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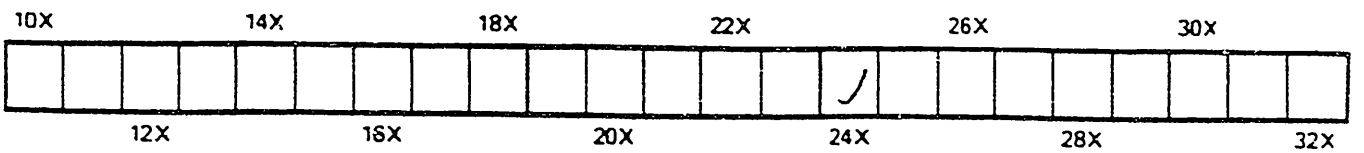

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CONCERNING CANADIAN SHIP-BUILDING: ITS RECORD AND RESOURCES.

BY CAPTAIN N. W. BECKWITH.

"OUTSIDE of the consideration whether the United States may or may not become rival customers with Great Britain for our tonnage, there is soon to be a largely increased demand. The 'rage' for iron ships is being followed by a more deliberate thinking, which will soon show that, after all, they are *not* so vastly superior to their wooden rivals as has been the fashion to assert. The consideration of the great comparative cheapness of the latter, which has whilom been lost sight of, will be recognised again at its true value, that of being one of the weightiest elements in the discussion; and it is the fact, as slight observation will prove, that even much less difference of cost in favour of the wooden ship than has ever yet obtained, still leaves her quite as desirable *an investment* as the iron. I have commanded both kinds, and although I find the last named, all things considered, undeniably the better, yet I also have found that that superiority has a near limitation, and is not so large but that it is more than counterbalanced by her greater cost. Nor is she, speaking without reference to that prime consideration, by any means so absolutely and incomparably preferable as the tank and boiler makers of Blackwall and the Clyde would have us believe. 'Per contra,' the wooden ship has *her* points of superiority, which, though fewer, perhaps, or of less relative importance, are yet, in the very nature of things, absolutely impossible of attainment by the other, in the present condition of science at least. Indeed the combination of the two—the 'composite ship'—is a much better vessel than either, uniting, as she does, the most desirable characteristics of both, while mainly freed from the exceptionable peculiarities of either. She is, and will be, the nearest possible approximation to naval perfection, until the world can afford to build *copper ships*.

"A recent event, it will be seen, has let much of the *gas* out of the inflated ideas now current upon the great question of iron *vs.* wooden tonnage. I allude to the finding of the commission of enquiry into the case of the *Megæra*, viz., that no iron ship can

be depended upon, even running under the most favourable circumstances, for a longer period than *twelve years*. And Lloyds' have revised their 'infallible decretals' to a code which practically relegates the very best iron ships to a '*four year class*'—the least now accorded to *any* wooden one—and but *three years* to those of inferior construction. Twenty-one years A. 1., eh? But, besides all this, and of vastly greater importance from the present point of view, comes the late extraordinary advance in the price of iron. There are potent reasons why no expectations can be entertained that this advance will be followed by any corresponding diminution; on the contrary, continuous enhancement is probable, if not *certain*. Add to these another phase of the recent re-codification of Lloyds' rules—the extension of class of the hitherto much depreciated 'North American built ships,' by which eight years A.1. is conceded to our 'mixed wood' vessels, (French Lloyds' give them nine:) and by which it is rendered possible to construct in these colonies a class of 'composite' tonnage which shall be entitled to fourteen years of the same grade,—and we surely have sufficient warranty to act on the assumption that a broad and early increase of demand for Canadian tonnage will be developed."

The preceding are extracts from a copy of an unappreciated letter addressed some time since to one of the Dominion leaders. The present time affords an opportunity, or gives warrant for amplifying somewhat upon the texts therein contained, and kindred topics; especially as the prediction with which the second paragraph closes, has already entered upon its fulfilment,—two unequivocal signs of which are afforded in the rapidly risen and unusually high rates of freight now ruling along the whole seaboard, from New Orleans to Newfoundland; and in the more obvious, though not necessarily more significant indication found in the sudden increase of prices offered in the English markets for the purchase of colonial built vessels—a branch of trade which, since the close of the year 1867, had dwindled to a point beneath observation, but which, within the last few months, has again appeared above the commercial horizon, and in dimensions of which the measure is afforded in the fact that, according to the latest returns, old and lapsed* vessels command in cash a sum which approximates to the original cost of their construction—indeed, in some instances, where the ship was built at our cheaper building ports, becomes its full equivalent.† Correspondingly, we find an abatement in the enormous activity which has prevailed in the iron ship-building trade since the competitive energies of the American carriers dwindled to zero under the baneful influence of "war risks," and the burdens imposed by the most short-sighted and illogical legislation—as viewed from the present point—to which a great maritime people ever committed its interests. Trade is also falling off from the marine engine works from the same causes; and from some of the iron shipyards of the North comes the expression of a fear of complete stagnation. And they complain of a paucity of orders for new constructions, while at the same time reluctant to enter upon fresh engagements, owing to the utter uncertainty of the future cost of material. Further proofs might be cited, but enough has been said to show that the expected revival of demand for "British North American built" tonnage has begun, and is characterised by indications that it will be both heavy and sustained.

Here, then, we encounter the first question: What is the ability of the country to meet the demand?

In a former paper we discussed the condition of our forests, and noted some of the

* That is, vessels whose period of classification at Lloyds' has expired.

† Not reckoning cost of outfit.

principal causes which are acting to produce their rapid and wasteful dissipation. There has been no change. The term of unusual dulness in maritime matters there spoken of *has* come to a close, the tree-destroyer *has* improved the interval in sharpening his weapon and "making broad his ways," and the remoter districts, which constitute the hitherto untouched reserve, begin to feel his influence.* The quantities of ship timber brought out during the past winter (in the two maritime provinces) is at least double the aggregate of the preceding season; while the great activity which now characterizes the deal and timber trade will undoubtedly swell their drafts upon the fast diminishing forests in at least an equal proportion. We have seen how, in the very nature of things, the time is rapidly approaching when, to continue the banking figure, those drafts will be dishonoured, unless the remaining capital be protected by a sagaciously devised and wisely administered conservation; a pressing duty, be it observed, and one which rests exclusively with the Government; for the people, as the student of history too well knows, will never lift its ear—much less desist from chewing the particular thistle of the occasion—at the voice of the warner, unless the warning be enforced by the cudgel of the law. Unfortunately the gentlemen who "go to Ottawa" are, with but few exceptions, no more observant of the evils upon which we are rushing than are the pre-occupied constituencies which they so fitly represent; yet, as sometimes "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," the few may make themselves felt before the case becomes altogether hopeless.

If we are to measure the ship-building resources of the country under the restrictive influences of the powerful society known as British Lloyds', the answer to the query propounded above will not be found reassuring. In the tables which it promulgates for the guidance of ship-builders, sixty-four varieties of timber, domestic and foreign, are variously rated, according to strength, elasticity, durability, and the particular structural function and position assigned, at periods varying from four to fourteen years; to which from one to three years more will be added by a compliance, on the part of the owner, with certain prescriptions relative to the kind of metal used in fastening, the application of preservative agents to the materials, and protecting the vessel from the action of the weather while in course of construction, etc., etc.; or seventeen years in all for the highest, and seven for the lowest original grades.

Now out of these sixty-four, there are but eleven varieties which are to be found on Dominion soil. Of these again, but *two* may exclusively compose a ship rating as high as eight years in original class, although they may enter into the construction of British built vessels, along with timber of the higher rates, to produce tonnage of any grade, more or less largely—not being absolutely excluded from even the fourteen year class in such connection. (For the elaborate code of this powerful society must be read between the lines to discover its full significance; and then it will be found that it has another object besides that of establishing the highest possible standard of perfection for mercantile naval architecture; to wit, the encouragement of the exportation of the colonial ship *matériel* to the mother-country, and the *dis*couragement of its utilization at home.) And besides restrictions of class, there are disallowances with respect to size which materially narrow the scope of application of Canadian ship timber. Only three kinds, including the two just mentioned, may be used throughout in the construction of ships of all dimensions; four others may form the entire material of small craft of three hundred tons and under, only; and the remaining four can find but partial use

* Canadian Monthly, Vol. i, pp. 529-30.

in tonnage of any description whatever. Moreover, the higher rated and more widely applicable of this exceedingly meagre list are the very sorts that our forests produce most sparsely, or upon which the heaviest inroads have been made already. Thus white oak, which heads the list, is of very limited production in Ontario and Quebec; occurs as a mere sprinkling over the hill-ranges of New Brunswick; and in Nova Scotia is never found at all. Pencil cedar, although its northern range, in sizes fit for any considerable availability, will be found to approximate loosely the isotherm of 40°, is also not an indigene of the latter named province, though it occurs scantily, on swampy soil, in the others. And that really magnificent timber, the larch, and its varieties—once the pride of our forests, impartially and plentifully distributed over all sections of the country—has gone down to a corresponding rarity, partly by exportation, partly by home use, and largely by the heedless wastefulness and destructiveness of the purveyors. Indeed, so limited has the supply of this once superabundant material become, that the ship-builders of the Maritime Provinces already import Georgian and Floridan pitch-pine—(which rates exactly the same in the Tables of Construction)—wherewith to replace it in vessels intended for the eight year grade. And for the lower masts of ships of any considerable tonnage, foreign wood has been in use any time these fifteen years, at often excessive prices too, the indigenous "*red* pine" (so called at Lloyds' —*Pinus resinosa*, is apparently the species meant) being no longer found of sufficient dimensions for anything heavier than upper spars, nor in any respectable quantities at that. It is still both abundant and massive in the inland provinces, but the rate at which it is exported, in timber to England, and lumber, chiefly to the United States, being taken in connection with the rate at which the means of intercolonial communication are progressing, destroys all hope of any equalization of distribution save that which goes on through the seaports of the latter country. The neighbourly folk who "boss" the timber yards of New York have long been in the habit of accommodating the wants of their "bluenose" *confrères* out of their surplus masting pieces, imported *viâ* Buffalo and other lake ports—a fact not generally known in Gath, nor published from the housetops of Askelon, but which is nevertheless true; as is also the correlative subsidiary fact that much of the largest and finest of this product of the Dominion forests is believed by the too confiding consumer to be "Puget Sound," or "Californy sticks," and paid for accordingly. *Mas vale saber que haber*, says the terse old Castilian proverb; but, unfortunately, a real appreciation of the breadth and vigour of its meaning comes only to those whose riches have taken unto themselves wings. Hence, (one cannot refrain from saying, not for the sake of indulging in a cheap sneer at its framers —but since it enforces the lesson) hence the marvellous condensation of Iberian thought upon the evanescence of wealth, of which it is at once the product, proof, and index; and we are in a fair way to produce an equally sublime saying. The remaining varieties of native timber which "have a character at Lloyds'," as the pet phrase of the insurance broker so well expresses it, are, for the present, still abundant; and also pretty evenly distributed, excepting white cedar and hickory, which do not grow in Nova Scotia, and "*yellow* pine"—*P. strobus*)*—which, having once been the most plentiful as well as most readily accessible and *easily felled*, of all the trees of that province, is now absolutely extirpated from nearly all her most important sections;†

* There exists a confusion in the trivial names which must be kept in mind. What is in this country denominated *yellow* pine, is known in England (and in Lloyds' Rules) as *red*; and what is there termed *yellow* is here called *white*.

† Mainly exported as lumber.

which is also the case with beech. The very low rates—for the most part as unjust as low—allotted these kinds, have nevertheless tended largely to their salvation in this respect. For although a comparatively small proportion of colonial tonnage is ever classed at British (or any other) Lloyds' society, much to its own detriment under present circumstances, as we shall hereafter see, the influence—the *prestige* rather—of that Association is broadly traceable in the products of every shipyard in the land. Its rules, almost from the outset, came to be regarded as the practical embodiment of the most exact, most scientific, and withal (save by our neighbours, who preferred thinking for themselves on this as on most other questions) the most advanced ideas in "marine architecture," and consequently moulded the lines and dimensions, and relative proportions of the very archetype itself which every modeller seeks to realize; and does, more or less perfectly, according to his individual clearness of conception and skilfulness of hand. From like model like draft; from like draft like ship;—and when it came to the details of her construction, it is obvious that, in the very nature of things, the elaborated formulary could not be very widely departed from even by those who knew nothing, nor cared to know, of the prescriptive minutiæ, the collective influence of which yet moulded their conceptions and shaped their decisions albeit unconsciously; and, in the main, guided their selection of material. Hence, although the code of classification was not commonly adhered to with the rigour requisite to obtain the privileges such adherence commands, its general spirit was obeyed with an unintentional fidelity sufficient to produce about the same effect upon the forests as if it had been followed to the letter. But the saving effected in this negative way is not of great importance compared with any general feature of the question.

Here, we pause to remark, is the gap into which the rival society, *Bureau Veritas*, more commonly called "*French* Lloyds'," entered their wedge with so much success—splitting the classed registration of colonial tonnage in such a manner that, for every nine vessels whose names go down upon the books of the London establishment, seventeen find record in the columns of the *Registre International de Paris*. Their codification, though based on the same principles, is much less rigid in the application of the minute rules, giving some room for those modifications of any general system which inevitably accompanies its application in different localities. This flexibility enabled it to embrace the larger proportion of that tonnage which fell short of the unyielding standard of the British society; and to this was added the inducement of a longer period of "character," class for class. Yet upon the whole, from the present point of view,—which looks upon the ultimate result, which regards these great and important associations in a hitherto unconsidered phase, their bearing, namely, upon the question of resource—the effect upon the forests—both exert identically the same influence in kind, if not in degree.

However, the natural limit of Canadian ship-building resource is broader far than this artificial one; which is, furthermore, be it remembered, one which Canadians themselves have had no hand in framing; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that it proves to be as essentially foreign, although English, as if it had been devised in Canton to regulate the construction and equipment of junks and lorchas; and that the very best growths of Canadian forests are either not discoverable at all in the Tables of Construction, or found scheduled under rates altogether inappropriate. True, the species most suitable (from their durability when unaided by *constant* submergence below water-line) for the upper works of ships are not numerous; but their relative abundance, *per se*, is more than enough to

make up for any lack of variety; while for the bottoms, the Canadian shipwright might choose from a list containing almost as many sorts as the whole table of timbers rated by Lloyds', and to form which they have drawn contributions from every part of the world.

About twenty varieties of the *acer* grow on Canadian soil. All of these are applicable, when of sufficient size, in almost every detail of naval architecture. White and birds'-eye, or curled maple, possess every quality requisite to form any part of a twelve year ship; the first named, indeed, as far as durability goes, may rate with the highest. Rock maple (the *A. saccharinum*), is in every respect the superior of the much vaunted British oak, whether in strength—in which particular it is only surpassed anywhere by the *eucalyptus globulus* of Tasmania ("*Blue* gum," *more Hibernico*—because the bark is *grey*—in Lloyds' unfathomable nomenclature), in elasticity, or in power of retaining fastening; and is only on a level with it in liability to attack from "dry rot," when exposed above water-line. These, as well as three varieties of the ash—one of which would be considered a marvel of durability anywhere; the red, white, and Canada birch; the white elm; the American linden; several kinds of the much vituperated fir; the black oak of the inland provinces, and red oak of the maritime; the butternut, wild cherry, hornbeam; and the sycamore, buttonwood, or American plane tree (*platanus occidentalis*), as it is differently named in differing localities—much used across the border for blocks, bitts, windlasses, etc., and highly appreciated at American Lloyds'—have long been proved by our coasters, who, for the most part, build their sturdy craft without the remotest reference to *any* Lloyds', unless some exigency requires a "risk" of one class or another, when they usually obtain record upon the books of the American Society, the rules of which, framed in and for a country where the same *sylva* exists, generally speaking admits them with little disallowance. Their large and lengthened experience has also decided the real values of the varieties rated in the Tables of Construction, long ago, (excepting hemlock, for a "character" to which we must go to the farmer and backwoodsman,) and, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, their estimates differ enormously from those of the gentlemen of White Lion Court. In De Wolf's useful compilation. the "Registry of Shipping of the Province of Nova Scotia," under the letter A * alone, will be found forty-six vessels, the date of whose construction is anterior to 1840, and ranging from that year back to 1812, when the Avon took to its placid bosom the staunch little schooner "Ann," of forty-seven tons, built at Falmouth, and registered at Halifax by "William Young *et al.*," continues the record, which closes in 1867, when we find her at last "written off." Fifty-five years' unbroken service is indeed a marvel. The good old name must be favoured of Neptune and Boreas. There is another "Ann" (of Barrington,) only two years her junior; yet another of ten; and two of eleven years younger; while "Ann Isabella" was born into the world of waters in '33, "Annabella" in '40, and "Annie" in '36, and, for aught the record sheweth to the contrary, are running still. May "Anna Conda" (*sic*) sustain the omen, although the terrific cognomen makes us tremble for it; yet we take heart somewhat on discovering that eleven years have blown over her main-truck already, nor "cryaunce come til her harte;" and incline to transfer our misgivings to that dashing girl of the period, "Anna Lenora;' for whosoever, in these gynarchical days, retaineth his faith in the efficacy of the ancient maxim which prescribeth "well mating and proper manning" as the safeguard against *all* evils, is a stalwart believer indeed, be he landsman, seaman, or marine.

* Denoting alphabetical arrangement of names of vessels—not a classification.

Besides, men be less ready now to accept the responsible office of (ship's) husband than in those simple times when the rigging did *not* cost more than the hull. Other letters afford examples of even much greater duration—several dating from before the beginning of this century, and still remaining on the registry, or removed within a recent period. An analysis of the appendix which Mr. De Wolf issued in 1867, containing a list of vessels written off in that year, shows (in a total of 849,) 386 which date not later than 1840. Of these 320 are forty years old, 153 are fifty years old, 23 are sixty years old, 7 are seventy years old, 2 are eighty, and 1—the tough old "Betsy and Polly"—has held her own for all but ninety years.* It would be interesting to know what was the end of these venerable craft; for it must be remembered that "writing off" more frequently implies the sale of the vessel *out* of the province, than either her loss or condemnation—with Nova Scotian tonnage particularly. And of vessels of twenty to thirty years, both coasting and foreign traders, instances might be multiplied indefinitely. The barque "Palestine," built in '48, sold some ten years later where

> "Bleak Northumbria pours her savage train,
> In sable squadrons o'er the heaving main,"

and still goes "wherever freights may offer;" the brig "Daniel Huntly," launched in the same year, and sold "ever so long ago," in Liverpool, unexpectedly came within cognizance of her original owners "only last spring—staunch and sound as ever," though metamorphosed into the very ideal of an "old lime-juicer"; and the ship "Burmah," built in '52, new-topped in '66, is still found "fit for the conveyance of dry and perishable cargoes, to and from;" yet she was allowed only four years at Lloyds' when new. Even the remains of wrecks and abandoned vessels may be cited to testify to the durability of the much depreciated "British North American timber." Near the head of a cove in one of the Elizabeth Islands, the writer saw, in '64, the half-stripped hull (then in course of being broken up for fuel and for her iron fastening,) of a considerable craft, of which all that was positively known is that she was Canadian built—so much, indeed, was self-evident—and that she was "beached up" where she lay, in 1812. Yet, except some surface rot about sundry portions of her yawning deck-frame, no signs of decay were visible; her lower timbers (of black birch) indeed, showing under the axe a most beautiful freshness of preservation by every test. On Campo Bello, opposite the American shore, and washed by the swirling tides of the "Narrows," the frames of a "provincial-built" schooner have lain half-imbedded for that highly indefinite period which passes beyond "the memory of the oldest inhabitant." To the nautical antiquarian she is an object of surpassing interest, from the *total* absence, so far as can be ascertained, of any metallic fastening whatever; which primitiveness of structure is itself a proof of early colonial origin, and rather indicates French than British builders. They can hardly be the remains of the "Lord Sheffield," the first vessel built in New Brunswick (in 1786,) and which became the property of Benedict Arnold at the outset of her career; but would rather seem referable to some naval beginning of the Acadians. Megatherium-like, the black and jagged ribs stand out above the glistening ooze left by each receding tide, affording ample study to the nautical comparative anatomist, to whose critical eye is still abundantly evident the bucolic air—the *agresticism*—which invariably characterises the navicular attempts of a people unfamiliar with the sea, and which he distinguishes,

* This vessel, however, is not home-built. Rhode Island produced her during the Revolutionary days. Was she a prize? Doubtless she was built of oak, maple, and chesnut, with deck and topsides of red pine. The two of eighty years were both built at Lunenburg, on the Atlantic shore of N. S.

metaphorically, as "hay-seed;" *en passant*, indefinable but unmistakeable, it lingers about the best productions of our by-ports to-day.

The commanding officer of the party from Buddington's ship, which took possession of the abandoned Franklin Relief Ship "Resolute," in her icy cradle; and who afterwards, with the writer, "roamed desperate seas for many a day," was often wont eloquently to recur to that solemn episode in his strangely eventful life; and the weird impressiveness with which, amid those desolate solitudes, the lonely, snow-wreathed derelict *spoke* to him, when, as he gained her silent decks, his eye fell upon the still shining letters of brass:

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY,"

encircling her wheel's rim. "Were I to speak of it purely from my recollection of the *effect* produced upon my mind, I should say that the words suddenly rang out through that cold, still atmosphere, from an invisible trumpet; my memory bears no impression of *seeing* the actual characters at the time, and it is only by an effort of *reason* that I know I did so." A case for the psychologists.

> "From the sky, serene and far,
> A voice fell, like a falling star!"

Farlowe's Arctic reminiscence was queerly paralleled in the writer's experience, a short time ago, on visiting the hull of an old vessel lying near the line of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway (N.S.), where it skirts by the *embouchure* of the Avon. Coming aft, on a hasty tour of inspection, there, painted in letters of white on the fading green of the binnacle, spoke the stern injunction to every heedless timoneer:

"· MIND * YOURE * HELLAM ·"

Was it a twinge of the never-sleeping monitor anent certain long forgotten shortcomings of probationary days that brought the unconscious salute, and half-muttered response, "*Ay, ay, sir!*"

"Pat Fi'zhur'l (Fitzgerald?) painted them letters," said a volunteer *cicerone*, evidently in no way misdoubting the performance; "in the days when the "Old Rover" was a flash craft. Thirty or forty years ago she use't' make the long v'yages. Old? We-ell, dunno—nigh on about sixty year; guess—ben laid up, here, most ten; built in New Brunswick, she was, in the old folks' time. Y'see, she wuzzent none too well fastened, (*credite!*) they didn't know much about bildin' vessels them days—kinder raw at it, like;——'n' *so*, arter runnin' some forty er fifty year, she sorter got *shackly*, 'n' a good deal *wore*; 'n' *most* of all, too small fur the trade, like; 'n' *so*, they just hauled her up, though she *wos* sound enough fur as *that* goes; give her her time, like, fur the good she *hed* ben."

"And so, they just hauled her up." After her half century of tough service, laid up in a sort of honourable ordinary, under faithful and untiring supervision, I warrant thee, of the little ones. A kind heart was his who owned her, I trow; never would worn out steed of his be knocked on the head for hide and four shoes. And for thee, honest Patrick, more power to thine elbow, my boy! It is abundantly gratifying to know that the words which thou didst painstakingly potentialize into a never silent admonition, must have been heeded always, even to the end. And should there ever set forth from the banks of that fair river some new enterprise, high in aim and hope, let the promoters remember old Sir Petronel Flash, and "the ship of famous Draco;" nor, as they would value a prosperous voyage, forget to honour the faithful "Old Rover" with due propitiation. For, in verity, "my mind gives me that some good spirit of the waters shoulde haunte the desart ribbes of her, and be auspicious to

alle that honour her memorie, and will with like orgies enter their voyages."*

Subsequent research gave the "Schooner Rover, built in New Brunswick in 1812;" from the official records and entry on Nova Scotian registry in 1818. That she should "sorter get shacky" at last, can hardly be wondered at; and there is something hugely provocative in the reflection that in actual, literal verity, any vessel so built in this day would be utterly denied any "character" whatsoever at any Lloyds' establishment on earth, saving, perhaps, the American.

Not half a mile from the scene of this present writing, still another instance of durability may be found, in the remains of the old "Orient," launched in New Brunswick in 1828, and which, after running for some thirty years, was beached where she now lies, and built into a wharf, so that she must be considered as still doing service, after the lapse of forty-five years; the timber, in its new mode of utilization, being quite as good as ever, and, to all appearance, bidding equally fair with the surrounding new material for continued usefulness.

Researches of this nature occasionally develop curious bits of history. Sometime in the beginning of this century (the exact date cannot now be ascertained); and on the densely wooded banks of an inconspicuous cove, somewhere (the precise *locale* is equally indefinable) between Lunenburg and Shelburne, on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, was secretly constructed a vessel, whose strangely romantic career is not easily paralleled among any records; and whose feats have formed the staple of many tales and songs in at least three languages. Whenever it was, the time of her construction preceded the Spanish investment of Carthagena, as the first of her positively known exploits was an audacious running of that blockade, under the command of "Roaring Bob Hamilton," in broad daylight, proving thereby the means of leading her luckless pursuers into about as unpleasant a "fix" as a blockading squadron could well get into. For having, in the ardour of pursuit, held the chase until within range of the city defences, the "*terral*" suddenly died away, and left them becalmed and unmanageable, exposed for hours to a tremendous pounding from the shore batteries, without the ghost of a chance of any effective reply, much to the amusement of sundry neutral cruisers, who cachinnated most unfraternally at the "lubberly pickle" of the "Dons." Old Michael Scott, or one who told him, must have witnessed this affair—it afforded him one of the best "plums" in that rare book of his. "Tom Cringle" departs, however, from his usual nautical accuracy in describing the bold adventurer as "a little schooner." The *Maria E.*, (so she was called at this time—whether so christened or not is another question) was a large barque, extraordinarily so indeed, for her day. That provoking initial is another unsolved riddle; the admiring Carthagenes were not long in appropriately fitting it, however, and the name became *Maria Estrena*, an allusion to the date of her successful run, which was on or about Boxing day. She was probably armed before entering Carthagena, certainly having been constructed originally with no reference to the peaceful pursuits of commerce, being extreme ("Baltimore") clipper in model, pierced for a formidable battery, and, it is said "copper-bottomed;" whether that be correct or not, she is thoroughly copper-fastened, which was never the case with merchantmen of that period. At all events she was armed on running the blockade outwards, which she did unharmed, and appears next in the Indian Ocean, scattering the Spanish East Indian trade in all directions save the normal one. "*Hic et Ubique*" must have been Hamilton's motto; the fleet "Maria E." skimmed from sea to sea like a bird, if we are to trust the traditions of Spanish

* Ben Jonson; "Eastward Hoe!" Act III.

seamen. Next in the straits of Sunda, then into Manilla Bay itself, audaciously exchanging shots with the flag-ship at Cavité, and out again ere the Dons, paralyzed by such impudence, could decide how to act; thence, presumably by the Straits of San Bernardino, into the Pacific; then among the Ladrones, harrying Guam, and permitting the "Gobernador" neither "quiet meal, nor unbroken night" for a month; then, on a sudden, re-appearing off Corregidor, pounces on the ill-starred "Queen of Heaven," whose unavailing guns were heard in Manilla; plunders and burns her, and, ere nightfall, is thirty leagues to seaward, battling heroically with a fierce tempest, the imminence of which had kept the Spanish cruisers at their anchors despite the booming of the cannon at the entrance. Two or three nights later, off the coast of Palawan, she has a moonlight rencontre with an antagonist double her size and metal—two hours of desperate running fight in a freshening breeze and rising sea, when the corvette, sorely hammered, half her crew past fighting, and with her foremast tottering, "hauls off to repair damages," losing the wounded mast in spite of all efforts during the afternoon of the following day. About this time the light-heeled "*Christmas-box*" is making it lively for a squadron of Sea Dyaks, whose swift prohus leaped out on her as she swept past Mangaloon and Pulo Tiga—on the north-west coast of Borneo—and quicker still leapt back in unusual terror, as she tore through their midst, both batteries blazing, small arms crackling and bugles pealing; giving her stem to the attempting boarders, crushing the fragile craft like egg-shells, and shaking their tawny swarms from off her well-greased bows and head-gear, like so many rats. Hereafter the career of the daring privateer is traceable only in fragments. Hamilton, smitten by the deadly coast fever, died in Sierra Leone about 1815; whether still commanding the gallant craft which, under his foot, had become to Spanish ears "a name of fear," cannot be ascertained.* About ten years later she reappears as the *Estrena*, (the *Maria* being dropped, probably in the change of registry), under the Portuguese flag, and the command of a Brazilian named Carnaro, in the slave trade, in which she was equally successful as when a cruiser in the sacred cause of liberty. No wonder that sailors believe in the "luck" of special vessels.—Her dashing passages, her feats of daring in this illegitimate pursuit, would require a volume for their description, and would have immortalized half-a-dozen craft in any honourable cause. She changed her commanders often; the names of but four, however, are now known. After Carnaro, one Torm, a Swede; then, after an interval, Hardy, whilom a lieutenant in the English navy, whose *apprenticeship* to the slave trade was served in the squadron maintained for its suppression—by no means a solitary case we may remark—and, toward the close of her career as a slaver, which must have lasted something like twenty years,—the redoubtable "Black Jack," also famous from his connection with other "live-ebony" traders.

But "time would fail should I in order tell" of even her authenticated "scrapes" and adventures, and their plainest recital would cast an inconsistent air of romance over these matter-of-fact pages, which can only legitimately deal with her at all as evidence on the question of the strength and durability of North American ship-building material. To return, then:

In 1848–9, the "Estrena," no longer a slaver, re-appears in the Mauritius—derelict—having been dismasted in their vicinity during a tremendous hurricane—and where, at a "condemnation sale," she became the

* Spanish tonnage to-day is 654,000, of which a large proportion every year passes through the Strts. of Sunda, yet the blinded leaders of the Cuban struggle for liberty either do not see this vital exposure, or fear to strike at it.—N.W.B.

property of Captain De Bathe, a native of Caën, Normandy; "raised" in North Carolina, to quote his own expression; and in whose hands, half yacht, half merchantman, she has remained ever since. Old papers, damaged and fragmentary log-books, etc., which De Bathe discovered on board his purchase, form the authority for our preceding statements—doubtless they once formed a complete record of her whole career. Repaired, re-fitted, and re-named — here, despite our just noted protest, comes another unavoidable touch of romance. The research —we beg De Bathe's pardon! — *overhaul* of the old records, brought to light the earlier name of the mysterious waif so strangely come to his possession; he pieced it out with his own, and registered his ship under the appellation that *would* have been borne by a fair girl of Devonshire long years before, but that a grim rival forestalled him, one to whom even queens may not say nay. So, once more restored, our old acquaintance comes again under observation as the "Maria E. De Bathe," and bearing, instead of the gilded, incomprehensible sea-monster that formerly decked her prow, a white draped angel figure-head. Few keels have furrowed the waters of so many different ports as hers since then—it being a marked predilection of De Bathe's to be ever seeking new scenes; and being sole owner as well as commander, he has been enabled, in a great measure, to gratify his *penchant*. Partly to increase this independence, he changed her registry once more, though not the name in 1860, or thereabouts, while in the Sandwich Islands; and she has hoisted "Kanaka" bunting ever since. The latest date concerning her that has come under the writer's notice, was June 2nd, 1871, in the list of ships in China waters. This vessel's bottom was black-birch, her topsides framed of larch; the tough black-ash of her wales had been replaced with teak in Singapore about three years before we first made her acquaintance, (in Hong Kong, in 1865:) and her immense deck-beams were of white hemlock, as also her heavy bulwark stanchions.

Another "old China cruiser," was the barque "Victoria," built in New Brunswick, launched in the fall of 1837, and employed for the next twelve years in the Atlantic; after which she was sent East. For some time, on the coast of China, she was commanded by "Bully Ward," — more widely known, subsequently, as General Ward, and who, after his apotheosis — of which the Western world has recently been made aware —was affectionately and reverentially dubbed "St. Fred.," by his old familiars. She afterwards served him, on the rivers, as a sort of armed store-ship, transport, and general hack —like the Highlander's *skene-dhu*, which, according to Hudibras, is

> "A serviceable dudgeon,
> Either for fighting or for drudging:"

being then in charge of "wan" of St. Fred's worshippers, to wit, "Dom'" Lynch;—a "rearin,' tearin,' tattherin,' t'undherin,'" —an American, (of New Yark:) who will surely one day become *St.* Dominic in the same calendar, an' Chinese gratitude be not exhausted. On the swift and intricate Yang-(kee)tse, and its tributaries—on the bar bewildered Whang-ho—on the freshet vex't Tsien-tang, the dash and fret of her fiery commander pushed the unlucky "Victoria" into continual difficulties. Never anything built of wood and iron was subjected to more poundings, groundings, twistings, screwings, than she, and yet survive; "never jarred her a hooter," boasted much metaphor loving "Dom.'" "Soothered" down once more, some years later, into a quiet, honest trader, under "P. Murrough, M. M." (master mariner? — witness the gentleman's card:) she gets caught one day in a *ty-foong*, some where near the Bashees, and is presently a sheer hulk. Laboriously making port under jury-rig, she is refitted again, and placed in charge of Capt. Garraty—remarkable "affinity" she, for big Irishmen—and sails for Singapore only to be captured by pirates,

plundered and scuttled, but recovered by her crew, who had made a timely escape in the boats, returning after the marauders had left; and taken back to Shanghai it appears. At all events she was "laid up" there, under the stigma of "unlucky," doing warehouse duty for some two or three years. In '67, however, she was sold to a Spanish firm, who changed her name and registry, and put her once more in active service—in which, for aught that appears to the contrary, she continues still.

On this occasion it was the fortune of the writer to be associated with the Lloyds' surveyor of the port, and a toughly prejudiced old "tar-bucket" of the species "lime-juicer," in a survey upon her much-enduring bottom. Never were opened-up timbers more unrelentingly scrutinised. For a three days' battle had raged among the surveyors respecting the lasting qualities of "North American timber;" hot partizanship, mainly on the negative side, had loosed its clamorous tongue, and "What do you consider your opinion *worth*, sir?" had been bandied about until it "really grew quite intolerable, you know,"—and a goodly number of handsome "books" had been "made" on the issue. The result was "overwhelming discomfiture" to the overweening givers of "five to two." No sign of decay was anywhere discovered, and the survey report prescribed only caulking as the condition of a first-class risk."

It seems almost superfluous, after this evidence to enlarge upon the broad inference that follows. No one who will compare what Canadian tonnage really is with the "characters" it can obtain from the European societies, will fail to declare that it must henceforth seek that now-a-days indispensable pre-requisite at other hands,—or that the establishments referred to must supplement the scanty and grudgingly given concessions heretofore yielded with so much farther allowance as it is justly entitled to. Where those "other hands" are to be found, is equally obvious. The maritime interests of the country, if only due steps were taken to secure unity of action, are large enough, and powerful enough, to establish forthwith a "Dominion Lloyds'," whose decision—if based upon close, scientific, and exhaustive study of the qualities of our own material, will secure to our vessels the great advantage of just classification; add to the capital of the country the profits, now dissipated elsewhere, of "doing our own insurance;" and be respected at least—if not at the very outset held quite the equal of those of the existing organizations—in every part of the world. Better still would it be if the contemplated unification of interests could be so broadened as to amalgamate with the society of the mother-land; and notwithstanding the many points of difference arising from physical causes that must exist, a species of reciprocity could be devised which, intelligently grasping—and assimilating so to speak—those points, would be mutually productive of great benefit. At all events, that already important and rapidly increasing class of British shipowners who buy "North American built" tonnage, would find in such a consolidation an unmixed good. To these men is due already what slight concessions have been made; and their aid can be counted on in the movement for such reform. The recent establishment of the system of compulsory examination for masters and mates—though in itself not free from certain serious objections; coupled with the long denied recognition of Colonial certificates of competency at home—is no inconsiderable step in this direction, and much more can be made of it.

For the time, our forests can supply any demands, including the enormous accessions which the change in the registry laws of the United States, contemplated by their revenue reformers, would infallibly add thereto—and the probability of which daily increases; if, by either of the above modes, the just proportion of time of classification can be secured. So far as our possible American

customers are concerned, there would be no difficulty on the last named point; they would naturally and necessarily appraise our tonnage in accordance with its actual deserts. Add to the "Dominion Lloyds'" Society—or its equivalent—a thorough system of forest conservancy, and the period for which we can keep supplying all purchasers, at home and abroad, will extend indefinitely.

THE MARRIAGE HYMN OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

CATULLUS. CARM. LXI.

By Hon. Mr. Justice Bliss.

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SPRUNG from Heaven, Urania's son,
Thou that dwell'st on Helicon;
Thou that to the bridegroom's arms
Dost resign the virgin's charms;
Hymen, Hymen! hasten thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

Wreaths about thy temples bind,
Of sweet marjorum entwined:
Hither, on propitious wing,
Haste the bridal veil to bring;
While the golden sandals glow
On thy whiter feet than snow.

List our call—away, away!
Rouse thee, 'tis thy holiday;
Wake the nuptial song,—awake
Loud and full its chorus; shake
In thy hand the torch; with feet
Earth in measured cadence beat.

For, by happiest omens led,
Julia is to Manlius wed:
Such as was Idalia's queen,
By the Phrygian shepherd seen,
When before the youth she came,
Beauty's golden prize to claim.

As the Myrtle blossoming
In the warmth of Eastern spring,
Shooting forth its branches fair,
Nurtured by the wood-nymph's care,
Who the plant she loves uprears,
Feeding it with morning's tears.

Haste thee then, our call obey,
Hither bend thy winged way;
Leave Aonia's caverns made
In the rocks which Thespiæ shade;
Where, from out its fount of snows,
Cooling Aganippe flows.

To the new made bridegroom's home
Bid its willing mistress come;
Love possessing all her mind,
Love with every thought entwined;
Round the elm trees wandering,
As the clasping ivies cling.

Ye too, spotless virgins—ye
Fair and lovely, who shall see
Your own bridal day ere long—
Join with us the measured song;
Hymen! Hasten Hymen! thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

Pleased your summons to attend,
Hither he his course shall bend;
He who heart to heart unites,
Source of purest love's delights;
He whose smiles alone can shed
Blessings on the nuptial bed.

Mighty god of wedded love,
To what other power above
Should so oft the lover raise
Votive prayer and song of praise:
Half so frequent at whose shrine
Bends the votary as at thine.

Thee the sire, with tremulous tone,
For his child invokes ; her zone
From her virgin breast untied,
Yields to thee the blushing bride :
Thee, the anxious husband thee
Supplicates, on bended knee.

Hanging on her mother's face,
Clasped within her warm embrace,
Hymen, Hymen, thou dost tear,
Hymen, thou—the blooming fair,
Giving her, in all her charms,
To the eager bridegroom's arms.

Vain, unless thou dost approve,
Vain are beauty's charms and love ;
Without thee their pleasures pall,
Profitless and guilty all :
'Tis thy smile alone can bless
Wedded vow and chaste caress.

Ancient House, and honoured name,
Without thee no heir can claim ;
Nor delighted parent see
Infants climbing on his knee ;
Thou dost give them : Who shall dare
Mighty god, with thee compare?

Is there nation which doth slight
Thine, the spousal's sacred rite?
Never shall that country boast
Hardy champions of its coast !
Blessings these which spring from thee,
All-unequalled deity.

Quick, the portals wide unfold !
Forth the virgin comes ; behold
How the flickering torches blaze,
Splendid with their streaming rays !
Linger not, fair bride, the light
Is fast waning into nght.

Deepest blushes now express
All thy timid bashfulness ;
And the trembling tears, which fall
At our oft-repeated call.
But approach—the fading day
Chides thee for thy long delay.

Be suppress thy virgin fear,
Dried be every truant tear !
Crimsoning the Eastern skies
When the morning sun shall rise,
Happy bride, he shall not shine
On a lovelier face than thine.

Thus in some sweet garden, where
Flowers abound of beauty rare,
In its richly purple pride
Stands the Hyacinth. Fair bride,
Yet too long you linger ; day
In the twilight fades away.

Hasten forth ! Oh haste to claim—
New-made bride—that honoured name !
Hear our song, 'tis sung for thee.
Dost thou not already see
How they toss their torches high—
How the golden sparkles fly?

Thou no fickle youth dost wed,
False and faithless to thy bed :
Him shall fire no lawless love—
Him no wanton charmer move :
Constant he shall ever rest,
Pillowed on thy gentle breast.

Round thy neck his arms shall twine !
Closely as the pliant vine
Folds around its wedded tree,
Close shall his embraces be.
But approach—already day
In the west has died away.

Who the raptures can express,
Joys unbounded—measureless,
From the hours of night which spring,
Which returning day shall bring?
Then delay not, lovely one !
Day's expiring light is gone.

Now your flaming torches raise,
Wave, ye youths, on high the blaze ;
See where sweeps the veil along,
Louder swell the choral song.
Hymen, Hymen, Io ! Thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

* * * * *

Wedded fair, good luck betide thee !
Heaven's auspicious omens guide thee
Till thy golden footsteps fall
On the polished bridal-hall.
Hymen, Io, Hymen ! Thou
Guardian of the nuptial vow.

* * * * *

Welcome young and joyous groom,
Enter now thy bridal-room;
See, in all her charms arrayed,
Waits for thee the lovely maid,
With her blushes overspread,
As the poppy hangs its head.

All delights by yours; may love
Fruitful to thy wishes prove,
Crown thy bed with blessings, give
This thy honoured name to live;
That remotest times may be
Blest in thy posterity.

Soon the pledge of nuptial joy,
May a little rosy boy,
Lapt upon his mother's knee,
Stretch his infant hands to thee;
And his lips half open, while
He returns his father's smile.

Be he image of his sire;
That e'en strangers may admire,
As his father's looks they trace
In each feature of his face;
And the living likeness well
Shall his mother's virtue tell.

Blossom of so fair a bough,
Heir of all this virtue, thou,
Like Telemachus, shalt claim
From thy mother borrowed fame;
Whose high boast it was to be
Son of chaste Penelope.

But, fair maidens, close the door!
Time it is our song were o'er:
And ye, happy pair, adieu!
Blest with youth and health, may you
Loyal votaries ever prove
At the shrine of wedded love.

HALIFAX.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF FAIRY-LAND.

HAVING got as many quicken-berries* as he desired, "Matty the Mouse," took his departure; first slyly asking Maurice "If *he* hadn't better be coming, too?" and laughing quietly to himself at Maurice's decided negative and hasty assertion that he had a particular message from his mother to little Dorinn, which he had not given her yet.

"And so I have," said Maurice, when Matty was gone; "she bid me tell you she's coming to see if you'll do more for her than you would for me."

"Well, indeed, I'd do a great deal for your mother," said little Dorinn.

"I know you would, my pet," said Maurice, "but you wouldn't do more for her than for me, I hope; ould you now?"

Maurice spoke half in jest, but he was half in earnest too.

"No, Maurice," said little Dorinn, with a burst of deep emotion that banished all her girlish coquetry; "there's no one in the world I'd do as much for as for you; you that have loved me so well, and been true to me so long! And Maurice," she continued, looking up at him with sweet, tender eyes, "since you tell me your mother's willing, what more do I want? I'll trust you for my poor old grandfather as well as for myself—you that's good to every one—and

* The berries of the mountain-ash.

I'll marry you any day you choose, if your mother thinks it right."

Greatly moved, Maurice clasped her in his arms and kissed her with a kiss in which, with a magic that others, perhaps, have also felt, their hearts as well as their lips met, and told, without words, the same sweet story of perfect love and happiness.

"And now I must go in," said little Dorinn. "It's getting late, and grandfather will want me."

"Well, if you must, come a bit of the way home with me first. Come as far as the big thorn. I've got a secret to tell you; don't you want to hear it?"

"I'll engage it's not a real secret at all, only some of your fun," said little Dorinn; but for all that she suffered him to draw her down the path.

Maurice's little dog, Trim, was lying on a bundle of heath that had been cut to make brooms, and as the lovers moved slowly away, with arms intertwined and hands clasped together, he raised his head and looked after them, but made no attempt to follow them. He was, no doubt, well aware that their farewells were generally many times repeated before the real parting came.

"Now, what's your secret?" asked little Dorinn.

"I'm going to Dublin to-morrow; and what do you think I'm going for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said little Dorinn; but at the same moment a vision of a plain gold ring seemed to float before her eyes.

"I'm going to buy some things to make the old house new for my darling, and I'm going to buy the wedding ring! Let me get a stalk of grass and measure your finger."

Having found a stalk fit for the purpose, Maurice measured the fourth finger of little Dorinn's left hand with the most careful accuracy, while she submitted to the ceremony with shy and timid delight; then he twisted the stalk into a ring of the proper size, and, wrapping it carefully up in a piece of paper, put it in his waistcoat pocket.

"People have been married with queer rings, sometimes, as I've heard," said Maurice, "curtain rings, and the ring of a door-key; and we'd be married with a straw one if we couldn't get a better—wouldn't we, darling?"

"Maurice," said little Dorinn, timidly, "I hope you're not going to have things too grand for me, or I'll be frightened and ashamed of myself—me that has been used to go barefoot, and lie on a straw bed."

"You ashamed of yourself, my beauty, my queen!" exclaimed her lover with passionate hyperbole, which yet seemed to him the simple truth, "there's not a lady in all the land has as much reason to be proud of herself as you have. I'd like to dress your pretty little feet in satin shoes, and put you to sleep on a down bed! The best I have, or ever could have, isn't half good enough for you; but I know the true love that goes with it is what you'll prize the most."

"Oh, Maurice, your true love's better to me than everything else in the world," said little Dorinn.

"I know it is, my heart's darling! And now that I'm going away to-morrow, and can't be back till the next day, won't you give me a kiss your own self, that I may have the sweet taste on my mouth to comfort me and keep me from feeling lonely till I come back?"

"But I'll be lonely, too," said little Dorinn, "I'll want comfort myself."

"Well, darling," said Maurice, with sly gravity, "sure I'm willing to give you as many kisses as you'll let me have. You can't say I ever grudged them to you."

"Oh, didn't you!" said little Dorinn. "You're a saucy boy, and you'll get no more kisses from me. There's the thorn-tree now, and I must go back, or grandfather will think I'm lost."

"I'll go with you and see you safe to the door," said Maurice. And so they went

back as they had come, Maurice's strong arm supporting the light form of little Dorinn.

A golden glory filled the west where the sun's after-glow still lingered above the horizon, lighting up the tops of the mountains till they shone as if surrounded by coronets of flame, and flecked the deep purple, brown and black shadows lying in their rifts and hollows, with flashes of fitful brightness. Down in the glen the light was soft and shadowy, and gradually paling into twilight; and, faintly piercing the amber radiance overhead with its silvery gleam, came the first star. The little stream, running and rippling over its mossy stones, and almost hidden by hazel bushes, made a fairy-like accompaniment to the voices of the happy lovers, and on the topmost spray of a young mountain-ash a robin sat and poured forth the last notes of his evening song.

"If you had a bit of good nature," said Maurice, when they were once more at the cabin door, "you'd come back again with me. I don't like passing that hazel glen by myself after sunset, I'm so much afraid of the fairies."

"Why, Maurice, I never heard you say such a thing before. I thought you didn't believe in fairies?"

"Well, I don't often," said Maurice, "but I do to-night. Come with me, won't you? Just this once."

"Maurice, you're a big rogue, so you are. You'd keep me coming and going this way all night, if I'd let you."

"Well, so I would; anything to keep you beside me. But wait till after the bright day that I'm longing for, and then if I let you out of my sight for half a minute, my name's not Maurice Byrne. If ever I *have* to leave you, I'll lock you up, for fear I wouldn't find you when I come back; you're always so fond of running away from me."

"Then there's the more reason for me to make use of my liberty while I have it," said little Dorinn, with her soft silvery laugh, "so good-night to you!"

"No, no! Don't go for a moment," said Maurice, holding her; "not without giving me a kiss at any rate!"

"There then," she said, giving his lips a light touch, as he bent his face down to hers, and again attempting to escape.

But Maurice held her fast. "That was no kiss at all," he said, "just like the brush of a butterfly's wing! Bid me good-bye properly, and give me a right kiss. How do you know what may happen to me while I am away? May be the Queen of the Fairies may take a fancy to me, and carry me off to live with her in Fairy-land, and then you'll never see me again. How would you like that?"

"Maurice!" exclaimed little Dorinn, "don't say that, even in fun; it frightens me."

"Well then, give me the kiss—a right kiss—and I'll never say it again!"

And at last the right kiss was given and returned; at last little Dorinn slipped away, and laughing and happy, without the faintest presentiment of the evil days coming, disappeared into the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

A FENIAN ORGANIZER.

Calling to Trim, Maurice set off homewards in the highest spirits, whistling as he went, not from want of thought, but as a merely mechanical accompaniment to the bright hopes and delightful visions which made happy music in his heart. And then, as the picture of little Dorinn, his love, his bride, his wife, sitting by his side through the long winter evenings that were coming, making the warmth and brightness and comfort of the pleasant fire and homely hearth sweet and beautiful by her presence, grew more

and more vivid, his ecstacy broke into song, and without the slightest recognition of the meaning of what he was singing, but because the spirit-stirring tune and words came as an unconscious safety-valve for his excitement, he poured out a verse of the famous rebel song, "The Shan Van Vocht."

"Will Ireland then be free?
Said the Shan Van Vocht:
Will Ireland then be free?
Said the Shan Van Vocht.
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea,
And hurrah for liberty!
Said the Shan Van Vocht."

The wild, warlike notes of the rebel song —"like the march of armed men hurrying on to victory"—rang out in the still clear air, and the echoes in the rocks and glens took up the strain, and seemed to bear it away on joyful wings to the very tops of the mountains.

"That's your sort, Maurice Byrne!" shouted a loud, commanding voice, and an active athletic looking young fellow sprang from behind a bank of stones and bushes into the path in front of Maurice. Pulling himself suddenly up, Maurice stopped and stood somewhat on his guard, a little surprised at this unexpected apparition, and the familiar sound of his own name uttered by one who seemed a perfect stranger; while Trim flew forward, barking furiously.

"Call off your dog!" cried the stranger, somewhat imperiously, swinging a light stick, which he carried with an unmistakeable shillelagh sort of air. "I don't want to knock him over, though he is such a little viper."

"No, not unless you're able to knock me over after him," said Maurice, in a very decided, though perfectly good-humoured tone. "But here, Trim! Come here, sir! Come behind me. And now," continued Maurice, as the little terrier reluctantly obeyed his master's orders, "may I ask who you are that seem to have my name so pat, whereas I never saw you before in my life, to my knowledge."

Maurice's quick glance had soon taken in the chief points of the stranger's appearance. He was young, well made, and by no means bad-looking; he had a keen, resolute, though somewhat hard face, a good forehead, and light blue eyes showing no small amount of acute intelligence. He had a dark red moustache, but no whiskers, and his dark red hair was closely cut. Maurice fancied there was something soldier-like in both his voice and carriage, and he had an air of ease and assurance which seemed perfectly unaffected, and was not ill adapted to make an impression on those with whom he came in contact. He confronted Maurice's steady look for a minute with a gaze of the coolest indifference, and then burst into a short laugh.

"No, you never saw me before," he said, "nor I you, but I know who you are right well. As to who I am, I might answer the question in various ways. I might say I was a grazier, from Kildare or Meath, buying up cattle; or a poet, or novelist, come to learn the traditions, and be inspired by the beauties of your mountains and glens; I might tell you I was a mining speculator prospecting for metals and minerals; or a student of Irish antiquities in search of round towers; and recommended to you as a person capable of giving me information and assistance on any or all of these points. In fact I might tell you any plausible fable, without your being able to contradict it."

"Well then, which fable *are* you going to tell me?" asked Maurice, sharply.

"No fable at all, but the simple truth. A young fellow who owns the name of Byrne, and can sing the Shan Van Vocht as you sang it just now, may be trusted. My real name's McCann; I'm a captain in the Irish Republican Army, and I've come down here to form circles and appoint centres, and enrol recruits."

Though he had already suspected that this was the stranger who had given old Matty

the bundle of Fenian ballads and pamphlets at the fair of Kilcool, Maurice was somewhat startled at this abrupt declaration. He was brave to temerity; had a passionate love of freedom; and had been brought up in those traditions of hatred to the Saxon and devotion to the Irish cause, which for ages have been faithfully transmitted from father to son, and religiously cherished by the Irish people. But he was not without common sense, and however he might feel while reading some national newspaper, or singing "The Green above the Red," he had a strong conviction that, unless under circumstances very different from any which he believed to exist now, rebellion against English rule would be vain and fruitless.

"Is there an Irish Republican Army?" he asked, "I never heard of it."

"But you've heard of the Fenian Brotherhood, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Maurice, "I have heard of them."

"And you'd like to hear more of them, wouldn't you?"

"I'm not sure that I would," said Maurice. "I'd like to see Ireland independent if I could, but I don't see how the Fenians are going to make her so."

"Well, I never expected to hear a true Irish boy, and especially one with the blood of the O'Byrnes in his veins, talk in that cold-blooded way," said McCann. "What has ever made any country free but the brave spirit of its people? That spirit is awake in Ireland now, and will never sleep till the invaders are driven off her soil. The heart of every true son of Ireland beats with it, and Fenianism is fast organizing them into a force which England with all her power will not be able to resist. If you like to know what has already been done, I can soon tell you, and I will not even ask a promise of secrecy from you; so you can carry the information to Chief Constable Lefroy, or any one else you choose, when you have got it. Now what do you say?"

"I say, what I dare say you know well enough, or you wouldn't be talking to me as you're doing now, that I am no informer; and if the Fenian Brotherhood means anything more than wearing green ribbons, and singing green songs, and making green speeches, I'm willing to hear all you can tell me about it."

"It means Ireland for the Irish, in right down earnest," said McCann. "It means that if we can't have our country without fighting for her, fight we will; and if you're not afraid to listen to me, I'll tell you how and when we mean to do it."

"Didn't I say I was ready to listen to you," said Maurice.

"Well, come on then," said McCann. "Our roads lie together as far as the Ford, and we can talk as well walking as standing."

Accordingly the two young men walked on together, Maurice's joyous mood completely gone, but another sort of excitement beginning to stir his young blood and rouse the sleeping fire of his nature. Trim followed, keeping close to his master's heels as commanded, but showing every now and then a very evident mistrust of their new companion, which he expressed by exhibiting his sharp white teeth and growling as loudly as he dared.

"You say you have heard of the Fenian Brotherhood," said the so-called Captain of the Irish Republican Army, "but it is plain you don't know much about it."

"No, I can't say I do," said Maurice.

"Do you know that there are two hundred thousand men at this very moment enrolled in the Army of the Irish Republic; a hundred thousand of them drilled and fit to take the field? Do you know that when all the counties in every province have been brought in, there will be nearly as many more? Do you know that our countrymen in America are ready to send us any amount of arms, ammunition and money, when we are ready to use them? Do you know that

there are a hundred thousand drilled and armed men there, all good Irishmen and Fenians, waiting to come over and help us when we give the word? Do you know that there are three manufactories of arms for our soldiers in Dublin, and one, or more, in every large town in Ireland besides?"

"No," said Maurice, "I don't know it; and what's more, I can hardly believe it, unless you will show me some proof."

"I am lodging at Miles Mahony's public-house," said McCann; "it's a poor place, but it suits me, for many reasons. Come with me there, and I'll show you documents to prove all, and more than all, I have said. Will you come?"

"Certainly I will," said Maurice. "I've heard too much to-night not to want to hear more."

They were now at the Ford, at which place four roads met, two leading down to the more level vale which spread out towards the sea; two going higher up among the glens and mountains. Turning into one of the upper roads, the young men walked rapidly on, both in perfect silence, Maurice feeling as if all within and without him had changed during the last few minutes, and McCann congratulating himself at having, as he believed, secured a valuable adherent to the cause. A winding and picturesque road, gradually ascending the side of a wooded hill, soon brought them in sight of a large and handsome cottage ornée, covered with roses, passion-flowers and myrtles. A pretty lawn, with beds of flowers in the turf and ornamental shrubs between, was divided from the road by a wire fence and screen of holly. Through the open doors and windows came a blaze of light and the sound of music, and groups of young people were moving among the shrubs and flowers on the lawn, apparently preferring the soft balmy air, perfumed with the breath of the flowers, and the lovely lingering twilight, to the greater formality and more artificial brilliancy within.

As Maurice and his companion came on by the wire fence, a youthful pair, who had separated themselves from the rest of the party, emerged from a path among the shrubs and stood at the gate of the lawn, looking down at the lovely valley beneath, through which the shining Vartrey flowed on to the sea. Both these young people were handsome enough to have attracted attention anywhere, and their looks were so admirably contrasted as to blend into as graceful a harmony as the lovely lights and shadows amidst which they stood. The young man was tall, broad shouldered, and strongly made; fair haired, blue eyed and brown bearded; his face altogether Saxon, with a good deal of quiet energy, steadfastness and power in his look. The girl, though not fair, had an exquisitely clear and delicate complexion, changing from pale to the softest rose tint, and then to pale again, with every varying mood. Her dark blue eyes looked almost black from under the shadow of their long jetty lashes; she had purple black hair, delicate, refined features, somewhat pensive and thoughtful when at rest, but expressing every emotion with eloquent animation when she spoke, and at all times irradiated with the light of a pure and noble nature—high-spirited and impulsive, but gentle, generous and sweet. It was said that her mother was of Spanish descent, and perhaps her beauty was a compound of the Spanish and the Celtic. Certainly the perfect grace of her figure and movements, and the light elasticity of her step, could not have been surpassed by any *senorita* who ever wore a mantilla. This lovely girl's name was Katherine Kirwan, and she was on a visit at the cottage, the owner of which was her uncle. Her companion was Frank Wingfield, the future heir and present manager of his father's large estate in the neighbourhood.

A soft amber light still lingered in the sky where the sun had set, gradually changing into pearly lilac and silvery blue, into which

the new moon's crystal crescent, faintly tinged with a golden gleam, was slowly rising, the planet of Love shining, large and brilliant, by her side.

"Oh, there is the new moon!" exclaimed Katherine, in a sweet musical voice. "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair! I must do her homage." And with playful grace she dropped a low curtsey to the pale crescent.

"Now I shall have my wish," she said.

"*I* wish, yet fear, to know what that wish is," said her companion.

"If you had taken off your hat to the goddess and wished in the right way, perhaps you might have known," said Katherine merrily. "Why did you not pay homage to her as I did?"

"She looked too cold and shadowy," said Frank Wingfield. "I don't believe she ever was in love with Endymion, or any one else. I prefer worshipping that bright star beside her. Beautiful Venus!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat and bowing low to the lovely planet, "be propitious to thy votary, and give him favour in the eyes of her he loves!"

He spoke in mock heroic tones, but there was earnest and pleading emotion in the look he now turned on Katherine.

"What a pair of geese we are!" she exclaimed hastily. "Look at those men in the road. What will they think of us if they have seen us bowing and curtseying to the moon and the stars!"

"Why, is it you, Maurice?" said Frank Wingfield, as the men came up. "Were you going to Dunran? Are you looking for me?" he asked, not a little vexed at the interruption.

"No, Mr. Frank," said Maurice.

But before he could say another word, McCann stepped forward. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I believe you are young Mr. Wingfield, of Dunran?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Wingfield. But you have the advantage of me. I cannot remember having ever seen you before."

"I don't think you ever have, sir; but Mr. Byrne, here, has been speaking to me about you, and about Dr. Wingfield, your father. "My name is Johnson, continued McCann, with admirable fluency. "I have been employed by Messrs. McGlashan and Gill, the Sackville Street publishers, to collect information about all the ruins and other antiquities of this county, and to search out any histories or traditions of the old Celtic clans that may be found, for a work on Irish archæology which they are going to publish; and I have been asking Mr. Byrne if he can give me any particulars of the clan O'Byrne."

"Mrs. Byrne can," said Frank Wingfield. "You should get Mr. Byrne to take you to see his mother. She knows far more about the history and genealogy of the sept than her degenerate son, and is far prouder of her warlike ancestors—chieftains and kings of the old days—than he is. Isn't that true, Maurice?"

"Quite true, Mr. Frank," said Maurice, but his laugh was rather forced.

"I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Byrne, then," said McCann. "And I am told, Mr. Wingfield, that the old gentleman, your father, is highly learned in Irish archæology, and takes the greatest interest in such matters. If you will allow me, I will call on him, and show him a prospectus of the book."

"Certainly," said Frank; "if my father approves of it, I have no doubt he will become a subscriber. And now I will say good evening. Good-bye Maurice."

"Good evening, Mr. Wingfield," said McCann, "I am much obliged to you." And raising his hat with a deferential air to Katherine, though she had drawn back from the gate, he walked on.

Frank Wingfield looked after them for a moment. "That fellow holds himself like a soldier," he said, as he joined Katherine, "and steps like one too. I'm not sure that he's all right."

"Do you suspect him of being a deserter?" asked Katherine.

"He may be. He does'nt look a bit like a student of antiquities, and I'm very much inclined to think he's a humbug of some sort or other, with his free-and-easy impudence, and his admiring bow to you! Hang the fellow! I believe I have taken a dislike to him because he stole from me some of the very few sweet moments I can ever have you to myself."

"Do you think they saw you taking off your hat to Venus?" said Katherine, ignoring his last words.

"I am more anxious to know if my prayer has been granted," said Frank. "Will you tell me?"

"I? How can I tell you?" said Katherine, trying to laugh.

"Yes," said Frank, "*you* can tell me; you, and only you."

Never was an hour or a scene better fitted for a lover to breathe his first vows. The young moon floated softly in the pale clear blue—

> "A slender crescent, woven of silver flame,
> And, one by one at first, then ten by ten,
> The stars slipped out, and in, and out again"

Venus burned with a tender, passionate radiance, "as if she shone for love, not fame." Faint as the light was, Frank could see how Katherine's cheek glowed. "Will you not tell me?" he whispered. "Say yes, only yes!"

But unlucky Frank was fated to endure another interruption to his love-making. Two or three of Katherine's young companions, who had been searching for her, rushed towards her, and insisted on her returning at once to the house, where she was wanted to help in getting up an impromptu dance. Cruelly disappointed, for his hopes for the moment had risen high, Frank silently followed Katherine and the other girls to the cottage; one of them whispering to Katherine, who scarcely knew where she was going to or what she was doing, "Mr. Wingfield looked as if he could have beat us for taking you away!"

Katherine was the last, except Frank, to enter the cottage, and as she did so her hand came in contact with a cluster of China roses which had got loose, and hung across the door into the porch. Almost like one in a dream, she put the spray aside and plucked a blossom. Quick as lightning Frank, who was close behind her, stooped down and whispered entreatingly, "Will you give me that rose?" She did not speak, but held it timidly towards him, and in an ecstasy of happiness Frank took it from the little white fingers which trembled as they touched his, and thrust it into his bosom.

In the meantime Maurice and McCann had walked quickly on to Miles Mahony's "Public."

"Didn't I manage that well?" said McCann, laughing heartily. "But you don't seem to approve of my little romance," he added, finding that Maurice did not join in the laugh. "My dear fellow, where the freedom of a nation and the lives of thousands are at stake, all petty scruples must be lost in wider views, and you know all stratagems are fair in love and war."

"How did you know that was Mr. Wingfield?" asked Maurice.

"Why, I may say I know almost every man in the county by name and description," said McCann. "Certainly every man who has either land or influence. I have a written book in which every man's face and figure, and manner of dressing, walking, and talking, are as minutely described as in a hue-and-cry advertisement; and a full account given of their politics and private and public character, past and present. You are in that book, and so is Mr. Frank Wingfield. He's one of Ireland's worst enemies."

"You can't know his character in the least, or you would not say that!" said Maurice, warmly. "There isn't a man in all Ireland who has her good more at heart."

"Oh, I know what he is well enough," said McCann; "he's a Liberal in politics, generous landlord, charitable to the poor, and all that. Such men as he are the most dangerous of all to the cause of Irish independence. They keep the people quiet, if not contented, under the yoke which they ought not to bear for an hour. The old fighting, gambling, racing, drinking landlords, with their hogsheads of claret and puncheons of whiskey, grinding the last penny out of their poor tenants, are the sort to help Ireland's freedom. And better still, the landlords that are improvers, and want to make the land support cattle instead of men, driving the poor people out of their homes to die of starvation by the road-side, or rot in the poorhouse, or forsake their native land—these are the men," said McCann, warming, "that make the poor man's blood tingle, and run through his veins like liquid fire, till his manhood rises up within him, and he is ready to die ten thousand deaths for the chance of setting himself and his country free—even for the chance of being revenged on his tyrants!"

"Mr. Frank will never help Ireland's freedom that way," said Maurice, "but no man has ever stood up for his rights better. He would abolish the State Church, he would give Tenant Right, and Home Rule——."

"But not the one right which includes all these—our Independence. He does not want Irish nationality, and I am much mistaken if he wouldn't fight to the last sooner than see Ireland separated from England. He is rich, and has plenty of English relatives, and the present state of things suits him. He is not a Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and not likely to sacrifice family and friends and high position to join with the people, especially as he cannot know that our success is certain."

"He thinks that Ireland can gain all she requires by the gradual pressure of moral force," said Maurice, "and so did Dan O'Connell."

"O'Connell was great in his day, and did all that the time allowed," said McCann. "But we stand on a very different footing now, and we would be wards and dastards if we didn't use the means he put into our hands to make ourselves now and forever a nation. But here we are at Miles Mahony's."

It was a rough-cast, white-washed house with a slated roof, standing at the foot of a low green hill, a stable at one end, a little gurgling stream at the other. Over the door was a signboard, on which some splashes of faded colour were supposed to represent a man and horse, and an inscription underneath proffering good entertainment for man and beast. Two or three men were lounging about the open door of the bar-room, but McCann passed on to another door, also open, and entered a kitchen, in which were two girls, one baking "griddle bread," the other washing up dishes.

"Och, is that yourself, Mr. Johnson?" said one of the girls, turning round. "Wipe your hands, Mary, and run up with the candles."

"Has any one been asking for me to-night?" enquired McCann.

"Not a bit of me knows," said the girl, "sure himself and the mistress is in the bar. Will I go and ask?"

"No, never mind now," said McCann. "Will you have anything to drink, Byrne?" he added. "I seldom take anything myself, but Mahony has some first-rate poteen that he keeps for his particular friends, and he'll let us have some of it if you'd like to try it."

"None for me," said Maurice, "I'm not much of a drinker at any time, and I don't believe in the patriotism that springs from poteen."

"Neither do I," said McCann. "But I see Mary has taken up the candles. Come along, and I'll show you things that will stir your blood far beyond any mountain-dew that ever was run in the Wicklow mountains."

The room into which McCann conducted

Maurice was the only private apartment "Mahony's" could boast, and was made to serve the purpose of parlour and bedroom. The parlour side of the room contained two or three well worn chairs, a shabby sofa, and a round table, on which Mary had put the candles. Some hanging shelves on the wall held a few books, and beside it hung a small map of the town of Wicklow, and a larger one of the county—all of which, Maurice conjectured, belonged to McCann. On a small table under the books was a collection of minerals, some of them labelled, and a pamphlet entitled "Glenmalure, or the Valley of much Ore."

"Look here," said McCann; and taking up a manuscript book which was lying on the round table, he turned over the leaves, and showed Maurice some pencil sketches, with brief explanatory notes under each. "Do you know these places? Here's the ruins of Black Castle, on the rocks above Wicklow; here's the old Abbey in the middle of the town; here's the remains of Strafford's Castle at Coolruss, that the people call Black Tom's Cellars; here's the seven churches of Glendalough, all together, and here they are separately, one after the other; and many other ruins. See, here's my initials under every one. T. D. McC., Thomas Dempsey McCann. I'm supposed to have done all these, but I never saw one of the places in my life. They were all done in Dublin as a blind for the police, should they take it in their heads to pay me a visit; and I got the minerals, you see, over there, for the same purpose."

"Is there any danger of their coming?" asked Maurice.

"There wouldn't be much danger in the matter, for I could soon slip through their fingers; but of course I don't want to leave this till I've finished what I have to do, so I've been pretty cautious since I came."

"Do you intend to go and see old Dr. Wingfield, as you said you would?" asked Maurice.

"Not I, indeed," said McCann, with a short laugh. "I didn't quite like the way your friend, Mr. Frank, looked at me, I can tell you. I took off my hat to the young lady on purpose to vex him. He's a d——d aristocrat."

"Not a bit of it," said Maurice, "he's a true gentleman."

"Well, never mind," said McCann; "he's up now, but our time's coming. I'll show you something better worth looking at than these drawings in a minute."

Going to a small leather travelling bag, he unlocked it and took out a tin case. Opening this with a key which hung from his watch chain, he drew forth a number of cross-barred papers, like military roll-calls, also several letters, manuscripts, printed papers, maps and plans. These he brought to the round table, by which Maurice was sitting, and, spreading them out before him, sat down.

"Before I explain these to you," he said, "I'll give you a short sketch of the Irish Republican or Fenian organization. You've often heard of the Young Ireland Society, set on foot by McManus, John Mitchell, Gavan Duffy and others?"

"Yes," said Maurice; "Smith O'Brien's rising. The leaders were taken, or made their escape, and it came to nothing."

"It was badly managed, and exploded prematurely," said McCann; "but the fire which kindled it remained; the fire which nothing can extinguish, and which, God knows, has never wanted fuel to feed it. Some of the 'heads' escaped to Paris, and there began to organize a new confederacy. The leader was James Stephens, of Kilkenny."

"I have heard of him," said Maurice. "It was he that was wounded at Ballingarry, and to baffle the police, his friends gave out that he had died of his wound, and buried a coffin full of stones with his name on the lid in Kilkenny."

"That's the man," said McCann. "Well,

he and John Mitchell and some others got good advice, and promise of help in the way of military leaders, from the French revolutionists, and for the first time a feasible plan was formed to systematize the powerful help that the Irish in America were able and willing to give us. Money, men, arms and ammunition were there waiting for us to make use of them. The new confederacy was called the Phœnix Society, and organized on both sides of the Atlantic, but some how or other its machinery did not work well: its proceedings were detected, and some of the leaders brought to trial at Cork. O'Donavan Rossa was one of them. I dare say you heard of the Cork trials?"

"Yes," said Maurice, "I heard of them."

"After that the Phœnix conspiracy was supposed to be crushed, but out of its ashes sprang Fenianism—the words being closely connected; for Phœnix is said to be a corruption of Finnach, the camping ground of the Fiann, or soldiers of Leinster when Ireland was free, as it is now of the English usurpers.* You remember when McManus died in California, and his remains were brought home to Dublin. Tens of thousands followed his funeral procession in honour of the immortal cause for which he was a martyr, and from that day the difficulty was, not how to induce members to join, but how to enrol and organize them fast enough. Every lodge, or 'circle' has its chief officer, called the 'Centre,' and the circles are grouped together in districts, under district centres. James Stephens himself is Head Centre and Chief Organizer of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Every member takes an oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, to obey its legally constituted officers, and to keep its affairs a sacred secret even in the confessional. It is in fact a hidden army, being regularly drilled and taught the use of arms and military tactics. There are, as I told you, more than two hundred thousand men already enrolled, and when the organization is complete there will be double the number. There is a similar society organized in America, and the sympathies of the whole American nation are with us. Here, on the table before me, are documents that will confirm all I have said."

Selecting a roll of papers from those on the table, he laid before Maurice the returns of members sent in by the District Centres from the several provinces; returns from the Central Committee in New York; and a statement of the money and arms held by the Fenian Brotherhood there, in trust for the Irish Republic.

"You will see there are no returns from Wicklow and Wexford," said McCann, "but the people in those counties have not yet been properly appealed to. They were, as you know, in the very front of the rising in '98, and suffered so much after it that it is no wonder they are holding back; but when they know what is being done in their country's cause elsewhere, the spirit which inspired the Babes in the Wood of Killaughram, and Michael Dwyer's men in the Wicklow glens and mountains, will blaze up as fiercely as ever. Here is a map of this county, with the circles and sub-circles which we expect to form, marked; but I have not attempted to do anything yet. I came first to you, wishing to head my roll with your name, and believing that I'd find you as ready to fight for Ireland as any of your brave ancestors ever were."

"You have spoken of my ancestors several times," said Maurice; "what do you know about them?"

"I know all about them," said McCann. "I know they were always a brave and high-spirited race, from Feagh MacHugh, called by the English the Firebrand of the Mountains; and Edmund Oge, who surprised

* Other authorities say the Phœnix Park owes its name to Fion-uisge—clear or pleasant water—which the celebrated chalybeate spring in the park was anciently called.

Dublin Castle one night, liberated the prisoners and carried off the stores, down to your father's cousin, William Michael Byrne, who was the friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and suffered on the gallows for the good cause. I know there never was a Byrne yet kept back for the sake of life or limb, when honour called him forward; and it would be a shame and a scandal if a fine young fellow like you were the first coward and traitor of the name."

"I am neither one nor the other," said Maurice, steadily. "It is no fear for myself would make me hesitate; it is the thought of all the bloodshed and wretchedness that would follow our failure; all the men and women and innocent little children it would doom to misery and death!"

"A soldier must not think of these things," said McCann. "He must not dream of defeat, or slaughtered men, or weeping women, but of the fierce joy of battle, of victory and glory. But we cannot fail. Our prospects are very different now from what they ever were before. We were very near succeeding in '98. If the French had landed in Bantry Bay—if traitors had not betrayed the cause, we should have succeeded. Then help from France depended on the will of one man; now we have hundreds of thousands of auxiliary troops in America, burning to come over as soon as we give the word, and with no one willing or able to stop them. And our own people have more freedom, more knowledge, more strength than they had then, thanks to the noble hearts that suffered and died to win it for us. No, we cannot fail! But even if we did——" and his face darkened, "even if we did, would it not be worth a hundred years of common life to have revenge on our tyrants for one day."

"No," said Maurice; "I'd fight for freedom and independence, but I'll never fight for revenge. Revenge is a sword that cuts two ways, and it never falls on the right head."

"Well, at any rate you *will* fight when the time comes; and you'll join us to-night heart and hand, won't you?"

"I must know something more of the directors of this Irish Republic; something more of its army, before I take the oath of obedience and secrecy you spoke about. It is easy to put an army on paper, and I have no proof that these returns are authentic. Of course I don't mean to doubt your word; it is with the leaders and heads of the organization the responsibility lies."

"If I had you in Dublin," said McCann, "I could take you to the Committee, and introduce you to the Chief Organizer himself."

"I am going to Dublin to-morrow," said Maurice.

"I wish I could go with you, for I have set my heart on winning you to the cause. Your very name would have immense influence with the people, who remember their hero, Billy Byrne, of Ballymanus, so fondly. But I cannot leave my post here. However, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write a line to a friend of mine, Colonel Ryan McGarvey, late of the United States, and now of the Irish Republican Army. He's one of the Committee, and he'll give you every information, and let you see the original returns, all properly checked and attested. You can post the letter as soon as you get into town, and if you'll tell me the name of the place you stop at, I'll let him know, and he'll call on you to-morrow evening."

"I stop at the Leinster Farmers' Inn, close to Smithfield," said Maurice.

"Will you look at that strategical map while I am writing?" said McCann, pushing it towards Maurice, as he sat down to write his letter. When it was finished, he handed it to Maurice, "Read it," he said. "It is worded in a way that will tell no tales should it fall into wrong hands, but McGarvey will understand it."

Whereupon Maurice read the following epistle:

"DEAR MCGARVEY,—I beg you will call on Mr. Maurice Byrne, of Roebawn, at the Leinster Farmers' Inn, near Smithfield Market, to-morrow evening. Show him every attention in your power, and give him all the information he desires relative to the business he is interested in. He is a fine, high-spirited young fellow, of a *good* family, and would be a great acquisition to our club, but he is a little *shy*. However, I don't doubt you will be able to cure him of that.

"Yours, &c.,

"T. D. McC."

"If your friend can satisfy me on certain points, neither he nor you will find me *shy*, as you call it, any longer," said Maurice.

"That's my belief," said McCann, and enclosing the letter in its envelope, he addressed it to Ryan McGarvey, Esq., with the number of a post-office box, and gave it to Maurice.

Putting it in his pocket, Maurice turned again to the map that lay open before him.

"That map will show you how perfectly our plans are organized," said McCann. "See here," he said, coming close to Maurice, and running his finger over the map, "Here are the limits of the different military districts. Every district will have its own battalions, and the whole combined will form the Grand National Army of Ireland. These places marked on the coast are the points most available for the landing of American troops and stores. These lines indicate the route to be followed by each corps, and as you see, every point of tactical importance along the line of march is marked. In fact the whole plan of the campaign is exactly laid down here."

Keenly interested in this programme, which seemed to promise a triumphant progress for the Grand National Army, Maurice listened to McCann's explanations, and comprehended them with the quickest intelligence.

"It's plain you were made for a soldier," said McCann, at last; "but so is every Irishman; and what's more, the greatest generals in the world have been Irishmen. I'll make a big wager that I'll live to see you one yet."

Maurice laughed, and, as they discussed the future campaign, he and McCann grew better friends than they had been before. When he left, McCann accompanied him down stairs and out of the house. "It's a fine starlight night for your walk home," he said, "but if I were you, I wouldn't sing the Shan Van Vocht quite so loudly as you did when I met you!"

"Never fear," said Maurice, "that was in sport; if I were to sing it now, it would be in earnest!"

"I'm glad to hear you say so!" said McCann; and as they shook hands he gave Maurice's hand a peculiar squeeze. "That's the Fenian grip!" he said. "McGarvey will teach it to you to-morrow night before he takes you to *the club*. And now, good-night, and good luck to you!"

"The same to you!" said Maurice as he walked away.

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

AS he left Miles Mahony's "Public" and Captain McCann behind him, Maurice did not feel the slightest inclination to sing the Shan Van Vocht, or indulge in any kind of musical demonstration. All his light-heartedness and gaiety had fled, and a thoughtful and even stern gravity had taken their place. As he neared the Ford some one crossed the wooden bridge, and came towards him, softly whistling "Love's Young Dream." It was Frank Wingfield, and Maurice at once recognized his clear sweet notes. For a moment he thought of jumping over the ditch, and avoiding a meeting which, for the first time in his life, he felt to be embarrassing. But running away was contrary to

young Byrne's nature under any circumstances, and so he came on, making a great effort to do so in his usual manner. The young moon had disappeared, but the sky was clear and full of stars, and Frank had no difficulty in recognizing Maurice at once.

In spite of difference of rank and education, some degree of intimacy and a very friendly feeling existed between these young men. From boyhood they had frequently gone out together to fish for trout, or to shoot rabbits or snipe. They had played on the same side in many a cricket match, and country sports and country occupations had often brought them together. There can hardly anywhere be greater familiarity of speech and manner—though with all the forms and phrases of respect scrupulously preserved—than exists between the higher and lower classes in Ireland, in those favoured spots—now, alas! few and far between—where agrarian disturbances are unknown. This may be owing to the privileges of birth and position being so willingly recognized there that no barriers of reserve or exclusiveness are necessary to guard social distinctions which are never disputed and never encroached upon. Old servants and hangers-on of the family are still allowed much of the liberty of speech common in primitive times. The beggar will bandy jests with the squire; and the young master, when out with his gun in the bogs or high up on the mountains, will often go into the first cabin he meets at noon, and take a floury potato out of the pot and a dip in the salt-box—a remnant, perhaps, of the days when the Irish chieftains who were knighted by King Richard shocked the refined Normans by following what they called their praiseworthy custom of allowing their minstrels and servants to sit with them at the same table and eat out of the same dish.

"What, Maurice! is this you again?" said young Wingfield. "I've been dancing at Fairy Lodge; where have you been? Not with that fellow Johnson ever since?"

"He was showing me some drawings and maps at his lodgings," said Maurice.

"And talking about the O'Byrnes, I'll engage," said Frank. "I hope you are not going to let him swindle you out of your money on any pretence of recovering the property that once belonged to them."

"I've no notion of such a thing, Mr. Frank, nor ne either," said Maurice, quickly.

"Oh, well, I beg your pardon, Maurice, but I'm greatly mistaken if he hasn't some other purpose in coming here than to hunt up the histories and traditions of the Irish clans. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he were a Fenian. You've heard of the Fenian Brotherhood of course?"

"Yes, I've heard of it," said Maurice.

"I don't think we've got any of them here, but they seem to be peculiarly active just now in other places, and this Johnson, as he calls himself, may have been sent down to try what can be done among the Wicklow boys. He looks like a soldier too. Didn't you notice that?"

"Yes," said Maurice, "he looks like a soldier."

"I hope you will be on your guard with him, Maurice. I suppose you have no sympathy with those men, reckless enthusiasts or unprincipled adventurers, who are trying to stir up the people and bring on some outbreak which could only end in the ruin of all concerned in it. I take it for granted you see the madness and wickedness of such an attempt as clearly as I do."

"Well, Mr. Frank," said Maurice, throwing off his restraint, and speaking in the manly and open manner natural to him, "it might be mad, but I don't believe it would be wicked. Why should not Ireland cast off a yoke that is hateful to her if she can? And what seems madness to some people is inspiration to others."

"That's very true, Maurice. In some respects inspiration is a great power—the greatest in the world, but even inspired flesh and blood must give way before iron-clad

ships and Armstrong guns. Were all Ireland to rise against England to-morrow, the contest would end as it did in the days when the Irish were "scorners of armour," and fought in their fine linen shirts against the mail-clad Normans."

"If all Ireland rose at once, determined to be free, England would have to let her go," said Maurice. "She dare not bring her ships and cannon against us and govern us by force of arms. All Europe would cry shame on her—she that sympathised with Poland, with Hungary, with Italy—with all oppressed nationalities except the one she herself keeps in bondage. America would never permit it. And if resistance to and hatred of the English rule, and the preservation of national feeling through centuries of cruelty and wrong, can show a nation's heart, the Irish have shown it."

"Very well, allowing all you say to be true—if, through the interposition of other nations, or from deference to the spirit of the age, England permitted Ireland to separate from her, the Irish party would then have the Orangemen to fight against. Do you think the men of Ulster, the Protestant Boys of Derry, the fiery Orangemen of Antrim and Down, and all the King William's men of the fierce black North, would ever submit to Irish rule? These men are forever chafing at having lost that ascendency of which they were so proud, and of which England, since she has been trying to do justice to Ireland, has deprived them. It is only England's strong hand keeps them quiet now; and if that was once withdrawn there would be a deadly civil war. Were England to give up Ireland, they would execrate her treachery, and fight against the Catholics and nationalists with a fierce vindictive hatred and determination which nothing could conquer. Who could wish to plunge his native land into so fearful a strife, to which the only conclusion possible, or even to be hoped for by reasonable men, would be that England should resume her authority."

"The Nationalists would have America to help them," said Maurice.

"She would have to fight England first, and it is by no means certain that she would do so for the sake of Ireland. If she did, England would not want allies—Germany, for instance, who does not approve of Republics in Europe—especially Catholic ones. No, Maurice! you may take my word that Ireland can never force England to acknowledge her independence; and that England, wishing to remain a great power, will never grant it. Ireland separated from England—an alien nation, hating for the past, fearing for the future; allying herself to England's enemies in case of war, and calling in the aid of some foreign power to save herself from chronic war with the men of "the Pale," and such a state of things is not only possible but probable—would be a thorn in England's side not to be borne; and therefore nothing will ever induce her to let Ireland go."

"And nothing will ever make Ireland contented under her rule," said Maurice. "The Irish people never forget a wrong."

"So much the worse," said Frank. "Men are unfit for political freedom who, when they have obtained it, will not 'let the dead past bury its dead.' Look at Scotland. She once fought against England, and hated her as fiercely as the Irish ever could, and her patriots and heroes died to preserve her civil and religious freedom. She has always had as strong and far more united a nationality than Ireland could ever boast, and still preserves it while sharing England's power and prosperity, joined to the great British empire by ties which nothing now could break. Why cannot Ireland, too, bury the war-hatchet, and join hands in good faith, as Scotland did, with her ancient foe?"

"The cases are not a bit alike," said Maurice. "Scotland never was trampled under the feet of England as Ireland was. She was always able to hold her own. How it was with Ireland I need not tell you."

"Yes—formerly; but now there is nothing the Irish people have a right to ask which the English people are not ready to grant—always excepting independence."

"And yet that is the only thing will satisfy them," said Maurice.

"I can only hope time will prove you are mistaken," said Frank. I sympathise with the desire for Irish nationality, but unless it can be satisfied in some other way than separation from England, it will remain forever an unattainable Utopia. However, sometimes when I am in a sanguine mood, I dream that there may be some other way in which the national spirit may find scope."

"What way?" asked Maurice.

"It is too late to discuss it to-night," said Frank. "Some other time you and I will have our talk out. I don't despair of bringing you round to my opinion, especially when you are married to little Dorinn. When is that to be, Maurice?"

Little Dorinn! Was it a week, a month, a year, since he had pressed his parting kiss upon her lips, or only a couple of hours? Then he was a light-hearted boy, but now the sterner and deeper thoughts of manhood were asserting their dominion within him.

"Very soon, I hope," he said, as his thoughts flew back to his little sweetheart.

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Frank. You know I'm a great admirer of little Dorinn. I think she's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life—except one."

"That must be some young lady you're in love with, Mr. Frank," said Maurice.

"Well, perhaps it is," said Frank, laughing too. "But now I must really go."

But after he had gone a few steps, he stopped and called out, "Maurice, take my advice, and don't have anything to do with that Johnson, or any other Fenian, for I feel perfectly sure that a Fenian he is. You may tell little Dorinn that I've been warning you against Fenianism, and I'm certain she'll agree with me."

Yes, Maurice knew very well she would agree with him. But the smouldering fire ever ready to be kindled in the breast of a Catholic Irishman—the fire of hatred to English laws, English institutions and the English race—that worst of all hatreds, hereditary hatred, which in the imaginative Irish people has assumed almost the form of a great national *vendetta*, had in Maurice suddenly burst into flame. His latent belief that Wingfield was right,—that England, now at peace with all the world, with wealth to provide the most formidable armaments for any number of years, her strength growing, as it has always grown, with her danger, was not to be conquered by the fiercest Irish passion and patriotism—could not now extinguish it, nor could the more powerful influence of his love for little Dorinn. Yet at the same time, though the images of domestic peace and happiness his fancy had so vividly pictured a little while ago were now overclouded by vague shadows of war and all its horrors, he never thought of delaying his marriage. On the contrary, he was more anxious, if possible, to hasten it, as he believed he would be better able to protect her, when the struggle came, if she were his wife; and, when he joined the army, she and his mother could comfort each other. Should he fall, his heart told him they would not need comfort, or anything else, in this world long. Tender, loving, soft-hearted as his darling was, she would never be able to survive him; and though to his mother it would seem a law of nature that, if there was a "rising" in the county there must be a Byrne in it, he knew that to her also his loss would be a death-blow. But he resolutely banished these painful thoughts, telling himself that McCann was right; a soldier must not think of such things. A man must not let himself be turned from the path of duty and honour by the tears of women, and his country's cause must always be first in the heart of a true Irishman.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO SONNETS.

I.

On leaving Montreal, March, 1873.

ONE farewell look before the prospect close
I know so well. White snow yet clothes the slopes;
'Neath hard-ribbed ice the silent river flows
Unseen, well-nigh unrecked of, like the hopes
That live in frozen hearts. Once more farewell,
Thou royal city of the mount and stream.
E'en now at times do softer breezes tell
Of coming Spring, whose touch will break the dream
That holds within its spell the life of bough
And stem and seed, giving, for these wan weeds,
Soft-waving robes of living green. Oh! Thou
Whose changeless love supplies the changing needs
Of Thy weak creatures, teach our hearts to cease
From restless tossing in Thine own deep peace.

II.

"*And there was no more sea.*"—Rev. xxi. 1.

"AND there was no more sea:" to me erewhile
These words scant meaning and no comfort bore;
Regret to miss the myriad-dimpled smile
Of Ocean, and the music of his roar,
Possessed me rather. Time, that proves all things,
Has taught me better, and I love to muse
How each slow hour still near and nearer brings
That hour supreme when eyes that cannot choose
But weep to mark the barren, endless toil
Of the sad waves, shall hail this promise fair
With rich fruition crowned; and, cleansed from soil
Of life's long voyage, the tired mariner
Shall bid farewell forever to the sea,
Safe-anchored in the haven where he fain would be.

G.

NOTES ON THE BALLOT.

BY FENNINGS TAYLOR.

IN deference to the opinion expressed by a majority of the House of Commons rather than to any avowed change in his own opinions, Sir John A. Macdonald intimates his intention to incorporate with his amended Election Law the principle of the Ballot as it is practised in the Province of New Brunswick. The Bill in question will probably be placed with other Bills in the list of deferred measures. Apparently no injury can arise from postponement, and the time afforded by delay may excusably be occupied in considering some points which seem to have been overlooked, or touched upon very lightly, by those who have advocated the system of secret voting. Recent legislation has no doubt added to their task who object to the ballot, for in addition to Foreign and Colonial experiences, we have to deal with the English experiment. Nevertheless, before we accept them, or adopt it, we may, without impropriety, take a brief review of the case in its relation to Canada.

When Mr. Gladstone fell into the error of stating in the House of Commons that the principle of the ballot had been adopted by the Colonies as well as by the United States of America, he was at once corrected by Sir Stafford Northcote, who informed him that it had not been adopted by Canada. The British North American Provinces had not previously been referred to. This was unfortunate, for when Mr. Gladstone made his historical slip he was closing the debate, and consequently there remained no opportunity of presenting to the House of Commons the narrative of the Ballot as it might at that time have been found in the Journals of the Parliament of Canada.

The absence of evidence from Canada is to be regretted, as Sir Stafford Northcote had then recently returned from Washington, where, as a Member of the Joint High Commission, he had met with several of the public men of America and of Canada. Among other subjects, it is probable the ballot, which at that time was being discussed with some warmth by statesmen in England, might occasionally have become the subject of conversation by statesmen in America. Should such have been the case, it is also probable that the comparative merits of the system of "secret" as against open voting, would have received a fair amount of thought as well as a fair share of criticism.

Let us digress for a moment, for the situation was unique, and perhaps unprecedented. Sir Stafford Northcote, an English statesman, found himself at the American capital, associated on the same important Commission with gentlemen, residents of adjoining countries, whose Legislatures on the question of the ballot had pursued exactly opposite paths. Those countries, at a period not very remote, had formed parts of an ancient empire. Their histories had been interlaced, but their aspirations had diverged. The quarrel came, and the separation followed. The elder of those countries, unfortunately for her happiness, took advantage of her freedom to slip the cable which anchored her to the past. In a moment of exasperated inflation she cut herself from the moorings of ages to begin a new career on a comparatively unhistoric page. With no traditions to respect, with no restraints to control, with neither chronicles

nor landmarks, without charity or magnanimity, she made a covenant with hate, and bound herself by a wicked obligation to transmit through the generations to come an inheritance of revenge. Babes were to be taught to forswear the race from whence they sprang, while young men and maidens, old men and children, were required annually to execrate the names of their former rulers, and to glory in their severance from the English race. The loss of reverence and charity is a very serious one at all times, but the consequence of such loss may be seen in America in the fallacies, and possibly in the crimes, of a nation which has few ancestral memories to appeal to, and but little inherent excellence to transmit.

The people of America and of Canada, at a very early period in their history, arrived at a point from which many departures were made. The subjects, for example, of the franchise and the mode of election may serve to illustrate the opposite courses of the respective inhabitants of a once united country. Monarchical America retained the property qualification and the open vote; Republican America abandoned both, and in their place substituted manhood suffrage and the secret vote. Had the House of Commons been made acquainted with the Canadian as well as with the American history of the ballot, it is possible, even in that august assembly, a different conclusion would have been come to than the one at which it arrived. There can be no doubt that, among those who followed Mr. Gladstone into the lobby, there were many who went with reluctant steps and gave unwilling votes. There were some who probably felt they were paying homage to an effete tradition rather than to a present need. It was, as we all may recollect, a question about which the people generally had not only shown extreme indifference, but it was a question about which it would have been difficult to excite them. The party character of the question was destroyed by the apathy of the public; for if the great landlords had any reason to distrust the labourer, the great capitalists had still greater cause to look askance at the workman. A little more light on the subject might have resulted in greater liberty of action. Had Canada contributed a narrative of her history and experiences, the House of Commons might have been moved to closer thought. It would, at all events, have learned that transatlantic analogies, about which so much had been spoken, could be met with transatlantic contrasts on which nothing had been said. It would have learned that Colonial affinities could be balanced by Colonial aversions, and consequently that the whole of the English speaking race, as was generally supposed, had not adopted the secret system of voting. Earnest inquirers would have discovered, and possibly with satisfaction, that the inhabitants of half the continent of North America, having frequently had the opportunity, had persistently declined to substitute the ballot for the "open" vote. It is, moreover, possible that such an increase of knowledge would have suggested an increase of caution, and that a change which after all was adopted with hesitancy, and at the latest moment declared to be experimental, would altogether have been excluded from the Statute Book of the United Kingdom; and what is more, it would then have had but a small chance of finding a place in the Laws of Canada.

Ignorance is a power as well as knowledge. The lack of information with respect to Canada, and the affluence of it with respect to Australia, represented negative as well as positive advantages to those who opposed the open vote. It was therefore to have been expected that the imitation by the Australian Colonies of the system of voting practised in the United States, should have been appealed to in terms of satisfaction by such members of the House of Commons as usually become elated when they watch what they rhetorically term "the onward tide of

opinion;" and especially when such tide approaches the British coast, like a ground swell from the shores of America. In the absence of a pure example, which the United States cannot supply, it was quite natural to appeal to a weak experience, such as the Australian colonies furnish, as an excuse for a specious Act. Therefore were these Provinces spoken of in words of cloyed sweetness, for no other reason, it would seem, than because these Legislatures, being impatient of ancient customs, and practically unacquainted with modern examples, thought fit to lay aside the usages of their mother country, and to mould their institutions on American forms.

The example of the Parliament of England has very perceptibly influenced the Parliament of Canada. The fact need occasion no surprise; nevertheless it should not destroy our sense of caution. Every kind of legislation, whether sentimental or practical, from secret hanging to secret voting, has commanded attention and imitation in Canada. This, as a rule, is by no means to be regretted, for English legislation is not commonly of a speculative kind. But with respect to the subject under review, it may be as well to bear in mind the hesitancy which marked the passage of the Bill by the Parliament of England, as well as the doubts which were entertained by many, and expressed by some, as to its moral value and practical effect.

The people of Canada, as we shall presently have occasion to show, have manifested supreme indifference to the subject of the ballot. It appears to have been a members' rather than a voters' question, for the constituencies are, and for years have been, silent on the subject. No prayer for the ballot has been expressed in Parliament. Hence the recent debate in the Canadian House of Commons was limp and lifeless. Argument was wanting. Indifference gained the vote, for the question really seemed to be carried by default.

The absence of local feeling will better enable us to examine the question by the light of local history. Let us look into our Parliamentary annals and see what they teach, but before doing so it will be of advantage to bear in mind that Canada has a southern frontier of above four thousand miles, three thousand of which abut on the United States. In many places this long line of separation is only a geometrical one, and hence the inhabitants of the two countries can easily cross the imaginary border, and see without strain what takes place on either side. The institutions of the two countries, and the machinery by which those institutions is moved, are more or less familiar to the inhabitants of both. There are no restraints to intercourse, while facilities exist without number by which it can be carried on. A common origin, a common language, and a common literature, would have invited an interchange of courtesies, even had not self-interest, reciprocal commerce and social relations, supplied motives sufficient to justify such interchange. The science of government may have been scanned superficially, but it has been scanned generally, and is talked about fluently by the inhabitants of both countries; and thus even the humble folk of the borders can explain, with a fair approach to accuracy, how the government is worked on both sides of the line. The public men of the continent, whether American or Canadian, are not only theoretically informed of, but they are practically acquainted with, the institutions of both countries. They frequently meet, and as frequently have informal and "undress conversations" on the comparative merits of their respective systems of government. Neither is it by any means uncommon to hear thoughtful Americans confess, and they do so with regret, that the balance of advantage does not always rest in their scale. "No," said an American to the writer, "I would rather annex the half of your institutions than the

whole of your land;" one of these institutions being the "open" vote.

What then is the history of the ballot in Canada? Let us apply a thirty years' test, and see what the Journals of the Legislative Assembly of the late Province of Canada, and the Journals of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada, have to say on the subject. It may be convenient to begin with the year 1841, being the year in which the history of Parliamentary Government may be said to have commenced.

For the space of thirty years, representing, let us say, as many sessions of the Legislature, six petitions only have been presented praying for the use of the ballot. We may easily show how they were disposed of.

Two of the above were presented in 1841. Upon motion, they were referred to a Select Committee, which Committee showed its appreciation of their value by making no report.

A third was presented in 1846. It proceeded from certain inhabitants of Montreal, and included, among other things, a desire that the ballot should be used at the municipal elections in that city. A Bill was introduced in accordance with the prayer of the petition. It was twice read, but on the usual order being made for referring it to a Select Committee, the House added an instruction "to strike out that part of the Bill which relates to the vote by ballot."

In the session of 1850 three petitions were presented from different parts of Upper Canada, including among other things a prayer for the ballot. The other things were sufficiently comprehensive, and reflected very fairly the "root and branch" views of a small coterie of backwoods politicians. The motion made by Mr. Perry, on the 10th of August of that year, was intended to express the petitioners', as well as his own opinions, on several important subjects. It is not necessary to give the motion at length, as an outline will enable any one—who will take the trouble—to fill without difficulty a picture that is by no means original.

Mr. Perry, seconded by Mr. Hopkins, moved: "That it is expedient to authorize the holding of a general convention by the people to consider various proposed changes, in the constitution and the laws, now agitating the public mind." The changes included "extension of the franchise,"—"abolition of property qualification for members,"—"shortening the duration of Parliament, making "the office of Governor-General elective," "repeal of the Civil List Act," "abolition of the Court of Chancery," "free trade," "vote by ballot," and much more. A question of order arising, on a division Mr. Perry's motion was supported by three *yeas* in a house of eighty-four members.

The question again slumbered until 1852, when Mr. Papineau sought to revive it by introducing a Bill "for better securing the freedom of elections by the use of the ballot in Canada." Now it should be observed that Mr. Papineau for nearly a quarter of a century had been the unchallenged leader of the Liberal party in Lower Canada, and yet his eloquence and influence could neither awake a sympathetic cheer nor command a sustaining vote. His Bill disappeared, with his elaborate argument in support of it, for he was obliged to acquiesce in the discharge of the order for its second reading.

In 1854, and again in 1856, Mr. Huot presented Bills for the establishment of universal suffrage and vote by ballot. Being more objectionable than Mr. Papineau's Bill, they were read once as a matter of form, and dropped afterwards as a matter of fact.

In 1858 Mr. Cauchon and Mr. Ross brought in Bills "to amend the election law, and to provide for voting by ballot," which were read once and withdrawn.

The subject again hybernated for thirteen more years, and as no one complained, it

was supposed by many that it would not awake from so profound a sleep. Such, however, was not the case. In 1871 Mr. Tremblay introduced a Bill "for taking the poll at Parliamentary elections by ballot." This Bill lingered on the orders of the day until the time approached for the prorogation of Parliament, when it disappeared in the general massacre which is irreverently called "the slaughter of the innocents."

In 1872 Mr. Tremblay again introduced his Bill, which was lost at the second reading. But although the vote, 104 to 43, seemed tolerably decisive, the force of English legislation began to tell, and the example of the mother country was manifestly influencing the thought of the Parliament of Canada. The result became apparent in 1873, when, in a House of 200 members, Mr. Tremblay carried the second reading of his Bill on a division of 78 to 55.

Without dwelling on the futile efforts made by Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie, in 1852 and 1854, to effect by resolution what had not been accomplished by Bill, we shall pass on to note what occurred in the Legislature of New Brunswick about eighteen years ago. In the year 1855 the Government of that Province, for reasons with which few persons appeared to be thoroughly acquainted, introduced and passed a new election law, which included, among other things, a provision for the substitution of the ballot for the open vote. Lest too much stress should be laid on this exceptional act of the Province of New Brunswick, it may be proper to observe that its enactment was preceded by a concurrence of circumstances that do not commonly meet together. Sir Edmund Head, a statesman of rare attainments and indomitable will, had been promoted to the rank of Governor-General of British North America. Simultaneously with His Excellency's departure the then Parliament of New Brunswick expired, and we may add that the old system of Colonial Government in that Province expired with it. Thus it chanced that a new Local Governor, in the person of Mr. Manners Sutton, was installed, a new House of Assembly was elected, and a new administration was formed. So thorough were the changes that followed the treble event, that the critics, as they reviewed their sweeping character, rejoiced or lamented at what was termed the utter overthrow of "Conservative power" in New Branswick. The Session which immediately followed, though by no means deficient in useful Acts, was singularly conspicuous for speculative ones. Yielding, for example, to the pressure which the advocates of abstinence are frequently able to exert, the new Government, moved by pure intentions, succeeded in securing the passage of an Act "to prevent the importation, manufacture and traffic in intoxicating liquors." Of course such a law, we must admit the fact, is unsuited to the British race, and it was specially objectionable to the New Brunswick portion of that race. It was repealed, and with much more haste than it was enacted. Again, yielding to their own convictions of what would be of advantage to the country, that administration, in the absence of petitions, so far as the Journals inform us, or of popular pressure so far as we have been able to learn, introduced and passed a Bill to substitute the "secret" for the "open" vote. It apparently was a Session marked alike with social and political surprises. Prohibitions were issued against open drinking and against open voting, but the hopes which gave rise to these prohibitions have not been realized. Whether they ever can be realized by legislation is a question upon which earnest men differ. None doubt the excellence of the aim, but many question the propriety of the means. A Prohibitory Liquor Law will not prevent excess, neither will the secret vote secure purity.

Passing without especial notice the curious little episode of the ballot in Nova Scotia, we may stop to ask whether the experience of New Brunswick is either encouraging or

satisfactory. Have not the abuses of the ballot which are common in the United States, and to which we shall presently refer, found their way into that Province? Were the conditions which we are invited to attach to the secret system voting observed, let us say in the ballot election for the city of St. John? Was there no bribery, no fraud, no expense, no "dodges," no "personation," no "ballot-box stuffing," no "repeating," no voting "early and often?" Was the law of secrecy observed? Were no influences to control votes exerted? Was the election begun, continued, and ended, without the expenditure of money or the purchase of votes? A committee of inquiry into the system of the ballot as it has been practised in New Brunswick might be of use to the Parliament of Canada. It might remove doubt, or it might confirm aversion. In either case it would shed light, and perhaps prevent "a leap in the dark."

Thoughtful Americans are often perplexed when asked why they prefer the ballot to the open vote. Sometimes they answer at once that they do not prefer it, and add that, apart from the argument of convenience, to which we shall presently refer, no sufficient reason for its introduction in America could ever be advanced. Intimidation, in communities like the United States, Canada and Australia, is a chimera. There are no great territorial proprietors to control labour, and if there were, labourers are beyond such control. Manufacturers, as we have cause to know, are at the mercy of operatives, and he who should attempt to coerce a voter would soon find himself the victim of his own temerity. Labour can tie itself in a knot and make a fling at capital, while capital is impotent when it seeks to intimidate labour. "Virtue without force is contemptible," and, in new countries at least, the employer who abandons virtue for force must make his account with contempt. There can be no intimidation where there is little dependence and no poverty. The prime reason for the Bill in England, "intimidation," is wholly wanting in Canada. Will it secure secrecy and promote peace? Will it prevent bribery and abolish fraud?

Although Americans possess the formula of secret voting, it is notorious they seldom vote secretly. The voter in America, like the voter in England, is usually proud of his party, and enjoys the opportunity of publicly airing his opinions. Hence the ballot is but a feeble security against violence, for it is notorious that it does not save the elections from the stains of riot and blood.

If any importance is to be attached to current opinion, as it finds expression in the newspapers of the United States, we should suppose that the earnest men of that country would gladly get rid of the ballot, could they, in their elective system of government, combine convenience with the open vote. The American Encyclopædia, published by Appleton, contains the following observation: "Corruption," it observes, "will exist, whatever mode of ruling may be prescribed, if there is want of integrity in the people. Perhaps the open vote is to some extent a check on private bargaining, yet in our popular elections, whatever may be the moral disadvantage of voting by ballot, the facility and ease with which the elections can be dispatched by this mode must ensure its popularity in this country." This argument of convenience is an exceptional one, and applies only to a state which is required on the same day to elect two or three dozen public officers. It cannot apply to a country whose servants owe their appointments to the favour of the Crown. The argument of convenience being dismissed as inapplicable, we find ourselves brought face to face with the conclusion of the American critic, that there is a moral advantage in the open vote.

It would seem that the people of the United States are beginning to learn that where the voting is ostensibly secret that there it is flagrantly corrupt. And they have reason for their distrust. They have dis-

covered that their whole system of election is honeycombed with fraud. Earnest people have become indignant, and many, who were content to be the innocent spectators of the play, are now forcing themselves behind the curtain. Inside views are rapidly becoming outside properties. Institutions that were cherished as pure are now discovered to be tainted. Honest men are wondering at their own credulity, even while they stare with amused amazement at the ingenious and audacious methods by which they have been cheated and betrayed. For, making every allowance for the exaggeration of American newspapers, enough remains to stagger the most enthusiastic admirer of the American system. The State is wounded by its petted children, for the grossest scandals cling especially about the vagrant class it has enfranchised. The ballot is found to be an unsafe channel for expressing the suffrage, and more especially so as the latter is universal. Happily, and for the present, such offences are chiefly confined to urban—they have not spread to rural—constituencies. Nevertheless, an ingenious mechanism of fraud has been invented, whose successful operation depends wholly on the pressure or absence of adequate inducement. A sufficient price is alone necessary to secure indefinite expansion. Thus the evils which are now rampant in the State of New York require only adroit treatment to be transferred to the State of New England. The "dodgers" who destroy the value of the elections, who change majorities into minorities, springing, as they frequently do, from a Street Arab parentage, possess in a large degree the nomad qualities of concealment and locomotion. These dodgers are said to appear suddenly in battalions, and to disappear in single files. They come no one knows whence, and they go no one knows whither. Their existence and their discipline are alike notorious, for they move in form and under the direction of instructed guides. The methods by which they effect their purposes are classified, and the modes by which they are carried out are partially guessed at and explained by writers who seem to have informed themselves on the subject. Thus we read of "The Ringing dodge," "The Repeating dodge," and "The Counting dodge," and we are told that elections may be forced into any shape, and made to arrive at any result, by the dodging operations of "ringers," "repeaters," and "counters."

Neither are bribery and corruption got rid of. On the contrary the crimes are aggravated by the greater coarseness of the mode in which they are practised. Instead of the cost of such transactions being laid on the purse of the country gentleman, who was willing to pay for his pride or be filched for his party, in America such costs are either stolen from the public chest, or, in some other equally delicate way, filched from the tax-payer. In England such exactions, if recognized at all, are usually borne by the candidate; in New York at least, they seem to be paid by the municipality.

The very elaborate report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, of which the Marquis of Hartington was chairman, contains a mass of highly instructive evidence, gathered with much care from the observation of people resident in Europe, the United States, and Australia. We shall not dwell on the experiences to be gathered in France and Italy, but confine our extracts to the testimony of a few of the witnesses from Australia and the United States. Unlike the Queen's subjects in British North America, the Legislatures of four of the contiguous colonies in Australia seem to have been enamoured of certain points in matters of government which are commonly supposed to be the exclusive property of the Chartist party in England. Not content with responsible government, the Australians have added triennial Parliaments, manhood suffrage, and vote by ballot.

In answer to certain questions, Mr. George

Frederick Verdon, a member of the Government of Victoria, said there "was no great demand for the ballot. It was taken up as a theoretical principle, and not as a remedy for existing evils." A witness from South Australia stated "he knew nothing of the ballot beyond the descriptions he had found in the writings of American authors." Lieut.-Colonel Torrens, M.P. for Cambridge, formerly a resident of South Australia, said that the ballot "did not secure secrecy, for it is generally known how most persons vote; no one conceals his political opinions." Mr. W. P. Muir, of Victoria, frankly admitted the "impossibility of contriving a rogue-proof system;" and had Mr. G. F. Verdon been acquainted with the working of the ballot in the United States, he would have hesitated before saying that "bribery in a new country with universal suffrage is out of the question." Fraud, even thus early in the history of the ballot, has found its way in Australia, — for the "Tasmania dodge" seems to be alike familiar as a phrase and as a fact. The "dodge" in question we have little doubt belongs to a fruitful family whose nearest relatives may be sought for in the United States. Political life in Australia, as described by Colonel Torrens, has lost all the lineaments of health. It has apparently become degraded and debauched, and possibly by the very measures that were designed to raise and purify it. Party has been destroyed, and faction established.— One Legislature, says Colonel Torrens, is now divided into "ins" and "outs." People in office try to hold it, and those not in office try to get it "A man who has been turned out on a particular measure will immediately take up that measure when he comes in, and will carry it." "One result," continued Colonel Torrens, "there has been a change of ministry every seven months," and another, "that the best class in the colony take little part in politics." The portrait thus drawn by a friend of the ballot is a sorry one to look at, view it as we may. The most ardent advocate for a change of administration would be unwilling to accept a succession of seven months' ministries.

Turning from Australian to United States witnesses, we shall refer to the testimony of Mr. Allan Stewart Hankel, given before the same Committee. Mr. Hankel, then living in England, formerly resided in the United States. Speaking from a knowledge of both countries, Mr. Hankel says "there is quite as much intimidation in the United States as in England," but "it is the intimidation of classes and of mobs." The ballot neither "prevents violence" nor "secures secrecy," as it is "thoroughly known how every one will vote." The ballot is accompanied with "unbounded corruption of every kind,"— "far greater than in England." "The open vote is superior to the secret one, for while it secures greater purity it facilitates the detection of fraud." "It is almost impossible to detect bribery in the United States."

Mr. Hankel's testimony was in no respect exaggerated, for the New York papers after the November elections in 1871, were chronicles of crimes and misdemeanors, the outgrowth of those elections. We learn that domiciliary visiting is actively practised by canvassers of all parties; that a large class regard the franchise as a property to be disposed of to the highest bidder. At a public meeting in Brooklyn, if we recollect aright, one speaker is reported to have said "that a gang of 'repeaters' went round openly on election day, and voted in almost every district and every ward of the city." Another speaker, Mr. Tracy, added that "at least ten thousand fraudulent votes were cast."— "New safeguards must be devised." "A large part of the twenty millions stolen within two or three years from the tax-payers of New York was used to buy legislators, repeaters, ballot-box stuffers, and canvassers; to run naturalization mills, to bribe judges," etc. One person is directly charged with the expenditure of twenty-five thousand dollars as a bribe for the office of State Sena-

tor; at the election just over, a like amount was expended by the same person for the like purpose, but it did not suffice, as he lost his seat. The critics do not complain of the bribery, they narrow their objections to the fact that the money so obtained had previously been stolen. While the papers to which we have referred are full of allusions to the wholesale manufacture of counterfeit votes, they confess that only a few clumsy operators have been detected, so few that they do not represent one coiner for a thousand counterfeit votes. With respect to criminal incidents and acts of violence, the New York *Tribune* of the 10th November, 1871, says: "One election was attended with scenes of disorder in the lower wards, and there was a large number of stabbing and shooting affrays in the evening." Such incidents would probably have been more serious except for the precautions taken to suppress riot. The paper last quoted adds that "the seventh, twelfth, twenty-second, and seventy-first Regiments were kept in their armouries during the day in readiness for service." We shall close our extracts with the following outspoken charge of systematic corruption:

From New York Tribune, Nov. 1, 1871.

"THE CRIME OF BALLOT-BOX STUFFING.

"People must be struck by the freedom and vigour with which our Democratic reformers denounce illegal and fraudulent voting, as also what Mr. O'Conor so forcibly terms 'that false canvassing which is the last diabolical resort.' * * * These men know whereof they affirm. They understood long ago that Sickles was counted into Congress over Wallbridge; that Hoffman was declared Mayor when Roberts had much the larger vote; and that he was swindled into the Governor's chair when Griswold had a legal majority. They know that the predominance of the Tammany Chiefs in City and State is based and built upon fraud at elections, &c. No sooner does an intelligent man fall out of the Tammany line than he begins to say: 'Your elections are polluted by fraud. The results claimed are nothing like the judgment of the legal electors who voted. I *know* them to be shams. You must devise new safeguards on the ballot-box, or you might as well authorize the Tammany sachems to return whatever they please as the result, and save yourselves the trouble of going to the poll.'"

Such, then, is a description drawn by Americans of the working of the ballot in the United States. Knowing but little of the practical operation of the system, the Australians adopted it on the strength of what certain authors had written. Ignorance and distance exerted their usual charms, and men embraced, in a moment of enchantment, what has turned out to be an object of very doubtful virtue. The machinery may have been faulty, and the latest amendments adopted by the Imperial Parliament may supply a remedy for admitted defects. On this point, however, it is too early to speak with confidence. In the meanwhile, the practical working of the English law has suggested one or two important considerations which ought not to be overlooked by thoughtful statesmen.

Behind the secret vote secret influences seem to have arisen, the importance of which in Canada as in the United Kingdom, are by no means to be underrated. It is not necessary to discuss the merits of those influences, but it may be of advantage to point them out. Liberals and Conservatives, for it is no party question, are equally bound to examine the drift of a novel experiment, and especially if that experiment tends to contract rather than to expand the freedom of election. The prime purpose of the ballot is to counteract intimidation. Now, as we have elsewhere said, intimidation in Canada is impracticable. The labourer is independent of the landlord, and the capitalist is almost at the mercy of the operative. The question arises whether, in our endeavours to legislate against the work of intimidation, we may not strengthen the arm of certain forces which have the power to intimidate.

It is not necessary to our purpose to lay

any extreme stress on the passionate charge of Judge Keogh on the Galway election, but it is important to note that Father Cohen, who, no doubt, is an earnest and conscientious priest of the Roman Catholic Church, acting from his views of duty and according to the dictates of conscience, with commendable boldness fearlessly declared that, should the occasion arise, he would use the secrecy of the Confessional to control the secrecy of the ballot. In like manner, it is possible that the Grand Chaplain of the Orange Association might put in motion their organization of secrecy to neutralize the secrecy of the ballot-box. So also might the Fenian Head Centre exert his malign influence in the same direction. Father Cohen, like Father Braun, of Montreal, in common with many who think with them, would act consistently enough, for they are of opinion that the temporal is, and should be, subordinate to the spiritual order. The Orangeman's view of ascendency is of a different character. We shall dismiss the Fenian and leave him to himself. It is, however, important to bear in mind that through the operation of Parliament the State may surrender its power to irresponsible parties. By its legislation it puts the franchise into commission, while the Commissioners, being self-constituted, are, and must continue to be, beyond its reach and control. This result may or may not be desirable. We decline to discuss the question; but, if it be inevitable, then it is worthy of much serious thought.

The political advantages of the secret system of voting have scarcely been established, while the moral drawbacks have been eloquently insisted upon. We cannot close this paper in words more earnest than those which were used by the Earl of Shaftesbury in the House of Lords, who, after quoting the language of Daniel Webster addressed to himself—"I tell you," said that eminent American statesman, "that America has the deepest interest in the welfare of England, and it would be the greatest blow to freedom if the ballot were introduced in the monarchy of England." His lordship concluded a speech of singular force in the following impressive words:

"Very many of those who advocate the adoption of the ballot, regard it as a very great evil, and very many more, if they could speak the truth, would express the same opinion. It is very possible the evil resulting from the system will not come to the surface all at once; and in all probability its pernicious effect will not be realized to its full extent until men's passions have been aroused by some extraordinary occasion. In the present aspect of affairs, I am prepared for the overthrow of many of our institutions; I am prepared to see the dissolution of the Church of England, torn as it is by internal dissension; I am prepared to see a vital attack made upon the House of Lords, hateful on account of its hereditary privileges; and I am prepared to tremble for the Monarchy itself, stripped as it is of its true supporters: But I am not prepared for an immoral people; I am not prepared to see the people exercising their highest rights and privileges in secret, refusing to come to the light 'because their deeds are evil.'"

LINES.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

UPON a day—no matter—here or there,
Sweet Philomel was singing, and the air
Was drowsy with the breath of roses everywhere:

II.

I lay and sang—as bees will hum in June
For humming's sake—vague prelude to no tune,
Songs without words, that yet come to an end too soon.

III.

Unknowing care or joy, or love or pain—
Pain that is blessing, or love that is vain—
And asking but to rest, and hear the bird again!

IV.

Behind the copse the sun had died in fire,
When the last wail came, faint, then swelling higher,
As of a soul o'ercome by passion of desire.

V.

So listening, aloud, all heedlessly
I said: "O bird, teach half thy pain to me,
Thou shalt not bear alone so great a misery!"

VI.

And when I turned my prelude had an air,
My song found words, my careless heart found care;
Ah me! it was too late to pray another prayer!

OTTAWA.

UNDINE.

(*From the French of* M. A. THEURIET.)

CHAPTER I.

IT was an intensely disagreeable day in the month of April; rain fell in torrents, and the wind whistled fiercely through the streets of the borough of Rochetaillée, causing the trees to bend and groan, and the window-shutters to creak lugubriously. In the parlour of one of the houses in the *quartier des Corderies*, a young girl of about nineteen summers was seated before an old piano, her fingers wandering listlessly over the keys, while she glanced wearily around upon the faded furniture and sleepy-looking, old fashioned family portraits which graced the walls. Presently she rose and, approaching the window, leant her head against the streaming panes. Outside everything appeared gloomy and sorrow-stricken; the rain was pouring unceasingly, and the draggled hyacinths and other spring flowers lay dejectedly on the sodden ground. The generally clear and limpid stream of the Aubette was dull and muddy; smoke curled in dense masses from the chimneys of the dripping roofs, and the whole country seemed dissolved in tears. The young girl shivered, and, returning to the piano, commenced playing a brilliant waltz. Suddenly, letting her hands drop from the keys, she exclaimed:

"What a weary world it is!"

"What is the matter, little one?" asked the servant entering suddenly, with her sleeves rolled up, and attired in the inevitable apron and a white cap, the strings of which were floating on the breeze. She was a stout, motherly woman, with kindly blue eyes, and preserving her fresh complexion in spite of her forty years. "What is the matter, Antoinette?" she repeated in a kindly tone.

"Céline," replied Antoinette, raising her melancholy eyes, "I shall die if this dreadful rain continues much longer. Such an atmosphere of gloom pervades the whole house, from the stupid paper flowers to these horrid ancestral portraits, which I feel tempted to tear out of their frames from sheer lack of amusement!"

"Poor dear! If M. de Lisle were not so dreadfully proud, and would allow you to visit at the notary's or the doctor's, there is some society even here; but with his haughty airs he has managed to set all Rochetaillée against him. *He* prefers the tavern of Pitoiset, where he can carouse at ease with his friends the poachers."

"Poor papa!" sighed Antoinette, "his life in this village is not by any means a happy one; he mourns the loss of the happy days at Tours, and his good situation."

"But why did he lose his situation?" queried Céline. "He spent his days in hunting and his nights at cards, and as a natural consequence the government dismissed him. He did not trouble himself much about you, and after your mother's death, had it not been for me, you would often enough have had to run about in tattered boots."

The servant shrugged her shoulders and leaned her elbows on the piano. "Do you know," she continued, "instead of quarrelling with your mother's family, your father should have left you in Paris with your grandparents, who would doubtless have found you a good husband."

"Ugh!" retorted Antoinette with a disdainful movement. "Heaven preserve me from a husband of my grandmother's selection—cross-grained and surly government employés, bald as apes and methodical

as parsons. Much obliged! I prefer the boarding school at Passy, in which I was shut up."

"Why were you not left there then?"

"Because it was expensive—and we are poor, Céline."

"Poor!" repeated Céline; "yes, your father, after having eaten all his cake, economises the brown bread of other people and becomes a miser. As for your grandparents, they are misers also. Your mother was their only child, and they could easily have supported you and paid your school bills.—Don't mention their names to me."

"Oh Céline!" sighed Antoinette in despairing accents, "nobody cares for me!"

"Nobody!" exclaimed Céline reproachfully. "Have I not petted and spoiled you from the very day I entered your parents' service—eighteen years ago next Christmas. When I saw you lying in your cradle, so frail and delicate, with your large wistful eyes, my heart went out to you, and I loved you at once, you poor neglected little darling. It was I who tucked you in your little bed, who dressed you like an angel on Corpus Christi Day, and who crammed you with sweetmeats when your mamma punished you. Nobody love you! You ungrateful girl! Well surely, if I had not loved you devotedly I would not have refused to get married ten times, for," continued Céline, straightening herself; "I had my share of lovers, gallant ones too, I can assure you; but then I would have been compelled to leave you. Do you think I would have remained in your parents' service if it had not been for your sake? Never say that nobody loves you."

"Yes, dear Céline, *you* love me" exclaimed Antoinette, clasping her arms round her nurse's neck, "you love me truly. But nobody else cares for me."

"What other love do you require? Besides, you have M. Ormancey, and he is surely a good and kind friend."

Antoinette pouted. "Evonyme!" she said, "yes, he is comical enough at times, and once I amused myself by endeavouring to make him fall in love with me."

"Oh, you dreadful child," said Céline reprovingly.

"Don't be uneasy," laughingly replied Antoinette, "his heart is by no means endangered; it is altogether too capacious for that—flowers, birds and books, in fact every thing, finds a place therein, and I would never accept simply a *share* of love. Besides Evonyme is not my ideal; the man whom I could love must have a grand and noble character, an iron will which bows to none, but in my hands pliable as wax."

"Such a man does not exist, my child. Holy Virgin, I hear your father in the stable, and instead of chattering to you I ought to be preparing supper."

Céline was not mistaken, for loud whistling from the direction of the stables announced that the master was at home, and that, as usual, his first visit was paid to his cattle, of which he was exceedingly proud. A few minutes later M. de Lisle, dressed in velveteen leggings and soft felt hat, appeared in the doorway, and, calling to Céline to know if the animals' supper was ready, again led the way to the stable.

Truly the fine ladies of Tours, with whom he had flirted in the days of his prosperity, would have been slow to recognise in this man in farmer's dress the handsome Norbert de Lisle who used to set their hearts fluttering. And no wonder, for he was completely changed. M. de Lisle was the son of a rich landed proprietor at Rochetaillée, and had, through the influence of his wife's relatives, been appointed Inspector of the Stud. He led a gay life for the space of twenty years in the rich country of Tourraine, but finally, some of his pranks having lost him his situation, he was obliged to return to Rochetaillée and live upon a small remnant of his inheritance. Since that time he was an altered man—a thorough farmer, working in the fields with his labourers, and not

ashamed to sell his cattle and grain at the market of Langres. Of his former life he retained only a commanding tone, haughty manners, and a passionate love of hunting—or rather poaching, for scandal said of him that he pursued his favourite occupation on government lands rather than on his own modest domain.

When the cattle had been properly attended to, M. de Lisle returned to the kitchen, where the lamp was lighted and the table in readiness. In spite of his fifty years and some signs of obesity, he was still a handsome man—tall, robust, and well made; with an eagle eye, Roman nose, and white teeth gleaming through his iron-grey moustache. As he reclined in an easy-chair near the chimney, Antoinette came up to kiss him; then she seated herself on a low seat by his side, while in front of both lay Tant-Belle, M. de Lisle's pet dog.

"Well, little one," said M. de Lisle, "why don't you ask for my news?" and, as Antoinette merely shrugged her shoulders in reply, he continued: "In the first place I met Evonyme; he is dining with the Justice of the Peace, and will be here presently. Secondly, the new *garde-général* has arrived."

"Indeed" said the girl, stifling a yawn; "does he resemble his predecessor? Is his every second word an oath? Has he a pack of hounds at his heels, and does he delight in card-playing?"

"I will answer all your questions to-night, for after dinner I mean to walk as far as the inn where he has put up, and if I take a fancy to him shall ask him up to see us: it is always best to be on the right side of these foresters."

Céline, who was just dishing the soup, muttered to herself: "Ask him here, indeed! as if there were not enough tiresome people coming to the house without him." Then she continued aloud: "Why don't you take Antoinette a little into society, to the notary's, or some other respectable neighbour's house. That would be far better for her than inhaling the odour of tobacco and listening to unbecoming conversation."

"Hold your tongue, you old scold," said M. de Lisle, "it is your remarks that are unbecoming. Mind your own business and let us have our soup."

"Here it is," growled Céline, putting down the vegetable soup which, with a mutton stew, composed the bill of fare.

Just as they were finishing their repast the dog barked, and Céline remarking, "that is M. Evonyme," hastily left the room to open the door for him.

Evonyme Ormancey was tall and slight; his fresh complexion, blue eyes, and fair hair and whiskers, gave him an almost boyish expression, although he was thirty years old. And boyish he was, notwithstanding his Parisian birth and education; being of rather an erratic disposition, he had left Paris and taken refuge in the woods in order to satisfy his taste for reverie and restless wandering. In early youth he had evinced a talent for literature, but whether from timidity or idleness, he had now relinquished all attempts at authorship, and passed the greater part of the year on a farm situated in the heart of the forest, where he lived in a poetical world of his own creation. His farm was about a mile distant from Rochetaillée, and here he had renewed his acquaintance with Antoinette, whose mother had been a relative of his. The young girl was amused by his simplicity and odd manners, and M. de Lisle liked him, and encouraged his visits, because he was rich and generous.

Scarcely had he shaken hands with M. de Lisle when the latter rose, and whistling to Tant-Belle, set out for the inn, leaving Evonyme and Antoinette alone by the ample fireplace in the quaint old kitchen.

"Come, bird of melancholy," said Antoinette, coquettishly stretching out her pretty little feet, "this lugubrious rain has tuned me exactly to your pitch—tell me one of your graveyard stories. I am just in the humour for listening."

"Don't laugh at my graveyards," replied Evonyme; "I saw a lovely one only yesterday at Vivey, which set me dreaming to such an extent that I actually put down the whole reverie in my journal."

Antoinette smiled. "So that famous journal is still in existence. I thought you had long since given up writing."

"For the public, yes—for myself, never! When I am utterly weary of wandering over hill and dale, tired even of my familiar friends Montaigne and La Fontaine, I open my journal and talk to it. In it are inscribed, like bygone melodies, my thoughts and feelings of every day; there I can breathe the fragrance of flowers which, though faded long ago, can never lose their sweet perfume for me. My journal consoles me for my own nothingness; it and I are like lovers:

"Nous sommes l'un à l'autre un monde toujours beau,
Toujours divers, toujours nouveau."

"Why in the world," interrupted Antoinette, "did you never get married, your disposition is so domestic." Evonyme heaved a sigh. "Ah," he said, "all my friends ask me the same question; but, you see, marriage means giving up all useless, pleasant dreams; it is like a journey into an unknown land made under the escort of a cicerone, during which you are compelled to submit to all the forms prescribed by your guide." Antoinette laughed, and Evonyme continued in an absurdly confidential tone of voice: "Besides, I must confess that I am afraid of women."

Antoinette bent towards him and said saucily: "Are you afraid of all women?—Even of me?"

"Of you?" replied Evonyme, after a moment's pause, "yes, certainly, of you most of all. A woman is dangerous and incomprehensible, but a young girl is an Isis, whose mystic veil falls only after marriage, and only then is it revealed to a man what companion he has by his side—whether an angel, nun, fool, or fury."

"Pray what shall I be like when once unveiled?" exclaimed Antoinette as, rising abruptly, she stood before Evonyme with a piqued and provoking air. The firelight illumed with soft glow her graceful form, whose faultless proportions were admirably displayed by her well-fitting blue merino dress. The rest of her person was lost in mysterious gloom, except when, at intervals, the flickering flames revealed the delicate throat and perfect oval face shaded by tresses of rippling gold—a head that might have served as a model to Leonardo da Vinci.

Looking thus upon the young girl, with her large liquid blue eyes and delicately chiselled red lips, all the artist awoke in Evonyme. He had never before realised her wondrous beauty, and when she spoke again, repeating her question, he started as from a dream.

"You?" he replied slowly, his eyes still riveted on the beautiful picture—"you are Undine! a child of the deep. You have all the charm, the graceful motion of the waves; you have their sudden anger and the water's treacherous calm; your very eyes assume its varying hues. The man whom you love must have a heart of steel, or you will drag him relentlessly with you into the depths of your native element." He stopped suddenly on perceiving that Antoinette's face was overcast; her smile had vanished, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"How wicked you must think me!" she murmured.

And Evonyme, filled with remorse at sight of her tears, endeavoured to throw as much tenderness as possible into his gruff voice as he answered:—"I have been joking, and like La Fontaine's donkey, who tried to imitate the little dog, my jokes are rather awkward. Pray forgive me, and do not take my words to heart."

Just then Tant-Belle was heard scratching at the door, and Antoinette hastily brushed away her tears as M. de Lisle entered, looking rather out of sorts.

"Well," inquired his daughter, "did you see your new *garde-général?*"

"Yes," growled M. de Lisle, "and a queer fish he is too; he scarcely condescended to take any notice of my politeness."

"Exactly what I expected," said the young girl; "he is another surly, ill-tempered old grumbler."

"He is not old,—not above thirty; but his black beard and surly aspect make him look like a conspirator." Antoinette's expression lost somewhat of its indifference, and Evonyme inquired the new-comer's name.

"Duhoux," replied M. de Lisle.

"Duhoux!" repeated Evonyme, rising to go. "I had a college friend of that name—strange if it should be the same."

"Duhoux!" exclaimed Antoinette, "that name just suits his description. He must be a friend of yours, Evonyme. Good-night. I am tired, and am off to bed."

CHAPTER II.

THE following day, Jacques Duhoux, whose arrival had aroused M. de Lisle's curiosity, was awakened by the usual stir in the inn-yard at Pitoiset. This, the only hostelry of Rochetaillée, could scarcely be styled a Temple of Concord; the jingling of glasses, the desultory talk of the habitual topers, the barking of dogs, mingled with the harsh voice of the hostess, made so discordant a tumult that the new *garde-général* could not endure it, and, dressing hastily, he sought refuge in an avenue of linden trees in front of the inn. This avenue, bordered by two arms of the Aubette, and known as the *promenade "entre deux eaux,"* connected the houses in the village with the ancient Abbey of Rochetaillée, and was overlooked on one side by the mill and terraced garden of the house of *les Corderies.* The noise and confusion which prevailed at the inn were utterly distasteful to Jacques Duhoux, accustomed to a quiet and methodical life at his father's house, and he felt completely out of his element. Walking backwards and forwards under the lindens, the fresh landscape and the murmuring water in a measure soothed his ruffled spirits, although at the same time the familiar sights around him recalled his native place, and woke in him a feeling of homesickness.

He wandered thus, a prey to sad recollections, utterly unsuspicious of the fact that he was being closely scrutinized. Mlle. de Lisle had perceived him from the terrace, and at once divined that the strange pedestrian could be none other than the new forester, though it must be confessed that he in no manner resembled the picture she had drawn of him in her imagination. Jacques Duhoux was not handsome, but his stern and energetic, although irregular features, his deep-set eyes and expansive forehead, gave him a manly and imposing appearance. His expression and bearing indicated depth of character and an iron will. Suddenly shaking his head, as if to rid himself of some tormenting thought, he disappeared in the direction of the inn.

Half an hour later he might have been seen plunging into the woods which extend from Rochetaillée to Vivey, and in truth he could have sought no better cure for melancholy. Passionately devoted to his calling, the woods possessed a powerful attraction for him; their silence and solitude were full of charm, and always imparted to him a feeling of rest and calm. Jacques had scarcely gone a hundred yards ere he was himself again. Whistling softly, he crossed the little brook, and was advancing into the glade when he saw approaching him a peculiar figure, book in hand, gesticulating violently, and speaking to himself. Such an apparition, in this remote spot, struck Jacques as so singular that he stopped to examine the excited student more closely. When about two steps distant, the latter raised his head, and exclaimed:

"Jacques! is it possible?"

"Evonyme!" cried Jacques, at the same time recognising a college chum whom he had not seen for ten years. They shook hands heartily, and overwhelmed each other with questions about the past, and about friends whom they had long lost sight of.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" queried Jacques. "I have repeatedly sought your name in the papers, for I thought you were launched upon the sea of letters."

Evonyme shook his head sadly. "Yes," he sighed, "I promised fair enough! But the fairy godmother who endowed me with a taste for literature bestowed on me a love of idleness as well, and once fairly started on my downward course, with nothing to impede my progress, I glided gently and almost imperceptibly to the foot of the hill. I manage to find consolation in my books," he added, tapping the volume of Montaigne which he held in his hand, "and then I live at peace here, in a sort of dreamland. The birds and breezes compose my orchestra, and I dance with my fancies. I know that I must appear quite as ridiculous as any other grey-haired waltzer, but my partners persuade me to the contrary; they flatter me, and whisper gently that poets who sing their lays to the public are least in earnest and least sincere."—Jacques laughed—"And you, old friend," added Evonyme, grasping the other's hand, "how has your life turned out?"

"Oh," replied Jacques, "my life is simple and uneventful enough. The programme which I sketched out for myself at the age of twenty was as prosaic and uninteresting as a proposition in algebra, yet so far I have followed it out, and I have no higher object than to adhere to it faithfully until the end. I am devoted to my profession, and up to the present time have lived more in the society of trees than of men. My ambition is to see our hills clothed anew with trees, for a country without woods and forests is a country deprived of its future. I mean to work hard for a few more years, then I will return home and marry some gentle girl—whom my mother is to select for me. When I am quietly settled I shall write a book on the preservation of forests."

"You intend to marry!" exclaimed Evonyme, "Well at times I wonder whether I should not do likewise; I am certainly no genius, but if I had children they would, at least while they were little, look upon me as a great man."

Thus they chatted for about a quarter of an hour, and then separated with a promise from Jacques that he would breakfast with Evonyme the following morning at the farm of Val-Clavin.

The same evening Evonyme went to spend an hour at *les Corderies*. M. de Lisle was out, but he found Antoinette walking under the walnut trees in the terrace, and to her he related his meeting with Jacques.

"He is not in the least changed, but is still the same stern, honest and loyal-hearted fellow I knew at College. He is coming to breakfast with me to-morrow, and I shall heartily enjoy a long chat with him."

"Do not forget to read him your journal by way of dessert," laughed Antoinette. She walked on a few steps, then turning abruptly towards Evonyme, she added: "I am quite anxious to make the acquaintance of this wonderful puritan; won't you bring him to call upon me?"

Evonyme looked annoyed. "What an idea! Jacques would probably treat such a proposition just as he did your father's advances. He is a perfect savage. Besides I am sure he would not suit you any more than you would please him."

"And pray why should I not please him?"

"Because your character is the very reverse of his."

"That means that I am silly, thoughtless and frivolous! Many thanks, Monsieur, for the compliment."

It was useless for Evonyme to attempt getting getting out of the scrape, by explain-

ing that his friend was shy, and avoided the society of ladies. All this merely increased Antoinette's curiosity, and she insisted on knowing the forester, adding in a saucy tone, that it would be such fun to turn the head of this virtuous Grandison. Evonyme became impatient at last, and said that she would only waste her time, as Jacques was already betrothed to a young girl in his native town.

"Betrothed!" exclaimed Antoinette, disdainfully, "to a red-haired provincial who makes preserves and does tambour work! My dear friend, if I only cared to take the trouble I should have him at my feet in the course of a week, in spite of his shyness and his fair betrothed."

Evonyme smiled incredulously, and Antoinette, who felt aggrieved and exasperated by contradiction, declared she would make the attempt.

"Upon my word," said Evonyme, "I am curious to know how you will manage to make a fellow fall in love with you whom there is not a chance of your meeting, and who will certainly never call upon you."

"I have not quite settled that point yet myself. Perhaps you will bring him here some of these days."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!"

"Very well then, I shall meet him elsewhere."

"I dare you to do it."

"You dare me!" Antoinette's eyes fairly flashed, and she trembled so violently that for a moment she could not continue.—"I shall see him no later than to-morrow—will you bet?"

"Bet what?" enquired Evonyme with a burst of laughter, which further aggravated the girl.

"If you lose, you shall give me that copy of Musset to which you cling so tenaciously. Ah, you dare me to do it; we shall see!" and she turned hastily into the house, leaving Evonyme behind in a state of bewilderment. The following morning M. de Lisle left home at daybreak to attend a fair at Grancy, and was not expected back until night. Antoinette went about in a nervous, restless manner. Immediately after breakfast she said coaxingly to Céline: "Come, be good, and take me for a nice ramble in the woods."

It was quite useless for Céline to prophesy rain, and to declare she would not stir out of the house, for it concluded, as usual, by her humouring the spoilt child. Five minutes later they were both in the woods which led to the Val-Clavin, Antoinette attired in a coquettish grey felt hat, and her little hands daintily thrust into the pockets of her jaunty jacket; poor Céline panting behind her, pointing out the dark clouds, and relating tragical tales of people who had caught their deaths by venturing out in just such weather.

Antoinette was utterly heedless of her nurse's warnings; she went gaily on, stopping occasionally to pluck a flower or fern, while Céline, quite out of breath, vainly endeavoured to keep up with her. Suddenly the heavy clouds burst, and the rain came pelting down.

"I told you so," moaned Céline; "let us go home."

"It won't hurt us in the least," replied Antoinette. "Let us leave the path; if we get under the trees we will be protected by the foliage."

Accordingly she struck into the woods, as if following a previously formed plan. The leaves proved but a scanty protection to the two adventurers, who, in a short time, were completely drenched. Suddenly they came to an opening in the forest, from whence they saw, rising in the midst of green meadows, the grey walls and roof of a farm-house.

"What a state we are in!" exclaimed Céline, shaking out her dripping skirts. "What shall we do?"

"Our troubles are over now," replied Antoinette. "Before us lies the farm of

Val-Clavin ; we will ask Evonyme for shelter."

Céline, however, protested against this. Had not M. Evonyme told them he expected the *garde-général* to breakfast? What would the gentleman think if he were to see Antoinette and her nurse come in looking like gypsies?

"He may think what he pleases," replied Antoinette.

Having uttered these words in a hasty manner, she turned aside from the forest, and, with utter disregard of Evonyme's corn-fields, made directly for the farm, followed at a slower pace by Céline. When the house was reached she did not allow herself time for a moment's reflection, but with head erect and beating heart, opened the door.

The friends had finished their coffee, and were smoking by the fire. At sight of Antoinette, Ormancey sprang from his seat, while Jacques rose, laid aside his cigar, and looked curiously from his host to the young girl.

"Is it you?" finally exclaimed Evonyme.

"Yes, it is I," was the answer, in a voice rendered indistinct by emotion. "You owe me a Musset, my dear Evonyme! I have disturbed you. I hope the gentleman will pardon me."

Jacques bowed silently, and fixed his black eyes wonderingly on the strange apparition. Antoinette, in the centre of the room, bouquet in hand, with sparkling eyes, humid cheeks, and bearing in her hair and on her garments the traces of the recent shower, looked a very naiad. Evonyme was silent, and appeared confused and annoyed. During the momentary silence which ensued, the sweet warbling of the larks could be heard distinctly from the corn-fields. Antoinette, feeling her courage forsake her, tried to smile as she said: "I wanted to have a ramble in the woods, and when we were caught in the rain it occurred to Céline that we should take refuge here."

At this point, Jacques' eyes, which during the relation of this rather improbable narrative had remained fixed upon her with an expression of disapprobation, became too much for Antoinette. She could not finish her sentence, and was obliged to turn to Céline to hide her embarrassment.

"Come," said Evonyme, who was secretly enjoying her discomfiture, "come and get dry, both of you. And next time, take counsel of your barometer before venturing into the woods of Val-Clavin!"

The tone of mocking pity which accompanied his last words exasperated Antoinette. She would not endure his compassion before this stranger. She experienced a mingled sensation of humiliation and regret for her wild escapade, which was too much for her already over excited nerves. "You are too kind!" she exclaimed, haughtily. "I am not wet, and had better go home. Come, Céline, it has cleared up now."

"What a strange little being," said Jacques to Evonyme. The forester had recommenced smoking, and was walking up and down the room.

"She is the daughter of a friend of mine, M. de Lisle; a spoilt child, and brought up like the deuce in a Paris boarding-school. But you must not judge from appearances; she is a splendid girl, and has a good heart," and poor Evonyme set about enumerating all Antoinette's excellent qualities.

"Yes," replied Jacques, "a fashionable young lady! A style of woman I fear, and that is utterly distasteful to me."

CHAPTER III.

THEY returned to *les Corderies* silently through the heavy shower, and immediately on their arrival Antoinette retired to her room, whence she only emerged in the evening, in exceedingly bad humour;

but on perceiving Céline's woe-begone countenance, and hearing that she was suffering from lumbago, the young girl kissed her tenderly. She overwhelmed her with caresses, and immediately set about preparing a decoction, which she compelled Céline to swallow. "Alas!" she cried, embracing her devoted nurse, "forgive me; I know I am a hateful girl."

"Come, come, dear," replied Céline,—"don't talk nonsense; I don't bear you any ill-will; it is decidedly not your fault that it rained, and that we were so inhospitably received at the Val-Clavin, thanks to the rude and disagreeable forester."

Antoinette's cheeks flushed painfully.—"If you love me pray never mention that ridiculous adventure again, or I shall die of shame."

Sobs choked her utterance, and throwing herself into her nurse's arms, she burst into tears. Céline succeeded at last in quieting her, but she could not forget the scene at the farm. For several days she was thoughtful and preoccupied; whenever she closed her eyes she could see Jacques Duhoux before her, as he leaned against the mantelpiece contemplating her with a look of haughty pity. This scrutinizing look, which had so completely disconcerted her at the farm, haunted her even in her dreams.

When Evonyme returned to *les Corderies*, Antoinette's first words were a request that he should not mention her escapade to M. de Lisle; then she added hastily, with downcast eyes "I should like to know what your friend said of me after my departure."

"Not a word," answered Evonyme, who did not wish to add to her confusion by repeating Jacques' speech.

"What! not one word?"

"No. Jacques is very reserved. He is entirely engrossed by his studies, and has doubtless by this time forgotten the incident."

"So much the better," said Antoinette in a disappointed tone.

This utter contempt seemed to her an insult. She would have preferred the keenest satire to such total indifference; had she but known it, however, Jacques was far from feeling indifferent. Antoinette's abrupt appearance had produced so deep an impression upon him that he became uneasy. In his hitherto quiet life he had met only women of staid demeanour, or timid and "well brought up" young girls. To these Antoinette, with her easy manners and rather peculiar dress, but above all her original and marvellous beauty, formed a striking contrast—a contrast similar to that produced by a rare exotic flower of brilliant hue and rich fragrance in a bouquet of monthly roses. The glory of her beauty dazzled and bewildered him, and although he was too reticent to let Evonyme perceive his feelings, he was none the less impressed. He was perpetually haunted with the recollection of Antoinette as she appeared at the farm, with burning cheeks and rain-drops glistening in her hair. It was in vain that he tried to rid himself of this picture, which would come between him and his work; in vain even did he determine to avoid the village on his way to the forest, lest he should again behold the enchantress.

Chance was to baffle all his wise precautions. Towards the end of May, the daughter of one of the under-foresters of Rochetaillée was to be married, and her father celebrated the event by a dinner and ball, to which all his friends were bidden. Jacques Duhoux of course could not affront his subordinate by refusing to appear, and Evonyme, who was at all the village weddings, as well as M. de Lisle, were among the guests. Antoinette had promised the bride to be present at the ball, and towards evening she was duly escorted there by Céline.

The forester's house was situated in the woods a little above the ponds of La Thuilière, and it was uncommonly warm for the month of May. The dinner had been served in the open air, where the ball also was to

take place. The spot was admirably chosen, being a clearing known as La Belle Etoile. Round the dancers the dense forest formed a dark belt of shadow, while an opening in the trees showed a glimpse of the hollow where lay the calm and silent ponds, and where the setting sun was slowly disappearing in the western horizon.

When, after smoking his cigar, Jacques appeared among the dancers, the orchestra was playing a waltz, and the first person his eye lighted on was Antoinette. She was attired in a white muslin dress with blue stripes; a graceful tulle *fichu* was crossed over her beautiful shoulders; her hair, which was rolled back, and confined by a tortoise-shell comb, was adorned simply with narcissus flowers. She waltzed charmingly, and seemed to glide through the dance like a fairy; her lips were wreathed in smiles, and her eyes beamed with pleasure and happiness. On beholding her Jacques instinctively retired into the shade, whence, hidden behind chaperons and wall-flowers, his eyes ever followed the dancer in the white and blue dress. She had an irresistible attraction for him—never before had he looked upon so beautiful and graceful a vision.

Gradually night had come on; the coloured lanterns shone like glow-worms among the leaves, and through the trees the stars twinkled like golden eyes. The waltz had been succeeded by a quadrille; Antoinette danced *vis-à-vis* to the bride, her face lustrous, and her eyes sparkling with delight.

M. de Lisle, who did not consider the ball very entertaining, began to find the time hang rather heavily on his hands, and quietly withdrew. Seeing Antoinette so happy he did not wish to curtail her pleasure, and trusted to Evonyme to see her safely home. Evonyme, however, was sunk in one of his fits of melancholy abstraction, for the sight of a wedding, the sound of music, or the gaiety of a ball, always affected him strangely. He was endeavouring to solve the problem of marriage; gazing thoughtfully at the radiant faces of the newly married couple he sighed wearily. "These people are happy," thought he. "After all, getting married and becoming the head of a family is perhaps the true aim and purpose of life." Musing thus he lit his pipe, and turning towards the lonely old forest, whose mysterious gloom seemed to attract him, he plunged into its shadow and disappeared.

Meanwhile the ball progressed, the hours glided on unperceived, and Jacques still continued to feast his eyes on Antoinette, who seemed not to weary of dancing. Suddenly he beheld her no longer, and, ashamed of his folly, he was preparing to return to the borough, when the under-forester's harsh voice resounded behind him. Turning abruptly he beheld Sauvageot and Antoinette, the latter draped in a white *burnous*, whose hood partly fell over her eyes. "M. Duhoux," said the forester, "may I request a favour of you? Here is mademoiselle de Lisle anxious to return to Rochetaillée. As you are about leaving, would you have the goodness to escort her home?"

A refusal was out of the question. Jacques bowed his acquiescence, and, bidding his host good-night, set off beside Antoinette. At first neither of them spoke; Jacques, embarrassed by this unexpected *tête-à-tête*, walked along lost in thought, while Antoinette, half buried in her *burnous*, listened to the music which resounded behind them, her graceful step still keeping time to the distant music. Suddenly she slipped on the pebbles and uttered a little cry; Jacques mechanically offered his arm, which she refused, on the pretext that the path was too narrow for two people to walk abreast. Jacques did not press her to accept his offered support, and the conversation ceased again. Just then the pale crescent of the moon became visible; her bluish light seemed to glide like a tracery of silver over the great tract of the wooded country.

Beneath, in the hollow towards La Thuilière, a long streak of silver, intertwining itself with millions of gleaming lines, lay calmly on the bosom of the dark waters of the lake and lit up its wooded shores, while in the distance, from the Val des Frais, were heard the soft notes of a nightingale. "M. Duhoux," said Antoinette suddenly, "confess that you have a horrible opinion of me, and that my freak at the Val-Clavin shocked you dreadfully."

"Oh! mademoiselle!"

"Yes, you think me a very ill-mannered girl. Own it frankly, and I will not be offended; I have enjoyed myself thoroughly to-night, and nothing makes me more willing to confess past misdeeds than present happiness."

"Indeed," said Jacques, in a slightly sarcastic tone, "are you often in such a frame of mind?"

She stopped, gave him a saucy look, and answered in a decisive tone of voice: "Certainly, whenever I have my own way."

"Well that," replied Jacques, "is something which does not occur frequently in a lifetime."

"Oh, it does though!" continued Antoinette; "at all events so far as I am concerned, for people generally end by yielding to me. Papa never dreams of opposing me, and as for Céline, she spoils me completely."

"Who is Céline?"

"My nurse; she has been with me ever since I was born. I am very fond of her, and she idolizes me. When mamma used to punish me Céline always found means to comfort me; and I often required her good offices, for I was a very naughty and idle little girl."

"I think," said Jacques, half joking, half seriously, "it would have been better for you had she boxed your ears."

"Indeed you are greatly mistaken; I can be ruled by love, but never by harshness! They expected to tame me when they sent me to the Sacred Heart at Marmoutiers."

"Well, and what was the result?"

"Quite a tragical one . . . When I found myself shut up and compelled to wear a horrible dark green uniform, I was in despair, and resolved to kill myself. I had brought my paint-box along with me to school, and I abstracted a cake of Prussian blue from it; Céline, who was always warning me against putting my brushes into my mouth, had told me that colour was poisonous, and I now hoped that I had a sufficient quantity of it to kill me. I kept my Prussian blue in my pocket, and put it under my pillow at night; one evening, feeling more wretched and lonely than usual, I swallowed it."

"It must have made you horribly ill!" exclaimed Jacques, astonished and shocked at this recital.

"Yes, but it did not kill me," laughed Antoinette, "and I was taken away from the Sacred Heart."

"That was a decided mistake," moralized Jacques, who had become thoughtful again; "you should have been left there, and I am willing to assert that you would not a second time have tried an experiment with Prussian blue."

Antoinette looked at him and shrugged her shoulders. "I should not advise any one to trust to that," murmured she; then suddenly interrupting the conversation, she ran to pick some wild honeysuckle which was swaying between the branches of a walnut tree. One of the stalks proving too strong for her fingers, she rose on tip-toe, and, taking the green wood between her teeth, attempted to bite it. Jacques stood admiring her dimpled arms and the pearly teeth which sparkled in the moonlight. "You will cut your lips," he said in tones so gentle and almost tender that they formed a striking contrast to his usually stern manner. Antoinette stopped in surprise. Their eyes met for the first time, and Jacques experienced a new and strange emotion.

When she had wearied of gathering flowers

they descended into the hollow: this was the longer road, but Jacques made no observation. Soon they were on the banks of the little lake, which glittered with fairy-like splendour in its framework of whispering rushes. With a rapid movement of her head Antoinette dropped her hood and threw her *burnous* from her shoulders. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "I love the water; I love it passionately!"

"Perhaps you have an Undine as godmother," said Jacques laughingly.

She smiled, but pouted as she replied, "Evonyme says I am one myself, because I have green eyes."

"Green!" exclaimed Jacques. "I thought they were blue."

"That is because you have never seen them properly. Look," she added thoughtlessly, raising towards Jacques her beautiful face irradiated by the moonlight.

Jacques was fast losing his self-possession. "Do you know," he said in slightly tremulous accents, "that the Undines have rather a bad reputation? They are said to prove fatal to those who love them."

"Nonsense," said Antoinette, approaching a little nearer to the margin of the pond; "that is because their lovers do not love them fondly and truly enough. In order to love enough one must love too much. Well, while we are in my kingdom I will pluck some flowers to complete my bouquet."

A few yards from the slope was a little island covered with willows and connected with the road by a slender foot-bridge, just below which a bed of water-lilies waved their graceful heads. Antoinette stepped on the plank, as if to pluck them.

"Don't do that," cried Jacques; "the plank is unsafe and the pond is deep."

"I am not afraid of water," answered the girl, trying the plank with her foot, and causing it to bend.

"You have been placed in my charge, and you shall not be guilty of such imprudence," said Jacques sternly, and as she did not appear to be listening, he continued: "Do not take another step—I forbid it."

"Oh, you do!" she retorted defiantly. In another instant she was in the centre of the plank, and, kneeling down, dipped one of her arms into the water. Jacques followed her; his knowledge of existing danger, and the stubbornness of the giddy girl, had provoked him exceedingly. He seized her arms angrily and raised her abruptly. Unfortunately their double weight proved too great for the frail plank, which bent like a reed; a dull cracking was heard, and Antoinette uttered a cry of alarm as she felt her feet getting wet. Jacques strained her to his breast with half-savage violence, and with a single bound reached the shore.

The girl's surprise and terror had been so intense that for a moment she lay motionless in the forester's arms, and while her charming head rested on his shoulder the young man had time to admire her eyes, softly shaded by long curling lashes, and to notice the pretty pink, shell-like ear, which was just visible among her dishevelled hair. A sort of magnetic attraction caused him to incline his head towards that of Antoinette, but just at that moment she trembled violently and opened her eyes; quickly disengaging herself from his arms she blushed violently, then burst into a fit of laughter.

Jacques, who had regained his composure, felt nettled by her mirth, and said rather crossly: "That was nothing to laugh at. The pond is so full of slime and water-weeds that it would have been impossible to swim, and we might both have been compelled to remain in it."

Antoinette had seated herself on the trunk of a tree and was shaking her dripping cloak. "Well," she said, "I would have taken you into my kingdom, where my sisters the water nymphs dwell, and sing while they comb their green hair with golden combs. Is not that how the legends end?"

"Your feet are wet," replied Jacques impatiently; "You had better walk on."

She rose with a pout, and they were soon on the road once more. After taking a few hurried steps they saw a little woman advancing rapidly towards them. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Antoinette, "is not that Céline?" So soon as they were within earshot the latter exclaimed, "Is that you, little one? I have been crazy with anxiety about you. The idea of your father leaving you alone in that crowd! It is just like him."

She seized the girl's arm, threw a heavy shawl about her shoulders, and at the same time overpowered Jacques Duhoux with thanks. At the entrance to the borough the *garde général* bade Mlle. de Lisle farewell.

"Au revoir!" said she gaily. Then offering him the flowers she had rescued from the pond, and which she had preserved carefully, she added, "Take my water lilies. I think you deserve them."

When Jacques Duhoux was alone he gazed thoughtfully at the wet blossoms. "It was high time the servant arrived," thought he, "for I was on the point of making a fool of myself."

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

OUTSIDE the limits of a town there lay
The people's spacious city of the dead
In more than usual peace; for now was shed
O'er it the soft white snow. I saw the way
Which led thereto—just as I passed the gate—
Beaten and hard, though it had snowed of late,
And left but comfortless the paths of every day.
Awak'ning thought! the way that leads from life
Is beaten thus! trodden incessant by the feet
Of viewless souls, which haste to meet,
Alike through nature's elemental strife
And war of good and evil, their just doom.
Dread way! So lone, so crowded! Thou hast room
For all; and saints with blessings find thee rife!

JOHN CARRY, B.D.

Jan., 1873.

JOHN STUART MILL.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

ON the ninth of last month, within sight of Laura's tomb, in the ancient city of the Popes, whither he had gone to watch and tend, during the pregnant hours when the force of spring makes violets of the sacred dust below, the gardened grave of his beloved wife, John Stuart Mill, economist, metaphysician, sociologist, statesman, passed into that world which was to him, more perhaps than to most men, a land of shadows. His death was to some extent a surprise. For, though delicate, and approaching the allotted limit of human life, there was no perceptible decay of energy. It seemed only yesterday that he was presiding over a mass meeting in London, advocating with his usual force the rights of the nation to the unearned increment of rent, and men had not ceased speaking of the scholarly paper on Grote's Aristotle in the *Fortnightly* for January. In the opening sentences of that essay, gazing down on the unfinished but far from fragmentary work of the historian, he mourns the shortness of human life. The circumstances which inspired that sigh happily do not repeat themselves in Mr. Mill's case. His work was done. On all the subjects which interested his original and capacious mind we have his matured opinions. An intellect so piercing in its faculty of analysis, and so richly stored with materials for forming just opinions respecting new problems, cannot but leave a great gap behind it. But happily, thanks to the art by which human speech and thought can be preserved for ages after the eager brain that struck them forth has become the clod of the valley, we know, and our remotest posterity will know, all he had to teach. A great intellectual sun has been extinguished, but our atmosphere is still, and will long remain, ablaze with his light.

Thirty years ago Mr. Mill published his first great work. Prior to that time he aided in the foundation of a powerful organ of opinion, and in its pages and elsewhere advocated views which he afterwards gave to the world under the influence of a name that had become a power, and strengthened and finished by protracted reflection. Thirty years ago the ballot, which has now passed into law, was the crotchet of a feeble member of the House of Commons. Thirty years ago Mr. Carlyle's influence and the demoralizing worship of mere force—that influence and that worship which have respectively dwindled into admiration for wit, and collapsed into a desecrated shrine and a prone dethroned idol,—were asserting themselves over the rising generation of intellectual men. Thirty years ago the Woman's Right question, which has come to the front, and which gives us an annual debate in Parliament on the expediency of giving women the franchise, scarcely existed, and when heard of was greeted with derision. Thirty years ago only a few men here and there meditated on the problem of elevating the intelligence and standard of comfort of the lower classes, which is the problem of limiting population. Now a large and influential organisation exists in London for propagating opinions on a subject the difficulties of which could not awe the mind of Mr. Mill. Thirty years ago Parliamentary Reform was regarded by the great majority

of Englishmen of education from the "Rest and be Thankful" standpoint. Thirty years ago the knowledge of Political Economy was confined to the learned; it is widely diffused at this hour. Thirty years ago Sir William Hamilton commenced to build up a metaphysical system on the ruins of that of Brown, and some men thought that at last, on a subject which can never be mastered, one might repose in something ultimate. That structure has been shattered by the merciless artillery of Mr. Mill. During those thirty years the human mind has advanced with extraordinary rapidity, and social questions have ripened in a manner altogether unprecedented. There is some sign of a freer and more tolerant spirit obtaining a hold on the world. A great system of national education is at work in England. We in Canada had anticipated this for ourselves. In producing all the changes which have already taken place; in causing impending changes to assume their present imminence; in antidoting the energetic virus of enthusiasm for strength, regardless of the principles which guided it; in the great sum of forces which go to make up human progress for more than a quarter of a century, Mr. Mill has been an originating and directing spirit.

Educated at home by his father, Mr. James Mill, the historian of British India, and himself a philosopher of high pretensions, whose fame has been overshadowed by that of the delicate intelligent boy on the education of whom he bestowed so much pains, John Stuart Mill, when only in his seventeenth year, was sent into the office of the East India Company as a clerk. He put on the harness of the world when most lads are commencing their studies. Yet on the foundation laid by his father he made time, during the hours unclaimed by business, not only to superstruct a rare and splendid scholarship, but to speculate fruitfully on every question of his day. His career shows how much may be done by a man, whatever his occupation, who forms a life-plan early, and pursues it undeviatingly. We are, most of us, the waifs of circumstance. The half of life is gone; youth is a memory; glorious energies have been trifled away; sad anticipations of sunset obliterate the image of dawn with its bedewing sense of freshness and power, when we devise our schemes of conduct, if we devise them then. But Mr. Mill, from the first, knew himself, and knew the ways before him. He chose his path, and never faltered in the noble line he set himself to walk.

He rose steadily in the office of the East India Company. In 1856 he succeeded to the post which his father had held, as Examiner of Indian Correspondence in the East India House. On the transfer of the administration from the Company to Her Majesty's Government in 1858, he retired, and declined an offer made to him by the present Lord Derby, of a seat in the Indian Council. He married the widow of a London merchant, Harriet Taylor, who had one daughter by her previous marriage. By Mr. Mill she had no offspring. From the moment of their union she devoted herself to the cultivation of literature and the study of philosophy with as much zeal as her husband; to all invitations they returned for answer that they had formed their plan of life, and did not mean to go into society. She seems to have exercised as great an influence over the mind of Mill as the beautiful daughter of Michælis did over that of Schelling. In the dedication of his essay "On Liberty" to her memory, he tells us that, like all he had written for many years, it belonged as much to her as to himself. "But," he adds, "the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination, which they are now never destined to receive." There is doubtless in this language some of the exaggeration of a lover. But

when we recall the many authentic instances in which women seem to have breathed a new power into the mind of genius, inspiring confidence where there has been timidity, calling into joyful and creative activity all the energies of the soul, ennobling ambition, and by the magic of their love filling all the ways of life with rapturous bursts of melody, we shall probably conclude that in those few sentences which seem to wed Romance and Philosophy, we have an account of one of the most fruitful streams of power which fertilized and bore forward his thoughts. We certainly have here an explanation of Mr. Mill's passionate championship of women's claim to all the privileges of men.

In 1827 he edited the Rationale of Judicial Evidence, in 5 vols., from the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham. He and some friends formed a little circle, in which philosophic questions were discussed with exhaustive thoroughness. Later on he was joint editor, and subsequently editor and proprietor, of the *London and Westminster Review*, and was looked on as the rising hope of the Benthamite School. He was known to studious and literary men as a thinker of great promise. But even his friends were not aware of the full magnitude of his powers until, in 1843, he sprang full panoplied into the arena of literature and philosophy, an unknown knight, but strong against all comers. His "System of Logic," justly pronounced the greatest philosophic effort since Locke's Essay, at once informed the reviewers that a giant was among them, and generous critics gave vent to the joy of an intellect dilating with renewed power at the mighty touch of a great original mind, in words which showed appreciation of the fact that Mr. Mill reflected honour on an age half redeemed from superficiality by his existence, and was destined to influence it until a philosophic spirit should be the most distinguishing characteristic of the students of the near future. This work cannot be read intelligently without leaving the impression that another knot has been added to the bamboo cane of life, registering a new epoch in the mind's history.

The book, as Mr. Mill stated in the preface to the first edition, made no pretence of giving the world a new theory of our intellectual operations, and he grounded his claim to the attention of his readers on embodying and systematizing the best ideas which had been already promulgated or conformed to by accurate thinkers. But effectively to discharge the task he had set himself required "a considerable amount of original speculation," and having stated that he lays claim to no other originality than this, with equal manliness and modesty the author launches one of the greatest books of this century.

It would be impossible, within the limits at our disposal, to even cursorily glance at the variety of topics which he discussed. But we may say that though induction occupied the most prominent place in the treatise, the syllogism was vindicated against such writers as Dr. Campbell and Dugald Stewart. Its defence was taken up where Archbishop Whately left it by no means impregnable, and its true nature explained with a penetrating clearness which showed that even the acute mind of Whately had not got beneath the crust. The Archbishop had contended that syllogizing, or reasoning from generals to particulars, was not a peculiar mode of reasoning, but the philosophical analysis of the mode in which all men reason, and must do so if they reason at all. Mr. Mill held, on the other hand, that "not only *may* we reason from particulars to particulars without passing through generals, but we perpetually do so reason;" general propositions being merely registers of inferences already made, and short formulæ for making more. "The major premiss of a syllogism consequently is a formula of this description; and the conclusion is not an inference drawn *from* the formula, but an inference drawn *according* to the formula:

the real logical antecedent, or premisses, being the particular facts from which the general proposition was collected by induction." Thus in the syllogism—

All men are mortal ;
Sir John A. Macdonald is a man ;
Therefore
Sir John A. Macdonald is mortal ;

the major premiss "all men are mortal" is a generalized inference from numbers of individual cases of mortality, and the inference of the mortality of the present Prime Minister of Canada is not concluded from the proposition "all men are mortal," but from the particular instances which led us to register this truth. Thus we are delivered from the dilemma in which we had been placed by those who contended that we can only reason by a process which is acknowledged to be a *petitio principii*. Reasoning may always be exhibited in the syllogistic form, and yet may conduct us to a new truth. The reader will see from these brief remarks that, unlike Whately, who represented induction, so far as it is an act of ratiocination, as resolvable into deductive and syllogistic reasoning, Mr. Mill reduced the syllogism and deduction of all kinds, under the head of induction.

On this last subject he, in defiance of the dicta of Whately and Lord Macaulay, devised a system and brought it into "scientific form," a thing pronounced by the two eminent writers named an impossibility. His metaphysical views, afterwards elaborated in his "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," came out by the way, and thus we see that from the first he placed the science of ontology beyond the reach of the human faculties, while he traces, with more force and ingenuity than Brown possessed, causality to experience.

In the following year appeared "Essays on some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy," all of which were reproduced in an after work with the exception of the fifth essay "On the Definition of Political Economy and the method of investigation proper to it."

Sir James Steuart, Quesnay, and Adam Smith treated Political Economy not as a science but as an art. Mr. Mill condemned this method, and instead of the well-known definitions, which certainly were open to objection as confounding the distinct though closely connected ideas of science and art, he defined Political Economy to be "the science which treats of the production and distribution of wealth so far as they depend on the laws of human nature." Four years after this he gave the world his "Principles of Political Economy." But instead of acting on his previously expressed opinions he wrote of Political Economy as a positive art, his views of it however as a science being interwoven with his precepts.

In this, as in all his writings, he decides many questions without raising them, a circumstance which has given rise to some adverse criticism. But it will generally be found that such questions depend on others which are elaborately discussed and settled. Time and space and human patience all alike made this method advisable.

In the second and last books of the five which make up this great work, we are introduced to those questions in sociology and politics to which he afterwards devoted separate treatises. The position of the agricultural labourer in England twenty years ago filled him with alarm, and the remedies he proposed for the indigence of the rural populations have an interest for us apart from the fact that they were his opinions. Laying down the rule that the only thing which could succeed in keeping wages above the starvation level, prevent overcrowding, and all the moral and material evils of poverty, was to check the increase of population, he dismissed remedies then popular, such as public works, allowances and allotments, with merited contempt. He proposed that the Government should inaugurate a great national scheme of colonization, and that

all common lands hereafter brought into cultivation should be devoted to raising a class of small proprietors. The necessity of a national measure of colonization was no longer as great when the cheapening of the means of transport led to spontaneous emigration. But the principle continued to have to the last Mr. Mill's approval.

The chapters in which the proper limit to the functions of government are discussed, are some of the most original in the book, and contain the germs of the Essays on "Liberty" and on "Representative Government."

He exempts from the interference of government all that part of human conduct which concerns only the life, whether inward or outward, of the individual, and does not affect the interests of others, and "even in those portions of conduct which do affect the interests of others, the onus of making out a case always lies upon the defenders of legal prohibitions." These views are supported with great force of argument in more than one of Mr. Mill's books. He was strongly of opinion that liberty was almost as much imperilled in free countries from the majority as ever it was beneath the rule of a tyrant or an oligarchy.

"Experience," he says "proves that the depositories of power, who are mere delegates of the people, that is of a majority, are quite as ready (when they think they can count on popular support) as any organs of oligarchy, to assume arbitrary power, and encroach unduly on the liberties of private life. The public collectively is abundantly ready to impose, not only its generally narrow views of its interests, but its abstract opinions, and even its tastes, as laws binding on individuals. And our present civilization tends so strongly to make the power of persons acting in masses the only substantial power in society, that there never was more necessity for surrounding individual independence of thought, speech and conduct, with the most powerful defences, in order to maintain that originality of mind and individuality of character which are the only source of any real progress, and of most of the qualities which make the human race much superior to any herd of animals."

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Mill would not approve of legislation to protect drunkards from their vicious craving for drink, and would regard the remedy as fraught with more evils than the disease.

To the general rule of non-interference he admits a few exceptions, where the interest and judgment of the consumer are not a sufficient security for the goodness of the commodity. Thus the State should supply the people with education. The next exception embraces a class of cases where there is no person in the situation of a consumer, and the person to be protected is to be protected from himself. Interference in these cases must be justified by special circumstances such as those in which lunatics, infants, and idiots are placed, and even women according to much modern legislation, which of course receives Mr. Mill's strong disapprobation:

"The practical maxim of leaving contracts free is not applicable without great limitations in case of engagements in perpetuity; and the law should be extremely jealous of such engagements; should refuse to sanction them when the obligations they impose are such as the contracting party cannot be a competent judge of: if it ever does sanction them it should take every possible security for their being contracted with foresight and deliberation; and, in compensation for not permitting the parties themselves to revoke their engagements, should grant them a release from it on a sufficient case being made out before an impartial authority."

Even if we had not had this explained by subsequent publications, it would be clear that Mr. Mill was desirous of facilitating divorce. On this and one or two other social questions we doubt if he saw the magnitude of the difficulties in the way of his

theory. In those parts of the world where divorce is obtainable on the ground of incompatibility, the domestic state is not attractive. Neither the man nor woman is taken out of the matrimonial market, and life becomes a mass of intrigue. People should not marry without careful and protracted deliberation, but when they do they ought to take each other for "better and for worse."

The remaining exceptions are those in which the magnitude of the work to be done makes individual agency impracticable, as in the case of railways and gas works; where the law is required to give effect to the judgment of individuals, as in the instance of the observance of Sunday as a day of rest; the Poor Laws; Colonization; important undertakings, such as voyages of discovery, in which no individual is specially interested.

Since 1848 Mr. Mill's masterly chapters on government have been studied by all thoughtful politicians, and have guided the speculations of students and professors. The consequence is the clear grasp of the real functions of government that we find abroad among the people. Mr. Mill taught the journalists, and these have taught the masses. The chapters on production, on wages, and on coöperation have precipitated the coöperative movement, given the artisans lessons which have duly borne fruit, amongst other things in dragging Mr. Mill himself into public life, and which are at this moment preparing the way for legislation of a very sweeping character. The "woman question" received an impetus from his authority which has not yet spent its force, and the annual Amazonian debate in the House of Commons is distinctly traceable to Mr. Mill's teaching, as effect to cause. His "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform," in 1859, became a text-book with liberal politicians. The influence of his essay "On Liberty," and his "Representative Government" was, chronologically speaking, supplementary to that of the chapters in the "Principles of Political Economy" to which we have referred.

The "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical," consist of essays contributed chiefly to the *Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews*. In these, as we have indicated, he avowed himself an adherent of the Experience Philosophy, and explicitly lays down that the nature and laws of things in themselves, or of the hidden causes of phenomena, are radically inaccessible to the human faculties. He also avows himself a Utilitarian, and expounds his view of the science of history, which is that of the Positivist school, all history being in his opinion a progressive chain of causes and effects, and the facts of each generation the complex phenomena caused by those of the generation preceding, and causing in its turn those of the next in order. In some of these essays we find the same rapturous exaltation of woman which is characteristic of Mr. Mill whenever he has to speak of the other sex.

It is not necessary to dwell on "Representative Government," published in 1861, or on "Utilitarianism," which appeared in the following year. Nor would there be space to eulogize his admirable exposition of the Positivism of Comte. In 1865 he published his "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," and at once took a place in the foremost rank of metaphysicians. He shattered many of Hamilton's opinions, whom he does not always, however, seem to have understood. But his own airy structure of sensationalist idealism, in which there is neither external world nor a mind to grasp it, will not bear a very rude onset.

In 1867 he delivered a masterly address as Rector of St. Andrew's University. In the following year he published "England and Ireland," and in 1869 his book "On the Subjection of Women." The tenor of these publications will easily be gathered from what has already been said. Mr Mill's generous estimate of the Irish people may

however be given. He thought them of all modern peoples most like the ancient Greeks, and the more this estimate is analysed, the more truthful will it appear. The wit, intellectual fineness, eloquence, exuberant joy in life, of the countrymen of Demosthenes and Aristophanes, are reproduced in the countrymen of Sheridan and Sheil.

A general election took place in 1865, and Mr. Mill was induced to leave his scholarly seclusion and stand for Westminster. He was away on the continent during the early part of the contest. He ran with Captain Grosvenor, and, if the truth must be told, it was the Grosvenor interest that secured his return.

His first speech was in Committee on the Cattle Diseases Bill, and well illustrates the kind of service he rendered in Parliament. It was proposed to compensate those who had lost by the ravages of the disease, and great pity was expressed for the unfortunate farmers. Mr. Mill showed that the class, as a class, would be compensated in the ordinary course of things by the increased price of meat consequent on the diminished supply. Henceforth, on every great subject he spoke, and spoke with the weight that belongs rather to a man of distinguished reputation in philosophy and literature than as a powerful speaker. His speech in favour of the Reform Bill was one of the best in the debate; and he, on a subsequent occasion, when Mr. Disraeli was passing his Household Suffrage, moved an amendment which would have given women a vote. He was defeated. But it was mainly owing to him that three-cornered constituencies disfigured the Bill. He continued to the last an advocate for Mr. Hare's doctrinaire contrivance for securing the representation of minorities.

His success in the House was remarkable, for his "bodily presence was weak," and save for its matter, his "speech contemptible." The present writer had abundant opportunities of observing him during the time he was in Parliament. His manner was decidedly bad, diffident, hesitating. He had a curious nervous twitching of mouth and eyes, which was very ludicrous in its effect. His voice was weak and somewhat peaky. His body small and not compact. He used to be more persistent in his attendance than any other member in the House, and slept a great part of the time. He never walked deliberately in or out of the House, but ran like a boy, with a queer uneven trot. Whoever his tailor was must have been as original as himself. When the struggle for reform came on, he displayed an eager excitability regarding all the movements of the party, which the vulgar notion of a philosopher would not have led us to expect. He never posed. No man had less of the actor in him. Traits which at a superficial glance seemed ridiculous, on examination proved to be indicative of greatness of mind. He became a popular leader, and ever since 1865 he actively identified himself with the cause of the working man. It was a curious and suggestive spectacle to see the frail figure on a platform addressing a huge audience of artizans and labourers, and to watch them following his close reasoning, or fired by the political passion in which his own slight frame shook as a leaf in a storm.

His intellectual courage was remarkable. No unpopularity of man or cause, no probability of misapprehension could make him hesitate to support what he deemed the side of justice, however weak. He lost his seat in 1868, in consequence of some of the newspapers making garbled extracts from his books, on the strength of which he was most illogically accused of atheism. Yet this could not disturb his philosophical calm, and he scorned to reply to such mean and mercenary diatribes. The famous passage in which he put his conception of the absurdity of Mansell's Metaphysics, in the strangest possible way was tortured with all the rancorous ingenuity of political partizan-

ship. He never hesitated to avow a change of opinion, and after advocating the ballot for the greater part of a lifetime, turned the batteries of an all but resistless logic upon what he had done, more than any other man, to make a conviction and a creed.

One of the main causes of his influence and popularity may easily escape attention, as the inhabitants of Italy do not dwell on their clear atmosphere, which brings out every delicate outline of tree or building. Mr. Mill was master of a most lucid style. Some persons affect to sneer at literary form; but John Milton was wiser when he expounded the importance of speaking and writing a man's tongue well. Those who write slovenly think slovenly, and what is true of slovenliness is most probably true of obscurity. We know no prose work in the language in which English can be found so clear, so idiomatic, so forcible, so eloquent, and yet so natural and unpretentious as in the essay "On Liberty." A great river, whose broad expanse reflects the heavens and the pendent woods, and whose pellucid depths reveal every pebble, is what his clear, calm, full, vigorous prose suggests to us.

Those who read only his philosophical writings never suspected the existence of certain features of Mr. Mill's mind and character. His appreciation of poetry was singularly true, and his literary feeling was of the finest order. He had wit, as many an epigrammatic phrase attests. But he had no humour, though his delight in hearing a joke was intense. In the House of Commons he used to laugh and cheer with all the vigorous *abandon* of a boy at a penny reading when Mr. Bright or Mr. Disraeli put the position of an opponent in a ludicrous light.

He founded no school, and from many of his opinions his most enthusiastic disciples dissent. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, who acknowledges him as a master, has just written a book in which the essay "On Liberty" and Mr. Mill's opinions regarding women are attacked with great power, though in a spirit that, from a philosophical point of view, cannot be regarded as final. His object was not to make followers, but thinkers. In his estimate, the most important of all things is the development of man. The words of Wilhelm Von Humbolt, prefixed to his essay "On Liberty," might, with a slight alteration, be written on the tomb where he lies, in the old French city, alongside of the wife whom he loved with a noble passion, not less elevating than the original inspiration he had drunk from her fervid sympathy and quickening love. The grand leading principle towards which everything he wrote converged, was the absolute and essential importance of human development in its richest diversity, and of this doctrine he was not merely a preacher but a grand exemplification.

NOTES ON THE SESSION.

IF the general election of last summer has not produced all the results that were expected of it by those who gave unlimited credence to the too enthusiastic predictions of the anti-ministerial organs, it has still visibly altered the relations of parties, and wrought no inconsiderable modification in the character of the House of Commons. The ministry, on every division, rolled up its majority of from twenty-five to thirty or over, but this, although sufficient for working purposes, is a marked falling off compared with the majorities frequently obtained last session. Then there is the disagreeable and, we fear, somewhat ominous fact, that so far as the Province of Ontario is concerned, the majority is against the Government. Confederation was sought, as all the world knows, as a means of escape from the evils and dangers which the utter incompatibility of Upper Canadian and Lower Canadian political sentiment had brought upon the old Province of Canada. It offered to the Western Province that which it had so long been fruitlessly trying to obtain, representation based upon population. With this great reform conceded, it seemed as if that Province could not possibly have anything further to complain of; and no doubt the Reform party thought that, under the new constitution, they would have little difficulty in grasping the reins of power and enjoying a long triumph over their old political enemies. This blessed consummation has not, however, arrived; and it must by this time be tolerably clear, even to those to whom the truth is most unwelcome, that representation by population does not necessarily mean the supremacy of the party that acknowledges Mr. Mackenzie as its Parliamentary leader. Under Confederation, just as when Upper and Lower Canada formed a Province by themselves, Sir John Macdonald is at the head of affairs, and the dominant party in Ontario is compelled to satisfy itself with the comparatively humble role of loyal Opposition.

This state of things is not satisfactory, for there is no knowing to what it may lead; no knowing how much of ill-feeling and irritation it may produce throughout the country; no knowing whether, under Confederation, government may not be brought to the same kind of dead-lock as existed in the year 1864. One thing is tolerably certain, that as party warfare is conducted just now, there is very little chance of any favourable change occurring. What is wanted is a Government that shall be cordially supported in Ontario, and yet not inspire distrust in the smaller Provinces; but so difficult of fulfilment are these conditions that the present Government may be said to have forfeited its popularity in Ontario in the very process of conciliating the smaller Provinces, and making them feel at home in the Confederation.

There is little doubt that in the new House party lines are much more strictly drawn than they were in the old. A few of the new members, especially among the younger men, seem hardly to have quite settled down into their places, or to have learned that degree of subordination to their leaders which is looked for under the party system; but upon the whole the voting has been pretty "straight," and poor Sir George Cartier, had he returned during the session, would have found a very well-ordered "camp" behind him, and—what would have pleased him hardly less—one in front of him equally well-ordered and somewhat reinforced both in numbers and ability since last he had cast defiance at it across the floor of

the House. At the same time, while party organization has improved, party principles are harder to find than ever. There is at this moment scarcely any important question of public policy on which the followers of Mr. Mackenzie are prepared to act at all differently from those of Sir John Macdonald. The fact is that, when any question that can be called one of policy comes up, it is found almost, if not quite, impossible to make a party matter of it. We had two examples of this during the late session. In the first place the principle of the Ballot was accepted by the Government and the House after a somewhat desultory discussion which showed that the principle had advocates and opponents on both sides. The second case to which we refer was that of the Insolvent Law, a matter of very grave importance, and one on which members divided without any reference whatever to party. All the important party divisions of the session, with one exception, turned upon matters of special rather than of general interest. Such were the divisions on the West Peterborough and Toronto Centre election cases, on Mr. Huntington's motion for a Committee of Enquiry; on the resolution censuring Mr. Anglin for his attack on the 107; on Mr. Mackenzie's censure of the Government for their conduct in relation to Section No. 5 of the Intercolonial Railway, and his subsequent motion condemning Mr. Gilbert Griffin for taking too benevolent an interest in the vote of the Postmaster of Allanburg. The exception to the general rule was Mr. Mills' motion for a re-constitution of the Senate; on this question the Opposition seemed agreed, and they may therefore claim to have acquired one "plank" towards the construction of a "platform," viz., the principle of an elective Senate. If they value their "plank," we advise them to look sharply after it, for according to a very influential member of the cabinet—Dr. Tupper—nothing is more graceful, proper or virtuous, than for a government to appropriate the ideas of its opponents, and work them out in practice; so that, should the idea of an elective Senate, or a Senate appointed by the Local Legislatures, gain any popular value, the modern "Ulysses" will go for it just as surely as Ulysses of old went for the horses of Rhesus.

The changes of *personnel* which the House of Commons has undergone as the result of the late election are somewhat singular. Not one Opposition man of any importance who had a seat in the old House is missing from the new. On the Government side quite a number of men of more or less Parliamentary weight and ability have either not returned or not *been* returned. Among those who voluntarily retired we have Messrs. Morris, Harrison, Irvine and Chauveau; among those whose retirement was involuntary we reckon Messrs. McDougall, Shanly, Jackson, Walsh and Sproat; while by the death of Mr. Street, the Government has lost one of its steadiest as well as most disinterested supporters, and one who, as a great capitalist and a man of acknowledged judgment in financial matters, occupied an important position in the House. The average of ability on the Opposition side is higher than it was; on the Government side it is hard to say as yet whether there has been gain or loss in this respect. On the whole, we are inclined to think that Sir John A. Macdonald will be found to have held his own, for if he has had to part with some serviceable friends he has gained others who promise him a hardly less valuable support.

We propose to say a few words with regard to the more important members who have dropped out of the House of Commons, and also upon those whose accession to that body has excited some degree of public interest.

First of all our attention is claimed by that eminent man whose recent and unexpected death has given the whole country, in a greater or less degree, a sense of loss —almost of bereavement.

Ever since he assumed office as Provincial Secretary in Sir Allan McNab's government in 1855, Sir George Cartier has been one of the most prominent figures in the political life of Canada; and not only one of the most prominent, but, it must be confessed, one of the most popular. We may not altogether admire the political ideal which his public course, from that day to this, may be said to illustrate: we can conceive of something far higher than that careless administration of patronage for party purposes which was with him a favourite political weapon; but at the same time it is impossible not to join in the tribute which so many, foes as well as friends, have had to pay to his indomitable energy and courage, his genial spirits, and his straightforward, uncompromising way of dealing with men and measures. Two men of more different mould than Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier could scarcely have been brought together; and that they should have worked together so harmoniously and successfully for so long a period, is surely a wonderful example of the attraction and blending of opposites. They had, to be sure, in common, a certain gaiety of spirits and kindliness of temper, the gaiety being more strongly marked in Sir George, and the kindliness in Sir John; but beyond this there seemed absolutely no resemblance in their characters. Sir John has a nervous, sensitive organization, and altogether a wider range both of ideas and feelings than his late colleague. He sees both sides of every question, and, just because he does so, he cannot be so dogmatic or so confident as men are whose minds move in narrower grooves, and who easily satisfy themselves with the first view of any subject, or the view that happens to suit their own immediate interest. If Sir John were not so conscious of the weak points in his own position, he would probably both speak and act with more decision. It must be confessed that he has a natural tendency to move in what physicists call "the line of least resistance," a line which may be illustrated by almost any woodland path, winding through the hollows, and turning aside from time to time to avoid the obstacles with which forest travel is beset,—here a fallen tree, there a piece of marshy ground, and here again too dense a bit of brush. This was not at all Sir George Cartier's disposition; he was always for attaining his ends by rough-and-ready methods, attacking his enemies in front, and carrying their strongholds by assault. Sir John does not care to irritate his opponents unnecessarily, but his colleague's instinct (not that he always acted upon it), was to say and do precisely the things that would be least agreeable to the gentlemen on the other side, or at least that would serve to show how little account he made of their hostility.

Yet whatever fault there may have been to find with him in some respects, it remains a fact that Sir George was a favourite with the country at large. He was credited with some tyrannical actions but no mean ones, and people could not help admiring his cheery temper and indomitable pluck. Though very absolute in the exercise of power, he was a man of the simplest and most unaffected manners in private intercourse. It was his custom here for a good while to have little *réunions* at his own house every Saturday evening, to which were invited not people of influence only, but many who had no claim to be so regarded; and on these occasions the most unrestrained enjoyment would prevail, the host himself taking the lead in all kinds of fun and merriment, and displaying a wonderful talent for amusing and being amused.

That there was in his character much of good and little of evil, is proved not only by the influence he exercised in life, but by the feelings with which those who were most pointedly opposed to him in politics find themselves thinking of him now that h

is gone. Who is there throughout the length and breadth of the land at all acquainted with our politics who has not a kind word to say for "Sir George," a regret—not conventional but sincere—to express? He was high-handed; yes, but he was high-minded too; and true—true not only to his friends (though that was much), but true in all engagements, and true to his own standard of public duty. Small sins may not have sat heavily upon him, but neither did great labours or sacrifices, when they were required for a cause that he loved or a principle in which he believed. Take him all in all he was a man Canada can ill afford to spare, a man whose influence upon his fellow-countrymen was altogether unique, and who used that influence as far as possible for the good of the whole Dominion. Leaning as he did mainly upon the Province of Quebec for support, he had in the first place to represent the interests of that Province. But in the widest sense the word has yet received, he was a *Canadian* at heart; and no man, probably, in this country, has better deserved than he the noble name of patriot.

To the party with which he was associated the death of Sir George Cartier is an event of the greatest moment. His absence from the House during the late Session was a manifest source of weakness to them, and the question who is to supply his place is one far more often asked than answered.

A notable blank has been left in the House by the voluntary retirement of Sir A. T. Galt, a man who for breadth of political view, and for the power of enforcing his opinions by lucid and vigorous argumentation, has had very few superiors in Canadian Parliamentary history. Some allowance must perhaps be made for the partiality naturally resulting from old association and friendship, but it was, no doubt, a sincere opinion that Sir George Cartier expressed in the Session of 1871, when he said that, having heard budget speeches both from Mr. Gladstone and Sir Alexander Galt, he decidedly preferred those of the Canadian minister. After the retirement of Sir Alexander from the Government, the function he fulfilled as a private member of the House was a most valuable one. It was given to him at times to express that true and unprejudiced view which the partizans on both sides had equally ignored, or perhaps had been really unable to discover. When a man has once surrendered himself to a party, and thoroughly identified himself with it in his endeavours to retain or to conquer power, things begin at once to present themselves to his eyes with more or less of distortion and false colouring; the unreal mixes itself up with the real to such an extent that, with little or no conscious dishonesty, he can, as occasion requires, run to almost any length in partiality, exaggeration and hollow sentiment. No wonder the contrast is striking between this state of mind and that of a man who, having taken an independent stand, is in a position to utter his sincere convictions, and has, moreover, some sincere convictions to utter. Sir Alexander Galt, as everyone knows, was never a very strong party man: he was sufficiently in accord with the present leader of the Government and Sir George Cartier, to occupy the post of Finance Minister under their successive administrations; but at all times he preserved a large measure of independence in matters of political opinion. As a political thinker, indeed, we are inclined to rank him very high. His position, it must be allowed, has been favourable to the exercise of broad and dispassionate reflection upon the problems of politics; for while he has had to do with large interests, he has never had the wearying, exhausting work tha devolves upon the leader of a party under our present system, of looking after the organization of the party, and providing day by day ways and means for its subsistence; balancing rival claims, composing differences, soothing the intractable, confirming the uncertain, and all the while

keeping an eye on the enemy without. A man who has this to do may be excused if he does not indulge in any unnecessary theorising as to desirable constitutional changes, but leaves that kind of thing to those who have enough leisure and calm to pursue such contemplations. Sir Alexander Galt has sometimes been accused of being too visionary, too fond of speculation; but it should be remembered that one of his speculations was the very federal system under which we are now living.

Another man of undoubted power, whom we miss from the present Parliament, is Mr. Wm. McDougall. Debate was Mr. McDougall's natural element, and, whether on the stump or in his place in the House, he was at all times a formidable man to encounter. Demosthenes used to say of Phocion, "Here comes the pruner of my periods;" and many a fine speech has the late member for North Lanark pruned in his day; probably many another is he destined to prune. It must be very trying, when one thinks he has produced a good effect, to see a man getting up who has a knack for taking the fine edge off everything, and thinning out imposing arguments until they seem to have nothing left in them worth noticing. Yet this is really what, in many an instance, Mr. McDougall has accomplished, when he has followed some eloquent speaker with hostile intent. He claimed to be above all things a "practical politician," and in every speech his apparent aim was to place the matter in hand in the simplest and most common-sense light; to divest it of all the perplexities and intricacies in which it had been involved by the too laborious or too fanciful reasonings of others; to brush away sophistries, dismiss sentiment, and proceed at once to the real elements of the question. He had a very clear, practical head of his own, and he possessed an almost unrivalled knowledge of the details, as well as the general principles of public business. He always retained some of the habits belonging to his original profession of the press, amongst others that of continually consulting the opinion of the country through the press. To do this successfully a man requires a certain experience of newspapers and their ways, and this experience Mr. McDougall possessed. He knew what discount to take off for the exaggerations and falsifications of party spirit, and knew when real opinions were taking shape and gathering strength. In 1867 he saw that the country would sustain him in remaining in Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet; and his quondam friends are now disposed to give him great credit for prescience in connection with his celebrated statement that the building of the Intercolonial Railway would keep any Government in power for ten years. No doubt they would be glad if the prophecy failed of fulfilment by a few years, but meantime it is a pleasant thing to be able, on so high an authority as that of an ex-minister, to assert that Sir John has been kept in power by the patronage of the Intercolonial.

No one who attended the debates during the session of 1870 can fail to remember the fierce personal encounters between the gentleman just named and the Hon. Mr. Howe. Both are now removed from the scene of their conflicts, but it is satisfactory to know that while they yet met on the floor of the House the old animosities were healed. The retirement of Mr. Howe cannot be regarded as an event of any great moment as regards the position or strength of the Government. For some time previously he had taken but little part in the discussions of the House, and his physical strength was manifestly unequal to the strain of any kind of hard work. His present position is much better suited to him in every way, and it is satisfactory to think he occupies it with the general approval of the people of Nova Scotia. The honourable gentleman's career has been too long and too eventful for anything like a review of it to find place in these pages.

Unfortunately, that portion of it with which people in this part of the Dominion are best acquainted has won so little approval that it is impossible to dwell upon it with satisfaction. Rightly or wrongly, his opposition to Confederation was regarded as animated to a great extent by sheer wilfulness, or by personal feelings that he should never have allowed to sway him in a matter of such importance; and when, four years ago, he gave in his adhesion to the new constitution by becoming a member of the cabinet, there was little joy in the old Canadian Provinces over his conversion. Still it is hard in parting not to say a kind word or two. We shall not speak of his oratorical powers, or of any intellectual gifts or accomplishments. These have been amply acknowledged in times past, and it is not by these, moreover, that a man wins affection or causes the world to forget his faults. More to the purpose is it to say that Mr. Howe was a man of true, unaffected kindness of heart, of strong sympathies and generous impulses. This is the impression which all have borne away who have been admitted to any close acquaintance with him; and few even of those who have met him merely in the way of business have failed to be somewhat touched by the warmth and geniality of his manner. No doubt, being naturally impulsive, he has often been led away, in the heat of debate, to say violent things. But he was not a man needlessly to perpetuate enmities; the way to reconciliation with him lay always open. More than once, it is but right to add, we have had to admire the patience with which he endured the attacks of much younger men than himself; and more than once have thought that the younger men in question might have spared a little of their contempt and bitterness towards grey hairs on which, in the past, not a few well-deserved honours had been bestowed.

The cabinet of Sir John A. Macdonald has within a year furnished two of our Provinces with Lieut.-Governors. Of the Parliamentary career of Mr. Morris there is not much to be said. That he was a sensible and very respectable man everybody admits, but the only other fact respecting him that is universally admitted is, that he was a very tedious one. There is only one instance on record in which he made anybody angry, though a thousand might be cited in which he made people yawn. The man whom he angered, strange to say, was Mr. Howe, who launched out into a most passionate philippic against his meek assailant. This, of course, was in Mr. Howe's anti-union days; and Mr. Morris' speech was in reality a very effective demonstration of the inconsistency of the course the member for Hants was pursuing.

By the retirement of Mr. R. A. Harrison the Government lost a man who, by the solidity of his legal attainments as well as by a considerable power of eloquence, gave them an important support. Mr. Harrison was not long enough in Parliament to become thoroughly at home in it, and from his parting address to his constituents we gather that the life of a Canadian politician was neither suited to his tastes, nor advantageous to him in a pecuniary sense. That Mr. Harrison has the ability to make a useful legislator nobody can doubt, but, seeing how unduly he was depressed by the difficulties he had to encounter as a politician, it is equally impossible to question the propriety of the course he took in abandoning the political arena.

Mr. Walter Shanly was a man who spoke but little, but that little was always listened to with attention and respect. It seems very unfortunate that party strife should have driven from Parliament a man of the highest character, and one whose professional ability rendered him a valuable authority upon a number of important matters in which the House is from time to time interested.

Turning to the Province of Quebec, the only two prominent supporters of the Government we miss are Messrs. Chauveau and

Irvine. Mr. Chauveau is, as the phrase goes, "in another place," and as he is a man of somewhat portly presence and great suavity of manner, he will, no doubt, fill very satisfactorily the position to which he has been appointed. Mr. Irvine is a man whom we are sorry to lose from the House. He was not only a sound lawyer, but a terse and effective speaker, and a man, altogether, very much above the average. He was not one to give a blind support to any party; in the session of 1872, it will be remembered he voted with the Opposition upon their proposal to refer controverted election cases to the Judges.

Of the new men, the one who probably brings the greatest strength to the Government side is Mr. James McDonald, of Pictou: the fact of his having been placed on the Committee of Enquiry into Mr. Huntington's charges is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which he is held by the members of the Cabinet. Mr. McDonald has all the appearance and air of an experienced Parliamentarian, and he has the reputation of being an orator and debater of no ordinary kind. In the Local House at Halifax he made some scathing attacks upon the Government of the Province, and no doubt Mr. Annand is glad that the honourable gentleman has sought a wider sphere for his talents. It is too soon to pronounce such an opinion with confidence, but we are inclined to think that Mr. McDonald is the strongest man that Nova Scotia has yet returned to the Parliament of the Dominion.

In Mr. Palmer, of St. John, the Government has gained another supporter of established reputation, but a man of very different mould from the member for Pictou. The latter is naturally a silent man, while Mr. Palmer does dearly love to hear himself talk. Hardly any question has come up, involving half an hour's discussion, on which Mr. Palmer has not stated his opinion at length. He reminds one forcibly of that gentleman, "fort content de lui," whom Montesquieu's Persian met in Paris, who, in the course of a quarter of an hour, decided three questions in morals, four problems in history, and five points of science. "Je n'ai jamais vu," says the unsophisticated Persian, "un décisionnaire si universel." Well, Mr. Palmer is just such another: he knows what deck-load a ship ought to carry, understands all about gas-metres, and can at a moment's notice lay down a policy for the Government, and prove himself right by the most incontrovertible reasonings. It is alarming to think how much the House of Commons would have missed if Mr. Palmer had unfortunately failed of being returned. His views are often, it must be confessed, very sound, but why will he be so unwise as to make a Parliamentary bore of himself?

Much younger men than the two last mentioned are Mr. Stephen Tobin of Halifax, and Mr. Domville of Kings, N.B., the former being about thirty-five years of age, and the latter a little under thirty. Both are men of decided ability, and Mr. Tobin is an exceedingly fluent and forcible speaker. There is sometimes a certain impatience in his tone which is not very becoming, and one might almost suppose that he thought he had done the Dominion Parliament no slight honour in consenting to accept a seat in it. No doubt these little peculiarities will wear off after a session or two, and if Mr. Tobin settles down seriously, as we think he seems inclined to do, to his duties as a representative, he will certainly make an able and useful member of the House.

Mr. Domville is a man of decided originality and force of character. There is an air about him at once of independence and decision. He supports the Government because he thinks it right to do so, but he is not the man whom anybody can make a tool of, or twist round his fingers. There is a strange mixture in him of nervousness and self-possession, the nervousness, however, having nothing to do with timidity. His voice is pitched in a very high key, so high

that a person hearing him for the first time cannot help being somewhat amused. There is excellent sense, however, and a great deal of candour in what he says. You may smile a little at his manner, but you will seldom laugh at his matter. Of course he is inexperienced, but he is one of those men who have a natural aptitude for business, and he will soon fall into the ways of the House. We may say of Mr. Domville, without fear of contradiction, that, in some way or other, he interests everybody, and that the interest felt in him is very generally of a friendly sort. Before passing on we may just remark that it was inconsiderate on Mr. Domville's part, and not in very good taste, to suggest, as he did, that members of the House should receive no indemnity at all beyond their travelling allowances. A moment's thought would have shown him that it was simply tantamount to saying to the people of Canada: "Look at me! I am a capitalist, and do not require to be paid for my services in Parliament. Elect only men like me, and you will get your legislation done for nothing." To which address, if really made, the people of Canada would reply that they prefer very much paying for what they get in the way of service, and have no wish to come under obligation to rich men like Mr. Domville, any more than to any other class; that further, they have serious doubts whether a Parliament of capitalists would do the work of legislation half as well or as faithfully as the present miscellaneous gathering which constitutes the House of Commons. The people of Canada, taking the average of them, fall much below Mr. Domville's level of wealth and refinement, but still, like the poor French cook whose suicide is recorded by Madame de Sevigné, they have "de l'honneur á leur manière," and they really regard such offers as the one so generously made by the member for Kings as rather too patronising.

Among the new men from Ontario on the Government side, Messrs. W. H. Gibbs, Wallace and Glass may perhaps be regarded as the most influential. They are all men of intelligence and good speakers, and may probably be set off against Messrs. Edgar, Ross and Blain on the Opposition side. Mr. O'Reilly, of South Renfrew, has attained a certain reputation at the bar, but as a politician, supposing he retains his seat, he will never be a success. His pompous and somewhat tawdry eloquence is not of the kind that takes well on the floor of this or any Parliament. Mr. J. B. Lewis, of Ottawa, is a man of a very different stamp. He has no eloquence of any kind, but he is a man of excellent judgment, and one whose legal opinion carries great weight. It is hard to know whether to class him as a decided supporter of the Government or not, for on one occasion he voted dead against them, and on a previous one he walked out of the House rather than vote in their favour. This was in connection with the West Peterborough election case; and it is said, whether truly or not, that he laboured hard to show the member for Carleton, who ordinarily defers very much to his judgment in legal matters, that the course the Government was taking was distinctly illegal, or at least that it countenanced a violation of the law. The effort, however, was in vain. Honest John Rochester, whom the leading Opposition journal was fondly counting among the "independents" during the whole election campaign, and whom it hoped to see gathered into the fold of which Mr. Mackenzie is chief shepherd, asked nothing better than to give a straight vote for the leader of the Government, which he did.

Turning to the Opposition side, we find a number of recruits of more than average ability, but no man who has as yet produced a decided "impression" on the House. Mr. Edgar, Mr. Ross, of Middlesex, and Mr. Wilkes, are perhaps the best speakers among the new men from Ontario. Mr. Edgar has already been employed by his

party in a very confidential position, and has acquitted himself of his duties in a satisfactory manner, winning a considerable measure of popularity on both sides of the House. He is a man whose tastes seem to lie in the direction of politics, and this is in itself an important element of success. Mr. Ross is fluent almost to the point of glibness, and he has a tendency towards that kind of eloquence which consists in heaping phrase upon phrase, question upon question—a style which is sometimes admired in the pulpit, but rarely finds favour in Parliament, or anywhere where men are engaged in serious business. He seems, however, to be tolerably well informed upon politics, and has a vigorous way about him that we like. He will make an able backer of Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. Wilkes speaks with remarkable ease, and also with very great accuracy, but his tone is too expostulatory or hortatory to be very effective in Parliament. In this respect he reminds us of a former member for Toronto—Mr. John Macdonald. Mr. Wilkes wants to show the Government, in the mildest possible manner, the error of their ways, and so work upon their better feelings. We admire this spirit very much, but doubt whether it is adapted to the sphere of politics.

In the Province of Quebec quite a number of constituencies were won by the Opposition from the Government, but as yet the new members returned have failed to distinguish themselves. Mr. John Young of Montreal discusses questions of trade with the ministers, for the most part in a very friendly way. Mr. Jetté, Sir George Cartier's successor, says nothing, or next to nothing; he is evidently more of a meditative and studious than of a practical turn of mind. He served the purpose of the Opposition in defeating Sir George Cartier, but whether he is the man to lead them on to victory in the House, is, to say the least, questionable. Mr. Mercier, of Rouville, is an excellent speaker, and a man of superior intelligence. He has what so many public speakers lack, an utterance wonderfully clear and distinct, without being too precise. His manner, too, is very good, and altogether we regard him as a decided acquisition to the House of Commons.

In glancing at the Treasury Benches, we notice important changes of *personnel* since last Session. Two of the ministers of 1872, as already remarked, have left the House altogether, Messrs. Howe and Morris. Sir Francis Hincks has resigned the Ministry of Finance and taken a back seat. Dr. Robitaille has been called to the front, and sits in the place of Mr. Howe. Mr. O'Connor has crossed the House and taken his seat as Minister of Inland Revenue. Mr. Mitchell has left the too placid, too Olympian atmosphere of the Senate, in order, as some Roman poet says, to gather dust and sweat in the Campus Martius of the Commons. Of all these changes, the most important by far is the retirement of Sir Francis Hincks, the ablest Finance Minister, probably, that Canada ever had. Mr. Tilley is apt enough at figures, but he does not deal with them in the same vigorous, commanding, decisive way as his predecessor. When Sir Francis Hincks was discussing finance, he made the whole House feel that he possessed his subject thoroughly, and that if he erred it could only be upon some small matter of detail, and not in anything involving the principles of finance. Moreover, he was a man to whom the House, and indeed the whole country, looked for a vigorous initiative in financial matters, and whose ideas it was disposed beforehand to accept. He was a man who could be bold without being rash, just as any man can who possesses an unusual insight into any subject. If the people of Canada were polled to-day as to who should be their Finance Minister, they would return Sir Francis Hincks by an immense majority of votes over any other man that could be named. Although no longer in the Govern-

ment, Sir Francis is on the most friendly terms with all his former colleagues, and is always ready to come to their assistance when a word of his can be of any service.

Mr. Mitchell is justly entitled to the credit of being a hard-working, zealous, and able Minister. When the House met, he had a large budget of measures all ready to be submitted; and, in fact, he has succeeded in passing nearly as many Bills as all the other Ministers put together. The House, we fear, began to get a little tired of his deck-loads, and light-houses, and harbour appointments, and was disposed to wish that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries would not go at things with such a rush. Mr. Mitchell's tendency, as everyone allows, is to magnify his office, but this is a foible the country will readily pardon in a man who applies himself as diligently as he does to the duties of his department.

Turning now to the course of events in Parliament, we see abundant and lamentable proof of the truth of the position, so often taken up in these pages, that party-government in this country means simply the unlimited degradation of our politics, and tends directly to the injury, if not the ruin, of the most important public interests. The thunder-cloud which had been hanging over the heads of the Ministry since the opening of the Session, may be said to have burst when Mr. Huntington, amid the cheers of the Opposition, moved for a Committee of Enquiry into the blackest charges ever formulated against any Canadian Government. The vote taken on that occasion showed that the Ministry was secure in the confidence of a considerable majority of the House; but it is needless to say that the public mind has been greatly exercised since with regard to these charges. The first impulse of every honest man, or at least of every man who has not been trained by party journalism into an utter lack of confidence in the common honesty of public men, must have been to refuse all credit, all serious consideration, to accusations of so extraordinary a nature; and we think that, even at this moment, there are few intelligent and thoughtful persons in the country who regard it as possible that such accusations can be established. At the same time we can imagine that, even among the friends of the Government, a little uneasiness may have been caused by the anxiety they have evinced lest, in some way or other, advantage should be taken of them by their enemies. First of all, the Committee of Enquiry is constituted on a strict party basis, the Government availing themselves of their majority in the House to place on the Committee three of their own personal friends, leaving only two seats to be filled by the Opposition. Of course they had a perfect right to do this; but, in the event of that complete acquittal to which we may presume they look forward, would it not have been more satisfactory, would it not have heightened their triumph, if the verdict had been pronounced by a court in which their own political enemies preponderated? Or was it really supposed that the verdict might depend upon which side had the most votes in the Committee? Have we sunk so low that some of our most distinguished public men cannot be trusted to decide even so important, so solemn, so painful a matter as this, in an honest and impartial manner? It may be Quixotic to say so, but we should much have preferred if the Government had voluntarily given three votes to the Opposition, asking only two for themselves; for unless the demoralization produced by the party system has proceeded much further than we suppose it to have done, this difference in the constitution of the Committee could not have made any difference in the verdict, and such a course would have done more than anything else to give a confident tone to the public mind. As regards the further steps taken by the Government in the matter, and particularly

the postponement of the enquiry until after the arrival of certain of the accused parties, we do not see that they can reasonably be objected to; but still it is a pity that the Opposition (who seem, like good patriots, to have the proving of the charges very much at heart) should be able to say that all the reluctance to proceed was on the part of the Government.

When the motion to adjourn the Committee was under discussion in the House, all the Opposition speakers made it a point against Sir John A. Macdonald that he had given no previous intimation that he considered such an adjournment necessary, but on the contrary had allowed the House to suppose that the Committee would proceed with its labours at the earliest moment. For our own part, we see no inconsistency in the course pursued by the Premier. When the Opposition pressed for the special sanction by His Excellency of the Oaths Bill, it would have been very much out of place for the Premier then to have suggested delay on the ground of certain action that he proposed to take before the Committee after that Bill was passed. To have said to the House, "Well, as you wish it, I shall advise His Excellency to come down specially and assent to the Bill, but I don't think there will be much use in it, as I intend to apply to the Committee for an adjournment,"—would have been most unbecoming. The retort would at once have been made: "How do you know your application to the Committee will be successful? Do you know beforehand how it is going to decide?" The only proper course, it seems to us, was the one Sir John A. Macdonald actually took, viz., to place his power as responsible adviser of His Excellency at the command of the House to the extent of procuring early assent to the Oaths Bill, and then, in his character as the party accused, to make such an application to the Committee as he deemed fitting.

Upon the whole we are of opinion that, although the Government might have acted more satisfactorily than they have done in the matter, that is, so as to have produced a better effect upon the public mind, their conduct compares favourably with that of the Opposition. The Government have throughout merely stood upon their undoubted rights, whereas the other side have raised a cry because they could not have everything arranged just as they wished.—Moreover, the manner in which they have taken up Mr. Huntington's charges, their manifest desire that Government may be convicted of the high crimes laid at their door, is not a pleasant or a creditable spectacle. Surely with two such men as Messrs. Blake and Dorion on the Committee, men whose keenness and vigilance nothing is at all likely to elude, and who, if they dissent from the conclusions of the rest of the Committee, can publish their views to the world accompanied by the evidence on which they are based—with, too, the public opinion of the country to try the case over again, and confirm an honest, or reverse a partial verdict—they might have been content to acquiesce without opposition in the very reasonable proposal that no evidence should be taken until all the chief parties concerned could be present.

We have no space to attempt a review of the legislation of the session, such as it was, but must confine ourselves to noticing briefly those incidents by which the session of 1873 will in future be remembered. If it has not given us the ballot, it has at least promised it. Whether the boon is one to rejoice over or not is a point very much disputed. The subject has never been much discussed in Canada, but, silently, a feeling has grown up in favour of secret voting, which the Legislature at last has been compelled to recognize. Our own feeling, we must confess, is against it, for the simple reason that we regard the conventional public morality of the day as somewhat higher, perhaps a good deal higher, than the average private morality of

individuals.* While voting is conducted publicly, that conventional morality of which we speak has necessarily a powerful influence in directing the course of a great number of men; but once establish secrecy, and each man falls back upon those standards that govern his own secret life. There are, of course, other considerations that bear upon the question, but this, as being far the broadest, seems to us the most important. The Premier has been attacked, as might have been expected, for yielding a measure to which he was personally opposed; but seeing that almost all the world beside has adopted the ballot, and that a number of his own supporters were in favour of it, it would have been an act of singular folly and obstinacy to have resisted the popular demand to the point of bringing on a ministerial crisis.

Sir John A. Macdonald is far from having that love of legislation which characterizes his colleague, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. On the contrary, he would seem to regard a great bill as a great evil, something only to be dealt with under the pressure of necessity and at the last moment. It is not, therefore, surprising that his new Election Law, introduced on the 21st March last, should never have come up for a second reading. Probably, as the Premier alleged, there was no great necessity for passing the Bill in question this year, and a further excuse for delay was found in the fact that, by the decision arrived at by the House in favour of the Ballot, it became necessary to incorporate with the Bill certain clauses providing for the introduction of that mode of voting. Still the delay, however it may be accounted for or defended, will, by very many, be regarded as characteristic of the author of the measure. It is satisfactory to think that the Controverted Elections Bill, though it lingered long in Committee, has finally passed. To the Opposition belongs the credit of this measure; at least, considering the attitude of the Government last year with respect to it, the Opposition may fairly claim that the present Act is a result of the strong pressure they then brought to bear in favour of the general principle of referring Controverted Election cases to the Judges.

We cannot but regret that it was found necessary to withdraw the measure introduced by Mr. Pope for the establishment of a uniform system of registration for the whole Dominion. The provisions of the Bill never received any discussion in the House, but the Bill was printed and distributed, and there is no doubt that in its general features it was approved by a large majority of the House. We regret the failure of this measure all the more on account of the nature of the opposition to which it succumbed, an opposition (there is no secret about it) proceeding entirely from a portion of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Lower Canada. The civil government, it is pretended, has no right to demand returns from the clergy; it has no right to appoint officers "to fulfil a function that falls within the exclusive domain of a distinct and independent authority." It really is amusing, though a little humiliating too, to think that an important measure like this can be thrown back by the veto of a single Roman Catholic prelate. The Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Taché, had, it seems, with all due humility, submitted a copy of the proposed Bill, on the 31st March last, to His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, to see whether the Government might venture to proceed with it. The answer he received was, he positively asserts, favourable *; and relying on this, Mr. Pope, in all innocence and confidence, brings forward the Bill in the House.

* "Les hommes, fripons en détail, sont en gros de très-honnêtes gens: ils aiment la morale * * * cela se voit admirablement bien sur les théâtres: on est sûr de plaire au peuple par les sentiments que la morale avoue, et on est sûr de le choquer par ceux qu'elle réprouve.—*Montesquieu*, xxv. 2.

*See a Letter in the *Nouveau Monde*, signed XXX, and dated 7th May, 1873.

No sooner is this done than the ultramontane journals cry out that such a Bill should have no application to Lower Canada. "But the Bishop of Montreal approves of it," says the *Minerve*. "No he doesn't," replies the *Nouveau Monde*, and to settle the dispute the Bishop himself appears on the scene with a distinct denial that he had ever given the Bill his approval; so when the second reading of the Bill is moved one afternoon on the stroke of six, Mr. Dorion gets up, utters a few ominous words, and that is the last heard of it for the session.

What the intentions of the Government are with respect to this measure we are not aware. Whether the opposition of Bishop Bourget will be overcome, or whether, if he persists in his opposition, the Government will allow it to prevail over their own views of public policy, those who live shall see. The question we are inclined to ask is—"Quousque tandem?"—how far is the Roman Catholic Church disposed to go in thwarting the course of legislation in this Dominion? Surely it is difficult to conceive a more appropriate field for the action of the government and the legislature than the collection of such statistics as may be necessary to determine the civil and legal status of each member of the community, and to register those changes in population from the study of which so many useful results are to be obtained. It would certainly be a weak government that would not insist upon having its own way where it was so unquestionably in the right, and we cannot believe for a moment that the present administration, after having promised the country to introduce a general measure of this nature, is going to be baulked in its purpose by the irrelevant objections of Bishop Bourget and his clergy.

It is evident, indeed, in more ways than one, that the Dominion of Canada cannot hope to escape those religious difficulties which have been such an impediment to progress, and so fertile a source of discord, elsewhere. In the division of the 14th ult., on Mr. Costigan's motion for a recommendation to His Excellency to disallow certain Bills passed at its last session by the New Brunswick Legislature, almost a solid Catholic vote was cast on the affirmative side. The Ministry voted unanimously against the motion; but in spite of the most earnest and, as we think, convincing appeal by Sir John A. Macdonald, men who were accustomed to follow him with the most unwavering fidelity, and to accept without question his opinion upon all constitutional matters, took a directly opposite course to that which he recommended. He told them they were inflicting a blow on the constitution, and endangering their own position as a minority; and they, by their votes, replied that neither the constitution nor any calculations of what might happen in the future were of any account to them in comparison with following out the line of action prescribed for them in this matter by the Church. We are far from blaming them for the course they took. A man is culpable who does not obey the highest authority his conscience recognises, whatever may be the point at issue; but to those who do not believe in the infallibility of the power to which Roman Catholics submit themselves, and who remember that that power has described as evil and pernicious many, if not most, of the most cherished liberties of the age, it is not reassuring to observe in what solid masses they can be wielded on occasions like these. The very essence of modern institutions is free discussion, and, as a consequence or accompaniment of free discussion, a certain openness to argument upon the part of those engaged in it. But here we have a policy marked out without any reference to the circumstances or exigencies of the community to which it is to be applied, a policy deduced from *a priori* principles, and to this a large section of our fellow-countrymen are prepared at any moment to conform their whole conduct. Should such irruptions of the re-

ligious element into the domain of politics become at all frequent, there will manifestly be an end to the institutions under which we now live, and what will take their place it is impossible to foresee. We are not, we confess, without sympathy with the Catholics of New Brunswick: but look at the matter in this light,—What would they have done if Confederation had never taken place, and there had been no question of the interference of any other authority in the acts of the New Brunswick Legislature? What *could* they have done except follow the same course as their co-religionists in the old Province of Upper Canada, and work by all legitimate and constitutional means for what they regarded as their rights? Well then, how is the case affected by Confederation? Confederation did not establish a central authority that could on any occasion, or on any pretext, undertake to revise, to modify, or to repeal the acts of the local legislatures. It supplied a certain very definite basis of agreement between the several Provinces entering into it, according to which certain powers and functions were assigned to the central authority, and others reserved to the constituent Provinces. To strain the interpretation, or go beyond the provisions of that instrument in the direction of interference with local prerogatives, would be just as much an act of tyranny and wrong as if, before Confederation, any of the neighbouring Provinces, or all of them combined, had undertaken to force a certain policy in school matters on the Province of New Brunswick. The question then is simply one of law. Has New Brunswick by her action in this matter invited or justified the interference of the Dominion Government? The Minister of Justice, whose experience and acumen in constitutional questions none will deny, says No. His colleagues, among whom are at least two lawyers of marked ability, say No. The legal advisers of Her Majesty's Government, after hearing both sides of the question, say No. Well then, unless all these authorities are wrong, we are simply brought to the conclusion that the Act of Confederation has provided the New Brunswick Catholics with no resource they did not before possess against the Act of which they complain, and that to ask the federal government to interfere in the matter is to ask them to exceed their powers and violate the constitution. The case is now to be brought before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on appeal, but it is in the last degree improbable that the judgment of that Court will be in any respect different from that already pronounced by the Law Officers of the Crown.

No doubt the Government were placed in an awkward position by the vote of the 14th ult., but it remains to be seen whether the Ontario Opposition, who so unaccountably voted for an arbitrary interference with provincial rights, will not find their position more awkward still. All the world knows how anxious they have been of late to catch Catholic votes, and what tender passages have occurred between the quondam opponents of separate schools and the Catholic league, but nobody expected from them so extraordinary a manœuvre as they executed on the occasion referred to. Had Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues been found disposed to strain a point in order to relieve a religious minority of what they regarded as a serious grievance, and had Mr. Mackenzie and his followers been making a grim stand for the constitution, no one would have been surprised; but, as the case stands, it has been left to Sir John to go against his natural leanings in order to maintain inviolate the pact between the Provinces, while the others have done violence to all their professions and traditions in order simply to put the Government in a momentary minority.

We must now pass very hastily over the remaining matters on which it seems necessary to touch. The discussion on Mr. Wallace's resolutions affirming the necessity of a change in the relations between Canada

and the Mother Country can scarcely be said to have been a serious one. The subject, we must confess, is not yet ripe for discussion; that is to say, a certain conventional opinion with regard to it is so strong that independent opinions make no impression, and indeed scarcely dare to make themselves heard. Sir John A. Macdonald, who this session has shown a tendency to use somewhat extreme language, said that "he could not see that circumstances would ever arise which would involve the necessity of separation."

Mr. Mills' motion for a re-constitution of the Senate will bear postponement for a session or two. The Senate, it is true, is not at present contributing in any eminent degree either to the education of public opinion, the improvement of legislation, or any other single desirable object; still it is not doing, and is not likely to do, any great harm, and that is more than can be said of some Second Chambers.

Mr. Blake, in introducing his resolution advising that steps should be taken to secure for Canada the free navigation of the Columbia River, could hardly have expected it to be accepted by a House led by one of the late Joint High Commissioners.—When the Reform party accedes to power such a motion will be more in place, and, should it lead to anything, all the credit will belong to those who were its originators.

The discussion on the resolution brought forward by Mr. MacDonald, of Pictou, pronouncing certain editorial letters in the *St. John Freeman* an attack on the authority and privileges of Parliament, is entitled to notice as one of the memorable incidents of the session. The letters in question were far from creditable to their author, the member for Gloucester; but we quite fail to see that they justified the action taken by Mr. MacDonald and those who voted for his resolution. The strictures indulged in by Mr. Anglin were of an unusually sweeping kind; but that was the only feature by which they were distinguished from numerous articles that, from day to day, disfigure the columns of the party press. Nothing is more common than to see the basest motives ascribed to individual members of Parliament, and "dishonesty," "falsehood," "treason," "villany," are terms in constant requisition to characterize the conduct of political opponents. The only respect, then, in which Mr. Anglin's articles were peculiar, was one that might well have consigned them to silent contempt, namely, their utter and absurd want of discrimination. Mr. Anglin made no exceptions: every man of the 107 who voted Nay on Mr. Huntington's motion was a traitor to conscience and to country, a voluntary wallower in unimaginable filth, and ready for still viler deeds in future, if such could be found for him to do. Was this language of which Parliament needed to take notice? The charges were the same in essence as are constantly being made, and were stated in such a way as to make them more damaging by far to their author than to the persons assailed; yet Mr. MacDonald of Pictou must come forward with a resolution on the subject, and take up a whole afternoon and evening with reading a very ineffectual lecture on propriety to Mr. Anglin. The resolution was carried, but only by a strict party vote, the Opposition rightly taking the ground that until some principle was laid down as to what criticisms on the conduct of members were allowable and what were not, it was idle to pass a resolution condemnatory of Mr. Anglin's extravagancies in particular. So far as moral effect was concerned, the 107 members who considered themselves slandered would have done quite as well, and better, if they had met in caucus and passed the resolution which they availed themselves of their party strength to place on the Journals of the House.

We must pass over the lively discussion that took place on the dealings of the Gov-

ernment with the contract for "Section No. 5," and also the debate on Mr. Gilbert Griffin's letter to the Postmaster of Allanburg; nor is any detailed discussion here possible of the re-adjustment of the Provincial debts. That some re-adjustment was necessary may be taken for granted, for there is undoubtedly a good deal of force in the argument of the Finance Minister, that the subsidies to the Provinces are not worth now what they were when Confederation took effect. We cannot, however, but object very strongly to the payment to New Brunswick in perpetuity of an annual sum of $150,000, in consideration of the abolition of duties which have never reached a higher figure than $67,000, and which could not very long continue to yield anything like that amount. If "better terms" are being conceded to New Brunswick, why not say so at once? Parliament was not unwilling to give the whole subject a careful and impartial consideration, and, had sufficient cause been shown for it, would have voted New Brunswick an additional $100,000 a year without any difficulty. But no; the words "better terms" had fallen into a certain amount of popular disfavour, and so the $150,000 must be asked for as an equivalent for abolished timber dues that never reached half that amount, and two-thirds of which, moreover, were collected not from Americans but from citizens of New Brunswick. A more unsatisfactory way of attaining the object in view can hardly be imagined.

Prince Edward Island is entering the Union on terms which can only be described as extremely liberal. The Islanders, it is well known, have always placed a very high value upon their adhesion to the Confederation, so we may fairly suppose they consider the conditions now offered them as in every way fair and satisfactory. For our own part we give them a cordial welcome into our "happy family," and trust they may make themselves perfectly at home. Only don't let us hear anything about "better terms" for a little while.

If the Dominion does not prosper it will not be for want of territory. We have territory enough and to spare; what we do want is the spirit of union. It is a small satisfaction for a thoughtful man to think of his country as embracing so many provinces, or, as stretching from ocean to ocean across the whole width of a continent, unless he can at the same time think that, vast as are its bounds, one spirit animates its separated populations, and that, over all local interests and feelings, rises, strong and clear, the sense of national life and national unity. We are but in the beginning of our career as a confederated people, and as yet the dividing lines between Province and Province are very strongly marked; the national sentiment is but feebly expressed. There is therefore the most urgent necessity that those at the head of affairs, and our legislators generally, should do all in their power to allay any antagonisms or suspicions that may be found to exist between different portions of the Confederation, and at the same time to bring into prominence on every occasion the idea of duty to the nation. Unhappily this is the very course which it seems impossible for our politicians to take. Of course they have fine sentiments to utter upon occasion; but when, let us ask, was the Government unwilling to represent the Opposition in an odious light to the people of one Province, or certain Provinces in particular? And when was the Opposition unwilling to pursue a similar course towards the Government? Yet whenever this is done local prejudice is stimulated, sectional animosities are inflamed. We cannot but believe that the Dominion is entering upon a very critical period of its career. In 1867 the different Provinces (except Ontario and Quebec) were strangers to one another, and were disposed, as strangers, to act towards one another with a good deal of ceremony and civility. Now the strangeness has worn

off to some degree, and, as when people are becoming better acquainted, likes and dislikes are being formed; and it remains now to be seen whether, as the result of increased acquaintance, the union sentiment will be strengthened or impaired. Little disposed as we are to advocate the institution of party, we could almost wish that parties *in the old sense* were possible in the Dominion; that is to say, that some questions would arise that might separate, throughout all the Provinces, those who thought in one way from those who thought in another, so that upon the basis of such a real opposition in political opinion party organization might be carried on and party energies put forth. For the effect of this division would be, as in the United States, if not to annihilate, to weaken those territorial divisions and jealousies that so embarrass political action, and so endanger the future of the country.

Parliament stands adjourned till the 13th of August. The Session that has just closed has been the most unsatisfactory we have had since Confederation, and it has left the public mind in far from a settled or comfortable state. It was a Session marked by a great deal of bitterness, recrimination and idle contention. Political rivalry is supposed to proceed from opposite views of public policy, and to be entirely consistent with the utmost personal respect of opponents for one another; but in the Dominion Parliament there is no pretence of this, and upon numerous occasions during the late Session the recognized language of Parliament was put to its utmost strain to express the contempt which honourable gentlemen on one side felt for honourable gentlemen on the other. It is not by such conduct as this that the country is going to be built up and consolidated; already we feel the effects of it in a certain depressed tone of the public mind, and a general anxiety as to what will happen next. In a commercial point of view the Dominion is flourishing; the era of surpluses is not yet exhausted. So long as this condition of things lasts, the weakness of our position will be to a great extent concealed; but let financial difficulties overtake us, with political feeling in the same dangerous state of tension as at present, with local jealousies unabated, and it is hard to say what the result might be.

Let us hope, however, for better things. There are many men in the Dominion Parliament who, though they follow their leaders with too implicit an obedience, are not devoid of strong sentiments of honour and duty. At any moment it is possible that a new combination might occur, which would show the House of Commons in a very different light. At present the leaders are wrangling furiously, and the moderate men at their backs vote as they are bid, and so seem to support them in wrangling. But change the leaders, or change the ground of discussion, and the moderate men will be only too glad to have the opportunity afforded them of voting and working in the public interest, and discarding the animosities in which they have previously borne a silent, and, we must believe, more or less unwilling part. We have here in Canada the fair beginnings of an empire: what we need to strengthen our present and secure our future position as an independent people, is national spirit. If we possess this, there will hereafter be, upon this portion of the American continent, a great and powerful nation, working out its own ideas, upholding its own institutions, and exerting, let us trust, an influence for good upon the world If we possess it not, then, sooner or later, the fabric which political ingenuity has reared must fall to the ground, and we must commit our destinies to some people more favoured in this respect than ourselves.

SELECTIONS.

OXFORD.*

[About a year ago died, before his hour, George Hughes, the elder brother of "Tom Brown." He was truly "Tom Brown's" brother, for he was a man not only of muscle and flesh, but of intellect and heart. Evidently, in fact, he was the living embodiment of the character depicted in the book so familiar to us all. The life of him by his brother, from which the following extract is taken, is addressed to the younger members of the family.]

MY brother went to Oxford full of good resolves as to reading, which he carried out far better than most men do, although undoubtedly, after his first year, his popularity, by enlarging the circle of his acquaintance to an inconvenient extent, somewhat interfered with his studies. Your grandfather was delighted at having a son likely to distinguish himself actually resident in his own old College. In his time it had occupied the place in the University now held by Balliol. Copleston and Whately had been his tutors; and, as he had resided a good deal after taking his degree, he had seen several generations of distinguished men in the common room, including Arnold, Blanco White, Keble, Pusey, and Hampden. Moreover, there was a tradition of University distinction in his family; his father had been Setonian Prizeman and Chancellor's Medallist at Cambridge, and he himself had carried off the Latin verse prize, and one of the English Odes recited before the United Sovereigns when they paid a visit to the Oxford Commemoration in 1814, with Wellington, Blücher, and a host of the great soldiers of that day.

His anxiety as to George's start at Oxford manifested itself in many ways, and particularly as to the want of punctuality, and accuracy in small matters, which he had already noticed. As a delicate lesson on this subject, I find him taking advantage of the fact that George's watch was in the hands of the maker for repairs, to send him his own chronometer, adding: "As your sense of trustworthiness in little and great things is a considerably multiplied multiple of your care for your own private property (which doubtless will grow to its right proportion when you have been cheated a little), I have no doubt old Trusty will return to me in as good order as when he left me. Furthermore, it is possible you may take a fancy to him when you have learnt the value of an unfailing guide to punctuality. In which case, if you can tell me at the end of term that you have, to the best of your belief, made the most of your time, I will with great pleasure swap with you. As to what is making the best of your time, you would of course like to have my ideas. Thus, then" — and your grandfather proceeds to give a number of rules, founded on his own Oxford experience, as to reading, and goes on:

"All this, you will say, cuts out a tolerably full employment for the term. But when you can call this in your recollections, '*terminus alba creta notandus*,' it will be worth trouble. I believe the intentions of most freshmen are good, and the first term generally well spent: the second and third are often the trial, when one gets confidence in oneself; and the sense of what is right and honourable must come in place of that deference for one's superior officers which is at first instinctive. I am glad you find you can do as you please, and choose your own society without making yourself at all remarkable. So I found, for the same reasons that facilitate the matter to you. Domestic or private education, I believe, throws more difficulties in the way of saying 'No' when it is your pleasure so to do, and the poor wight only gets laughed at instead of cultivated. After all, one may have too many acquaintance, unexception-

* From "Memoir of a Brother," by Thomas Hughes. London: Macmillan & Co.

able though they be. But I do not know that much loss of time can occur to a person of perfectly sober habits, as you are, if he leaves wine parties with a clear head at chapel time, and eschews supping and lounging, and lunching and gossiping, and tooling in High Street, and such matters, which belong more to particular cliques than to a generally extended acquaintance in College. In all these things, going not as a raw lad, but as a man of nineteen, with my father's entire confidence, I found I could settle the thing to my satisfaction in no time: your circumstances are precisely the same, and the result will probably be the same. I applaud, and clap you on the back for rowing: row, box, fence, and walk with all possible sturdiness. Another thing: I believe an idea prevails that it is necessary to ride sometimes, to show yourself of equestrian rank. If you have any mind this way, write to Franklin to send Stevens with your horse; keep him a few weeks, and I will allow you a £5 note to assert your equestrian dignity, now or at any other time. This is a better style of thing than piaffing about on hired Oxford cocky-horses, like Jacky Popkin, and all such half-measures. The only objection to such doings is, that you certainly do see a style of men always across a horse who are fit for nothing else, and *non constat* that they always know a hock from a stifle-joint. But this is only *per accidens*. And if you have a fancy for an occasional freak this way, remember I was bred in the saddle, and whatever my present opinions may be from longer experience, can fully enter into your ideas."

You will see by his answer how readily George entered into some of his father's ideas, though I don't think he ever sent for his horse. A few weeks later, in 1841, he writes:

"Now to answer your last letters. I shall be delighted to accept you as my prime minister for the next two years. Any plan of reading which you chalk out for me I think I shall be able to pursue—at least I am sure I will try to do so. Men reading for honours now generally employ a 'coach.' If you will condescend to be my coach, I will try to answer to the whip to the best of my power."

Your grandfather accepted the post with great pleasure; and there are a number of letters, full of hints and directions as to study, which I hope you may all read some day, but which would make this memoir too long. You will see later on how well satisfied he was with the general result, though in one or two instances he had sad disappointments to bear, as most fathers have who are anxious about their sons' work.

* * * * * * *

I have told you already that this was our first separation of any length. I did not see him from the day he went to Oxford in January, until our Rugby Eleven went up to Lord's, at the end of the half-year, for the match with the M.C.C. It was the first time I had ever played there, and of course I was very full of it, and fancied the match the most important event which was occurring in England at the time. One of our Eleven did not turn up, and George was allowed to play for us. He was, as usual, a tower of strength in a boys' Eleven, because you could rely on his nerve. When the game was going badly, he was always put in to keep up his wicket, and very seldom failed to do it. On this occasion we were in together, and he made a long score, but, I thought, did not play quite in his usual style; and on talking the matter over with him when we got home, I found that he had not been playing at Oxford, but had taken to boating.

I expressed my sorrow at this, and spoke disparagingly of boating, of which I knew nothing whatever. We certainly had a punt in the stream at home, but it was too narrow for oars, and I scarcely knew a stretcher from a rowlock. He declared that he was as fond of cricket as ever, but that in the whole range of sport, even including hunting, there was no excitement like a good neck-and-neck boat race, and that I should come to think so too.

At this time his boating career had only just begun, and rowing was rather at a discount at Oxford. For several years Cambridge had had their own way with the dark blues, notably in this very year of 1841. But a radical reformer had just appeared at Oxford, whose influence has lasted to the present day, and to whom the substitution of the long stroke with sharp catch at the beginning (now universally accepted as the only true form) for the short, digging "waterman's" stroke, as it used to be called, is chiefly due. This was Fletcher Menzies, then captain of the University College boat. He had already

begun to train a crew on his own principles, in opposition to the regular University crew, and, amongst others, had selected my brother, though a freshman, and had taken him frequently down the river behind himself in a pair-oar. The first result of this instruction was, that my brother won the University pair-oar race, pulling stroke to another freshman of his own college.

In Michaelmas Term, 1841, it became clear to all judges of rowing that the opposition was triumphant. F. Menzies was elected captain of the O. U. B. C., and chose my brother as his No. 7, so that on my arrival at Oxford in the spring of 1842, I found him training in the University crew. The race with Cambridge was then rowed in the summer, and over the six-mile course, between Westminster and Putney bridges. This year the day selected was the 12th June. I remember it well, for I was playing at the same time in the Oxford and Cambridge match at Lord's. The weather was intensely hot, and we were getting badly beaten. So confident were our opponents in the prowess of the University, that, at dinner in the Pavilion, they were offering even bets that Cambridge would win at three events—the cricket match, the race at Westminster, and the Henley Cup, which was to be rowed for in the following week. This was too much for us, and the bets were freely taken; I myself, for the first and last time in my life, betting five pounds with the King's man who sat next me. Before our match was over the news came up from the river that Oxford had won.

It was the last race ever rowed by the Universities over the long six-mile course. To suit the tide it was rowed down, from Putney to Westminister Bridge. My brother unluckily lost his straw hat at the start, and the intense heat on his head caused him terrible distress. The boats were almost abreast down to the Battersea reach, where there were a number of lighters moored in mid-stream, waiting for the tide. This was the crisis of the race. As the boats separated, each taking its own side, Egan, the Cambridge coxswain, called on his crew: Shadwell, the Oxford coxswain, heard him, and called on his own men, and when the boats came in sight of each other again from behind the lighters, Oxford was well ahead. But my brother was getting faint from the effects of the sun on his head when Shadwell reminded him of the slice of lemon which was placed in each man's thwart. He snatched it up, and at that time F. Menzies took off his hat and gave it him, and, when the boat shot under Westminster Bridge with a clear lead, he was quite himself again.

In our college boat—of which he was now stroke, and which he took with a brilliant rush to the head of the river, bumping University, the leading boat, to which his captain, F. Menzies, was still stroke, after two very severe races—he always saw that every man had a small slice of lemon at the start, in memory of the Battersea reach.

Next year (1843), owing to a dispute about the time, there was no University race over the London course, but the crews were to meet at the Henley Regatta. The meeting was looked forward to with more than ordinary interest, as party feeling was running high between the Universities. In the previous year, after their victory in London, the Oxford boat had gone to Henley, but had withdrawn in consequence of a decision of the stewards, allowing a man to row in the Cambridge crew who had already rowed in a previous heat, in another boat. So the cup remained in the possession of the Cambridge Rooms, a London rowing club, composed of men who had left college, and of the best oarsmen still at the University. If the Cambridge Rooms could hold the challenge cup this year also, it would become their property. But we had little fear of this, as Menzies' crew was in better form than ever. He had beaten Cambridge University in 1842, and we were confident would do it again; and, as the Rooms were never so strong as the University, we had no doubt as to the result of the final heat also. I remember walking over from Oxford the night before the regatta, with a friend, full of these hopes, and the consternation with which we heard, on arriving at the town, that the Cambridge University boat had withdrawn so that the best men might be draughted from it into the Rooms' crew, the holders of the cup. Those only who have felt the extraordinary interest which these contests excite can appreciate the dismay with which this announcement filled us. Our boat would, by this arrangement, have to contend with the picked oars of two first-class crews; and we forgot that, after all, though the individual men were better, the fact of their not

having trained regularly together made them really less formidable competitors. But far worse news came in the morning. Menzies had been in the Schools in the previous month, and the strain of his examination, combined with training for the race, had been too much for him. He was down with a bad attack of fever. What was to be done? It was settled at once that my brother should row stroke, and a proposal was made that the vacant place in the boat should be filled by one of Menzies' college crew. The question went before the stewards, who, after long deliberation, determined that this could not be allowed. In consequence of the dispute in the previous year, they had decided that only those oarsmen whose names had been sent in could row in any given race. I am not sure where the suggestion came from, I believe from Menzies himself, that his crew should row the race with seven oars; but I well remember the indignation and despair with which the final announcement was received.

However, there was no help for it, and we ran down the bank to the starting-place by the side of our crippled boat, with sad hearts, cheering them to show our appreciation of their pluck, but without a spark of hope as to the result. When they turned to take up their place for the start, we turned also, and went a few hundred yards up the towing-path, so as to get start enough to enable us to keep up with the race. The signal-gun was fired, and we saw the oars flash in the water, and began trotting up the bank with our heads turned over our shoulders. First one, and then another, cried out that "we were holding our own," that "light blue was not gaining." In another minute they were abreast of us, close together, but the dark blue flag the least bit to the front. A third of the course was over, and, as we rushed along and saw the lead improved foot by foot, almost inch by inch, hope came back, and the excitement made running painful. In another minute, as they turned the corner and got into the straight reach, the crowd became too dense for running. We could not keep up, and could only follow with our eyes and shouts, as we pressed up towards the bridge. Before we could reach it the gun fired, and the dark blue flag was run up, showing that Oxford had won.

Then followed one of the temporary fits of delirium which sometimes seize Englishmen, the sight of which makes one slow to disbelieve any crazy story which is told of the doings of other people in moments of intense excitement. The crew had positively to fight their way into their hotel, and barricade themselves there, to escape being carried round Henley on our shoulders. The enthusiasm, frustrated in this direction, burst out in all sorts of follies, of which you may take this as a specimen. The heavy toll-gate was pulled down, and thrown over the bridge into the river by a mob of young Oxonians, headed by a small, decorous, shy man in spectacles, who had probably never pulled an oar in his life, but who had gone temporarily mad with excitement, and I am confident would, at that moment, have led his followers not only against the Henley constables, but against a regiment with fixed bayonets. Fortunately, no harm came of it but a few broken heads and black eyes; and the local authorities, making allowances for the provocation, were lenient at the next petty sessions.

The crew went up to London from Henley, to row for the Gold Cup, in the Thames Regatta, which had just been established. Here they met the Cambridge Rooms' crew again, strengthened by a new No. 3, and a new stroke, and the Leander, then in its glory, and won the cup after one of the finest and closest races ever rowed. There has been much discussion as to these two races ever since in the boating world, in which my brother was on one occasion induced to take part. "The Oxford University came in first," was his account, "with a clear lead of the Leander, the Cambridge crew overlapping the Leander. We were left behind at the start, and had great difficulty in passing our opponents, not from want of pace, but from want of room." And, speaking of the Henley race, which was said to have been won against a "scratch crew," he adds: "A 'scratch crew' may mean anything short of a perfectly trained crew of good materials. Any one who cares about it will find the names of Rooms' crew at p. 100 of Mr. Macmichael's book, and by consulting the index will be able to form a judgment as to the quality of our opponents. *We* had a very great respect for them. I never attempted to exaggerate the importance of the 'seven oars' race,' and certainly never claimed to have beaten a Cambridge University crew on that occasion." It will always remain, however, one of the most

interesting of the heroic records of a noble English sport.

He announced his own triumphs at home as follows, from the Golden Cross, where the Oxford crew then stopped:

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I should have been with you yesterday, but was obliged to wait because they had not finished the gold oars which we have won at Putney. We have been as successful here as we were at Henley, and I hope I shall bring home the cup to show you. I shall be home to-morrow, and very glad to get to Donnington again. I don't feel the least unsettled by these proceedings, and am in an excellent humour for reading."

The two great cups came to Donnington, and remained for the year on your grandfather's sideboard, who could never quite make up his mind about them; pride at his son's extraordinary prowess being dashed with fears as to the possible effects on him. George himself, at this time, certainly had no idea that he was at all the worse for it, and maintained in his letters that pulling "is not so severe exercise as boxing or fencing hard for an hour." "You may satisfy yourselves I shall not overdo it. I have always felt better for it as yet, but if I were to feel the least inconvenience I should give it up at once."

One effect the seven-oar race had on the generation at Oxford: it made boating really popular, which it had not been till then. I, amongst others, was quite converted to my brother's opinion, and began to spend all my spare time on the water. Our college entered for the University four-oar races in the following November Term, and, to my intense delight, I was selected for No. 2, my brother pulling stroke.

Our first heat was against Balliol, and through my awkwardness it proved to be the hardest race my brother ever rowed. At the second stroke after the start I caught a crab (to use boating phrase), and such a bad one that the head of our boat was forced almost into the bank, and we lost not a stroke or two, but at least a dozen, Balliol going away with a lead of two boats' lengths and more. Few strokes would have gone on in earnest after this, and I am not sure that my brother would, but that it was first race for a University prize. As it was, he turned round, took a look at Balliol, and just said, "Shove her head out! Now then," and away we went. Of course I was burning with shame, and longing to do more than my utmost to make up for my clumsiness. The boat seemed to spring under us, but I could feel it was no doing of mine. Just before the Gut we were almost abreast of them, but, as they had the choice of water, we were pushed out into mid-stream, losing half a boat's length, and having now to pull up against the full current while Balliol went up the Oxford side under the willows. Our rivals happened also to be personal friends, and I remember well becoming conscious as we struggled up the reach that I was alongside, first of their stroke, the late Sir H. Lambert, then of No. 3, W. Spottsiwoode, and at last, as we came to the Cherwell, just before the finish, of our old school-fellow, T. Walrond, who was pulling the bow oar. I felt that the race was won, for they had now to come across to us; and won it was, but only by a few feet. I don't think the rest of us were much more distressed than we had been before in college races. But my brother's head drooped forward, and he could not speak for several seconds. I should have learnt then, if I had needed to learn, that it is the stroke who wins boat races.

Our next heat against University, the holders of the cup, was a much easier affair. We won by some lengths, and my brother had thus carried off every honour which an oarsman can win at the University, except the sculls, for which he had never been able to enter. I cannot remember any race in which he pulled stroke and was beaten.

There are few pleasanter memories in my life than those of the river-side, when we were training behind him in our college crew. He was perhaps a thought too easy, and did not keep us quite so tightly in hand as the captains of some of the other leading boats kept their men. But the rules of training were then barbarous, and I think we were all the better for not being strictly limited even in the matter of a draught of cold water, or compelled to eat our meat half cooked. He was most judicious in all the working part of training, and no man ever knew better when to give his crew the long Abingdon reach, and when to be content with Iffley or Sandford. At the half-hour's rest at those places he would generally sit quiet, and watch the skittles, wrestling, quoits, or feats of strength

which were going on all about. But if he did take part in them, he almost always beat everyone else. I only remember one occasion on which he was fairly foiled. In consequence of his intimacy with F. Menzies, our crew were a great deal with that of University College, and much friendly rivalry existed between us. One afternoon one of their crew, R. Mansfield, brother of George's old vaulting antagonist, rode down to Sandford, where, in the field near the inn, there was always a furze hurdle for young gentlemen to leap over. In answer to some chaffing remark, Mansfield turned round, and sitting with his face towards his horse's tail, rode him over this hurdle. Several of us tried it after him, George amongst the number, but we all failed; and of course declared that it was a trick, and that his horse was trained to do it under him, and to refuse under anybody else.

The four-oar race was the last of my brother's boating triumphs. At the end of the term he gave up rowing, as his last year was beginning, and he was anxious to get more time for his preparation for the Schools. I am not sure that he succeeded in this, as, strong exercise of some kind being a necessity to him, he took to playing an occasional game at cricket, and was caught and put into the University Eleven. He pulled, however, in one more great race, in the Thames Regatta of 1845, when he was still resident as a bachelor, attending lectures.—Number 6 in the Oxford boat broke down, and his successor applied to him to fill the place, to which he assented rather unwillingly. The following extract from a letter to his father gives the result, and the close of his boating career:—

"You will have seen that Oxford was unsuccessful in London for the Grand Cup, but I really think we should have won it had it not been for that unluckly foul. I only consented to take an oar in the boat because they said they could not row without me, and found myself well up to the work."

He always retained his love for rowing, and came up punctually every year to take his place on the umpire's boat at the University race, to which he had a prescriptive claim as an old captain of the O. U. B. C. And this chapter may fitly close with a boating song, the best of its kind that I know of, which he wrote at my request. It appeared in Mr. Severn's "Almanac of English Sports," published at Christmas 1868. I had rashly promised the editor to give him some verses for March, on the University race, and put it off till it was time to go to press. When my time was limited by days, and I had to sit down to my task in the midst of other work, I found that the knack of rhyming had left me, and turned naturally to the brother who had helped me in many a copy of verses thirty years back. I sent him down some dozen hobbling lines, and within a post or two I received from him the following, on the March Boat Race:

The wood sways and rocks in the fierce Equinox,
The old heathen war-god bears rule in the sky,
Aslant down the street drives the pitiless sleet;
At the height of the house-tops the cloud-rack spins by.

Old Boreas may bluster, but gaily we'll muster,
And crowd every nook on bridge, steamboat, and shore,
With cheering to greet Cam and Isis, who meet
For the Derby of boating, our fête of the oar.

"Off jackets!"—each oarsman springs light to his seat,
And we veterans, while ever more fierce beats the rain,
Scan well the light form of each hardy athlete,
And live the bright days of our youth once again.

A fig for the weather! they're off! swing together;
Tho' lumpy the water and furious the wind,
Against a "dead noser" our champions can row, sir,
And leave the poor "Citizens" panting behind.

"Swing together!" The Crab-tree, Barnes, Chiswick are past;
Now Mortlake—and hark to the signaling gun!
While the victors, hard all, long and strong to the last,
Rush past Barker's rails, and our Derby is won.

Our Derby, unsullied by fraud and chicane,
By thieves-Latin jargon, and leg's howling din—
Our Derby, where "nobbling" and "roping" are vain,
Where all run their best, and the best men must win.

No dodges we own but strength, courage, and science;
Gold rules not the fate of our Isthmian games;
In brutes—tho' the noblest—we place no reliance;
Our racers are men, and our turf is the Thames.

The sons of St. Dennis in praise of their tennis,
Of chases and volleys, may brag to their fill;
To the northward of Stirling, of golf, and of curling,
Let the chiels wi' no trousers crack on as they will.

Cricket, football, and rackets—but hold, I'll not preach,
Every man to his fancy—I'm too old to mend—
So give *me* a good stretch down the Abingdon reach.
Six miles every inch, and "hard all" to the end.

Then row, dear Etonians and Westminsters, row—
Row, hard-fisted craftsmen on Thames and on Tyne,
Labuan, New Zealand, your chasubles peel, and
In one spurt of hard work, and hard rowing, combine.

Our maundering critics may prate as they please
Of glory departed and influence flown—
Row and work, boys of England, on rivers and seas,
And the old land shall hold, firm as ever, her own.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

IT is curious how difficult it is to arrive at certain calculations in science, even as to facts which are mere matters of observation, and which, one would think, could be verified or disproved with the greatest ease. It is well known that the classical writers gave very remarkable accounts of the habit of ants, their providence, industry, and wonderful "harvesting" instincts. They give minute and detailed accounts of how the ants ascend the stalks of corn, and gnaw off the grains; whilst others station themselves below and detach the seed from the chaff. The ants were further related to carry off the corn to their homes, to gnaw off the radicle, so as to prevent germination, and finally to store away the grain in receptacles for winter use. What schoolboy does not know all this? It is, however, also well known that modern entomologists, including such pre-eminent authorities as Huber, Latreille, Kirby, Blanchard, and others, have unanimously discredited these observations, and apparently upon excellent grounds. None of these distinguished observers ever succeeded in detecting any ants engaged in carrying out these alleged harvesting operations. Ants are, for the most part, strictly carnivorous in their diet, and they are not active during the winter in temperate regions, but, on the contrary, "hybernate" or become dormant. The "larvæ" or young of ants are, however, not unlike grains of corn, and the ants have the habit of carrying them about in their mouths; hence, as was supposed, the error of ancient observers. Indeed, Messrs. Kirby and Spence, who are amongst the best and most popular of writers on insects, for these and other reasons, go so far as to say that, "when we find the writers of all nations and ages united in affirming that, having deprived it of the power of vegetating, ants store up grain in their nests, we feel disposed to give larger credit to their assertion. But when observers of nature began to examine the manners and economy of these creatures more narrowly, it was found, at least with respect to European species of ants, that no such hoards of grain were made by them; and, in fact, that they had no magazines in their nests in which provisions of any kind were stored up." In view of these positive statements on the part of the most eminent of modern entomologists, it is curious to learn that observations recently carried out in the south of Europe, by a competent naturalist, have resulted in the complete confirmation of the views of the classical writers. Mr. Moggridge, by observations at Mentone and other places on the shores of the Mediterranean, has verified, in every detail, the account given by ancient

authors of the habits and economy of the "harvesting ants." He has seen them in the act of collecting seeds; he has traced the seeds to the granaries, from which all husks and refuse are carefully carried away; he has seen them bring out the grains to dry after rain, and nibble off the radicle in those which had begun to germinate; and he has seen them, when kept in confinement, actually feeding upon the grains so collected.

Professor Agassiz is well known as holding rather remarkable views upon various subjects in Natural History, and amongst these is the view that all the varieties of man are so many distinct species. One may well ask, however, if the following, as to the points of difference between the white man and the negro, should be regarded as emanating from the learned Professor or from the exuberant imagination of some newspaper reporter of strong anti-abolitionist tendencies. In a recent lecture the eminent *savant* is made to say (as reported in an American journal):—"I have pointed out over a hundred specific differences between the bonal (*sic*) and nervous systems of the white man and the negro. Indeed, their frames are alike in no particular. There is no bone in the negro's body which is relatively of the same shape, size, articulation, or chemically of the same composition, as that of the white man. The negro's bones contain a far greater proportion of calcareous salts than those of the white man. The whole physical organization of the negro differs as much from the white man's as it does from that of the chimpanzee—that is, in his bones, muscles, nerves, and fibres, the chimpanzee has not much farther to progress to become a white man. This fact science inexorably demonstrates. Climate has no more to do with the difference between the white man and negro than it has with that between the negro and the chimpanzee, or between the horse and the ass, or the eagle and the owl. Each is a distinct and separate creation. The negro and the white man were created as specifically different as the owl and the eagle. They were designed to fill different places in the system of nature. The negro is no more a negro by accident or misfortune than the owl is the kind of bird he is by accident or misfortune. The negro is no more the white man's brother than the owl is the sister of the eagle, or the ass the brother of the horse. How stupendous and yet how simple is the doctrine that the Almighty Maker of the universe has created different species of men just as He has different species of the lower animals, to fill different places and offices in the grand machinery of nature." In the last sentence we recognise Agassiz; but it is to be hoped, for the credit of American science, that the sentences which precede it may justly claim their parentage elsewhere.

If we could transport ourselves to one of the forests of the coal-period, we should find ourselves, says Dr. Dawson, in one of "those great low plains, formed by the elevation of the former sea-bed. The sun pours down its fervent rays upon us; and, the atmosphere being loaded with vapour, and probably more rich in carbonic acid than that of the present world, the heat is, as it were, accumulated and kept near the surface, producing a close and stifling atmosphere, like that of a tropical swamp. This damp and oppressive air is, however, most favourable to the growth of the strange and grotesque trees which tower over our heads, and to the millions of delicate ferns and club-mosses, not unlike those of our modern woods, which carpet the ground. Around us, for hundreds of miles, spreads a dense and monotonous forest, with here and there open spaces occupied by ponds and sluggish streams, whose hedges are bordered with immense savannahs of seed, like plants springing from the wet and boggy soil. Everything bespeaks a rank exuberance of vegetable growth, and, if we were to dig downwards into the soil, we should find a thick bed of vegetable mould evidencing the prevalence of such conditions for ages."

Messrs. Blackwood & Sons of Edinburgh have just brought out an excellent chart of the North Polar regions, by the well-known geographer, Mr. Keith Johnston. Besides the most recent discoveries of voyages within the Arctic circle, the chart also indicates each of "the farthest points which have as yet been reached on the margin of the great unvisited area, the glaciers and snow-fields, the average and extreme limits of the appearance of sea-ice, the northmost limits of tree-growth on the land, the depths of the Arctic waters, so far as these are known, and the elevation of the land which surrounds them."

THE FINE ARTS IN ONTARIO.

A NEW pleasure has been found for us, with its welcome evidence of growing culture and progress, in the opening of the first Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. It chanced that the enterprise of Messrs. Notman & Fraser, whose triumphs in photography have won for Canada a foremost rank in that branch of art, had led to the erection of a fine gallery and suite of rooms for their own use, in the main centre of resort in our Ontario capital. This was liberally placed at the disposal of the young society of Artists; and it but remained for them to do their part. We employ no extravagant language when we say that the result surprised us. A collection of upwards of two hundred and fifty oil paintings and water-colour drawings by Canadian artists was brought together, many of which were of such high merit that they could not fail to gratify the most cultivated taste. Nor was there any lack of appreciation shown. During the brief period of the exhibition, upwards of five thousand visitors were present, and purchases of over one hundred pictures, to the value of $6,665, were made. It need not be matter either of surprise or disappointment that the selection by purchasers was not in every case the most judicious. We have happily reached that stage in the progress of our country which leaves a fair amount of superfluous wealth available for refinement and luxury; and on nothing can this be more beneficially expended than in the cultivation and encouragement of the Fine Arts. But a refined and cultivated taste is not to be looked for among the native products of our Canadian clearings. The wealthy lover of art, here or at home, must buy his experience as well as his pictures; and will no doubt be glad, in a few years, to part with some of the most prized of his recent purchases for works suited to a more advanced taste. For an annual exhibition of paintings constitutes one of the most valuable means of national refinement. It educates the eye, develops the taste, and creates a higher standard, affecting dress, furniture, house decoration, architecture, and much else which is supposed to be entirely beyond the artist's sphere. Few things are more uninteresting to read than a detailed account of the contents of an Exhibition Gallery which we have not seen; we shall not therefore place our readers in that predicament. But the formation of a Canadian Academy of Art, and the first exhibition of pictures under its auspices, are events too important to be passed over unnoticed. We doubt not that years hence they will be looked back upon as the beginnings from which great results will be found to have sprung.

One of the most noticeable charms of the exhibition was its essentially native character; and the general preference shown by purchasers for Canadian, in preference to European, subjects will no doubt contribute still more to the same result in future years. The wooded creeks and river valleys of our neighbourhood had been lovingly visited; and some lovely snatches of characteristic native scenery were rendered with fine effect, in water colours. The names of Fowler and Millard, of Mathews, Martern, and Verner, all claim a creditable place in noticing the more important contributions in this branch of art. Some of them were charming studies, evidently finished on the spot. Though in reference to this it may not be out of place to remark that, while the study of nature cannot be too strongly inculcated; yet a sketch from nature, and a finished picture embodying the earnest and oft renewed study of nature, are not to be confounded without misleading results. We think it well, at the present stage of Canadian Art, to avoid individual censure; but we may remark that some of the larger water-colour drawings betrayed only too much evidence of being done on the spot. They had plenty of accuracy of detail, very valuable as artistic study; but wanted the breadth of effect which is needed to make a picture. Photography will give the detail of the landscape under any light and shade, and from any point of view; but the *art* of the true artist is required to bring his accumulated study of nature to bear on this subject; just as the poet makes "a thing of beauty" out of what seems homely and prosaic to the common eye.

Among younger native artists, Mr. L. O'Brien had more than one Indian scene of great beauty. His "Passing Away," for example, representing Indian guiding his canoe among the reeds and rushes of a lovely lake, into the shadows of a quiet sunset, was replete with the true poetry of art. Mr. J. Hoch has a minutely finished style, especially in his trees, effective and truthful in the characteristics of the diverse foliage; though verging at times on mannerism.

Flower subjects, always popular, were in great force. Mr. Fowler attracted all eyes by his brilliant depiction of a cactus in full flower; and won the patronage of one of our best judges of art by his more unobtrusive Jug of Lilacs. In the treatment of cer-

tain fruit pieces, another artist of considerable ability seemed to regard perspective as one of those old world follies with which this young Dominion has no need to trouble itself. In one of his pictures, a picturesque, antique, Elizabethan mansion, in the shade of old trees, formed the "Haunted House," and background to some fallen fruit; an apple with a blemish on its plump cheek, and a downy, purple plum. The house was nicely sketched; and the fruit cleverly rendered; but as the two appeared in juxtaposition, the apples and plums rivalled the hugest pumpkin that ever carried the prize at a provincial show.

Mr. J. A. Fraser had but one water colour drawing; but it was a charming one—"In the Wilderness,"—the glow of a dying sunset, seen through the thicket of trees. But it was in the department of oil paintings that he was seen to greatest advantage. It is impossible, without such minute references to individual pictures as would prove tedious to the general reader, to review the list of oil paintings which furnished such creditable evidence of the varied native skill at the service of an appreciative patronage of art. Landscapes predominated, and among these, the gem of the exhibition was Mr. Fraser's "Dry Bed of a Mountain Stream:" thoroughly true to nature, even in a certain clearness, if not hardness of distant outline, illustrative of the contrast between the clearness of our Canadian climate, and the hazy, vaporous distances of England's more humid atmosphere. "A Shot in the Dawn," "On Lake Scugog," and "Carrying the Oats," a fine harvest landscape from the Eastern Townships, strikingly contrasted with each other in their studies of effect at different hours of the day; while in his "September Afternoon" the same artist boldly dealt with the brilliant tints of our native autumnal foliage. In this respect his picture contrasted favourably with some other studies on the wall. The painters seem rather to have studied the acquired time-tints of some old Cuyp or Hobbima, than to have attempted the reproduction of those glorious hues of our Canadian forest which would have defied the most brilliant art of Turner to outvie them. Perhaps the long work on a large oil painting through the leisure of a Canadian winter may have had something to do with this timid rendering of its gay autumn glow.

In addition to his success as a water colour painter, Mr. Martern exhibited some highly creditable pictures, among which his "Georgian Bay," and his "Blue Mountains," claimed by their size, as well as by some specially attractive qualities, a central place among the oil paintings. Other large canvasses in the Exhibition were somewhat more ambitious, and a little too theatrical in their effects. But they won admirers, and found purchasers also. Our own taste would have led us to prefer some of the smaller and simpler studies of nature; and among these were genuine bits of art. Hancock and Verner, Matthews, Fowler, Sutherland, Lee, and others, vied in their claims on the appreciative student of art. It is scarcely to be wondered at that evidences met the eye of a sense of uncertainty in more than one painter as to his true specialty. Fruit-pieces, Still-life, Landscapes, Sea-pieces, Figures, and Portraits, all proceeded from the same studio; sometimes with very conflicting results as to the standard of merit. But this will remedy itself; and doubtless the experience of even a single season will be productive of improved results.

Among the fancy portraits, the arch look, and well pourtrayed charms of Mr. Forbes' "Beware" attracted the notice of all visitors. But we have not space to review each work of merit. Suffice it to say that this First Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists has proved in all respects a most creditable success. It has shown that we have a body of artists in our midst who only require adequate remuneration to beget a native School of Canadian Art; and to contribute in many ways to the refinement of taste and the development of education in the highest departments of æsthetic culture. Already a School of Design, a National Gallery of Paintings, and much else of a like kind, are spoken of. Let us not be too ambitious at starting. We must carry art much higher before we can trust ourselves to make permanent selections for a National Gallery. Works of art for such a purpose should be of the very highest class; otherwise the education that results from their study will be imperfect, inferior, if not wholly false. To leave the purchase of pictures to the honest, well-meant intentions of our Provincial Cabinet Ministers, for example; to the authorities of the University, or to the Council of Public Instruction, would afford no guarantee of a judicious selection. But there is one thing our Government can do, without risk of error. Not a little of the success of this first exhibition is undoubtedly traceable to the free use extended to the artists of a good, well-lighted gallery in the most fashionable thoroughfare of Toronto. This has afforded them an opportunity of proving what they are capable of doing if proper facilities are furnished to them.—Already, under the joint name of Arts and Manufactures, money has been appropriated for years from the Provincial revenue. Let this now be turned to account in providing an adequate gallery for future exhibitions; and we doubt not the day will come when its walls will be claimed for a permanent collection of native art worthy of the Province, and of the Dominion of Canada.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Scribner's Monthly for May has a severe satire, though written with the usual American irreverence of expression and treatment, upon the exculpation of criminals so morbidly prevalent in American society. No murder can be committed in the United States without calling forth, in a degree corresponding to the murderer's social position, the most strenuous efforts, legal and journalistic, to secure an acquittal for the felon. Of late the fashion has been to plead insanity for the interesting offender of his country's laws; and a spurious and wicked sympathy is always managed to be excited on behalf of the ruffian who has taken life, but whose righteous deserts should be speedy and condign punishment. The article, "The Insanity of Cain," which we give place to, is a keen satire on this atrocious injustice—so false in its sentiment and outrageous in its result:

THE INSANITY OF CAIN.—Whatever is startling in the fact of questioning Cain's sanity only goes to prove the simple justice of the doubt. For more than five thousand years humankind has been content to look upon the First Born as a murderer. Each new generation, convicting him as it were without hearing of judge or jury, has felt far more concern that the conviction should be understood as a so-called religious fact than that their remote and defenceless fellow-creature should have the benefit of human justice. One-tenth of the zeal and candour with which our own Froude has endeavoured to make a saint of England's chronic widower might have sufficed to lift a world's weight of obloquy from the shoulders of Cain. But, until to-day, no philosopher has chosen to assume the difficult and delicate task. No jurisprudent has dared to investigate a charge that has been a sort of moral stronghold for ages. So grand a thing is it to be able to point away, far back, deeper and deeper into antiquity, to the very First Families, and say, Behold the fountain-head of our murder record!

Doggerel has much to answer for. It has driven many a monstrous wrong into the heart of its century. It has done its worst with Cain, but not *the* worst.

> C——— is for Cain,
> Who his brother had slain,

though winning in cadence, lacks spirit as a charge. It is too non-committal. The feeble soul that contrived it was fit only for jury-duty. It wants the snap of preconceived opinion. But CAIN, THE FIRST MURDERER, is grand, unique, statistical. Hence its vitality and power. Generation after generation, taught to loathe his very name, has accepted the statement on general principles. There had to be a first murderer—and why not Cain? Again—why not Abel for the murderee?

There was no miasma in that sweet, fresh time; no scope for contagious diseases; there were no pastry-shops, no distilleries, no patent medicines, no blisters, no lancets and no doctors. Consequently, there was no way for a man to die unless somebody killed him. Cain did this thing for Abel. That we do not dispute; nor that he did it gratis and unsolicited. But was he a murderer? Setting aside the possibility that Abel's time had not come, are we to judge Cain by the face of his deed? May there not have been palliating conditions, temperamental causes? In a word, was he sane?

For centuries, ages, the world has overlooked the tremendous considerations involved in this question, placidly branding an unfortunate man with deepest ignominy and taking it for granted that his deed was deliberate,—the act of a self-poised, calculating and guilty mind. Let us see.

In the first place, Cain, for a time, was the only child on earth! That in itself was enough to disturb the strongest juvenile organism. All the petting, nursing, trotting, coddling, and watching of the whole civilized world falling upon one pair of baby shoulders! Naturally the little fellow soon considered himself a person of consequence—all-absorbing consequence, in fact. Then came Abel, disturbing and upsetting his dearest convictions. Another self! A new somebody! A kicking counterfeit, held fondly in *his* mother's arms, riding to Banbury Cross on *his* father's foot!

A Brother? What did it mean? There were no books to tell him; and if there had been, the poor child never knew a letter. There were no philosophers or metaphysicians in those days to explain the phenomenon. The earliest Beecher was not born; Darwin was still a lingering atom in some undreamed of, unorganized pseudo-protoplasm of a monkey. The child had no friends, not even a school-fellow. Adam's time was taken up with what modern conundrumists have called his express company; Eve had the baby to mind, and Cain was left alone to brood over the unfathomable. Think of the influence thus brought to bear upon the delicate, sensitive brain of that very select child. A mature intellect would have given way under a far less strain.

But Cain survived it. He became reconciled, we will say, to the little Abel. They played and shouted together as children do in our day, racing the fields at will, growing to be strong, brave little animals, fierce, impulsive, and aggressive—especially Cain. But how did they fare æsthetically—no academies, no Sunday schools, no gymnasiums, nothing to direct and balance their young minds?

Their parents were plain people, caring little for society, we imagine, and anything but dressy in their tastes. There were no lectures in those days, remember; no concerts, no Young Men's Christian Associations to make life one long festivity—everything was at a dead level. Probably the only excitements Adam and Eve had were thrashing the children and making them "behave." Whatever sensation Adam may have made among the beasts of the field, the only public movement possible to his active minded wife was to notify all mankind (*i.e.*, little

Cain and Abel) to look out, for Adam was coming! Naturally, Abel, being the baby, the last and therefore the best and dearest, was spared these thrashings and public excitements to a great extent; and so the burden of social responsibility fell upon poor little Cain. Who shall blame him, or wonder at the act, if now and then he indulged in a sly kick at Abel—Abel, the good boy of the family, the "rest of the world," who would not on any account be as naughty and noisy as brother Cain?

Yet who of us can say that any such kick was administered? At that early stage of his existence, the controlling mind of Cain had not yet given way.

It is no light matter to be the first man in a world like this; and Cain certainly was preparing to hold that position. Adam, his father, was created for a purpose. Like Minerva, he sprang into life full grown; therefore, though we may safely consider him as the first human creature, he certainly was not the first man. For how can one be a man who never was a child?

Here we have another argument in favour of Cain. Besides having no bad boys to pattern after, he was under the constant direction of his parents, who certainly, if only from an instinct of self-preservation, would have trained him never to be passionate or cruel, when in his right mind. To be sure they laboured under a peculiar disadvantage. Herbert Spencer himself, coming into the world booted and spurred, with no childhood to look back upon, might have been at a loss how to manage the first boy. We must never forget that there was a time when instinct and reflex action had the start of the doctrine of precedent and law of consequences; when the original "I told you so!" had yet to be uttered. Even the warning example of Cain was denied to the moral advancing of this first boy.

Still the situation had its advantages. There were no fond uncles and aunts, no doting grand-parents to spoil the child and confound the best endeavours of Adam and Eve. Fortunately for the boy, poor Richard's Almanac was yet unwritten; George Washington's little hatchet was never brandished before his infant mind; and Casabianca had not yet struck his attitude on the burning deck. So young Cain was spared a host of discouraging influences. In short, there is every reason to believe that, in spite of depressing conditions and surroundings, he grew up to be at least a better man than his father, who never had any bringing up at all. That he did not kill Abel in his boyhood is proof enough of this. There was discipline somewhere.

And in the name of developed science and Christian charity why not, in considering subsequent events, make due allowance for whatever phrenological excesses the cranium of young Cain may have possessed? An intelligent father of to-day, figuratively speaking, can take his child's head by the forelock. He can detect what is within it, and counteract proclivities. If an ominous bump rise near his baby's ear, he is ready to check combativeness with "Mary had a little lamb," "Children, you should never let," and other tender ditties. In a word, he may take observations from the little mounds of character on his child's head, and so, if he be wise, direct the young life into safe and pleasant places. But Adam knew nothing of phrenology. Nor have we great reason to believe that, if he *had* known of it, he would have discreetly followed its indications. Children are not always cherubs. We all know how the dearest of our little ones sometimes become so "aggravating" as to upset our highest philosophies. Was Adam more than human? Say, rather, he was the fountain-head and source of human passion.

Again, both children were the victims of an abiding privation. They had the natural propensities of childhood. They had teeth, stomach, appetite,—all the conditions, we will say, of cholera infantum, except the one thing for which they secretly yearned—green apples! These of course were not to be had in that house. They were not even allowed to be mentioned in the family. Not once in all their lonely childhood were those children comforted with apples. Think of the possibilities of inherited appetite, and then conceive of the effect of these years of unnatural privation!

Again, who shall question that at times the deepest and most mysterious gloom pervaded that household? Even if Adam and Eve did not confide in their children, their eldest boy must have suspected that something was wrong. *What was it?*—the terrible something to be read, and yet not read, in the averted faces of that doomed pair? They evidently had seen better days. Where? Why? How? What had become of some vague inheritance that Cain felt was his by right? Morning, noon, and night, misty and terrible suspicions haunted his young mind. Night and noon and morning, the mystery revolved and revolved within him. Was this conducive to sanity?

Conceive of the effect of the animals seen in the childrens' daily walks! There were no well-ordered menagerie specimens then, with Barnum or Van Amburgh in the background as a foil against terror. Savage beasts glared and growled and roared at every turn. Whatever geologists may say to the contrary, we must insist that the antediluvian animals did not necessarily antedate Adam. Taking the mildest possible view of the case, the plesiosaurus, pterodactyl, mastodon and megatherium, in their native state, could not have been soothing objects of contemplation to the infant mind.

Well, the boys grew up. But how bleak their young manhood! No patent-leather boots, no swallow-tails, no standing-collars, no billiards, no girls to woo, no fellows to flout! Nothing to do when the farm-work was over and the sheep in for the night, but to look into each other's untrimmed faces with a mute "Confounded dull!" more terrible than raving.

Fathers of to-day, would your own children pass unscathed through such an existence as this? Your little Abels might stand it, but how about your little Cains? Would they not "put a head" on somebody? Would they not become, if not stark, staring mad, at least *non compos mentis*? Gentlemen of the jury, these considerations are not to be lightly passed by.

In judging of Cain, look at the situation. On the one hand, a terrible family mystery, no schools, no churches, no lectures, no society, no amusements, no apples! On the other hand, the whole burden of humanity borne for the first time; paternal discipline; undue phrenological developments: monotonous employment; antediluvian monsters; antediluvian parents, and an antediluvian good brother in whose mouth butter would have remained intact for ages.

Undoubtedly that brother had an exasperating

smile. He was happy because he was virtuous. He had a way of forgiving and forgetting that for a time would deprive the offender of reason itself; above all, he had a cool, collected manner of his own, added to a chronic desire to be an angel. His offerings always fulfilled the conditions. His fires needed only to be lighted, and the smoke was sure to ascend with a satisfied, confident curl far into the sky.

Cain's, on the contrary, refused to burn. We can see it all. The smoke struggled and flopped. It crept along the ground, and, clinging to his feet, wound about him like a serpent. It grew black and angry, shot side-ways into his eyes, blinding and strangling him—

And there stood Abel beside *his* pile, radiant, satisfied, wanting to be an angel!

It was but the work of a moment. The pent-up, disorganizing influences of a life-time found vent in one wild moment of emotional insanity. Abel was no more!

Why dwell upon the tragedy? The world is familiar with its sickening details. We shall not repeat them here, nor shall we question the justice of the punishment that came to Cain,—the remorse, the desolation, the sense of being a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. He had killed his brother, and the penalty must be paid. Sane or insane, a terrible retribution must have overtaken him. But how about his guilt? Would it have been the same in either case? Are hereditary organism, temperamental excitability, emotional phrenzy not to be considered? No, a thousand times NO! What "competent juror" would acquiesce in such a proposition?

Friends, the time has come when this case must be taken up. Its mighty issues can no longer be set aside. If Cain was not sane at the moment of the killing, the stain of murder must be wiped from his brow now and for ever. This tardy justice may at least be done him. Our children and our children's children must be taught to speak of Cain the manslaughterer; Cain the mentally-excitable; Cain the peculiarly-circumstanced. But Cain the murderer? Never!

A man's own testimony shall not convict or acquit him. But are we not to take into account, as indicative of his state of mind, actions and declarations coincident with the commission of the crime alleged against him? If at or about the time of the fatal deed, there was positive evidence of incoherence—what then? Witness the last recorded words of Cain:

EVERY ONE THAT FINDETH ME SHALL SLAY ME!

Is this the utterance of a sane mind? *Every* one that findeth me shall slay me? Gentlemen! Cain at this point was not only crazy—he was the craziest man that ever existed. No ordinary lunatic, however preposterous his terrors, expects to be killed more than once. But to this poor creature retribution suddenly assumed a hydra-headed form. His distracted brain, unconscious that Adam was the only other man in the world, instantly created an immense population. He saw himself falling again and again by the strokes of successive assassins, even as Abel had fallen under his hand. His first dazed glimpse of death expanded and intensified into a horror never since conceived by mind of man. His happiness overthrown; his reason a wreck: a prey to fears that stretched before him forever, with no possible hope of final destruction,—the only consolation is that he could not foreknow the merciless verdict of posterity. He did not recognize in himself The First Murderer. Rather than dream of such ignominy as this, was it not better that he should cry out in his ravings: Every one that findeth me shall slay me?

We leave the question to the intelligence and the justice of this faithful and enlightened century.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MIDDLEMARCH: a Study of Provincial Life. By George Eliot. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1873.

In a letter to Mr. Forster, Charles Dickens, with a generous appreciation of contemporary genius characteristic of the man, commended earnestly some tales in *Blackwood*, afterwards collected under the title of *Scenes of Clerical Life*. "Do read them," he wrote, "they are the best things I have seen since I began my course." These sketches, put forth tentatively, doubtless, introduced to the public the pseudonym of George Eliot. The nascent power, whose earliest indications attracted the admiration of Dickens, has fulfilled its promise in the brilliant series of novels beginning with *Adam Bede* and closing, for the present, with *Middlemarch*. It is a terrible thing to be a recognized power of any sort now-a-days. Time was when a novelist could conceal his personality, as Sir Walter Scott did, for years without suspicion. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Were Prometheus still chained to Mount Caucasus, instead of a visit from Hercules, he would have an "interview" with a newspaper reporter, hungering for items and ready to serve up the Titan's woes, the state of his liver and the pedigree of the vulture for to-morrow's breakfast. The ramparts of Elsinore, in like manner, would present a more lively appearance than they do upon the stage, if Hamlet, after leaving Horatio and Marcellus, were attended by an efficient *corps* of stenographers, when he "interviews" the Ghost. The chances are that they would speedily worm out of the apparition "the secrets of the prison-house," he refused to disclose to his son. It did not require much critical acumen to discover that the writer of *Adam Bede* was a woman; and, as soon as the authorship was fixed, the gossipers set to work. When George Eliot's biography is written, as it will be in due time, we believe that much light will be thrown upon the peculiar views she entertains on human life. Meanwhile it is not surprising

that "she dislikes to talk about her books," or otherwise indulge the idle curiosity of the Paul Prys of the time.

Our author has been called "The ablest novelist of the age," and the distinction is no doubt a just one; yet, if it be intended as establishing her relative position in the literary world, it seems to us without meaning. Where there is but one star of the first magnitude, comparison with the lesser lights is profitless, and the luminary shines in solitary splendour, with clear, cold beams—apart and alone. With regard to the work before us, considerable difference of opinion prevails as to its position amongst the author's novels. To some critics, *Middlemarch* appears to be her crowning achievement; to others, the early enthusiasm, if we may apply the word in such connection, seems to have died out, or to have been transformed into a cynical discontent with the world, and the institutions of the world. There seems to be part of the truth in both these estimates of *Middlemarch*. There are, doubtless, particular excellencies to be found in one or other of her former works which do not appear so conspicuously here. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the canvas is broader, the figures more numerous, the general plan more elaborately laid and executed, and the finish of the whole more thoroughly artistic than in any of her other works. Moreover, those peculiar features which were the signs of intellectual power, have been evidently matured by time. The searching analysis of character which enables us to read the inmost hearts of her *dramatis personæ* with a clearness we can never attain in the closest intimacy with those around us, seems more incisive and more thorough than before. Within the narrow circle of *Middlemarch* and its vicinity, the scene is constantly shifting, new groups of characters appear, every member of which is submitted to the scalpel, its hidden secrets of character, its moving springs of action laid bare until, however significant in himself or for the purposes of the story, he acquires an individuality which makes him somewhat respectable in the reader's eyes.

It would, of course, be out of the question, within the limits of this notice, to give the most cursory glance at the large number of figures which move in the microcosm of *Middlemarch*. Let us content ourselves with a brief reference to a few of the more prominent characters. Dorothea the heroine, with her sister Celia, who serves as a foil to the high-minded spirituality of the former, occupies the front ground. The mention of her name brings us face to face with the theory upon which the work is founded. Given a young woman with lofty aims, an enthusiastic nature, tinctured with Puritan principles and yearning to fulfil a noble mission in the world, to discover what will be the end of her aspirations, hampered by the false "social morality" of the world, and made the sport of external circumstances. George Eliot replies,—"a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur, ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity." In other words, nobleness of nature, in the world of to-day, stands in imminent danger of shipwreck from the chilling atmosphere in which its lot is cast. George Eliot would say with the poet, "There is a Providence which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may;" but she seems to have lost faith in Providence and substitutes for it society, and its rules and prejudices. According to this gospel, if that term be not a misnomer, man and woman, especially the latter, are the playthings of their surroundings, and their destiny is forecast, not by them, but for them, and often in spite of them. Let us quote a passage: "Any one watching keenly the stealthy convergence of human lots, sees a slow preparation of effects from one life on another, which tells like a calculated irony on the indifference or the frozen stare with which we look upon our unintroduced neighbour. Destiny stands, sarcastic, with our *dramatis personæ* folded in her hand." This sentence appears like a truism somewhat strongly stated; but let us observe the use made of it. Dorothea with that impetuous self-will, which hurried her into the mistakes the author lays at the door of society, encounters a dry-hearted pedantic bachelor of fifty, Edward Casaubon. He is engaged in the study of comparative mythology, and is wasting his energies in the attempt to establish the rather trite position which he evidently supposes to be an original conception of his own—"that all the mythical systems or erratic mythical fragments in the world were corruptions of a tradition, originally revealed." Dorothea immediately fancies that the way for her lofty mission lies upon before her. She falls in love with the elderly scholar, learns the Greek characters, so as to be able to read to him, and is betrothed and finally married to him. As might have been anticipated, both parties are disappointed. Her illusions are dispelled, the warmth of her nature chilled, and her idol shattered. His awakening to the sober reality takes the disagreeable form of jealousy, and he becomes as uncomfortable a companion as a conceited head, and a withered, affectionless heart, can make a man. One would think that there was nothing in this first great mistake wherewith to frame an indictment against society. All Miss Brooke's friends opposed the match. Her uncle even, in his feeble, helpless way, remonstrated. Sir James Chettam, afterwards Celia's spouse, although an interested party, honestly opposed the match, rather on Dorothea's account than his own. Celia was astonished at the outrageous proposal, and Mrs. Cadwallader, the quaintest of epigrammatists, was furious at the idea of it. The latter declared that a drop of Casaubon's blood had been examined under a microscope, and was found to "contain nothing but commas and parentheses." Celia in a conversation with the vicar's wife said,—"I am so sorry for Dorothea." "Sorry," said Mrs. C. "It is her doing I suppose." "Yes; she says Mr. Casaubon has a great soul." "With all my heart." "Oh, Mrs. Cadwallader, I don't think it can be nice to marry a man with a great soul." "Well, my dear, take warning. You know the look of one now; when the next comes and wants you to marry him, don't you accept him." "I'm sure," said Celia who had an eye on the good-natured Sir James Chettam, "I'm sure I never should." It seems certain that when these lines were penned, George Eliot had no complaint to make against the "social morality" of the borough of Middlemarch. What more could Dorothea's friends have done, unless they had put strychnine in Casaubon's tea, or prevailed upon Sir James Chettam to carry off the lady, and marry her out of hand? In the Finale, however, in a passage of singular beauty, the author, that she may be true to her theory, is false to her facts. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few sentences. Speaking of the "determining acts" of Dorothea's life, she writes—"They were the mixed result of young and

noble impulse struggling under prosaic conditions. Among the many remarks passed upon her mistakes, it was never said in the neighbourhood of Middlemarch that such mistakes could not have happened, if the society into which she was born *had not smiled on propositions of marriage from a sickly man to a girl less than half his own age*—on modes of education which makes a woman's knowledge another name for motley ignorance—on rules of conduct which are in flat contradiction with its own loudly asserted beliefs While this is the social air in which mortals begin to breathe, there will be collisions such as those in Dorothea's life, where great feelings will take the aspect of great errors and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it." With the remark on female education we fully agree, and the last sentence contains a truth no one will be likely to deny; but there is ground for complaint that in the author's theory the word "greatly" is exaggerated into "entirely," to the exclusion of human volition and the positive influence of individual character altogether. The first count of the indictment which charges society with the ill-starred marriage is not only not proven, but clearly disproven by the narrative itself.

This discrepancy between fact and comment excepted, the figure of Dorothea is nobly conceived and exquisitely finished. She commands the reader's admiration in spite of her illusions, although it can hardly be said that she wins his love. Her victory over the shallower nature of Rosamond is complete in every respect—and is altogether the most powerful passage in the work. Dorothea's second marriage is also dwelt upon as the unfortunate result of "the meanness of opportunity." Having first married a cold-blooded pedant, "old enough to be her father, in a little more than a twelvemonth after his death she gave up her estate to marry his cousin—young enough to be his son, with no property, and not well-born." Will Ladislaw was a somewhat rash, capricious and petulant young reformer, but this second marriage was one of mutual affection. "They were bound to each other by a love stronger than any impulses which could have marred it." Still the author thinks that a love-match, happy as this one admittedly was, was another mistake. Dorothea's life was necessarily a life of emotion, and her affections were satisfied. But her great ideal was to remain for ever unfulfilled; her personality had been lost in her husband's, and nought remained for her but the activities of domestic life. "Many who knew her thought it a pity that so substantive and rare a creature should have been absorbed into the life of another, and be only known in a certain circle as a wife and mother." Most of our readers, whilst they will differ from the author's reflections on Dorothea's fate, will thank her for leaving her so happy even in the "inferior" position of wife and mother. We are pleased to find a woman so noble in character happy and contented, even under circumstances lowering to her dignity as a high-minded woman. Before leaving Dorothea, we cannot avoid noticing the touch of genius which makes her faithful to the task she undertook on her first marriage. Taking up after Casaubon's death the "Synoptical Tabulation, for the use of Mrs. Casaubon" of his mythological work, she sealed it in an envelope, and inscribed upon it these words:—"I could not use it. Do you not see *now* that I could not submit my soul to yours by working hopelessly at what I have no belief in?" Locking the paper in her desk she showed that "the pity which had been the restraining, compelling motive of her life, still clung about his image, even while she remonstrated with him in indignant thought, and told him he was unjust." Lydgate the surgeon, is a gentleman with an ideal which "the meanness of opportunity" also disappoints. Rosamond Vincy, who became his wife, is, we think, hardly treated by the author. She is held up to our scorn before she has done anything to merit it, and we are expected to hate her at first sight. As the story proceeds, the dark tints are deepened, and we begin to dislike her, though with the vague suspicion that her character has suffered from the prejudices of the chronicler. Mary Garth, the plain girl of the story, is a sweet, good, commonplace little creature, and we are gratified to find that her fate is not marred, as her superior sister's is represented to have been.

Mrs. Cadwallader is a perfect marvel in her way. "The country-side would have been duller," we are told, "if the rector's wife had been less free-spoken and less of a skin-flint." On all social topics, she retained details with the utmost accuracy, "and reproduced them in an excellent pickle of epigrams." To quote all the sparkling bits of humour uttered by this village diplomatist would be to reproduce all the conversations in which she takes part. We laugh heartily with her, but we laugh at Dorothea's uncle, Mr. Brooke, the gentleman "of acquiescent temper, miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote," who goes with everybody, and coincides in every proposition "up to a certain point." His election utterances are exceedingly rich. Bulstrode, the philanthropic banker, "who predominated so much in the town, that some called a Methodist, others a hypocrite, according to the resources of their vocabulary," comes to grief, as such men are sure to do in the hands of George Eliot. Then there is Standish, the old lawyer, "who had been so long concerned with the landed gentry that he had become landed himself," and therefore uses oaths properly pertaining to the soil. Mr. Chichely belongs to the same group. His study of the fair sex had proved detrimental to his theology, since he was clearly of opinion that "there ought to be a little of the devil in a woman."

Here our space admonishes us to pause. As we have already remarked *Middlemarch* cannot be surpassed in the delicate art of its construction, and the breadth of delineation shown throughout. George Eliot does not label her characters with a single eccentricity, and expect the reader to recognize them by it, when they turn up in the story. Every figure is conscientiously formed, and laboriously worked out into perceptible shape and proportions. The moral tone of the work is of the highest kind, as it is in all the author's works. The undertone which runs through the whole is melancholy, but the sadness is not often obtruded. The author is too great a master of the art to fail in the distribution of light and shade.

Still we must confess the conclusions to which we are invited are disappointing and unsatisfactory, not to say repulsive. A theory which at once ignores God's guidance and man's will in the affairs of life is a cheerless creed even for genius to work with. We can well rejoice that so powerful a champion of woman's just claims to a higher culture and nobler opportunities has arisen. But when she tells us that "the Supreme Power" has fashioned woman's

nature, "with inconvenient indefiniteness," our sympathy begins to falter in the blackness and darkness around us. The complaint has been made that George Eliot lacks enthusiasm, as if enthusiasm were possible with such a view of human life. Strive as she may to deck the barren rocks of her creed with creeping plants and flowers, the bloom and the verdure but scantly cover the sharp angles of the hard and callous mass beneath. This is not a gospel to regenerate the world; it is the realistic outgrowth in art of utilitarian ethics and sensational philosophy—the yearning and groping of a transition period struggling in darkness—the stretching forth of longing arms to welcome the dawning of the coming day.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Intellectual Life," is the title of Mr. P. G. Hamerton's new book. This author's previous volume, "Thoughts about Art," was received with great favour, and, we doubt not, the present work, which takes the form of a series of ideal letters addressed to literary aspirants and others, will be equally acceptable.

A reprint is announced of a rather remarkable book on political philosophy, viz., "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C., which has been recently issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

The same publishers announce Mr. Robert Browning's new poem, which bears the unpoetical title of "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country; or, Turf and Towers."

The press, of late, has been prolific of works of theological enquiry and speculation. Of these publications a few may be enumerated, as indicating the drift of contemporary thought:—Prominent in the list is the recent work of Dr. David Strauss, "The Old Belief and the New," which has called forth the denunciations of Mr. Gladstone, though in the midst of political excitement. "Literature and Dogma; an Essay towards a better apprehension of the Bible," by Mr. Matthew Arnold, is at present exciting the hostility of orthodox critics. Mr. W. R. Greg's "Enigmas of Life," is attracting many readers. "Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, is suggestive of the critical enquiry of the age. "The Theory of Prayer, with special reference to Modern Thought," by the Rev. W. H. Karslake, is timely in its discussion of a subject which Prof. Tyndall led off in. "Faith and Free Thought," the Christian Evidence Society Lectures; "The Scientific Bases of Faith," by Mr. J. J. Murphy; "Blending Lights, Natural Science and the Bible," by the Rev. W. Fraser, are other recent works in this department.

A new work by Mr. Darwin is announced under the title of "The Evil Effect of Inter-breeding in the Vegetable Kingdom."

Messrs. Routledge & Sons, who have become the proprietors of all the works of the late Lord Lytton, are about to issue an entirely new edition of them, in uniform monthly volumes.

A new work entitled, "White Rose and Red," is announced, by the author of "Saint Abe and his Seven Wives."

Canadian publications continue to claim attention. The Messrs. Campbell issue an interesting and profusely illustrated volume of a thoroughly national character. It bears the title of "Ocean to Ocean," —the narrative of Mr. Sandford Fleming's expedition across the Continent, in the Pacific Railway Survey Mission. The work is edited by the Rev. Geo. M. Grant, of Halifax, the Secretary to the Expedition; and we trust to be able to notice it more fully in our next issue.

Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. supplement the service they have just rendered to native novel readers, in the publication of Lord Lytton's recent story, "Kenelm Chillingly," by issuing Mr. Wilkie Collin's latest novel, "The New Magdalen."

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. publish their handsome "Punshon Memorial Volume"—the Lectures and Sermons of the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, D.D., issued by arrangement with the author. The volume, which is meeting with an extensive sale, is *par excellence*, the most artistic effort in native publishing which has appeared in Canada Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. are the printers and binders of the volume. "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," by H. H.—a suggestive work on home education which should find a place in every Canadian household; and a new work from the pen of the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, entitled "Questions of the Day," are among the current issues of this firm. The Rev. Dr. Scadding's long expectant and important volume of local history, "Toronto of Old," is to be immediately issued by this house, which has also just issued Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin's Lecture, in reply to the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, on "British *versus* American Civilization."

Dr. A. M. Ross, Toronto, has issued a supplemental volume to his useful and attractive little work on Canadian Birds, lately published by Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchison. The present production is a handbook of the "Butterflies and Moths of Canada," described from specimens represented in the authors collection. The work is tastefully illustrated, and commends itself to all lovers of native entomology.

Messrs. Dawson Bros. of Montreal, have completed their series of School Histories of Canada, by the Deputy Minister of Education for Quebec, H. H. Miles, M. A., LL.D. It consists of three works —"A Child's History for Elementary Schools," "A School History for the Model Schools," and "An Advanced History for Superior Schools, and intended also to serve as a general reader in French Schools." The series has been prepared with great care, and is calculated to stimulate a taste for the study of our native history.

Messrs. Lancefield Brothers, Hamilton, have issued a *mélange* of prose and poetry from the pen of a native poet, Mr. J. R. Ramsay. The contents are varied in character, and principally concern themselves with Canadian subjects.