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AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK II.

A FALLEN FORTUNE.

CHAPTER III.

THE END OF THE VISIT.

THE Reverend Gregory Salmon and his son Angelo left the shadow of the trees and the society of the cows, for a quiet walk along the banks of the river. There was much for the father to explain, and at the outset there was more difficulty than the senior Mr. Salmon had expected. He was not so sure of his son as he had been half an hour since—or rather, for the first time in his life he distrusted his influence over a weak and impressionable young man. He began as if he doubted him and the strength of his own influence together.

"Angelo," he said, "we have been labouring under a terrible delusion, and I hope you see that as clearly as I do."

"I do not see anything very terrible at present," said the son.

"I am dreadfully shocked."

"I was never happier in my life," said Angelo, pressing his hand on his waistcoat pocket, wherein was Mabel's purse, which was as close to his heart as he could get it at present.

"I am talking about Miss Westbrook," said the father sharply.

"So am I."

Mr. Salmon was unprepared for these ready answers, and marvelled what had become of that slow, hesitating manner for which Angelo had been invariably distinguished. He did not affect to be surprised, however, but after a glance askance at his son, went on in the same pompous way.

"I have been having a serious discussion with your mother concerning the fact of Miss Westbrook's loss of fortune—if she ever had any fortune," he added, "and we both arrived at the conclusion that it will be infinitely better for that young lady to leave St. Lazarus as soon as possible."

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"Because she is poor?" asked Angelo, with a marked elevation of his eyebrows.

"Because she is a mystery—because we have nothing but her word as to all this."

"It is enough," replied Angelo.

"It is not sufficient for me," said Mr. Salmon sharply. He was an irritable man, and the short quick responses of his son aggravated as well as perplexed him.

"Miss Westbrook is a guest in your house, father," Angelo remarked, "and to be treated, I hope, with respect so long as she remains there."

"Of course, of course," answered the father, "as long as she remains, I am not likely to forget the courtesy due to a lady who has been invited to my home. There has certainly been an error of judgment, and I take my share of blame. I have been credulous, Angelo—I have believed every word of your statement as to her position in life, just as you believed it before me, and without seeking one atom's worth of proof, and now we are both trembling on the brink of an abyss!"

Angelo shook his head as he walked on by his father's side.

"I don't understand you," he said.

Mr. Salmon fancied that he had impressed his son at last.

"Suppose—I merely say suppose, for the sake of the argument, Angelo—that Miss Westbrook is a shrewd, long-headed, far-seeing woman of the world," he continued; "she meets you in America, hears you are rich, discovers you to be credulous, and lays her plan accordingly. Could she have acted in a cleverer way to enlist our sympathy and gain our admiration?"

"You know I admire her," said Angelo; "I have not attempted to disguise even a deeper feeling than admiration for her, and I—I—I—" he began to grow confused, "I object to any supposition that attempts, for a single moment, to lower Mabel Westbrook in my estimation. There!" he concluded, with an emphatic stamp of his foot upon the grass.

"If I put a mild supposition before you, Angelo, you need not fly at me like a bulldog," said the father, reprovingly.

"I beg your pardon. But—don't say anything against her just now, please."

"Surely, it has not gone so far as this. My dear boy, you have not been weak enough to allow Miss Westbrook to antici-

pate an offer of marriage from you? You have not concealed this from your own father and mother?"

"I have not kept anything from you," said Angelo, moodily; "I have not had the chance."

"Bless me!"

"I have not had the chance of winning the heart of a good woman like Mabel Westbrook," Angelo continued; "I am too weak and poor a fellow—I have nothing to recommend me but my money."

"That is everything to a woman looking for a husband."

"Which she is not."

"She would not have you if she were rich," said Mr. Salmon, seeing his advantage; "she is too brilliant and sharp a girl—'go-ahead' they call it in the country from which she has come. She would have had hundreds of admirers if she had been wealthy. You know she would not have had you."

"Yes," said Angelo very sadly, "I know that."

"And if she accept you for the sake of position—if she has known all along of this blow to her fortune, and has played her cards accordingly, what a miserable life lies before you. The world will not only laugh at you," said the father, "but she will laugh at you too."

"I have been laughed at so often in my life," replied Angelo, "that one more jest will not affect me much. And if it comes from her, I can forgive it."

"Not afterwards. Not when time has proved to you what a dupe you have been."

"She will not make a dupe of me," said Angelo; "I wish she would."

"But —"

"But I have received your warning, sir," said Angelo, interrupting him, "and will consider it. I do not think there is anything more for you to say, and I am quite certain there is nothing more which I can hear with any patience."

"Angelo!"

"Therefore you will kindly leave me."

"Certainly. But you *are* weak, you know. You will do nothing rashly?"

"I will do nothing rashly," was the echo here.

"Or without consulting me?"

"I will not promise so much as that,"

said Angelo, "and after all that you have said against her."

"I have merely surmised—I know nothing against Miss Westbrook. Until this morning I have never suspected her for an instant."

"She should have been above suspicion always."

Angelo turned abruptly from his father, and went on across the meadows to the country road lying beyond the hedge-rows in the distance. He had promised Mabel that he would take a walk—she had wished to get rid of him that morning, and thought that a stroll would do him good, and he would set about it at once. He wanted time to consider the new position of affairs before Mabel left St. Lazarus, and he wanted that time to himself, and away from his father, whom he left looking after him. Mr. Gregory Salmon made no attempt to follow; he was wise enough to see the futility of pressing his arguments more closely on his son that day. They would have their weight in due course, for Angelo was mild and tractable, and there was no necessity for haste now. Angelo was walking steadily from home and Mabel Westbrook, and was comparatively safe in consequence. What might happen before he was back to luncheon, who could tell?

If the Master of St. Lazarus had already sketched forth a programme in his mind, it was disposed of by a prompter course of action on the part of the lady principally concerned. As he walked across the quadrangle, he saw that Mabel's boxes were at the front door, and that Hodsmen the porter was bringing round a barrow for them. The Brethren of the Noble Poor, interested in the fitting, had collected in a group upon the grass to talk of it—like a wheezy chorus in an ancient play. Much of the history of Adam Halfday's life and death had found its way to his old companions, and the American girl's connection with the story had afforded food for comment here. The loss of her fortune was not known to these old men, who had learned to regard Mabel with awe and admiration, as a guardian genius of St. Lazarus, who might benefit each brother in his turn. At the outer gates, Miss Westbrook's hired carriage stopped the way, and in the carriage Dorcas—who had accompanied Mabel to the Hospital—waited for her patroness, and was dull and stolid.

Mr. Salmon passed into the house, and found Mabel Westbrook equipped for travelling, and sitting by the side of his better half, who had been evidently weeping.

Mabel met him with a bright smile as he entered. This was as it should be. She was parting amicably. Mrs. Salmon had managed a delicate piece of business with more judgment than he had given her credit for.

"I could not leave St. Lazarus without bidding you good-bye, Mr. Salmon, and thanking you for all your hospitality," said Mabel as he entered.

"Going to leave us!" replied Mr. Salmon with an affectation of surprise that was very badly done.

"Somewhat unceremoniously, perhaps," said Mabel; "but I have been here under false pretences, as I have been telling this good friend of mine, who begs me to remain."

"Does she, though?—dear me," ejaculated the Master. "Well, we shall have luncheon in half an hour," he added with a dash; "you will not go till then?"

"I should have waited till your return, Mr. Salmon, and only till your return," was Mabel's answer. "I have said good-bye to this lady and your son."

"Have you seen Angelo?" exclaimed the Master.

"Mine was a farewell in disguise to him," said Mabel, "and I think it was as well. He would not judge me harshly for leaving without the formality of an adieu. Remember me to him, please," she added, as she turned to the mother and rested her hand upon her shoulder.

"I wish you would not go away so suddenly—as if—as if we had done something to offend you," said the Master's wife. "Mr. Salmon, this is quite a voluntary act of Mabel's; I have not said a word to her."

"Why should you?" answered Mabel. "Is it likely that you would so quickly after my misfortunes, as the world will term them presently. No, no; I give you credit for more kindness and charity, although it is my duty none the less to take the initiative."

"You have acted with great decision of character, Miss Westbrook," said Mr. Salmon, "and have certainly surprised us. But it may be for the best. Considering all things, I cannot blame you very much for the step you have taken."

"Considering all things, no," said Mabel thoughtfully.

Mr. Gregory Salmon blushed ; but she was not thinking of him.

"Had I been prepared for so complete a collapse of my property," added Mabel in conclusion, "I should have stayed away from a place which you were kind enough to press me to call home. But I was waiting for some portion of the wreck to drift to shore."

"It is a very terrible blow to you," said Mr. Salmon.

Mabel laughed so pleasantly that Mr. Salmon regarded her for a moment with amazement.

"Not at all," she said ; "I never cared for money. It would not have done me any good, or brought me one true friend. Good-bye, Mr. Salmon, and once more—thank you."

Gregory Salmon felt a small-souled individual as he took the little hand of his guest in his and bowed over it politely. He was glad she was going, but he was more glad that it was of her own free will, and at no hint from his wife.

"Good-bye, Miss Westbrook, if you are really determined to depart so hastily," he said.

"Yes, quite determined."

"And you will return to—Penton, perhaps?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Mabel ; "I shall make up my mind as I go along."

She stooped and kissed Mrs. Salmon, and then went away from St. Lazarus ; and the brethren doffed their caps in mute respect to her as she passed them with a smile and friendly nod of farewell.

One brother of the Noble Poor, who had held aloof from the rest, Mabel discovered at the carriage door, talking energetically to Dorcas, and shaking his head with more vehemence than seemed necessary. This was Peter Scone, the senior member of the fraternity.

"She is a cross-grained vixen, my lady, Heaven knows that," he said, as if in explanation of his excitement.

"I don't believe it, Mr. Scone," answered Mabel cheerfully.

"She will not tell me where you both are going," he said.

"Is it necessary?"

"It may be some day," he replied eva-

sively ; "it may be very soon. Will you read this as you go along, please?"

He thrust a torn scrap of paper into her hands, and tottered away under the archway of the Cardinal's Tower, like a man in great haste to get from her. Mabel entered the carriage and turned her back upon the Hospital of St. Lazarus for good. Her new life lay beyond it—strange and unknown and incomprehensible—but there was no shadow of it on her fair young face.

CHAPTER IV.

ANGELO SEEKS ADVICE.

The Penton Museum had been closed to the general public some two hours or more, and its curator had dismissed the last official—a certain Mrs. Ironbrace, whose mission was to dust and wash and scrub at the corporate expense, and to do generally for Mr. Halfday—when the noisy bell of the establishment announced a visitor. On that particular evening Brian had settled down to work ; there were more papers than usual on the table of his room, the lamp had been carefully trimmed and set on the right side of his desk, the desk was open and Brian was writing busily, covering many pages of foolscap with a thick and almost illegible scrawl, when the summons from without disturbed the flow of his ideas. Brian Halfday set his pen aside and listened. He was unprepared for visitors ; he had considered himself a man without any friends beyond his bookshelves before Mabel Westbrook came to England ; he had been reserved, austere, and studious to a degree that had aged and ossified him, and there had been so few calls at the museum after business hours that a ringing of the bell came as a novelty and a surprise. Still, he was a man who had been long ago prepared for emergencies, one who knew the value of time, and had made his arrangements accordingly. Serviless, with a horror of office-keepers and charwomen, he had arranged, after Dorcas had resigned her post as housekeeper to him and gone to St. Lazarus to nurse her grandfather, a system of communication with the outside world when occasions like the present necessitated a parley with it. He did not move from his

seat, but blew an inquiry as to who was there down a pipe which passed from his room to the side of the street door, a few inches above the bell. By means of this acoustic arrangement the gentleman waiting on the top step for admittance was suddenly surprised by a hoarse bellowing close to his ears.

"Who is it? What do you want?" were the muffled words that came through the mouthpiece.

The gentleman regained his composure, and called forth the nature of his business up the tube in reply.

"My name is Angelo Salmon. I wish to speak to Mr. Halfday for a few minutes."

"All right," answered Brian, "I will come down."

Angelo waited patiently until the door was opened in due course by the curator, who came on the step and glared into the young man's face with eagerness.

"Is anything the matter?" he exclaimed.

"I have news for you, Mr. Halfday."

"Bad news?"

"It is bad news to me, at all events."

"Oh! that doesn't matter," said Brian abruptly; "I was afraid Miss Westbrook had sent you."

"No—but Miss Westbrook left us this morning."

"Where has she gone? Why have I not been told of this before? What is the reason of it?" asked Brian.

"I shall be most happy to explain—but it is rather a long story, and I have come for your advice, Mr. Halfday."

"Well—well," said Brian impatiently, "begin, please."

"On the door-step? You will excuse me, Mr. Halfday, but I thought that—"

"Will you step inside?"

"Thank you—I think I will."

"I am busy to-night—I had set myself a long task," said Brian, "and you interfere with it. There, I am discourteous—but don't mind me."

"Oh! I don't mind you in the least now, Mr. Halfday," said Angelo as he stepped into the hall. Brian closed the door, and turned around sharply with his hand on the lock.

"Why not *now*?" he asked.

"I have heard so much about you lately from Miss Westbrook."

"Has she not had anything better to talk

about than such a bad-tempered fellow as I am?" asked Brian thoughtfully, and yet gratefully.

"She misunderstood you cruelly, she tells me—and she has so high an opinion of you at present, that I am in duty bound to follow suit."

"You are extremely obliging," said Brian drily. "Miss Westbrook's opinions influence yours, then?"

"I am proud to say so."

"Haven't you any opinions of your own?"

"Not any—worth mentioning," Angelo added, after a moment's consideration.

"Is that why you have come for mine?" asked Brian in his usual quick manner of pitching one question after another at a listener.

"Partly, sir, I must confess."

"My opinions are utterly worthless, I am beginning to consider," said Brian bitterly; "my knowledge of the world is a snare, and my estimate of human character a delusion. You must not rely on me in any way."

"Mabel Westbrook said, only a little while ago, to me—the day before yesterday, in fact—that if I ever was beset by doubt or difficulty, I could not do a better or a wiser act than come to you for advice. So I have come!"

"The lady does me a high honour," murmured Brian; "but she has proceeded to extremes in her kind estimate of me. This is a mental reaction for thinking me a scamp. Presently she will judge me as I am. Will you follow me?"

"I thank you."

Brian Halfday led the way to his room, as a few weeks ago he had led the way for her who had been lately speaking in his praise. His irritable mood had vanished as if by magic, beneath the spell of the few words that Angelo Salmon had addressed to him without any thought of flattery. He was glad to receive his visitor now; he should hear a great deal of Mabel Westbrook, and of all that had happened during the last ten days; and work was not so pleasant a thing as it had seemed half an hour ago. He placed a chair for his guest, packed away his papers in the desk, and then sat down with his hands clasped upon it, after a habit of his when awakening to interest in passing things.

"In what way can I be of use to you, Mr. Salmon?" he asked.

"You will give me a little time to collect myself, I hope," said Angelo, as he seated himself, and put his hat on the table at his side. "I have not the gift of dashing off-hand at a subject, which appears to distinguish you, Mr. Halfday. I am very slow. Excuse me."

"Take your own time," said our hero; "I am in no hurry."

"Thank you," said Angelo again.

Brian Halfday watched his visitor attentively, whilst he waited for the communication that Angelo had resolved to give him at his leisure. He even regarded Angelo Salmon with a strange, pitying kind of interest, as if the young man's weakness or nervousness had aroused his sympathy as well as his curiosity. He thought, even, that it was not difficult to guess what was at the bottom of Angelo's thoughts to unnerve him in this way. He had sketched that idea faintly in his mind a few weeks since, and thought that something of the kind would come to pass some day; still, not so soon as this, or in this odd fashion.

Angelo thought out the position at his leisure. He took his time, as Brian Halfday had suggested; and it was a quarter of an hour at least before he burst forth with—

"Mr. Halfday, I have had a few words with my father."

Brian's face, which had certainly betrayed anxiety, brightened up at this statement.

"Sons have done so before you, and been sorry for it," answered the curator. "When the father is a good man, and the son honest and straightforward, the difference between them is easily adjusted."

"He says he will not forgive me. He—"

"For what offence?"

"You will excuse me, I know, Mr. Halfday; but I shall never get on unless you allow me to tell the story in my own way," remonstrated Angelo. "You pull me up suddenly, and disturb my ideas."

"Go on," said Brian. "I will try and not interrupt you again. But you are terribly slow," he muttered.

"Father and I quarrelled about Miss Westbrook."

"About her! Then she—Pray proceed," said Brian, as Angelo raised his hand deprecatingly.

"She has left the Hospital for good, as I was about to explain when you broke in

again," said Angelo. "The news came to-day——"

"Ha! to-day?"

"Yes, I said to-day," Angelo continued, "that the news came of the total loss of her property; and she bore up like the brave woman that she is. My own private opinion, Mr. Halfday, is, that she does not care a bit."

"She is careless as regards money," said Brian. "Indeed, a more reckless woman in money matters I have never met. If she had been less hasty—if—but I interrupt you again."

"Yes, you do," said Angelo, in assent. "Let me see—what was I saying last? Oh, the news came of the loss of her property, in a bank of which her father was a principal shareholder. I was deeply distressed, Mr. Halfday."

"Very likely."

"And I think Miss Mabel saw it," he continued; "she advised me to take a walk—she gave me a little silk purse which she had been making for me at the time, but I—I did not think it was a parting gift."

His voice broke suddenly, and went off into a cracked falsetto.

"I am very childish," he said, apologetically.

"Not a doubt of it," replied Brian; "go on."

"When I returned from my walk she had left St. Lazarus for ever," concluded Angelo.

"They had sent her away—your people," said Brian, scornfully, "or they had said something hurtful to her pride, and she resented it by leaving them at once. I do not blame her."

"Nothing was said, Mr. Halfday," said Angelo; "they gave me their word of honour that Miss Westbrook left of her own free will, and with many thanks and best wishes to them both."

"What did you and your father quarrel about?" asked Brian, doubtfully.

"That is the question I am coming to—though it was hardly a quarrel. A few words I said, if you remember?"

"Yes—I remember," said Brian, wearily.

"I was overcome at Miss Westbrook's sudden departure—I even shed a few tears in my distress—and I told them, what they knew before, and what they had seemed glad to know then; what I am too proud to disguise in any way from any living man,

and what I don't care who knows!" cried Angelo, enthusiastically.

"What is that?"

"Oh! Mr. Halfday, can't you guess?" said Angelo, colouring.

"That you love the American lady."

"Yes—that's it."

"Ah!" said Brian, mournfully, "that's it!"

"You cannot imagine what a dear, tender-hearted, clever, lovable girl she is," Angelo continued.

"Yes—I think I can," was the response.

"What a——"

"And Mr. Gregory Salmon?—he was surprised at your confession. Go on with your love story. It is becoming interesting."

"My father was very much surprised and shocked, he said," replied Angelo. "He had no idea that my feelings had become engaged so seriously, he said too. He was amazed at my thinking deeply of a young person—he called her a young person—who, upon her own showing, was not worth a penny in the world, and of whose character and antecedents I had not had a fair opportunity of judging. He said——"

"Yes, yes—I know what a careful man like him would say," interrupted Brian again, "and he is right enough after the fashion of the world to which he belongs. What did you say, who are less conventional?"

"That I would marry Miss Westbrook to-morrow, if she would have me," replied Angelo; "that I felt it my duty to seek her out at once, and offer her my hand and heart, so that she should not think her loss of fortune had in any way made a difference in me."

"What did Mr. Salmon senior say to that?"

"That I was a fool," answered Angelo, with excitement, "and that my grandmother was a fool—that is his own mother, mind you!—to leave me all this money to throw away on the first woman who chose to flatter me. As if money had ever done me any good—as if I would not be only too happy to lay it at Mabel's feet, and beg her to take care of it and me!"

"Yes, yes—but don't talk of your money," said Brian, "especially to so proud a woman as Mabel Westbrook. Money has been her trouble up to this day's date, and not her consolation. You cannot bribe her into marriage with you."

"I should be sorry to think I could," answered Angelo.

"What do you want with me?" asked Brian, after a few minutes' silence, during which he had been brooding very deeply; "in what way do you imagine I can help you?"

"She has great faith in you."

Brian shook his head.

"I scarcely believe it," he said, "and at the best, faith is quickly disturbed in a man like me."

"She has said so often that I needed such a friend as you to keep me strong by his advice and example, that missing her suddenly, I came to you at once."

"You are very kind."

"For you *are* strong, and I—I can't help being weak."

"Your love for Mabel Westbrook is not weak?"

"Oh, no."

"That should give you strength and teach you the right way to act, without coming here for advice that I do not care to offer you. That I will not offer you," he shouted at his visitor.

"God bless me—why not?" exclaimed Angelo.

The astonishment on the face of the last speaker recalled Brian Halfday to himself.

"My advice brings ill-luck," he replied in a different and calmer tone; "I can't look back and see where it has been of profit to my fellow-creatures, where it has been often followed or cared for. I have a hard way of telling plain truths, a rough manner of pointing out what I may consider the right course—and hence I have made many enemies and not one friend."

"Miss Westbrook is your friend, I am sure."

"I am grateful for her good opinion of me, but I cannot consider her my friend," said Brian, "and I dare not think of her too much," he added in a lower tone. "I do not follow you," said Angelo, politely.

"As for my advice, unless it suited with your inclination, you would not follow it," Brian continued.

"I am sure you would advise me for the best."

"I might say, 'Give up all thought of Mabel Westbrook; what then?'"

"I could not do that," said Angelo, alarmed; "you would never advise me to do that, surely?"

"You are not good enough for her."

"I own it, I am proud to own it."

"You have scarcely an idea in common with her," Brian went on; "she is above you in mind and education, and must infallibly look down upon you. She is strong and you are weak—she is a woman and you are a child."

"I do not wish to be anything but her slave. And I shall love her all my life, sir."

Angelo's voice broke again, and he leaned forwards eagerly, as if to reason down Brian's estimate of the position which he had set before him. There were tears in the weak man's eyes, but the strength of the passion at his heart had forced them there to make the child of him which Brian had just said that he was. He had only one excuse, his love. That was pure and child-like, and beat down the hard logic of his companion.

"You can do no more than love her all your life," said Brian, sorrowfully; "tell her so, and win her. A woman is only ungrateful to true affection when she is no true woman."

"I am extremely obliged to you for that advice, Mr. Halfday—and you really think I may win her for a wife?"

"It is possible," answered Brian.

"I was afraid I had not half a chance, but you give me courage somehow. I am so very glad," he added, "that I have called upon you."

"Have you any clue wherewith to find Miss Westbrook?"

"I think I can find her very easily."

"My sister Dorcas is with her still?"

"Yes."

"Dorcas will have to return here, and be housekeeper once more," murmured Brian; "the old life, and the old quarrels from which Mabel Westbrook might have saved her, perhaps, at some cost to herself. Though I did not advise her—though I warned her in every way in my power."

Angelo Salmon did not reply to this—the words were not intended for his hearing, and he took no heed of them. He had no interest in anything that did not immediately refer to Mabel Westbrook, with whom his thoughts were bound up heart and soul.

Suddenly Angelo started to his feet, and put his hat on the back of his head.

"If you don't mind my leaving you, I will go to her at once."

"I don't mind," said Brian, sarcastically, again.

"I had better strike whilst the iron is hot; tell her the whole truth simply and plainly, and that I never thought for an instant of her money when my heart turned towards her, as a flower to the sun."

Brian gave a spasmodic laugh at this.

"Poor sunflower!" he said, arranging his papers; "if you can find your way down stairs without an escort I shall be obliged to you."

"I shall be able to let myself out," said Angelo; "and you will allow me to say again that I am extremely indebted to you."

"For what?"

"For your encouragement to persevere—to tell her my love outright, and win her. 'Win her,' you said."

"Have I said as much as that?" returned Brian, half absently. "Have I told you to save her with your wealth from the poverty of which she does not dream—to give an honest man's love, home, and protection to a woman who is singularly alone, and who has met with singular misfortunes? I have said all this—advised all this, then, after all?"

"Yes. Don't you think I——"

"There, there, seek her out and prove to her that friends are not eager to desert her because the money is flown," said Brian, irritably; "under any circumstances, your friendship or love will not do her any harm. Stay."

Angelo paused at the door.

"Would her rejection of your suit do any harm to you?" asked Brian. "You are not a strong man, and that is to be considered."

"I hardly expect to be accepted all at once," said Angelo, modestly.

"To be taken by instalments, instead, as the robbers took her grandfather's bank shares?" said Brian.

"I am not going to act rashly," replied Angelo, shivering at the idea of any undue precipitation; "I am going to ask for hope—to tell her the state of my feelings, and to leave hers to—to—to grow towards me in good time; as they will, I trust, when she is convinced that mine are deep and lasting.

How dreadfully close your room is, Mr. Halfday! I declare I feel faint with the heat!"

"You have been talking yourself into a fever, like a fool!" said Brian, roughly again; "upon second considerations, I will see you safe to the street."

"Thank you. I might lose myself in the rooms below—I—would you mind my taking your arm?" said Angelo.

"No. Lean on me. Have you dined?"

"Yes."

"Have you drunk much wine at dinner?" Brian asked, curiously.

"I have drunk nothing but water to-day. Why, you don't think——"

"No, I don't think that now; excuse the questions," said Brian, "but your legs are unsteady."

"It's my natural emotion. My knees are perfectly uncontrollable when anything serious affects me, and this, you see, is a crisis in my life. A great crisis, which you do not seem to understand."

"Yes, yes, I understand you very clearly," answered Brian; "but, after all, it is no business of mine."

"And does not affect you. I know that, Mr. Halfday; but still I thought you would be interested, in some degree, in the step I thought of taking."

"In some degree, I am. This way."

Brian and his visitor went down stairs to the great hall, where Brian opened the door and let in the night air and the light of the stars.

"It's a beautiful night," said Angelo; "will you wish me God speed before I start?"

"If for the best—and for Miss Westbrook's sake—I wish it," answered Brian.

"Thank you. And if, before I go, you will let me call you friend—and consider you my friend from this hour, I should be glad," Angelo said with great earnestness.

"I never make friends," said Brian, more gloomily than churlishly.

"I am not a bad companion when I am understood thoroughly."

"Probably not—but I shall be always companionless."

"It must be dull work for you," was the quaint response.

"I have my studies, my books; I am never alone."

"But as you grow older——"

"Good-night—it is getting late," said Brian.

Angelo Salmon took the hint, and went down the steps after shaking hands with the curator of the Museum, who lingered at the door watching him until his figure was lost in the night mists.

"And I have let him go to her—with his simple heart, his truth, and his money—I have wished him God speed!" muttered Brian. "Well, well, it is surely for the best, and if she thinks so too, I shall not mind."

He stepped back with his hand upon the door, which he was closing softly, when some one from without pushed it gently inwards. Brian stood aside, offering no opposition, and a man whom he recognised immediately shrank rather than came into the hall, and glanced furtively from beneath his hat at the curator. It was the man who had broken his word to him at Datchet Bridge—the father who had betrayed him on that night, as he had betrayed him years ago, when Dorcas and he were little children.

"Brian," said the newcomer, in a husky voice.

"You are not wanted here. You have no business with honest men," said Brian, sternly. "Your way lies beyond this house, where I will not have you stay."

"Pray, let me come in. Don't treat me badly. I don't mean badly by you; I don't, indeed," urged Mr. Halfday, senior.

"I have done with you," was the firm reply.

"I have come on particular business—private and confidential, Brian, and I want your advice very badly."

"More advice!" said Brian, shrugging his shoulders.

"It's about that money of Miss Westbrook's. Something has happened since I saw you last. I don't know what to do!"

CHAPTER V.

"BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION."

MISS WESTBROOK'S name acted like a charm upon Brian Halfday. In all that appertained to her, or seemed

likely to affect her, he set aside his sterner self, or that sterner will belonging to him. As long as she lived, this ill-treated lady, beggared by error and miscalculation, should have his sympathy and watchful care at every hazard. He closed the door, and regarded his father with a greater scrutiny. Mr. Halfday senior was not looking much better in health; he was still waxen and angular of face and feature, and that palsied movement of the hands to which attention has been directed was strikingly apparent in the first moments of the interview. He had been uncertain of the nature of his welcome; he had been afraid of Brian, and it had been a struggle with his nerves—fortified even with pale brandy—to face him again, despite the necessity which had taken his steps to the Museum.

“What has happened that you come to me?” asked Brian; “what of this money for which you cast me off for ever?”

“Not for ever, Brian. Don’t speak so cruelly to your own father; I can’t bear it, really.”

“Yes—the man is my own father,” muttered Brian. “Heaven help him and me, in its good time.”

“Amen to that, Brian. For if we stand by each other, and help each other—”

“What do you want?” cried Brian, fiercely. “State your business, and be as brief as you can. And remember this,” he added, advancing so quickly towards his father that Mr. Halfday senior backed towards the door, “that I do not trust you, and that nothing you can say or do will make me trust you again.”

“Not when I have placed my whole confidence in you?” said the father.

“No.”

“Yes, you will. You will see then that I mean well, and have always meant well by my fellow-creatures. But are we going to talk in this place?”

Brian reflected for a moment.

“You can follow me to my room, if you like,” said he.

“I think it will be better.”

They went upstairs to the curator’s apartment, where for the second time that night a visitor was shown.

“You have a snug berth here, Brian,” said Mr. Halfday, seating himself in the chair which Angelo Salmon had previously occupied, “and here you would have taken

care of me, I dare say, until I had had time to turn round. I did not like to feel dependent upon you, Brian, for I am naturally a proud man. It is in our family, that kind of feeling—your poor grandfather was proud—but though you have misjudged me, I acted with the best of motives. I was not going to desert you, or Dorcas—my own children. God forbid that such a thought should have entered my head!”

“What brings you here?” asked Brian, unmoved by this half protest and half apology.

“I kept you in remembrance, Brian. I sent you a letter.”

“A lawyer’s letter—yes.”

“It was formal, but it was my solicitor’s wish that it should be so, and I was entirely in the hands of my solicitor. I hope, my dear boy,” he said with extreme anxiety, “you have not taken offence at it.”

“Tell me what you want with me?” said Brian; “these papers may give you a hint that I am pressed for time to-night.”

“I have no wish to take up your time unnecessarily,” answered the father, “only I thought a few preliminary remarks might set us on a better footing. For you *are* aggrieved.”

“Yes.”

“I am sorry—it is not my fault. I could not trust you all at once; it was not natural. Comparatively speaking, you were a stranger to me, and we met in the dark, and in a high wind. To expect a sudden burst of confidence under those conditions was scarcely to be expected.”

Brian sat down before his desk and took up his old position, with his thin hands clasped together on the papers with which it was covered. He did not interrupt his father in the profuse explanation which was proffered him, but when it was completed, his sole reply was a fixed stare that was not pleasant to encounter. Mr. Halfday looked away and coughed behind his claw-like fingers; he writhed perceptibly on his chair, and began to shake with his old nervousness.

“But these are mere words, not deeds, you will think,” he continued, after waiting for the answer that never came, “and we are not getting on rapidly with the business of the evening.”

“We are not,” assented his son.

“Concerning this money, then, which

was deposited by Miss Westbrook to the account of Adam Halfday—you are angry with me because I claim it as heir-at-law.”

“It was deposited by mistake. It was not money belonging to my grandfather, I have told you,” said Brian.

“Had I not come back to England, you would have claimed the money?”

“Yes—and restored it to its rightful owner.”

“I am a man of the world and understand human nature—you would have been its rightful owner, and no one else,” said Mr. Halfday. “Miss Westbrook must have been pretty sure to whom the cash belonged when she paid it into Penton Bank.”

“Will you oblige me by not mentioning Miss Westbrook’s name again?” said Brian emphatically.

“You began it; not I. I have no wish to mention it.”

“And will you tell me what you want with me?”

“Certainly; I have come for that express purpose; but the matter is a delicate one, and should be approached by degrees, as we do not seem to understand each other.”

“We do not. We never shall.”

“If I knew you a little better,” said the father, regretfully, “we should get on comfortably together. Over a glass or two of grog now, and a good cigar, we might sink our small differences, and become father and son in real earnest. I don’t want to run in opposition to you—I want to work with you; upon my soul I do!”

This William Halfday was not a deep man—and the little cunning that was in him was of a flimsy type, that lowered him without concealing his real nature. He had been unsuccessful all his life, from sheer lack of brains—which failed him in the present crisis as they had many times before.

“Proceed,” said Brian, as he paused. “I am listening attentively to your arguments.”

“Since we parted, I have been making inquiries about you,” the father continued, as it was my duty to do before I acted blindly on the various instructions which you gave me at Datchet Bridge. You asked for my whole confidence too quickly—too peremptorily, if you remember?”

Brian nodded his head. To have answered the question would have been to

lose time in arriving at the motive for this man’s visit to him.

“My solicitor thought it would be wise of me to prosecute a few investigations, and he instituted inquiries on his own account, and in the interest of his client.”

Brian nodded again, as if he admired his father’s caution, and had nothing to say against the means which had been adopted to discover his true character.

“And we have heard nothing to your disadvantage, Brian,” said Mr. Halfday; “you are known all over Penton as a long-headed man with a faculty for figures, and as hard a fellow at driving a bargain as any in the city. You have saved money and invested money cleverly—you are fond of money.”

“I am fond of money,” echoed Brian, breaking silence at last; “yes.”

“All right, then. We shall get on famously together. Suppose now,” he leaned forward, and began to shake more vigorously as he approached the subject which had brought him thither, “I offer to share this legacy with you—to give you one fair half of all we may obtain by acting together in concert—shoulder to shoulder, you know!—would you not say I was honest in the matter?”

“If you could do without my help, I should say you were liberal,” replied Brian, somewhat enigmatically, “and if you require it, I should think you were politic.”

Mr. Halfday considered the reply before he said, suddenly:

“Yes—I require it.”

“I thought so.”

“Without we help each other,” said Mr. Halfday, “this money will be lost to the two of us—we shall not get a penny of it—and I may be a clog upon you for the remainder of your days.”

“I see,” said Brian with another of his emphatic nods, “it is halves, or nothing.”

“That is exactly the position.”

“Did your solicitor suggest this amicable arrangement between us?” asked Brian.

“He has not the slightest idea there is any hitch in the matter. He believes everything is going on smoothly and successfully towards my prosperity—and I dare not tell him a single word.”

“He would be shocked, perhaps?”

“He would pretend to be shocked,” was the reply; “I don’t believe in the fine feel-

ings of man or woman—it's all affectation, Brian."

"That is your creed?"

"Yes—absolutely mine. I have found out too many of my species in my time, to believe in one of them," he said conceitedly; "there is not a man without his price; it's the same all over the world—trust me as a great traveller and a shrewd observer, Brian. I know it."

"And you have found out that my price for helping you to secure the money, and to stamp under foot remorselessly all opposition to its acquirement, is ten thousand pounds?"

"Yes, I have found out that," said the other, laughing; "you hid yourself very well behind the heroics, but the touch of gold brought you to earth."

"Ten thousand pounds is a sum worth having," said Brian.

"It is a fortune to you."

"And may make another fortune, with care. I am glad you have come," said Brian, "I think we will have a glass of grog and a cigar before we proceed further into the affair,—what say you?"

"With a" my heart."

Brian put his papers into his desk, which he locked and set aside, and placed on the table in its stead a decanter, two glasses, and a box of cigars. His whole manner had changed within the last few minutes, and Mr. Halfday, watching him furtively, congratulated himself on stripping from his son the disguise which had perplexed him. Here was Brian Halfday his true self at last!—it would have been very odd to find him different from the rest of the family—it would have been absolutely unnatural.

Brian walked about the room singing wild snatches of song indicative of the high spirits to which his father's communication had raised him; he mixed the brandy-and-water with a smiling countenance above the grog-glasses—he pushed the cigars towards his companion, and was particular in selecting one for himself, which he lighted with all the care and attention peculiar to a man who smokes his life away.

"Now, to business again," he said, dropping into an easy chair and stretching his legs to their full length, "it is consolatory to think that we understand each other at last."

"You said we never should," replied the father.

"I did not know you were going to treat me so handsomely, *mon père*."

"Oh! you did not know who was your best friend?"

"No."

"Or give him credit for having a little of the family shrewdness?"

"Not an atom's worth."

"Well, here's your health, Brian—your very good health," said Mr. Halfday, lifting up his glass.

"And yours," responded Brian, as he imitated his father's example.

The two men drank, the elder in a practised manner, which tilted the contents at once out of sight, and then they faced each other again, both smiling and genial—sire and son united after years of silence and distrust between them—a strange sight for the gods!

"Now, Brian," said William Halfday when he had put his glass on the table, "the real fact of the case is that your grandfather Adam did not die without a will."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAILURE OF THE MISSION.

BRIAN HALFDAY took the cigar from his mouth to breathe more freely after this announcement. It was a momentary spasm of surprise, for he said very calmly the instant afterwards—

"Yes, that makes a difference in the position certainly. Where is the will?"

"Ah! that is what I want you to find out!"

"That is my share of the work for a share of the plunder," said Brian, "if you will excuse my calling it plunder in the excitement of the moment."

"I don't mind what you call it, so that the money falls into our hands."

"I suppose not. And the lawyer is not aware of a will?"

"He has not the slightest idea," replied the father.

"Who told you anything about it?"

"Peter Scone—one of the brotherhood—an old man who was once cashier in the firm of Westbrook and Halfday."

"I know him," said Brian, thoughtfully

"but he may be dreaming all this—he is in his dotage."

"He is the cunningest old fox that ever existed," cried Mr. Halfday; "why that man did not make a fortune in his day I cannot conceive."

"When did he tell you? how was it that you met him?" said Brian with his old rapidity of utterance. "Go on; this is getting serious."

"Ah! by Heaven, it is, Brian."

"We must do something—and that quickly."

"Ay—we must."

"Well, well," said Brian impatiently, "go on with the story, and then we shall see how to act."

"Do you mind my helping myself to half-a-glass more of your excellent brandy?—it steadies my nerves, and you have probably observed an awkward habit I have of trembling like an aspen."

"Drink away," said Brian carelessly.

Mr. Halfday mixed his second glass of spirits-and-water whilst Brian looked gravely at him.

"Shall I mix for you also?" asked the father.

"Not now—presently."

"As you please."

Mr. Halfday drank deeply, set his glass aside, and recommenced.

"You must know, my dear boy," he said very confidentially now, "that when it struck me I might require proofs of identification, I wrote to Peter Scone. He met me in the city, and we had a few words at first—not many—about a trifling and ridiculous loan which he had once advanced. I told him he should have the money with ample interest to boot, and that appeased him. He remembered me as William Halfday very clearly, and was prepared to swear to me in any court of law, providing his expenses were paid, in the United Kingdom."

"And this will?"

"Don't be in a hurry, my dear boy," continued Mr. Halfday, "he did not tell me anything about the will then; but a few days afterwards he came to me again, and in an artful, roundabout way that disgusted me, he let out that he remembered Adam Halfday's making a will a few weeks before he died. He remembered witnessing it with another brother—and Adam's hiding it away

somewhere in the church of the Hospital, where Peter Scone thought he might find it, if he were paid well for his trouble. Otherwise he fancied his memory might fail him at the last. Oh! that man's an awful humbug, Brian!"

"How much does he want?"

"Five hundred pounds if he should be lucky enough to find it."

"Does he know the contents of the will?"

"Oh! yes, he knows; it is easily guessed at, he says, and I say so too. We are both out of the reckoning, that's certain."

"Both of us. That is bad," said Brian.

"Devilish bad."

"Then it is Dorcas, whom he did not love a great deal, and to whom he was always as hard and uncharitable as—I was," mused Brian.

"Yes—Dorcas—as if she could not wait until her poor father's death," whimpered Mr. Halfday, "before superseding him in this way."

"Dorcas!" said Brian again; "into whose hands next is this accursed money to pass?"

"Don't curse the money, Brian," implored his father, "it is profanity to go on likethat. It is not business."

"It must be Dorcas," said Brian to himself, "and there is more misery ahead of us."

"Misery," cried the father, catching at the word, "I should rather think there was, unless we can raise—I mean you can raise—five hundred pounds to pay this cormorant, and then no one need know about the will."

"Why did Adam Halfday make this will at all?" said Brian.

"You offended your grandfather one day—"

"I was always offending him."

"And he had saved a little money," continued the father; "he had scraped together, as you know yourself, some seventy pounds. He thought that you wanted it, or had some idea he had saved it, and he swore to Peter Scone that you should not be the better for his death by a single penny. He made a will, and Peter Scone and one of his brethren since deceased were the witnesses to the document."

"So Peter Scone says?"

"Oh, it's true enough," groaned the

father, "it's no use building on the hope that Peter has told a lie."

"He can be compelled to give up the will," said Brian.

"By law, you mean? But that will not suit our book."

"Ah! I had forgotten we do not benefit by the document."

"Besides, Scone does not own to possessing it—swears he has it not—but thinks he may be able to find it," said the father. "I have told you all this before. How dull you are."

"Yes," assented Brian, "I am very dull."

"Take some brandy," he said, stretching out his hand for the decanter, "I always find that brandy——"

Brian had risen and set the decanter out of his father's reach.

"No more in this house," said Brian, "or you will go reeling to your home, babbling your wretched secrets to any one who cares to listen."

"I am not such a fool as that," replied Mr. Halfday.

"You are not wise," said Brian contemptuously, "or you might have discovered I was the last man whom you could trust."

"I trust you because it is your interest to help me."

"I have no interest in the matter."

"That's a cool remark," said the father, when you have just agreed to——"

"Nothing, Mr. Halfday. Pray do not misunderstand me."

"But you will raise this five hundred pounds?"

"It is a sum almost beyond my power to raise for any honest purpose—I shall not attempt the experiment in order to bribe that poor old rascal at St. Lazarus," said Brian.

"You foolish fellow, don't you see it puts ten thousand pounds in your pocket?"

"And in yours. And I don't want you to have ten thousand pounds."

"You will never betray my confidence," said the father, beginning to tremble once more; "I have put my whole trust in you, Brian."

"Finding it difficult to discover a confederate elsewhere, you come to me," said Brian, "and I have to meet deceit with deceit to get at your vile plans."

"Hard names to your own father. This is 'sharper than a serpent's tooth,' considerably sharper," said Mr. Halfday abjectly.

"The money is safer in Dorcas's hands than in yours."

"The will may not be found."

"It shall be found," said Brian decisively.

"I am sorry you should see it in this light," continued the father; "I don't mean any one harm, for, of course, I should remember Dorcas, who would not have been put in the will if your grandfather had known that I was alive. He was always particularly fond of me."

"He always spoke of you as a scamp," answered Brian.

"Ah! that was his facetious way. He called me a young scamp when I was two years old, but he never meant anything by it."

Brian looked at his watch.

"I have no more time to spare," he said bluntly.

Mr. Halfday senior took the hint, and rose. When he was standing before Brian, twirling his hat nervously in his hands, he said—

"All that I have said, Brian, is in the strictest confidence between us."

"I am bound to no promise."

"I have told you the whole truth, thinking you would see the matter in the same light as myself," Mr. Halfday continued, "and you were acting all the time."

"Not all the time."

"You led me to think I might put faith in you. You did indeed."

"Did you put faith in me when you came to Datchet Bridge?" asked Brian sternly.

"You frightened me then—it was meeting a stranger and expecting perfect confidence at once—it was natural I should be upon my guard," was the reply. "But now, Brian—now I have made inquiries and found how good and earnest and strong-minded and careful a fellow you are, I——"

"I will hear no more," shouted Brian as he sprang to his feet, "I will bear with you no more. Do your worst, or best, I am opposed to you; you are a villain, and had hoped to find your likeness in the son you ran away from. Now, sir, let me see you from this house for ever."

The man covered at the wrath of Brian's words and looks. He was afraid of him, and he slunk towards the door without another protest against the reception he had met with; he had shown his hand and been defeated; he had discovered an honest man

whose behaviour had perplexed him, and whose disregard of his own interests was past all comprehension. He had been led to expect so very different a man in Brian Halfday; he had found an enemy where he had believed a friend and confidant would rise up for a bribe. He could scarcely see his way to the end now—ruin and disgrace stared him closely in the face.

He went along the public rooms of the Museum preceded by its custodian; he crept like a shadow of evil down the broad oaken staircase into the hall; he sidled from the hall into the street without another word to Brian, or even a furtive glance at him as he passed him on his way.

CHAPTER VII.

KNAVES IN COUNCIL.

WHEN he was fairly out of sight of his son, who remained at the open door of the Penton Museum as though the night air was grateful to him, Mr. William Halfday came to a full stop. The curves of this narrow, old-fashioned street had left him nothing save the top windows of the Museum to shake his clenched and trembling hands at, but this he did with energy, and with a considerable amount of violent and improper language.

He was still anathematizing his son with a vigour and eloquence that would have reflected credit on a better cause, when some one touched him suddenly and sharply on the shoulder with a stick. Mr. Halfday was his natural self at once; he gave a cry of alarm and fell against the wall for support in his new fright.

"Well, how did you get on with him?" croaked a rusty voice in his ears, and Mr. Halfday, coming back by spasms to more self-composure, recognised the form and features of old Peter Scone. He recollected also that this brother of the Noble Poor had spent the afternoon with him, and promised to wait for him near the gates of the cathedral till the interview with Brian had taken place, and here was the man grinning like a death's head and waiting for the news.

"How you have scared me, Scone!" he said.

"Did you take me for a policeman, Halfday?" asked the old man.

"I have nothing to fear from the police; but I hate to be taken off my guard," he answered.

"Well, well, what does he say?" asked Peter very eagerly; "you haven't told me one scrap of the news for which I have been waiting and shivering here this hour."

"Let us get into the Close, where we can talk in safety," said Mr. Halfday; "there may be listeners at every corner of these cursed alleys."

"So there may," assented Scone, as he put his left arm through William Halfday's and toddled on by his side. "Am I leaning too heavily upon you?"

"Yes, you are," said Mr. Halfday frankly.

"I can't help it. I'm a very old man, William, and require support. I have not your robust youth and strength."

"Don't talk like a fool," growled Halfday.

They passed through the open gates into the Close, and made for the broad road between the elms and the tall houses of the dean and chapter, and where there were some yards of open ground on either side of them. An eavesdropper under the giant trees, or lurking in the shadow of the opposite wall, could have learned nothing from their conversation, and might as profitably have been concealed in the cathedral towers which loomed before them in a starlit sky.

"Well, well—what does the curator say?" said Peter Scone again; "you put the question delicately to him, and without wounding his feelings, to begin with?"

"You may guess what he said by the passion in which you found me, Peter," was his companion's reply.

"Ay, ay—you were saying awful words, but I fancied he had only driven too hard a bargain with you."

"He will have nothing to do with me," said Halfday. "He treats me like a dog."

"What did you offer him?" was Peter Scone's next inquiry.

"Haives of anything I got by letters of administration."

"Did you—did you say anything about me?"

"Yes—I did."

"That was exceedingly imprudent—that was a breach of confidence between us, mind you," said Peter Scone; "you might have—"

said that a certain party had told you that he knew another certain party who thought it was possible to find a will of Adam Halfday's."

"I am too straightforward a man to go dodging about in that way," said Halfday scornfully.

"Oh! yes—certainly," was the ironical reply.

"Besides, he would not have believed me, and I—I thought it was quite safe, he seemed to seize the bait so greedily. And it was all play-acting—vile deception—by all that's holy. And that man I am compelled by the law of the country to call my son," he cried.

"It is hard," said Peter.

"I will never forgive him. Peter, old fellow, I have only you to trust in now. You will not desert me?"

"I am a poor man, and can't do anything for you, William."

"You can. And I can do a deal for you when I get rich, if you will only wait."

"How do you mean?"

"I have explained it all before, Peter, but you don't or won't understand," said Mr. Halfday in an injured tone of voice; "if you say nothing about the will—

"I never said positively there was a will," remarked Peter cautiously; "I remember witnessing Adam's signature to some document or other, and Adam's saying he knew where to keep the paper in safety—and I think I might be able, in a long search, to find it, if it's still in existence. That is all I said."

"Except that you wanted five hundred pounds."

"I never said that, William. You remarked," and here the old man's bony fingers closed tightly on the arm of his companion, "that it would be worth five hundred pounds to any one to find that will, and I agreed with you. This might be a long search—for Adam was an old magpie in storing things in holes and corners—and to find the will was wealth to the legatee at any rate."

"Look here, Peter," said Mr. Halfday, "you can keep the will till I am rich. That's fair. Let me get out the letters of administration and come into the property, and I will give you two thousand pounds down on the day you bring the document to me. You're safe—I'm not."

"I could not trust you, William," answer-

ed Mr. Scone, shaking his head vigorously; "you would be off with all the money within an hour of laying your hands upon it. You have a most unpleasant way of slipping into obscurity when it suits with your convenience."

"I swear that I will pay you every penny that I promise you. Bind me down in any way, Peter—and rely on my good faith."

"I never relied on any one's good faith in my life, and I am not going to begin now," said Peter; "besides life is short, and I'm eighty-six years of age. Hale and strong, but a very old man, William—awfully old."

"Awfully obstinate and distrustful," muttered William Halfday.

"And this may be robbing your own daughter, although I haven't a doubt but that you will provide properly for her."

"To be sure I would."

"Although, if this will could be found—I say *if* it could be found—Dorcas would pay as handsomely as you to any one lucky enough to discover it; or Dorcas's mistress, the rich Miss Westbrook from the States, would give the man who found it money down. And, William Halfday, it's the money—down in these old hands—I want. Six months hence may be too late for me—six weeks hence—six days. Good God, man, don't you understand? I'm eighty-six years of age, and haven't time to enjoy life and money without I'm sharp about it. I must have money now—a heap of money!"

Peter Scone's avarice and eagerness were pitiable things to witness; but they were displayed before one whose feelings were not likely to be impressed or shocked. Halfday was fighting for money also, after his own bad fashion, but life was not at a critical point with him as with this aged man who clung to him, and raved of riches, and would not trust to time to bring them to him.

"I dare not ask my lawyer for more money; he told me flatly I must not expect any more," said William Halfday, "and that I could afford to wait. To ask him for a large sum would be to arouse his suspicions and set spies upon me. Peter, you must help me; you must not turn against me and send me to beggary like this."

"I don't send you to beggary."

"You do. They will never help me. Brian hates me, and so will Dorcas; and I shall be cast down into the dirt of the

streets. Had my father known I was coming back, he would have left me a wealthy man."

"I don't fancy he would have done anything of the kind," said Peter Scone; "but this is not time for fancy, is it?"

"Where are you going?"

"To Miss Westbrook—and your daughter."

"Do you know where to find them?"

"Yes. Miss Westbrook answered a letter of mine this afternoon."

"You will drive no bargain with them. You have lost your chance."

"Eh—how's that?" asked Peter Scone, alarmed at this declaration.

"Brian is not a man to stand still—he will have sought them out by this time. I saw it in his face."

"He will not discover them very easily, and he can do no good if he does. He has only your word for all this."

"He may go to the Hospital and search my father's rooms again, and yours, finding you are away from home."

Peter Scone broke into a childish little laugh, and patted William Halfday affectionately upon the arm.

"If I cannot put my hand upon that will, no one else is likely to do so, William. If I were to die to-night, no one in all the world would ever find it, William," croaked old Peter Scone. "I am not afraid of what your son can do, clever as he thinks himself."

If he were to die to-night! It was a strange thought to put into the head of a man as desperate as William Halfday was. "If he were to die to-night, no one would ever find the will," that was what the old man said, and meant; and dying suddenly, as old men did die very often, he, William Halfday, would have leisure to grow rich!

What was this man's life worth, even to himself, that he should stand a barrier in the way of another's preferment? Why was a man's whole future, a man's last chance, to be sacrificed to this old wretch's rapacity and distrust?

"I hope you will not do anything in a hurry," said William Halfday. "I may see my way to money in the morning, yet."

"I can't wait, and I shan't wait, William," replied Mr. Scone decisively. "I have acted fairly by you, and tried to help you; and if you have failed to help me in my turn, why there's no blame to either of us.

They may treat me badly though," said the old man; "Dorcas does not like me, and she will set the American girl against me, too, unless—Ha! would you?" he shrieked suddenly—"a poor old man like me, and eighty-six—help, help—here's murder doing!"

It was a stronger, sharper cry than the younger man had bargained for, and his brute courage failed him. Life was not to be shaken so quickly from the body of Peter Scone, who had aroused the echoes of this ancient place with his wild cry for succour. The hands relaxed their grasp of the throat, and William Halfday's voice said, quickly and tremulously—

"A little joke of mine, Peter—that's all! Were you frightened? There, don't make a noise. Lean on me. My fun, nothing else, I assure you. Only my fun, to show you what might have happened from people more unprincipled than I am. Don't think anything of it—don't—"

But Peter had slid from his hold to the ground, in his fright, and brought his poor old head against the iron railings of the cathedral garden. He was not dead; but he looked so like a dead man—he lay so still and quiet there—that William Halfday thought he was. The man was scared almost unto death himself at the sight of all that had happened in the last few minutes—at the consciousness of what might happen to him next if he were not prompt of action. He leaned over Peter Scone, and tried to feel for the beating of his heart, and failed, in the confusion of his own distracted mind, to discover any signs of life. He listened as if for the hurrying footsteps of people alarmed by the cry that had broken upon the stillness of the Close; but the leaves of the great elms were only rustling above him in the summer air.

Under the hand that had sought for a heart-throb, lay temptation again in the shape of a pocket-book and key, which had been tied together by a string, and deposited in the breast pocket of Peter Scone before he had left the Hospital that afternoon. William Halfday forgot part of his alarm at this discovery. Here might be the clue to the will of his father; and it was this, perhaps, which Peter had wished to sell him for five hundred pounds. He stood erect with the key and pocket-book in his hand. The owner was lying very quietly under the trees, and there was no one astir in Penton

Close save he who had brought about the deed. Let him be gone before the world moved in this miserable matter, and wondered how Peter Scone had come to his death, and expressed its regret that there had been no one to look after a man bowed by age and infirmities, and liable to run down as suddenly as this at any moment.

He slunk away in the shadow of the wall, and reached the Close gates, and the archway in which they were set. There was a

light in the lodge, and the porter was reading a newspaper by it, as he passed through unperceived. There was a clock over the mantelpiece of the room, William Halfday noticed, and it marked five minutes to the time of locking-up for the night. By those minutes he had saved his neck; Peter Scone would lie in the open air till morning now, and the noisy rooks would be the first to find him.

(To be continued.)

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

A NORSE LEGEND.

THERE'S a strange pathetic story
Has been handed down through time,
In the Sagas of the Norsemen,
And in wild barbaric rhyme ;—
For this story, sad and tender,
Cometh from a Northern clime ;

Telling of a noble maiden
Of the grand old Viking race,
Tall, and yellow haired, and blue-eyed,
With a calm and lovely face,
And a slender form, endowed with
All of woman's subtlest grace.

And the rumour of her beauty
Travelled far throughout the land,
Bringing from each hall and fastness
Ardent suitors for her hand ;
And with love, and fond confiding,
One she chose from out the band.

He was all the women's darling
For the beauty of his face,
For his winning words and tender,
His rare courtesy and grace ;—
That in fight his arm was surest,
His foot fleetest in the race.

But the tender, shy, Norse maiden
Could not keep him all her own ;
Though he loved her, still he saw where
Other eyes as brightly shone ;
Oft for him had other voices
Full as soft and sweet a tone.

Shrilled the sudden, low alarum,
While the night lay o'er the land ;
Time no more for sleep or dalliance
With the sudden foe at hand ;—
Up they sprang, and every warrior,
Dim eyed, sought for shield and brand.

But that sudden low alarum
Could not reach one sleeper's ear,
Tunèd through night's fleeting moments
Only love's sweet tones to hear ;
And the snowy arms that bound him
Were not hers who should be dear.

Lay the wife deserted—watching,
When the warning summons came,
Saw where shield and spear hung gleaming
In the moonlight's silver flame ;
When he sought them not, her heart grew
Sick with dread of his sure shame.

Stronger then grew love than anger,
Sword and shield she buckled tight,
Love her woman's arm endowed with
All a warrior's skill and might ;
And where'er the fray was fiercest
All men thought he met their sight.

When night's sable curtains lifted,
And the morning sun shone red
O'er the hard-fought field of battle,
Fast and far the foe had fled ;
When they, wondering, sought their hero,
Lo ! they found a woman—dead !

SUMMER TRAVEL.

I.

KINGSTON AND THE THOUSAND ISLES.

BY F. P. BETTS, KINGSTON.

THE chain of lakes which lies along the southern boundary of Canada, and the river which connects them, form an inexhaustible field of exploration for the tourist. From the mighty Superior, where the current of the St. Lawrence takes its rise, to the gulf where it empties itself into the Atlantic, the view is everywhere interesting, and to one who makes the trip between these two points, the characteristics of American as distinguished from European scenery are most forcibly presented. In the older country, the charm which invests the loveliest spots is owing as much to the associations they call up as to their own intrinsic beauty. In journeying through Europe, the traveller sees, in the many noble monuments and tottering ruins which meet his eye, the silent history of a bygone people. In travelling the classic waters of the Rhine he passes many a grim fortress,—its keep broken down, and its shattered, moss-covered walls gone long ago to decay,—which hangs beetling over the dark surface of the water below, a gloomy monument of ruthless might; and the scene calls up to his mind the remembrance of those dark ages when some savage feudal lord—worthy descendant of Attila or Alaric—erected here his place of abode, and, with his horde of servile retainers, made with impunity daily depredations on all who came within his reach, contented to believe, if he ever gave the matter a thought, that the law of might was the only law of right.

In the more ancient lands of Greece and Italy, also, relics remain sufficient to enable the visitor to form some idea, though an inadequate one, of the gigantic steps made by civilization under the enlightened guidance of the Greeks and Romans, and of the height of culture ultimately attained by both. Who visits the pass of Thermopylæ without think-

ing of Leonidas and his Spartan martyrs; or the island of Salamis, and does not remember the Persians' flight? When the poet Rogers stands upon the Appian Way, his thoughts are not of the beauties which surround him, but that the road on which his feet rest was

“Once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead.”

And when visiting the far-famed grove of Tibur, his mind is occupied with the thought that there, in olden time, he

“Might have met so oft
Horace himself.”

In Africa, too, the traveller's longing is to behold the tomb of Cheops; nor is the site of ancient Carthage passed by unnoticed.

But in America the case is very different. Here the tourist is such from a love of nature alone. The lofty bluffs and precipitous steeps of Upper Superior have no borrowed charms from having been the haunt in time past of some arbitrary outlaw; nor is the broad sheet of Huron rendered more attractive as once the scene of some critical and decisive naval engagement. These owe, to history, nothing; to nature, all. Yet in the inhabited parts of this continent there is a history which is traceable by the eye, but it is a history the landmarks of which are not ruins, but edifices; the subject of which is not decay, but steadily increasing progress. In the beauties which it owes to nature, America will compare favourably, as far as any comparison can be instituted, with the most lovely spots of the Old World. I say as far as any comparison can be instituted; for there are some traits of American

scenery which are so peculiar to this continent, that it is impossible to draw any comparison between them and the Old World scenes. The Falls of Niagara and the "Thousand Islands" may serve to illustrate the truth of this remark.

The former have been described so often by writers of all nationalities, that their fame is world-wide. Not so the latter. Most people on this continent, it is true, are familiar with the name "Thousand Isles," but the number of those who have visited them is small compared with those who have seen the "Falls." And out of the number who have visited them, how many have seen them in any but the most cursory manner? Yet the Isles are as well worthy of being visited by the tourist as Niagara, and the time spent in viewing them and their vicinity will be considered by the true lover of nature as well spent.

Situated just at the head of the Thousand Islands, it would have been indeed an injustice to the sleepy city of Kingston had nature denied to her all traces of that picturesque beauty with which she has so bounteously endowed the region below. Of no such injustice, however, has Kingston to complain. Dead or moribund in commerce and commercial relations, unless when momentarily awakened from her lethargy by the arrival, to unload or refit, of some propeller or schooner of her more energetic western neighbours, and leading a life almost as quiet as that of some secluded village, she has few attractions to offer to commercial men. But to tourists and others who are at leisure to break loose for a time from the all-engrossing chains of business, and to devote a short space to the enjoyment of the picturesque, Kingston is far from being devoid of interest. It is strange that the commerce of the city should be characterized by stagnation so profound. Possessed of so many natural advantages, one would expect to find Kingston a flourishing and prosperous city. Having a central situation in Canada, and being built just at the east end of Lake Ontario, at the junction of the Lake and the River St. Lawrence, it occupies the position of a half-way house between the commerce of the western Canadian and American cities and that of the Lower Province. This alone, it would be thought—the constant passing and repassing of western and eastern trading vessels, and the amount of traffic

which ought thereby accrue to the city—should suffice to render Kingston a stirring place of business. Moreover, the advantages enjoyed do not end here. There are two other sources, the water traffic from whence passes immediately through it. One of these is Ottawa, between which place and Kingston there is a direct connection by the Rideau Canal, 170 miles in length; the other, Belleville, Picton, and the towns lying on the Bay of Quinté, from which the only entrance to Lake Ontario lies within six or seven miles to the west of the city.

There is also another circumstance which would naturally tend to give Kingston an advantage over her sister cities in Canada. I refer to the early date of her foundation. More than a century before Toronto, now the most enterprising and important city in Ontario, was thought of, Kingston was founded by French troops, who, in 1672, under the command of Governor De Courcelles, penetrated as far west as Lake Ontario, on an expedition against some rebellious tribes of Seneca Indian. The favourable position of the spot, then known by the name Cataracoui, for a military station, was at once perceived by the French Governor, and in planting the settlement he had in view as well the extension of the scanty commerce which was then carried on in the country, as the subjugation of unruly bands of natives. It was not till a hundred years from its first foundation that the little settlement of Cataracoui, or Cataracui, having been known in the meantime successively as Fort Cataracui and Fort Frontenac, at length, in 1762, fell into the hands of the British, and received its present name.

It may prove interesting, before entering upon a description of the Thousand Islands, to which Kingston forms the key, to give some idea of the city itself, and notice some of the salient points of interest connected with it. Built upon a large bay, Kingston has every facility for shipping and ship-building. The harbour, which is formed by Wolfe Island, some twenty miles in length, and Garden Island, lying across the mouth of the bay, is most commodious, and is adapted, in depth of water and other respects, for affording safe moorings to vessels of the largest class. Viewing it from its western entrance, which is nine miles from the city, and is formed by Amherst Island, at the mouth of the Bay of Quinté, and the north

shore of the lake, on the left hand, and Simcoe Island, five or six miles to the south-east of Amherst, on the right, it appears like a long, narrow bay, tapering gradually to a point in the distance, and seeming to end in a *cul de sac* just beyond the city. Simcoe Island, on the right, and Wolfe Island, lower down, seem to form one continuous stretch of land, and the western entrance, through which the tourist has come in, appears to him to be the only way of regaining the open lake. Although such an idea is deceptive, inasmuch as Simcoe and Wolfe Islands are separated by a channel of about a quarter of a mile in width, called Bateau, and there is an opening at the east end of the city of about two miles in width, yet for all purposes of shelter from wind and sea the harbour is just as perfect as though no such openings existed; with the exception that when the wind is from a certain point—about south-south-west—the current which sweeps through Bateau channel renders the water in certain parts of the harbour somewhat rougher than it would otherwise be. The frontage of the city for upwards of a mile is a continuous succession of wharves and docks. A large part of Kingston ship-building is carried on on Garden Island, which lies some two miles from the city, directly in front of it, and contains about thirty acres of land.

An important feature of the topography of Kingston is its fortifications. As a Canadian fortress, it is considered second in strength only to Quebec. A mile distant from the east end of the city, separated from it by Great Catarqui Creek, over which a wooden bridge has been built, six hundred yards in length, stands Fort Henry. Situated on an eminence, and well protected by embankments and trenches, this fort overlooks the harbour and city, and with the martello towers, several of which stand in advantageous positions about the water frontage, could do effective execution in time of war.

The plan upon which the city is built is to a great extent irregular. The streets do not cross one another at right angles, but each street leading to the lake slopes away from its neighbour more and more as it approaches the water. The consequence is that every now and then, in walking through the city, one comes upon two streets leading from the lake, which have met one

another at an acute angle, and standing at this angle it is possible to obtain a view of the harbour down either of them.

The principal buildings of Kingston are the City Hall, a large and handsome cut stone structure, the Post Office, and the Court House. The City Hall is situated in the very centre of the water frontage, overlooking the harbour, and comprises within itself, besides several spacious halls, the principal municipal offices of the city. The Court House, which in the winter before last was gutted by fire, is being rebuilt on a somewhat improved plan.

Besides these buildings, all of which are situated within the city limits, Kingston possesses two others worthy of remark, which, though not actually within the boundary lines of the city, are yet always accounted Kingston buildings—these are the Provincial Penitentiary and the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum. Both are Government buildings, and, under the conduct of efficient officers, have established for themselves reputations as very perfect institutions of their respective kinds. The former is situated at the water's edge, about a quarter of a mile from the city limits to the west. The building—or rather set of buildings, for there are separate structures for the various departments of trade and mechanics—is surrounded by a high and massive stone wall, upwards of thirty feet in height by four in thickness. This wall is built with towers at the corners, in each of which a guard is stationed at all hours of the day. Along the top of the wall, for a distance of about sixty feet from the towers, a platform is built of sufficient width to allow of a man's walking on it without difficulty, thus forming a beat along which the guards patrol when the narrow limits of the watch towers grow irksome. With such complete arrangements for the secure confinement of the prisoners, it would be thought that all attempts at escape must prove futile. Such, however, is so far from being the case, that, as the guards know well, if the wall were left unguarded for but half an hour, hardly a convict in the place would be baffled in an attempt to scale them. The experiment has been tried, not by way of experiment, but through the negligence of one of the guards, who, having left his post for barely twenty minutes, found on his return that two prisoners whom he had left

working within the wall had, during the short interval of his absence, effected their escape by climbing it. The feat had been accomplished by slinging a large stone with a rope attached to it over the wall, climbing the rope after they had got it firm, and dropping down by it on the outside. When the guard returned the rope was still hanging, and was made fast at the top by being passed through a space between two stones where the mortar had fallen away. In consequence of this escape a thorough examination of the walls was instituted a few years ago, and all parts which had been affected by time, or appeared in any way dilapidated, were put in complete repair. The outside of the enclosure wall is taken up on two sides by wharves, at which vessels are constantly calling for stone from the quarries belonging to the Penitentiary. These are situated a short distance from the building, and are connected with it by means of tramways built upon a plane slightly inclined, so that the transportation of the stone from its natural bed to the place of shipment is effected with comparatively slight labour.

The other institution—the Rockwood Asylum—is situated at the water's edge, at no great distance to the west of the Penitentiary; the ground on which it stands presenting to the view of one approaching it from the water exactly what its name imports—a wood springing from a rock. The shore close to the water is formed of layer upon layer of solid sedimentary rock, which in the lapse of ages has been worn and broken away by the unceasing dash of the waves, leaving the edges jagged and uneven. Above, the bank slopes gradually upward, and the soil, though not more than five or six feet in depth, produces vegetation in abundance. The building, constructed chiefly of stone, is a handsome and spacious one, and standing as it does in the midst of pleasant groves and grassy slopes, with the blue expanse of lake stretching away in its rear, possesses all the advantages of peaceful retirement so essential to an institution of its character. On entering the building one is pleased to find that the tranquil beauty of the surrounding scenery is not marred by the appearance of its interior. The corridors, which are most ample, are kept scrupulously clean and neat, while in every nook and corner may be seen geraniums and other flowers, tended by the hands of the patients;

and it is only the sight of the unfortunate inmates themselves that detracts from the charm of the pervading beauty, and overpowers one with an undefinable feeling of heartfelt pity for creatures who, labouring under the greatest misfortune that can befall humanity, are yet unconscious of their loss. The treatment of the patients by the Superintendent, and by the keepers under his direction, is most humane, and they are allowed to enjoy many indulgences which tend to lighten the weary load of their life of captivity.

Kingston is remarkable for the extreme beauty of its general appearance; indeed I know not of any city on the Canadian lakes which can claim superiority over it in this respect. Nature, in endowing it with beauty, has compensated in some measure for the sluggish character of its trade. On the outskirts of the city, especially at the western quarter, are situated charming country villas, substantially and ornamentally constructed, and nestling amid abundance of tastefully planted trees and shrubs. These are, for the most part, the residences of gentlemen who have retired from active life, and been attracted by the beauty of the spot to their present abodes. The view on the water is even more lovely than that on the land. All along, the shore is indented by small bays and inlets, and these, together with the well-wooded islands, numbers of which lie within easy rowing distance of the city, form enchanting resorts for picnic and other pleasure parties. The fishing about Kingston, though formerly among the best to be had in the St. Lawrence, has of late years been gradually deteriorating, owing to the numbers of eager sportsmen who have waged war against the inhabitants of the "choice spots" in its neighbourhood.

Taking leave of Kingston, I will attempt to give some description of the scenes that are met with on the downward passage of the river through the Thousand Isles. The views that meet the eye when rushing through the Isles at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, on board one of the fast mail steamers which ply between the Upper and Lower Provinces, are frequently eulogized in the most enthusiastic terms by persons who have had only this cursory view of them; but it is difficult to believe that such persons can have a true appreciation of the charm which invests picturesque nature.

Those who endeavour to combine business and pleasure almost invariably fail in thoroughly transacting the former, while they are rendered in a great measure incapable of appreciating the latter. To enjoy to the full the charms of scenery, to feel in its full effect the pleasure which results from the contemplation of a lovely landscape, the mind must be unburdened by cares or perplexities of any kind. No thought of business, no anxieties about the past or future, must be allowed to intrude. Nature denies her sweets to a soul but half devoted to herself. The intellectual part of the mind must be subordinated to the sensuous—the eye for the nonce allowed a higher place than the reason. But after the eye has taken in the appearance, after the pleasure which the sense affords has been fully experienced, then it becomes the task of the higher faculties—and imagination at the head of them—to enhance by endless chains of association and fancy the charm which the sense has introduced. I conceive, then, that the only true way of obtaining an adequate idea of the Thousand Isles, and of their exquisite and variegated loveliness, is by devoting to them a trip taken exclusively for the pleasure of seeing nature in her pristine beauty, and making a somewhat protracted stay among them.

Though the principal part of my experience of the Isles has been obtained when on camping excursions among them in a small pleasure yacht, yet I have frequently passed through them on board the mail steamer, and enjoyed from its deck the view, though very imperfect, which can thence be obtained. To one making the trip in this manner the appearance presented is that of an ever-changing panorama. At one moment the boat is gliding noiselessly over the placid, untroubled surface of a calm, deep river, dotted in all directions with myriads of islands, covered with luxuriant verdure, interspersed with vines and creepers of varied tint, the whole shaded and draped by the pendant foliage of umbrageous trees, whose drooping boughs in many places sweep the very sides of the boat as she slips swiftly by. In an instant the scene changes. Shooting rapidly towards a barrier composed seemingly of rocks and trees mingled in wild confusion, rushing apparently into the very jaws of destruction—just when one expects to be dashed upon the

rocks, the barrier seems suddenly to melt away, a passage opens as if by magic, and in a moment, from the placid current through which she has been gliding, the boat, sweeping round an unseen bend, is whirled and tossed in a raging torrent, the waves foaming on all sides of her, and bristling with jagged points of rock which seem to threaten destruction in every quarter.

Such is the impression left on the mind of one who has seen the Islands only from the deck of a passing boat. All is to him indistinct. Having passed through hurriedly, he has had no time to observe anything minutely. A conception of scenery of surpassing grandeur—wild beyond belief in some places, tranquil beyond thought in others—is created in his mind; but so indistinct and confused that he is unable to pass beyond the general idea of the sublime, and give, with any degree of coherence, a description of the view which has been presented to him.

From a trip taken in a pleasure yacht with a select company of friends, on the other hand, the excursionist returns impressed, not only with the general grandeur of the scenery, but bearing in his memory also distinct mental pictures of endless charming inlets and secluded nooks, far removed from the noisy path of the steam-line traffic, the charms of which have been enhanced to him by the companionship of kindred spirits, and able to analyze with the minutest detail the beauties he has beheld. The impression of the Isles thus created is that which gives the truest idea of their beauties.

On leaving Kingston, the course for a stretch of two miles or so lies over the open water of the harbour. Then rounding the rugged bluff on the left, from the summit of which frowns Fort Henry, the tourist finds himself in a lovely still lagoon, sheltered from the rough water of the harbour without by a rock-bound island, and formed by a long receding bay, the shores of which rise on all sides to heights varying from fifty to a hundred feet. This island, which is called *Cedar*, from the number of trees of that species which cover it, is the first true type of the group of Thousand Isles met with in the downward passage of the river. It is densely wooded from its highest point to the water's edge—a very "*memorosa Zacynthus*."

After leaving this island, the view met with for some distance, though sufficiently beautiful, offers no striking points of difference from the general character of the St. Lawrence scenery. The river is of considerable width, and though the main stream is severed into smaller channels by the interposition of some few large islands, its course is clearly defined. At a distance of twenty miles below lies the village of Gananoque, so named from an Indian word signifying "rocks in deep water," and it is here that the scenery first assumes the characteristic aspect of the Thousand Isles—characteristic inasmuch as it is not possible to point to any other place on the continent where scenery of the same description is to be met with. The Hudson views are lovely, yet the peculiar type of the Hudson scenery is widely different from that of this part of the St. Lawrence. The peaceful woodland scenery of the Cumberland Lakes is enchanting, yet its charms are not those which invest these gorse-clad Isles. And yet, though it may seem paradoxical to say so, the Thousand Isles combine in themselves the various features of the scenery both of the Hudson and the English Lakes. Indeed, it is the constant variety of the views among the Islands that constitutes one of their chief attractions. From one point of view the tourist sees the stately grandeur of a majestic stream, gliding peacefully between banks of quiet loveliness, a fitting

"Emblem of life, which still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away."

From another point, the river, or rather the only part of it visible, presents the appearance of a sequestered lake, unruffled by the passage of any current, and embosomed among lofty hills, whose sides, rising abruptly to an imposing height, shut out all signs of connection with the river without; while nestling on the quiet surface fantastic

"Isles are seen,
All lovely set within an emerald sea."

From other points, again, views may be obtained of the river transformed into a roaring torrent, pouring its boiling waters over the half-immersed rocks with an impetuosity which calls to mind the turbulent rapids of Niagara,

"Bursting in grandeur from its vantage ground"
sixty leagues above.

During the summer months glimpses may be caught at intervals, among the Isles, of the snowy canvas of visitors' tents shining through the leaves upon some grassy knoll, or nestling half-hidden in some sheltered alcove, and the effect of the sheet of white against the dark-green background of pine and fir is picturesque in the extreme. It frequently happens that several parties pitch their tents within a few miles of one another, and when this is the case it is customary for the campers to assemble in the evenings round the camp fire of each of the neighbours in turn, and there, while the ruddy flame crackles cheerily in the midst, sending up showers of sparks as each fresh log is thrown on, to recount their day's adventures, while the joke and song and laugh go round, till old St. Lawrence's time-worn woods resound and ring again.

Some of the names of the islets and bends of the stream are exceedingly quaint—as "Fiddler's Elbow," and "Devil's Oven." The former designation is applied to a cove in the stream somewhat resembling the human elbow. The current at the spot is very rapid, causing a constant ripple on the surface, which somewhat resembles the vibratory motion seen in the arm of a fiddler while performing on his instrument. The name "Devil's Oven" is applied to a dark, gloomy cave which opens in the end of one of the small islands in the vicinity of Alexandria Bay. The island itself is included under the name. Its sides rise almost perpendicularly, and are composed of large stones curiously fitted together and piled upon one another, rendering the place, on the whole, not unlike that indispensable article of domestic economy after which it has been named. Why the construction of this "oven" should be attributed to the agency of his Satanic Majesty, or what purpose that august personage could have had to serve in establishing his culinary apparatus in so *bizarre* a location, it is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps it may have been that those who named the islet considered that no one but the potent lord of fire could make that element available to perform any culinary operation in a spot where there was so great an opposing aqueous influence to be contended with. Whether the architecture of this "oven" is to be credited to supernal or infernal agency, it has already stood at least one mortal in good stead, for it is re-

lated that it was in this cavern that the adventurer Johnson, who made himself notorious by his depredations during the Canadian rebellion of 1838, took refuge when separated from his followers and closely pursued by Canadian soldiery. If, then, the originators of the name were correct in their surmises as to the author of the cave, we have at least one instance of the arch enemy having shown himself clemently inclined towards a dweller on our sphere, for this Johnson is believed to have emerged from his temporary sojourn in the unpleasantly suggestive receptacle he had chosen for his hiding place no whit the worse for his temerity.

It would hardly be believed by one who had not attempted the passage, into what labyrinthine channels the water forms itself in traversing the Islands, and the difficulty one experiences in finding the way among them. On one occasion, although all the members of our party had made frequent trips among the Isles, we found ourselves, after venturing somewhat farther from the Canadian shore than had been our wont on former trips, in a large bay, to all appearance completely landlocked, except on the side by which we had entered, some seven miles above, and despite our most careful search we were unable to discover any place of egress below. It was only after receiving the fullest directions from a cottager, whose house we found on a small island at hand, that we at length discovered a narrow channel between two islands, which led back to Canadian waters. And yet, when it is considered that the islands are nearly two thousand in number, and that the river where they are thickest is upwards of ten miles in width, it is not surprising that considerable difficulty should be experienced in threading a path among them.

The part of the river which contains the Islands is generally known as the "Lake of the Thousand Isles." It extends about thirty miles in length by eight or ten in breadth. But to an inhabitant of the Islands, or one who is well acquainted with them, the name "Lake of the Thousand Isles" has a different signification—that is, not the sheet of water that contains the isles, but one of much less dimensions which is contained by them. This lesser lake, sometimes called "The Lake of the Island," is eight miles in length, and varies

in breadth at different spots from two miles to fifty or sixty yards. It is situated in Wells' Island, nearly opposite Alexandria Bay, and is accessible by water by only two entrances—the one at the lower end being half a mile in width, that at the upper scarcely twenty yards. This lake, with the narrow channel by which it is approached from the west, exhibits a very curious natural conformation. The channel, which is over a mile in length, seems to have been formed by some mighty commotion of the earth at this spot in long past ages, its entrance being through a rift in the solid rock, and its passage for some distance between rocky walls which rise perpendicularly to a height of over fifty feet. The entrance to the channel, which lies at the bottom of a long bay about twelve miles below Gananouque, is so screened from view by the abundance of foliage which overhangs it, that it is not till within a few yards that one becomes aware of its existence. It is in the passage of this channel, and of the lake to which it leads, that the wildest scenery of the Islands is met with. The high gloomy rocks, rising in rugged grandeur far above the head, frown over a swift black flood of water, the sullen depths of which suggest that the shock which rent the rocks above continued the rift far below the surface of the stream. The lake itself is surrounded on all sides by high, uneven shores, clad with pine and hemlock, while here and there upon its surface small islands appear, also thickly wooded. The lake and its upper channel form the choice fishing-ground of the Thousand Isles, abounding in bass, pike, and maskalonge. Many a morning, at the earliest gleam of day, have I started with my trolling tackle for the channel entrance, bent upon luring from their lurking places some of the veteran monsters which I knew well were lying in wait among the rocks and weeds below. Having carefully adjusted my hooks, I would row into the channel, and dipping the oars as quietly as possible, proceed stealthily down its centre. For a short time all would be unbroken silence; then—zip—a hungry maskalonge would strike the spoon, and a dozen yards of line would spin out from the reel with the rapidity of lightning. Then, when the line offered resistance to his further course in that direction, suddenly the tension would cease, and I would be under the ap-

prehension that my antagonist had escaped ; but no—in a moment away flies the line in another direction, and the fish, a second time brought up, makes a more violent effort than the first. Again the rush is made, and again the check is applied. Thus the struggle is continued, the resistance of the fish growing, after a short interval, more and more enfeebled at each succeeding effort, until at length he is landed, panting and gasping, on the floor of the boat.

So thick do the fish, especially large pike, lie in the lake and its channel, that it is a very rare occurrence for a troller to go over fifty yards without having a run. During the fishing season the wide waters of the lower part of the Great Lake are infested with boats bearing lovers of the "gentle art." The troller is constantly exchanging with some brother angler the well-known query, "What sport?" And it is seldom indeed that the answer is other than most satisfactory. Bass, pickerel, and pike are the most abundant species met with, and these vary in size from one or two to ten or twelve pounds. But the interest of the angler is concentrated, not so much upon the fish of this kind which he may catch, as upon the hope of being fortunate enough to hook a specimen of that king of American fresh water fish, the maskalonge. He who has managed to land in safety a forty pounder of this species is regarded among the Islands as the hero of the season. Besides the fishing, there is very fair shooting, the principal game being partridge and wild ducks.

Directly across from Wells' Island, on the American shore, lies the flourishing little village of Alexandria Bay, containing a population of some five hundred. It is pleasantly situated in the immediate vicinity of the most beautiful scenery of the Islands, and occupies with American visitors much the same position that Kingston does with Canadian, being the point from which tourists from the American side can most advantageously start for the purpose of viewing the Isles. But there is this difference between Kingston and Alexandria Bay, regarded as starting points, that whereas the former is some twenty miles from the thickest part of the Isles, and a tourist visiting them thence is obliged, unless he intends devoting a week or two to his trip, to do so

by steamboat, the latter lies in the very midst of them, and allows of their being visited from it in a skiff.

A noticeable feature of Alexandria Bay is "The Thousand Island House," an hotel which, whether for magnificence of appearance, excellence of management, or ampleness of accommodation, would do credit to the largest city in America. The existence of such an hotel in such a place is a striking example of that spirit of pushing energy which characterizes the American people. The hotel is large enough to accommodate the entire population of the village in which it is situated, and is fitted with all modern conveniences ; so that visitors find themselves as comfortably housed and as carefully attended to as at the most fashionable hotel of New York.

Thus at present lie the Thousand Islands in all their matchless beauty. But it is to be feared their beauty will be sadly marred before the lapse of another short decade, for already the intruding hand of p'city utility has begun to leave its traces on them. The puny and stunted but picturesque trees, so important an accessory to the w^{ild} beauty of the Isles, but so utterly worthless for any purposes of commerce, are falling on all sides before the ruthless axes of the islanders. Almost every islet, no matter how small, is now disfigured by piles of miniature cordwood. The sound of the woodman's axe is heard incessantly ringing through the ancient stillness of their secluded shores, and civilization seems determined to plant its *ameliorating* foot in the very midst of this New World paradise.

Many of the islands belong to private individuals ; the remainder are Government property ; and it is to be regretted that the owners, whether the Government or individuals, do not take active measures to stop the disfigurement which is at present going on, and to prevent any future acts of the like nature. Should no steps of the kind be taken—should the Goths who are at present at work be allowed to continue their labour of desecration,—the far-famed Thousand Isles, at present a worthy subject of pride to the country in which they are situated, will in a few brief years become mere unsightly blotches of barren rock, disfiguring the surface of the noble stream, to the manifold beauties of which they at present lend such exquisite enhancement.

II.

LAKE MEMPHREMACOG.

BY JULIA ALEYNE.

SHOULD one feel the longing for sylvan adventure, and for a nomadic life for a few weeks during the sultry summer weather, nothing can be more delightful than a trip over the waters of some of the beautiful lakes which lie scattered through New England, and which, embosomed amid shadowy peaks of lofty mountains, lie peacefully under their rock-bound shores, like gems of fairy-land.

After the fashion and folly of Saratoga and Long Branch, it is certainly refreshing to spend a few weeks on the margin of the lovely little lake called by the Indians Memphremagog,

“Where through a sapphire sea, the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.”

Fashion can never be dominant here, for nature has scattered her gifts too profusely to admit of being slighted for the tinsel and glitter of artificial life. When tired of gaiety, one can readily seek relief by climbing some of the majestic hills and mountains; by trolling in the quiet lake—for the fishing and sporting are excellent; or by sailing over its placid waters, and enjoying the grandeur and loveliness around. The bold, rocky shores, the numerous wooded islands, the shadowy peaks of lofty mountains, rising in some places to 3,000 feet in height directly over one's head; with slopes of luxuriant forests of greenest verdure—all combine to heighten the charm of this “Beautiful Water,” and make it for the time a dream of delight!

Or, should one prefer, he can wander away from the lake to the wild brooks, and angle among the alders, dreaming all day long; or rise at daybreak and go out on the lake, and watch field after field of white lilies “flash open as the sun touches them with his spear;” or during the quiet afternoons lie down among the farmers' fields, where myriads of gay corn-poppies flaunt over his head, and stain his fingertips with the red berries that hang like globes of light gleaming among the tall grass, bathing himself in warm sunshine,

and south winds, and heavy aromatic perfumes.

It was nightfall when we reached Memphremagog House, Newport, at the upper or southern end of the lake, and the full-orbed moon was shining with unusual splendour upon the quiet scene, tinged with silver mountain, rock, and water. Before us rose the mountains, their dark masses looming up in silent majesty as we looked northward; beneath us gleamed the lake, lucid as some bright crystal, glistening as a thread of silver, its island-gemmed surface and green lines of shore winding in charming curves of remarkable beauty, all blending in a scene not soon to be forgotten. Music came to us in long, exquisite strains, as we promenaded on the broad piazzas, and, now rising and falling in low fitful gusts, mingled with the gentle lapping of the water and the soft sighing of the wind, then “trembling in the air a moment, a dissolving rainbow of sound,” died gradually away; while in the pauses came through the open windows the merry laughter of the dancers—for when the full moon comes the gaily-dressed throng adjourn to the ball-room. It is the way they treat moonlight at a summer resort.

The name of the lake—Memphremagog—is of course Indian, and means “Beautiful Water.” The lovely sheet of water to which it is given lies directly on the Canadian border, and is the charming rival of Lake George, which it resembles in conformation, being about thirty miles long and from two to five miles in width.

Every morning and afternoon the little steamer which boasts the not uncommon name of the “*Lady of the Lake*,” runs through the lake from Newport to Magog, a Canadian town, with a background of forest, at the northern end. The captain of the boat has known every point upon these waters for a lifetime, and can amuse you with stories and legends innumerable relating to the old-time history of this wild and secluded region. He, as well as the older in-

habitants, can unfold many a wild tale of smuggling in bygone days. "Skinner's Cave," a narrow den, some thirty feet deep, in an island near Owl's Head, is still pointed out as the favourite place of concealment for smugglers in years past. The story goes that Uriah Skinner, the bold smuggler of Magog, took refuge from pursuit in this cave and there perished. Steaming northward from this island, the great mountains rear their huge masses into view—Owl's Head and Elefantus, a huge pile of dark cliffs resembling a gigantic elephant; while away in the distance Jay Peak and Mount Orford—the highest mountain in Lower Canada—are to be seen. Sailing along under these lofty peaks, looming up black and dismal over our heads, the wild grandeur of the scene is deeply impressive.

On one occasion a party of us stopped at the old landing at the foot of Owl's Head—which is in a deep gorge between two lofty peaks—and made the ascent of the mountain. The boat landed us at the wharf of that "land-locked and mountain-shadowed hotel," the "Mountain House," which some years ago used to be a favourite resort for summer tourists, but its many rooms are now all mouldy and deserted. There is no road to this hotel, and no way of getting to it except by boat. A very good path winds round the mountain, all the way to the summit, although in some places it is very steep and rocky. There are curious and prominent waymarks on the ascent, for it is said that a chapter of Masons annually hold their meetings on the highest peak, and leave mystic tokens of their presence on the way. Upon reaching the summit, however, we were well paid for our trouble. The prospect is extensive and grand beyond description—stretching to Montreal, the St. Lawrence, over the whole extent of the lake, with the ranges, peaks, and villages of Canada, Vermont, and New Hampshire in the distance. In fine weather you have a view of Mount Washington—that Mecca of the mountain tourist—dim, distant, and golden. The clusters of islands and bays in the lake proper, the combination of summits, slopes, and forests, green lines of shore, with their constantly changing outlines, and sometimes the whole blending system of hills, forests, shores, and islands reproduced in the still waters, a hanging shadow-picture of wondrous beauty beyond the reach of art to transcribe—all

made up a scene to be remembered for a lifetime.

While on the mountain we encountered a heavy storm, and arrived at the Mountain House just as the clouds were breaking away. The sun came out, touching the clouds with gold—which seemed to float upon the unmoved surface—and built up a gorgeous rainbow which reached almost across the lake: it was a beautiful combination, the clouds, the lake, and the rainbow, all glorious with light.

From the summit of the mountain can be seen the peaks Pisgah and Hor, looming up dark and gloomy. Between these lofty masses, in a deep and shadowed basin, lies that remarkable little bit of water—Lake Willoughby. This lake is twelve hundred feet above the sea, and is entirely surrounded by a wall of mountains, with a little opening at the north end, where flows out a stream so large that the backwoodsmen have built mills upon it, within three miles of its source.

Round Island lies directly in front of Owl's Head, a "cedar-crowned swell of rock-bound land," rising from the lake about half a mile from the base of the mountain. All along this portion of the lake, and crowning the heights (for here the shores are abrupt), are beautiful villas, the residences of wealthy Canadians. The boat stops at Georgeville, and then steams across the lake to Gibraltar. Point Magog is the terminal point—and from there we began the return trip to Newport, viewing the scenery in reverse order.

There are many delightful walks and drives all around Newport. Clyde and Coventry Falls are very near, and well worth visiting, and the drive to the summit of Jay Peak is one which all should take. Indeed, our only regret was that we could not spend weeks amidst this grand and varied scenery. But September was approaching, which, with chastening breath, blows the gayest of the gay throng of pleasure-seekers away.

And so, in the gray dawn of an early summer morning, we stole away from our pleasant lake-side retreat; and as we cast a last glance, through the dim early light, at the massive hills rising up before us, we gave a parting thought to the pleasant companions we had left, and the many gay and pretty girls who were now soundly sleeping, dancing, in dreams, with tireless partners, at a ball that had no ending.

DREAMLAND.

BY SARAH KEPPEL, HAMILTON.

OUT into the shadowy dreamland,
 On the stream of sleep I glide,
 All my pulses beating softly
 To the music of its tide.

In the dusky, slumberous stillness,
 Every sound seems far and faint ;
 Through the window streams the moonlight,
 Like the smiling of a saint.

Daytime work, and care, and worry
 Softly stand in mystic light ;
 All the roughness hid in shadow,
 All the beauty bold and bright.

Voices that have long been silent,
 Greet my gladdened ear once more ;
 Faces, dear and well-remembered,
 Smile upon me as of yore.

Airy laughter floats around me ;
 Distant voices seem to sing,
 Sweet as if through Heaven's portals
 Stole the notes of seraphim.

Now the scene with magic swiftness
 Changes ; all the peace is gone ;
 Up above the tempest lowers ;
 Dim the brightness, hushed the song.

Unknown danger seems to threaten,
 Shapes grotesque pass to and fro,
 Ghost-like forms, mysterious beckon,
 Shadows into spectres grow.

O, the sweet relief of waking !
 O, the sudden rest from pain !
 Through the lattice steals the dawning,
 I am on the earth again.

HOW JOINT STOCK COMPANIES ARE MANUFACTURED.

BY SCRUTATOR.

STRANGE to say, it has fallen legitimately within the province of the United States Legislature to expose the working of an English Joint Stock Company. The present Congress has been occupied in little else than investigating, not the measures of the administration, but the shortcomings of its members. Controlled by a Democratic majority, it conceives its duty to be to unearth scandals, which are to be used as arguments during the forthcoming Presidential election. Unfortunately the hunt has been too successful, but at the same time it has been pursued with a glee and zest so unpatriotic as to excite public feeling against the party which for factious purposes has rejoiced in exposing the nation's dishonour. The mere assertion of a door-keeper of the House, uncorroborated by any proof, is accepted as ground of suspicion against Speaker Kerr, a man of unblemished character; and private letters of Mr. Blaine, which will bear several constructions, are produced simply to spoil his chance of the Presidency by throwing a mere shadow of a doubt on his integrity. Accusations are being bandied about more heedlessly than indiscriminate praise ever was in an assembly where all were agreed; bearing false witness has become almost a business, and the trade of Titus Oates has been revived. While the most flagrant case of official corruption is that of Gen. Belknap, perhaps the most interesting investigation to us is that which was recently concluded, into the connection of Gen. Schenck with the Emma Silver Mining Company of London.

Gen. Schenck, while Ambassador at the Court of St. James, allowed his name to appear as a director in the prospectus of that Company. This was bad enough; but to make matters worse, he received a favour from the vendor in such a shape, and at such a time, as to lay himself open to the imputation of fraud. Of this the committee

acquits him, inasmuch as he affirms that he believed then and still believes the mine to be worth all that was paid for it; but the unanimous verdict, that he was guilty of very gross indiscretion in abusing his official position, is one in which everybody in and out of the House agrees. The investigation lays bare the nefarious methods by which great public companies—under the Limited Liability Act—have been organised in England, and the results. As several Canadian enterprises have been handled of late years in like manner, to the serious loss of English investors and the detriment of Canadian interests and credit, the exposure is well worthy of our study.

The Emma Silver Mine in Utah had begun to yield profits in 1871, when, as always happens in the West, claimants to the property at once sprang up, to contest the title of the occupant. In the territories a man is happy while working an unproductive mine, for he lives in hope of prosperity; but let him once strike ore and his sorrows begin in the shape of innumerable law-suits. In the Emma case litigations ceased on the understanding that the mine should be sold and the profits distributed in stipulated proportions. Mr. Lyon, who claimed a one-third interest, agreed to take \$500,000 for his share. Mr. T. W. Park, now President of the Panama Railroad, the largest owner, and the Hon. Mr. Stewart, acting as counsel for Lyon, went to London, New York having long ago paid its quatum in full to western swindlers. For some months previously as much ore as the mine could be stripped of had been sent forward and sold in England, with as much publicity as possible. Arrived in London, Messrs. Park and Stewart were introduced by a banker, who is always a prominent member of similar bands of conspirators, to Messrs. Coates & Hankey, brokers. The terms of the plot—it can hardly be called a sale—were now arranged, but Messrs. Coates &

Hankey, being too weak to carry them out, resigned in favour of Albert Grant, the most astute company-monger of the age.

When once a broker undertakes a job of this nature, he becomes arch-conspirator. Vendors and all others are expected either to be quiescent, or to obey his injunctions, and to say and do what he commands, without question or compunction. The broker finds directors, concocts the prospectus, fees newspapers, manipulates the stock, and generally, as *deus ex machina*, makes what is worthless appear as of untold value, and a swindling extortion look like a generous gift to the public. When, however, a man as notable or notorious as Baron Grant is secured, he never appears upon the stage.

In the *Emma* affair Grant was fortunate in having the assistance of two such able and skilled speculators as Park and Stewart. While he selected names from his long list of available directors, (all prominent brokers are supposed to have at command a number of influential directors, including a fair sprinkling of M. P.s, and of needy noblemen to whom the fees are a consideration, and who are too ignorant to be inquisitive), Messrs. Park and Stewart went in search of a man ostensibly to protect the interests of the American shareholders of the company. By a happy accident they secured the services of the American Minister. Mr. Park met him at dinner, told him of his business, and out of pure charity offered him £10,000, with which to purchase that amount of stock, engaging to pay two per cent. per month (which was afterwards reduced to one and a half per cent.), and to take back the stock at par any time within a year. Schenck accepted the favour, and, as a consequence, when asked to become a director could not refuse. He felt that the course he was pursuing was strange to diplomacy, but he consented on finding that the Duke of Saldanha, Minister from Portugal, was on the board of directors of a Lisbon tramway company, which, as events have shown, was organised on the same plan as the *Emma*, and with the same unpleasant consequences to all concerned.

A strong board having been secured of well-known men, whom the unwary public supposed to be heavy investors, but who, besides receiving a salary of £500 a year each, had been duly qualified by a donation of stock, the prospectus was issued. The

property, which, by transactions among themselves, the sellers had valued at \$1,500,000, was offered at \$5,000,000. The quantity of ore extracted from April 25th to Sept. 1st was said to have been £231,089, instead of £158,068, the figure by which the mine had been recommended to Coates and Hankey. A dividend of one and a half per cent. per month was guaranteed—equal to 18 per cent. on the capital—which was to be paid out of resources in hand, and out of ore said to be in sight of the net value of £357,750. The public, however, were not informed that of the £1,000,000 they were asked to give, nominally, for the mine, Baron Grant, of whom they never heard in that connection, was to get as his fee almost as much as the mine was deemed by the vendors to be really worth; that the lawyers, who drew up the prospectus so cunningly that the public would have no redress when they should discover themselves swindled, were to receive a comfortable fortune; that the bankers, who had merely introduced Messrs. Park and Stewart to Messrs. Coates and Hankey, were to have what would serve many a small banking firm as capital; that the brokers who had been too weak to engineer the scheme should receive nevertheless a consideration for handing it over to the Baron; and that even the metal brokers who had previously sold the ore on a good commission, were to be richly recompensed for the loss they would sustain if they should not continue to be employed by the new organisation. These and other equally significant facts were kept carefully concealed: the public rushed to subscribe, and the amount demanded was offered twice over.

When made aware of the action of Gen. Schenck, the American Government requested him to withdraw from the direction, which he did, though he effectually contravened the spirit of his instructions by writing a letter of resignation, in which he stated that he left the board from private motives, and that he retained the fullest confidence in the mine and all connected with it. Having become possessed of so much stock, it is clear from the evidence (though he denies it) that the General tried to make the best of it by speculation. Very properly, the Investigating Committee condemns this conduct, and Mr. Hewitt, who submitted the report, in a bitter, biting speech also condemns the administration for allowing a

servant to remain in office who so grossly disobeyed instructions.

The subsequent history of the mine is curious. Although the public paid £1,000,000 for it, not a farthing was reserved for working capital. The mine was productive when purchased, and the ore on hand was sold with the mine. Enough, therefore, was extracted to pay working expenses and twelve one and a half per cent. dividends. A thirteenth was paid, but the amount was borrowed from Mr. Park on the security of the ore in transit. The ore did not cover the advances, and the Company remains in debt to Mr. Park. There being no more productive ground within reach, and no money wherewith to make explorations, mining was stopped and litigation begun, for which stockholders were willing to furnish the means who had declined subscribing a penny for exploratory work in a mine, which apparently had yielded £180,000 profit in a twelvemonth. A Tunnel Company, with more faith, has since run a gallery under the mine, and is now extracting rich ore from the lode within a few feet of the old workings. The moral is—not to embark in any mining enterprise which promises inordinate profits, and where a large sum is demanded for a property which, if the statements of the prospectus be true, the proprietors are arrant fools for parting with; but, having embarked your money, do not be disheartened at the first check, nor abandon the enterprise while there is reasonable hope of success.

The same periodical mining fever, which was taken advantage of by Messrs. Park and Stewart, was turned to account to float several doubtful Canadian schemes. Two oil properties were bought, which turned out very disastrously, and led to two criminal actions against the English Directors; and two Quebec Copper Mining Companies were formed, the directors of one of which have been proved to have received as a gift the stock they were supposed to have purchased. Another Copper Company was organised, but fortunately the scheme was foiled, by the adverse report of a delegation of the board on the properties, before the purchase money had been paid. In every instance the reports on which the properties were sold were so highly coloured that the results did not realize the promises. No profits have accrued in any case, though

in one prospectus dividends of eighty per cent. per annum were foretold; and the properties were always sold to the Company at a higher price than they were valued at by the original vendors.

In one instance there is reason to believe a property was sold to a British Company by the intermediate bogus purchaser, who, as is generally the case, was a clerk in the broker's office, for £120,000, when £60,000 was all that was really received by the Canadian owners. In the case of the Consolidated Copper Company, which was nipped in the bud, two properties, for which we believe £120,000 was to have been paid by the Canadian intermediate buyer, were offered by the London brokers for £225,000; so that the brokers would have received £105,000 for their expenses and risk. When such large sums are realized with so little labour, of course the broker can afford to be liberal, and to throw about thousands of pounds more lavishly than most men would their pennies. Thousands are used to bribe newspapers—a fact now proved in a Court of Justice, to the disgrace of British journalism—bankers are paid to lend their names, brokers in all parts of the kingdom are paid to make fictitious bids for the stock, men of the highest standing in the community are paid to serve on the Board; and when the trap to catch the public has, by such means, been well baited, prospectuses are showered over the kingdom by hundreds of thousands. As many as 300,000 prospectuses have been issued at once. One is sure to reach every widow with a small income, and every needy clergyman. Both these classes being pinched for means and credulous are likely to be tempted to buy shares, and the broker counts that among 300,000 there is sure to be a given proportion of fools who will be duped; therefore the more dubious the speculation the greater the number of prospectuses.

There can be little doubt that this system of raising joint-stock companies and afterwards so manipulating them as to conceal the fraud to which all concerned have been knowingly or inadvertently parties, has done more than anything else to corrupt commercial morality in England. The chief conspirator—the broker—may be the chief criminal; but the man who sells to him, knowing that he will use his property to

perpetrate a fraud, is not innocent; the director who accepts qualification shares, which he is supposed to have paid for, is certainly doing wrong; and everybody, whether broker or client, who buys and sells, perhaps at a premium, stock which he knows to be intrinsically valueless, helps to maintain a swindle. The result is invariably disastrous. Even if the property purchased be good, so much has been grabbed by the broker and his satellites that little or nothing is left to develop its resources: if the property prove valueless, a stigma attaches, not only to those who sold

it under false pretences, but to the whole community where it is situated. Doubtless Canadian credit has suffered through the failure of the companies whose rise and fall we have been discussing. So many have lately got into trouble through aiding in the organisation of companies that probably no more will be brought out on the old system; but it is fruitless to hope that any simple, straightforward plan of enlisting capital in reliable enterprises will take its place, as this would throw the broker out of employment and interfere with stock speculation.

MY LITTLE FAIRY.

MY little fairy hath no wings;
 She waves no tiny wand;
 No sweets from distant climes she brings,
 No gems from ocean strand;
 Not in the golden cowslip's bell,
 Or opening bud of rose,
 Doth my beloved fairy dwell—
 She seeks not there repose.
 Nor doth she lure the seaman brave
 To navigate his bark
 To where, not far beneath the wave,
 Dread reefs the passage mark.
 No crown of dewdrops weareth she,
 Nor robe from moonbeams made;
 She doth not suck where sucks the bee,
 Nor roam with elves the glade.
 Not on the breeze, by zephyrs fann'd,
 Or storm-cloud doth she ride;
 Her presence is confined to land—
 Of one small spot the pride.

“Come, ‘Totty,’ climb thy father’s knee,
 Enthroned thyself, sweet fay;
 What story canst thou tell to me,
 My pretty prattler, say?
 Or shall we romp—play hide and seek?”
 “Papa, let’s have some fun.”
 “Come, then, you saucy, rosy cheek,
 A kiss—to hide now run!”

Where doth my little fairy hide?
 I’ll venture now to guess,
 My playmate I shall find inside
 This venerable press.
 Not here—then I must peep behind
 Yon primitive arm chair;
 If there ‘my puss’ I do not find,
 Why I must seek elsewhere.
 No screen nor chair conceals my pet,
 Yet still she must be near;
 The clock case—ah, she’s there I’ll bet.”
 “Yes, yes, papa, I’m here!”
 Emerging from her close retreat
 She climbs again my knee,
 Bestows a hundred kisses sweet,
 And lisps her love for me.

So then you see my fairy bright
 Is but a little child,
 With rosy cheeks and ringlets light,
 And not a spirit wild.
 No other fairies need we here
 Our homes, our hearths to bless,
 ‘Til children’s happy forms be near
 To fondle and caress.
 “Come, ‘Totty’ darling, one kiss more,
 Pray, pet, then haste to bed.
 Thy blessing, Father, I implore
 On this, my dear child’s head!”

THE POETRY OF CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D., TORONTO.

GENIUS is unique, and follows no model in its manifestations. It may build the walls of the edifice of its ideality out of old material, but the order of construction and the design must be original creations. Naught but infinity can limit its explorations, nor can anything make it a copyist of aught but the supreme excellencies of the great Original in whose bondage is the greatest freedom. This is particularly true of poetic genius; and where there is a subservient imitation, there is little if any originality, and no strong imaginative power. Its gifts and graces may be prostituted for ignoble purposes, but that is an abnormal condition, and not natural to the possessor. True nobility of soul gives chasteness of expression, lofty sentiment, and ardent aspirations after good. These are emblazoned as insignia on the escutcheon of poesy, for if it descends from this supreme level, the *afflatus* may be present, but not in its normal exercise. The high vocation is debased or mercenary, vindictive, or prurient ends, and with such degeneracy true poetry has no sympathetic relations. The gushing, plethoric stream of versification, which pours from day to day through our public press as original, has indeed but few waves of poetic beauty and power in the flowing torrent of mechanical rhyme, and these are often lost in the seething maelstrom of stirring events incident to a fast age. The skeleton is there, and it may even be covered with flesh, but no life has been breathed by divine impulse into its nostrils. The outline and construction need the soul of poetry to endow with vitality, beauty, and immortality. To such an extent has this flux of chronic rhymal mania prevailed, that the productions of children of the muse which reach far above mediocrity, and "on the outstretched finger of all time sparkle for ever," are looked upon with suspicion, distrust, and coldness. Such an epidemic of jingling rhymes is feared by the reading public, and the worthy are neglected. The poet's corner is shunned, when "origi-

nal" heads the column, lest the oft cheated reader finds nonsense clothed in the garb of an angel of light and love and beauty. The door of the heart has so often opened to importunate knockings of worthless mendicants clothed in borrowed raiment, until some luckless day we turn a deaf ear to the heavenly visitant, seeking in vain a welcome and a home in our affections, because we want faith in native genius and home productions.

We have an illustration of this in the life of Heavysege, whose poems are still with us, but who has himself passed away for ever. His biography is that of many a son of genius. He was cradled in poverty—cramped in his aspirations from the want of a thorough education—a machinist by necessity, from boyhood to middle life—struggling with the inevitable in gaining a bare subsistence for himself and family by the sweat of his brow; yet the creative power was not latent, although nurtured in the midst of great discouragements. His literary culture was limited; his ambition to immortalize himself in song was wanting—for he was nearly forty years of age ere any of his productions were set up in type. The spring bubbled, rippled, and sang its melody without mortal ken, because, as he sings, "Faith lacking, all his works fell short." The flower budded, blossomed, and bore fruit, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air." Through all his earlier years of anxiety and toil, he wrote much from the innate promptings of his ardent nature, but was dissatisfied with the results. A poem in blank verse was printed anonymously in 1854, for private distribution, but even among his friends it was not well received. It was possibly crude and immature, and not fit for the light. Shortly afterwards appeared a collection of fifty sonnets, fragmentary and varied. Some of these are vigorous and lofty in tone; many of them epigrammatic and chaste in style, although unfinished in polish and crude in verbal expression. These, however, were only scin-

tillations of the central fires which subsequently burst forth with volcanic grandeur, in the elevated manifestations of epic power and in the midst of dramatic ebullitions of sublimity not equalled in the annals of our country. These are seen and appreciated in the sacred tragedies of "Saul" and "Jephthah's Daughter." There is a pathos and sadness in all his writings, as if a shadow of ominous intensity overhung his mentality, possibly more natural than any occasioned by untoward events. Now and then a vein of quiet, quaint humour is perceived in the rich mine, but it never culminates to the sharpness of wit. Occasionally irony and incisive sarcasm crop out, which show that there is a precious and more abundant reward to the seeker. His characters are distinct and original, and are drawn with a dramatic power that reminds us of the creations of Milton and Shakespeare. Many of them are of a philosophical turn of mind, and fond of soliloquy; many are ill at ease with themselves and their surroundings; but their unrest is sketched with masterly exactitude, and the mental phenomena are in keeping with the consistent laws which guide the promptings, desires, impulses, emotions, and the multifarious manifestations of humanity, although the possessors may be angels or demons. The ideal is made subservient to the real. This is an important law in the poetic art, if the fundamental principle of the great Athenian critic be true, that "tragic poetry is the imitation of serious action, employing pity and terror for the purpose of chastening the passions." The imagination of the true poet does not run wild after every extravaganza, exercising no judgment in its daring flights. At the same time, the poet does not curb his fancy in its impersonation of passion, but boldly puts the colours on the canvas with a master's hand. It is evident that nature did more for Heavyssege than culture. The halting lines—want of rhythmical accuracy—often a mechanical, prosaic construction of sentences—lack of high artistic skill, and heedlessness of the laws of the drama, show this. These are, however, minor faults, and may be, to some extent, a perfect abandon to a free fancy, which will not be curbed by philosophical rules or empirical dictation. No imagery, however, is confused; and rich, new, quaint, and original thought is in every line. This is the more

refreshing, when such floods of so-called poetic literature are poured from so many sources, which seem like paraphrases of Tennyson or Longfellow. He has no ideas attenuated to nothingness in a luxuriant verbiage, nor clothed in such ambiguity that patience will never unravel them. The figures are cleanly cut, and stand out in bold relief. The utterances are terse, fresh, and explicit. The dramatic personages are consistent with themselves and their associations. Hatred has its perfect work of evil to the bitter end—indefatigable, relentless, cruel, crafty, and often victorious. Goodness, on the other hand, is never untrue to itself, but, "hoping all things," and believing in an ultimate triumph, is benignant, patient, serene, and faithful to the end.

The sonnets were scarcely heard of beyond a small circle of friends. "Saul" was published in 1857, and met with a chilling reception from the Canadian public. What home author can tell a different story? An educated people of four millions are so dead to the worth of native genius, that not one of its many sons or daughters of song has met with success, in a financial point of view, or favour from the masses of the people. Literature (except political) of Canadian growth is received with perfect indifference, "charm it never so wisely," or so sweetly; and although not absolutely condemned, is consigned to oblivion, with not even the compliment of a "Dead March in *Saul*." This had almost been the fate of "Saul," had it not been for an accidental circumstance. Heavyssege sent a copy of it to Hawthorne, the American author, then residing in Liverpool, who had a review of it inserted in the *North British Review* in 1858. Thus far not a pen had written in its behalf in Canada. A few copies had been sent to the United States, and had caught the attention of Longfellow and Emerson, the former of whom pronounced "Saul" to be the best tragedy written since the days of Shakespeare. Field, a gentleman of high literary repute, gave a favourable review of it in the *Atlantic Monthly* of October, 1865. Then we began to inquire who this poet was whom foreigners praised, and made partial atonement for past culpable neglect. The man who could rise above the din of machinery, the dust of the workshop, the clangour of hammers, and the dull, plodding routine of constant servitude, to such heights of poetic fancies

and beauties, was no common person. Shakespeare passed his life in the midst of theatrical representations from day to day, and must have been steeped in the spirit of drama. He had numberless foreign plays and native material to cull from, in his matchless compilations and creations. Milton conjured up his weird *phantasmata* in quietude, peace, and plenty. Longfellow and Tennyson can ruminate with facts and fancies in rural retreats far from the din of commerce and the roar of the whirlwind of ceaseless human industries; but here was a poor son of toil, soaring in matchless sublimity of thought, while his hands were busy in arduous labour, and the sweat of necessary physical exertion was on his brow. The taskmaster of need at home, and the inexorable demands of the workshop, would have crushed the poetic life out of aught but unconquerable genius, towering above the prison-house in the richness of imagination and ideal beauty. In such weary hours he doubtless carried out his own behest,—which finds a response in every breast:—

“ Open, my heart, thy ruddy valves,—
It is thy master calls :
Let me go down, and, curious, trace
Thy labyrinthine halls.
Open, O heart ! and let me view
The secrets of thy den ;
Myself unto myself now show
With introspective ken.
Expose thyself, thou covered nest
Of passions, and be seen ;
Stir up thy brood, that in unrest
Are ever piping keen :
Ah ! what a motley multitude,
Magnanimous and mean ! ”

A few specimens of the “triple extract” of thought might be given at random. How succinct, forcible, and pregnant with meaning are the following passages:—

“ No angel fully knows that he is blessed ;
No miser knows the value of his gold :
The devils only know what heaven possessed ;
And ruined spendthrifts their estate of old. ”

Here is a fearful photograph of “Annihilation,” which makes the flesh creep in reading it:—

“ Up from the deep Annihilation came,
And shook the shore of nature with his frame.
Vulcan, nor Polyphemus of one eye,
For size or strength could with the monster vie ;
Who, landed, all around his eyeballs rolled,

While dripped the ooze from limbs of mighty mould.

But who the bard that shall in song express
(For he was clad) the more than Anarch's dress ?
All round about him hanging were decays,
And ever dropping remnants of the past ;
But how shall I describe my great amaze
When down the abyss I saw him coolly cast,
Slowly but constantly, some lofty name
Men thought secure in bright, eternal fame. ”

A kindred subject is treated forcibly in one of the sonnets, with fine reflection, thus :

“ Why should I die, and leave the ethereal night,
Moon-lit, star-spent ; this canopy of blue
Blotted for ever from my cancelled sight,
Its lofty grandeur, and its peerless hue ?
Why should I die, and leave the glorious day
Sun-bathed, and flaming in the boundless sky ?
Why should some mourner to the living say :
' His ear is stopped, and ever closed his eye ' ?
Tell me, O Sadness ! speak, and tell me why !
Ever to sleep, and hear no more the sound
Of rival nations marching to their goal :
To be condemned beneath the stolid ground,
To rest unconscious while new ages roll :
Oh ! art thou mocked not ? tell me, tell me,
Soul ? ”

Some sentences are terse and full of wisdom. There is no circumlocution, no useless waste of words, for they go direct as an arrow to the mark. Here are a few:—

“ This grave of silence gives a ghost of sound. ”

“ For thou wouldst harness him the untamed winds,
And yoke them to the chariot of the night,
For his escape. ”

“ Why should slow age
Chain the swift wheels of manhood ? ”

“ Music moves but that portion of us
Which is good. ”

“ While others aim, his thoughts in deeds are shot. ”

“ Elusive as the wandering wind,
Or shadow grasped by the infolding fist,
That, opening, finds 'tis empty. ”

“ The dross of life, men's vices and their failings,
Should from our memories be let slip away,
As drops the damaged fruit from off the bough
Ere comes the autumn. It were wise, nay, just,
To strike with men a balance ; to forgive,
If not forget, their evil for their good's sake. ”

“ 'Tis cowardly
Thus to desert me slowly by degrees,
Like breath from off a mirror. ”

“ Now let me curb my anger,
Lest it should gallop with me off the field. ”

" Or where the brook runs o'er the stones, and
smoothes
Their green locks with its current's crystal comb."

" As the salamander, cast in fire,
Exudes preserving mucus, so my mind,
Cased in thick satisfaction of success,
Shall be uninjured."

" Ha ! ha ! the foe
Have taken from us our warlike tools,
Yet leave us
The little scarlet tongues to scratch and sting
with."

" Man is a pipe that Life doth smoke,
As saunters it the earth about ;
And when 'tis weary of the joke,
Death comes and knocks the ashes out."

" Surely this day has been
A wild epitome of life."

" I never knew a devil that fared better ;
I feed on a King's sighs, do drink Queen's tears,
Am clothed with half a nation's maledictions.
Am not I a lucky fellow ?"

" The last, worst state, despair combined with fear."

" Out of the tranquil ecstacy of death."
" We are weakest
When we are caught contending with our
children."

" Burdened care, bent-bodied,
Better is than prone despair."

" So fierce and fiery is his gaze, his eyes
Are like unto a turret's window, which
While flaming faggots crackle on the hearth,
Receives a portion of the ruddy light
That dances on the walls, —"

" One-half the pleasure there is in this world
Seems, unto me, evolved and spun through pain."

" An idol kissed away by its adorers."

" O Prince of flatterers, but Beggar of doctors,
How poor thou art to him who truly needs !
The mind, the mind's the only worthy patient.
Were I one of thy craft, ere this I'd have
Anatomized a Spirit ; I'd have treated
Soul-wounds of my own making ; and, especially,
I would have sought out sundry wasted wretches,
And striven to cauterize to satisfaction
The gangrenes of their past."

" ' Prompt' is the word upon the tongue of time,
From day to day on echoing through the years,
That glide away into eternity,
Whispering the same unceasing syllable."

" Here's lad's love, and the flower which even death
Cannot unscent, the all-transcending rose."

" Some weak, luckless wretches ever seem

Flying before the hounds of circumstance,
Adown the windy gullies of this life"

There are a few prosaic lines, like the
following :—

" A Bethlem boy,
A crazy lad who goes to him to be killed."

" But let us go abroad, and in the twilight's
Cool, tranquillizing air, discuss this matter."

There is sometimes a straining of simi-
litudes, as in the lines :—

" Now shall the he-goat, black Adultery,
With the roused ram, Retaliation, twine
Their horns in one to butt at Fillippo."

These are, however, spots on the sun, lies
in the amber, and blemishes in the dia-
mond, that by contrast beautify the rest.

It is difficult to give a synopsis of this
" Divine Tragedy." A wheel or two gives
no adequate idea of the adaptation, purpose,
and design of a complicated machine. A
circumscribed view of a landscape may re-
veal no beauty ; but when the babbling
brook, singing river, towering mountain,
sequestered glen, and wooded vale burst
upon the vision, the beholder is lost in ad-
miration of the whole. Thus it is in the
efforts of the dramatist. A few sentences
culled at random give no sure index to the
scheme, plot, and general completeness of
the whole. In " Saul," we have a close ad-
hesion to the sacred text. Demons, evil
and good spirits are introduced, but these are
only impersonations of passions, desires, and
emotions, and are not essential to the recital.
The poet begins with the history of Saul, as
given in I. Samuel, chap. x. He di-
vides the whole into three dramas. The
first commences with the anointing of the
Hebrew king by Samuel, at Ramah, and
ends with the expulsion of the evil spirit by
David's witching music. The second finds
David hospitably received at Gibeah ; and
describes the overthrow of the Philistines
at Elah, Saul's jealousy of David's growing
popularity, and his marriage to Michal. The
third describes the hair-breadth escapes of
David ; the vindictive pursuits of Saul ; the
incantations of the Witch of Endor, and the
tragic scenes connected with Gilboah. At
one time we have a drama, in colloquy ;
at another we find the epic, in a descrip-
tion of persons, places, and things, in the

third person ; anon comes the lyric, forcible and melodious. Saul has a good and bad spirit accompanying him. The former is called Zoe, and the latter is called Malzah. The latter is photographed with great distinctness and fidelity, to the assumed nature of a demon. The reviewer in the *North British* mentioned above, says of this *dramatis persona*, that he is "depicted with an imaginative veracity which, we do not exaggerate in saying, has not been equalled in our language by any but the creator of Caliban and Ariel."

Saul is in Gibeah chafing under home restraint, after being anointed king. He compares himself to "a taper that is left to burn to waste within an empty house." The hour of action is at hand. Jabesh-Gilead is besieged by Nahash, and seems doomed to fall. Saul is urged by messengers to rush to the rescue. He eagerly obeys the call to battle against "that foul whelp of Twilight, Nahash," and in Jehovah's name appeals thus :—

"Ye shapes of wrath, avenging cherubim;
Ye scourges from the presence of the Lord;
Ye dark, destroying angels that forth fly,
To do Heaven's judgments, turn your course to-
wards him."

Rural associations have no longer charms for him :

"No further words: let deeds
Come next. Now, herds and flocks, a last adieu;
Men henceforth are my flocks; my pasture, Canaan;
I will forthwith to Bezek, and there raise
My standard; then woe be to them who follow
Not Saul and Samuel."

One of the messengers from the beleaguered city says :

"The wind of heaven
Behind thee blow; and on our enemies' eyes
May the sun smite to-morrow, and blind them for
thee !
But, O Saul, do not fail us."

Saul's answer is couched in majestic and kingly words—

"Fail ye! No;
Let the mom fail to break; I will not break
My word. Haste, or I am there before you. Fail?
Let the mom fail the east; I'll not fail you;
But, swift and silent as the streaming wind,
Unseen approach, then, gathering up my force
At dawning, sweep on Ammon, as night's blast
Sweeps down from Carmel on the dusky sea."

We are not sure that a grander, more terrible picture, and more powerful delineation, has been penned since the days of Milton, than the following. Agag has perished, and Samuel is triumphant. Demons are watching the spectral procession of the shades of the sons of Amalek, as the myriads descend to Acheron, and glut its yawning gates. They follow closely the ghost of the warrior king, and in fiendish glee rejoice to see him on the facile descent to Hades :—

FIRST DEMON.—"Now let us down to hell; we've
seen the last."

SECOND DEMON.—"Stay; for the road thereto is yet
incumbered

With the descending spectres of the killed.

'Tis said they choke hell's gates, and stretch from
thence

Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf;

Wherein our spirits—even as terrestrial ships

That are detained by foul winds in an offing—

Linger perforce, and feel broad gusts of sighs

That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,
O'er which come sounds more dismal than the
boom,

At midnight, of the salt flood's foaming surf—
Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation."

In spite of halting lines, the description is matchless, subtle, and overpowering. We see that fearful and surging host of the lost, hiving perforce toward the plague-house, driven by avenging wrath. Take another scene, as vivid as a panorama. Jonathan and his armour-bearer are dealing out deadly blows among the Philistines, on the summit of Michmash, where tumult, discord, and confusion reign, to their utter discomfiture. A sentinel in the Hebrew camp hears the uproar, and sees the confusion from his vantage ground, and inquires :

"What do I hear, as if the earth on sudden
Roared like the ocean, and the clang of arms
Coming from Michmash?
* * * * *

Behold the whole Philistine garrison

Come tumbling like a torrent on the field.

What meaneth this? Arms glance along like light-
ning!

Helmets and shields, and heads and bodies bare,
Dance in confusion. 'Tis a fearful fray!

See how they charge each other, and, in rage,
Sweep slaughtering like a whirlpool round and
round;

And ever and anon some gashed head sinks,
Drowned in the bloody eddy. Louder grows

The noise; earth trembles till the deep-jarred
ground

Rumbles as if 'twere one enormous grave,
Wherein some overwhelmed, awakened corpse,
Resurgent, groaned in horror. Horror reigns;

The darkened world at its expiry seems;
 And the death rattle in the earth's pent throat
 Mingles with battle's burden. Can it be,
 At this great note of nature, our oppressors
 Deem we have come upon them as at Geba?
 No; 'tis themselves who thus themselves assail;
 And, like a lion that has leaped the fold,
 And ravens on the flock with flaming eyes,
 Strange madness, making mutual massacre,
 Sends through the gloom the play of glittering
 steel.

The steel is fiercelier plied; they wield their blades
 As labouring smiths upon the anvil wield
 The time-observing hammers, and like them
 Beat out harsh rhythms with augmenting rage."

This quotation is decidedly Homeric in its imagery and its martial strains. We perceive at once the volcanic surgings of the red-hot waves of human passion, and hear the multitudinous voices of maddened and armed men in the whirlwind of battle.

Zaph is leader of the spirits of evil. He orders Malzah to take possession of Saul, and fill him with demonic passions. Bad as Malzah is, the work is distasteful to him. As Saul feels his influence, and in despair and irony calls out—

"Ah, shake me, thing; shake me again,
 Like an old thorn i' the blast,"

we see this is not "a labour of love" to Malzah, and when his work is done, like a liberated school-boy he sings:—

"Motley fancies spin
 Like cobwebs on the yellow air;
 Laugh bright with joy, or dusky grin
 In changeful mood of seance there.
 The yellow air! the yellow air!
 He's great who's happy anywhere."

With a morbid wail Saul turns on the doctor, who would give him consolation, and stingingly says:—

"Skin deep
 Is deep with you; you only prick the flesh,
 When you should probe the overwhelmed heart,
 And lance the horny wounds of old despair.
 Away: Death is worth all the doctors."

David is brought into the presence of the king by his medical attendant, and harps the air full of wondrous melody. Such an atmosphere the demons cannot breathe in, for Saul feels the uneasiness of his tormentor as the magic strains fall upon his ear:—

"[Still more; still more; I feel the demon move
 Amidst the gloomy branches of my breast,

As moves a bird that buries itself deeper
 Within its nest at stirring of the storm."

A fine picture of conjugal affection is painted when Saul appears to the Queen, after one of these attacks, and knows his debasement:—

SAUL.—"Kiss me, dear wife, though I am smeared
 and foul."

AHINOAM.—"O no! thou art not foul to me; no
 more

Than is the tiger with his brindling stripes
 Foul to his mate, or leopard with his spots,
 Or than the kingly lion to his love,
 When, with dishevelled and still-lifted mane,
 He stalks back from the chase into his den."

The philosophy of Saul is orthodox, touching, and acute. Let us take a few examples. He complains that sorrow and despair—

"Must burn within me or o'erflow
 In tragic deeds, or those foul blasphemies
 Which from my soul's ooze, are lifted by
 My horrid agitation."

Or,

"David, young roe, start from thy form and flee
 Out of the dangerous thicket of my thoughts."

The following ideas are quaintly and forcibly put. Saul feels his day of doom is near at hand, even before his recognition of coming calamities to him and his house, as shown through the incantations of the mistress of Ob. Despair has taken hold of him, for he says in sadness:—

"I feel that I at last am come unto
 The crisis and the pivot of my fortunes.
 Long lost amongst dark crags and mounts, at
 length
 I stand upon a pointed pinnacle,
 From which I shall ascend into the sky,
 Or topple to the abyss."

"I deemed that I again was snugly housed:
 When from the wilderness there comes a blast,
 That casts my cabin of assurance down,
 And leaves me in the tempest."

"There was a time when sleep
 Was wont to approach me with her soundless feet,
 And take me by surprise. I call'd her not,
 And yet she'd come; but now I even woo her,
 And court her by the cunning use of drugs,
 But still she will not turn to me her steps,
 Not even to approach, and, looking down,
 Drop on these temples one oblivious tear.
 I that am called a king, whose word is law,—
 Awake I lie and toss, while the poor slave,

Whom I have taken prisoner in my wars,
Sleeps soundly; and he who hath sold himself to
service,
Although his cabin rock beneath the gale,
Hears not the uproar of the night, but, smiling,
Dreams of the year of jubilee."

There is a stern resolve in Saul's mind,
when he is imperatively commanded "to
trample out the living fire of Amalek." The
prophet must be obeyed, and if so, the
sooner the distasteful work is done the better.

"Now let me tighten every cruel sinew,
And gird the whole up in unfeeling hardness,
That my swollen heart, which bleeds within me
tears,
May choke itself to stillness. I am as
A shivering bather, that upon the shore,
Looking and shrinking from the cold black waves,
Quick starting from his reverie, with a rush
Abbreviates the horror."

A few sentences have a great similarity
to those of our best classic authors. The
following we have seen somewhere, almost
verbatim :—

"With cloud by day, and fire by night,
An awful, yet celestial light."

"That dome of cogitation" is almost a
plagiarism of Byron's "dome of thought."
Then when he compares Goliath to "an
armed tower," we are reminded of Barrow's
"tower of flesh." When "gongs" and
"bullies" are spoken of, a modern hotel is
presented to our imagination, and not the
days of ancient Israel.

"But noble deeds, and noble natural powers,
That give the stamp and value unto man."

This is but a paraphrase of the immortal
aphorism of Burns :

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

Then Saul is made to say—

"My youngest born,
Poor crippled Mephibosheth."

This is an error, for the cripple was Jona-
than's son.

"Jephthah's Daughter" is in some respects
an improvement on "Saul." There is less
roughness of diction and more culture. An-
gularities of style have been smoothed down,
and a flowing current of euphonious lines,
graceful, rippling, and glowing, is well sus-
tained in a silver stream of beauty through-

out the whole poem. Loose expressions,
prosaic sentences, inapt allegory, crippled
antithesis, incomplete and weak figures of
speech are "few and far between." The
experience of years, between the issue of
the two poems, has not given additional force
to the mind, but it has bestowed a balance
of power, to regulate the proper relations
of the intellect, the imagination, and the
æsthetic taste. In other words, the work of
art, as a whole, is more proportional and
complete than "Saul." The Scripture nar-
rative is strictly adhered to throughout. The
first stanzas give a key to the whole, and
are full of sweet and sad music :—

"'Twas in the olden days of Israel,
When from her people rose up mighty men
To judge and to defend her : ere she knew,
Or clamoured for, her coming line of kings,
A father, rashly vowing, sacrificed
His daughter on the altar of the Lord :—
'Twas in these ancient days, coeval deemed
With the song-famous and heroic ones,
When Agamemnon, taught divinely, doomed
His daughter to expire at Dian's shrine—
So doomed, to free the chivalry of Greece,
In Aulis lingering for a favoured wind
To waft them to the fated walls of Troy ;
Two songs with but one burden, twin-like tales.
Sad tales ! but this the sadder of the twain.
This song, a wail more desolately wild ;
More fraught this story with grim fate fulfilled."

The agonizing Jephthah supplicates Heaven
to absolve him from the fearful vow. The
words and beautiful imagery are faultless.
The warrior stands horror-stricken and para-
lyzed at the thoughts of the certain fate of
his beloved daughter. Can there be no
vicarious oblation ; no other propitiation ?

"Choose Tabor for thine altar ; I will pile
It with the choice of Bashan's lusty herds,
And flocks of fatlings, and for fuel, thither
Will bring umbrageous Lebanon to burn.
He said, and stood awaiting for the sign,
And heard, above the hoarse, bough-bending
wind,
The hill-wolf howling on the neighbouring height,
And bittern booming in the pool below.
Some drops of rain fell from the passing cloud
That sudden hides the wanly shining moon,
And from the scabbard instant dropped his sword,
And with long, living leaps, and rock-struck clang,
From side to side, and slope to sounding slope,
In gleaming whirls swept down the dim ravine."

We feel loath to end these quotations, for
our ardent desire is to interest the reader in
Canadian literature, such as any people
might be proud of. What enthusiasm would
have been aroused in the United States or

in the Fatherland had any of their living sons or daughters of song produced such pearls of thought ! But we will close with one additional quotation. Jephthah's daughter is told of her hapless fate. Her young life is sweet to her, and her ardent nature sees no beauties in the untimely end and in a gloomy grave ; but duty points the way :

“ Let me not need now disobey you, mother,
But give me leave to knock at Death's pale gate,
Whereat indeed I must, by duty drawn,
By nature show the sacred way to yield.
Behold, the coasting cloud obeys the breeze ;
The slanting smoke, the invisible sweet air ;
The towering tree its leafy limbs resigns
To the embraces of the wilful wind ;
Shall I, then, wrong, resist the hand of Heaven ?
Take me, my father ! take, accept me, Heaven !

Slay me, or save me, even as you will !
Light, light, I leave thee !—yet am I a lamp,
Extinguished now, to be relit for ever.
Life dies ; but in its stead death lives.”

The hand that penned these poems, so full of manly utterances and pure sentiments, is now “a clod of the valley.” The heart that beat responsive to all that was noble in humanity has rested from its weary pulsations. The brain that moved in unison with the ideality which was clear and pure as a crystal fountain has become a crumbling and vacant tenement ; but the soul which animated the perishing casket has contributed its rich offerings, and poured them lavishly into the treasury of immortal poetry.

THE DARK HUNTSMAN.

BY CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

[This Poem was sent to us by Mr. Heavysege, shortly before his death, and will no doubt prove interesting to our readers as having been probably the last production in verse of its lamented author.—ED. CANADIAN MONTHLY.]

I DREAMED it was eve, and athwart the grey gloom,
Behold ! a dark huntsman, dark coming like doom ;
Who, raising his hand, slowly wound a weird horn,
Far o'er the wide dimness its echoes were borne ;
Rang dirge-like and dismal
Through skyey abysmal,
Whercin hung the moon to a crescent down shorn.
The blasts of his bugle grew wilder, more eerie,
As gaily he galloped like one never weary,
Adown the dim valley so doleful and dreary,
And woke the tired twilight with echoes forlorn.

Forlorn were the sounds, and their burden was drear
As the sighing of winds in the wane of the year ;—
As the sighing of winds in a ghoul-haunted vale,
Or howling of spirits in regions of bale :
The Goblin of Ruin
Black mischief seemed brewing ;

And, wringing her hands at her sudden undoing,
The woe-stricken landscape uplifted her wail.

I still dreamed my dream, and beheld him career—
Fly on like the wind after ghosts of the deer—
Fly on like the wind, or the shaft from the bow,
Or avalanche urging from regions of snow ;
Or star that is shot by the Gods from its sphere :
He bore a Winged Fate on the point of his spear ;
His eyes were as coals that in frost fiercely glow,
Or diamonds in darkness—"Dark Huntsman, what, ho !"

"What, ho !" I demanded, and heard the weird horn
Replying with dolefullest breathings of scorn :
The moon had gone down,
No longer did crown
With crescent the landscape, now lying light-lorn ;
But rose amidst horror and forms half unseen
A cry as of hounds coming hungry and lean ;
That, swelling sonorous as onwards they bore,
Filled all the vast air with the many-mouthed roar.

Roared, roared the wild hunt ; the pack ravened, they flew ;
The weird horn went winding a dismal adieu ;
With hubbub appalling,
Hound unto hound calling,
Each fleet-footed monster its shaggy length threw ;
Till faint grew the echoes, came feebler the bay,
As thunder when tempests are passing away.
As down the ravine in loud rage the flood goes,
As through the looped Ruin the hurricane blow
So down the dark valley the eager pack sped
With howlings to Hades, the home of the dead :—
Therein they descended like creatures breeze-borne,
Or grovelling vapours by distance shape-shorn ;
And, lost in the depths of that shadowy shore,
Hounds, horn, and dark huntsman alarmed me no more.
For who that is mortal could meet without fear
The Figure endowed with the Fate-winged spear?
Or temper his breath
At thy presence, O Death,
Who hunteth for souls as one hunteth the deer !

A WOMAN BEFORE THE MAST.

A TRUE STORY.

BY M., TORONTO.

A CONSULAR office in an East Indian port. Official, not yet one day old, seated at his table, looking out upon a tropical garden, and pondering gravely the responsibilities of his position. He must worthily administer the maritime law, and sustain the honour of forty millions of people on the opposite side of the globe! He must not bring reproach upon "the best civil service in the world," nor upon "the universal Yankee nation," every one of whose citizen-sovereigns—give him twenty-four hours' notice—is ready to assume any place and duty!

Enters the master of a whale-ship, and goes through the formality of depositing the vessel's papers, which the Consul receives with imposing dignity. Kindly but gravely—for the dignity of the office must not be compromised—the Consul inquires into the success of the voyage; how long since the ship left home, how long since she has been in port, and how long she will remain. Though the captain answers frankly enough, he is not disposed to general conversation. Something evidently is on his mind of which he would be relieved. Looking all round the rooms to be sure no third person is present, he draws his chair close to the Consul's, and, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, stammers:

"Mr. Consul, I—have—got—something to tell you."

"Very well," responds the grave functionary, assuming an additional dignity.

"I—I—have—got a woman on board my ship," says the captain with no little effort.

"Your wife?" queries the Consul.

"No, she is not my wife."

"A stewardess, then?"

"No; she is neither my wife, nor stewardess, nor passenger," emphatically answers the whaler.

"But what business have you with a woman on board your ship that sustains neither

of these characters?" somewhat tartly asks the dignitary.

"That—that is just what I want to tell you; and then to ask your aid in getting rid of her."

Encouraged to proceed, the tough old salt, who had ploughed the seas for forty years, began:

"When I left home, nine months ago, I supposed everything was all right on board ship. As usual, the owners attended to the shipping of the crew, few of whom I had ever seen before going on board to weigh anchor. After leaving port, nothing special occurred for some time, unless it were the worst luck that fisherman ever had. Certainly it never entered my head that there was anything wrong or unusual on the ship. Not a whale was sighted for months. Naturally I began to grow anxious and nervous. At length, after having been four months out, a whale was raised, and all on board were eager for the chase. Boats were quickly lowered and off, while I watched impatiently their progress. When they had been gone some time and were nearing the whale, the second mate's boat suddenly put about, and made for the vessel. Excited by this unexpected and apparently causeless retreat, I shouted, as soon as the boat was in earshot, to know the cause of it. Coming alongside, the mate called, 'Here, take this villain out of the boat, and give me a man that will work, and not attempt to knife me.'

"It appeared that one of the men, on being reprimanded by both a word and a blow for not pulling so vigorously as he should, had drawn a knife upon the officer, and threatened to kill him. Hurrying the man on to the ship, and another into the boat, I hit the former, as he came over the side, a sharp crack with a rope's end, when he exclaimed:

"'Take care; you don't know what you are doing.'

“Don't know what I am doing—eh? Many a rascal like you have I served in the same way before. I'll teach you not to draw a knife on your officer again.”

“With that I hit him a second time, when he fell down, whimpering—

“Stop! stop! you are striking a woman!”

“Had a bullet gone through my arm at that moment, it could not have dropped more suddenly, while I cried—

“That's a lie.”

“No,” was the reply, “it's no lie, but the honest truth. I've been deceiving you, and everybody else on board.”

“The flogging, of course, at once stopped. But what to do? Was skipper ever in more unpleasant fix? I took the woman out of the fo'castle, where she had lived for four months without her sex having been suspected, and put her in a vacant room in the after part of the vessel, where she has lived ever since. That was five months ago, and this is the first port I have made.

“And now, Mr. Consul,” concludes the captain, “you know how I happen to have a woman on board my ship, and you must help me to get rid of her. For get rid of her I must and shall, before I leave this port.”

An interesting case, surely, for a Consul who as yet knows next to nothing of his duty, but is bent on maintaining the national dignity, and deeply conscious that eighty millions of eyes are on him! But when one doesn't know what to say or do, it is very wise to say and do nothing. Next to this is an apparent equanimity in every emergency; since few things beget greater confidence on the part of others than seeming confidence in one's self. Quietly therefore remarks the Consul, “Bring the woman to this office to-morrow morning, when I will hear her story and see what can be done.”

The morrow comes. At early office hours enter the captain and an apparently overgrown, awkward boy of eighteen;—for the woman is still in sailor's garb. Meeting her in the street, few would suspect her sex; as certainly no one seems to when, a little after, she is conducted to the refuge provided her. Yet enough of the womanly remains to give her a shamefaced appearance as she enters the consulate, and confronts one to whom she knows her story has been partially told, and to whom she now must look for aid. - At first she is very shy, answering all

questions laconically, and seeming quite as anxious to hide her past as to know her future. But left alone with the Consul, who talks very seriously and kindly to her, her confidence, or fear, or both, are sufficiently roused to induce her to tell, with seeming frankness, her story previous to her shipment. Whether this story be wholly true or largely false, it is impossible to say. Suffice it that it coincides with all hints and chance remarks dropped on shipboard, and with what was afterwards learned. It is told, moreover, with every external indication of honesty, and is substantially as follows:—

“My maiden name—for I have been married—was Georgiana W——. I was born and grew up in the city of Baltimore. During my childhood I was subjected to little discipline; my mother was an invalid, and my father was easily coaxed into letting me do almost as I liked. The result was, I became a passionate, headstrong creature, whom no one could well manage, and on whom few had any influence. I had many girlish scrapes and adventures, none of which, however, were seriously compromising, though some of them threatened to be.

“When I was about nineteen—that is, three years ago—I became very much in love with a young man named John L——. We had long been acquainted, and had had many a tussle together; some of them good-natured, and some of them not. Our parents were on very good terms, and desirous that we should marry on coming to a suitable age. To this I had no objection, but looked forward to the day when I should be John's wife with great satisfaction. I thought the affection was mutual, and think now that for a while he did, or thought he did, truly love me. We were engaged, and in due time married. And oh, how happy I was for a little while! How fondly I loved my husband! How proud I was of him! What care I took to please him, striving to control my wayward temper! I resolved to be, and I was, a true and loving wife. For a time all things went very pleasantly. John seemed to be as happy as myself. My husband was a mechanic; but he was a good workman, and his weekly earnings were ample to support us as well as we had been accustomed to. There was a prospect also that he would soon have a better situation and a larger salary. I had

the fondest hopes for the future. I could not dream of what was soon to happen.

"Before many months I noticed a change coming over my husband. He seemed less and less happy, and with increasing frequency absented himself from home. What the matter was I could not imagine; and to my eager questions could get only evasive replies. I became anxious and unhappy, and, as any woman would, set my wits to work to unravel the mystery. It was some time, however, before I got any clue to it; for so entire was my confidence in John, that at first I neither suspected, nor would have believed, what I found to be the truth. There is no need of telling how I discovered what the trouble was. I found out that another woman had come between my husband and myself.

"O, Sir"—and here the narrator broke down; her voice shaking, her tears falling, and her whole frame violently trembling. It was some time before she could go on. Recovering self-control she resumed:

"When the fearful conviction of John's infidelity was forced upon me, and my heart's idol was shattered, my consternation, and agony, and wrath seemed beyond endurance. I thought I should go mad, and I certainly longed and prayed to die. Since then, how many times have I wished that I had died! But death doesn't come when a poor soul wishes, and so I lived on. John's frequent and prolonged absences from home, on one pretext or another, enabled me to conceal the knowledge I had gained until I had accumulated evidence against him.

"One night, as he was preparing to leave me, as he now so often did, I begged him most tenderly and piteously not to go away, but to remain at home as he used to directly after our marriage, and when we were so happy. But he was deaf to my entreaties, and shook my hand from his arm, on which I had laid hold. Stung to madness, I taxed him with his crime; told him I had discovered where he went, and whom he had visited so often; and denounced him as a wretch and villain, not content to sacrifice one woman, but seeking to drag another to shame and ruin!

"His surprise at my knowledge of his doings was plain; and with seeming indignation he denied, for a little, the truth of my charges. But he soon saw that I knew too much to be longer deceived. Besides, my vehemence,

and tears, and angry reproaches soon angered him, and induced him to return the epithets with which I assailed him. Our altercation was very violent—almost threatening to disturb the peace of the neighbourhood. After a while, however, and when the first paroxysm of wrath and excitement was over, my husband told me that he had never loved me as a man should love his wife; that he had consented to marry me from regard to his parents' wishes, and my great fondness; that just before our marriage he had first seen the woman he had lately so often visited, and had really fallen in love with her; that when we were married he had resolved to be a faithful husband, and put this woman wholly out of his thoughts; that for a time he succeeded, and that, had he never met her again, he would probably have become wholly indifferent to her; but that, on seeing her again and again, and especially on discovering that she had become very fond of him, he found all his good resolutions of no avail. His love for her had been continually growing stronger, and now had reached that point when, come what would, he should cling to her. Public opinion might denounce; the laws threaten. He did not care. She was his true wife; he was her true husband. For each other they would live and die.

"So saying, he tore himself away, and some weeks passed before I heard anything from him again. What I first heard was that he had enlisted in a cavalry regiment then raising in Baltimore for the Union army. This was in the autumn of 1861, when McClellan was gathering his forces on the Potomac. Hardly sooner did I hear of John's enlistment than the strange fancy seized me to disguise myself in man's apparel, and enlist in the same regiment. I should thus be near him, always know something of his doings, and perhaps at some critical moment be able to render a service that would win far more than his former regard. Moreover, anything was welcome that promised escape from the dreadful condition I was now in. How I should behave in danger I did not know; but I had little dread of death.

"At first the difficulties seemed insuperable. How obtain the garments in which to disguise my sex? How pass the medical examination? How learn to carry myself so as not to excite suspicion and detec-

tion? Without telling of all the means I used, and the evasions to which I resorted, suffice it that I succeeded in surmounting all obstacles, and in a few weeks found myself an enlisted soldier in another company of the same regiment with my husband. But, as you may suppose, I kept away from him, being content to watch him as well as I could from a distance.

"And here, though you may hardly believe it, I served for eight months without, so far as I know, my sex ever being suspected. How I got on in camp and saddle, what I endured, how often I seemed on the point of exposure, neither you can imagine, nor I describe. With my regiment I went all through the famous Peninsular campaign of last year, and was fortunate enough not only to escape unwounded, but to preserve almost perfect health. Just at the close of that disastrous campaign, and while the army was embarking to return to Washington, I was detailed with others as a guard of honour to attend the dead body of an officer of high rank to New York.

"In that city, and while waiting opportunity to return to the army, we were quartered near one of the large military hospitals filled with sick and wounded men. Sauntering through the hospital one day, thinking it possible that I might find there some of my comrades who had dropped out of the ranks, I was surprised in a way I little expected. There, stretched on one of the cots, lay the pale and wasted form of my husband, to whom I had not spoken since his desertion of me in Baltimore. Apparently he was nigh unto death. He seemed not to have been wounded, but to have been long and seriously sick. The sight caused me to forget at once the character I had been acting; to forget everything but my still deep affection for him, notwithstanding his baseness, and my right to care for him in his illness. Uttering a feeble cry, I should inevitably have discovered myself, heedless of consequences, had not a faintness seized me, robbing me of all power of speech or action, and compelling me to sit down for a little on the first seat that offered. Of course it was easy to ascribe this sudden faintness to the disagreeable odours and distressing sights of a military hospital. And as I did not wholly lose self-control, I carefully kept my face turned from John, assured that there was little danger of recognition by any other.

But scarcely sooner did I begin to be myself again than, casting a furtive glance toward my husband's cot, I saw a woman bending over him. After a little her face turned toward me, and I recognised her as the destroyer of my happiness. How they had come together there I could not imagine. It was not strange that he should have been sent there for treatment. But how should she have known it, and followed him? How, except by his informing her, and sending for her? Had he done this? As I watched them for a few moments, I saw them exchanging tokens of tender endearment; saw his wan face light up with gratitude and affection as she ministered to some want, and lavished upon him the caresses that the sick are so fond of. To my question, a nurse answered, 'Yes; she is his wife; came on from Baltimore to care for him. But, poor fellow, he'll not need any one to care for him much longer.'

"'O my God,' thought I, 'what shall I do now? Declare myself—a soldier in man's attire—the true wife of the sick man before me, and drive the guilty usurper of my rights from the hospital? But who would believe my story? Besides, what good would it do to make myself known? Would it not be better for all concerned to leave them where they were, and hide my wrongs and woes as best I could?' To regain a measure of self-control, and decide what it would be best to do, I rushed into the open air, and wandered I knew not where. No one could be more indifferent to what might befall. Now I resolved to go back and confront the guilty pair, and assert my wifely rights. Then I would bury my woes beneath the cool waves of the Hudson. Anon I would return to the army, and seek death where it was not hard to find. Thus distracted, and unconscious in what part of the city I was, my attention was first arrested by the sign—'Whalemen wanted for a two years' cruise.' At once my resolution was taken. *I would ship for a voyage.* But how dispose of my uniform? for I could not ship in that. As everybody knows, there are plenty of persons in New York ready to aid a soldier to do that. I was not long in finding one of them; and before night had exchanged my regimentals for a coarse half-sailor's rig that was well suited to disguise my sex, and further my purpose. Then I found no difficulty in enrolling myself as one of the crew

of the barque *Amazon*, Capt. Lacy, of Tisbury, bound on a cruise, not to exceed two years in length, in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. From New York, in company with several shipmates, I was quickly forwarded to our vessel, then lying at Holme's Hole, and only waiting for her complement of men. In a few days I was fairly at sea.

"What has happened since then," continued the narrator, "I suppose Capt. Lacy has told you. Perhaps you may hardly think it possible that I could have preserved the secret of my sex during my four months in the *Amazon's* fo'castle; but I assure you I never had reason to suppose it suspected; and suspicion would have quickly led to detection. I want to say, too, that my difficulty with the second mate in the boat grew out of no dislike to him or unwillingness to do my duty. Nobody on the ship before that ever called me a shirk. But that was the first time I had ever been required to exert all my strength at the oar. To hide my sex, I had worn a tight bandage about my chest which greatly interfered with the free movement of my arms, and the putting forth of my full strength. It was almost before I was aware that I drew my knife against the officer when he struck me. I wish also to say that since the discovery of my sex, the captain has treated me very kindly and respectfully; and that I have for him, and all on board the *Amazon*, only the most grateful feelings."

Here ended the narrative of my woman before the mast. Not here, however, ends the story of her adventures. Hardly less surprising in fact is the supplement than the tale thus far.

Our Consul was not a little puzzled what to do. The elaborate "Manual" furnished him by the State Department on his appointment, and which had been diligently studied during a voyage of ninety days, was wholly silent in regard to such cases as this. Seeing, therefore, that there was no precedent, he would make a precedent. He forthwith removed the woman from the vessel, provided her with decent quarters, and, aided by a resident countrywoman, obtained for her an indispensable outfit, trusting to good fortune to enable him to send her home, or to put her in a way of supporting herself. A purse, made up by a few generous shipmasters and others at the port,

supplemented the outlay of the Consul, and furnished her with a respectable wardrobe. And there for a time all rested, if all were not thankful.

Lying in port at this time, and expecting to remain for some weeks, was the good ship *Ranger*, of Boston. And if the ship were a good vessel, her master, Capt. Bings, was a good master. He was nearly sixty years old, quiet but energetic, unpretentious but self-respectful, upright, manly, and, while wholly devoid of cant, sincerely and deeply religious. He had a family of two or three daughters at home, of whom he was fond of talking, and of whom he was not a little proud. It was two or three weeks after assuming charge of Georgy, as the young woman had now come to be called, that our Consul, seeing no other way of providing for her, resolved to appeal to the magnanimity of Capt. Bings to receive her on board his ship as stewardess. With this purpose he entered his office one morning, where, as usual, he soon received a call from the master of the *Ranger*. The customary salutations exchanged, and the scanty morning news discussed, the Consul said—

"Capt. Bings, do you know that you have a duty to yourself and to humanity here which you have not yet discharged?"

"And, pray, what may that be?" asked the captain.

"It is something," rejoined the Consul, "which a man of your years and character can afford to do, and which it seems to me you are under some obligation to do; but which a younger man of different temperament and less professional reputation cannot afford, and should not be expected to do."

"And what is it, I ask again?" said the captain.

"It is," answered the Consul, "to receive Georgiana on board your ship in the capacity of stewardess, and so open the way for her to earn a livelihood, and, in due time, not only to return with you to America, but, if she will, to retrieve the past."

The worthy shipmaster was silent for a little, as though considering the suggestion. Then looking up, he said, in a grave and tender voice, "Will you believe me when I tell you that I lay awake in my berth last night for a long time, revolving the very thing you suggest? When it first occurred to me, I thought I could not have her on my

ship on any consideration. Then I asked myself if it were not my duty to give her a trial? Often as I put the idea aside, it returned to me again as a duty, until at length I began to regard the prospect of receiving her with some favour. Finally, I thought of my own daughters—the possibility that one of them might some time go astray, and need a helping hand. That decided me; and I came here this morning to make to you, on certain conditions, the precise proposal you have just made to me.”

Under such circumstances it was not difficult for the Consul and the Captain to come to an understanding; and Georgy assenting, she was that very day transferred to the cabin of the *Ranger*.

Three weeks passed. In her new position, the quondam soldier and sailor conducted herself with so much propriety, and performed her duty with so much alacrity and skill, as greatly to please kind-hearted, Capt. Bings. His cabin now was always neatly swept and dusted; his table was always nicely spread; and to the appetizing dishes she devised for his delight there seemed no end. When guests were present, as they often were, compliments many and strong were showered upon the repast they were invited to share; until it began to be whispered around that quiet Capt. B. had secured, in his stewardess, a prize after its kind. At the end of this time, however, the *Ranger's* business in port was completed, and she set sail for Calcutta.

Two years elapsed. During that time tidings came to the Consul that good Capt. Bings had paid the debt of nature, cared for faithfully and tenderly to the last by his grateful stewardess, and had found in the Bay of Bengal a sailor's grave. One day entered the port again the good ship *Ranger*, under the command of her former mate, now her master. A few days later, a hard-handed, bronze-faced, but manly-looking fellow of twenty-five or twenty-eight years puts in an appearance at the consulate where our story opened, remarking—

“You do not recognise me, I presume, Mr. Consul, never having seen me but once or twice before.”

“I do not recall your countenance,” replied our official friend, considerably less impressed with the dignity of his position than when we first made his acquaintance; “but perhaps you can help me to recall

you, and then tell me what I can do for you.”

“I'll try,” said the man, who was evidently a sailor. “My name is Philip Harrison. When in this port before, I was second officer of the *Ranger*. Now, since Capt. Bings is dead, and Mr. Hawes is captain, I am the ship's first officer. I remember very well your visits to the ship, and should have recognised you anywhere; though it can hardly be expected you should remember me. That is *who* I am. And now I will tell you what I want you should do for me. You surely remember whom you enrolled as one of our ship's company when we were last here. Well, Georgy has remained with the vessel ever since, as perhaps Capt. Hawes has told you. And, to come directly to the point, Mr. Consul, she and I have become very fond of each other, and have concluded to marry; and we want you to perform the ceremony. Will you do it?”

“But,” answers the Consul, “you know, or you ought to know, that she is already married, and of course has no right to marry again.”

“She *was* married,” replies the would-be Benedick, “but is now a widow. Since we left here she has heard from home; and among other things, of her husband's death. In fact, he never left the hospital, where she last saw him, till he was carried out to his grave.”

“And she has told you her story?” asks the Consul.

“Every word of it.”

“And you believe it?”

“I am as certain of its truth as of my life.”

“And you still desire to marry her?”

“Most certainly, or I should not be here. Will you marry us?”

“But if you have determined to marry this woman, about whom neither you nor I know anything but what she says, why not wait till you return to America? I am sure neither of you will regret—perhaps both will be very glad—if you do.”

“Our return to the United States,” rejoins the seaman, “is very uncertain. It may be within three months, but it is hardly likely to be within three years. Besides, we have made up our minds to be married *now*, if we can accomplish it; and I am on shore to-day to make the arrangements.

"But, my good fellow," responds the Consul, "it is not in my power to marry you. Neither American nor British law authorizes me to do any such thing. And while I say to you, as wise *Mr. Punch* said to the young man meditating matrimony, 'Don't,' yet if you will not have my advice, and are determined to perpetrate what, under the circumstances, seems so foolish an act, I can tell you what to do. Go to my friend Manson, the Bishop's chaplain, and he will tell you what legal formalities are to be complied with, and will tie the irrevocable knot for you. I will witness the marriage, and attest it under the seal of the consulate, which will be sufficient evidence of its validity in any court in America."

An introductory note was written to the chaplain, with which the ardent lover set forth on his errand.

Three days after, in the chaplain's little parlour, were assembled his own family and the Consul to witness the marriage of Georgy and the weather-stained, stalwart young sailor. That duly solemnized and certified, the happy couple set forth on no wedding journey about the little island, or through the tropic waters, but hied them-

selves immediately on shipboard to their respective duties.

Two or three weeks later, having completed her business in that port, the good ship *Ranger* sailed out into the Indian Sea; and Georgiana W., cavalry soldier in the Union army, foremast sailor on a whale-ship, accomplished stewardess on a merchant vessel, twice a wife, whether ever a widow or not, and still under twenty-five years of age, sailed out of the Consul's sight into the dim distance, and below his narrow horizon. Whither, and through what adventures, fortune subsequently led her is not known. Possibly she may still be wandering about the Orient. Possibly, too, she may have found her way back to the Monumental City, and be living there to-day, a fond wife, and the happy mother of happy children. If so, and if her eye ever fall on this over-true tale, among the mingled emotions stirred in her heart will be the grateful remembrance of a few who believed in her future possibilities, and held out to her a helping hand, when cast, friendless and destitute, upon a far-off tropic isle in the summer of 1863.

THE STAR OF FAME.

BY C. E. JAKEWAY, M.D., STAYNER, ONT.

A GHOSTLY presence came unto the child
 At night within his little trundle bed,
 And o'er him bent a face so fair and mild,
 It seemed an angel hov'ring near his head.
 One hand upon his golden hair was placed,
 The other pointed through the gloom afar,
 Where gloom had fled, and in its place was traced
 The golden throne of an effulgent star.

And then, as bounden by a mystic spell,
 The boy arose and went into the night,

And journeyed far o'er plain and bosky fell,
Until he met and passed the morning light.
With straining step and eager beaming eyes,
He strove to reach the star thus sparkling bright,
But though he struggled for the glittering prize,
It waned away and vanished from his sight.

With wearied step he trudged his homeward road,
And all his boyish limbs were stiff and sore,
But when he reached his childhood's loved abode,
It's occupants were gone, their lives were o'er ;
The house, a creaking, rotten ruin stood,
Amid a mass of trailing, tangled weeds ;
And near at hand, beside the dismal wood,
The spring was choked with vile and fenny reeds.

No sound arose around, excepting when
The wind with wail dolorous crept across
The ruined drear old hearthstone, and then
Escaped through mouldy walls o'ergrown with moss,
And softly sighing, sadly sobbing, said,
"They all are dead,"—and then in low refrain
Came trembling back again, "they all are dead ;"
And dying echoes told it o'er again.

Within a grove their grass-grown graves he found,
And sinking down beside them moaned and cried,
And crying bent his head unto the ground,
And bending there the weary mortal died.
At morn the people passing by perceived
A thin old man with long and silver hair,
Whose face upturned the stamp of death received,
The while his hands were clasped in silent prayer.

A boy he started in pursuit of fame,
That sparkled brightly in his mental sky,
But age o'ertook him ere he reached his aim,
And weak and weary came he home to die.
So deeply bent upon his childish chase,
He heeded not the year stones as they went,
But age retarded soon his boyish race,
And death extinguished then his life misspent.

THE DIVINE LAW OF PRAYER.

BY FIDELIS.

"One, only adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists,—one only,—an assured belief
 That the procession of our fate, howe'er
 Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to good."

I HAVE already but too plainly seen," says Goethe, "that no one person understands another; that no one receives the same impressions as another from the very same words." Sir William Hamilton expresses the same truth when he says that "words are nothing more than hints; hints, likewise, which leave the principal part of the process of interpretation to be performed by the mind of the hearer." It is hardly possible, therefore, that minds which approach a subject from very different points of view, and look at it in very different lights, will be able so to interpret each other's "hints" as to avoid misunderstanding, which may thus be naturally expected in every controversy. The discussion on Prayer which has been carried on in these pages is no exception to this rule, and it is necessary, in presenting a final summary of the issue of the question in relation to recent objections, to try to remove some of the misconceptions which have unnecessarily complicated it.

One of these misconceptions it is necessary to clear away at the outset. Mr. Le Sueur, in his last reply, says that the answer of the present writer to his former article "purports to prove that it is the will of God to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings." Now, the above-quoted words are *not* used in connection with *proving this thesis*, but as meeting the objection that it was presumptuous to hope to affect the Divine will by prayer—an objection which, it was said, "must fall to the ground if, as we believe, on good grounds, to be specified hereafter, it is the will of God

to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings." Nothing is here said about proof; and in the introductory paragraph of the article, in which its object was distinctly stated, it is clearly enough shown that that object was not to *prove* the physical efficacy of prayer, inasmuch as from the nature of the case either proof or disproof is impossible;—not even to clear away all difficulties which must needs encompass any question transcending human observation and experience, but only to suggest lines of thought which, patiently followed out, might meet these difficulties and show the reasonableness of prayer,—leading to the conclusion that "*what reason cannot grasp, faith happily can.*" Here the very idea of proof—strictly speaking—is explicitly disclaimed, and more than once in the reply it is expressly said that the physical efficacy of prayer can never be demonstratively proved, and that "the results of prayer can never be tabulated in any form that will satisfy 'the world,' or those who reject the evidence from the Christian revelation. But where the disproof is limited solely to considerations of improbability, we do not need, in reply, to go farther than to show the inadequacy of such objections to disturb our well-grounded faith.

It is at least satisfactory that Mr. Le Sueur admits that there is "no necessity for calling in question the efficacy or value of prayer in the spiritual region." But every spiritual answer to prayer involves physical effects. While the mystery of the correspondence between physical effects and mental processes is as inexplicable as ever, it seems to be clearly enough established, that, as we are told by Professor Huxley, "some change in the condition of the brain is the invariable antecedent" of thought and emotion as well as of sensation. When, therefore, a sinful passion is subdued, or a feeling of hatred removed, in answer to prayer, a physical

change is clearly involved *as real* as that which would be involved in answer to prayer for rain, and it also takes place by means of an influence which would not otherwise have come into operation. They who admit the efficacy of prayer in the spiritual region, do really then admit that prayer affects the course of events in the physical region, for which evidence is asked. Christians do not, however, regard their *prayers* as affecting the course of physical events, as if it were a kind of natural agency which had only to be put in motion to produce a uniform result. But they believe that He who determines the course of physical events has revealed Himself as also the Father of their spirits, to whom they are permitted and invited to take all their requests, sure that if it be for their good He will grant them literally, and, if not, He will grant them submission to His will.

The objections advanced in Mr. Le Sueur's two papers on the subject resolve themselves into two *a priori* objections, the one drawn from the principle that "physical occurrences are governed exclusively by physical antecedents," and the other from the theory that, as the will of God is perfect and unchangeable, it is presumptuous to attempt to affect it by prayer; and the *a posteriori* one that Divine answers to prayer are not, as a rule, distinctly traceable in human experience. It will be convenient to refer to them in this order.

The present writer fully agrees with Mr. Dawson that the present development of scientific truth and discovery makes it more instead of less easy to conceive of the physical efficacy of prayer. In this connection it is necessary to correct a singular misconception by Mr. Dawson of the position maintained by the present writer. "With FIDELIS," says Mr. Dawson, "He (*i.e.* the Creator) is a God who arranges answers to prayer a long time ago by His foreknowledge." "This theory of FIDELIS seems to put God very far away from us in time."

Now, there is nothing to which FIDELIS more strongly objects than to any theory which would put God "far from any one of us," either in time or in space; and no theory was advanced as to *how* God answers prayer, whether by foreordination or present interference, or both. What was really maintained was, that, *even granting* the utmost rigidity of natural law, and the "inevitable sequence of events," this presents no

obstacle to believing in God as the answerer of prayer, when we take into account the elements of foreknowledge and foreordination, and the ease with which an all-wise Ruler of the universe could adapt His moral to His physical government. The following quotation from the article in the May number will show that the position of FIDELIS, is identical with that of Mr. Dawson. "What are 'natural forces,' as we know them, but modes in which the Divine thought and will are presented to our senses? To Him who saw the end from the beginning, time, as a limitation of knowledge, has no existence." This idea is more fully brought out in the article "Prayer and Modern Doubt," pp. 228-9. The belief in foreordination, which we must attach to any adequate theory of an intelligent government of the universe, is quite consistent with the belief in the Divine power and will as acting from moment to moment, and with the interpretation of "nature," "matter," "force," "energy,"—all the words by which we attempt to characterize the external world—as but the expression to our senses of that ever-acting will.

But the fact that the external world is growing more and more to be considered as *acting force*, and less and less as inert matter,—that the dynamical rather than the statical properties of nature have become the objects of thought, and that one ingenious hypothesis has resolved "matter" itself into *motion*, which we must conceive as the product of energy;—all this change in forms of thought seems at least to take away the conception of an intrinsic rigidity in nature, and makes it easier to realize the plasticity of natural forces to that ubiquitous and unseen energy which the analogy of our own consciousness leads us to place in a higher will. Moreover, the expression, "the laws of nature," has lately been corrected by the most positive physicists into "the laws of nature *as we know them*," or "man's expression of so much of the Divine order as it lies within his power to discern;" and, in addition to this, it may be considered as universally conceded that the material world is known to us only as exciting certain sensations in our consciousness—in Mr. Mill's language, only as "permanent possibilities of sensation;" in Professor Huxley's, "matter and force are, so far as we can know—mere names for certain forms of conscious,

ness ;" so that, so far as our knowledge goes, it is correct to call matter a "form of thought." The difference between the physical and non-physical efficacy of prayer thus becomes slight indeed, while each, in a sense, involves the other. In fact, we are only beginning to appreciate the extent of our ignorance of that outside circle of darkness which the limited light of science makes more visible. And it is absolutely unwarranted by anything at present known, or likely to be known, to say that the Infinite Source of all power cannot answer prayer by means of the very laws or outward forms in which He works. Ignorance, indeed, is prone to be positive as to what can or cannot be ; as has been proved again and again. Previous to the discovery of the laws of electricity, it would have been scouted as an idle dream that man's thoughts should be almost instantaneously flashed across three thousand miles of stormy ocean. Why? Because all the known laws of nature were against it, and the "law" by which it has been accomplished was unknown and incomprehensible. When we reflect how many occult influences and unknown laws may modify in numberless ways the "laws of nature as we know them," it is surely not difficult to believe that He who has all these hidden springs at His command, and whose gracious will and purpose are not dominated by, but themselves dominate, the "blind force" which is their instrument, is able to care for the fall of a sparrow and answer the prayer of a trusting child.

The authors of the "Unseen Universe," who are men of profound scientific research, distinguish between the "calculable" forces of nature, such as the action of gravitation, light, heat, &c., and the "*eminently incalculable*" ones, such as certain atmospheric disturbances, among which we may safely include rain. These authors even suggest, though without any reference to the subject of prayer, that such "incalculable forces" may possibly be directed by superior created beings, just as an electric battery is directed by human agency. If such a hypothesis is considered at least tenable by physicists like Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart, we may surely rationally believe in the larger one, that from moment to moment they are perfectly under the control of Him who holds all forces "in the hollow of His hand." To say that the Divine ruler

of the moral and physical universe has so bound himself to a certain order of action as to be unable to provide for the appeal for aid of an intelligent creature, is surely a less worthy theory than to suppose that, while acting in such a manner as not to put us to intellectual confusion, He is yet able, amid the infinite interchange of law modifying law, and force modifying force, without deranging His own order, to fulfil the expectations with which we believe He has taught His rational creatures to raise their hearts in supplication to the all-responsive heart of the great Father. In saying this, we are not making any assertion as to the way in which God *does* answer prayer. Such an assertion would be as unnecessary as it would be presumptuous.*

"Who fathoms the eternal thought?
Who talks of scheme or plan?
The Lord is God, and needeth not
The poor device of man!"

In his objection to the statement that the region of uncertainty is the region of human effort as well as of prayer, Mr. Le Sueur evidently confuses the certainty which is opposed to contingency with our trust in the *uniformity of nature*. For the "certainty" of which he speaks as attaching to certain spheres of action *implies* the action itself as a necessary element of the certainty. It remains, then, perfectly true that the region of uncertainty—for greater precision we shall call it *contingency*—is the region of effort as well as prayer. Where we know beforehand that a thing is *impossible*, we feel that we know already what is God's will concerning it, and we neither work nor pray for it. The farmer does not sow his crops in the desert sand,

* Sir Hope Grant, during the war in China of 1860, recognised it as "a direct interposition of Providence when a heavy rainfall balked a contemplated attack of the enemy, by leaving the English entrenchments dry as Gideon's fleece, while all the country around was wringing wet." Has the philosopher who would resolve this entirely into the result of a "physical sequence" any better right for this opinion than had the true soldier and gallant Christian knight, who, like the psalmist of old, "trusted in God?" Gustavus Adolphus was wont to say: "*La prière aide à combattre,—de prier é est a moitié vaincre.*" Every reader of history will remember that the battle of Lutzen was inaugurated with prayer, and though the action was fatal to Gustavus himself, it secured the triumph of the cause for which he would willingly have given his life.

any more than he would pray that the sand might be miraculously rendered productive. Where we *know positively* that by availing ourselves of a certain natural law, a certain result will *inevitably* follow, it is a case in which, as in the former, we feel that we know God's will beforehand, and we naturally do not pray, though we may and often do feel gratitude for the wise provision of Divine wisdom of which we avail ourselves. But where we do not know His will beforehand, but have reason to believe that a desired result is attainable by the use of means (including prayer) we both work and pray. In saying, as Mr. Le Sueur does, that, according to those who maintain the physical efficacy of prayer, "it should only be resorted to in cases the physical conditions of which are such as to make it quite possible that the thing desired should happen without prayer," he merely repeats, in different words, a misrepresentation of our position, the inaccuracy of which has been pointed out by the present writer in a previous article. The cases in which we pray are, as has been said, the cases in which we are uncertain as to the issue, and we cannot possibly know whether the physical conditions make it possible that the thing desired should happen *without prayer*.

To know this, we should have to know, either that the physical conditions are independent of the Divine control altogether, or that it is not the will of God to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings; two things that no human being can possibly know. While, on the contrary, the first is opposed to any adequate hypothesis of the Divine being and government, and the second we believe contrary to God's revealed will. And all working Christians know that they, on the other hand, not seldom use effort in cases, the spiritual conditions of which, *for aught they know*, make success possible independently of effort, which is Mr. Le Sueur's counter-hypothesis. But still they do not *know* that success will follow independently of effort, and so they work as well pray, just as, in the former set of cases, they pray as well as work.

It is seldom, indeed, in the region where man's effort and the laws of nature meet, that we can calculate results with *absolute* certainty. The gun may miss fire, or explode. The very word "casualty"

points to hundreds of such instances. The food may fail to nourish because of some injurious quality in itself, or of some morbid condition of the body. We know that *in general* crops will grow, food will nourish, labour attain its end, but we cannot certainly tell that this will happen in any individual case. We believe it to be thoroughly true that "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." It is true that in proportion to the uncertainty of a result which we desire, and the earnestness with which we desire it, we naturally increase the earnestness both of effort and of prayer. It is also true that human nature, always in bondage to the things of sense, is prone to walk by sight rather than faith;—to look more to agencies which it can see and measure and weigh, than to the unseen Source all power. But this is only a tendency of human nature, not an argument against prayer, any more than the fact that man's pride would often make him a god unto himself, is a proof that he owes no higher homage.

Many, however, so far realise the life of faith, that they love, in all things, to recognise their dependence on God, and to "make their requests known" to Him, whether in the more ordinary concerns of life, or its more difficult and perilous enterprises. And such, although they may not always be the most outwardly prosperous, (what *is* outward prosperity, often, but a mere show?) are the most truly happy of the human race, for to such God is truly "our Father," and their attitude towards Him is that of a loving and trusting child. And while we have no wish to attempt to enter presumptuously into the Divine thoughts regarding man, or to theorize as to *why* He who "knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him," should yet have taught us to pray—we can see at least one reason for it as in accordance with what He has shown us of Himself in revelation. A wise and loving earthly parent might be able to anticipate every want of his child, and yet might see it to be for the child's good to feel its dependence on him and to recognise his love in answering its requests.*

* The fact that God does withhold temporal blessings, either from the wicked or from those who do not pray, does not prove his indifference either to sin or to neglect of prayer—but only His love and forbearance, and the fact that His ways are not as our ways.

And as God has made the parental relation the closest type of His own dealings with man, we can trace the value of prayer either for spiritual or temporal blessings, in that by its means we can reach out, beyond the rush and noise and glare of sensible things, into the darkness which ultimately shrouds all natural phenomena, and find, close beside us, the Father's loving heart and guiding hand. In short, the conception of God as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, fits so closely to the needs of our human hearts, and follows so naturally and inevitably our belief in the Fatherhood of God, that it is not easy to see how any one who accepts the one can reject the other. If it be objected that this is an "anthropomorphic" conception of the Divine Being, we must remember that we cannot possibly get rid of "anthropomorphic" conceptions any more than of our human faculties themselves. The Heathen saying, "*semel jussit semper parat*," is quite as anthropomorphic as the Scriptural one,—“Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.” But the anthropomorphism of the one is a purely human idea,—that of a rigid unyielding human will; while that of the other is founded upon the most Divine attribute of human nature—the one under which God has most especially revealed Himself, that of devoted, self-sacrificing parental love.*

Exception has been taken to the statement that, when we either pray for or minister to the sick, we do not wish the case left to the ordinary laws of nature, as if it implied that the God of grace was not also the God of nature. The meaning of this statement is surely sufficiently defined by the immediate context, "*otherwise we should not call in a physician or apply remedies* by which we desire to alter the course of these laws and probably change the result." What is here referred to is the modifying one natural law by another, but it is certainly not implied that these laws are of the nature of independent influences,†

or at all apart from the agency and control of a Divine ruler. But it is a common enough *façon de parler* to speak of the law of any given series of phenomena, as a thing by itself, a train of sequences which, left to its natural and unimpeded course, must have a certain issue. When we call in medical aid, instead of trusting to the *vis medicatrix nature*, which, indeed, of itself often modifies the "law" of the disease, we attempt, by means of an intelligent directing will, to neutralise the "law" or natural sequence of the morbid influences, and deflect their course to a different termination than that which we should otherwise fear. No rational man leaves a sick member of his family to the fortuitous "*enchaînement*" of cause and effect; and the families of whom Mr. Le Sueur speaks as prosperous, though recognising only the "spontaneous, undirected" action of law, are certainly not those who are careless about providing expedients for modifying the effects of natural "laws," as for example, those of heat and cold. The very word "imprudence" used by him in this connexion, implies the need of applying human "prudence" to such ends. If we, then, appeal to a human physician to affect and control the "laws of disease," why is it not at least as reasonable to appeal to the great Physician, who has at His command all the springs of physical action, and who in countless ways which, in the nature of things, we cannot see, may, and we believe *does*, answer such an appeal. Mr. Le Sueur does not show any reason why we should not do so—for his chief objection refers only to the wording of the writer's argument, which has been now explained. His other objection is, in effect, that he does not see the use of praying for the "success of the means," since, if the agency be appropriate, we may expect it to accomplish its appropriate effect. But it is just the most skilful and thoughtful physicians who feel most strongly the uncertainty attaching to the use of means, and their

* "All visible things are emblems. Matter exists only spiritually, to represent some idea and body it forth."—Carlyle. If so, what irrationality is there in supposing that our Heavenly Father may use matter and natural laws to "body forth" to us, in a way we can realize, His tender, watchful fatherly love?

† Dr. Canniff in a paper on "Nature's power to heal," published in the *Canada Medical Record*, expresses so much confidence in "Nature's power to

heal," that he says, the fallacy contained in Professor Tyndall's proposal to test the efficacy of prayer in healing the sick is at once apparent, as the proposed trial of comparative efficacy would really be between active medication and nature unaided, and not between prayer and either one of them. But "Nature" is a mere name expressing what we believe to be the action of the Divine Will, in and through physical causes.

ignorance of the mysterious laws of vitality.* Some of the most successful and eminent members of the medical profession, who have most carefully studied the laws of disease, have felt it the reverse of irrational to ask the Lord of life and death to bless their humble efforts for the restoration of health, and have referred much of their success to their practice of so doing. That prayers for the sick are, however, answered in a larger sense, even when the literal fulfilment is not granted, is no matter of doubt to those who truly commit their requests to "a faithful Creator," adding the qualification necessary to human blindness—"Yet not my will, but Thine be done!"

This brings us to the other *a priori* objection that, as God is all-wise and unchangeable, it is presumptuous to suppose that our prayers can effect His will. This has been sufficiently met already, by the answer, that, for good and wise reasons, He has willed to include our prayers among the means by which we are to seek for the things we have need of. As this statement covers all prayers in all circumstances, it certainly also covers that particular kind of prayer to which Mr. Romanes applied it when he answered Mr. Le Sueur's objection to a prayer that "God will do what is best" in certain given circumstances, which is assuredly justifiable on the ground that we are not only permitted but Divinely commanded to pray in the almost equivalent words, "Thy will be done." It is seldom, however, that when a definite result is desired, a petition is put in so abstract a

* Dr. Carpenter says, "Every medical man of large experience is aware how strongly the patient's undoubting faith in the efficacy of a particular remedy or course of treatment assists its action; and where the doctor is himself animated by such a faith he has the more power of exciting it in others." Here is clearly "a physical occurrence," governed by something which is not a "physical antecedent." Why should we not believe that He who has surely far more direct ways of influencing our minds than man can possibly possess should be able, even by influencing the patient's spiritual nature alone, to influence his physical condition? And why should not the higher faith be at least as influential, in a remedial capacity, as the lower? If it be said that this would be resolving an answer to prayer into natural causes, what difference does it make that prayer should be answered by "natural causes," so long as it is answered? That life has been preserved by the peace of mind resulting from Christian faith has been testified again and again by medical opinion.

form. In the case referred to, each petitioner brings his special request to his heavenly Father—adding, however, as becomes a Christian petitioner, the prayer that the Divine will may be done, and that he may be able to acquiesce in that will as regards the result. And it is quite reasonable to believe that, as Mr. Romanes says, the thing which would be "the best" possible in the absence of the prayer, may not be the best possible in the presence of the new moral element introduced by the trustful prayer. It may be, and we believe it is more in accordance with the moral nature of things, that He who can do more and better for us than we can ask or think, can also do more and better for us if we ask than if we do not ask.

Nor have we any right to regard prayer as exceptional in being supposed to affect the Divine will. We must believe in human action as continually affecting that will as we can judge of it by its manifestations in the physical sphere. And we cannot conceive of evil-doers as fulfilling His holy will, or of their not exciting His displeasure. Our moral instincts continually tell us that our "love of love and hate of hate" is but a faint reflex of that existing in the Divine nature. If then we must feel that the voluntary actions of men do constantly affect His manifested will, and His moral attitude towards us as moral beings, what right have objectors to prayer to deny that prayer can do what other human actions do continually? Of course we believe that there is a sphere in which man's free-will and God's sovereignty are ultimately reconcileable,—in which God overrules all things to bring about His wise and holy will, and it is equally easy to believe that Infinite wisdom can include—in the sovereign direction of all things—the prayer and its answer, as well as the action and its result. We do not hesitate to act because we believe that God's will must, in any case, be done. Why, then, should we hesitate to pray, if we believe, as we *do* believe, that prayer as well as action is in accordance with that will?

Mr. Le Sueur "cannot think that any human being, in uttering sincerely and fervently the words,—'Thy will be done,' can ever have felt that they implied petition." It remains true, however, that many sincere and fervent Christian petitioners in all ages have felt this to be a real petition—earnestly uttered—including all that is most truly to

be desired for themselves and the whole world. Dr. McLeod Campbell is cited as an instance to the contrary, on the foundation of a few words *said about him*, which, however, were never meant to assert that the words in question were not a petition as well as a response. But Mr. Le Sueur seems to have forgotten a statement of Dr. Campbell's own on this very point, already quoted by the present writer:—"Were all our prayers gathered into the Lord's Prayer—and to this prayer tends more and more as the mind of Christ is formed in us—prayer would still be prayer, and not simple *praise*. Our attitude in looking forward to the hallowing of the Father's name—the coming of His kingdom—His will being done on earth as it is in heaven—*would be a waiting in the faith that our prayer was hastening that which we had prayed for.*" This is a sufficient answer at once to the objection, and to the reference to the author of these profoundly true words.

A few words next about the intuition which leads men to pray. Mr. Dawson referred to the truth that mathematical science, like all science, and like Christian faith, must begin with something which is to be *believed* not *proved*. It is true that moral and spiritual intuitions have not in all minds the uniformity which belong to mathematical intuitions, just because man's moral and spiritual sensibility is, owing to moral causes, far more variable than, up to a certain limit, is his intellectual capacity. Even mathematical intuition, however, varies in different individuals. There have been mathematical geniuses to whom the truth of a complicated proposition was self-evident, while some minds might not see at once that all right angles must be equal, more especially if unaided by the sense of sight. For mathematics, though an abstract science, is concerned with the relations of visible and tangible things, and so its axioms are much more likely to be uniformly recognised than is truth which belongs not even to the intellect alone, but to the intellect and spirit combined. When we find that a certain number of rational and intelligent persons see as self-evident truth that which is not so seen by certain others, as, for instance, the harmonies of music are recognized by those who are gifted with a musical ear, we do not conclude that the insight of the former is less but more true. And we know that by the cultivation of certain faculties,

even when only rudimentary, a fuller insight may be obtained, so that truths once not self-evident may eventually become so. As our faculties develop in any direction, the range of self-evident truth widens. We should not make the intelligence of the savage, with his narrow range of interests and conceptions, the measure of what may be self-evident to man after many generations of culture,—we who

"count the grey barbarian lower than the Christian child."

And neither, on the other hand, are we willing to take a man who, by a one-sided development,—by concentrating his attention almost wholly on the phenomena of the external world, on what can be *seen* and *felt*,—who, by starving the higher part of his nature, has cut himself off from the full development and fruition of his being,—as a standard of what may be intuitively perceived by those who have given their spiritual faculties fuller and fairer play.* As a matter of fact, we find that while some will accept as true nothing which cannot be scientifically or logically demonstrated, and must, therefore, remain blind to spiritual truth; by others, the existence of a God is intuitively felt; while, to others still, the divinity of the voice which speaks to their hearts in Revelation is so self-evident as to require no further proof. What follows? If we pursue the same

* "The cause, I believe to be, in the case of many men of science, an unequal development of their nature, in other words, a want of uniform culture. They give up their whole life and all its energy to the study of physical phenomena. The combinations of the elements do not speak of the union of the soul with the Eternal Son of God, and in the convolutions of the brain and interweaving of the nerves they will not discover faith or love or reverence; or not being able to deny their existence, they say that they dissolve with the nerve matter of which they are modes of motion. Not only do they study nothing but these things, but they put aside any suggestions of spiritual feeling which may come to them, in their work as distributing elements, as dimming the 'day-light' in which they toil. It is no wonder, then, that their spiritual faculty becomes dwarfed or paralyzed, till, not finding its motions in themselves, they are ready to deny their existence elsewhere. On the other hand, their peculiar habit of mind becomes abnormally developed, and even their imagination is only used in one direction. If a man cannot see red, we do not let him impose on us the statement that red is not to be seen, even if he be a perfect musician."
—Rev. Stopford Brooke.

course that we do in other departments of truth, we shall not assume that the man who sees least beyond the visible is the safest guide, but will rather admit that the more developed and cultivated spiritual insight sees farther than that which has been unnaturally stunted by the development of the merely intellectual at the expense of the spiritual.

But the intuition which leads men to pray is almost, if not quite, universal—one of the strongest impulses of our human nature, which, as Froude says of the consciousness of free-will, “exists within us and refuses to yield before all the batteries of logic.” No philosophy will ever check the instinct which impels the suffering human being to apply to the unseen Father, as surely as the child in trouble seeks its mother’s ever ready help and comfort.

“ ‘ There is no God ’ the foolish saith,
But none, ‘ There is no sorrow,’
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow ;
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raiséd,
And lips say, ‘ God be pitiful,’
Who ne’er said, ‘ God be praiséd.’ ”

True the cry is often a blind and mistaken one, but He who hears it is pitiful to human blindness and weakness, and it is one of the greatest safeguards of our human nature, that, with all its perversion and imperfection, it still keeps this enduring link between heaven and earth. He who would destroy it would injure his fellows more deeply than he can now comprehend ; though, happily, the attempt is as vain as King Canute’s appeal to the ocean tide. And the more spiritually-minded a Christian becomes, the more value does he attach to prayer, though much of the blindness and earthliness of his earlier petitions may be purged away as he learns to pray more truly in the spirit and the name of Christ. That much debasing superstition has been engrafted upon the intuition of prayer, is no more an argument against its intrinsic truth, than the superstitions of Polytheism are an argument against Theism, or than the Mohammedan vision of a sensual Paradise is a proof that immortality is a delusion. No ! we believe that the divinely implanted and ineradicable instinct of prayer is no delusion, but is our Divine guide to the unseen and uncomprehended love which lies around and about

us ; just as the instinct that draws the child to its mother’s breast is its guide to the uncomprehended mother-love, which is the necessary and blessed provision for its opening years. Mr. Le Sueur has himself, in a different connexion, appealed to the “law written on the heart.” He has, therefore, no right to refuse the same appeal in the case of prayer.

We turn now to the *a posteriori* argument founded on the difficulty of tracing the influence of prayer in the course of outward events. It is true that earnest prayers for aid often seem to be disregarded, just as it is true that, in some morbid moments, life seems to us a mere senseless procession of force and accident, destitute of a guiding mind and will altogether. Yet *this*, assuredly, Mr. Le Sueur would not maintain. The results of prayer can never be statistically tabulated, because true prayer is one of the heart secrets which can never be laid open for the satisfaction of the merely curious. How much prayer is true and trusting filial prayer, no human judge can decide. How much of the well-being of those who do not pray, may come in answer to the prayers of believing friends, must remain unknown till the secrets of all hearts have been disclosed. This much, however, we may venture to assert, that those Christian communities, in which true and intelligent prayer is most common, afford a higher ratio of health and even of outward success than others, as may easily be seen in the contrast between heathen communities converted to Christianity, and those still remaining heathen. It may be said that this is, at least, partly owing to the better observation of natural laws. But if this is brought about through the agency of Christianity, of which prayer is a prominent characteristic, why should even the natural cause be dissociated from the spirit of prayer which has preceded it ? And as they who have most faithfully used any particular means, are confessedly the best witnesses to its efficacy, it is no mean argument for the efficacy of prayer that they who, during a long life, have most earnestly and faithfully used this means, are just they who most earnestly and gratefully testify to the truth of every Christian promise in regard to it. Here, we apprehend, is the true prayer test, and we would earnestly recommend every sceptic to try it for himself. Mr. Müller, of Bristol, has

lately recorded as his own experience, that out of thousands of instances of prayer for things he had need of, he had not known one unanswered. And we believe that the experience of all praying Christians—could it be recorded—would be found to corroborate this to a degree absolutely startling to sceptics.* Most Christians, indeed, could multiply, from their own experience and observation, instances of prayer for tem-

* The following instance of answer to prayer at an important crisis, was gratefully related by the Rev. Mr. Allsopp, a Wesleyan Missionary among the Amapenda people, in south-eastern Africa. The reigning chief, Takee, though not a professed Christian, had been favourably disposed towards Christianity, and had refused during a long drought to call in the aid of the "rain-doctors," saying "It is of no use; only the missionaries' God can, I believe, give rain." The drought being prolonged, however, the king's heathen counsellors redoubled their entreaties that he should have recourse to the "rain-doctors" and at last proposed to put the power of the "Missionaries' God" to the test, by asking Mr. Allsopp to appoint the following Sunday as a day of fasting and special prayer for rain. If the test failed, and the rain did not come, the rain-doctors must be propitiated, and a check thus given to the progress of Christianity among that people.

"This appeal resulted in a message to the missionary, conveying the wishes of the Indunás. Mr. Allsopp sent word to Takee that this request did his heart good, for he and the converts had long prayed for rain, but now that the nation was turning to God and looking for His help, he believed their prayers would be answered. At the same time, Mr. Allsopp deeply felt how momentous a crisis had come in the history of the mission, and tenderly and trustfully was this feeling shared by the native converts.

"Truly a season of earnest prayer had from that time begun, and early on the following Sunday a crowded prayer meeting attested the general interest of the converts. Later in the day a still larger gathering took place, and the whole service was solemn and impressive. A prayer meeting was then announced for the afternoon, and near the time, as one and another kept dropping in, gathering clouds drew the attention of all. Before the meeting was half over, the great drops of rain began to fall, and at its conclusion, a steady down-pour had set in, and continued all that night and during the following day and night, so that no further meetings could be held. The windows of heaven were opened and the drought was ended."

This termination of the test not only greatly increased the influence of the missionaries, but led to a train of events by which some cruel and debasing heathen customs were abolished, and the conversion of the people to Christianity was largely promoted. A book entitled "Prayer and its Answers," recently published, contains a large number of instances of remarkable answers to prayer, some of which are so striking that they would be given here, but for want of space.

poral blessings, so remarkably and promptly fulfilled, that they would not have refused to believe in the result as a direct answer to prayer; though, of course, there is hardly any result of such a kind which a sceptic could not find some way of referring to a natural cause, as if even such a natural cause could at all disprove the relation of the result to the prayer.

But even where we see that prayer, however earnest, does not avert temporal ill, are we, who can see so little beyond the outward appearance in the lives of others, to judge whether any true prayer has been unanswered? The Almighty Father has many ways of answering the cry for help. We may hear, in imagination, the wail of agony, which the winds and waves so quickly drown, but we cannot follow and trace the loving care that guides the sufferer through that parting pang of agony into the nobler life beyond. As George Macdonald beautifully says:—"The man who creeps out of the drowning, choking billows into the glory of the new heavens and the new earth, do you think his thanksgiving for the mercy of God which has delivered him is less than that of the man who creeps, exhausted and worn, out of the waves, upon the dreary, surf-beaten shore? In nothing do we show less faith than the way in which we think and speak about death." And sometimes we have testimonies—almost from the grave—to the sustaining peace and trust, given in answer to prayer, in the prospect of an immediate and terrible death. Of course this is not, strictly speaking, an answer to prayer, though even this involves physical effects. But it has been already sufficiently explained that Christian prayer is an *asking*, not a *demand*, or the turning of a machine; that the very spirit of prayer implies that we are to acquiesce in a possible refusal of the special request; and, as *all* temporal requests cannot be granted, and as men *must* die sometime, and in the circumstances which God sees to be on the whole best, it must often happen that requests of this nature *must* seem to be disregarded.

Such arguments as these, however, would be more in place in the plea of an atheist opposing theists, than of a theist opposing believers in prayer. For they belong to those mysteries of providence which have in all ages baffled the most earnest thought—to which

the philosophers of all ages have vainly endeavoured to find the key. On the supposition of an all-wise, all-holy, all-powerful Ruler of the universe, it must appear as strange that iniquity, and tyranny, and oppression should maintain their cruel and debasing sway throughout ages and centuries, as that the cry of the down-trodden and suffering to infinite Love and infinite Justice, should seem to be unheeded. But

“God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain;”

and no one but an atheist will refuse to admit that we must trustfully *wait* for the solution of the problems which perplex us. But Mr. LeSueur is no atheist, as he has clearly shown in this article, although he has answered somewhat vaguely Mr. Romanes' well-grounded assertion that any discussion of the efficacy of prayer, as a special development of God's providence, would be futile and absurd, except on the theistic hypothesis which Mr. Le Sueur admits, when he speaks of the “unseen Power,” towards whom our “gratitude naturally flows forth.” For it would be absurd to speak of “gratitude,” unless we conceive of that “Power” as having relations to ourselves,—in other words as a “personal Providence.” He has, therefore, no right to bring forward, against prayer, arguments which he would not admit as against the existence and supremacy of a God, “infinite in goodness and wisdom.” Such a line of thought, *logically carried out*, would end in the denial of theism, in the only sense in which it can be either intelligible or important to us, that of a personal God who cares for His personal, individual creatures;—in the belief, instead, in a universe of blind and reckless forces, which, however, by some occult quality not characteristic of blindness and recklessness within the sphere of ordinary observation, has always been progressing to some wonderful and beautiful end,—perhaps, even, to some “far off Divine event.” It *must* come to this, if the principle that “physical occurrences are governed exclusively by physical antecedents,” be carried far enough. It *has* come to this with most of the materialistic philosophers, who object to prayer on this ground, and who tell us also that the conditions of physical law make immortality an idle dream, and that the thought of a God is to be retained only by weak and senti-

mental enthusiasts. And yet, when they have exhausted all they can say to disprove it, we *feel* how infinitely truer and wiser, as well as more beautiful,—appealing to those parts of our being most akin to what we *must* call the Divine,—is the teaching of Him to whom, and not to modern philosophers, we look for light in this matter. “A sparrow shall not fall on the ground without your Father. . . . Ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

“Many, many are the shadows
That the dawn of truth reveals;
Beautiful on life's broad meadows
Is the light the Christian feels.
Evil shall give place to goodness,
Wrong be dispossessed by right;
Out of old chaotic rudeness,
God evokes a world of light.”

“We through doubt and darkness travel,
Through the agony and gloom,
Hoping that we shall unravel
This strange web beyond the tomb.
O my brothers! men heroic!
Workers both with hand and brain;
'Tis the *Christian* not the Stoic
That best triumphs over pain.”

Mr. Le Sueur's implied objection to Mr. Romanes' arguing in favour of the efficacy of prayer, while he has not yet come to any definite conclusion regarding the question, is one which was not to have been expected from an able and thoughtful pleader for truth. For it would seem to imply that no one has a right to argue for or against a disputed belief unless he has finally made up his mind on one side or the other, and that no one would take the trouble to refute arguments which he deemed erroneous, unless he could firmly profess himself an advocate of the view against which such arguments are directed. Surely we have not arrived at such *partyism* in our search for *truth*! If our object really is *truth*, why may not any one, in discussing a question which he believes to be an open one, bring forward all the sound arguments that he can against those which he considers fallacious? Nay, as a searcher for truth, is he not *bound* to do this? Surely there can be but one reply.

Mr. Le Sueur, in referring to Mr. Romanes' position in regard to prayer, falls into the very common but confusing fallacy of using an indefinite negative in two very different senses at once. When he says, “it is evident that Mr. Romanes does not believe in the physical efficacy of prayer

any more than I do," he uses the expression "not believe," at once in the sense of suspended judgment, and in that of positive denial, as is apparent if we alter the sentence to "Mr. Romanes *disbelieves* the physical efficacy of prayer as much as I do." For Mr. Romanes has expressly said that he does not know whether to believe it or not—while Mr. Le Sueur maintains the belief to be erroneous and injurious. He is unjust, also, to Mr. Romanes in saying that he "has not unfolded" the reasons for his suspended judgment. Mr. Romanes has explicitly done so in saying that the question of belief in prayer hinges mainly on a belief in the Christian revelation, and the fact that his judgment is suspended as to the larger issue, necessitates its suspension on the minor one which depends on it. This very circumstance will, to most minds, give more weight to his arguments than to those of firm believers in Christianity, who are, of course, exposed to the imputation of having their view on the minor subject coloured by their belief in the larger one which includes it. The fact that the arguments of such an impartial writer have been found most serviceable by a "writer of unquestionable faith in the whole Christian theory of prayer," is surely so much in favour of the rationality of that faith;* and Mr. Romanes is thoroughly justifiable in saying, as he does in his preface to the *Essay on the Physical Efficacy of Prayer*, that "only if he disbelieved in the Christian system as a whole, should he feel that time was ill spent in refuting erroneous arguments against one of its leading doctrines."

Mr. Le Sueur has truly said in the beginning of his article that "*there is no absolute screen from error for any human being.*" It is precisely because we so fully recognise

the fallibility of the human mind, that we thankfully look for guidance, in this and other matters, to the Divine voice which we recognise in Revelation, and in the corresponding teaching of the Holy Spirit, given to "them that ask it." And as the objections against the efficacy of prayer are merely human ones,—human suppositions, theories, and assumptions,—we can hardly be expected to give them much weight in a sphere which lies beyond them, and in which we have a higher guide, clear and distinct enough for practical direction, though not affording much satisfaction to mere speculative curiosity. We are advised to be "willing to reject, not predetermined to receive." This is good advice in regard to any still open question. But what if all the arguments suggested have previously been weighed and dismissed as utterly inadequate to justify rejection? What if all our consideration of the subject shows us more of the fatuity and short-sightedness of human reasonings against it,—if the strong instinct of our hearts and the fuller experience of life make us feel more and more that we have no reason to reject it, but every reason to value and cherish it as our most precious privilege? Surely, then to reject would be—not wisdom, but reckless folly! We have little hope of convincing by argument those who regard the difficulties which the subject must present to our partial comprehension as insuperable barriers to belief, however deeply we may regret their bearing the burden of life without availing themselves of this unspeakable privilege. It is not by argument or discussion that any truth can become the possession of the soul; and all that we would desire would be that they should fairly test the matter in their own experience, a test which would be of infinitely more value than many "doubtful disputations." But far less can the reasonings of objectors shake the Christian's belief in prayer, founded as it is on a basis which the objectors cannot touch and do not apparently comprehend. Nor can they eradicate the strong instinct of humanity to pray, though they may weaken and confuse the belief of some and keep them from availing themselves of the full blessedness of the privilege. While, therefore, there is much in the latter part of Mr. Le Sueur's article that we sympathize with, we cannot but regret that the writer of it should "spend his strength

† As the reference here alluded to would almost convey the suggestion that Mr. Romanes wrote on the subject *merely* for the sake of competition for a University prize, the present writer, without any communication on the subject with Mr. Romanes, is able, from previous knowledge, to dispose of any such idea. The nucleus of the essay on the Physical Efficacy of Prayer, appended to the Burney Essay, was originally written entirely independently of the Burney competition, as a contribution to the *Contemporary Review*. It was not, however, published therein, because, for private reasons, Mr. Romanes did not wish it then to appear over his name, and it was afterwards expanded into its present form in the volume containing the Burney essay.

for naught," in trying to accomplish that which is impossible, and which, if it were possible, would be hurtful, not beneficial.

On another account we cannot but regret this, both on the writer's account and that of those whom he may influence. The present writer believes that Mr. Romanes has done good service in showing the treacherous nature of the ground on which mere Theism, rejecting Christianity, must take its stand;—how the apparently solid surface may at any time give way or expose the quagmire of Materialism and Atheism beneath. It is true that man has his intuitions of the Divine,—that even with this internal revelation alone, he ought to rise from "the things that are made" to the conception of "His eternal power and God-head." But alas! *ought* is not *is*! The "foolish heart is darkened" by sin, and the mind which has bound itself down to the things of sense readily loses this intuition, and the power of rising to such a conception. And thus we find intelligent and accomplished physicists, on the ground of their limited human knowledge, quietly assuming the impossibility of anything supernatural, or rather beyond the range of human experience, and dogmatically asserting that God and immortality are a dream, since they can find no physical proof nor logical demonstration for either. It is not easy to see how a vague and shadowy theism is to hold its ground against the bold and dogmatic atheism of positive science. But we do not believe, on this account, that the light of faith which has guided men for so many ages, is to be quenched in the darkness which ultimately enshrouds positive knowledge; but that, rather, in accordance with the great law of progress or evolution, it shall grow stronger and stronger unto the perfect day, till the star which was first seen in the east *has* actually lighted the whole world. We do not believe that in these latter days we are to be left with only vague

thoughts of God as "the One, the Highest, the Best, the Eternal." We require some surer standing ground, some stronger constraining force, whether for hope or comfort, or for "the purifying of every thought and purpose," and "the ordering of the life in harmony with the great eternal realities of Reason and Love." And this we find in the Christian Revelation, with all that it involves, and in the direct contact with the Divine which we have in Revelation and in the exercise of prayer. In these ways the human heart can reach out into the darkness and touch the Divine, as it never can do through the mere intellect and reason, *which cannot* "by searching find out God." External nature may refuse to show even a trace of His spiritual presence;—it may itself at times appear a dream, and so sometimes may even our own existence. But "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," and no humble, praying Christian will ever be left to wander in darkness, but shall always be able to record his testimony that the promises of Revelation are all "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." It is "the *pure in heart* who shall see God," just as it is they who *will* do His will who "shall know of the doctrine." But we need to *be made* pure in heart, and we need to seek to *know* His will in regard to prayer as to other things. This we believe we find in Revelation; and it is they who have most faithfully followed that will, as they find it there, to whom God is most real and true, —not merely an "Unseen Power," or the "Highest, Best, and Eternal," but the loving Father and faithful Guide;—"the God which led them all their life long,—the Angel which redeemed them from all evil,"—the Lord who "lifts up the light of His countenance upon them and *gives them peace.*"

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

THE CLIMATE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. P. TOCQUE, A.M., KINMOUNT.

THE winters of Newfoundland are not by many degrees so cold as in the neighbouring British Provinces. It is an admitted fact that the climate of Newfoundland has gradually undergone a change within the last forty years, and is now much warmer than it was then. This change may in part be attributed to the improvement in agriculture, the draining of marshes, the clearing of the forests, and perhaps a more northerly direction of the Gulf stream. Most writers affirm that the northern parts of Europe have become much warmer than they were a few centuries ago. St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, is in 47° 33' north latitude; London, 51° 30'; Dublin, 53° 20'; and Edinburgh, in 55° 53'. Thus St. John's is nearer the equator than any of the above-mentioned places; and yet, instead of being warmer, is much colder than Great Britain. To account for this, the great astronomer, Dr. Halley, supposed that a comet had formerly struck the earth obliquely, and changed the position of its axis of rotation. As a consequence, the North Pole, which had been originally very near to Hudson's Bay, was changed to a more easterly position; but the countries which it abandoned had been so long and so deeply frozen, that vestiges still remained of its ancient polar rigour, and that a long series of years would be required for the solar action to impart to the northern parts of the new continent the climate of their present geographical position. But this, of course, is mere theory, and not to be depended on. Sir Charles Lyell, however, in his work on "The Antiquity of Man," adopted something of Halley's theory about the ancient frozen condition of the northerly portions of the globe, in the glacial era, following in the footsteps of Professor Agassiz, of Harvard University. In Newfoundland, January and February are the coldest months of the year, when the thermometer sometimes sinks below zero; but at the coldest times not more than 10 degrees below it, and then only for a few hours; while in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick the thermometer sometimes falls

to from 20 to between 30 and 40 degrees below zero. The following reports of the states of the weather was communicated to the *Yarmouth Herald*, N. S., by electric telegraph, in February, 1858:—

Tuesday, Feb. 16th, 9 a.m.

Halifax, N. S., wind N. W.,ther. 12
 Port Hood, N. S., wind N. W.,.....ther. 6
 Port-aux-Basque, N. F., wind W.,
 cloudyther. 26
 St. John's, N. F., wind W., cold and
 calm.....ther. 28
 Sackville, N. B., wind W., light and
 clear.....ther. 4
 St. John, N. B., wind N. W., clear, ther. 9
 Yarmouth, N. S., wind W. N. W.,
 overcastther. 16

Wednesday, Feb. 17th, 9 a.m.

Halifax, N. S., ther. 11, wind N.N.W., clear.
 Calais, Me., ther. zero, wind N. W.
 St. John, N. B., wind N. W., clear, ther.
 zero, at 7 a.m.
 Sackville, N. B., ther. 2 below zero, clear,
 wind N. W.
 St. John's, N.F., ther. 31, cloudy, wind S.W.
 Port-aux-Basque, N. F., wind W., overcast,
 ther. 29.
 Yarmouth, N. S., wind N. W., ther. 8.

Thursday, Feb. 18th, 9 a.m.

Halifax, N. S., wind W., clear, ther. 16.
 Sackville, N.B., wind N.W., clear, ther. zero.
 St. John's, N.F., ther. 28, wind W., overcast.
 Port Hood, N. S., wind N. W., fine, ther. 20.
 Yarmouth, N. S., ther. 16, wind N.W., light
 snow.

The following was the state of the weather at Amherst (which is at the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the borders of New Brunswick) on the 30th of December, 1859:—

Christmas morning, ther. stood 13 below zero.
 26th " " 11 "
 27th " " 12 "
 28th " " 14 "
 29th " " 17 "
 30th " " 21 "

These readings are from a self-registering spirit thermometer in a sheltered position. From the above reports it will be seen that Newfoundland was many degrees warmer than any of the other British Provinces.

In Newfoundland the coldest winds in winter are from the north-west, from which quarter in fact the wind generally prevails for about nine months of the year. In spring easterly winds prevail. In winter and summer north-easterly winds are cold. South and south-easterly winds in winter are generally accompanied with snow or sleet, and sometimes rain, and in summer with rain or fog. July and August are the hottest months in the year, when the thermometer is said to have attained 90 degrees in the shade; but this rarely occurs. The usual temperature of those months is from 65 to 79 degrees. The mean temperature of the months is as follows :—

January... 22.7 deg.	July 57.4 deg.
February 19.5 "	August ... 54.0 "
March ... 24.0 "	September 53.5 "
April 33.8 "	October 44.2 "
May 37.5 "	November 33.9 "
June 49.8 "	December 28.5 "

According to the register for 1841, kept at St. John's, Newfoundland (which is more exposed to the bank fog than any other part of the coast), the average of thick shore fog and partial light fog, extending a short distance inland, was as follows :—

	Thick Fog.	Light Fog, only a portion of the day.
January	1½ days.	1½ days.
February	none.	half day.
March	none.	none.
April	1 day.	2½ days.
May	3 days.	3 "
June	2 "	2½ "
July	1 "	2½ "
August	1 "	1½ "
September	4 "	2½ "
October	1 "	half day.
November	2 "	1 "
December	1 "	1½ "

It thus appears that there were 17½ days of thick fog, and 19½ days of light fog and mist, making a total of only 37 days of foggy weather throughout the year.

The following register was kept at Citadel Hill, Fort George, Halifax, N. S., in 1859,

and was very kindly furnished me by Mr. Geo. Moulds, Staff Sergt. Royal Artillery :

1859. Months.	Cloudy days.	Thick fog.	Light fog portion of the day.	Snow.
January	8	3	2	11
February	4	5	2	7
March	7	5	7	10
April	6	1	2	7
May	9	6	2	1
June	7	9	11	Nil.
July	3	3	4	"
August	7	1	14	"
September	8	2	8	"
October	20	Nil.	1	4
November	15	2	5	7
December	16	5	2	7
Totals	110	42	60	54

It will be seen from these tables that while in Newfoundland there were only 37 days of thick and light fog throughout the year 1841, there were in Nova Scotia, in 1859, 42 days of thick fog and 60 days of light fog a portion of the day, making a total of 112 days of foggy weather, besides 110 days of cloudy weather.

The mean temperature of Newfoundland in the year 1859 was 44 degrees; mean max. pres. of barometer, 29.74 inch; Rain, 63.920 for the year; max quan. in 24 hours, 2.098 inch; Wind, N.N.W. and W.N.W., 200 days; N.E., 25 days; W. and W.S.W., 38 days; S.S.W. and S.E., 102 days; rain fell on 110 days; snow, 54 days; thunder and lightning, 5 days. According to a table kept by Dr. Woodward, Superintendent of the Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, which lies 483 feet above the level of the sea, and about the centre of the State of Massachusetts, there were, in 1841, 110 cloudy days, and 40 days on which snow fell.

In Newfoundland the sea-fog prevails only on the eastern and southern shores, and then only during the summer months. I do not remember to have seen more than four or five days of thick fog in a year in Conception Bay, during a residence there of many years, and none on the south shore of Bonavista Bay. In Trinity Bay, however, it obtains with south winds, when it is brought over the narrow neck of land which separates that Bay from Placentia Bay. The fog along the coast from St. John's to Cape Race hardly ever approaches nearer than within

one or two miles of the shore. Many persons suppose that a severe winter necessarily produces a greater quantity of fog the succeeding summer, and that the more ice produced, the more fog. The production of fog entirely depends on the difference of temperature. There is abundance of fog where no ice at all is found. The coasts of South America, Great Britain, and France, surrounded by a warm sea, are subject to thick fogs, that prevail extensively in the winter. Fogs originate in the same causes as rain, viz., the union of a cool body of air with one that is warm and humid; when the precipitation of moisture is slight, fogs are produced; when it is copious, rains are the result. What are called the Banks of Newfoundland are immense shoals, situate from one hundred to two hundred miles eastward of the shores of Newfoundland. Mists of great extent shroud the sea on these banks, and particularly near the current of the Gulf Stream. The difference in the warmth of the waters of the stream, the ocean, and the banks, fully explains the phenomenon. This current, flowing from the equatorial regions, possesses a temperature $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fah. above that of the adjacent ocean, and the waters of the latter are from 16° to 18° warmer than those of the banks. The difference in temperature between the waters of the stream and those of the banks is said to have risen as high as 30° .

The air incumbent upon the land and water partakes of their respective temperatures, and on account of the ceaseless agitations of the atmosphere, a union of the warm air of the ground with the cool air of the ocean will necessarily occur, giving rise to the summer fogs.

The Right Rev. J. T. Mullock, R. C. Bishop of Newfoundland, says: "We have all the advantage of an insular climate, a mild temperature, with its disadvantage, uncertain weather. I may remark, likewise, what Abbé Raynal recorded already, that the climate of Newfoundland is considered the most invigorating and salubrious in the world, and that we have no indigenous disease." Again, the Bishop says: "'What an awful climate,' they will say, 'you have in Newfoundland; how can you live there with the sun in a continual fog?'" 'Have you been there?' you ask them. 'No,' they say; 'but we have crossed the Banks of Newfoundland.' How surprised they are

then when you tell them that for ten months at least in the year all the fog and damp of the banks goes over to their side, and descends in rain there with the south-westerly winds, while we never have the benefit of it unless when what we call the out winds blow. In fact, the geography of America is very little known, even by intelligent writers, at home, and the mistakes made in our leading periodicals are frequently very amusing. I received a letter from a most intelligent friend of mine some time since, in which he speaks of the hyperborean region of Newfoundland. In my reply, I dated my letter from St. John's, N. lat. $47^{\circ} 30'$, and I directed it to Mr. So-and-So., N. lat. 52° ."

One of the coldest winters ever experienced in Newfoundland was in 1818, during which the thermometer is said to have sunk for a few hours to from 18 to 22 degrees below zero. The field ice which hovers around the eastern and northern coasts of Newfoundland during the months of March and April, and sometimes May, retards the progress of spring, and it is very probable that the chilling effects of the ice on vegetation would be felt much more were it not for the warm current from the Gulf of Mexico which passes along towards the Grand Banks. Thunder and lightning sometimes occur in the northern parts of Newfoundland, but seldom in the eastern and southern parts. I have lived years on Conception Bay without witnessing either. I believe not more than two or three instances are known of persons having been killed by lightning. Newfoundland is admitted by all who have ever resided there to be the healthiest country in the world; not a fever of any kind is generated in the country, and that fatal disease, consumption, so common on the American continent, is hardly known there. Looming, rainbows, meteors, and other atmospheric phenomena are common; and almost every winter evening is brilliantly illuminated by the "rosy fingers" of the Aurora Borealis. Meteoric stones have been seen falling on the coast of Newfoundland. Some years ago a body of fire was seen to fall into the sea, equalling in diameter four times that of the moon. The tides do not rise or fall more than seven or eight feet on any part of the coast. Newfoundland is behind the age in not having a Meteorological Society.

A TEXAN BARBECUE.

BY M. Y., FORT RICHARDSON, TEXAS.

THE "glorious" Fourth of July, 1876, dawned bright and cloudless; booming of cannon, welcoming the auspicious anniversary, wakened from slumber the inhabitants of the little town of Jacksbo-o', Texas, as well as those of the adjacent military fort. No more sleep for America, old or "young," when once alive to the fact that the Fourth is really upon them, awakening memories of the military prowess displayed in the early days when the country achieved its independence. Not many are the Yankee youths who would answer, when interrogated as to the reason for fourth of July enthusiasm, as did a seven-year-old, in the fort, on the morning alluded to: "Oh, I don't know; because some President died then." His little hands, and head too, were full of fire-crackers, and, enjoying present happiness, he preferred leaving the consideration of remote causes for it to his elders.

The salute of thirteen guns, reminiscence of the thirteen original States, is over; the troops have been paraded under arms and in full uniform, and are now at liberty to enjoy themselves as individual fancy dictates. We, a Canadian family temporarily resident here, joined by some congenial friends, sought relaxation and pleasure in participating in the amusements of the day, provided by the sons and daughters, native and adopted, of the State of Texas.

A drive of a mile through what might be called a native park of musquite shrubs (for they are so stunted that the word "trees" would seem a misnomer) conveyed the party from the fort to the picnic grounds. There were assembled between five and six hundred people—men, women, and children. Many of the last, if they live to be old men and women, will look upon a very different country from the one on which their parents' eyes now rest, and, attending celebrations of the "Fourth" sixty years from now, will, it is to be hoped, miss some noticeable features of the "Barbecue" of the present day.

It was at first rather startling to notice the

warlike appearance of the gentlemen in charge of the entertainment. True, benignity beamed from their faces, and to us strangers they hospitably extended many courtesies; but the fact remained, too suggestive to be forgotten, that the marshal's waist was encircled by a cartridge belt, scarcely concealed by his red sash, while, fully displayed, he wore a bowie-knife and huge revolver. This constant assurance of force in reserve may have had its effect in securing the order and quietness which reigned throughout the day.

The proceedings began with prayer. To this succeeded an "Ode to Freedom," which was in common metre, and was sung to old "Arlington." There was but little harmony. The quavering voices gave forth those uncertain sounds which, to a cultivated musician, are the worst of torture; but old men and youths, grandmothers and maidens, lifted up their voices with one accord, and with a heartiness which could not fail to strike a sympathetic chord in the breast of the thoughtful listener. There was pathos, too, in the song of these pioneers rejoicing in Liberty, which for them means hard work, and at best a moderately comfortable subsistence, with homes only lately safe from savage depredation and cruelty. "Yankee Doodle's" enlivening strains having then been played by the band from the fort, the Declaration of Independence was read and the orator of the day began. Unfortunately, no sentence of his oration reached our ears, except some closing words to the effect that "what our forefathers swore by Jehovah would be, had come to pass, and would ever continue to be."

Being thus unable to satisfy our mental appetites with the intellectual feast provided for them, the audience naturally claimed our attention. Women being as yet comparatively scarce in this community, much rivalry was exhibited among the stalwart rangers in attentions to the fair sex. On this occasion the rustic belles were out in great force, looking their best, and constituting, as orator number two expressed it,

"a galaxy of beauty." Perhaps a description of one of the toilets may prove interesting to feminine readers: Dress of bright plaid, scarlet predominating; over-dress of Swiss muslin; low-necked bodice of bright blue over the muslin; huge crimson sash; white straw hat trimmed with green ribbons, the hat edged with a heavy fringe of white beads, and further graced by feathers so unmistakably of home production that we involuntarily sympathised with the despoiled chanticleer. Low-necked bodices were much in favour, and were made often in unexpected shapes and of surprising materials. Bright buff seemed the favourite tint for dresses, which were always rendered striking by ribbons of every hue. Why not? These people have a very ancient precedent. Jacob made Joseph "a coat of many colours," thus, as we may infer, according to the standards of those times, beautifying as well as distinguishing him above his brethren. And these are primitive times in Texas. The enthusiasm of orator number two in regard to this "galaxy of beauty" was excusable, as he was quite a young man, of about three or four and twenty. He said he had come from Virginia, and described himself as "a stranger of three weeks' duration"—a phrase with which we have been mentally grappling ever since.

The substantial part of the feast consisted of two oxen, five pigs, and four sheep. These were "barbecued," the operation being still in progress when we reached the grounds. The meat was cooked thus: A trench was dug forty feet in length, three and a half in width, and three in depth. In this a smouldering fire was kept up, over which small logs, thrown across at equal distances, formed an immense gridiron, on which the meat was laid in quarters. It had been cooking in this way since the previous day, but looked in no degree dried up, but juicy and tender.

This is not, however, the orthodox mode of cooking at a barbecue. Animals are usually roasted whole. The trench is dug as in this instance, but along the sides uprights are placed, with cross-bars above, from which are suspended rough spits. The animals hang above the fire, and by dint of constant watching and turning become deliciously browned and thoroughly well-cooked. Barbecued meat is thought by Southerners to be more delicious than that cooked in any

other way. Some of our party became hungry at the first sight of it. Fried chicken, however, was abundant, and to us more attractive; so that we actually came away without having tasted the standard dainty.

"I suppose," said a lady in my hearing, "that this day is being celebrated all over the world;" then recollecting herself,— "at least all over America." We thought of our unsympathetic countrymen and women, and were silent. Why should not we Canadians, on the recurrence of an anniversary so fraught with interest to our nearest neighbours, remember their joy, and experience a sympathetic throb of pleasure? The verdict of history makes the cause of American independence a righteous one, and as such its triumph must gratify the lover of mankind, whatever the land of his birth or the associations of his life.

To most of these rustic Texans it matters little whether foreigners give them a thought or not, and probably to many of them people from the Northern States are the same as foreigners. Their children will witness the advent of the "iron horse," and all the changes which it will bring, but the parents work their farms and heed not the advancing tide of civilization. The man who steals a horse is considered a worse criminal, and is far more certain of punishment, than he who murders a man. "A short shrift and a long rope" is provided for the horse-thief. Ninety miles from here it is impossible for such a man to have a trial. Perhaps, when he is first arrested or suspected, the military authorities take care of him, but on a demand from the sheriff of the county he must be given up. A Vigilance Committee invariably overpowers the sheriff, captures the prisoner, and hangs him to the nearest suitable tree. Probably the man deserves his fate, but where proceedings are so summary there must be danger of the innocent sometimes suffering for the guilty. It is but just to remark that the most thoughtful and intelligent of the settlers consider the working of Vigilance Committees salutary. A Texan horse-thief is generally a murderer, and he will take human life if it is necessary to the accomplishment of his object.

Not long ago one of these desperadoes was caught red-handed. He had killed and scalped a little child, and was mounting his stolen horse when justice overtook him.

Wishing to make it appear that the thief was an Indian, he had not hesitated to commit mutilation as well as murder in furtherance of his object. Thus, in the midst of scenes of violence, or in fear of them, are many of our race working out the problem of life. That mysterious, all-pervading law, demanding sacrifice as the precursor of good, finds here no exemption.

From the immense plains which stretch between Jacksboro' and Dallas, the buffalo and the Indian have equally disappeared, and now the white settlers have only to contend with outlaws of their own race and colour. Steadily and surely civilization

wins the battle ; ground once gained is never abandoned ; settlers pour in, and five years makes a Texan settlement an old town. Already this fort has ceased to be a necessity, and will doubtless before long be abandoned, and the garrison sent farther west to fight the battle over again.

Let us hope the children and grandchildren of the present sturdy settlers will have time and means to cultivate the peaceful arts and intellectual enjoyments. Security they have now ; and years of plenty have already dawned, and give every promise of brightening to a glorious midday in an era of prosperity.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

WHERE the bloom of the golden-tressed morning ne'er fadeth,
 Where the blush of the rose never feels the cold wing
 Of Night's dusky phantom, nor aught that invadeth
 Earth's sunlight of beauty while round it we cling ;
 Where millions of odours arise from the fountains,
 And weave themselves into each lingering breath
 Floating down from the spirits who bask on the mountains,
 'Neath which lie the bones of their vanquished foe, Death ;
 Where the star of the ages in stately progression,
 Twines a long comet radiance around the high throne ;
 And bowers of light, in pavilioned succession,
 Never echo a murmur, nor answer a groan ;
 Where Knowledge unveils the abyss of her treasures,
 Unfolds the beginning, illumines the end,
 And the magnet of glory is found in her pleasures,
 And her crown is the prize toward which we ascend :
 There, watering her flowers in their beauty of gladness,
 I welcome each soul from its clay-trampled shroud.
 Fear not, ye disconsolate dwellers in sadness,
 The breath of the messenger chasing the cloud.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE politicians were unusually active last month, considering the season of the year. Neither the heat of the dog-days nor the superior attractions of travel prevented them from engaging in their favourite pursuit. They give the people and themselves no respite from the eternal noise and worry of party quarrel. The political treadmill never pauses in the monotony of its daily round: it is always going up-stairs and never coming down again, in a useless sort of way. The amount of muscular energy and brain power wasted in the wear and tear of political strife is incalculable; and however it may be with the professionals, the people at large seem not a whit the better for it all. The popular mind is naturally dazed by the criminations and recriminations which form the staple of our party controversies. The only legitimate conclusion to be come to is, that politicians are all alike corrupt—a woful result of our present system of strategy.

The position of those who oppose partyism has been misunderstood, either wilfully or inadvertently. The uniform reply to protests against the existing *mode* is that government by party is a necessity. But that is no sufficient answer. In England, at the present time, although a semblance of a dividing line between one side and the other is preserved, it can hardly be said that there are two parties in Parliament. The conventional names of Liberal and Conservative serve to keep men to some extent apart, and the distinction in England is perhaps worth preserving, because these names represent two opposing political tendencies, which are sure to come into conflict again sooner or later. But for the present the party system is in abeyance. Not only are the Liberals divided in opposing the Government, but even in producing a policy of their own, distinctively Liberal. Of this we can give a crucial instance. Last autumn, Mr. Bright, in addressing his constituents, suggested that the Liberal party, abandoning for the present the question of

disestablishment, upon which it is divided, should unite upon the extension of the borough franchise to the counties. During the present Session, Mr. Trevelyan introduced a measure to give effect to this extension, and what was the result? The Marquis of Hartington, the leader of the Liberal party, with Mr. Goschen and another member of the late Government, absented themselves from the division; whilst Mr. Lowe went into the lobby with Mr. Disraeli against the Bill. Lord Hartington is the eldest son of a Whig Duke, but he has almost ostentatiously yielded to the Government and even come to its rescue more than once. The same may be said of Mr. Lowe and Sir Wm. Harcourt. The party, so called, is made up of men of various shades of opinion, the only compact section being the Radicals, who are numerically inferior to the Home Rulers. It may be said that this only shows that, for the moment, the party is disorganized, or "demoralized," as our neighbours say. True; but it is a stronger proof that the party, as a party, "does not exist at all," as a distinguished Liberal candidly confessed. In 1857, when Lord Palmerston was defeated on the question of the lorch *Arrow*, he remarked that "combination implies a certain degree of similarity and identity of feeling." He had been defeated by a union of discordant elements, and then continued, introducing a phrase which has acquired a new significance—"You may call it a combination; you may call it an accidental and fortuitous concourse of atoms," &c. Now the expression may be fitly applied to the so-called Liberal party in England, and to, at least, one "party" nearer home. In the Imperial House of Commons, therefore, there is now no party system, properly so called; and yet there is no want of keen and watchful criticism upon any act of moment. It is, then, an untenable proposition, that parties are necessary under our constitutional system.

Moreover, the objection to parties in Canada, as matters stand, is based upon

quite another ground than that imagined by the defenders of them. Nobody supposes, for a moment, that when a great principle of permanent importance is at stake, men can do otherwise than range themselves under one party banner or another. There are great political crises, when it would be a grave breach of public duty not to be a party-man, but there are also periods of lull when to talk of them even, is a stupid joke. In the Reform struggle in England which terminated in 1832, a man must necessarily have ranged himself on one side or the other, and in the battle for responsible government a Canadian was compelled to be a partisan, and ought to have been ashamed if he were not one. But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*, and, if the change does not pass over us, it is because we fail to see the altered circumstances of the times. We have had no "burning questions" since Confederation was established, nor are we likely to have any for many a long day. The "Pacific scandal" was a question of official morality, not one of party principle; it hurled one set of men from power who imagined themselves firmly seated, and elevated another set who, but for it, never would have secured place. It was a mere episode—a digression, so to say—with which party had little to do. It was a staggering blow to the ins and a godsend to the outs, but party principle was not involved. Had it been otherwise, how could Mr. Mackenzie, with any show of consistency, have taken half a dozen old Conservatives into his Government?

The construction of the Pacific Railway is one upon which there is room for great diversity of opinion, and that is a substantial reason why every man's views should be expressed, unhackled by the bonds of party. No great national work on record, we believe, has been so seriously injured by the party system as this. The reason is not far to seek. During the last four or five years, each Opposition, in its turn, has felt it a duty to resist the scheme of the Government, whatever it might be. Whether those in power proposed that the work should be undertaken by a company, given out in sections to companies, or made a purely Government work, would have made no difference. The proposition issuing from Government must, as a matter of course, be resisted à l'outrance by the Opposition. There has

been no attempt at consultation between the so-called parties—nothing but a lying in wait for some blunder or gap in the scheme. In this way, a great national work, which is almost universally admitted to be a necessity, and which involves the expenditure of millions of money, is made the shuttlecock of parties to the detriment of the undertaking and at immense cost to the people. Why should the location and construction of the railway be cast into the arena at all, for our political wild beasts to mangle and destroy? Surely a competent Commission would deal with the matter much more satisfactorily, and, if they were directed to report their scheme, from time to time, to Parliament, no one would have reason to complain. The location of the line is a matter for surveyors and engineers, and not politicians, to settle; it is the time to be taken in its construction which alone concerns those who hold the purse strings of the Dominion. At any rate, the history of the Pacific Railway so far is a most notable—we had almost said melaucholy—example of the mischief wrought by partyism.

Au reste, what is there to fight about? Nothing whatever; and there is but one thing therefore to be done, and it has been done till the public are fairly nauseated—to fling mud at each other in the confident hope that some of it will stick. When there are no principles in question, the only resource is to pile tale upon tale of corruption, in the hope that it may soon reach that hypothetical elevation, where the nauseous heap will "smell rank to heaven." Such is the party system as it obtains in Canada, and our contention is that it is an unmitigated curse to the country. Political parties have no right to exist unless they can show a sufficient *raison d'être*. They must prove that they are based upon the solid foundation of principle; that the questions dividing them are something better than a sham; and that the good of the country, not the desire for office, is the object kept steadily and persistently in view. Mr. Barney Devlin, a typical politician of the time, has boldly proclaimed the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," and to this complexion our politics must come at last, if the rampant partyism of the day be not speedily checked. Perhaps it has been reached already.

The objection is made that if there were no parties, there could be no such watchful

scrutiny of governmental action as our national well-being requires. The cry is that there is need of a strong Opposition; and it is a hypocritical one. No matter how weak the Opposition, those in power, while affecting a desire that it should be stronger, resist to the utmost the addition of even one to its number. What is wanted is not opposition, for opposition's sake, but intelligent criticism, unceasing vigilance, and honest voting for or against a measure upon its merits. And how are we to obtain these desiderata, whilst it remains a standing maxim that, good or bad, ministerial measures are to be opposed at all hazards, especially if there be a chance of ejecting ministers from office? The amount of injury done to individual morality and the violence to conscientious conviction can never be known, but it would be something appalling if it were all revealed to human ken.

To be a party-man is to surrender one's own freedom of opinion and action to the whims or needs of a coterie. The assertion of private judgment at critical junctures, against the party, is as unpardonable a sin in politics as it is in some schools of theology. A Minister may have opposed the introduction of a measure when broached in Council with earnest vigour, he may have denounced it in the bitterest terms; yet in the House he must vote and even speak for it, at his chief's command. On both sides when a test-question is before Parliament, no matter what conscience may whisper, the vote is mortgaged and the pledge must be redeemed. A more immoral political system it would be impossible to conceive. At crises when one great principle is at stake, we can fancy an honest man so far violating conscience as to support measures he detests in his heart; but when there is nothing but a paltry issue between the ins and the outs, what words can describe the slough of moral degradation through which such an one must too often be dragged? In Canada, we believe that there is no excuse for party organizations and the evil they inevitably carry with them, even when they are a painful necessity. There are no great principles upon which public men need to separate into hostile camps, nor are there likely to be any such for many a year. When they present themselves, let the party lines be drawn—indeed, they will draw themselves without assistance. As we now are, partyism is a

sham to aggrandize the schemer and to gull the people. The best politics for this Dominion are *no* politics, or as little of them as possible. There is really nothing which ought to divide public men, and nothing really does divide them, except that wretched thirst for place and power which is the curse of the entire Continent. The objections against partyism in Canada ought by this time to be plain. They are not levelled at the party system *per se*, although it is always more or less an evil, but at its existence at a time and in a country where it is an unmingled evil. If those who talk so glibly about the advantages of party in the abstract, would condescend to tell us why there should be parties in the concrete case of Canada, they will meet us on a field where we should like to encounter an opponent. Meanwhile there need be no misunderstanding about the position of nationalists or non-party men.

It may not be without advantage, in this connection, to enquire how one, at least, of these parties is managed. For some reason or other there is discomfort, not to call it dismay, amongst the chiefs of the Reform camp. A Convention, so-called, was summoned at the bidding of Nestor to meet here in secret session. Presumably its members represented constituencies of party-men; but if they did, no inkling of the deliberations was allowed to reach the rank and file. It may be urged that if the party is satisfied, no outsider has a right to complain. To that we at once demur; the manipulation of the political wires in any party is a matter of immediate concern to every member of the community. If political "rings" are to be formed here, it is time that all men were on the alert. What has befallen the United States may soon befall Canada, if a secret cabal is permitted to control an entire party. The secret system presents too many advantages not to secure imitators in other quarters, and therefore the sooner the whole matter is narrowly scanned in the interest of individual liberty, the better. The general public have a vital interest in any effort to "manage" large bodies of the people. A short time before the meeting of the convention, a striking protest against it appeared in a Western paper. It was attributed to the member for Bothwell, and if written by him, we can only say that it does him infinite credit. He objects to having a "head cen-

tre," and to Roman drill, "under which it is only necessary to say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to a servant, Do this, and he doeth it." The writer goes on to say that there are men in every constituency, "as competent to direct party manoeuvres as *the class of men* who would undertake that work in Toronto;" and further, that "we all know what the Central Reform Association at Toronto meant in the past and *in whose interest* it was intended to work." "Flat burglary as ever was committed;" high treason to the "party!" Would, only, that the traitors were more numerous! We hear a good deal about priest-ridden populations, but for a docile beast of burden, commend us to your average Reformer; hence it is to be feared that Mr. Mills's manly recalcitrance will not count for much in the end.

For the first time in the history of this country, a *quasi* representative body met with closed doors, which is in itself suspicious. One sentence in the *Globe* imparts all the information we are vouchsafed, but it is quite sufficient. "A very full discussion took place as to the necessity for organization and the establishment of an executive which, without in the slightest degree interfering with the independence of local action, should undertake those duties which can only be discharged by a *central* authority." The sentence is admirably phrased, especially the parenthetical clause; indeed it may be doubted whether the Grand Sachem of Tammany could have put the matter in a neater way. Interfere with the independence of local action in the slightest degree, indeed! We should think not! In the States "central authorities" never do such things on any occasion, and as we are venturing upon the same path, what is there to fear? A further question seems to require an answer in the interest both of the "party," and the public:—What "duties" are they which can only be discharged by a "central authority?" There do not appear to be any legitimate duties for any such body to perform, and that may, perhaps, account for the unwonted secrecy in which the proceedings of the Convention were involved. There may, perhaps, be some justification for national party committees in the States, because the entire nation is called upon once in four years to select its Executive. But this Province is divided into eighty-seven electoral

districts, whose people, in most cases, are exceedingly jealous of dictation from headquarters. Each of these divisions is supposed to choose its representative independently, and, therefore, requires no advice, and should resent any interference from without. There are certainly what may be euphemistically called "duties," the burden of which has weighed heavily upon the shoulders of Atlas: one of these would be to collect and distribute the election fund, which should not be a difficult matter when so paltry a sum as \$3,700 is all that is usually required. Another would be to keep a large and varied assortment of candidates on hand to be sent out to rural constituencies, and so to arrange matters in Conventions or otherwise that these candidates should be "chosen." Above all, it will be a duty to collect the ends of all the political wires from every part of the Province, so that they may be skilfully manipulated and pulled simultaneously. The "central authority" being supreme, it must decide upon the extent of its "duties;" like the Church it has its own sphere and must be the sole judge of its limits. In short, a system of centralization has been introduced, which, if unresisted, will not only interfere with local action, but destroy it altogether, save in appearance. Will the people submit to this arrogant assumption of authority, or will they unite with the *Home Journal* in declaring that "the Reform party is not prepared for such organization;" that "drill of this nature is at direct variance with the genius of true liberal principles;" and that "there is no call for any central authority to radiate orders or instructions?"

The coarse and angry attack made upon Mr. Justice Wilson the other day by the *Globe* may serve to open even party eyes to the true character of the man who will control the "central authority." One might almost think, after reading this outrageous onslaught, that Dr. Kenealy had abandoned the *Englishman* and taken refuge in the *Globe*. That, however, would be doing an injustice to the member for Stoke. He has been guilty of applying some violent language to the Lord Chief Justice and to Lord Coleridge; and he might assert that Mr. Justice Wilson's "offence was so rank"—but that is a favourite phrase with the *Globe*, as M. Cauchon may possibly remember. But it is not likely that, even in his wildest moments,

Kenealy would rave in this fashion :—"The Bench has descended low indeed when a Judge of the Queen's Bench condescends to take up the idiotic howl, and rivals the dirge of the most blatant pot-house politician." Such, however, is the language which the *Globe* thinks it consistent with self-respect and a due regard to the dignity of the Bench to apply to Mr. Justice Wilson.

It may be remarked *en passant* that these frantic ebullitions of rage on the part of the *Globe* are always associated with some mishap to the position, prospects, or popular credit of Mr. Brown. In 1858, the two-days' Premier was chagrined to find that, by taking advantage of a statutory provision, his successors had managed to remain in the House, while he was put to the expense and hazard of an election. The "double shuffle," as it was called, came before two Courts—Mr. (now Justice) Wilson being one of counsel for Mr. Brown's party. Both Courts decided unanimously for the defendants; indeed, they could not do otherwise. The *Globe*, however, had ideas of the administration of justice peculiarly its own, and forthwith launched a scathing thunderbolt at the entire Common Law Bench. It was not, to be sure, so coarse in its ribaldry as on the present occasion; at any rate, in the end "nobody seemed to be any the worse." In 1875, Mr. Mills threatened to disturb the repose of Mr. Brown and the Second Chamber by his Senate Bill. Now this was annoying, and it brought the vials of wrath upon the head of the offending legislator. When everything else in the way of reproach failed, Mr. Mills was charged with the odious crime of having been a schoolmaster. And now, in 1876, because Mr. Justice Wilson chose to characterize fittingly the "big push" letter, he is visited by the *Globe* with an assault more brutal, we believe, than has ever appeared in any paper published within the British Empire.

Let us examine the facts, beginning, for convenience' sake, with the letter itself. It may be well to premise that the document was attached as an exhibit to an affidavit of Mr. Wilkinson, in which he swore that he was "*credibly informed and did verily believe* that he (Mr. Simpson) did in fact receive the same, and that he replied, or caused a reply to be written, thereto." The *Globe* attempts to throw discredit upon the

defendant's affidavit by making much ado over the words we have italicized. This is exceedingly disingenuous; for no one knows better than our contemporary that they are invariably employed when speaking of matters not within the range of personal knowledge. We shall not republish the celebrated letter, because it may be presumed that every reader has seen it more than once. The fund to which Mr. Simpson was urged to subscribe was not the "general election fund," because that had been expended "in aiding the out counties and helping our city candidates." It was a special fund for use in Toronto on the polling days, so as "to work up against the enormous sums the Government candidates have in their hands." Could such a disposition of money be for legitimate expenses? How could any such expenses be incurred so late as the polling days? How could any legitimate expenditure counteract the influence of Government money? All three divisions could be carried, it remarks, but "for the cash against us." The "grand stand" was to be held on the Saturday, and as there were but half a dozen who could "come down handsomely," a few outsiders were asked to give their aid, and of these Mr. Simpson was implored to be one.

Now it will be observed, that the difficulty in the way was the "cash against us," presumably used for corrupt purposes, and then follows the petition for "cash" to be employed on "our" side. Is it not a legitimate inference that the money subscribed in answer to this letter was to be employed in the same way as the "cash against us"? Indeed, what other construction can be put upon the words? Of what avail would money be on polling-days, and to what use could it be put, but for purposes of corruption? There is no escaping the inevitable conclusion. Again, it is observable that since the publication of this letter, there is an evident anxiety to confound two funds which are entirely distinct. In his defence, published under his own signature, Mr. Brown spoke of a fund of "\$3,700, or the trumpery sum of \$45 to each of the 82 constituencies, had they all participated in it." Of course, this bit of special pleading bears its absurdity on the face of it; but the "big push" fund was a fund belonging specially to Toronto. Whether it was raised or not is beside the question; it was to be used in

this city to meet the "cash against us." The *Globe*, in its blind savagery, improves upon this. It adds up the legitimate expenses of four candidates, amounting in all to \$3,778, and adds, "more than the entire amount of the Big Push fund of 1872, for the general conduct of the entire Dominion elections of Ontario." Now, considering that the "big push" letter refers entirely to the Toronto elections, and expressly excludes other contests, this is perhaps the most flagrant example of the *suggestio falsi* on record.

Mr. Justice Wilson's remarks upon this letter are so just and so obviously true from a judicial standpoint, that we must give them in full: "It is of course a plain demand for money to oppose, it is said, the expenditure by the Government candidates at the Toronto elections, and it is an admission that the writer and those co-operating with him have expended their strength, which I suppose means their money, in other constituencies for the like purpose. It is a letter written for corrupt purposes to interfere with the freedom of elections. It is an invitation to the recipient, as one with some others and the writer, to concur in committing the offence of bribery and corruption at the polls." It is not surprising that the *Globe* is angry, but it should not expose its mortification in unveiled nakedness to the world. The plea that the judge's strictures were not relevant to the case is unsound. The letter was an exhibit filed in court, and had immediate connection with Mr. Simpson's alleged intrigues. The defendant swore that he was credibly informed, and firmly believed, that the letter had been received and answered. It is idle therefore, to urge that a judge had no right to refer to the subject; it was most certainly his duty when such a missive was placed in his hands, to characterize it in fitting terms, as severely as seemed necessary. We are sure that if the Lord Chief Justice of England had found such a letter among the papers in any case coming before him, he would have used less measured language than fell from the lips of Mr. Justice Wilson; and most assuredly the journalist who poured upon him four columns of coarse and vulgar abuse, would have found himself next day within the four walls of a jail. It is surely the duty of the judges who are the constitutional guardians of public morality, and especially

of the purity of election, to take cognizance of any document formally brought before them. If Mr. Brown's letter ceased to be of legal significance, it was because he admitted its authorship, and Mr. Simpson dared not deny on oath that he had received and replied to it. But what concerns the public most is the moral aspect of the affair. It is of very slight importance to them whether Mr. Justice Wilson's remarks were relevant or not; the question is were they just and true? If they were, then Mr. Brown stands condemned before the country, and no amount of mud cast upon the unsullied ermine, can save him from the inevitable verdict. The people of Ontario repose the utmost confidence in their judges; they are proud of their integrity, and jealous for their dignity and honour. No man may asperse them, especially in the language of the fish-market, without stirring their deepest indignation. Fair and courteous criticism of judicial deliverances, is always received with attention for what it is worth; but the rudeness of blind rage must seek its victims elsewhere than on the bench. Mr. Justice Wilson's forbearance may save the culprit from legal punishment, but we much mistake the temper of the people, if they condone this gross and disgraceful libel.

It is scarcely worth while, at this late day, to refer at length to the elections which took place early last month. The return of the Messrs. Gibbs is no doubt a great triumph for the Opposition; but it is quite possible to make too much of it. The county of Ontario is very uncertain territory from a party point of view. The people there appear to sit loose to party, and to take an independent view of public affairs. In the South Riding, the majority of the electors seem to have thought that Mr. T. N. Gibbs had suffered sufficiently for any political offence he may have committed. It never was alleged that he was privy to the Pacific Scandal; indeed it was hardly possible that he could be, as he was not in office when the transactions between the Government and Sir Hugh Allan occurred. The only charge against him was that he took office while the investigation was going on, stood by his chief, fell with him and shared in a disgrace which, so far as he was concerned, was undeserved. Moreover, his opponent, Mr. Edgar, with many good personal qualities,

was essentially a weak candidate. But for the assistance of Ministers it is doubtful whether he would have polled so large a vote as he actually did. He was a non-resident, and had the melancholy prestige of defeat at two or three previous elections elsewhere. Of the North Riding it is not so easy to speak. Mr. W. H. Gibbs probably shared in his brother's recovered popularity; but it would seem that the tariff question was the pivot upon which the election turned. This was also, to some extent, the case with the South Riding, as Mr. Edgar's qualified advocacy of incidental protection, and the prominence given to the Government's advance of duties from 15 to 17½ per cent., clearly demonstrated. In fact, the endeavour was made to instil the notion that the present Government were sounder Protectionists than those who had gone before them.

In the North, however, the matter was presented more incisively. Mr. Currie, we believe, always avowed himself a Free-trader; but some of his friends tried to blunt the edge of this avowal. It was stated that the assertion of Mr. Gibbs, who denounced the Government as a Free-Trade Administration, was a "misrepresentation that would be thoroughly corrected and the libel exposed." When all was over, however, a different complexion was given to the matter by the Government organ, when it advised the Maritime Provinces to support "a Government which has taken a clear and decided stand upon the subject," if they decided to secure themselves against "protectionist experiments." It is not necessary to point a moral to these phases of party crookedness. In South Wellington, Mr. McMillan, the regular Government candidate, was opposed by Mr. Goldie, a brother Reformer, but a Protectionist. The former was returned, but by a largely reduced majority as compared with that of the old member. This, however, is not surprising, and is certainly no proof of a Conservative reaction. Mr. Goldie, no doubt, obtained the entire Opposition vote, and abstracted from the usual Reform following all those who favoured Protection. In Glengarry an election will have taken place before this issue reaches the reader, in place of Mr. McNabb, who was unseated, but is again a candidate. The constituency is so strongly Reform that we cannot see on what Mr. McLennan bases his hopes of success.

Still there may be local undercurrents not discernible at this distance. These bye-elections serve to enliven the "dead season," but they would interest us more, if stump orators, on both sides, would turn their old platitudes inside out, or make up their old oratorical vestments anew.

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Blake is on a footing of social amity with the Colonial Minister, and it will be still more pleasing to learn that they have come to a satisfactory understanding on State affairs. Canada has not gained everything that was hoped for from the mission of Deputy Minister Smith, but in the matter of deck-loads a valuable concession has been made. The Merchant Shipping Bill will probably pass with the original clause re-inserted, that is, unless the Commons refuse to concur, which is not likely. The constitutional question so rashly raised by the *Times* has finally disappeared from view, naturally enough. When the *Globe's* cable despatch first gave an outline of the article, we took occasion to show the futility of its reasoning. Since then, the question was most effectually set at rest, it might have been supposed, by the statements of Sir William Harcourt and Sir Charles Adderley, as well as the elaborate arguments of the *Saturday Review*, and other journals of the first rank. Those who hailed the *Times* as the champion of Canada, and relied upon its assistance in all future emergencies, were somewhat premature in their self-gratulation, as soon appeared. The moment the loan for the Quebec and Ottawa Railway, guaranteed by the Government of Quebec, was put upon the market, the powerful arm of the *Times* was raised against it. There is no pretence that the investment is not secure, in fact no safer investment can be found; but it does not please Mr. Potter, the Chairman of the Grand Trunk Railway, and therefore the *Times*, which, by a popular superstition, is supposed to be independent of outside pressure, sets its face against the loan. With characteristic *brusquerie*, the Hon. Mr. Church, Treasurer of Quebec, is told that "whether the Province guarantees the loan or not makes no difference in the facts. There is no disposition here at present to lend money for further railway building in the Dominion." Thus with a wave of his magic wand the harlequin of Printing

House Square, at the bidding of pantaloon Potter, endeavours to exclude England's chief colony from the money market of England.

The blunder regarding our Confederation Act, having been sufficiently exposed, should be finally abandoned to the lovers of paradox. But we observe that a correspondent, writing in a western paper, still clings to the delusion, and superadds a few additional vagaries, hardly consistent with the original mare's nest. In fact, the air seems full of constitutional heresies unheard of hitherto. It appears that as "Britain is not the author of Confederation, her Parliament cannot repeal the British North America Act." Cannot is a strong term when applied to Imperial Legislation. Ordinary folk would suppose that a Legislature which enacted a law could repeal it if it thought fit. The first remark to be made upon this new paradox is that if England was not the author of Confederation then the fallacy that she conferred new privileges, regarding shipping, upon the Dominion, falls to the ground. But this notion is almost too absurd for examination. The enlightened policy which now obtains in Downing Street forbids any material change in the constitution of a self-governing colony, without the previous consent of that colony. England *could* act otherwise, but she *will* not, because it is her pleasure to act in a more liberal way. The Imperial Parliament could repeal the British North America Act at any time; but it certainly would not, without the consent of the Dominion. The power is unimpaired, but the method of using it has been materially changed. The framers of our Federal Constitution were our own people, but it remained merely waste paper until effect was given to it by the sovereign power of the Empire. That surely ought to be plain to every one. But there is a new wrinkle found in the 146th section of the Act, which provides that, on addresses from the Parliaments of Canada and any of the Colonies then outside the Dominion, the Queen in Council may proclaim their admission. What can be made of that we should be pleased to hear? Provision for the admission of these Colonies was made in the body of the Act, and in order to obviate the necessity of passing a new measure in each case, the Royal proclamation was declared sufficient. For that matter, the Dominion itself was con-

stituted by such a proclamation. But inasmuch as the Act considerably provides for the consent of the legislature of any of the Colonies enumerated, the writer we have referred to jumps to the conclusion, that the Provincial, and not the Imperial, Legislature is the author of the federative bond. It might as well be urged that under any statute, permissive in its provisions, but requiring a filed declaration of an intention to take advantage of them, those filing the declaration, and not the legislature, enacted the law. It really seems as if there were no notion or theory too crude and absurd to want advocates in some quarter or other. Our Confederation Act was suggested and drafted by Canadians, as many other Acts are framed by parties interested, but as it came from their hands it was nothing but a Bill, that is a draft Act; as an Act, it was the work of the Imperial Parliament.

The first of July, for a year or two from 1867, was observed with peculiar and distinctive ceremonies, somewhat resembling those performed, with so much unction, by our neighbours on the fourth. It was obviously intended to give the day an intellectual cast, with a strong flavour of nationality. The attempt failed for obvious reasons. There is nothing of the nature of spread-eagleism in Canada. The "orator of the day" has no high-flown national vanity to tickle, no self-complacent feeling of superiority to encourage and confirm. An American may, of course, reply that this arises from the fact that we have no great historic past to fall back upon—no Revolution, no Civil War. This is true in a measure; still we have a battle-record of 1812, of which Canadians have no reason to be ashamed. Chateauguay, Stoney Creek, Queenston, Lundy's Lane, and Detroit, are names to be remembered; but we think very little about them and say less. There is another American characteristic, in which our neighbours resemble the French as they do in other respects. Almost every second man is what Carlyle calls, "an all-fired volley of talk," always ready to mount the stump and deliver, without a moment's notice, what is popularly known as an "oration." They have even coined a verb, a most atrocious one, from the substantive, and the young man who can "orate" with exceptional fluency and vehemence, may look forward at least to a seat in his State Assem-

bly. In this accomplishment, if it be one, Canadians certainly cannot compare with their neighbours, and perhaps for this reason also, the "intellectual" anniversary has proved a failure.

In some parts of the country, however, the practice of delivering an annual address still obtains. For example, we have before us an able and instructive address delivered at Coaticook, Q., by Mr. Charles Colby, M.P. for the County of Stanstead, which must have been listened to with interest, and certainly will repay perusal. It is not our intention to examine the address closely; we merely notice it here as an instance of what our legislators might do for their constituents, especially in our smaller towns and villages. In the cities and large towns people make a business of their pleasure, even on holidays, and any attempt to divert them from it by the promise of an "intellectual feast" would be futile. Two remarks on Mr. Colby's address suggest themselves. The national element, of course, plays its part on such an occasion, but it is not obtrusively or offensively introduced, and we are glad to see that although the hon. member is a Conservative, he was not ashamed of the much-abused motto "Canada First." We observe, also, what perhaps is natural in an active business man, that Mr. Colby confined himself almost entirely to the material side of our national progress. Here his remarks are instructive enough; but perhaps what people are most likely to lose sight of and need most to be reminded of is the importance of intellectual culture. They are usually quite alive to their material interests, but their absorption in the ordinary work of life seems to dry up the springs of the higher nature. For subjects connected with the training and development of that nature it is all-important that their attention should be aroused whenever occasion serves.

The state of intellectual culture amongst the French-speaking population of Quebec ought to be a matter of deep interest to the people of Ontario; but there is little reason to think that it is so, even in the slightest degree. Probably more is known here of the mental condition of France and Germany than of that interesting people who are our fellow-subjects and near neighbours. French Canadians of the educated class would no doubt resent any imputation cast

upon their culture by those whom they regard as, in this important respect, their inferiors. And there can be no doubt that whilst we can only be said to have started in the literary race, they have a French literature in Quebec of a value and extent few people in Ontario are at all aware of. We are speaking not merely of *belles lettres*, but of works of solid and enduring merit. They have a long and stirring past to look back upon, extending over centuries full of cherished memories, brave deeds, and cruel sufferings. Moreover, they look back with an affection, chastened and mellowed by time, to their birth-land across the sea; albeit she was never more to them than "a stony step-mother." No people so young ever boasted a more romantic history, and, therefore, the material of literature was there and to hand, in rich abundance. They have, consequently, a highly cultured class of no mean eminence; but unfortunately their culture is one-sided and defective. To the Church, from the days of Laval until now, they owe a debt of gratitude for a noble system of superior education, but unfortunately it has been Church education, liberal when it was safe, but narrow and cramping in matters of speculative thought or scientific research: The mailed hand of ecclesiastical power has always been laid upon the independent searcher after truth in any department of the intellectual life. The press, political or literary, is benumbed in the icy embrace of the Church, and hence the French Canadian mind is, after all, stunted in growth, feeble and unfruitful in high thoughts and noble aims.

It is a pleasure to welcome any indication of an inquiring spirit in the Province of Quebec, and therefore we cheerfully note the appearance of a journal, devoted to the emancipation of mind. *Le Réveil*—a significant title—published weekly in the city of Quebec, in form and size resembles the *N. Y. Nation*, but it is much neater and more attractive in appearance and general arrangement. Its objects are clearly and distinctly set forth in the prospectus. The publication is undertaken because it appears necessary as the representation of certain mental advances (*progrès*) and certain developments of intellect, concerning which the existing French Canadian press is silent, or no ices without any attempt at serious or critical examination. It intends to deal with

those "great modern issues of superior importance" which have hitherto been neglected or ignored in Quebec. Its proposed line of conduct is summed up in these words:—"An absolute exclusion of anything relating to religious matters; an energetic defence of civil rights and freedom of opinion; a wrestling with abuses of whatever kind they may be, or from whatever source they may proceed; complete independence of every political party; and reform vigorously prosecuted wherever it may be necessary." The contents of the paper are varied in character and interesting throughout. Controversy is indulged in very sparingly; on the contrary, the editor rather aims at informing than at wrangling. We have, for example, a letter from M. de Laboulaye to an Italian professor; the address of Victor Hugo over the grave of Louis Blanc; a letter from Spain; a graphic account of Dom Pedro of Brazil; some poetry decidedly above mediocrity; and miscellaneous matter of all sorts. Although *Le Réveil* does not meddle with religious matters—and there is nothing heterodox in it—it is faithful to its mission of defending civil rights and intellectual freedom against the Ultramontanes. The retirement of Bishop Bourget in June afforded an opportunity which it embraced in a crisp and incisive style. The article is lengthy, and most able throughout, and we hardly like to hazard the selection even of a few sentences, but we shall do so in order that our readers may have some idea of the vigorous style of the editorials. The writer, after calling Monseigneur Bourget one of the greatest enemies of Catholicism in Canada, says:—"During the last ten years especially, this man, whom so much abject and interested adulation has almost made a god, has troubled the souls of his entire diocese by an intolerable persecution, substituting his own will for every right and its lawful exercise. He has destroyed the freedom, and therefore the reality, of the franchise; if one voted against the candidate recommended by the bishop, he entangled his conscience; the confessor denounced him, and, in many instances, the sacraments were refused. Nothing remained of the dignity of man, and the English constitution became a fiction; we possessed it in the letter, but, in practice, it was rejected and condemned. To be free was to be heretical, and he who desired to remain a

citizen became an insurgent—a rebel against religious authority." The above will give but a faint idea of the trenchant style of the original, and we insert it merely by way of interesting our readers in the new venture. M. Buies, the editor and proprietor, will have up-hill work in Quebec, and he deserves all the encouragement and assistance that the free people of Ontario can give him.

The catastrophe which befell Gen. Custer and the men under his command makes a melancholy story enough. With him perished his two brothers, a nephew, a brother-in-law, and about two hundred men. One Indian scout alone remained of the band. Colonel Reno, who was co-operating with him, would have shared the same fate, with two hundred and sixty men, if General Terry had not come to his assistance on the following day. The Sioux were at least four or five to one, and the attack seems to have been a rash and inconsiderate measure, after all allowances are made for the eager bravery of the commander. It is difficult to tell upon whom the burden of responsibility rests. The entire plan of the attack appears to have been faulty; but be that as it may, the isolation of General Custer's force at the onset is not satisfactorily accounted for. According to one story, the ill-starred General had been ordered not to attack until General Terry arrived with his troops; according to another, he had *carte blanche* in the matter; and according to a third, a day had been fixed for the junction, and Custer, by forced marches, purposely arrived at the scene of action a day too soon. The weight of blame doubtless belongs to Sheridan, Sherman, or whoever else prescribed the method of attack. The Little Horn, near which the disaster occurred, is a tributary of the Yellowstone; on the Big Horn, which receives it, was another detachment, and a third on the main stream—all disconnected, and completely without means of intercommunication.

The great question, however, for onlookers is,—What was the cause of this war? If the United States could clear its skirts of the guilt imputed to them by Americans themselves, we might attribute it to an outburst of savagery. But the Sioux did not begin the struggle and, therefore, whether they are brutal and bloodthirsty or not, is

beside the question. If it be true, as respectable American journals allege, that the war was devised for the deliberate purpose of robbing the tribe of lands which had been reserved for their use in perpetuity, simply because gold had been found to exist there, a fearful responsibility rests upon the Washington Government. In the West, the cry of extermination has been raised, and Gen. Sherman has not been above stating it as an alternative. The powerful letter addressed to Sherman by the old champion of abolition, Wendell Phillips, ought surely to arouse the sleeping conscience of the nation. The *argumentum ad hominem* addressed to the General is extremely powerful and convincing. In 1867, Sherman published a report on the Indian tribes, in which he exposed the cruelty and injustice of the Americans during the last hundred years. There is no evading the dilemma in which he is placed by Mr. Phillips, who, in a peroration of singular power, denounces him and his policy in burning words. Gen. Sherman has replied to Mr. Phillips in a letter denying that he has ever favoured a policy of extermination. This is true in the sense that it was not his first choice; but unless his words were deliberately falsified, it certainly is his second, which is only not quite so bad as it might be. Canada can afford to look with pardonable pride upon the results of her equitable policy, her honourable dealing, her stern and even administration of justice as between red and white. In spite of the outcry raised in the West, the future historian will trace in these periodically recurring calamities, the Nemesis which is ever at the heels of guilt. We trust our neighbours may be able to bring the miserable struggle to a speedy conclusion, but we also hope that they will use their victory as civilized—not to say Christian—men ought, and put a period at once and forever to the brutal system which has been the primary cause of every Indian war.

President Grant is playing a curious game just now, if indeed it be a game rather than an uncontrollable fit of spleen. Not content with ridding himself of Secretary Bristow and Treasurer New, he has taken it into his head to dismiss every subordinate officer of the department who showed any zeal in the prosecution of the "whiskey

ring." Moreover, Postmaster-General Jewell has been cashiered for expressing an opinion in favour of civil service reform. According to some authorities, Gen. Grant has taken this perverse course in order to injure the prospects of Hayes, and to show his resentment at Conkling's ignominious rejection. This does not appear at all likely; it is far more probable that, as he has nothing now to gain by adopting a popular course, and nothing to lose by following the bent of his natural inclinations, he is simply pleasing himself. At the same time, there is no doubt that his conduct during the next few months will affect the chances of Hayes to some extent, though not materially.

The Democratic journals are extremely anxious to prove that their chances of success are of the most brilliant character. They are engaged at present in making up tables of the States which they profess to regard as certain to cast their electoral votes for Tilden and Hendricks. Of course, it is not difficult by conjectural work of this sort to make out a good sound majority; in fact they profess to be able to give up New Jersey and Indiana and win notwithstanding. But we fear the prospects of the New York reformer are not over bright. The Democrats are decidedly in a minority, taking the Union as a whole. The people have not yet forgotten that the Republican party saved their country from disintegration, and that the Democracy was for the most part pro-rebel, although not avowedly so. Their support of the war was half-hearted, and wherever it could thwart the measures of President Lincoln and his Generals, there seemed to be no scruples in the way of its doing so. Then again, the change from a Republican to a Democratic régime, would be fraught with serious consequences. The admission of thousands of expectant office-holders, made hungry by a sojourn in the desert for sixteen years, might bring in a new tide of corruption which Tilden would be powerless to stem, and in comparison with which the delinquencies under Grant would appear but as ripples upon a sandy beach. The nomination of Hendricks to the second place, and the ambiguous language of the platform touching the currency, have shaken the confidence of the Liberal Republicans, and therefore it is now almost certain that the Democrats will enter the contest without extraneous

aid. It is true that Hendricks will probably bring considerable support from the West, which, without him, might not have been forthcoming; but unfortunately, what has been gained at one end seems likely to be more than counterbalanced by loss at the other. On the whole, therefore, present appearances seem to indicate the return of Hayes and Wheeler, a prospect not by any means cheering. At best it is a leap in the dark; Hayes may be a man of nerve and resolution; of sterling integrity and brilliant talents: or he may be none of these. On the tariff question, he has certainly been feeble-kneed, and if that be any indication of his character, we shall have a second edition of Grant, perhaps more dangerous by reason of his feebleness.

Since the publication of our last number affairs in the East have marched with rapid step. The assassination of the Turkish Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs appears to have had no political significance: it was an act of private vengeance by a half-crazed Circassian officer. Then, early in the month, Servia, somewhat suddenly at the last, declared war and entered Turkish territory, aided by Montenegro. Lastly, the new Sultan, Murad V., has fallen into a state of hysterical madness, and is about to abdicate. With regard to the reports from the seat of war, nothing is certain except that no reliance is to be placed on any of the detailed reports of battles, whether they come from Belgrade, Ragusa, or Constantinople. At the same time it seems equally certain that the Christian allies have so far had the worst of it. The reported massacres in Bulgaria have been renewed, and Turkey, fearing the armed intervention of the Powers, is making an effort or a feint in the way of restraining and punishing the brutality of her Asiatic irregulars. Midhat Pasha, who is now the ruling power in Turkey, has made a somewhat ostentatious announcement of intended reforms in the constitution. Personally, he is a man of good intentions. His warmest desire unquestionably is that the Christian and Mohammedan populations should live in peace together, and when Governor of Bulgaria he had an opportunity of carrying his humane policy into partial effect. But to bring about any such radical reform as alone could satisfy the Christian population, he is utterly powerless.

Mr. Arthur Arnold contributes a valuable article on "Turkey" to the *Contemporary Review*, and shows clearly that hopes founded on these promises are certain to be disappointed. The Turkish power, he tells us, is a theocracy, and can only cease to be so by ceasing to exist. The Koran is absolutely the law of the land, and no portion of it, even so much as a word, is obsolete; it is as binding now upon the faithful as when it came from the hands of the Prophet. Hence "no law is there held valid which has not the *fatwa* of the Sheik-ul-Islam, and the support of the clergy." Midhat Pasha, he observes, "is prepared to follow his great predecessors in the political dishonesty of manufacturing imperial edicts, made for show and not for use, which cannot become law in the Turkish Empire." In 1856 a decree was promulgated by the Porte, to the execution of which the great Powers were made parties. The reforms promised then were almost identical with those promised to-day, and yet not one of them has been effected. Mr. Arnold remarks: "If Midhat enforces upon Turkey the unfulfilled promises of 1856, Turkey will cease to be Mohammedan. She promised codification of law and independent tribunals of European pattern. How is it possible to put the Koran into a code acceptable to Christians? She promised to admit the whole population into the army on the principle of equality. But this is equivalent to making the army three-fourths non-Mohammedan—a situation in which Mohammedan supremacy in the government could not endure for twenty-four hours." So much for internal reform under Mussulman sway.

Lord Derby and his colleagues have, no doubt, exposed themselves to a great deal of unjust criticism by their reticence. Until the recent explanations were made there was an uneasy feeling that the Government was bent upon propping up the tottering dominion of the Turk, if necessary, by force of arms. The assembling of an immense armament in Besika Bay seemed to point to this conclusion. In the monthly summary of the *Fortnightly Review*, the "limited confidence" of the country is tersely expressed thus: "Lord Derby is the politician of misgivings; he was meant by nature to be a solid critic rather than a firm or dexterous actor. Mr. Disraeli is one

of the most random-minded, flighty, and essentially unreal men that ever lived. We are not governed by a second-rate romance writer for nothing." The writer expresses the fear that, after all, the phlegmatic Secretary may be beguiled into "some flashy scheme of eastern policy which will do nothing but mischief in every direction." The result has proved that these forebodings were baseless in fact. The Berlin note was intended to be the thin end of the wedge with which the Turkish Empire was to be rent asunder, and dealt with as the conspirators might agree, or possibly had already agreed. It proposed that in the event of Turkey failing to carry out immediately the reforms agreed upon in the Andrassy note—although the signatories were perfectly aware that that was absolutely impossible—armed intervention should take place. France and Italy agreed, but England peremptorily refused to subscribe to it, and sent her iron-clads eastward; thus the game of the conspirators was foiled. England has no intention of lifting a finger on behalf of Turkey unless her territory is in danger of partition amongst the Powers, or of absorption by any one of them. She will be absolutely and scrupulously neutral so long as they are neutral, but no longer. Of course, Russia was in high dudgeon at the check she had received, but the Czar, who is the champion of peace, must have been secretly gratified. Bismarck has, no doubt, favoured the designs of Russia, because he desires to see her weakened by war, and because, also, Austria, which is rapidly recovering from the blow she received at Sadowa, would in any case suffer by the intervention. A great deal of speculation has been indulged in regarding the recent designs of the Powers, and theories of the most opposite character have found supporters. One thing only can be safely affirmed, and that is that Germany holds the master-key

of the situation. She is not so disinterested as she affects to be, or as may at first sight appear. Roumania, constituted in 1856, as a barrier between Russia and Turkey, is governed by a German Prince; the unification of Germany is not complete in patriotic eyes so long as Austria has a single German subject; and, above all, the Chancellor is well aware that, sooner or later, Germany must meet allied Russia and France upon the battle-field. As for the little war now going on, it may either be snuffed out by the mediation of the Powers, or may turn out to be the prologue of a bloodier drama yet to be enacted in Europe.

The election of M. Buffet to the Senate, *vice* M. Ricard, by a majority of three, has borne immediate fruit. A coalition of the Right and the Bonapartists has defeated the University Bill, by which the exclusive right to confer academic degrees was to be restored to the State. This seems to portend a chronic state of dead-lock between the Chambers—at least upon all questions where religion can be dragged in. Signor Depretis has not been long in office as Italian Premier without a ministerial crisis. His Bill to establish free ports nearly made shipwreck, and may yet do so. It will be remembered that the Minghetti Government was ousted on the question of purchasing the railways. The present Government belonged to the Left, and were desperately Radical when out of office, but they have for the most part followed upon the lines of their predecessors since they obtained their portfolios. That bird of ill-omen, ex-Queen Isabella, has got back to Spain, to intrigue for the clerics. Nothing but mischief can come of her return, which signifies absolutism and intolerance—the first steps in the fatal march to a new revolution.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B., Assistant Librarian, &c., at Harvard University. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Fiske has won for himself a foremost place among American writers on physical science, and the present volume of essays bears testimony not only to his ability as a physicist, but to his versatility of mind and critical powers as well. The present collection of essays—fragments gathered up from reviews and magazines—ranges over a large variety of subjects,—physical science, philosophy, theology, biblical and historical criticism, music, art in general, and sociology. As might be expected, the author is not equally profound or accurate in his treatment of so heterogeneous a list of topics. To the first two essays of the fourteen we must give the priority as to both ability and interest. Though they come first in the volume, they are probably, if not certainly, the latest in order of time, having first appeared in recent numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Taken together, they constitute a masterly and suggestive review of the remarkable volume entitled "The Unseen Universe," which has received recent notice in this magazine, combined with very sound criticisms on the materialistic arguments which that volume was designed to combat. Mr. Fiske points out that however ingenious is the hypothesis defended by its authors, it is and must remain purely a *hypothesis*, without a shadow of tangible intellectual proof. But he shows, also, that the arguments adduced by materialists against immortality, from the absence of any scientific evidence in favour of the persistence of physical phenomena when the material conditions are wanting, are utterly worthless. For as we have "no organ or faculty for the perception of soul apart from the material structure and activities in which it has been manifested throughout the whole course of our experience," any such scientific evidence would be, in the nature of things, utterly impossible. And, as he truly remarks, "*the entire absence of testimony does not raise a negative presumption except in cases where testimony is accessible.*" He therefore considers that science leaves this momentous question an entirely open one, to be decided rather by the moral and spiritual part of man's nature than by a scientific analysis which must fail

utterly in such a sphere, or even by a scientific hypothesis which is by no means inconceivable, but which can never be proved.

Mr. Fiske's criticisms of Scripture are by no means equal to his criticisms in science. He is troubled with the excessive tendency to analysis that besets many acute minds, leading them to reject everything that cannot be entirely understood, and to dissect spiritual truth till they destroy its vitality, and in consequence are led to throw away its empty shell—forgetful, as to the first, that when even external nature shows us glimpses of incomprehensible mystery, a Revelation proceeding from the same Source might surely be expected to do the same. He rejects Miracles and the Resurrection, with all the dogmatic truth which is linked with these. It is an instance of the extent to which criticism, even when apparently honest, can lead away even able and acute minds, that he should indulge in such daring assumptions as that the Apostle John (whom he believes to have written the Apocalypse, but not the Fourth Gospel) was "the most narrow and rigid of Judaizers," "intensely hating Paul and his followers;" and that "the Epistle of Jude is solely a polemic directed against the innovations of Paul!" It may well be wondered how any careful and candid reading of this epistle could have permitted such an extraordinary misinterpretation of its aim. The individuals denounced by Jude are nameless men, who crept in unawares,—who were Antinomians and Unitarians,—not one of which characteristics applies to Paul, but all of which do apply to opponents of Paul repeatedly denounced by him. The following echo from Matthew Arnold is, however, profoundly true, and cannot be too strongly impressed:—"Faith, in Paul's apprehension, was not an intellectual assent to definitely prescribed dogmas, but, as Matthew Arnold has well pointed out, it was an emotional striving after righteousness, a developing consciousness of God in the soul, or in Paul's phraseology, a subjugation of the flesh by the spirit." This, at least, is one of those fundamental truths on which men of the most diverse schools of thought can find a common standing ground—an earnest, let us hope, of a growing harmony of thought in the future.

The essay on "Historical Difficulties" touches on some curious questions of history, as, for instance, whether the Caliph Omar really destroyed the Alexandrian library (it would ap-

pear that he did not), and as to whether Jeanne d'Arc was really burned at Rouen, or escaped, survived, and was married, like any ordinary maiden, as some old disinterred papers would seem to suggest. The reviews of Mr. Motley's continuation of the History of the Netherlands, and of M. Taine's Philosophy of Art, are both interesting; but more interesting than either is the essay entitled "Athenian and American Life,"—a consideration of the contrast between the joyous, leisurely, physically healthful, mentally tranquil life of the old Greeks, and the anxious, high-pressure, wealth-worshipping, health-sacrificing, nervously overstrained life of the modern Americans. Mr. Fiske reads his countrymen some lessons which they need, would they only profit by them. "Industrial barbarism, by which I mean the inability of a community to direct a portion of its time to purposes of spiritual life, after providing for its physical maintenance,—this kind of barbarism the modern world has by no means outgrown. To-day, the great work of life is to live; while the amount of labour consumed in living has throughout the present century been rapidly increasing. Nearly the whole of this American community toils from youth to old age in merely procuring the means for satisfying the transient wants of life. Our time and energies, our spirit and buoyancy, are quite used up in what is called 'getting on.' 'Success in life' has become synonymous with 'becoming wealthy.' A man who is successful in what he undertakes, is a man who makes his employment pay him in money." "We lack culture because we live in a hurry, and because our attention is given up to pursuits which call into activity and develop but one side of us. Our literary workers must work without co-operation, they must write in a hurry, and they must write for those who have no leisure for aught but hasty and superficial reading." "I believe enough has been said to show that the great complexity of modern life, with its multiplicity of demands upon our energy, has got us into a state of chronic hurry, the results of which are everywhere to be seen in the shape of less thorough workmanship and less rounded culture." That such thoughts need to be considered among our neighbours, no one will question. Are we not beginning to need to consider them in Canada also?

• **EARLY MAN IN EUROPE.** By Charles Rau. New York: Harper & Bros. 1876.

The question of the antiquity of the human race, after having been keenly, at times even fiercely, debated during the last twenty-five or thirty years, has at length reached the stage when, the main conclusions of scientific men having become sufficiently settled, its popular treatment seems desirable; and the appear-

ance of a collected edition of the half-dozen papers recently contributed to *Harper's Magazine* by Mr. Rau, under the above title, is consequently timely, and likely to fill, at least partially, a gap which needed closing up.

Investigators in this fascinating branch of science have, as is well known, divided the period during which man has existed on the earth into three principal eras, known as the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age. This classification, though in the main accurate, is probably not complete for the whole earth. The use of copper must almost certainly have preceded that of bronze, and, accordingly, a Copper Age should be interposed between those of Bronze and Iron. Evidence of the use of copper at a time preceding that of bronze has, in fact, been found by General Cesnola, in Cyprus; by Schliemann, at Hissarlik, the presumed site of Troy; and also on this continent and elsewhere. Furthermore, the Stone Age itself is subdivided into two clearly marked periods: an earlier, when the stone implements were merely rudely chipped; and a later, when they were polished. These are known respectively as the Old Stone, or Palæolithic Age, and the New Stone, or Neolithic. Some writers, among whom Mr. Rau is apparently to be classed, believe even that the Palæolithic Age, in Europe at least, includes two distinct periods, to the latter of which they give the name, Reindeer Epoch.

The Iron Age corresponds tolerably accurately with historic times; the Bronze and Stone being prehistoric. Of course it is not pretended that each of the three divisions existed everywhere simultaneously. At the present day many savage tribes are yet in their Stone Age; and doubtless the ancient Egyptians were in their Age of Iron while yet the inhabitants of Europe were altogether unacquainted with the use of metals. What anthropologists mean by this division into ages is, that man, in the earlier period of his existence on earth, being unable to work metal, was obliged to fashion his tools and weapons of stone, or bone and horn; that later on, the art of working in copper and bronze (the latter implying a knowledge of the art of smelting tin) was introduced; and still later, the smelting of iron.

The evidence in proof of this theory and of the immense remoteness of the Early Stone or Palæolithic Age, when man existed contemporaneously with animals now extinct, such as the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the cave bear, and the cave lion, is now so enormous in quantity and so unimpeachable in quality that it is hardly possible, in spite of the countervailing considerations urged by such writers as Mr. Southall, to fairly digest it without becoming a convert both to the theory and to the belief in the vast antiquity of the human race. The evidence comes from nearly every spot of

land on the earth's surface. It has been found in every country in Europe; throughout the continent of America, from California, Lake Superior, and Newfoundland, to Tierra del Fuego; in Africa, from Egypt and Algiers to the Cape of Good Hope; and in various countries of Asia—including Palestine, Asia Minor, India, China, and Japan. As regards quantity, we may instance the fact given by Mr. Rau (p. 138), that the collections in Denmark are thought to contain about 30,000 articles of stone belonging to the Neolithic Age, found in that country alone, besides large numbers sent to museums in other countries.

As intimated above, Mr. Rau's exposition of the subject is only partial: he deals exclusively with the Stone Age, and, as the title of his book imports, confines his attention solely to Europe. Within the limits thus prescribed to himself, he has performed his task exceedingly well. In the compass of six brief chapters he gives an accurate, tolerably full, and very interesting account of man as he existed in Europe during the Stone Age. He recounts briefly the researches in the caves of England, France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy; in the Kitchen-middens (or refuse heaps) and tumuli of Denmark and Scandinavia; and in the Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and the neighbouring regions. Descriptions are given of the various tools and weapons unearthed, and of the fossil remains of man and of the various animals, some of them extinct, and more formidable than any now existing, with which he was engaged in a ceaseless struggle for existence; and the author draws the natural inferences as to the mode of life and the grade of civilization attained by man in those far-off times. The descriptions are made clear by numerous excellent illustrations.

It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Rau has not attempted any numerical estimate of the time that has elapsed since the men lived and died whose remains, after being buried for so many ages, rise up again and speak to us so eloquently. No doubt the investigation is a difficult one, and any solution hazarded must be merely tentative. Still, there is evidence in existence on which to base a conjectural estimate, and which has been dealt with for that purpose by Lyell. There seems to be no doubt that man existed in Europe in pre-glacial, or at least in inter-glacial times. Mr. Rau gives (p. 33) one item of evidence, from Switzerland, in proof of this fact; and another (the human thigh-bone discovered in 1873, in Victoria Cave, Yorkshire) is adduced by Mr. Geikie in his "Great Ice Age" (p. 510). Now, Mr. Croll seems to have definitively shown that the last glacial epoch (or rather series of epochs, for there were probably two or three in comparatively close connection) extended from about 150,000 years ago to about 80,000 years ago; the whole series, together with the warm inter-

glacial periods, thus lasting about 70,000 years. For ourselves, we have no doubt whatever that the years during which man has existed on the earth must be numbered, not by the thousand, but by the hundred thousand. We will even go so far as to venture a suspicion that before very many years have elapsed, indubitable proof will be discovered of the existence of man during the tertiary period; in which case the years of our race will have to be numbered by the million.

To those wishing to investigate the interesting subject of the early life of man we can cordially recommend Mr. Rau's book, as being a cheap, excellent, and popular introduction to the more elaborate and costly works of Lyell, Lubbock, Wilson, Evans, Dawkins, Geikie, Croll, Tylor, Foster, and Southall.

POETS AND NOVELISTS. By George Barnett Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

Mr. Smith has here reprinted a series of literary studies of Thackeray, Mrs. Browning, Peacock, Hawthorne, the Brontës, Fielding, and Buchanan, with an additional notice of some English fugitive poets. He has expressed the accepted judgments of the day on the several writers whose works he discusses, and for people who are not familiar with the current critical literature, the book is not without value. But to others who may naturally expect an interesting book on such pregnant themes it is rather disappointing. Mr. Smith, in his remarks about Thomas Love Peacock, complains that modern criticism is deficient *vis-à-vis*. This is precisely the defect we are painfully conscious of in Mr. Smith's own critical essays. The vital force of originality is wanting, nor is its place supplied by the possession of any other remarkable virtues. We fear, indeed, that the unpardonable sin of dulness might be laid at his door, were it not for the quotations with which he illuminates his essays, and which are the part of the book we can conscientiously commend. Mr. Smith claims for his book the merit of "exhaustiveness." We fear it cannot be called exhaustive in any but an uncomplimentary sense, nor is it likely that the labour of many critics yet to come will exhaust such perennially interesting subjects as the genius and works of Fielding or Thackeray. Mr. Smith further claims to have been the first to recognise the merits of Thomas Love Peacock, and he evidently regards him with some of the enthusiasm of proprietorship. Peacock is most widely known as the author of a satirical novel called "Headlong Hall," in which he sets in a ridiculous light the popular theories of his time, under the form of dialogues between such transparent

personages as Mr. Crotchet, Mr. MacQuedy (Mac Q. E. D.), the Rev. Dr. Follitt, &c. He did not possess much creative power, and his satire is not of the kind that lives. Among the objects of his sarcasm, clergymen occupy a conspicuous place, and Mr. Smith seems inclined himself to discharge a few shafts in the same direction. Mr. Smith's remarks on this topic will serve as a specimen of his style and discernment. The life of the parson of sixty years ago was, he tells us, "passed between fox-hunting, card-playing, and drinking. Since then the muscular Christian and other excellent men have arisen. But there have also sprung up with them men almost of a more mischievous type than the old fox-hunter. There are too many pitiful shepherds left who, in quiet, out-of-the-way villages, make the life of the poor a burden to them. These continually enlarge on the duty of labourers to keep their proper stations, and to revere the clergy and the squirearchy, the former of whom are to provide for them their opinions and their spiritual food, the latter their temporal comforts. Many of the latter clergy are, in the eyes of sensible men, little less contemptible than the old; the venue of our contempt has been changed, that is all." The good old parson who cared more for his dinner than his flock was a worthier subject of satire than the most conservative of his successors. Peacock's satire was no doubt relished when it first appeared, but it is not very entertaining now. His humour is lively enough, but it is wanting in depth. The advance of ages has brought with it certain new evils, and placed mankind in some respects in a worse position than our ancestors occupied; but we do not discern much truth or point in the following bit of satire:—

"Forsooth, this is the enlightened age. Not any how! Did our ancestors go peeping about with dark lanterns, and do we walk about at our ease in broad sunshine? What do we see by it which our ancestors saw not, and which at the same time is worth seeing? We see a hundred men hanged, where they saw one. We see five hundred transported where they saw one. We see scores of Bible Societies, where they saw none. . . . We see men in stags, where they saw men in armour. . . . We see prisons, where they saw castles. In short, they saw true men where we see false knaves. They saw Milton, and we see Mr. Sackbut."

Peacock wrote, besides his novels, one or two poems, not of any great merit, as might be inferred from the quality of his humour. We are disposed to think that, in spite of his "precise style, his great research, his boundless sarcasm, his intense abhorrence of cant," with all of which Mr. Smith, with more or less truth, credits him, the neglect into which Peacock has fallen is not undeserved.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF GREECE. By George W. Cox, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers; D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

This work comprehends in an octavo volume of about 700 pages, the history of the Greeks from the earliest times to the death of Alexander the Great, with a sketch of the subsequent history down to the present decennium. The work is intended for the higher class of students, and is not a mere record of events and circumstances connected with the life of the Hellenic race; but the effort has been most successfully made to connect together these facts, so as to present them in their natural and philosophic sequence. Nor is the work in any sense a compilation, either from Grote or Thirlwall, or even from the author's larger history in four volumes, of which, in fact, but two have as yet been published. It is in every meaning of the word a new work, based upon an independent examination of the original authorities. Mr. Cox is a man of marvellous industry and enormous erudition, and he has made himself a thorough master of his subject; and he sometimes takes occasion to call in question the opinions of his predecessors, and to express views at variance with those generally received; and in these cases his presentation of the subject is well worthy of attention.

Of course, in a volume of this kind, it would be absurd to look for that minute detail and those full discussions of moot points which one finds in the works of Grote and Thirlwall, and also in the larger history of Mr. Cox himself. But nevertheless, the author's style and manner, without any straining for effect, is so clear and pleasant, that the reader's interest is kept up in the story—a story full of poetic emotion, philosophic contemplation, tragic situation, and dramatic circumstance; and fruitful in lessons—social and political—even to us living in the light of the nineteenth century. In his preface, the author tells us that he has attempted to bring "the actors in this great drama before the reader as living persons with whom we may sympathise, while they must be submitted to the judgment of the moral tribunal to which we are all responsible." In the first half of this attempt the success of the author is unqualified: but in submitting his various characters "to the judgment of the moral tribunal to which we are all responsible," it appears to us that the author's fervid moral feeling sometimes leads him to the practical unfairness of subjecting the ancient Greek to the criterion of the morality of the nineteenth century after Christ, instead of to that of the fourth and fifth centuries before Him, and that his judgments are, by consequence, sometimes unduly harsh. A similar want of moral perspective was noticeable in the author's small work on "The Crusades." The error, if it be an error, is on the right side; and is, of course, one

of which the author himself is unconscious. Mr. Cox is quite above the petty arts of the partisan historian, and never attempts to slur over or evade difficulties, or to snatch a verdict by means of a rhetorical flourish. On the contrary, opposing difficulties are resolutely met, and argued in the plain language of logic and critical enquiry.

The work is very readable, and is in all respects suited to the requirements of the general student; and its numerous independent opinions will supply ample food for thought, even to the advanced scholar. The maps and chronological table are valuable, and the index is carefully compiled and sufficiently full. Altogether, the work is unquestionably the best history of Greece for students now in existence, and must in time supersede all others.

HIDDEN PERILS: A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

Whether the title of this novel is intended to imply that the perils to which it refers are hidden from the readers of it, or its characters, we do not know; but we are inclined to adopt the latter interpretation; as the perusal of a very few pages brings fairly into view some of the "rocks ahead" upon which its personages are bound to split. We do not by any means urge that this is a fault. On the contrary, to allow the circumstances of a story to be to a great extent the given quantity, and their effect upon certain characters the unknown, presents to the novelist a problem to work out which brings into play much higher faculties than are required for the mere construction of an interesting plot. For the latter little more than ingenuity is necessary; but the former is in every sense a high art. We do not think that the author would fall under the category of novelists who devote more attention to character-study than to plot, nor can she be ranked among those who combine the two. She would seem to be a story-teller, purely and simply, and, as such, decidedly successful. In the present instance, as we have said, the leading features of her plot are very transparently veiled from the first; and her characters are different from those of a hundred other novels only as the familiar face of "stock" actors are different under each new "make up." Yet there is no doubt that she contrives to sustain our interest throughout the story. As "Hidden Perils" is essentially a modern novel, it is refreshing to have its scene laid in rural England, instead of in the capital, or backwards and forwards over thousands of miles with the restlessness so much in vogue now-a-days. We are at least spared, in a country story, the "fastness" and the cynicism which seem inevitably to find their way into novels of town life of the present

day, and which hold the mirror up to an artificiality of life which it would be pleasant to persuade ourselves had no actual existence. But we have in compensation the good old crime of murder committed with such frank impetuosity that the author evidently expects that no one will think much the worse of her hero, Rourke Trenham, for it. We had not the highest opinion of him before he made this little *faux pas*. Being engaged to Una Gaveston, a painfully gentle, limp young lady, who comes fairly under the description, "too good to live," he falls in love with her younger sister, Lorraine, passionately avows to her his affection, and yet marries poor Una with becoming resignation. She has so little life about her that the early transition into even less, is easy and natural. When it has taken place, Rourke loses no time in endeavouring to persuade Lorraine that it is "bigotry" which has rejected the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and that love is stronger than all law. We have no wish to wrong the author by giving an abstract of her story, but as much of it as we have thus told, *en passant*, will serve to indicate that the present work may be justly classed among "sensational" novels; and that epithet always implies the relation of very dubious conduct, reconciled by some unaccountable process with high-wrought moral sentiment.

The early portion is the most pleasing. Towards the end there is a general change of disposition among the characters which is not for the better, and which is very insufficiently explained by their situations. Lorraine, as we are first introduced to her, is charming. She is an impulsive, warm-hearted child, held in check by a father who loves her little, and by an eccentric old aunt who represses every sally of her natural joyousness. Her attempt, in the strict loneliness and monotony of her aunt's house, to make a companion of a simple, awkward, countrified housemaid, is described with considerable feeling and humour. When we meet her again, after a supposed interval of seven years, she is the same girl only in name, and has certainly not improved. Similarly with Athol Vere, perhaps the best drawn, and certainly the most lovable character in the book. He is a young doctor, struggling to improve the *res augustæ domi*, and kept under by the extravagance of a selfish and thoughtless sister. His self-denial, uprightness, and perseverance enlist our sympathy, and it is to be regretted that he is finally metamorphosed into an ingenious plotter to defeat the ends of justice in sheltering his friend Rourke. There is at least something original in his plan to save Trenham from hanging; for a prominent feature of it is knocking him on the head so that he subsequently dies, as far as we can glean, from the effects of the blow!

"Hidden Perils" does not in any respect rise above the average of the novels pouring

forth daily from the press ; but it can hold its own among many of them. It is very far from being a dull book, and even further from being one of remarkable merit.

ERSILIA. By the author of "My Little Lady."
New York: Henry Holt & Co.

For a pure, high-toned, gracefully written story for summer holiday reading, full of true and noble thought, tender and winning pathos, charming freshness and vividness of description, and refined and delicate fancy, and instinct with the life of a generous, idealized, self-forgetting, though passionate love, we can heartily recommend "Ersilia," by the author of "My Little Lady." This "Ersilia," however, is by no means to be confounded with an unnatural melodramatic story of the same name—a "story with a moral," published some years ago as an antidote to High Church tendencies. This simple story—a painter's love-story—is but a story of life, a vivid presentation of the silent pathos and unobtrusive tragedy which is so constantly interwoven with the web of ordinary human life. The characters stand before us in the reality of living and suffering human nature—though three of them at least belong to its higher ranks ; and Ersilia herself is as pure and sweet and nobly conceived a female character as almost any that is to be found in the whole range of modern fiction. The more ordinary *dramatis personæ*, if less idealized, are well-drawn, vivid and true to life, especially the French and the English fine ladies—Mrs. Grey, with her fashionable veneer and underlying vulgarity ; and the lively Made-moiselle Mathilde, devoted to society, dress, and *bric-a-brac*. If the story is a little too sad in its course and its *dénouement*, this is to a great extent relieved by the noble patience, born of suffering, and the purification from selfishness which is the result of the sharp discipline of life—by the atmosphere of peace which broods over the close. It is perhaps a defect in the book that it does not rise a little higher into the unseen life with which the seen one is so closely connected.

The scenery amidst which the events of the story are laid is mainly that of the Pyrenees, southern France, and Paris—though in the too short glimpses given us of the early life of Ersilia and Humphrey, and in the closing scenes of the tale, we are among English meadows and orchards. How vividly the romantic scenery of the Pyrenees—misty mountain and foaming waterfall, sunny valley and dark solemn ravine—is brought before our inner eye, the following passages will show:—

"There is the sound of water everywhere, from the trickle of the tiny fall that drips from rock to rock into basins fringed with purple flowers, to the dash of the cascade that leaps

impetuously from some fissure in the wall of mountain cliff, or the roar of the torrent as it rushes over black boulders in the gorge below, churning its deep water into creamy foam tinged with tenderest green. The very snow-wreaths, dying without a murmur on the warm breast of the mountain slopes, wake to a new and musical life in the little, low-voiced rills that wind amongst the long grass. There is rich store of flowers to be found in these up-land pastures, long after their brethren of the plain have passed away, and in yonder woods there is the dim blossom of the raspberry, and the fragrance of the small, wild-flavoured strawberry. The mountain girls well know where to seek for the earliest of these amongst last year's fallen leaves ; one may see them coming down the road with flying garments and square-folded capulets, bearing on their heads baskets of these scarlet spoils, or great bundles of firm, white, new-pressed curds, the mountain cheese. In the upper gorges, where the ear is filled with the rush of the pent-in torrent, and the sunshine itself seems to borrow a shade of gloom from the early-falling shadows, all day long may be heard the tinkling of bells, as the long-haired shepherds lead their flocks and herds to those flowery, rill-watered *plateaux* far up the mountain side. But in the lower valleys there is a sunny peaceful stillness, for there the road has space to turn aside from the torrent's edge, and winds downwards amongst trees and hedges, between fields bright with the vivid green of the broad-leaved maize, beneath steep, overhanging meadows, where women are tossing and turning the early hay, filling the air with the delicious freshness of the new-mown grass."

"Sometimes, accompanied by a guide, they went far up the mountain side. Sometimes they went no further than to a ravine lying directly above the village, where they passed at once from noise and gaiety into a world of wildness, solitude, and grandeur, forests rising on either side, a torrent roaring and foaming below ; above, one snow-flecked peak that for ever caught the latest sunset gleam, or shone faintly radiant in the lingering after-glow."

The same vivid freshness of description, testifying to a poet's mind and a painter's eye, characterizes the brief glimpses of English scenery, of which we give one as a closing extract:—

"It was a pleasant, open, fertile country in which he lived, where the sky dipped on every side to meet the level horizon, and there was little save trees and hay-stacks to break the view of earth and heaven. Red sunsets burned low behind the low black hedges, flat meadows stretched down to the stream which, bordered here and there by trees and bushes, flowed clear and shallow among them ; meadows golden with buttercups in spring, sweet with

flowering grasses in summer, where Humphrey's guilty, flying feet left a long shining track, as he sped across to reach his favourite haunts by the river. He remembered the wide-spreading cherry-tree that seemed to fill the window with white blossoms, and red and white fruit, all the year round, and the bed with the blue-checked counterpane, where Humphrey, in the early dawn, would lie listening with a happy heart to the sounds of awakening life, cocks crowing, birds twittering, farm

labourers passing to and fro, talking with gruff echoing voices in the morning air, till the boy could lie and listen no longer, but, slipping on his clothes, would run out to take his part in that fresh stir, whilst the grass was still grey with dew, and the old farm buildings golden in the sun's level rays."

The book is an English one, of course, but has been reproduced by Messrs. Holt & Co. in their cheap and portable linen-covered series of books for holiday reading.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. SPEDDING returns to his special subject in the *Contemporary Review*. He makes no formal reply to Dr. Abbott, but attacks the latter's great authority in a paper entitled, "Lord Macaulay's Essay on Bacon examined." It is not completed in the current number and, at any rate, defies analysis in a brief space. Macaulay's Essay, as our readers are aware, was a review of Basil Montague's *Life of Bacon*, which, like Mr. Spedding's greater work, was a defence of the great philosopher. In the present paper, two passages from the Essay are selected, containing fifteen separate charges which Mr. Spedding proceeds to examine *seriatim*. We may briefly indicate two of these. The first is, that Bacon's "desires were set on things below. Wealth, precedence, titles, patronage," and a great many other things enumerated, had great attractions for him. "For these objects he had stooped for everything, and had sued in the humblest manner," &c. The author asks, "What did he stoop to? What did he endure?" With regard to the suing, it resolves itself, on Macaulay's own showing, into a request from Bacon, a youth of twenty, to his uncle, Lord Burghley, for "a provision to enable him to devote himself to literature and politics"—no extraordinary petition coming from a poor nephew and addressed to a rich and influential uncle. Referring to Macaulay's highly-coloured picture of what followed, Mr. Spedding says, "The *testiness* of the refusal, the *sharpness* of the lecture, and the imputation of 'want of respect for his *betters*,' are all out of his own head. Bacon's letter is expressly referred to as his only authority, and it is certain that these cannot by any ingenuity be extracted out of it." Then again, with regard to his "abasing himself in the dust before Elizabeth," "as he found that the smallest show of an independence in Parliament was offensive to the Queen," Mr. Sped-

ding proves that Bacon never retracted a word of his speech or implored pardon for any offence committed in debate.

Mr. Arthur Arnold's account of "Turkey" is referred to elsewhere. Like the paper on Persia, published in the previous number, it is exceedingly useful at the present time. A point or two only need be noticed here. The writer falls foul of Mr. Bosworth Smith for his apologetic lectures on Mohammedanism, and he points out one cause for the cruel and oppressive treatment of the rayahs which may not be generally known. The Porte can collect no money by indirect taxation, because England and the Powers will not permit the imposition of a tariff; so that compulsory Free Trade is one cause of the sufferings of the Bosnians. Revenue is raised on the crops, and "by a monstrous euphemism the exclusion of the non-Mussulman population from the army is charged to them as 'exemption,' and they are made to pay about five shillings per man to establish their own degradation." Of course, the tax-gatherer plunders and abuses the people constantly, returning to the Treasury only as much as pleases him. We may add that Mr. Arnold's account of the Christian populations is not over favourable. Mr. Richard Hutton's essay on "Christian Evidences, Popular and Critical," contains much that is fresh and suggestive. He contends that the popular impression of the facts of the Gospels, so far as relates to Christ's death and resurrection, and his previous announcement of them are concerned, "is, to say the least, as fully justified by reason, as any inference, however judicial, from the careful survey of minute historic evidences could possibly be." The writer takes the resurrection as the crucial test of the truth of Christianity, and lays special stress upon the fact that St. Paul, in an epistle written before any of the Gospels were penned, and no long

time after the event, bears the fullest testimony to the universal belief of the Church, naming the witnesses. He then examines the subject in a variety of forms, adducing evidences, internal, external, and collateral.

Mr. Hewlett's "Songs for Singing," is a paper of which it is impracticable to give a detailed account. The subject, so interesting in itself, is treated historically and critically. An important distinction, the writer observes, exists between musical verse and verses fitted for music, resting upon some other ground than that of metre. Thus it happens that "there have been poets, not skilled in music, but universally admitted to have carried the harmony of language and rhythm to the highest perfection, whose verse has seldom or never attracted the choice of composers." Such were Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley. On the other hand, Moore expresses his surprise that Burns, "a poet wholly unskilled in music," should possess "the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, in wedding verse in congenial union with melody; which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister art ought to attempt." Then follows a series of conditions of successful song-writing grouped in connection with the meaning and language of poetry. Under the head of meaning is included "all that concerns the structure of sentences, and the varied expression of thought and feeling thereby conveyed;" under the head of language, all that relates to the choice of words for music "which are, if possible, more important than those which concern the meaning and composition of sentences"—for example, the choice of words which is required for the purposes of the singer's intonation.

Mr. Fairbairn concludes his interesting monograph on Strauss. The *Spectator* complains that it is too condensed, and should have been expanded into a volume of three or four hundred pages. There is considerable truth in the remark, and it is perhaps more evident in this third part than in the two previous ones. If the writer had been able to confine his attention to his principal figure this want of elbow-room would not have been so apparent; but, by the nature of the case, he is compelled to give a contemporaneous sketch of the prevailing philosophies and theologies of the time. Here, for instance, we have an account of the old Lutherans, the new Lutherans, the Mediation school, and a sketch, several pages in length, of F. Christian Baur. So far as regards Strauss, we begin with the new or popular edition of the *Leben Jesu*—a work differing almost *toto cælo* from its predecessor of 1835. Mr. Fairbairn remarks that Strauss's mind had been embittered by the invectives poured upon him, and the result is that the "tendency in the new is more earthward than in the old;" the advance is

being made "from the Religion of Christ to the Religion of Humanity." Finally, we come to "The Old Faith and the New," in which the question "Are we still Christians?" is put and answered in the negative—the substitute being the worship of the "Universon." Christianity is a "world-historical humbug," and "the universe, the great whole which comprehends and unifies all forces, is the only God modern thought can know or recognise." Such was the goal reached at last by David Friedrich Strauss.

Mr. Jukes defends his work on "The Restitution of all Things," against the Roman Catholic view presented by the Rev. H. N. Oxenham. The paper is so discursive, going over the entire Scripture and patristic ground, that it is impossible to attempt a synopsis of it. Perhaps a sentence or two may suffice. "Nothing, perhaps, has made more so-called infidels than the assertion that the Gospel declares unending torments. No question, therefore, can be of greater moment, nor can a theology which blinks the question meet the cravings which are abroad, and which I cannot but believe are the work of God's Spirit. For the 'restitution of all things,' is to the Church what 'the call of the Gentiles' was to Israel; and those who, like Paul, can receive the 'wider hope,' like him must be content for a season to be rejected by the Pharisees and Scribes of Israel." Mr. Grant Duff contributes a rapid sketch of the present state of European affairs under the caption of "The Pulse of Europe." He is opposed to what has been called Turkophoria, but thinks it would make very little difference to England if Russia were in possession of Constantinople.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a paper on "Harvey and Vivisection," by Dr. Bridges. In their report, the Royal Commission on Vivisection remark—"Harvey appears to have been almost entirely indebted to vivisection for his ever-memorable discovery, *i. e.*, the circulation of the blood." Dr. Bridges denies this assertion *in toto*, and proves, in Harvey's own words, that although he made experiments upon living animals, the results were extremely unsatisfactory. The writer further shows that Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was not due to the bringing to light of new facts, but to his constructive genius in framing a valid hypothesis. This is shown by a history of research touching the functions of the heart, commencing with Vesalius and passing through Servetus, "Calvin's victim," Realdus Columbus, and others, to Fabricius of Acquapendente, Harvey's instructor. Neither did he verify his hypothesis by vivisection, since "no such verification by the process of direct inspection ever has been made, or by the nature of things can be." Dr. Bridges, unlike many of his brethren, is a determined foe to the unpopular practice,

at least as at present conducted. Mr. Walter Bagehot's sketch of "Adam Smith as a Person," is an exceedingly valuable aid to the understanding of his great work. It shows that although an absent-minded, retiring student, he fell upon the task which made him immortal by planning an impossible work, which was an account not merely of the progress of the race in arts, sciences, laws, politics, and morals, but the growth of the individual also. Some amusing stories are told of his absence of mind. He was called upon to sign an official document on one occasion, and "he produced not his own signature, but an elaborate imitation of the person who signed before him; on another, a sentinel on duty having saluted him in military fashion, he astounded and offended the man by acknowledging it with a copy—a very clumsy copy no doubt—of the same gestures." Lord Brougham relates that when passing through the Edinburgh Fishmarket, "in his accustomed attitude—that is with his hands behind his back and his head in the air—a female of the trade exclaimed, taking him for an idiot broke loose, 'Hech sirs, to see the like o' him to be about. And yet he is weel enough put on' (dressed)." The turning point for Adam Smith's career was his selection as travelling companion to the young Duke of Buccleuch, by Charles Townshend, who married his mother. Mr. Bagehot shows the advantages he derived by his study of the commercial and fiscal system of France, and also the lessons he gathered from the French economists.

Sir David Wedderburn's paper on "English Liberalism and Australasian Democracy," is a comparison between the two. He endeavours to disabuse the reader's mind of the notion that party names have the same meaning in the Colonies as in England—"Where the feudal system has never prevailed, where there are no privileged classes, no privileged sects, and no standing armies, and where land passes readily and cheaply from hand to hand, we need not look either for Liberals or Conservatives, as their names are here understood." The attraction of Australians for British institutions is illustrated by a remarkable example. In order to prevent a deadlock between the two elective Chambers, it was proposed in the Legislature of Victoria, "the most democratic of colonies," that the Norwegian plan should be adopted, of combining the two in one Assembly to decide the question. Sir David tells us the result: "No little ingenuity and eloquence were displayed on both sides, but the arguments of orators hostile to the measure might have been summed up in the words: *Nolumus lege Angliam mutari*. The scheme was denounced as un-English, and this objection ap-

peared to weigh with the Assembly more than any raised upon the intrinsic merits of the amendment." The writer refers to so many topics that we are compelled to make a selection of two. He is a thorough-paced Radical, and wants a reconstruction of the House of Lords on the model of the Victoria Legislative Council. There is very little fear of any revolutionary proposal of the sort being entertained, but if Canada be permitted to contribute her experience, the result would be a verdict against the adoption of any such model; we have not yet settled the problem of a second Chamber, nor are we likely to do so definitively for some time to come. The writer says that Australian Democracy is Conservative in the matter of Protection, and, after appearing to object to this policy, remarks: "Whatever may be their prospects of success, it must be admitted that every colony, when first established, requires extraneous aid and protection, as much as a new-born infant . . . The sudden adoption of a Free-Trade policy may extinguish such interests as have not yet attained the self-supporting stage, and still demand a certain amount of protection."

Mr. Statham's "Reflections at the Royal Academy," is a running criticism of the pictures exhibited this year, which appears to be both acute and intelligent, but is of little use in detail to those at a distance. Last month, in giving an account of the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, we complained of "the woful lack of ideas" manifested in the collection. Singularly enough, Mr. Statham finds the same deficiency at Burlington House. "The mere fact of a picture being what is called well-painted, is not sufficient to justify its existence, or render it an object of intellectual interest. It must have a certain *intensity* of execution, of feeling, or of aim, to stamp it as an individual creation." He then proceeds to apply most unmercifully his canon of art to individual pictures. The article is well worth the attention of the members of the Ontario Society. Mr. Courtney's "Political Machinery and Political Life" exposes the defective state of the representative system, and propounds a modification of Hare's plan for the representation of minorities, applied to groups of constituencies, and not to the entire kingdom. He refutes objections in a very masterly way. "Past and Present," by Frederic Harrison, is a letter to Mr. Ruskin, in reply to that pessimist view of the age which the Professor has adopted. It is a most eloquent appeal against the growling and cavilling spirit, and there is a happy hit at Mr. Ruskin for his aping Carlyle. Mr. Gurney's paper "On some Disputed Points in Music," is a ^{rather} ^{happy} ^{dissection} ^{of} ^{the} ^{theory} ^{of} ^{its} ^{origin,} ^{nature,} ^{and} ^{functions.}

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE engagement of the Vokes Family by Mrs. Morrison, for the purpose of enlivening her patrons during the "silly season," was a remarkably "happy thought." The genius of dulness which had, as usual at this time of the year, laid his leaden hand upon us, was chased away for a brief period, and his existence forgotten for the time being. The entertainments given by this remarkably clever family, and of which "The Belles of the Kitchen," and "The Right Man in the Wrong Place," may be taken as typical specimens, simply defy classification. They are an indescribable compound of comedy, farce, and burlesque, which in its occasional extravagant absurdity, gives one a faint, pleasant flavour of opera bouffe, and negro minstrel "acts." The whole, however, is pervaded with a wholesome atmosphere of refinement, so that the fun, no matter how fast and furious—and it is both at times—is perfectly innocent and irrefragable. Of the three sisters, it is difficult to say which was the favourite, their styles being so diverse, and each being so good of its kind; Victoria, demure and dignified; Jessie, elegant and aristocratic; Rosina, merry and mischievous as Topsy herself, but with a sprightliness

and vivacity all her own;—all of them graceful and ladylike. The singing of Miss Victoria was excellent, and quite enjoyable, notwithstanding that her fine voice is a trifle coarse in its lower notes, and her intonation was uncertain at times. Perhaps, however, the best feature of the entertainment was the dancing, which in grace and modesty we do not remember to have ever seen surpassed in Toronto. Of the two brothers, Fred. is much the cleverer. He has an agreeable tenor voice, and, with his sister Victoria, sang the music of the tower scene in "Il Trovatore" exceedingly well. His voice and singing, however, are quite put into the shade by his lower limbs. We have heard it said of some very intelligent animals that they "can do anything but speak," and we are sure that the same thing may be said of Mr. Fred. Vokes's amazing legs. When he is dancing they seem to be ubiquitous, or at the very least to have the faculty of being in two places at the same time. The only noteworthy characteristic of the other brother, Fawdon, is his remarkable agility and nimbleness in dancing. The troupe, as a whole, is quite unique of its kind; and their week's performances here were witnessed by large and hugely delighted audiences.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Belford Bros. continue their issues of reprints and original works with unflagging enterprise and industry. The volumes published by them during the past month, of which we are in receipt of copies, are *Roman Catholicism, Old and New, from the standpoint of the Infallibility Doctrine*, by John Schulte, D.D., Ph. D.; *The Life of William III., Prince of Orange*, by Historicus, of Belfast, Ireland; and *Edith Lyle: A Novel*, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes.

The Milton Publishing League, of Montreal, send us a small pamphlet bearing the suggestive title, *Scotch Pebbles*; being excerpts from the Letters, Journals, and Speeches of the late Norman Macleod. The extracts are eighty-six in number, and it is stated that in selecting them special prominence has been "given to those expressions of Catholic sentiment and large-heartedness which abound in the writings and utterances of the revered founder of 'Good Words.'"

The ¹⁰¹st part of *Daniel Deronda*, entitled *Revelations*, reaches us from Messrs. Dawson Brothers, Montreal. The interest of the story is culminating, and a tragic denouement appears to be in preparation, at least as regards Gwendolen and Grandcourt.

We understand that a Canadian edition of Lord Amberley's *Analysis of Religious Belief* is being prepared for publication.

The most important work issued in England during the past month is *The Geographical Distribution of Animals; With a study of the Relations of living and extinct Faunas, as elucidating the past changes of the Earth's surface*, by Alfred R. Wallace, author of "The Malay Archipelago." Mr. Wallace was the co-discoverer with Mr. Darwin of the principle of natural selection, and is one of the leading naturalists of the day. His present work is in two volumes, and will, no doubt, take its place as the great authority on the subject treated of.

A new volume by Robert Browning appeared in London on the 18th ult., entitled *Pacchiarotto, and how he worked in Distemper, with other poems*.

Last month we alluded to the completion of the portion of the *Speaker's Commentary* relating to the Old Testament. It is now announced that the New Testament will occupy four more volumes, two for the Gospels and the Acts, the third for the Epistles of Paul, and the fourth for the Catholic Epistles and Revelation.

Prince Edward Island, from 1st January, 1800. The change was made as a compliment to Prince Edward, who was at the time in Halifax, Nova Scotia.—The House of Assembly of New Brunswick met at Fredericton on the 16th January, but there being no quorum, the House adjourned from day to day until the 19th, when the session was formally opened by Governor Carleton. During this session, which closed on the 9th February, two Acts only were passed, one an Act for the regulation of seamen, the other to continue in force sundry acts about to expire.

1799. A Proclamation was issued by the Honourable Peter Russell, President, directing the observance in Upper Canada of the twelfth of March as a day of thanksgiving for the glorious victories obtained over the French by Admirals Sir H. Nelson and Sir J. B. Warren.—The third session of the second Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada which met at York on Wednesday, 12th June, was opened with a speech by the Honourable Peter Russell, President. Five Acts were passed during this session. Two were Acts to continue expiring laws, the remainder were: an Act to provide for the education and support of orphan children; an Act to enable persons holding the office of registrar to be elected members of the House of Assembly; and an Act to confirm the provisional agreements made by the commissioners of Upper and Lower Canada. The session closed on 29th June.—Lieutenant-General Peter Hunter, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in place of Major General Simcoe, arrived at York, on Thursday, 15th August, in His Majesty's ship *Speed*, Captain Paxton. The Bishop of Quebec (Dr. Mountain) arrived the same evening in the *Mohawk*.—Gen-

eral Hunter issued a Proclamation on the 17th August announcing his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.—His Excellency Robert Liston, British Ambassador at Washington, arrived at Newark on the 19th August, accompanied by Lord Henry Stewart. Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Thornton. After a stay of two days the party proceeded to Philadelphia.—Thursday, January 10th, was set apart in Lower Canada as a day of thanksgiving for the glorious victories over the French fleets by Admiral Sir H. Nelson at the Nile, and Sir J. B. Warren off Brest.—The third session of the second Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec by His Excellency, General Prescott, Governor-General, on Thursday 28th March. This session was closed on Monday, 3rd June. Ten Acts were passed, of which the most important were the Act amending the Act for making, repairing and altering the highways and bridges, within this Province, and for other purposes; an Act respecting weights and measures; and an Act to confirm certain additional articles of agreement entered into by the Commissioners appointed for that purpose between the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. The other Acts are not of sufficient importance to require separate mention.—His Royal Highness Prince Edward, was, on St. George's Day, (23rd of April), created Duke of Kent and Strathearn, and Earl of Dublin. His younger brother, Prince Ernest, was, on the same day, created Duke of Cumberland. The two Royal Dukes took their seats in the House of Lords on the 10th May. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, was, on the 10th May, promoted to the rank of General, and was, on 17th May, appointed General and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in British North America.

—During this summer large sums were subscribed in Canada to assist in defraying the cost of carrying on the war against France. The Bishop of Quebec (Dr. Jacob Mountain), the Chief Justice (Osgoode), and Mr. Henry Caidwell, each gave £300.—An address, dated 16th June, and signed by all the principal inhabitants of the city of Quebec, was presented to General Prescott on his departure for England. Similar addresses were presented to His Excellency, from Three Rivers, (dated 8th July); William Henry, (10th July); and Montreal, (dated 13th July).—General Prescott having sailed for England, on leave of absence, a proclamation was issued on 31st July, by Robert S. Milnes, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor, announcing that he had assumed the administration of the Government. The salary of the Governor-in-Chief had, up to this time, been £2,000 a year, but on the assumption of the control of public affairs by Mr. Milnes the amount was increased to £2,500.—The Civil Expenditure of the Province of Lower Canada for the year 1799 amounted to £24,597 sterling. This sum does not include the expenses of the Legislature, which amounted to about £1,400. The revenue of the Province for the same period was very nearly equal to the charges thereon. The affairs of the Province appear to have been administered by General Prescott in an upright and honorable manner.—Thomas Barclay, Esq., Speaker of the Assembly of Nova Scotia, was appointed His Majesty's Consul General for the Eastern States of America, on 27th January.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia (7th session of 7th Assembly) met at Halifax, on 7th June. Sir John Wentworth was able, as he had been for some years, to congratulate the Province on its general prosperity. Richard John Uniacke, Attorney General, was elected Speaker

in place of Mr. Barclay. The session terminated on 31st July.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent arrived at Halifax in the *Arethusa*, Capt. Wooley, on Friday, 6th September. He was received with the greatest delight, the bells of the Churches were rung for joy, the people assembled *en masse* to greet him, and the guns of the citadel, and men-of-war in port thundered forth their welcome. The Duke was accompanied by four Aides-de-Camp—Majors Gordon and Smith, and Captains Hardyman and Dodd; and by his domestic Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Wetherall. The country house of Sir John Wentworth (called the Prince's Lodge), on the west side of Bedford Basin, about six miles from Halifax, was the residence of the Duke, a place for which he is said to have had a great fancy.—The 7th General Assembly of Nova Scotia was dissolved on the 11th October, and writs returnable on the 23rd December were issued for a new election.—On the 30th October H.M.S. *Porcupine*, Captain Evans, arrived at Halifax, having on board the Duke of Orleans,* and his brothers, the Duke de Montpensier, and the Count Beaujolais, attended by Count Montjoie. These distinguished visitors had come to Halifax hoping to obtain a passage thence to England, but, being disappointed, sailed in a few days for New York.—The House of Assembly of New Brunswick met at Fredericton, on the 15th January, but a sufficient number of members to compose a House not being in attendance, the House adjourned from day to day until the 18th, when the session was opened with a speech by Lieut.-Governor Carleton. This session was closed on the 8th February. Serious differences had for some time

*Afterwards Louis Phillippe, King of the French, who abdicated in 1848.

existed between the House of Assembly and the Council, but during this session these disagreements were, it would appear, adjusted, as Acts were passed for defraying the ordinary services of the Province for the years 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798 and 1799. Eight other Acts were passed during this session, but, being of a local character, it is not necessary to refer to them in detail. The franking privilege does not as yet appear to have obtained in New Brunswick, as among the sums voted this session we find an item of *three pounds, five shillings and nine pence* to the general post office for postage of letters with writs of election to several of the Sheriffs.

1800. The fourth session of the second Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was held at York. The session was opened by the new Lieutenant Governor, Lieutenant-General Peter Hunter, on the 2nd June, and closed on the 4th July. Six Acts were passed during this session. The most important was an Act for the further introduction of the Criminal Law of England, by which Act it was declared that the Criminal Law of England, as it stood on 17th September, 1792, should be the Criminal Law of Upper Canada. Two Acts respecting elections of Members for the House of Assembly, one for the regulation of special juries, and one providing for the conduct of trade relations between Upper Canada and the United States, complete the list.—The *Quebec Gazette* of January 2nd contains a notice, signed by Hugh Finlay, Deputy Postmaster-General, that the *yearly winter mail* for Upper Canada will be closed at Quebec on the 20th January, and will be despatched from Montreal on the 24th.—The fourth Session of the Second Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened by the Lieutenant-

Governor, Robert Shore Milnes, Esq., at Quebec, on 5th March.—The Rev. Father Jean Joseph Casot, Priest of the Company of Jesus, Procureur of the Missions and Colleges of the Jesuits in Canada, and the last of the Order in Canada, died at Quebec, on Sunday, 16th March.—The question of the disposal of the estates of the Jesuits occupied a good deal of the time of the Legislative Assembly during the early part of the session. On 12th March a motion was made “that the House do resolve itself into a committee to consider of the most proper measures of obtaining information concerning the rights and pretensions which this Province may have upon the College of Quebec (the Jesuits’ College,) and the estates thereunto annexed;” upon which a member of the Executive Council (Mr. Young) rose in his place and said that he was authorized by His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor to inform the House that His Excellency by and with the advice of His Majesty’s Executive Council, had given orders to take possession of the estates of the Order of the Jesuits in the name of, and as the property of His Majesty. Notwithstanding this statement the motion was pressed and an address was voted (16 to 8) to the effect that the House desired to investigate the claims of the Province to the estates in question, and to that end asked for communication of all papers and documents connected therewith. To this address the Lieutenant Governor replied as follows: “Gentlemen, I think it necessary to inform you on the subject-matter of the present address, that the whole proceedings of the commission issued on 29th December, 1787, including every claim and pretension respecting the estates of the late Order of Jesuits in this Province, together with the humble address of the House of Assembly,

voted on the 11th April, 1793, have been respectively submitted to the King:—that His Majesty having been graciously pleased to refer the whole proceedings to his Privy Council, the result of their consultations, with His Majesty's order thereon, was transmitted to this Government in the month of April last; and, in consequence of such order, commissions have issued to take the whole of the property into the hands of the Crown. After reflecting on these circumstances, should the House of Assembly continue to deem it advisable to persist in their proposed investigation, I shall comply with their request to allow them access to those papers which have already been made public, and shall in that case give orders that all persons duly authorized by the House of Assembly, be at liberty to take copies of all titles, documents, reports, papers, and all proceedings under the commission mentioned, which were returned into the Council office on or before the 25th August, 1790. But after the information I have now given, the House of Assembly will certainly deem it incumbent on them to consider whether it is consistent with that respect which they have hitherto uniformly manifested towards their sovereign to reiterate any application on the subject." The House of Assembly did not recede very gracefully from the position which it had taken in respect to the action of the Crown in assuming possession of these estates for it resolved a few days after the receipt of the communication from the Lieutenant-Governor to go into committee to take into consideration His Excellency's answer, which was done accordingly, but finally came to the resolution "that the House ought to postpone, to a future time, the enquiry into the rights and pretensions alluded to."—On Wednesday, 2nd of April, it was moved in the House of

Assembly at Quebec, "that as it appeared to this House by a record of the Court of King's Bench for the district of Montreal, that the said C. B. Bonc had been convicted of the crime of conspiracy with sundry other persons, unjustly and fraudulently to obtain of Etienne Drouin, divers large sums of money, be expelled this House." After a long debate, the House divided, yeas 21, nays 8, so Mr. Bonc was expelled accordingly.—29th May. The fourth session of the second Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was prorogued by the Lieutenant-Governor. Eight acts were passed during this Session; the most important was an Act to regulate the election of members to the Assembly; an Act to prevent the introduction or spreading of infectious diseases; and an Act to provide for the erection of a bridge over the river Jacques Cartier; the remaining acts were to continue or amend existing statutes.—May 29th. William Cobbet issued at New York his "Porcupines' Farewell to the People of the United States," announcing his return to Great Britain. This production, written in Cobbet's peculiar style, concludes thus, "With this I depart for that HOME, where neither the moth of Democracy, nor the rust of Federalism doth corrupt; and where thieves do not, with impunity. break through and steal five thousand dollars at a time."—4th June. A proclamation was issued by Lieutenant-Governor Milnes dissolving the Parliament of Lower Canada, and directing the issue of writs (returnable on 28th July) for a new election.—July 31st, An address was presented to the Duke of Kent by the Lieutenant-Governor and Council, expressing their deep regret at his approaching departure.—November 20th. A notice, signed by George Heriot, Deputy Postmaster General of British North America, announced tha