fitting that he who makes the laws should understand something of the principles upon which laws rest. It does not follow that eminence in the legal profession foreshadows shining qualities of statesmanship. An ideal lawyer would probably be a poor politician. The only thing urged is, that the legal profession is the best stepping-stone

to political life. Its training is most serviceable, and its duties most likely to put a man forward and advertise his abilities.

Another quality worth considering, is moral character. Many will be surprised, no doubt, that this is mentioned as an essential to successful political life. The history of Constitutional Government reveals the unpleasant fact that many men of small claims to moral worth have been elevated to high places. Our own country is not without such examples. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that moral character is of value to a man seeking political preferment. I am speaking now of 'value' in its lowest sense. Character should be maintained for its own sake quite irrespective of any worldly rewards; but, as a matter of mere policy, a man who aspires to political eminence will find that a stainless character will tell in his favour. Temperance, chastity, business integrity and a desire to merit the respect of society, are characteristics which cannot be despised by any one aiming to stand conspicuously before the world.

Having now a well-educated young man of good abilities, high character, professional training and a steady application, how are you going to ensure his entry into political life? What are the *essential* and *peculiar* qualities with which he must be endowed? Here the powers of definition become almost impotent. How can one describe the fervour of political aspiration—the wild, throbbing ambition, and fierce, indomitable determination, which now and then animate a high soul and goad him on to success or despair! But these lofty conceptions must be laid aside for the time, and we drop into the region of the definable. Our young ideal must be fond of politics and must take pleasure in considering and discussing political subjects, and enjoy the atmosphere of political intrigue. This last word is used in its natural and legitimate

sense. There is not much politics going on unless there is a little wholesome scheming. He must have a taste for political subjects, so that the study of those questions which are dividing political parties in his own country and other countries—for the game of politics is the same everywhere—is not a task to which he resolutely devotes himself, but a natural instinct which he cannot resist. You cannot manufacture a gradgrind statesman by mere artificial labour and study: like the poet, the ideal politician is born, not made. He should be ambitious for political honours, and anxious to figure on the great stage of public life. Not a mere petty idea, originating in vanity, that a seat in Parliament would be something worth while. Two-thirds of the respectable people in the country have a little lurking hope that they may yet be nominated some day. This bit of harmless vanity does not partake of the essential properties of political ambition—that hot thirst and invincible resolve, growing into a definite and unconquerable purpose. These are what the real statesman has felt, and the young statesman must feel. It is so common to hear the most brilliant of our public men declare solemnly—almost tragically, that they never had any desire for political life—that it has been forced upon them, and that they would far rather go back to that profession, etc., or that privacy, etc., which was more consonant with their tastes and desires. Bah! take no stock in this sort of talk. There is nothing in it. Every one of them would go to the verge of sacrificing his soul to be Premier.

The most important thing for our young aspirant to do is to ally himself early with one of the great political parties, stick to it loyally, and work in it and for it zealously. The selection of parties is of no small importance, but is usually an easy matter. There is a bias inherited from parents and other surrounding influ-

ences, which generally fixes the line of almost every man's politics insensibly but effectually. But a young man who has determined to be a public man himself, and who realizes that all he has to obtain must come through and from the party with which he allies himself, should go a little deeper into the matter than mere accident or prejudice. He should take care to ascertain which of the two parties, in the main, is nearest to his own views and leanings. If he be liberal and progressive, and anxious that all barriers, which stand in the way of equal rights and liberties to all mankind, be broken down, then, of course, he will identify himself with the Liberal party. If his mind goes rather in the direction of staying the vandal hands of iconoclasts and levellers, he will ally himself with the Conservative party. As a matter of fact, very few clever young men, born in the middle classes, ever start Conservative. Nearly every brilliant young man is a Liberal, and most of them Radicals. Age and office chasten this spirit of progressiveness, and they become moderate Conservatives. Who can doubt that the moderate Whigs will develop into Conservatives within a few years in Great Britain; while those who are now called Radicals, will guide and constitute the Liberal party. Fresh relays of still greater Radicals will crop up. Few of us begin to realize what vast scope still remains for progress in the political affairs of the world.

Having chosen the camp in which he is to pitch his political tent, our young friend must become active in the cause. Government by party—well-organized and thoroughly-disciplined party—is the highest and best type of Constitutional government yet invented. Not a variety of parties; not Left, Left-centre, Right and Reactionist, but two clearly defined, opposing hosts in one or other of which every man must be, or be nobody. The strongest point of excellence in the British form of govern-

ment over the American, is found in the fact that the Ministry going into the House of Commons and running the gauntlet at every division, develops strong and well-marked party lines, whereas in the United States the Cabinet being independent of Congress, party lines get mixed, and there is not a clear party government. The great leaders do not meet in Congress every day and fight for existence, and stand or fall upon the result of a vote. Loyalty to party on the part of those actively engaged in political affairs, is as noble and commendable as loyalty to the Queen in times of war; desertion of a party for any other than the strongest and most cogent of reasons, founded on public expediency, is as base as treason to your country's flag on the field of battle. Any one who expects to win the highest rewards in political life must be active and zealous in promoting the interests of the party. It is a favourite idea with some respectable people to cry out 'country before party.' There is nothing in this idea if looked at closely. Both parties are seeking the good of the country in their respective methods. This is the safeguard of party government. The very highest aim of each party is to out-do the other in promoting the well-being of the State. It is only in this way that they can hope to secure popular support; and therefore in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, by working for the party, a man is working for the best interests of the country as well. Of course, governments and parties commit blunders and wrongs, and must be punished for them; but it can scarcely be said that it is the deliberate aim of a government or a party to blunder or to do wrong.

The prime thing to be done by our young ideal is to make himself useful to his party. He must be present at its meetings, earnest and attentive in its deliberations, and zealous in its interests. We always reap what we sow. A man who is sincerely in love

with any cause or organization and works for it, is sure to be recognised and promoted in it. The political organization is the greatest in the country. It is far-reaching. It has branch societies in every constituency. The debates of parliament are reproduced in every hamlet, east and west. The same banners which are proudly floated in the great cities, are flung out on a smaller scale, but with the same mottoes, in the backwoods polling section. The rewards of each party organization are the highest honours in the gift of the country. This is, indeed, a great field for a young man to work in, and here it is that he is sure to find his reward, if worthy. Be a faithful, vigilant and untiring worker in the cause of party, and political success must come.

A word of caution. Our ideal must beware of self-seeking and demagoguism. If he enters the organization merely to scheme himself into political life he may succeed, and he may be seen through and ignominiously fail. Selfishness usually meets its reward. Nothing weakens one's moral strength so much as self-seeking. No young man of real genius, of genuine ambition, will enter upon the work of a party with the sole aim of advancing his own interests. The real enthusiast will think only of the cause. The soldier who fights bravely in battle, thinking only of his country and flag, will be rewarded for his bravery and devotion. Thus in political warfare, the man who fights for his party and cause with the single aim to advance them, will be sure to be rewarded. In the struggle his merits will become conspicuous. But very few men at any period of the country's history are able to excel in political matters. The number of those who can effectively address either the House of Commons or a large political gathering in Canada, can be easily counted upon the fingers. The ability to grapple clearly and logically with political questions, and, at the same time speak

with fluency and force, is a rare acquirement, and will make its possessor of value to the party. He must be sought out and put forward. Here is the passport to political life.

Under our present system the brightest young genius is liable to many discouragements and disappointments. He must expect to see mediocrity lionized, humbug rewarded, demagoguism applauded. He need not be surprised to see ignorant and stupid old fogies thrust into the very best positions to conciliate this interest or catch that faction. He must take it for granted that merit will often be ignored, while trickery and humbug will be triumphant. But these are the accidents. The day for the success of truth and manliness will surely come. Patient merit will receive its due. When chicanery, expediency and make-shifts fail, and the cause has got to have men at the head of it to put a soul in it, then mediocrity and make-shifts may step aside and make room for genius and ability.

It is not intended to pursue our young ideal through his career in Parliament. This depends upon the thousand unforeseen developments of time. But it would open a magnificent future for this country if every man of talent who entered public life could make himself believe that the very highest and best thing he could do was to be honest, manly, and to follow lofty ideals. It would be a great blessing if men ambitious for political life could divest themselves of the idea that statesmanship was a low game of selfish interest; that people could be easily fooled, and kite-flying was the surest mode of gaining and preserving power. The people of Canada are capable of being fooled and deceived. Charlatanry may have its day; but let every man who has aspirations for a name and place in political life absorb the idea that he only will be gratefully remembered in history who sought preferment by honourable and legitimate means; who addressed him-

self, not to the ignorance, but to the intelligence of the people; who appealed, not to prejudices, but to reason; and who strove rather to raise his country to a higher plane of political and moral eminence, than merely to be the recipient of temporary applause gained by unworthy means. Let statecraft be ennobled by a race of honourable public men, and every other class will partake in the general elevation. In a free state, Parliament is the greatest moral factor in the country.

'IT IS I.'

BY ESPERANCE.

(Mark vi. 50.)

BRIGHTLY falls the summer sunshine
 On the pathway 'neath thy feet,
 Lending all its joy and brightness,
 All its light without its heat;
 Filled thy world with summer gladness,
 Filled thy heart with answering joy,
 Falls across the golden sunshine,
 Not a shadow of alloy.
 Through the bird-songs all around thee,
 From the bright, unclouded sky—
 Hush thy dancing heart to listen!
Christ is speaking: 'It is I.'

Darksome shades are gath'ring round thee,
 Threat'ning clouds o'ercast the sky—
 Now the tempest is upon thee,
 And the storm-wind rushes by!
 All thy heart is bowed in terror,—
 'Who shall prophesy the end?
 Where the lightning flash shall quiver,
 Where the thunder-bolt descend.'
 Deafening is the rolling thunder,
 Loud the storm-wind roaring by,
 But through all the whisper stealeth,
 Courage giving! 'It is I.'

'It is I'—In storm or stillness,
 Or in shadow or in shine,
 Lord, we know the hand that giveth
 And that taketh, still is thine.
 Whilst the daylight gilds our pathway,
 Blithely sounds our grateful hymn;
 But the notes fall flat and tuneless
 When the sunlight waneth dim.

Teach us in the night of sorrow
 Still to own Thy name of 'love,'
 Though the world be dark around us,
 Though the clouds be dark above.
 Teach our hearts—so weak and faithless—
 On Thy faithfulness to rest,
 On Thy strength to lean their weakness—
 Tried and trusting, *doubly* blest!

'Tis Thy '*loved* ones' Thou dost chasten,
 For when'er our footsteps stray,
 Trials *must* ensue to lead us
 Back into the 'narrow way.'
 Yet when trials come we murmur,
 Willing rather to abide,
 Wandering still than let them lead us
 Safely back unto Thy side.
 Ah, dear Lord, the longing give us
 Still to follow as we should!
 Hearts to welcome any sorrow
 Which shall make us what we would.
 So the storm may rage around us,
 Fierce and long the tempest be,
 Gratefully our hearts will greet it,
 Humbly owning: It is Thee.

THE CANOE CONVENTION ON LAKE GEORGE.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

THEY are found only on the latest local map of Lake George, these isles of the blest—that is to say, of the American Canoe Association. Some five miles northward from Crosbyside they rest; three of them: blue in the haze, green in the sunshine on the waters of this most enchanting of American lakes. The second week of August saw them the centre of the canoeing interest. Thitherward under sail and paddle came sun-browned, blue-shirted ones, from as far west as Wisconsin and as far east as Maine. Most of them had been some days or weeks on the way, taking their vacations in the open air; cruising in their canoes

by day, and sleeping in them or in tents beside them by night. There were clergymen, lawyers, doctors, journalists, manufacturers, foundrymen, merchants, students, and all the other trades and professions; for the A. C. A. is eminently Catholic in its scope, and says, 'no' to a candidate for admission to its ranks only on the most obviously objectionable grounds.

Gradually the main island assumed the appearance of a considerable camp, while the second in size was appropriated by the Cincinnati club, which sent the largest single delegation, and was in itself the centre of a life and

enthusiasm that were unknown upon the main island.

Among the most notable of the arrivals early in the week was that of the Canadian contingent, hailing from Peterboro' and Ottawa. They arrived in the midst of a heavy blow from the northward, the sea running quite high and the lake covered with white caps. The Canadians use the open hunting canoe, built on the general lines of the aboriginal 'birch,' but beautifully finished in bass, cedar, and other woods, and polished like highly finished cabinet-work. The voyageurs had come down the Dominion rivers and Lake Champlain, bringing their camp equipage with them, and, in the eyes of canoeists from lower latitudes the dainty craft were weighted down perilously low in the water. It seemed like harnessing a high-spirited racer to a lumber waggon, this loading a light and graceful creature with five or six times its weight of men and material. On they came, however, rising cork-like over the seas, the long-bladed paddles flashing, and lithe, muscular forms of the Canadians bending to the work as it became necessary to veer to one side or the other in order to avoid an unusually threatening series of waves. Presently they swept round into the lee of the island, saluted gracefully with their paddles in answer to the cheers from the shore, then landed, and in an hour or so had their tents pitched and the Union Jack of England flying at their landing.

These Canadians carry home with them the hearty admiration of their American brethren. With two centuries of canoeing behind them, they came down to Lake George as modestly as if they expected to learn something from us neophytes; and when the leader, Mr. Edwards, of Peterboro', was unanimously chosen vice-commodore of the association for the ensuing year, he actually protested against it as too great an honour.

Wednesday was announced by the local press and on the hotel bulletins

as 'ladies' day,' and the camps and canoes were prepared for inspection. The canoes, with all sail set, were taken out of the water and arranged in line along the main path of the island, everything being ship-shape and man-o'-war fashion, as far as practicable. By the middle of the forenoon visitors began to arrive, with their escorts, from the various hotels on the mainland, and presently the wooded island was gay with bright dresses and parasols, which went from boat to boat and from tent to tent, full of interested curiosity about every detail of camp life. The ingenious contrivances in the way of portable stoves, compact cooking-kits, and all the appliances to which canoeists resort to increase comfort while taking up but little room, were fully explained. If the fair visitors were not entertained, they certainly pretended to be, and the canoeists only regretted that the hours of reception could not be prolonged until the moon and the camp-fire shed their romantic light over lake, island and mountain.

It is the fashion among canoeists—set, I believe, by Commodore Longworth, of the Cincinnati Club—to carry tin horns wherewith to signal one another, and add to the *éclat*—if the term be a proper one in this connection—upon occasions of general excitement. That the said horns break hideously in upon the stillness of day and night goes without saying; but, on the other hand, they are convenient to attract attention where the voice will not reach, and do most effectively welcome the coming and speed the parting guest.

Under the energetic superintendence of Mr. N. H. Bishop, late secretary and man-of-all-work of the association, the island has been cleared of its tangled underbrush, and a well-proportioned log-cabin has been erected thereon. The walls of the main room are covered with charts—Mr. Bishop being a specialist in this line of collection—and here, around a pine table,

the canoeists meet to discuss their business matters, or to keep dryer than they could otherwise do in rainy weather.

Beside the cabin, every evening, there roars a huge camp-fire, and around it, in the picturesque poses which men assume when not hampered by the chairs and habiliments of civilization, gather of an evening the denizens of the island. Songs, speeches, recitations, mimicry, go the rounds, and the neighbouring shores ring with the echoes of careless laughter. It is a remarkable evidence of the make-up of this association, that not a song was sung or a story told that might not with propriety have been repeated in any presence.

Out-of-door exercise from an early hour is not, however, conducive to late hours, and long before mid-night quiet ordinarily reigns, the 'Cincinnati yell' being, as a general thing, the last sound that breaks upon the ears of the sleepers. This yell, learned, I believe, from the Osage Indians, is a peculiarly wild war-whoop, ending with a canine diminuendo, which is extremely effective and appropriate on all occasions when noise is the order of the hour.

Thursday, the opening day of the races, saw the prettiest sight of the week. The wind was favourable, and near half a hundred fairy craft ran down to Crosbyside under sail. Every style of rig; standing, balance and Chinese lugs, lateens like those of the Italian felucca, leg o' muttons, plain boom, gaff and sprit sails, all were filled by the northerly breeze, and the lower reaches of the lake were thickly sprinkled with white sails and the flashing blades of paddles. One upset occurred, successfully and safely performed by a member of the New York Club, who subsequently distinguished himself by winning every sailing race in which he started, and presently all hands were at Crosbyside, making ready to participate in the three days' regattas which followed.

Of these I will say nothing, save that, as was appropriate, a Western son of Anack carried off the two principal prizes assigned for the muscular paddle, while salt-water seamanship secured the two which were assigned for the sailing races.

The ceremonies ended on Saturday night with a supper tendered by Mr. Crosby, of the Crosbyside Hotel, and on Monday the canoeists departed for their respective homes, or for the conclusion of cruises interrupted by the programme of regatta week.

The Association may now be regarded as an accomplished fact. Its membership is about 150, and its composition is as unexceptionable, its purposes as healthful and health-giving as can readily be in any such organization. Sporting characters, in the objectionable sense of the term, are unknown upon its rolls, and it seems destined to fulfil its mission of developing a spirit of good fellowship and camaraderie which can hardly be attained in like degree by any other athletic association in the land. The secretary is M. C. A. Neide, Slingerlands, N. Y.

Of the recreation in its general aspects, a word may, perhaps, be appropriately said in conclusion. The term does not properly describe the craft, and, indeed, the pundits of the guild are puzzled to find a terse definition of the word. The aboriginal canoe, 'birch,' or Kayac, with its paddle, is, perhaps, the purest type; but modern ingenuity turns out a boat which is in all essentials a little yacht. It is fitted with sails, lockers, watertight life-saving compartments, is decked over, affords comfortable sleeping accommodations for its crew of one, and is in all respects a safe and convenient vessel in which to cruise on lakes and rivers, and along the sea coast. Long, and in some cases adventurous, voyages have been made with its aid, and the accidents have been remarkably few. The whole life of the canoeist, indeed, teaches self-

reliance and readiness under all circumstances to act promptly and with judgment.

Eternal vigilance is the price of dry flannels in a canoe cruise, and readiness of resource is a characteristic of the canoeist as it is of the sailor. No out-of-door sport that is worthy the name is without its dangers, and anything that will, within reasonable bounds, foster a spirit of healthful adventure must tend to develop a finer

quality in the manhood of the race. Baseball, cricket, rowing, tennis, and the other stock out-door gymnastics, have their times and seasons, but the canoe takes rank in some respects—in many, as its disciples believe—above them all. It brings its devotee nearer to nature, and opens to him possibilities of pure and genuine recreation such as none of the others can afford.—*Christian Union*.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S LECTURES AND ESSAYS.*

BY THE REV. J. F. STEVENSON, D.D.

ANY book by Mr. Goldwin Smith must be full of interest. His mind is not easy to classify, indeed, but for that very reason, among others, his views become an instructive and entertaining subject of study. Most minds reflect the average tone of contemporary thought and feeling only too exactly. They are plastic in excess to the spirit of the age, with scarcely a throb of individual character or a flash of original insight. So valuable is any divergence from the beaten track that even eccentricity, if it be not too self-conscious, is a relief and a stimulant, and anything like freshness and novelty of vein is a positive boon.

The main position of Mr. Mill's essay 'On Liberty' is, I think, incapable of a successful answer. Both truth and goodness, as he maintained, are brought out by the free contact of all forms of honest thought and genuine

feeling. The man, therefore, is best serving his fellows who resolutely refuses to smother his convictions or in any way to play tricks with himself. He can give us nothing better than he has, and he has nothing better than his real character and his deliberate thinking. We are not all great men, but we may all be true men, true, at least, to ourselves.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has been the subject of much criticism, some of it sufficiently keen, not to say vituperative, but his severest critics have never charged him with concealing his genuine opinions. This book is as outspoken and incisive as anything he has written, and may be said to abound with strongly marked, if not with original, views. It consists of a number of papers published in various magazines, some Canadian or American, some English, and of a few addresses delivered on public occasions. None of these utterances are political, except indeed incidentally, but with these exceptions they touch

* 'Lectures and Essays,' by Goldwin Smith. Printed for the Author, by Hunter, Rose & Co. Toronto, 1881. 336 pp. 8vo.

a variety of subjects, historical, literary and speculative. The book is printed for private circulation only, because, as the author says, 'the great public is sick of reprints.' Of this we are by no means sure; at all events, it is safe to say, that the public, whether great or small, is far from being sick of such books as this.

It is, of course, impossible, in a brief paper to give even an idea of the contents of the nineteen articles of which the volume consists. All that can be done is of the nature of general characterization and then of selection more or less illustrative.

It may be said of this book that it is a sort of voice lifted up in an unsympathetic age in favour of positive convictions in moral and religious criticism. A vein of moral decisiveness and of strong religious belief runs through all the papers of which it consists. How far this is from the prevailing tone of literary authorship our readers well know. The great philosopher of modern times whose worship is a part of the intellectual orthodoxy of the day, has elaborately demonstrated that no man can be either an Atheist, a Theist, or a Pantheist. Some of us may be under the illusion that we believe in a God, and some that we do not believe in a God, while still others may fancy that they, in thought, regard the universe as infinite and eternal, and transfer to the great whole as thus conceived some, at least, of the attributes commonly regarded as divine. Let me assure you, on the authority of Mr. Herbert Spencer (which is, of course, final), that we are all quite mistaken. We do not think these things, we only 'think that we think' them. No man who imagined himself to have a conviction in religion, or even morals, ever really had it. He only fancied he had it, or perhaps I should more correctly say, he fancied that he fancied that he had it. If you ask the proof it is easy and direct. Mr. Herbert Spencer has no such convictions, and it is evident

that all thinking that differs from his must be pseudo-thinking; all mankind must think as he does when they really think at all. That follows from the idea of Development, of which Mr. Spencer is the prophet, when it is regarded as a theory, and the consummate result and perfect flower when we speak of it as a process.

On the literary side the current temper is the same. We have 'grown out,' as we say, of all serious convictions, not because we know why, but because we have an indefinite impression that the process by which they are formed is not easy, and that the convictions themselves are not absolutely certain. All thought, except that which can be tested by the senses, we distrust, and all moral earnestness fills us with 'immense ennui.' This last is a phrase of the superfine school, who preach to us 'sweet reasonableness' in the name of One who would have dealt pretty sharply with that religion for the *crème de la crème* whose confession of faith is '*odi profanum vulgus*,' and whose ritual and commandments are summed up in the direction: 'Conform to whatever you find established, however hollow and unreal, because there is nothing new and nothing true, and it does not matter.'

It is this spirit with which Mr. Goldwin Smith wages irreconcilable war. Like all the rest of us, he is more or less perplexed to adjust the different aspects of his thinking. He finds the new knowledge of nature disturbing to the beliefs which the conscience and the spiritual powers demand. But he refuses to give up the problem as insoluble. Still more emphatically he refuses to consider it as settled in the negative. And, if possible, most emphatically of all, he refuses to accept as substitutes for a solution the schemes which eliminate the very data of the problem itself, which give us a religion without a God, and an immortality without an existence.

The first two essays in the volume

are on the 'Greatness of the Romans,' and on the 'Greatness of England.' The influence of the mind we have indicated appears in both. The greatness of Rome appears in its respect for law, that of England in the energy of character and regard for liberty, bred by favourable conditions of climate and race. Rome made great rulers, England raised robust men. The element of moral conviction, and firmness of will as flowing from it, is apparent in both. With still greater emphasis, the same tendency is manifest in the third essay, on some of the incidents of the Thirty Years' War. The craving for moral healthiness and fervour draws Mr. Smith to the Protestant side in all cases of conflict between the Reformed Church and the Church of Rome. This is easy to understand. The Church of Rome is an elaborate system adapted with wonderful delicacy and skill to the æsthetic and emotional aspects of the religious mind. But it may be questioned whether any man believes the doctrines of that Church taken in detail as personal convictions. They are matters not of conviction but of authority. The consequence follows almost inevitably that the Church of Rome possesses attractions for the sceptical mind about equal to those with which she charms the dogmatical. The sceptic sees in her an excellent policeman for the ignorant, and a doctrine just as likely to be true as any other, in a region where no truth is to be had. It is the man who bases his life upon conviction, as distinguished both from doubt and from authority, to whom she is distasteful. The superfine party compliment the Church of Rome. They talk of her universality, of her urbanity, above all, of her artistic gorgeousness. Her long stretch of historical continuity is charming to them. All this, from their point of view, is intelligible enough. The truth or the falsehood of the thing is nothing to them. But this is everything to a writer like our author. He asks, How much of it is

true? On how much of it can I securely build? And if the reply be, On little, or, On nothing, he says, Then give me the little and throw the rest away, or if there is nothing let us try somewhere else.

This essay, therefore, is an eloquent and vigorous though discriminating defence of the Protestant powers in the great contest known as the Thirty Years' War. It leads us again in memory to Schiller's wonderful history, and makes the shades of Wallenstein, Ferdinand, and Gustavus flit once more before our excited imaginations. To say that it is well written is of course, and also to say that it is transparently honest and sincere. Whether the estimates of character are wholly impartial may be matter of doubt, but there can be none in regard to the thrilling interest of the story.

Two papers, one on the 'Ascent of Man,' the other on 'Proposed Substitutes for Religion,' afford abundant scope for the treatment which is especially Mr. Smith's own. In that on the 'Ascent of Man' it is fully admitted that the doctrine formerly held of a state of perfection in some time and place of the historical past out of which the human race has fallen, is virtually disproved by geology and ethnology. This doctrine is superseded in view of the theory of evolution by the more hopeful and inspiring idea of a rise out of elementary conditions into more and more advanced forms of moral and religious life. But it is forcibly contended that the earlier conditions did not contain the later growths, or that if they did then these conditions themselves must have been something more than the mere collocations of matter and force which they would have appeared to the purely physical inquirer. Mr. Smith cannot consent to the idea of man which makes him a 'kneaded clod.' He asserts that the moral is moral, and not the material in a mask, that the spiritual life, a life founded on convictions and impelled by motives which

imply a world of spiritual realities, is as much a part of the nature of man when man is found in his normal state as the movements of respiration or the faculty of vision. He refuses to be beaten out of the direct witness of his own self-consciousness by any quantity of dissection, whether done on dead monkeys or on live toads. He will not allow the question of a future life to be decided in a chemical laboratory, or the soul to be voted out of existence because it cannot be smelled. It is not necessary to deny the unity of the world or to maintain the essential difference between matter and mind. That matter and mind are two sides of one fact, or two poles of one living vibration, is what most competent thinkers are increasingly willing to admit. But we may well refuse to construe the unity to our thoughts by sacrificing one pole to the other, and especially by sacrificing the higher to the lower. That the universe is penetrated through and through by thought, that its very joists are struck deeply down into primeval reason, is involved in every scientific idea. For if it were not so, how in the name of common sense could its facts be colligated by rational formulæ and interpreted in terms of thinkable law? Truly, I can think nothing but thought, and if there were no thought in the universe there would be no thought *about* the universe in man. That fine saying of Kepler's is as profound in philosophy as it is touching in piety—that saying which he uttered in view of his discoveries in astronomy, 'O God, I think thy thoughts after Thee!' That all sane thinking will before long return to this point of view which, as has been truly said, has been held almost without exception by every great philosopher from Pythagoras to Hegel—I cannot for an instant doubt. And when it does we shall see the last of this blind man's holiday, this Saturnalia of unreason, in which literary and scientific men, who ought to know better, are dancing, with bandaged

eyes and ears deafened to the true harmonies which float to the thoughtful spirit from the fields of their own inquiries, before the amorphous and lifeless fetish, the mere apotheosis of contradiction and nonsense which they call the Unknown and Unknowable.

If the unity of the universe is constituted in thought, then indeed mind and matter are one at their root, but that root is no longer measurable by the properties of matter, it includes those of mind. Development, evolution, is then the ascent of all things toward the primal thought whence they drew their origin, the rise of the fountain towards its original source. For myself, I have always been an ardent evolutionist. Within three months of the publication of Mr. Darwin's great book I energetically defended its doctrines against the attacks of timid theologians. Nor do I see anything in evolution but a source of hope and a fountain of moral energy. Only remember that the beginning is to be measured by the end, not the end by the beginning. I cannot say that thought and feeling and moral conviction are transformed fire-mist or developed protoplasm. I must say, on the other hand, that fire-mist and protoplasm are not what they seem. They are crowded, saturated, penetrated with spiritual potencies, powers which require only time to become thought, feeling and moral conviction. The two statements are almost coincident in words, but they differ by the diameter of the world. One, as has been truly said, can paralyse the energies and mar the beauty of a life. The other simply says, There are no rude jars or shocks in the majestic plan of the world. It moves on from simple to complex, from imperfect to perfect.

The paper on 'Proposed Substitutes for Religion,' deals with the various forms of thought and emotion by which it is intended to supersede the belief in God and in a future life. Here, again, Mr. Smith refuses to accept the vacant chaff, however

well-meant, which is offered us for grain. He shows, I think, incontrovertibly, that the loss of a spiritual faith can never be compensated by a purely mundane one and for the reason, among others, that the grounds of such a faith do not exist. The emotions that collectively constitute worship are only possible towards a conscious intelligent being; if for a moment they be drawn out by anything else it can but be for a moment, the first effort of reflection will reveal their groundlessness, and with that discovery they will fall back upon themselves. As to immortality, again, the so-called immortality of the race cannot supersede the immortality of the individual. It cannot, first, because the race is not immortal; it began and it will end; indeed, for all we know, it may end before long. And secondly, the power of the hope for a future life rests in the fact, if it be one, that the forces of the universe fight on the side of goodness, and that whatever is right and pure will be gathered up and preserved for ever. In other words an immortality is nothing without a God, and as soon as the absence of God is realized all forms of future life become matters of indifference. Why should we wish to be remembered as good or benevolent if there is no intrinsic reason for goodness and benevolence? And if the universe be not righteous at its root, intrinsic reason there is none.

Other articles in this interesting book are on Abraham Lincoln, on Culpable Luxury, on Baron Stockmar, on University College, Oxford, and its relation to King Alfred, on Mr. Pattison's Milton, and on Coleridge's Life of Keble. It would be easy to illustrate the author's point of view by an examination of almost any of these papers. But our space is gone. Let it suffice to say that every one of these articles is marked by brilliant ability, and many of them are full of interesting and fresh information. A paper on

the Conqueror of Quebec pays a fine tribute to the memory of Wolfe. A review of the life of Jane Austen, recalls attention to the keen observation, calm reflectiveness, and fine analytical power of that remarkable novelist. Other papers we do not name, but there is not a line in any one of them other than able and characteristic.

The article on Falkland and the Puritans, is a reply to Mr. Mathew Arnold's essay on Falkland. It is interesting in many ways, but especially as bringing face to face two modes of criticism so widely different as those of these two writers respectively. Mr. Arnold, as we all know, is the apostle of sweetness and light—the sweetness consisting chiefly in mocking sarcasm and the light in elaborate misrepresentation. To him Falkland is perfection. His elegance, his indecision, his toleration, his gentle melancholy, his dislike of the storm and stress of life, and a certain dash of almost finical *delicately* of feeling, by which he is marked, are after Mr. Arnold's own heart. Principles Mr. Arnold hates. Every form of earnestness and enthusiasm he hates, too, that is, as actively as a being entirely cold-blooded can be said to hate anything. His philosophy is completely epicurean, and his faith consists in holding that religion is a very good thing for Philistines, a thing, however, which fills a gentleman of sweetness and light with what he calls in his favourite phrase, 'immense ennui.'

This is an antagonism as nearly complete as possible with Mr. Goldwin Smith. The tone of definite conviction that makes Mr. Smith a Protestant, also gives him sympathy with the Puritan. The Puritans are Mr. Arnold's disgust. Of course they are. They did not curl their hair, or perfume their kerchiefs, or play on the viol, or dance. So the two authors join issue. If you would enjoy the characteristic battle I refer you to the book itself.—From the 'Educational Record,' Montreal.

ROUND THE TABLE.

CIVIC REFORM.

A PROTEST against literary work in the dog-days is as old as Juvenal. Yet not even the hot midsummer weather shall prevent the companions of the Round Table from meeting once more in the old genial fellowship. They are presented with a paper on certain matters of no slight interest to those who dwell in Toronto, from the pen of a new member of our fraternity:—

Can we not concentrate our forces and do something to influence that difficult-to-be-understood body of men known as the "City Council" in the direction of municipal reform in Toronto.

There are at least half-a-dozen apparently small, but really important, matters, which we should do well to urge and bring to a practical issue.

The first of these is the building of bridges over railway tracks. One should be built at the southern extremity of Yonge Street for both horse and foot traffic. So necessary is this, that the mention of it should be sufficient to cause immediate action; but public opinion has not yet spoken loudly, and the representatives of the wards are blind and deaf and dumb.

What is commonly known as ward-grabbing would appear to ordinary intelligent citizens to be of weightier import than the prevention of loss of life, and it is within the province of this and kindred clubs to take vigorous action, and to say to the Council that, in the interest alike of humanity and civilized citizenship, these bridges should be built without further delay.

Closely connected with this, is the construction of barriers along the edge of the wharves, and the adoption of a system of turnstiles and gateways through which excursionists and passengers should pass to and from steamboats.

Another subject in which I am sure we are deeply concerned is that of caring for children of tender years,

who wander about the chief thoroughfares selling newspapers and peddling wares. The Boys' and Girls' Homes are doing a good and noble work; but in a constantly increasing population in a city like Toronto, a great deal more might and should be accomplished. Poverty with its concomitant evils *will* raise its hideous form, and many difficulties must be encountered in the march of philanthropic enterprise; but this fact should engender within us a stronger purpose in doing what we may be able to ameliorate and relieve. No child under the age of ten should be permitted to vend or to beg in the public streets. The names and occupations of the parents of these little waifs should be obtained by the police, and, in the event of their homes being cursed with thriftlessness, drunkenness and laziness, they should be taken to a suitable home, and the worthless parents taxed for their support. Pauperdom proper has no right to an existence in Canada, but surely something should be done for the little ones.

There is an officer, supported in part by an annual grant from the corporation and in part by subscriptions from private citizens, whose daily duty it is to prevent cruelty to animals, both by remonstrance and by prosecution. The general laxity of the regular police force in the detection and punishment of this crime is notorious; for, although cases are daily occurring, how seldom it is that they are dealt with as the law directs.

So powerfully has my own mind been wrought upon by scenes of cruelty to horses,—by fast driving, reckless butchers' and grocers' boys, sore and jaded hacks drawing ice and swill wag-gons,—that I am now obliged to harden my heart, and pass heedlessly by.

The legitimate functions of the Club might well be exercised in representing to the Commissioners of Police an opinion upon this matter, or, at least, in influencing public opinion in regard

to the subject, by communications to 'The Round Table.'

The expediency of limiting the number of passengers to be carried at one time by street cars is closely related to this subject, and might also be pressed on the City Council.

These are a few of the many considerations affecting the general weal of the community, and touching closely upon the humanitarian, which, as a Club, we might agitate.

There are social questions, largely to do with the promotion of the people's

good, upon which our influence should also be brought to bear. One of those surely some member of 'The Round Table' will, we hope, soon bestir himself to bring before us: I refer to that of a public library. Another is that of the prevention of combinations of men for keeping up the cost of the necessaries of life. Many of these subjects might profitably be made the theme of discussion at 'The Round Table,' and possibly result in securing some practical reform. Let each member contribute his quota.

T. E.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Christian Institutions; Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. New York: Harper & Bros., Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The name of the late Dean of Westminster is sufficient to guarantee for this book a hearty welcome at the hands of all who love truth and charity. It is needless to say anything of one who has so recently passed away. His virtues and graces, to say nothing of his profound scholarship, have made him dear to all the world. Men saw in him a breadth of sentiment, catholicity of spirit, exalted manliness and fullest charity combined with an unwavering loyalty to the Church of which he was so distinguished a minister. His learning and piety made him a worthy successor at Westminster of such men as Andrewes, Atterbury, Wilberforce and Trench, while his courtesy of manner and nobility of soul not only enabled him to maintain the dignity of his exalted office, but also served to place him in the very first rank of the Deans of that ancient Abbey. It was, however, as a historian that he won his best laurels. There was a fearlessness and

consciousness of power, with which he grappled with the great questions that came before him, that at once marked him a master among masters. His scholarship was great and accurate; his style popular and brilliant. He had a keen insight into the essence of things, a power of stripping a truth of its adventitious dressing. The present volume is a good illustration of all these points. It consists of a number of essays written at different times on prominent ecclesiastical questions. Those on Baptism, Vestments, and the Pope, are peculiarly interesting; while in the article on the Litany are contained those sentiments respecting the Divinity of Christ which Canon Liddon, some fifteen years ago, challenged so vigorously in an appendix to his Bampton Lectures. Only in this chapter and in a few other stray passages scattered through the book would be found anything to clash with the most thorough orthodoxy. Many will doubtless disagree with him in his chapters on the Eucharist, and perhaps many more with his statements regarding the ministry; and yet it is beyond doubt that on both these questions he is supported not only by the sound scholarship of the Protestant world, remarkably so as regards

the ministry by such men as Bishop Lightfoot and the late Bampton Lecturer, the Rev. E. Hatch, but also by the strong and irrefragable arguments and historical facts he himself brings forward. The reader will find many an ecclesiastical bubble exploded, and many a doubtful or misty point made plain. We commend the work to the careful perusal of all.

Foster's Peerage and Baronetage. Nichols & Sons (25 Parliament Street, Westminster), London. 1881.

This sumptuous royal octavo volume is a decided innovation in its line. It traces the collateral descendants of peers and baronets a couple of generations further, and consequently contains many names more, than Burke or Debrett. On the other hand, it boldly removes the names of many *soi-disant* baronets from its canonical list, and appends them in a sort of heraldic Apocrypha, called 'Chaos.' A complete list of the 'Nova Scotian baronets,' is another of the many new features of this ambitious work. In the new fields he has opened up, the compiler, of course, sometimes goes astray; but his accuracy and research, on the whole, are simply marvellous. The engravings, which include the arms of every titled family, and the insignia of every order of knighthood, possess high artistic merit, and are not copies of, but generally improvements upon, the cuts in the older peerages.

Illusions, by JAMES SULLY. International Science Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Willing and Williamson.

The author makes a rough working division of the field of knowledge as cognition into—1. Knowledge of our mental condition. 2. Knowledge of external matters. 3. Memory. 4. Belief. Under each of these heads he finds the presence of Illusions. Under the first of the divisions he shews that the judgments of the senses are continually modified, and altered by mental conditions. An interesting chapter is that on Dreams. It is shewn that dreaming is a condition very analogous to insanity, the cerebral activity not being under the control of the will. It is surprising how prevalent are

superstitious notions about dreams, and how great a circulation is still given to 'dream books.' These popular oracles are, strange to say, of great antiquity, being based on the work of the Greek Artemidorus, who derived them from Egyptian sources. Mr. Sully does not go into the question of the ultimate validity of our cognitions, he postulates the reliability of the data of consciousness, and examines into the various sources of illusions, from those of vision, such as the impression of solidity given in the stereoscope to the complete perversion of both sense, and intellect in insanity. The book is both curious and instructive.

Clarendon Press Series. Shakespeare's Select Plays. King Richard III. Edited by WILLIAM ADDIS WRIGHT, M. A. Oxford, London, and New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Mr. Wright is too well known as an editor and commentator upon our great dramatist for it to be necessary that we should do much more than call attention to the fact of the appearance of this issue of the Clarendon Press. The preface not only carefully traces out the sources from which the poet derived his material, giving the original text of the chroniclers in full, but contains an elaborate review of the arguments adduced by the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare on the one hand, and by Mr. Spedding and Professor Delius on the other, as to the comparative reliability of the text of the original Quarto and Folio Editions. Mr. Wright agrees with the Cambridge editors that, on the whole, the text of this play in the Quarto Edition is preferable to that found in the Folio.

We have only one criticism to make on the preface. In quoting from Hall the account of the feigned promises by which Richard sought to get the young Marquis of Dorset into his power by flattering the Queen (then in sanctuary) 'so as to bring her if possible into some wanhope, or as some men saye into a foole's paradise,' he annotates 'wanhope' as meaning 'despair.' No doubt this was the usual and accepted meaning of the word, but in the present case the context shows sufficiently that it was not used in that sense, but as conveying the idea of a faint ('wan') or delusive hope,

which only half-misleads the mind of its victim, and yet is powerful enough to control one's actions.

Although Mr. Wright has, we think, succeeded in recovering from the varying original texts the correct reading of the passage where Clarence entreats his assassins to relent, we do not see that he has grasped what appears to us the clue to the second murderer's exclamation, 'Look behind you, my Lord,' just before the first murderer stabs the Duke. In his note, at p. 159, he quotes Mr. Spedding to the effect that the second murderer is beginning to relent ('My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks'), and seeing the other preparing to stab Clarence *from behind*, interrupts him and tries to put him on his guard. But apart from the unnaturalness of the position and the improbability that Clarence, awake to all the fearful risk he is running, would let the assassin he has reason to fear the most get behind him,—it seems to us that the whole explanation is based upon a misconception of the second murderer's character. Had he deliberately tried to warn, that is to save the Duke, would not his brother ruffian have spoken a little more roundly to him after the crime was accomplished? But the only complaint is that he is 'slack' and 'helps not.' One villain in a ballad like the *Babes in the Wood* may be expected to turn out chivalrous enough to fight with his sterner companion, but we do not look for such sudden conversions in Shakespeare. There is no doubt but that the second murderer is of a wavering disposition. Commencing with a brutal jest about Clarence's awakening, he finds the 'urging of that word "judgment,"' breed 'a kind of remorse in him.' He is full of talk, will argue away his conscience by enumerating its inconveniences, palter away his misgivings, joke grimly about Clarence having wine enough soon, and Gloster's delivering him 'from this world's thralldom.' He would prolong the ghastly dialogue, confident that his stock of charnel-house jests will hold out,—the first murderer is more anxious to strike than to talk. But Clarence's last appeal is awakening within him those pricks of conscience which have embittered so many of his 'pleasant vices,' he cannot trust himself longer and determines, not himself to strike, but to afford his ruder comrade the opportunity which he knows will not be let slip. So long as Clarence faces them

with appealing eyes and hands and all the commanding look of royal blood in his regard, the villains stand aloof. But the timid knave is equal to the occasion. Suddenly, and with an accent that must have filled Clarence's poor, shaken soul with a conviction that other murderers were silently filling up the dark, vacant spaces of the room, he cries out 'Look behind you, my Lord!' Immediately and involuntarily Clarence turns away and the man of sterner mould stabs the victim repeatedly in the back. How just then becomes the exclamation of the second murderer, instantly delivered over by the reaction of his mind, to superstitious terrors,

'How fain, *like Pilate* would I wash my hands Of this most grievous guilty murder done!'

The remark would be out of place had he, as Mr. Spedding conjectures, attempted to save the Duke. Like Pilate, he has given the actual murderer his opportunity, and even envies the Praetor who could say, with his lips at least, that he was 'innocent of the blood of this just man.'

We notice, too, at p. 196, the expression 'bigamy,' as charged to Edward IV. by his brother explained as an allusion to his marriage with a widow, which was so regarded by the Canon law. But Mr. Wright must excuse us when we say that an appeal to the Canon law on such a point of every-day occurrence as that of marrying a widow would not be of much avail in rousing popular feeling against the legitimacy of Edward's children. The allusion is clearly to the alleged precontract of Edward with the Lady Bona, regarded as a marriage by the Roman Catholic Church. Such precontracts had often nullified subsequent marriages and affected the descent of estates,—and it was therefore clearly a point in support of Gloster's and Buckingham's argument,—but Mr. Wright will search the Year Books in vain for any instance where the issue of a re-married widow were held on that account illegitimate.

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Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell.
New York: Harper and Brothers.
Toronto: Willing and Williamson.

An admirably written life of the great New England divine, full of interest, and on the whole one of the best biogra-

phists that for a long time have been given to the public. Horace Bushnell was a man among men. His wonderful catholicity of spirit, and pure unsullied life have gained for him the admiration of people of all classes and creeds. His work in the ministry is told in this volume with a simplicity and earnestness so real and true as to bring the man vividly before one. We commend the work to all who are interested in the great questions that now agitate the religious world, and in one who himself grappled with such difficulties in a noble manly spirit, and came out of the conflict a victor, or at least an unconquered champion for what he held to be truth.

The Times, and other Poems. By J. R. NEWELL. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1881.

It is encouraging to those who watch the growth of our national culture, to perceive the increase, a considerable one during the last five years, of volumes of poetry, which, if they do not rise to the higher regions of Parnassus, at least are considerably above the flat prosaic level. This, at all events, shows that a graceful command of expression and of literary form is spreading among a wide circle and not merely through a clique in Canada. Our readers may observe that the poems in the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, are signed with names or *noms de plume* dating from all quarters of the Dominion, Winnipeg, New Brunswick, Kingston, Montreal, Halifax, and even from a place so remote from civilization as Yorkville itself!

Mr. Newell's volume of poems opens with two 'didactic' essays in 'heroic rhyme,' in matter, and very much in manner, resembling Cowper's *Table Talk*. But in 1782 the general views of the educated class sympathized with the the Calvinist poet's way of accounting for the universe. Things have changed in 1881, yet here is Mr. Newell writing from the point of view of a century ago, anathematizing Voltaire, Mohamet, and 'the Scientist.' Many of his couplets

are vigorous, but the whole poem seems to us like a water-colour study in *Cowperesque*.

We somewhat demur to the good taste of 'Lines on the sad calamity at London.' Unless the 'lines' are *poetry*, penetrated by a sympathy that *must* find utterance, we would borrow *Punch's* 'Advice' and address it to intending sympathisers in metre, and say 'DON'T!' A short poem full of pathos and sympathy appeared on this mournful topic of the London disaster in our columns lately. *That* was well calculated to soothe those who mourned. But here comes Mr. Newell with a tremendous swinging poem in the lively metre of Mrs. Browning's 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,'—this sort of thing:—

'And from out the surging waters, lo! a
ghastly head arises—
'Tis the Angel of Destruction spreading ruin
far and wide!'

'Angels of Destruction' are about as unreal as Angels of Dynamite.

In lyrics on ordinary life, especially in those which appear to embody Mr. Newell's experience of the *beau sexe*, there are many pleasing and graceful lyrics. These show real talent. As an instance we quote the following, entitled 'A Ditty':—

'Dear Em, I am sitting and dreaming—
Yes sitting and dreaming of you,
While the lamp-light is fitfully gleaming,
And at times in the stillness burns blue.
The shadows grow darker and deeper,
And tremblingly dance on the floor,
And I think it is sad for the sleeper,
Who has nothing to do but to snore!'

'Oh! could I do something tremendous,
To make me a hero outright,
In actions and words as stupendous
As Ajax who revelled in fight;
How soon would I rush forth to glory,
And brighten my manhood with scars,
If an Em would but smile at my story,
And welcome me home from the wars!'

'But as I am but a vile student,
That trembles at thought of a fight,
Indeed I will try to be prudent,
And think of my station aright;
And as hitherto I have been dreaming,
So shall I continue to do,
Too blest when the starlight is streaming,
Oh Em, if I'm dreaming of you!'

BRIC-A-BRAC.

FROM HORACE.

ODES II. 4.

BY R. W. B., MONTREAL.

A SERVANT-GIRL is it? Why blush
to declare
That you love her? Remember the tale
Of Achilles's captive, Briseis the fair,
How her beauty o'er pride could prevail.

Think of Telamon's son and Tecmessa his
prize,
But a waist had more charms than a name;
'Mid his triumph Atrides succumbed to the
eyes
Of the maiden he snatched from the flame.

A conqueror conquered!—Troy's hosts where
were they?
Their champion, Hector, was slain,
And, though weary, the Greeks made the city
their prey,
And levelled its towers with the plain.

Who knows from what parents those auburn
locks came,
The fair Phillis's head that adorn?
Of course she's a princess, her luck was to
blame
That left her thus homeless to mourn.

She can't have—as her lover, you know it
yourself—
Any vulgar relations; be sure
That one so true-hearted, so careless of self,
Was the daughter of mother as pure.

What neat ankles she's got, what an arm, what
a face,
Admiring, though heart-whole, I see:
I'm near forty, you know, 'twould be quite
out of place
To suspect an old fellow like me.

They were twins, were these two little
girls; and Pat said, 'Them gals is
cousins, ain't they?' 'No,' replied the
mother, 'they are twins.' 'Yees don't
say so,' says Pat; 'well, now, bedad,
they look enough alike to be sisters.'

'There is no rule without an excep-
tion, my son.' 'Oh! isn't there, pa?
A man must always be present while
he's being shaved,' 'My dear,' said pa
to ma, 'hadn't you better send this child
to bed? He makes my head ache.'

'The devil can quote Scripture to his
purpose.' And the Liberal party are
quoting Scripture about Lord Beacons-
field. They have wrung from the depths
of Genesis:—'But Benjamin's mess was
fives times so much as any of theirs.'

'I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young,
tender chicken from an old, tough one?'
'Of course I can.' 'Well, how do you
tell it?' 'By the teeth.' 'Teeth? why,
chickens have no teeth!' 'No, but I
have.' 'Good morning!' 'Good morn-
ing!'

Daniel Purcell, as he had the character
of a great punster, was desired one night
in company by a gentleman to make a
pun *extempore*. 'Upon what subject?'
said Daniel. 'The king,' answered the
other. 'Oh, sir,' said he, 'the king is
no subject.'

An American candidate was recently
addressing an election meeting, when a
man in the crowd interrupted him by
repeatedly shouting, 'What about the
Liquor Bill?' 'Well,' retorted the can-
didate, 'mine was uncommon high last
year; how was yours?'

Something like a fishing.—(Scene—
Lamlash Quay; two fishermen having a
confab.) 1st Fisherman—Wass you at
the fushin' last nicht, Tougal? 2nd
Fisherman—Yes, Archie, and we cot a
fush on effery hook, but if we'll wass oot
the nicht afore we was cot twice as more.

A celebrated clown once produced on
the stage a rusty sword. 'This,' said
he, 'is the sword with which Balaam
struck the ass.' One of the audience
replied, 'I thought he had no sword,
but only wished for one.' 'You're
right,' rejoined the clown, 'and this is
the very sword he wished for.'

As the happy couple were leaving the
church, the husband said to the partner
of his wedded life: 'Marriage must
seem a dreadful thing to you; why, you
were all of a tremble, and one could
hardly hear you say "I will."' 'I will
have more courage and say it louder
next time,' said the blushing bride.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Set to the music of 'Oh, gently breathe.'

I sent my love a red, red rose,
Because I thought that she loved me,
But yet I feared, alas, who knows?
And who can say what is to be?

She sent me back that red, red rose,
She was unkind to send it so;
My hopes, alas, were changed to woes,
My heart was sad, for who can know?

I took my love that red, red rose,
To ask her why she was unkind,
In trembling doubt, for, ah, who knows?
I hoped I had the truth divined.

I saw my love, yes, still so fair,
Her dark, brown eyes spoke love to me;
She answering said, "Do not despair,
I sent it back but to fetch thee."

'Women before marriage want nothing but husbands, and when they get them they want everything else,' said an old bachelor. 'How different it is with you,' retorted a lady. 'When a man gets a wife he just settles down contented, feeling that he has secured the best blessing that heaven could bestow.'

At a school-board examination the inspector asked a boy if he could forgive those who had wronged him. 'Could you,' said the inspector, 'forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?' 'Y-e-s, sir,' replied the lad, very slowly, 'I—think—I—could;' but he added, in a much more rapid manner, 'I could if he was bigger than I am.'

A pompous lawyer said to the keeper of an apple stand. 'Your business cares seem to wear upon you. You should go into something which is not so trying to the brain.' 'Oh, 'taint business,' replied the apple seller, 'its lym' awake nights tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan asylum or to a home for played-out old lawyers, as is killin' me!'

The dramatic editor of a French paper had occasion recently to criticise severely the performance of a somewhat popular actress. Shortly afterwards the lover of the young lady met the journalist in the theatre and presented him with a package of goose-quills. 'This, sir,' said he, 'is a present from Mrs. X.' 'What?' exclaimed the critic, 'did she tear all these out of you herself! How you must have suffered!'

Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking once in a wood when the stock-dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by, said, 'Oh, I do like stock-doves!' Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's beautiful address to the stock-doves, took the old woman to her heart. 'But,' continued the old woman, 'some like 'em in a pie, for my part, there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions.'

Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott) presented Madame Mara with one of his songs, which he afterwards sold to a publisher. Madame, who liked money, also sold the song, and the two publishers threatened a suit. Mara, meeting the doctor, asked, 'What is to be done? can't you say you were intoxicated when you sold it?' 'Cannot you say the same of yourself?' replied the satirist, 'one story would be believed as soon as the other.'

ERNESTINE- MY QUEEN!

Ernestine,
My Queen!

How I've watched your merry gambols on the green,
As in childhood's happy hours
We roamed the woodland bowers,
Weaving gay parterres of flowers;
How I loved to look and gaze upon your countenance serene,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen!

Ernestine,
My Queen!

No more a maid, but lady staid, with stately step and mien;
With eyes of azure blue,
Like Heaven's serenest hue,
So melting, tender, true,
Beaming forth their rapturous glances with loving trust I ween,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen!

Ernestine,
My Queen!

Though not a boy, I still enjoy a gambol on the green,
For I cast restraint aside,
And forget your haughty pride,
And now, sitting by your side,
I ask your sweet consent to be—you know well what I mean,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen!

—B. W. Roger-Taylor.

King's College,
Windsor, N.S.