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MAY, 1880.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION AND CANADIAN DEFENCES.*

BY MAJOR AND BREVET LIEUT.-COL. SALTER M. JARVIS, QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.

WHILE Imperial Federation is a scheme which has as yet few earnest advocates—earnest in the sense in which Wilberforce and other great social reformers devoted the aims and energies of a lifetime, to the furtherance of the questions which they severally advocated—the many reject it as being altogether outside the pale of practical politics, the impossible dream of enthusiasts. Be this as it may, and it is impossible to ignore the many difficulties which attend its consummation, the idea is a grand one—one calculated to appeal to the nobler impulses of the Anglo-Saxon race, whose energy and tenacity of purpose have brought to a successful issue many a project which appeared equally difficult of realization. It were strange if the genius of a race that has ever led the van in all that pertains to humanity, civilization, science, and enlightenment, that has been preëminently successful in planting and maintaining colonies in every corner of the globe, should fail in uniting to itself, in one grand consolidation, its several offshoots, and if, when once the necessity for action presses sufficiently home, men will not be found, in the mother country and the colonies, of sufficient grasp of mind and earnestness of purpose to conduct to a satisfactory conclusion a conception involving such infinite possibilities. It may be observed how strong in all ages have been race instincts towards aggregation, and no time should be lost in directing Anglo-Saxon sentiment into this channel, and in educating public opinion for the effort. The primary object of those who have the success of the movement at heart should be to endeavour to counteract the effects of the vicious policy years ago inaugurated by the Manchester School, suggestive of the idea then more or less openly expressed, and now probably secretly entertained, that the sooner the colonies accepted and acted upon their destiny—separation from the mother country—the better. It behoves England to declare, in no uncertain tones, how highly she prizes her connection with her colonies, and that any movement having for its object the disintegration of the Empire will meet with

* A Paper read before the Militia Institute, Toronto, March 30th, 1880.

her strongest opposition. It is equally incumbent upon her, with the vast resources at her command, to approach this important question in no niggard spirit, and in working out the details of the scheme, to evince a generous and liberal-handed policy towards the several component parts of the structure of which she will form the crowning stone. The expression 'Empire' conveys widely diverse impressions to the British people. On those who, characterized by a narrow utilitarianism, submit all questions to a rigid pounds, shillings, and pence test; who profess to see nothing worthy of commendation in their own country; who delight to institute comparisons between their own and foreign lands, to the disparagement of the former; who are known as the Manchester School, and are championed by wordy agitators; the expression seems to exert a peculiarly irritating effect. Many fear that among that school of political thought, which draws its inspiration from Lord Beaconsfield, popularly known as the 'Jingo Party,' the idea of Empire has awakened a vaulting ambition for conquest. But however ready the nation has of late years been to endorse the policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, in restoring the country to its old position of prestige and influence in the Councils of Europe, from which the masterly inactivity and timid policy of the Liberals had allowed her to lapse, there are not a few who are now forming the opinion, that the foreign policy of the country is becoming a trifle too accelerated; that, before any further foreign obligations or responsibilities shall be undertaken, a pause is necessary for the settlement of many internal questions of vast and pressing moment, and among them Imperial Federation is of prime importance. The following extract from the *Broad Arrow* of the 24th January, 1880, aptly expresses the meaning which the word 'Empire' conveys to the sound common sense and patriotism of the nation.

'There is no British Empire, except on paper. If our rulers could but see the necessity of making an empire out of the disorganized masses of protoplasm which lie about in colonies of various kinds, in islands, and races, and governments, what a thrill of power would run through us all! Confronted by mighty monarchies armed to the teeth, would it not be wiser to concentrate our resources to perfect the union between all parts of our territories, and to make it impossible for an enemy to assail or ravage any of our colonies, than to tremble for our security before border potentates, and to spend our strength in petty enterprises. The only Imperial party we have in the country at present mistakes obesity for growth; growth it certainly is, but not the growth of health, of perfect life, and of progressive development. It is the commonest accretion, not evolution. But what do we mean by a real empire? A complete and perfect organization of its whole strength, so that it can be brought to bear upon an assailant, an enemy, an invader. Territorially, we are an empire. Have we an Imperial army composed of as many free units as constitute the empire itself? Have we thought out, begun, or laid down, any plan to provide for common action in a struggle involving our very existence? Have we arranged for an Imperial navy composed of tributary squadrons? Have we perfected a system of self-defending arsenals and coaling stations? Are there no assailable and practically undefended parts of the empire sure to be despoiled, if ever we should be engaged in any serious or prolonged European contest? If we lessen our powers of offensive and defensive warfare, whilst we extend our territories, multiply our obligations, and increase our large debt, we are so much the weaker, not so much the stronger. Let the powers we have be well organised, and let each addition be well accommodated to what already exists, and we shall

be mighty, irresistible, the mistress and arbiter of the world. There will thus be no reason to fear Russia or Germany, or France, or the United States, or any combination of them. . . . . The British Empire is a loosely connected mass, which may, at any moment, unless things are altered, fly asunder with an explosive force that would carry ruin and devastation to our hopes, our commerce, and our greatness. We want a statesman of the semi-military type, not a *dilletante* Anglo-Indian, with theories hung around his neck like the beads of a devotee. The empire wants organizing rather than extending, it wants rest from external troubles while the work is done. Some persons may say it needs a great calamity to prove the necessity to us all. Would it not be better to avoid courting the calamity out of "pure cussedness," as our Yankee friends express it, and take a leaf out of Prince Bismarck's book! There is force, and patriotism, and money enough to effect all we desire. The main thing is to generate the will power, and to discover the man. . . . At present, both seem wanting. It is time we aroused ourselves, and resolved upon having a real empire with an Imperial army, and an Imperial navy, and a perfect system of defence for every part of Her Majesty's dominions.'

To the region of politics belongs the discussion of the details of this plan, yet it may be of interest briefly to touch upon some of the problems, pressing for solution in England, which point to the present time as ripe for the agitation of this important question. Next to Belgium, England in proportion to her area, is the most thickly populated country in the world; her population per square mile is nearly double that of India and Japan, and more than three and a half times that of the Chinese Empire. In the face of her rapid decline, from the position of being 'the workshop of the world,' once enjoyed, how to furnish her immense population with the means of livelihood and at the same time satisfy the ever-increasing craving of the masses for landed property, is persistently making itself felt. To those toiling on without much hope in life, the subject under discussion should possess an absorbing interest, as pointing to a means of escape from their present hopeless condition, and to a chance of acquiring a home of their own, not among foreigners and aliens, but in lands blessed with institutions excelling even those under which they have been born and reared. To the manufacturing and mercantile classes, and to capitalists, reciprocal trade between the several parts of the empire, and the confidence inspired by the settlement of the vexed question of the destiny of the colonies, would open new and much needed avenues for trade and manufactures, and extensive fields for the employment of a plethora of idle capital; while to the privileged class of the aristocracy and land holders, who know not from day to day whence to expect an onslaught upon their cherished and time-honoured institutions, a scheme tending to divert the attention of the masses from the contemplation of the huge disparity between their lot and that of their more fortunate superiors will commend itself. The maintenance of their institutions, the safety of their order, lands, and family possessions, urge upon them to view it with favour.

It has been calculated that through the tide of emigration to the United States, England has, during the past fifty years, presented the former country with $100,000,000, a state of things which certainly should not be allowed to continue, but undoubtedly will, till the present anomalous relations between the mother country and the colonies, shall be terminated. To the most superficial observer, it should be patent, that failing a confederation of the empire, a separation of the chief colonies must soon follow; then England, deprived of the many advantages

flowing from her connection with them in the past, advantages which must be infinitely multiplied in the future, will assuredly take second rank among the great powers of the world. This is one side of the shield, what does the reverse present? In the past with all her faults, no nation with power so vast has been actuated by such a desire to use it beneficially; in the future, as remarked by Mr. Cowen, a life-long radical, in a speech recently delivered at Newcastle, to secure the existence and rivet the cohesion of her vast domain, blessed as it is with the highest form of freedom the world has ever seen, and to carry, to distant countries and to succeeding ages, the loftiest idea of civilization, is Britannia's mission. Before passing to the military aspect of the question, it will be in place to touch upon a few points which should render the scheme of peculiar interest to Canadians, and which have been so clearly brought forward by Mr. G. C. Cunningham, in the March number of THE MONTHLY, on 'Federation, Annexation, and Independence.' In common with other leading colonies, Canada cannot much longer satisfactorily maintain her present relations with the mother country, relations in which she is liable to all the disagreeable consequences of a war into which England may be drawn, and which Canada is powerless to avert. She has no authority to enter into a treaty with a foreign country regarding her most vital interests without the sanction of England, and is unable to confer rights of citizenship upon her people, such as will be respected, or would avail abroad. Undoubtedly, the last named disability has ever been a most potent factor in the hands of American emigration agents to divert the stream of European emigration to the United States. A large proportion of those who emigrate do so to escape the grinding military service to which they are liable, and how can they be expected to give the preference to a country, which, however desirable in other respects, is helpless to protect them from enforced military service, during a transient visit, perchance, to their native land. In view of these, among other circumstances, it is not assuming too much to assert that a change must soon come about. In the case of Australia and New Zealand, the choice lies between federation and independence: a third course, that of annexation to the United States of America, lies open to Canada; and the contemplation of such a destiny will, if I mistake not, be found a most powerful factor, in deciding the people of the Dominion to cast in their lot with the mother country and the sister colonies in the scheme of confederation; for it is pretty generally conceded that independence must result in annexation, a conviction endorsed by one who is no friend of British connection, but whose ability as a writer and thinker commands respect for all his utterances. Apart from the greater material advantages which a scheme of confederation, as contrasted with annexation, possesses for Canadians, and distinct from the deep-seated prejudice entertained against American institutions, whose flaws are becoming daily more apparent, the writer above referred to, in casting the political horoscope of Canada, cannot, from his very cosmopolitanism, enter into or comprehend that spirit, call it sentimentality if you will, which actuated our United Empire Loyalist forefathers to sacrifice their all for British connection, a spirit reproduced in 1866 in some of their descendants, prompting them to throw up their prospects in the United States and to return and bear arms in their country's cause, in what they considered the hour of her need;—a spirit at the present time widely diffused throughout the land. The expression, '*Britannicus sum*' will possess for Canadians a meaning such as '*Romanus sum*' never conveyed to a citizen of the Roman empire. However great the influence which a strong national

sentiment may exercise upon the destinies of a people, the fact must not be ignored that material and commercial interests are most powerful factors in shaping them. Upon such data, those who predict the ultimate annexation of Canada to the United States, base their opinions. Occasions, however, continually arise where commercial advantages give place to political objects, and Canadian dislike to American institutions would furnish a case in point. To the Americans, reciprocal trade with this country, which would discriminate against British manufactures and products, would be acceptable, as a means to an end more intensely desired by them—the political acquisition of Canada—and who doubts for a moment that such an end would not be attained by such means? To accomplish this object, have not all their hostile and irritating trade and tariff legislation for years been directed? and will it not be continued, even should we become independent? The importance to Canada of reciprocal trade with the United States, upon a fair basis, no one will pretend to deny; but this is exactly what our neighbours will never concede, except in a shape which cannot but sever our connection with England, and ultimately drive us into the American union. But when our destiny, as part and parcel of the British empire, becomes an accomplished fact, is it at all outside the limits of possibility to expect the establishment of reciprocal trade upon a broad and liberal basis between all nations and countries speaking the English tongue with a tariff discriminating against the products and manufactures of other nations? Would not such a state of affairs do more than anything else one can imagine to bring about what Cobden so earnestly but vainly worked for, the free interchange of products among all the nations of the earth? It will certainly be found that, as an integral portion of the British empire, and when the hope of absorbing us has been finally abandoned, we shall receive a much greater degree of deference at the hands of our American neighbours, than under any other circumstances. Could England be prevailed upon to recognise the importance of her being independent of foreign nations for her food supply, and to admit the ability of the Dominion of Canada to supply it, she would hasten the endeavour to form a Commercial Zolverein with her colonies, and would terminate a policy of late so suicidal to her interests, of throwing open her ports to nations which have, in nearly all instances, met her liberal advances with bitterly hostile tariffs. One of the prominent features of the scheme of federation will undoubtedly be the organization of a comprehensive system of Imperial defences, and the formation of a force of such strength and efficiency as to make foreign nations refrain from assuming an attitude of hostility; and such as will command for the empire, among the peoples of the earth, that weight and influence due to its power.

To sketch such a plan is not my intention, seeing that to the members of this Institute one was very ably presented in the paper read by Lt.-Col. Scoble, in October last, on the 'Utilization of Colonial Forces in Imperial Defence,'—a paper which has been highly endorsed by the officer, then commanding Her Majesty's forces in North America; and having been recently published in the Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, will, undoubtedly, receive the attention which it merits. It would appear that till some plan for the consolidation of the forces of the empire shall be earnestly and comprehensively entered upon, then, and not until then, can it be truly said of Canada that her ability to repel attack is the best guarantee of her immunity from it. To say that the defences of the Dominion are eminently unsatisfactory, is to give utterance to a truism. In what respect this is so, the Annual Reports of the Lt.-General commanding the militia, and

the contributions of Col. Strange, Col. Fletcher, Captain Columb, 'Centurion,' and other Imperial and Colonial writers, to the literature of the subject, clearly demonstrate, but I may be pardoned if I recapitulate a few of them. Two years ago, when war seemed imminent between England and Russia, the appearance off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of several fast sailing cruisers, of whose existence no one previously seemed particularly aware, suggested to Englishmen and Canadians some unpleasant subjects for reflection; to the former, that however much they might outstrip other nations in the number of their heavy armoured vessels, well adapted for certain services, they could claim no such superiority in the particular of swift cruisers, and that it was competent for less powerful maritime nations availing themselves of the recent invention of torpedoes for the protection of their coasts and harbours to devote their energies to the fitting out, at comparatively trifling expense, of a class of vessels of sufficient armament to inflict untold injury upon British commerce and the outlying defenceless portions of the Empire. It was also unpleasantly brought home to them that they were wholly dependent upon the American port of San Francisco for the repairs and refitting of the Pacific squadron, and that Esquimault, their only coaling station on the Pacific, within their own dominions, lay defenceless at the mercy of one of these adventurous cruisers. Canadians awoke to the fact that should the *Cymbria*, or one of her sister vessels, elude the Atlantic squadron, nothing need hinder her, if sufficiently armed, from reducing the antiquated fortress of Quebec, and laying that place and Montreal under contribution.

A contemplation of the defenceless state of Montreal should convey to Canadians a sense of humiliation; what more tempting objective could be presented to an enterprising enemy having such a base of operations as Albany, and such facilities for transport thither to the frontier? What does a capture of Montreal involve, but the cutting of the Dominion in two; the shutting off of English aid from Ontario and the West; the easy capture of Ottawa and increased facilities for the reduction of Quebec? The government which was instrumental in diverting the Imperial guarantee of £1,000,000 from the design of placing Montreal in a position of security, to the purposes of the Pacific Railway; which released the British Government from their undertaking to supply Montreal, Quebec, and the works at Lévis with proper modern armament; and which has systematically applied the proceeds of sales of ordnance lands to the general purposes of the country, instead of to their legitimate objects, deserves the severest censure. Tardy steps, it is true, have been taken to mount some rifled ordnance upon the fortifications of Quebec, to convert at Montreal, under the Pallisser system, some of our old smooth bores, and to establish at Quebec a factory for the manufacture of small arms and ammunition; but on the whole, in the item of warlike stores and *materiel*, what a poverty-stricken aspect does the country present? There has been as yet next to no attempt to utilize the invention of torpedoes in the defence of our coasts and harbours, or to organize the splendid material afforded by our merchant marine, for the protection of our commerce in case of need. It has been laid down by competent military authorities, that our ability to maintain naval supremacy on Lake Ontario is indispensable to the safety of the Province of Ontario: the shabby treatment in years past of those very efficient bodies of men—the Naval Brigades—once always available for manning gunboats on the Lakes, but whose services are now lost to the country through the action of the government, taken in connection with the total absence of any effort at marine

organization, indicate how our rulers persistently ignore all advice regarding the defence of the country. In the militia, the only re-assuring feature is the inborn soldierly instincts of the force, and the persistent faithfulness and tenacity with which it has held together under circumstances calculated to dishearten the most sanguine. All Imperial officers who have been brought into contact with them have united in tribute to the intelligence and soldierly qualities of Canadians. A review of the management of the militia by successive administrations, during the past 20 years, almost warrants the conclusion that our rulers disbelieved in the necessity of a force at all, but maintained one out of deference, perchance, to the old world prejudice of the British Government. How to spend as little as possible; to make the greatest parade over it, and accomplish a minimum of results from the expenditure, seems to have been their aim. The functions of the staff of an army have been compared to those performed in the human body by the bones, muscles, nerves, etc., and a commissariat and supply department have been likened to the vital principle. Pursuing the simile, in the total absence of such organizations, what an embryo is the Canadian militia! It is but calculated to deceive the superficial observer, by the pretentiousness of its numbers in proportion to the population of the country. The militia do not ignore the fact that the construction of the Pacific Railway, and other vast and important undertakings, preclude the possibility of a large expenditure for their purposes, and however gloomy the outlook which this concession involves for those who for years under every discouragement, through evil report and good report, hoping against hope that time would bring some ameliorating influences, have stuck to the force, they are prepared to struggle cheerfully on, were they once assured that in future the militia grant, however small, would be fixed, not subject from year to year to the whim of ministers, and would be expended in a manner calculated to secure the best results. The authorities have all along been proceeding on a wrong principle, the folly of endeavouring to train 40,000 men on a sum barely sufficient for 10 or 12,000; and, having regard to the resources of the country, the superiority of a small force well-drilled and equipped, with capabilities for expansion in time of need, are sufficiently patent: but the baneful influence of party politics in this country would seem to preclude the convictions, which must be entertained on this subject, being acted upon. There is something radically wrong when a hesitation prevails in applying the knife in cases where a moribund existence has been for years dragging on. Losing sight of the intelligence of the class of men who enter the ranks, which enables them to become efficient in an exceedingly short time, the Militia Department has directed all its energies to the slip-shod training of the men, to the almost total neglect of the much more pressing necessity for a thorough qualification of staff and regimental officers. Many an officer, who has held a commission in the force for nearly a score of years, and has become utterly wearied of its endless and purposeless routine, might well thus reason: Led to regard the Field Exercise and the Queen's Regulations, as the Alpha and Omega of professional requirement, in all these years what particular knowledge of the profession of a soldier, beyond that of the most rudimentary character, have I acquired? What do I know of outpost duty? Do not the vast strides in military science suggest to me how important it is that I should learn to control and manœuvre my men in the improved system of attack and defence? In view of the terrible destructiveness of the latest arms, should not I know something about hasty entrenchments? What do I know of the resources of my own district? Am I capable of

intelligently reading and of accurately constructing maps, or am I versed in numberless other matters pertaining to 'minor tactics?'

Should opportunities be afforded Canadian officers of becoming familiar with the many branches of knowledge required by the advance of the times, opportunities which I think would be generally embraced, there would be no occasion should an Imperial force ever be raised in Canada to fill any of the positions in the regiments composing that force from the ranks of English officers. The same sympathy would never exist between the rank-and-file of a Canadian force, if officered by Englishmen, however great their qualifications, as would exist, were the officers drawn from the Canadian Militia. Once qualify your officers and non-commissioned officers, and there will be no difficulty with the men. How to do this, in an inexpensive way, is the question. Much has been written upon the subject replete with capital suggestions, but generally impracticable on the score of expense. The Military College at Kingston will in years to come supply a want long experienced; the Schools of Gunnery at Quebec and Kingston are now and have been for years doing immense practical good, but is not the necessity most pressing that they should be at once implemented in the manner often recommended by Lieutenant-General Sir E. Selby Smyth, to afford to cavalry, engineer, and infantry officers and non-commissioned officers, facilities for a thorough course of instruction. It cannot be too strongly urged that no officer should receive a commission, or subsequent promotion, before his qualifications are *carefully* tested. By all means, assuming that the grant for militia purposes cannot be increased, let the force be reduced in numbers; let an efficient staff, a system of commissariat supply and ambulance, be organized; let facilities be afforded to officers and non-commissioned officers of all branches, of acquiring the higher attainments, indispensable to their keeping pace with the times; and above all, and this cannot be pressed with too great insistence, let divisional and brigade camps be the rule, not the exception,—not such as were held in the past, where we marched, countermarched, and marched home again,—where 'pomp and circumstance' were the great desiderata; but practical work-a-day camps, where both staff and regimental officers would have opportunities of putting into practice what they should have attained some insight into before receiving their appointments. Failing the government having sufficient determination to make the necessary reduction in the force,—a step which would undoubtedly meet with the strongest opposition from members of Parliament who can seldom be accused of possessing much breadth of view on militia questions, the following ideas have occurred to me: I must first disclaim any wish to belittle the importance to the country, which the rural battalions under happier circumstance might become; they are its backbone and sinew, and in case of war, upon them would assuredly fall the great brunt of fighting. I would suggest the classification of the active militia. That portion, principally city and town corps, whose opportunities of assembling for drill and of acquiring the rudiments of training are more extended, would be designated as class A, and be formed into brigades and divisions, with a proper staff complement; the remainder would be class B. The latter class would be properly enrolled, armed, and equipped, but the arms and equipment would only be issued upon occasions of training, to which I shall presently refer. One-half of class A should every year receive at least 20 days' training, 8 at head quarters, and 12 in camps of instruction, and the officers and non commissioned officers of class B should at camp be attached to class A, for the purpose of acquiring a practical knowledge of

their duties. That portion of class A which did not in any given year attend a camp of instruction, should put in, say 12 days' drill at battalion head-quarters. Every third year, class B might be trained, say for 16 days, half of the time at company head quarters, the balance of the time in camps of instruction. The divisional and brigade staff of class A would be available for duty on such occasions. For the purpose of verifying the rolls in other years, class B should muster for one day at company head-quarters, and the men should be paid for assembling. Rifle practice, under competent musketry instructors, should on all occasions be encouraged and insisted upon for both classes.

It seems to me that under such an arrangement, without materially increasing the present grant, results might be obtained which, if not all that could be desired, would be a step in advance, and would be calculated to render the force more contented, satisfy the country that good results were attending the expenditure, and enable the force to enter with greater credit into whatever form of military organisation may be ultimately adopted for the defence of an United British Empire.

In order that the views of the force on many subjects on which they are most vitally interested may have expression, a commission should at once be issued, to which should be invited officers from all parts of the country, not of the fossil type interested in perpetuating the present regime of stagnation, but men whose record has been such as to ensure their bringing to their deliberations carefully matured suggestions and ideas abreast of the times.

Before concluding this paper I should like to allude to a matter of great interest to all classes of Canadians. Reference has already been made to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway — a work evidently a great tax upon the resources of a young and sparsely populated country —a work, the completion of which is at present more necessary for Imperial than Dominion interests, and one which many thoughtful men do not hesitate to declare will and Canada, if unaided, in national bankruptcy. I have also touched upon the defenceless state of the Pacific Coast. It is encouraging to note how persistently, for the last few years, Imperial officers, notably Captain Columb, R.M.A., have urged upon the British Government the importance of Esquimault as a coaling station, the necessity of forming there an extensive naval arsenal, with proper armament, and, mark this! how indispensable it is to have this arsenal connected with the Atlantic by means of the Pacific Railway as an Imperial work.

For many a year it will be sufficient for Canada, I mean the older Provinces, to have access to her fertile prairie lands, which can be effected at comparatively trifling expense. The necessity, however, to the mother country, to have railway communication with the Pacific Coast on commercial and strategic grounds, and the advantage of easy access for her surplus population to a country of agricultural capacity sufficient to furnish the whole of the food supply for which England now greatly depends on foreign countries, point to the propriety of the British Government making the completion of this railway an Imperial undertaking, carrying it onward from the Province of Manitoba to the West, over the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific.

If a United British Empire is ever to become a reality, the mother country must take the initiative in approaching the question in no niggard spirit; and if any colony deserves liberal treatment at the hands of the parent state, it is Canada, whose interests have over and over again been sacrificed, sometimes to Imperial neces-

sities, but oftener through the crass ignorance and criminal incapacity of the British commissioners, who negotiated treaties which lost to Canada, amongst other things, territories of great importance,—providing her, as they would, with a more extended Atlantic seaboard. I contend that as a recompense for past neglect and indifference, in these particulars, it would be but justice to Canada, not a favour, were the British Government to complete the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway. Then Canada, released from a burthen in excess of her strength and resources will find, much sooner than can otherwise be expected, means to place her defences upon a footing so secure that the expression *'In pace paratus'* will have an intelligent, and reassuring meaning to those domiciled within her wide, extended, and fertile confines.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES RITCHIE.

OUT of the deep, a servant of despair,
A mourner, rose into the gladsome light,
A conqueror over dull and cheerless care,
And felt new glories in the freer air,
As when the fitful vapours of the night,
Moved by the sun, are potently dispelled;
This hero of the faithful waiting years
Was blessed by peace, and all his murmurs quelled;
And evil in him, soft-subdued, rebelled
No longer; for, like maiden who endears
Herself unto expectant lover sad,
The calm that ruled his spirit made him glad,
And he did fain forget all sorrows once he had.

Montreal.

MODERN CONTROVERSY.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON, ITHACA, N.Y.

HOW modern controversy, pessimism arraigned against optimism, and *vice versâ*, reminds one of the old story of the two knights coming from opposite sides upon a statue of truth—a solitary statue standing in the midst of a forest and holding a shield of which one side was gold and the other silver. Each insists upon what he sees before him: 'The shield is gold.'—'No, it is silver.' And they enter a contest and couch the lances in defence of their asseverations.

Reasoners are generally ready to admit that there are different sides to a question; but they are so tenacious of their own sentiments that they do not consider it worth their while to examine those sides; they will not or cannot put themselves in the proper mind-attitude to fairly judge their opponents.

Optimism, pessimism, *meliorism* go on arguing, judging, deciding from their own point of view, whilst there stands truth, representing all and everything they so vociferously claim in her behalf. It would only need to look at the other side of the shield to agree. Extremes meet—in the end, no doubt; but as guides to that end, they are neither safe nor agreeable leaders. The timorous apprehensiveness of the pessimist, who sees in every dark cloud a destructive storm, so harasses the traveller on the way that he cannot enjoy any of its blessings; the advance of science proves the defeat of religion; the zig-zag movement of civilisation is a downward movement. In his fear for morality, he recommends for a corrective a new examination of the Scriptures, a sort of *spiritus-geologico* investigation of the Rock of Ages, in order to determine whether that Rock which has stood the fiercest persecutions, pestilences, wars and famines, can stand the noisy beat of the great waves of modern unbelief.

The optimist, on the other hand, exulting and butterflying over chasms, taking no note of the graver incidents on the route, fills the mind with false imagery and leads the traveller into marshes. The meliorist, a *tertium quid*, steps between as a peace-maker and attempts to show how mental serenity may be reduced to a science, and happiness manufactured to order; and all three together arrive at nothing better than at more or less eloquent jousts of rhetoric.

Unbelief, the struggle for existence, decline of morality are the great cries at the present day, and one might think, hearing with what vehemence these moral excrescences are pointed out as the dangerous coast against which we are destined to come to wreck, that these things were the consequence of our more complex civilisation and had never existed before, whereas they are as old as the world.

What else but a struggle for existence was the parting of Abram and Lot. 'Neither was the land able to bear them.'* Unbelief has stood against faith from time immemorial. The great social and political problems—liberty, equality, fraternity—which puzzle the statesmen of to-day, have puzzled Draco, Lycurgus, and Solon. Already three thousand years ago, did science vex the speculative mind of

* Gen. xiii. 6.

the world with the knotty query: What creature is that which moves on four feet in the morning, two feet at noonday, and on three towards the going down of the sun? Œdipus whilst he solves the riddle's literal meaning becomes himself the victim of its spiritual meaning; the sphinx throws herself into the sea only to rise with more stony obstinacy on the sands of the desert. The solution of the riddle becomes a second riddle. The query is still: What is man? what his destiny? The intellectual force of almost every age has set itself to the ungrateful task, and all the light that has been thrown upon the subject is the artificial light of a mass of subtle obscurities—burying its vitality instead of calling it into action. Instead of man we have a manikin flexible and agile and susceptible of the most extraordinary contortions, but dead—a mere combination of atoms.

Erudition is no doubt necessary for the collecting of facts, the distinguishing among them, and selecting the more trustworthy sources of learning: the study of history would be nothing without it; but erudition is not all-sufficient. There is no lack of erudite systems to better the human race, and every new day ushers in new and ingenious methods to correct evil and further the good; but where are the results? Their unproductiveness shows plainly that they were inapplicable to human nature; that they are mere learned productions, drawn from their authors' moral consciousness, and of which may be said what was said of a certain book, namely, that it contained much that was true and new, but that the true was not new, and the new not true. That we have reached a critical period, a sort of intellectual interregnum, or state of anarchy of ideas, no one doubts. We are living in a perfect chaos of conflicting opinions; but what of it? What is there more than a difficult pass on our journey's road.

The anxious moralist who makes of morality a thing absolute and not relative, must necessarily see in the advance of science and the apparent retreat of religion a loss, and he finds himself logically compelled to point to paganism as an example of religion being the only safe-guard of morality. But even paganism will not sustain him throughout, and presents more than one objection to his argument. The sacred rites of India, for example, are anything but conducive to what we understand by morality. The pariah, neglectful of them, and hunted down by the religious community as the refuse of mankind, has often proved himself a much more moral character than the Brahmin who persecuted him. The gay Panathenæ processions of Greece were no very moral proceedings; it was the philosopher who scorned them that was at that time the truly moral man. The fear of the gods did not prevent the old Romans from going after their own wicked devices, and it was that *animistic fancy* of Numa Pompilius, which intellectual morality brands as a *Nemesis*, that after all told best upon the moral tone of the people.

Spiritualism and astrology have never done any very serious harm in the world, and scarcely deserve to be made so much of. They are as old as the world, and have threaded their Will-o'-the-wisp way, through its successive ages, in a wandering sort of fashion, running along side of civilisation, as it were, in and out its darker corners, but never materially interfering with any of its great movements. Call it an abuse of faith, a gypsy-faith, impatient of rule and order, and which prefers the by-paths of life to its main-road; the open-sky to the more civilised shelter of a roof.

No, morality is not a fixed quantity; the New Testament clearly teaches that. The Jews were indubitably the chosen people of God; yet is their code of morals not the one Christ would have us absolutely centre in. He points to a higher one; or

else what mean the parables of the pharisee and publican, the young man who seeks eternal life? He had kept the commandments from his infancy; but was it enough? No; we are taught that there is a morality we must disengage ourselves from, if we would have *eternal life;* a morality that was meant only for a stepping stone—that occult corner-stone which the builders rejected, and which is become the head of the corner. *And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.**

It is from the bonds of this, so to say, leading-string morality that science is gradually liberating us; and it is towards this grand emancipation that the whole stream of humanity is tending. That our time is one of much doubt and little faith is not to be wondered at. We are literally submerged by a mass of philosophical writings, the only practical results of which seem nothing more than to undo each other. No sooner has one learned work gained some ground when another appears, with newer proofs, upsetting the former—a succession of brilliant reputations which more or less attain their end as they more or less succeed in proving their predecessors in fault, or in flattering the scientific tendency of the age. That all this may be largely attributed to the love of novelty no unprejudiced mind will deny.

The course of erudition may be said to flow classically pure down to the sixteenth century. Saint Thomas, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, were all text-searchers From Italy it passes over into France, Germany, and England, and comes at last to a certain stand-still; the classics are all published, commented, explained; there remains nothing to be done but to accept them in their simple greatness. But speculative Germany wants new fields of labour. There opens a sixteenth century of German erudition with a Wolf, a Niebuhr, an Ottfried Müller, for leaders, and behold a host of philosophical writings appear in France and England which gather so thickly around the great fountains of early learning as to form a new power, usurping the old. Like Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha's incomprehensible fugues, they spread their intricate cobweb-compositions over all the 'gilt moulding and graining' of the original temple.

System no doubt is a necessary element in study. System means order; but amongst the number of systems in our day, there are those that are founded on minor virtues—on the love of novelty, on erudition, eloquence, or elegance of style; and it is they that make confusion. The searcher after truth will neither seek novelty nor avoid it; he accepts it when it presents itself. Much of the philosophic literature of the present day, in its endeavours at new discoveries, only covers up what has already been discovered. We have the adjective *velate*, but, in juxtaposition to *Revelation* we should also have the noun *velation*, so much of modern controversy succeeding only in splendidly draping the former with hangings impenetrable to light.

Fortunately the great truth—Christianity and its sign, planted as it were in the centre of time, and symbolizing the mystery of sacrifice—sacrifice past, present and future, objective and subjective, though it may be darkened cannot be impaired. All this anti-Christian warfare, all these desperate assaults on faith, instead of invalidating Christianity, only serve to set its supernatural essence more in light; for, despite all their philosophic antagonism, the Christian doctrine not only holds good, but spreads its truth in every direction. If we may judge the tree by its fruit, we have no cause to despair; for never were the fruits of Christianity more wholesome and more abundant; never was the idea of human brotherhood better realized.

Those, who, in the view of the growing intellectuality of the times, are in

* Matt. xxi. 44.

fears for religion, and advocate science as a substitute, can scarcely have had an experimental idea of religion. The expression *to experience religion* may provoke a smile; it has become strangely trite of late, not to say ludicrous, and no wonder when we think of some of the mechanical methods employed in certain quarters to bring that experience about; but it is nevertheless the only one that justly defines the situation. One must have *experienced* religion to know what it is. He only who has had his religious sensibilities duly aroused will understand how impossible it is for science to take its place. Religion is not a human institution, a thing subject to the vacillations of intelligence, to new inventions or new theories; it has its root in the heart. If the ground-work of our being were reason, science might suffice; but the soul anchors in sentiment, not in reason. Science, the decomposer and analyst, limited to the visible and palpable, is only one means to an end, and faith in its synthetic action towards the invisible and infinite is another. The two are quite distinct forces, and have different sources; they may be friends or foes, but from the very nature of their essence they must remain the two opposite poles they are. In the course of their growth it is to be hoped that their branches will meet and arbour the globe over, but at their present height they are too far apart and stand defiant, or rather appear to stand defiant.

Their respective functions have perhaps never been more clearly set forth than in Mr. Henry James', sr., *Substance and Shadow, or Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life*. The author shows conclusively how science, emancipating the race by making it gradually the conqueror of nature, brings it eventually to its destined end —namely, a state of 'philosophic sanity or complete fellowship with God.' 'If religion,' he says, 'is bound to undergo the slow sepulture of science, with no hope of any subsequent resurrection in living or glorified form: if, in other words, science constitutes the perfected form of the mind, the full measure of its expansibility, I, for one at least, have no hesitation in saying that it would have been better for the race to have remained to this day in its cradle, hearkening to the inspiration of naiad and dryad, of sea-nymph and of faun, than to have come out of it only to find its endless spiritual capacities, its capacities of spontaneous action, hopelessly stranded upon these barren rocks of science, ruthlessly imprisoned in her lifeless laws or generalizations.'

The Italians, who bring into all things a certain substantial exactness, bring the same into their methods of thought. They have two terms for Christianity: *Cristianesimo* and *Cristianità*. By *Cristianesimo* they mean doctrine, faith, religion, revelation, divine institution; by *Cristianità* the generality of men that follow in the track of that institution, namely, what is commonly meant by Christians. The *Cristianesimo* is not progressive, because it is complete in itself; a complete revelation, not derived from any other, or attached to any other, but self-subsisting and implying a duration equal to that of the human race. But the *Cristianità* can and does progress; now outwardly, in extending to new territories and gaining new people; now inwardly in advancing in Christian virtues, or in destroying unchristian institutions, such as slavery; in short, the *Cristianesimo* does not itself progress, but causes the *Cristianità* to progress.

Any earnest student of history—profane or sacred—cannot fail to see, in observing the course of events, that the teachings of the Divine Master produced wheat or tares, according to the ground into which they fell—here, mere ecclesiasticism; there, true piety; cruel violence in one place, sublime piety in another. The Word made flesh, and its symbolic sign have the same significance now as they had

eighteen hundred and more years ago, and will have the same forever more.

That at the present juncture of things the philanthropist should be staggered and question their drift is not to be wondered at. Humanity never presented a more problematic amalgamation of crimes and virtues, of great interests and petty ambitions. Since the fall of ancient civilisation, great changes have taken place in the machinery of society. The healthy balance of mind and body of the earlier races, the result of out-door life and gymnastics, has disappeared. Man has become nervously sensitive and over-critical. Vague longings carry him beyond the limits of the attainable; he wants more than he can digest. He approaches the moment when he will lose his balance if he does not reverse his steps. The history of the human race, as well as that of literature, teaches us how nations and letters recover their equilibrium; they turn into opposite directions. We find, moreover, that in this zig-zag movement, in this continuous equilibration, they reach ever higher planes. In view of these facts, it may not be over-presumptuous to predict in the coming change a revulsion in favour of the Church.

The question that may here arise is: Will the same forces that have heretofore sustained the Church still serve? Has civilisation not impaired them?

It is certain that man, since his creation, had always to have his religion proportioned to his intelligence. At all times the fetich or sanctification of palpable objects had to be made ancillary to his moral development. Even at this late day certain localities in Italy, Brittany, and Ireland, are in some sort idolatrous. Religion, if religion at all, should meet all human wants. The advanced Protestantism of Schleiermacher and Bunsen may become the religion of the more intelligent portion of mankind, and even, perhaps, draw within its ranks the wandering deistic tribes of the Voltaire and Rousseau schools; but it is a philosophical religion, and can reach only a certain portion of the people. The 'weak things' of this world would starve under it. We can no more dispense with Roman Catholicism than we can dispense with mother's milk for babes. That it will have to adapt itself to the exigencies of the time there is no doubt. It will have to abandon its ancient furniture, its Alexandrine trappings, and feudal incumbrances. It need not throw them away; they can be stowed in the ship's hold, and from engines once become ballast now. Only thus will the Church retain her ancient rights and hold on humanity.

The advocates of progress may say what they will: nature in all her changes and transformations remains in some respects materially the same. As in the days of the ancient Egyptians, so in ours: the statue of Isis must remain veiled. Our sense of vision is growing stronger with every age, and we are undoubtedly travelling sunward; but before our eyes can bear the full glory of the heavenly orb, we may have to travel through many ages yet. We think we can bear much, but whenever a fuller light is let on, we wince and are dazed.

It is a prevalent idea among the advocates of progress that Catholicism is inert and incapable of moving along with the great current of modern thought, but this is a mistake. The careful observer, who will take the pains to investigate the matter, will find that its slow movements are pregnant with action.

There are, at the present day, among the high clergy of Italy, even among the Cardinals, a large number of ripe scholars and liberal minds. Luigi Tosti is one of them. Tosti is a Benedictine Monk of *Monte Cassino*, and an enlightened and energetic worker in the fields of his Church.

The clergy of Italy enjoy far greater freedom than the clergy of

France. In France the priesthood is subject to a severe administrative discipline. 'My clergy is like a regiment,' said Cardinal Bonnechose in the Senate, during the Session of 1865, 'when it has orders to march it marches.' But in Italy, certain ecclesiastics have a sort of half independent position. Tosti, for example, lives in his cloister as independently as a Professor of Oxford in his college. He can travel, read, think, print what he likes. M. Taine represents him as a man of profound scholarship, fond of speculative study, acquainted with modern philosophy and the new exegesis, a distinguished historian—in short one of the generous and broad minds of the time. His aim is to bring the Church into unison with science. Whilst he allows the latter all her analytical rights and prerogatives, he claims that faith, in its *alto sintetico*, spontaneously and without analysis or reasoning, arrives at a perfect understanding of God first and Christ next. He maintains that it is this generous and passionate faith by which we embrace beauty, goodness and truth in themselves and at their source, which is alone capable to unite men into a fraternal community, and incite them to noble deeds, to self-sacrifice and devotion. This fraternal community, he says, is the Catholic Church, which, whilst it holds the gospel-doctrine immutable, must, and will, accommodate herself to the changes of society, and it can the better do that as it contains within itself an inexhaustible variety of forms.

And the Church is, in fact, undergoing now just such a transformation. Any one watching its movements attentively can see how it is gradually tending towards scientific progress.

Nor is science superbly holding back, as one might suppose from the attitude of some of its prouder advocates. There is a bend on her part too, and a decided one. The leaders of knowledge, speculative and positive, feel darkly, in the midst of the mass of accumulated learning they lie smothered under, for that *missing link* that should hold them connected with the God of the Universe. Their great rallying cry, *experience*, has not so deafened their affections that they cannot hear the heart's whispers; and these whispers reach further than they are willing to acknowledge. The supernatural has hold of *them* if they have no hold of *it*. It is but a short time ago that we heard M. Renan himself acknowledge the supernatural (for who admits spirituality admits the supernatural). Speaking in one of his lectures of sacrifice among the ancient Jews as a means of atonement, he said that the heathen nations surrounding them made sacrifices also, but that these nations were destined to perish, lacking the *spiritual* life of the Jewish cosmology; they had no prophets—*divinely inspired* teachers. Did the learned Professor suspect how the whole of his lecture gave *cause gagnée* to the Gospels?

No; Christianity has nothing to fear from science, notwithstanding outward appearances. True, the first is by far the most flourishing; it has conquered for itself field and town, whilst the Holy See goes a-begging. The Protestant Church in France is financially in a very critical way; its ministers have increased, but their salaries are being reduced to a mere pittance. The Ferry-laws have made terrible havoc with the time-honoured authority the Catholic clergy had heretofore enjoyed in school and college. The courteous reverence with which the priests had always been met in street and hall is set aside, no one thinks now of lifting the hat to him because he is a priest; he is a man like any other; but what is refused to his personality is not therefore refused to the essence of his calling. All this means nothing worse than the gradual emancipation of the human race. We are leaving the nursery, where for centuries our instinctive consciousness surrounded by

images of affection and tenderness developed into feelings of religious awe, respect and love, the same as a child entertains for his parent, and we are emerging or have emerged into scientific consciousness. It is, as Mr. James says, 'the difference between the child and youth, between diffidence and self-confidence.'

The consequences are obvious; the mind, intoxicated by the new wine of knowledge, becomes confirmed in all manner of pride and self-assertion, loses its innocence and hardens into sentiments of unhesitating and noisy independence. Often famished from feeding on husks, it reaches such a state of intellectual misery, that unless it remembers the Father's House and its abundance of bread, and looking into itself, resolves returning home, it has no other alternative than suicide, or a life of sullen despondency.

Viewed from this point, Father Tosti's *alto sintetico* would seem the safest route of the two.

Yet, need we Science and its brave pioneers. The Church scarcely realizes as yet the excellence of their services. Religion, hid under the different vestments it had to clothe itself in for the better comprehension of the various generations of men, meets in science the earnest and diligent inquirer that would fain possess her in her naked truth. He cannot trust her—being a thing divine—he can only disrobe her; and the more he disrobes her, the better shall we see and appreciate her real loveliness.

The philanthropist who, with Hume and his followers, objects to the general administration of the world, and would fain do away with calamities and discomforts, forgets altogether that the whole spiritual, moral and physical machinery of the universe pivots on the law of contraries. How could we have light without darkness? How could good exist without evil, strength without weakness, beauty without ugliness, riches without poverty? He is but a poor philosopher who makes riches and health, or any of the goods of this world the only end of creation; or who imagines that ills do not bring with them their compensations, or the favours of fortune their antagonisms.

So that, without being absolutely a Mark Tapley, one might still take comfort, even whilst admitting that there are such things as earthquakes, plagues, famines, unbelief, natural selection, etc. It needs but the looking at the other side of the shield.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

SUNSHINE plays on the hillside steep,
Or kisses the daisied meadow,
Leaving the forest and waters deep,
To quiet shadow.

When we pass thro' this life, this life below,
When we find no flowery meadow,
Shall we wait and wait for the sun's bright glow,
Or rest in shadow?

WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?

BY SAXE HOLM.

II.

THE whole year had dropped out of her memory; part of her brain was still diseased. No human touch could venture to deal with it without the risk of the most terrible consequences.

Dr. Fearing's face grew day by day more and more anxious; he was baffled; he was afraid. He consulted the most eminent physicians who had had experience in diseases of the brain. They all counselled patience, and advised against any attempt to hasten her recollections upon any point; they all had known similar cases, but never one so sharply defined or so painful as this. Still they were unanimous in advising that nothing should be said to startle her; that all must be trusted to time.

Through these terrible days George Ware was braver than any one else. His faith in the absoluteness of his hold on Annie was too great to be disturbed. He was by nature as patient as he was resolute. He had not wooed his wife for eighteen years to lose her now in any way except by death, he thought. He comforted us all.

'Do be brave, sweet mother of Annie,' he used to say to my poor Aunt Ann; 'all will be well. It is nothing to me to wait another year, after having waited all these. It is not even hard for me to go without seeing her, if that is best.'

Nevertheless, his face grew thin and his eye heavy and his form bent, as week after week passed, and he came daily to the house, only to be told the same weary thing, that Annie had not asked for him. The physicians had said that it would be better that she should not see him until she had of her own accord mentioned his name. Her nerves were still in such a state that any surprise threw her into palpitation and alarm which did not pass off for hours. No human being could tell how great might be the shock of seeing his face; how much it might recall to her; and whether, if it recalled all, she could bear it. From the outset George believed the physicians were wrong in this; but he dared not urge his instinct against their knowledge; and he was patient of nature, and so the days went on, on, on; and there was no change except that Annie grew steadily better and our hearts grew steadily sicker and sicker until we almost looked back with longing on the days when we feared she would die. And yet in every respect, except the memory of her lover, Annie was the same as before. The closest scrutiny could discover no other change in her, except perhaps that she seemed even gayer than she used to seem, and a shade less tender, but this also was as she had been before she had promised to be George Ware's wife.

One morning George brought me a small bunch of lovely wild things from the pine woods, Tiarella leaves just tipped with claret colour by the early frosts, sprays of Linnea, two or three tiny white maiden's hair ferns, all tied by a knot of partridge-berry vines thick-set with scarlet berries.

'Give these to Annie for me, will you, dear Helen?' he said, 'and observe very carefully how she is affected by them.'

I remember that it was just one

year ago that day that he had asked her to be his wife, and I trembled to think of what hidden meanings I might be messenger of in carrying her this silent token. But I too felt, as George did, that she was drifting farther and farther away from the memories we desired she should regain ; and that no physician's knowledge could be so true as love's instinct; and I asked no counsel of any one, but went swiftly to Annie with the leaves in my hand.

'O you darling ! How perfectly lovely,' she exclaimed with a laugh of of delight. 'Why these must have come from George's woods? Have you been up there?'

'No, dear,' I said, 'George brought them for you, this morning.'

'Oh, the good darling!' she exclaimed. 'Is it decided about his going to India?'

I could not repress a little cry of anguish and terror. A year before, there had been a plan for his going out to India on a mercantile venture, which promised great profit. It had been given up, partly because his mother felt that she could not live without him, partly because he felt that he could not longer live without Annie.

'What is it, dear?' she said, in her softest, most sympathizing voice, with a little flush of alarm on her pale cheek; 'what hurt you? are you ill? Oh, my poor Helen, you are all worn out with nursing me. I will nurse you presently.'

'Only a little twinge of my old neuralgia, dear,' I said faintly; 'these autumn winds are setting it at work again.'

She looked anxiously at me for a few seconds, and then began to untie the bunch of leaves, and spread out the long vines on the bed.

'Oh, if I only had some moss,' she said.

I ran to the green-house and brought her handfuls of beautiful dripping mosses from the rocks in the fernery. She filled a saucer with them, putting the Tiarella leaves all round the rim, and winding the Linnea vines in and out as they grow in the woods. Then she leaned back on her pillows and began breaking the partridge-berry vines into short bits, each with a scarlet berry on it. These she set upright in the moss, changing and re-arranging them so often that I wondered what could be her purpose, and leaned forward to see.

'No, no,' she said playfully, pushing me back, 'not till it is done.'

Presently she said, 'Now look!'

I looked and saw a perfect, beautifully formed G made by the scarlet berries on the green moss.

'There,' she said, 'I'll send that back to George, to show him that I have found him in the berries ; or, no,' she added, 'we'll keep it till he comes to see me. The doctor said I could be carried down-stairs to-morrow, and then I shall begin to "receive,"' and she laughed a gay little laugh, and sank back tired.

That moment stands out in my memory as the saddest, hardest one of all. I think, at that moment, hope died in my heart.

When I told George of this, and showed him the saucer of moss—for she had ordered it to be set on the drawing-room table, saying, 'It is too pretty to stay up here with bottles and invalids,'—he buried his face in his hands for many minutes. When he lifted it, he looked me steadily in the eye, and said,—

'She has utterly forgotten this whole year. But I will win her again.'

Then he knelt down and kissed every little leaf and berry which her hands had touched, and went away without speaking another word.

It was decided after this that it could do no harm for him to see her. Indeed, he now demanded it. His resolution was taken.

'You need not fear,' he said to Dr. Fearing, 'that I shall agitate her by approaching her as if she were my own. She is not my own. But she will be.'

We all sat with trembling hands and beating hearts as the hour approached at which we knew the experiment was to be made.

Annie had been carried down-stairs, and laid upon a lounge in the western bay-window of the library. The lounge was covered with dark green damask. Old Cæsar had so implored to be allowed to carry her down, that Annie had insisted that he should be gratified; and she went down as she had so often done in her childhood, with her soft white face lying close to his shining black one.

As he put her down, in her rose-coloured wrapper, on the dark-green damask, he knelt before her and burst out in spite of himself, into a sort of wild chant of thanksgiving; but as we entered the door he sprang up ashamed, and, turning to Aunt Ann, said: 'Beg pardon, missis, but this rose yere was too much pink rose for old Cæsar!'

It was 'too much pink rose' for any human eyes to see unmoved. We all cried: and Annie herself shed a few tears, but finally helped us all by saying, gayly,—

'You'll make me ill again if you all go on like this. I hate people that cry.'

No stranger's eye would have detected the thousandth part of a second's pause which George Ware's feet made on the the threshold of that room when his eyes first saw Annie. Before the second had ended, he was simply the eager, glad, affectionate cousin, and had taken calmly and lovingly the child's kiss which Annie gave him as she had given it every day of her life.

We could not speak. My uncle tried to read his newspaper; my aunt's hands shook in their pretence of sewing; I threw myself on the floor at the foot of Annie's lounge and hid my face in its cushions.

But George Ware's brave voice went steadily on. Annie's sweet glad tones, weak and low, but still sweeter than any other tones I ever heard, chimed in and out like fairy bells from upper air. More than an hour passed. I do not know one word that we said.

Then George rose, saying: 'I must not tire you, little Annie, so I am going now.'

'Will you come again to-morrow?' she asked, as simply as a little child.

'Yes, dear, if you are not the worse for this,' he replied, and kissed her forehead and walked very quickly away without looking back. I followed him instantly into the hall, for I had seen that in his face which had made me fear that, strong man as he was, he would fall. I found him sitting on the lowest step of the staircase, just outside the door.

'My God, Helen,' he gasped, 'it isn't only this last year she has forgotten. She has gone back five years.'

'Oh no, dear George,' I said; 'you are mistaken. She remembers everything up to a year ago. You know she remembered about your going to India.'

'That is nothing,' he said impatiently. 'You can't any of you see what I mean, I suppose. But I tell you she has forgotten five years of me. She is to me just as she was when she was fourteen. Do you think I don't know the face and voice and touch of each day of my darling's life? oh, my God! my God!' and he sank down on the stair again in a silence which was worse than groans. I left him there and went back to Annie.

'How old Cousin George looks,' she was saying, as I entered the room; 'I didn't remember that he was so old. Why, he looks as old as you do, sweet papa. But then,' reflectively, 'after all, he is pretty old. He is fifteen years older than I am—and I am nineteen: thirty-four! that is old, is it not papa?' said she, half petulantly. 'Why don't you speak, any of you?'

'You are getting too tired, my darling,' said her father, 'and now I shall carry you up-stairs.'

After Annie was asleep, my Aunt Ann and I sat for hours in the library, going over and over and over, with weary hopelessness, all her words and looks, and trying to comfort each other. I think each knew the utter despair of the other's heart.

From this time George came and went with all his old familiarity: not a day passed without his seeing Annie, and planning something for her amusement or pleasure. Not a day passed without her showing in many ways that he made a large part of her life, was really a central interest in it. Even to us who knew the sad truth, and who looked on with intentness and anxiety hardly less than those with which we had watched her sick-bed weeks before—even to us it seemed many times as if all must be right. No stranger but would believe them lovers; not a servant in the house dreamed but that Miss Annie was still looking forward to her wedding. They had all been forbidden to allude to it, but they supposed it was only on account of her weakness and excitability.

But every day the shadow deepened on George Ware's face. I could see, though he would not admit it, that the same despair that filled my soul was settling down upon his. Dr. Fearing, too, who came and spent long evenings with us, and cautiously watched Annie's every tone and look, grew more and more uneasy. Dr.——, one of the most distinguished physicians of the insane, in the country, was invited to spend a few days in the house. He was presented to Annie as an old friend of her father's, and won at once her whole confidence and regard. For four days he studied her case, and frankly owned himself baffled, and unable to suggest any measure except the patient waiting which was killing us all.

To tell this frail and excitable girl, who had more than once fainted at a sudden noise, that this man whom she regarded only as her loving cousin had been her promised husband—and that having been within two weeks of her wedding-day, she had now utterly forgotten it, and all connected with it—this would be too fearful a risk. It might deprive her forever of her reason.

Otherwise, she seemed in every respect, even in the smallest particular, herself. She recollected her music, her studies, her friends. She was anxious to resume her old life at all points. Every day she made allusions to old plans or incidents. She had forgotten absolutely nothing excepting the loverhood of her lover. Every day she grew stronger, and became more and more beautiful. There was a slight undercurrent of arch mischievousness and half petulance which she had never had before, and which, added to her sweet sympathetic manner, made her indescribably charming. As she grew stronger she frollicked with every human being, and every living thing. When the spring first opened and she could be out of doors, she seemed more like a divine mixture of Ariel and Puck than like a mortal maiden.

I found her one day lying at full length on the threshold of the green-house. Twenty great azaleas were in full bloom on the shelves — white, pink, crimson. She had gathered handfuls of the fallen blossoms, and was making her grey kitten, which was as intelligent and as well trained as a dog, jump into the air to catch them as she tossed them up. I sat down on the grass outside and watched her silently.

'Oh, you sober old Helen,' she said, 'you'll be an owl for a thousand years after you die! Why can't you caper a little? You don't know how nice it is.'

Just then George came slowly walking down the garden path, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

He did not see us. Annie exclaimed,—

'There's Cousin George, too! Look at him! Wouldn't you think he had just heard he was to be executed at twelve to-day! I don't see what ails everybody.'

'George, George,' she called, 'come here. For how many years are you sentenced, dear, and how could you have been so silly as to be found out?' And then she burst into a peal of the most delicious laughter at his bewildered look.

'I don't know, darling, for how many years I am sentenced. We none of us know,' he said, in a tone which was sadder than he meant it should be, and sobered her loving heart instantly. She sprang to her feet, and threw both her arms around his right arm, a pretty trick she had kept from her babyhood, and said,—

'Oh you dear, good darling, does anything really trouble you? How heartless I am. But you don't know how it feels to have been so awfully ill, and then to get well again. It makes one feel all body and no soul; but I have soul enough to love you all dearly, you know I have; and I won't have you troubled; tell me what it is this minute;' and she looked at him with tears in her eyes.

One wonders often if there be any limit to human endurance. If there be, who can say he has reached it? Each year we find that the thing which we thought had taken our last strength, has left us with strength enough to bear a harder thing. It seemed so with such scenes as this, in those sunny spring days when Annie Ware first went out into life again. Each day I said, 'There can never be another moment quite so hard to meet as this!' and the next day there came a moment which made me forget the one which had gone before.

It was an ill fortune which just at this time made it imperatively necessary for George to go to the West for three months. He had no choice. His mother's whole property was at stake. No one but he could save it; it was not certain that he could. His last words to me were,—

'I trust more in you, Helen, than in any other human being. Keep my name constantly in her thought; write me everything which you would tell me if I were here.'

It had become necessary now to tell the sad story of the result of Annie's illness to all those friends who would be likely to speak to her of her marriage. The whole town knew what shadow rested on our hearts: and yet, as week after week went by, and the gay, sweet, winning, beautiful girl moved about among people again in her old way, people began to say more and more that it was, after all, very foolish for Annie Ware's friends to be so distressed about her; stranger things had happened; she was evidently a perfectly well woman; and as for the marriage, they had never liked the match—George Ware was too old and too grave for her: and, besides, he was her second cousin.

Oh, the torture of the 'ante-mortems' of beloved ones, at which we are all forced to assist!

Yet it could not be wondered at, that in this case the whole heart of the community was alive with interest and speculation.

Annie Ware's sweet face had been known and loved in every house in our village. Her father was the richest, most influential man in the county, and the most benevolent. Many a man and woman had kissed Henry Ware's baby in her little waggon, for the sake of Henry Ware's good deeds to them or theirs. And while Mrs. Ware had always repelled persons by her haughty reticence, Annie, from the first day she could speak until now, had won all hearts by her sunny, open, sympathising nature. No wonder that now, when they saw her again fresh, glad, beautiful, and looking stronger and in better health than she had ever done, they said we were wrong, that Annie and Nature were right, and that all would be well!

This spring there came to our town a family of wealth and position who had for many years lived in Europe, and who had now returned to make America their home. They had taken a furnished house for a year, to make trial of our air, and also, perhaps, of the society, although rumour, with the usual jealousy, said that the Neals did not desire any intimacy with their neighbours. The grounds of the house which they had hired joined my uncle's, and my Aunt Ann, usually averse to making new acquaintances, had called upon them at once, and had welcomed them most warmly to the house. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Neal and two sons, Arthur and Edward. They were people of culture, and of wide experience; but they were not of fine organization nor of the highest breeding; and it will ever remain a mystery to me that there should have seemed to be, from the outset, an especial bond of intimacy between them and my uncle and aunt. I think it was partly the sense of relief with which they welcomed a new interest —a little break in the monotony of anxiety which had been for so many months corroding their very lives.

Almost before I knew that the Neals were accepted as familiar friends, I was startled one morning, while were at breakfast, by the appearance of Annie on her pony, looking in at our dining-room window. She had a pretty way of riding up noiselessly on the green grass, and making her pony, which was tame as a Newfoundland dog, mount the stone steps, and tap with his nose on the panes of the long glass door till we opened it.

I never saw her so angelically beautiful as she was this morning. Her cheeks were flushed and her dark blue eyes sparkled like gems in the sun. Presently she said, hesitating a little,—

'Edward Neal is at the gate; may I bring him in? I told him he might come, but he said it was too like burglary;' and she cantered off again without waiting to hear my mother's permission.

All that morning Annie Ware and Edward Neal sat with me on our piazza. I looked and listened and watched like one in a dream or under a spell. I foresaw, I foreknew what was to come; with the subtle insight of love, I saw all.

Never had I seen Annie so stirred into joyousness by George's presence as she seemed to be by this boy's. The two together overflowed in a sparkling current of gayety, which was irresistible. They seemed two divine children sent out on a mission to set the world at play. What Edward Neal's more sensuous and material nature lacked, was supplied by the finer, subtler quality of Annie's. From that first day I could never disguise from myself that they seemed, as far as mere physical life goes, the absolute counterparts of each other.

I need not dwell on this part of my story. When young hearts are drawing together, summer days speed on very swiftly. George Ware, alas! was kept at the West week after week, until it came to be month after month. My uncle and aunt seemed deliberately to shut their eyes to the drift of events. I think they were so thankful to watch Annie's bounding health and happiness, to hear glad voices and merry laughs echoing all day in their house, that they could not allow themselves to ask whether a new kernel of bitterness, of danger, lay at the core of all this fair seeming. As for the children, they did not know that they were loving each other as man and woman. Edward Neal was only twenty-one, Annie but nineteen, and both were singularly young and innocent of soul.

And so it came to be once more the early autumn; the maple leaves were beginning to be red, and my chrysanthemums had again set their tiny round disks of buds. Edward and Annie had said no word of love to

each other, but the whole town looked on them as lovers, and people began to reply impatiently and incredulously to our assurances that no engagement existed.

Early in October, George came home, very unexpectedly, taking even his mother by surprise. He told me afterwards that he came at last as one warned of God. A presentiment of evil, against which he had struggled for weeks, finally so overwhelmed him that he set off for home without half an hour's delay. I found him, on the night after his arrival, sitting in his old place in the big arm-chair at the head of Annie's lounge; she still clung to some of her old invalid ways, and spent many evenings curled up like a half-shut pink rose on the green damask cushions. He looked worn and thin, but glad and eager, and was giving a lively account of his Western experiences, when the library door opened, and coming in unannounced, with the freedom of one at home, Edward Neal entered.

'O Edward, here is Cousin George,' exclaimed Annie, while a wave of rosy colour spread over her face, and half rising, she took George's hand in hers as she leaned towards Edward.

'Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Ware,' said Edward, with that indefinable tone of gentle respect which marks a very young man's recognition of one much older, whom he has been led to admire. 'Annie has been talking to me about you all summer. I feel as if I knew you almost as well as she does. I 'm heartily glad to see you.'

A man of finer grain than Edward Neal would have known the whole truth in that first second, by the blank, stern look, which spread like a cloud over George Ware's face; but the open-hearted fellow only thought that he had perhaps seemed too familiar, and went on—

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Ware. It must appear strange to you that I took the liberty of being so glad; but you don't know how kindly I have been allowed to feel that your friends here would permit me to call all their friends mine,' and he glanced lovingly and confidently at my aunt and uncle, who answered by such smiles as they rarely gave. Oh, no wonder they loved this genial, frank sunny boy, who had brought such light into their life.

In a moment George was his courteous self again, and began to express his pleasure at meeting Mr. Neal, but Annie interrupted him.

'Oh, now don't be tiresome; of course you are to be just as good friends with Edward as you are with me: sit down Edward. He is telling us the most delicious stories. He is the dearest Cousin George in the world,' she added, stroking his hand which she still kept in hers.

It gave Edward no more surprise to see her do this than it would have done to see her sit in her father's lap. Even I felt with a sudden pang that George Ware seemed at that moment to belong to another generation than Edward and Annie.

Edward seated himself on a low cricket at the foot of the lounge, and, looking up in George's face, said most winningly—

'Please go on, Mr. Ware.' Then he turned one full, sweet look of greeting and welcome upon Annie, who beamed back upon him with such a diffused smile as only the rarest faces have. Annie's smile was one of her greatest charms. It changed her whole face; the lips made but a small part of it; no mortal ever saw it without smiling in answer.

It was beyond George Ware's power long to endure this. Probably his instinct felt in both Edward's atmosphere and Annie's more than we did. He rose very soon and said to me, 'If you are going home to-night, Helen, will you let me walk up with you? I have business in that part of the town; but I must go now. Perhaps that will hurry you too much?' he added, with a tone which was almost imploring.

I was only too glad to go. Our leave-taking was very short. A shade of indefinable trouble clouded every face but Edward's and Annie's.

George did not speak until we had left the house. Then he stopped short, took both my hands in his, with a grasp that both hurt and frightened me, and exclaimed—

'How dared you keep this from me! How dared you!'

'O George,' I said, 'there was nothing to tell.'

'Nothing to tell!' and his voice grew hoarse and loud. 'Nothing to tell! Do you mean to say that you don't know, have not known that Annie loves that boy, that puppy?'

I trembled from head to foot. I could not speak. He went on—

'And I trusted you so; O Helen, I can never forgive you.'

I murmured, miserably, for I felt myself in that moment really guilty—

'What makes you think she loves him?'

'You cannot deceive me, Helen,' he replied. 'Do not torture me and yourself by trying. Tell me now, how long this "Edward" has been sitting by her lounge. Tell me all.'

Then I told him all. It was not much. He had seen more that evening, and so had I, than had ever existed before. His presence had been the one element which had suddenly defined that which before had been hardly recognised.

He was very quiet after the first moment of bitterness, and asked me to forgive his impatient words. When he left me he said—

'I cannot see clearly what I ought to do. Annie's happiness is my only aim. If this boy can create it, and I cannot—but he cannot; she was as utterly mine as it is possible for a woman to be. You none of you knew how utterly! Oh, my God, what shall I do!' and he walked away feebly and slowly like an old man of seventy.

The next day Aunt Ann sent for me to come to her. I found her in great distress. George had returned to the house after leaving me, and had had almost a stormy interview with my uncle. He insisted upon asking Annie at once to be his wife; making no reference to the past, but appearing at once as her suitor. My uncle could not forbid it, for he recognised George's right, and he sympathized in his suffering. But his terror was insupportable at the thought of having Annie agitated, and of the possible results which might follow. He implored George to wait at least a few weeks.

'What! and see that young lover at my wife's feet every night!' said George, fiercely. 'No! I will risk all, lose all, if need be. I have been held back long enough,' and he had gone directly from my uncle's room to Annie herself.

In a short time Annie had come to her mother in a perfect passion of weeping, and told her that Cousin George had asked her to be his wife; and that she had never dreamed of such a thing; and she thought he was very unkind to be so angry with her; how could she have supposed he cared for her in that way, when he had been like her elder brother all his life.

'Why, he seems almost as old as papa,' said poor Annie, sobbing and crying, 'and he ought to have known that I should not kiss him and put my arms around him if—if'—she could not explain; but she knew!

Annie had gone to her own room, ill. My aunt and I sat together in the library silently crying; we were wretched. 'Oh, if George would only have waited,' said Aunt Ann.

'I think it would have made no difference, Aunty,' said I.

'No, I am afraid not,' replied she, and each knew that the other was thinking of Edward Neal.

George Ware left town the next day. He sent me a short note. He could not see any one, he said, and begged me to give a farewell kiss for him to 'the sweet mother of my Annie.

For mine she is, and will be in heaven, though she will be the wife of Edward Neal on earth.'

When I next saw our Annie she was Edward Neal's promised bride. A severe fit of illness, the result of all these excitements, confined me to my room for three weeks after George's departure; and I knew only from Aunt Ann's lips the events which had followed upon it.

George Ware's presence on that first evening had brought revelation to Edward Neal as well as to all the other members of that circle. That very night he had told his parents that Annie would be his wife.

The next night, while poor George was swiftly borne away, Edward was sitting in my uncle's library listening with a blanched cheek to the story of Annie's old engagement. My uncle's sense of honour would not let him withhold anything from the man seeking her for his wife. The pain soon passed by, when he was told that she had that very day refused her cousin, and betrayed almost resentment at his offer. Edward Neal had not a sufficiently subtle nature, nor acquaintance enough with psychological phenomena to be disturbed by any fears for the future. He dismissed it all as an inexplicable result of the disease, but a fixed fact, and a great and blessed fortune for him. My uncle, however, was less easily assured. He insisted upon delay, and upon consulting the same physicians who had studied Annie's case before. They all agreed that she was now a perfectly healthy and strong woman, and that to persist in any farther recognition of the old bond, after she had so intelligently and emphatically repudiated all thought of such a relation to her cousin, was absurd. Dr. Fearing alone was in doubt. He said little; but he shook his head and clasped his hands tight, and implored that at least the marriage should be deferred for a year.

Annie herself, however, refused to consent to this; of course no satisfactory reason could be alleged for any such delay; and she said as frankly as a little child, 'Edward and I have loved each other almost from the very first; there is nothing for either of us to do in life but to make each other happy; and we shall not leave papa and mamma, so why should we wait?'

They were not married, however, until spring. The whole town stood by in speechless joy and delight when those two beautiful young beings came out from the village church man and wife. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The peculiar atmosphere of almost playful joyousness which they created whenever they appeared together was something which could not be described, but which diffused itself like sunlight.

We all tried resolutely to dismiss memory and misgivings from our hearts. They seemed disloyalty and sin. George Ware was in India. George Ware's mother was dead. The cottage among the pines was sold to strangers, and the glistening brown paths under the trees were neglected and unused.

Edward and Annie led the same gay child-like lives after their marriage that they had led before: they looked even younger and gayer and sunnier. When they dashed cantering through the river meadows, she with rosy cheeks and pale brown curls flying in the wind, and he with close crisp black hair, and the rich, dark, glowing skin of a Spaniard, the farming men turned and rested on their tools, and gazed till they were out of sight. Sometimes I asked myself wonderingly, 'Are they ever still, and tender, and silent?' 'Is this perpetual overflow the whole of love?' But it seemed treason to doubt in the presence of such merry gladness as shone in Annie's face, and in her husband's too. It was simply the incarnate triumph and joy of young life.

The summer went by; the chrysanthemums bloomed out white and full in my garden; the frosts came, and then the winter, and then Annie told me one day that before winter came

again she would be a mother. She was a little sobered as she saw the intense look on my face.

'Why, darling, aren't you glad? I thought you would be almost as glad as I am myself?' Annie sometimes misunderstood me now.

'Glad! O Annie,' was all I could say.

From that day I had but one thought, Annie's baby. Together we wrought all dainty marvels for its wardrobe; together we planned all possible events in its life: from the outset I felt as much motherhood to the precious little unseen one as Annie did. She used to say to me, often,—

'Darling, it will be half my baby, and half yours.'

Annie was absolutely and gloriously well through the whole of those mysterious first months of maternity which are to so many women exhausting and painful. Every nerve of her body seemed strung and attuned to normal and perfect harmony. She was more beautiful than ever, stronger than ever, and so glad that she smiled perpetually without knowing it. For the first time since the old days, dear Dr. Fearing's face lost the anxious look with which his eyes always rested upon her. He was more at ease about her now.

Before light one Sunday morning in December, a messenger rang furiously at our bell. We had been looking for such tidings, and were not alarmed. It was a fearful storm; wind and sleet and rain and darkness had attended the coming of Annie's little 'Sunday child' into its human life.

'A boy—and Miss Annie's all right,' old Cæsar said, with a voice almost as hoarse as the storm outside; and he was gone before we could ask a question farther.

In less than an hour I stood on the threshold of Annie's room. But I did not see her until noon. Then, as I crept softly into the dimly-lighted chamber, the whole scene so recalled her illness of two years before that my heart stood still with sudden horror, in spite of all my joy. Now, as then, I knelt silently at her bedside, and saw the sweet face lying white and still on the pillow.

She turned, and seeing me, smiled faintly, but did not speak.

At her first glance, a speechless terror seized me. This was my Annie! The woman who for two years had been smiling with my Annie's face had not been she! The room grew dark. I do not know what supernatural power came to my aid that I did not faint and fall.

Annie drew back the bed-clothes with a slow, feeble motion of her right hand, and pointed to the tiny little head nestled in her bosom. She smiled again, looked at me gently and steadily for a second, and then shut her eyes. Presently I saw that she was asleep; I stole into the next room and sat down with my face buried in my hands.

In a moment a light step aroused me. Aunt Ann stood before me, her pale face all aglow with delight.

'O Helen, my darling! She is so well. Thank God! thank God!' and she threw her arms around me and burst into tears.

I felt like one turned to stone. Was I mad, or were they?

What had I seen in that one steady look of Annie's eyes? Was she really well? I felt as if she had already died!

Agonizingly I waited to see Dr. Fearing's face. He came in before tea, saw Annie for a few minutes, and came down stairs rubbing his hands and singing in a low tone.

'I never saw anything like that child's beautiful elasticity in my life,' he said. 'We shall have her dancing down stairs in a month.'

The cloud was utterly lifted from all hearts except mine. My aunt and uncle looked at each other with swimming eyes. Edward tried to laugh and look gay, but broke down utterly, and took refuge in the library, where I found him lying on the floor, with his face buried in Annie's lounge.

I went home stupefied, bewildered. I could not sleep. A terror-stricken instinct told me that all was not right. But how should I know more than physician, mother, husband?

For ten days I saw my Annie every day for an hour. Her sweet, strange, gentle, steady look into my eyes when we first met always paralyzed me with fear, and yet I could not have told why. There was a fathomless serenity in her face which seemed to me superhuman. She said very little. The doctor had forbidden her to talk. She slept the greater part of the time, but never allowed the baby to be moved from her arms while she was awake.

There was a divine ecstacy in her expression as she looked down into the little face; it never seemed like human motherhood.

One day Edward came to me and said—

'Do you think Annie is so well as they say? I suppose they must know; but she looks to me as if she had died already, and it were only her glorified angel-body that lies in that bed?'

I could not speak to him. I knew then that he had seen the same thing that I had seen; if his strong, rather obtuse, material nature had recognised it, what could so blind her mother and father and the doctor? I burst into tears and left him.

At the end of a week I saw a cloud on Dr. Fearing's face. As he left Annie's room one morning, he stopped me and said abruptly—

'What does Annie talk about?'

'She hardly speaks at all,' I said.

'Ah,' he said. 'Well, I have ordered her not to talk. But does she ask any questions?' he continued.

'No,' I said; 'not of me. She has not asked one.'

I saw then that the same vague fear which was filling my heart was taking shape in his.

From that moment he watched her hourly, with an anxiety which soon betrayed itself to my aunt.

'William, why does not Annie get stronger?' she said suddenly to him one day.

'I do not know why,' he answered, with a solemn sadness and emphasis in his tone which was, as I think he intended it to be, a partial revelation to her, and a warning. Aunt Ann staggered to a chair and looked at him without a word. He answered her look by one equally agonized and silent, and left the room.

The baby was now two weeks old. Annie was no stronger than on the day of his birth. She lay day and night in a tranquil state, smiling with inexpressible sweetness when she was spoken to, rarely speaking of her own accord, doing with gentle docility all she was told to do, but looking more and more like a transfigured saint. All the arch, joyous, playful look was gone; there was no added age in the look which had taken its place; neither any sorrow; but something ineffably solemn, rapt, removed from earth. Sometimes, when Edward came to her bedside, a great wave of pitying tenderness would sweep over her face, giving it such a heavenly look that he would fall on his knees.

'O Helen,' he said once, after such a moment as this, 'I shall go mad if Annie does not get well. I do not dare to kiss even her hand. I feel as if she never had been mine.'

At last the day and the hour and the moment came which I had known would come. Annie spoke to me in a very gentle voice, and said—

'Helen, darling, you know I am going to die?'

'Yes, dear, I think so,' I said, in as quiet a voice as hers.

'You know it is better that I should, darling?' she said, with a trembling voice.

'Yes, dear, I know it,' I replied.

She drew a long sigh of relief. 'I am so glad, darling; I thought you knew it, but I could not be sure. I think no one else understands. I hope dear mamma will never suspect. You will not let her, if you can help it;

the dear doctor will not tell her; he knows, though. Darling, I want you to have my baby. I think Edward will be willing. He is so young, he will be happy again before long; he will not miss him. You know we have always said it was partly your baby. Look at his eyes now, Helen,' she said, turning the little face towards me, and into a full light.

I started. I had never till that moment seen in them a subtle resemblance to the eyes of George Ware. We had said that the baby had his mother's eyes—so he had; but there had always been a likeness between Annie's eyes and George's, though her's were light-blue, and his of a blue so dark that it was often believed to be black. All the Wares had a very peculiar luminousness of the eye; it was so marked a family trait that it had passed into almost proverbial mention, in connection with the distinguished beauty of the family. 'The Ware eye' was always recognisable, no matter what colour it had taken from the admixture of other blood.

At that moment I saw, and I knew that Annie had seen, that the baby's eyes were not so much like her own as like the deeper, sadder, darker eyes of her cousin—brave, hopeless, dear George, who was toiling under the sun of India, making a fortune for he knew not whom.

We neither of us spoke; presently the little unconscious eyes closed in sweet sleep, and Annie went on, holding him close to her heart.

'You see, dear, poor mamma will not be able to bear seeing him after I die. Common mothers would love him for my sake. But mamma is not like other women. She will come very soon where I am, poor mamma; and then you will have to take papa home to your house, and papa will have comfort in little Henry. But he must be your baby, Helen. I shall speak to Edward about it soon.'

She was not strong enough to talk long. She shed no tears, however, and looked as calm as if she were telling me of pleasant plans for a coming earthly summer. I also was perfectly calm, and felt strangely free from sorrow. Her absolute spirituality bore me up. It was as if I spoke with her in heaven, thousands of centuries after all human perplexities had passed away.

After this day she grew rapidly weaker. She had no pain. There was not a single physical symptom in her case which the science of medicine could name or meet. There was literally nothing to be done for her. Neither tonic nor stimulant produced the least effect. She was noiselessly sinking out of life, as very old people sometimes die, without a single jar, or shock, or struggle. Her beautiful serenity and entire freedom from suffering blinded Aunt Ann's eyes to the fact that she was dying. This was a great mercy, and we were all careful not by a word or look to rouse her to the truth. To all her mother's inquiries Annie invariably replied, 'Better, dear mamma, better, only very weak,' and Aunt Ann believed, until the very last, that the spring would make her well again.

Edward Neal's face during these weeks was like the face of a man lost in a trackless desert, seeking vainly for some sign of road to save his life. Sickness and death were as foreign to the young, vital, irrepressible currents of his life, as if he had been a bird or an antelope. But it was not now with him the mere bewildered grief of a sensuous animal nature, such as I should have anticipated that his grief would be. He dimly felt the truth, and was constantly terrified by it. He came into Annie's presence more and more reverently each day. He gazed speechlessly into her eyes, which rested on him always with angelic compassion and tenderness, but with no more look of human wifely thought than if he and she were kneeling side by side before God's white throne. Sometimes he dared not touch even

so much as the hand on which his own wedding ring rested. Sometimes he would kneel by the bedside and bury his face and weep like a little child. Then he would throw himself on his horse and gallop away and not come home until twilight, when he was always found on Annie's lounge in the library. One night when I went to him there he said, in a tone so solemn that the voice did not sound like his,—

'Helen, there is something I do not understand about Annie. Do people always seem so when they are going to die? I do not dare to ask her if she loves me. I feel just as much awe of her as if she had been in heaven. It seems sometimes as if I must be going mad, for I do not feel in the least as if she had ever been my wife.'

'She never has, poor boy,' I thought, but I only stroked his hair and said nothing; wondering in my heart at the certainty with which in all natures love knows how to define, conquer, reclaim his own.

The day before Annie died she asked for her jewel-case, and spent several hours in looking over its contents and telling me to whom they should be given. I observed that she seemed to be searching uneasily for something she could not find.

'What is it, dear?' I said. She hesitated for a second, and then replied,—

'Only a little ring I had when I was a girl.'

'When you were a girl, my darling!' I exclaimed. She smiled gently and said,—

'I feel like an old woman now. Oh, here it is,' she added, and held it out to me to open for her the tiny padlock-shaped locket which hung from it. It had become so tightly fastened together that it was with great difficulty I could open it. When I did so, I saw lying in the hollow a little ring of black hair, and I remembered that Annie had worn the ring when she was twelve years old.

She asked me to cut a few of the silky hairs from the baby's head, and then one little curl from her own, and laying them with the other, she shut the locket and asked for a piece of paper and pencil. She wrote one word with great difficulty, folded the ring in the paper, wrote another word on the outside, and laid it in a corner of the jewel-case. Then she sank back on the pillows, and slipping her left hand under her cheek said she was very tired, and almost instantly fell into a gentle sleep. She did not wake until twilight. I was to sleep on the lounge in her room that night, and when she woke I was preparing it.

'Darling,' she said, 'could you sleep as well in my big chair, which can be tipped back?'

'Certainly, sweet,' I said; 'but why?'

'Because that can be drawn up so much nearer me; it will be like sleeping together.'

At nine o'clock the nurse brought the baby in and laid him in Annie's bosom, sound asleep. Annie would not let him lie anywhere else, and was so grieved at any remonstrance, that the doctor said she must be indulged in the desire. When she was awake and was not speaking to us, her eyes never left the baby's face.

She turned over, with her face to the chair in which I lay, and reached out her left hand towards me. I took it in mine, and so, with our hands clasped above the little sleeping baby, we said 'good-night' to each other.

'I feel much better to-night than I have for some days, dear Helen,' she said; 'I should not wonder if we all three slept until morning.'

Very soon I saw that she was asleep. I watched her face for a long time; it was perfectly colourless and very thin, and yet there was not a look of illness on it. The ineffable serenity, the holy peace, made it look like the face of one who had been transfigured, translated; who had not known and who never could know any death. I

cannot account for the sweet calm which I felt through all these weeks. I shed no tears; I did not seem even to sorrow. I accepted all, as Annie herself accepted it, without wonder, without murmur. During the long hours of this last night, I lived over every hour of her precious, beautiful life, as I had known and shared it, until the whole seemed to me one fragrant and perfect flower, ready to be gathered and worn in the bosom of angels. At last I fell asleep.

I was wakened by a low murmur from the baby, who stirred uneasily. Annie's hand was still locked in mine; as I sought to disengage it cautiously, I felt, with a sudden horror, that the fingers were lifeless. I sprang to my feet and bent over her; she did not breathe. Out of that sweet sleep her body had passed into another which would know no waking, and her soul had awakened free. Slowly I withdrew the little sleeping baby from her arms and carried it to the nurse. Then I went to Dr. Fearing's room; he had slept in the house for a week; I found him dressed, but asleep on a lounge. He had lain in this way, he told me, for four nights, expecting that each would be the last. When I touched him on the shoulder he opened his eyes, without surprise or alarm, and said,—

'Did she wake?'

'No,' I replied, and that was all.

The day was just breaking; as the dark grey and red tints cleared and rolled away, and left a pale yellow sky, the morning star, which I could see from Annie's bedside, faded and melted in the pure ether. Even while I was looking at it, it vanished, and I thought that, like it, Annie's bright soul, disappearing from my sight, had blended in eternal day.

. . . . .

This was four years ago. My Aunt Ann died, as Annie had said she would, in a very few months afterwards. My uncle came, a broken and trembling man, to live with us, and Edward Neal gladly gave his little son into my hands, as Annie had desired. He went abroad immediately, finding it utterly impossible to bear the sight of the scenes of his lost happiness. He came back in two years, bringing a bright young wife with him, a sunny-haired English girl, who, he said, was so marvellously like Annie. She is like the Annie whom he knew?

Every day their baby boy is brought to our house to see his brother; but I think two children of one name never before looked so unlike.

My little Henry is the centre of his grandfather's life and of mine. He is a pensive child, and has never been strong; but his beauty and sweetness are such that we often tremble when we look in his face and remember Annie.

George Ware is still in India. Every ship brings brave sweet letters and gifts for the baby. I sent him the little paper which I found in the corner of Annie's jewel-case, bearing his name. I knew that it was for him when I saw her feeble hands laying the baby's hair and hers together in the locket.

In November Annie's grave is snowy with white chrysanthemums. She loved them better than any other flowers, and I have made the little hillock almost into a thicket of them.

In George Ware's last letter he wrote:—

'When the baby is ten years old I shall come home. He will not need me till then; till then, he is better in your hands alone; after that I can help you.'

THE END.

RECENT NOTES BY MR. RUSKIN.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

DURING the years of 1878 and 1879 there have been exhibited in London, under the auspices of the Fine Art Society, loan collections of drawings, by recently deceased artists. These interesting exhibitions have been increased in value by the notes written by Mr. Ruskin in illustration of the drawings. As these notes are most instructive and not very easily procured, it may not be unacceptable to the readers of this magazine to have a short summary presented to them, containing as much of Ruskin and as little of other matter as possible.

The drawings first exhibited were those of J. M. W. Turner, R. A.—one hundred and twenty in number—and all lent by Mr. Ruskin himself, whose admiration of and power of understanding this master has justly led people to call him the Apostle of Turner. The pictures were arranged, with but very few exceptions, in the order in which they were painted, No. 1, being 'a drawing of his earliest boyhood,' entitled, 'The Dover Mail,' and the last ones being executed between 1840 and 1845, Turner dying in 1851. Ruskin divides them into ten groups, viz.: 1, School Days; 2, The Rock Foundations, Switzerland; 3, Dreamland, Italy; 4, Reality, England at Rest; 5, Reality, England Disquieted; 6, Meditation, England Passing away; 7, Minstrelsy, The Passionate Pilgrim; 8, Morning, By the Riverside; 9, Again the Alps; 10, Sunset. Of these the group entitled, Dreamland, is the most beautiful, and Ruskin says, that of 'all these drawings there is but one criticism possible,—they "cannot be better done." Standards of exquisitest, landscape art, the first of such existent among men, and unsurpassable.'

Of 'Vesuvius Angry,' a lovely water colour, representing the mountain in a state of eruption, and a fellow picture to the one next it, called 'Vesuvius Calm,' Ruskin says, 'I am very thankful to possess these companion drawings, but chiefly this one, because the engraving from it was the first piece of Turner I ever saw.

'It was published by Smith and Elder in their annual, "Friendship's Offering," when I was a mere boy; and what between my love of volcanoes and geology—my delight in Miss Edgeworth's story of ''The Little Merchants,"—and my unconscious sense of real art, I used to feast on that engraving every evening for months, and return to it again and again for years, before I knew anything either about drawing, or Turner or myself. It is a most valued possession to me now, also, because it proves irrefragably that Turner was *reserving* his power, while he made all these tender and beautiful drawings; that he had already within himself the volcano of a fiercer fire; and that it was no change of principle or temper, but the progressive expression of his entire mind which led him, as life wore on, to his so-called "extravagant work."'

For these two drawings, Turner himself only received 15 guineas each, but the pair cost Ruskin over 550 guineas at Christie's.

The drawing in group 5, called 'On the March, Winchelsea,' which repre-

sents a regiment of tired soldiers staggering up a hill to their quarters, was given to Ruskin by his father, for a birthday present, and it used to hang in his rooms at Oxford. 'No mortal would believe,' he says, 'and now I can scarcely understand myself, the quantity of pleasure it gave me. At that time I loved storm, and dark weather, and soldiers. *Now*, I want blue sky, pure air, and peace.'

In this collection, Castle and Abbey alternate with sea-pieces and waterfalls, mountain scenery and cloud effects. Truly to appreciate Turner's wonderful versatility, we ought to 'remember what division of subject there used to be among old painters—how Hobbima and Both were always in thickets, Cuyp in calm fields, Vandevelde on grey sea—and then think how this man is woodman or seaman, or cragsman, or eagle in cloud, at his will.'

An interesting account of how the very beautiful picture of the 'Pass of the Splugen' came into Mr. Ruskin's hands, may be gathered from this little note book. Between the years 1840 and 1845, Turner, contrary to his usual custom, made some sketches of Alpine Scenery, intending if he could get orders to realize ten drawings from them. Those who gave orders for pictures were to choose the sketches that they wished realized. But before they were shown to any one Turner painted four of the drawings as specimens. One of these was the Splugen Pass, of which Ruskin says he 'saw it in an instant to be the noblest Alpine drawing Turner had ever till then made.' However, as his father was abroad, Ruskin was not able to buy it, and the other friends of Turner who saw it did not seem to appreciate it, or quite understand any of these drawings, and complained that his style was changed. The three others were nevertheless sold, and some sketches chosen to be realized, but the 'Pass of the Splugen' remained.

'When Turner came to hear how things were going on,' writes Mr. Ruskin, 'three out of the four pattern drawings he had shown were really bought—'

'And not *that*,' said Turner, shaking his fist at the 'Pass of the Splugen;'—but said no more!

'I came and saw the "Pass of the Splugen" again, and heard how things were going on, and I knew well why Turner had said, "And not *that*."'

'The next day another friend, Mr. Munro, of Novar, came and looked at it, and *he* also knew why Turner had said "not *that*," and made up his mind and bought the "Pass of the Splugen."'

This picture was afterwards sold at Christie's, and was not at first included in this collection. But before Mr. Ruskin had finished writing these notes, he was taken very seriously ill. His illness caused the very gravest anxiety to his friends and admirers, and the readers of this magazine cannot have forgotten the numerous bulletins of his health that were issued in the daily papers.

However he got better, though he himself says that 'without abandoning any of my former aims, I must not for many a day—if ever—resume my former activities.' On his recovery his friends presented him with 'the long-coveted drawing of the Splugen,' which was at once added to the collection.

These ten drawings were valued at only eighty guineas each, but Ruskin afterwards sold *one* of them for a thousand pounds.

Besides the works of Turner, there were exhibited at the same time, and in the same gallery, several drawings by Ruskin, to serve as illustrations of Turner's manner and style, and to act as guides to the student, by this means enforcing upon his notice certain rules and principles of art often forgotten or unheeded. In this way Ruskin particularly directs the pupil towards Truth and Accuracy, urges him to endeavour to see what *is* beau-

tiful before he tries to render it; reminds him that too much care and thought cannot be bestowed upon a picture, though too much misdirected execution may. Speaking of one sketch of Turner's, he says: 'Assuredly from twenty minutes to half an hour was all the time that Turner gave to this drawing; but, mind you, the twenty minutes to half an hour, by such a master, are better in result than ten years' labour would be—*only after the ten years' labour* has been given first.'

Be sure of your facts, is the lesson Ruskin is never weary of inculcating.

The Master's words, 'Love the Truth, and the Truth will make you free,' may be applied usefully to all arts and sciences.

'No judgment of art is possible to any person who does not love it,' Ruskin tells us; 'and only great and good art can be truly loved; nor that without time and the most devoted attention.'

'Foolish and ambitious persons think they can form their judgment by seeing much art of all kinds. They see all the pictures in Italy;—all the architecture in the world—and merely make themselves as incapable of judgment as a worn-out Dictionary.'

'To have well studied one picture by Tintoretto, one by Luini, one by Angelico, and a couple of Turner's drawings, will teach a man more than to have catalogued all the galleries of Europe.'

This short notice of Ruskin's Notes on the Turner Drawings, must not be closed without some mention made of that story which is in everybody's mouth,—namely that Turner said: 'Ruskin saw things in his pictures that he himself had not thought of.'

Ruskin says that 'nothing puts me more "beside myself" than this vulgar assertion.'

The Rev. W. Kingsley, who adds a word or two at the end of the book, in speaking on this subject, remarks: 'By anything like a full rendering of a natural scene ideas will be caused in the spectator like those the actual scene would have excited, and so thoughts may arise in the mind of anyone in looking at a good picture which really belong to the picture but which had not been dwelt on definitely by the painter.

'Had anything like this been the burden of the story, it might have been credible; but it must have been invented for the purpose of disparaging both Turner and Ruskin by some one who knew neither.'

Of the 184 sketches by Prout and Hunt exhibited last year, one hundred and nineteen were by Prout, and sixty-five by W. Hunt. They were shown in the same gallery in Bond Street, as were the Turner drawings of the year before. The change from the noise and confusion of fashionable and busy Bond Street into this quiet, cool room, hung with heavy curtains to keep out what little sound could enter, was most remarkable. How light and pleasant it was; and the absence of a crowd of sightseers, who merely meet because it is 'the thing' to do, was indeed pleasurable!

Those who entered this gallery were only a few, silent admirers who came to look and learn.

How one is teased at the Royal Academy by stupid, irrelevant remarks made in loud tones *meant* to be heard; how one is pushed and jostled and crushed! How some persons *will* forget that they are not the only visitors in the room, and endeavour to get a favourable view of a pet picture by standing a few feet away from it, and flinging back their heads; the result instantly being, either that the individual falls into the arms of some one behind, who was poking over the catalogue and unprepared for the attack, or else the space in front is immediately filled up and he is compelled to pass on. But there was nothing of this in Bond Street. Those who paid their shilling and passed through the quiet passages, decorated

with charming photographs after Reynolds and Gainsborough's most attractive paintings, such as the 'Strawberry Girl,' and 'Innocence,' and some of the lovely duchesses and countesses of the period,—found all quiet and peaceful within, and could give themselves up for a few hours of real and undisturbed enjoyment.

The great strides made during the last half century in water-colour painting, render it difficult at the present time to give Prout and Hunt their right position as artists. No other branch of pictorial art has made such wonderful progress; yet every lover of what is simply beautiful cannot but admire the apple-blossom, the lilac, or the fungus of Hunt. While those who remember the 'perhaps slightly fenny atmosphere of English common sense,' to which artists then restricted themselves, will delight in Prout's truthful delineations of the old churches, abbeys and streets of France and the Netherlands. Ruskin informs us 'that it became by common and tacit consent Mr. Prout's privilege, and it remained his privilege exclusively, to introduce foreign elements of romance and amazement. In contrast with our Midland locks and barges, his "On the Grand Canal, Venice," was an Arabian enchantment; among the mildly elegiac country churchyards of Llangollen or Stoke Pogis, his "Sepulchral Monuments at Verona" were Shakespearian tragedy; and to us who had just come into the room out of Finsbury or Mincing Lane, his "Street in Nuremburg" was a German fairy tale.'

Both W. Hunt and S. Prout were Londoners, Prout living at Brixton, and Hunt, Ruskin tells us 'was only properly at home in the Hampstead Road, and never painted a cluster of nuts without some expression, visible enough by the manner of their presentation, of the pleasure it was to him to see them in the shell, instead of in a bag at the green grocers.'

They were not fashionable men, nor men of great means, and their evenings were usually spent in their own quiet homes, for 'a spring *levée* of English peeresses and foreign ambassadors could not be invited by the modest painter whose only studio was his little back-parlour, commanding a partial view of the scullery steps and the water-butt.'

Hunt's peculiar style and manner of drawing can be best described by the following quotation from the Notes:—'Mr. Hunt's early drawings depended for their peculiar charm on the most open and simple management of transparent colour; and his later ones, for their highest attainments, on the flexibility of a pigment which yielded to the slightest touch and softest motion of a hand always more sensible than firm.' 'The feelings shown in the works of Hunt, and of the school with which he was associated, directly reverse those of the preceding age. So far from being garlanded into any polite symmetry, his primroses, fresh from the bank, and hawthorns, white from the hedge, confess at once their artless origin in the village lane,—having evidently been gathered only at the choice, and thrown down at the caprice, of the farmer's children, and cheerfully disclaim all hope of ever contributing to the splendours or felicities of the great. The bloom with which he bedews the grape, the frosted gold with which he frets the pine, are spent chiefly to show what a visible grace there is in the fruits of the earth, which we may sometimes feel that it is rude to touch, and swinish to taste; and the tenderness of hand and thought that soothe the rose-grey breast of the fallen dove, and weave the couch of moss for its quiet wings, proffer no congratulation to the spectator on the future flavour of the bird in a fire.'

Ruskin divides Hunt's work into six classes: Class I.—Drawings illustrative of rural life in its vivacity and purity. Of this class there were several examples. Class II.—Country

life with endeavour to add interest to it by passing sentiment, such as 'The Wanderers,' and 'Devotion.' Class III. —Country life with some expression of its degradation, either by gluttony, cowardice, or rudeness, of which 'The Gipsies,' 'very powerful and historic in its kind,' and 'Boy startled by a Wasp,' are examples. Class IV.—Flower pieces, including some fruit pieces and the fungi. There were eight fine specimens of this class in the room, the best being 'A Bird's Nest, with May-blossom,'—'a little overworked,' says Ruskin, 'but very glorious,—soft and scented, I think, if you only wait a little, and make-believe very much.' Class V.—Fruit pieces. Class VI.—Dead Animals. Of the Fruit pieces is one entitled 'Love what you study, study what you love,' which calls forth Ruskin's remark, 'All modern painters in a nutshell of a sentence, and the painted nutshell perfect.'

Sir F. J. Palgrave says of Hunt, in one of his Handbooks: 'His marvellous feeling for colour and originality of execution could not exist, however limited his range of subjects, without the companionship of true imagination. Within what he attempts, the supremacy of William Hunt is absolute. Whilst Lewis has brought the life of Italy and Egypt home, with equal insight and power of rendering, Hunt has glorified our own fruits and flowers for us with a mastery almost unknown to any former painter.'

Samuel Prout was born in 1783, and died in 1852. He was an indefatigable worker, and though he suffered much towards the end of his life from the effects of a sun-stroke in his youth, yet he laboured on to the very end. He travelled much on the continent of Europe, whence he brought home numberless sketches of cathedrals, churches, palaces, corners of quaint streets, and anything that struck him as being picturesque.

Prout was nothing of a colourist, 'his method of work was entirely founded on the quite elementary qualities of white paper and black Cumberland lead; and expressly terminated within the narrow range of prismatic effects producible by a brown or blue outline, with a wash of ochre or cobalt.'

Mr. Ruskin in his preface tells us how much he himself owed to a little drawing of Prout's, called 'The English Cottage,' which was bought by his grandfather, and 'hung in the corner of our little dining-parlour at Herne Hill as early as I can remember, and had a most fateful and continual power over my childish mind. Men are made what they finally become, only by the external accidents which are in harmony with their inner nature.

'I was not made a student of Gothic merely because this little drawing of Prout's was the first I knew; but the hereditary love of antiquity and thirst for country life, which were as natural to me as a little jackdaw's taste for steeples or dabchicks for reeds, were directed and tempered in a very definite way by the qualities of this single and simple drawing.'

It adds greatly to the interest taken in Prout's drawings, when we recollect that many of the originals he sketched from will never be seen again. Those monasteries, hospitals, chapels and churches, are not now what they once were, and 'one day perhaps, even France herself will be grateful to the wandering Londoner, who drew them as they once were, and copied, without quite understanding every sign and word on them.'

The drawings in the exhibition were arranged to 'illustrate the outgoing course of an old-fashioned continental tour, beginning at Calais and ending at Rome.'

No. I.—The sketch of Calais 'on the spot,' was one of Prout's finest drawings; perfectly accurate and without mannerism. Another fine one is the Church of St. Wulfran, Abbeville,

which 'faithfully represents this western pile of tracery and fretwork, with the filial richness of the timber houses that once stood round it.

It would be merely doing the work of a catalogue to run over the names of the old streets, buildings, etc., which are mentioned in the Notes, and but one more, No. 19, 'Antwerp,' need be here alluded to. Mr. Ruskin is so peculiarly himself in his description of this sketch, that it must not be passed over. He says of this drawing —'Altogether magnificent: the noble street scene, requiring no effort to exalt, no artifice to conceal, a single feature in it. Pure fact—the stately houses and the simple market and the divine tower. You would like advertisements all along the house-fronts, instead, wouldn't you? and notices of sale—at a ruinous sacrifice—in the shop-windows, wouldn't you? and a tramway up the street, and a railway under it, and a gasometer at the end of it, instead of a cathedral. Now, wouldn't you?'

Of the accuracy and patient labour shown in Prout's drawings, too much cannot be said. What he saw he drew, with all its faults as well as all its beauties. He was no poet, only a faithful draughtsman and conscientious worker. 'He reflected the scene like some rough old Etruscan mirror —jagged, broken, blurred if you will, but *it*, the thing itself still; while Turner gave *it* and himself too, and ever so much of Fairyland besides.'

Mr. Ruskin thanks his many friends for their readiness to aid him in these exhibitions by their cheerfulness in lending pictures; but who is to thank Mr. Ruskin?

All artists, collectors and students, cannot but appreciate the labours he took upon himself in preparing these elaborate Notes and in arranging the two Collections. Those who know anything at all of him, cannot but be aware of the high principles that guide him in all he does. Alike in his life and in his writings his earnest endeavour to improve the condition of his kind is manifest.

These exhibitions have added one more debt to that which the world already owes him. We can thank him best by listening to him; he asks no more, for it is plainly evident that what he has done and is still doing is truly, 'All for Love, and nothing for Reward.'

AN APPEAL TO MAY.

COME forth and cheer us, dainty May!
Come forth! thou canst no more delay;
Thy tender buds, in haste to blow,
Are checked and chilled by frost and snow;
We sigh for thee, both night and day,
Then come and cheer us, gentle May!

The poets shout thee to the skies,
But lo! their murmur fainting dies;
'Tis frozen in the cloudy grey,—
Now colder greetings welcome May;
Then melt it, Love, and make it thine,
And all shall hail thee, May divine!

From *Apple Blossoms.*

SPECTATORS.

BY 'ABERCONWAY,' CHATHAM.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance where the dying sounds
Fall a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.'
— COWPER.

OLD Sir John de Mandeville, returned from his numerous and widely extended journeyings in many lands, tells us, with the most charming simplicity, that in all his wanderings he had found but two classes of people in the world, namely, 'men and women.' How many varieties of the species the delightful old simpleton expected to find we know not. Perhaps his too fertile imagination had peopled those strange lands beyond the sea with all kinds of uncouth monsters, giants, dwarfs and centaurs; and now after a long, vain search for them, disappointed and chagrined he volunteers to inform his fellow countrymen that they need not go beyond the shores of their own native isle to see all the varieties of human character which are worth the seeing; or it may be that forestalling Darwin he had been searching for the 'missing link' as fruitlessly as his more famous countryman. Now, I suppose that most of us when looking at our fellow-creatures in the general are apt to mentally divide them roughly into two classes, according as they do or do not conform to our ideal man, that ideal, of course, depending upon our individual temperament and circumstances. Chamford, the caustic wit and artificial fop, of the French Revolutionary period, said he had found that 'society is composed of two great classes, those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.' A still more ill-natured cynic whose name I unfortunately now forget, said, 'all mankind are either knaves or fools.' For this man I am really sorry, as he had lost all faith in human nature, and could have no hope either in this world or the next. Of a much more agreeable character is the gentle Elia's quaintly humorous essay on 'The Two Races of Men,' wherein he classifies them as 'Borrowers and Lenders,' investing the subject in all the charms with which his singularly rich and kindly fancy beautified everything he touched. For my own part, however, I prefer to regard mankind as actors and spectators. I am rather encouraged in this on finding that I am supported by no less a person than that 'great secretary of all learning,' Lord Bacon, who recognised the distinction as natural and fundamental, claiming of the two first men born into the world, one was the typical spectator, and the other was the typical actor. In his 'Advancement of Learning' he says: 'In the first event after the fall we find an image of the two states, the contemplative and the active figured out in the persons of Abel and Cain by the two simplest and most primitive of trades, that of the shepherd and that of the husbandman.' I therefore cannot claim

any novelty or originality for this view of human nature; indeed, I do not wish to do so, for I am not a philosopher, but a plain and unpretending citizen, rather given to observing my neighbours and moralising upon their state, nevertheless with the best of intentions and perfectly willing that they should return the compliment. The actor then I take to be the positive form of human nature, the spectator the negative. I like and admire the actor, although I must confess myself a member of the gentle fraternity of the spectators, nay, perhaps it is for this very reason that I like him. He is the complement of my own nature. To him everything has an intense personal interest. He is all action and vigour full of bounding life and joyous hope, there is even a certain aggressiveness about him, a more or less violent self-assertion which is positively charming. His healthful influence is like the sunlight, and half an hour in his company refreshes one like a ramble along the breezy hillside on a spring day. To the spectator on the contrary, everything has a merely objective interest if I may so express it. Neither the great events of past ages nor the everyday affairs of his own times move or touch him with a real personal interest, save as they may furnish themes for thought or form the subject of an essay. This lack of personal interest in human affairs I observe to be the result of quite different causes, operating upon diverse temperaments and constituting different varieties of the spectatorial character. Some are spectators from excessive sensibility, tender exotics to whom life itself is only possible in the warm and sheltered nooks of ease and leisure, utterly unable to stand the storms and rough blasts of the active working world. Speaking of certain poets who have possessed this moral quality of excessive sensibility, Oliver Wendell Holmes has somewhere very happily described them as the 'Albino poets,' and I would here beg leave to call this variety of the spectator 'the Albino spectator' poor flaccid, pulseless creatures, who claim our commiseration and sympathy. The merely idle man can hardly be called a spectator, although to a casual observer he may appear to have some of the attributes of that character, but he lacks the spirit, 'the vision and the faculty divine,' that discerns in all things something of the spiritual, that finds 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything,' which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the spectator. The ideal spectator then is not made up of indifference and apathy in most cases, perhaps as much the result of a sluggish liver as of original mental disposition; but he is one whose habitual mental attitude is contemplative, and whose faculties are keenly alive to the perception of the good and the beautiful. Such a nature as this can only flourish in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, and it finds its proper exercise in the field of literature more especially in that form called the essay. It is here that it disports itself and feels at ease. The severer and more protracted labours of the philosopher and the historian call for robuster intellects, but the essay is the peculiar province of the spectator. We accordingly find that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, during which general culture and refinement have been most widely diffused, have been peculiarly rich in essay writers. And what a genial kindly company they are from Joseph Addison to Charles Lamb. What rich side lights do their charming writings throw upon human nature; how they abound in elevated sentiment, delicate fancy and quiet wisdom! What an almost inexhaustible fund of entertainment have they provided for our leisure hours! The commonest and most prosaic object of our everyday life is suddenly invested with a charm and is made to reveal its higher and diviner meaning. We rise from the perusal of their pages better men, with healthier feelings, broader

sympathies, and filled with the conviction that let cynics say what they will there is more of good than evil in the world. Among moderns, I think, Montaigne must be considered the finest representative spectator. The more so because, in his case, we cannot have the slightest suspicion of physical causes having anything to do in forming the character. Montaigne, then, at the early age of thirty-eight, while the fire of youth still coursed through his veins, and while in the enjoyment of good health, social position, leisure, ample means, and all the nameless advantages which gentle birth and liberal education could confer, withdrew from the gay and busy world of Paris to the seclusion of his chateau in Gascony, there to devote himself to the uninterrupted pursuit of his favourite studies and meditations. It was there that he found the delightful occupation of writing those marvellous essays which have been the wonder and delight of each succeeding generation. What a wonderful succession of kaleidoscopic views they are. As we read, that old Gascon life rises up vividly before us as a thing of to-day. The writer becomes our companion with whom we are on familiar terms of friendship. He introduces us to his wife and daughter and even to his cook; he takes us into his garden and points out the pleasant features of the Gascon landscape; we hear the murmuring rustle of the leaves as they are stirred by the summer wind. In a word we become inmates of that quaint old château, and we see how his life flows smoothly and evenly on, spent in the quiet contemplation of the changing seasons. There is nothing of the heroic about this while he trimmed his vines and watched his peaches ripen; earnest and active spirits were battling in the cause of civil freedom and religious liberty; but for him the battle-field had no charms, the clash of arms no music, even the shrieks and cries of St. Bartholomew fell a low murmur on his ease-dulled ears, awakening no stronger feeling perhaps than feeble pity. This is not the highest ideal of life certainly. Considering his exalted position and the influence he might have exerted on behalf of the mighty questions which were agitating the leading minds of that age, he deserves our censure, but we cannot forget that what his own age and country lost in the soldier we have gained in the charming, genial, kindly and observant essayist; and that while most of the active spirits of that age have gone and left scarcely more than a name behind, he is continuing to delight each succeeding generation with his wit and wisdom. There is another feature of Montaigne's writings which is peculiarly characteristic of the spectator, that is a certain sober tinge of melancholy. Seated in the cold regions of solitary thought he sees all the kingdoms of the earth and their glories pass before him in sombre saddenly pageantry, and what a strange panorama he looks down on. Human nature in all its manifold aspects, with all its hopes and joys, its disappointments and its sorrows. Go where we will we find that it is man that gives all else its value and its meaning. We go to novelist and to poet to see the faint reflection of this human nature, when had we but eyes to see we should find tragedy and comedy enough in every hour of our everyday life; for as Carlyle says, 'There is something of the Godlike, something inscrutable and mysterious in the meanest tinker that sees with eyes.' What wonder then that the spectator to whom the commonest object and most trivial incident has a hidden meaning, pregnant with things spiritual, who ever lives in the very presence of the supernatural and the mysterious, what wonder then, I say, that his mind and feelings should become somewhat tinged and saddened by the 'divine melancholy'? Unfortunately when unrelieved by knowledge and culture this is apt to degenerate into a morbid habit of introspection, surely resulting in a moral dyspepsia.

DOWN SOUTH IN A SAIL-BOAT.

BY ROBERT TYSON, TORONTO.

II.

Saturday, November 15.—Wind as usual. Surely this is monotonous! I could have sailed *up* stream from here to Cincinnati in less than one-third of the time it has taken me to come *down*. Brandenburg, Kentucky, where I called to-day, is a quaint, odd place. All the stores are clustered together in one straight street, rough-hewn out of a soil of stones, and looking not unlike the bed of a mountain torrent. The remainder of the village is perched on the tops and sides of adjacent bluffs. It seems full of life and business. I have now reached a portion of the river where, for forty or fifty miles, its bed is narrower and the current proportionately swifter.

Sunday, November 16.—An orange tint was in the east, and the morning star was bright, when I woke this morning. The bright freshness of these early mornings is delightful, after the sound refreshing sleep which my life in the open air has brought me. As I write, about 10 a.m., the day is one of Sabbath stillness and calm. It is medicine to lie in the bright warm sunshine, seeing the river banks gliding slowly but steadily by, and listening to the peaceful sounds from shore, which come mellow but distinct over the calm water—the sound of voices in conversation, now a burst of laughter, the tinkling of cow-bells, the chirrup of birds, the distant crowing of cocks, and the cawing of rooks. Now I hear a child's voice. A road runs along the rocky cliff, half-way up, with here and there a house. Further on are some flat-boats, with the occupants of which I exchange greetings. Being Sunday, there are many people on the river's bank and in skiffs, and I often make enquiries, or exchange a 'good-day' with them. Horsemen are frequent.

Afternoon.—Passing the two Blue River islands, I neared Leavenworth, and a party of young men in a skiff came alongside. One of them told me in the course of conversation that his name was Breden, and that he had a namesake in Toronto, a druggist. Three other boats had by this time clustered around us, and the five boats drifted sociably toward the town. A steamer had just arrived at the wharf-boat, and we consequently encountered the gaze of an interested crowd, one of whom enquired if I was the man whom the *Courier-Journal* said was going from the lakes to New Orleans in a sail-boat. Leavenworth is prettily situated on a high plateau, with a background of hills. I ascended to the post office, the door of which had been opened for a short time; meanwhile Mr. Breden took charge of my boat. The following instructive scene took place at the post-office :—

Stranger.—'I am sorry to trouble you on Sunday, but I am anxious to get a letter to-day.'

Young lady.—'Your name, sir?'

S.—'Robert Tyson—T-y-s-o-n.'

Y. L.—(Looks in the 'T' box.)—'There is no letter for Robert Tyson.'

S.—(Aghast)—'That is very strange. I expected a letter from Toronto, Canada, and I am *sure* my correspondent would not fail me. Have you anything for "Lyson?" The letter may have got into the "L." box?'

Y. L.—'There is a letter for Robert Lyson, from Toronto, Canada; the first letter might be a "T," but it has been put in the "L" box.' (Hands S. a letter, the address looking as much like Lyson as Tyson, and a little more so.)

S. thanks her joyfully, and forthwith plunges into the letter.

Now, as my dear wife did not herself address that envelope, although she was the writer of the letter, I will make bold to draw a moral; to wit:—If you want to make sure of your letters reaching their destination, do not dash off the address in your ordinary hand-writing, but write it rather slowly, rounding off each letter as if you were setting a child's copy.

My eye took in a pretty panoramic view as I descended—the river stretching away in the distance; the wharf-boat with steamers alongside, and the little *Bishop*, whose temporary occupant was taking a brief cruise on his own account. I changed places with him, and was soon bowling down the river before a favourable wind, which carried me well into the horse-shoe Bend. The river here doubles back on itself for some miles, in the shape this name indicates. Here is another of those almost perpendicular high rocky walls, with debris leaning against it, and trees growing thickly. They are a frequent feature of the river. This one extends all round the outside of the curve, and gave me the impression of being shut in by a lofty amphitheatre of rock—a peculiar and at night somewhat sombre feeling. The sun, low down, was hidden by one part of the rock, while another part was bathed in his light.

Anchored near a farm house, on the Kentucky side. The master thereof came down and exchanged a few words with me. The chilly night sent me quickly to my own warm nest. Twenty-two miles to-day.

Monday, November 17th.—Raining heavily. My farmer friend, Mosgrove by name, came down and invited me to his house to have a cup of coffee. I accepted his invitation, and waded ashore. The cup of coffee developed itself into a dinner. Verily I am amongst a hospitable people. The kindness which I have met on this journey is remarkable. My host and I sat talking by a big old-fashioned chimney, wherein a jolly fire of three-foot logs was blazing. He was a Tennessee man, and had served four years in the Confederate army. His manner was quiet, and his speech deliberate; a good-looking, well-made man, with jet black hair and beard. The building containing Mr. Mosgrove's kitchen and dining-room was separate from the rest of the house, and had formerly been the negroes' quarters. I went out with Mr. Mosgrove to get some persimmons—the favourite fruit of coons. When mellowed by the frost they are a sweet fruit, and are very good; but before being frozen they are uneatable owing to a strong taste like alum, which puckers up one's mouth. Mosgrove was about sending a quantity of apples to be made into 'apple-brandy,' a spirit of which a great deal is distilled from apples, in the neighbourhood. He recommended it as a cure for dyspepsia, taken after every meal; but his wife seemed doubtful of its virtues!

Late in the afternoon, dropped down the river for a dreary four miles, under a leaden sky, amid fog and drizzle. I moored amongst some snags at dusk, after a dear-bought experience of some of the peculiar qualities of a snaggy shore. I never had so much work and worry in mooring. Besides the visible snags, there were other logs and snags—pesky things—a few inches under water, just in the spots I had selected, lying in wait to catch my unwary keel.

Tuesday, Nov. 18th.—This has been a big day's sailing. After tacking down one bend, I got a fair wind along the return bend, and all the rest of the day. Alton, Concordia, and Stephensport were successively passed, each on

its level river bank, with a background of hills. These three places look exceedingly pretty from the river, with their neatly painted frame houses and well-finished brick erections. Their situation illustrates a frequent feature of the Ohio river. Imagine a valley, wholly or partially surrounded by hills, like an amphitheatre; the bottom of the valley an almost level floor or plateau of alluvial soil, and considerable in extent. Through this more or less level plateau the river has cut its way, sometimes near the centre, but more frequently washing the base of the hills at one side. These plateaus are locally known as 'bottoms,' and are usually very fertile. Stephensport is at the mouth of Sinking Creek, an eccentric stream which hides itself from public gaze for five or six miles in the bowels of the earth, then reappears in the light of day, and goes on to the Ohio like any other orderly 'crick.' Opposite Stephensport is Rome—one of the many Romes in the United States. Alas for Imperial Rome (Perry county, Indiana)—only five houses are visible to the naked eye from that side of the river, though my guide-book says it is a county-seat. Some men were building a freight-boat there, and one of them kindly undertook to mail a postal-card for me. As I sailed quietly on to my anchorage, I cast many an admiring look on Stephensport and its vicinity—a lovely scene in the mellow light of declining day. With much satisfaction, I scored 35 miles.

Wednesday, Nov. 19.—Boat covered with hoar-frost this morning, but its occupant slept warm and well. I was now about 21 miles from Cannelton, where I hoped to get letters and money from home. Owing to miscalculation about remittances, my available funds were reduced to 70 cents, and my provisions to a few days' stock. By sunset I had made 19 miles. I continued beating up against a west wind by the light of the moon, till the wind got disagreeably strong, when I anchored on a gravel bar, two miles from Cannelton. Presently the wind shifted to the north, and began to blow like the deuce. I put additional gaskets on the sail, and let out a few feet more cable to increase the grip of the anchor. All night long the gale raged. I afterwards heard that it was a terrible night on the great lakes—a night of disaster and shipwreck. For my part, I kept watch nearly all night; the possibility of being sent adrift, asleep, on so wild a night, precluded rest. From time to time I peeped above the hatch-cloth at my landmarks—the dark outline of a clump of trees on the Indiana side, and a 'government light' on the Kentucky side. They were always there. My trusty anchor and cable did their duty well, and the boat, when morning broke, had not budged.

Thursday, Nov. 20. — The north wind brought the frost on its wings; its violence was but little abated, and the morning was bitterly cold. Crouching under the shelter of the hatch-cloth and combing, I attended to breakfast and other domestic duties. I then got under the lee of the bank to a certain extent, and pulled half a mile, when the bank curved away from between me and the wind, and I was drifted back up-stream faster than I could pull my heavy boat. The situation was most tantalizing. Hawesville, opposite Cannelton, was in full sight. One mile further, and I should get letters, warmth and shelter. I fastened the boat, and lay down behind its protecting sides. The cold wind caught me by the nose and made my eyes water when I raised my head above my 'wooden wall.' I was warmly clothed, and ran no risk of freezing for awhile. Presently I saw a figure approaching along the beach, sharply outlined against the sky. I had been reading about the feudal times, and I amused myself by fancying the approaching man to be clad in armour, with a lance on his shoulder; his outline really looked like it. My feudal knight soon changed into a

brisk old fellow with tightly buttoned coat, and high boots, and a pair of oars over his shoulder. He was a fisherman seeking a lost skiff. I made a proposition to him about pulling me to Cannelton; he went forward, and on his return I agreed to give him 40 cents from my 70 to pull me in. We unstepped the mast, and after a tough pull he landed me at the foot of a coal slip, near some potteries; telling me that the watchman of the potteries would find me a warm place to sleep, and would probably look after my boat for a trifle. I hastened up to the Post Office. No letter for me. I began to feel like a homeless vagrant, without shelter from the pitiless blast. Investing nearly all my few remaining cents in some provisions, I returned to my boat: on the way I saw the fisherman, and told him the fix I was in. Got supper and some hot tea, and lay down in the boat. Soon I heard a cheery voice—'Hallo are you in bed?' It was my brisk friend the fisherman. He told me that that watchman, Dean by name, was now there, and that I had better go; adding 'he said you were welcome, unless you were raging drunk, and tearing up and down.' I thought I could convince Mr. Dean about this, and went up with blankets and pillow. Half an hour afterwards I was safely ensconced in a warm corner of the middle story of a three-story building which contained pottery in various stages of development. The floors were of open slats, allowing heat and air to come through freely: on the ground floor was a large furnace, kept going all night to prevent the wet clay from becoming frozen or unworkable. The air though warm was pure and fresh. O, ye gods! here was luxury for a poor penniless, storm-pelted traveller.

Friday, Nov. 21.—The mail boat had come in during the night, but a negative again met me at the post office. Owensboro,' 35 miles further, was the next point I had named for letters, and I hastened to start for that town.

The river had begun slowly to rise, and the current was a trifle better. A light wind carried me past Tell City and Troy. Many of the frame houses in the Ohio river towns are prettily and tastefully painted; I particularly noticed an hotel in Troy, the walls of which were tinted a kind of greenish grey that harmonized admirably with the green venetians. I have also seen brown shades on the walls and blinds well worked in. The river banks were now generally much lower, and the high bluffs were scarce. As a consequence, I had winds from the side, instead of all ahead or all astern. Evening came; it was calm, though frosty, and I determined to push on during the night. Behold me, then, having swallowed a cup of hot tea, gently stroking the water: with feet and lower limbs so comfortably swathed in blankets that soon the warm blood goes tingling through my cold feet, and the monotonous plashing of the oars lulls me to a sort of half-dreamy content. I look out for steamers, though. After some hours, my keel grated on the bottom near the Kentucky shore. I had run into a kind of 'pocket' at the head of Puppy-creek bar. Here I remained, very cold, till daylight showed me the head of Yellowbank Islands, about three miles from Owensboro.' After awhile, the tired and sleepy owner of the *Bishop* languidly rowed alongside the upper wharf boat at Owensboro,' and landed amidst an interested crowd. Captain Triplett, the wharf-master, kindly took charge of my boat, and I hastened up to the post office, only to meet another disappointment. The vagrant feeling stole over me again. I was sorely perplexed, for there had been plenty of time to get a letter at Owensboro,' and my wife is a most punctual correspondent. True, there was a third place I had named for a letter at a later date—Evansville—but I knew no reason why my letter should be there rather than at Owensboro.' I was in no condition to go on.

The cold had not abated, my provisions were scanty, and head winds might involve a period of three or four days in making the journey of 35 miles to Evansville. Captain Triplett invited me up to his office, and two reporters 'interviewed' me there—one of them Captain Triplett's son, of the *Examiner*, with whom I was very pleasantly impressed. I took Captain Triplett into my confidence; and he readily lent me some cash on my proposing to hand over some little things as security; he also introduced me at the Planters' House Hotel. I felt exceedingly grateful to Captain Triplett for his friendly and generous treatment of a stranger in a bad fix.

Sunday, Nov. 23.—A chance inquiry at the post-office this morning informed me that Owensboro' and Cannelton were not exchange offices for Canadian money orders, and that Evansville was. Here was new light; here was a reason why my letter should be at Evansville; for my cash always comes by money order. Sunday is not altogether a day of rest on a Kentucky wharf-boat, and I found Captain Triplett at his office. Whilst there, an arrival took place of importance to me.

This was a clinker-built boat, nearly the size of my own, containing boxes, packages, a valise, &c., and rowed by its only occupant, a tall, spare man, of apparently forty-five or fifty, remarkably impassive and unemotional in manner. His name was R. A. Corbett. He had come from Jamestown, N. Y., where he lived, down the Conewango and Alleghany rivers into the Ohio, and was on his way into Arkansas for a two months' hunting tour, whence he would make his way back by another route. I learned afterwards from him that he was also on the look-out for a suitable location to which to remove his family. He had come already over 1,100 miles in his boat, chiefly by rowing. He carried a small sprit sail, but had not used it much, owing to the head winds. His boat was built by himself, of white cedar, and was very light—under 100 pounds. Dimensions: 16 feet long, 4 feet 3 inches beam.

Mr. Corbett and I dined sociably together, at the Planters' House, and agreed to pursue our journey together. We witnessed, this afternoon, the baptism of some thirty coloured people by immersion in the river Ohio, in connection with a revival which is going on in the neighbourhood. They passed the Planters' House in procession, on their way to the river.

Reminders of home continue to meet me. The wife of Mr. O. Hughes, of the Planters' House, formerly lived in Toronto. I owe Mr. and Mrs. Hughes thanks for some kindly services outside of our mere business relations.

Owensboro' is a nice-looking little town, but it exports immense quantities of whiskey and tobacco. I suppose it is better for them to send it away than to keep it there. The tobacco is in big hogsheads, and I saw a long, close line of them being slowly rolled down the steep levee, checked at the bottom by a thing like a great mallet or maul, worked by a negro. Usually, opposite the wharf-boats, the bank is graded down uniformly, though steeply, and paved with a kind of rough cobble-stone, and the mule teams and waggons scramble up and down to and from the wharf-boats, sometimes with much swearing and whip-cracking. Gangways connect the wharf-boats with the levee, and the wharf-boats have of course to be shifted up or down the grade as the river rises and falls.

Monday, November 24.—Corbett and I made good time before an easterly wind, and reached Evansville at seven o'clock—thirty-five miles. During the last few days the river's banks have become much lower, and the hills are unfrequent. Corbett slept in the boat with me; there is comfortable room for two. He spread his tent over the

boom and out to the combing, around which we fastened it, making a cosy little apartment.

Tuesday, November 25.—We find the privacy of the tent a great advantage when lying at a city. I have got my letters and cash at last. Now I feel like a man of independent means —quite superior to that penniless vagrant who owed a night's lodging to the kindness of the Cannelton Potteries' watchman.

The letter brought a satisfactory account of the proceeding of the deputy who was doing my work during my absence.

I arranged about the repayment of Captain Triplett, laid in a month's provisions, and executed a score of little commissions, the need for which had been accumulating.

Evansville is a bright, fresh, business-like city, with nothing 'one horse' about it, and it reminds me strongly of the best business part of Toronto, though the streets are somewhat wider. Like Toronto, it has recently built a new post office. This is a handsome and well-fitted building, of a striking and unique style of architecture. Louisville, although a much larger place than Evansville, does not so favourably impress a stranger at first sight; being an older place it has a more dingy look, and the streets are narrower. I am not aware, however, that Evansville has any building to compare with the *Courier-Journal* office. The river presents a busy scene from the top of the Evansville Levee — a curve of water, with steamers, wharf boats, produce boats, flats, etc., clustered thickly on it by the city front.

Wednesday, November 26.—I stayed up writing during a great part of last night. Corbett turned out for a start at early dawn. The river rose considerably yesterday, and is now some five feet higher than it recently has been, which increases the current. The morning was still, and my considerate friend Corbett quietly hitched my boat to his, and pulled easily along with the current, leaving me to take another nap. We had gone six miles or more by the time I turned out and hoisted my sail. The wind was favourable, and pretty strong; we bowled along, and at half past twelve had made twenty-four miles; so we rewarded ourselves by going into a creek to have dinner. A bend in the river just changed our good wind into a head one. Corbett, rowing, got ahead and out of sight of me during the afternoon. The hour following sunset found me sailing along the Kentucky shore, making the river vocal with the name of my fellow-voyager, sung out at regular intervals. After a while an answering hail from out the darkness repaid my persistency. Guided by Corbett's voice, I headed for shore, and found him with stove up, and tent pitched, all ready for the night. We were less than two miles from Mount Vernon, Ind., and had made more than twenty-six miles.

Thursday, November 27.—A rainy day. After passing Mount Vernon, I saw Corbett row up to a flat boat, bearing the inscription 'Store Boat Emma.' I followed him; but we were not asked inside; for the first time in our experience. The *Emma* contained a family on their way to settle lower down the river, with their household stuff, including pigs and live stock, as our noses plainly told us. Still seeking shelter, Corbett tried another boat, a forlorn looking craft, and I joined him as he left it. 'I wasn't sorry to get away from that boat,' he remarked; 'there are three of the hardest looking fellows on it that I have ever seen on this river. I don't think they would stick at robbery or something worse.' I saw Corbett visit another flat boat, still in search of shelter, and then he forged ahead out of sight. I went on slowly and passed quite close to a 'Government light.' These lights are placed at intervals all along the river banks for the guidance of steamboat

pilots. I had often seen them from the river in the daytime, each looking like a square piece of white paper stuck on a stick of red sealing wax studded with cross pieces. Near at hand, I found it to be a red-painted pole, with steps for ascent, and having a white receptacle for the lamp at the top.

A little further on I found Corbett at a store boat kept by a man named Emerson, into which his belongings had been removed. Eleven miles to-day. I sat for an hour or two by the stove with Emerson and his wife —individuals of comfortably stout proportions—and their two boys. Our conversation was of the most dismal nature, Emerson being one of those men who revel in horrors. He began by some cases of severe sickness in the neighbourhood; then went on to sudden deaths; next to shooting of horse thieves and general rowdyism near the Indian reservation in Texas, where he said men carried pistols in their sashes and knives in their boots, and where a corpse with a bullet in it, lying along the roadside, was no uncommon occurrence. Then he passed on to Kentucky, where, he said, things were getting nearly as bad as in Texas, 'only they don't show 'em; they keep 'em in their pockets.' Minute particulars of some of the deadly family feuds in that State followed; then an incident on the store boat twenty years ago, when he found a dead man under the bow of his boat, which lay with the bow upstream. 'We had been a-smellin' him for a week before we found him,' he said, 'and we had been a-usin' the water from the other end of the boat—drinkin' the water off a dead man. We did not know where the smell came from, till we found him. It made us feel mighty sick at our stomachs when we did find him.' The recollection seemed to afford him much pleasure, for he repeated twice, with a chuckle and a steady look at us, 'and we was a-drinkin' the water!' He said that he had not sold much this trip, except once when he lay alongside a camp-meeting ground. Farmers would buy of him when he stopped, in his slow descent of the stream, to save themselves a journey to the nearest town. He was now fishing, and he intended to remain where he was for the winter. He came from Louisville, where he had kept a small store.

Friday, Nov. 28th.—I bought a fine Ohio cat-fish of Emerson at five cents a pound, which will furnish forth the dinner table of the voyagers for three or four days. It differs from its namesake of the lakes, and is a rich, palatable fish. Highland Creek was not far below our night's resting place. Corbett and I went some distance up the creek, which was swollen with the rains and was pouring a yellow muddy current into the Ohio. Several shanty boats were at the creek's mouth. Corbett went off on an exploring walk; whilst I, like Aunt Dinah, took a 'clarin'-up fit,' which my boat sadly needed. I fitted Corbett's tent closely round the combing of the *Bishop*, leaving only a small opening at one end; then lighted up the coal-oil stove, and dried some damp clothing above the oven. At dusk we lit a lamp inside. The night was frosty, but my little Florence stove kept the inside of the tent comfortably warm; and our quarters looked very cosy and pleasant to the wanderers who chatted away the evening therein. A small tent was among my outfit on leaving Toronto, but it was unfortunately lost at the same time as the hood; it had been arranged to button around the outside of the combing, with the main boom as a ridge pole. Corbett told me that he had been a lieutenant and captain in the 112th New York Infantry during the war; he was wounded in the battle of Cold Harbour, and is in receipt of a pension. I have found him an excellent comrade; quiet and undemonstrative, but with a sort of military promptness and decision about him;

and I place great reliance on his judgment.

Saturday, Nov. 29th.—This morning we passed the mouth of the Wabash River, which divides the State of Indiana from Illinois. To-day has brought a great change in our circumstances; we have met the *Dick Fulton*, a steamboat bound from Pittsburg to Natchez with a tow of coal, and she has taken us in tow. The *Fulton* was pushing her tow ahead of her and not moving very fast. We pulled smartly for a short distance and struck the side of the foremost barges, which rose only a few feet out of the water. I made my boat fast and jumped on the tow, then stopped in astonishment. I stood on a moving field of coal, the length of which would extend nearly from St. George street to Huron street, and the breadth about half the distance; it consisted of twenty-one shallow open barges, parallelograms in shape, filled level with coal and all firmly lashed together in rows, so as to make one solid coaly surface. Behind was the moving power, the powerful stern-wheel tow-boat, lashed firmly by chains and cables to the hindmost flats, which extended back on each side of her bow for about one-third of their length. Sixteen of the barges were 130 feet long by 24 wide and about ten feet deep; they only draw six or seven feet of water, and it is to cause this light draft that the coal is spread over so wide an area. Each of the 'flats' has a pump to keep it free from the result of leakage and rainfall. Some of the pumps are iron siphons, worked by steam from the *Fulton's* boilers; others wooden pumps, attached to 'spring-poles;' the men press down the end of the pole, and as it springs back it draws up the pump piston. A sort of 'close fence' is fixed up in front of the tow, called the splash boards.

Having obtained permission from one of the officers to 'hang-on' for a while, I was contentedly engaged in cooking some cat-fish for dinner, when a tall man with a black beard walked to the edge of the barge for a talk. He proved to be y^e^ Skipr—Captain Sharpley Packer. He invited us to come on the tow boat, took us over her on a tour of inspection, and made himself generally agreeable. Corbett unloaded his boat, and pulled her on one of the barges unassisted. The *Bishop* was afterwards hauled up by several of the deck hands with cargo on board, under the direction of the mate. About dusk we passed the dark mouth of Cave-in-Rock, a noted cavern on the Illinois side of the river, which was in years gone by the retreat of a band of robbers and murderers who infested the river. The cave is halfway up a steep rocky cliff. I thought with a shiver that it would not have been a pleasant task to explore its grim depths at that hour. Shortly after leaving Cave-in-Rock the tow tied up to the bank for the night.

Sunday, Nov. 30th.—Tow boats don't stop on Sunday. We passed the mouths of the Cumberland and the Tennessee Rivers, and reached Cairo late in the evening. Here the Ohio becomes merged in the turbulent father of waters, the Mississippi. A high sloping railway levee stretches along the Ohio front of the city; levees also encircle it almost entirely around. Great efforts have been made to overcome the immense disadvantages resulting from the low site of the city. The Cairo people thought that a place in such a situation as theirs, at the junction of the two mighty rivers, ought to be one of the big cities of the West; but inexorable nature interfered sadly with their visions of greatness, and Cairo remains a muddy, uninviting little place of about eight thousand people. The tongue of land on which it is built is below the level of moderate high water, and the streets are all on embankments, high above the ground level. When the river is high, nearly all the vacant lots contain large pools of 'seip' water, which oozes up from below. Whilst adding to the

point of land at the lower end of Cairo, the Mississippi is eating away the banks above the town, and threatens to make an island of it.

December 1st.—My first intention was to go no further than Cairo with the *Dick Fulton;* but I have now accepted the captain's kind offer that I should go to Natchez with him, as I would thereby get well out of the reach of the advancing winter and still have three hundred miles of sailing on the best part of the Mississippi. I parted regretfully from Corbett, who was obliged to remain a while at Cairo.

December 8th.—Grey and brown belts of thick-growing young cottonwood trees, in endless succession. Low bars of sandy mud; belts of older timber; level banks of bare, raw earth. These are the principal and ever-recurring features of the monotonous scenery along the 711 miles from Cairo to Natchez at the time I saw it. The tops of the banks are in most places below high-water mark. A mighty engineer is the Mississippi, always at the work of varying its own channel. The soft alluvial soil through which it flows furnishes plastic material for its operations from the Missouri nearly to Baton Rouge, La. Often at the commencement of the busy navigation season a towboat pilot will take a trip on a passenger steamboat to New Orleans and back, merely to note changes in the river's channel and report to some of his brother pilots. The banks of the river are constantly being undermined by the current, which carries away the debris and deposits it in another portion of its bed. I saw a striking example of this at Fort Pillow, the scene of much fighting in the late war. Here there is a wooden bluff, part high up above the topmost level of the floods and part sloping down nearly to flood level, thirty-five or forty feet above the present surface of the water. Some acres of ground had been undermined by the current, and had sunk to and below the present level of the waters. A wild scene of desolation was there. The lower ground was broken and disrupted as if by an earthquake; its trees tossed about in confusion at all kinds of angles. Further out, trees were submerged half way up the trunks, whilst the tops of others were barely visible above the current. It is a common sight to see half immersed trees, which have fallen in from the bank along with the ground in which they were rooted.

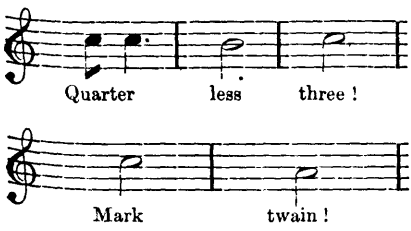
The 'cut-off' is a frequent engineering operation of the great river. In its serpentine course, the channel often doubles back on itself, leaving a narrow neck to the peninsula formed by the bend. Across the neck of such a peninsula the river, at high water, occasionally digs a new and short channel for itself. Small at first, the new channel rapidly enlarges, and the face of the country is changed. Usually the two ends of the old channel silt up, become closed, and there results a lake of clear water, curved in shape. The immense quantity of earth always held in solution by the muddy current is continually being deposited, forming low bars, covered at high water. Floods rapidly build up many of these bars by successive deposits nearly to high-water mark. The ubiquitous cottonwood takes possession at an early stage of this process. It grows rapidly, and soon presents the appearance of a dense thicket of slim, upright trees. The deposit continues, till in a few years the low bar has become a part of the river's bank—a solid forest where formerly large steamers passed in deep water. Here are geological changes going on under our very eyes. A most curious effect of the cut-off process was pointed out to me by the pilots. In one place the river has reversed the direction of its current, and now runs *up* the same bed wherein it formerly ran *down.* Whilst the river shortens itself occasionally by a "cut-off," it also lengthens itself. The current in passing round a bend impinges with more force against the outer or concave side,

and in many instances wears away the bank on that side whilst building up a bar on the inner or convex side, thus gradually lengthening the bend. As I saw the banks of the river, they appeared to be twenty-five or thirty feet above the water, and had a grey, raw, jagged look, without a particle of vegetation on their steep face: crowned with a belt of timber. Most of the towns on this portion of the Mississippi are of an ephemeral character. I looked with interest for Napoleon, Arkansas—or Arkan*saw*, as the local pronunciation invariably has it. Fifteen years ago this was a flourishing town of 1,100 inhabitants. Then the remorseless river began to whittle it away. A large marine hospital stood near the river's bank. Pilot Augustus Seaforth, when passing down twelve years ago, bet the captain of the boat six glasses of beer that the hospital would be into the river before they returned on their upward trip: the pilot won. This is what Mr. Bishop says of its appearance four years ago:—'Below the mouth of the Arkansaw was the town of Napoleon, with its deserted houses, the most forlorn aspect that had yet met my eye. The banks were caving into the river day by day. Houses had fallen into the current, which was undermining the town. Here and there chimneys were standing in solitude, the buildings having been torn down and removed to other localities to save them from the insatiable maw of the river.' All this was gone when I passed: I saw nothing of the once busy Napoleon but six or seven houses, mostly shabby and dilapidated. The main channel of the river now flows over the site of Napoleon. Ill-omened name! Further down was a place called Greenville: the inhabitants moved their town to another and a safer site when the river commenced encroaching: the old Greenville is gone now, and there is a new Greenville. The site of another place, called Waterproof! is being gradually whittled away, and the inhabitants are steadily moving the town backward, some of the houses being kept on rollers. A reverse process has been going on at St. Joe and Rodney; they are being made inland places; a bar has been formed in front of them, and the steamboat landing is now two miles below.

A stern-wheeler had a most *outré* appearance to me at first. Now it is a familar and natural craft, inside and out. I have messed with the officers of the *Dick Fulton*, lounged and chatted in the pilot-house, shouted a conversation amid the din of the engine-room, smoked cigarettes in the 'office' with the captain, and descended into the darksome hold, where one cannot stand upright. A word of description. The hull is low, flat, and broad—sharp at the bow. Over the bow the guards are brought nearly square to fit the barges; there are big cleats around the guards, to hitch barges to, and the guards are only a foot or two above the surface of the water. Right on the main deck are the boilers, then the 'deck-house,' piled up with coal, and at the stern the engine-room, where two large horizontal engines work the big stern-wheel. The feed pumps for the boilers are worked by a separate small engine affectionately called 'the doctor.' The boat is steered by *three* rudders, placed side by side between the stern-wheel and the hull. On the upper deck are the quarters of the officers and crew; and higher still the pilot-house, a room about twelve feet square, with glass sides. Forward of this are the two smoke-stacks, and aft of it are the two steam-pipes. Their alternate blasts, slowly delivered, bear a comical resemblance to two solemn old fellows holding a conversation. Someone said, 'they are like two politicians holding an argument—first one blows, and then the other blows.'

I have been treated with the utmost kindness by Captain Packer and the officers, and my stay on board has been a very pleasant one. The pilots

were always ready to point out interesting spots on the river, and to entertain me with reminiscences of them. Every one has heard of Mississippi piloting, and of the skill, experience, judgment, and good memory required. I was told subsequently by the pilot of a passenger boat that tow-boat piloting is the most difficult branch of the art. It is remarkable to see how well the great floating mass of barges is controlled by the eleven-feet steering-wheel. Great caution has to be observed in difficult parts of the river. The engine is occasionally stopped, and the tow allowed to drift, while the operation known as 'flanking' goes on: it is a kind of sidewise movement with the current. The lead is heaved frequently, by men standing at one, two, or more corners of the tow. They sing out the depth at each cast of the lead, for the information of the pilot: but owing to the length of the tow, a man has to be stationed half-way to 'pass the word aft.' Noticing that one of these leadsmen varied from the monotone used by the others, I listened carefully, and can give you a specimen of his song, thus:



The words may need explanation. 'Quarter of a fathom less than three fathoms' (6 ft. 6 in.), and 'Mark of two fathoms' (12 ft.), are the respective meanings. You see now whence Mark Twain, the humourist, got his *nom de plume*.

On the low-lying banks of the Mississippi every eminence becomes an object of interest. Among these are the 'Iron Banks' and the 'Chalk Banks,' named from the strongly-marked colour of the soil. These we passed on Monday. I saw, also, the novel sight of a double tow—two large stern-wheel steamers of the Mississippi Transportation Company, lashed side by side and pushing a fleet of barges. Who has not heard of Mississippi snags? We met the *Macomb*, a Government boat specially adapted for clearing out these pests. She hooks one end of a big snag, hauls it up by steam-power, cuts a long piece off by a circular saw, and repeats the operation till the whole snag is raised and disposed of. Our next tying-up place after leaving Cairo was New Madrid, the scene of a great earthquake in 1811. Columbus and Island Number Ten were pointed out on that day as places where there was great fighting in the Civil War. The Mississippi islands are numbered from one to 125. On Tuesday, the Captain called attention to another peculiar Mississippi and Ohio institution—a floating saw-mill and carpenter's shop. The owner takes contracts for house-building, etc., and moves up and down the river to execute them. His workshop is a steamboat arranged so that the engine can also drive the circular saw and other machinery. I saw, also, a gaudily painted circus-boat, bearing the title of 'The New Sensation,' painted in large letters. A floating circus! What next?

The tow tied up a few miles above Memphis, where some of the barges were left; and I accompanied a boat's crew down to spend a few hours in the city. My first sight of Memphis accorded well with the sad notoriety it has gained. The morning was damp, foggy, unwholesome, and the pale sun hung over the city, looking wan and sickly through the fog. We did not go to the wharf-boat, but left our skiff by a steamer, and clambered up a steep bank, muddy and slippery from the rains of the two previous days. I looked round with eager curiosity. The ground slopes gradually upwards from the top of the bank for two hun-

dred feet or more, and at the termination of the slope is a long esplanade of buildings facing the river, chiefly wholesale warehouses. A good deal of bustle and movement was going on amongst them; some were closed, but the majority appeared to be moving in goods and preparing for, or doing, business. They all looked dirty and disagreeable—an appearance partly due to the bad weather, I suppose. As we went further into the city, we met everywhere indications of the resumption of business; the streets were full of life and activity. Almost the only thing to remind a visitor of the late terrible plague was the frequency of mourning badges and dresses on the passers-by. In its general features, Memphis does not differ from any flourishing American city of 60,000 or 70,000 inhabitants; it has fine buildings, handsome stores, a good post-office, street-cars, etc., etc. But the streets are in a wretched condition. In the principal business thoroughfares the wooden-block pavement is often worn so badly as to give the appearance of a succession of mud-holes. I noticed in several of the stores a damp, earthy, close smell, arising, perhaps, from their having been so long shut up. There is a small public park or square, planted with trees, and the habitation of scores of tame fox-squirrels. These little animals are so well treated that they are quite fearless. They stand up on their hind legs and 'beg.' One of my companions pretended to hold a morsel of food in his hand, just above his knee, and one of the squirrels climbed up his leg to get at his hand, sniffed at it, and then scampered away with a disappointed and disgusted look. At the wharf-boats the steep bank has been cut down, in order to make the usual sloping paved levee. It was a busy scene; the levee piled with cotton bales and other goods awaiting shipment. Memphis does a very large business. It is built on a high bluff —one of the few available permanent sites for a city along the lower Mississippi. It is near the southern boundary of Tennessee, about 250 miles below Cairo, and is above Napoleon and the Arkansas River.

We had a little 'scare' shortly after leaving Memphis. Heavy clouds gathered on the south-western sky, terminating in a ridge of inky blackness a short distance above the horizon, with lighter clouds below. The captain said this was the sign of a heavy squall, or a tornado, and he made haste to tie up to the bank. However, nothing worse followed than a torrent of rain. Next day we passed the steamer *Frank*, lying by the bank in a crippled condition, her funnels and part of her upper works torn away. Then a steamer hove in sight, coming up the river, with curious short, stumpy-looking smoke-stacks. As she neared us, we saw that she was the *Vicksburg*, and that her smoke-stack arrangement was a temporary one. 'The *Vicksburg* carries tall, handsome smoke-stacks, with oak-leaves at the top, and has only a part of them up now,' said one of the pilots; 'she and the *Frank* caught the blow that we missed when we tied up yesterday; it struck lower down the river.'

Vicksburg, of warlike fame, was in full view when the tow-boat passed it. Captain Packer and pilot Burritt were at the final siege of the city, when General Grant drew a cordon around it; and they related interesting reminiscences of that stirring time. You have heard about General Butler's attempt to change the course of the Mississippi at this city. The Federals had possession of the river above Vicksburg and below Fort Hudson, lower down; and Grant wanted to get some of his vessels with troops on the stretch of the river between these two places, but was prevented by the Vicksburg forts. The shape of the river at Vicksburg, then, was like the letter 'S,' roughly speaking, with the city half-way along the bottom turn of the letter. Butler made a cut-off from the

middle of the letter 'S' to the end of the bottom turn, expecting that the water would flow through it, widen it, and make a new channel.. Butler proposes and Mississippi disposes. The river was obstinate; it disdained the proposed channel, and the well-laid plan went aglee. Strangely enough, however, the river afterwards cut a new channel for itself, a short distance up from Butler's canal, but entirely independent of the latter; and Vicksburg at low water is now almost an inland city. A sandbar is forming along part of the city front, and a vigorous growth of young cottonwood springing up on the bar promises to hide the lower part of the city from the view of passing steamers on the cut-off. The Vicksburg people take the thing with Southern philosophy; they have moved their steamboat landing down to the cut-off, and established communication thence to the main city. Fortunately for them, the bluff hills on which Vicksburg is built extend down the river some distance below the cut-off, giving every opportunity for the city to grow in that direction. A city built on a sloping hillside, with foliage interspersed, cannot fail to be picturesque. Vicksburg is picturesque.

I first noticed Spanish moss on the trees about this time. This is a curious parasite which attaches itself to the branches and twigs of trees, and hangs suspended, in lengths varying from a few inches to two or three feet. It resembles a sort of green network. Seen at a distance, a tree covered with Spanish moss has a kind of smudged appearance, as if the foliage had been rapidly sketched on the background of sky with pen and ink, and a hand had been passed downward over the picture whilst the ink was wet. This moss is an article of commerce. It contains a single centre fibre, closely resembling black horsehair, but not so tough. When buried in the ground, the outer covering of the moss rots and leaves the black fibre intact, to be made up into bales and shipped to market.

I paid a brief visit to one of the smaller cotton plantations of Louisiana. Clambering up the high bank, I passed through a thicket of cottonwood, and reached an insignificant looking grass-grown ridge, about six feet high, and ten feet across the top. This was the planter's only defence against the floods of the great river hard by; it was a *levee*, and it extended entirely around the plantation. The levee is set back from the river in order that encroachments on the banks may not destroy it; and if in time it is reached, a new levee has to be made further inland. On the levee, talking with one of the *Dick Fulton's* men, stood the planter himself—a mulatto, in a pair of pants remarkable for rags and patches, and looking as if he had combined the ruins of three distinct pairs of trousers into one wonderful garment. He held the hand of a sturdy little darkey boy, who stood on his stout little legs like an edifice on pillars. I learned that our coloured friend rented a small plantation; that his yearly rent was one bale of cotton for every five acres; and that he could raise about a bale an acre. He told us about the 'bulldozing' in his parish last year, when white men rode around with shot guns, intimidating the coloured voters. The planter's house was not far from us—a frame shanty, with a verandah in front, unpainted, and not particularly clean. A woman's voice, singing, came from the inside, and a little pickaninny was singing and beating a lusty accompaniment with its heels on the verandah. We went to the shanty, and the mate tried to get some butter and eggs from the owner of the voice; but she wanted forty cents per pound for the butter, and a proportionately high price for milk, and the flash of her determined eye showed that she didn't mean to take a cent less.

December 9th.—Natchez came into sight this morning. Instead of a slop-

ing hill, as at Vicksburg, the ground here rises in a steep precipice. Part of the city lies along the foot of this bluff, and part on the top. A steep inclined street, running parallel with the face of the cliff, leads up from 'Natchez Under the Hill' to 'Natchez Over the Hill.' The latter is a pretty place, with a quiet, sedate, old-cathedral-town sort of style about it.

A cordial farewell of the *Dick Fulton;* a brief visit to Natchez and its post-office; and I am alone again. The *Bishop* drifts down the muddy current while her owner takes 'a view of things.' Six miles below Natchez, he once more takes up his solitary quarters on a sandbar. The weather is very warm.

December 10th.—After I had sailed a short distance, the clouds gathered ahead with the same ominous, inky fringe I had seen when on the *Dick Fulton.* I looked round for shelter, and was soon anchored in a nice little 'pocket' where the bank sloped up in the direction of the threatening clouds, and formed a complete protection. A heavy squall of wind and rain followed. I was weighing anchor to depart again when I saw a cat-rigged boat passing down the river. My sail was reefed, and the stranger shot ahead of me in style, under full canvass. I did not like this, so I shook out my reef and gave chase under my full sail, towards Ellis' Cliffs. 'A stern chase is a long chase,' says the old nautical saw; but I kept the stranger in sight, and as the bend in the river brought the wind more forward of the beam, I noticed him making considerable leeway. Keeping my sail close by the wind, I was able to overhaul him rapidly, and came within hailing distance at an island which divided the river in two channels. He was taking the left and narrower one. 'Boat ahoy! is this the channel?' sang out the helmsman of the *Bishop.* 'No, it is not de channel, but it is joost so good,' replied the stranger, with a strong foreign accent. Then, questioning me in turn, 'Where you go?' said he. 'To New Orleans,' I replied. 'I also go to New Orleans, me,' he returned. This was interesting. I had taken him for some local boatman. He brought his boat to the wind to wait for me. I scrutinize him closely as I approached, thinking of certain foreign 'dagos' against whom I had been warned, and of the necessity for great caution in joining company with a stranger. The boat was a handsome little craft, about the size of mine. She was of a very fine model, and had a curious round stern, like half of a punch-bowl, decked, with a small, central cockpit. Her owner wore a red zouave cap and an old overcoat with a capote. His face was weather-beaten and lightly bearded; he leaned forward as he held the sheet, like a man peering into darkness or keeping vigilant watch ahead. We were soon sailing side by side, conversing pleasantly. He possessed the sprightly vivacity which makes the society of an intelligent Frenchman so charming. I found that his name was Jean Woillard; that he lived in Quincy, Illinois, where he had two sons in business; that he was *un français,* but had lived in America a long time. After giving him information about the object of my own journey, I asked, 'What is your object in going to New Orleans, monsieur?' He answered, 'For a long time I say, I will go in a boat by myself to New Orleans; and now,' with an inimitable French gesture, 'here I am!' The appearance of both man and boat betokened the prospect of an agreeable *campagnon de voyage.* He had broken his centre-board, which was the cause of the leeway I had noticed. Night brought with it a strong down-stream wind. We had been looking unsuccessfully for a good harbour, and at dusk we laid up on an exposed sandbar, below Island 117. I anchored, and my companion made fast to the stern of the *Bishop.* Scarcely had he tied his line

when he gave a shout of dismay—'One of my oar is gone!' I hastily handed to him one of my own oars, and cast off his line. He disappeared in the gloaming. I lighted my 'Buckeye,' and hung it on the boom to guide him back. In about half an hour he returned. 'What luck?' I inquired. He waved an oar in the air triumphantly. 'I row straight down de river for about a mile, me, then I begin to tack wid de oar towards de shore. Suddenly I see something floating in de water. My oar, I cry, and I dart towards it. Yes, it is my oar. Den I look up de river, and I see your light, and I tink, "Oh, la-la, must I pull all dat way against dis big curren'?" Den I pull hard, and get back, me. But what a strange inciden', to find an oar in de dark, a mile from our boat, in de big Mississippi! O, la-la!' The wind blew hard that night. My anchor held us both well, but the pull of his boat at the stern of the *Bishop* caused a heavy jerking motion of my boat as she rode the seas. M. Woillard's boat has a cockpit of only five feet long, and he covers this space with a little tent. He carries a small sheet-iron stove, sixteen inches long, eleven wide, and eight high, with two six-inch holes in the top, and two lengths of small oval stove-pipe. He burns driftwood in this, and uses it *in his boat.* If a little girl that I know saw the stove, she would want to seize it for her doll's house. It was pleasant that night to see his tent shining in the darkness astern, with the little stove-pipe sticking out of it and smoking cheerfully.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SANS L'ESPOIR.

ALONE in the twilight sadly,
Alone in a small bare room,
A white face looks from a window,
Out into the gathering gloom.

Looks into the grayness, but sees not
The loveliness outlined there,
The branches glistening with rain-drops,
Hears not the song in the air.

And yet, with pitiful yearning,
The tearful and straining eyes
Seek ever, and ever vainly,
For a little rift in the skies!

Alas! for the shadowy silence,
For the ever-increasing pain,
For the bitterly hopeless enduring,
When the clouds return after the rain!

NOTES ON SURNAMES.

BY JOSEPH BAWDEN, KINGSTON

THE social license which this Western World extends to the popular disregard of the true form of many family names, the phonetic corruptibility of many, the concurrence of a variety of national elements, and the compulsory adoption of the worst of all systems of orthography—the English—has induced havoc among family names to an extraordinary degree. Those of some United Empire Loyalist families have been corrupted almost beyond recognition of any relationship to the persons designated in the original patents of land granted by the Crown. The names of French families settled in English-speaking neighbourhoods yield their orthographic form to the corrupt pronunciation of the vicinage. This has been, to some extent, the case in every land, not only with French, but with other foreign names, while the purity of the forms of many obsolete Anglo-Saxon words has been maintained in surnames to a wonderful extent. In England, Beauchamp has become Beecham, in spite of correct spelling, but in Ontario it appears in the second generation as Boshaw, and in the third as Bushey. Theobald has become Tipple in the States; here it wears a less inebriate form as Teeples or Teepill. Feb Jerbeau, a patentee of the Crown, may live to see his name restored by an educated child as Fabian Charbon, but in another generation an Anglicising descendant may, as many Frenchmen in Canada have done, adopt an English name and, appearing as Cole, confound the distinction between coal and cabbage. The Dutch Koen, bold, has become Coons, while an Irish Koen maintains a name of an origin very doubtful, in view of the mutations to which allied names are subject. This Irish name is related to the Gaelic patronym Ci-uin, the equivalent of the English Meek, and is capable of derivation from a Swedish immigrant, Ku-jon (j as y), the synonym of the South Welsh Chouan, Chown, a peasant, or from a French immigrant, Coien, a churl or coward. Certain family names have an ironical air, unmistakably suggestive of those primitive social conditions when irony was a favourite figure of speech. A Konkelen, *ragged*, may have been so designated by envious satirical neighbours; the Cenci, *ragged*, were Italian princes. It seems not now unfitting that a Conkling, or a Chauncey, shall be a millionare; a Campbell, the equivalent of Maulevrer (wry-mouthed), a sweet-mouthed gentleman, or a Cameron (crooked nose) a Phœbus Apollo for beauty. Ci-uin, Ku-jon, and Coien, from languages linguistically unrelated, have a relationship of sense and sound. The relationship in sense of Cowan and Gowan is not remote, and the phonetic transfer of one to the other form is obvious.

I do not claim that the Gaelic and Irish Eoghan are the same, though a Gaelic scholar insists that they are identical. The persistence of the Irish form warrants the belief that Eoghan is Eugenius, while the Gaelic Eoghan is John. But the corruption of names under Irish dialectic influences is undeniable; and the change of Mageoghegan to Koen is as philologically pos-

sible as that of Gaelic Maceoghan to Koen. The distinguishing difference of the two forms is, that in the Gaelic *gh* is a mere aspirate; in the Irish it is a guttural. Mag, in the Irish form, is the Scotch prefix Mac. In the greater number of Irish family names beginning with a vowel, the rejection of the Scotch prefix is not total or complete. MacEgan becomes Keegan; MacArthy, Carthy; and Mageoghegan, Geoghegan. Resolving the name into its elements, we get from Mag-eohegan, O'Hagan, Fegan, Fagan, Egan, and Agan, MacKeegan and Keegan. From the modern form of the primitive type comes Gaffykin. So far none of these derivatives, except the last, indicate any corruption of the guttural of the last syllable. Eoghan Mor, King of Leinster, was the Eugene the Great, of Irish history. The name was no doubt given by the monks of the west to signify *Eugenes* of noble birth, or *Eugeneios*, thick-bearded or shock-headed, it matters little which. The abundance of well-made wooden and bone combs, coarse and fine, in the Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh, indicate attention among the native races to the hair of the face and head, fully equal to the requirements of modern custom. A shock-headed Pictish or Irish Eoghan was as well set up in this respect as a Saxon Atheling. But we know that throughout the Cornish peninsula, Wales, Strathclyde, the Scottish highlands, and Ireland, and even in the French Armorica, community of language favoured immigration and intercourse. Forbes' Gaelic Grammar gives, as a dialectic error, the occasional pronunciation of the gutteral agh as *ur*. Here the Irish Eoghan, Eog-han, would be confounded with the Gaelic E-o-*gh*an or Evan.

The Gaelic Cowan is a rough mason, a builder of dry stone walls; Gowan, a stout lusty fellow. As family names, they become Mac Cowan and Mac-Gowan, with occasional transfers and return to the primitive form. Mac Ewan becomes in Scotch forms Mac Iain (*i* as *ee*), Mac Cune, Maccewen; in Irish forms, MacKean, MacKewn, Mac Keon, Mac Keown and Mac Kown. All these forms drop the Scotch prefix and give us the range of names from Kean to Kown. Kean becomes Kane, Mac Iain, the son of John, is confused with MacKean, the son of White, and Mac-Kinn; also with Macgean, the son of 'Good humour,' and Mac Gehen and MacGinn. A stickler for the purity of Gaelic spelling may insist upon the distinction between Eoghan and Aoghan, Ewen and Owen, Egan and Agan, but the names are easily confounded in their consonantal as well as vowel elements. The passage from Mac Cowan to MacGowan, from MacCaw to MacGaw, from Mac Gaw to Mac-Gow is so readily accomplished, that it has occurred, beyond doubt, in many cases. Evidence can be adduced of the change from Robinson to Robertson in one generation. The Lower Canadian Gingras, is pronounced Shackraw, in Ontario; it appears as Sugrue in the Dublin Directory; and as Shoghrew, in Newfoundland.

The Hebrew Yohn, John, signifies 'whom the Lord gave or favoured.' Its foreign forms are, Latin Johannis (Yohannis), approaching Ewen, Owen and Jones, and the German Hans. The Italian Giovanni gives us, through a monkish Giovannus, the English name, Jevons, and approaches the Russian Ivan and the Welsh Evans; the Spanish, Juan (Hoo-an), approaches most closely to the Welsh Owen. The Scandinavian Jans, whence Jansen, may be found on every sea, and the Teutonic Hans, whence Hansen, and our own unaspirated English Anson, are hardly less nautical or numerous. The extensive family of Jonson, Johnson, swells the list, to which if we add the Scotch and Irish forms of Mac Ewen, the Welsh Evans (Ap Evans), Bevans, Owen (Ap Owen), Bowen, and the various foreign forms of which Jevons is an example, we may claim that the Johns, or people 'whom the Lord has favoured,' are more nu-

merous than the universal Smiths, or any other family.

Without dwelling on the Smithijes, or the Smythes, whose name, suggestive of the Smiter, has a reasonable significance, or the Smithsons, whose number is small, we find the spread of the Smiths in France, under the name, Lefevre ; in Germany, among the Schmidts; in Holland, a mong the Smeders, who have given us the English families of Smithers and Smethers. At their head stands the noble Ferrars, or Horse-shoe Smith, and among those of Celtic ancestry, we trace the Scotch Gows, and Govans, and Irish Goughs. A ringing blow on the ear is a cuff; from the same root as Gough. But there is another branch, by no means inconsiderable. Iron is from the Gaelic Iarunn, Armoric haiarn. From the Welsh form, hairnour, a workman in iron, comes Warnour, Warner. From the Cornish form hoern, iron, ironworker, comes Hearne and Trehearne, the hamlet of the smith or smithy, and thence a family name. I believe we may claim from the Gaelic, in addition to the Gows and Govans, the Horners, and I suspect we are again in the dim borderland wherein Warrener, a gamekeeper, and Warner, may have been occasionally confounded.

In the Kirk-yard, at Metis, on the Lower St. Lawrence, there are some headstones at the graves of members of the 'Blue' family, who settled in that parish half a century ago. The name is Blew or Bellew, the Gaelic form of the Cornish family-name Pellew, which elsewhere has become Pelly, the Welsh Pllu, a villager, Gaelic, Bla. Carew, a Cornish name, is sometimes under this form pronounced as spelled by the Irish Careys ; another form of the name is Crewe. Car, is Welsh, Gaelic, Irish and Cornish, for friend or relative, and *ow* or *ou* is one plural termination, *y* is another ; thus under either form of Carew or Carey, the word signifies friends, or kinsmen. The Scotch Ker and Kerr, and the Scoto-Irish Carr are forms of the same word.

Many names have been supplied by translation into English, from the native British or Foreign tongues, and some have come back to the English wearing the garb put on abroad. It must be remembered that patronyms in most cases have not been the creations of their owners, but have been *given* by neighbours or kinsfolk. Many Indian tribes, for example, know nothing of the names by which they are called. The Mohawks are called Nahdoways, by the Algonquin; the Etchemin are called Malisetes by the Micmacs, and are now of themselves geneally known under this name, although one of contempt. In the English coal mining districts, as in the California placer-diggings, nick-names prevail; and it is said that in the former a considerable number of persons may be found whose surnames are unknown. The names of countries and counties supply a large list of which the following are examples :—Holland, Dennis, a Dane ; Denman, a Dannemand, the Danish form of Trueman ; Norman, Le Norman (t), Gascoigne, Gaskin, L'Angevin, Poitevin, Le Basque, French, and the form derived from the old style of the initial letter, Ffrench, Switzer, Irish, Ireland, English, Langley, Langlois, Cornish, Cornwall, Wales, Cornwallis, Wallis, Walsh, Welch, Gott (a Goth), Britton (Brittones, inhabitants of Brittany), Scott, Escott, Truscott (True Scot?), Derbyshire, Denbigh (which I have met under the form Tenby), Devon, Devonish, Devonshire, Kent, Sutherland, Galway, Limerick, East, West, North and South, and the French Paradis (Heaven). A recent telegram gives us the name of a wealthy Siberian as Siberikoff.

The oldest family names in the English system are probably those ending in kin. They have their equivalents in Germany and Scandinavia, as Peterkin, Anderkin, Sievekind. The Ascingas, now Askins, were of the kin of the Gods or Aser. Less noble perhaps as ancient indicatives of family

systems are Aikins, Eakins, Berkin, Dakin, Dawkin, Dovekin, Hopkin, Larkin, Lovekin, Makin, Meakin, Perkin, Ruffkin, Simpkin, Tomkin, Walkin and Gadkin; Ruskin is not a kin name, but signifies adult, fully developed.

The territorial range of certain British names indicates a community of intercourse between distant habitats of the Celtic family, as between Brittany, Ireland and Cornwall, Wales and Scotland. The various forms of Ap-Rhys, as Price, Rees, Rice, suggest relationship to the west of Scotland names, Bryce, Brice, and the Irish Breese. St. Tobias occurs as Danbuz in Cornwall and in Brittany, and Dobes in Ireland. The Cornish Pendennis is linguistically related to the Irish Ennis, the Scotch Innes and the English corruption Ince. Mair and Maur, a steward, supposed to be derived from the Latin Major, is Cornish, Welsh or Gaelic. The Cornish Huhel mair, a viscount or high steward, carries us from Cornwall to Wales, where Ap Howells flourished, some of whose descendants take the name of Powell (o long) and as from Pllu we get Blew, analogy points to Bowell as a derivative, along with its corruption Bowles.

Among translated names, the German Faber is not uncommon. It may have given members to the national families of Wright and Smith. Beauchamp, the Italian Campo Bello, maintains its place alongside of its equivalent Fairfield, while Beaumont has become a family name as pronounced—Beeman. Parental affection among all nations makes the word Child a favourite surname. It is a Syrian custom to name a man as the father of so-and-so, as Aben Omar, Omar's father. Fairbairn in one part of Britain is Fairchild in another, while Dawbairn (Dovechild) expresses the very depth of tenderness. For the English Child we have the Danish form Barn; in Scotland, Bairn, the true Icelandic plural börn. Swinburne is the Icelandic Sweinbarn, a swainchild or boy; Meyburn, Mewburn, Mepburn, are English forms more or less akin to the Icelandic Meybarn, a girl child or May. Sveinn gives us the names Swan and Swanson. Huskisson is the Icelandic oska-sonr, an adopted son; oska, 'a wish.' Blaag (aa like a in far) is Dutch for child, whence the family name Blagg and probably Black. Brownish was signified by the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon word *swart*. There were no Blackamoors among the Celts, Scandinavians, or Teutons of the British isles; and, while one may doubt the derivation of Black from black, a color, the derivation of *White* from the same source is also open to question. White is the Dutch, Friesic, and German wicht, Anglo Saxon wiht, a child; and in the form Whyte it makes a noble effort to preserve some trace of its origin from the universal patronym derived from child.

But if men were named Blake and Blaikie for their paleness, why not White if so entitled. The English adjective white is the Mœso-Gothic huaihts, Anglo-Saxon and Friesic hivit, whence Howitt and Hewitt. The German weiss, white, has cheated us sometimes with Wiseman for Whiteman; the Scandinavian hvit, gives Whitman. The Gaelic gives Duff as the equivalent of dark brown; Dunn the equivalent of brown; Glass the same as Blake, and Bain and McGill for our English Hewitt (white). The continent gives these colour names more frequently in the compound form: Blackmann, Whiteman, Whitman. The Italian gives Bianco, white, whence Banks (?) The German Weise takes its place with the English, Wise without a termination—Weese is in Canada and the United States a well-known form of the Dutch Wiess, wise. Guise is a French corruption or phonetic change of the name Wise. The Weese family should, lest a similar fate overtake their name, adopt the English form. Can it be possible that

the common Irish family name, Keyes is the French Guise?

But to return to the people who could not, by reason of their darker colour, be named into the great family of Brown. Our word swart, swarthy, is from the Anglo-Saxon sweart, sweort, seort, which in German is Schwarts, in Danish sort. By a process of assibilation and contraction, understood by students of Anglo-Saxon, the name has passed into Shorts, or as commonly written with two t's Shortt. The case seems proved by the existence of two family names which show progression in phonetic corruption, until we come to short, namely Showers and Shortis. Looking through a Washington (D.C.) directory for forms of the name Schwartz, I met (strange coincidence!) with five persons under the name Shorter, followed by the designation "coloured." Apparently no white person bears the same name in that city. Is it not plain that if Short is swarthy or blackish white, Shorter is the appropriate designation of a duskier hue? But there are other forms of Sweart, as in the names Swords, Suard and Seward. The latter claim descent from a piratical Siward Björn, Siward the Bear. We know 'Spotted Tail' and 'Sitting Bull,' and no 19th century babe is frightened into slumber by mention of their names. The 'big Indians' of the North Sea were sung by the greatest masters of song-craft the world has known, to whom a magnificently rich language gave every facility for extravagant tropes and metonyms. It was an easy matter to make Siward Björn out of Svartr Barn, a swarthy child.

It will be asked what becomes of Short, whose name is the contrary of Long. There are courts whose name signifies Short, who prefix A with an apostrophe to signify at court. But it will not pass. Short is the Anglo-Saxon Sceort, Danish Kort, French Court. Among their derivatives are Shortland and Courtland. Few monosyllabic names have come to us from the French, many from the Danish, Friesic and Icelandic. Though Court and Kort are naturalized English names for short, it is probable that these are not the only forms, and that Short and Shortt is in many cases a true derivative from Sceort. But I contend that we cannot distinguish between them, and the Shortts derived from Sweart or Sweort. It is a case of confusion like the derivatives from Eugene and John. We find, however, a true Anglo-Saxon Short in the English name Scarth. Lang is the Anglo-Saxon form of the adjective Long, whence the family names Laing and Lang; and I look upon Long as a derivative by translation. That is Lang was used as a family name before Long was adopted as its equivalent.

From the short form of Dionysius, Denis and Dennis, a Dane, we get some cases of confusion. Dionysius means a worshipper of Bacchus, but as Dionysius the Areopagite is supposed to have died a Christian martyr, the name appears to have thus lost its evil suggestion. It was borne by one Pope and two saints, one of whom was the tutelar saint of France; and it appears to have been the name 'in religion' of several eminent bishops and monks. Dennis a Dane, seems to have originated in Ireland, but I doubt if it meant a Dane only. As an abbreviation of Dionyius, it is just as likely to have taken root in Ireland as in France, and under the familiar form Dinny, it approaches the French pronunciation. Denis has been brought from France into Scotland, where it appears in the family names, Dennie, Denny. It is a curious coincidence that another name of Bacchus, namely, Iacchus, should have been brought also from France to Scotland, where it has named the extensive families of Jacques, Jakes and Jack.

The composite character of English, which makes it rich in synonyms, accompanies the mixed breeding of the race which makes it rich in synony-

mous patronyms. The Anglo-Dutch Peel is Dart, and Dwarris is Cross. The Norman St. Aubyn is the Irish Tobin, Tossell is St. Austell (St. Auxillius), and St. Help has laid aside the romantic form to become Help, or, with an unmistakable provincial *s*, Helps,. The German Westland gave us Hengist, whence Hincks, a Horse, or Ritter, or Ryder. The Scandinavian forms are Horsa and Hross. From the last, we cannot derive Ross, the Gaelic topographical name of a promontary or headland, though the English Rous seems to claim affinity to the Icelandic word. There are, however, a number of names related to Horsa. The Norman De Horsey, has sensibly dropped the prefix like De Stacey and De Tracey to become English Horsey, while the prefix is maintained by D'Orsay in France, and D'Arcy in Ireland. The related German Ritter and Rutter, Dutch Ruyter and English Ryder, comprise a large family. The related Esquire, or Rider's shieldbearer, has given us Squire; and a suspicion of French relationship, through the Norman *equiere*, in Akers and Acres. Knight (a soldier), can claim Saxon (cnicht), Gaelic and Irish (cnoicht) relationship, and we have accordingly Knight and Mac Knight. The Dutch *ransel*, a knapsack, appears in the Knickerbocker name, Van Rannselaer.

Coward is incorrectly derived from cow-herd. The termination ard, the Dutch aard, meaning nature or disposition, appears in a number of names. Barnard, free, open natured; Woollard (woel-aard) bustling or restless nature; Edward, noble nature. The Dutch style a clumsy or slow sailing vessel, a koe, or cow; and coward signifies the slow movements as well as the non-resisting nature of the cow. A cow-herd on the English borders was necessarily anything but a coward. The name is not only a well-known English patronym, but it and various related significations appear in naturalized foreign garb. Lafferty is the Dutch lafhartig, half-hearted; Blood is Danish and Dutch for soft, shy, bashful; and bloodaard has little appearance of meaning a coward. The Dutch Blood (not the Irish Blood or Ap Llwd) is a foreign kinsman of mac-ci-un (in which c is k, and i is e), a patronym signifying soft, gentle. Mac Minn is a Gaelic synonym of Mac Ci-uin, with this shade of difference that the former is pleasant gentleness, expressed in the Saxon Blythe; the latter, calm gentleness, expressed in the English Meek. Sibbald is a Gaelic patronym, meaning courtesy, peacefulness. The number of Gothic and Celtic family names expressive of the high social qualities of some lost Bohemian state is remarkable. Surely when men were named by their fellows, Sibbald, Meek, Mac Minn, Blythe, and Barnard, society was removed above barbarism at least in its estimate of the companionable virtues. These names carry us into the realms of conceptions which here and there among Monks, Pilgrims and others existed before the evolution of ideas had attained so far as to prevent men from understanding the Sermon on the Mount in a literal sense. They are names fit for elders in 'the general assembly of the first born.' They breathe the dewy gladness of a spring morning tune when men sang:

> 'He who goeth to church full fain,
> Pure from envy and from stain,
> Gladsome life he well may have;
> Him await beyond the grave,
> Angel friends and blithesome morn,
> Heavenly life so fair and brave;
> Well for him that he was born!'

The members of the interesting class of 'colour' names and their compounds are grouped in the following summary. It will be seen that a cross-division is unavoidable, from the wide significance of some words signifying *pale*, *fair*, and *whitish*, for example. The following abbreviations are used:—Syn. for synonymous forms; equ. equivalents; I. Italian; Ic. Icelandic; Dn. Danish; D. Dutch; G. German; F. French; A. S. Anglo-

Saxon; Gt. Gothic; Ga. Gaelic; W. Welsh; E. English; S. Scotch; der. derivatives; cor. corrupt forms.

FAIR.—Ic. bleikr; E. Blake; S. Blaikie; Ga. baine; S. Bain; D. blond; E. (blaund) Bland; Dn. ærlig; cor. Erly; Ic. fagr-harr, fair-haired, whence; E. Farrar; F. Labelle.

PALE.—Syn: E. Blake; Ic. bleikr; Dn. bleeg; G. bleich; A. S. blæc. Equ.: W. flets; E. Flett; Ga. Glas; S. Glass.

GRAY.—Syn.: E. Grey, Gray. Equ.: D. Graauw; G. Grau. Cor.: Grow, Degros, Degroo. In Dutch names De is the article, like the French Le. Fr. Legris; cor. Legree; D. Vaal. Cor.: E. Wall, like Waller from Völler. Latin canus; I. canuto, whence Cannute. Latin cinereus, ash-grey, gives E. Chinnery; I. grigio, grey, vulgar Latin grigius, gives E. Griggs; Ga. glas; S. Glass.

WHITE.—Gt. huaiht; A. S. huit; E. Hewitt; ? Howitt; G. Weiss; der. Weissmann; cor. Wiseman; Dn. hvidt, Whitman, hvitroe, white-root or turnip; E. Whitrow; D. wit; D. and E. DeWitt; D. Zuiver. Cor.: E. Seaver; Gal. geal, gill; S. Geale, Mc Gill; Ga. gealach; the moon—'making white;' Ga. Fionn, finne; E. or S. Phinney, Finney? if Irish Finn; G. weiss haar, white-haired; E. Wiser; Ic. Hvitr, the White; E. Whitty; Ic. hvit-sidr; A. S. sidu, manners, morals, Whiteside, White-conduct, or it may be white-browed; F. Leblanc, Lablanche; I. bianco; Latin *biancus*; (?) E. Bankes; Latin albus; F. St. Aube.

RED.—Ic. raudhi, E. Rold, Roddy; Ga. ruadh; W. rhudd; S. and W. Rudd; der. Ruddiman, Rudman; Ga. ruddach, blushing red; S. Ruddach, cor. Ruddick, Roddick; Cornish, ruz, rooz, ruyth; E. Roos, Rootes, Root, Reid. Ic. rydh, rust-red; E. Reid; Dn. reud; D. rood; G. roth; Der, form G. roth-haarig, red-haired, Roderick; roth-schild, red shield, door plate or sign, Rothschilds; rothmund, red-mouthed; E. Rothmund, cor. Rodman; Dn. reudmund; E. Redmond. I. Rosso, Irish form Rossa; Rosini, reddish, cor. Rossin. Read and Reid have been frequently confounded. The latter is the true form of the colour name. Read may be derived from the A. S. Hræd, fame, as Hredhgotan, the renowned Goths, or from Ic. Hreidhr, Dn rede, a wreath. The E. Ready bears in its termination unmistakable evidence of its Scandinavian origin. Of course, Ready may have been a surname in the modern sense of the word; but the Scandinavian form was rathe, whence Rathbun, ready-'boun,' or dressed, like Fairbun, fair-'boun,' or well-dressed.

ROSE, ROSY.—I. Rosetti, Ga. ros, rois; S. Rose; Ic. ros. D. roose; E. Roos; Dn. rose. Der. Dn. rosencrands; Ga. ros chrann; G. rosencrantz, rose-crowned, Roesbaum, rose-tree, or Rosaboom, Rosenthal, rose-vale; Dn. Rosemund; E. Rosamond; Ga. rosbheul, rosy-lipped, Rosa-Mundi, rose of the world, or, poetically, 'Queen Rose of the rosebud garden of Girls. F. La Rose, Labellerose.

BROWN.—Ic. brunn; A. S. brun; G. braun; Dn. brunn; D. Bruin; F. brun, Lebrun. While Bruin lives as a name of the Bjorn, or Bear, of the old Scandinavian hearth-tale, Reynard the Fox, Burns also remains to claim admission into the family of Bruin or Brown Ic. brun-sidhr, with overhanging brows, whence Burnside; Ga. donn, duinne, brown; S. and Irish Dunn. Hence, 'done brown' is downright tautology.

BLACK, SWARTHY.—Cleasby notes that Ic. blakkr. is *ater*, dead or dusky, black, while in Ic., A. S. and kindred tongues *svartr* represents the Latin niger. Ic. blakkr, S. Blackie; Dn. sort; G. schwarts; A. S. seort; Ic. svartr; E. Showers, Short, Shortis, Suard, Siward; Ga. dubh; S. Duff; W. du; Cornish, diu; E. Dew; F. Le Noir.

YELLOW.—A. S. Geolu; Ic. Gulr. D. Geel. E. Gale, Gell, Gull, Gully; I. Giallo. Latin, *Giallus*. E. Challus,

Chalice. The root hidden in this corrupted name would afford a Max Müller ample subject for a lecture. It carries us to the origin of 'gold,' of the verb 'to yield,' and if related, as there seems ground for believing, to the Gaelic word 'gealach,' it opens on the analysis of the notions of our British forefathers about the moon and moonshine and whiteness. Not in its corrupt form, Chalice, but in its proper anglicized style as Challus, it bears historic significance of that monkish vocabulary, now Latin, now French, which has lately revealed the origin of the surname of the great free-thinker, Tom Paine, in the word paganus, a pagan, or 'of the Paynim.'

ARCHIBALD FORBES AND HIS CANADIAN EXPERIENCES.

BY GEO. W. FIELD, ELORA.

FEW names are more widely known in our own day than that of Archibald Forbes. Standing by common consent at the head of his profession, the hero of feats hitherto unparalleled in the history of newspapers, the great war correspondent has undoubtedly raised the present system of journalism to its highest summit, if he has not indeed inaugurated a new era in its career. How wide is the space, in the matter of progress, which separates the newspaper of 1880 from its predecessor of seventy years ago, it needs but a glance at an issue of the latter date to realize. The present writer can remember, a short time ago, having had sent him for inspection a copy of the London *Times*, bearing date 1809. Old, worn, and yellow, the messenger from another generation and another continent, it was, doubtless, the best specimen of what its class was at the time it issued from the press. It consisted of two leaves, the whole a little larger in size than a quarter of the present *Globe* or *Mail*, and the news was most meagre. A battle had taken place in the Peninsula, one of the series of that mighty struggle to which all the energies and powers of England were then braced. A month had well nigh elapsed since its occurrence, but the details were just beginning to arrive in England. The whole account of the battle occupied but a half column of the small sheet, and a portion of the space, perhaps the largest portion, was filled with the names of the dead and wounded. Archibald Forbes has taught us to look back in amazement at all that. Never was a revolution, however gradual, more astonishing or more complete. From what part of the world do we now wait a month for intelligence of a battle? For news of an insignificant fray among the savages of Central Africa, we would be impatient before half the time had elapsed, and of a struggle upon which, in imagination only, the interests of the world might hinge, we must have full intelligence in a few hours. Mr. Forbes has totally cast into the shade the brilliant efforts of Dr. Russell, and it is very doubtful if even he could now secure readers for a second Balaklava a month after date. The war correspondent, indeed, assumes, with the brilliant representative of the *Daily News*, a new and powerful prerogative. He is no longer the mere narrator of events; he becomes the critic of commanders, the arbiter of military reputations. Out on the field of action,

under the fire of the enemy, with the groans of the dying in his ears, and the red glare of battle lighting the sky around, Mr. Forbes jots down his notes as quietly as if he were in his own study at Maida Vale or in the office of that great journal whose agent he is at the seat of war. Nor does he rest with that. Out into the darkness and danger he dashes, rides leagues on leagues through foes and friends, till he arrives, weak and wounded, at a station, whence he can communicate with the world; and all in order that we at our breakfast tables next morning may know how the British laughed at their enemies at Ulundi, or how the Russians reeled back in despair from the terrible batteries of Plevna. On the morning after the despatch, describing Ulundi, was received, the name of Forbes was dividing at home in the public mind the place given to the actions of Ministers and the revelations of European politics. At the distance of thousands of miles, in a few hours after their occurrence, the one man gave to the great majority of the people of Britain, their present views of those events, and stamped the reputation of commanders with an impression which has not yet been erased. It is, in fact, one of the peculiar features of that calling, of which Mr. Forbes is an ornament, that its rewards, though few, doubtful, and generally acquired by patience and toil, are sometimes granted so suddenly and bestowed so munificently, as to surprise even their most deserving recipent. To labour on, unknown and uncared for, to see others get the credit and reap the profit of his finest efforts; to strive after the good and be blamed for advocating the bad; to spend a lifetime in constant toil and turn away in age without one word of thanks, one mark of gratitude, is too often the fate of the journalist of our day. But once in a while, as if to make amends to the few for the fate of the many, one name flames out in the world, strong and dazzling in its splendour, and showing for the moment all the lights around it. A remarkable crisis in some country's history, a single campaign, it may be one letter, may suddenly lift some writer, hitherto unknown, or known only in that limited circle to which editorial rooms and upper stories are familiar, into the full glare of a world-wide fame. Though Mr. Forbes cannot be said to belong wholly to the latter class, he may justly be regarded as one of those to whose genius opportunity has been prodigal of gifts. Without his abilities, of course, he could not be what he is. But how far an iron frame, and a happy conjunction of circumstances, have helped him on, the world some day will judge.

Of Mr. Forbes, many sketches have appeared. His portrait is in almost every window, and his exploits, and the chief incidents of his life, are quite familiar to all. But it is somewhat strange that no writer has as yet made any reference to what, to Canadians at least, cannot fail to be an interesting episode in his career. I mean his visit to this country in 1859. The aunt to whom that visit was paid, Mrs. Tytler, is, however, still a resident of Elora, and there are many in and around that village who well-remember the frank, young face, the herculean frame, and the dashes of adventure that the guest displayed. From reliable sources, the following incidents have been gleaned, and will probably be of interest in connection with one who has for the time being, at any rate, centred upon himself so large a share of public attention.

At that period when the appeals of Dr. Chalmers had borne their legitimate fruit, when the storm of Disruption, so long gathering over the Church of Scotland, was about to break in earnest, there lived in the quiet parish of Boharm, in Morayshire, a minister, distinguished not less for the honours of his college course than for the respect he had won from all with whom he came in contact after his entrance there on the duties of a clergyman. Dr. For-

bes traced through his father, Sheriff-Substitute of Banff, a connection with some of the oldest aristocratic families of Scotland. Being called upon to fill the position of Moderator in 1842, he passed through the stormy times, bearing the universal respect of both parties into which the church was then divided, though he strove in vain to prevent the secession. When that, however, became an established fact he still adhered to those associations which he had cherished so long. This was the father of the future correspondent. The fortune of life had scattered the family of the sheriff in various directions. One became an advocate at Edinburgh, and a sister early emigrated to Canada. Amid the wild pioneer life of our country's early days Mrs. Tytler had little time to cherish old associations, or dream old dreams. It was the stirring times of 1837. She landed in the country to find it convulsed in rebellion. The harsh and unjust measures of the administration had borne their legitimate fruit, and Britain had learned once more the fact that her sons, educated under her institutions, are but poor subjects for tyranny in any shape or form. But the cloud passed, the labours of early years were rewarded, and the family was settling comfortably down to the enjoyment of the fruits of their toil when they received intelligence of the speedy coming to them of Dr. Forbes' son Archie. The young man had been put to study law with an advocate at Edinburgh. Like many authors, whose pen afterwards made them known in the world, Archie found the occupation ill-suited to his taste, and spent in dissipation and idleness the time he should have given to Blackstone. Hence his visit to Canada, where it was hoped by his kinsmen the novelty of the scenes would engage his attention, and where, having no opportunity for a repetition of his Edinburgh experiences, it was fondly thought he might succeed. How far those hopes were realized may be inferred from the fact that a considerable share of the first month of Archie's arrival was spent in pic-nic parties at Quebec where he claims to have become intimate with the late Hon. T. D. McGee, and where he lost, if accounts be true, what he never since lost in the presence of the enemy—his heart. On his arrival at the western home of his aunt, he is described as scarcely 21 years of age, but looking somewhat older. Acquaintances profess to be able to recognise in the portrait the same fiery-eye and the same massive forehead slightly overhung by projecting brows, which were marked features of the profile of young Forbes. These, however, are all they see in common with him as they then knew him. He was fully six feet in stature, but owing to somewhat stooping shoulders he did not appear so tall. He was a brilliant and incessant talker, often walking up and down the room for hours, with his hands in his pockets, forming all manner of projects, which, then considered ideal, no doubt have since been more than realized. Those powers of animated description he has since displayed in his letters, he then possessed, according to his friends, in almost as great a degree ; it only needed the opportunity to display them to the world to make him famous. He had travelled much on the continent, and was well acquainted with the German language and institutions, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer. His mother was then living in Germany, and it was probably his visits to her which led him to turn his attention to the internal affairs of that country, though why one who has since distinguished himself by his liberal views of politics should have become infatuated with what is in many respects a despotism, it would be hard to say. He sought to gain employment on some of the Canadian papers. A situation on the *Globe*, it is said, was then the object of his ambition, but his application failed. He was not, however, wholly idle. He wrote a novel which was offered to an Ameri-

can Monthly, but declined, on the alleged ground that it only published works written by authors in the United States. At that time the *Dunbar*, a British emigrant ship, bound for Australia, was wrecked at the mouth of the Parametta river. Of her living freight of 500 souls, but one escaped a watery grave, and this one was the chief mourner at the funeral of the recovered victims. This incident wrought powerfully on the mind of Mr. Forbes. The result was some verses, which, as they have never yet been published, and as they, in the opinion of the writer, give some evidence of those powers in which Mr. Forbes now excels, have some of them been transcribed :

She rode the midnight sea,
With the land upon her lea,
Fond hearts hoped soon to be
At home again.

* * * *

No morn lights up the deep,
No stars their vigils keep,
And the weary ones asleep
Dream their last dream.

The doomed ship ploughs the wave,
She bears them to their grave,
Where the mad billows rave,
And sea-fires gleam.

* * * *

Toy of the mocking wave,
Helpless her crew to save—
Her beautiful and brave—
They all went down.

Then mingled with the roar
Of the wild surf on the shore,
From five hundred souls and more,
One shriek of woe.

That cry went up to Heaven,
As in darkness they were driven,
And the strong ship was riven,
At one fell blow.

Death rides in triumph there,
Through the midnight of despair
The last faint gurgling prayer
Is heard no more.

And then the giant sea,
By God's right hand set free,
Mocks man's proud mastery,
And all is o'er.

The sea shall be the shroud
Of the beautiful and proud,
And the stalwart men who bowed
To its might.

Corpses lie calm and cold,
In the green sea-weed rolled,
And sharks their banquet hold,
Day and night.

* * * *

Bright, joyous boys were there,
Maidens surpassing fair,
And babes with golden hair—
Nursed tenderly.

One mother to her breast,
To its eternal rest,
Her darling babe had pressed,
In her despair.

Sisters lay side by side,
As if embraced they died,
It seemed the tide
Knew they were fair.

* * * *

Calm, calm shall be their sleep,
Though many mourners weep
The lost ones of the deep—
The fair, the brave.

God help the hearts that mourn,
The stricken and forlorn,
Whose ties are rudely torn
By the cruel wave.

Those who on reading these extracts, though not disposed to give Mr. Forbes a very exalted rank as a poet, will, in all probability, admit that, turned into his vigorous prose, thay would contain many of those characteristic flashes which have justly made him celebrated as a writer of English. The visit of Mr. Forbes to Canada terminated in 1859. Failing to secure employment here, downhearted and longing for home, he embarked at Quebec and sailed for Liverpool in the autumn of that year. Lying before me is a farewell letter, in which, in a pungent postscript, he states his resolve to henceforth give America a wide berth,—a determination which, according to rumour, will not long resist the demands of his admirers to see him on this side of the ocean. His subsequent career, and the history of his connection with the *Daily News*, is too well known to need recapitulation here.

* RETURNED FROM SEA.

BY THE REV. CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A., TORONTO.

AWAKE, awake, my bonny Kate!
And once again be blythe and gay,
I'm waiting by your garden gate,
As in the years long passed away.

Awake! there is so much to tell
Since last we two have talked together—
So many a yarn of what befel,
In far off seas and stormy weather!

Through every watch alow, aloft,
One thought within my heart had power—
Dear love, you little dreamed how oft
I've looked to home and this glad hour.

Then, quickly wake, my own sweet Kate,
And, like yourself, be blythe and gay—
The roses at your garden-gate
Make years past seem like yesterday.

You keep me waiting as of old,
And linger many a minute through—
And when I least expect, behold!
A sudden flash of white and blue!—

A gleam of hair and heaven-like eyes—
A face joy-flushed and wet with tears,
And mine to kiss and mine to prize,
My own long-looked for through the years.

Then come, come, come, my true love Kate,
Be mine this merry summer day—
The good God gives at last, though late,
The happy hours for which we pray.

And yet—and yet—how well I know,
That she whose name I call in vain,
Within that house a year ago,
Has sung her last light-hearted strain.

So weave I dreams of lost delight,
And for her presence idly yearn—
Who passed that gate—once, robed in white,
Through which she will no more return!

January 26, 1880.

* From 'Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets,' by Amos Henry Chandler and Charles Pelham Mulvany. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto. (In the press).

THE LATE JUDGE MARSHALL:

Or, The Record of an Earnest Life.

BY J. G. BOURINOT B.A. OTTAWA.

THE citizens of Halifax have been accustomed for very many years to see on their streets the figure of an old man, somewhat stooped with the burthen of age, but still exhibiting a remarkable vigour for one whose life had commenced in the latter part of the eighteenth century. This venerable gentleman had been, for over seventy years, intimately associated with the legal, political, and social history of Nova Scotia; and there was not a man, woman, or child throughout the Province but had heard the name, if they had not seen the face, of Judge Marshall. So long had he lived amongst them that many people had forgotten his age. But at last, in the first days of April, the news flew about the streets that the mandate had come to the aged Judge, that he, too, must leave the scenes where he had been so long a familiar figure. Had he lived but five years longer, he would have completed a century of existence.

Nova Scotia has every reason to be proud of her sons. If her territorial extent be insignificant in comparison with that of the great provinces of Quebec and Ontario, yet she may justly claim that neither surpasses her in the intellectual vigour of the people. Like the State of Massachusetts, in the American Republic, Nova Scotia has won for herself a pre-eminent position among British American dependencies through the energy and talent of the men born on her soil. As the ships that are built on her rugged coasts carry her name to every land where Commerce has winged its flight, so her sons have sought to elevate her reputation in the different departments of military, political, and literary activity. Among the eminent men who have added lustre to the fame of Nova Scotia, at home and abroad, Judge Marshall may fairly have a place. Others may have won for themselves more conspicuous positions in letters or politics, but no one ever more conscientiously and earnestly devoted a long and laborious life to the solution of those great social and religious problems which have engaged the attention of the thinkers of all ages. The people of this country are, for the most part, so deeply engrossed with politics that they are too often ready to forget or ignore the services of men who are outside the arena of political conflict and devote their lives to questions of social and religious reform. The plaudits of thousands follow the political leader who has come successfully out of an electoral campaign, while the earnest, self-denying philanthropist who is labouring to promote the moral well-beingor to elevate the social condition of the masses, must be content with a crumb of praise at the most. Yet it cannot be said that Judge Marshall was ever forgotten in his lifetime, though it was so remarkably prolonged. His active intellect ever kept him prominently before the public, and enabled him to win for himself a distinctive place among the men of his day.

The life of Judge Marshall was con-

temporaneous with all those great events which have had such memorable effect on the political condition of Canada. He was a child of five years when the first Legislative Assemblies met in the old Bishop's Palace at Quebec, and in the humble cottage at Newark. He outlived nearly all the eminent men who have won for Canada the political liberties which place her now in almost the position of an independent nation. Papineau, Howe, Wilmot, Baldwin, and Lafontaine passed away in his lifetime and left him in the vigour of his intellect. When he commenced the practice of the legal profession, the Lower Provinces were but sparsely settled. Halifax was only known as a naval and military station, and the only town of importance outside of the capital was Pictou, which did a considerable lumber trade, employing in some years as many as one hundred and twenty square-rigged vessels, some of them of heavy tonnage. In the old provinces of Canada, the only cities and towns of importance were Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers, Kingston, and York, and only a small stream of population was annually flowing into the fertile lands of the West. In those early times there was little indication of the progress that would be made by the British Colonies some fifty years later.

In these days of railways and macadamized roads, the lawyer on his circuit suffers no inconvenience except what may arise from tardy trains or ill-cooked food in over-crowded hotels. A little pamphlet circulated some years ago among the Judge's personal friends and relatives, gives us an idea of the difficulties of 'circuit' in the old times. On one occasion, in 1809, he set out in company with a professional friend on a journey for a county town, nearly one hundred miles distant, where a term of the courts was to be held. As the snow was very deep, and the roads were only partially kept open, they were obliged to travel on snow-shoes. The first day they were only able to proceed fifteen miles, and the Judge's companion gave out through ignorance of the proper mode of using snow-shoes. So the Judge was forced to pursue his journey all alone, sometimes on snow-shoes, and at other times on foot over the ice of rivers and harbours overflowed with water. It took him weeks to perform the journey, which was attended with much difficulty and privation at times, as the roads were little travelled at that season, and the settlers' houses were often at great distance from each other.

The legal profession was not overcrowded in those early times; for until 1810, there were only some eight or nine barristers in Halifax, out of a population of some 15,000, whereas now there are at least seventy in the same city, with 30,000 people. Only two gentlemen followed the profession in Truro; two in Pictou; one or two in Cumberland and Cape Breton; and not one in Antigonish or Guysborough. Travelling on horseback through forests, or on snow-shoes for hundreds of miles, evidently afforded no stimulus to the growth of the profession. Only one of his contemporaries in the practice of law survives the Judge, who obtained admission to the Bar in 1808, over seventy years ago. This gentleman is Mr. James S. Morse, of Amherst, who was admitted in 1810, or two years later than the subject of this paper. The Chief Justice of Nova Scotia was Samson S. Blowers, who, the Judge tells us, was 'truly eminent for a high standard of legal knowledge, logical skill, and power of argument and chasteness. and attractiveness of language.' One of the Judges who had a seat on the Bench, had, in the earlier periods of his life, been a military warrior, but for reasons no doubt perfectly satisfactory to himself

> He left the old unwholesome Trench,
> And took a seat upon the Bench.'

Richard J. Uniacke, James Stewart, Foster Hutchinson, S. B. Robie, Lewis M. Wilkins, and S. G. W. Archi-

bald, were then the most eminent men at the bar. It was whilst Chief Justice Blowers was on the Bench that a case of great importance to humanity was decided. Several of the Loyalists who settled in Nova Scotia brought with them negroes who had been their slaves in the New England States, and had accompanied them to the Province out of affection for their masters and mistresses. One of these blacks suddenly left his master's service in Shelborne, and came to Halifax. His master followed him, and securing his arrest, was about to convey him back to Shelborne. 'Application on his behalf,' writes the Judge, 'was made to Mr. Wilkins, who obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, under which master and servant were brought before the Chief Justice, and the case and the slave question were fully argued on each side, the Judge legally and righteously decided that this Province was not debased with that cruel and abominable slave system which John Wesley appropriately characterized as "the sum of all villinies!" Thus the subject as to our free country was settled for all time!'

In 1811, the Judge was elected to the Assembly for the County of Sydney, which then combined the present counties of Antigonish and Guysborough, and which had been previously represented by his father, Captain Joseph Marshall, for fourteen years. He continued to sit in the Legislature until 1823, excepting an interval of two years. Of all the men who sat in the Legislature elected in 1811, not one now survives—the Judge was the last of the politicians of those early times. To his legislative duties he brought the same habits of industry and conscientiousness of purpose that were his distinctive qualities throughout life. In 1823, he accepted a Judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas for the Island of Cape Breton. This Island had formerly enjoyed a separate Government, but, at the time in question, it was annexed to the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and the capital was Sydney, situate on a magnificent harbour, and in the midst of one of the richest carboniferous tracts of this continent. The Island in its early days was known as Ile Royale, and possessed a high value in the estimation of the French who built on its south-eastern coast the fortress of Louisbourg. In the early part of the century, a large influx of Scotch settlers poured into the island, and took possession of the most fertile tracts of the present counties of Cape Breton, Victoria, and Inverness. The Acadian French were chiefly situated in Richmond County, where Jersey merchants established their headquarters for the fisheries. The coal mines in the neighbourhood of Sydney were worked by the London Mining Association, who enjoyed the monopoly by virtue of a deed given to a London jeweler by the extravagant Duke of Kent. A military garrison for years occupied the barracks, remains of which still exist on the neck of land commanding the entrance to Sydney. The town itself was small, but afforded a pleasant little society, composed of the military, retired officials of the old Local Government, and professional men. The position of the Judge was, however, very far from being one of dignified ease in those days of rough travelling, as we may see from the following extract from his journal:—

'During many of the earlier years of those judicial circuits, large portions of my journeys were performed in Indian canoes, in which I have sometimes passed a great part or the whole of the night occasionally paddling to lessen chillness, and to afford the poor, tired squaw, a partial relief. On one of such journeys, for reasons of apparent convenience, I took a shorter route, for the most distant county town, and one I never passed before and never attempted again. The whole distance was about one hundred miles, and nearly two-thirds of it were performed with the Indians in the bark canoe, and during the whole of the

journey of three days and nights, I never parted with an atom of my apparel, except hat and boots, and getting what repose I could obtain at night on the floor of some rude log hut in the clearings or forest.'

As a magistrate his time was always occupied in a community where many lawless elements existed. If the slightest disturbance took place on the street or in a dwelling, the Judge was sent for to set matters right. If a man and wife were at serious variance he was always called upon to restore harmony. When the services of the clergy could not be readily obtained, he was obliged to administer the necessary spiritual consolation at the bedside of the dying. Duels were not unfrequent between the Sydney gentry and the officers of the garrison, and if they did not always result seriously, it was because the Judge arrived on the spot in time. Frequently he was obliged to depart from the line of his judicial functions, and act as an executive officer in order to prevent bloodshed or the escape of criminals in a country where a number of persons were always ready to assist their concealment. As an illustration of the lawless character of the miners of those days, it may be mentioned that on one occasion, when one of their friends had been convicted of crime and confined in 'irons' in the forecastle of a vessel at the Sydney Bar, about forty of them conspired to rescue him. While the vessel was lying at the wharf, taking in her cargo, a large number of the lawless band, with their faces disguised, rushed down the 'Shute'—by which the coal is discharged into the hold—secured the guards and carried away the prisoner to a blacksmith's forge near the mines, where his irons were struck off and he was set at liberty. On another occasion, a band of labourers at the mines seized a quantity of goods which were being carried into the harbour from a British ship, which had been wrecked on the coast. When the sheriff with his assistants arrived at the mines' grounds, with a warrant to arrest the guilty parties, he found a large band, with various arms, prepared to oppose him; the principal part of their defences being a mounted swivel gun, ready for action. The Judge immediately obtained assistance from the garrison, and left with two large boats full of men for the mines. The robbers dispersed at the sight of the military, though not till the Judge had directed a rifleman to fire over the heads of the party. One person was taken prisoner, but he succeeded in escaping to the woods, where he built a hut, and, as he was a very powerful man and well provided with arms, he set the authorities at defiance.

'It was said that when his larder required replenishing, he helped himself from the store at the mines, or elsewhere, or to a lamb, or other provisions from the folds or fields of the surrounding farmers. Through fear of violence, or for other reasons, none cared or ventured to take any measures to bring him to justice for his misdeeds, or in any way to meddle with him. What were the closing scenes of his career I never heard.'

The Judge remained in this arduous position until 1841, when the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions was abolished, and he, together with his colleagues, received a retiring allowance. It was universally felt that he should have been placed on the Bench of the Supreme Court, but it appears that the vacant position had been promised to a favourite of the Lieutenant-Governor, and, consequently, the legal knowledge and experience of the Judge were lost to the Province. But he was not the man to sink into apathy. His active temperament soon found scope for his energies in the Temperance cause, then in its infancy, and requiring uncompromising and learned advocates like the Judge. For many years he devoted himself to lecturing at his own expense throughout Great Britain and Ireland, where he made the acquaintance of many of

the social, political, and religious celebrities of the day—among others, of Richard Cobden, whom he accompanied, as a member of the World's Peace Congress of 1849, on a Utopian visit to Paris, where Napoleon III. was then Consul. On this occasion he attended an entertainment given to the delegates by the famous M. de Tocqueville. As an illustration of the lecturer's industry and perseverance, it may be mentioned that during this visit to the Mother Country he lectured in 350 different cities, towns and villages, including the Channel, Orkney and Zetland Islands; delivered nearly 600 public addresses, and travelled in all over 40,000 miles. After his return from England, the Judge made a tour of Canada, where he lived for several months in the cities of Hamilton and Toronto. He lectured in all the principal towns of the Western Province, and his name will be still familiar to old friends of the Temperance cause in Canada. Nor were his labours confined to the mere delivery of lectures. His pen was never idle, but always devoted to the writing of pamphlets, which he circulated broadcast in promotion of the cause he had at heart. His lectures, like his pamphlets on all subjects, were brimful of facts and arguments, though they were wanting in the rhetorical element best calculated to win popular applause. But the calm, logical mind of the Judge could never descend to the oratorical clap-trap which too often passes for eloquence, and he preferred to appeal to the reason rather than to the sensations of his audience.

During his later days, when his great age prevented the venerable Judge from undergoing the fatigue of travel, he remained quietly in the old city of Halifax, with whose history he had been so long associated. There he employed his leisure time in studying and writing on those social and religious questions to which his tastes and thoughts had always been directed. His intellect to the very end was keen and vigorous, and when the hand of death was stretched towards him at last, it touched him but lightly, and he passed away gently, free from pain and suffering. For him, at least, Death had no terrors, but was only the harbinger of that Future to which he had always looked forward in full confidence and hope. A man of deep religious conviction, the Bible was the rock on which he founded his faith, and to whose pages he always referred as infallible evidence in the many enquiries and controversies to which he devoted himself. His mind was essentially of a Puritan cast; and had he lived in the old times when men were contending for civil and religious freedom, he would, undoubtedly, have been found on the side, if not at the head, of those great Puritan leaders who did so much for English liberty. If he erred at all, it was in the uncompromising character of his opinions, for he could rarely, if ever, brook opposition to the principles in which he himself believed as the best calculated to promote human happiness. Yet this was a quality which he possessed in common with all eminent and true reformers who have had a marvellous influence over the world. Though some may, at times, have thought that his influence might have been greater had the austerity of his principles been warmed by that element of love which should be the great animating principle of all religion, yet no one could doubt the sincerity of his belief, and the earnestness of his desire to inculcate the great lessons of religious truth, as he understood it. Those who knew him longest, knew well that, beneath a cold exterior, there was not only a deep conviction, but much genuine kindness, and no poor man or woman who brought to him their tale of woe, ever left his door with empty hands. The record of his life shows that he devoted his time and means to the promotion of those great social reforms in which he so thoroughly believed; and, in later days, when ad-

vancing years prevented him raising his voice on public platforms, in behalf of his principles, he continued to devote his savings to the encouragement of religious and charitable associations—his donations in this way amounting in the aggregate to a very large sum, for one whose life was never given up to the acquisition of mere wealth. His life, on the whole, was one worthy of imitation by all. He represented a class of men of whom we cannot have too many in this Dominion—men of earnest purpose and fidelity to principle. Take him all in all he was one of whom it may be written with truth, that he 'wore the white flower of a blameless life.'

CANADA'S DIFFICULTIES.

BY ROSWELL FISHER, B.A., MONTREAL.

THE political future of Canada is evidently becoming a subject of growing interest to Canadians, and therefore another article bearing on it can hardly be ill-timed.

The future of Canada, however, as of all other countries, must be largely determined by the present, and I therefore propose, in the following essay, to give a short and I trust impartial sketch of our position, showing more particularly the difficulties which our situation, climate, soil and the character and actions of our people, throw in the way of our progress towards national existence.

The Canada of to-day, as we are well aware, is almost conterminous with the vast area better known as British North America, and consequently rivals the United States in extent. Of this immense territory, however, unfortunately the greater part, probably from two-thirds to three-quarters, is incapable of supporting a civilized people, and the remainder is not a compact mass, but is unevenly scattered across the continent for the most part on, or except in that part which is furthest from either ocean, near, the southern frontier. On the latter portion our present population is thinly settled in four groups, viz, those of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, the North-West and British Columbia which are so situated that the natural and cheapest lines of communication between any two of them lie, not through Canadian, but through United States territory. As this feature of our situation is the greatest drawback to our national progress, it may be worth while to discuss it in some detail. Taking these groups in their order, it is obvious that if the ordinary laws of economy were observed, the line of communication between the Maritime Provinces and Central Canada would run through the State of Maine, that from Central Canada to the North-West through the North-Western States, and lastly that from all the other provinces to British Columbia, by one of the American Pacific lines. That Canada should rely for its inter-provincial communications on the good-will of a foreign state, was, however rightly regarded, a grave political weakness, and consequently at Confederation it was agreed to build a political railway from the Maritime Provinces to Central Canada, and on the annexation of the North-West and British Columbia, it was further argued to build a Canadian railway from Central Canada to the Pacific,—the

actual and prospective results of which arguments are the Intercolonial and Canada Pacific Railways. In undertaking a railway on Canadian soil from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Quebec, the conditions of length and route were such that no private companies would build it as a commercial venture, and therefore the State was obliged to construct it at the public expense. Thus the cost of the road was presumably very great even in proportion to its length. This road is now debited in the public accounts at about $30,000,000, and in addition to the interest on this sum, has cost the country since its opening over another million in running expenses. Nor can it be anticipated that this burden on our resources will in a short time be reduced, for as we are, politics apart, a tolerably practical people, a project is already on foot, to build a private road by the natural route through Maine, which will compete under favourable circumstances with the political road. When the former is built, there will be two railways to take a volume of trade which would naturally seek the shorter and cheaper route, in which case the national road must either stop running, or greatly increase the loss on its working expenses, and thus prove a growing and not a decreasing burden on the people. Turning our attention now to our North-Western communications, it was again found that no private companies could, or would, undertake to build such a road, and consequently the country again shouldered the burden. This, however, was a very different and much more arduous undertaking than the Intercolonial. Indeed so great an undertaking is it, that after squandering many millions on surveys and constructions, we are only just beginning to realize the immensity of the task, and in the meantime are almost congratulating ourselves that we shall *soon* have a road built through the wild country from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg, which for nearly six months of the year will give us access to our North-West, independent of the much cheaper route through the States. Here again, however, as in case of the Intercolonial, we are already favouring a project to build the cheaper and natural route to the North-West, *via* Sault St. Marie, and the south shore of Lake Superior, which for half the year would compete on favourable terms with the Government road for all through railway freight. As for those great links in the proposed road which run from the Upper Ottawa, north of Lakes Huron and Superior, and the great stretch across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, there are signs not wanting that even Canadian politicians are beginning dimly to doubt our ability to carry them through for long years to come. In this case it is too clear that our political consolidation may also be postponed *sine die*. Now, as these great roads and great burdens would never have been created if it had not been for the peculiar character and position of our frontier, and as that frontier is not a natural but a political division, it follows that we are labouring under great disadvantages from our political situation, to another almost equally important feature of which I shall return later on, proceeding in the meanwhile to draw attention to some of the difficulties created by our physical geography. In this case, the features of the country are such, that the population not being able to spread either to the south, where it was met by the frontier, or to the north, where it had to encounter a more rigorous climate and less fertile soil, has advanced in a long and relatively thin line to the west, along the shores of the navigable rivers and lakes. From which it results, that our scanty population is so distributed that both politically and economically it possesses almost the least possible strength in proportion to its numbers, and the area which it occupies. This was the case even in pre-railroad days,

but is still more so since we have undertaken long lines of railway, built for the most part, not so much to feed as to compete with or supersede our navigable waters, and which consequently may with truth be said to serve the least population at the greatest cost. Thus, at a time when ease, rapidity and cheapness of communication is of great and growing importance to national prosperity, the length and character of our political and other railways entail severe burdens on the people which are unfortunately further augmented by our climate, to which it is now time, I should refer. The climate, of much the greater part of Canada, cannot be called other than Arctic. This term does not so much mean that we have no warm or even hot seasons, but that such seasons are short and that the severity and duration of the cold is such as seriously to hamper and shorten our agricultural and other operations. As it is usually, and I believe truly, held that the human race attains its greatest vigour and energy in the temperate zone, it is obvious that we cannot hope for our population at the best more than the vigour of the people of that zone. But if our climate gives our people no superiority of energy over their neighbours, it is certain that it in turn makes very much heavier drafts on whatever energy they may possess. As this difficulty in our developement is too much ignored by Canadians, it may be well to specify the nature of our principal climatic burdens. In the first place, in comparison with our neighbours of the temperate climates, we have to devote a larger share of our wealth to the purchase of fruit, clothing and warmer dwellings, both for ourselves and our domestic animals. This means that, other things being equal, the Canadian has to spend a greater part of his earnings for some of the chief necessaries of life than his Southern neighbour and is consequently just so much the poorer. But the fact that we need a greater quantity of fuel, clothes, and warmer dwellings, does not by any means cover the whole additional cost, because, other things again being equal, even the same quantity of fuel, food, clothing and dwellings, will cost more in this than in a more temperate climate. This will be clear if it is borne in mind that, owing to the shortness of our summer seasons, all agricultural work and a great many trades must be carried on at very high pressure, succeeded by periods of enforced idleness. Now work carried on under these circumstances is much more costly than that carried on under conditions which allow of continuous labour. In addition to this, our short seasons lessen directly both the variety and quality of our agricultural and of some other productions. Further, the cold shuts up our navigable rivers and canals for about half the year, in consequence of which our craft, our wharves, docks, channels and canals, have only half the year in which to earn their dividends; but unfortunately the interest on the money sunk in these investments runs for the whole twelve months. The cold however not only shuts up our waters for half the year but also adds largely to the expense of running our railways for the same time, as both from the lower temperature and the snow, more fuel has to be burned to do a given quantity of work, and I believe also that our roads are not only dearer to run but are dearer to build and equip than those in the temperate zone. In addition to those greater burdens which the climate imposes on our energies, there are many minor drawbacks which are the more felt as we make some pretensions to the needs and luxuries of a high state of civilization—but quite enough has, I think, been brought forward to show that the climate of Canada handicaps us very heavily in competing with the people of the temperate, if not of the sub-tropic, zone, and unfortunately there are absolutely no compensating advantages with which to comfort ourselves.

Turning, now, to the soil, we find our chief difficulties here, not so much in the character of the soil itself as in the situation and the climate, and the fact that, except in the north-west, there is no large and compact mass of soil capable of supporting a large total population, though comparatively small areas, such as the Western Peninsula and lake shore of Ontario and the south shore of the St Lawrence, above Quebec, may be capable of supporting relatively a large and prosperous people. In the case even of the North-West, upon which at present all our hopes of future greatness seem to be staked, it is not too much to say that many of the statements as to the quantity of magnificent soil are greatly exaggerated; but giving it all due credit for very large tracts of splendid land, it must not be forgotten that for some, perhaps many, years to come most of it must be far from the centres of population and industry even on this continent, and, therefore, we cannot soon expect to see a very large and wealthy population inhabiting this great territory. Finally, taking all our productive soil together, we have no reason to suppose that it can at all rival the United States, either in the extent or variety of its agricultural, or mineral products.

Unfortunately our progress is confronted with difficulties not only by our situation, climate and soil, but also by the composite character and history of our people. Of the whole present population of Canada about one quarter is of a different race and language from the other three quarters, and is not only so to-day, but is determined to remain as distinct as unmixed race, language, laws and religion can preserve it. Of the other three quarters of our people, the combined influences of the shape of our country and our history are such that the fusion of our interests and sympathies, and the consequent decline of local jealousies and rivalries, proceed very slowly, and with much friction. In addition to various elements of political weakness, the overshadowing neighbourhood of the United States is so distinct, and so very important an addition to the difficulties which lie in the path of our national development, that I must now refer at some little length to this feature of our situation. In reviewing the advantages or disadvantages which any country may possess, its relationship to some one or more other countries must always be taken into consideration. In our case, there is, from the nature of the case, no need to make more than one comparison; but that one is imperative, and by it we must stand or fall. For the purpose of this comparison it is necessary very shortly to draw a picture of the present condition of the United States. Occupying the whole temperate zone of the North American continent from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the great Republic possesses a territory of unsurpassed, if not unequalled, fertility, resources and position. Having survived the shocks of a terrible civil war, and a deep and wide-spread commercial depression, she now possesses a population of not far from fifty millions of people drawn from all the most vigorous races of the world; and, having largely reduced her debt, resumed gold payments, and developed her means of communication, she now invites the surplus population of the Old World to fill up the older, and to populate the newer States and the vast territories of the centre and the Pacific slope. Such is the condition of the United States to-day. To draw a parallel picture of Canada, we have only to epitomize the preceding analysis of our situation, climate, soil and people. Nominally possessed of, rather than occupying, the whole arctic zone of North America, from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the North Pole, Canada is the mistress of a great, but ill-situated territory; of large, but ill-distributed, and by no means unequalled resources;

having not only escaped any great political convulsion, but having gained largely by that of her neighbours, she is only just struggling through a commercial depression at least equally deep and wide-spread. With a population of, we hope, not far from four millions, of as hardy and vigorous a people as those of the United States, and, finally having largely over-developed her means of communication, and more than equally over-developed her debt, she is tempted to tamper with the currency, and is absolutely compelled to rely on a great immigration as the one escape from national bankruptcy.

Of course, patriotic prejudice will deny that this is a true comparison between the United States and Canada. It will be said that the South is still discontented, that there are elements of disruption in the East and West, and that, more than all, most of the free land is taken up, and that the great European immigration must seek the Canadian and not the American West, and that this great stream of immigration will more than overcome all our difficulties of debt.

I sincerely hope that our Canadian North-West will prove as rich as the most sanguine Canadian believes, but in the meantime, the above assertions are not a valid or sufficient answer to my comparison. If the South is discontented, and the North possesses elements of disruption, some of our Provinces are also discontented, and all of them possess elements of disruption. If we possess more free lands of the best quality than the United States, it does not follow that all their good free land is taken up, nor that all the immigrants will insist on absolutely free land. At this point it will be well to draw public attention to two facts which may largely affect the coming immigration. First, that great quantities of the railway and state lands in the United States are, from their situation, cheaper, though not free, than the great part of our free grants, and therefore it is probable that large numbers of immigrants will prefer to buy, either for cash or credit, lands in comparatively settled and organized communities, already possessed of cheap communications with the great world, not built at the public expense, rather than to take up free grants in an absolutely new country, either with deficient communications or those for which they will have to pay very highly. Secondly, if the master farm system is as great a success as is pretended, the small freeholder is going to follow the fate of the small manufacturer, and give way before the capitalist farmer, and the poor man will, therefore, be obliged to become an employee of the latter, and will go where there is to be found the greatest accumulation of capital, which is likely to be in the United States rather than in Canada. More than this, a large proportion of the expected immigration will be composed of artisans who have no desire to take land, and who will, therefore, take their skill to the largest market, which is not, and for a long time cannot be, Canada. I am reluctantly compelled, therefore, to come to the conclusion that for several if not for many years to come, the United States have room for all the European immigration which is likely to seek this continent, and, in addition to this, it must be remembered that, other things being equal, the current is all in their favour. The Irish, German, and Scandinavian immigrants prefer to settle in the Republic rather than in a British colony, and even the British prefer, if they must change, to seek the warmer climate and wider prospects of the greater nation. If this is so, other things being equal, how much more will it be the case when the other things are so far from being equal that we are unable to keep large numbers of our own people from going to the United States. We had one chance of competing favourably with the United States. If we could have said, it is true our climate, situation, and resources are inferior to those of that

country, but that we have the advantage in the honesty, energy, prudence, and wisdom of our people and governors; that our greater immunity from the burdens of taxation, monopolies, and misgovernment, more than overcomes our natural disadvantages; then, indeed, could we with a good grace, and with at least some hope of success, have invited our European brothers and cousins to settle within our borders. Alas! he is, indeed, a sanguine and one-sided patriot who can see much evidence of prudence or honesty in the absurd multiplication of increasingly expensive governments, in a policy of commercial isolation, and in the reckless and indefinite increase of our public burdens, which are the leading features of our present public affairs.

I have endeavoured, as shortly as possible, to take an impartial survey of our national position. Attention has been drawn to the fact that as our national future depends altogether on our attracting a great and rapid immigration to our country, we must compete with the United States; and that, owing to our situation, climate, soil, people and debts, we do so at a great disadvantage, and the conclusion is therefore inevitable that we are confronted with the most formidable difficulties in our progress towards national existence. The picture is not, I am well aware, a brilliant one, and if it can be shown to be untrue I shall rejoice. But I must, in conclusion, point out that bold but unsupported assertions of our energy, our vigour, and our determination to be a great, populous and independent people, are no proof that we can accomplish our desires; and, further, that equally bold assumptions, even if made by the *Globe*, that, at such an early date, a million immigrants will *doubtless* be settled in such a district; a hundred thousand in such another; that such a length of railway will be built for so much, such another for so much more, and so on, do not offer any presumptive proof that such will be at all the history of the near future. If, on the contrary, however, it can be positively shown that the United States possess little or no future attractions to immigrants, and that there is an immense mass of the poorer classes of Europe which must emigrate at a very early day, and which can be successfully directed to our North-West, then indeed we shall have a solid basis up on which to build our future hopes of a strong and prosperous Canada.

RIPE GRAIN.

O STILL, white face of perfect peace,
Untouched by passion, freed from pain!
He who ordained that work should cease,
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain,—
The high, celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
No slightest trace of grief or pain,—
On earth an empty form and face—
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

ONE DAY IN SEVEN.

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

II.

FROM a historical stand-point, the institution of 'One Day in Seven' was reviewed in a previous number, the conclusion arrived at being, that the observance of the Lord's day was deemed by the early Christians, and more especially by the Reformers, a matter of conscience, not binding upon others than themselves, and obtaining then only in so far as they were impelled by individual impulse or a sense of duty. Resuming consideration of the subject at this point, it may be said that research will not make plain, if it even succeed in unearthing, evidence sufficient upon which to base an assumption that the Protestants, while they were a little band, considered it any part of the Christian obligation to attempt domination over the community; but a careful reading of history will reveal that, apace with increasing numbers, grew an intolerant spirit, supported by a conscience educated to condone the perversion, by the domineering party, of its early liberality. A needed and salutary restraint upon religious coercion was thus removed, and force once more, as in the period antecedent to the Reformation, asserted itself over justice. When the community was divided merely upon the outward form or ceremonial of religion; when, indeed, the religion of the Protestants was comprised in a vague, uneasy notion concerning the existence of a God—personal to them only, as it were, by permission of the priest—and in reading the round of a mystic ritual, the assumption by one section of the keepership of the conscience of the other, was, while not justifiable, not unnatural. The believer in God, at this period, merely supported his priest; the follower did not presume to reason with the leader; the dicta of the spiritual chiefs were obeyed with unquestioning alacrity, with sincere and fearful submission. Force was always forthcoming to support doctrine, and thus their doctrine regarding conscience was imposed upon all and sundry by the Reformers when they gained the ascendancy. At that day conscience was believed to be the monitor of God in the heart, implanted there as authoritatively as if a special Divine interposition had in each case been exercised. Conviction of the acceptability of one form of ceremony to God, implied to the believer an offence to Him in any other, while perseverance in that other was regarded as evidence of a wilful perversion of conscience, in controlling which the party sitting in judgment, and supported by the superior force, considered itself warranted. Viewing this state of doctrine at this distance of time, one can see that such regulative action was rendered less unnatural from the fact of both parties esteeming their relation to God superior to and independent of their relation to man. At the period referred to, extending from the Reformation until almost the end of the seventeenth century, theology, morals and politics were wedded. It is to

this time that one has to look back, not alone for the spirit, but, in many instances, for the very letter of ecclesiastical legislation. This is the period when, in Scotland, zealots proclaimed from the pulpit that it was sinful for a mother to be solicitous for the welfare of her child; when enactment was at once civil and religious, and when it was based upon the ascetic idea that amity to self was enmity to God. Sceptics were at this day few and far between, and their beliefs, or rather doubts, were whispered from mouth to mouth. One of their Statutes is said to survive to this day on our Book of Laws, which shews the spirit of legislation when theology, morals and politics were one. The Statute is 9 and 10 William III., chap. xxxii., sec. 1, which provides that if any one educated in or having made profession of the Christian religion, by writing, printing, teaching or advised speaking, maintains that there are more Gods than one, or denies the Christian religion to be true, or the Holy Scriptures to be of Divine authority, for the second offence, besides being incapable of bringing an action, or being guardian, executor, legatee or grantee, he must suffer imprisonment for three years without bail. There shall be no prosecution for such words spoken, unless information of such words be given on oath before a justice within four days after they are spoken, and the prosecution be within three months after such information. The offender is to be discharged if, within four months after his first conviction, he renounces his error. Indirectly, the Statute bears testimony to our contention that conscience was regarded as the spirit of God in man, and that there could be no honest exercise of conscience if it were contrary to the promptings of the 'still small voice' in the majority. This was surely the perfection of intolerance.

Having briefly reviewed the history of the observance of one day in seven as a religious ordinance and having estimated the bearing of conscience thereupon, let us proceed even more briefly to consider the institution in the light of necessity and expediency. When man made no provision for the morrow, when his environment was full of peril to life and limb, even when he may have been conscious of, but had not yet manifested, his superiority to the brute creation; when, in one word, he was yet a child of nature, it can be conceived that he did not need rest more prolonged than what instinct would constrain him to take—possibly from sunset to sunrise. But so soon as man began to accelerate his brute activity in response to the growing comprehension of intellect, so soon as he awoke to an understanding of the misery of enfeebled age and grasped the idea that labour in youth would secure an equal ising relaxation in declining years; so soon as the dominating influence of accumulated wealth made itself felt; so soon must the necessity of a periodical halt have impressed itself upon man. The observance of one day in seven as a break in toil must be regarded as an answer to the cry of wearied nature; for, had there never been religion, there would have been a cessation from labour just as surely as labour exceeded the demand for hourly preservation. Every human being has his capacity for labour, and Bismarck breaks down in trying to harmonise inter-state interests as well as does Bumble under the crushing load of his self-importance—when perseverance seeks to whip wearied nature into activity. The greater the pressure the greater the necessity, and thus have we of this generation seen a shortening of the hours of labour all over the civilised world—to be followed, possibly, before the young men of to-day have donned the winter garb of age by the observance of two days in seven as sacred from engrossing toil. To relieve the over-worked world we must look to the spread of what are termed with aversion 'liberal opinions;' for,

though it is undeniable that we owe to religion what measure of holidays we enjoy, it is equally undeniable that religion has advanced as far as it will voluntarily lead in this direction. For centuries upon this subject religion has been petrified in its position; whereas, unorthodoxy, beginning with the idea of its being perfectly right for man to work all day, and every day, has become so far communistic as to recognise the necessity of periods of relaxation, increasing in duration with the exactions of labour. But what is rest? The conception of rest held in the past differs from that of the present, and the future will shew a change. Inertia is what rest meant in the good old days, so happily buried. Rest then meant to sit both upright in a hardwood chair and groan in spirit over the vanities of the world, confessing that everything done on earth was sinful, and that for the smallest of these transgressions, eternal torment was but a trifling visitation of justice. In the present, one must bow to the letter of the past when he dares interpret the spirit of the times in the light of his own conscience—as witness the case the other day of a man dragged before the police magistrate of Toronto and fined for brightening up his office a little bit on a Sunday afternoon, at the same time probably when his prosecutor's maid-servant was polishing up the fire-irons in the seclusion of the kitchen. Possibly this poor man may have been brightening up his office by way of rest after a surfeit on a doctrinal sermon. To-day a man must limit his rest to the exercise of his physical and muscular powers within bounds laid down by his neighbours, who themselves enjoy a cup, full to overflowing, of a happiness, satisfying to the wants of their nature—which, to say the least of it, is selfishness. The future will regard rest as activity in the pursuit of that in the enjoyment of which the individual man realizes the greatest happiness, be he a pedomaniac trudging along a dusty road under a sweltering sun, or be he a recluse in the dim shadows of a cathedral entranced with heaven-born, heaven-seeking harmony. The rest of the future will be what each esteems best adapted to his requirements, and it will obtain not merely that one section of the community may bolster veneration of the dead and gone. The necessity of rest must be increasingly felt: neither nature nor education calls long without obtaining an answer.

In proceeding to discuss the observance of One Day in Seven on the ground of expediency, the opinion is hazarded that upon the institution recommending itself in the future to mankind, or to a portion of mankind sufficiently numerous to command State recognition, as profitable, depends its perpetuation or its death. The manner of Sunday observance cannot but change, for the character of religion in the future must adapt itself to the intellectual development of the age, as it has done in the past, despite what certain divines, more enthusiastic than accurate, say to the contrary. Not veneration can save the Jewish Sabbath of to-day; not conscience, educated to addle common sense, can permanently throw the human race out of harmony with its environment, any more than man can cause the great physical laws of the universe to bend to his will. The day is coming when the Christian and the free-thinker will be so closely assimilated in their ideal of life that both will discuss the Sunday question upon the ground of expediency. It must, therefore, be of interest to all whose hearts throb in sympathy with the greater heart of humanity, to consider what experiment or experience has taught concerning the commercial value of observing one day in seven by a cessation from toil. It will recur to the general reader that in 1794 the revolutionary Government of France abolished the old order of observance and decreed that there should be nine days labour and one day's rest. The reader also knows that the decades were abol-

ished and the old system restored—a result the more strongly emphasized by the fact that social reforms introduced, even by the most radical of revolutionaries, are seldom entirely obliterated, as the decades have been. Doubtless many causes besides direct profit or loss contributed to the overthrow of the decades, but it is satisfactory to know that a British workman, sojourning in Paris about the beginning of the century, has recorded in 'The Escape from Toil,' the experience of an industrious Frenchman under the decades. This bourgeois—who was so industrious that he did not lose ten minutes gazing at the mangled bodies of the Swiss guard on that terrible August morning, in 1792—after enjoying the permission to work on the tenth day, came to the conclusion that 'where there was no Sunday there was no working day;' where there was no settled day of rest, there was no settled or sedulous labour. His experience was that laziness is doubly infectious where there is no definite prospect of rest.

Macaulay ventures this speculation: 'If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest . . . I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this time a poorer people and a less civilized people than we are . . . I firmly believe that, at the end of twenty years' a man would 'have produced less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week.'

Burke, discussing the same question, says: 'They that always labour exhaust their attention, burn out their candle, and are left in the dark.'

During a debate in the British House of Commons on the Slavery Question, Wilberforce brought under notice the fact that, during the war in the beginning of the century, it was proposed to work all Sunday in one of the royal arsenals, continually and not for a brief period only. Some work men were granted leave to abstain from work on Sunday, and it was found that these workmen executed more work than the others.

Captain Stansbury, who led the United States survey in Utah, in his report, said that his experience in such occupation made him believe that 'as a mere matter of pecuniary consideration, apart from all higher obligations, it is wise to keep the Sabbath. More work can be obtained from both men and animals by its observance than when the whole seven days are uninterruptedly devoted to labour.'

Several years ago I was talking to one of the superintending engineers who had been employed on canal construction in Holland, and, in the course of conversation upon the amount of manual labour employed, the engineer said that his experience had been that the more frequent the intervals of rest the greater was the progress made, this being even more noticeable in regard to animals than men. The loss of Sunday, he said, meant half-hearted work for the week. I recollect that he said, though he had not data to support his position, it was his opinion that machinery, thrown out of gear occasionally, lasted longer in the aggregate than machinery which was stopped only that it might be oiled.

Of course it is quite possible to overdo argument and contention on this line, and the statement of Mr. Bagnall that his blast furnaces turned out more work through not being employed on Sunday, is manifestly absurd to any one who knows about the construction of a furnace, and the cost of allowing it to cool, as well as the expense of keeping it heated and not working. Mr. Bagnall, in giving his testimony to the House of Commons, clearly overlooked the enormous natural increase of the iron trade, and the fact that men such as the Bairds and Guests made much greater progress in business than he, and they kept their furnaces working day and night. But Mr. Bagnall will be readily credited when he says that work had gone

on much freer from accident, and possible interruption, than previously.

Captain Scoresby, in his 'Sabbaths in the Arctic Regions,' marks the extent to which the contention in favour of absolute rest on Sunday may be carried. He enters into particulars to show that whales, out of consideration for not being molested on Sunday, were more accommodating for the rest of the week in appearing 'to blow' in the neighbourhood of the ship—at least that is his contention—stripped of its foliage.

Without proceeding further, it may be safely said that the balance of testimony supports the individual inborn conviction of its being pecuniarily profitable to refrain from labour on Sunday. This brings the consideration of One Day in Seven to a close, with what measure of success it lies with the reader to judge. The endeavour has been to show that the Sunday of to-day is a Judaic institution, the observance of which the rights of manhood affirm, should be controlled by individual conscience; leaving the future observance of it to be determined by expediency.

It was part of the writer's plan to briefly review the law bearing upon the question, but as the Sunday Concerts Appeal case will at an early day be discussed at some length in the Superior Courts, his intention may be abandoned or deferred.

THE LAW STUDENTS' GRIEVANCE.

BY THOS. A. GORHAM, TORONTO.

LITTLE did it appear when an essay on the subject 'No Law School' was read before the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, that a chord had been struck, the vibrations of which would resound throughout the Province and call from an able and versatile friend and critic of the Society so vigorous an article on 'Legal Education' as appeared in the March number of this magazine.

To continue the article, 'No Law School,' which appeared in the February number of this monthly, attention must first be called to a petition that was presented by the Law Students to the Benchers in convocation assembled, and which still lies on the table, having received but a passing notice. It was an outcome of the enthusiasm aroused by that essay, and has among the Benchers a few hearty supporters and, as might be expected, many determined opposers. It runs as follows:—

'The Law Society of Upper Canada.

'To the Benchers of the Law Society of Upper Canada in Convocation assembled.

'The petition of the undersigned students-at-law most respectfully sheweth:

1. 'That your petitioners greatly feel the want of legal education and are deeply sensible of the disadvantages under which they labour in this respect as compared with students-at-law in other countries where instruction in the laws is furnished by the State or by bodies similar to your own.

2. 'That your petitioners also deeply feel the want of professional instruction as compared with students in medicine, theology, engineering and other professions.

3. 'That a large part, viz., almost one-half of the revenue (which far exceeds the expenditure) of the Law Society of Upper Canada is derived from the students.

4. 'That your petitioners feeling that they as members of the Law Society have no adequate return for the large amount they contribute

Most respectfully pray That the establishment of a School of Law or other means of imparting legal education to the students-at-law may receive the early and earnest attention of your Honourable Body.'

Now let those who so bitterly oppose every attempt of the students to obtain what will be shewn in this article to be their just rights, think well before they ungenerously refuse that prayer. That the students are entitled to a school of law, no one considering the matter will deny. That the Society is not able to supply such a want, none but those unacquainted with its resources will venture to say. That it would not be to the great advantage of the students and profession, none but those wilfully blind will argue.

According to the receipts and expenditure of the Law Society for 1878, as seen below, the students pay all expenses incurred for examinations, library and general expenses, besides part of the item Reports.

Law Society—Receipts and expenditure for 1878 :

RECEIPTS.

Certificate and term fees	$15,751 00
Students' fees	20,306 95
Cash received for Reports sold	489 60
Government grant	3,000 00
Interest account	3,047 27
Total	42,594 82

EXPENDITURE.

Reports	$17,659 39
Examinations	4,337 38
Library	2,240 31
General expenses	11,996 04
Balance	6,361 70
Total	42,594 82

In explanation of the above items, it may be remarked that the interest item is always on the increase ; for in 1876 it was $1,519.65 ; in 1877, $2,137.65, and in 1878, $3,047.27, while in 1879 it was estimated at $3,400. This item must necessarily increase, for it is becoming interest on interest. The Government grant has been increased to $4,250. The students', and certificate, and term fees are uncertain, and liable to increase or decrease ; but, judging from the increase in the numbers who are entering the profession, there is but little to be apprehended from a decrease in either of these items. On the other hand, the expenditure for the item Reports may increase; but, if it does, there will be a compensating increase in the certificate and term fees. The other items of expenditure may increase or decrease, but not to any great extent. On examining the above figures it will be seen that, on striking out the balance, or surplus, on the year's transactions, and on deducting the same sum ($6,361.70) from the last three items of the receipts, viz., 'Cash received for Reports sold,' 'Government grant' and 'Interest account,' there will remain $175.17. Now, the persons who, in 1878, paid certificate and term fees, received the Reports for that year, which cost the Society $17,659.39, or the Society furnished each practitioner with $20 worth of Reports, yet some of these think it a great hardship to be compelled to pay the annual fee of $17, for which they receive in return the Practice, Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Appeal and Supreme Court Reports, the average value of each being, at least, $3.50 per year. So, after striking off the certificate and term fees, and deducting the same sum from the item Reports, there will be left of the cost of the Reports $1,908.39, or the receipts and expenditure will stand thus :

RECEIPTS.

Certificates and term fees	$
Students' fees	20,306 95
Cash received for Reports sold..	175 17
Government grant	
Interest account	
Total	$20,482 12

EXPENDITURE.

Reports	$ 1,908 37
Examinations	4,337 38
Library	2,240 31
General expenses	11,996 04
Balance	
Total	$20,482 12

Now, it is asked of the Benchers, after they have carefully examined the above figures, who received in the shape of Reports more than their contributions? Who, to the extent of $1,908.39, paid for those Reports? Who paid all the expenses of the examinations, which include examiners' salaries, scholarships, advertising examinations, &c., fees to attendants at examinations, stationery and printing examination papers? Who paid for all the books bought for the library? There is every year a large expenditure for books, but the students are furnished with a poor lending library. The term library is misapplied. It is a motley collection of a few volumes of some of the works on the course, the most of them old editions, and of so ancient a character that one might easily be forgiven for asking if their age would not make them rare curiosities. It will probably be said they are sufficient for the demand. Let any Bencher who thinks so, on the morning after the close of some term, stand in the neighbourhood of the Librarian's desk, and see the rush made for those well-worn books; let him, also, remain in the vicinity for an hour afterwards, and see the disappointed look on the face of some poor student whose duties (probably copying the trash in that same Bencher's office) have detained him, and who is now forced to turn away without a much wished for volume. After witnessing such a scene, let that Bencher conscientiously say, if he can, that the few old and dirty books, so *generously* furnished out of the $20,000 a year paid by those eager seekers, are sufficient to meet the demand—rather let him 'go think of it in silence and alone,'—let him also carry along with him the remembrance that these same earnest workers are shut out from the miscellaneous library which was lately put under lock and key, and hoarded away to furnish material for the ravages of time and hiding-places for moths. Who paid the general expense account? An account which includes sundries, care of grounds, repairs, heating, lighting, water, insurance and salaries (Reporters' salaries are included in the cost of Reports). Is it any wonder that under these circumstances the students should demand their rights—rights which might almost appear to have been carefully hidden. Even now, when some light has been let in, why are not the reports of the different committees published and put within reach of all the members of the Law Society?

It may be urged that the year 1878 is an exceptional one—so it is; but the exception is against the Benchers' view of the matter. Compare the figures of 1877 and 1878. The exception will be seen to be that the receipts for 1878 are less than those for 1877 by $5,582.75, that the expenditures are less by $1,244.97, and that the surplus on the year's transaction is $6,361.70, being less than that for 1877 by the large sum of $4,307.78. It will be noticed that the surplus for 1877 was $10,669.58. In that year the students' fees amounted to $23,547. In the year 1879, it appears that there was a large increase in the receipts over those of 1878 and a decrease in expenditures, and that the surplus amounted to about $10,000. The truth of these figures may be questioned. The answer to that is, they are taken figure for figure, and in some cases word for word from the Report of the Finance Committee, dated 15th February, 1879.

With $70,000 of Dominion stock, and an annual surplus of $6,000 to $12,000 is it still doubted whether the Society is able to furnish a School of Law? And, after it has been shewn that the students furnish one half of the annual revenue of the Society, and

receive nothing in return, while those who are practising are paid value for what they contribute, is it yet to be proven that they are entitled to some provision for Legal Education? The question is too absurd.

Next, as to the benefits to be derived from a School of Law. These will not be confined to the students or the profession. The newspapers of the day complain of the continual 'tinkering with the laws.' Even the Chief Justice of our Court of Queen's Bench finds occasion to express his surprise at the rapidity with which alteration follows alteration. Any one sitting in the Court of Assize at Toronto, on the 19th of March last, could have witnessed the following:—Counsel addressing the jury explains his position by reference to the Statutes. The Chief Justice, apparently surprised, says—'Hand me up the Statutes, Mr. Hagel.' (Having read the sections.) 'This is new law to me, I am always ready to confess my ignorance of law. It is being made at such a rapid pace now-a-days, that I am utterly unable to keep up with it.' The Legislative Assembly has lately finished its labours for awhile. Let any one look over the great number of alterations made, not alone in, what is unfortunately in name only, the Revised Statutes, but also in those which have been enacted since the revision; also, let the haste apparent in their construction, receive attention. The Dominion Parliament has also been busily engaged in the worthy employment of altering, abolishing and making law. Why this continued alteration? It is not supposed for one moment, that the men sent to Parliament are infallible; yet does it not seem strange that so much valuable time should be spent in reviewing and altering the labours of others? We are taught that what is law is justice; yet, if it be so necessary to alter the Statute Law every session of Parliament, there must be a failure of justice somewhere. When we take into consideration that the most of our Statutes are framed by lawyers, it will appear stranger that there is such a failure. The country is a great loser then in having so much of the time of its legislators taken up with what might have been provided for in the first enactment. It is also a great loser in having uncertain Statute Law, and in the uncertainty which it creates in our civil relations. The remedy is to be found in the words of Sir Henry Thring. 'The last subject to be considered in connection with law reform, and yet perhaps the most important, is that of legal education. Stephenson could as easily have built the tubular bridge over the Menai Straits without skilled workmen, as a Government make a Consolidation Bill, a Digest, an Institute of Maxims, and a Code, or any of such works, without educated and trained workmen. Yet where are such workmen to be found? The composition of Acts of Parliament requires a great command of English, and at the same time differs from all other compositions. Every sentence can and should be framed according to special rules; but the application of such rules in each particular case, can only be determined by practice. . . Again, an alteration of the laws, or a consolidation of the laws, cannot be safely effected unless the draftsman is acquainted, not only with the history of the law to be altered, but with the history of all kindred branches of the law. English law has, by degrees, interwoven itself with all the social needs of Englishmen, and must be studied in English history. For example, nothing would seem easier than to consolidate the Acts relating to penal servitude; yet what is the fact? The law of penal servitude rests on the law of transportation, and the law of transportation on the old doctrines relating to clergyable offences: so that, to compose accurately a few sentences, describing the law of penal servitude, involves in effect, a thorough knowledge of the criminal law of England, both ancient and modern. . . Let

them (young Englishmen) be taught English law historically, tracing each doctrine back to its origin; and when they are fully imbued with the grand spirit of English legislation, they will be eager and willing to put it into a more attractive form, as an example to other nations, instead of learning to despise its real merits on account of its uncouth shape.' In the present age there seems to be a desire to break with the past, and so high has the pressure become, that Reformers think it 'an idle waste of time to consider what the laws have been in the past.' They say, 'only see your object clearly, and express it boldly, and the judge will have nothing to do but to apply the rule laid down for his guidance.' Law making is an Art, and, without a knowledge of the Science of Law, all the 'cunningly devised measures and exquisite contrivances,' put forward by any Legislature composed of men not animated by a scientific spirit, and with a knowledge of the past law and the history of the evils sought to be remedied, will fail.

Instead of the law appearing certain, as it most assuredly is, to the inexperienced mind, it appears far otherwise, and there has arisen the phrase, one might be forgiven for saying the proverb, about the 'uncertainty of the law,' to which has been derisively prefixed the word 'glorious.' Law is fixed and certain if properly interpreted. It could not be law if this were not so. There are fixed and certain underlying principles which rule and guide the lawyer in every age, but the search for and discovery of those principles is lost sight of in the continually heaping of case upon case, and it is this non-observance of search after principle in the practice of law that has led our books to be so crowded with decisions which are supposed in themselves to contain the necessary rule applicable to all cases similar. It may be heard any day that there is nothing new in law, yet how often are some of our most skilled counsellors, when the Court has given a decision rather opposed to some former case, heard to say 'that is surprising, it is directly opposite to what I have always supposed to be the law on the point.' Law is a science when viewed as a study of principles. It is an art when those principles come to be applied. Under the present system it is neither, but a vast collection of maxims in the application of which the attainment of justice is looked upon as a happy accident. There are lawyers to-day making fortunes in Osgoode Hall, who, when their memory of some former decision fails them, are lost in confusion. They are incapable of guiding their vessel out of the sight of land, they have never learned the use of the compass, nor the method of taking their latitude and longitude. Let them once lose sight of the peak of some lofty hill, and they are 'at sea.' They cannot, without grave doubts and great fears, launch out into the untried illimitable waste of waters. It is not, as is often supposed, a prodigious memory for Acts of Parliament and decided cases which distinguishes the true lawyer, but it is a special intellectual capacity for grasping and applying those principles which have, since the earliest ages of the world, remained fixed and certain. How is this intellectual capacity to be acquired? That is the question which this movement in favour of a School of Law seeks to answer. There are two distinct methods, yet, although distinct, one is imperfect without the other. The one method is to be seen in the system of law teaching to be found in Germany, where the study of the science of law has given her better expressed and more compact laws than can possibly be hoped for in this country. The other system is to be found in England, where the art is carried to such an extent that her courts are the admiration of the world; but her laws, unlike those of Germany, are badly constructed and widely scattered. The English legal philoso-

phers are busily engaged in the search for some plan for codification. Sir James Stephens vaguely hints at some scheme apparently yet undefined, while Sir Henry Thring comes to the front with his 'Simplification of Law.' On the other hand, Germany is carrying forward the work of a great code for the whole empire without any trouble. But, as the natural result of the system there in vogue, the administration of the laws is far from being satisfactory. The two systems then must meet; there must be as near a union as possible. The first being carried out by lessons received in the school, and studies pursued in the chamber; the second by experience gained in the office and Forum. Professor Sheldon Amos divides legal studies into two divisions. 'Of these, the one is concerned mainly with the Historical and Philosophical sides of Law, and is invariably made to include Roman Law. The science of Jurisprudence strictly so-called (so far, at least, as that science has as yet been recognised and developed), and not unfrequently International Law. The other part is concerned with the study of the Technical Legal System of the particular nation, with the meaning and use both of the simpler and more solemn kinds of Legal Documents, with the detailed character of Legal Formalities and the Procedure of Courts of Justice, and, lastly, with the Art of Advocacy and the methods of handling Evidence.' It will probably be urged that the Canadian Student-at-Law can have no interest in the first of these divisions, or supposing him to have an interest, he has no time for such studies. Let us glance at this objection. There are two classes of Law students, commonly known as 'three year men' and 'five year men.' 'Three year men' being those who have proceeded to the degree of B.A., and of whom the Society requires only three years' service under articles, while 'five year men' are those who have not obtained that degree, and are required to spend five years under articles before being allowed to practise. How much of the first two years does a 'five year man' spend in studying law? Ask the average student, and it will be found that the greater part of the law he learns during those years is by associating and conversing with those engaged in practice, and that, after a short spurt at actual reading while his ambition is fresh, his books are thrown aside until within three months of the First Intermediate Examination, and there are to be found plenty who pass this examination after six weeks' reading; but it will be urged that he is learning practice—again ask the average 'five year man' how much practice he learns during those two years, and it will be found that he has been engaged in learning where the clients of his principal live, or, if he be of sedentary habits, in learning to copy 'all the letters in a big round hand.' Call on him at the office, and if he be not out on some very important errand, such as filing an affidavit or some pleading, he will be found seated with more importance than his principal dares assume, reducing to legibility some legal scrawl. And does this continue for two years? Yes, often for five, and sometimes longer. Now let us glance at the case of the 'three year man.' His practice is similar to that of the 'five year man.' Look in upon him a couple of months after he has taken his seat at his desk. He came fresh from his college, where his duties gave him only a limited leisure. He was successful, and feels his honours thick upon him. He took that desk filled with a boundless ambition —'a cork leg or a fortune' was constantly on his tongue. See him, now, thoroughly discouraged, he tries 'to read law,' but at every turn he meets new terms and phrases that long ago had lost their original meaning. What would a lecture, explaining those empty phrases, not be worth to him? How much better then would it be for both of these classes of students, were there

lectures which they were compelled to attend—in order that the one should gain an insight into its historical and philosophical aspects, and that the other might be initiated in the mysteries of legal phraseology, both meanwhile having added to their desire for legal knowledge that zest which is so necessary.

There are now four Examiners, two of whom have been engaged in a labour of love—lecturing gratuitously to a large attendance of appreciative students. Mr. Davin has clearly shewn that they are well fitted for lecturers. 'To the student just entered, a finger post is more desirable than a philosopher.' It is better that they should be practising barristers than professional teachers, for, in the words of Austin, 'The realities with which such men have to deal are the best correctives of any tendency to antiquarian trifling or wild philosophy, to which men of science might be prone.'

The purpose of shortening time is foreign to a school such as is here advocated. Thrusting out upon the country men as unacquainted with the law, as they are with the different modes of putting the same in motion, can answer no good end, and the main purpose contemplated is grounding the student in the elements at the outset. Medical students are compelled to attend lectures for six months in each of the three or four years' study required of them and are expected to be under the surveillance of a practitioner during the remaining six months of each of those years. Why should not all law students be compelled to attend lectures, in the one case two sessions of six months each out of the five years, and in the other case one session of the same length out of the three years of study required of them? The medical student is required to do so much work in the dissecting room and spend so much time in hospital practice and thus he is accustomed to deal with the realities of his profession. The law student, it is contended, should be required to attend lectures which would include attendance at moot court and an attendance, which could be insured by a system of pass tickets, at the courts which might be holden during the session. It will be argued that the cases of the medical and law student are not at all similar; of course, it is acknowledged that in the concrete there is some difference between administering a dose of calomel or strychnine, which are without doubt good remedies, and yet drugs requiring great nicety in handling, and giving advice in an action of trespass where the party advised, if the advice administered be not correct, may be mulcted in heavy damages, yet in the abstract they are same. It will also be urged that it would be a great hardship on many who would not be able to afford the extra cost of compulsory attendance on free lectures; then, it must be acknowledged the compulsory attendance of the medical student on lectures for which he has to pay is a greater hardship.

In conclusion it is urged that, at the election of new Benchers, which takes place in April of next year, those, whether students or barristers, interested in the establishment of a School of Law, demand of the men seeking to be elected to that honourable position, the consideration of a reform in legal education. Let their attention be called to the controversy on the subject and the changes that have taken place in England. As it seems so necessary that Canadian reforms should follow those which take place in England, let it be demanded that the reforms in legal education be followed.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

A STABLE fortress is our God,
A shield and sword to arm us,
Secure within our strong abode,
No deadly foe can harm us—
Not even that ancient foe,
Who wrought man's overthrow,
Who, armed with craft and power,
And eager to devour,
On earth hath none to match him.

In our own might we strive in vain,
Our strength is weakness ever,
But for us fights the Chosen Man,
Appointed to deliver.
Who is this chosen one?
'Tis Jesus Christ, the Son,
The Lord of Hosts, 'tis He
Who wins the victory
In every field of battle.

Though powers of darkness throng the air,
With fiery darts assailing,
Our souls we yield not to despair,
By faith we stand unquailing.
Let come the Prince of Ill,
With all his might and skill,
Yet shall he not succeed,
Because his doom's decreed,
A little word shall slay him.

God's word for ever doth abide,
In spite of foes remaining,
Himself for ever at our side,
His Spirit still sustaining.
And should they in the strife,
Take kindred, goods and life,
Small is the prize they gain,
For us there still remain
The Eternal Crown and Kingdom.

—W. G.

TORONTO.

COLONIAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.*

BY W. J. RATTRAY, B.A., TORONTO.

IT is one of the subsidiary advantages of free government that the people generally are educated by the very system which secures to them their liberties, and commits these to their jealous guardianship. Canadians may well be proud of their constitutional privileges, seeing that they alone can be the secure guarantee of present content and progressive development. In this country, the struggle for 'responsible government,' as it is conveniently, if not with absolute correctness, termed, deserves a fuller historical record than it has yet secured. A futile conflict, physically considered, wrought with us that radical and beneficent change in the Colonial system which resulted in a newer and more liberal extension of Canadian autonomy. The men who passed Mr. Morin's ninety-two resolutions, and wrestled with oligarchical influence in Upper Canada were, in fact, although not by their political wisdom or discretion, the liberators of the people. No one takes particular interest now in the skirmishes of St. Eustache, the Windmill, Gallows Hill, or Navy Island; yet these irregular and altogether abortive exploits brought about Lord Durham's Report of 1839, and the full concession of Canadian autonomy under the auspices of Lord Grey in Downing street, and Lord Elgin at Montreal.

What then is the system which eventually trampled over the old paternal system, administered by colonial coteries? That is the question Mr. Todd essays to answer in the learned and exhaustive work noted below. All of us have a general idea of popular government as it obtains in Canada, even if we do not fully realize how inestimable a possession it is, and will prove itself to be, during all generations to come. It is our pride and satisfaction to know that no caprice on the part of the Monarch, no whim of a Colonial Secretary, no perverse or sinister act of a Governor, no wanton usurpation of minister or parliamentary majority, can do more than fleck the azure of our political firmament for the passing hour. Let once the healthful breeze of popular determination smite the passing clouds, and they are driven away before the blast, to be no more seen. All constitutional authority emanates from the people; and, in the last resort, must, directly or indirectly, be sanctioned or condemned by them, according as its use or misuse may dictate. This is the fundamental maxim upon which any complete theory of parliamentary government must rest, or be not only unworkable but indefensible. The machinery may be varied according to the genius and traditions of the people; but, it must be strenuously maintained that all constitutional power is exercised for the people, and ultimately by the people. Unless that cardinal principle be cordially, frankly, and boldly vindicated, both in theory and practice, free institutions can have no existence, however popular the system may be to outward seeming.

Everyone knows, and can master that elementary axiom in our constitional system; but it is not quite so

*_Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies._ By Alpheus Todd, Librarian of Parliament, Canada; author of Parliamentary Government in England, etc. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1880.

certain that the governmental apparatus, in all its complexity, is universally appreciated, or even intelligently grasped, by the masses at large. At times, political crises will occur; and then the ordinary notion of popular supremacy seems inadequate. These transitional difficulties are usually aggravated by the intensity of party excitement and passion; and, on both sides, people's acuteness of vision is marred by a sort of political strabismus. The pressing question with hot-headed partizans is not 'what saith the constitution?' but 'how may we so warp the existing machinery as to benefit our own party, and give it a plausible claim to be considered in the right?' These are periods of trial, and sometimes of serious perplexity in practice, and only an honest and fearless adherence to the strict lines of the constitution may extricate the country from its serious peril. In this country—indeed, in all the colonies—there have been so many constitutional changes, either in the framework or in the interpretation of the political system, that, at such moments, there is a natural, but most pernicious, tendency to wrest constitutional maxims to the destruction of opponents. On some few occasions party dudgeon has run so high that the first principles of parliamentary rule have seemed to be abrogated, or at least to lie in abeyance. At these critical junctures there appear to be no abiding maxims of government—*inter arma silent leges.*

Now it is Mr. Todd's distinctive purpose to expound our political system upon the practical basis of precedent and experiment. If, as Governor Simcoe alleged, our system was to be 'an image and transcript of the British constitution,' in so far as its axioms are compatible with Imperial supremacy, the necessity of a critical analysis as to principles in the light of their concrete application to the colonies becomes obvious. The general principle that the popular will must be the foundation of power, is of inestimable value; but it is too vague, when a crucial emergency arises. In Canada we have three branches of the legislature, the Governor, the Senate, and the Commons. Of these the first is personally responsible only to the colonial office; the second is practically irresponsible; the third derives its authority, and is ultimately answerable to the entire electorate. Evidently then, the popular chamber alone reflects, or should reflect—for it does not always do so—'the well-understood wishes of the people.' Between the Governor and Parliament, however, is the Cabinet — a body known only to the unwritten law of the constitution, except in so far as its existence and functions are recognised by the B. N. America Act of 1867. In the words of Mr. Gladstone, this committee of Parliament —for such it is—'stands between the Sovereign and Parliament, and is bound to be loyal to both' (Todd, p. 593). They possess, to quote from the same high authority, the 'responsibility of deciding what shall be done in the Crown's name, in every branch of administration, and every department of policy, coupled only with the alternative of ceasing to be ministers, if, what they may advisedly deem the requisite power of action, be denied them' (*Ibid.* p. 18). The Cabinet must possess the confidence of the people's representatives or resign. Should they forfeit that confidence, there is the further alternative of an appeal directly from the Commons to the people, provided their advice to that effect be accepted by his Excellency. All this is easily apprehended, because everything is done in the course of public discussion, and the accession to power, and the defeat and resignation of Cabinets, are of familiar occurrence.

But the position occupied by Her Majesty's representative in the Dominion is not so clearly understood—perhaps it is occasionally, though not from any sinister motive, deliberately

misrepresented. It is somewhat singular that, notwithstanding the *consensus* of opinion on the subject, not merely amongst text-book writers—who are, like lawyers, unjustly assailed at times—but of all statesmen, irrespective of party in England, such crude and utterly unconstitutional notions regarding the functions of the Crown or its Colonial representatives should prevail. Moreover, in Canada, we have had so many salient examples of the normal discharge of these functions at critical exigencies, that the *fainéant* theory is utterly inexplicable. It is to confute prevalent fallacies that Mr. Todd devotes a large portion of his work. He shows by a complete survey of the most recent cases in all the self-governing colonies that the Governor-General, like the Sovereign, is far from being a merely ornamental figure-head to the body politic. The name of Mr. Gladstone, which should carry great weight, at least with all Liberals, is again invoked in favour of the true constitutional doctrine.* The Crown or its colonial representative is absolutely irresponsible personally to Parliament; but in order to conserve this irresponsibility, it is absolutely necessary that Ministers shall be found willing to answer for all executive or administrative acts, as well as legislative measures, to the people's representatives. If at any particular crisis the Queen or the Governor-General happen to differ from the sworn advisers of the Crown, the latter must either yield, resign, or compromise matters. The head of the Government may dismiss Ministers at pleasure; but he can only dismiss them when he chooses, on the implied condition that successors can be found who will undertake to defend what has been done to the House and country. Moreover the Governor may agree to dissolve the Commons or refuse to do so, as he thinks fit, with a similar qualification that, in the end, those who step forward to defend his course, receive the confidence of Parliament. When a change of administration becomes necessary his freedom of choice is unlimited—bounded only by the same inevitable condition.

It may be urged, why press a bald principle so pertinaciously when, after all, the people will have their own way. The answer is, because some of our Governors have suffered unjustifiable abuse and reproach for simply discharging the proper functions of their office. Either the Governor-General counts for something in the State, or he does not; if the former, then the vulgar notion of his duties is not only erroneous but mischievously so; if the latter, then our whole constitutional fabric is built upon a false basis, all the precedents must be set aside, and every statesman whose views are worth citing has been in error. The functions of a Colonial Governor, therefore, ought to be correctly stated and intelligently understood, from a judicial, and not from a partizan, standpoint. Were the true position of the Queen's Representative clearly recognised, those occasional ebullitions of factional fury which mar Canadian history would not recur in the future. Mr. Todd has done the people no small service by unfolding, in a plain and dispassionate style, the constitutional *status* of our Governors. The party heat, which blasts impartial consideration of the matter, is not so innocuous as may at first sight appear. On the contrary, it is fraught with serious mischief, not always to be averted or overcome so easily as it has usually been in times past. The work before us places a delicate question in the only light that will bear serious examination, and serves to dissipate constitutional errors, which, if only because they are errors, cannot be considered harmless.

The cases in which the prerogative of the Governor-General has been

*See extracts from a paper in the *North American Review* (September-October, 1878) on 'Gleanings of Past Years,' vol. i. pp. 203 to 243, as quoted by our author pp. 18-22.

either invoked unconstitutionally, or its exercise unjustifiably denounced are probably fresh in the recollections of our readers. It is out of the question to enter upon them in detail; but it may be well to advert to one or two of them, recommending the reader, at the same time, to Mr. Todd's luminous and exhaustive survey of the entire subject. In 1849, Lord Elgin who may be said to have definitively established responsible government on its existing basis, was called upon to reserve or veto a measure introduced by his sworn advisers, although they possessed the confidence of the House, and also of the country. In the Legislative Council the Rebellion Losses Bill passed on a vote of 20 to 14; while in the popular branch of the Legislature, Mr. Lafontaine's chief resolution was carried on a vote of 48 to 23, or over two-thirds. This was a case of the unconstitutional invocation of prerogative. In 1858, the Hon. George Brown undertook to form a ministry with a hostile Assembly. It appears to us that Sir Edmund Head had no right to make it a condition precedent to his acceptance of Mr. Brown, for Premier, that he would not solicit a dissolution. The hon. gentleman's answer to that 'feeler,' if it may be so termed, was at once dignified and constitutional. The Governor, no doubt, thought to prevent a difficulty which he foresaw must arise; still he was in the wrong, until his new advisers were sworn in. So soon as that was done he acted strictly within his rights in refusing the dissolution, and, as the event proved, he soon found advisers who not only consented to be responsible for his act, but also possessed the confidence of Parliament.

The Pacific Scandal imbroglio needs only to be mentioned, because to discuss it in full would far transcend the the space at command. It appears, now that the passions of the hour have cooled into a reasonable state of calmness, that Lord Dufferin dealt with the matter, which was admittedly a difficult one, with singular tact and judgment. It must be admitted that the Ministers who advised a prorogation were, at the moment, arraigned at the bar of public opinion; still they were not only unconvicted, but had not as yet been put upon trial. The failure of the Oaths Bill had placed His Excellency in a delicate position; yet, on a calm and dispassionate survey of the case, he could have little hesitation as to the constitutional course to be adopted. Ministers unquestionably retained the confidence of a parliamentary majority, and he was bound to accept their advice, or force them to resign. On the latter alternative, a dissolution must have been conceded to the minority; the charges against Ministers, instead of being impartially sifted, with judicial skill and equanimity, would have been brawlingly adjudicated upon from the stump; and the result could hardly have been looked at with satisfaction after the elections. As the event proved, no injury was done to the Opposition; only indecorous thirst for a party triumph received a rebuke, and the Oppositition had, in the end, the satisfaction of securing office in a constitutional way.

The celebrated Letellier case remains to be noticed, because it touches the very heart of the matter before us. The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec dismissed Mr. DeBoucherville and his colleagues from office for causes assigned. The chief of these was that they had initiated measures, and even issued proclamations in his name, either without the form of consultation with him, or any sanction from him, but, as in the case of the Railway Bill, in defiance of his protest. Mr. Todd proves, with almost superfluous fulness, that he had a right to dismiss his cabinet. Indeed, of that there can be no reasonable doubt at all. Ministers, who either ignore the Crown or a Governor are, without question, liable to that penalty; *à fortiori* the Quebec Cabinet was so liable, seeing that they had

not only treated Mr. Letellier with disrespect, but had also acted in his name in prosecuting a policy to which he was strenuously opposed. The plain duty before them was either to convince the Lieutenant-Governor that they were in the right or to resign their offices, so that he might find other advisers willing to face responsibility before the country. Instead of doing either, the sworn Ministers of the Crown, chose deliberately to persist in their course, with as cool determination as if no such officer existed under the Confederation Act as a Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. Mr. Letellier had no resource left but the exercise of his constitutional prerogative of dismissal. He had recourse to it, and Mr. Joly succeeded in forming a Ministry which appealed to the electors with temporary success. It seems necessary here to note that whether the new advisers, in fact, receive the support of the people or not, is beside the present question. In the latter case the Lieutenant-Governor must accept such advisers as can command the confidence of the new House; but that has nothing whatever to do with the constitutionality of his initial act. George III., on two occasions, dismissed the Cabinet, and his new counsellors were sustained by the people; William IV., on the other hand, 'dished the Whigs,' only to find his Tory Ministers rejected at the polls.

Mr. Todd's account of this latest precedent in Canadian politics should be attentively read by all intelligent Canadians. It proves, beyond question, that constitutional precedent is superior to any fancied theory of our governmental system evolved from the inner consciousness. Responsible government is a priceless boon to the Colonies, but its practical value depends almost entirely upon a proper understanding of the theory involved in it, and the even balance of executive and legislative powers it contemplates. In the Quebec case, certainly, we have merely a Lieutenant-Governor in question—an officer appointed, and liable to recall, by the Governor-General, as the latter himself is, on the fiat of the Colonial Secretary. Still, *mutatis mutandis*, the same principles, determine the functions of a Lieutenant-Governor as of the Governor-General or the Sovereign herself. The dismissal of M. Letellier, again, as Mr. Todd takes peculiar pains to demonstrate, was irregular and without warrant on any principle, constitutional or statutory. The British North America Act declares that a Lieutenant-Governor may be dismissed for cause assigned by the Governor-General, and the facts of the case are at once to be communicated to Parliament. In the instance before us, the provisions of the law were precisely reversed. The Lieutenant-Governor was not dismissed first, and Parliament enlightened afterwards. On the contrary, a partizan majority in the House addressed the Governor-General, and, in consequence of that address, M. Letellier was cashiered. So that, in fact, the Commons, on an *ex parte* case, and under the influence of a strong party *animus*, really dismissed the Governor-General's representative, set over the local concerns of Quebec. The blow struck at the Provincial autonomy secured at Confederation will yet lead to disastrous results. The 'cause assigned' was the most ludicrous part of the matter. It was not because of the dismissal of his Ministers, since that would have been treacherous ground; but because the Lieutenant-Governor's 'usefulness was gone,' in the opinion of gentlemen who certainly did not believe that it had ever arrived. That may easily come to an end which never had a beginning.

Special importance has been laid upon this breach of constitutional law, because it is here that fallacious, and by no means innocuous, errors arise; but at the same time, the reader will, of course, understand that Mr. Todd's

comprehensive work covers many more topics deserving of attention. The five chapters may show this, by a mere statement of their titles. Chap. I. which is introductory, treats of the Sovereign, in relation to Parliamentary Government in England. In Chap. II. there is the application of Parliamentary Government to Colonial Institutions. Chap. III. contains a very complete 'Historical account of the introduction of Parliamentary Government into the Colonies of Great Britain.' The fourth chapter, which is the heart of the book, is subdivided into three parts, treating in succession of Imperial Dominion over the Colonies; of Dominion exercised over subordinate provinces by a Central Colonial Government; and of local self-government generally. The concluding chapter reviews the 'Position and Functions of a Colonial Governor.' The entire work deserves the closest and most attentive study by all who desire to comprehend fully and intelligently the complex machinery of our free institutions. It seems unfortunate that no provision is made in our higher seminaries of learning for instruction in constitutional law. Men receive, from our Universities the necessary equipment for every sphere in mature life; except that which covers their duties as citizens. It is strange that the thirst for culture which has been manifested of late years by all classes and both sexes, has not extended itself to the domain of political science. It seems to be a prevailing delusion that the science of government comes by nature, and that special attention to it is superfluous. Even a superficial glance at the violent party controversies concerning the fundamental maxims of our constitution —or at least about their application— serves to show that, as a matter of experience, it is far otherwise. The Provincial University College might take the initial step in establishing a chair of Constitutional History and Law; and if the Government cannot afford to aid in the work, there are surely men of wealth in our midst, who would willingly assist in diffusing sound views of our free and liberal system of polity among the future legislators and statesmen of Ontario.

TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

18TH MARCH, 1880.

OH Princess! in whose gentle bosom dwells
All tenderness for all that suffer ill,
The noble record of whose living tells
Of vanquished self and of triumphant will.

Oh, angel of the little children's ward!*
When little lips are parched and eyelids pale,
That keepest o'er the humble cot thy guard,
In melting pity for each lowly tale.

Think not that any hurt could fall to thee,
Or any danger threat thy royal head;
But that the hurt and danger still must be
Thy people's hurt and still thy people's dread.

* Referring to Her Royal Highness's connection with the children's hospital, London, England.

Thy people? Yes, we are thy people true,
In forest, field and plain all hearts are thine,
Hearts, that from British hearts the life-blood drew,
Will ever round thy mother's daughter twine.

Oh, heed not thou the little bickering cry
Of rodent statesmen, gnawing, weakly vain,
The mystic strands of kindred love that tie
Our matchless Empire with a living chain :—

The little mice! that, even in the light,
Come forth at times to squeak and frisk and gnaw,
And think to match their teeth with nature's might,
And frisk and chatter round the Lion's paw.

But think of men—five hundred thousand strong—
That stand with lip compressed and steadfast eye,
All prompt about the proud old flag to throng,
And shake the mighty standard to the sky.—

Unworthy words, all weak and meaningless;
Poor fluttering wing that ought to soar on high;
Sweet theme of gentle grace and tenderness;
Faint whisper of the gathering Empire cry.

—CANADA.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE FIRST DOMINION ART EXHIBITION.

BY AN UNLEARNED VISITOR.

AN event such as this, in the history of Art in Canada, cannot fail to interest, not only the lover of pictures, but all who have a stake in the growing institutions and general progress of our country. The element of practical usefulness—the combination of *utile* and *dulce*—which distinguishes the present from previous exhibitions, is undoubtedly its most striking feature, for whose successful introduction we are indebted, mainly, if not altogether, it is understood, to the noble and royal patrons whose names are identified with the movement. A few words on the subject may not be uninteresting to those living at a distance from the Capital, and, perhaps to some who, themselves visitors to the Exhibition, may like comparing their own impressions with those of others. The intention was at first, we believe, that this Exhibition should be composed wholly of the works of native artists; or, to be more precise, of artists living in Canada. Why this rule was departed from we do not know, but that wisdom was justified by the result is evident—the Loan Collection adding greatly to the strength of the Exhibition, both in quantity and quality. Those, however, for whom it was originally designed, were fairly and liberally represented; nor do they seem to have suffered too much by comparison with

the works of foreign artists, while the advantage to the general public of seeing various styles of art is equally evident. It is pleasing to observe that the public of Ottawa—a hitherto rather benighted public in such matters—has seemed to appreciate fully the opportunity given of increasing their knowledge and improving their taste—an opportunity which will not occur again in five years (Montreal, Halifax, and the other leading cities, in the meantime, getting their benefit), at the end of which period, we venture to predict an advance in art, especially industrial art, and an intelligent interest in art which cannot be otherwise than most gratifying to those who have given it this initiatory impulse. To a result such as this there must, of course, be some adequate means; these will be supplied, in great measure by the Schools of Art and Design in the Province, one of which, under the especial patronage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, is about to be established in Ottawa. The method of teaching in these schools, it may interest the unlearned to know, deals more with elementary principles in drawing than has hitherto been the practice in Canada; and the effect of such well-directed, systematic training is seen in the work of some of the pupils of the Toronto School of Art, prominent in the Design Department.

Let us, reversing the order of the catalogue, glance over the contents of these rooms first. They are full of beautiful designs for all sorts of things; it is difficult to particularize; but the wall papers are, perhaps, of the most general interest. One, quaintly humorous in its conception, represents a bird of the stork species, holding up in one claw a worm which he appears to be meditatively regarding for a moment before converting into a succulent repast. Need it be told that this paper is intended for a bed-room; and that the moral is pointed—if it requires pointing—by the legend inscribed beneath, 'Ye early bird catches ye worm.' The details of tint and form in this clever design are all that could be wished—graceful and harmonious throughout. Here is another: maple leaves of the natural colour on a background of darker green; and a little judicious outlining with gold adds greatly to the effect, and the graceful winged seed is introduced with advantage. This—No. 298 in the catalogue, Wm. Doughtie—has deservedly obtained the prize, on the ground, we believe, of its treatment of a native plant form, as well as on its general merits. It must have been hard to choose between it and two others by Revell, Nos. 287 and 294, which equal it in grace and simplicity, though not perhaps so bold or striking. The first of these presents our native hepatica, whose flower and leaf lend themselves so readily to conventionalizing, or rather require none, so regular and symmetrical are their forms; accompanied by the pretty little vine, name unknown to the writer, familiar to all lovers of our woods, whose long tendrils, set at short intervals with starry circles of oblate leaves, is a most fitting subject for such artistic uses as this. The leading tints, of two shades of chocolate-brown, are at once in the taste of the day, and in taste in a higher sense — their quietude corresponding with the unobtrusive character of the plants selected. No. 294 is another picture in itself: the eye dwells with pleasure on the handsome balsam cones and accessories, and returning, dwells again. Can there be a more desirable recommendation to a wall paper? so often the only picture with which the walls are blest. The same form—the cone—reappears in a design for a book-cover, by J. T. Willing, No. 283, only on a smaller scale—that of the larch. This and two others by the same hand, in which the Trillium, the beaver, and other purely Canadian subjects appear, are all admirably treated. These also have carried off a prize. More might be said on this topic; but the designs for stained glass allure us from it. Here, as in the last category, it is hard to choose. Mr. McCausland's collection has the prize; justly so, no doubt. The figures 'Spring' and 'Autumn' have both much freedom of line and action for so small a space; so, too, have 'Hengist' and 'Horsa,' which are full of life and fire. The writer, indeed, remembers nothing in this department that was *not* beautiful,—but will mention only two more; one a design—for what purpose it is not specified—No. 303, George W. Kellond—'introducing Canadian plants, leaves and flowers.' This combined, and most pleasingly, a variety of forms. The other, No. 302½, is the work of a young gentleman of Ottawa, Mr. C. B. Powell, and it is a design for a card receiver. A dragon-fly, harnessed to a waterlily with coiled stem and sleeping buds is driven

by a cupid seated at the farthest extremity of his floral chariot. This design, if suitably worked out, must, it seems to the writer, make a most beautiful ornament. Passing over numerous other objects of interest, we come to the designs for furniture. The prize in this department has been awarded to No. 274, John W. H. Watts, and the silver medal to No. 270, Cicero Hine. Both are very beautiful, actually and potentially. Actually, as drawings merely; so clear in every line. This is a point in which some of the exhibitors seem to have failed; notably in Nos. 266 and 278 (George Bennet, London), a cabinet and sideboard respectively; whose real merits were undoubtedly obscured by their being presented in the form of rather indistinct and smudgy pencil drawings. Another fault of the kind was seen in a design whose number the writer is not quite sure of, in which it was impossible to tell from the drawing of some of the horizontal lines whether a flat or a projected surface was intended to be represented. Not so, No. 265, a Naturalist's cabinet, of Grecian pattern, by George W. Kellond, and a remarkably chaste and elegant design. *On dit*, in regard to No. 270, that Mr. Hay, M. P., the enterprising manufacturer and donor of the medal, is by no means pleased with the award; the design being too florid and elaborate for practical purposes—for his at least. Leaving exhibits of this class, we turn to some etchings, No. 256, John W. H. Watts again, consisting chiefly of views of Quebec. These are good and interesting specimens of this neat and little practised art. Here are two sketches, No. 271, in common writing ink, we are told, of scenes in Norway. The vehicle, however, has not been applied in the ordinary way with a pen, but with a brush; and the result is correspondingly bold, and we should suppose, graphic. The same can hardly be said of the only pen and ink sketch in the collection. No. 253, M. Donaldson, 'Looking out of Hoosac Tunnel.' Who can look at this without wondering what would prompt any one to bestow so much fine and careful work on a subject without a single point of interest? 'Looking out of' the inky blackness of the tunnel, there is apparently nothing to be seen after all. No. 251, 'Various Sketches,' by M. Bourassa, the Vice-President of the Association, next claim attention. These are fine and spiritedly drawn figures on a small scale, each one of which might be remarked on separately, did time permit. The spirit of mediæval art, which drew its inspiration from religion, and was not too much fettered by considerations of the difficulty of dealing with the supernatural, or by too exact information on all accessory points, seems to live again in this artist's pencil. His cartoons for the frescoes of a church contain some noble studies of female heads; and the figure drawing in all shows this gentleman to be a worthy disciple of the school of French art, to which we may presume him to belong.

From the Vice-President to the Sceretary is a natural transition, and one in point of contrast most effective. For Mr. Matthews, whose studies in the White Mountains, Nos. 202, 3 and 4, and 189, may be bracketed together, belongs evidently to the school of English water colour painters, and studies the anatomy of a tree as the figure painter studies that of sinew; the fitful moods of nature, expressed in air and cloud, as those of the human mind, in the workings of a muscle, nerve or vein. That Mr. Matthews' patient and painstaking study has had its reward, may be inferred from the fact that most, if not all of these pictures are already sold, and for good sums. Nor is he alone in this substantial and much desired form of appreciation; Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Fraser, and others have been equally fortunate; and we must congratulate many a *connoisseur* on these additions to their collections. It may not be amiss to mention that His Excellency and Her Royal Highness have been liberal and judicious purchasers; and readers at a distance may also be interested to know that the Princess' first appearance, after her late serious accident, was on the occasion of her visit to the Exhibition—a perfectly quiet and informal one—on the morning of the last day it was open.

Fairly launched in the Water Colour Department, the unlearned critic with closed eyes, lovingly recalling each creation on which wide open they so lately dwelt with pleasure, feels bewildered as to which shall receive the tribute of praise and admiration. Nor is it possible in every case to pronounce absolutely on the merits of a picture, or enter into those comparisons which are proverbially odious. 'Many men, many minds'; and this epitomic formula

toleration applies equally to the artist and to his admirers. A painter expresses himself—the fibre and mould of his mind—in his paintings, as the poet in his numbers, the writer in his literary style, and the man of every class in his ordinary manner of speaking, moving, and having his being. The only thing is, whose manner you prefer. And the same with a picture. In some, indeed, the manner is so marked as to be in danger of becoming *mannerism*; among these we are sorry to note Mr. Edson's, whose high yellow lights seem to the writer to recur with rather too great regularity, in his oil paintings 38 and 87; in the water colours, 228 and 229, 'Summer-time' and 'Harvesters,' they are not out of place. None of the pictures of this artist, in this exhibition, seem to the writer, however, to have come up to his 'Burnham Beeches,' in the National collection, Toronto.

This is a slight digression. To return: Who for instance shall choose between these lovely creations of Mr. O'Brien's (who, now we think of it, and begging pardon for the mistake, is the President, and not Mr. Matthews; the latter being the laborious and indefatigable Secretary of the Association), in which the real is carried to the verge of the ideal, without, however, overstepping the limits, and these others of Mr. Fraser's, whose glow and warmth are a thing to be seen, not described! It has been said that of these two, the former paints always with a view to the effect of his picture on the mind of the beholder; the latter only with the endeavour to represent what he sees as it affects *him*. We do not know; and can but express unqualified admiration of both their styles. One little word of dispraise might perhaps be permitted; what is it in the flecks of foam and bursts of spray in Mr. O'Brien's marine pieces, that somehow fails to please the eye? Is it the quality which we think we have heard called 'woolliness?' Yet the poet speaks of 'the white and fleecy waves looking soft as carded wool;' so that, perhaps, would be no defect. It is rather a certain stiffness and flatness, not easily described; but, by way of illustration, let us look at the same thing in Mr. Cresswell's pictures. Here the spray breaks, hangs suspended, and will presently fall, you think, before your eyes. Of this artist's clear and forcible painting—if such terms may be applied to it—so unvarying in its quality, so balanced in its tones, nothing need be said to those familiar with his pictures; and to those who are not, mere description would fail to convey much idea. His contributions to this exhibition are all (if we remember righty) marine views, in which he excels.

A new competitor (we think), in this department, appears in Mr. Henry Sandham, who must surely be regarded as a valuable reinforcement to the ranks of Canadian artists. What can be better in its way than No. 94, an oil painting and diploma picture, 'Beacon Light,' St. John Harbour? Observe the broad, free handling, the colour, transparency, and movement of the water; the translucent fog, the capital drawing of the men in the boat. It is not, however, in water only that Mr. Sandham's powers are seen. No. 238, a water colour 'Study of Rocks,' shows us that he has studied them with loving appreciation of their pictorial capabilities, and learned in the words of a sprightly writer 'to humour them and draw them according to their little *lichens*.'

Let us, for variety, turn to the fruit and flower pieces, of which there are, one cannot help thinking, rather a super-abundance. It is much that none of them are positively bad; it is more that one of them is surpassingly good, No. 177—Wm. Revell—is the one in question. What a perfect little picture! How soft, how clear, how tender the touching! how delicate the colouring! And the careless grace of the group! Look at the Safrina Rose, half blown, at the right. The idea of its exquisite texture is conveyed, as well as its mingled tints. There are many other flower groups of which the worst that can be said of any is that they suggest rather too strongly the horticultural chromo-lithograph, and even that is not faint praise. The artistic capabilities of the Hollyhock seem to have the fullest justice done them; one of Mr. Griffith's two, No. 32 and 188, but which one, the writer cannot recall, has a sort of vista, is suggestive of Wordsworth's avenue of hollyhocks—the flower of which the philosophic bard was so fond.

But what are these curious blotches of colour, No. 222? An unfinished sketch surely,—or has some one been mixing colours at random? Increasing our focal distance, we see it to be a magnificent bunch of Phlox, one of Mr.

Fowler's inimitable productions. This most vigorous and original painter has nearly half a room to himself, in which to show us how he sees things. 'Not his' — to quote again from St. John Tyrwhitt's (the writer before alluded to), lively page—'the morbid, upholsterous fear of bright colour, which is sadly against naturalist landscape.' He sees red as red, green as green, and this was a great offence to many other unlearned visitors, who dubbed them gaudy daubs and passed on. If among these there were any who have a weakness for doing their liking and misliking by authority, they must have been much puzzled to know that this contribution to the Loan Collection was by vice-regal request; Her Royal Highness and His Excellency having previously seen and admired these pictures in Toronto. No. 223, by the same hand, affords an illustration of the artist's varied powers. How weirdly attractive are the fine brown glooms of this 'Lonely Road at Evening!' How cunningly enhanced by the streaks of evening red behind them. Even an unlettered critic must here recognise true artistic skill—if only by the sense of satisfaction in the seeing, which asks no completion from studied word or phrase. It is the road of a fairy tale. For those, however, for which this and its fellows have no charms, here are Mr. Harlow White's quiet half tints, and cool, to some tastes rather cold, greens. These views in Wales have points of great beauty, and received a corresponding meed of admiration, culminating upon No. 230 'Fairy Glen,' in which truly exquisite painting the artist's powers are fully displayed. We should suppose it hardly possible to praise too much the high finish of these lovely masses of foliage, where the light and shade are so perfectly balanced. The deep, still pool gives them back in darker reflections. A glint of golden sunshine falling somewhere in the middle distance finely sets off the whole;—a vision to be remembered. A view of Windsor Castle, No. 328, by the same, is, to the writer's taste, inferior to another of the same artist's in the possession of a lady of Toronto, which is unique in its point of view and management of half tones.

Lest we should run the risk of a sad satiety of outdoor subjects, let our eyes rest a few moments in this peaceful interior, 'Aberdeen Church,' No. 339. It is one of the few interiors in the exhibtion, and one of the best of those few; the others being Miss Montalba's effective sketch of St. George's Chapel on the occasion of the latest royal marriage (No. 320), and Miss Carter's 'Trinity Church, Boston,' and 'Henry VII. Chapel,' Nos. 151 and 157, all of which are excellent in their way. The free, *manly* way these ladies handle their brushes is striking; but a Bonheur, a Hosmer, an Eliot and a Browning have taught us that there is no sex in art. A study of a Dutch Interior, by an artist whose name we did not catch, and for some reason omitted from the catalogue, is, we believe, we speak by the card in saying, the gem of the whole collection. Its size is but a few square inches; its value the writer has heard stated at a thousand dollars. This interior contains figures—three men, in the picturesque costume of a by-gone age, and all,—figures, costumes and accessories—done to the very life. No words of ours could do justice to it; therefore we forbear. Mr. Broughton, of Hamilton, is the happy possessor.

Figure subjects, or rather foregrounds with figures, are about as rare as interiors. No. 154, W. G. Way, however, is an exceedingly fine example of the kind; and one could never tire of a picture so full of life and action as 'The Morning Catch.' The painting, too, is equal throughout; as a marine view alone it is as good as most; how much better than others, as a study of figures, may be best understood by a comparison with No. 235, 'Market Place, Dieppe,' in which the figures are, when contrasted with Mr. Way's, mere automata. It is a pity that a picture, otherwise good, should be marred by this defect. Flanking the 'Morning Catch' are two Pensylvanian landscapes by H. Perré—155 and 156. These pictures are cool in tone, and have this artist's peculiar neatness and finish. Mr. Perré's mastery of foliage seems complete; in proof of which, behold the willow,—that most intractable subject for artistic treatment,—in the frame on the right, becomes under his skilful manipulation (and only very slightly idealized) as picturesque as any other tree.

Much interest is naturally manifested in the specimens of her own handiwork, kindly contributed by the Princess. They bear every evidence of being faithful, honest work; and, if—to quote again from a favourite writer—'there is no such thing in art as amateur and professional, only good and bad,' there

seems little doubt to which of these categories H. R. H.'s unpretending sketches belong. The example seems to us quite as valuable as the work; for it shows to what command of pencil and brush all faithful students may attain, and how the imitative power may be developed, though the creative one cannot itself be created. A close observer would notice the unusual texture of the paper in the Princess's Water Colour Studies, Nos. 316 and 317, with a grain resembling a coarse quality of wrapping paper. It seemed, however, well adapted for its purpose, the colours taking a firm hold of the irregular surface.

A slight flatness in the pencil portrait of Lady Elizabeth Campbell, No. 314, might have been relieved by a few touches of Chinese white; but this may not perhaps be permissible in a pencil drawing; and, in fact, the writer, growing hot and cold thinking of the freedom of the remark, finds it safest to hasten to another subject.

This is readily found by only turning one's back—a liberty we *may* take with the pictures—when a sea-piece of great power in the painting and of painful interest in the contemplation meets and rivets our gaze. No. 329, 'Taken Aback,' a title which may require some explanation to those who do not go down to the sea in ships, and whose ways are not in the great deep, represents a vessel which, while speeding along under spread sail, with a full sea running behind, is suddenly confronted by the veering wind, and *thrown back* in the very teeth of the devouring waters. Hapless the lot of such a craft! Not once in a thousand times is there any chance of escape. The hatchways all running *back* from the bow so that waves breaking over the forepart of the vessel may find no ready entrance below, are now so many channels for the swift death that enters; and in a few moments the noble ship, with her living freight, is engulfed. This is the tragic subject of—we think we are right in saying—the finest marine painting in water colours in the collection.

The artist, E. Duncan, has depicted with painful fidelity the strained cordage, standing out in sharp, taut lines against the murky sky and sea; the loosened canvas, the awful confusion and terror of the scene. You could almost imagine, standing before it, that you can hear the timbers creak, and the wind whist e in the shrouds; you almost hold you breath, and wait for the final catastrophe; so strong is the action pervading the picture, you hardly feel it is arrested.

Here is a room full of architectural designs, most of them by names already familiar to us in connection with building throughout the Province. Of these, Mr. Storm's diploma drawing of Toronto University is, perhaps, the most beautiful, as its subject undoubtedly is. There are, however, many others very worthy of attention and admiration, too many to particularise. To mention a few only, 348, 'St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto; 'Jas. Smith; 362 and 3, 'Views of the Church of our Lady, Guelph,' Jos. Connolly; and the beautiful 'Equity Chambers, Toronto, No. 355, H. Hancock. A view of the old Government House, Toronto, date 1834, acts as a sort of foil to these, and shows what advances Cana la has made in this art since that period. No. 372, an original design for a Ship dock elevator, by E. P. Bender, excites interest in another direction; as does also 371, a view of the new Suspension Bridge below Niagara Falls, the work of the talented Superintendent of the Rideau Canal, and deemed worthy a place in the latest Paris Exposition. A few words ought to be said about the out-door sketches, the germs for future pictures, the judicious study of which is itself a valuable art lesson. These are dispersed throughout the building, but mainly collected in one room, and from them subscribers to the Art Union of Canada may select at pleasure to the value of their coupons. As the love of better things grows among us, it is to be hoped that we shall see these displacing the cheap chromos and vulgar abominations of all sorts that decorate (!) too many walls. How meritorious many of these sketches are may be inferred from the fact that here also His Excellency is a purchaser — Mr. Matthews being the artist; while one little vignette sketch of a waterfall — *un vrai bijou* —we understand, has been graciously accepted by Her Royal Highness from Mr. O'Brien, the guest of Rideau Hall during the Exhibition.

A very capital study of the kind—perhaps because of a something unhackneyed about it—is No. 194, 'Clay Cliffs, Lake Ontario,' T. M. Martin.

So trite a subject of illustration have our glorious autumn leaves become that one is occasionally tempted to regret their existence, considering which we

may be thankful that we do not see much of their ensnaring powers in the present case. For, except as a stray leaf here and there on an album page or Christmas card, autumn foliage is not an easy subject for artistic handling. Mr. Owen, No. 384, in the corridor has some beautifully painted leaves arranged as a panel. Why does not some one give us a branch or twig against a stone wall or some such background? The companion panel to this is 'Morning Glory,' a yet greater snare than the other; for, however it may seem to others, the writer has never yet seen an instance of this fascinating flower looking otherwise than vulgar in a picture. Sweetly simple and admirably painted are some Pansies near at hand, by Miss Miller; not 'florist's flowers,' but perhaps all the better for painting on that account. On the opposite wall are two fine illuminations, 387, G. Smith, and 388, W. Revell again. The latter—subject, Polonius' Advice to his Son—has appropriate illustrations, Shakespeare's portrait, house, &c.; in all of which we recognise the union of neat handiwork and artistic conception which signalize this artist's other productions.

If the reader would follow the writer's example, he will here, lest he should have an indigestion of pictures, lay down the book, and leave the rest till another day. For downstairs still remains to be 'done,' and downstairs there is much to do. All the oil-paintings and many of the finest pictures in the Loan Collection are found here; notably, 'Off Gibraltar,' 126, a picture never to be forgotten; a picture from which you bring away a feeling of having just come back from a cruise in those bright waters, exhilarated and braced in mind and body by contact with such pure airs as glow in this clear atmosphere, and fill the sails that seem—like the old lady at the tea-meeting—to be 'swelling visibly before your very eyes.' An intoxicating picture.

In No. 124, on the same wall, we have a most effective and judicious contrast; judicious, because the eye that has dwelt long on the heaving waves and dancing felucca, needs repose; and repose, majestic repose, is found in the tranquil waters and 'everlasting hills' of 'Romsdalfiord, Norway.' Its sombre tones—foreign to our own, and, we cannot help thinking, to most other climes—aid in the intense calm, the feeling of power at rest, that pervades this noble picture, and prepare us for the startling transition that awaits us in No. 123, an original painting by Turner; a thing that, but for an exhibition like this, few in Canada would ever see. This picture seemed a great mystery to all except the *cognoscenti*, and the *cognoscenti* are not strong in Ottawa. Most were aware that it was 'the correct thing' to admire, and most were honest enough to withhold their admiration. The truth, not known to all, is, that Turner *painted his impressions*—and we all know how different may be our impressions of a thing from the thing itself, or two persons' impressions of one thing. So, no doubt, when Turner, that wizard of the brush, saw a London bridge through a yellow London fog, he did really see the peculiar and phantasmagoric effect he has given us in this picture. Ruskin, it is, we believe, who says that when objects are seen through a London fog, the farther off they are, the yellower they look. Accordingly, we see the nearer objects, though still ghost-like and indistinct in the mist, coming out in their natural colours. If this suggested explanation is unacceptable, there remains an alternative one. This picture may be of the period when his painting, as Taine says, 'degenerated into lunacy, much in the same way as the prose and poetry of Victor Hugo.'

Another painter who surely paints his impressions of things, and whose impressions must be strongly tinged with ideality, is Mr. Jacobi, one of whose curious productions, 'A Timber Slide on the Mississippi,' No. 119, presents this artist's usual peculiarities of colour and treatment. So far as the writer's experience goes, Mr. Jacobi's pictures have a remarkable sameness; you have seen all when you have seen one. Of course that one may be very good.

Pictures of animals may be said to be conspicuous by their absence. So few are they; and the absence of the greater number of these would be no loss. No. 120, 'Dead Game and Dog,' is an unpleasing picture in spite of good painting, and of a particularly good setter's head in the foreground. We say 'foreground' for want of a better expression; for there is no background nor middle distance; but all the objects stand out sharply against a hard blue sky. In No. 117, 'Gathering Sea Wrack,' we see Mr.

Sandham's versatile brush again at work. Look at this ox with wide-spread horns and bowed head, drawn, one would say, in the very act of giving his neck an uneasy twist in the yoke. Like the doomed ship, up-stairs, you look to see the action go on. As is the ox, so are the men, admirably drawn—notice particularly the foreshortening—and full of life and spirit. What a contrast to this is Vogt's 'Startled Horses,' No. 5! These tame-looking creatures, standing as if put there by hand, in a certain attitude, startled horses! Where then are the quivering muscles, the swollen veins and starting sinews of that most high-strung and nervous animal! There are horses better drawn in No. 24, a 'Cattle Yard.' But the picturesque element is lacking in the new and well-built barns. It reappears in the sky, however, which to the writer seemed particularly well done. There is no lack of action, however, in the horses in this 'Battle Piece,' No. 48,—'attributed to Wouvermans.'

Can this be Wouverman's celebrated 'White Horse?' Hardly, we suppose, though it is a white horse. It is, at any rate, a capital picture. Deservedly occupying a prominent place on the same wall with this last, there are two beautiful paintings, Nos. 45 and 46, the one a portrait, the other the 'Marriage of the Princess.' In the latter are many portraits: we easily recognise those of 'Dizzy' and other celebrities. These pictures, of course, command much interest apart from their artistic merits; and portrait painters in particular would do well to study No. 45 attentively. 'A successful portrait painter has a little truth and a great facility in falsehood,' says the terrible epigrammatic George Eliot. Too true, very often; but to prove it we must know the original as well as the portrait. We are inclined, however, to suspect 'Sweet Sixteen,' No. 3, of being an exemplification of the remark. And it is *not* a pretty picture after all, though the picture of a pretty girl; the burst of staring light blue frock alone would settle that. And it lacks not ideality so much as refinement. Compare, for instance, No. 125a, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and there you see exactly what is wanting in this, we cannot help thinking, unfortunately chosen specimen of Mr. Forbes' skill. No. 118, a portrait of his father, is, we believe, considered by the artist himself, as his best work. No. 112, R. Harris, who shows a good many portraits—is a pleasing and natural family group, though one or two of the children are rather too obviously 'arranged.' 51 and 63—Wm. Raphael—both studies of our French Canadian compatriots, and one of which is called 'L'Habitant,' are to our taste, by far the finest examples of figure studies proper in the collection. They are simply perfect in their way, and Mr. Gilmour, to whom they are sold, is to be congratulated on their acquisition. What shall be said of Mrs. Schreiber's attainments in this line? Looking at this lady's paintings, not for the first time, we are irresistibly reminded of the story of Sir Joshua Reynolds and the picture he was taken to see by a friend. We give it in Dr. John Brown's words: 'He was anxious to admire it, and he looked over it with a keen and careful but favourable eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the colour and tone excellent: but—but—it wants—it wants—*That!*" snapping his fingers; and wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.' Mrs. Schreiber's pictures all want 'that.' No. 99, however, a simple study from everyday life apparently, is an exception to the above remark. We are now in the region of the 'old pictures,' for whose authenticity the Committee wisely warns us it 'does not vouch.' The taste for the old masters is a thing that can only be cultivated in the galleries of Europe. We hasten to confess our own total ignorance; and are unable, therefore, to say more than that the one which represents Ahasuerus and Esther, and which, we are told, is undoubtedly a good copy of Rubens, presents the known defects and beauties of that great master's style. Among the former may be classed such absurd anachronisms as the old courtier in the background bending forward, *pince-nez* in hand, to get a good look at the rising beauty; and the *spurs* of the monarch's boots, and the inelegant and commonplace voluptuousness of the female figures. Among the latter, the magnificence of the colouring, well seen in the golden vessel of elaborate workmanship, flashing gems, and rich draperies; the beautiful balance of light and shade, and the freedom and animation of the whole. The other large painting, said to be a copy of Titian, is very different in character. The design is allegorical or mythological, but the writer was quite unable to determine the nature of the

incident. The tone of this picture is grave; mellowed perhaps by time; the composition graceful, a great variety of pleasing forms being intermingled in the manner engravings and photographs from the works of the old masters have made familiar to us. Many other pictures of great beauty hang on the adjoining walls, of which much might be said, if we did not fear tiring the reader—such as the masterpieces of Mr. Fraser and Mr. O'Brien, among which it is embarrassing to choose. Two choice little things are Nos. 79 and 80, a marine view and a Welsh view, which are well painted on a minute scale. Here are tapestries from the celebrated Gobelins—pictures of themselves, and copies of fine pictures, as all the world knows. How much intelligence may inform a mechanical art may be inferred in looking at such a composition as 'Diana returned from Hunting,' the subject of the largest. Here is a bronze bust of His Excellency, the work of the talented Miss Montalba, and in another room, busts of our own Sir John, one taken evidently in his *beaux jours*, another as we know him now, and both excellent.

Here, also, are the spirited little statuettes of the Lacrosse and the Cricket Player, by Van Luppen, which most of us saw last fall at the General Exhibition held here; and a very striking and capital design for a sun dial, 'a commission from His Excellency,' also by Van Luppen. When reproduced in permanent form, some trifling imperfections of detail, observable at present, will, no doubt, be removed. Some good wood carving of Scriptural subjects (L. P. Hébert), destined for the Roman Catholic Cathedral in this city, are in this room, and some excellent modellings of leaves from nature, by an intelligent artisan named Russell.

Our last impressions are of two beautiful paintings from the same gallery that furnished 'Off Gibraltar' and 'Romsdalfiord;' and are quite as much out of the common run of pictures as they. These are Nos. 13 and 15—'On the Desert' and 'By the Fountain,' an Algerian and an Italian scene respectively. The one gives us a living impression of the desert's 'sad immensity,' as only such a picture can; the other shows us one of the Roman sunsets of which we read in Story's charming pages. We look at such pictures with a view to something more than finding scope for our critical faculties in studying the well-drawn line and artfully contrasted tint, which, after all, are but the means to a higher end—the body that holds the spirit. Such pictures take us out of ourselves; they transport us out of our prosaic and work-a-day existence to regions where, though existence may indeed be prosaic and work-a-day, still—for human life has certain aspects in common everywhere—it has yet picturesque conditions which must affect the mind and whole being as only contact with many-sided nature can.

In the same room with these—the first in the building—are some other pictures that should have been noticed sooner—a fine study of shipping by Crawford, R.S.A., whose merits strike you before a reference to the catalogue confirms your judgment; 'Interlacing Boughs,' an exquisite bit of landscape; Mr T. M. Martin's diploma picture, 'Summer Time,' quite the best thing we have seen of this artist's; and a fruit piece, consisting of some mellow pears alone, which is really acceptable from the absence of the usual hackneyed combinations. The delicately-executed glass that holds them, and the rich but subdued tints of the drapery that throws them into relief, all unite to form a harmonious and pleasing whole. The artist is John C. Miles, whose contributions elsewhere have, like so many others, been passed over, not because they had no merit, but because it was impossible to go through the catalogue.

The writer, in conclusion, hopes that these remarks, while awakening agreeable retrospection in some, may not give offence to any. They are given as 'impressions,'—nothing more. The very absence of technical terms, of whose proper use the writer confesses ignorance, denies the critic; but the article, it is hoped, may be none the less acceptable to the general reader on that account.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, Part III., No. 98a, Franklin Square Library. Harper Bros. New York; Jas. Campbell & Son, Toronto.

With this number, containing the campaigns of Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, the treaty of Tilsit, the projects of divorce, and the commencement of the Spanish trouble, Madame de Rémusat's fragment of history abruptly ends. We close the book with the same feelings which were inspired by the perusal of its first instalment, gratitude for the facts (and in particular for the *little* facts) it records and preserves, and regret for the general tone of the comments with which those facts are accompanied. At the same time it must be owned that the sentiments with which we view Napoleon's character become gradually less favourable, and approach nearer to those indulged in by Madame de Rémusat, as this page of his great history unfolds itself. His ambition, his reckless expenditure of life, his sinister policy towards the court and people of Spain, all shock the moral sense with an increasing vehemence. It is not till the time when, at bay before the armies of Europe, his best troops wasted in garrisons beyond his reach, he yet paralysed the movements of the Allies in the great defensive winter campaign of 1814, that our former feelings revive. In those days we forget the selfishness of his matured policy, the oppression of his armed hand upon the trade and commerce of the Continent, and we see once more the spirit of the Revolution struggling against the banded forces of Reaction. We remember then all the better traits of his character, we recognise the fact that the responsibility of that long combat, which deluged Europe with blood, does not rest at his door alone, and looking with admiration at the love he inspired among the meanest of his comrades in arms, we admit that there must have been something lovable in the man to elicit such an unwavering attachment. Years after he died, his name was a talisman to conjure with in France. Was it merely the French love of glory that caused him and his memory to be almost idolised? No, for although the foreigner twice bivouacked in Paris during his reign, that memory was none the less dear; no incidents were more cherished than those which recall his dangers and his difficulties,—that speak of the stern retreat from Moscow, of the last adieu to the Eagles and the Guard at Fontainebleau.

It has been said that he remained a Corsican, half-savage, half-bandit to the last, and there is some truth in the remark. The traits of southern blood were noticeable in him throughout his career, his accent was imperfect, his nature more reserved than frankly open. But a semi-barbarian! Could such a being as is painted for us by skilful pens have so administered the internal affairs of France as to have raised her to the height of prosperity? Could he have framed a code, could he have uttered such noble thoughts as glow through the bombast of this man's bulletins, or as appear in the letter he wrote to the King of England demanding peace in the interests of two great peoples? Or, as a last question, would it be possible that he could have inspired the French people with that attachment of which we have spoken, which outlived defeat, loss, a double exile and death, and sufficed, after the lapse of years, to gild the banners of his meretricious imitator with a transient gleam of glory and success.

The view we have before expressed as to the real authorship of most of the views of Napoleon's character expressed in these pages, is confirmed by several passages in this number. The cloven hoof of Talleyrand appears only too plainly. He becomes intimate with the Rémusats, talks to her privately of the *knavery* of the Emperor, and represents him as incapable of a generous sentiment, until even she takes refuge in tears from the disgust his tales inspire.

Talleyrand opposes the divorce of Josephine, his remarks are most magnanimous, and he urges the Empress to

strenuous resistance. At the next moment we ascertain that this prater about knavery had no real repugnance to the divorce, and merely objected to its being pushed forward at a moment he deemed inopportune and by other hands than his own!

The domestic impurity of Napoleon's life no doubt appears very clearly in these pages, but what is the lesson to be derived from that fact? Some would have us see in it the effect of the dissolving forces of the Revolution upon "the old morality, in place of which no new code had been formed." The "old morality" had very contentedly bowed the knee to dozens of acknowledged mistresses of the heads of the House of Bourbon. The priests, cardinals and bishops of the "old morality," had been proud to add to their titles that of Confessor to the King's favourite. There was nothing shame-faced about the "old morality." The mistress and her illegitimate children sate by the Royal side in view of all the world, and everything was so delicately managed that, as a contemporary observer remarked, "vice lost half its guilt in losing all its grossness." There lay the perfection of the "old morality." The mistress might lead the King by the nose, might ruin the exchequer, might alienate the offended Princes of the Blood, but everything was *so* politely covered up, and Madame confessed *so* regularly to her Director! A sad loss, that of the expiring morality of the Lewises!—and how sad, too, it was to see in its place the inelegant infidelities of a Napoleon, who, certainly never let his mistress enjoy the least influence in the State, never allowed the precarious attraction they exercised over him to be exhibited in public, and probably never confided a single secret to their safe-keeping. Unfortunately, however, vice in his case could not be said to have lost all its grossness, and the absence of delicacy must, we suppose, outweigh the absence of publicity when tested in the feather-balance of the "old morality."

The Scot in British North America. By W. J. RATTRAY, B.A. Vol. I. Toronto: Maclear & Co., 1880.

(*Second Notice.*)

OUR author does not receive with 'acceptance' the doctrine that the truly good man must approve himself the friend of every country but his own; or that he should like Anacharsis Clootz, at the bar of the convention, set up for 'an ambassador of the human race.' The Scottish people and their descendants in foreign lands need not apologize for their devotion to the heather: British history would lose many of its most brilliant and romantic pages if we were to overlook the effects of Scottish patriotism. The migratory instinct was of much later development, and strangely enough it was originally the outcome of the national devotion to the old land. When the Jacobites wandered over Europe after the undeserving Stuarts they daily expected that 'the king would return to his own,' but as time wearily went by, they became domesticated in foreign lands. Doubtless their wits became whetted to an unusual edge, for these gallant fellows often found themselves in the European capitals without other resource than the 'key of the street;' and when they sought a home in America, their sole outfit was stout thews and undaunted courage. Under the first of the English Stuarts, Sir William Alexander aspired to establish on this continent a New Scotland which would offset the New England. This Nova Scotia colony was, however, long in striking secure root. It is very interesting to remember that we had a Campbell of the Argyll family governing Nova Scotia more than a century before another son of another Duke of Argyll became our Governor-General. The Mackenzie River reminds us also that we have had *two* Alexander Mackenzies engrossed in the subject of the Rocky Mountains. Tourists to Murray Bay are seldom aware, we fear, that in using the name they are paying tribute to the first Governor-General of Canada; nor when sailing over Lake St. Clair, do they once bethink them of that gallant major who, after a life of most romantic incident, and though the Earl of Rosslyn's grandson, pined to death in a log cabin. Not a few seem to think that the Plains of Abraham were named from the worthy Hebrew patriarch. By no means! One of these ubiquitous canny Scotchmen, Abraham Martin by name, became a famous pilot of the St. Lawrence, and out of his savings purchased the afterwards memorable field of Wolfe and Montcalm.

It was William Pitt's proud boast that

he was the first to win for England the confidence and loyalty of the Highland clans. Thenceforward the Highland regiments were the flower of British valour. The Frasers left their mark on Louisbourg : there also the noble 42nd, or 'Black Watch,' won their maiden honours. In the final and decisive struggle at Quebec, the 'three Highland regiments' excited the highest admiration of Wolfe and Montcalm, whose names, by a happy inspiration, Dalhousie combined and commemorated on the same memorial shaft. After the strife was past, many of these brave Highlanders remainded to till the soil that their swords had won, and they were presently joined by loyalists from 'New England' who furnished additional evidence of Scottish fidelity under the most arduous trials. When Arnold and Montgomery invested Quebec, the city was saved by a single well-directed shot of a Scottish artillery-man, who furnished the occasion for that board which now shows the wayfarer 'where Montgomery fell.'

All this and immeasurably more of Scottish achievement in Canada is told in Mr. Rattray's delightful narrative : and to Canadians it should offer a great additional charm in its being told by one of their 'ain folk.' We again heartily commend the work to every Canadian interested in the annals of his country, and particularly to those who desire to see its history written with scholarly ability and dispassionate feeling. We will eagerly look for the subsequent volumes of the work.

Lands of Plenty in the North-West, a book for all travellers, settlers, and investors in Manitoba and North-West Territory, by E. HEPPLE HALL, F. S. S., Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co.

This little work, we are told, is written and published for the use and benefit of the public, and not in the interest, directly or indirectly, of any railway, steamship, land or other transportation or colonization company. From what we know of its gentlemanly author, we can vouch that the statement here made may be relied upon. From a perusal of the book we can also say that the work may be confidently and heartily endorsed. It is eminently practical, to the point, and replete with just such information respecting the North-West as all intending settlers and visitors in the country would desire to have. It appears opportunely now, that emigration to Manitoba for the season has so promisingly set in. The Gazetteer of the Province, alone, is worth the price of the book, while the statistics and other information respecting the country must be invaluable to the intending settler. As a *vade mecum* to the latter nothing could well be more compact and serviceable than this timely little volume.

Lord Macaulay, his Life and Writings, by CHARLES H. JONES. Appleton's Handy Volume Series, 1880. Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson.

Mr. Jones' knowledge of Lord Macaulay's life appears to be limited, and that confessedly, by the range of facts thrown open to the public in Mr. Trevelyan's work upon the same subject. He is happy to find Mr. Trevelyan's preface capable of 'adaptation,' and of acting as apologetic shoeing horn in the forefront of his own modest pages. But Mr. Jones is not a simple transcriber. He is a compound or stereoscopic copyist, and by dint of squinting a little into Mr. Macvey Napier's correspondence, contrives to give an illusory air of originality to some of his transferred impressions. We do not want to blame him for this : he is only the harmless exponent of a bad system, and before we accuse him of fattening on the work of other men's brains, we should at least enquire whether the American publishers *allow* their writers of this class to grow fat.

As far as we can see, Mr. Jones has done his work fairly, although we do not pretend to have taken the trouble to collate his dates with the original sources. The last chapter, upon Macaulay's qualities as a writer, probably afforded him more scope for individuality than any of the others, and he has certainly taken pains to collect in it the latest views of English critics upon the great historian's style and method.

The book will probably be welcomed by the class it is intended for—those who cannot afford to purchase the larger work by Mr. Trevelyan.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

VON SUPPE'S opera of 'Fatinitza' has been a great success both in Europe and America, and it seemed but fair to expect that its first representations in Toronto would have been witnessed by large audiences. This expectation seemed the more reasonable, as the opera was to be rendered by artists who, in former visits to Toronto, had achieved distinguished successes. When Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Beebe, and Messrs. Fessenden, Whitney, and Barnabee are announced as the soloists of an Opera Company, all who have attended concerts and opera during the last lustrum, know that the vocal work will be well done by all, while great dramatic ability will characterize the interpretations of some of the artists. This being the case, nothing seemed more certain than that the Boston Ideal Company would be greeted by bumper houses; yet the melancholy fact remains that they had not one paying house during their short visit, and that the matinée performance had to be abandoned on account of the small attendance. For our people to overlook such performances as those of the 19th, 20th, and 21st ult., savours of downright fatuity, and it is to be feared that a long time will elapse before Toronto will again have an opportunity to witness good opera. 'Fatinitza' is the latest of Von Suppe's works, and while it is a thoroughly comic opera, its music has a strength and breadth that in many numbers rises to the dignity of grand opera. It is thoroughly original and catholic withal, possessing all the sparkle and brilliancy looked for in comic opera, while presenting splendid contrasts in weight and mass of music. The trio march in the last act is one of the most brilliant, spirited ideas of the present age of Offenbach and Lecocq, while the closing quartette of the first act is so beautifully elaborated and melodious as to rank with the best productions of the Italian school. Miss Phillips, who sang the title *rôle*, is well known as an artist of the first order, and ably sustained her reputation. Her voice has lost none of its magnetism and dramatic power of former years, and her intensity of declamatory singing lent dignity to an otherwise light and frivolous part. At the same time, she was able to impart to her rendition of the merry lieutenant, a brightness and *chic*, which culminated in the trio march. This number possessed a fascination which was perhaps difficult to account for, but which was, nevertheless, so powerful that at the last performance the audience insisted on its being sung three times. Miss Beebe (although not the Miss Beebe who was the original member of this company, but her sister), as *Lydia*, sang prettily and correctly, and acted her not very arduous part with skill and success. The lightness of quality in her voice struck one at first as a strong contrast to Miss Phillips's magnificent tones, but this feeling soon wore off, and Miss Beebe very readily established a sympathetic feeling with her audience. The construction of the opera does not throw a heavy burden on the shoulders of the male soloists, which was the more to be regretted as these gentlemen were well able to undertake far more arduous tasks than fell to their share in 'Fatinitza.' Mr. Barnabee was a very successful *Izzet Pasha*, and infused a lot of quiet drollery into the character. The chorus was excellent, and composed of well-trained voices, a condition that has now become so rare that it deserves more than mere mention. It was evidently composed of people who had lately undergone a course of study such as Boston prides itself on, and it did Boston credit. The orchestra was not as well-balanced or as bright as it might have been, considering the rich and massive scoring of the accompaniments. All in all, the visit of the Boston Ideal Opera Company was an event long to be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to hear them.

During the same week the Royal Opera House was occupied by French's English Opera Company, who played an adaptation of Genée's 'Der See Cadet,' under the title of 'The Very Merry Mariner.' This opera is also one of the

latest successes, and has been running in New York for some months under the title of 'The Royal Middy.' It is altogether different from what one might expect from a German comic opera, being bright, sparkling music, as full of tricky peculiarities as Offenbach's or Lecocq's best efforts. There is not an uninteresting bar in the opera. It is free, melodious music, yet very rich in harmonies. As a dramatic conception, while constructed on a comparatively flimsy plot, it is full of comical situations, of which the company made the most. Miss Florence Ellis, who sang *Fanchette*, the merry mariner, has a sweet, well-cultivated voice, and an airy grace of action and delivery which captivates both eye and ear. A perfectly natural actress, with a pretty face and figure, her performance was one of the most delightful ever witnessed in Toronto. Mr. Herbert Archer, as the Brazilian, 'the most foolish of five foolish brothers,' was very successful, both in appearance and singing. The barcarole which he sings in the first act was an excellent conception of the soft, sensuous music which is popularly supposed to be peculiar to Central and South America. The other parts were all well sustained, notably that of *Lamberto*, by Mr. Eugene Clarke, who made a great hit in the stirring sword song in the first act. The choruses were well sung, while the orchestra, under the direction of Signor Operti, was excellent. The accompaniments were peculiarly rich in their scoring, and the orchestration was brilliant and strong. Altogether, 'The Very Merry Mariner' left a very favourable impression in Toronto, although, in this case, there was the same ignoring of a worthy performance that we regret to record in that of Fatinitza.

On the 19th, Rafael Joseffy gave a concert at the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens. A large audience assembled, over twelve hundred people being present. Joseffy is a pianist of whom great things are said, and of whom consequently great things were expected. Continental critics have all spoken highly of him, as have the leading cities in United States. On this occasion he played a severely classical programme, and displayed wonderful study and *technique*. He plays with almost feminine delicacy, and has cultivated to the highest extent the *classische Ruhe* which German artists strive for. His shading and expression were wonderfully fine and exquisitely graduated, his *pianissimos* being clear and distinct, while seeming only whispers. With all these fine powers, which must belong to every true artist, though not necessarily, perhaps, to the same extent, one gets the idea either of coldness or self-repression. Of these one is not artistic, in the sense that artistic means warmth and feeling, as well as absolute finger correctness and relative strength; while the other is conscientiousness as to the interpretation of his conception of the composer's idea. That Joseffy is not cold was shown by the splendour of his rendering of Chopin, and by the brightness and fire exhibited in two transcriptions of his own which he played. The inference is natural that his reserve in the rendering of the severer work was the result of his desire to show us the compositions as it appears to him that their authors would have them played. In this lies his great artistic power, and that it is great is undeniable. Yet Joseffy lacks that magnetism and power over his audience exercised by such performers as Liszt and Rubinstein, with whom some of his admirers would fain class him. We admire his delicacy and his exquisite treatment of the works as Beethoven and Bach probably played them, but we cannot help thinking that had the masters had such pianos as we have to-day, they would have played them differently.

The principal dramatic event of the month was the appearance, for three performances, of Miss Mary Anderson. The plays selected were 'Evadne,' 'Ingomar,' and 'Love.' The first-named drama was largely borrowed by its author, Sheil, from the 'Traitor' of James Shirley, a writer of the seventeenth century, and, like most of Sheil's plays, was written with a view to the acting of Miss O'Neil. It was first produced in 1819. 'Ingomar' is a translation by Mrs. Lovell from the German of Bellinghausen; and 'Love' is a specimen, and not a particularly favourable one, of the dramatic powers of Sheridan Knowles. We had occasion to remark last month, that in Miss Anderson there are the materials for a great actress. After seeing her again, we feel constrained to say that whether or not these materials will be turned to proper account will depend upon the lady herself.

The danger in the case of an actress so young, so attractive, and so talented as Miss Anderson, is that she may be spoilt by too early success, and led to believe that she has thoroughly learnt her art before she has mastered its rudiments; and that the numerous faults which are inseparable from youth and inexperience may become stereotyped into unpleasant mannerisms, which will become ineradicable, and forever debar her from the right to the appellation of a great artist. At present, notwithstanding all its undeniable promise, her acting is crude in the extreme. In the first place, she is yet too young, and has too little knowledge of life and of the world, to fathom the depths of such characters as those which she usually represents. The result is a general air of unreality in her representations. Besides this central defect, her acting is full of faults in the details. She is utterly wanting in dramatic repose, a quality which, more than any other, is the 'note' of a great actor; she overacts throughout; and she is too much given to heroics. There is too much striking of attitudes, too much rolling of the eyes, too much gnawing of the nether lip; and her tears are too copious and her sobs too obtrusive and too violent. In what may be called the *forte* passages she is so loud of voice as to approach perilously near if she does not overpass the line which divides powerful acting from mere rant. Her strident tones have the effect of restraining, to some extent, sympathy from a persecuted virtue in distress which appears to be so extremely well able to take care of itself. Even her elocution is by no means perfect. She takes breath so audibly as to be heard all over the theatre, and she is occasionally guilty of a false emphasis. So strong, for instance, is the stress which she invariably lays on the word 'my,' that a flavour of egotism is given to the character personated. Let not the motive for these strictures be misunderstood. To point out, with a view to their amendment, the faults of a young and rising actress, is the truest kindness; and greatly as we admire Miss Anderson, we are quite sure that, unless she makes a strenuous and successful effort to rid herself of most, if not all of the defects which we have pointed out, she will never reach the goal to which, with laudable ambition, she no doubt aspires, that of being a really great actress. She might profit much by so good an example as that afforded by the leading actor of her troupe, Mr. Milnes Levick, whose admirable impersonation of *Cardinal Wolsey*, when he appeared here with Miss Genevieve Ward, about a year ago, to say nothing of his recent performances with Miss Anderson herself, stamped him as an actor of no common order.

CORRECTION.— Owing to a statement which appeared in a daily journal, and which was not publicly denied, as well as to private information which we deemed trustworthy, we were led into stating, last month, that Mdlle Paola-Marié did not sing with Mr. Grau's French Opera Troupe in 'Mdme Angot' or 'Mdme Favart.' We have seen a letter from Mr. Grau, in which he states that the lady named *did* appear here in those operas, and we are happy to make this correction.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day,
In Spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

When Sydney Smith was out of health, his doctor advised him to take a walk on an empty stomach. The witty patient asked, 'Whose?'

Sydney Smith, upon seeing a lump of American ice, remarked that he was glad to see anything solvent come from America.

Elderly gentleman to a Frenchman on the train: 'You don't have any ticket?' 'No: I travel on my good looks.' 'Then,' after looking him over, 'probably you aren't goin' very far.'

'We can make circumstances what we like: we can make ourselves by circumstances.'

When a man says, 'I hear a noise,' it probably never occurs to him that there is nothing in this wide world that anybody can hear but a noise.

The English like French maids, and the French like English maids. That's the way a balance is maid between the two countries.

It is odd, and sometimes melancholy, to see a man trying to 'make up his mind,' when he has no material on hand to work with.

God loves us so well, so tenderly, that he will not allow our progress to come to a stand-still. We must do better to-day than yesterday, we must do better to-morrow than to-day.

Timidity creates cowards and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform that overcomes difficulties that others thought could not be surmounted.

God estimates a man not by what he *has*, but what he *is*; not by the lands, houses and bankstock which he has accumulated, but by the sweetness, generosity, and manliness which he has developed.

A Boston lawyer recently met his match in a witness who was giving evidence about an old lady's loss of mind. *Lawyer*: 'Did she look as I am looking at you now, for instance?' *Witness*: 'Well, yes, quite vacant-like!'

'Losh, John, what are ye gaun about raging for like the picture o' Sawtan in the Pilgrim's Progress? Keep mind, Job had patience.' Guidman: 'Tuts, woman, Job never had a coo that coupit (upset) a tub o' tar.'

Not all the children are destitute of reverence. A little girl wrote a composition about 'The Cow,' which she was to read before the minister. It ran thus: 'The cow is the most useful animal in the world except religion.'

An old-fashioned minister passing a fashionable church not long ago, on which a new spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was to be. 'Not much,' he answered: 'that congregation don't own much higher in that direction.'

The elements of true manhood are 1st Moral Purity. 2nd Moral Integrity—Be what you are, become what you may. Stand by the truth until the Heavens fall. 3rd Moral Strength. 4th Love—love to God and our fellow-man.

'You would be very pretty indeed,' said a coxcomb, patronisingly to a young lady, 'if your eyes were only a little larger.' 'My eyes may be very small, sir,' she replied, 'but such people as you don't fill them.'

'Has the cookery-book any pictures?' asked a young lady of a bookseller. 'Not one,' replied the dealer in books, 'Why,' exclaimed the witty girl, 'what is the use of telling us how to serve a dinner if you give us no plates?'

A distinguished and long-winded Paris lawyer lately defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and at the end of the trial the judge received the following note: 'The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defence be counted in the sentence.'

A California boy placed an umbrella in the vestibule of a church, with a long string attached to it, one end of which he held in his hand. When the service ended, eleven persons found out that this umbrella couldn't be taken away without breaking the string!

An Englishman travelling in Ireland, remarked to the driver of the coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles. 'Confound your Irish miles! Why there's no end to them!' 'Sure, sir,' said the coachman, 'the roads are bad about here, so we give good measure.'

An Irishman, at the imminent risk of his life, stopped a runaway horse a few days ago. The owner came up after a while, and quietly remarked, 'Thank you, sir.' 'An' faith, an' how are ye agoin' to divide that betwaine two of us?' replied Pat.

A pompous lawyer said to the keeper of an apple-stand, 'Your business cares seem to be too much for you. You should go into something which is not so trying to the brain. 'Oh, tain't business,' replied the apple-seller; 'It's lyin' awake nights, tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan asylum or to a home for played-out old lawyers, as is killin' me!'