

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
							✓				

THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 6.]

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

[No. 3.

MIRACLES, MODERN AND MEDIEVAL.

A CANADIAN journal the other day reproduced the account given by M. Majunke, a Catholic priest, and published in an Ultramontane journal, of the miraculous manifestations alleged to have occurred in the case of Louisa Lateau, a peasant girl of Bois d'Haine, in Belgium. Louisa Lateau, according to this account, unites in her own person the two prodigies of *stigmatization* and *ecstasy*. By stigmatization (from *stigmata* marks or brands) it is meant that she has miraculously imprinted on her the five wounds of the Saviour, which bleed during the day of the Passion, that is from the midnight of Thursday to the midnight of Friday, the blood on the forehead running as though under the pressure of a crown of thorns. Ecstasy is the removal of the spirit during prayer from the body to some supernatural realm, while the body is left entirely insensible to all outward impressions, however acute and even painful, the ordinary functions of life going on, but the eyes being glazed and the hands outstretched and fixed. A penknife struck into the girl's hand while she is in this state produces no shrinking

and draws no blood. In her ecstasy she understands all languages. What is even more astounding, she has lived for two years without any sustenance except the Holy Communion. M. Majunke, it appears, was himself the eye-witness of what he relates, and he describes, among other things, the motions of Louisa's body in her ecstasy, its rising up and "floating down," as evidently preternatural and baffling all the descriptive powers of ordinary language. "Louisa's cottage," says M. Majunke, "reminds one of the birth in Bethlehem; in the same manner as kings from far distant lands were drawn thither, so do Princes, Counts, Ministers, exalted and learned men—with the exception of Professor Virchow, who appears to be afraid of miracles—make pilgrimages to Bois d'Haine, to contemplate the wonders of God. Professor Virchow, we presume, is a personification of the scepticism of profane science. M. Majunke himself is a German priest, and a representative of the element at war with Bismarck.

These, as M. Majunke truly says, are by no means the first manifestations of the kind.

Thirty or forty years ago there appeared in Tyrol, near Trent, two girls, one of whom had the *stigmata*, the other the gift of ecstasy. They were the subject of a sharp controversy at the time, and Lord Shrewsbury, the leading Catholic layman in England, published a pamphlet to prove the authenticity of the miracles. We happened ourselves to hear a person, then a member of the Church of England, and one who in any ordinary case would have been a most credible witness, declare that he, in company with other persons equally credible, had seen the stigmatization with his own eyes. Nevertheless we believe we are justified in saying, that the supposed miracles were ultimately proved to the satisfaction of all to have been impostures, or rather mixtures of imposture with morbid self-delusion. It was reported that the Archbishop of Trent, a religious man, but also a man of sense, after long declining, had at last been reluctantly induced to visit the *Estatica* and the *Addolorata*, and that he had come away saying to the monks — "Gentlemen, religion is not disease, neither is disease religion."

These miracles are, so to speak, the trail of the Middle Ages. With the Middle Ages the great body of miracles passed away; but instances still occasionally occur in places where the medieval spirit lingers, and in times like the present, when that spirit is excited and alarmed by some particularly formidable inroad of the modern spirit, its mortal antagonist. At the commencement of the Reformation in England, when the monasteries were menaced by Henry VIII., the cell of Elizabeth Barton, the nun of Kent, became the scene of miraculous trances and clairvoyances in the interest of the threatened orders and religion. The interference of Russia and Prussia in favour of the Protestant Dissidents against dominant and persecuting Catholicism in Poland in like manner evoked Catholic miracles, among them a weeping image of the Virgin. The miracle of St. Januarius, of which

an account was given in a former number of this Magazine, has remained in existence from another cause: it is periodical, and being annually demanded by the populace of Naples, it is unable to escape into the womb of its mother Night. We venture to assume that it is an illusion, though Dr. Newman solemnly professes his belief in it, as well as in the Holy Coat of Treves.

The analysis of medieval miracles is a curious psychological study, and one not without practical importance in its bearing on some of the burning questions of the present day. It has perhaps been most systematically handled by M. Maury,\* on whose stores we will take the liberty of freely drawing, as M. Maury has done to some extent on those of Henke and other German predecessors, though without adopting all his solutions or agreeing with all the conclusions which he is inclined to draw.

It is in the legendary lives of the saints that the records of medieval miracles are principally found; and a careful study of those lives reveals three laws of the medieval imagination, by the action of which the miraculous element of the legends has been mainly generated. The three laws are: a tendency to assimilate the life of the saint actually to that of Christ; a tendency to confuse the literal with the figurative sense of language, the metaphorical being taken as real; and a tendency to forget the meaning of symbols and to supply its place with fabulous explanations. By illustrating, under the guidance of M. Maury, the operation of these laws, we shall perhaps somewhat diminish the reputed sum of human fraud, and if we add proportionally to the sum of human credulity, an age which believes that the spirit world holds converse with the denizens of earth through the legs of tables, may be charitable to the fancies of an elder and less educated time.

The sum of Christianity is the moral and spiritual imitation of Christ. But the monas-

\* Essai sur les Legendes Pieuses du Moyen Age.

tic fancy did not limit the imitation to the moral and spiritual. It ascribed to the Saint, as a matter of course, a literal similarity to his Lord ; and thus in the general absence of real materials for a biography, the miracles and other incidents of the Gospels furnished forth a legendary history for the glorification of the Abbey's patron and the edification of the religious world. There is a whole roll of Saints whose birth was heralded by miraculous annunciations. St. Bernard, St. Dominic, and St. Bridget are of the number. The mother of St. Clare heard a voice saying, "Fear not, for thou shalt bring forth a light which shall lighten the whole world." In the case of St. Lambert, Bishop of Maestricht, not only was the birth miraculously announced, but the child was nourished with the milk of a virgin. On the shrine of St. Taurinus, at Evreux, is the figure of an angel announcing to the Saint's mother her happy maternity, which recalls by its posture and the wand in its hand the common representation of the Angel Gabriel in the Annunciation. Miracles herald the birth of that most grotesque and repulsive of all the medieval Saints, Thomas A'Becket. The mother of St. Remigius, the Apostle of Gaul, is an old woman like the mother of John the Baptist, and his father recovers his sight at the moment of the birth, as Zacharias in the Gospel recovers his power of speech. Heathen legend has been curiously blended with Gospel History : on the infant lips of Saints famous for their honeyed eloquence settles, as on the lips of the infant Plato, a swarm of bees. The miraculous fast of forty days has been reproduced, according to M. Maury, somewhat sparingly, it having apparently been felt that there would be a certain want of humility in a too exact imitation. St. Albert, however, fasted for the prodigious period of twenty-two years, and, as we have seen, Louisa Lateau has gone two years without food. As to the Gospel miracles, they are reproduced in the life of

Saint after Saint. Multiplications of bread swarm. The miracle of Cana is several times repeated. The miracle of the barren fig tree recurs with a reference to the Gospel which betrays its source. Christ walking on the water reappears with some variation of circumstances, the Saint being occasionally carried over the sea on his mantle. M. Maury remarks that miracles of this class (and perhaps we may add the miraculous floatings of the body in ecstasy) are connected with the belief that the bodies of Saints, being more ethereal, were lighter than those of ordinary men. Saints also, like Christ, calm the waters. Miracles of healing are innumerable, even the most peculiar and mysterious of those in the Gospel being faithfully reproduced. M. Maury gives four cases of the healing of a withered hand, and St. Ignatius Loyola is not the only Saint who cures an issue of blood by the touch of his garment. The paralytic takes up his bed, and the eyes of the blind recover their sight by being anointed with clay, as in St. Mark, c. 8. Restorations of the dead to life abound, and with traits which plainly show what the biographer had in view. The later scenes of the Saviour's life are, for obvious reasons, less boldly appropriated, though the bodily sufferings of the Saints in their martyrdoms are compared with His. The Franciscans, however, according to M. Maury, set the example of a more daring imitation which culminated in the inscription over the church of the Cordeliers at Rheims, *Deo homini et Beato Francisco utrique crucifixo*. The birth of St. Francis was announced by the prophets ; he had twelve disciples, one of whom was rejected like Judas ; he was tempted of the Devil ; he was transfigured ; he suffered like the Saviour. The Acts of the Apostles and the Old Testament have also furnished subjects for imitation. One Saint multiplies oil in a cruse ; a second is fed by an eagle ; a third causes the iron head of a hatchet to float ; the staff of a fourth swallows up serpents. Others cause water to flow

out of a stony rock, pass unharmed through fire, or walk dryshod amidst the receding waves.

But above all, says M. Maury, the imitation is palpable in the case of the Virgin Mary. In the apocryphal Gospels the things related of her from the Annunciation to the Assumption are unequivocal reproductions of the corresponding scenes in the Gospel. Art lent a helping hand, and, as M. Maury says, we cannot look at Murillo's picture of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary without seeing that even in his time that scene was painted with all the features of the Nativity of Christ. The silence of the Gospel gave free play to the imagination of the devotee. "Thus the Virgin, who scarcely played any part in the theology of the first centuries, and who had risen insensibly to the level of the Creator, became in her turn a model set up for humanity, but especially for women. That woman had attained the highest degree of holiness who most resembled Mary, and the life of more than one female Saint had as it were its pattern in the legend of Our Lady." This new worship awoke naturally in the sex a fervour and an enthusiasm which are to be explained, not only by the disposition to mysticism, but by a sort of pride in having a deity belonging to themselves. Among the men the ideas of chivalry, the religion of love, and the fidelity which was its characteristic, propagated at the same time the worship of the deified woman.

Dr. Newman, in one of his lectures, traces the growth of the legend of the Virgin with the accuracy of a scientific critic, though in highly rhetorical language; then he professes his belief in it with the fervour of a devotee.

To pass to the illustrations of the second law—the tendency to confuse the figurative with the literal. In its infancy the human mind finds no direct expression for abstract ideas. It resorts to figures, metaphors, allegories, parables, in which the East, as the cradle of intelligence, naturally abounds.

But in the rude generations which gave birth to the legends of the Saints, the mind of the common people was peculiarly apt to miss the inner sense and take the outward covering of figure, metaphor, allegory, parable, as literal fact.

St. Christopher, according to the legend, was a Canaanite of prodigious strength and stature. Proud of his might, he vows that he will obey no master who owns a stronger than himself. He enters the service of a king, but the king is afraid of the devil. Christopher (whose name as yet was Offerus) passes to the service of the devil accordingly, but the devil shows fear when he comes to a cross by the wayside, and Offerus renounces that service also, and betakes himself to a wilderness, resolved to search for the Christ whose power the devil so much dreads. By the advice of a hermit he prepares himself for his conversion by carrying on his shoulders all the passengers across a torrent near the hermit's abode. One evening he hears a feeble voice crying to be carried over. He at once goes out of his cabin and finds a little child: he places the child upon his shoulders and plunges into the stream; but the child grows heavier every moment, and when Offerus is in the midst of the torrent his gigantic strength fails; he tries in vain to stay himself on his staff and begins to sink. The child then says to him, "Christopher, Christopher (that is 'Bearer of Christ'), be not afflicted because thou hast not been able to bear the world and him who made it." The key to the legend is the name Christopher, which denotes that we ought always, as Christians, to bear Christ in our hearts.

The new life unto righteousness which followed baptism was converted into a literal resurrection from the dead. In the case of St. Rhenatus (Born-again), the legend is founded, as in the case of St. Christopher, on a literal interpretation of a figurative name. St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, according to

the legend, restored to life some children whose flesh had been served up for his meal. In memory of this miracle, the Saint is always represented standing by a tub in which are three children with hands joined. This tub is originally the baptismal font, in which are placed three catechumens, types of the pagan nations which the apostle had converted, and to which he had given a new existence by baptism. In the Lateran palace is a representation of the Bishop of Myra actually baptizing catechumens, with the inscription, suggestive of the process by which the legend grew, *Auxil nactatos hic vivo fonte renatos*. The little figures in the tub are not really children, but men painted on a smaller scale than the Saint, whose moral superiority is indicated according to a usage derived from pagan art by the superiority of his stature.

The marvellous virtues ascribed to the figure or sign of the Cross, which was supposed to be a protection against demons, and a talisman powerful over all the forces of nature, may be set down as emanating from the same habit of mind. But perhaps M. Maury rather overstrains this particular explanation, when he resolves the legend of the finding of the Cross by Helena into a literal interpretation of the sentiment that to find the Cross is to find salvation.

The figurative description of sin as a moral leprosy, or generally as a moral malady, and of deliverance from sin as a restoration to moral health, has given rise to numerous legends of miraculous cures. St. Arnulphus, and St. Sebastian heal leprosy by baptism. Over the portal of St. Saturninus, at Toulouse, was the statue of the saint baptizing a young girl, with the inscription, *Jure novæ legis sanatur filia regis* ("by virtue of the new covenant, the king's daughter is restored to health"). But the people, incapable of understanding that a spiritual restoration only was meant, invented a legend of the miraculous cure of a young princess by the saint. Under the statue was another inscription *cum*

*baptizatur mox morbox lepra fugatur*, "baptism drives out the eating disease of leprosy;" which helped to propagate the error. One saint is himself restored to sight by baptism; another opens the eyes of a blind man by touching him with the Cross. In each case spiritual blindness has been converted into physical by the legend.

The doctrine of Transubstantiation has been described as rhetoric turned into dogma. The imagination of the vulgar did not stop at the line traced by the subtle theory of the doctors of the church. It turned the elements into real flesh and blood, and invented legends of the Host bleeding when touched by the profane. Blood issued from the Host, according to one story, when it was struck by the dagger of a Jew.

In the legendary lives of many saints, occurs a miraculous multiplication of money in the saints' hands. Here again, in the opinion of M. Maury, we have a sort of allegory materialized by popular misapprehension. The meaning of the allegory was that charity multiplies the means of beneficence. The occurrence of the same miracle in a number of legends points to some common idea as the origin of all.

Saint Judicael falls in with a leper whose malady inspires the people with disgust and terror. The Saint alone feels compassion. Harkening only to the voice of pity, he braves the danger, subdues his loathing, and takes the sufferer under his care. This sublime charity is signally rewarded, for the leper is Christ himself. The same incident occurs with slight variations in several other legends. Here the conversion of allegory into fact is palpable. Indeed, the words of the Gospel, "He that receiveth one such little child in my name *receiveth me*," probably supplied the original hint for the whole train of such legends.

Comparisons of spiritual beauty, sweetness, and bloom to the rose, the lily, the verdant bough, have given birth to a host of legends of blossoming wounds, of roses bursting into

bloom at the moment of a saint's death, of lilies issuing from the mouth of the saintly dead. One saint being asked by a brother saint whence he derived the force and unction of his discourses, answers by pointing to a crucifix. The biographer reports the words in their true signification, but the popular mind gives birth to a legend of a speaking crucifix, and the miracle becomes a subject for the painter. The weighing of men's merits and demerits in the Last Judgment has been grotesquely materialized by ecclesiastical art, and the same fate has befallen the conception of the other world generally, as will appear on reference to any of those visions of Heaven, Purgatory and Hell, of which several are found in monkish writers; and of which Danté's great poem is a sublime expansion.

"For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish; to the one we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life." (II. Cor. ii. 15.) Saints are commonly represented by the legends as dying literally "in the odour of sanctity," their bodies diffusing a sweet smell. From the bodies of the wicked, on the other hand, and even from those of great potentates, such as King Henry I., whose worldly grandeur was odious to the monks, a fetid smell is exhaled. By a similar perversion of metaphor, the incorruptibility of holiness has given birth to a multitude of stories of the bodies of saints found long after death in a perfect state of preservation.

The figure of marriage, denoting the mystic union of Christ with the Church, or of the soul with Christ, evidently gave rise to the portentous legend of St. Catherine, who was believed to have been actually wedded to the Saviour, and whose bridal chamber, says M. Maury, was long shown in Italy. The other legend of St. Catherine which represents her heart as having been miraculously taken out of her body and replaced by a new one, is an equally palpable case of

metaphor materialized. It was the legend of St. Catherine, again, in all probability, that set working the fancy of Marguerite Alacoque, of whom we heard so much the other day in connection with the great pilgrimage of Reaction to the scenes of her miraculous story, and who imagined that her heart was taken out of her and replaced in the same way. Marguerite Alacoque, if M. Maury's account is correct, furnished yet another instance of the perversion of allegory, for she imagined that the name of Christ was literally graven on her heart.

We can have little difficulty in bringing under this law the *stigmatization* or *impression* of the marks of the passion on the body of which St. Francis, of Assisa, is the first famous example, while the *Addolorata* of the Tyrol and *Louisa Lateau* are the latest. Spiritual assimilation to the crucified Saviour has been turned into a material imprint of his wounds. But hereby, if we mistake not, hangs a tale which has escaped the notice of M. Maury, at least is not mentioned by him. He refers to the text, "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus" (Gal. vi. 17), as the *origin of the notion* which has given birth to this train of legends. But he fails to observe that the *marks (stigmata)* of which St. Paul speaks are not the marks of wounds, but the brandmarks on a slave, indicating the owner, so that the real meaning of the text is, "I am dedicated to the service of Christ." Thus misinterpretation has been combined with materialization, while to both, in the case of these women, has probably been added the disturbing influence of disease.

Symbolism, the tendency to misinterpret which, according to M. Maury's theory, forms the third of the three sources of legend, was largely employed by the early Christians, as the remains found in the catacombs testify. But the intelligent use of symbolism implies a certain amount of intellectual cultivation, and as the vocal organs of the

barbarians were unable to pronounce the inflections of the Latin language, so their rude minds appear to have been unable to enter into the imagery which embodied the conceptions of the more civilized Christians of the Roman Empire. Their modes of depicting sacred subjects altogether were in the highest degree coarse, and the anthropomorphism which found its way into representations of the Trinity at last shocked the more cultivated of the ecclesiastics themselves.

The most familiar of all symbols, the serpent, was converted by the popular imagination from the emblem of evil into an actual reptile. Hence a number of legends representing missionary saints, who delivered a district by their preaching from its paganism and vice, as having miraculously cleared it of its reptiles. The best-known of these legends is that of St. Patrick, but Ireland does not alone enjoy the honour of supernatural purgation. The apostles of Brittany expelled the serpents which infested that country. In Wales, in the fifth century, the virgin Saint Keyna did the same for the district of Keynsham. In Pomerania a brood of fiery serpents fled before the advent of Christianity. St. Clement at Metz, St. Armand at Maestricht, St. Saturninus at Bernay, performed similar miracles. Many saints healed the bites of serpents. Holy water and the sound of church bells drove reptiles away. There is a Celtic belief that snakes, when they are some years old, get wings and fly away to Babylon. It is easy, remarks M. Maury, to recognize in this belief the emblematic character of the serpent as the personification of evil, whose kingdom is Babylon.

The lion was a symbol of force and of the devouring adversary of the Christian soul. It appears in an attitude of submission, by the side of the Hermit Saint, as an emblem of the Hermit's moral might, and of his spiritual victory. But the symbol was turned into a reality, and the story of Andronicus and his

friendly lion was reproduced in the legends of St. Jerome and other Saints. In some legends the lion was the Saints' protector, in others he was the miraculous discoverer of the Saints' relics. The wolf and the bear, like the lion, were symbols of demoniac force and cruelty, and, like the lion, were turned by popular fancy into literal animals, whose ferocity had been subdued by the supernatural virtue of the Saint. They were even compelled to serve the Saint as beasts of burden, a story which runs through several legends, each biographer in turn appropriating the marvel for the benefit of his own Saint. The hog, again, couched at the feet of St. Anthony, denoted the demon of sensuality vanquished by the austerities of the ascetic; but the popular fancy saw in it a real animal miraculously attached to the Saint.

The hart was also a sacred animal employed in symbolism, and, says M. Maury, constantly identified with the unicorn, which was supposed to bear the mark of the cross on its forehead. There is a set of legends in which deer are introduced, indicating the destined site of an abbey, or guiding to the place where relics are to be found. There are other legends in which the hart appears with the crucifix between his horns, and represents Christ himself, perhaps as the Persecuted One. Of them the legend of St. Hubert, Bishop of Liege, is the best known. On Good Friday, St. Hubert being profanely engaged in hunting, was carried by the ardour of the chase into the thickest part of the forest, leaving his train behind him. A stag of supernatural size suddenly appeared, and instead of taking to flight advanced towards the hunter. Hubert, gazing in astonishment, saw that the stag's bore between its horns the image of the crucified Saviour. At first paralyzed with awe, he was at last enabled by Divine grace to dismount and fall on his knees before the apparition. As soon as he had finished his prayer, the stag addressed to him these words, "O Hubert, Hubert, how long wilt thou pursue the wild



beasts of the forest? If thou dost not quickly turn to God, and resolve to lead a better life, thou wilt be cast for ever into hell." Hubert, like St. Paul, was converted and cried, "Lord, what wilt thou that I do?" "Go," said the stag as it disappeared, "to Maestricht, to my servant Lambert, who will tell thee what to do." Not only is the symbolical turned into the literal stag, but St. Hubert, Bishop of Liege, is turned into a huntsman, and the patron of huntsmen, whose anniversary was celebrated at many courts by a solemn chase. In this case, also, as M. Maury remarks, the recurrence of the same animal in a whole group of miraculous legends, indicates the existence of the common cause which set the fancies of the different fabulists at work.

The dove was the emblem of innocence, and also of the presence of the Holy Spirit, in which latter signification it was a frequent ornament of the baptismal font. But when placed emblematically at the side of Saints, as it was in many cases, it became to the vulgar apprehension an actual dove, in the form of which the Holy Spirit had manifested itself to these holy personages, or descended on the scene of their preaching. Among the rest, the dove which the artist had painted at the ear of St. Gregory the Great or St. Basil, to denote that the source of their eloquence was the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, lost its emblematic significance, which was replaced by a miraculous legend. The story of the *Sainte Ampoule* of Rheims, used at the coronation of the Kings of France and the palladium of the Monarchy, falls probably under the same category: it was brought full of divinely-scented ointment by a dove to St. Remi, at the baptism of Clovis. In a crowd of legends, too, the soul wings its way to heaven in the form of a dove from the mouth of the dying saint, especially when the saint is a virgin. In one story, which represents a dove rising from the funeral pile on which a saint's body had been burnt, it is conjectured that the

idea was derived from the pagan practice of setting loose an emblematic eagle from the funeral pile of a deceased Emperor. The raven was the symbolic opposite of the dove, and it, too, figures literally in a number of legends.

In Greek, the letters which make up the word *fish* (*ixθvs*) are the initial letters of the name and title of the Saviour. Hence the fish became a mystic symbol; and the meaning of the symbol in this case, as in others, having been lost, we have legends of hermit saints fed by miraculous fish, which are reproduced as fast as they are eaten. Sometimes it is the same fish which is partly eaten each day and becomes whole again; sometimes, as in the legend of St. Neot, there is a pair of fishes, and one being eaten each day, the pair always re-appears on the morrow.

The emblem of the four Evangelists, originally taken from Ezekiel, was literalized; the crown of glory was literalized; the horns which were a symbol of brute force became a literal appendage to the hideous head of the power of evil.

When a saint had suffered martyrdom by decapitation, it was the habit of the painters to depict him with his head in his hand, simply to show what manner of death he had died. Hence we have a score of legends of saints, St. Denis among the number, who walked, after being beheaded, with their heads in their hands. In the case of St. Cecilia, the musical saint, the process of legend-making has been more subtle. The words of the original story which represented the saintly virgin, while the profane wedding music was sounding, as making a holier music in her own heart to the Lord (*illa in corde suo soli Deo psallebat*), were rendered symbolically by the painter under the image of an organ; and thus St. Cecilia became a musician and the patroness of music by a title much of the same kind as that by which St. Hubert became the patron of hunters.

A mere name, misunderstood, has some-

times sufficed to give title to a legend. Sophia (Wisdom) has been turned into a saint. The same thing has happened to the names of Faith, Hope, and Charity. *Architriclinus* (Master of the Feast) has been distorted into *Archiclinus*, who is made the bridegroom at the marriage feast in Cana. The Ursula and Undecimella, VV. MM., (Virgins and Martyrs) of some old calendar have filled with the bones of *eleven thousand* martyred virgins a sacristy at Cologne.

M. Maury disclaims any intention of putting forward his system of interpretation as infallible. But we must admit that it is at least worthy of attention; and the reasonable inquirer will probably prefer it on the one hand to belief in a multitude of prodigies often of the most grotesque description, and on the other hand to the supposition of enormous lying and stupendous fraud

---



---

BROKEN.

[AFTER HEINE.]

(From "College Rhymes," by members of Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.)

I WOVE my love a wreath of flowers,  
 Her golden locks to bind,  
 She wore it for a few short hours,  
 Then flung it to the wind.

I gave my love a ring of gold,  
 On our betrothal day,  
 But ere it was a summer old,  
 The gift was thrown away.

I gave my love a man's true heart,  
 To link it with her own;  
 She rudely burst the chain apart  
 Ere summer days had flown.

I cannot give a golden dower,  
 And so we fain must part;  
 What have I left? A faded flower,  
 Snapped ring—and broken heart.

GEOFFREY NOEL.

## GERMAN LOVE.\*

(Concluded.)

## SIXTH RECOLLECTION.

THE next morning there was an early knock at my door, and my old doctor, the Hofrath (court physician), entered. He was the friend, the guardian of every soul in our little city. He had seen two generations grow up; the children he had brought into the world had themselves become fathers and mothers; and he looked upon them all as his own children. He was unmarried, though even in his old age he might still be called strong and handsome. I never knew him otherwise than as he then stood before me, his clear blue eyes shining from beneath his bushy eyebrows, his thick white hair still full of youthful vigour, curling and bright. I must not forget his shoes with silver buckles, his white stockings, and the brown coat, which always looked new and yet always seemed the old one, and his gold-headed cane was the same which as a child I had often seen standing by my bedside when he felt my pulse and prescribed medicine for me. I had often been ill, but faith in this man always made me well again. I never had the least doubt that he could cure me, and when my mother said she must send for the Hofrath to make me well again, it was the same to me as if she had said she must send to the tailor to mend my torn trowsers. I had only to take the medicine and I felt that I must recover.

"How are you, my young friend?" he said as he entered the room. "You do not look quite well—must not study too much. But I have no time to-day for talking. I only came to say you must not go again to the Countess Maria. I have been with her the whole night and it is your fault. There-

fore mind, if her life is dear to you, do not visit her again. As soon as possible she must go away into the country. It would be better if you were to travel for a while. So good day, and be a good boy."

With these words he gave me his hand, looked kindly into my eyes as if he would exact a promise from me, and then went on further to visit his sick children.

I was so astonished that another should have all at once penetrated so deeply into the secret of my soul, that he should know what I myself hardly knew, that I only began to think when he was already far up the street. Then my heart began to heave like water that has long stood beside the fire without movement and suddenly boils up, and bubbles and mounts and hisses till it overflows.

Not to see her again? I only live when I am near her. I will be quiet. I will not speak a word to her. I will only stand at the window as she sleeps and dreams. But not to see her again? Not even to take leave of her? She does not know, she cannot know that I love her. I do not love her. I desire nothing, I hope nothing, my heart never beats more quietly than when I am near her. But I must feel her presence. I must breathe her spirit. I must go to her, and she expects me. And has fate brought us together without intention? Am I not to be her comfort, and is she not to be my rest? Life is no mere game. It does not drive two human souls together like two grains of sand in the desert which the Sirocco whirls together and then apart. The souls which are brought near us by a kind fate we must hold fast, for they are intended for us, and no power can tear them from us if we have courage to live, to struggle, to die

\* Translated from the Third German Edition.

for them. She would despise me if I were to give up her love at the first clap of thunder like the shadow of a tree beneath which I had dreamed away so many happy hours.

Then suddenly all became still within me, and I heard only the words "her love," and they sounded again from every corner of my heart as an echo, and I was frightened at myself. "Her love!" and how had I deserved it? She hardly knew me, and if she could ever love me must I not myself confess to her that I did not deserve the love of an angel? Each thought, each hope that rose in my soul fell back like a bird which tries to soar into the blue sky, and does not see the wire which encloses him on every side. But then, wherefore all this blessedness, so near and so unattainable? Cannot God work miracles? Does He not work miracles every morning? Has He not often listened to my prayer when it rose to Him in full faith and would not let Him go till it won comfort and help for the weary soul? It is no earthly blessing for which we pray, it is only that two souls who have found and recognized each other may finish this short journey of life arm in arm, face to face, that I may be a support to her in her sufferings, and she my comfort or my sweet charge till we reach the goal. And if a late spring were but granted to her life, if her sufferings were but removed. Oh! what blessed pictures passed before my eyes. The castle of her dead mother, in the Tyrol, belonged to her; there on the green mountains, in the fresh mountain air, among a healthy unspoiled people, far from the bustle of the world, from its cares and struggles, with no one to envy us, no one to judge us, in what blessed peace we could contemplate the evening of life, and "silently pass away like the evening glow." Then I saw the dark lake with the glance of its living waves, and in them the clear reflection of the distant glacier, and I heard the bells of the herds and the songs of the herdsmen, and saw the hunters with their rifles clamber over the mountains, and

the old and young gather together of an evening in the village, and over all I saw her form floating like an angel of peace, and I was her guide and her friend. Old fool, I cried aloud, Old fool, is thy heart still so wild and so soft? Nerve thyself; think who thou art, and how far removed from her. She is friendly and likes to see herself mirrored in another soul; but her childlike confidence and ease best prove that no deeper feeling for thee lives in her breast. Hast thou not seen on many a bright summer night in wandering alone through the beech woods, how the moon shed its silver light over every branch and leaf, and how it lighted up even the dark gloomy waters of the fishpond, and reflected itself brightly in the smallest drop. So she looks out upon this night of life, and thou mayest bear her soft light reflected in thy heart, but hope not for a warmer ray.

Then her image rose suddenly as if alive before my eyes; she stood before me not as a memory but as a vision, and for the first time I was aware of how beautiful she was. It was not the beauty of form or of colouring such as dazzles us at the first sight of a lovely maiden, and which will pass away as quickly as a spring blossom. It was far more the harmony of the whole being, the truth of every movement, the spiritual expression, the perfect interpenetration of body and soul which gave such delight to those who saw her. The beauty which nature lavishes so profusely does not please unless the possessor can appropriate it, and as it were deserve and conquer it. No, it rather offends; as when we see an actress on the stage advance in royal robes, and observe at every step how little her dress suits her. how little it belongs to her. Grace is the real beauty and grace is the spiritualizing of all that is dull, and material, and earthly; it is that pressure of the spirit which even makes the ugly beautiful. The more closely I observed the vision which stood before me the more I perceived the noble beauty of every line-

ment, and the depth of soul that lay in her whole being. Oh! what blessedness was near me,—and was it all only to show me the highest summit of earthly happiness, and then to cast me down for ever into the flat sandy waste of life! Oh! that I had never imagined what treasures this earth holds! But to love once, and then to be alone for ever! To believe once, and then to despair for ever! To see the light once, and then to be blind for ever! That is torture, compared to which all human torture-chambers are as nothing.

And thus the wild hunt of my thoughts swept on and on, till at last all became still, and the whirling feelings were gradually collected and composed. Men call this quiet and exhaustion after thought; it is more like aftersight—we give the mixture of thoughts time till it all crystallizes of itself, and according to eternal laws we watch the process like an attentive chemist, and when the elements have taken their form we often wonder that they and we are so entirely different from what we expected.

The first word I spoke as I roused myself from my trance was, "I must go;" and I sat down that same moment and wrote to the Hofrath that I was going away for a fortnight and left all to him. An excuse was soon found for my parents, and that evening I was on my way to the Tyrol.

#### SEVENTH RECOLLECTION.

To wander arm in arm with a friend through the valleys and over the mountains of the Tyrol gives one fresh strength and desire for life. But to pursue the same way, lonely and alone with one's thoughts, is but lost time, lost toil. Of what benefit to me are the green mountains and the dark ravines, the blue lake and the mighty waterfalls? Instead of my looking at them they look at me, and wonder at the desolate human face; and it almost broke my heart to feel that I had found no one in the whole world who would rather be with me than

any other human being. With such thoughts I awoke every morning, and, like a tune that one cannot get out of one's head, they followed me the whole of the day; and when of an evening I entered the inns and sat down wearily, and the people in the room looked at me, and every one wondered at the lonely wanderer, my feelings often forced me out again into the night, where no one saw that I was alone, and then I crept back again quite late, and went softly up to my room, and threw myself on my hot bed, and till I slept that song of Schubert's echoed through my soul: "Peace is where thou thyself art not." At length the sight of the people that I met everywhere rejoicing and glad, and laughing amid the exquisite scenery, became so insupportable that I slept during the day time and pursued my journey from place to place during the clear moonlight nights. There was at least one feeling that drove away and diverted my thoughts, and that was fear. For, let any one try to climb up the mountains alone, the whole night through, on an unknown road, where the eye, unnaturally strained, sees distant forms which it cannot make out; when the ear, with morbid intensity, hears sounds without knowing where they proceed from, where the foot suddenly stumbles, be it over a root, breaking through the rock, or over a slippery path, moistened by the spray of a waterfall, and at the same time a hopeless blank in the heart—no recollections by which to warm the soul, no hope to which to cling—let any one try this, and both outwardly and inwardly he will feel the cold horror of night. The earliest fear of the human heart arises from being forsaken by God; but life drives this away, and men, who are created in the image of God, comfort us in our loneliness. But when their help and love forsake us again, then we feel what is meant by being deserted by God and man, and nature with its dumb glance frightens us more than it console us. Yes, even when we plant our foot firmly on the

solid rocks, they seem to tremble like the foam of the sea from whence they once slowly arose; and when the eye longs for light, and the moon rises behind the fir woods and draws their sharp points on the bright wall of rocks opposite, it looks to us like the dead hand of a watch, which was once wound up and will some day cease to strike. Even in the stars and the distant vault of heaven there is no support for the soul, which trembles and feels itself alone and deserted. Only one thought brings us comfort sometimes—that is, the quiet, the order, the immensity, the all-pervading presence of nature. Here, where the waterfall has clothed the gray stone on both sides with dark green moss, deep in the cool shadow a blue forget-me-not suddenly catches the eye. It is one of millions of sisters that now bloom by every streamlet and over every meadow of the earth, and have bloomed ever since the first morning of creation scattered the whole wealth of inexhaustible power over the world. Each line on its leaves, every stamen in its calyx, every filament of its roots, is numbered, and no power on earth can increase or decrease them. When we aid our dim-sighted eyes, and with superhuman power look deeper into the secrets of nature, when the microscope opens to us the quiet laboratories of the seed, of the buds, and of the flowers, we perceive anew in the finest tissues and cells the same constantly recurring form, and in the slightest filaments the eternal unchangeableness of nature's laws. Could we go still deeper the same world of forms would everywhere meet our eyes, and as in a room surrounded with mirrors, the eye would lose itself in repetition. Such an infinity lies buried in this little flower; and if we look up to heaven we trace the same eternal order, as moons revolve round planets, the planets round suns, and the suns round new suns, and to the sharpened eye the most distant nebula becomes a beautiful new world. Think, then, how those majestic

stars circle round and round that the seasons of the year may change, that the seed of this forget-me-not may rise again into life, the cells open, the leaves spring forth, and the flowers adorn the carpet of the fields; and think of the beetle that cradles itself in the blue cup of the flower, and whose awakening to life, whose enjoyment of existence, whose living breath is a thousand times more wonderful than the tissues of the plant, or the dead mechanism of the heavenly bodies—and feel that thou also dost belong to this eternal circle, and thou mayest console thyself with the innumerable creatures that move and live and fade away with thee. But if this All, with its smallest and its greatest creatures, its wisdom and its might, with the wonder of its existence and the existence of its wonders, is the work of a Being before whom thy soul need not tremble, before whom thou canst bow in the feeling of thy weakness and nothingness, and to whom thou also canst look up, from a sense of His love and compassion,—dost thou feel truly that in thee lives something more lasting and eternal than the tissues of the flowers, the spheres of the planets, and the life of the beetle? Dost thou recognize in thyself, as in a shadow, the lustre of the Eternal shining around thee? Dost thou feel in thee and beneath thee, and over thee, the omnipresence of the True, in whom thy semblance becomes being, thy agony rest, thy loneliness communion? Then thou knowest to whom thou dost cry in the dark night of life, "Father and Maker, Thy will be done as in heaven so on earth; as on earth so in me." Then all within and around thee becomes clear, the morning twilight with its cold mists vanishes, and new warmth streams through trembling nature. Thou hast found a hand which thou wilt never leave, which will hold thee when the mountains tremble and the planets are extinguished. Wherever thou art, thou art with Him, and He with thee. He is the ever near, and His is the world with its

flowers and thorns, and His is man, with his joys and sorrows. "Not the slightest thing can happen to thee but by the will of God."

With such thoughts I pursued my way; sometimes I was happy, sometimes sad; for even when we have attained rest and peace in the deepest recesses of the soul, it is difficult to remain in this holy solitude. Yes, many forget it again after they have found it, and hardly know the way that will lead back to it.

Weeks had flown by, and not a syllable from her had reached me. "Perhaps she is dead, and lies in quiet rest," was another song that floated on my tongue, and always returned as often as I drove it from me. It was possible, for the Hofrath had told me she had a heart complaint, and each morning when he went to her he prepared himself to find her no longer alive. And if she had left this world without my having taken leave of her, without my having told her even at the last moment how I loved her, could I ever forgive myself? Must I not follow her till I found her again in another world, till I heard from her that she loved me, and that she forgave me. How men play with life, and delay from day to day the deed that they might do, and the greatest delight that they might enjoy, without thinking that every day may be their last, and that lost time is lost eternity. Then all the words of the Hofrath, when I last saw him, came back to me, and I felt that I had only resolved on my sudden departure to show him my firmness—that it would have been harder to me to confess my weakness to him and remain. Now, it seemed clear to me that there was but one duty for me—to return to her without delay and to bear all that heaven might send us. But just as I had made a plan for my return there suddenly rose to my memory the words of the Hofrath, "As soon as possible she must go away into the country." She had herself told me that she generally spent the sum-

mer at her castle. Perhaps she was there, close to me; in a day I could be with her. No sooner thought than done. By daybreak I had started, and in the evening I stood at the door of the castle.

The evening was still and bright, the summits of the mountains shone in the full golden sunset, and the lower slopes were bathed in a rosy blue. From the valleys a gray mist was rising, which suddenly became bright, when it floated up into the higher regions, and then, like a sea of clouds, floated towards heaven. And this whole play of colours was reflected again in the slightly heaving bosom of the dark lake, on whose shores the mountains seemed to rise and sink, so that only the tops of the trees and the pointed church tower, and the rising smoke from the houses, showed the line where the real world parted from its reflection. But my eye was directed to one point only—that was the old castle, where a presentiment told me I should find her again. No light was visible in the windows, no step broke the silence of the evening. Had my presentiment deceived me? I went slowly through the first gateway and up the steps, till I stood in the court-yard of the castle. Here I saw a sentinel walking up and down, and I flew to him to inquire who was in the castle. "The countess is here and her attendants," was the short answer; and in an instant I stood at the chief entrance and had already rung the bell. Then it first struck me what I had done. No one knew me, and I could not, dared not say who I was. I had wandered for weeks through the mountains, and looked like a beggar. What should I say? Whom should I ask for? But there was no time to consider; the door opened, and a porter in the princely livery stood before me, and looked wonderingly at me.

I asked whether the English lady, who I knew never left the countess, was in the castle; and, as the porter answered in the affirmative, I asked for paper and ink, and

wrote to her that I was here to inquire how the countess was.

The porter called a servant, who carried the letter upstairs. I heard each step in the long passages, and with each minute that I waited, my position became more intolerable. On the walls hung old family pictures of the princely house, knights in full armour, ladies in old-fashioned costumes, and in the midst of them a woman in the white dress of a nun, with a red cross on her breast. At other times I had often seen these pictures, and never thought how a human heart had once beat in their breasts. But now it seemed as if I could suddenly read whole volumes in their features, and as if they all said to me, "We, too, once lived; we, too, once suffered." Under this iron armour secrets lay once concealed, as now in my heart. This white dress and this red cross are living witnesses that here, too, a struggle was fought, such as raged now in my breast. And then they all seemed to look on me with pity; then again a haughty pride lay in their features, as if they would say "You do not belong to us." Every minute I became more uncomfortable, when suddenly a light step roused me from my dreams. The English lady came down the staircase and begged me to go into a room. I looked inquiringly at her to see if she guessed what was going on. But every feature was perfectly unmoved, and, without allowing herself the slightest expression of interest or surprise, she told me, in a measured voice, that the countess was much better to-day, and invited me to come to her in half an hour.

Like a good swimmer who ventures far out into the sea, and first thinks of his return when his arms begin to be tired, and then divides the waves with speed, and hardly dares to raise his eyes to the distant shore, who feels with every stroke that his power is failing, and yet will not own it, till at last, powerless and convulsed, he hardly preserves any consciousness of his situation,

then suddenly his feet touch the firm ground and his arm grasps the first boulder of the shore; so it was with me when I heard these words. A new life of reality approached me, and all I had suffered was a dream. There are but few such moments in a man's life, and thousands have never felt their magic. But the mother, who for the first time cradles her child in her arms; the father who receives back his only son from the wars, crowned with glory; the poet, whose own nation greets him with acclamations; the youth whose warm pressure of the hand is returned by some loved one with one warmer—they know what is meant by a dream turning to reality.

The half-hour was over, and a servant came and led me through a long suite of rooms, opened a door, and in the faint evening light I saw a white form, and above her a high window that looked over the lake and the gleaming mountains.

"How strangely people meet," echoed her clear voice towards me, and each word was as a cool rain-drop after a hot summer's day.

"How strangely people meet, and how strangely they lose themselves," I said, and seized her hand, and felt that we were again by and with each other.

"But that is their own fault when they lose themselves," she continued, and her voice, which always seemed to accompany her words, like music, changed involuntarily into a minor key.

"Yes, that is true," I answered, "but tell me first, are you well? May I talk to you?"

"My dear friend," she said, smiling, "I am always ill, as you know, and if I say that I feel well, I do so only for love of my old Hofrath, for he is quite certain that from my earliest years I owe my whole life only to him and his skill. Before I left the capital I gave him a great fright, for one evening my heart suddenly ceased to beat, and I felt such agony that I thought it would never begin to beat again. But that is past, and



why should we speak of it. Only one thing pains me. I always thought I should close my eyes in perfect quiet, but now I feel that my sufferings will disturb and embitter my departure from life." Then she laid her hand on her heart and said, "But tell me where you have been, and why all this time I have heard nothing from you? The old Hofrath gave me so many reasons for your sudden journey, that I at last said I did not believe him, and then he gave me at length the most unbelievable of all reasons—guess what?"

"It might appear incredible," I broke in, that she might not utter the word, "and yet perhaps it was but too true. But that too is past, and why should we speak of it?"

"But no, my friend," she said, "why should it be over? I told the Hofrath, when he gave me the last reason for your sudden journey, that I understood neither him nor you. I am a poor, sick, lonely being, and my earthly existence is but a slow death. If heaven has sent me two souls who understand me, or, as the Hofrath expressed it, loved me, why should this disturb my or their peace. I had just been reading my favourite poet, old Wordsworth, when the Hofrath made his confession to me, and I said, 'My dear Hofrath, we have so many thoughts, and so few words, that we are forced to mix together many thoughts in the same word. If now any one who did not know us heard that my young friend loved me and I him, he might think it was as Romeo loved Juliet, and Juliet, Romeo, and then you would be quite right in saying that must not be. But is it not true, my old Hofrath, that you also love me and I love you, and I have loved you for many years, and yet, perhaps, have never owned it to you, yet I am neither in despair nor unhappy from it. Yes, my dear Hofrath, I will say something more to you. I think you have an unfortunate affection for me, and are jealous of our young friend. Do you not come every morning to see how I am, even when

you know I am quite well? Do you not bring me the finest flowers from your garden? Have I not been obliged to give you my picture? And—I ought perhaps not to betray it—did you not last Sunday come into my room, and you thought I was asleep? I really slept, or at least I could not have roused myself. But I saw you sitting a long time by my bed, your eyes immovably fixed on me, and I felt them like sunbeams playing on my face. And at last your eyes grew tired, and I felt great tears fall from them. Then you hid your face in your hands and sobbed aloud, 'Maria, Maria.' Ah, my dear Hofrath, our young friend has never done that, and yet you have sent him away.' As I spoke so to him, half in fun, half in earnest, as I always speak, I felt I had hurt the old man. He became quite still and blushed like a child. Then I took a volume of Wordsworth's poems, in which I had just been reading, and said, 'Here is another old man, whom I love with all my heart, who understands me and whom I understand, and yet I have never seen him, and shall never see him—that is the way in this world. Now I will read you a poem of his, then you will see how men can love, and how love is a quiet blessing which the lover lays on the head of the loved one, and then goes on his way in heartfelt sadness.' Then I read him Wordsworth's 'Highland Girl.' And now, my friend, draw the lamp nearer and read me that poem again, for it refreshes me whenever I hear it—a spirit breathes in it, like the quiet infinite glow of evening, that up there *lovingly* spreads its arms in blessing round the pure breast of the snow-clad mountains."

As her words sounded slowly and quietly through my soul, all within my breast became again still and solemnized; the storm was over, and her image floated like the silver reflection of the moon, on the gently-stirred waves of my love—this universal sea, which streams through the hearts of all men, and that every one calls his own, whilst it is really

a pulse that animates all humanity. I would rather have been silent, like nature, which lay stretched there before our eyes, and which became ever stiller and darker—but she gave me the book, and so I read :

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;  
And these gray rocks, that household lawn ;  
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;  
This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake ;  
This little bay a quiet road  
That holds in shelter thy abode.  
In truth together do ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
Such forms as from their covert peep,  
When earthly cares are laid asleep.  
But oh ! fair creature in the light  
Of common day so heavenly bright,  
I bless thee, vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart.  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
Thee neither know I, nor thy peers,  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away !  
For never saw I mien or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here, scattered like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamfacedness—  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer.  
A face with gladness overspread !  
Soft smiles by human kindness bred.  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech :  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life—  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee, who art so beautiful ?  
Oh ! happy pleasure here to dwell

Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
Adopt your homely ways and dress,  
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !  
But I could frame a wish for thee,  
More like a grave reality ;  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea : and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighbourhood.  
What joy to hear thee and to see—  
Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father—any thing to thee.  
Now thanks to heaven that of its grace,  
Hath led me to this lonely place.  
Joy have I had, and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes.  
Then why should I be loth to stir ?  
I feel this place was made for her ;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;  
For I, methinks till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall,  
And thou the spirit of them all.

I had ended, and the poem had been to me as a draught of fresh spring water, such as I had lately so often drunk out of the cup of some great green leaf.

Then I heard her soft voice, like the first notes of an organ which rouse us from our dreaming prayer, and she said, "So I wish you to love me, and so the old Hofrath loves me, and so, in one way or another, we ought all of us to love and believe in each other. But the world, although I know it so little, seems not to understand this love and faith ; and men have made of this earth, where we might have lived so happily, a truly sad existence. It must have been different in early times, or how could Homer have created that loveable, healthy, tender idea of Nausikaa. Nausikaa loved Odysseus at first sight. She says so at once to her friends—' Oh ! that such a man might be called my husband, that he would be content to remain here.' But yet she is

ashamed to appear with him at once in the city, and she tells him openly that if she took home with her so handsome and stately a stranger, the people would say she had been to fetch a husband. How simple and natural is all this. But when she hears he wishes to return home to his wife and child no murmur escapes her; she disappears from our sight, and we feel that she long carried in her heart the image of the handsome, stately stranger, in silent, joyful admiration. Why do not our poets know this love—this happy confession—this quiet parting? A modern poet would have made Nausikaa into a female Werther, and that is because love is nothing more for us than a prelude to the comedy or tragedy of marriage. Is there then really no other love now?"

"Is the source of this pure happiness quite dried up? Do men only know the intoxicating drink, and not the refreshing spring of Love."

At these words I thought of the English poet, who also complains thus—

"From heaven if this belief be sent,  
If such be nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man."

"But how happy are the poets!" she said. "Their words call the deepest feelings of a thousand dumb hearts into existence, and how often have their songs been used as the confession of the sweetest secrets! Their heart beats in the breasts of the poor and the rich; the fortunate sing and the afflicted weep with them. But there is no poet I can so entirely feel my own as Wordsworth. I know many of my friends do not love him; they say he is no poet, but it is just this that I love in him—he avoids all ordinary poet's phrases, all exaggeration, and all that one means by the expression 'poetical flights.' He is *true*, and does not everything lie in this word. He opens our eyes to the beauty that, like the daisy in the meadows, lies beneath our feet; he calls

everything by its real name; he will not surprise, deceive, nor dazzle any one, he will only show men how beautiful all is that is not yet disturbed and destroyed by the hand of man. Is not a dew-drop on a blade of grass more beautiful than a pearl set in gold? Is not a living spring, that trickles towards us we know not whence, more wonderful than all the fountains of Versailles? Is not his Highland Girl more loveable and a truer expression of real beauty than Goethe's Helena, or Byron's Laydee? And, then the simplicity of his language—the purity of his thoughts. What a pity that we have never had such a poet! Schiller might have been our Wordsworth had he trusted more in himself than in the old Greeks and Romans. Our Rückert comes the nearest to him, if he had not sought for comfort and home away from his own poor Fatherland, among eastern roses. Few poets have courage to be exactly that which they are. Wordsworth had it, and as we willingly listen to great men, even when they are not great, but, like other mortals, quietly cherish their thoughts, and wait in patience for the moment when a clear gleam may open to them fresh visions of the Infinite, so I like Wordsworth even in those poems which contain nothing but what every one could have said. Great poets give themselves rest; in Homer we often read a hundred verses without one single beauty, and so in Dante, whilst Pindar, that you all admire so, drives me to despair by his ecstasies. What would I give to be able to pass a summer at the Lakes; to visit with Wordsworth all the places to which he has given names; to greet all the trees he has saved from the axe, and watch with him, for once, the distant sunset which he described as only Turner could have painted it."

It was remarkable how her voice never sank, as with most people, at the end of her sentences, but, on the contrary, rose, and always ended like an interrogative leading note! She always spoke up, not down, to

people. The melody of her sentences was as when a child says, "Is it not so, Father?" There was something imploring in her tone, and it was almost impossible to contradict her.

"Wordsworth," I said, "is dear to me as a poet, still dearer as a man; and as we often have a finer, fuller, more lifelike view from a small hill that we ascend without fatigue than if, with difficulty and danger, we clambered Mont Blanc, so I feel it is with Wordsworth's poetry. At first it often appeared commonplace to me, and I have often laid down his poems, and could not imagine how the best minds of modern England could cherish such admiration for him. But I have convinced myself that no poet in any language, who is recognised as a true poet by his own nation, or rather by the noblest minds among his own people, should remain unenjoyed by us. Admiration is an art that we must learn. Many Germans say, 'Racine does not please us;' an Englishman says, 'I cannot understand Goethe;' the Frenchman says, 'Shakespeare is a clown.' And what does that mean? Nothing more than if a child says he prefers a Valse to one of Beethoven's Symphonies. The real art is to discover and understand what each nation admires in its great men, and he who seeks the beautiful will at length find it, and perceive that even the Persians were not entirely deceived in their Hafiz, nor the Hindoos in their Kalidasa. One does not understand a great man at once: it requires strength, courage and perseverance; and it is remarkable that what pleases us at first sight seldom captivates us for long."

"And yet," she said, "there is one thing that is common to all great poets, all true artists, all heroes on earth, be they Persians or Hindoos, Heathens or Christians, Romans or Germans, that is—I hardly know how to express it—but it is the Infinite which seems to lie behind them, a clear sight into the eternal, a deification of that which is the Least—the Transient. Goethe, the great

pagan, knows 'the sweet peace that is from Heaven,' and when he sings—

"On every hill is quiet now,  
Among the tree-tops tracest thou  
Scarcely a breath.  
The small birds sleep among the trees,  
Wait, only wait, and soon like these,  
Thou, too, shalt rest,"—

does there not open above the summits of the lofty pine trees an endless space, a rest which earth can never give? This background is never wanting in Wordsworth, and the scoffers may say what they like, but it is only that which is above the earth, be it ever so concealed, that can stir and move the human heart. Who understood earthly beauty better than Michael Angelo? But he understood it because it was to him a reflection of celestial beauty. You know his Sonnet:

"Rapt above earth by power of one fair face,  
Hers in whose sway my heart alone delights,  
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights  
Where man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.  
With Him who made the work that work accords  
So well that, by His help and through His grace  
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,  
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace.  
Thus if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,  
I feel how in their presence doth abide  
Light which to God is both the way and guide;  
And kindling at their lustre, if I burn,  
My noble fire emits the joyful ray  
That through the realms of glory shines for aye."

—Wordsworth's Translation.

She was exhausted, and ceased speaking, and how could I have disturbed the silence? When, after an intimate exchange of thoughts, human hearts feel satisfied and are silent, we say well that an angel flies through the room, and it seemed to me that I could hear the light wings of the angel of peace and love above our heads. Whilst my eye rested on her, her earthly covering seemed as though transfigured in the twilight of the summer evening, and only her hand, which I held in mine, assured me of her real presence. Then a bright ray of light fell suddenly on her face;

she felt it, opened her eyes, and looked at me as if astonished. Her wonderfully lustrous eyes, which the half-closed eyelashes covered like a veil, flashed like lightning. I looked round, and at length saw how the moon had risen in her full beauty between two mountains opposite the castle, and shed its friendly smile over the lake and village. Never had I seen nature—never had I seen her clear face so beautiful; never had such a blessed calm flowed over my soul. "Maria," I said, "let me, such as I am, in this moment of transfiguration confess my whole love to you; now when we feel so intensely the nearness of the unearthly, let us unite our souls in a bond that nothing may again divide. Whatever love is, Maria, I love you, and I feel, Maria, you are mine, for I am yours."

I knelt before her, and dared not look into her eyes. My lips touched her hand, and I kissed it. Then she drew away her hand, first slowly, then hastily and decidedly; and when I looked up I saw an expression of pain in her face. She was still silent; at last she raised herself with a deep sigh, and said:

"Enough for to-day. You have hurt me; but it is my fault. Close the window; I feel a cold shudder over me, as if a strange hand were touching me. Stay with me—yet no—you must go—farewell—sleep well, and pray that the peace of God may abide with us. We shall meet again, shall we not? Tomorrow evening I shall expect you."

Oh! where had all that heavenly rest flown in a moment? I saw how she suffered, and all I could do was to hasten out and call the English lady, and go alone to the village in the darkness of night. Long I walked up and down the lake; long my eyes strayed towards the lighted window, where I had just been with her. At length every light in the castle was extinguished, the moon rose higher and higher, and every point and balcony and ornament of the old walls became visible in the fairy-like illumination.

And here was I quite alone in the silent night, and my brain seemed to refuse to obey me, for no thought came to any conclusion, and I only felt that I was quite alone in the world—that there was no soul for me. The earth was like a coffin, and the dark heavens like a winding-sheet, and I scarcely knew whether I was still alive or had long been dead. Then I suddenly looked up to the stars, with their twinkling eyes, pursuing their course so quietly, and they seemed as if only placed there to lighten and comfort mankind; then I thought of two heavenly stars that had risen unexpectedly on my dark horizon, and a thanksgiving rose from my breast—a thanksgiving for the love of my good angel.

#### LAST RECOLLECTION.

The sun was already shining over the mountains and into my window when I awoke. Was it the same sun that had watched us yesterday evening with a long lingering look, like a parting friend, as if it would bless the union of our souls, and then sank like a lost hope? And now it shone on me like a child that rushes into our room with a bright face, to wish us joy of some happy festival. And was I the same being who but a few hours before had thrown himself on his bed, broken in spirit and body. Now I felt again the old energy rising in me, trust in God and myself, that refreshed and animated my soul like the cool morning breeze.

What would have become of man without sleep? We know not where this mighty messenger leads us, and when he closes our eyes of an evening, who will give us a pledge that he will open them again for us in the morning, and restore us to ourselves. It must have required courage and faith when the first man sank into the arms of this unknown friend; and were there not something helpless in our nature that forces us to have faith in everything which we should believe, and constrains us to submit, I doubt

whether any man, in spite of all fatigue, would have closed his eyes of his own free will, to enter this unknown dreamland. The sense of our weakness and weariness gives us trust in a higher power, and courage to resign ourselves gladly to the beautiful ordering of all things, and we feel strengthened and refreshed when we have loosened, if only for a short time, either waking or sleeping, the chains that fasten down our eternal to our earthly self.

What had yesterday only passed darkly through my mind like an evening mist, was now suddenly clear. I felt that we belonged to each other; be it as brother and sister, as parent and child, as bridegroom and bride, we must now and for ever remain together. It was only needful to find the right name for that which in our stammering language we call Love—

“Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father—anything to thee!”

It was this *anything* for which a name must be found, for the world, once for all, will acknowledge nothing without a name. She had herself said that she loved me with that pure love for all men out of which springs all other love. Her fear, her displeasure, when I confessed my full love to her, were still unintelligible to me, but they could no longer shake my belief in our love. Why should we try to understand all that passes in the souls of men, when everything in ourselves is so incomprehensible? It is always the inexplicable that most captivates us, be it in nature, in men, or in our own breast. People whom we understand, and whose motives we see before us like an anatomical preparation, leave us cold, like the characters in most of our novels, and nothing destroys our delight in life and mankind more than the ethical rationalism which would explain everything, and denies all miracles in the soul. There is in every being something that cannot be analyzed—call it fate, inspiration, or character—and

he neither knows himself nor mankind who believes that he can analyze the deeds and efforts of men without finding this ever-returning residuum. So I took heart about anything that I had despaired of overnight, till at length not a cloud was left to darken the sky of my future. In this mind I stepped out of the small house into the open air, when a messenger brought me a letter. It was from the countess—that I could tell from the beautiful even writing. I opened it breathlessly; I hoped the dearest that man can hope. But soon all my hopes were crushed. The letter contained nothing but a request not to see her to-day, as she expected visitors at the castle from the city. No friendly word, no news of her health. Only at the end a P. S. “To-morrow comes the Hofrath. So the day after to-morrow.”

Here were at once two days torn out of the book of life. If they had but been quite torn out; but no, they hung over my head like the leaden roof of a prison. They must be lived through. I could not give them as an alms to a king or a beggar, who would gladly have had two more days to sit on his throne or his seat by the church door. I stood staring blankly for a long time, and then I thought of my morning prayer, and how I had said to myself that there is no greater want of faith than despair, and how the least and the greatest events in life are part of a grand Divine plan, to which we must submit ourselves, however difficult it may be. Like a rider who sees an abyss before him, I drew in my reins. Let it be, since it must, I cried to myself, “but God’s earth is not the place for complaints and lamentations.” It was bliss to hold in my hand these lines which she had written, and was not the hope of seeing her again soon a greater blessing than I deserved? Always hold your head above the waves, every good swimmer through life will tell you, but if you can no longer do so, it is better to plunge under entirely than to let the water keep running into the eyes and throat. And if it

is difficult always to remember Divine providence in the little misfortunes of life, and if we hesitate, and perhaps rightly, to step out of the ordinary course of life into the presence of the Deity at every struggle, yet life should appear to us, if not as a duty, yet as an art. What is more repulsive than a child that behaves badly and murmurs crossly at every disappointment and pain. Nothing is more beautiful than a child in whose tearful eyes the sunshine of joy and innocence is already sparkling again like a flower which trembles and bends under an April shower, but soon blooms and sends forth its scent again, whilst the sunshine dries the tear-drops from off its cheeks.

Soon an idea occurred to me of how, in spite of my fate, I might still pass these two days with her. I had long wished to record all the precious words that she had spoken to me, and the many beautiful thoughts which she had entrusted to me, and so the days passed in the recollection of precious hours spent together, and in the hope of a yet fairer future, and I was near her, and with her, and living in her, and felt the nearness of her spirit and her love more than I had ever felt them when her hand lay in mine.

How dear are these pages to me now; how often have I read and re-read them; not as though I had forgotten a word which she said to me, but these papers are the proofs of my happiness, and something looks out of them at me like the face of a friend, whose silence says more than all words. Recollections of past happiness, of past sorrow, a silent sinking into a distant past, where all disappears that now surrounds and oppresses us, where the soul casts itself down like a mother on the green grave of her child, who has slept there for many years, where no hope, no wish disturbs the stillness of helpless resignation—this we indeed call sadness, but there is a blessedness in this sadness known only to those who have loved much and suffered much. Ask the

mother what she feels when she fastens the veil, which she once wore as a bride, on her daughter's head, and thinks of the husband no longer with her; ask the man what he feels when the young girl whom he loved, and whom the world parted from him, sends him back, after her death, the withered rose that he had given her as a youth; they may both weep, but the tears are not tears of sorrow, nor tears of joy; they are the tears of sacrifice with which man dedicated himself to God, and quietly sees his most precious treasure pass away believing in God's love and wisdom.

But let us return to our recollections—to the living presence of the past. The two days flew by so fast that a tremor of joy shot through me as the happiness of our meeting drew nearer and nearer. I saw how, on the first day, the carriages and riders arrived from the city, and the castle was alive with joyous guests. The flags waved from the roof, music sounded through the courts. In the evening the lake was covered with gay gondolas, and bass voices sounded over the water, and I could not but listen, for I felt she listened too at her window to these songs. The second day all were still busy, and only in the afternoon the guests prepared for their departure, and late in the evening I saw the carriage of the Hofrath return alone towards the city. Then I could wait no longer. I knew she was alone; I knew she was thinking of me, and wishing that I was with her; and should I let another night go by, without at least pressing her hand, without telling her that the separation was over, and that the next morning would wake us to new happiness. There was still a light in her window, and why should she be alone; why should I not, at least for a moment, feel her sweet presence? I already stood at the castle, and would have rung the bell—then suddenly I stopped and said, "No, no weakness! You would stand ashamed before her, like a thief in the night. Early to-morrow go to her like a hero returning from the battle,

for whom she now wreathes the crown of love, to place to-morrow on his head."

The morning came and I was with her—really with her. Oh! speak not of spirit, as if it could exist without the body. Perfect existence, perfect consciousness, and joy can be only where spirit and body are one, an embodied spirit, a spiritual body. There is no spirit without a body unless it be a ghost, and no body without a spirit—unless it be a corpse. Is the flower of the field without a spirit! Does it not look forth through the Divine will, through a creative thought, which preserves it and gives it life and existence. That is its spirit, only it is dumb in the flowers, whilst in man it reveals itself in words. True life is ever bodily and spiritual life—true enjoyment is ever bodily and spiritual enjoyment—true presence is ever-presence in body and in spirit; and the whole world in which I had lived so happily for two days vanished like a shadow, like a thing of nought, wrecked; I stood before her, and was really with her. I should like to have laid my hands on her forehead, and eyes, and cheeks, to know, really know, that she was truly there, and not merely the image that floated day and night over my soul, but a Being that was not mine, and yet was to be, and wished to be mine; a Being in whom I could believe as in myself; a Being far from me, and yet nearer to me than my own self; a Being without whom my life would be no life—even my death no death; without whom my poor existence would have been lost like a sigh in infinite space. I felt, as my looks and thoughts dwelt on her, that in this moment the bliss of my existence was accomplished, and a shudder ran through me, and I thought of death, but it appeared to have no longer any terrors for me, for death could not destroy *this* love,—only purify, ennoble and immortalise it.

It was so sweet to be silent with her. The full depths of her soul mirrored itself on her countenance, and as I looked at her I

already saw and heard all that love living and hidden in her. "You give me pain" she seemed to say, and yet would not say it. "Are we at last together again? Be quiet—do not murmur—do not question, do not despair. You are welcome, do not be angry with me." All this was expressed by her eyes, and yet we dared not destroy the peace of our happiness by a single word.

"Have you received a letter from the Hofrath?" was her first question, and her voice trembled at every word.

"No," I answered.

She was silent for a time, then said, "Perhaps it is better that it happened so, and that I should tell you all myself. My friend, we see each other to-day for the last time. Let us part in peace, without complaints, without anger. I have done you great wrong, that I feel. I have laid hold of your life without thinking how even a light breath will rob a flower of its petals. I know the world so little that I did not think a poor suffering being like me could inspire you with any deeper feeling than mere pity. I met you frankly and warmly, because I had known you so long, because I felt so happy in your presence—because—why should I not confess the whole truth—I loved you. But the world does not understand this love, nor allow it. The Hofrath has opened my eyes. The whole city is talking of us; my brother, the regent, has written to the prince, and he requires me never to see you again. I deeply grieve that I have caused you this suffering. Tell me that you forgive me, then let us part as friends."

Her eyes were filled with tears, but she closed them that I might not see it. "Maria," I said, "for me there is but one life, and that is with you; but also only one will, that is yours. Yes, I confess it, I love you with the full fervour of love, but I am not worthy of you. You are far above me in rank, in nobleness, in innocence, and I can hardly grasp the thought of ever calling you my wife; and yet there is no other way by which



we can pass through life together. Maria, you are quite free, I ask no sacrifice. The world is wide, and if you wish it, we need never meet again ; but if you feel that you love me, if you feel you are mine, oh ! then let us forget the world and its cold judgment. In my arms I will carry you to the altar, and kneeling, swear to be yours in life and death."

"My friend," she said, "we must never desire the impossible. Had it been God's will that such a bond should unite us in this life, would He have sent me these sufferings, which make it impossible for me ever to be more than a helpless child? Do not forget that what we call Fate, circumstances, and position in life, are in truth the work of Providence. To resist them is to resist God, and, were it not childish, one would call it wicked. Men wander here on earth like the stars in Heaven ; God has given them their course, where they meet each other, but when they ought to part they must part, their resistance would be useless, otherwise it would destroy the whole order of the universe. We cannot understand, but we can trust. I cannot myself understand why my affection for you is wrong. No, I cannot, will not call it wrong ; but it cannot be—must not be. My friend, this is enough, we must submit in humility and faith."

Notwithstanding the calmness with which she spoke, I saw how deeply she suffered ; and yet I felt it would be wrong to give up so quickly the struggle for life. I controlled myself as far as I could, that no word of passion might increase her sufferings, and said :

"If this is the last time we are to meet in this life, let us clearly see to *whom* we offer this sacrifice. If our love violated a higher law, like you I would bow in humility. It would be forgetting God to oppose a higher will ; it may sometimes seem as if man would sometimes deceive God, as if his small sagacity might overreach the Divine wisdom ; that is madness, and the man who

began this Titan's conflict, would be crushed and annihilated. But what opposes our love? Nothing but the gossip of the world. I honour the laws of human society ; I honour them, even when they are, as in our time, over-refined and perplexed. A diseased body requires artificial medicines, and without the barriers, and prejudices, and conventionalities of society, which we laugh at, it would be impossible to hold men together at the present day, and to obtain the object for which we are placed together on earth. We must sacrifice much to these false gods. Like the Athenians, we send every year a heavily-laden ship of young men and maidens, as a tribute to the monster who rules the labyrinths of our society. There is scarcely a heart that has not been broken ; there is hardly a man with true feeling who had not been obliged to clip the wings of his love ere it would rest quietly in the cage of society. It must be so, it cannot be otherwise ; you do not know life, but if I only think of my friends, I could tell you whole volumes of tragedies. One loved a maiden and was loved in return ; but he was poor, she was rich ; the parents and relations quarrelled and insulted each other, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because in the world it is thought a misfortune that a lady should wear a dress made from the wool of a plant in America, and not from the fibres of a worm in China.

Another loved a maiden and was loved in return ; but he was a Protestant, she a Roman Catholic ; the mothers and priests roused dissensions, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because of the political game of chess played by Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII., three centuries ago.

A third loved a maiden and was loved again ; but he was noble, she was plebeian ; the sisters were angry and jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because a hundred years ago a soldier slew another who threatened a king's life in battle. His sovereign gave him rank and honour, and his

great grandson atones with a blighted life for the blood then shed.

The collectors of statistics say that every hour a heart is broken, and I believe it. And why? Because in most cases the world will acknowledge no love between strangers, unless they become man and wife.

If two maidens love the same man, one must fall a sacrifice. If two men love the same woman, one or both must be sacrificed. Why? Can no one love a maiden without wishing to marry her? Can one not see a woman without trying to appropriate her? You shut your eyes, and I feel I have said too much. The world has turned the holiest thing we have in life into the commonest. But enough Maria, let us use the language of the world when we are in it, and mix, speak, and act with it; but let us preserve our sanctuary in which two hearts may speak the pure language of the heart, unmoved by the anger of the world without. The world itself honours this independent position and courageous resistance, which noble hearts, conscious of their own rights, oppose to the ordinary course of things. The discretions, the proprieties, the prejudices of the world are like parasite-plants. It is beautiful when a fine ivy adorns a strong wall with its thousand tendrils and shoots, but it must not grow too luxuriantly else it penetrates into every corner of the edifice, and destroys the cement which joins together all the parts. Be mine, Maria, follow the dictates of your heart. The word now trembling on your lips decides for ever your life and mine—your happiness and mine.

I was silent. Her hand, which I held, returned the warm heartfelt pressure; all within her was moved and shaken, and the blue sky which lay before me had never seemed so lovely as now, when the storm drove across it cloud after cloud.

"And why do you love me," she said, as if she must still delay the moment of decision.

"Why? Maria. Ask the child why it is

born; ask the flower why it blooms; ask the sun why it shines. I love you, because I must love you. But if I must say more to you, let this book which lies by you, and which you love so deeply, speak for me. That which is best should be the dearest of all things to us, and in our love of it, neither helpfulness nor unhelpfulness, advantage nor injury, gain nor loss, honour nor dishonour, praise nor blame, nor any thing of the kind should be regarded; but what is in truth the noblest and best of all things should be also the dearest of all things, and that for no other cause than that it is the noblest and best. Hereby may a man order his life within and without. His outward life; for among the creatures one is better than another, according as the Eternal Good manifesteth itself, and worketh more in one than in another. Now that creature in which the Eternal Good most manifesteth itself, shineth forth, worketh, is most known and loved, is the best; and that wherein the Eternal Good is the least manifested is the least good of all creatures. Therefore where we have to do with the creatures and hold converse with them, and take note of their diverse qualities, the best creatures must always be the dearest to us, and we must cleave to them and unite ourselves with them."

"Maria, because you are the best creature I know, therefore I love you, and you are dear to me; therefore we love each other. Say the word that is living in you, say that you are mine, do not be false to your deepest feelings. God has sent you a suffering life. He sends me to you to suffer with you. Your suffering shall be my suffering, and we will bear it together, as a ship carries the heavy sails that at length take it safely through the storms of life into a secure harbour."

She became more and more calm. A light flush played on her cheeks, like the quiet glow of evening. Then she opened her eyes wide, and the sun shone out once again with wonderful brilliancy.

"I am yours" she said, "God wills it. Take me as I am. So long as I live I am yours, and may God reunite us in a brighter life, and reward you for your love."

We lay heart to heart, my lips closed with a light kiss those lips on which the blessing of my life had just trembled. Time stood still for us—the world around us vanished. At last she heaved a deep sigh. "May God forgive me this happiness" she whispered. "Now leave me alone. I can bear it no longer. May we meet again, my friend, my beloved, my preserver."

\* \* \* \* \*

These were the last words I heard from her. Yet, no. I went home, and lay on my bed in anxious dreams. It was past midnight when the Hofrath entered my room. "Our angel is in Heaven," he said, "here is the last greeting she sends you." With these words he gave me a letter. It contained the ring that she had once given to me and I again to her, with the words, "As God wills." It was wrapped in a worn paper, on which she had at some time written the words that I said to her as a child:—"What is yours is mine. Your MARIA."

For hours we sat together without saying a word. It was a mental swoon such as Heaven sends us when the burden of sorrow is too heavy for us to bear. At last the old man rose, took my hand, and said, "We see each other to-day for the last time, for you must away from here, and my days are numbered. There is one thing I must tell you—a secret, which I have carried within me my whole life long and confessed it to no one. But I long to tell it to some one now. Listen to me. The soul that is gone from us was a lovely soul, a noble, pure spirit, a deep true heart. I knew a soul as fair as hers; still fairer. It was her mother's. I loved her mother and her mother loved me. We were both poor, and I struggled with life to win an honourable position in the world for her and me. The young prince saw my bride and loved her. He was my prince and loved

her truly, and was ready to sacrifice every thing for her, and raise her, the poor orphan to the rank of princess. I loved her so that I sacrificed my happiness to my affection for her. I left my home and wrote to her that I released her from her engagement. I never saw her again till on her deathbed. She died at the birth of her daughter. Now you know why I loved your Maria, and prolonged her life from day to day. She was the only being that still bound my heart to this earth. Bear life as I have borne it. Lose not a day in idle sorrow. Help men wherever you can, love them and thank God that you have seen upon earth such a heart as hers, have known, have loved and—lost it."

"As God wills" I said, and we parted for life.

\* \* \* \* \*

And days and weeks, and months and years have passed by. My native land has become strange to me, and the land of the stranger has become my home. But her love has remained to me, and, as a tear falls into the sea, so has my love to her fallen into the living sea of humanity, and penetrates and embraces millions—millions of those "strangers" whom I have loved so well from my childhood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Only on still summer days like to-day, when I lie alone in the green forest on the bosom of nature, and know not whether beyond its circle there are any other men, or whether I am not alone, quite alone on the earth, then there is a movement in the churchyard of memory, old recollections rise up from their graves, and the full omnipotence of love returns back into the heart, and streams forth again towards that fair being, who once more gazes on me with her deep, unfathomable eyes; and then my love to the millions seems to vanish in my love for the one—for my good angel, and my thoughts are dumb before the inscrutable mystery of finite and infinite Love.

## A MEMORY.

BY E. J. C.

“Ich trage im Herzen viel Schlangen,  
Und dich, Geliebte mein.”—*Heine*.

## I.

THE water-lilies gleam them fair,  
In the black ooze their roots I see—  
If pulseless thou wert lying there,  
Dost think that she would weep for thee  
The weeping of a single tear?

No gleam of tears the proud eyes know—  
The proud lips meet with icy press,  
Keeping the whispered words so low  
The dead alone may hear their hiss—  
Thou hadst thy warning: be it so!

## II.

O Dream that darkens Hope's eclipse!  
It was our bridal prime methought—  
Day purpled into Night—our lips  
Each other in the darkness sought,  
And meeting silently were press'd  
In one long clasp, that clung, and drew  
Soul into soul! If false or true  
I heeded not—I only knew  
Thou wert all mine in that unrest  
That held me with its vampire spell,  
Till fled the faithless dream away—  
And on my heart the dead hope fell  
As falls upon a corpse the clay!  
And through the night, and through the day,  
Ever it came, the voice that said  
With ceaseless mock: It better were,  
O Fool, for thee, that thou wert dead,  
Than live to fix thy love on her!

## III.

Around the broad pine-belted hills  
The pale cloud-phantoms come and go:  
The Night's fast deepening shadow fills  
The silence of the woods below.

The wide mere glimmers far away,  
Betwixt its dark isles' pluméd tops—  
On its far edge, with waning ray,  
The moon's red crescent drops and drops.

The outlines of the Abbey wall,  
Gable and turret, grey and sere,  
Across the blue-starred irids fall  
That fringe afar the lonely mere.

I linger by the sculptured gate,  
Now tassell'd thick with odorous spray,  
Beside the moss-grown fount where late  
She stood within the dying day—

And o'er the 'arkening waters threw  
The magic of her voice—whose tone  
Comes back no more—or comes anew  
In Memory. . . .locking dreams alone.

## IV.

The boat is loosen'd from the land:  
With harsh clang sounds the signal bell—  
And so, we take each other's hand,  
And say our cold farewell!

O month of tender memories,  
Liv'st thou in *one* heart, or in *two*?  
I look into her cruel eyes,  
And murmur “would I knew.”

## V.

She sang a little German song—  
Du bist wie eine Blume—  
My heart responded all along,  
Du bist, ja, eine Blume!

Now she is gone—but though no more  
Our hearts exchange their greeting—

My own keeps ever, o'er and o'er,  
 Those old fond words repeating :  
 Du bist wie eine Blume !  
 Du bist wie eine Blume !

## VI.

The tumbled rocks lie thick between  
 The mountains grey and forest green,  
 Where we two wander'd long ago :  
 We sat upon an old grey stone,  
 And saw the dropping moon go down  
 Among the pointed pines below.

The wind, with forest odours fraught,  
 Across my lips' mute longing brought  
 The tresses of your loosen'd hair ;  
 Your voice it took a softer tone—  
 Your hand lay lightly on my own,  
 And lingered for a moment there.

So endeth our poor dream, you said—  
 The moon has dropt, the day is dead,  
 The cold gleam of the stars alone  
 Is left us now ! Then silence fell

Again upon our hearts—and well  
 Mine knew its one great hope was gone !

## VII.

Dost thou remember how I gave to thee  
 A little flower on that far-off shore  
 Where the wild Danube dashes evermore  
 Through its cleft chasm to the distant sea.  
 And how, as we returned at eventide  
 Through the cool woods with our companions  
 gay,  
 I missed the flower—and said, O Cruel, say,  
 That which I gave thee hast thou cast aside ?  
 And how with low quick whisper you replied  
 Non, je l'ai gardé !—All the golden sky,  
 The rustling pine-boughs and the reeling  
 ground,  
 And all my heart within me, then went round  
 In one wild dance and thrill of ecstasy !  
 Through its cleft rocks the river rushes on,  
 The pine woods darken to the twilight still,  
 But where art thou—and where the wondrous  
 thrill  
 That fill'd my heart in those old days agone !

## RUSSIAN REMINISCENCES.

BY ANAT IVE.

## CHAPTER I.

**B**EAUTIFUL is the city of the mighty  
 Czar of all the Russ'ias—the Venice of  
 the North—St. Petersburg, as she lies bask-  
 ing in the sun, glittering with her hundreds  
 of gilt domes and cupolas, and admiring her-  
 self in the blue waters of the majestic Neva.  
 Yet her inhabitants do not heed her beauty,  
 and the traffic in the streets is hushed. Dust  
 and silence reign supreme on the heated  
 flags. Mankind is hiding in the houses or  
 flying into the cool shades of the surround-  
 ing country. Countless are the vehicles that

are speeding towards the various popular  
 resorts of amusement. In all directions  
 might they be seen leaving the Capital, yet  
 by far the largest stream of pedestrians, car-  
 riages and 'busses are taking a northward  
 direction towards the Kursaal of Isler.  
 beyond doubt the most popular man of the  
 season. Sometime ago, under the reign of  
 Nicholas, a certain class of the inhabitants  
 of St. Petersburg made the discovery that  
 it was highly fashionable to visit a mineral  
 water spring. Yet, unfortunately, there were  
 none known in Russia at the time, and the  
 Emperor, fearful lest his loyal subjects should

be tainted by the liberal ideas prevailing "beyond the frontiers," did not favour travelling abroad. At this time the ingenious Isler made his *début*, by building his *Kursaal* for the dispensation of artificially prepared waters, and amusements in various forms. His Hall and Garden at once became highly popular with all classes of society, and this predilection for "*Isler's*" continues unto the present day, although his mineral waters have long since made room for some other mysterious compounds dispensed under the name of Champagne, Port, Sherry, Vodka (or whiskey), etc.

Among the numerous vehicles speeding towards this "El Dorado" of the people, an elegant one-horse carriage attracts our attention by the slow pace it keeps. The bearded driver is hardly able to restrain the fiery steed, which rebels against the pressure of the bit.

"Drive up to the porch, *Nickhita*," says the occupant of the carriage, in a listless manner.

A bound, a dash, and they are there. The lines are slackened and in a moment the well-trained animal stops with grace and ease.

"*Nickhita*, you may go and have some tea. "Have you any money?"

"Not about me, your Brightness."

"Take this, and return in an hour."

"My humble thanks to your Brightness. I shall not fail."

The young gentleman entered Isler's porch, and the driver having succeeded, notwithstanding the impatient prancing of his horse in extracting his well-filled leather money-bag from his boot-leg, carefully added the silver coins to its contents and said :

"A poor man needs his wits. Mine have served me a good turn just now, though I am sorry I had to tell Roslaf Alexandrovich a lie to obtain this half-rouble. But he can spare it, so never mind, *Nickhita*, go and get your tea."

With these words he dashed up to the

driving-shed, tied his horse, entered the *traktir* or tea-house, and ordered his tea and lemon with a dignity that was surpassed only by the obsequiousness of the waiter.

Roslaf Alexandrovich, in the meanwhile, had entered the garden and taken a seat on a verandah opposite the military band that filled the air with the inspiring sounds of a lively march. He, too, had ordered tea, yet the fragrant beverage that sparkled before him in the glass tumbler did not tempt him, and he sat moodily surveying the motley crowd that waded to and fro through the garden.

"I do not know what is the matter with me to-night," he said to himself. "Should it be one of those forebodings of evil that my mother professes to believe in! We shall see."

He reclined in his seat, trying to find a welcome face among the hundreds at his feet. After a while he suddenly rose with an exclamation of pleasure, hurried down from the verandah, and rapidly made his way through the crowd.

The waiter, afraid of losing his pay, ran in pursuit, brandishing his napkin. At last he overtook Roslaf and was just about to take him by the arm, when he saw him addressing and shaking hands with a little grey-haired gentleman, whom his half-dress uniform and decorations showed to be a retired General. Seeing this the waiter slunk back into the crowd, scratched his ear and looked like a man that has just had a narrow escape from some great danger.

"Your Excellency, Fedor Fedorovich, I am happy indeed to see you."

"The pleasure is mutual, Roslaf. But what are *you* doing here? Some intrigue, I suppose!"

"I almost wished I had one, in order to dispel my ennui to-night. But now, having met with you, I shall be happy."

"You compliment me. However, I think I can still increase your happiness if you grant me five minutes."

"Certainly. I shall await you on that verandah." Roslaf returned to his seat. The waiter was at his post already and tried to look as if nothing had happened.

Soon after, General Mokrof ascended the steps, leading a veiled lady under each arm.

"I see," exclaimed Roslaf, "you mean to keep your word, General. I shall be happy to be introduced to these ladies."

He uncovered his head and placed chairs for them.

"No introductions, Roslaf, you must guess who they are."

Roslaf was puzzled, and the General, seeing his bewilderment, enjoyed it so much that he could hardly repress his laughter. In order to do so, he distorted his wrinkled old face in a succession of the most comical grimaces. The waiter who stood by awaiting orders, burst into a broad grin as he looked at him, but immediately checked himself by administering a vigorous slap to his mouth. He excused his conduct by adding in perfect good faith and with great humility, that it was not in human power to refrain from laughing when looking at the General's face.

After some more teasing on the General's part, the ladies lifted their veils, and Roslaf beheld the venerable and loving face of his mother, and the noble and beautiful features of his sister.

"Mother! Sister! You both here? At Isler's!"

The General greatly enjoyed the scene, and nearly swallowed the slice of lemon that was swimming in his tea. This occasioned a coughing and sneezing so peculiar, that the waiter, apparently afraid that his powers might fail him again, hastily retired to a safe distance.

"I must take the blame upon myself," said lady Romova, "if, indeed, we are to be blamed for coming here to-night. I was anxious to see you without delay, and as we were driving to town, I noticed your horse

in the shed and resolved to find you. Can I induce you to return with us to town?"

"With pleasure, mother."

Having obtained Roslaf's consent, the younger lady—Maria Alexandrovina—called out to the waiter:

"Please go and order *Ivan* to drive up."

The waiter soon returned, driving before him five or six big bearded fellows, and having placed them in a row before the ladies, and recovered his breath, he exclaimed:

"What obstinate, yellow-eyed fellows they are to be sure! They are all *Ivans*, but wouldn't come that you might pick out the one you wanted."

This incident was the consequence of Maria's mistake, as she should have ordered "*Lady Romova's driver*" to get ready, instead of giving the driver's name. The right *Ivan* was not amongst them, and after they had been dismissed, our party left the garden and soon were comfortably seated in lady Romova's carriage, rolling towards the city. They were all in excellent humour, except the older lady, whose face was sorrowful, and upon whose mind there seemed to be a heavy burden. At last Roslaf, grieved to see his mother so ill at ease, ventured to ask what troubled her.

"My dear son," she answered, I hardly know what to say. You do not believe in my forebodings, and yet it is these that cause my trouble. My mind has been weighted down for some time by a presentiment of coming evil. Do not make light of my fears, oh my son; and believe me that there are some troubles in store for you."

She spoke in low and passionate tones, and her voice quivered with her intense emotion.

Roslaf was much impressed by her manner, yet he was unwilling to admit that any credence should be attached to such imaginings, as he called them, and he therefore respectfully tried to convince his mother that there was no cause for her troubles.

General Mokrof, however, took her part,

and indulged in a long speech, the object of which was to prove that these forebodings, in common with prophetic dreams and visions, were not merely the result of imagination or over excitement of the nerves, but the manifestation of a natural gift or faculty inherent in certain persons, and similar to mesmeric clairvoyance and the other results of animal magnetism. In proof of his theory he said that the observations of phrenologists had established the seat of this faculty in the so-called "*basse*" of spirituality, and that the existence or grade of elevation of this "*basse*" was the touchstone of the question whether the feelings of a given individual were merely due to an anomalous state of the nerves, or the activity of the true gift of spirituality. He wound up by saying, that when he had been allowed to phrenologically examine lady Romova's head, he had found that bump to be unusually developed, and he solemnly besought Roslaf not to neglect her warning.

Whilst they were yet discussing the question, the carriage drove up at the porch of Roslaf's house.

It was a sombre-looking stone building, in the heaviest Roman style, with a colonnaded front, and situated on the granite quay of the canal Fontanca. The staircase was well lighted, grand, and wide, worthy of the lordly mansion, and from the hall below led up to a piazza of the "*bel-étage*," as the first floor above the level is called in Russia. Here was the door that led into the inner apartments. The piazza was lighted by a skylight, and furnished with a rustic seat, a table, a small looking-glass and some exotic plants. In the eastern corner of the walls, about seven feet above the floor, was to be seen a little shelf supporting the sacred picture of some saint with a coffee-brown face, and hideous features, and before it flickered faintly the light of the ever-burning lamp.

Roslaf had nimbly left the carriage, produced a latch key, and having unlocked the

heavy oaken door, conducted his friends into the hall.

"Where is old Michael?" asked the General.

"I suppose he is in his room, or perhaps in the library reading some "*Lives of the Saints*," or such like. I never trouble him to let me in, for he is getting very weak, poor old man, and suffers greatly from the heart disease."

"Your words are a comfort to me, my son," said lady Romova, "Michael deserves every consideration in his old age. Spare him as much as possible, Roslaf. He has been a faithful friend and trusty servant to your father, and incessant in his care of you."

They traversed a long flight of richly furnished rooms, and at last seated themselves in Roslaf's study. Their conversation reverted once more to Lady Romova's apprehensions, and they were endeavouring to find out the nature of Roslaf's supposed danger. General Mokrof, in the meanwhile, had taken up a new periodical, cut its leaves, and was reading. Suddenly he dropped the book and exclaimed:

"Here it is! Here lies Roslaf's danger, and it is no small one!"

"What is it, do tell us," anxiously exclaimed all three.

"It is Roslaf's novel. Of course you know, ladies, that he is writing one for the '*Patriot Monthly*.' The object of it, so far as I can see, is to contrast the present reign with the oppressive one of Nicholas. But in writing on this theme he has ventured on dangerous ground, and here, in the ninth chapter, he has committed a blunder that may have, nay, will have, the gravest consequences. In exposing the arbitrary measures of the officials in the time of the late Emperor Nicholas, he has openly attacked the Minister of the Secret Police, forgetting that the position is held by the same man to the present day."

When General Mokrof mentioned the



Secret Police, the two ladies, pale already with apprehension, grew paler still, and the elder one exclaimed.

"Oh, Fedor Fedorovich, what can be done to protect Roslaf? Oh, my poor boy!"

"Be calm, my lady, and let me consider it. The vengeance of Count N. N. will be swift and terrible, unless Roslaf evade it. Had he committed an offence amenable to law, he would have been comparatively safe, for he would not have had anything to fear beyond the legal retribution. But this is not the case, and therefore he will be the object of the Minister's *private* vengeance. Where that will end no one can tell; for you are aware that the Count knows no mercy. Secret banishment, or even worse, awaits Roslaf. My advice therefore is, that he leave Russia at once, and stay beyond the frontiers—say in Switzerland—until he can return with safety. Roslaf, pack your trunks and be ready to leave by the Warsaw train, early to-morrow morning! We must drive at once to my friend the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and try to procure the immediate issue of a foreign passport for our young friend, before the news of this affair reach him."

General Mokrof was greatly excited, and hurried the ladies down-stairs and into the carriage, hardly allowing them time to take leave of Roslaf. Lady Romova's and Maria's grief was great. Yet they evinced considerable firmness, admonishing Roslaf implicitly to follow the General's advice.

## CHAPTER II.

ROSLAF had stood for a while where he had taken leave of his friends, vacantly looking down the darkened stairs. Then he took up a candle from the table and was going to light it at the sacred lamp. But as he looked up to the picture, he shrank involuntarily from its hideous face, which, owing to

the flickering light, seemed to contort its features into a malicious sneer.

"Down, hideous idol!" he exclaimed in a sudden outburst of ill temper, and stretched out his hand to snatch it from its place. A terrible crash, like a peal of thunder, resounded through the lofty hall and stairs; the door noisily swung to, its bell rang violently, and he felt the image thrust into the hand which was about to grasp it. At the same time sudden darkness covered him, for the lamp fell from the shelf and went out with a hissing sound.

Roslaf threw the picture from him in terror, and no sooner did it touch the floor, than its features were lit up by a glaring ray, darkness remaining around. He retreated from it, grasping the balustrade for support, when suddenly the hall was lit up and old Michael stood before him, holding an open bull's-eye lantern in his hand.

"In heaven's name, Michael, what is this?" asked Roslaf.

"The wind is getting up, your Brightness, and the draught slammed the heavy door below.

"Is that all? How foolish I have been to get so much frightened. But look here, the concussion has thrown down your picture."

When Michael saw the picture and lamp on the carpet, he fairly gasped for breath in superstitious terror, and exclaimed:

"An omen! An evil omen! The saints be merciful unto us! This holy picture fell down fifteen years ago and your father died three days afterwards. There is evil coming, and what is fated will not fail."

He had lifted up the picture, devoutly kissed and replaced it on the shelf, blessing himself with the sign of the Cross and muttering a prayer.

Both went into their rooms troubled in mind, whilst the wind whistled round the corners of the dark and lonely street, and the black waters of the Canal loudly splashed against their granite enclosure.

Roslaf communicated to his old friend what conversation he had had with his mother and General Mokrof, and in half an hour three trunks stood ready packed in Roslaf's room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whilst Roslaf was tossing about in his bed, and Michael praying before the pictures in his room, the wind had abated, the clouds had passed away, and the full moon poured her silver rays into the streets of the sleeping city, as if caressing her proud monuments, her lordly palaces and humble cottages. The white walls and domes of the fine Cathedral of the Transfiguration, towering high above the surrounding trees in its enclosure, seemed to keep watch over the habitations of man. The silence was complete.

All at once a sonorous sound, proceeding from the middle dome, startled the night and floated away—far away—on the still air, to proclaim to mortal man that another hour of his short existence had passed from him forever, and that it was now two o'clock. No sooner had the vibrations of the deep-toned bell ceased than the sharp tinkling sound of a smaller one was heard within a dismal looking house near the Cathedral, and there followed an opening and shutting of doors, the neighing and pawing of horses, and the subdued sound of voices. A large gate was swung open, a mounted officer rode out into the street, uttering the words of command :

"Ready, men! Slow time. March!"

A green waggon having the appearance of a box, capable of accommodating about eight people, with a grated opening in the door behind, followed the officer, escorted by six mounted soldiers of the Emperor's Secret Police. They follow the course of the Fontanca, and soon arrive within a few hundred yards of the house inhabited by Roslaf.

"Halt," commands the officer. "Sergeant, forward!"

"Ride ahead, and see whether everything is ready!"

The Sergeant spurs his horse and disap-

pears in the dark. But before he had advanced far a policeman steps forward from under the shade of a gateway and beckons to him.

The Sergeant inquires, "Everything in order?"

"All is well. The men are at their posts, guarding the back entrance to the rooms. He is in bed; the street door is locked, but not bolted."

The Sergeant returned at a gallop to make his report, and the party advanced until the front rank stood before Roslaf's door. The driver picked the lock, and the door swung open. A dark lantern was produced by one of the men, and the hall lamp was lighted. Two men were posted on each side of the outer door, and the officer with two men went upstairs. They lighted the candle and rung the bell.

Michael was still praying in his room.

"Lord have mercy on us!" he exclaimed. "This means no good." He quickly but noiselessly ran into the nearest front room, and cautiously peeped into the street. When he saw the green van, deadly pallor overspread his face, and he muttered:

"Merciful Saints, intercede for my master! The accursed soul-destroyers are at the door."

He leaned against the wall, and pressed his hand against his heart to still its throbbing.

A second and sharper ringing of the bell was heard. With an effort the poor man went into his young master's room, shook him by the shoulder, and said:

"My darling, Roslaf Alexandrovich, get up at once. Dress yourself, put money in your pocket, and flee. The secret police have come to take you."

He ran to see whether the backdoor was guarded, and returned groaning.

"No escape! no escape! They watch the door!" A third and prolonged ringing of the bell was heard. Roslaf sent Michael to open the door.

"You brute! you have been keeping me waiting your pleasure. I have a mind to knock you down."

These were the words with which the officer greeted him.

"Knock me down!" said old Michael, feebly but resolutely. "Well, do it. It will make your noble hands no dirtier than they are already."

The officer lifted his fist, but perceiving the weakness of the tottering old man, did not execute his threat, but asked gruffly:

"Where is Roslaf Alexandrovich Romof?"

"Go and find him. I am no traitor to lead you to him."

One of the soldiers dealt a savage blow at the old man's chest, who fell heavily to the ground, moaning lowly, whilst a stream of blood oozed from between his pallid lips. The soldiers advanced and entered Roslaf's room. He stood ready dressed, and had lighted the lamp. The two soldiers posted themselves outside on either side the door with drawn swords. The officer bowed politely to Roslaf, and asked in a civil manner:

"I suppose I have the pleasure of speaking to His Brightness, Roslaf Alexandrovich Romof?"

"I am he. What is your wish?"

"It is my unpleasant duty to arrest you. Do not try to resist, for it would be in vain, and I am anxious to treat you as a gentleman."

"I am ready to follow you. May I write a note first?"

"That is against our rules. You have thirty minutes to pack your trunks and collect your valuables. Prepare yourself for a prolonged journey!"

"A journey? Where to?"

"I do not know."

"Well, my trunks are ready packed."

"I have orders to take possession of all your manuscripts. Are there any in the trunks? I ask you upon your word as a gentleman."

"None. Before leaving I wish to say farewell to my old servant."

"One of my men shall fetch him. Ivan, bring him here." The soldier sheathed his sword, and after some time returned carrying rather than leading the old man, who appeared to be very ill. When Roslaf noticed his blood-besmeared face, he impulsively snatched up a chair, and asked the officer:

"Who has done that? Was it you?"

"No, no," answered the latter, quietly. But calm yourself, or I must have you bound."

"I beg your pardon, but I thought somebody had struck the old man."

Roslaf turned to Michael, whom the soldier was supporting, but before he could say a word the old man dropped on his knees before Roslaf, seized his hand, and covering it with kisses, moaned:

"My darling—my dove—my beloved one! I am dying—wait, and close my old eyes. The Lord be merciful to us!"

He fell prostrate on the floor.

Roslaf lifted him on his bed, and the faithful old man, giving him one last long look of love, expired.

"He has gone to his rest! O, Michael! Michael! my friend!" Roslaf gave free vent to his grief. After some minutes the officer took him by the arm and led him down stairs. The soldiers followed, each carrying a trunk. Roslaf was shut up in one of the longitudinal departments of the van, and the trunks in the other. The two soldiers once more went upstairs to fetch down the last and heaviest trunk, but before doing so, rifled the drawers of Roslaf's desk of some loose coins and jewellery that they found in them. Finally, the corpse of the old servant was deposited in the same compartment with the trunks, after having been rolled up in a blanket, and the procession returned at the same slow pace as it had come. Roslaf knew not how near to him were the remains of his friend.

When the van had arrived in the yard of

the Secret Police Office, Roslaf was led up a narrow old-fashioned staircase into a large room of dusty and desolate appearance, containing a large table, covered with a green cloth and littered with papers, some chairs, a wretched oil-painting of the Emperor in a richly carved and gilt frame, and the indispensable sacred pictures and lamp. There was nothing there to indicate that this was the place whence tyranny daily sent out its messengers to ruin prospects of happiness, to destroy hope and joy, to deprive honest, noble-minded men and women of liberty and peace, and to work iniquity in darkness. Behind the table sat a middle-aged man, wearing the blue and silver uniform of a Major of Gens d'armes. His peculiar face never seemed to be at rest. There was a constant twitching of his wrinkled skin about his eyes and mouth, which would have made it a matter of difficulty to the physiognomist to read his thoughts, or even guess his emotions. He had the habit of shutting his sharp grey eyes, as if in sleep, when speaking or listening to anybody.

On entering, Roslaf bowed coldly to the Major, who readily acknowledged the compliment, and said :

"Pray be seated."

"I prefer to stand."

"Very well, please yourself. Are you Roslaf Romof?"

"I am he."

"I was aware of it," said the Major, with great sweetness and much blinking, "but I have to observe the legal forms. I hope you don't mind."

Roslaf answered indignantly.

"So you have to observe legal forms in dealing with His Majesty's loyal subjects, have you? Now tell me, if you please, whether my arrest has been legal or 'formal,' or whether it has been arbitrary?"

The Major opened his eyes for one short moment, as if in astonishment, then he shut them again and exclaimed mildly :

"Hush, your Brightness, be not so hasty! I beg of you to control your temper, for your own sake!"

"But how dare you"—— began Roslaf.

"Stop, stop," interposed the Major, without opening his eyes, and in a tone still milder, if possible. "Now, pray do be calm! Take a seat and let us talk like friends. But I must beg of you not to ask any questions of me. I know nothing at all. I am only obeying my orders, and you are here to answer *my* questions. Do so like a gentleman, please!"

The placid Major, however, failed to pacify Roslaf, whose blood was boiling at the thought of the indignity to which he had been subjected, and it was with considerable difficulty that the required forms were gone through, the Major never for a moment losing his equanimity. At last he said :

"Now listen! I am going to send you away by stage-post. You will be registered at the Post-office as an independent traveller. As is usual you will have a companion, a fellow-traveller, and I would recommend you to take Lieutenant Lavin, of the Gens-d'armes. He is going your way. You understand me, I hope! You see, I might send you away as a prisoner, with a military escort, and your lodgings on the road would be dirty police-cells. Instead of that I give you a travelling passport, and you can enjoy every comfort. The only condition I make is that you treat Lieutenant Lavin with the respect due to a gentleman. I want to spare your feelings. In return, you will not neglect a little advice of mine. It is that you be not too stubborn in minor matters, should your opinion clash with those of Mr. Lavin. He is an experienced traveller, especially on the road you are going to take. So you had better let him have his own way as much as possible. But above all, Roslaf Alexandrovich, let me advise you not to try to leave your companion. You understand me? He has got your papers."

He smiled benignantly, and nodded in

his most pleasant manner, opening and shutting his eyes in quick succession.

Presently an officer in complete travelling costume entered, and was immediately introduced to Roslaf as Serghy Petrovich Lavin. The Major left the room bestowing on them a smile of paternal kindness.

Roslaf understood that he was now left in custody of the Lieutenant, and therefore examined his appearance with great interest. He had a pleasant, open face, a stately, handsome form and easy manners, and made the best impression on Roslaf.

"Well, Roslaf Alexandrovich," said Lavin, "have you got money about you for your travelling expenses?"

"Am I to be sent away and to pay my own expenses?"

"If you had been sent away as a prisoner we, of course, would pay them. But as you are going independently, you will have to do it yourself. I may as well tell you that the Major adopted the latter method of disposing of you in order to pocket the money required to forward you under escort. Thus you both are benefited, for I am sure you will prefer to go with me."

Roslaf was not in the least astonished at this impudent revelation, for he knew too much of the actions of the Russian Secret Police, and therefore at once expressed his assent.

"That is right," said Lavin, approvingly. "You are a sensible fellow, and as we are going to be friends—for the journey at least—I will be the first one to ask a favour of you. I have had the money for my own share of the expenditure handed over to me yesterday afternoon, but—you know, a young fellow in this tempting capital—cards and all that sort of thing. In short I want you to lend me the money required to take me to our journey's end. Will you do it? You shall not repent it, I assure you."

Roslaf, fully conscious how very important it was to him to buy his custodian's good-will at any price, hesitatingly answered:

"I have but a few hundred roubles in my possession and the Imperial Bank does not open until nine o'clock."

"Never mind the Bank," exclaimed Lavin, well pleased, "only give me your cheque. I dare say the Major will discount it for me."

Roslaf was astonished this time, and asked:

"The Major! And dare you tell him of your——"

"Loan," quickly suggested Lavin. "Why not? He has robbed you or the Government, whilst I only borrow."

Roslaf signed the cheque and was locked into the room by Lavin, who soon returned with a beaming face.

"The old dog!" he exclaimed. "I had to give him five per cent. discount for four hours' time. Now let us be off! The post cart is at the door."

Having descended into the yard, they found that the cart was completely filled by their trunks, and there was hardly any room for the driver and none for them.

"Never mind," said Lavin, "we shall walk to the post station and get a larger cart. The trunks will follow."

He took Roslaf's arm and they went out into the street, the cart rumbling after them. Roslaf proposed to buy a light and comfortable second-hand travelling coach, and to let the trunks follow in the cart. This proposal was gladly acceded to by Lavin and soon executed. Our travellers, snugly seated in the carriage, rattled briskly over the stone pavement. Lavin smoked in silence. Roslaf was full of troubled thoughts. They soon passed the monastery of St. Alexander Nefsky (of the Neva) and were travelling over the rough boulders of the miserable road leading eastward along the southern shore of the blue sparkling river. A few minutes more and St. Petersburg was behind them. Roslaf looked back upon her with an aching heart. There she lay, glorious in the morning sun, the city of his birth and his ambi-

tion. Whither was he going! Was he ever to return? Who can tell?

He resolved to ask Lavin.

"Serghy, where are we going to?"

"To the next post station."

"And then?"

"To the next following one. Do not ask me, Roslaf; I am not allowed to tell you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Several days had passed by. Still our travellers were speeding onward, night and day, without stopping longer than was absolutely necessary for their meals, and sleeping in their carriage. The country had been growing wilder every day. The dress of the rustics seemed more patriarchal, their speech and manners quaint, the farms fewer and further between, and even the cattle presented a different appearance. They were now many hundreds of miles from St. Petersburg.

One morning, at sunrise, Roslaf saw the houses of a small town which they were fast approaching. He shook the sleeping Lavin and said:

"Look out, Lavin, and tell me what town it is?"

"It is Totma, and here you will have to reside. This is your place of banishment."

"Not Siberia, then?" asked Roslaf with a beating heart, straining his eyes to obtain a better view of the town.

"Not this time, Roslaf," answered Lavin yawning.

"Thank God!" said Roslaf with deep feeling.

### CHAPTER III.

TAKE us to the 'Guest-house,' (hotel) said Roslaf to the driver when the carriage entered the little town, and they soon drove up before a two-storied, plastered and whitewashed building, occupying a prominent position in the quiet market-place. Two waiters, dressed in white linen from head to foot, much like French cooks, rushed out to carry in the trunks, and

a few minutes later our travellers enlivened the inn by keeping up a boisterous peal on the call-bells, and sending the waiters flying up and down stairs after hot water, soap, &c.

After they had performed their ablutions and got dressed for their morning visits, Roslaf and Levin met in the public tea-room, surveying each other with mutual satisfaction.

The breakfast provided for them was not to their taste, and therefore did not engage them long. After it had been cleared away Roslaf anxiously enquired of Lavin what further events concerning himself he had to expect, and in answer to his inquiries, Lavin delivered himself of the following speech:

"Well, Roslaf, you have turned out to be a fine fellow, just as I expected, and I have had a very pleasant journey with you. And now, listen to me. It is a matter of course that you will be under the special surveillance of the police, and it is my duty immediately to proceed to the police office to deliver you up and get a receipt for your person from the Police Master, who in future will be responsible for your staying in Totma. But if I do this, your position in this little town will be very unpleasant. It will at once become generally known that you are a suspected person, and consequently, everybody will suspect you of everything, and not only will you be shunned, but every trifling action, nay, every word of yours will be eagerly noticed and commented upon. Now, it is in my power, by slightly overstepping my orders, to relieve you from all this annoyance, and I mean to do it, notwithstanding the risk of incurring the displeasure of my superiors."

"You are kind, Lavin, and I am really obliged to you."

"Not at all, Roslaf, I am only paying kindness for kindness. My plan is this. Instead of immediately delivering you up, I will simply introduce you as a friend to all the leading people of the town, with whom I am well acquainted, beginning with the Po-

lice Magistrate, in due succession, and you may say that you have come for a while to live in this place, without, however, stating your reasons for doing so. After having visited all our grandees, you must institute a grand ball, and invite them all. On this occasion I would advise you to take aside the Police Magistrates, one by one, and try to prevail upon them to accept a monetary present from you as a mark of your esteem."

"Will they accept?" asked Roslaf.

"You need not doubt it. By this means you will secure their good-will before entering into any official relation with them, and when afterwards I do deliver you up to the Police Master personally, all will remain a secret between him and you, and you will have every opportunity of enjoying yourself."

"You are jesting, Lavin! How could I enjoy myself in this miserable place? I am fond of refined society, and what can I expect *here*? Even the ladies that we see passing this window look so uninviting! What a curious mixture of flounces, blushes and fat, and what an abundance of freckles!

"You are too rash," said Lavin sententially. It is true the town seems half asleep, but it will depend upon yourself whether you will be dull or not. There is plenty of pleasure to be got here. You are young, good-looking, have nothing to do but to please yourself, plenty of money, and a good old name. With all these good possessions you might live here as merrily as a king. Give parties, dinners, balls; arrange excursions and pic-nics. Make acquaintance with the landed gentry all around; take part in their shooting, hunting, fishing and what not. And those ladies! those charming, simple young ladies! So sweetly innocent, so eager to flirt, or even to tackle the most romantic love-making. It makes me quite envious to think of all the pleasures that await you. You will be the lion of the town, fêted and courted alike by daughters and mothers, welcomed everywhere and by every body. If I were in your position I

would this very day select five or six young ladies to pay my addresses to, and in return would allow them to pet me and spoil me as much as they would like. I would allow their mothers to use all their match-making skill to entrap me, and laugh at their disappointment. But who knows whether, in a year's time, if I should happen to pass this way again, I would not find you a *pater familias*, nursing one of these tender-hearted, rosy-cheeked, dimpled young beauties of Totma, or rocking a screeching little—what do they call them?—token of affection, is it not?"

Roslaf was amused with Lavin's chaffing. During their conversation, however, they had arrived at the Police Master's house, and he was duly introduced to the lady, whose features showed her to be about forty years old, notwithstanding rouge and pearl white, which had been laid on unsparingly, and her affectedly juvenile manners. This lady was greatly given to flirtation, and therefore could not help bestowing on Roslaf occasional glances of the kind that generally, though wrongly, are attributed to "sheep's eyes." Roslaf, however, had been warned by Lavin that the Police Master was exceedingly jealous, and that the best means of gaining his favor was to be very frigid with his wife. At the time of this visit the Police Master was at the police station, but being informed of the arrival of strangers at his house, he ran home in breathless haste. No sooner had the usual forms of introduction and welcoming been gone through, than he anxiously inquired of Roslaf whether he was a good player at cards, and having received the assurance that Roslaf never played, he seemed well pleased, and once more emphatically assured his guest that he was his friend. For his wife was fond of gambling, and was in the habit of frequently inviting her mostly very youthful admirers just for a little game, which, however, was chiefly carried on under the green table in the shape of des-

perate hand-squeezing, or unmerciful ill-treatment of corns—which ardent tokens of affection were endured on either side with heroic devotion.

The two young men soon left the worthy pair, and terminated their round of visiting at the Mayor's, where they were very hospitably invited to dine. It was late in the evening when they returned to their hotel. Poor Roslaf had no experience of country town hotels, and being tired, unsuspectingly threw himself on the hard bed, and was soon fast asleep. But no sooner had he closed his eyes, than his prostrate limbs were attacked by a numerous and ravenous host of certain slow-creeping yet cunning enemies. The number of his assailants continually increased, until their united attacks brought him back to consciousness. He sprang out of bed and struck a light.

But we want to be considerate, therefore we shall not tell our reader what Roslaf saw.

What was to be done? He was tired and sleepy, yet he durst not venture into bed again. Whilst he was surveying the treacherous bed, he noticed that the armies of his foes were beating a hasty retreat from the light into the darkest corners, and this observation determined him in his subsequent actions. He took the blankets and sheets, shook them well, and spread them on the floor, in the middle of the room. Then he cautiously took up the pillow, examined it, and failing to detect an ambush, also deposited it on the floor. This was to be his bed for the rest of the night. He also took three chairs, set one of them at the head and one on each side of his camp, and put a lighted candle on each chair, by this means brightly illuminating his improvised bed. Having surveyed his fortifications with satisfaction, he once more laid himself down, and bade defiance to his enemies. None of them ventured to renew the attack, for, like tigers and lions, they prefer to operate in the dark.

Take this hint, O reader, and if ever

you happen to be similarly attacked, camp out and keep your camp-fires well burning.

The next morning the landlord's heart was gladdened with an order to prepare a first-rate dinner for the next day, for forty or fifty people, and to stock his bar with every delicacy to be had in the town, to be free of access to the guests. The day was devoted by our travellers to rest and reading, and sending out invitations.

On the morning of the dinner there was nothing but bustle at the Guest-house. Lavin was running about, from cellar to garret, in great excitement, shouting frantically, upsetting piles of glass-ware, bestowing occasional kicks and cuffs on the waiters, and driving everybody before him like chaff before the wind. At last everything was in order, and things looked better than Roslaf had expected, although the extraordinary variety of borrowed crockery, glass, cutlery, candlesticks and chairs, was rather bewildering, and the waiters, recruited from among the undertaker's "mourners," looked like dancing-bears in their solemn black coats, and had the peculiar odour of frankincense about them which no perfume was able to quench.

By and by the guests began to arrive, first singly, and invariably escorted to the door by an admiring crowd, then in little droves, until the rooms began to assume a more lively aspect. But there is no need for a description of a provincial ball, or provincial toilettes. As for the latter, their absurd extravagance and grotesque variety produced upon Roslaf an impression not dissimilar to a heavy nightmare. Several times he caught himself absolutely staring with astonishment as he surveyed the arrivals; and had he known as much English *then* as he does *now*, when writing these reminiscences, we might have excused him had he exclaimed in the words of "Punch" on the occasion of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne:

"The Campbells are *coming*—but *when*, oh when will they *go*?"

(To be continued.)



## SEPTEMBER AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE long pine branches lightly bend  
 Above grey rocks with moss o'ergrown,  
 And rays of golden light descend  
 Aslant, on twisted root and stone ;  
 All still and silent, at our feet,  
 Lies the broad river's glassy sheet.

So calm, so tranquil its expanse,  
 No ripple on its peaceful breast ;  
 It might be sea of faëry-land,  
 By some strange magic laid to rest,  
 And the grey, hazy islands seem  
 The vision of a passing dream.

In such soft tints their shores extend,  
 So dim their winding outlines lie,  
 They do not separate, but blend  
 The melting tints of lake and sky,  
 Save where one light-tower's snowy gleam  
 Is mirrored in the placid stream.

No sounds the dreamy stillness break,  
 No echo o'er the lake is heard,  
 Save that the leaping fishes make,  
 Or twitter of a lonely bird ;  
 And summer sweetness seems to stray,  
 Confused, through the September day.

We watch the swift-receding boat,  
 And long we bend our patient gaze  
 Ane strive to trace it, far afloat,  
 Through the soft mist's uncertain haze,  
 To catch the latest glimpse we may  
 Of friends beloved it bears away.

So, often, through the misty veil  
 That hides from us the Spirit-land,  
 We gaze and gaze, till gazing fail—  
 As on its outer verge we stand—  
 On cherished forms, receding far  
 To realms that undiscovered are.

## PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SURVEY OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR.

THE railroad is in our new world fulfilling a new function; for, from the north of North America to the south of South America, railroad companies are now the most active explorers of their unknown recesses. Heretofore, in the old world, these highways have been run only where a dense population needed their facilities for transport; on our side the Atlantic, on the contrary, either in connecting far distant centres of settlement, or in giving access to fertile districts—as yet unpopulated—the railway track is being laid through regions which would otherwise, for long or forever, have remained a solitude! Surveying parties are now looking for an easier route across the Chilian Andes than those by which the cattle dealers from the Pampas drive their flocks to the Pacific; and further north, from one side the Cordilleras, access is being sought by railway engineers to the rich table-lands of Bolivia; while, on the other side, every defile of the Peruvian Andes is being surveyed for one or other of the roads by which the Republic is endeavouring to throw open to the world its vast interior, teeming with Nature's richest products, but which are, to all intents and purposes, quite inaccessible. In North America we are expecting our first exact information as to the physical configu-

ration of that most southerly zone of the United States bordering on the Mexican frontier, from the engineers of the South Pacific; to the same Pacific Railroad the geographer owes his present intimate acquaintance with the Rocky Mountains, along the 41st parallel; and the northern section of the United States west of the Dakota, is undergoing the same thorough examination by the engineers of the North Pacific. But this useful office of the railway is now being performed by the engineering staff of our Pacific Railroad, for not only are they penetrating and describing parts of the Dominion concerning which we certainly would never otherwise have known much, but they are compelled, owing to their utter ignorance, especially of the British Columbian District, to extend their explorations over an area greater by far than the engineers of any other railroad in the world have ever had to do, in selecting the best road to reach their goal.

In locating a railroad, a mere general idea of the country through which it is to pass is not enough, as thousands of dollars may be saved in constructing, and thousands more in the diminished cost of running, by avoiding a very insignificant ravine or ridge, so low that we would lay out an ordinary road over it without looking for another course. The engineer requires to possess that intimate knowledge of the minutæ of a country such as most men have not acquired of even their own immediate neighbourhood. In the late Franco-Prussian war, as well as in that between the North and South, there were many incidents which proved how vague people's acquaintance generally is with

Canadian Pacific Railway. Report of Progress of the Exploration and Surveys up to January, 1874, By Sandford Fleming, Engineer-in-Chief. Ottawa, 1874.

Canada on the Pacific, by Charles Horetzky. Montreal, 1874.

The Wild North Land, by Captain W. F. Butler. Montreal, 1874.

Geological Surveys, Report of Progress for 1871-72. Montreal, 1872.

the precise configuration of the locality in which they live. Hence, if it be a laborious and tedious task to decide on the line which offers fewest obstacles in a cleared and settled country, how much more so when the region to be traversed has never been trodden by the foot of civilized man, and is a mountainous wild, clad with dense forest. For three years the surveying parties of the Canadian Pacific Railroad have been in the field. Their duty is to find a practicable railroad route from the Ottawa to the Pacific, a distance of nearly three thousand miles, of which, in round numbers, one thousand miles may be said to be through forest alternating with lake and morass, where there is not generally even an Indian trail to follow; and another thousand through a labyrinth of mountain ranges dissected by river courses and narrow tortuous lakes, upon whose banks a white man has in many cases never stood. Under such circumstances the wonder is, not that a desirable route remains still to be decided on, but that so near an approach has been made in so short a time to the solution of so difficult a riddle. The terms British Columbia imposed on the Dominion on joining the Confederation were, that a railway should be completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific within ten years. More than three years have already elapsed, and despite every effort of a first-rate chief, and eight hundred assistants of all grades, an eligible line has not yet been found.

There has been lately issued the Report of Progress on the Explorations and Surveys, up to January, 1874, accompanied by sixteen maps and sections, by Sandford Fleming, Engineer-in-Chief. We had good reason to complain, in criticising the former report, of the printing and bad paper, which might, at least, have been good, however desultory the information the report conveyed. The same fault cannot be found with the present documents. They contain, as the results of another year's survey, a large augmentation to our knowledge. This, although not yet

complete enough to justify the formation of a decisive opinion as to the route, has lifted the subject out of the almost utter darkness in which it was enveloped.

The additional exploratory work has been concentrated on the east and west sections, the middle section, composing the plains between Fort Garry and Edmonton, having been found in the first cursory examination to present no engineering difficulties; but the volume contains the report of Mr. Horetzky, of an expedition to the Lesser Slave Lake and the Peace River, and a very valuable supplement to the same, by Mr. Macoun, who accompanied Mr. Horetzky, and whose botanical observations throw more light upon the climate of that far north zone than any memoir that has been yet published. Further details of this reconnaissance, and of his trip along the coast of British Columbia, were given by Mr. Horetzky in his book—"Canada on the Pacific."

In describing the present position of the survey, we shall follow the natural subdivisions of the route which have guided the Chief in laying out the work for his subordinates, viz, into—

1. The Eastern or Woodland Region, from the Ottawa or Lake Nipissing to Fort Garry.
2. The Central or Prairie Region, from Fort Garry to the base of the Rocky Mountains.
3. The Western or Mountain Region.

1. The Eastern Section, varying in length according to route, from 1048 miles to 1197 miles, is the least inviting, though not the most costly feature of the whole scheme, but it looks less repulsive than it did two years ago, and perseverance may succeed in yet making it even comely. In the report of 1872, little hope was held out that a route touching Lake Superior could be found, and the proposed line lay, therefore, 120 miles to the south, with a branch connecting it with navigation. Now, a feasible deviation from this objectionable course has been found possible, and a main line has been surveyed touching navigable water to the

south of Lake Nipigon. Further exploration may possibly unravel, from amidst the labyrinth of lakes and rivers that fill the shallow troughs of the Laurentian range to the north of Lakes Huron and Superior, a roadway near enough to the lakes to still further shorten the through-line, and bring it into closer relation at Sault St. Marie, with the Western States. To complete the trans-continental line this section is necessary, and must sooner or later be built, but better later than sooner if there be any possibility that delay and further exploration may reveal a more desirable route than even the last proposed.

The most fertile part of Ontario is almost an island of triangular shape. Taking as the apex the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, one side of the triangle is formed by the Lakes Ontario and Erie, whose general direction is S.W.; the other side by the River Ottawa, the River Mattawa, Lake Nipissing and French River, which make a water channel with but one short break, whose general direction is almost due west; and the base of the triangle by the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, and the S.E. end of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay. Within these limits lies the agricultural wealth of Ontario, and to these limits will probably be confined her population. Hence, private railway enterprise is rapidly rendering accessible its most distant point, Lake Nipissing, whence Government proposes to carry forward the work which private enterprise is not found rash or courageous enough to undertake. For, once beyond Lake Nipissing, we pass forward to Hudson's Bay amidst the tributaries of the Ottawa and the Abbitibi through a tangle of rivers and swamps where the white pine has disappeared before the spruce, red pine, birch, and poplar, and where the soil is not so rich nor the climate so salubrious as to tempt the settler away from more southerly zones. Going west from Lake Nipissing we enter at once the sterile mountain range which skirts the northern shore of Lake

Huron. No one who has sailed through the intricate channels and amidst the myriad islands of the Georgian Bay, and of the basin enclosed by the Manitoulin Islands and the mainland, or who has seen Killarney, the very skeleton of a settlement, and the arid hills behind the Bruce Mines—hardly less bare than the refuse ore-heaps themselves, and who has continued his voyage under the cliffs that abut on the shores of Lake Superior, refusing a span of level beach large enough to land upon, will hesitate to accept the decision that a feasible route does not exist along the Lake Shore for a railroad. This sterile region is, however, a mere strip, especially to the north of Lake Superior, where the Laurentian rocks, which give it its repellent physical and agricultural character, have but a narrow lateral development. The line of junction between these fundamental strata and the newer rocks which lie to the north and form the rim of the basin washed by the waters of Hudson's Bay, corresponds in a general way with the *height of land* between the adjacent fresh and salt water seas, and marks the transmission from the rugged, corrugated, thinly-timbered tract along the lake, to the level swampy ground, clad in dense forest, which descends with almost imperceptible slope to Hudson's Bay. The sinuosities of the *height of land* or water-shed so far as traced, follow the curves of the shores of the Georgian Bay and Lakes Superior and Nipigon at a distance of from 20 to 50 miles. This only once apparently undergoes a deflection that does not correspond with the coast line. This is where Lake Long, a spindle shaped body of water, which is supplied by streams that rise within ten miles of Lake Superior, is interposed between the Pic River on the east, and Lake Nipigon and its feeders on the west. Lake Long discharges through the Albany into Hudson's Bay; the Pic rises in a lake not ten miles from the foot of Lake Long, and after running parallel to Lake Long, discharges into Lake Superior, where it meets

the waters that have flowed from as near the foot of Lake Long to the west, through the Nipigon River. The water-shed, therefore, whose general direction has been E. and W., on approaching Lake Long curves sharply to the South, approaches within ten miles of Lake Superior, then sweeps round the edge of Lake Long and returns north to enclose Lake Népigon. This deep indentation as it were in the area of the Laurentian hills, is found to afford passage for a railroad line to Lake Superior on either Nipigon or Thunder Bay, and thus one of the most objectionable features of the first survey is removed when the long Nipigon branch is expunged.

Three practicable routes have thus been discovered: (1) that originally surveyed, north of Nipigon; (2) another crossing the Nipigon, ten miles from its mouth and then regaining the *height of land* by following the S.W. shore of Lake Nipigon; and (3) a third which, after crossing the Nipigon at the same point as the last, skirting Nipigon Bay, Black Bay, and touching the lake at Thunder Bay, will ascend to the common track upon the *height of land*. But before discussing the merits of these rival routes and the respective claims of Népigon Bay or Thunder Bay to be the railroad port of Lake Superior, let us see what is known of the long stretch of 400 miles from Lake Nipissing to Lake Long, and the almost equally long reach from the western shore of Lake Nipissing to Fort Garry.

The line of 1871-72 took its departure from the mouth of the river Mattawa, followed the right bank of the Ottawa to the mouth of the Montreal river, and the left bank of that river to its very source, where its tributary streams at the *height of land* seem to flow from the same swamps as feed the Abbitibi, which discharges into Hudson's Bay. Further explorations, however, indicate that the valley of the Sturgeon River, which flows into Lake Nipissing, affords a shorter and easier route to the same point; and as the whole

section must be built merely for purposes of communication with the western section, and the country traversed by one projected route is likely to be as valueless as that penetrated by another, the object kept in view has been, and is, to discover the line which will be shortest and most level, and therefore least costly in construction, and most cheaply run. The shortest route would be one almost due W. from Lake Nipissing, touching Lake Superior at the mouth of the Pic River, but the country through which it would run is even more forbidding than that 50 miles to the north. The longer route therefore, with lighter work, must be chosen, and this seems to be up the Sturgeon River, which gives passage through the naked rocky country which cuts off progress to the west, over the *height of land* to the level heavily-wooded country on the Hudson's Bay slope. Along the rim of this basin it runs almost due west, crossing the innumerable tributaries of the Abbitibi—the south and north branches of the Moose River, and of the Albany. All these rivers have served as canoe routes between the Hudson's Bay posts on the lake, and on James' Bay—(Hudson's Bay)—all are comparatively sluggish, and run through a low, often swampy, country, clad in a dense forest of spruce, birch and poplar. The character of the ground and forest is, however, but little known; as, till the survey parties passed from east to west, that is across the direction of the river courses, no white man had ever seen more than the banks of some of the rivers, and these white men were Hudson's Bay officers, who, whether good observers or not, have left but scanty records of the localities they have visited. And the survey parties complain that their field of observation was much contracted by the difficulty of finding hills whereby they could command the view of a large extent of scenery. It seems, however, to be admitted on all sides, that the agricultural resources of this extensive region are scanty, and that the timber, though

abundant, and in places of large size, is not of the most valuable kind. Nevertheless, the country is not so barren as not to repay tillage, should a local market be made by a population entering the region to pursue other branches of industry: and the day may come, and certainly will come speedily, unless effectual measures be taken to stop the destruction of North American forests, when worse timber than the spruce and red pine of the Upper Ottawa, the Moose, and the Albany, will be in demand. Such a prospect is a poor consolation to cheer one on in building a thousand miles of railroad, through a wilderness, and almost as scanty is the encouragement to be derived from the few indications of mineral wealth; but, while these would not be inducements to build the road, they afford us some reason to hope that the road when built, and if built for the purposes of through traffic, will serve a valuable local end.

In 1871 Mr. Alexander McKenzie made a flying expedition (by order of the Engineer-in-Chief) by canoe up the Ottawa, and across the portage to the head waters of the Abbitibi, which he descended to Moose Factory on James Bay, returning up the northern branch of the Moose river, and down the Michipicoten to Lake Superior. On the Moose river he found quartz in boulders in abundance, "containing apparent traces of gold, copper, etc., while galena," he says "is not to be found in its south branch." There are also, in his opinion, indications of petroleum on its western side, for about 130 miles southward from tide water, and the locality abounds with ferruginous and brackish springs. A better authority is Mr. Robert Bell, of the Geological Survey, who spent the summer of 1871, exploring the country N. E. of Lake Nipigon, and the head waters of the Albany. He reached the Albany from Lake Nipigon by the Ombabiki, and if his observation be correct, it sets at rest the vexed question of a lake with two outlets, for he describes his following the

Ombabiki against the current, from Lake Nipigon to its source in Shoal Lake, three and a half-miles long and one mile wide, lying at "a distance of twenty-five miles north-east of the mouth of the river. This lake lies due north and south, and discharges both ways; the stream flowing northward towards the Albany, called the Powétik River, being nearly as large as the southern outlet." It is a pity Mr. Bell did not follow the Powétik into one or other of the main unmistakable branches of the Albany, as until this is done a doubt may exist as to whether it is a confluent of the northern river system at all, and does not twist round and find its way into Lake Superior. Mr. Bell's description of the Ojoké is not what we would expect to be that of a river within a few miles of its source. He leaves the Ojoké to cross a narrow water-shed to another branch of the Albany, which he follows through alternating stretches of lakes and rapid rivers to Martin's Falls; and thence 120 miles further to the junction of the Kenogami. In his 522 miles of journeying, he speaks only once of seeing a vein of quartz carrying a little iron pyrites, and once of detecting specks of copper pyrites in some dioritic schist. "But in one place, just below the mouth of the Goose River, or three miles below the point where the river turns south-east, bright red marl occurs on the north bank, and on a small island a mile further down, some loose fragments of a bright bituminous coal were found. The Hudson Bay Company's officers informed me that coal had never been brought into the country; and considering that the conveyance of even light and valuable goods is so expensive in this region, this is only what might have been expected, so that I cannot suppose this coal to have been brought here by human agency." Should good coal in available quantities be found within 300 miles of the heart of Ontario, and less than 200 from Lake Superior, the Pacific Railroad will be the most fruitful work Canada has ever engaged in. But it

is unreasonable to expect that parties of geologists surveying over 500 miles of lakes and rivers in a few weeks, will make mineral discoveries which are generally the result of very patient search! And therefore the few accidentally made give us good reason to believe that were the country even thinly peopled, others of more importance would quickly be announced.

On the shore of Lake Superior there is every indication of great mineral wealth. Silver Islet in Thunder Bay has become famous, and other silver locations give promise of a profitable yield. There is a large development on the islands and promontories of our shore of those same trap-rocks, which on the south shore are yielding such enormous quantities of native copper. Though on our side they have never been systematically explored, they are known to carry copper on Michipicoten Island in quantities that would be considered remunerative on Kewunah promontory. Gold also is known to exist on Lake Shebandowan and elsewhere. There is a fair presumption, therefore, from what has been found in the parts already visited, that the still larger area which will be rendered accessible by the railroad may unbosom still greater riches. At any rate the mining interest around Thunder Bay will be stimulated by the railroad.

Whatever route be taken round Lake Nipigon, there seems to be little alternative as to that from that lake to Fort Garry—as the same obstacles which exist in Nipissing and Moose river sections, here also indicate that the southern slope of the divide must be avoided, and the northern selected—the northern being rocky, bare of timber, and thinly covered with sandy soil—the northern flat heavily wooded, and, if there be any choice, more inviting to the agriculturist. The divide here, however, does not separate the waters flowing on one side into Lake Superior, and on the other into Hudson's Bay; as those flowing both south and north are carried by their respec-

tive chains of rivers and lakes to the junction of the Winnipeg and English Rivers, where they unite to flow together into Lake Winnipeg, and thence into Hudson's Bay. The area, therefore, between Lakes Nipigon, Superior, and Winnipeg, is almost as complete an island as the Province of Ontario, and has much the same triangular outline. The base is formed by Lake Nipigon, Nipigon River, and Nipigon Bay; the northern side by Sturgeon River, Lonely Lake, English River, and a chain of connecting lakes and rivers, whose waters flow from the north-east to the apex of the triangle, where they meet the discharge of the Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake, and others which compose, at most, unbroken water communication with the base of our triangle on Lake Superior. The railroad is laid down almost from the centre of the base of this huge triangle, whose area is not less than two-thirds that of Ontario, to the apex. As the railroad will open up from end to end this tract, it will add a Province to the Dominion; and if its value be at all commensurate to its extent, a very rich one. Unfortunately size and value are often in inverse ratio to one another. At about 30 miles from Red River the road will issue on the Prairie. The only debatable division of this long section is, as already pointed out, that which unites the two extremes, and here three alternatives offer: either to run the main line north of Lake Nipigon, and connect it with Lake Superior by a branch 150 miles long, or else carry the main line to navigable water, on either Nipigon Bay, or Thunder Bay on Lake Superior.

As to distances, the advantage lies with the Nipigon route, for whereas the distance

	Miles.
From Fort Garry to Mattawa by Northern route, main line, is....	982
Branch from north of Lake Nipigon to Nipigon Bay.....	110—1,092
And that from Fort Garry to Mattawa by the Kaministiquia and Thunder Bay is.....	1,038

That which touches navigable waters on the Nipigon at ten miles from Lake Superior is only	Miles. 973
--	---------------

Unless therefore there be grave objections against Nipigon Bay as a port, or some strong argument in favour of Thunder Bay, the third route must be selected over the second ; for the first may be ruled out of court.

Thunder Bay may claim to possess now at Prince Arthur's Landing the largest settlement on the north shore of the lake, but this it owes to being the starting-point of the Dawson route, not to any advantages in itself. Thunder Bay is more exposed than is Nipigon Bay, which is effectually closed in by the St. Ignace, and the distance from Fort Garry to Thunder Bay is only 398 miles, while that to Nipigon is 416 ; but on the other hand, the distance from Thunder Bay to the Sault exceeds that from Red Rock, near the mouth of the Nipigon river, to the same point by nine miles. The ice on Thunder Bay, from its exposed position, breaks up sooner than that on Nipigon Bay ; but as both bays are navigable within fifteen days of the opening of the Sault Ste. Marie canal, and are generally free of ice for three weeks after the canal is closed, either harbour will answer in this respect as a railway terminus, for it will be in autumn that open navigation will be most important, as then the cereals will be seeking the cheapest possible route to Europe.

If the Nipigon route be selected, the navigation of the mouth of the Nipigon river must be improved ; if Thunder Bay, a break-water must be built or the mouth of the Kaministiquia converted into a harbour. The *pros* and *cons* are so evenly divided on all points but that of distance, and in this very important consideration the balance on the side of the Nipigon route is so great as to leave no hesitation in deciding in its favour.

From end to end of this section there seem to be no engineering difficulties. Mr. Fleming says that : "in passing from

Lake Nipissing to Lake Nipigon through the interior of the country, the ascent to the summit level will actually be less than that which is experienced in passing from Toronto across the peninsula of Western Ontario, by either the Great Western, the Grand Trunk, the Grey and Bruce, or the Northern Railways." And the ascent from the height of land from Winnipeg River, at the other end of the section, is so gradual that the total rise is only from 400 to 500 ft., and this is distributed over a distance of 230 miles.

The following particulars as to climate may be gleaned from the reports of the explorers. Mr. Rowan says :—"The question of snowfall is a subject of great importance when taken in connection with this work. Few, if any, reliable facts in connection with it, as regards the country now under consideration, have been hitherto known ; the following, from observations made by our own parties, will throw some light on the subject :—Commencing at Ottawa, where the average depth in winter may be taken as about 3 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft., it decreases gradually as we proceed westerly ; in the neighbourhood of the Great Bend of the Montreal River it is 3 ft. 6 in. ; on the height of land north of Michipicoten, on Lake Superior, it is 2 ft. 8 in. ; west of Lake Nipigon it is 2 ft. 3 in. ; and at Red River from 2 ft. to 1 ft. 6 in. Near the shore of Lake Superior the depth will average between 3 ft. and 4ft.

"There is a marked difference, however, between the character of the snow which falls throughout the whole of the country to the west of the Montreal River and that which falls east of that longitude. In the former country there are no thaws during the winter ; the snow is consequently dry and light, and *never packs* ; while in the latter, on the contrary, frequent thaws cause it to pack, as in the settled portions of the country to the south. This is one great source of difficulty experienced in removing it from the track of a railway.



“On the shore of Lake Superior the thermometer will indicate, once or twice during the winter, from 39° to 42° below zero; in the interior it seldom, if ever, falls as low as this. In summer, during the day time, in the months of July and August, the heat is as great as in this part of Canada, but the nights are always cool.

“When once spring commences vegetation is very rapid; the ice and snow have hardly disappeared before the trees are in full leaf.

“While on the subject of climate, I may mention that Mr. Crawford, the Hudson Bay Company’s officer at Red Rock, (at the mouth of Nipigon River,) cleared about 15 acres of land last spring, on which he raised some very fine barley, oats, potatoes, and turnips. In his garden were peas, beans, carrots, cabbage, and a few heads of Indian corn. He informed me that when he lived

at Nipigon Lake he had raised tomatoes in the open air.”

The fact that the climate is more severe on the lake shore than that in the interior, is corroborated by the observations of Mr. Macoun, the botanist, who remarks:—“An opinion has gone abroad that the lands round Thunder Bay and up the Kaministiquia are unfit for settlement, owing to the extreme cold, and summer frosts of that region. That this opinion is erroneous can be easily seen by a careful perusal of the following paragraphs:

“Early in the year 1869, G. F. Matthews, Esq., of St. John, New Brunswick, read a paper on the occurrence of Arctic and Western plants in Continental Acadia. Amongst other valuable information, he showed that the mean annual summer temperature of St. John, N. B., Thunder Bay, Halifax, and Toronto, was as follows:

	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Mean Sum.
St. John.....	47.3	54.5	59.7	60.0	55.0	45.7	58.1
Thunder Bay.....	48.9	58.7	62.2	53.8	48.2	41.9	59.9
Halifax.....	48.0	56.3	62.3	63.7	57.0	47.0	60.8
Toronto.....	51.5	61.0	66.3	65.7	57.4	45.0	64.3

“In July of the same year I made large collections round Thunder Bay and up the Kaministiquia, detecting many sub-arctic and boreal forms close to the waters of the lake, but none two miles up the river. The cause of this was evident; almost constant rain and fogs prevail around the bay during the hot months, lowering the temperature, and giving a climate almost analagous to that of Halifax or St. John, along the shore of the lake, but with a far higher temperature as we go inland from any point on it.

“The vegetation around Lake Superior is noted for its luxuriance. All herbaceous plants have a tendency to increase beyond their normal size along the west side of the lake, and Americans report the same on the south side. The only cause that can be assigned for this is the humid atmosphere, combined with a sufficiency of heat to deve-

lop at least the leaves and stems of the plants.

“Leaving the low marshy flats at the mouth of the Kaministiquia, and ascending the river, a botanist is soon struck with the change in the aspect of the plants he passes.

“All the sub-arctic species with which the shores of the lake are fringed, disappear; many of the boreal forms become very scarce, and by the time the Mission (1½ miles from Thunder Bay) is passed, almost a complete change has taken place in the vegetation.”

Mr. McKenzie, who it may be remembered made a canoe journey from the Ottawa to Hudson’s Bay and back to Lake Superior, is of opinion that were the country explored this season, under cultivation—a condition only precluded by its vast extent and absence of communication—its climate would,

unless in certain localities, from local causes, differ little from the lower cultivated portions of the Province of Quebec, an evidence of which exists in the crops raised, under the present unfavourable circumstances, at the Hudson's Bay Company Posts north of the great Watershed. At Moose Factory, the extremes of temperature are - 40° in winter and + 89 in summer, the average during the coldest month being, so far as I could learn, about + 11°, or a little colder than at Abbitibbi, where I procured my figures from the register kept for the Smithsonian Institution. The climate of the country is very healthy, and even in the heat of summer the air highly invigorating; but early frosts frequently prevent grain ripening properly, especially at Moose Factory, where the soil is rich alluvial, and the crops over luxuriant for an early harvest. At new Brunswick House (on Moose River, on the very line of the railroad), "situated about 49° 8' N. latitude, I procured a very fair specimen of ripe barley."

Mr. Bell's testimony agrees also in showing the prospect of settlement from adverse climatic influences not to be so hopeless, for he says that when at Martin's Falls, on the Albany (a point even farther north than the meridian of this part of the line,) "Mr. McKay, the gentleman in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's post there, kindly afforded me an opportunity of looking over the journals of the last forty years, which had been kept by his predecessors. From these I ascertained that the river between this point and James' Bay is open, on an average, six months of the year. Hay, turnips, and potatoes have been successfully cultivated for a long time at this post, and the cattle kept here thrive well."

If we must have a railroad uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific through Canadian soil, this section must be built. The length will be 973 miles, but the division which will carry the freight of the West to the navigable waters of Lake Superior will be

416. The road must run from end to end through a country not actually unfit for settlement, yet so unfavourable for agriculture that it will be cultivated only to supply a local demand. Whether such a demand will ever exist must depend upon lumbering or mining. The quality of the lumber is such as to forbid the supposition that it will be soon marketable. It is impossible to estimate what the chances are of the road developing a mineral region, owing to the scantiness of our information.

If much is still to be done in the way of surveys before work can be commenced on the Eastern section, still more is this the case on the Western. In the preliminary report of 1872, Mr. Fleming expressed himself more unreservedly favourable to the route by Tête Jaune Cache to Burrard's Inlet than he does in his last report. Evidently a more familiar acquaintance with the Thompson and the Fraser valleys, as well as with the country across the loop made by the former of these with the latter, has revealed greater difficulties than at first presented themselves. Then again, such strong advocacy has been given to the Peace River Pass, far to the north of the Yellow Head Pass, that Mr. Horetzky was detailed to make a cursory survey of it, which he did with results such as entitle the route to more careful exploration before it be dismissed. Even the character of the plains is being discussed as a doubtful subject, and when we seek for information that would enable us to arrive at a conclusion between conflicting opinions, the information is not to be found. It is contended, not only that the Peace River Valley is the proper gate through the mountains, but that in reaching it from the East the real fertile belt will be followed from end to end; whereas in traversing the plains from Manitoba to Edmonton, the fertile zone which extends from S.E. to N.W. is only cut across diagonally. It is further contended that the climate is more favourable to agriculture in lat 56° than in lat. 53°.

and that a lighter snowfall will diminish the cost of maintaining a railroad. But of this mild, wild north land, of which such glowing accounts reach us, we have but little precise information. Capt. Butler crossed part of it in the winter of 1872-73. Mr. Horetzky skirted it in the autumn of 1872, in running from Edmonton to Fort Dunvegan, on the Peace River; but while the accounts we possess are too ambiguous to carry conviction of the desirability of the route, the evidence both as to fertility and salubrity of the country east of the mountains, and as to the facility the Peace River offers of reaching the Pacific, is so strong that it would be folly in the face of it to decide on a southern route till the northern has received the amplest exploration. In fact, one cannot but be struck by the apathy—we will not say of the Government, for the Government only expresses the popular sentiment—but of the people with regard to the North-West. Either this immense territory is what it is described by its admirers as being, and what it was believed to be when acquired by Canada, or it is not. The first duty of Parliament is to take means for ascertaining this. When a thorough geographical exploration has been made which will determine the character of the soil and productions, not along certain beaten trails but over wide areas, we shall then know the value of what we possess, but not till then. The limited efforts now being put forth are worse than useless, for, being confined to so narrow a field and a single tract, they accustom the public mind to regard as a matter of course all territory beyond as admittedly valueless. No time should be lost and no expense spared in making the explanation thorough. If our North-West is the valuable acquisition we esteem it, exposing it to a thorough survey, and publishing the result in a style worthy of the subject, will enable us the more quickly to benefit by our treasures; if, on the contrary, its value be exaggerated, and it is not fitted to receive

the multitudes our Pacific Railroad is being prepared to transport thither, the sooner we know it the better; and any expense incurred in learning our mistake will be well laid out. In the surveys now being conducted for the United States Government, of their territories, we have models of what such exploration should be, and in the publications in which the results attained are given to the world, we have works which attest the value the Government attaches to the regions they describe. Our Government might learn a useful lesson from Clarence King's report on the 40th parallel, and Hayden's Geological Reports on the Territories, both the popular and scientific series. Such explorations and such books cost money; but if we can afford to spend \$100,000,000 in building a railway, we can spare \$1,000,000 towards first acquiring and disseminating knowledge of the salient geographical features and physical peculiarities of the region which the railroad is intended to open. As it is, we are tolerably acquainted with the zone from Fort Garry to Edmonton. Colonel Robertson Ross gives us the impressions he gathered during a forced march through the country lying along the eastern base of the mountains, from Edmonton almost to the American line; and Mr. Horetzky, in like manner, tells us what he saw and heard, when hurrying at all speed northward from the same point, in the month of September, to the Peace River. Mr. McLeod adds to our heap of hearsay evidence regarding the same region; and Captain Butler narrates a sledge journey through it in mid-winter. From these sources we gather that the route which the Pacific Railroad would follow from Fort Garry to Edmonton is through a country by no means fertile throughout, and in many places so deficient in water that it is doubtful whether deep boring even can find it; that there are no doubt thousands of miles of cultivatable land in this zone, but that it is by no means as generally suitable for agricultural purposes as the country to

the north of the Saskatchewan. Strange to say, the north branch of the Saskatchewan is described as the Northern Limit, or the Fertile Belt, in the surrender made by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion. Yet Captain Butler avers that it will be found that there are ten acres of fertile land lying north of the North Saskatchewan for every one acre lying south of it; and Captain Butler's opinion, despite the dramatic exaggeration he throws into his style, is worthy of respect; for he has travelled over the ground with a traveller's eye, and spent more than a few months in the North-West. These authorities, and others as old as Sir Alex. McKenzie, tell us of a prairie on the Smoky and Peace Rivers of as wide extent as the prairie of Manitoba, more fertile and as mild; and that the whole country, from the Forks of the Saskatchewan north-west to this point, out of which half-a-dozen Manitobas might be carved, is more salubrious, and better wooded and watered, and in other respects more fitted for settlement, than would be that through which it is proposed that the Pacific Railroad shall pass from Manitoba to Jasper House. If it be so, there is no preference due to the southern passes through the mountains over the northern, on the score of the greater value of the prairies of the south over the mixed prairie and woodland of the north, and the route to the Pacific may be selected:

(1) In deference to the engineering facilities or difficulties presented by one over another of the passes; and,

(2) With a view to the road terminating in a safe and accessible seaport.

To understand the present position of the survey of the western or mountain region, we must have a clear idea of the general configuration of British Columbia, and this the labours of the railway exploring parties are enabling us to form; for as here the engineering difficulties of the undertaking culminate, to this section has been devoted

most attention, and a marvellous amount of arduous work has been done. If much more should remain to be done ere the problem of a best route is settled, considering the great extent of country over which instrumental surveys have been made, and its mountainous character, we must not be surprised.

The Rocky Mountains from south to north present the same salient features. If a section of the continent from Omaha on the Missouri to San Francisco, along the line of the Union and Central Pacific Railways, be examined, it will be seen that the plains which commence at Omaha at 1,211 feet above the sea, rise, by a very gradual ascent, to Cheyenne, 6,062 feet. Here the Rocky Mountain range springs then from the plains. Its summit surmounted, the range descends westward to an elevated plateau whose mean elevation is about 5,500 feet, and its width about 1,000 miles. The plateau contains many lakes; in it takes its rise the Rio Colorado, and it is broken by many subsidiary ranges—some extending, as distinct chains, for great distances north and south, others forming isolated mountain masses, whose axes, however, always correspond with that of the main range. While the Rocky Mountains proper form the eastern rim of this elevated basin, the Nevada range forms the western. Its crest rises abruptly out of the plateau from the east, its western flank sweeps with a steep curve into the Sacramento Valley, almost to the level of the sea. To the west of the Sacramento Valley is a hilly region—the foot hills of the Nevada Range, cut off from their connection with the parent mountains and the San Jacinto River, which has grooved out of them a broad, deep valley. The Bay of San Francisco is a deep indentation in these foot-hills, but the only one, and therefore the only good harbour along the whole coast.

Let us now examine a section through the western half of the continent, ten degrees further north in Canadian territory. Here we

find the same elements as in the south, only some are developed into larger proportions—others are contracted, while the passage from a rainless into a humid climate is indicated by great rivers, whose restless flow has worn deep passes and precipitous cañons through the mountain ranges, and into the floor of the plateau.

Instead of the arid plains of Nebraska, rolling up to an elevation of 6,000 feet at Cheyenne, we have the fertile prairies of the Saskatchewan, which meet the mountains at an elevation of only 2,600 feet. Then, though here the Rocky Mountain Range attains, in its highest summits—Mounts Brown and Hooker—proportions even grander than it does in the Colorado Peaks, it is cleft so deeply by ravines—the beds in more than one instance of mighty rivers that rise within the range to the west—that the passage through the mountains may be made in several places without the traveller being aware by any steep alternation in level that he has even left the plains. One or other of these gaps will, of course, be chosen to give passage to the Railway. Within the Rocky Mountain Range is an elevated plateau such as we have described as enclosed between the same range and the Sierra Nevada in the south. This plateau has in British Columbia, however, an average elevation of only about 2,000 feet instead of 5,500 feet; its surface is likewise corrugated by secondary mountain ranges, such as the Selkirk and Gold, but it is much more deeply furrowed by water-courses than in its southern extension. In the latitude we are describing the Columbia and Fraser Rivers traverse the plateau diagonally from north-east to south-west, and with their tributaries, which generally join the main stream at right angles, cut it up in all directions with deep trenches, of which steep sides form precipitous escarpments, and whose bottoms are so narrow that the water often fills completely the gorge, not allowing, on either side, room to build a road. These river

valleys, with their regular descent to the sea, would form admirable railway routes were it not for their impassable character even on the plateau, and which becomes still more marked when the rivers cut their way through the Cascade or Coast Range, rushing impetuously through gloomy defiles in which to build a railroad would involve carving a shelf for miles out of a wall of rock.

The Cascade Range is the continuation northward of the Sierra Nevada, and forms like it the western rim of the basin. In California, as we have seen, the Sierra Nevada slopes rapidly into the San Jacinto Valley. In this part of British Columbia the Cascade Range drops, by precipices thousands of feet high, into the Straits of Georgia. With the Valley of San Jacinto depressed a few hundred feet, it would form an arm of the sea corresponding to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca and Georgia, and the high land which occupies the coast of California would be an island, the representative in the south of the highest zone of the submerged mountain chain whose extension northward is indicated by Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte Group.

It will be understood, therefore, that while the deep indentations in the Rocky Mountains, which have been cut in one instance at least beneath the level of the enclosed plateau, afford easy highways through them from the east; the deep furrows which the rivers have grooved into the surface of the table land, added to the undulations, rising sometimes into mountain chains, into which it is broken, present a labyrinth of obstacles through which it is not easy to thread a way; and the difficulties become more insuperable when the Cascade Range is reached, for its western slope is a precipice whose base is lashed by the sea—except where rapid rivers have cleft through its narrow gorges—terminating in long sinuous arms of the sea, so narrow as to be unnavigable generally by sailing ships, and is enclosed by cliffs that tower almost

to the same level, yet dip, sheer and deep, into the water. So rugged is the coast of British Columbia, that from Milleh Callah, near the mouth of the Skeena River in the north, for 300 miles southward to Cape Cantim, not a stretch of sandy beach, it is said, offers footing to the shipwrecked sailor. There are, therefore, few safe, accessible harbours, very few gaps through the Cascade Range by which to reach them, not more than half a dozen possible routes through the Rocky Mountains by which to reach the plateau, and obstacles serious and innumerable to be overcome in crossing from one rim of the basin to the other.

Let us see what prospects the surveys hold out of this complication of difficulties being overcome. The least of them is in the passage of the Rocky Mountain Range, for at comparatively short distances there are, as already pointed out, valleys indenting the range, where streams flowing east and others flowing west, rise side by side. Proceeding northward :

1. At twelve miles from the United States frontier, from the *Kootanie Pass*—6,000 feet above the sea—the waters of the Billy River flow into the Saskatchewan, and those of the Wigwam into the Columbia.

2. *Kananoskie Pass*, 5,700 feet, is 50 miles further north.

3. *Vermilion Pass*, 4,903 feet, is only 30 miles north of the preceding, and, like it, discharges streams in opposite directions, as does also,

4. *The Kicking Horn Pass*, 5,200 feet above the sea; and 20 miles further north,

5. *House Pass* is next in succession, but its waters feed the North Saskatchewan on one side, and the Columbia on the other. Sixty miles of mountain now follow, with peaks rising over 14,000 feet high, yet the range again opens to such a depth that from the

6. *Yellow Head Pass*, only 3,700 feet above the sea, issue the Arthabaska to one

side, and the tributaries of the Fraser River to the other.

7. Of the mountains and their passes to the north of this but little is known. Smoky River, a large feeder of the Peace River, issues from the range about 100 miles north of Yellow Head Pass, by what the Indians represent as a very low pass, through which an easy trail leads to the plateau.

8. One hundred miles still further north, the noble stream of the Peace River flows majestically through a grand chasm in the range at an altitude of only 1,580 feet, and therefore considerably below the average elevation of the plateau, a large area of which it drains.

Further north we need not look. To most it will seem we are already beyond the limit of possible agricultural prosperity when in the 56th parallel of latitude, but there is strong testimony to prove that we are not.

Mr. Macoun, whose memoir is the most valuable contribution yet made to our knowledge of this remote region, reports as follows of the climate and productions of the tract through which the Railroad would pass, were either the Smoky or Peace River passes chosen :

“Some farming is done near Slave Post, on the north-western end of the lake; but it is of the very rudest description, and year after year on the same spot both barley and potatoes are raised. The latter, instead of being an early variety, is a miserable winter one. It has been so long in the country that no one can tell when it was introduced. The same variety is raised at Dunvegan and St. John. At Dunvegan made inquiries about its introduction, and was told that it might have come in with *Noah*. I thought it might. Mr. McGillvery, whom I met at the Pembina, told me that their barley was never injured by frost, as it was always ahead of it. This year it was ripe by the 12th of August. Wheat has not been tried, but the Padre said it was just as warm as at Lac la Biche, where they raised great quantities of it. From my own observations I am satisfied that wheat would succeed, as I think there is a higher summer temperature here than at Edmonton. Not more than ten acres of land have ever been cultivated here, the people depending on the products of the chase and the fishery for subsistence.

Great quantities of white fish are taken in the lake, and the people have no dread of starvation.

"Made an excursion in the vicinity of the Post, and observed 184 species of plants. Not one of these indicate a cold climate. One hundred and thirty-two of this number grow in the vicinity of Belleville. Eighteen of the remainder were detected at Lake Superior. Thirty-four of the remainder were observed on the Saskatchewan.

"As far as I can judge, the whole of the land from Little Slave Lake to Smoky River, and on up to the base of the mountains, is of the very best quality. As I did not travel over the whole tract I cannot say from actual observation; but what I saw (at least 200 miles in length) of it was the best land I have seen anywhere. There was neither marsh nor swamp to any extent, but one wide extended expanse of rich soil, altogether devoid of stones. My observations bear out all that has been said of the fertility of the land along Peace River, though I was much disappointed to find scarcely any signs of farming at Dunvegan. Two small fields seem to be all that have ever been cultivated—the one for barley, the other for potatoes, and *vice versa*. This goes on from year to year. The same seed is probably used year after year, as it certainly is in the case of the potato. Game is much too plentiful for much attention to be paid to agriculture. What little is done is on a terrace about thirty feet above the river. One little field is cultivated on each side of the stream, which is over four hundred yards wide at this point. At Dunvegan, and between it and St. John, I particularly noted all the various species of plants, whether herbaceous or otherwise, and noticed a marked similarity between them and those found at Edmonton and Slave Post. The whole number observed was 212 species.

138 of these grow in the vicinity of Belleville.

19 were detected at Lake Superior.

52 were observed on the Saskatchewan.

3 had not been seen before.

"The three latter were cacti (*Opuntia Missouriensis*?) *Vaccinium myrtilloides*, and *Rhodios*. It will be seen by this that the region of country along the Peace River has more of the prairie vegetation than the wooded country at Slave Lake. Its Flora indicates both a drier and warmer climate than they have at the latter place. The prairie vegetation is almost identical with that of Edmonton, except a few eastern species. This being so, can we not with justice say that what can be raised at Edmonton can likewise be raised on the plains bordering Peace River? Although summer frosts are not unknown at Dunvegan, they do little if any harm. It is very probable that no harm would be done by them on

the level country outside of the river valley, owing to the exemption of it from the producing cause. The Padre at Dunvegan furnished a written statement to the effect that there were no spring frosts; and when a summer frost did occur, it was caused by heavy rain, about the time of the full moon, in August, followed by clear still nights. Now this is precisely the cause of our summer frosts, which do considerable local damage every year. Whenever there is a circulation of air there is no frost, as was pointed out to me by Mr. Kennedy, the gentleman in charge of St. John. A corner of his potato patch was killed this year, but it was sheltered from the wind, while that exposed to the air was left untouched. Both Mr. Horetzky and myself noticed that the temperature during October was lower in the valleys of rivers than on the level country above, and very probably this is the case during the summer.

"That the Peace River country has exceptional climate, anyone seeing it must confess. While we were travelling through it, the constant record was "warm sunshine, west wind, balmy atmosphere, and the skies of the brightest blue." Even as late as the 15th of October the thermometer was 40° at daylight and 60° in the shade at noon. Within the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains I picked up three species of plants in flower as late as the 26th of the same month. These facts, and many others that could be adduced, show conclusively that there is an open fall; and the united testimony of the residents makes it clear that spring commences before the first of May. There must likewise be a warm summer, as the service berries (*Amelanchier Canadensis*) were gathered fully ripe as early as the 15th of July, last year, by the miner we engaged at Edmonton, the same berries ripening at Belleville about the 10th of the same month. These berries are so sweet that we preferred them to currants in our pemican. From all the observations I made, both in respect of soil and vegetation, I am satisfied that the whole country between Slave Lake and the Rocky Mountains is a continuation of the prairie. The mountains we crossed between Fort Assiniboine and Slave Lake would therefore be a spur of the Rocky Mountains; and Sir John Richardson's remark, that there was a level country all the way from English River or Portage La Loche to Little Slave Lake would confirm this opinion. He even goes further, and on page 364 of his work says that:—"From Meathy Portage westward, though deeply furrowed by river-courses, and ravines more or less thickly wooded, partakes so much of a prairie character that horsemen may travel over it to Lesser Slave Lake and the Saskatchewan." If this opinion be correct, and I have no reason to doubt it, we can then assert with truth that the prairie country extends all the way from the Lower Saskatchewan by Lac

La Biche, across the Arthabasca, and thence to the mountains. Here, then, is a strip of country over 600 miles in length, and at least 100 in breadth, containing an area of 60,000 square miles, which has a climate no way inferior to that of Edmonton. I know that many doubts will be cast on the truthfulness of this statement, but from a careful perusal of many *published* tables of the climatology of the district in question, and my own observations, I can come to no other conclusion than this, that the day is not far distant when the most sceptical will believe even more than I now assert. The summer frosts are due to radiation, and whether the settlement of the country will have any effect in lessening them is a matter of speculation. It has always been so in Ontario that summer frosts have ceased as the country became opened up. May not this be the case in Rupert's Land and Peace River country?

"Regarding the quality of the soil throughout the entire region, my note book is unvarying in its testimony. I took every opportunity to examine the soil, and found it deep and fertile. It was principally clay loam, but had much the appearance of the *inter-valle* lands along streams in Ontario. Its average depth, where sections were exposed, was five feet, but owing to the clay subsoil it was practically inexhaustible. Days would elapse without seeing a stone except in the beds of streams, and swamps were unknown on the level country along Peace River."

Any one of these passes will give easy access to the plateau, but the first four are high compared with the others, and to reach them the road would have to run through the barren zone bordering on the American frontier. The Huron Pass is on the most direct line from Fort Garry to Westminster, but as after issuing from it, the Columbia River would have twice to be crossed, and the Selkirk and Columbia Ranges to be surmounted, the engineering difficulties would be greater and the route no shorter than by the Yellow Head Pass. This, early in the survey, was accepted as the probable gate of entrance. Therefore not less than six roads have been surveyed, with more or less accuracy, from three inlets on the coast to the Tête Jaune Cache—at the head of the Pass.

This Tête Jaune Cache is on one of the main branches of the Fraser, and the most

suitable Pacific Port is at the mouth of the Fraser. Why not follow the river? Because, in the first place, while in a straight line the distance from the Cache to New Westminster is not over 300 miles, the course of the branch on which the Cache is situated, northward to its junction with the main river, and of the main river thence southwestward towards its mouth, is at least 700 miles. But even were the Fraser not so tortuous, its valley is for miles together a narrow rocky defile in which a rail track could be laid only at enormous expense. This objection excludes not only this roundabout route, but militates against the two projected Fraser valley lines, as one of its wildest cañons is not far from its mouth. Both of these follow the north branch of the Thompson, which rises not far from the Cache south-westwardly to Kamloops. So far no difficulty is met, but from Kamloops one continues onward for 128 miles to Hope on the Fraser, in the same direction, across a tract of country so mountainous that grades as high as 122 feet per mile are inevitable, and a tunnel of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  miles would be required. The other route, to avoid this rough country, adheres to the valley of the Thompson, curves round with it to its junction with the Fraser at Lytton, and reaches Hope after a course of 165 miles. Of this route also Mr. Fleming is obliged to admit:

"Although no high summit is to be passed over, this section is far from favourable. Long stretches along the cañons of the Fraser and the Lower Thompson, occupying about half the whole distance, are excessively rough. On these sections formidable difficulties present themselves; the work would be enormously heavy, and the cost proportionate.

"Had the rivers Lower Thompson and Fraser flowed through wide valleys to the sea, this route would unquestionably have been the natural and proper line of the railway. The gradients from the summit of the Rocky Mountains at Yellow Head Pass



would have been very light, and would have proved very generally uniform and continuous. The passage, however, for these united rivers, through the Cascade Range is so extremely contracted that it would be a matter of great difficulty to find sufficient space for a railway through the remarkably narrow and rock-bound gorge cleft through the mountain."

We may consider this opinion as sealing not only the fate of these routes, but the doom of New Westminster and Burrard Inlet as the Pacific terminus. In the Report of 1872 Mr. Fleming seemed to anticipate no such difficulties, for he said, "The next important consideration is the establishment of the Railway route from Tête Jaune Cache to the Pacific Coast.

"It has already been mentioned that there will be no difficulty in building a railway with very favourable grades from Tête Jaune Cache to Kamloops. From Kamloops a survey has been made to Burrard Inlet, (the harbour of New Westminster,) except about seventy miles on the extreme western end of the line, and on the latter section no serious difficulties are believed to exist. This survey shows that a practicable line with favourable grades may be had, although the cost, particularly along the cañons of the Lower Fraser River, will be considerably above an average."

It was on such suppositions, the reliability of which has been so early disproved, that a contract was made with the Canadian Pacific R. R. Co., and that England was asked to lend \$150,000,000. Fortunately England would not lend, and the road is not yet begun. Such experience may well teach that delays are not always dangerous.

The next harbor on the coast is at the bottom of Howe's Sound, and from it a route has been surveyed which would cross the Fraser about 30 miles above Lytton, and join the previous routes on the North Thompson; but all thought of the adoption of this has been abandoned on account of frequent and

great changes in level: and therefore the engineer's hopes seem to turn to Waddington Harbor, at the head of Bute Inlet, as the terminus.

Burrard and Howe's Inlets are good harbours, and near the San Juan de Fuca straits, by which vessels will enter the Straits of Georgia from the Pacific, and it is to be regretted, therefore, that they are not as accessible from landward. The mouth of Bute Inlet is 100 miles further north, and the Inlet itself 45 miles deep, which will add seriously to the sea voyage of ships making the railway terminus: but should it be ever deemed advisable to bridge the Straits of Georgia, and make the splendid harbour of Esquimault or the Alberni canal on Vancouver Island the terminus, Bute Inlet must necessarily be reached; for between its mouth and Vancouver Island lies the Island of Valdes, which so nearly closes the channel that the longest gap to be spanned is only 1350 feet. Nevertheless, though practicable, the bridging of the straits would, as may be judged from the following extracts from Mr. Fleming's report, be so costly as not likely to be undertaken till our Pacific Railroad has monopolised the whole trade of Asia.

"For a distance of about 50 miles from Waddington Harbour, the only course for the line is to follow the base of the high rocky mountains which extend along Bute Inlet. On this section a great number of tunnels, varying from 100 to 3,000 feet in length through bluff rocky points, would be indispensable and the work generally, even with unusually sharp curvature, would be very heavy.

Careful examination has established the fact that to reach Vancouver Island from the mainland the following clear span bridges will be required:

At Arran Rapids.....	clear span 1100 feet.
Carder's Channel,	
first opening.....	1350 "
second opening.....	1140 "
third opening.....	640 "
Middle Channel .....	" 1100 "
Seymour Narrows,	
first opening.....	clear span 1200 feet.
second opening.....	" 1350 "

The length of the section across the group of islands known as the Valdes Islands, lying between the mainland and Vancouver Island, is about 50 miles. The channels to be bridged are of great depth, with the tide flowing at 9 knots an hour.

In crossing the Islands, heavy excavations and probably a few short tunnels would be required.

Taking everything into consideration, the work of construction on these 80 miles lying between Waddington Harbour and Vancouver Island, would be of a most formidable character."

What the inlet is, and what the scenery along a road issuing from it would be, is well described by Mr. Marcus Smith, who, though he failed to survey a practicable line, gathered information which leads Mr. Fleming to expect that such will yet be discovered.

"Bute Inlet is one of those arms about 45 miles long, and between two and three miles wide, its direction is nearly due north, and it pierces directly into the Cascade or Coast chain, between walls of granite rocks, bold and rugged in outline, rising into domes 3,000 to 4,000 feet in height, and solitary snow-capped peaks 5,000 to 9,000 feet high, connected by broken sierras, altogether forming a scene of gloomy grandeur probably not to be met with in any other part of the world."

"The Valley of the Homatheo, where we were now encamped, at the head of Bute Inlet, is about a mile and a half in width, with little variation for about 20 miles, it then narrows as we ascend the river, till at the distance of about 30 miles from the head of the Inlet it suddenly closes in, and the river rushes through a narrow gorge or cañon between walls of granite rising to several hundred feet in height.

"The Waddington Town site is on the left or east bank of the river on a flat near the head of the inlet, covered with spruce, hemlock, and cypress (or cedar) trees of large dimensions and a very fine quality of timber. A few miles up the hemlock and spruce almost disappear from the bottom lands, and cypress trees of enormous size take their place; these measure from five to fifteen feet in diameter at the butt, bell-shaped for twelve to twenty feet up from the ground, then gently tapering they shoot up straight and clear two or three hundred feet, forming perfect models for unconnected columns, such as monuments or light-houses.

"The Homatheo river is a turbid, glacier-fed stream, varying from one to three hundred yards in breadth, frequently divided by numerous small islets. It dashes across from side to side of the valley, striking against the granite cliffs which hem it in. These cliffs rise in places 300 to 500 feet in perpendicular

height, and in steps from 2,000 to 5,000 feet; over these streams tumble in cascades like ribbons of silver, broken into spray in their descent. From the foot of these cliffs, where not washed by the river, the slopes are covered with huge fragments of rock, some moss-covered, others with the fracture quite clear, as if recently detached."

"We traced the line of Mr. Waddington's first attempt at making a trail through the great cañon by the side of the river, to the point where it was stopped by a perpendicular wall of granite; we then ascended the cliffs by a circuitous line to explore a route by which we could find footing to make the survey through the cañon."

"From these heights the scene presented was singularly wild and sublime; from our feet, over cliffs of 400 feet in height, fell in sheets of silver a beautiful cascade, at the foot of which our tent was pitched on a moss-covered stone. A hundred feet below the camp the Homatheo river, then a high flood, rushed out of the cañon with deafening roar; in every direction were grey walls of rock, thousands of feet high, serrated and broken by dark chasms; above all rose peak after peak clothed in snow of dazzling brilliancy, and connected by curtains of glaciers out of which issued torrents that fell in cascades till lost as they descended the gloomy chasms by which they found their way to the river. Nor amongst this wildness were there wanting the softer elements of beauty—in every crevice to the base of the snow-clad peaks, were clumps of evergreens, and lower down wherever a handful of soil could rest, it was sprinkled with wild-flowers, among which bloomed the sweet lily of the valley."

As to whether Waddington Harbour can be united with Yellow Head Pass at a reasonable cost, is undoubtedly a matter of uncertainty. The adherents of the Smoky or Peace River route question it, but propose that Bute Inlet be the terminus of whichever of their favourites be found most desirable. But whether either of them is more practicable is a matter of still more vague speculation. It is certain that by the Peace River the plateau may be reached. Lieut. Palmer ascended the plateau in the same latitude from the Pacific, when he surveyed the Bella Conla for a road to the interior in 1862. From his description of the table land there would seem to be no difficulty in traversing it by a direct and easy line. If this be so, and the country on

the Peace and Smoky Rivers be as described, these northern routes may be less objectionable than they appear at first sight. On the score of length, the Smoky River route does not compare very unfavourably

with that by the Yellow Head Pass, taking Thunder Hill or the Plains as the starting point, and Bute Inlet as the terminus of both.

Mr. Horetzky gives the following table :—

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ROUTE, *via* TETE JAUNE CACHE.

ROUTE.	REMARKS.	ELEVATION.	MILES.
From Portage la Prairie to Thunder Hill .....	Fine country for settlement .....		220
From Thunder Hill to the crossing of the South Saskatchewan .....	Much open country, salt lakes, little wood .....		192
From South Saskatchewan to the crossing near White Mud .....	Nearly all open country, salt lakes, hilly, and much exposed .....		350
From White Mud to south end of Lac Brule .....	Swampy, cold, unfitted for settlement .....		170
From Lac Brule to Tête Jaune Cache .....	Unsuitable for agriculture .....	3,760ft	110
From Tête Jaune Cache to Bute Inlet either by Lac la Hache, or the North Fraser River and Fort George and Chilcotin .....	The Chilcotin valley is the only available district for settlement in this section. ....		450
			1492

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ROUTE *via* PEACE RIVER.

ROUTE.	REMARKS.	MILES.
From Portage la Prairie to Thunder Hill .....	Fine country for settlement .....	220
From Thunder Hill to Fort a la Corne .....	Fine country ; for the most part wooded .....	150
From Fort a la Corne to Lac la Biche .....	Thick wooded country ; for the most part abounding in fish .....	350
From Lac la Biche to west end of Lesser Slave Lake .....	Wooded country ; not much known, but reported level .....	170
From west end of lesser Slave Lake to Smoky River .....	Fine country ; well wooded and watered .....	65
From Smoky to Pine River, Summit Lake .....	Beautiful country ; prairie, woods, coal .....	170
From Pine River, Summit Lake, to Lake McLeod .....	Not available for agriculture .....	60
From Lake McLeod to Quesnel .....	Very little of it available for agriculture .....	140
From Quesnel to Bute Inlet, <i>via</i> Chilcotin .....	(?) .....	220
		1545

How little was known of the coast further north, and the possibility of reaching the interior or descending to the coast by other inlets than those we have mentioned, Mr. Fleming himself points out, for he says :

“With regard to the practicability of reaching the Pacific coast at other points than those referred to, I have made every enquiry

on the subject, but I cannot learn that examinations of any consequence, other than Lieut. Palmer's, have been made along the coast between Bute Inlet and the River Skeena since the time of the discoveries of Vancouver and Mackenzie, in 1793. Our information, therefore, is but vague, and the possibility of crossing the Cascade mountains

from the east, to any one of the many other Inlets which indent the coast, in the absence of all reliable information, can be nothing more than a mere conjecture.

"So little knowledge of this part of the coast has been recently acquired, that the latest Admiralty chart that I have been able to procure appears in all essential particulars to be an exact copy of the chart made by Capt. Vancouver 80 years ago."

It were well, however, if this ignorance were removed.

Mr. Fleming's summing up is well worthy of all consideration, for it candidly admits the more or less incomplete state of every section of the survey, acknowledges that a feasible route has not yet been discovered, and that, therefore, the eligible line we have been three years looking for remains yet to be found :

#### CONCLUSION.

In submitting this report with the voluminous appendices, I respectfully consider that I am justified in thus summarizing its conclusions :—

1. That although the information respecting the Rocky Mountain zone is not yet sufficiently complete to establish the line to the Pacific, several routes have, however, been found, on which the obstacles met with, although formidable, are not insuperable.
2. That there are reasonable grounds for the belief that the explorations in progress in British Columbia will result in the discovery of a line through the Rocky Mountain region, which, taking everything into consideration, will be more eligible than any yet surveyed.
3. That it is now established beyond doubt that a favourable and comparatively easy route, considering the line as a whole, has been found from Ottawa to the northerly side of Lake Superior. This result is the more satisfactory, as unfavourable impressions have been created regarding this portion of the country, many having considered it even impracticable for railway construction.
4. That it will be possible to locate the line direct from the northerly side of Lake Superior to the prairie region without unusually expensive works of construction, at the same time with remarkably light gradients, in the direction of heavy traffic.
5. That the main line from Ottawa to Manitoba can be located in such a way as to render unnecessary the construction of a branch to reach the navigable waters of Lake Superior.
6. There will be no difficulty in finding a comparatively easy route across the prairie region ; and that the bridging of the large rivers, with proper care in location, will form no great proportion of the cost of the whole extent of the railway.
7. That the lakes and rivers of the prairie region may be advantageously used in the introduction of settlers and in the construction of the railway.
8. That with respect to operating the railway in winter, the chief difficulties will be found on the western slopes of the two great mountain chains in British Columbia ; but, except in these localities, the Canadian Pacific Railway will have, on an average, considerably less snow than existing railways have to contend with.
9. That the practicability of establishing railway communication across the Continent, wholly within the limits of the Dominion, is no longer a matter of doubt. It may, indeed, be now accepted as a certainty that a route has been found generally possessing favourable engineering features, with the exception of a short section approaching the Pacific coast ; which route, taking its entire length, including the exceptional section alluded to, will, on the average, show lighter work and will require less costly structures, than have been necessary on many of the railways now in operation in the Dominion."

Our own summing up would be :

1. That, seeing that within the Rocky Mountain zone, whatever route be chosen, the line must be most costly in construction, and that no section of the main land of British Columbia is so thickly settled, or likely soon to be so, as to require railroad facilities, ample time should be taken in selecting a route which, while it will benefit British Columbia, will issue from the mountains on the plains where fertile lands will attract population, and at same time offer the greatest advantages and through traffic.
2. That, as little is known with certainty of the plains north of the north branch of the Saskatchewan, and as it is stated on reliable testimony that for 200 miles north of that latitude there stretches land more fertile than that through which the railroad

would pass between Fort Garry and Yellow Head Pass, with a climate not more severe, and covered in winter with even less snow, a thorough exploration of the North-West should at once be set on foot.

3. That as the rivers of the North-West can, at little expense, be rendered navigable, this should be done; and they should be used as channels of transport, not only while exhausting surveys and explorations are under way, but while the experiment of the settling of the Territory is being made.

4. That when there is a certainty that

what will be produced there will supply with freight a line to Lake Superior, then that division of the woodland or eastern section should be built.

5. That as the road is to be built as a national undertaking, for purposes of domestic improvement, and not primarily as a through freight road, although in the hope of obtaining a share in the Asiatic trade, every effort should be made to curtail the distance from terminus to terminus as much as possible. This should be regarded as of secondary importance.

---

### THREE ANGELS.

THEY say this life is barren, drear, and cold,  
 Ever the same sad song was sung of old,  
 Ever the same long weary tale is told,  
 And to our lips is held the cup of strife;  
 And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,  
 Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void  
 Which Dead-Sea fruit, long, long ago has cloyed,  
 Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife;  
 And yet—a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair  
 Amidst the broken treasures scattered there  
 Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,  
 And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife;  
 And yet—a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,  
 Of mortal anguish finding no relief?  
 Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf:  
 Three Angels share the lot of human strife,  
 Three Angels glorify the path of life—

Love, Hope, and Patience cheer us on our way;  
 Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirits' stay;  
 Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day,  
 And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal  
 Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

WE have safely gathered in a most abundant harvest, the proof of the fertility of our soil and of the industry of our people. Canadians of all sections, while they enjoy the common good, the fruit of their common labour, may remember how much there is that unites, and how little there is that divides us.

When the Government employed the reputed master of the party as their negotiator at Washington, they must have known that they were bespeaking for their Treaty the utmost possible amount of party opposition. So it has been; and to get at the real feeling of the country about the Treaty we have to skim off a good deal of hostile criticism produced merely by antipathy to its author. Having done this to the best of our power, we arrive at the conclusion that of those who deal in the native products of the country—the farmers, the lumberers, and the miners—the great body is in favour of the Treaty; that the shipowners are divided, according as it is or is not a vital object to them to be admitted to the American coasting trade; that the manufacturers, generally speaking, are adverse. Probably the manufacturers would be more divided if the Treaty did not entail the admission of English as well as American goods; but, as we have said before, the idea of discriminating against the Mother Country while we are a dependency is totally out of the question.

The framers of the Treaty are not eminently patient of difference of opinion. Their mode of removing objections from hesitating minds is that of Shakespeare's cook, who put the eels in the pastry alive: "she rapt them o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, down, wantons, down." They denounce the recalcitrant manufacturers as a minor section of the community, selfishly standing in

the way of the good of the whole. Selfish, and unwilling to part with our advantages we all are, from the shark who has got the negro into his mouth, up to the poet who raves because a rival has borrowed his idea, or the negotiator who shows irritation because somebody has questioned the expediency of accepting his Treaty. What the Manchester Free Traders sought in their crusade against the Corn Laws was really cheap labour for their own mills; having got this, they threw off the mask of Liberalism and turned Tory. The farmer, the miner, and the lumberer, who pronounce in favour of the Treaty, are just as selfish as the manufacturer when he pronounces against it. Above every special interest is the country, to which we must all be true, but which, if she wants our hearty allegiance, must in her turn be true to us all, and regard all our interests, great and small, as having equal claims on her protection. If the stronger interests are to throw the weaker overboard whenever they have a momentary inducement to do so, the unity of the nation will be broken up, and the external enemies of our nationality will find allies in the heart of Canada. Under our circumstances as a young nation struggling to make good its position in face both of a powerful counter-attraction without and disruptive forces of no inconsiderable magnitude within, we are specially called upon, in all dealings with the foreigner, to hold firmly together, and to make it felt, alike by those with whom we deal and by all sections of our own citizens, that we are one people. The parts of the Treaty affecting our manufactures ought to be scrutinized as carefully, and with as firm a determination to accept nothing less than justice, as the rest. This is the ground which we hope to see taken by the independent party at Ottawa. Indis-

criminate opposition to the Treaty, especially if it springs from political motives, will not be sanctioned by the country.

That the manufacturing interest is small compared with the agricultural, is true at present, but may not be true hereafter. Some of those who have scanned with the keenest eyes the commercial destiny of Canada are decidedly of the opposite opinion, and there is much both in our climate and in the elements of our population to give colour to their view. The time was when the lumbering interest might have spoken of the mining interest, and perhaps of the agricultural export interest itself, as the exclusive advocates of the agricultural interest speak of the manufacturing interest now. We are in a state of development, in which we must guard and cherish the acorn for the sake of the future oak. To the farmer himself, the ruin of our manufactures can be no matter of indifference. A home market will always be better for him than a foreign one, and upon the development of our manufactures mainly depends the growth of the home market. What rendered the repeal of the Corn Laws such a success in England but the immense impulse which it gave to manufactures, and which, by enormously increasing the home market, far more than countervailed the loss arising from the removal of protection to the owners of the land?

There are people who, the moment the terms Protection and Free Trade are introduced into a commercial question, refuse to hear another word; who are ready to burn you alive at once for hinting that in a commercial transaction you would give any preference to your own brother over a Malay pirate. But these fierce upholders of economical orthodoxy should at least remember that the absence of legislative interference is not always synonymous with Free Trade, if by Free Trade is meant the undisturbed development of production as well as the unrestricted liberty of exchange. There are

such things as Rings, and there is such a thing as the overwhelming influence of a great manufacturing power which is always able, by its command of capital and of organized labour, to prevent the natural growth of manufactures in other countries, and to maintain a world-wide monopoly under the name of Free Trade.

The sacrifice of import duties, and the consequent necessity of resort to direct taxation involved in the Treaty, seem to have been over-estimated; and our own expressions on that subject in our last number may require modification. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the disturbing effects of a great alteration in the tariff extend beyond the direct results of the alteration. In accepting the Treaty we shall be entering on a path which, our restraints in respect to taxing English goods being what they are, is pretty sure to lead to a considerable substitution of direct for indirect taxation.

Manitoba has been to us on a small scale what Kansas was to the United States. It has been the battle-ground for our British and French elements with their respective religions, as Kansas was the battle-ground for Free labour and Slavery. Ontario has played a part in the contests there analogous to that of New England, Quebec, to that of the Southern States. The late government, resting mainly on Quebec, but partly also on Ontario, and on British Protestant support in the Maritime Provinces, was, with respect to the Riel affair, in the position in which an American Government, resting at once on Massachusetts and South Carolina, would have been with respect to the struggle in Kansas. Every excuse which the awkwardness of such a situation can afford is needed to palliate the conduct of Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues, as it now stands revealed to us by the results of the Parliamentary inquiry, and especially by the disclosures of Archbishop Taché. In truth, make what excuses we will, it is difficult

to bring the proceedings of Sir John A. Macdonald even within the pale of honour. It has been proved that, while with a solemnity which we have been taught to consider ominous in his case, he was protesting to us that he earnestly desired to bring Riel to justice, in private he was furnishing money from the Secret Service fund for the purpose of inducing the criminal to fly from the law, and of facilitating his departure. Under no possible circumstances can any one who is fit to be at the head of a nation descend to such practices as this. He who does so, however remarkable his tact and address, must be essentially wanting in strength of character as well as in integrity. The very language used in the transaction is such as to indicate weakness no less than conscious departure from duty. Malversation of the Secret Service money is comparatively a minor offence, but it is a grave offence in itself, and the suspicion of more extensive abuse which before existed, and which was strengthened by the obstinate refusal of the Government to submit the accounts to Parliamentary inspection, becomes almost certainty after this disclosure. Whether the promise of amnesty, which the head of the Government positively disclaimed, was formally made or not, signifies little; though we are inclined to believe on the evidence of the Archbishop, who speaks like an honest man stung to anger by finding that he has been duped and made the instrument of duping others, that such a promise was made, not by the Government as a whole, but by Sir George Cartier, who shared the most intimate counsels of Sir John Macdonald. The assurance of impunity was unquestionably held out for the purpose of obtaining the mediation of the Archbishop; he was allowed without a disclaimer on the part of the Ministers, to pledge himself to its fulfilment; and the history of the tergiversations by which, when the wrath of Ontario broke out, and the "heterogeneous" elements of the Cabinet were terrified by the storm, the pledge

was evaded, is humiliating to the country, and will always be a dark stain on Canadian annals. Sir George Cartier did not hesitate to suggest a legal stratagem, of the most pettifogging kind, by which the sovereign might be made covertly to amnesty murder while seeming only to amnesty political offences. Such was this preëminently loyal gentleman's notion of the manner in which it was incumbent on him to advise his Royal Mistress, and sustain the honour of the Crown. But while the Ministers prevaricated about the constitutional question of amnesty, they had themselves entered into personal relations with Riel which placed it out of their power to bring him and his fellow-criminals to justice as completely as any amnesty could have done. Through Governor Archibald they had made Riel their political confederate for the purpose of keeping Manitoba quiet, and they had thankfully accepted from his hands a seat in Parliament for Sir George Cartier. Riel is evidently included in the expression of gratitude telegraphed to Archbishop Taché by Sir George Cartier, for those who had promoted his election; and when Sir John Macdonald instructs Governor Archibald to get Sir George elected, but "not to let late Provisional resign in his favour," it is clear, first, that it was the appearance only of such a connection that was dreaded, and, secondly, that Governor Archibald was understood by the Prime Minister to be in such relations with Riel as to be able to exercise a clandestine influence on his conduct. How Governor Archibald himself justifies his behaviour in taking part, as the representative of the Crown, in the party work of electioneering, not untinged in this case with treason, we have yet to see: the explanation tendered of the hand-shaking affair will hardly serve a second turn. While we cannot agree with the Ultramontane paper at Montreal, which the other day, called the murderer of Scott "the most heroic of all the Métis," we must own that his figure rises



into a kind of respectability compared with those of some of the officials with whom he has had to deal. One thing is clear; the prosecution of Riel is at an end. A country is responsible for the acts, to some extent even for the irregular acts, of its representatives, and the world would cry shame upon upon us if after what has passed Riel were to be brought to trial for his life. We could hardly place him at the bar without placing at his side, as an accomplice after the fact, the Minister who instigated him to fly from justice, and provided him out of the Secret Service money with the means of flight.

History takes a broad view of the characters of public men; and Sir John Macdonald may comfort himself with the reflection that in the course of a long public life he has probably rendered services to his country sufficient to atone for the offences which have cast their shadow on the close of his career. He may still more plausibly plead the difficulties of his situation, the equivocal character of the instruments with which he had to work, and above all the exigencies of a system of party government without party principles, which he did not create, but from which it was not in his power to set himself free. Of personal corruption, even in the opinion of his bitterest enemies he is guiltless: if he has sinned, he has sinned from the love of power, not from the love of pelf; and probably he has never done anything, even when he was dipping his hand in forbidden funds, which to a vision distorted by the influences of party strife might not appear to be required by the interest of the country. In his fall he has retained to a remarkable degree the attachment of those who followed him in his triumphant hour; and he must therefore be eminently endowed with the qualities which secure the fidelity of friends. But the most enthusiastic of his old admirers can hardly dream that, after such disclosures, Sir John Macdonald can ever again be the chief

adviser of the Crown and the head of a Canadian nation.

“(Private and strictly confidential.)

“OTTAWA, December 27th, 1871.

“MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP.—I have been able to make the arrangement for the individual that we have talked about.

“I now send you a sight draft on the Bank of Montreal for \$1,000; I need not press upon your Grace the importance of the money being paid to him periodically (say monthly or quarterly) and not in a lump, otherwise the money would be wasted and our embarrassment begin again. The payment should spread over a year.

“Believe me Your Grace’s

“Very obedient servant,

“(Signed) JOHN A. MACDONALD,

“His Grace the Archbishop of Boniface,  
“Montreal.”

This letter, in its effect on the reputation of the writer, is a parallel to the fatal telegram in the Pacific Railway case. We may add that, from its exceeding imprudence, it is not less remarkable than the telegram as an instance of the frailty of that political sagacity which lacks the moral element of true wisdom. It amounts to a full adoption of the course pursued by Sir George Cartier, and repels any attempt to exonerate Sir John Macdonald on the ground of his illness during a portion of those transactions. Surely no one who reads it, noting its sinister form, and remembering the fund from which the money was to be taken, will hesitate to pronounce that the writer, whatever popularity he may retain in private life, can never again be entrusted with the honour of the country. If any one does hesitate, it must be on the ground that public life in Canada is not to be governed by the same standard of morality which has prevailed in England; and to this assumption we once more emphatically demur.

The “Land-swap” affair in Quebec, is evidently black, too black to be defended even by the evil fidelity of party; probably

it will lead to the fall of the "Conservative" government, for the two bad bricks can hardly be taken out without bringing the edifice to the ground. Thus perishes the last remnant of that powerful and ably led, though artificial combination which so long governed the country, and which consisted of British Toryism, Orangeism and Downing street connection, curiously united with the Anti-British and Roman Catholic Separatism of Quebec. That this combination had no natural basis, or real ground of existence under the circumstances of that period of our history which has just closed, it would be rash to maintain: but its days were evidently numbered; it rested on nothing which was truly Canadian; what was not French of it was merely Colonial; it appealed to no sentiment in the hearts of the rising generation, to whom Canada is not a colony, but their country. Thus, destitute of genuine support, saving the equivocal allegiance of the French Catholics under Sir George Cartier, (whose influence had failed before he died,) it was reduced at last to intrigue and corruption, by which it protracted its existence long enough to compromise gravely, in its North-Western operations, the destiny of the country. It is now dead, and for such a party there is no resurrection. It will be succeeded, as soon as its débris have been cleared away or absorbed, by a Conservative party of a different kind, a party whose Conservatism will not be exotic, but of home growth; not official, but national; which will seek to avert the dangers that beset infant freedom, to repress demagogism and sectionalism, not by binding the nation to waifs from the wreck of the political past, but by developing a sound and strong public morality around the central love of country, and whose connection will be, not with Downing street, but with England.

What course matters will take in Quebec, and what will be the relations of the new Government of that Province to the Government of the Dominion, is a question at

once serious and difficult to answer. There appears to be some inclination to a further retirement into Separatism, and to the formation, in that interest, of a purely French Administration. "Ireland," said Sir Robert Peel, with wise frankness, "is my difficulty;" and we may as well own, with equal frankness, that Quebec is ours. French Canada is the historic nucleus of our nationality, and as such it is entitled to special consideration at our hands; but it has not yet been assimilated to the British elements between which it is interposed, and till it is assimilated, the statue of iron will have a waist of clay. "That the last gun for British dominion on this continent will be fired by a French Canadian" is a pleasant saying; but the zeal with which in two wars French Canada fought for the British flag, was the effect in no small measure of her enmity to New England, engendered by struggles between English Puritan and French Catholic, of which the memory has long since passed away. Lord Elgin's remark that French Canada would be more easily Americanized than Anglicized has, we fear, more bearing on the circumstances of the present day. In Switzerland, it is true, a perfect union has been effected between cantons differing in race, in language and in religion, but in Switzerland nationality, the great consolidator, has been at work.

The Ballot has been tried, in what we may call a tolerably typical constituency, without affecting the balance of parties, though it seems to be proved that of individual electors not a few deserted their party standard under the cover of friendly night. In the late general election in England the trial of the ballot was hardly fair. The classes who are most liable to coercion, and among which it was expected that the ballot would produce the greatest effect, are also for the most part too ignorant to understand at once the nature and efficacy of the safeguard. In

one of the peasant boroughs, of which there are now two or three in England, the family of the local potentate went about before the election telling the people that "the Duke would be sure to know how they voted," and it was found impossible to remove this impression from minds utterly uninstructed and imbued from infancy with servile fear. One thing, however, was plainly indicated—that the ballot is unfavourable to the influence of organizations of all kinds, whether political or industrial, and favourable to the gratification of self-interest and of personal predilection, antipathy and caprice. It is adverse to governments, because a government, especially if it undertakes reforms, is sure to make more personal enemies than friends. It is likely to make the ruin of any defeated party more complete, because only regard for opinion keeps the mass of men true to a falling cause. What relations it will ultimately establish between a member of Parliament and his constituents we can hardly yet discern; but there must always be connect with it a feeling of mutual mistrust not of the most wholesome kind. As a cover for the shameless gratification of envy and private grudge among the meaner class of minds, secret voting will, it is to be feared, aggravate that inveterate evil of democracies—the ostracism of distinguished men. We are rather too much given to a servile reproduction of British legislation. Though we are under the same Crown, the circumstances of this country, both political and social, differ in many respects from those of England. It does not follow that a security against electoral coercion is needed here because it is needed under such a domination as that of the territorial aristocracy of England.

It is announced that the Government will at once commence the grading of the railroad between Pembina and Fort Garry, as a measure of relief to the people of Manitoba, who have suffered from the grasshoppers,

and have raised "a cry for some help from Ottawa." Thus in Manitoba as well as in Columbia, has been inaugurated, inevitably it may be, the system of undertaking public works for the purpose of circulating public money in the locality. We trust it will not be thought ungenerous to express a hope that the development of this system will be watched as closely as the Parliamentary influence of any provinces that may call for the expenditure will permit. Nothing could be more fatal to the ultimate prosperity of the provinces themselves than the corruption of their infant industry by Government subvention, which invariably, and it seems inevitably, brings waste and jobbery in its train. There was plenty of employment in Ontario for the farm hands for whom employment is to be thus created by the Government in Manitoba. It is a pity that the Governor-General's tour, which has been "sowing the earth" as far as Lake Superior with "the orient pearl" of official and municipal compliment, could not be extended to Manitoba. Lord Dufferin might have done us a practical service by looking at Manitoba with his own eyes; that is, if constitutional etiquette does not forbid a Governor-General to have eyes as it forbade the Queen of Spain to have legs.

It is further announced that the Government will at once proceed with the construction of the Pacific Railway from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, though no route for the western portion of the road has yet been determined on. We have no doubt that the step is taken deliberately, and we do not impeach its discretion. We only trust that it is taken on commercial not on political grounds, and, above all, that it is in no degree a concession to the slanderous denunciations of the London *Standard* and its compeers, which fancy that the only business of the colony is to build railroads for the gratification of Downing Street ambition, and for the extension of the political principles of Baron

Albert Grant. It is time that these organs and those who inspire them should be plainly told that the highest "treason" of which a Canadian Minister can be guilty, saving against the Crown, is a betrayal of the interests of Canada.

Emigration is, if not slack, at least not so brisk as might be desired. But it would be a mistake to ascribe this to any remissness on the part of the Government agents, or to their having been in correspondence with Joseph Arch, of whose influence, and of the fermentation caused among the peasantry by his movement, it was their obvious policy to take advantage. The fact is, as any one who visits England may speedily satisfy himself, that the employing classes there, land-owning as well as manufacturing, are unanimously opposed to emigration, and are doing everything in their power to discourage it. Mr. Roebuck, who always gives the most violent utterance to the dominant sentiment of the hour, denounced as a traitor any one who should persuade an English peasant or workman to leave want at home for plenty in a colony. Pharaoh does not want to let the children of Israel go. Nor is Pharaoh much to be blamed, for if labour is not yet scarce in England, wages, even those of farm labourers, are rising, and the rise extends to Ireland. Political as well as economical considerations weigh in the scale against us. Even while emigration was regarded as a relief, the upper classes were more disposed to guide its current to Australia, or to the High Church settlement of New Zealand, where there is a chance of keeping the emigrant within the aristocratic pale, than to Canada, which was felt to be exposed to the democratic contagion of the United States. Of course the means of discouraging emigration are always to be readily found. Every emigrant has his period of home-sickness. This is the case even with the educated, who can summon reflection and forecast to their aid in com-

bating the dark illusions of the hour; but in the case of the uneducated, whose narrow mental horizon presents nothing but unbroken gloom, the fit of despondency is deeper still. In this frame of mind letters are written like the doleful epistle of the shepherd settled near London, lately copied from the English papers into ours; and these letters being read to peasants trembling on the brink of departure from the familiar hamlet, and ignorant as their own kine of the land to which they are going, easily subdue their wavering resolution. Further mischief is done by the jealousies of the agents for different colonies and for the United States, each of whom runs down every country but his own. Resort is had to less direct means of influence: in the crisis of the labourers' strike a veracious American was brought forward to declare that he could supply the farmers with twenty thousand men from this side of the water at fourteen shillings a week. In truth, the prospects of English emigration to Canada are poor, and we must repeat the warning which we ventured to utter before, against undertaking vast enterprises in the fond belief that an unlimited supply of labour for their completion can be drawn from the old country.

An outrage was the other day committed in Toronto, against a man and woman who accidentally got in the way of a procession of Orange Young Britons. The man was dragged from his buggy, beaten and maltreated; the woman, it seems, did not escape ill usage. But what makes the case serious is, that the bystanders were afraid to interfere; that the police apparently were not very willing to act; and that even the press is cowed, and affects to believe that the man who pulled the victim of the outrage from the buggy was not a Young Briton—as though any one who was not taking part in the procession could have the slightest motive for the act. The timorous attitude of the press might have been explained by

political motives, but the explanation will not apply to the conduct of the bystanders or the police. It is an ominous occurrence. The more rational and right-minded members of the Orange Association must by this time have begun to reflect, as all rational and right-minded members of the community at large do, on the temper and habits which such an organization as Young Britonism is likely to produce in the young. In a nation like ours, enjoying an ample measure of freedom, really ruled by justice, and affording the fullest liberty of legitimate co-operation for political purposes, there can be no excuse for anti-social and anti-national combinations. The system is especially noxious when the members of the association are boys whose perception of the political object, if there be one, are very feeble, who have no idea of moral force, and who are therefore always prone to indulge their pride, and glorify their society by physical demonstrations, at the expense of the unassociated and peaceful population.

If the question were asked of a sensible Orangeman, what reason Orangeism has for its continuance in Canada, his answer would probably amount to little more than this, that a bond of union which has long existed, to which a large number of people are by custom and sentiment attached, and which above all is annually renewed by processions and convivialities, cannot easily be dissolved. There is in Canada no deadly war of races and religions such as gave birth to Orangeism in its native land. There is no Irish Catholic domination such as makes it excusable at least for a British Protestant to seek the support of a counter-organization at New York. Of the Canadian Rebellion all traces have faded away, and its memory ought long since to have been buried. To combat Roman Catholic error is the proper work of Protestant divines; at all events it can hardly be said to be the work of Orangemen, for, in the political struggles of

this country, they have as often as not been found voting on the same side with the Roman Catholics. It is not a light thing to be a party to the perpetuation of groundless sectionalism in what would otherwise be a united nation. It is a still graver thing to direct the allegiance of the rising generation to anything narrower and less noble than their country.

This symptom, slight as it is, of a possible danger, leads us to remark that it is a necessary attribute and duty of the national Government to be always provided, in case of necessity, with such an amount of force as shall render it superior to any sectional combination, and sure of its ability, if local authorities fail, to step in and assert the supremacy of the law. The knowledge that such a force exists is the best security against any necessity for its employment. While the British troops were here the Government had strength enough and to spare, but their withdrawal opens the question for consideration. It is not necessary that the force should be of any particular description; it will be such as the circumstances and temper of the community permit; but it must be sufficient, thoroughly to be relied on, and capable of being called into action without the slightest difficulty or delay.

The Governor General has been very cordially received on the other side of the line, and entertained with the never-failing hospitality of Americans. At Chicago he would find many Canadians, whose hearts we hope are still warm towards their own country. Addresses, and replies to addresses, are commonly synonyms for dulness, turgidity, and nonsense. Some credit, therefore, is due to the Governor of Illinois, for avoiding at all events the first and by far the most serious of the three defects. From the comparative sobriety which has prevailed in American oratory, we were beginning to fear that the Eagle of American eloquence was dead; but it appears he was only moulting, and at Chi-

ago he is once more strong upon the wing. In replying to addresses, Lord Dufferin's faculty is almost unique; on him appears to have fallen the mantle of the late Lord Carlisle, with the ever-gushing honey of whose lips, when he was Lord Lieutenant, even Ireland was satisfied. Yet perhaps neither of them ever achieved such a stroke of felicity as King Louis Philippe, who, when the Mayor of Portsmouth offered him a copy of the municipal address, replied, "It is unnecessary; your words are written on my heart." The identity or close relationship of the American and English tongues would preserve Lord Dufferin from such an untoward accident as that which befel Prince Napoleon, who, when the Mayor of Cork had read him an address in *French*, replied by deploring his inability to understand "la belle langue Irlandaise." One journal at Chicago is scandalized at the exhibition of Republican regard for aristocracy; but the editor's experience must be limited if the phenomenon strikes his mind as novel.

By the election for the Council of Public Instruction the Public School Teachers of Ontario have been for the first time brought collectively, as a profession, an interest and a power, under the notice of the Province. It happened that the election was one of a kind specially calculated to throw light on the character and tendencies of the constituency—questions not merely of educational policy or of personal qualifications, but of official and social morality having been raised by the circumstances of the contest. Without reviving the discussion of unpleasant topics, we may say that great anxiety was felt by the community as to the result, and that, even amongst those who dissent from the verdict, there are few who do not rejoice that a body so powerful for good or evil, so peculiarly charged—especially while religious influences remain enfeebled by religious doubt and division—with the moral training of the country, should have shewn itself

sensitive on moral subjects, and resolved to repel any lowering of the standard of duty. In this point of view, at least, the teachers, should they ever have occasion to appeal as a profession to the country, may have reason to be grateful to those of their number who, at the eleventh hour, undertook, and carried forward to success, a struggle as arduous as it must have been distasteful to all concerned.

It is necessary, it seems, to point out that the issues on which the contest mainly turned, however disagreeable, were under the circumstances of the case, inevitable, and that the consideration of them by the teachers involved no violation of the sanctuary of private life. Part of the acts for which a moral indemnity was in effect sought, had been done not only in office, but actually in the exercise of official functions; part was matter of legal record as well as of the most manifest concernment to the public. As well might the rule in Shelley's case be called a violation of the sanctuary of private life, because the property about which the point of law arose was private. No excuse therefore has been furnished for libels on private character, or for the use of the literary dagger which has replaced the bravo's steel, and become the badge of a trade more cowardly and not less vile.

Nothing, in the shape of legislation at least, works perfectly well on the first trial. The Act regulating these novel elections will probably require some amendment in details; and it will be necessary to have it clearly laid down by authority that there is to be no interference on the part of Inspectors with freedom of election. If in any case threats have been used to influence the vote, as it is alleged they have, care will of course be taken to protect the persons threatened.

It is as well to keep in view the fact that the text of Mr. Hillyard Cameron's opinion as to the validity in this country of an Illinois divorce has not yet been given to

the public. The inevitable inference is that its purport has not been fairly stated ; but even supposing that it has, a solemn decision of the British Privy Council in a very crucial case, where the conflicting laws were those of England and Scotland, points directly the other way. Whatever may have been already done in honest misapprehension of the law, calls for equitable construction at the hands of the community, especially when the position and feelings of a woman are concerned ; but otherwise re-marriage in Canada on an Illinois divorce will not take away the rights of a Canadian wief.

We have more than once had occasion to call attention to the dangers of municipal government on the elective system with universal or essentially democratic suffrage, especially with reference to questions of municipal taxation. In New York and in some of the Southern States which have been under the rule of negroes headed by carpet-baggers, the abuse of the taxing power has reached an appalling height. In Canada we have hitherto been comparatively free from it ; but here also there is a liability against which it is always necessary to guard, and which in Toronto appears to call for special vigilance on the part of the holders of property at the present time. Legislatures when they direct an appeal to the suffrage on a grant of money forget that the voters are not an organized body capable of bringing their minds collectively to bear on the question. They are, under ordinary circumstances, a mere heap of grains of sand. To organize them, as they are organized for a Parliamentary election, is a laborious and expensive process which private citizens cannot be expected to undertake. On the other hand, a company desiring a grant can very well afford to spend a small percentage of the money in organizing a sufficient number of voters for the purpose. We have the press to protect us it is true ; but journals sometimes happen in

these cases to be placed under peculiar restraints. Thus the holders of property are exposed to depredation, the legal form of which only makes it the more injurious. As we have said before, the question of municipal institutions is one of the great questions of this continent. We have gone on far too blindly applying the elective principle in cases where it was not really applicable, and where it was incapable of being properly worked. In the meantime the holders of property must act together as well as they can in their own interest, and in the permanent interest of the city, which will otherwise be left some day under a load of debt, with damaged credit, and impoverished by the flight of the wealthier class from fiscal oppression, while those who have wrought the mischief by the aid of a misguided democracy will have gone off with the spoil, and be enjoying it tax-free elsewhere. The taxes of Toronto are already heavy enough to make the question one of vital and pressing concernment to the citizens.

That the Ward-Beecher scandal will ever die it would be chimerical to hope, in a world whose daily bread is the sensation novel. But we trust the point has been reached at which in these columns leave may be taken of it for ever, and we may be no more called upon to bear even our very limited part in stirring up the "compost," the effluvia of which has poisoned the moral air more than anything since the case of *Lady Mordaunt*. To the statements of Mr. Beecher's accusers, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull and Mr. Theodore Tilton, we have never attached, nor do we now attach, any weight whatever. As to Mrs. Victoria Woodhull (who it appears has just departed for Europe after a final attempt to emancipate womanhood by swindling one of her own sex), her polluted lips are never opened except to advocate impurity or to defame innocence. And, without making an anatomical study of the character of Mr. Theodore Tilton, we may say that, whether

we look to the circumstances under which he comes forward, the mental habits and propensities which he reveals, the associates by whom he is surrounded, the incidents which are disclosed of his own career, the spiritual phraseology which he, in common with the other "white souls," affects, or the internal texture of his narrative in its successive editions, we are led to the conviction that a more untrustworthy witness never took the stand. Mr. Moulton is still partly enveloped in cloud, but through the cloud his moral lineaments are pretty distinctly seen. The only parts of the evidence which make any impression on us are Mr. Beecher's accusations of himself. And with regard to these, feeling as we do our total inexperience of the extraordinary social circle in which Mr. Beecher has moved, and of the no less extraordinary dialect in which the thoughts and emotions of all the members of that circle are expressed—being sensible that in the case of these people we are without any rule or measure to enable us to distinguish statements of fact from spiritual rhapsodies, or the utterance of mere compunction for a trifling offence from the utterance of remorse for a great crime—we gladly leave the decision of the question to experts, and acquiesce in the verdict of the committee, promising ourselves and our readers never, if we can help it, to touch the subject more.

It is impossible not to note at once, with pity and misgiving, the exaggerated position in which Mr. Beecher has been placed, and the extraordinary and almost intolerable stress laid upon the moral nature as well as upon the intellect of this self-accredited and self-sustained Pope. "I have been the centre," he says, "of three distinct circles, each of which required clear-mindedness, and peculiarly inventive or originating power: 1st. The Great Church. 2nd. The Newspaper. 3rd. The Book." He goes on to say how burdensome and exhausting each of these demands upon him was. It is a

perilous thing for a man thus to undertake to be the source of spiritual life to a multitude of his fellows; and it is a perilous thing for the multitude to stake their spiritual faith and hope upon the infallibility and impeccability of a single man. Hypocrisy, at least the systematic and interested hypocrisy of a Tartuffe, is probably much rarer than it pleases cynics and suits libertines to suppose. What high professions ill-sustained more commonly indicate is, a genuine though ineffectual desire to be numbered with the good. But he who is always playing a part somewhat above himself can hardly remain entirely sound; and when a flaw appears in him, people rush to the conclusion that his creed is a lie, and that the man himself is an impostor. Suppose Mr. Beecher not to be innocent, it would not follow that he has been a mere hypocrite, that he has not done any good, or that we are not to trust virtue. But it would follow that we had better not have Popes.

With the truly tragic element of this affair is mingled an intensely comic element, which rises to the greatest height when, amidst the "white souls," appears Gen. B. F. Butler, tendering his spiritual services, first to one side and then to the other. He, no doubt, wishes to produce a pendant to his beautiful forensic essay in the Byron case. His presence completes the group formed by Mr. Tilton, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, Miss Claflin, Miss Susan Anthony, and Mrs. Cady Stanton. Rather amusing, too, is Mrs. Catherine Beecher, with her protest against the continuance of the investigation, on the ground, apparently, that to inquire into Mrs. Tilton's conduct, even when she had herself confessed her offence, would be an aggression upon "womanhood." Womanhood in the United States is, at present, like the currency, in a state of inflation, and a decided aggression of some kind will have to be made upon it before long, if the privileges of the modest and sensible portion of the sex are to be preserved.



In England, Parliament has closed the most barren session in its history for fifty years, not excepting those in which the mind of the nation was diverted from domestic improvement by the Crimean war. The "seven first-rate measures" have gone to the same limbo with many other embodiments of a number dear to mystery and fiction. The Scotch Patronage Bill has clung to life with Caledonian tenacity, and experience will soon decide whether the inauguration of the elective system is destined to be as its friends aver, the end, or as its enemies predict, the beginning of strife. The Public Worship Bill has also passed. While it was in the Lords, and its popularity seemed doubtful, the intentions of the Government respecting it remained undeclared, and it was even opposed by Lord Salisbury, one of the most important members of the Cabinet. But a certain amount of Anti-Ritualist feeling having been manifested by Parliament and the public, the Bill was taken up by the Government in the Commons, and Mr. Gladstone having, in an evil hour, brought forward some resolutions against it, the inducement of a triumph over him was added to that of catching the popular gale. Those who remember the High Church sentiments affected by Mr. Disraeli in *Coningsby* and his other political novels, when he was on the Young England "lay," or even his "Maundy Thursday" letters of more recent date, will be able to judge of the sincerity with which he now takes up the cry against Ritualism, and, according to their preference for strategy or sincerity, will sympathize with him or with his defeated rival. Dr. Pusey, however, may well cry with exultation that the Bill "has had its grinders drawn." Its only grinder in truth was drawn when the Lords threw out the amendment of the Commons, giving an appeal to the Archbishop in case the Bishop should decline to act. If there is a Prelate on the Bench sincerely disposed to repress Ritualism it is the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, origi-

nally, like our own Bishop Strachan, a Scotch Presbyterian, and though transmuted into an Anglican Prelate, imperfectly de-Presbyterianized and not at all de-Caledonianized by the process. Specially entrusted with the safety of a threatened establishment, and conscious of the indiscretion of startling manifestations, he would be disposed to exercise the repressive powers of the bill of which he is the author; but of his brethren, now that Dr. Thirlwall is gone, not one is likely to act; and the Bill will probably produce about as much effect as though its clauses were so many verses of a Ritualist hymn. So much pleased, however, is the House of Commons with its work, that it applauds a suggestion for extending the same legislation next session from the ritual to the doctrine of the church. The happy idea emanated from Mr. Lowe, who represents singularly well the fitness of the Houses of Parliament since the abolition of religious tests, to legislate on church affairs. Probably he might say, with about the same amount of truth as the late Lord Westbury, that he traced his success in life to his constant study of the Bible. Mr. Disraeli at once assented, seeing that assent would please the House, and feeling an airy security that no pledge will bind himself. So, formally speaking, the House of Commons stands committed to spending the next session in the work of a lay convocation. In the meantime Sir. W. Harcourt, in letters to the *Times*, the tone of which may be described by an adaptation of his own accurately framed distinction, as "ecclesiastical, not spiritual," tries to tranquillize the Ritualists by putting before them, as it were, a historic posy diligently culled by his loving hand, of all the passages in accredited works or documents, describing in the most galling and humiliating way the abject submission of the Anglican clergy to the secular power in the days of the Tudor Kings. These, he says, ought to be dear and familiar to every clergyman, as they will form sure antidotes to the

devotional allurements of the time. He fails to observe that in the time of the Tudors the secular power was, at all events, an Anglican King with an Anglican Parliament, whereas the Parliament of which he is himself an eloquent member is a religious menagerie, in which the beast is not always to be known by his skin, while the two chief advisers of Her Majesty are commonly supposed to have just enough Christianity between them to make one admirer of Judaism from an ethnological and personal point of view. Perhaps some of the serious readers of Sir W. Harcourt's letters may be led to moralize on the relations between the "spiritual" and the "ecclesiastical," and to consider whether it is possible for a community to be spiritual without being free.

The last week of the session was unfavourable to the Government, though it is far too strong at present to be materially shaken. It received in the elections the ardent and effective support of two bodies of men equal in power, though widely different in character, the publicans and the clergy. If every public house was a Tory committee room, so was every Rectory. The publicans had received their reward in the Bill giving back a portion, though a disappointingly small one, of the night to intemperance. The clergy, apparently, were to receive theirs in a clause of an Act relating to the Endowed School Commission, which restored to the Anglican Church a number of schools declared by a previous Act to belong to the nation. Some concession of the kind was probably indispensable, especially when the Government had shocked the avowed feelings of some of its clerical supporters, and the secret bias of a good many more, by taking up the legislation against Ritualism. Yet it is perilous policy; for this was the one question in the whole list of political topics which was sure to re-unite the broken and discordant sections of the Liberal party. But what was perilous in itself was made doubly so by the speech of Lord Sandon,

who, as minister of Education, brought in the bill, and whose lips, usually most gentle, are conjectured to have been touched with fire on this occasion by Lord Salisbury. Whether from this inspiration, or merely from elation at the recent Conservative victory, and the promptings of his own State Church zeal, Lord Sandon made a speech so full of reactionary menace as to produce an immediate effect not only on the House but on the country, which does not want its sleep disturbed from either quarter; and to impose on the less enthusiastic members of the Government a very arduous task of explanation, aggravated by irrepressible outbursts of sympathy with Lord Sandon's fiery utterances among the less astute members of the party. The Opposition falling at once into their ranks under their half-discarded chief, advanced enthusiastically to battle, and though, of course outnumbered in divisions, having the outside feeling with them, succeeded after several nights of fierce debate in compelling the Government to retire with drooping banners from the field. Mr. Disraeli was fain to cover his defeat by pretending that he could not understand the clauses of his own bill, and throwing the blame upon the Government draughtsmen, an apology which was disclaimed by his less strategical colleagues.

By the miscarriage of the Endowed School Bill, combined with Mr. Disraeli's sudden adoption of the Public Worship Bill as a Government measure, after allowing Lord Salisbury to commit himself deeply on the other side in the Lords, the plaster has been stripped away from what is called "the fissure in the Cabinet." Mr. Disraeli has assailed Lord Salisbury in the most open manner, and in the coarsest terms, calling him "a master of gibes, flouts, and sneers," and accusing him of "laying a trap" for the opponents of the Worship Bill in the House of Commons, the very last thing of which the chivalrous and impetuous Marquis was

likely to be guilty. It is thought that Lord Salisbury will do his duty to the country, by seeing the Indian famine to its end, and then consult the dictates of honour by resigning. If there was a Liberal party, such a rupture in the Government might be made fatal. But there is no Liberal party. There is nothing but the fragments of a broken organization, utterly heterogeneous in character, brought together perhaps for a moment, by a blunder of the enemy, but soon falling back into utter disarray. A new Club is projected as an instrument of re-union. A new journal would be more to the purpose. But what club or journal can produce real identity of councils between a man whose Liberalism is Republicanism, and a man whose Liberalism is Aristocracy, fancifully garnished with Woman's Rights and table-turning. Mr. Gladstone's hand must have been strong to preserve for six years the semblance of order in such a chaos. For the Republican party in England, impotent and odious as it is at present, there may be chances in the future. Though its avowed members are few, there is a good deal of half-formed sympathy with it among the masses; it fared better in proportion than Liberalism in the elections, and the course of events in Europe puts wind into its sails. Above all, it has the inestimable advantage of knowing its own mind. But the old party of Monarchical and Aristocratic reform, which, under the successive names of Whig and Liberal, has formed the organ of national progress since 1815, has probably done its work.

After appearing for a few weeks, with chequered fortune, on the field, Mr. Gladstone appears to have withdrawn to his Homeric tent, and to the philological and mythological studies to which he is unhappily addicted, though he has neither the leisure nor the learning to rival scholars in their own trade. But he has resumed the leadership (if leadership it can be called) of the Opposition. The Opposition has no other

possible leader. Lord Cardwell, who was on the whole the best fitted for the post, has decamped from the Commons for the purpose of avoiding it. Lord Granville is a man of really great ability—when he can shake off the indolence of a grandseigneur—as well as of consummate tact and temper, but a leader in the House of Lords is a general directing a battle through the post. Mr. Forster has incurred the bitter hatred of one wing of the party by his Education Act, and still more by his sinister bearing while the measure was in progress towards his old Nonconformist friends. Mr. Lowe is a brilliant orator in a somewhat scholastic way; but he never speaks or acts without making enemies, and even in his short and obscure tenure of the Home Office he contrived to damage the Government seriously by a piece of blundering discourtesy surprising in a man of the world. Mr. Stansfield, though he has been very successful as an administrator, has not taken a leading part in debate, and his prominence as a Woman's Righter, besides giving him a fatal air of eccentricity, estranges the members of the party, not few in number, who have felt in the elections the talons of his female train. Mr. Goschen has a good position in the House, but is as yet little known in the country. If Lord Hartington was thought of by any one beyond the Whig clique, it was because his youth and rank might have rendered the post of warming-pan not incompatible with dignity in his case. The most eager of all the aspirants is of all the most unfit. Sir W. Harcourt is an exceedingly good speaker, in a rather stilted way, but he lacks every other quality of a leader, including common *fiat*, to political principles and friends. His attacks, open and covert, upon Mr. Gladstone, from whom but yesterday he received the Solicitor-Generalship, are offensive to every man of sense and taste; and they are aggravated by his fulsome adulations of Mr. Gladstone's rival, who leads him like a don-

key with a bundle of greens at its nose. The hope that a new man would arise to meet the need has been utterly disappointed. The degeneration of the House of Commons, marked as it is on both sides, is most marked on the side of the Liberals. A young Tory nobleman of talent may find a nomination seat, and thus get an early training in public life. But the Liberal benches are fast becoming a mere mass of "locals," men who, having made a fortune late in life, buy their way into Parliament for the sake of the social grade. These men are destitute of political knowledge, and having paid heavily for their seats, they do not feel bound to work. They die fast from the change of habits and the late hours; but

"One plucked away, a second branch you see  
Shoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree."

Another "local" succeeds, and even constituencies which have two or three seats can no longer find one for a statesman.

Mr. Gladstone's return to the leadership will be viewed with different feelings by different sections of the party. Of the Whigs, long been disaffected to him, the greater part have consummated their conspiracy by open secession, which has been proclaimed by the *Edinburgh Review*, as the organ of their section; but those who remain no doubt dislike Mr. Gladstone still. The *Pall Mall Gazette* turns green with malignity at the thought of seeing him restored to his place; but the *Pall Mall Gazette* is not politically Liberal at all; it belongs to the party bluntly called Tory-Atheists, and hates Mr. Gladstone bitterly for being a Liberal, still more bitterly for being a Christian. Its attempts to raise against him the cry of disloyalty to the Church Establishment are among the most singular moral phenomena of the time. The misgiving, however, is not confined to the Whigs or Tory-Atheists. As we have before pointed out, the weakness of Mr. Gladstone's position as a Liberal chief lies in this, that

while he belongs politically to the party of progress, ecclesiastically he belongs to the party of reaction, and, unfortunately for him, ecclesiastical questions happen just now to be very prominent. To say that he is a Conservative in sentiment, a Liberal by accident, would be unjust; he has a real popular fibre, and though he has never shaken off a respect for rank rather unusual in one of nature's noblemen, he has amply merited the hatred of the territorial aristocracy, and has received it in full measure. Even in Church matters he is not Conservative, for he has a decided leaning towards "a free Church in a free State;" but he is sacerdotal, while the Liberal party is anti-sacerdotal the world over. The clique of old ecclesiastical friends by which he is personally surrounded estranges from him his political followers, and itself lends him no support; for the clergy of the Anglican Church are so strongly political that neither Mr. Gladstone's religious character, nor the sacrifices he has made for religion, have ever gained him a clerical vote. His favour as well as his sympathy is intercepted by this circle, which is one of the reasons why no group of personal adherents has formed round him: for few men are so disinterested as to follow fortunes which they do not share. That he gives his mind much to the business of the nation, and very little to the management of a party, would be a virtue under a national, but is a fault under a party system, and the same may be said of the total absence in him of the Oriental astuteness and suppleness, which are the most striking endowments of his rival. Still, no one, we believe, who has really measured the capacities of public men, and not formed his opinion from the gabble of critics, who talk about want of knowledge of the world without themselves knowing more of the world than is to be seen by the gaslight in their own offices, doubts that the greatest of English legislators and administrators is Mr. Gladstone. No one, in fact, approaches him in the power of framing and carrying a great

measure or working out a great administrative reform. In the multitude of his legislative achievements, it is almost forgotten that for a quarter of a century he has managed British finance, and so managed it that it has been the wonder and the envy of the world. His rival, in a Parliamentary life of forty years, has not carried, or even framed, a single measure except the extension of the suffrage in 1867, which was itself merely a plagiarism from the Whigs.

When the nation again calls for earnestness of purpose, Mr. Gladstone's hour will return. At present the nation hates earnestness of purpose; it has discarded Mr. Gladstone mainly because he has it; it has taken Mr. Disraeli mainly because he has it not. A profound change has been produced in the national character by the torrent of wealth which has poured in of late years. Hampden, Milton, even Chatham or Pitt would know their own people no more. Wealth and the enjoyment of wealth are the ruling motives in all hearts. To wealth everything bows, both in politics and in social life. No constituency will look at any but a wealthy candidate. The territorial and commercial plutocracies, once hostile to each other, have now combined, and together they reign, not only over the suffrages, but over the soul of the nation. Opulence, which while it laboured under any disability was liberal, the disability having been removed, has passed over to its natural side. A Jew has come in as a Conservative for Nottingham, and made a speech in the House of Commons in favour of religious education, in which he no doubt sees a second lock for his strong box. Secondary causes contributed to the Conservative triumph and the overthrow of the Liberal party—beer, Church-in-danger, the organized *residuum*, the unpopularity of individual members of the Government, the Treaty of Washington, the anger of the army and other interests which had undergone reform. But behind all was the influence of

wealth. We do not know what Carthage may have been; but otherwise England is the most perfect plutocracy that the world ever saw.

If there is any great influence besides that of wealth, it is that of physical science. Scientific fatalism enters largely with sybaritism into the temper of the young men of the wealthier class, who are quite indifferent to politics. Even to poetry the change of taste extends: political poets like Wordsworth and Shelley charm no more; they have been supplanted by Owen Meredith and Swinburne. Political principle has retired to its old historic stronghold, among the Nonconformists; and Nonconformity has been weakened, far more than the State Church, by the decay of religion.

It is not a very satisfactory wealth this to which England has given her heart. In Florence, in Ghent, in the London of old, opulence was social: the merchant prince built his palace in the crowded city; lived among the people, made them partakers in his magnificence. The merchant prince of England lives in a luxury passing that of Eastern kings, but apart, secluded from the masses, and even from his own class. Between villa and villa there is frequently no social intercourse, or only that of formal dinners. Art is highly feed, yet it feels no impulse like that which it felt in Italy and Flanders: the architecture though costly is imitative, the painting, though technically elaborate, is dull. In place of creative genius, there is an immense but frivolous connoisseurship, which raves about trinkets and gives fifty thousand dollars for a china jug. The dullness of satiety is in the faces of the multitudes who roll round the park in carriages without number. Hence the craving for excitement, for a sensation novel, for a Shah, for a new Government. Even Ritualism springs in great measure from this source, and would be more easily cured by a spectacle than by a Worship Bill. Closely connected with the thirst of pleasure is a

levity of temper new to England, and almost reminding us of the populace of Byzantium—a levity which in the Franco-German war whirls round like a weather-cock from the side of Germany to that of France; denounces Napoleon III., and then rushes madly to his obsequies; insults and outrages the Americans, then flings itself into their arms, or rather grovels at their feet.

And beneath the gilded surface of plutocracy lie festering masses of want and misery, the materials of more than one Faubourg St. Antoine. Let a turn of fortune come, let rival navies rise, or commerce change her course, and much even of the highly paid and prosperous labour of England may become a hideous lazzaronism without the sun of Naples. For the artisan vies with the luxury of those above him, and spends an immense proportion of his earnings in sensuality. Mr. Greg, the fire alarm bell of plutocracy, keeps dismally booming in the midst of all the pageantry and feasting. He has no pleasure in the “well-filled larder and well-stored cellar,” which to him are the sum of civilization, because there is ever before him the hated visage of a hungry “proletariat,” which, the State religion having broken down, can no longer be put off to the next world. He fancies, yet hardly dares to hope, that another religious bar may yet be invented for the plutocratic door; and in his “Enigmas of Life” he follows up earnest exhortations to the rich to combine against the poor, with sentimental pictures of the next world, in a manner which rather reminds us of the Quaker in the story, who solved the double enigma of life by telling his boy first to sand the sugar and then to come down to prayers. It does not occur to him, in enumerating the “Rocks Ahead,” that not the least dangerous of those rocks are that very plutocratic selfishness of which he is the organ, and that ostentation of luxury of which he is also the advocate, and which stimulates at once improvidence and envy among the poor.

The strike of the English Farm Labourers has ended as every one who had measured the relative strength of the opposing forces must have known that it would end, in the victory of the farmer, who had the wealth of the landowner at his back. The only wonder is that the struggle should have been maintained so long. Combating privation in his industrial war, the peasant has shown something of the same stubborn valour with which, when in arms for his country, he has often held the post of duty upon the blood-stained hillside, outnumbered and outnumbered, but caring for neither, and made the long and murderous day go down at last in victory for England. But the columns which he encountered on this occasion were columns which could not be rolled back like those which mounted to the attack at Waterloo, or those which at Albuera felt “the majesty with which the British soldier fights.” Against overpowering wealth and territorial influence, with hunger as their sword, no valour or endurance can prevail. Yet a lasting effect will probably have been produced by this conflict. Hitherto the name of right has never been breathed by the British peasant, or by any one speaking on his behalf. He has been the sinew of the national prosperity; by his labour, unrivalled in dogged steadiness, England has been made the garden of fertility and beauty that she is; he, with the sweat of his brow has paid the cost of spendthrift ambition and class wars. Driven by want to “list,” and when listed, held under discipline by a prodigal use of the lash, he has redeemed the blunders of aristocratic generals on many a field from Dettingen to Inkerman, and then retired broken and scarred, without so much as a medal (such, at least, was the fate of the Peninsular veterans), while wealth and titles have been heaped upon his more fortunate but perhaps less meritorious commander. Early and late he toiled, in all weathers, the whole year round. His wages over large districts were two dollars a week for himself

and his family, out of which he had to pay the rent of his house. His abode was a house in which neither health nor decency could dwell. His food was scarcely as good as that of a rich man's favourite dog, for, with the exception of an occasional scrap of bacon to give a flavour to his mess, he did not taste meat the year round. As was his food so was his clothing; in the days when the landlords and the cotton lords were still at war with each other, the cotton lords displayed in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester a pair of breeches, taken from a Dorsetshire peasant, which literally stood upright with patches and grease. The end, the regular and almost inevitable end, of this life of labour and endurance was penal pauperism, either in the form of out-door relief or within the gaunt walls of the Union Workhouse. There was a sad dignity in the weary composure with which the peasant looked forward to death, and seemed to regard "a decent funeral" as the goal and limit of his desires. No doubt in many individual cases his lot was alleviated by the kindness of his masters: provided he was submissive, unsuspected of poaching, and a regular attendant at the parish church, he received soup, in many shapes, from the great house or the rectory. Of late more systematic attempts have been made by the better class of landlords to improve his condition, though always in an eleemosynary form. Advantages had been allowed him in the way of gardens, or small allotments of land. A better cottage has, in many cases, been built for him. At county meetings he had received prizes for good behaviour, and for managing to bring up a family at a cost lower than that of a horse in the squire's stable. There had even been attempts to revive the image of "Merry England" by giving Harvest Homes, and blending, in a rather ghastly fashion, in one day's dancing and merriment, classes whose hearts were as wide as the social poles asunder. But that the farm labourer would ever claim a larger

share of the produce of his labour as his right was an idea which never entered the squire's or the rector's mind, and which if suggested to them would have been rejected as the vilest and most wicked of all revolutionary dreams. As to the political franchise, people would as soon have thought of bestowing it on an ox. As little was it imagined that the peasants, whose vision was bounded by the horizon of the parish, who did not know the rate of wages five miles off, and who were thus economically at the mercy of their local employers, would ever learn, like the artisans, to combine in defence of their interests as a class. What they might mutter beside the ale-house fire nobody knew and nobody cared to ask. They were everything to the country, and they counted for nothing. It would not have been easy to say in what respect they were above the medieval serf. Under the law of settlement, which till recently prevailed, they had little more liberty, even of locomotion, than the serf, and were almost as completely bound to the feudal soil.

Suddenly is heard the trumpet clang of a demand for right, and with it comes startling proof that the peasant when ably led can combine as effectively and hold out as tenaciously as the artisan. Squire and farmer were filled with horror and astonishment; such horror and such astonishment as would have seized them had they been confronted with a demand for right by their horses and their kine. At length, recovering their presence of mind, they have put forth their power and quelled the strike. The newly-awakened sense of manhood and power they have not quelled, nor is it likely that they ever will. Henceforth the peasant is not a moral and industrial serf but a man. He will rise again from his fall; he will demand, and in the end obtain political rights. And it is better that it should be so even for those classes whose pride at present is galled by the change. English country life will become the sounder, and in the end

the sweeter for it. The squire, to recover his patriarchal influence, will have to live less in London and the pleasure cities of the continent than of late it has been his habit to do, more on his estate and among his people; and the result will be an accession to his real dignity and his real happiness. The farmer and the farmer's wife will have to doff the airs that they have borrowed from the aristocracy, and treat the labourers and their wives more as their equals; whereby they also will gain in true respectability as well as in security and comfort. England altogether will be the stronger, the safer and the better when beneath the lawns and garden of that paradise of wealth no longer slumber the suppressed fires of a *Jacquerie*. Industrial wars, like ordinary wars, are odious and wasteful; but like ordinary wars they may sometimes have their justification as the only means of breaking a chain and vindicating a right.

The peasant leader is no doubt tasting the bitterness of defeat, though he is not, like the defeated leaders of insurgent serfs in the days of chivalry, crowned with red hot iron or hung in chains upon a church steeple. Nevertheless, Joseph Arch will hold his place in history. A natural leader of the peasantry, puritan in mould, a devout and religiously abstinent, his figure stands out in bold contrast with those of the ordinary leaders of the artisans. And he has played his part well. He has combined those whose combination was deemed impossible; he has held in perfect order and obedience to the law, masses of ignorant and exasperated men, in whose uprising the Bishop of Manchester saw the approach of a peasants' war; with no resources but those which he could himself create he has organized and conducted a social movement on the largest scale against the vast phalanx of wealth and power in such a way as to extort respect and strike fear, even if it does not turn out that he has gained a moral victory. Alone he has done it, or without any support but that which has been

gained for him by an eloquence, uncultivated of course, but genuine, prompt, and strong. That his peasant soul should remain wholly unaffected by his dizzy elevation it would have been absurd to expect; but he has kept his head wonderfully well. He has known how to use the rein as well as the spur; he has given the word for no useless strikes, and after struggling hard for victory, he seems to have frankly recognized the hour for retreat. Hot words he has uttered, not without frequent provocation, but he has never incited to violence, while some of his highly educated opponents have. With self-seeking he has never been charged, much less with corruption; and he had the self-knowledge and good sense to resist a very natural temptation to run for a seat in Parliament in one of the peasant boroughs. To confound such a man with the trading agitators and demagogues who are the pests of civil society would be most unjust. History will hereafter be written with more attention to the condition of the masses than it has hitherto been; and the unlettered liberator of a humble class will go into the *Walhalla* of the future before many a political tactician and phrasemonger of his day.

It is right to add that the circumstances of the struggle seem to have revealed the presence of a surplus of labour in some districts at least. In these cases the lot of the labourers can of course be permanently raised only by emigration. Probably the general result will be greater economy of labour, at the expense perhaps of the perfect trimness of the country, and a larger introduction of machinery, which, as it will require comparatively skilled hands, will again raise the wages and the condition of the peasantry.

The annexation of Fiji fulfils Mr. Disraeli's boast that the bounds of the Empire should be extended, and is another step towards the formation of a British Dominion in the Pacific



which will some day bring England into contact, perhaps into collision, with the United States in that part of the world. The annexed islands are fertile and salubrious; of the natives, some tribes are cannibals, but the greater part are mild and feeble savages, whom the missionaries have done their best to civilize, but who are perishing, as usual, under the influence of the trader. One alleged ground for annexation is, that if we did not take the islands they might be taken by Germany, who, because she has repelled an attempt on her life and punished the assailant, is credited with boundless designs of conquest. It happens that, at this very moment, Germany is disclaiming the intention of obtaining a cession of Porto Rico from Spain, expressly on the ground that she regards the colonial system as belonging to the policy of the last century, and has no desire for distant annexations. Ambitious for himself and his country as Bismarck may be, he has too much sense to imagine that the strength of Germany in the hour of peril would be increased by dividing her forces between the Rhine, Porto Rico, and Fiji.

In France our anticipations have been fulfilled. Prorogation, not dissolution, is the word. Impotent, detested, and degraded, the Assembly still clings to life like a doomed malefactor when the hour of execution is drawing nigh. Such an exhibition of political worthlessness has hardly been seen, even by the land which saw Robespierre's Convention and Napoleon's Senate. The election for Calvados indicates an increase of Bonapartism. To that ignominious haven the nation seems to be turning in sheer weariness of tumbling on the cross-waves raised by the conflicting tides of faction. Should this be the result, the Legitimists and Orleanists will have killed the Republic for the time, no doubt, but they will have rolled the stone to the door of the sepulchre of Monarchy for ever. It is not impossible that the recognition of the Span-

ish Republic by the great powers, and the speedy downfall of Carlism which that event portends, may have an influence on the course of things in France.

“Thrilling adventures on the path to Freedom—Received by his wife, and placed on board a steamship.” Such is the caption under which that perennial fountain of literary delight, the *New York Herald*, gives an account of the escape of Marshal Bazaine. A less important occurrence in any point of view but that of the picturesque penny-a-liner never figured in current events. Bazaine was the scape-goat of French vanity; when he had served that purpose, there was no sort of object in maintaining him any longer at the public cost, and the chances are that he escaped, if not with the connivance, through the total carelessness of the authorities. There could otherwise have been no difficulty in keeping him safe in his island prison. His escape can cause no anxiety to any party, nor will any attempt be made to recapture him. He is a soldier, not a statesman, and in Mexico his only policy was that of the hangman. Probably the people of France are secretly rather grateful to him for having spared them the necessity of blaming themselves for their reverses; and he had the wisdom to keep to himself his real plea, which was that, after its defeat at Gravelotte, his army would not fight.

The recognition of the Spanish “Republic” by the great powers, may have been partly a measure of humanity. Carlist atrocities are no doubt exaggerated by the Republican press; but they are really great, and have always been so. Cabrera in a former war signalized his loyalty and piety by burying prisoners up to their necks in the ground and making his cavalry ride over them. In the murder of a German officer by a Carlist chief, indiscretion was added to barbarity. In the main, however, we may

be sure that the British Foreign Office, under the prudent administration of Lord Derby, was guided, as it ought to be, simply by the rules of diplomacy, which required the recognition of a *de facto* power. The Carlist insurrection remains confined to its original seat; even there it is manifestly kept in existence by foreign aid; while Serrano's government is indisputably master of the rest of Spain. Political sympathies and antipathies are no longer allowed, as in the days of the Holy Alliance, to prevail in British councils over the principles of international law. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the present Conservative government of England puts any force upon its own inclinations in recognizing the military government of Serrano. Religious Toryism of the old school—the Toryism which traced its lineage to the political faith of the Jacobites and the Cavaliers—is extinct in England, or faintly survives in the breasts of Lord Salisbury and a few who, like him, strive to maintain, in the evil times on which they feel themselves to be fallen, the image of ancient loyalty and honour. The Conservative party, in the main, is neither Legitimist nor Anglican, but plutocratic. It has long since discarded Divine Right. The Church it regards chiefly as a political safeguard, the Throne as an influence useful in maintaining habits of submission among the common people. It is simply the party of the rich; and all governments which will protect wealth and the enjoyment of wealth, against the troublesome aspirations of poverty, however illegitimate, however unconsecrated in their origin, are sufficiently conservative in its eyes. Its sympathies are in fact rather with military absolutism than with any other form of government. The French Empire, at once arbitrary and luxurious, with a brilliant court for millionaires to show their diamonds in, is the model regime of the plutocrat; and the restoration of the Empire is, of all political objects in Europe, the one which he most ardently desires.

For Henri V. plutocracy has no regard—at Paray-le-Monial it scoffs. Carlism and Medievalism generally are as alien to it as the picture of a martyrdom over a millionaire's sideboard is to the wines which blush below. The Spanish "Marshalate" will suit it perfectly well so long as Serrano governs without the Cortes.

Spain is nominally a republic, and it may be safely said that she has been wrested for ever from Philip II. and the Inquisition. But it will be long before her people in general acquire the power of real self-government. The great mass of them are totally without education, and they have all had, in every respect, the worst training which it was possible for a nation to undergo. Mr. Grant Duff, a clear-sighted and cool-headed observer, says, in his *Studies in European Politics*:—

"Our own impression is that the form of Romanism which prevails in Spain is lower, and retains less of the real spirit of Christianity than that which exists in any other Catholic country with which we are acquainted. Over the lower classes it still has very considerable hold, but rather as a superstition than a religion. On the other hand, the creed of the bulk of the men among the educated classes is pure indifferentism, and probably in their hearts the majority of those who are opposed to religious toleration oppose it in order that they may not have the trouble of settling what attitude they are to take up towards the religion of the state. At present they are Catholics, as a matter of course, just as they are Spaniards. If they could be anything else, they would be ashamed to profess belief in a system which they utterly despise. This state of things need surprise nobody; it is the natural result of the forcible suppression of free thought, and is seen in a less degree even in those countries—pagan and other—where public opinion, and not penal legislation, is the supporter of the existing creeds. We cannot expect that miserable hypocrisy, injurious alike to morality, to literature, and to statesmanship, soon to pass away; but a beginning is made. Any one who knows Spain could mention the names of Spaniards

who are as enlightened in these great matters, and as earnest, as the best among ourselves."

We must be patient, therefore, and not draw conclusions adverse to freedom or en-

lightenment because a nation just released from the darkness of its medieval prison-house knows not at first how to use its long-shackled limbs, and is dazzled by the unwonted light.

## SELECTIONS.

### FROUDE'S "ENGLISH IN IRELAND."

(From the *Fortnightly Review*.)

THE portion of history which is the subject of Mr. Froude's latest narrative has stood in need, it may be granted, of fearless treatment and of plain speaking; and it cannot be denied that Mr. Froude has brought these qualities to the discharge of his task. He has probed the sore spots of Irish history with an unsparing hand, and has certainly placed himself under no restraint in speaking his mind. If the work has not been for him a labour of love, there are at least no signs that its most revolting and loathsome details are in any way repugnant to his feelings and taste. So much must be granted. But these concessions made, I must express my opinion, for what it may be worth, that a more essentially unfair, ungenerous, and mischievous book than "The English in Ireland," it has rarely been my fortune to read. I speak as an Irishman, and a friend to the legislative union of the two countries; and I say that this book is well fitted—indeed is to all appearance deliberately designed—to reopen afresh wounds which were just closing, to exasperate in the highest degree the political passions of a people of whom political passion has long been the bane, to kindle new ardour in the ranks of Home Rule, and to fortify among the Protestant population prejudices already only too strong, which have been, and I fear still are, amongst the chief hindrances to the good government of Ireland.

Mr. Froude's book belongs to a class of writings which bears much the same relation to history in its highest acceptation—to such histories as Grote's, or Mommsen's, or Macaulay's, or Freeman's—as novels with a moral bear to fiction of the highest order. All fiction that is of any

value aims at throwing light on some form or aspect of human nature; and all history that is not worthless serves to teach us politics by example; nor have the greatest historians refrained from pointing in their pages the lesson of their story. But this is an entirely different thing from writing history in order to enforce a foregone political conclusion. History in the former case is primarily descriptive and explanatory. It aims at placing before us the persons and transactions of past ages, and tracing their connection and sequence. If political lessons are taught, they are taught by the way, and always in subordination to the main design. In the latter case, the political doctrine is the principal business; and description and explanation are employed mainly in order to its illustration and enforcement. Now of the didactic method of writing history, we have an egregious example in Mr. Froude's most recent performance. It is emphatically a history with a moral. This character is revealed in its opening sentences, and scarcely disappears from view throughout the some fifteen hundred pages that compose the work. It will not, therefore, be improper to examine it from the author's point of view, and to attempt some estimate of the political teaching of which it is made the vehicle. In doing this I make no pretension—indeed I am not in a position—to challenge any of Mr. Froude's material statements: I take the story as he tells it—the facts as he has furnished them to me; and I ask how far these are in corroboration of the political lessons which he inculcates? how far his philosophical theories help us to a just and sound estimate of English rule in Ireland?

The school of political philosophy of which Mr. Froude is an adherent, has, through the writings of Mr. Carlyle and his admirers and imitators, become tolerably familiar to the world. Mankind, according to this scheme of ideas, are resolvable into two races, or orders—those fitted to rule, and those who are only fit to serve. As Mr. Froude puts it, "the superior part has a natural right to govern, the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings." Thus stated, the doctrine sounds exceedingly like the simple assertion that might makes right; but Mr. Froude goes on to say:—"Among wild beasts and savages, might constitutes right. Among reasonable beings, right is for ever tending to create might." This latter phrase is perhaps, for a master of style, a little obscure, but, as we read on, it becomes abundantly evident that, whatever be the precise relation between right and might, in Mr. Froude's philosophy they are in effect convertible terms. The governing castes and nations are invariably "the nobler and wiser sorts of men,"—in which fact consists the justification of their pretensions to fill the part to which they aspire—in contrast with "the ignorant and selfish," who "may be and are justly compelled for their own advantage to obey a rule which rescues them from their natural weakness." This, and this only, we are told, is the true principle of nationalities, overriding and subordinating all other grounds of cohesion, such as natural frontiers, race and language. Starting from these premises, it need scarcely be said that Mr. Froude regards political liberty as an *ignis fatuus*, and representative institutions as elaborate contrivances for conducting nations to perdition. Laws and administration are estimated by him, not according to the historic method with which modern research and philosophy have made us familiar, not with reference to the condition and stage of progress attained by the people amongst whom they exist, but according to an assumed absolute standard of right and wrong. In framing laws for the government of a people, accordingly, the last thing which a politician of Mr. Froude's school would think of attending to, is the traditions, customs, and general state of

civilisation prevailing among the people for whom they are intended. Instead of this, he would proceed to evolve from his moral consciousness those laws of absolute justice which "correspond most nearly to the will of the Maker of the Universe, by whom, and not by human suffrage, the code of rules is laid down for our obedience." The true analogy, in short, for human laws, according to Mr. Froude, is—as he is never weary of insisting—that furnished by the physical laws of nature; and to attempt to repeal or modify the legislation of a country in order to adapt it to the changing requirements of a progressive community, is as absurd as it would be for a mechanician to propose to repeal the law of gravitation, or for a painter to seek to alter the laws of perspective, or of light and shade.

Something of this sort, as nearly as I can make it out, is, in faint outline, the political philosophy propounded by Mr. Froude in his new volumes; and what I wish now to consider is, the degree of corroboration furnished to this remarkable speculation by the history of "The English in Ireland," as told by its author. What then has been the character of English rule in Ireland throughout the five or six centuries over which Mr. Froude's survey extends? As he has depicted it—saving only a period of eight years to be presently noticed—it has been a succession of the most enormous blunders incessantly repeated, committed partly through gross ignorance and indifference, partly from an insatiable and grasping selfishness, and ever issuing in the most frightful calamities—an exhibition *ad nauseam* of the most utter incapacity for government ever furnished by a civilised nation. For a considerable portion of the whole period, indeed, Ireland could scarcely be said to be governed at all. It was simply allowed to drift, with this result, that, after some three centuries of such rule, "a hundred thousand families divided Ireland, whose ways of life, and whose notion of the objects for which life was given them, were the ways and notions of savages."

"It would be more honour to the king," says a writer whom Mr. Froude quotes, "to surrender Ireland altogether, than to suffer his poorer subjects to be so cruelly oppressed by the nobles, and the nobles to be at war with themselves, shedding blood always without remedy." After the period here refer-

red to, indeed, some deliberate efforts were made, notably in the reign of James I., to introduce something like law and order into the country, and to start the people on the way they should go. But the failure was always ignominious and disastrous. The settlement of James I. was followed in some twenty years by the rising and massacre of 1641, on which the country fell once more into a condition of utter anarchy. Then came the golden reign of Cromwell—the one oasis, according to Mr. Froude, in the surrounding desert of English misgovernment. “Cromwell alone of all such governors understood the central principle of Irish management.” The principle in question is thus described:—“The worst means of governing the Irish is to give them their own way. In concession they see only fear, and those that fear them they hate and despise. Coercion succeeds better: they respect a master hand, though it be a hard and cruel one. But let authority be just as well as strong; give an Irishman a just master, and he will follow him to the world’s end.” (Vol. I. p. 38.)

It may at once be granted that in Cromwell’s scheme of Irish policy there are to be found, along with the harsh and bloody lines with which it is scored, those grand features of decision and thoroughness which are characteristic of all that he attempted. But when Mr. Froude calls it a great success in government, an experiment amply justified by the results, he is simply speaking without the data which alone could warrant such language. What are the facts? The entire duration of the Cromwellian settlement in Ireland is comprised within a period of eight years. The rebellion was not finally put down till 1652, and the Restoration came in 1660. The Irish had been crushed with relentless severity. “The waste of life in the war,” says Mr. Froude, “compared with the population of the country exposed to its ravages, stands unparalleled in the annals of mankind” (p. 129). Under such circumstances it is not very wonderful that there should have been peace for eight years, nor that—the three most fertile provinces having been given up to English and Scotch immigrants, naturally among the most enterprising of their countrymen—a certain prosperity should in this time have set in. Similar phenomena had been witnessed before, as they have been witnessed

since, in Ireland, at times when, according to Mr. Froude, the misgovernment of the country was extreme. But even during those eight halcyon years the signs were not few or doubtful of the trouble that was impending. A social war had already commenced. Bands of outlaws ravaged the country, plundering and murdering wherever they got the chance. “The colonists found themselves shot at in the woods and fields, and their farmsteads burnt over their heads” (p. 135). And then Connaught still remained—a refuge and centre to which disaffection could securely rally, where the traditions of hatred and revenge would be stored up, and where the native race might bide its time till the season of England’s necessity came. “The Cromwellian settlement of Ireland,” says Mr. Froude, “was infinitely favourable to her future prospects, *if* the wound, at last cauterized, was never allowed to reopen” (p. 136). There is wonderful virtue in an “if;” but the question is, what were the probabilities that the “if” in this case would be realized? And while the whole question of the permanent results of the Cromwellian settlement thus confessedly hangs on an “if;” where is the warrant for describing it as a grand success in government, amply justified by the event? Mr. Froude’s opinion upon this point is therefore simply Mr. Froude’s opinion, which his readers will accept or reject according to their estimate of his political sagacity.

Not to dwell on this point, which is after all a mere episode in the general narrative, let us pass to the next great stage in the history of English rule in Ireland—the plan of government adopted after the close of the civil wars under William III. As it affected the Catholics apart from the rest of the population, it was determined mainly by the legislation embodied in the notorious penal code, so long the scandal and by-word of Europe. Mr. Froude is not satisfied with the penal code, but his objection to it is that it was a half-hearted scheme—it did not go far enough. “What was there,” he asks, “in the circumstances of Ireland that, when it was once more subdued, the English Government should have hesitated to apply the same rule there which Louis XIV. was finding necessary for France? . . . To call the repression of opinions which had issued so many times in blood and revolt by the name of

religious persecution, is mere abuse of words" (vol. i., pp. 212, 213). Ireland should therefore have been governed as Protestant France was governed after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. "The existence [in France] of Protestant communities was held inconsistent with the safety of the State. Nonconformists were imprisoned, exiled, deprived of their estates, or put to death. No schools or churches were allowed to them to teach their creeds in, not so much as six feet of ground in which their bodies might rest when dead, if they died out of communion with the Church." The English Government ought to have profited by this example, and, *mutatis mutandis*, have gone and done likewise. Ireland ought to have been draagooned; by which simple but effectual process, Mr. Froude assures us, it would have been possible, "without real injustice, to have made Ireland a Protestant country" (vol. i., p. 209). As it was, however, the English Government, though their conduct fell short of the vigour and thoroughness of the hero of the dragonnades, nevertheless did show what I suppose Mr. Froude would call a commendable desire to do something in the right direction, and the result, as I have just said, was the penal code against the Catholics. There is no need that I should describe this notorious system, which must be familiar to all readers in the pages of Burke. Suffice it to say that by it the Catholics were deprived of the power of purchasing land or of acquiring any lasting interest in land, of entering the professions or the universities, of exercising their religion except by connivance or special indulgence, of educating their children—in short, of all the ordinary rights of citizens: while a number of harassing and degrading provisions, with an almost devilish ingenuity, aimed at introducing dissension into families, thus marring also their domestic life. The remaining population, a small minority of the whole, consisted of Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and other Dissenters. Of these, the Protestant Episcopalians, a minority within a minority, were selected for special favour, and to them was intrusted such political power and privileges as it was the policy of England not to retain in her own hands. Their Church became the Established Church of Ireland; care, however, being taken that all the more lucrative offices should be filled by Eng-

lishmen, who, for the most part, lived in their own country, and performed their duties by deputy. The Protestant Nonconformists—in this respect not more fortunate than the Catholics—were, by the Test Act, excluded from municipal functions, and thus from all possibility of influence in the borough elections, while the predominance of landlord power in the counties rendered them equally without influence there. But perhaps the temper of the English governing classes towards the Irish people as a whole is best seen in the commercial legislation of the period. In the time of Charles II. the principal and indeed almost the only external trade of the country was the cattle trade with England. This trade the English Parliament did not hesitate to proscribe by penal statutes; and if this preposterous legislation was soon after repealed, it is at least certain that this course was not adopted from any tenderness for Irish interests. By William III.'s time the woollen trade, an industry singularly suited to the condition of the country, had struck root, and there was every prospect that, if unmolested, it would have rapidly grown into a thriving trade. But English commercial jealousy at once took alarm. The exportation of manufactured woollens from Ireland was absolutely prohibited; that of raw wool was also prohibited, except when sent to the English market. It was supposed that England would thus at once obtain her raw material cheap and secure a high price for the manufactured article. Under the influence of similar motives Ireland was not permitted to share in the benefits of the navigation laws, the effect of which was to exclude her from all trade with the colonies of Great Britain. It is proper to state that this side of English legislation in Ireland is denounced by Mr. Froude with becoming emphasis. Perhaps the animating spirit of the policy in question has never been more clearly shown than in his description of an incident which occurred in the early part of the eighteenth century.

"The trade in butter and salt meat, which England had graciously consented to leave, with the vast profits to be made out of wool smuggling, tempted alike landholders and leaseholders to stock meadow and mountain with sheep and black cattle. In 1727 the average size of the farms in the three southern provinces ranged from 800 to 1,000 Irish

acres. The tenants were forbidden in their leases to break or plough the soil. The people, no longer employed, were driven away into holes and corners, and eked out a wretched subsistence by potato gardens, or by keeping starving cattle of their own on neglected bogs. . . . They grew up in compulsory idleness encouraged once more in their inherited dislike of labour, and enured to wretchedness and hunger; and, on every failure of the potato crop, hundreds and thousands were starving." (Vol. I., pp. 396, 397.)

To remedy in some degree this state of things, the heads of a Bill were passed through the Irish Houses of Parliament providing that for every hundred acres which a tenant held he should break up and cultivate five; and, as a further encouragement, that a trifling bounty should be offered by the Government on corn grown for exportation. Before this Bill could become law it was necessary that it should obtain the approval of the English Council, and it was sent to England for this purpose. But the Council absolutely rejected the Bill; not at all, it should be observed, for its violation of any economic principle, the plan proposed being quite in keeping with the prevailing notions on commercial legislation, but for the following reasons, as explained by Mr. Froude.

"The real motive was probably the same which led to the suppression of the manufactures; the detestable opinion that to govern Ireland conveniently, Ireland must be kept weak. . . . A motive so iniquitous could not be confessed; but the objections which the Council was not ashamed to allege were scarcely less disgraceful to them. The English manufacturers having secured, as they supposed, the monopoly of Irish wool on their own terms, conceived that the whole soil of Ireland ought to be devoted to growing it." It was pretended that the Irish farmers, forgetting their obligations to England, and wickedly thinking only of their own interests, were diminishing their stock of sheep, breaking up the soil, and growing wheat and barley. The allegation unhappily was utterly untrue. But the mere rumour of a rise of industry in Ireland created a panic in the commercial circles of England; although the change existed as yet only in desire, and the sheep-farming, with its attending miseries, was increasing rather than diminishing. Stanhope, Walpole, Sunderland, and the other advisers of the English crown, met the overtures of the Irish Parliament in a spirit of settled hostility, and with an infatuation which now appears like insanity, determined to keep closed the one remaining avenue by which Ireland could

have recovered a gleam of prosperity." (Vol. I., pp. 399, 400.)

Eight years passed and then indeed,

"After a famine in which thousands of the peasantry had died, they (the supporters of the measure) did succeed in wringing out of the English Council a consent that the prohibitory clauses in the leases should be cancelled, and that in every farm a certain small portion should be under the plough. After a great potato failure, when the roads were covered with starving beggars, and in every cabin there was one dead or dying, the Irish Parliament at last did at length, in the year 1728, obtain (thus much in the way of concession. (Vol. I., p. 403.)

The condition of the people who lived under this enlightened and beneficent rule was, it will readily be believed, not very flourishing. Mr. Froude has gone into great minuteness in depicting it, and has produced a picture of social anarchy and misery which we may hope is a little overcharged. According to him, the habitual occupation of Irishmen, throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, consisted in crimes of the most horrible kind—murder, arson, and riot, faction fights and duelling, agrarian crimes, smuggling with its attendant lawlessness, the mutilation of Protestant clergy, the "carding" of tithe-proctors, the abduction and ravishing of women (of which latter offence no less than five highly coloured and sensational pictures are worked out by Mr. Froude in full detail). These were the occupations of their private life and leisure hours. In politics the atmosphere was one of stifling corruption, and the government of the country was only carried on by the systematic bribery of more than half of the two Houses of Parliament.

Such, in its main features, is Mr. Froude's account of the character and effects of English rule in Ireland during the period over which his narrative extends. Comparing it with his philosophy of government, one is led to ask where is the evidence in his story of that "natural right to govern," which he attributes to the English nation, and by which he justifies their dominion in Ireland? Is it to be seen in the "mutilated and miserable" penal code which beggared and degraded the Catholic masses—"keeping men alive," says Burke, "only to insult in their persons every one of the rights and feelings of humanity?" in the

monopoly of political power given to the small minority of Protestant Episcopalians? in the corruption that pervaded every branch of political administration? in the treatment of the Presbyterians, which drove from the country the most thriving portion of its inhabitants? in the commercial legislation which Mr. Froude has stigmatized with such just emphasis?—a policy, as he assures us, deliberately conceived and founded on "the detestable opinion that to govern Ireland conveniently Ireland must be kept weak?" Or are we to look for the natural right of England to govern Ireland in the effects of her rule? in the all but universal misery, degradation, and demoralisation in which it kept those who lived under it? Are these the notes of a righteous government—of the presence of a nation having a "natural right" to rule? Mr. Froude indeed seems at times to have an uneasy consciousness that his philosophy and his history are not in perfect accord. In the sensational chapter on "Irish Ideas"—a name which he finds it humorous to give to the horrible atrocities which his own narrative shows were mainly the product of English misrule—he has this remark: "Had the Catholics been treated equitably, it may be said, they would have been orderly members of society. The answer is that crimes such as these were the normal growth of Ireland; they had descended from a time when Protestantism was an unknown word, and Popery and Irish ideas were supreme in the land." (Vol. I., p. 420.) If Mr. Froude has no better answer than this to give, and it would seem that he has not, his political philosophy is in a bad way. For, putting aside the utterly unwarrantable assumption that the Irish people, left to themselves but with the advantage of increasing intercourse with Europe, were incapable of civilised progress, what more complete refutation, on Mr. Froude's own principles, of English pretensions to govern Ireland can be conceived than the fact that, after the experiment had been going on for some five hundred years, the Irish people still remained in the condition of savagery in which England had found them; that the state of society which was "normal" in the thirteenth century was still normal in the eighteenth? This is what Mr. Froude confesses, who founds the right of government on the right of the strong to "rescue" inferior

aces "from their own weakness," to compel them to obey "for their own advantage." In short it comes to this—either Mr. Froude must discard his philosophy as the disordered dream of a literary man out of harmony with the tendencies of his time, or he must confess that the claim of England to govern Ireland, throughout the whole period over which his narrative extends, was without moral justification. The English having utterly failed, according to his showing, to perform the functions of a governing nation, ought, on his principles, to have retired from the country. The Irish not having been "rescued from their natural weakness," had, on the same principles, a perfect right to rebel. It is thus that Mr. Froude's history illustrates his philosophy. In common with others of his way of thinking, he has a lofty contempt for "theoretical politicians," whom he never loses an opportunity of sneering at. One is tempted to ask in what school of practical statesmanship he has graduated? Pending enlightenment upon this point, the foregoing *reductio ad absurdum* may serve as an example of the straits into which a writer may be drawn who disserts on politics, alike without theory or experience to guide him.

Nothing is more remarkable in Mr. Froude's political views than the absolute confidence with which they are advanced. Throughout his narrative, extending over five hundred years, the Irish problem, which was a difficulty for all who had to do with it, never for an instant presents any difficulty to him. At every crisis he is master of the situation, and sees, as if written in sunbeams, the true path to be pursued. What enhances the wonder is, that Mr. Froude in his political opinions is all but absolutely singular. Of all the English public men who came to the front in the eighteenth century, one and one only, according to him, possessed the key to the Irish enigma; this unique politician being no other than—George III.!\* It may be confidently asserted that Mr. Froude would now fail to find a single responsible statesman in any civilized country bold enough to endorse his views. We have already seen how he would have acted after the conclusion of the civil war in William III.'s reign, and the

\* "The English in Ireland," Vol. III., pp. 124, 472.



methods by which, "without real injustice," he would have converted the Irish to Protestantism. Let us now pass to the latter end of the eighteenth century and study his judgments on the government and politics of Ireland during that critical time. The position of affairs was this:—The native Irish, not having been converted to Protestantism, were ground to the earth under the rigours of the penal code; Presbyterians were excluded by the Test Act from Municipal offices and practically from Parliamentary influence; so much political power as England was inclined to part with was monopolized by the small minority of Protestant Episcopalians; and this was exercised subject to the control vested by Poyning's Act in the English Council, whose assent was required to the heads of all bills introduced into Parliament. The Parliament itself was a mere burlesque of a representative assembly. Two-thirds of the seats were nomination boroughs, and commonly about half the members were placemen—a state of things which, of course, issued in the most flagrant and scandalous corruption. Such being the position of affairs, a liberal movement set in, having for its objects the legislative independence of the country, which was compromised by Poyning's Act, freedom of trade, and the removal of political disabilities from Catholics and Dissenters. One by one the fetters which bound the Catholics were struck off. They were permitted to hold valuable interests in land; they were permitted to enter the professions, to enter the University; they were admitted to the electoral franchise, and they claimed Catholic emancipation. The Nationalist party in Parliament, led first by Flood and afterwards by Grattan, taking advantage of the difficulties of England during the American War, and availing itself of the support of the Volunteers, wrested from her the right of self-government, and compelled the abolition of the iniquitous trade-laws by which Irish industry had been crushed. Triumphant thus far, the same party aimed further—at the complete emancipation of the Catholics and a reform of Parliament. The agitation for the two latter objects brought matters to a crisis. Earl Fitzwilliam came over in 1794-5 with instructions, as he understood them, to make the required concessions. The Nationalist party regarded the game as won, but a sudden change of coun-

sels in England threw all into confusion. Earl Fitzwilliam was recalled, his policy disavowed—in deference, it is guessed, to George III.'s scruples; and a determined stand was taken against further concessions to the reformers. The result, considering the temper of the times—the revolutionary tide from France being now at its spring—was what might have been expected. At once the people turned from constitutional agitation to secret conspiracy. The society of United Irishmen had already been organized in the North, deeply imbued with French principles, and avowedly aiming at revolutionary objects. It was now joined by the mass of the population, and the rebellion of 1798 became inevitable. Such are the salient points of the narrative which occupies Mr. Froude's two last volumes; and it is his main purpose to show that throughout this protracted struggle the liberal party were, with a single exception, constantly in the wrong, the party of resistance as constantly in the right. The exception was the demand for freedom of trade, which Mr. Froude is obliged to admit was reasonable and just, though he is careful to hint a doubt whether the evil inherent in the policy of concession may not have outweighed the gain that accrued from a just measure. With this exception, however, every step taken by the liberal party, from the first relaxation of the penal code down to the demand for Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform, is, either expressly or by implication, condemned by Mr. Froude. I wish now to examine the grounds on which this sweeping condemnation has been pronounced.

They will be found to resolve themselves into two:—first, what seems to be a sort of first principle with Mr. Froude, the assumption that it is an ineradicable attribute of Irish nature not to be satisfied by concession, which, he says, it always interprets as evidence of fear, and to be only kept in a healthy condition by a regimen of compulsion; and, secondly—an argument that runs through his two last volumes—that the liberal policy represented by Grattan and his party led, by logical necessity, to Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, two measures which would have entailed a Catholic majority in the Irish Parliament, and resulted, Mr. Froude thinks, in a repetition of the attempt made by the Irish Parliament in James II.'s

time to upset the Acts of Settlement. Let us consider these two positions.

From his axiom concerning Irish human nature Mr. Froude appears to reason somewhat in this way:—as concession is sure not to satisfy the Irish, any boon asked for by them ought to be refused, since, if conceded, the concession is at once made the occasion for fresh demands, which, if conceded, lead again to further demands, and so on indefinitely, till at length something is demanded that cannot be yielded, when it becomes necessary to have recourse to force. In ruling Ireland, therefore, it is argued, the better course is to disregard altogether the feelings and wishes of the people, and to compel them into the right path by simple and direct force. If this argument deserves an answer, Mr. Froude may be required to mention a party in English history, or in the history of any other progressive nation, from the Greek and Roman commonwealths down to the present moment—to mention a party, I say, which, placed under political disabilities, has remained satisfied with any concessions short of full political equality. In a well-known aphorism, suggested by his study of the struggles of English parties, Hallam has said that there is no middle term between the persecution that exterminates and the toleration that satisfies. Mr. Froude, it seems, has not so read history. He considers it an exceptional and portentous thing that the Irish Catholics, having had the most galling of their fetters knocked off, should not have hugged their remaining chains; that having been permitted to take a farm on lease, they should actually have demanded to purchase land out and out; nay, should have gone on to seek for admission to the professions, and even to aspire to political rights. *Oliver Twist* "asking for more" did not do greater violence to Mr. Bumble's sense of propriety, than Mr. Froude's philosophy suffers from the pertinacious demands of the Irish Catholics. The phenomenon, he thinks, can only be explained by something peculiar and abnormal in Irish nature. This reference to "Irish nature," it may be said by the way, plays quite a large part in Mr. Froude's historical elucidations. It serves him as a sort of conjuring phrase by which whatever is strange, extravagant, corrupt, or atrocious in Irish history, is at once and satisfactorily explained.

When an act is labelled "Irish," it is thought that all has been said upon the subject that need be said. In this way practices that are perfectly normal in certain stages of human progress, as marauding habits, intertribal warfare, faction fights, &c., are set down as monstrous manifestations of Irish nature, or, if Mr. Froude happens to be in a humorous vein, as examples of "Irish ideas."\* As regards the use of the argument in the present instance, it needs scarcely be said that the strange thing would have been if the Irish Catholics had been satisfied with partial concessions. Had they been so, this, and not their dissatisfaction, would have proved them to have been an exceptional type of mankind; it would have proved, not that the previous concessions had been well bestowed, but quite the contrary, that the recipients were unfit to take their place in the ranks of a free community.

I turn now to Mr. Froude's second ground for condemning the conduct of the Irish liberal party—its inevitable issue, as he thinks, is an attack upon the Acts of Settlement. And here I will freely admit that, the liberal movement once started, no logical halting-ground was possible between the first removal of disabilities and the two crowning measures demanded

\* That Mr. Froude has thus made Irish nature a sort of standing explanation of all that is remarkable in Irish History, does not prevent him from saying something exactly the opposite of this. Thus a little further on we come upon this passage:—"We lay the fault on the intractableness of the race. The modern Irishman is of no race, so blended now is the blood of Celt and Dane, Saxon and Norman, Scot and Frenchman. The Irishman of the last century rose to his natural level whenever he was removed from his own unhappy country. In the Seven Years' War Austria's best generals were Irishmen." . . . "Strike the names of Irishmen out of our own public service, and we lose the heroes of our proudest exploits—we lose the Wellesleys, the Palfishers, the Moores, the Eyres, the Cootes, the Napiers; we lose half the officers and half the privates who conquered India for us, and fought our battles in the Peninsula." . . . "What they can be even at home we know at this present hour, when, under exceptional discipline as police, they are at once the most sorely tempted and the most nobly faithful of all subjects of the British race." (Vol. II. p. 127.)

by the liberal party—Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform. I admit also that the passing of these measures would probably have resulted in a Catholic majority in the Irish Parliament, supposing, that is to say, that the Irish Parliament had continued to exist; and further that, having regard to the terrible condition to which English misrule had brought the country, such a state of political forces would have involved very serious danger to the Acts of Settlement. But conceding all this, I still ask whether, if civil war there was to be, it would not have been better to have taken issue with the Catholics on the question of maintaining the Acts of Settlement than on that of excluding them from political rights, and of resisting the reform of a parliament corrupt to the core. There is, after all, some virtue in a just cause; and an Irish rebellion, breaking out after every substantial grievance had been redressed—every grievance, that is to say, the redress of which was consistent with the maintenance of rights of property recognised for more than a century, and to the defence of which the honour as well as the interest of England was undoubtedly committed—would at least not have been more formidable than the rising of 1798, in which the Irish fought under the exasperation of a cruel disappointment, and for rights, their title to which, even then widely recognised, has since been universally conceded.

It is pertinent, moreover, in replying to Mr. Froude on this point, to remark that what constituted the real danger of the situation, at the crisis in question, was the hard and fast line drawn between the Catholics and the possession of the land; and that the maintenance of this line was not a part of liberal policy, but of that policy which Mr. Froude has defended and eulogised. Mr. Froude's attitude with reference to this question is made clear by a remark which he makes *apropos* of the possibility of considerable quantities of Irish land being thrown upon the market about the year 1773. Such an occurrence, he says, "would, on many accounts, have been of priceless service. Not the least so that, as Catholics were still unable to hold real property in Ireland, it would have recruited the ranks of the Protestant gentry with new and wholesome elements." (Vol. II., p. 158.) In other words, Mr. Froude would

have been in favour of making the severance between the Irish Catholics—three-fourths, be it remembered, of the total population—and the land of the country even more complete than it already was. His position, therefore, is this: he is the defender and eulogist of the policy which created the real danger and difficulty of Irish government; and the danger and difficulty thus created he urges as a reason for permanently excluding the Catholics from political rights. How completely the danger contemplated by Mr. Froude might have been eluded by a liberal policy with regard to the land, may be understood by considering the present state of Ireland. I am no advocate of an Irish Parliament, and I think it probable that, supposing one were ever got to work peaceably, it would indulge in not a few unwise and possibly dangerous freaks of legislation, from which the land would not be exempt; but I do not believe that any one who knows Ireland would have any apprehension that such a Parliament would touch the Acts of Settlement. And why? Simply because the Irish Catholics are now extensively owners of the Irish soil, or of valuable interests in it. Had this result been brought about in the eighteenth century—though I admit the separate existence of an Irish Parliament would still have been a difficulty—at least the particular bug-bear, disturbance of the Acts of Settlement, with which Mr. Froude seeks to frighten his readers into a belief in a retrograde policy, would not have existed. In other words we are brought to this conclusion, that a liberal policy, frankly and prudently applied to the circumstances of Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century would, there is every reason to believe, have prevented altogether the sanguinary outbreak of 1798 and the legacy of bitter memories it has left, and would, in all probability, have greatly accelerated the material prosperity and social quiet which the liberal policy of later times is at length, whatever Mr. Froude may say to the contrary, beginning to produce. But supposing it were otherwise, and that such a policy involved all the dangers that Mr. Froude anticipates from it, even so we should have to consider what was the alternative to this policy. According to Mr. Froude, concession necessarily entailed concession, and the path of concession led in the end to civil war: if, then,

this issue was to be avoided, the only safe course was to resist concession from the start ; to take stand on the penal laws as they existed, say in 1761, and to frame our policy deliberately with a view to hold the Irish Catholics in permanent bondage ; to keep, that is to say, three-fourths of the inhabitants of Ireland as brewers of wood and drawers of water to the remaining fourth ; to do this in the midst of the progressive enlightenment of the eighteenth century, under the influence of the ideas kindled by the French revolution, nay, (for the reasons against concession would be still as strong as ever) to continue this course down to the present time, and while Russian serfs and American negroes were living emancipated, to exhibit to Europe the spectacle of a kindred nation in chains ! Was this a policy that England could have adopted ? and supposing she were capable of adopting and carrying it into effect, does Mr. Froude imagine that the conscience of Europe would have endured the scandal ? Mr. Froude does not in so many words tell us that this is the course that ought to have been pursued, but it is to this result and no other that all this moralising on Irish history, and all his railing at Irish liberal policy, most distinctly tend.

It has already appeared that among Mr. Froude's historical virtues consistency is not the most eminent ; but the examples hitherto given of failure in this respect have been comparatively trifling and unimportant. As the reader is aware, he has very strongly approved and justified all the confiscations that have ever taken place in Irish history, from the landing of Strongbow and his followers down to the civil wars of William III. It has also appeared that, according to him, "the central principle of Irish management" consists in *not* giving the Irish their own way ; that conciliation of Irish ideas is a mistake, and that the people ought to be coerced to accept from their master what seems to him good. Having had these doctrines inculcated on us in season and out of season through the greater portion of three volumes, it is somewhat disconcerting towards the end of the third to encounter the following passage :—"The kingdom of Oude is of the same size as Ireland. Seventeen years ago it rose in rebellion, and the entire population was as bitterly hostile to British rule as Ireland in

1641 or 1798. Thirty Englishmen now govern Oude with perfect ease, and administer its affairs in perfect order. . . . *It would have been better and happier by far had England never confiscated the lands of the Irish, had she governed Ireland as she governs India, and never attempted to force upon her a landed gentry of alien blood.*" (Vol. III. pp. 460-462.) So then after all, the confiscations were a mistake, and those "true ideas" by which Cromwell sought to govern Ireland—"laws, so far as intellect can discern them, appointed by the Maker of the world," were but a *pis aller*—an inferior alternative to a system of policy exactly the reverse of all that Mr. Froude's work was written to enforce. "Having chosen the second alternative," he continues, making an awkward attempt to save his consistency, "having given the land and the constitution into the hands of men of her own race and creed, principle as well as prudence should have taught her to remember their difficulties," &c. (Vol. III. p. 462.) Still, if there had always been that better way of governing, it seems passing strange that throughout all the political dissertations with which these volumes abound we should have had no hint of it till it is unexpectedly flashed upon us at the very close of the work ; nor does one see why, because the land of Ireland was confiscated, the maxims of policy which were found to answer in India should have had no application to Ireland. For example, if any one attribute more than another can be predicated of Anglo-Indian rule, it is the marked difference it has invariably shown towards the laws, institutions, and traditions of the people of India. Every custom, not positively criminal, has been respected ; the native religions have not only been tolerated, but in many instances endowed ; the Hindoo and Mohammedan codes have been incorporated into the jurisprudence administered in our courts ; the land settlements are elaborate attempts made, with whatever success, certainly in good faith, to give effect to the ancient traditions and practices of the country. If this method of government has been found efficacious in India, why should it not have been attended with equal benefit to Ireland ? Granted that the land was confiscated, was this a reason for disregarding Irish customs, in settling the country under the new

owners—for maintaining an established church which could only be a standing insult and menace to the faith of the majority of the people—for aggravating the material injury by outraging in every direction native sentiment? It will be instructive to compare Mr. Froude's notions of governing Ireland with those of an Indian administrator fresh from India, and steeped in the traditions of Indian statesmanship. A few years ago, when the Irish Land Act was before Parliament, Sir George Campbell happened to be in this country, and took advantage of his leisure to visit Ireland and study the land question. The fruits of his investigation were embodied in a small volume, which he published at the time, and which contained some practical suggestions as to the sort of legislation that was needed. And what was the purport of these suggestions? Why precisely the reverse of all Mr. Froude would have us do. Mr. Froude says that no regard should be paid to Irish ideas and practices. Sir George Campbell tells us, on the contrary, to take Irish ideas and practices as the basis of our land legislation. He, in short, proposes to apply to Ireland the same principles which he had seen bearing good fruit in the portion of the empire with which he was familiar. There is a sense, indeed, in which "governing Ireland according to Irish ideas" would mean something very different from what Sir George Campbell advocated. The duty of England to Ireland would not, I imagine, in his view, be fulfilled by simply shutting her eyes to the dictates of expediency and justice, and giving effect to the clamours of the noisiest section of the people. This is one thing; but to take account of the customs and ideas of the people, and to aim at promoting justice and well-being among them by steadily working in the grooves which these indicate, is quite another. It is in this sense that the principle of governing in conformity with the ideas of the governed has been understood in India; and in advocating a policy the exact opposite of this for Ireland, Mr. Froude has set at defiance not merely Indian experience, but, I do not hesitate to say, the experience of all countries, and of all ages.

Fairly to appreciate Mr. Froude's treatment of the Irish rebellion of 1798, the reader must bear in mind the judgment he has passed on English government in Ireland. This has

already appeared to some extent, and will be placed beyond doubt by a few more extracts:—

"The wrongs of which America has to complain were but musquito bites by the side of the enormous injuries which had been inflicted by English selfishness on the trade and manufactures of Ireland. Why was Ireland to submit when America was winning admiration by resistance? Why, indeed? save that America was in earnest. The Irish were not. America meant to fight. The Irish only meant to clamour and threaten to fight."\* (Vol. II., p. 83.)

\* Burke could not draw a bill of indictment against a whole people; but Mr. Froude has no scruple in flinging about imputations of cowardice against the Irish race—possibly because he knows that, a few pages on, he will say something which shall imply the possession by the same people of the most heroic valour. Notwithstanding numerous passages like that quoted in the text, he confesses in his narrative of the rebellion that nothing could exceed the courage shown by the Irish peasantry and their leaders.

"Lord Carlisle had found, in common with every Viceroy who preceded him, that when he spoke to the cabinet of wrongs done to Ireland, and recommended a measure or measures as tending to remedy them, he had been received either with impudent neglect or contemptuous refusal. English rule in Ireland had become so shameful a parody of all that is meant by righteous and legitimate authority, that nature herself repudiated it. Ireland could not and would not be governed any longer by English laws. Lord Carlisle thought, and avowed that he thought, that she might be governed well and happily by laws of her own; while, if England refused to consent to an arrangement, he anticipated inevitable convulsions, the end of which no one could foresee." (Vol. II., p. 319.)

"The long era of misgovernment had ripened at last for the harvest. Rarely since the inhabitants of the earth had formed themselves into civilised communities, had any country suffered from such a complication of neglect and ill-usage. The Irish people clamoured against Government, and their real wrong from first to last had been that there was no government over them; that, under changing forms, the universal rule among them for four centuries had been the tyranny of the strong over the weak; that from the catalogue of virtues demanded from those who exercised authority over their fellow-men the word Justice had been blotted out. Anarchy had borne its fruits. The victims of scandalous administration had risen at last to demand redress." (Vol. III., pp. 348, 349.)

"England, for her own purposes, condemned the

I do not think it would be easy to express condemnation of a government in stronger terms than some of those I have quoted ; to assert more strongly the responsibility of England for the evils that afflicted Ireland ; or to recognise more fully the terrible provocation offered to the Irish people for rising in revolt. And yet within a few pages of some of these extracts Mr. Froude finds it possible to write as follows :—"The Irish Catholics . . . failed to recognise that, alike in 1641 and 1798, *no injury had been done to them, and no hurt had been designed against them*, till they had either taken arms in rebellion, or were preparing for it so openly that the Government were compelled to take their weapons from them. The burglar who kills a policeman is none the less guilty of murder because the policeman began the quarrel by laying his hand upon his shoulder." (Vol. iii., p. 414.) If this had been an isolated passage unsupported by anything further, one might be inclined to suppose some accident—a loose leaf from some other work, perhaps, getting mixed up with Mr. Froude's manuscripts. In truth, however, the illustration of the burglar and the policeman in this passage strikes the key-note of Mr. Froude's account of the rebellion of 1798, and gives us the standpoint from which he has stigmatised with unqualified severity the conduct of the rebels, and, on the other hand, justified in ample measure all the rigours put in force on the Government side. The Irish people who, a few pages before, had been the plundered, impoverished, demoralized victims of scandalous administration rising at last to demand redress, suddenly become burglars wantonly assailing with felonious intent the legitimate authorities placed over them in the order of Providence and only bent on preserving order for the com-

country to barrenness, and its inhabitants to misery and want. She rejected them when they petitioned to be incorporated in the empire. She extinguished their manufactures and their shipping, and discouraged them long even from cultivating their estates, lest the value of her own land should suffer from the rivalry. . . . If they were politically corrupt England had begun with prostituting their patronage and misappropriating their revenues. If they were discontented and mutinous, never in the history of the world had any subjects more just grounds for complaint." (Vol. III., p. 61.)

mon good—the same authorities whom, but a short time previously we had been told, "nature herself repudiated," but whose cause Mr. Froude now espouses with such intolerant zeal that even the most extreme exercise of their power in crushing the revolt falls short of his desires. I venture to say that so flagrant a contradiction—so radical an inconsistency in the very heart of an historical plot, in the fundamental conception of the crowning catastrophe of a great drama—has rarely been committed by historian before. That catastrophe is presented in one page as the natural and necessary outcome of English misrule : in the next, as the wanton and unprovoked rising of "a treacherous race, whom it was no longer possible to bear with ;" and between these two theories—though the latter steadily preponderates—Mr. Froude oscillates to the end.

Still it is from the point of view of the policeman seizing the burglar that the contest is on the whole described and judged ; nor is there any attempt to do justice to the contending parties even as thus conceived. The massacres and horrible cruelties committed on the Catholic side, are elaborately described ; every detail, fitted to strike the imagination, to shock the feelings or to fire the passions, is carefully picked out and set in full relief in Mr. Froude's pages,\* while the equally horrible and atro-

\* Mr. Froude's desire to be picturesque in his account of these occurrences sometimes carries him into bathos. For example, after describing the night attack on the garrison at Prosperous, where a detachment of the North Cork militia were brutally slaughtered, he writes :—"Those who had been concerned in the night's work had come back expecting to find as complete a sweep of their comrades as they had made themselves of Swayne and the North Cork. Finding the day gone against them, they either dispersed or stole into their quarters unperceived. Esmonde, especially, contrived to reach his room, *to wash, dress, and powder himself, as a dog would do after a midnight orgie among the sheep*, and presented himself in his place in the ranks as if he had never been absent." (Vol. III. p. 363.) We have heard before of Mother Hubbard's dog, who, when his mistress was abroad, used "to dress in his clothes : " but the dog in Mr. Froude's simile, who not only dressed, but washed and powdered himself, quite throws into shade the performances of our old favourite.

cious acts committed on the Government side in the suppression of the revolt are slurred over in summary sentences, generally with a reminder that the victims merely received the due rewards of their deeds. Considering the opinions that Mr. Froude has put on record respecting the mode in which Ireland was governed by England, one would have expected here from an English historian, if only for the grace of the thing—I do not, of course, speak of generosity—some little allowance for Irish errors and vices—some touch of compunction for the terrible calamities brought by his countrymen, however inevitably, upon the Irish race. But Mr. Froude has no such weaknesses. He is a marvellous adept in that sort of vicarious stoicism that loves

“ When others bleed to kiss the rod,  
Resigning to the will of God ;”

and not merely does he endorse all the rigours put in force—rigours which revolted and disgusted some of the best of those who were charged with their execution—but actually goes out of his way to suggest that they should have been heavier and bloodier. Referring to the escape of a portion of the rebel army from Vinegar Hill, he remarks that, if the mistake which made that escape possible was intentional, “it was misplaced leniency. Nothing but some decisive and overwhelming evidence of the consequences of a rebellion *carried out in the spirit which had been shown in Wexford*, would ever convince the Irish of the hopelessness of measuring strength with England, or prevent a repetition of the same folly, when opportunity seemed again to offer itself.” (Vol. III. pp. 442-3.) There is, perhaps, some doubt as to the exact force of the words which I have italicised ; but, taking the passage with its context, there can be no doubt at all that it amounts to a suggestion that it would have been well if the entire army at Vinegar Hill had been put to the sword. It is in this spirit, Mr. Froude thinks, that the Irish Rebellion should have been suppressed.

A few words before I conclude, on a question which has even yet something more than an historic interest—the measures resorted to by the Government previous to the outbreak for the seizure of arms and other purposes of suppression. Amongst these was the practice of

torturing by flogging, half-hanging, and what was called pitch-capping—putting caps of boiling pitch upon the head ; all which were employed against the peasantry in the hopes of making them disclose the places where the arms were concealed. The officer most directly responsible for these proceedings was General Lake, but they appear to have been approved by the Irish Government, and Mr. Froude thus comments on them :—

“ The seizures were not effected without severity. . . . Entire villages combined in determined resistance. Individuals, of whose guilty complicity secret information left no shadow of doubt, were compelled to reveal the hiding-places by the whip and the picket. Houses were burnt and entire families were exposed to serious suffering. Particular officers, it is likely, exceeded their orders. The officers of the yeomanry were taken from the local gentry, whom the murder system had not disposed to feel tenderly towards the accomplices of assassins. In some very few instances the innocent may have been confounded with the criminal. When society is disorganized, and peace can only be preserved by the strong hand, such misfortunes occur inevitably, and the responsibility for them rests with those who have rendered the use of force indispensable.” (Vol. III., p. 238.)

This defence has been supplemented by a reviewer of Mr. Froude's in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who puts the case thus :—“ Suppose the Indian mutiny could have been prevented by flogging a certain number of Sepoy conspirators till they gave the information necessary to enable the Government to prevent the outbreak ; ought English authorities to have hesitated to flog at the expense of causing all that followed ? And if so, on what ground ?” This is no doubt a very convenient, though perhaps a somewhat cool, way of begging the question. Is it not equally open to me to put the case in this fashion ?—Suppose the flogging of a certain number of Sepoy conspirators would have had no appreciable effect on the issue of the Indian mutiny, but would have very greatly exasperated the passions of the people, and increased the horrors of the struggle, ought English authorities to have flogged ? and if so, on what grounds ? Hypothesis for hypothesis, one way of putting the argument seems as good as the other ; but the question is, which coincides most nearly with the facts of the Irish case. Now I maintain that mine does ; nor need I go

beyond Mr. Froude's pages to demonstrate this. From that narrative it very clearly appears that the break-down of the Irish rebellion was mainly due to two causes:—to the collapse of the conspiracy in the North at a critical moment, upon the Northern Protestants discovering that the war was assuming a religious character in the South; and secondly, to the failure of the French to send their contingent in time. Mr. Froude admits that in the early part of June there was nothing to prevent Father John Murphy, the leader of the insurrectionary forces in Wexford, from marching by way of Arklow and the coast line to Bray, from which he could have threatened Dublin, where the masses could only be kept from rising by the presence of a considerable garrison. Camden, he tells us, was now, for the first time, really alarmed. The reports from the North were less favourable, and Walpole's defeat might decisively turn the scale.

“‘The salvation of Ireland,’ the Lord-Lieutenant wrote in a letter to the Duke of Portland, ‘on which Great Britain as an empire eventually depends, requires that this rebellion should be instantly suppressed. No event but instant extinction can prevent it from becoming general, as it is notorious that the whole country is organized. The Chancellor, the Speaker, all the friends of his Majesty's Government, whom I am in the habit of consulting, have this day given it as their solemn opinion, and have required me to state it as such, that the salvation of Ireland depends on immediate and very considerable succours. A few regiments will perhaps only be sent to slaughter or to loss. This opinion is perfectly well founded. General Lake agrees. I make this appeal to your Grace in the most solemn man-

ner.’ It was quite certain,” Mr. Froude adds, “that at this particular moment Father John could, if he had pleased, have reached Dublin with ease. He had 20,000 men with him at Ballymore. He would have doubled his numbers before he had arrived at Bray, and at Bray he would have been but a day's march from the city.” (Vol. III., pp. 404, 405.)

But at this crisis of the struggle the Northern Protestants took alarm, and the Northern contingent, which had been regarded by the Government as the most formidable element of the rebel army, never came to the front, and disappeared with a flash in the pan. At the same time the French failed to make their appearance, and only arrived when the movement had been already crushed. The Government had thus time to receive reinforcements, and having only to do with the Southern outbreak, had little difficulty in suppressing it. In spite, therefore, of all the barbarities practised in the abortive attempt at suppression—in spite of the pitch-cappings, floggings, and dragonnades throughout the country—it remains quite clear that the rebellion would, at all events for a time, have succeeded, if the Government had not been saved in the very crisis of its fate by causes for which it had to thank its good luck. The cruelties which disgraced its conduct were without appreciable effect on the issue of the struggle. Unhappily they were only too effective in exasperating the passions of the combatants, and in imprinting bitter memories which time has not yet effaced, and which this unhappy narrative will prolong.

J. E. CAIRNES.

---

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

---

“THE First Partition of Poland” is the title of the first paper in the current number of the *Fortnightly*. Herr Sybel states that all the evidence that can be obtained on this subject has now been laid before the public, even to the archives of St. Petersburg of the time of Catharine II. By way of preliminary to his examination of the motives for

the partition, the writer gives an interesting account of the territories forming the ancient Kingdom of Poland, the relative proportion of the nationalities and religions of the population, and finally, a view of the peculiar characteristics, good or bad, of the people and of their form of government. In 1762, Catherine II. became Czarina, and proceeded to



confirm and extend the strong influence Russia had always exercised in Poland. Frederic II. of Prussia, from a desire for peace, after the Seven Years' War, allied himself with Catherine; Maria Theresa looked with no particular affection upon either of them. The Partition in fact arose from no particular lust of territory on the part of any of the powers; it was a gross crime against Poland, but not a deliberate scheme until it became a necessity to avoid a general war. This danger arose from the conquest of Turkish provinces by Russia after a war commenced by the Sultan; Austria refused to permit Russia to annex these provinces, and Frederic, longing for peace, but as much opposed to the partition of Poland as Maria Theresa when she called it "a sinful negotiation," entered into the scheme to avoid a European war. Thus his statement in "Memoirs since 1763," long doubted by historians, has proved to be true beyond question. This, of course, is no adequate excuse for the nefarious transaction. Prof. Cairnes contributes a vigorous attack on Froude's "English in Ireland." Mr. Lecky had already dealt that unvarnished historian some severe blows, principally regarding questions of fact. Prof. Cairnes deals chiefly with principles. We are sure every unprejudiced reader who has read the so-called "History" will agree with Mr. Cairnes when he says "that a more essentially unfair, ungenerous and mischievous book it has rarely been my fortune to read." The principles are odious, the facts distorted or selected, according to the Froudian system, to suit a theory; and history becomes a romance and a delusion. "Imaginary Geometry and the Truth of Axioms" is a chapter from the forthcoming volume of Mr. G. H. Lewes' *Problems of Life and Mind*. It is a defence of Euclid's Axioms against the attacks of Helmholtz and others. Mr. Algernon Swinburne has a characteristic lyric entitled "The Year of the Rose." It is certainly vigorous in conception, and musical also in rhythm and rhyme, although it has some peculiarities in the latter respects.

Mr. E. A. Freeman's paper on "Federalism and Home Rule" is written with the historian's usual clearness and distinctness of his historical vision. It is a calm and judicial view of the question, such we should be entitled to expect from the writer. He believes Mr. Butt's scheme to be impracticable and explains why he thinks so. His principal proposition is that the plea of Federalism raised on behalf of Home Rule is fallacious. This is done by examining the Federal principle historically. The deduction is thus made that Federation has never been "a proposal to put a laxer tie instead of a closer one, but to put a closer tie instead of a laxer one or no tie at all." This is, of course, the reverse of the process intended by the Home Rulers. The perti-

nent question is then put, If Mr. Butt intends that there should be local Parliaments also for England and Scotland. He protests that Irish members at Westminster will not vote on purely local questions regarding England and Scotland? But who is to judge what are local and what are Imperial questions? And are the Irish members to walk out of the House when the former are discussed, or to be turned out by the Sergeant-at-Arms? Mr. Freeman considers "that total separation would be a less evil than such a scheme of Federation, or whatever it is to be called, which is now proposed."

M. Henri Rochefort contributes a French article—something of a novelty in English magazines. It is a review of "Recollections of the Revolution of 4th September, (1870)," by M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction under Trochu and Thiers. Rochefort recommends a new volume entitled—"Oublis"—what M. Simon has forgotten, and then proceeds into one of those slashing and reckless displays of attack and defence to which the readers of *La Marseillaise* and *La Lanterne* used to be regaled with. There is no denying the writer a sort of glittering ability—but the jewels are paste instead of diamonds. He hits off a character in a sentence:—McMahon is "the type of ignorance and imbecility;" Dufour is "the plague of all governments he has assisted;" Thiers is M. Simon's "Pythoness;" and Gen. Trochu is "that political and military comedian by the name of Trochu." His heroes are Gambetta, Raspail, Felix Pyat and Delescluse. For a man who is physically a coward, and who ran away at the first sound of danger, it was certainly rather impudent to speak of Delescluse as one who died bravely on his barricade.

In contrast with this wild Parisian rhetoric, is the calm, lucid, and well-reasoned paper of Mr. John Morley. It is the concluding chapter of an essay "On Compromise," to which we have already referred. Its main text, as we stated on a former occasion, is this:—"That men should refuse to sacrifice their opinions or ways of living (in the self-regarding sphere) out of regard to the *status quo*, or the prejudices of others; and this, as a matter of course, excludes the right of forcing or wishing any one else to make such a sacrifice for us." The present chapter considers the final question—what are "the limitations which are set by the conditions of society to the duty of trying to realize our principles in action." The essay will, in all probability, be published in a separate form, and we may then have an opportunity of reviewing it at greater length and under more favourable circumstances. The *Fortnightly* concludes with the initial chapters of a story by George Meredith, entitled "Beauchamp's Career," which promises well.