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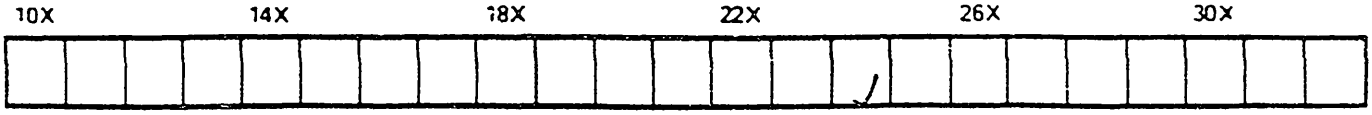

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OUR MILITIA.

IT has been well observed by the able author of the "Wealth of Nations," that danger to a state necessarily accompanies the production and accumulation of wealth, for, as argued by Adam Smith, "the transition from the ruder state of husbandry to the employment of improved means and appliances calls for more constant supervision on the part of the husbandman, while the increase and improvements in arts and manufactures naturally engrosses the attention of numbers whose time is completely absorbed therein. Hence it follows that military exercises come to be as much neglected by the inhabitants of the country as by those of the town, and the nation becomes unwarlike. That wealth, at the same time, which always follows the improvements of agriculture and manufactures, provokes the invasion of all their neighbours, and, unless the state takes some new measures for the public defence, the natural habits of the people render them altogether incapable of defending themselves."

We would fain hope that this country has not yet gone far towards this stage of national decline, in so far at least as that is represented by a loss of warlike spirit—though the above causes, which are said to produce such a state of affairs, are rapidly developing. But there are symptoms of a tendency in this direction, noticed by careful observers, which may well lead her rulers to take such steps as may serve to arouse the dormant spirit of the people—a spirit surely not, as some would say, requiring the stimulus of another Fenian invasion to call it into action.

The following somewhat desultory observations may, I hope, afford matter for consideration to both the theorist and practical worker; and taking it for granted that none will gainsay the assertion that, like our comrades in Great Britain, "Defence and not Defiance" should be our motto, I hope to point to what may be a step in the right direction towards attaining the maximum of the former with the minimum of the latter.

I do not purpose now to enter at all on

the much vexed question as to the advisability of protecting our long frontier by defensive works to be erected on certain positions. Suffice it to say, that from an engineer's point of view, (in an opinion given, however, before the experience gained as to the use of such works in the Franco-Prussian war), we are in a sufficiently unfortunate position; but taking matters as they stand at present, the important question seems to be—How is the present force of active militia to be best maintained in an efficient condition?

The actual numerical state of the militia, together with the number present at each annual muster, can be at once arrived at by reference to the annual reports furnished by the Adjutant-General; but that very great difficulty is, in most instances, experienced by commanding officers in filling up the ranks of their corps, does not so clearly appear therein. That this is the case, however, is very well known, and can scarcely be wondered at when, among other reasons, we consider the rate of wages now obtainable, as compared with the pay granted to the troops, and also that, in many instances, men desirous of volunteering are prevented from doing so by their employers, who from motives of a pecuniary nature are unwilling to suffer the loss entailed upon them by even the temporary absence of their workmen.

Of the remedies proposed for this state of affairs, two, commonly urged, would appear deserving of careful consideration, viz.:—

Compulsory enlistment by ballot.

Greatly increased pay.

With regard to the first of these, the arguments against its adoption would, in the present condition of the Dominion, appear to be almost unanswerable; yet as the proposition is very frequently discussed, it may be as well to quote here a few of the most forcible.

1. Granting that it is the duty of every man to serve in the defence of his country, the necessity for so doing is, in this case, not apparent and must be proved.

2. When a portion only are required, the most even method of distributing the necessary burden is by a voluntary force supported by taxation—the ballot being oppressive, arbitrary and unequal.

3. It is contrary both to political economy and common sense, to force unwilling men when willing ones are to be had.

4. The country generally suffers from interruption of pursuits and disturbance of civil employments.

With regard to the second remedy, it is, I think, hardly to be expected in the present economical age, that the Government will enter into competition with the labour market, and thereby enormously increase the present militia estimates; yet if the present system be continued, and full musters are expected, some additional inducement in the shape of pay, must, I fear, be held out and nothing that the volunteer can reasonably demand, in the way of uniform, arms, or equipment, withheld; and it is, I think, to the complete fulfilment of this latter requirement that we must look for the largest measure of success.

Personal popularity on the part of commanding officers, has always been found to be very effective in inducing volunteers to enlist; but where, as in some cases, this influence is not joined to a knowledge of military discipline and interior economy, its subsequent effects are often found to be deleterious, and productive of great lack of proper military subordination; so that, remembering that at the best, in cases of this sort the absence or withdrawal of the commanding officer often involves the disorganization of his corps, not much dependence can be placed upon this mode of recruitment.

So far we have only treated the subject of efficiency from a numerical point of view, but a far more important consideration presents itself, viz., that relating to the proper

training and discipline of the troops when called upon for actual service.

The means by which these important desiderata have been hitherto attained may be considered, as:

First, the system of Military Schools for all branches of the service; and secondly, the admixture among the ranks of the militia of officers and men who had been trained in, and who have retired from, the Imperial service. That both these means have been productive of good effect, at least so far as regards a knowledge of drill, is sufficiently apparent from the tone of the Adjutant-General's reports, which show that, in addition to mere regimental exercises, the various corps have thus been able to combine for more extended and complicated manœuvres.

I would, however, draw particular attention to the fact, that the utility of these two means of instruction has already reached its maximum, and bids fair, year by year, to diminish, for the following reasons:

The number of trained soldiers in the ranks must, from natural causes, tend to diminish annually, while on the other hand, the usefulness and efficiency of the Military Schools has been seriously impaired by the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, seeing that these schools were, before that event, commanded by experienced officers, and instruction imparted in them by an adjutant and instructors from the regular forces. The presence, too, of highly trained, well disciplined bodies of men in our midst, represented a standard of efficiency at which all might aim, and hope in time to attain.

Besides the above cause operating to the disadvantage of these institutions, various objections have been urged to their present constitution and system, among which the following appear to be the most forcible:

It is said that many cadets who join these schools are attracted mainly by the prospect of the gratuity to be obtained by passing the required examination, and do not afterwards join the militia. The examinations can, for the most part, be passed by judicious cramming, and consequently the knowledge so acquired is soon forgotten.

The most important parts of military training, viz., discipline and subordination, are not taught at all, and would indeed be impossible of enforcement outside the walls of the drill-shed.

Now, taking it for granted that all will agree with me in insisting upon careful professional training, as necessary to proficiency in any ordinary business, I would say one word with reference to the popular notion that officers and men are exempt from this necessity, and that any officer who can drill a squad, or any man who can handle a rifle, may, without further training, take his place in the ranks, and be depended upon as an efficient defender of the country. That such is not the case may be abundantly proved by example; the numerous instances in which small bodies of well disciplined troops, led by intelligent commanders, have gained victories over forces numerically their superiors, but badly led and ill disciplined, speak for themselves; while, to the careful student of the late continental war, nothing is more apparent than that it is to the very great proficiency in everything relating to the art of war, so thoroughly attained by the Germans, that we must look for the true secret of their wonderful successes over their equally brave but less perfectly trained opponents.

I cannot, indeed, better illustrate my argument than by reference to this point, for, whatever may have been the case in former days, when, as a rule, brute force—as represented by numerical strength—generally carried the day, the improvements in modern firearms have so changed the state of affairs that campaigns are now decided more by strategy than tactics. Far more importance must therefore necessarily be attached to the careful training of both officers and men, now often left to their individual resources, than when the former had but to

lead their companies into action, and the latter to obey the command to charge.

It has been said that, granting the above to be true, our volunteers, drawn, as they are for the most part, from the artisan and commercial classes, are of superior intelligence to the ordinary rank and file of the British army, and that, consequently, a smaller amount of training will suffice for them; but surely it is evident enough that this superior intelligence is in itself worse than useless, unless the intelligence and education of the officers is high in proportion —and I scarcely think that at present this can be affirmed.

Now unless we can reconcile ourselves to the idea of a standing army, in which both officers and men may remain long enough to enable them to acquire a knowledge of their profession by a somewhat slow but sure method, it is evident that some means of instruction and training in more than the mere elements of drill, (better than those existing at present), must be provided, if we wish to make the most of our material, or to attain such a proficiency as will enable us with reason to point with pride to our military organization.

No doubt there are many who strongly advocate the establishment and maintenance of a standing army; but, from the opinions expressed on this subject in Parliament and elsewhere, I cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that at present the general feeling of the country is adverse to such a proceeding, and the arguments of expense, and comparatively useless employment of men, too strong to be easily got over.*

Acting on these convictions, an improved system of Military Schools seems to be at once the most natural, as well as the most feasible, of the many remedies proposed for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. In making the following suggestions with this end in view, I hope to show that, whilst securing the gradual and thorough military training of a very large proportion of both officers and men, we may also provide a very great incentive to enlistment, and gradually leaven with true military principles the great bulk of our citizens.

We are happily not altogether left to conjecture as to the probable working of such institutions. As early as the summer of 1871 it became apparent that the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, however detrimental to the Infantry and Cavalry Schools, would strike a more fatal blow to the continuance of those for the artillery service—the latter requiring very special instruction of a nature not capable, for the most part, of being imparted by instructors taken from the militia. It was therefore decided to establish two Schools of Gunnery, one at Quebec, for that Province; the other at Kingston, for the Province of Ontario. These institutions took the form of regular batteries of artillery, and were destined, besides their ostensible object of instruction, to furnish garrisons for the important fortifications at these stations, as well as caretakers of their armouries.

I may here quote, for the benefit of those who may not have had an opportunity of perusing the work in question, an extract from the Adjutant-General's report for last year (1872), which shews, briefly, the nature and object of these institutions.

"The results already attained by the establishment of the Schools of Gunnery at Kingston and Quebec are very satisfactory. These schools of practical and theoretical artillery science were established under the system detailed in General Orders, October, 1871; none are admitted to them for duty and instruction except duly gazetted officers and men belonging to some corps of the Active Militia. The periods of admission to the Gunnery School are for three and twelve months, and a limited number of

* In these remarks I do not refer to the present force in Manitoba, which has no doubt special duties to perform, and is, after all, I believe, to be gradually superseded by a force of mounted police.

officers and men may be re-admitted for a further period, it it be found necessary to do so, in order to maintain a sufficient staff and nucleus for carrying on the instruction and duties. Whilst attached to the Schools of Gunnery for duty and instruction, all officers and men are under the rules of military discipline, as prescribed 'in clause 64 of the Militia Act,' and thus Artillery Schools, as real as corps of the Royal Artillery itself, have been formed for garrison duty as well as for theoretical and practical instruction in artillery science."

These schools are commanded, and the instruction carried on in them, by properly qualified officers of the Royal Artillery, assisted by sergeant instructors of the same regiment, whose services are loaned by the Imperial to the Dominion Government. The objections previously stated against the present system of Military Schools do not appear equally valid against the Schools of Gunnery; for, in the first place, no gratuity or pecuniary advantage whatever results to either officers or men on completing their course of instruction or passing their examinations. With regard to the second, although much of the instruction imparted is theoretical, and in consequence only to be acquired from notes taken at lectures or from study, yet by far the greater portion is practical, and from constant iteration during a comparatively extended period, becomes sufficiently well impressed upon the memory as not to be easily forgotten; while with regard to the last—instruction and practical employment in all that relates to the internal economy and well-being of a corps, it is a result that naturally follows from the constitution of these schools. So far from discipline and subordination being neglected, their principles are most rigidly carried out, and their use soon found, by even the most careless, to be indispensable.

It only remains now to be seen in what manner these schools have answered the purpose of their institution, and whether they are likely to act as an incentive to enlistment, if we wish to determine in how far they should be taken as a model for our future schools of instruction for the Cavalry and Infantry.

It may be said by some that, granting the superior nature and value of the instruction carried on in schools of this nature, yet their advantages are participated in by but few, and by far the larger bulk of the militia would still be liable to deterioration. Now apart from the well-known and wholesome influence that well instructed officers and men have upon their inexperienced comrades in arms, it may be well to point to results already achieved with even the limited examples before us, as an answer to the above objection. Accordingly we find upon enquiry that with a standing establishment of about 140 of all ranks, about 100 officers, non-commissioned officers and men, pass through each School of Gunnery per annum. Now, supposing the system proposed to be carried out in its integrity, and schools on a similar principle for Cavalry and Infantry established at say the Cities of Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N. B., at least the same results might be expected, and a total of 500 educated soldiers distributed annually throughout the Dominion. Another, and it seems a still more important point remains to be investigated, viz.: The subsequent result of this training on officers and men, and its general effect in fostering and maintaining a true military spirit, and a just appreciation of the relative duties and responsibilities of a soldier's life—without which it seems idle to expect that the best men will volunteer, or that after doing so they will continue to re-enrol after their first period of engagement has terminated. With regard to this point, owing to the comparatively short period of time that has elapsed since the formation of the Gunnery Schools, it is impossible to obtain data by which we can arrive at a perfectly reliable conclusion. The experience that has

been gained, however, speaks for itself, and is of such a nature as to lead us to judge more than hopefully as to the ultimate result. Apart from the opinions of the Adjutant-General and the Inspector of Artillery, as contained in their reports, with reference to the very satisfactory results already attained by the establishment of these schools, commanding officers of corps of artillery have not been slow to appreciate the advantages which have accrued to their batteries when even a few of their officers or men having obtained certificates of efficiency. They thus profit not only by an increased staff of instructors, but also by the increased "esprit de corps" while that this latter reacts very favourably with regard to enlistment is an assertion that can scarcely be questioned. Again, these schools have furnished a large number of men for service with the artillery corps in Manitoba, and the advantage of thus having even a small body of men trained, equipped, and ready at a moment's notice for service in any emergency, is a consideration not to be lightly estimated.

So far for the results that have been, and are likely still to be, attained by these Schools of Artillery Science; but while admitting the necessity of careful and systematic instruction in this branch of the science, let us not forget the fact that in these days of improvement in all that relates to the art of war, cavalry and infantry stand no less in need of such advantages. The former, as the "eyes of an army" have to be taught the duties of reconnaissance, combined with rapid and independent action, while the latter, besides their duties as riflemen, already for the most part very efficiently acquired, have much to learn as regards the selection and occupation of positions, and the defence and attack of villages and outposts. These, and other subjects of a kindred nature, can never, I venture to assert, be taught as they should be in our present Military Schools, or even in the best systems of camps of instruction, however beneficial these may be in other respects. I would fain hope, therefore, that the time has come when we may no longer rest satisfied with such means of instruction, and that some better mode—perhaps such as I have endeavoured to describe—may be adopted, not only as a means of improving our efficiency, but also as an inducement to both officers and men, who, as volunteers, may wish to perfect themselves in their profession.

To those "peace at any price" individuals who refuse to see any necessity for spending a shilling on our military organization so long as we are not actually threatened with invasion, I would only remark that the experience of years points to the wretched and false economy of such parsimonious ideas, and the consequent waste both of money and men which, even at the best, in times of panic and war, must result from want of wise and due provision. I would hope, however, that nothing I have already stated may lead to the conclusion that, in the reforms I have indicated, a large expenditure is necessary. Far from such being the case, a very small addition, if any, to our present militia estimates would, I believe, suffice for the end in view; for, without entering into details of expenditure—which, though all-important, are, I imagine, hardly within the scope of the object proposed at the outset of these observations—I may remark that the very abolition of the present Military Schools, with their system of bounties and extra pay, would result in a large annual saving to Government; and we stand in no need of increased barrack accommodation for the small force which even a most complete system of Military Schools would necessarily require.

In concluding these brief remarks, I would wish to disclaim all credit for originality so far as regards the general principles of the proposed reforms. The reports of the late Adjutant-General of Militia, and the opinions of experienced officers collated therein, all

point to the necessity of changes in the direction indicated; and though differing, perhaps, with some in regard to the means by which our militia may be brought to a high standard of efficiency, both as regards their numbers and training, I hope that the value of its attainment may be recognized, and that at length this subject may receive that attention and consideration which its importance, taken even on the comparatively low ground of national insurance, would seem to demand.

MILES.

VIGIL.

JOY is dead, but Love doth sit,
Faithful mourner, by his bed;
Tender grass she cherisheth—
Weedeth out the poppies red.
They may sleep whose dreams are sweet,
Love doth watch with quiet feet:
Fall softly, rain, fall softly.

Joy was young, but Love so old,
He grew weary over soon;
She doth wait the evening light,
He lay down and died at noon.
Quickly was Joy's sojourn past;
Love was first and shall be last:
Fall softly, rain, fall softly.

SARAH WILLIAMS.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

A STORY OF 1812.

BY FIDELIS.

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECT AND A MEDITATION.

"On every mountain crest
Is rest,—
On every vale beneath
No breath
Disturbs the quietude;
The little birds are silent in the wood,
Soon, patient, weary breast,
Thou too wilt rest!"

IT was with a strong rising pain at his heart, stronger than he could have reasonably accounted for, even to himself, that Ernest Heathcote hurried away from the house where, a few moments before, he had expected to spend some happy hours in a companionship the exceeding sweetness of which, to him, he had only of late begun openly to acknowledge to himself. But it was not only the disappointment of the immediate deprivation that made his heart sink so low. A vague, haunting fear for the future, which had been dimly oppressing him, had seemed suddenly to take a definite form from the unexpected appearance of this stranger. Slight as the circumstance was, it seemed to chime in only too well with the train of thought which had been occupying his mind before. He walked rapidly on, fighting off thought by dint of exercise, and instead of pursuing his way to "the farm,"—his Oakridge home,—he turned aside towards the hilly ridge which skirted the little settlement at a short distance from the lake, and which, being well wooded with oak and other trees, gave it its name. It was rather a steep clamber up the rocky, wooded side, but the climbing helped to take the edge off the inward pain; and when he at last reached the open knoll near the summit, toward which he had been directing his steps, and threw himself down to rest and think, his mood had become considerably tranquillized.

It was a lovely summer panorama that lay spread out before him. The wide expanse of lake, as softly blue as a sleeping southern sea; the green curving shore that swept from Burlington Bay, on the one hand, round almost in a semicircle to the Newark district on the other; the heavy masses of forest, in the distance dimly blue against the horizon—near at hand showing such a variety of vivid green, interspersed with the paler hues of occasional clearings; here and there a faint curl of smoke from the chimney of a settler's cabin, denoting preparations for the evening meal; just below, the little gray church and churchyard; and a little to the left, behind the gracefully towering elms, among the apple and peach trees, the creeper-covered walls of the "big house" to which his eye turned so wistfully. The tide of thought swept in now in full force, and the familiar features of the scene before him seemed to weave themselves inextricably into the mazes of the reverie, half retrospective, half anticipative, that took possession of him. But to understand the tenor of his meditations it is necessary to glance briefly at his past history.

His father had been an officer in the revolutionary army, and had gained his captaincy by his gallant services during the war of Independence. A year or two before its close he had impulsively married a gentle Quaker maiden, the daughter of a New England farm-house where he had

been nursed through a fever following upon wounds and exposure after an engagement. Her family strongly opposed the marriage, the more so that they were opposed to the war in principle, and that the other daughter was about to be married to Jacob Thurstane, a keen and sturdy Loyalist. But the young officer's ardour and the maiden's affection overcame all the opposition, reasonable and unreasonable, of the simple, kindly country folk, and the marriage took place, the young husband being obliged, shortly after, to leave his bride with her parents, while he again went to risk his life in the cause into which he had thrown himself, heart and soul. It was a sorrowful, anxious time for the young wife, whose sympathies naturally went with the side on which her husband's life was staked, while those of her own family, and, more strongly still, those of her new brother-in-law, were entirely on the other. At last the contest was decided. Captain Heathcote returned to his wife,—his life spared, indeed, but with the seeds of disease in his constitution which were to bring him to a premature grave,—and Jacob Thurstane, determined to cling to the British flag, left his well-tilled, flourishing farm, and took refuge in Canada as a United Empire Loyalist. Captain Heathcote and his wife lived on for some years with the old father and mother in the quiet little homestead, where one sorrow rapidly followed another. Children were born only to pine away and die, while their lives were reckoned by months,—the old father and mother ere long followed the little grandchildren; and then Captain Heathcote's lingering malady, aggravated by cold and exposure, developed itself so rapidly that almost before his wife could bring herself to admit his danger, she found herself a widow,—alone in the world but for the one infant of a few months old, who, unlike its predecessors, seemed likely to be spared to her. Tidings did not travel rapidly from Massachusetts to Canada in those days, but when Jacob and Patience Thurstane received the sorrowful, painfully written letter which told them of Rachel Heathcote's desolation, the strong, gentle-hearted yeoman set out at once to bring her and her baby to his Canadian home.

"It's rough enough yet, sister Rachel," said Patience, as the two sisters wept together when Mrs. Heathcote arrived; "but if thee can like it after the dear old home, we'll try to make thee as happy as thee can ever be in this world now, poor soul!"

They kept their word, and the Lake Farm was at least a peaceful home for poor Rachel Heathcote for the few years that her life, worn down by sorrow, was prolonged; and when she quietly departed to the real home, where broken bonds are united and broken hearts made whole, it was without the shadow of an anxiety for the future of the son whom she confidingly trusted to her brother and sister's faithful guardianship. That trust had not been disappointed. Jacob and Patience Thurstane would have been unkind to their own children sooner than to the orphaned nephew; and the former, seeing that the boy was not nearly so strong as his own vigorous sons, but that he "favoured book-learning," was anxious to secure for him as good an education as was possible in those days. As the settlement grew, a teacher now and then came to Oakridge for the winter months, and Ernest rapidly learned all that such not very thoroughly equipped instructors could teach him. Major Meredith, to whom steady, honest Jacob Thurstane had always been a trusty friend and ally, pleased with the boy's evident ability and love of study, presented him with a Latin grammar and *Delectus*, in which he made such progress that, by Major Meredith's advice, he was sent for a winter to the Grammar School sometimes in operation at Newark, and subsequently to Harvard College. This event was of no small importance in the boy's life, since it not only wonderfully enlarged his range of ideas and ex-

perience, and stimulated his fast developing powers, but it also introduced him to the country of his parents, and to scenes full of interest to him from the reminiscences which, boy as he was, he had treasured up from his mother's lips, of his father's campaigns. On his final return from college, being still undecided as to his future career, he had, by the advice of both his uncle and Major Meredith, undertaken to discharge the duties of grammar-school teacher at Newark while he continued eagerly to prosecute his own cherished studies.

At "The Elms" Ernest Heathcote had always been a privileged visitor. The Major had always liked to encourage the clever, studious lad, who, he hoped, would one day turn out a credit to his patronage. His early lost wife, too, had taken a special interest in the young widow, who was fading away very much as she herself was; and after Mrs. Heathcote's death, which happened shortly before her own, she had felt an intense sympathetic compassion for the poor boy left motherless, as she knew her own infant child would be ere long. This association with a beloved memory still fresh in the Major's inmost heart, strengthened the interest he would, in any case, have felt in a promising boy growing up under his immediate observation.

Little Lilias, as she grew up, became the poetry, and in no small measure the inspiration, of Ernest's quiet, thoughtful life. He was accustomed to see her often and familiarly, but he never forgot, as the sturdier Thurstane boys sometimes did, the respect due to her higher social position, but especially to her sex. Indeed, he was always, with a natural chivalry, as deferential to her as ever was knight to his liege lady. When Lilias rode over to the farm on her pony by her father's side, as she often did, and spent the hours, (while Major Meredith discussed stock and road-making and improvements with the farmer,) wandering about the farm, where she had the child-like conviction that everything, from cows and sheep down to cream and home-made buns and "Johnny-cake," was better than they had at home, Ernest was her ready and delighted escort. He it was who went with her to the shore, to watch the waves, white-crested in the breeze, come curling over the sand;—who made her tiny birch-bark canoes, and enclosed a fairy pond with stones, in whose unruffled expanse the tiny craft, with beetles and lady-bugs for crew, might float in safety;—who taught her, with infinite pains, how to make the little flat stones "skip" over the glassy waves, and in the season of the "dropping nuts," gathered stores of hickory and butternuts for her special delectation. And then, when tired with more active pleasures, Lilias liked nothing better than to sit under a spreading maple or butternut tree, while Ernest told her wonderful stories out of his Ovid, about Deucalion and Pyrrha, and of men sprung from dragons' teeth, and maidens changed into trees, and Pyramus and Thisbe, and poor Ceyx and Halcyone, from which latter he would translate whole pages, to which the child would listen with dilating, dreamy eyes, gazing at the sparkling waves before her, and imagining them the very ones which engulfed the absent, watched-for husband. These stories, laden with the poetic breath of the old heroic ages, and the strange distant lands, nourished the child's imaginative faculty, and widened a mental horizon that might otherwise have been comparatively narrow; and were—hardly less than the Bible stories that Aunt Judy used to tell her in her quaint, confused way—a vivid reality in her inner world. And she, on the other hand, was to Ernest a softening, refining influence, and to some extent an embodiment of the ideal beauty which vaguely floated before his imagination. In some indefinite fashion she always blended with his dreams of the future, though he would have felt it a profanation to let those dreams take a tangible shape, as with a less sensitive lad they might have done.

When, after each absence from home, he met Lilias, who had herself been sent away for a year to a Montreal boarding-school—a great piece of self-denial on her father's part,—and recognized her increasing beauty and the grace which enlarged social intercourse had added to her naturally frank and simple manner, he was more than ever vividly conscious, both of the difference in their social position, and of the delight which he found in her society—in her very presence. Opportunities for enjoying it were so numerous and so easy, too, in his vacations spent at the farm. The Major had a tolerably good library for the time and place, chiefly stocked with standard old-time histories, Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, &c.; and as Ernest was free to borrow and read as many as he pleased, and they formed the staple of his reading in a place where books were otherwise so difficult of access, they furnished sufficient cause for many a pleasant visit to The Elms. There was many a pleasant talk, also, during these often prolonged visits; for Lilias, stimulated by Ernest's example, generally read the books that he read, and they both found that comparing notes and opinions about them was a great deal pleasanter than enjoying them alone. The Major himself liked to join in some of these talks—they recalled old days when he had been a greater reader than he was now, and he liked to discuss the old English campaigns and victories, comparing past times with present, especially when he could do so with one so well able to form and intelligibly defend an opinion as Ernest Heathcote.

Then Lilias and he compared their respective acquirements in French, in which Ernest had been his own instructor; and as they found that, while Ernest was incomparably the better versed in the grammar and theory of the language, Lilias had acquired from her French instructress at school an acquaintance with its pronunciation to which Ernest could not pretend, they often read it together for mutual improvement during the pleasant evenings that Ernest spent at The Elms; and it was surprising how much life and interest seemed to be infused into the pages of Corneille and Racine on these occasions, and how much better Lilias could appreciate the beauty of the dramas when aided by the thoughtful critical comments of Ernest's maturer mind.

It would have been almost impossible for any young man, in such circumstances and with Ernest's ardent temperament, to have gone on enjoying a companionship that was constantly becoming dearer to him, without cherishing some fair visions of what might be, if——! Had not far greater social differences been bridged by a true and faithful and persevering love, winning by its own determination such a position as it would not be derogatory to the beloved one to share? Such dreams would rise, to be constantly checked by the feeling that Lilias, frankly glad as he knew she was to have him for a companion and friend, never looked beyond the pleasure of the present intercourse. Her mind had never been imbued with such sentimental ideas as most young ladies derive from novels, few of these having ever penetrated to Oakridge; and Corneille and Racine were too much above the level of ordinary life to suggest them. Then her life was such a healthy, happy one—so full of the innocent interests which had sufficed to it from her girlhood, that, if entire separation from Ernest would have made any deeply felt blank in it, she was as yet quite unconscious of the fact. And the Major, kind as he always had been to Ernest, genuinely pleased as he always was with his industry and success, was yet, as the latter well knew, so stanchly entrenched in his old Tory ideas of *caste*, that he would as soon have expected one of Jacob Thurstane's rough farmer sons to dream of marrying his daughter, as the "lad" whom he looked upon as a sort of *protégé*, even though,—perhaps all the more because,—his father had been one of those Republican soldiers whom

Major Meredith had never quite forgiven for "beating the English."

Moreover, Ernest was feeling discouraged of late about the realization of the strong hope he had always entertained of winning an important and useful position—one wherein the talents of which he was conscious should have more scope than in the cramping drudgery of a schoolmaster's work; the depressing monotony of which, among very rough and unpromising materials, was telling sensibly upon his strength and energies. He was feeling, even in his private studies, the want of a more definite aim, to stimulate him to a more direct and vigorous course through the tempting fields of knowledge. But that definite aim it was not easy to fix. For the study of medicine he had no natural taste or aptitude. Law, with its dry technicalities, repelled him. The Church, although the preparatory studies would have chimed in far better with his mental tendencies, Ernest Heathcote was too conscientious to enter without a more vividly realising grasp of the great realities he should have to preach than he was conscious of as yet. With earnest longings after truth of all kinds, and for communion with the unseen source of truth, his heart had not yet found its centre; he knew he lacked the earnest, wholesouled faith which he saw in Lilias and in poor old Aunt Judy, and he felt too strongly the sacred responsibilities of the ministry to enter upon it as a mere profession. To equip himself for a professorship, or the calling of a *littérateur*, would have been, in the state of Canada at that time, a Utopian idea. There was nothing for him, in the present, but to go on in the work, monotonous as it was, which had come to his hand; and to hope that, by-and-by, the higher and more congenial vocation which at present floated somewhat vaguely before his inward sight might take shape and tangible reality.

Meantime the depressing influences of uncertainty and hope deferred were aggravated by the conflicting emotions which had been awakened by the hostility and antagonism daily increasing between Canada and the United States. Notwithstanding his New England birth, he was as thoroughly Canadian in feeling as his uncle Jacob. To Canada belonged all his early memories and associations,—all the silent influences of solemn forest and changeful lake and quiet dewy country fields, which had interwoven themselves with his impressible nature, and had as much to do with developing his mind and character as his eagerly studied books. All his fair youthful dreams were linked with Canada as firmly as with Lilias, and Lilias herself was an additional and a strong link in the invisible chain. For Britain, the country from which all his ancestors had originally come—the land of so many heroic traditions—the present upholder of continental liberty against tyrannical encroachments, he felt as strong and loyal an affection as Major Meredith or Jacob Thurstane. But then, the young country which, like a restless adventurous youth, had thrown aside the paternal yoke, and somewhat roughly vindicated its independence, had a place in his heart too, and he could not regard it as the Major and his uncle did—as an insolent upstart, rearing its independence on gratuitous disloyalty and unreasonable rebellion. He knew well, from his mother's lips, as well as from her expressive silence, how sacred to his father's heart had been the cause of independence, which for him had been the cause of loyalty; and, stimulated by the filial desire to find justification for his father's course, he had studied with keen attention all he had been able to learn from books or men as to the origin of the struggle. He had heard, from the lips of those who still vividly remembered those days of storm and bitterness, of the oppressions and exactions and high-handed acts which, devised by unwise counsellors, so far from and so ignorant of the real condition of the country they were undertaking to rule, had made the old British blood of the colonists boil under

the sense of hopeless injustice, and roused true-hearted men to rear the standard of defiance. Ernest felt that, had he been one of them, he must have done as they did—that they were actuated by a true loyalty, not to the then Government of England, but to the traditions which had made her the nation she was—to the spirit which had vindicated her liberty and freed her from kingly tyranny on the field of Naseby. And so, when Major Meredith, who had gained his promotion in the War of Independence, would unsparingly denounce those "recreant Yankees" as traitorous rebels, Ernest, who knew better than to excite his ire by useless argument, was obliged, at least by silence, to show dissent—a circumstance not unnoticed by the stanch old soldier, who would inwardly regret that his young friend had sprung from so doubtful a stock. For "blood will tell," he would say to himself; and Ernest was often painfully aware that his genuine and thorough loyalty was secretly doubted by the Major as well as by other people.

He was, in truth, in a position especially liable to suffer unjust suspicion and misconstruction;—that of one who cannot give unqualified sympathy to either side alone—who sees too much of the faults of both to be a thorough partisan of either, and who, consequently, meets the disapproval of both. For, while the unscrupulously aggressive spirit of a portion of the American people towards Canada awakened his indignation, he well knew that it was equally distasteful to the better portion of that people themselves;—that in his father's New England, especially, there were many who denounced the idea as strenuously as any Canadian could do. And he knew, too—for his intercourse with his American kindred had enabled him to look at matters from their point of view also—that Britain was not wholly clear of offence on her own part; that some cause had been given for the animosities that rankled so bitterly in American hearts; and that corresponding animosities, as bitter, and often as unjust, in many cases predisposed Canadians to unreasonable hostility on their side. He had seen enough of unfairness and violent prejudices on both sides of the line to make him thoroughly weary of the quarrel, and, at the same time, to give him good cause to fear that a fierce collision must ere long take place. If so, then he should have no difficulty as to his own course. As he had said to Lilias, he felt that a reckless, unscrupulous invasion of a peaceful country, brought about by base men for selfish ends, must be resisted to the death by every honest man. To take up arms in such a cause was to fight not only for King and Country, but for peace and good order,—for the sacred rights of man,—for home and the dear helpless ones around the hearth-stone; and against murder, rapine, crime,—all the countless villanies that must attend the success of reckless marauders. Even Aunt Patience forgot her Quaker principles, and ceased to preach peace, when her sons, and even her loyal old husband, shouldered their rusty rifles and went to drill. And Ernest, impressed with the need of being prepared for the worst, and aware that enthusiasm and determination, however strong, would not make up for the lack of previous training, had joined a Newark company of volunteers, and had devoted himself to drilling with an ardour that told considerably upon his not very vigorous strength.

It was not surprising, therefore, that in his present somewhat morbid state, even the society of Lilias should have failed to rouse him out of the painful thoughts that had been harassing him, and that the appearance of Captain Percival at the very moment when he had been inwardly chafing at the invisible barriers between Lilias and himself, should have given him a stab-like sensation, like the sudden, vivid realisation of a vague misgiving. He had always feared that the prize he so coveted might be carried off before he

could even make an effort to secure it; for to make any such attempt in present circumstances would, he felt, be an ungrateful breach of trust towards the Major, which would assuredly excite his indignation, even if it succeeded so far as Lilias' own feeling was concerned. He had an exaggerated sense of his own deficiencies of manner and appearance, as compared with Lilias herself, and of many with whom she would, now especially, be brought into contact. He felt, too, as if no man capable of appreciating Lilias, and free to win her, could help being inspired with the same desire which filled his own heart. But his hold upon her regard was, he thought, painfully slight, sincere as he knew her friendship to be. He was but one pleasant element in a life that had a thousand other interests. And now, in this prepossessing stranger, who would meet her on the familiar footing of an old family friendship, and who was received with such favour by her father, he felt as if he had seen the rival decreed by fate to win the object of his own long-cherished hopes. He knew how slender was the foundation on which this idea had started up, but he could not reason himself out of it. It was one of those sudden, almost unaccountable feelings that sometimes take possession of the mind with tyrant force, and maintain their sway in spite of will and reason.

Well! it would be more in accordance with the fitness of things,—he could not but confess to himself,—than his own dream would be, could it be realised. Was it not selfish to wish to keep Lilias in this remote wilderness, shut out from the world she was so fitted to grace,—from a career that would bring her into a more vivid life and varied experience, side by side with one whom most people would pronounce a far more fitting mate? And yet, would his darling be really happier than he could make her,—in a tranquil, peaceful life of sympathetic aims? Would any man devote himself more truly—nay, as truly—to secure a happiness so precious to him, and to which he believed he knew so well how to minister, having watched every taste and preference from her childhood? It was a harassing conflict of thought and feeling, and he began to see how fruitless it all was. What could he do, after all, but leave events to take their course—nay, rather leave them to the direction of Him who, as Aunt Judy had said, must "keep the city, or the watchmen would watch in vain?" And as he looked up to the pure ethereal sky above him, now taking the soft rich tones of sunset, he tried to raise his heart, too, to that all-directing, invisible power whose essence is Love, and the thought of Whom, really believed in, must calm the most troubled heart.

His, at least, began to grow quieter, while he sat still on the rocky knoll, watching the sunset, till the soft flood of amber light in the west, melting above into the most delicate green, and the light wreaths of rosy clouds floating above, were all that were left of it; while the placid lake below lay suffused with an exquisite blending of hazy purple and amber and rose. The rich verdure of early summer and the outlines of the fair landscape were all subdued and idealised in the soft evening light. Connecting the scene before him with the thoughts that had been passing through his mind, Ernest mused regretfully on the sad perversity of selfish, passionate human nature, in bringing in elements of destruction and suffering to mar the divinely given beauty of the fair world. Should the threatened war take place, some such sweet sylvan scene as this would ere long be profaned by the horrid din of arms and deadly human conflict, suffering and mutilation, the "noise of the warrior and the garment rolled in blood." And yet it would only be adding one page more to the many blood-stained pages of the world's history! Thinking of this with the sadness which it must bring to every heart that vainly tries to solve the mysterious problem of human life, Ernest thought, too, of the "old, old

story" he had heard so often, with ears but half comprehending,—of the Divine Love, which had become one with the misery that it might bring to it a full consolation,—which had descended into the darkness that it might drive it away with heavenly light,—into the evil that it might overcome it with good! And he seemed to feel, as he had never done before, how for his own troubled, burdened heart, as well as for a troubled, burdened world, there was no rest short of that perfect, highest Love. As he slowly descended, amid the deepening shadows of the maples and pines, a strange peace seemed to fall on his heart as gently as the dew; for amidst the perplexities and burdens that lay heavily upon his thoughts, that great Divine-human heart that throbbed unseen,—the very pulse of the fair "nature" around,—was drawing him to itself, to rest, with a dimly realising trust, on its own perfect, all-sufficing strength.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE ELMS.

"Death is cold, but life is warm,
And the fervent days we knew
Ere our hopes grew faint and few,
Claim, even now, a happy sigh,
Thinking of those hours gone by."

CAPTAIN PERCIVAL had been duly introduced to Lilias, not neglecting the opportunity of paying some delicate compliments, such as, in those days, were a matter-of-course courtesy to ladies, and which Lilias had seen enough of military society to take as such, though in this case they represented the true sentiments of the speaker more accurately than was often the case. And, after a course of semi-starvation at wretched inns, the Captain was quite in a condition to enjoy heartily the hospitable meal which at The Elms was a sort of compromise between the early country "supper" and the late dinner of what the Major still called "civilized" life. It was, with him, the most substantial meal of the the day, and he enjoyed it, especially when, as in the present instance, he had a guest with whom he could converse on the congenial subjects of old England and the military news of the day. The meal was a pretty long one, retarded as it was by the flow of questions and answers, for Major Meredith's appetite was keen for all details of news from his old well-remembered county, and Captain Percival was able to communicate so much. It was by no means exhausted even when, leaving the room where they had supped, the Major led the way to the pleasant portico, where the air was sweet with the lilac blooms, dispensing their sweet evening perfume, and with the other vague wandering fragrances of a summer evening. It was very still, too, save for the occasional even-song of the birds from the tall maples and thick spruces; and the mellow glow of the sunset lay in tremulous golden gleams among the foliage, and on the unshaven grass below. Lilias, with a bit of delicate muslin embroidery in her hand, took a low seat at a little distance from the gentlemen, listening to their talk, while the aroma of the Major's fragrant tobacco stole out to mingle with the incense-laden air. The mellow cadences of the stranger's voice, and his careless graceful talk, were agreeable enough, yet Lilias thought regretfully of Ernest, and of the pleasant, quiet evening they would have enjoyed but for the unexpected guest. Agreeable and polished as he certainly was, the French reading and the talk that would have followed it—pleasant talk about a thousand things with a friend whom she had not seen for several weeks—would have been very much more enjoyable than listening to a stranger's conversation about people who were only names to her, or hearing him describe with a soldier's enthusiasm—veiled, however, by his habitually careless tone—the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, full particulars

of which he had had in a letter from an old comrade. At last, when the Major's thirst for information had been pretty thoroughly satisfied, and when he and his companion had exhausted their conjectures as to Lord Wellington's probable course, and the possible results of the campaign, the talk drifted into channels nearer home, and the threatening aspect of Canadian affairs.

"It's something quite new to me," said Percival. "At home they don't seem to have any idea of such a state of things."

"Yes, they look at us through the wrong end of the spy-glass just now, and it's my opinion they're making rather a mistake. The people here are growing discontented that the folks at home seem to care so little about us, and though I always pooh-pooh such talk on principle, it's a bad habit to get into, you know, speaking evil of authorities,—still, *entre nous*, I do think some one's making a mistake, not to be more wide awake to the designs of our neighbours here."

And then the Major launched forth into an exposition of the subject, explaining how old animosities were still rankling on both sides; how the imprudent naval pretensions of Britain, and the rash, high-handed action of Admiral Humphreys, had intensely exasperated the existing ill-feeling; how American sympathy with Napoleon mingled with American ambition and anti-British feeling; how Jefferson and his party had for years been trying to provoke a declaration of war, even going the length of ordering such gratuitous acts of offence as the firing at peaceful merchant vessels dropping quietly down the Niagara river.

"The fact is," he added, "we've stood just about as much from them as we ought to stand, and a little more in my opinion. We've just about come to the point when forbearance becomes weakness, and if we don't come to the scratch soon, they will!"

"Well, I can't say I should be sorry if the rascals should give us a chance to pepper them," said Percival. "It wouldn't have quite so much *renommée* about it as fighting the French, to be sure; but it would, at least, be better than vegetating in your woods here, hunting deer and the 'coons' the people here talk about."

"Don't be afraid; you'll have enough to do before long, or I'm no prophet," was the Major's reply.

Captain Percival's speech was a natural one enough for a soldier, tired of inaction, eager for the fray, and troubling himself little with deeper thoughts. But on Lilias, whose sensibilities had been excited by having the real possibilities and consequences of war brought visibly before her imagination, it fell with a strong thrill of repulsion. Her own military ardour, which was only the romantic enthusiasm of youthful ignorance—seeing the ideal through a mist of glory that conceals the horror of the reality,—was not strong enough to prevent her from being repelled and chilled by this seemingly cold-blooded view of possible war. Captain Percival, with his graceful exterior and bearing, seemed to sink to the level of common human beings at once.

"The colonists here seem to think they have a good many things to grumble at," he remarked, as he lighted a new cigar. And he gave a condensed *resumé* of part of the conversation in the stage.

"Well! part of it is a true bill enough! Even I can't help seeing that, Tory as I am! If there had only been a little more 'gumption,' as Jacob Thurstane would say, about the Colonial Office, they might have made Canada a trump-card to Great Britain in her present troubles. If they had taken the trouble to help us with a little capital to make roads and open up the country,—offered inducements to emigration, and, in general, taken a more active interest in us,—she might have had a regular granary here, to supply her now she is cut off from the European corn-fields. As it is, the stream of emigration has drifted right past us, to

add wealth and strength to our neighbours. Yankees have come in and taken up free grants, just to sell them and pocket a nice sum by the speculation; our roads are—— as you see them; and, to crown all, our Government here has exasperated the people into discontent and irritation by a grasping, selfish policy, and by unjust and despotic arrests. There's a nice state of affairs for you, with a powerful enemy watching as a cat does a mouse;—with nearly two thousand miles of frontier to defend, and about four thousand regular soldiers to do it with, and a volunteer force small enough, and not over well organised. If Mr. Pitt had lived now, things might have been different, but England won't make good his loss in a hurry. Well, here I am, talking radically enough for our worthy shoemaker himself! I am glad there are none of our Oakridge people by to hear me. They would think I had gone 'clean daft,' as Davie Watson would say!"

And the worthy Major shook the ashes out of his pipe with a vigorous knock, and got up to walk off his little excitement by pacing up and down the avenue, while Captain Percival, turning to Lilias, began to talk to her about the English relatives who were such strangers to her beyond what she could learn of them through an occasional letter.

"Your aunt, Lady Herbert, told me to be sure to persuade Major Meredith to send you to them for a while," he said. "She said they would undertake to take excellent care of you."

Lilias smiled as she replied: "I wouldn't be afraid of that, but I shouldn't go unless my father did; I could not leave him alone here. I should like very much to see them all though;—or even to know what they are like."

Captain Percival had been watching her attentively while she spoke. A faint gleam from a light within showed dimly the outline of her features and the turn of her head, as she sat half facing him. He sat silent for a few moments, as if a chord of memory had been suddenly touched, and had abstracted him from the present. Then he replied, rather abruptly and with a slight sigh—

"Your cousin Marian, at least, strongly resembles you."

Something in his tone or manner somehow struck Lilias, and brought to her mind all at once a passage from one of her aunt's letters some time before, in which she had hinted at the evident attentions which a promising young officer had been paying to Marian, and she wondered whether this could be the one meant. She said, simply, as the only reply she could think of at the moment:

"I should be glad to think so, for I believe my cousin is thought very pretty as well as very amiable."

"She is the former," he replied, with a slightly bitter intonation contrasting strangely with his usual gliding smoothness of tone. "The latter she may be, to people in general, but I am unfortunate enough not to have had any special reason to think so. Not that I mean, however, to disparage Miss Herbert's excellent qualities in the least! I have no doubt any fault there may have been was on my side."

Lilias was somewhat nonplussed at an answer so different from what she had expected, and felt relieved when her father, having walked himself into a calmer mood, came up to invite Percival to go in and finish the day by drinking a birth-d y toast to his Majesty in orthodox English fashion. "And then to bed," he added, "for I am tired, and you must be doubly so, after jolting all day in that lumbering affair which we, by courtesy, call a stage."

Lilias, after seeing that the stranger's room was in all respects comfortably prepared for the guest, retired to her own, and, putting out her light, made the moon, just rising over the tall pines to the eastward of her window, do duty instead. A good many

thoughts came crowding into her mind ere she slept. The new acquaintance, in particular, furnished not a few speculations as to why he spoke with evident bitterness of her cousin. But Captain Percival soon vanished from her thoughts, to be replaced by Ernest Heathcote. She felt very sorry for him, for she saw he was feeling lonely and depressed, and she knew that life was hard for him. If it could only be made easier! It was so easy for her—comparatively. Then she thought of his anxiety about his cousin Rachel, and the words he had used, "on my own account,"—recurred to her thoughts. She wondered whether it might not be a little "on his own account" that he was troubled about the possibility of Rachel's affection being gained by the young lieutenant. She was so pretty and so winning, and Ernest had been so fond of her ever since she was a baby. It would not be at all surprising! And yet Lilias could not exactly imagine Ernest, so thoughtful, so intellectual, finding a life companion in a girl whose mind, as to either ideas or information, was such a *tabula rasa*, as that of Rachel Thurstane. However, she had often heard old Nannie declare that there was "nae accountin' for the fancies men take, puir bodies." At any rate it was no affair of hers, and she was angry with herself that the thought should trouble her. If Ernest did care for and marry Rachel, she would be his very good friend still, as she always had been. And she would try to keep an eye on Rachel, and prevent her happiness being wrecked by the unscrupulous lieutenant. And, thinking thus, she drifted off into the land of dreams.

Captain Percival slept soundly and long in a bed whose comfortable softness and snowy linen presented a striking contrast to the varieties of the species with which he had made acquaintance in Canada, to say nothing of ship-board. When he awoke the full sunshine of a June morning filled the room, screened though it partially was by the white drawn-down blind, for venetians were not yet even in large houses like 'The Elms.'

Lilias had been up for a long time before Percival descended. She had been busily engaged in various domestic avocations; had paid her morning visit to her four-footed favourites, fed the chickens, given those delicate fowls, the young turkeys, her especial attention, helped in "seeing to" the breakfast, which, out of consideration for the stranger, was unusually late; and had gathered the fresh bouquet of spring flowers that adorned the breakfast-table, set out with the fine old china which Lilias' mother had brought with her as a bride, and which was still reserved for special occasions. And now, looking bright and fresh in her pale chintz morning-dress, neatly and simply fashioned, she was sitting, deep in "Marmion," by the open window, partly shaded by the young green leaves of a trellised grape vine. She was so absorbed in the poem that she did not notice the quiet entrance of their guest, until roused by his courteous "good morning."

"I hope you rested well?" she said, as she rose to ring the hand-bell to summon her father in from his morning round in the fields.

"Better than I have done since I left England" he replied, and the improved and brightened expression of his fair-complexioned English face seemed to show that he had benefited by the rest. "May I look at the book that interests you so much?" he added, taking up the volume she had laid down.

"Ah! 'Marmion;' no wonder it fascinates you! It is a magnificent thing! Even I, though no great poetry lover, can appreciate it. It helped to aggravate a good deal 'the winter of my discontent,' even while it made me forget my *ennui*,—when I was lying by, confined to one room, and even to one position. You see long abstinence has made me ravenous for action," he said, smiling.

"Yes, it must have been hard to read

anything so stirring, when you had to keep quiet. But I am afraid I don't wish you much action of the kind you want;" she added, with her characteristic frank simplicity—the frankness of one who had never known any need for disguise.

"Oh, but you mustn't grudge us a chance to show what we can do—we poor fellows who can't do much else than fight!" he replied. "Come, Major Meredith," he added, after returning the Major's hearty greeting. "You must help me to defend the noble art of war! I am afraid Miss Meredith isn't sound on that subject."

"Well, I don't know that I should like my little girl to enjoy the prospect of it for its own sake. There's enough misery about it always, to make one want to keep it away as long as possible. I haven't forgotten Bunker's Hill and Brandywine, and if I could, I'd keep it off yet, even though I should have no fears for the result; and I think the first bugle-call wouldn't leave me behind! But come, let us have breakfast!"

The well-spread breakfast-table was tempting enough, with its light, home-made rolls, fresh eggs, dried venison, and delicious "white fish" from the lake, fresh caught that morning by black Sambo's rod. Major Meredith liked to give his guests a substantial breakfast, and to see them enjoy it. He "hadn't much opinion of a man who couldn't take his breakfast," he used to say, and he set a good example himself.

Captain Percival recurred to the subject of "Marmion." "Since you like that kind of thing, Miss Meredith," he said, "you must let me send you a later poem by the same author, one just published—'The Lady of the Lake.' Some people think it even finer than the other, though I can't say I do; but there's not so much fighting in it, and that will be a recommendation in your eyes. The author, a Scotchman, has come into notice a good deal of late. His poems are becoming very popular."

"It shouldn't be such a distinction to be *facile princeps*, now-a-days, as in days I can recollect," said Major Meredith. "There are not many great lights in literature now, so far as I can see, away out of the world as I am here."

"Well, as regards poetry, there are the people they call the 'Lake Poets,'—Wordsworth, Southey, and so on. Some people think a great deal of their poetry, though, to my taste, any of it that I've seen seems very prosy and dull. And there's a young fellow called Byron has made some very clever hits. I shouldn't wonder if we heard more from him yet, if he doesn't kill himself soon by the fast life he lives. Then there's Mr. Bentham and some of his radical friends, who are bringing out all sorts of queer notions in political economy," added the young officer, somewhat scornfully.

"Ah, those were the days! the time when I was a young fellow like you," pursued the Major regretfully, and rather as if he were following his own train of thought than replying to the other. "Why, my dear sir, when I was your age, and was quartered in Kensington Barracks, one had only to take a ramble about town to get a sight of men, aye and women too, whose names have been in men's mouths ever since! Or, if you went to Parliament House, it's ten chances to one that you would hear Pitt or Fox, or Burke—perhaps Hartley—a man that could speak five or six hours on a stretch, and so was a natural curiosity, prosy as he was. Why, once he was known to speak from five in the afternoon till ten, while his opponent, Mr. Jenkinson, went off for a ride into the country, spent the evening out of town, and came back leisurely back to find him speaking still! Then you might hear Garrick or Mrs. Siddons at Drury Lane or Covent Garden; and there you might see, in one row, sitting, with tears in their eyes, listening to 'Romeo and Juliet,'—Burke and Reynolds, and Gibbon, and Sheridan, and Fox, as I saw them one night that I went there with your poor father and Ned Selwyn, of the

Navy, who went down in the Royal George, poor fellow! As for Fox, he made a point of going to hear Mrs. Siddons whenever it was possible."

"Yes, I've often heard my father speak of those times," said Percival; "and he took *me* once, as a boy, to hear Mrs. Siddons, who was magnificent even then."

"And if you went to Ranelagh or the Pantheon of an evening, and knew who was who, what people you might see! Horace Walpole,—Lord Keppel,—Sir Joshua Reynolds, perhaps, or Mrs. Montague, or Mrs. Thrale, with Piozzi. Or taking a walk along Fleet-street you might see old Dr. Johnson sauntering along, with Bozzy beside him, like a great hulking man-of-war with a smart corvette alongside. Ah, those were the times!" he repeated with a sigh, forgetting his unfinished breakfast in the train of reminiscences he had called up before his mental vision. "And Lilias here doesn't even know what Fleet-street or Ranelagh is like,—brought up among Indians and rustics!" he added half regretfully.

"A deficiency of knowledge which I trust she will make up ere long, when you take her over for a visit, Major. Yet I don't know but Miss Meredith is quite as well without some of the lessons she might have learned in the 'great world;'"—added Percival, glancing with a certain respectful admiration at Lilias' bright, attentive face, its innocent freshness all undimmed by the glare and excitement of London "seasons."

"However," he added, "Miss Meredith would find an abundance of things and people to interest her in London, I do not doubt."

"I should like to see Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Clarkson, and Mr. Granville Sharp;" said Lilias,—these being the heroes who loomed most largely in her imagination, seen through the halo with which the enthusiastic admiration of Ernest Heathcote had invested them.

Captain Percival smiled. They were not precisely the class of objects he had thought most likely to interest a young girl new to the world of London.

"My little girl is a devotee of the abolitionists," said Major Meredith. "She's got an old negress here who can tell something of the horrors of the slave trade, and hearing some of her stories of what she has felt and seen makes even my old English blood boil up!"

"Yes, there's no doubt it was a scandalous iniquity for a free country like England to be keeping up such a traffic, and Wilberforce and his friends deserve great credit;" replied Percival, but the faint praise sounded chilling to Lilias, accustomed to Ernest Heathcote's intense feeling on the subject.

Of course you've heard, Major, of all the wonders Watt and Arkwright have been performing with steam;" pursued the Captain. They will revolutionise all our travelling, industrial arts,—everything,—if they go on as they are doing."

"Yes, it's wonderful,—wonderful! We've one steamboat down in Lower Canada, the 'Accommodation,' between Montreal and Quebec; you came up in it, eh? Well, I took Lilias for a trip in it up and down, when I was bringing her away from school, and I felt just like a child looking at a new toy! I couldn't take my eyes off that witch-craft-looking walking-beam, going up and down, up and down, till it makes one tired to look at it, and never a sail to hoist or reef, or need to care which way the wind blows! It did seem more like black art to me than anything else!"

"Yes, it's a wonderful invention. I expect they'll be crossing the Atlantic with steam vessels before long."

"I see they're talking of it, by the papers. Though how they'll get fuel enough stowed away, I can't see. Well, if ever that time comes, Lilias, I will take you a run across! And then this wonderful project of running steam carriages;—that does seem a wild idea! Do you think they'll ever manage it?"

"I shouldn't like to say what they might not manage; they've succeeded with so many queer things;" replied Percival.

"Just think, Lilias," said the Major; "a carriage propelled by steam, puffing along our road here! That would be a change from John Wardle's lumbering stage, and I suppose it would go a trifle faster. What a commotion it would make, and how it would frighten all the horses and cows!"

And Lilias, as well as her father, laughed at the possibility.

"That objection has been urged against it at home," replied Percival, gravely; "but I suppose the creatures would get used to it in time."

The breakfast and the talk being at last ended, Captain Percival volunteered his services in opening the deal box addressed to Miss Meredith, which still stood in the lobby. Lilias very willingly accepted the offer, for she was rather impatient to have its concealed treasures brought to light. The opening of a box from England was always a pleasant little bit of excitement. Lady Herbert, who very much pitied the wild Canadian exile of her brother's daughter, availed herself of every opportunity to send contributions to her wardrobe of the latest London style, so that "the poor girl might have something fit to wear, if she did live in the backwoods;" and there were always some pretty graceful trifles, besides, from Lilias' cousins;—little odds and ends, bearing the stamp and exhaling the aroma of a world of civilization and invention very different from the rude simplicity of primitive Canadian life.

So, on this occasion, after exhausting her own and old Nannie's admiration over the delicately embroidered "frock" of India muslin, the "spencer" of rich "changing" silk, and the pretty cottage bonnet with its wreath of wild rosebuds, constituting a toilette that would have been faultless on Oxford-street or the Mall,—Lilias delightedly drew out of manifold paper and wrappers a pretty vase of the new Wedgewood ware, gracefully painted; a brightly bound "annual;" a gilt-topped scent-bottle, and last, but not least, a prettily painted miniature of her cousin, Marian Herbert. This was the crowning gift of all, for Lilias had never before seen a portrait of any of her English relatives, except the rather stiff one of her aunt, as a little girl, which hung on the sitting-room wall. As she handed the picture to Captain Percival for inspection, after a long and admiring survey, she could not help glancing at him with a little curiosity. She caught a passing expression of pain, mingled perhaps with a tinge of pique; but his rather dry expression of opinion as he praised the likeness as a good one, did not enlighten her much as to the feelings with which he regarded her cousin.

There was, however, in the box, along with the file of newspapers, a welcome sight to the Major, and the long letter from his sister, still more welcome in a time when trans-Atlantic communication was even more unfrequent and precarious than usual,—a shorter letter to Lilias from her cousin, in which, after the usual rather formal expressions of cousinly good wishes and of the desire that she would visit England, the fair writer seemed rather to dwell on the mention of Captain Percival, about whose health, she said, his family were still anxious. "If you, my dear cousin," ran the letter, "will kindly mention particularly his health and welfare when you write, it will, I am sure, be very grateful to his family while so widely separated from him, as I will take care to tell them of any tidings you may send me."

Lilias smiled to herself a quiet little smile, and resolved to keep her cousin well supplied with all the information she could give her.

CHAPTER V.

AN AFTERNOON RIDE.

"Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line a deafening shout,—God save our lord the King!"

MAJOR MEREDITH had planned a little afternoon excursion, on horseback of course, to amuse his guest by showing him something of the surrounding country, and what was more especially interesting to himself, to point out the gradual improvements that the settlers were making on their "clearings," and other signs of progress and development. These, as he felt himself to be in some sort grand seigneur of the district, he took a pride in demonstrating to a stranger, filling in the picture with a graphic description of what had been only a few years before.

We'll go back as far as Tom Winter's clearing, Lilias," said he, "then come out on the lake shore by the Red Cedars, and home by the Lake Farm. Mrs. Thurstane will give us some curds and cream, and will show Captain Percival pretty little Rachel and Jacob Thurstane. Oh! by the way, he was one of your fellow-travellers yesterday, Percival. There's a man would do credit to any country, sturdy, honest old loyalist that he is! He's been my right-hand man for many a year.

The little party set out, Captain Percival mounted on the best riding-horse the Major possessed, Hector being still *hors de combat;* and taking a bridle-path that led into the deep heart of the forest, rode gently along a devious way, winding mysteriously amid soft confused blendings of light and shade, now in a deep shadow through which the June sunlight could scarcely penetrate, now amid flickering sunbeams that struggled through interlaced boughs of hemlock, oak and ironwood. Sometimes the path lay along a damp morass, where mud-holes were frequent, but where the stones were covered with velvety emerald moss, and crested with clusters of immense ferns,—and where the long trailing creepers of the partridge-berry, with its snowy waxen blossoms, or the deep, dark wintergreen, carpeted the way. Now and then they came out upon a bright open bit of clearing, and fields green with the young grain; and from the log "shanty" came out the inmates, well pleased to have a visit from the Major, whose appreciation of and sympathy with their labours they knew they could count upon, and duly impressed with the honour of a visit from one of His Majesty's officers in active service. The men were eager to know from him what was said "at home" about the "Yankees," and the women listened anxiously while war possibilities were discussed,—the enthusiastic, hardy land-tillers declaring their readiness to turn out "for King and Country," to the last drop of blood.

"It will go hard with us if we don't keep the country for the King, God bless him!" —said one of the loyal old pensioners, between whom and United Empire loyalists the land in the neighbourhood was pretty equally divided. The visitors received many pressing invitations to partake of such simple hospitality as their cabins could command, and it was all the Major could do to get away from his friends without giving offence. But when Tom Winter's "shanty" was reached, the old wooden-legged seaman would take no denial. "His honour, and the Captain, and Miss Lilias too, must take a bit," or at least drink the King's health with him in a glass of the "grog" of which report said old Tom was rather fonder than was good for him. Yet, if so, its bad effect was more than counterbalanced by his laborious open air life, for his ruddy-brown complexion showed as hale and healthy under the white hair and above the white beard as when, in the West India squadron under Admiral Rodney, he had exchanged his original limb of flesh and

blood for the wooden one on which he now hobbled about. His "old woman," full of old English idioms, as quaint as her mob cap, was almost as bright and "clever" as when she had danced on a village green around a may-pole, in days when such an institution still flourished. Having got a grant of land in Canada in lieu of pension, the old sailor had gone to work with his axe as bravely as he had ever helped to fire a broadside into an opposing squadron, and now his little farm could bear a good comparison with any in that fertile district. He led his visitors about it proudly enough, telling the Captain, with whom he fraternised at once on the ground of "His Majesty's Service," how many a tough battle he had had with the forest giants before his log-hut was raised, intermingling his pleased talk concerning his little crops with anecdotes, which he was never tired of ventilating, about his old commander in the West India squadron, and the various chances of the "American War," all of which were still vivid and fresh in a mind which for so many years had known little to mark the passage of time save growing infirmities and the monotonous changes of the season in the forest wilderness. When at last, much against his will, he had to let his visitors depart, he gave them a feeble parting cheer and another for His Majesty—protesting to the last that, if those rascally Yankees did come, they should find a good broadside waiting them from his old rifle, which had shot a good many wolves and deer in its day.

The forest grew more open after leaving Tom Winter's cabin, the clearings more frequent. They passed open rocky dells filled with a profuse growth of underwood, all snowy with clustered blossoms—dog-wood, elder, wild-plum and cherry, and Canadian hawthorn; and sometimes, overpowering all the other sweet scents that filled the air, a waft of luscious fragrance crossed their path from an immense wild grape-vine, which threw its almost tropical luxuriance from tree to tree in rich and graceful festoons. Here and there a squirrel or "chipmunk" darted across the path and sprang up the nearest tree, whence it sent forth its eager chattering chirp; or a bright blue-bird or scarlet tanager made a flash of coloured light as it flew into the green shadow of the forest; or the plaintive cry of the cat-bird came mysteriously out of some shady covert. Sometimes, too, what looked like long striped sticks lying in their path, moved and wriggled away into the shadow of the nearest shrub. "These are only harmless garter-snakes," explained the Major, "but you need to be on your guard, for rattlesnakes often lurk in these moist bits of woods, and may be upon you before you know."

It was not long before they had ocular demonstration of the truth of his words. At a turn in the road they came suddenly upon a solitary squaw, sitting wrapt in her blanket, on a stone by the road-side. She held a papoose to her breast, and seemed overcome with fatigue and drowsiness, for she was leaning with closed eyes, and evidently half-asleep, against the trunk of a tree behind her. Captain Percival at once recognised the squaw who had been his fellow traveller the day before, but before he could speak, Major Meredith darted forward with a shout that awoke her at once.

"A rattlesnake," said Lilias, in a low tone of horror; and almost before Percival could distinguish the creature, which, with erected head, was gliding towards the sleeping squaw with its ominous rattle, the Major had sprung from his horse and despatched the noxious reptile with one blow of his riding-whip. The squaw started up, instinctively clasping her child to her breast before she saw what the danger really was. The Major greeted her as an old acquaintance, and pointing to the dead snake, addressed her in the broken dialect, half Indian, half English, which the Indians used, asking her how she came to go to sleep in so dangerous a place. The squaw said hardly a word, only looked timidly up in his face with a half shy, half

mournful smile, her dark expressive eyes conveying the thanks she could not speak. In a minute or two her husband came up, rifle in hand, with which he had been shooting squirrels. Then the squaw's tongue seemed loosed, and she explained to him in her native language, in low soft accents, pointing to the Major and the dead rattlesnake. He came up to the Major, who had remounted, and saluting him and Lilias with grave respect, spoke a few earnest words of thanks, ending with, "Black Hawk no forget white Sachem saved squaw's life."

"He's a fine fellow that," said the Major as they moved on, "I have known him from a boy, and his father before him. They belong to one of the bravest tribes of our Indian allies. Yonder is their encampment, on that rising ground half hidden by the trees, on the other side of the creek."

Captain Percival could just distinguish, across the dark glistening waters of the winding creek, the outines of several wigwams, so disposed as to be almost concealed by the trees, the white smoke curling from a fire in front, around which some dark figures were flitting.

They came out at last on the fresh breezy lake, ruffled out of its soft blue of the day before into a deeper, colder hue, on which in the distance some snowy white-caps were to be distinguished. The Captain declared that it was almost as good as the sea, as the wide expanse opened before them between the boughs of the majestic cedars that here fringed the shore, some of them bending over it in fantastic forms; and as the cool fresh breeze that curled the wavelets over on the white pebbles fanned their faces, heated with the long ride.

There was a mile or two of good road before they reached the Lake Farm, and some level stretches of beach, upon which the horses, inspirited by the breeze, cantered gaily along. They rode up the lane, fringed with low trees and bushes, Lilias talking with unusual animation after the brisk ride.

The farm-house was built of logs, like most farm-houses of that day, but was larger and more commodious than most, and about a rude porch, and over the front wall, climbed a luxuriant wild vine, filling the air with the delicious fragrance of its blossoms. The festoon of green leaves framed a pretty picture—Rachel Thurstane sitting at her spinning-wheel, her softly rounded, childish face, with its fresh peachy tints, showing clear against the interior. On the door-step Ernest Heathcote was sitting in a half-reclining attitude, apparently reading aloud.

"Ah! quite an Arcadian picture!" exclaimed Captain Percival to Lilias, in a low tone, as they approached. "Corydon and Phillis only want crooks and shepherds' hats to make it perfect! I declare the little girl has quite the face of a *Greuze*."

Lilias hardly knew why the Captain's light, careless remark caused a slight thrill of pain, akin to that she had felt the day before when Ernest had spoken of his cousin. She was provoked with herself. Why should it annoy her that Rachel and he should make an Arcadian picture? And why should he not be reading to his cousin? What could be more natural? Yet she would hardly have thought there could have been intellectual sympathy enough between them for that, for Rachel did not care for books. Somehow, in spite of her efforts, Lilias' animation vanished, and it was with a grave, almost an abstracted manner, that she responded to the delighted greeting of Ernest, who came forward eagerly to assist her to dismount, with a ready courtesy of bearing in which even the critical Percival could find no fault.

Rachel shrank back on seeing a stranger with her old friends, while Mrs. Thurstane, in her grey homespun gown, white kerchief and cap, and her sweet, calm, patient face, came forward to do the honours of her humble home with the quiet dignity of her Quaker character as her visitors gladly sat down to rest in the cool, clean apart-

ment which, half kitchen, half sitting-room, was the family living-room—the small windows needing no other curtains than the interlacing green leaves of the vine. The Major greeted his favourite Rachel with his usual playful friendship, and brought her forward to be introduced. The child, for she was hardly more, was really very pretty, with a soft fawn-like look, and a slight archness about the blue eyes and rounded eyebrows that gave some character to what otherwise would have been a face of mere placid contentment. But the presence of the strange officer made her shy and silent, and she was evidently very glad when Lilias—with whom she had always been a sort of pet—proposed that she should go with her for their usual ramble.

Ernest gladly availed himself of the opportunity to accompany them, relieved to have the society of Lilias, for a little while, out of reach of Percival's observant eyes, which, he felt or fancied, rested critically, if not curiously, on himself, whenever he tried to talk to her, even though he did so, instinctively, with a deference of manner greater than was usual to the frank and friendly terms of intimacy on which they stood. There are other ways than words, or even looks, in which we learn to understand the sentiments of others, and Ernest knew as well as if he had been told, that this stranger, who, without any offensive assumption of superiority, evidently considered him an inferior, would set down as presumption on his part any token of the intimacy which really existed between him and Miss Meredith. Lilias was quick to feel the difference in his manner, and it added to the slight constraint of her own, so that both breathed an inward sigh of relief when they found themselves out in the fresh breezy pasture fields, amid frisking lambs and placid browsing cows; and the influence of the sweet pure air, and the foam-flecked lake, whose pale azure waves were curling on the sandy beach below, dispersed the slight constraint and restored the old frank freedom. They sat down to rest on the up-turned old punt, now hopelessy leaky, in which Ernest had often rowed Lilias and Rachel in summer evenings when the lake lay calm as a sea of glass, and the placid water over which they floated seemed, in its rich sunset tints, a liquid commingling of amethyst and ruby, garnet and topaz. Now it was a deep, intense blue, crested with tiny snow-wreaths, and they sat watching the pure limpid green of the waves that curled at their feet, reflecting their snowy crests in their glassy bosoms ere they fell in a confused mass, to be succeeded by another and another—emblems, as Ernest was wont to say, of the ever restless tide of life.

As they sat they talked of old times with the half-regretful pleasure that is, somehow, slightly mingled with sadness, even while the "old days" are not so very old, and do not as yet seem cut off from the present by any impassable gulf.

"And do you remember, Miss Lilias," said Rachel, in the midst of their reminiscences, "the day when we tipped over the boat and fell in, and how Ernest pulled us out. And I was so angry because he cared so much the most about your getting wet, and was so afraid you would take cold, not seeming to care whether I did; and I went off crying, and told mother?"

"You were a silly child," said Ernest, laughing, but his eyes had met those of Lilias in an involuntary, half-conscious glance. She did not know what there was in the look to call forth the quick blush that, to her annoyance, rose to her cheek, and Ernest stooped to pick up a pebble to hide his own heightened colour. He changed the subject by asking—

"Have you read 'Marmion' yet, Miss Lilias?"

"Yes, a good deal, and I can't tell you how splendid I think it is! Poor Constance Beverly! How could women be so cruel as those old abbesses? And Marmion, I hope he suffered for deserting her so, though I'm

sure he didn't think he was leaving her to die. Captain Percival says there's a later poem by the same author, which some people think even finer. He has it in his baggage, and is going to send it to me; and when I get it you shall read it too."

Ernest's expression clouded over somewhat. This trifling circumstance seemed to bring back his misgivings in full force; but he said nothing, and they strolled back to the farmyard, Rachel being eager to show Miss Lilias her young broods of chickens, goslings and turkeys, before she was called to partake of the hospitable repast that Mrs. Thurstane was preparing.

The Major was inspecting the farmyard and fields with his friend Jacob, and Captain Percival, who was following them about, looked so interested in their proceedings that, as "the boys" were out of the way, Ernest sacrificed his own inclination to courtesy, and, joining Captain Percival, invited him to come and see a span of horses, raised on the farm, of which the farmer was very proud. Being thus thrown upon each other for a time, the two young men were compelled to talk, and Percival found, to his surprise, that Ernest, whom he had looked upon somewhat contemptously as a "home-bred Canadian," could talk well, not only about horses, but about other things as well.

Lilias meantime managed to draw Rachel out about her new admirer, which was not difficult, as the girl was evidently glad to talk about him with a half shy pleasure which, of itself, indicated danger. Lilias fully redeemed her promise to Ernest, in warning Rachel, as gently but as earnestly as she could, not to attach any importance to such admiration as he might profess, as it was not likely to mean anything but a careless flirtation, such as young officers were only too apt to vary their idleness with. Rachel bore her moralising strain with a little visible impatience, and rather coquettishly declared that she couldn't help his coming and talking to her.

"Then never let him talk to you except when your mother is by, Rachael dear."

Rachel blushed. She knew that the lieutenant had always managed to see her apart from her mother, and that her good mother knew nothing of the extent to which he had carried his flirtation already.

"I know your mother would be vexed at your having anything to do with such a young man as that is, and so would your cousin," continued Lilias, bringing out almost unconsciously the thought that was still uppermost in her own mind.

"Ernest! Well, he hasn't anything to do with it any rate, if he did lecture me about it. I'm sure it's no affair of his who I like, or who likes me," said Rachel, with a little saucy pettishness, like a spoilt child.

The girl's tone and words communicated a certain sense of relief to Lilias' mind, not very intelligible to herself; but she continued, from a sense of duty, to repeat such words of warning as she thought most to the purpose. Rachel, whose impatience manifested itself no farther than by twisting at the folds of the blue homespun dress, bare of ornament, which yet seemed to set off her bright piquant face as daintily as Lilias' riding habit did her more *spirituelle* loveliness, was not sorry when the *tête-à-tête* was put an end to by the approach of Mrs. Thurstane, dressed in her Sunday grey gown and spotless white-frilled cap, coming to ask Lilias, in her sweet quiet tones, to come in and partake of the repast she had prepared for her visitors.

It was spread in the family living-room, the only sitting-room, in which the dresser, with its rows of dishes, and the spinning-wheel set back near the door, did not, somehow, look out of keeping with the book-shelves and flute, and cushioned armchair on the other side; such was the air of harmony which Mrs. Thurstane's neatness, and tasteful—not prim—orderliness gave to all her household arrangements. The spotless white floor was spread with several rag mats of bright colours, woven by the busy fingers of

the mother and daughter, and two or three rude prints of sacred subjects decorated the walls, while an immense bunch of lilacs and May-blossoms, in a brown earthenware dish, made the whole apartment sweet with vernal fragrance.

The farmer, and his wife and daughter, sat respectfully by, not sharing the bountiful repast provided for their guests, which included, over and above the "curds and cream" requested by the Major, such other dainties as chicken salad, custard, "Johnny cake," &c., which Mrs. Thurstane was noted for her skill in preparing. Major Meredith, as usual, talked jocularly to Mrs. Thurstane as she waited upon them, pressing them to take everything set before them; and she responded with the usual gentle smile, except when he touched upon the war. Then the smile vanished, and a painfully anxious expression clouded her usually clear brow. The mother of three sons, stalwart, vigorous young men, all "training" in the volunteer miliatia, had too much at stake in any possible outbreak of hostilities—husband, property, and intense aversion to war, instilled by her Quaker training—to permit any response to playfulfulness in approaching that subject, and the Major, quietly taking the cue, with true gentlemanly feeling dropped it at once.

Earnest had disappeared, and did not reappear till the party were taking their departure. Then, somehow, he turned up, ready to assist Lilias to mount, by his promptness forestalling Captain Percival in the attention.

"Won't you come back with us, and spend the rest of the evening?" Lilias asked, as she gathered up her reins. "You can get a horse in a minute and overtake us."

"No, thank you, I think I had better not," replied Ernest, half reluctant to decline.

"Oh, do! We have seen so little of you this time; and I suppose you will return to Newark on Monday. I should think you would like to talk to Captain Percival.

"No, thank you, that is no inducement," he said, with a half smile. "I really must not."

Lilias felt a little vexed at his refusal. He had always gladly accepted such invitations. Without stopping to think, she said, half playfully, half in earnest—

"I suppose you want to mount guard over Rachel. Are you afraid Lieutenant Payne is lurking about?"

Ernest looked up at her in silent surprise. The subject of Rachel was so remote from his mind at the moment, and anything like banter of this kind was so unlike Lilias' simple, straightforward frankness, that he had for the moment no reply to make. But Lilias had repented of her unconsidered words the moment they were uttered, and Ernest's surprised look seemed to her a mute reproach, which sent a warm flush over cheek and brow. Ernest averted his glance the moment he saw her embarassment, and then said, quietly—

"I should have thought you would have known that I would be only too glad to go to The Elms at any time! But I don't feel as if I could just now. Your new friend," he continued, in a low tone, "evidently disapproves of me, and I don't care to subject myself to his criticism. I can see that he thinks me very presumptuous in talking to you now."

"What nonsense; that must be a mere fancy of yours. He is cold in his manner at first—most Englishmen are, I think; but when you know him better, I think he is very nice!"

Ernest was silent. If Lilias liked the stranger, he would not commit himself to any unfavourable opinion of him. But he checked his first impulse to say good-bye at the door, and walked by her pony's side down the lane that led to the road, Captain Percival riding on in front with Major Meredith, when he saw the young lady thus accompanied. He was not himself conscious of any special interest in Lilias, or of any particular wish to monopolise her society,

But her evident intimacy with Ernest annoyed him, grating upon his fastidious ideas of the fitness of things, and he could not resist saying to the Major, with a slightly significant air, which, however, was quite lost on his companion—

"That young man seems to be a great friend of your daughter's."

"Oh, yes," he replied, with his usual good humour, "Lilias thinks a great deal of him; and he deserves it, for he's a fine lad—a diligent, steady lad—and he has made good use of his opportunities."

Percival let the subject drop, seeing that the Major was quite obtuse to any possibilities that might arise from the intimacy. The truth was that, owing to early habits and training, the invisible, social dividing lines were so clearly fixed, in his own mind, that he expected them to be as distinct and rigid to every one else; and he would as soon have expected to see the stars straying out of their courses as to find an attachment springing up between his daughter and Ernest Heathcote.

When Lilias, having said good-bye to Ernest, cantered up to her companions, Captain Percival at once started an animated conversation, keeping up a sort of bantering warfare on subjects on which they disagreed. In the course of it he ventured on one or two remarks about Ernest, with just a *soupçon* of ridicule about them, which Lilias was quick to perceive, and he was surprised at the simple dignity of manner with which, though with a slightly flushed cheek, she put down such attempts at once. He did not repeat the experiment, seeing that she was too staunch to her friend to permit any disparagement of him, and having too much gentlemanlike instinct to persist in what evidently annoyed her. Lilias' inward thought was—"Ernest was right; I am glad, after all, he did not come!"

The next day being Sunday, the people of the little hamlet, and of the neighbourhood for some miles round, collected in the little grey church. Clergymen were then so few and far between that it was but seldom what was then considered the luxury of a sermon came in their way, but the Major always had the Church of England service read by a devout old man, with white flowing hair, who had long officiated as a clerk "at home," the Major himself leading the responses. The people around, of whatever religious name—staunch Puritans, like the Thurstanes; Presbyterians, like Davie Watson; Methodists, like Aunt Judy—gladly came together, and heartily joined in the solemn service, which was their only opportunity for social worship. And perhaps, on that sweet June Sabbath, with the fragrant breeze carrying in through the small window the scent of the waving pines without; with the songs of the birds, the hum of insects, and the rustling of leaves taking the place of an organ "voluntary;" all nature breathing of peace and tranquillity, the hearts and lips of the worshippers joined with intenser fervour than usual in the words:

"Give peace in our time, O Lord."

"Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God."

Words which repeated themselves in many a heart in the anxious times that followed, leading them to look up above the darkening horizon to the ever-present, Invissible Helper, for sorely needed strength, comfort and hope.

After the service Ernest came up to Lilias, lingering a little in the peaceful church-yard to say goodbye, as he was obliged to return to his duties at Newark next morning. Lilias did not press him this time to come to The Elms.

"And when will you be here again?" she asked. It seemed harder to-say goodbye, this time, than usual.

"That must depend on a good many things," he said. "And there is no knowing what may happen before I see you again."

They looked at each other gravely. There is not much to be said when the heart is full of vague oppressive fears that will not be put into words. But their eyes said more than they knew. For a moment Ernest was tempted to yield to his inward prompting to say something that would show Lilias his heart. But the sight of Major Meredith's grey head in the distance, the remembrance of his past kindness, of the breach of trust which he would consider such an attempt to be, checked him in time. He could not help, however, the long pressure of Lilias' little gloved hand, the long wistful look as he turned away, which haunted her for many days after. And, somehow, as she slowly turned her steps homeward by the private path, the vague weight at her heart grew heavier and heavier, till, by the time she reached her own apartment, she was fain to find relief in a burst of tears, the traces of which she had some trouble in removing before going down to meet her father and Captain Percival at dinner.

That night Lilias found it hard to go to sleep. Ernest's look had let into her mind a light which she would not have allowed herself to put into words, but which very much increased the vague anxiety and restlessness that had begun to oppress her. And as she watched, with eyes which would not grow sleepy, the late waning moon silver the lake with a sorrowful sort of radiance, she felt overcome by the sadness which besets us when any pleasant, tranquil chapter of our past life seems closed forever.

(To be continued.)

"NOT AS I WILL."

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will": the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will": the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil,
"Not as we will."

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

AN inquiry into the nature and relations of Free Trade and Protection, will not be misplaced here. In discussing a question in political economy we will avoid all reference to the organization of government, assuming that, whatever may be its form, it stands on so solid and durable a foundation as not to be involved in a perpetual struggle for existence, nor compelled to purchase support by favouritism and partiality in legislation; but at liberty and at leisure to seek the good of the country.

What is Free Trade? It is access to the markets of the world without any *needless* restrictions. It is the right to sell the products of your industry, skill and property, wherever you can get the highest price for them; and the correlative right to supply your wants by purchasing in the cheapest and best market the world affords. Every *needless* restriction imposed on either of these rights is an infringement on your liberties. For the right to acquire, possess, and transfer property, is essential to the enjoyment of liberty, and a vital part of it. Whatever commodity a man has honestly obtained, he has a right to exchange with any other man for *his* honest acquisitions.

What is Protection? Considered in relation to the duty of a Government, protection is that vigilant and effectual guardianship for the security of his rights for which the subject has a right to look to the sovereign —the citizen to the state. This protection is the purpose for which Governments were created and exist. For human society cannot exist, much less prosper, save under the protection of a Government of some kind. The primary duties which a Government owes to those who live under it consist in the prompt and impartial administration of justice between man and man, and their protection against the violence and injustice of foreign enemies; and it will be difficult to prove that Government has any other duties than such as tend and contribute to these two ends.

We may give the most undivided adherence to this doctrine of protection, as the great duty of Government, while we maintain Free Trade to be a natural and important right, essential to liberty. For, between the enjoyment of Free Trade by the subject, and the duty of the sovereign to afford him protection, there is no collision or incompatibility. Both may co-exist in perfection.

But among the dogmas, true and false, which crowd the arena of political contest and discussion, there is a false and plausible knave, who assumes the name and guise of the true man. This self-styled "Protection," with plausible tongue and cunning devices, wins many adherents to his cause, deceiving the simple by his ingenuity, and enlisting every selfish and grasping spirit among his partisans.

We will state two or three of the more plausible grounds on which this false Protection recommends his policy to the simplicity and greed of those he addresses:—"It is the duty of Government," says Protection, "to develop the resources of the country. It is, moreover, its duty to encourage and foster domestic industry. And it should render the country independent, as far as possible, of foreign sources for the supply of the wants of the people." From these and such like *data* the "Protectionists" have devised a complex, oppressive, and unsound financial policy, urging Government to intermeddle with private interests and pursuits.

In order to show clearly the fallacy of these assumed principles of protective policy, we will ask, in order to give an answer to three

questions: From what necessity do Governments spring, so that we find one in every peopled country? Whence do Governments derive their support, and the means of fulfilling their functions? What is the effect when Government brings its power to bear upon the pursuits, the industry, and the acquisitions of individuals, so as to change their direction and employment?

Governments originate from the experience and convictions of all human society, in all countries and ages, that from the propensity of many, perhaps most individuals, to trespass on the rights and acquisitions of others, no man can enjoy his rights and acquisitions in peace except under some authority which can decide disputes between individuals, and some power which can defend the community against foreign enemies. Governments were called into being not to create rights, but to defend rights already existing but insufficiently protected. There were personal, proprietary and social rights, all existing before Government, and men are acquiring for themselves, every day, rights with which the Government has nothing to do except to recognise them on proof of their existence, and to extend protection to them.

Whence does Government derive its support, and the means of fulfilling its functions? We must remember that all property, skill, and knowledge, are the results of the industry, enterprise, and ingenuity of individuals —for Governments do not produce anything. They generate neither wealth, knowledge, nor skill. All the resources a Government can have are but results of the labour, enterprise, and skill of individuals; and the only means of action Government can have are obtained from individuals; for it is only so far as it can avail itself of the strength, skill, and knowledge of individuals, that it can act at all. Men, in order to obtain security and protection to their rights, sacrifice a portion of their acquisitions and of their services to support a Government for their protection. Hence spring taxation and public service.

The protectionists confuse and obscure this matter of taxation by mixing up with it the claims of the "protective policy," and the expediency of particular modes of raising a revenue for the Government. This leads us to inquire to what extent, and for what purposes, taxation can be justified.

Taxation is always a burden. But no man has a right to complain of it so long as it does not exceed the amount necessary to enable the Government to fulfil its duty of protecting those who live under it, and so long as it is levied in a ratio proportioned to the interest protected by it. For taxation is the contribution paid for protection, and protection is the return which indemnifies us for taxation. Should the successful defence of the country against the assaults of a powerful enemy require half the property in the country, and half the services of the people, the Government would commit no excess in exacting them. But whenever it levies more than is necessary for the efficient fulfilment of its duties, or levies its taxes unfairly and unequally, it abuses its powers.

We are no advocates for a mean and false economy in government expenditure. In order that Governments may fulfil the great obligations incumbent on them (administer justice, and defend the country), they may have to undertake many subordinate duties at great cost—for example, the construction and maintenance of roads and other channels of communication with all parts of its territory, to enable the Government to extend its protection to them. The same may be said of every costly preparation for defence. Moreover, as the functions of Government involve the well-being of great multitudes and vast interests, it should enlist in the ranks of its more important and responsible agents the best talent, attainments and integrity the country affords. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and illiberality in remunerating official services

tends to introduce corrupt practices among the needy officials, while men of higher character and greater abilities are engrossed by the more profitable professions and pursuits.

A Government is thus necessarily an expensive machine, costing much to keep it in effective operation. And as Government itself produces nothing, neither growing crops, nor working mines, nor manufacturing goods, nor making the profits of the merchant, it can only derive its income from the skill and industry of those who live and labour under its protection. But all the proceeds of the industry, skill, and property of individuals, excepting that fair quota needed for the support of Government, remain the absolute property of individuals.

If we have stated correctly, so far, the relations between the Government and those who live under its protection, this will aid us greatly in testing the merits of the so-called "protective policy."

"It is their duty," say the protectionists, "to encourage domestic industry, to develop the resources of the country, and to render it, as far as possible, independent of foreign sources for the supply of its wants." We will take these phrases in the lump; the same refutations of their assumptions, and the same exposition of the falseness and injustice of the financial policy they would saddle upon the country, apply to them all.

If there be any one point on which it is essential that a country should be independent of all others, it is the supply of the food necessary to the people. Under this conviction the British Parliament enacted laws which remained long in force, in order to encourage the growth of wheat and other grain in Great Britain. These laws established what was known as the sliding scale of duties on corn imported from abroad. When wheat or any other kind of corn was scarce, and the price high (the result of a bad crop at home), the duty on foreign corn fell low. But when the price of wheat or other grain fell (the result of a good crop at home), the duty on foreign corn rose in proportion, so that the importation of foreign corn fell off, and sometimes ceased altogether. Now, these famous Corn Laws, with their sliding scale, constituted the most plausible and justifiable example, in the history of government, of legislative protection to a special industry and interest.

But Mr. Cobden—a man of one idea—(in this case it happened to be the right one) made himself famous by perpetually reiterating the proofs that the Corn Laws added something to the price of the poor man's loaf. And other men, of broader views than Mr. Cobden, had proved that all such legislation was not only impolitic but unjust. Far from benefiting the country, it simply bestowed a small bounty on one class, at the cost of a burden, heavier in the aggregate, on others. No subject was ever more fully discussed than the expediency and justice of these famous Corn Laws, and they were wisely repealed twenty-seven years ago: and all the solid objections then made to the Corn Laws are quite as applicable to every other "protected interest."

The Corn Laws embodied all the great principles of the protective policy in their highest perfection. They directly tended, in the language of the "Protectionists," to develop the resources of the country, attracting capital to agriculture, increasing the area under tillage, and the yield per acre. They encouraged domestic industry, increasing the employment and demand for agricultural labourers, as directly as legislation could do; and they strongly tended to render the country independent of foreigners, on the most vital point, the food of the people. Yet who to-day is prepared to defend that famous piece of "protective legislation," the defunct Corn Laws of Great Britain?

In this recapitulation of the history of the Corn Laws, we have aimed, not so much to bring an argument to the consideration of

the reader, as to state a precedent or authority which carries great weight with it.

Different countries, from differences in climate, soil, geographical and mineralogical characters, differ much in the kind and amount of commodities they naturally produce, or are capable of yielding to human industry and skill. That which, from its abundance, is cheap in one country, is, from its scarcity, dear in another. Almost every country, in this respect, enjoys, as to some commodities, great advantages over others.

From the self-providing instincts of men, their industry and ingenuity in supplying their own wants, and that vigilance which is engendered by looking after their own interests, individuals are more capable of managing their own private affairs than any Government can for them. For no Government can have that particular and minute knowledge of every man's private business and interests necessary to the successful management of them; and, moreover, it can act only through its agents, who, being men, are quite capable of managing other people's affairs to their own interest rather than that of their clients.

So efficacious is private interest in engendering foresight, enterprise, industry and vigilance in the undertakings of private men, acting as their own agents, that when individuals and Governments enter on similar undertakings, as the construction of buildings, roads, vessels, and a multitude of other enterprises, Governments, from the want of those qualities engendered by individual interest, and the necessity of relying on agents who have private interests of their own, pay more for what they get than individuals, and are more liable to be cheated.

The business and the interests of individuals are best managed by the persons most interested in them. You may safely leave to the farmer the tillage of his farm; to the smith the employment of his forge; to each tradesman the management of his own shop. The prosperity of the country is the result of the prosperity of the individuals who make up the people of the country; and the Government exists for the purpose of securing to each and every individual justice and security, while seeking his own well-being without trespassing on the rights of others.

But the protectionists teach a very different doctrine, and would charge the Government with much more complex duties—the superintendence, patronage and direction of men's private business. For instance, iron is a commodity necessary in civilized life, and it is the interest of everybody that it should be abundant and cheap. But, no! it may become the interest of certain persons that it be scarce and dear. The country may have been supplied for generations with iron imported from wherever it is cheapest and best; but some individuals in one or more parts of the country find themselves in possession of lands yielding iron ores—the facilities for smelting it and bringing it to market, however, are far inferior to those in many other countries; at once all these would-be ironmasters become quite alive to the policy of developing the resources of the country through the interference of Government, and thus rendering it independent of foreigners as to a commodity of such vital necessity as iron.

So, too, the country may have hitherto been supplied with cutlery and tools of most kinds from countries where the abundance of material, capital and skilled labour, afford peculiar facilities for their manufacture. But some enterprising persons in the country conceive that, if it were not for the intrusive interference of cheap foreign cutlery, &c., they might themselves find profit in similar manufactures.

The farmers of the country shear much wool, most of which is shipped abroad to the market where it brings the best price. In return for this, the cheapest and best woollen goods are imported into the country. But some enterprising projector has a water power and a turn for machinery, and thinks

that if the farmer's wool were kept in the country, and the cheap foreign woollens kept out of the country, he himself might find much profit in the manufacture of woollen goods, neither cheap nor good.

So, too, with the man who, in digging his well, finds a coal deposit at the bottom of it. He sees at once that, if the cheap foreign coal were kept out of the country, he may make his fortune by selling dear coal to his neighbours. So the brewer and the distiller are not slow to find out that, if the cheap and wholesome products of wine-growing countries were excluded, they could sell more of their less wholesome products at higher prices. Far worse than brewer or distiller, the adulterating concoctor of mock wines, none of the materials of which were ever near a vineyard, seeks the exclusion of the genuine wines of France and Spain, that he may fill his pockets by poisoning his neighbours.

There thus spring up many selfish and scheming interests, anxious to mould the financial policy of the Government to their own purposes. Each feels about for countenance and aid, and soon a well-organized party, active, plausible and intriguing, devotes its energies to the furtherance of the "protective policy," while the bulk of the community, passive, drowsy and stupid, honestly attending to their own business, but meddling in no political intrigues, and looking to the Government for nothing but justice and security, permit it to be wheedled into a financial system which throws upon the country at large the burden of prices artificially heightened to swell the profits of certain special private interests.

While it is easy to see a part of anything, it is difficult to see the whole. Disinterested parties, seeing a special interest thrive under special legislative protection, as iron smelting furnaces under shelter of a high duty on foreign iron, are tempted to say, "this is a good thing for the country, developing its native resources." But could they compare the limited profits of the ironmasters with the immense amount paid by the whole country on even a small rise in the price of iron, they would discover that legislation has not only transferred profit belonging to one class to another which had no right to it, but that the protected class gained little while the burdened class lost much, taking the aggregate amount paid through this special legislation. Nor should it be forgotten that the ability of other nations to buy what we have to sell is proportioned to the terms on which we admit their productions.

There is no limit to the greed of the protectionists, and they are ready to push their policy to the farthest point. Within the territories of British North America are gold and silver-bearing veins and *strata*, and a crowd of speculators are eagerly prospecting those regions, and securing interests in the localities that promise so rich a harvest. In accordance with the principles of the protective policy, these men should urge the Government to lay a duty on foreign gold and silver, in order to stimulate the development of the resources of the country, encourage domestic industry in mining for the precious metals, and hasten the day of our independence of foreigners, when we can satisfy the *auri sacra fames* with the rich spoils digged from the bowels of our own lands.

In the vast laboratory of Nature we yearly see, in regions remote from the tropics, the manufacture of unlimited quantities of ice by the simple process of abstracting heat from water. There it lies ready made to the hand, and wherever it is wanted, it may be had at the cost of transportation. Men of science have devised processes by which they imitate the operations of nature, but not having at their command all the skill, capital and appliances of nature, they cannot make ice as cheaply as nature can. But ice *can* be made even under the equator. And an enterprising projector urges the Emperor of Brazil and his Parliament to impose a

heavy tax on imported ice, and raise the price to a point which will enable him to produce home-grown ice to cool the fevered heads and parched throats of the Brazilians. This looks like an extreme case, but differs only in degree, not at all in kind, from others devised under the protective policy. This projector proposes, in good faith, to develop the resources of the country by adding a new article to its productions; to foster domestic industry by giving a new direction to labour and capital, and thus render a tropical country independent of the foreign supply of the most abundant and cheapest production of Arctic and Antartic regions. In this his patriotism shines forth as bright and lucid as ice itself among the patriotic protectionists of other countries.

If you look at the official returns of the imports and exports of any commercial country, you will see that the value of what is brought into the country exceeds the value of what is sent out of it. We will not stop to explain all the causes of this result. But it is known that the exports consist of the excess—beyond the wants of the people of the country—of those things which the country is best adapted to producing; and the imports consist of foreign commodities wanted in the country, and not, or at least less needed where they are produced. The excess in the value of imports over exports in each country is due not merely to the expense incurred in introducing foreign commodities, but more to the fact that each country has exchanged what it did not need for what it wanted. And this is the foundation of all trade or barter. Each party gets more value than he gives, for he gets what is of more use to him.

When the Government interferes with this free commerce by laying a duty or tax on what is sent out of the country, that act is equivalent to taking a part of the goods destined to exportation. When it lays a duty on goods brought into the country, that is equivalent to taking a portion of the goods for itself. In either case it takes a portion of the value. But foreigners will not send their goods into the country unless they are to be indemnified for any portion of the goods, or of their value, which the Government may take to itself. So that, in fact, the importing merchant, whether native or foreigner, merely pays the tax for the time, but adds enough to the price to indemnify himself fully out of the ultimate purchaser and consumer of the goods.

We will not expend the time necessary to explain all the direct and indirect effects of such taxation on the price and quantity of imports and exports. But it is obvious that every man's means of supplying himself with the foreign commodities which he may want, in exchange for such home-grown commodities as he does not want, are directly curtailed by such taxation. Under a tax on either imports or exports he gets less than he would if the exchange of commodities were burdened with no tax.

Yet a Government which duly appreciates the right of the people who live under it to the enjoyment of free trade with all the world, may still find good reasons for laying duties on imports. No Government can sustain itself, and fulfil its duties, without a revenue. Its income is properly derived from the contributions paid by those who live under its protection, who, out of and in proportion to their acquisitions, should pay a premium for insurance against those evils from which Government can protect them—the injustice of their fellows, and the violence of foreign enemies. Every tax is a burden, somewhat diminishing the taxpayer's means of supplying his own needs; but it is paid in order to secure the most vital of all needs—security to his personal, social, and proprietary rights.

Now, Government may raise revenue by taking a percentage on every man's earnings, or on his income, or on the value of his property, or by an excise on commodities manufactured or produced in the country,

or by export duties on things sent out of the country, or by import duties on articles brought into it, or by all or several of these modes of taxation. But the last has been with most Governments the favourite mode of raising revenue.

There are several reasons for preferring this kind of tax; some of these reasons being very good, and some very bad.

When the duties levied on foreign goods are too moderate to lead to much smuggling, the goods enter the country only at a few points, the chief ports on the frontier; and it costs little to collect the duties. A few revenue officers suffice for this purpose, and a small percentage of the money collected pays the cost of collecting the whole. Moreover, in the case of mercantile commodities lately purchased in a known foreign market, the value of the imports can be ascertained through the technical skill of the valuers, and by the aid of the invoices, more exactly than that of any other property subjected to taxation.

There are other reasons, not so good as these, which induce Governments to prefer this mode of raising revenue. Most people have a great dislike to paying taxes, and are apt to grumble at them as extortion. Governments, therefore, prefer to raise money by import duties on foreign goods, and on excise dues on commodities manufactured in the country; for the importer and the manufacturer do not finally pay the tax, but merely advance it to the Government, and get it back with a profit from their customers—the users and consumers of the taxed commodities. The Government seeks to avoid, as far as practicable, direct taxes on the incomes of individuals and on the property they retain in their hands, as their houses, lands, machinery, shipping, teams, and other means of carrying on their business. The reason is plain. In the case of a direct tax, every man knows to a penny how much he pays. But in the case of the import, or the excise duty, the importing merchant n one case, and the brewer, distiller, or other manufacturer in the other, to the original cost of his stock-in-trade adds the duty he pays, and interest and profits on the whole amount. The government tax, somewhat swollen in amount, gets mixed up in the ultimate price paid by the consumer, who does not see, nor could Newton or La Place cypher out for him, the exact amount added to his expenditure by this indirect taxation.

In the case of a tax on exports it is easy to see on whom the burden falls. If all the wheat exported paid a tax of ten cents a bushel, every farmer would see how it affected his profits. But when the tax is laid on the foreign goods that come to pay for his wheat, he does not see how much is taken from him in the increased price of every foreign commodity. All indirect taxation is a convenient mode of making people pay, without grumbling, more then they would willingly do were it demanded directly from their pockets as their contribution to the support of Government.

The greatest objection to duties on foreign goods is, that they are apt to be, and often are, perverted from their only legitimate purpose of raising revenue to purposes quite subversive of that end.

Much confusion and obscurity is produced in men's minds by adroitly mixing up the claims of the so-called "protective policy" with the policy of raising money for the support of government by duties on foreign goods.

Let us take any particular commodity, and trace the effects of an import duty on its importation and its home production. If British iron can be brought here at £6 per ton, and the Government lay a duty of 10s. on it, the price rises but little, the quantity imported is little diminished, the people pay somewhat more for their iron, but nearly all that increase of price goes into the treasury, as the proceeds of the tax. But when some enterprising speculators have established

smelting works, and find that they cannot make money with iron at less than £8 per ton, they induce the Government to assist them in developing the native resources of the country by putting a duty on imported iron which will raise the price above £8. The people now get less iron for their money, and have to buy chiefly from the ironmasters here, who, by this legislative forcing up of prices, can now make some profit. But foreign iron being now pretty much shut out, the Government loses its revenue from it, and the country at large pays 40*s.*, perhaps 50*s.* in rise of prices, for every 10*s.* of profit made by these enterprising men who are bent upon smelting iron under adverse circumstances, at other people's cost, in order to develop the resources of the country—and fill their own pockets.

These remarks are applicable to every commodity the production or manufacture of which lies under greater difficulties in this country than in others with which we may have commercial intercourse. The country gains most by exchanging what it has natural facilities for producing for commodities which it wants, but which are more easily produced in some other country. People have a right to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the best market they can find. The cost and risk of sending produce to foreign countries to exchange for foreign productions, brought here at similar cost and risk, is a natural and universal advantage which the workman and the manufacturer enjoy here at home, and lays open a wide and rich field for varied enterprise and industry. If any projector or speculator engages in undertakings which are not sufficiently protected by this natural bounty, it is his own fault, and the loss should be his own.

This whole matter of "protection" is not a question of policy, but of rights. What is every man entitled to demand of the Government under which he lives? It is protection in its full, but literal and exact sense; protection to his personal, social and proprietary rights. But no man has a right to demand of the Government that it take him and his interests into special favour, and make his case, his pursuits and property, more important, profitable and valuable, than nature, surrounding circumstances, and his own skill and industry have made them. For, in this sense, Government can benefit and protect a particular man, or trade, or class, only by throwing on others a burden, which, by the way, always outweighs the benefit to the first. For Government, as we have already said, being no worker or producer, has earned no fund from which to draw its bounties, and has only that obtained by taxation from the hardly won earnings of those who live and labour under its protection. It can only furnish what the protectionists call "protection," to one class, by robbing others for its benefit. When the farmer can call on the Government to fence his fields for him, then, and not till then, et us hear of "protection" in the sense of bounties to special interests.

In this matter of the artificial fostering of home enterprise and home industry by the hot-house protection of high and prohibitory duties on the productions of foreign countries, the interests and rights of both the Government and the bulk of the people stand on one side, and the interests of greedy speculators and monopolists, having no rights involved in the question, stand in direct opposition to them. It is the interest and the right of every man in the country to exchange that part of the products of his own industry or property which he does not need here at home, for as large an amount of the desirable produce of other countries as he can get in exchange. It is the interest of the Government that large amounts of foreign goods should be imported, for then even a low duty on imports yields a large revenue; but it is the interest and the aim of the protectionists to cut off these supplies from both Government and people by a prohibitory system of taxation, which will gradually ex

clude foreign goods. They want the monopoly of the home market for the "protected interests," in order to compel the people to supply their wants by the purchase of inferior commodities at a higher price.

Viewing import duties as one source of revenue to the Government (the only just ground for imposing them), sound policy dictates that the Government should impose only low duties, so as to discourage importation as little as possible. Moreover, if it discriminate between different articles as to the rate of taxation, the fact that an article can be readily produced in the country is a reason for laying no duty, or a very light one, on it when imported; for a high duty tends to destroy that source of revenue. On the other hand, if a commodity, or some substitute for it, cannot be produced in the country, it is a reliable source of revenue, and a preferable object for taxation—always remembering that the equalizing of the burden of taxes on all property and interests, as far as it is practicable, is essential to every just fiscal code.

These questions of public policy are often best understood when reduced to the dimensions of a narrow locality and an individual case. The Mayor and Aldermen of our little town of Muddleford were eager to make it a great city, independent of all others. They racked their brains to find the means of promoting this policy, and the Mayor proved himself equal to the occasion. He devised, and the Town Council passed, an ordinance adding 50 per cent. to the former tax on houses and lots, with a proviso that if a proprietor could produce a certificate from some tradesman of *each* craft and art practised in Muddleford, that the proprietor had dealt at his shop, and had not supplied his wants from any source beyond the corporate limits, the town treasurer was authorized to deduct 50 per cent. from his taxes. This has put me, individually, in an awkward predicament. We are cursed in Muddleford with a conceited tailor who will follow no fashions but those of his own devising. Now I, laying some stress on well-fitting and becoming dress to set off my personal advantages, inadvertently ordered a suit of clothes from the most fashionable tailor in the metropolis. But our rascally tailor has found that out, and refuses me the certificate, to which I admit I have no right. Owning several houses and lots in Muddleford, I will have to pay 50 per cent. more taxes on them than more patriotic proprietors will on theirs. I am compelled to give in to the "protective policy" of Muddleford, and next year this eccentric tailor shall dress me after what fashion his artistic genius and selfish interests may dictate; but I still cling to a remnant of my rights, that of grumbling at the oppression of this "local protection."

Leaving this little pond and the minnows which agitate its waters, let us launch out upon the ocean of a nation's interests. The energies of a people seeking to better their condition by availing themselves of all the advantages within their reach, whether the natural advantages of their own country or their access to the enjoyment of the peculiar advantages of other countries, may be likened to an applied mechanical force acting in a straight line, and producing its full effect without waste of power. But it is a truth in mechanics that you cannot change the direction of an applied force without loss of power by friction, and the greater the change of direction the greater the loss in effective result. Legislative protection, in favour of special interests and industries, is just such an artificial and forced change in the natural direction of the industrial energies of the people, at the cost of an immense amount of friction greatly impairing the amount and value of the result.

We are tempted to indulge ourselves in a figure of speech, as the simile and the metaphor are, to many minds, the most lucid and convincing of arguments. Free Trade, then, is a railroad, built at little cost, through a level country, on the straight line between

two points, at each of which is collected a vast quantity of produce and merchandise, of the kinds peculiarly cheap and good in that neighbourhood, which the people there wish to exchange for those commodities accumulated at the other end of the road. The communication is direct, unobstructed, speedy and cheap. Each party gains largely by the traffic, giving their superfluities for other people's superfluities, which they much need. But the "protective policy" is a railroad built on other principles of engineering and finance. With a view to subserve certain specially protected interests, it follows a winding and uneven course through a mountainous country. It runs on a high grade up this hill to reach the smelting furnaces of the ironmaster. It plunges down into that hollow to relieve the coal mine of its accumulated stores of mineral fuel. It meanders up the valley of this stream, which affords water power to the woollen mills. Pursuing a tortuous and undulating path, it seems to delight in finding and overcoming natural obstacles, bridging chasms and tunnelling mountains, and rambling through the country in the vain effort to reach the stronghold of every favoured son of protection, the domains and castles of the lords of monopoly. But it does very badly the work of those who originated and still control it. Although it was built, and is worked at a ruinous expense to the Government and the people, it does not pay them one per cent. on the cost.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

FROM frost-bound realms of ice and snow,
Oh Prince, bring home thy bride,
Now turning toward the sunset glow
From Neva's frozen tide;
And English snow-drops, pale and fair,
Shall rear their drooping heads—
Meet bridal offerings—springing where
The Northern Princess treads.

Not, as before, with battle-cry
And thundering cannon-peal,
And blood-stained swords, uplifted high,
And flash of fire and steel;
But by the altar's holy bounds
Briton and Russian meet,
'Mid solemn vows and sacred sounds,
And blessings pure and sweet!

We bless the magic power of love,
  We bless the 'spousal ring
As goodly gifts from God above,
  That peace and sweetness bring;
Still wider grow love's holy strength,
  Till war and hatred cease,
And the round world is bound, at length,
  In one bright ring of peace!

All precious things of heaven and earth,
  Oh Prince, be hers and thine,
But, most, the gift of higher birth—
  The life of Love Divine.
The beauty of the English spring,
  That waits your homeward feet,
Be omen of life blossoming
  Before you—fair and sweet!

Unwithered by the glare of state,
  May your home-blessing be
The same that humble brides await,
  As gladsome and as free;
And, chiefly blessed by Cana's guest,
  Be yours the purpose high,
That links this changing life below
  With God's eternity!

FIDELIS.

February, 1874.

BASIL PLANTS AND PANSIES.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

He once called her his basil plant, and, when she asked for an explanation, said that basil was a plant which had flourished wonderfully on a murdered man's brains.—MIDDLEMARCH.

There's pansies; that's for thoughts.—HAMLET.

Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.—BROWNING.

SOME time ago an article, entitled "Men of Letters and Unlettered Wives," appeared in the *Canadian Monthly*,* discussing, in an entertaining way, the vexed question whether intellectual men are likelier to be happier with wives whose minds are capable of comprehending and sharing their husbands' higher thoughts and nobler aspirations, or with wives whose mental weakness and incapacity justify all that cynics and satirists have said or sung of the frivolity and unreason of silly womankind. The curious diversity of opinions indiscriminately brought together in this article, is highly amusing; but, as might have been expected, the majority appears to be on the side of the popular sentiment, as expressed by M. de Bonald,—"A un homme d'esprit il ne faut qu'une femme de sens; c'est trop de deux esprits dans une maison."

Lord Lytton has made his favourite character, Austin Caxton, whom he paints as one of the largest-hearted and most loveable of men as well as the wisest of philosophers, happy with a wife who, though not ugly or foolish, as Molière tells us a good wife ought to be, † was unable to understand more than one word out of ten uttered by her learned husband; and that keen student of men and books asserts that scholars, poets, and statesmen are more often than not found associated with exceedingly humdrum, good sort of women, and, apparently, liking them all the better for their deficiencies. This assertion is not very encouraging to women who may wish to cultivate more intellectual tastes, wider views and higher aims than the vanities and rivalries of a frivolous society can supply; but, in one form or another, it is to be met with repeatedly. Superior women can smile at the neglect or ridicule of inferior men; but they can scarcely be so indifferent to the coldness and contempt of those masters of the mind before whom all true women—being, as Carlyle says, all born worshippers—reverently bow down, and whose oracles have, perhaps, first awakened in them the love of "eternal truth and ideal beauty." Under the chill and shock of this "frost in July, this blow from a bride," what young girl of fine and sensitive nature will persevere in efforts at self-culture which must place her in the category of feminine "suspects," for whom no poet will ever weave his immortal rhyme, whom no man of genius will ever desire to make his wife? What mother will educate her daughter for such a fate?

But is this assertion true? Do men of genius, as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" informs us, find sufficient intellectual sympathy in the companionship of other men, and in books, and do they never desire the intelligent appreciation of women, and above all, of that woman who is the closest and most inseparable partner of their lives? Is

* From "Aspects of Authorship," by Francis Jacox, in *Canadian Monthly* for March, 1873.

† "Mieux une laide bien sotte qu'une femme fort belle avec beaucoup d'esprit."

intellectual sympathy rather a hindrance than a help to a happy marriage? For the benefit of the coming generations it is to be hoped that this is not the case. The marriages that might seem to prove it assume a very different aspect when closely examined, and there are many happy unions and innumerable facts that lead to a totally opposite conclusion.

To begin with the poets, Sir Walter Scott is frequently mentioned as a man of genius who loved, and lived happily with, a wife little better than a fool. Every reader must remember the touching lament for her death in his Diary, in which he calls her "the sharer of his thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down his sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone." "Even her foibles," he says, "were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections." Yet though his large heart prompted these tender regrets for his thirty years' companion, it is most likely that, during her life, her foibles appeared to him in a less pleasing light; nor has it ever been supposed that his beautiful picture of love in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was inspired by Lady Scott, but rather by his first love—who refused him. From her, it has been said, he drew the noble character of Flora McIvor, while, in Rose Bradwardine, he idealized the woman whose beauty and attractive manners caught his heart in the rebound, and whose responsive affection soothed his wounded vanity. All his favourite heroines, except those whose characters were drawn from real life or tradition—Diana Vernon, Isabella Wardour, Rebecca—are high-minded and intellectual, with little of woman's weakness; it is Edith Plantagenet, not Queen Berengaria, for whom he enlists our sympathy.

But, be this as it may, Sir Walter Scott was, perhaps, almost alone among men of genius in easiness of temper, serene self-possession, and that tolerant strength which generously bears with the weaknesses of feebler characters—qualities only to be found in natures of eminently masculine fibre. Though deeply affectionate, and prizing affection deeply, he was so unselfish and unexacting, so free from small vanities, and so superior to trivial vexations, that he was less dependent on sympathy and appreciation, and more indifferent to being misjudged or misunderstood, than men of imaginative genius usually are. His happy, healthy temperament and wise moderation made the best of all the circumstances that surrounded him, and, in spite of his genuine greatness, or perhaps, like Shakspeare, because of it, he made himself at home and contented in a world of conventionalities and absurdities which he was yet perfectly able to estimate at their true value. That he made an affectionate and indulgent husband to his Rose is no proof that he would not have been happier with his Flora if he had won her.

Goethe's lasting connection, and ultimate marriage with Christiane Vulpius, is generally supposed to prove that a man of transcendant powers deliberately chose an ignorant and vulgar woman to make the mistress of his house and the mother of his children. Lord Lytton, speaking through Mr. Caxton, says: "Certainly, Goethe never troubled the lady who called him 'Mr. Privy Councillor,' with his whims about monads and speculations on colour, or those stiff metaphysical problems on which one breaks one's shins in the Second Part of Faust." As Goethe sought and found intellectual companionship among an extensive circle of female friends, he was, perhaps, less likely to require it at home; but Mr. Lewes tells us that Christiane was neither illiterate nor unintelligent, and that Goethe did actually discuss with her his optical and botanical researches. For her the Roman Elegies and the Metamorphoses of Plants were written, and "it is certain," says Mr. Lewes, "that if she had shown any deficiency of scientific comprehension, or want of intelli-

gent interest in such subjects, he would never have persisted in talking of them to her." That he did so shows, at any rate, that he desired the sympathy of the woman he loved in his deepest and most abstruse studies. If unfortunate circumstances and, most of all, the unhappy position in which Goethe himself had placed her, marred the promise of her bright youth, and developed seeds of inherited evil, or if she really never possessed those gifts and graces with which her lover's imagination endowed her, what is to be said, except that this man of genius, like many others, fell in love with a woman who only mated the lower half of his nature, and "the wretched domestic circumstances" this union entailed on him—the "skeleton in the closet of his life"—proves more strongly than any arguments that, in choosing a helpmate for life, genius cannot slight the higher and nobler elements of womanhood with impunity:

"But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?"

So sings Byron, and his own marriage with that learned young lady whose

—"Favourite science was the mathematical,"

has often been held up as a beacon to warn unwary mariners on life's sea from such perilous matrimonial rocks. But poets, above all men, require to love and be loved in marriage, and whether Lady Byron was in love with her husband or not, he most certainly was not in love with her. It will scarcely be asserted that any true sympathy or communion of thought and feeling ever existed between them, even if there be no truth, as most likely there is not, in the story told that, soon after their marriage, she asked him when he intended to give up writing verses and employ his talents to some useful purpose. He married her as a step towards retrieving the difficulties in which he was involved, intending, if possible, to tolerate her virtues; she married him in the hope of reforming his vices—half-attracted, half-repelled by his meteor fame; and, under such circumstances, how could two atoms so utterly devoid of all "elective affinity" ever coalesce and become one?

It has often been thought and said that Lady Byron's saintliness, and that goodness which

"—— grown to a pleurisy,
Dies of its own too much,"

made her the last woman in the world her erratic husband ought to have married, but no accusation of too much piety and perfection could be brought against the lady who married Lord Lytton when he was only known to the public as Edward Lytton Bulwer, the author of a small volume of poems, and of one or two novels—"Falkland," and "O'Neil the Rebel"—now never heard of. Far from being a saint or an angel, she belonged rather to that type of her sex admired by Mr. Chichely, in "Middlemarch"—"a woman with a bit of devil." She was clever and brilliant; an acknowledged beauty who thought herself a wit and a genius; vain, restless and exacting, how wanting in right feeling, delicacy, or principle she was, may be seen from her novels, the chief purpose of which was to turn her husband into ridicule and blacken his character. What wonder that his fastidious mental eye should have been wearied with the constant glare of such kaleidoscopic brilliancy, and seek to refresh itself by resting on "neutral tints and the solace of gentle dulness—the tranquillizing green of the sweet human qualities which do not make us shade our eyes like the spangles of conversational gymnastics and figurantes."* What wonder if, after his experience of such a *femme d'esprit*, he should say: "Poets need repose where they love," and bestow on the favourite hero of his novels a wife whose intelligence is solely born of love, and who, though unable to comprehend in what her

* The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

husband's genius consists, looks up to him with docile and undoubting devotion.

> "She knows not what his greatness is;
> For that, for all, she loves him more."

A sadder picture of an unequal marriage could not well be given than that in the passage from which those lines are taken. It might possibly flatter some man's vanity (though what man would acknowledge so puerile and contemptible a feeling?) that his wife, who knew but matters of the house, should

> "Darkly feel him great and wise;"

and while he sat "rapt in matters dark and deep," should murmur in her loneliness

> "I do not understand, I love!"

He may prefer the companionship of

> "His own vast shadow, glory-crowned,"

to that of his wife, and find, in her worshipping ignorance, all the sympathy he desires. But how will it be with her? No tender-hearted, sensitive woman can be content to feel her life thus lone and apart from him she loves. Chilled and saddened by that dim remoteness that

> "Seems to slight her simple heart,"

will not a trouble, greater than that of the Lady of Burleigh, weigh upon her?

> "The burden of an honour
> Unto which she was not born."

And this picture of a union without that inner sympathy of mind, as well as of heart, which alone makes a true marriage, reads like a warning to doves, who have no affinity with eagles, not to wed with these royal birds, and by no means as an encouragement to eagles to mate with doves.

In real life, ignorant and narrow-minded women, however gentle their dulness may appear, are far more likely to turn out like Clive Newcome's wife, or like Rosamond Vincy, than to resemble the wife of Simple Heart, in "In Memoriam," or the Lady of Burleigh. "The subtle influence of such a wife will act as a dissolvent on a man's higher faculties and aspirations," it has been truly said, till, if he be an artist, he produces only "pot-boilers;" if a man of science, he turns "the Heavenly Goddess into the milch-cow of the field;" and, too often, whatever his path in life may be, sacrifices honour and conscience to win wealth and worldly distinction.

George Eliot, in that masterpiece of feminine portraiture, Rosamond Vincy, shows how a shallow female mind, "inflexible in proportion to its negations," (as so many minds are,) drags her husband's higher intellect and nobler ambition down to the commonplace level of the world. Lydgate, holding the common prejudices and traditional beliefs of men on the subject of women, believed that in Rosamond's shallow, superficial amiability, he had found perfect womanhood,—"an accomplished creature, instructed to the true womanly limit, and not a hair's breadth beyond; docile, therefore, and ready obediently to carry out behests which came from beyond that limit; one who would venerate his high musings and momentous labours, and never interfere with them." How all these hopes and expectations failed may be read in the book that tells the story of their lives. Instead of the tender devotedness and docile adoration he had dreamed of, he found a wife from whose unimaginative and unreasoning nature no appeal of his could meet with any response; a woman whom he came at last to regard as an animal of another and feebler species, and yet one who could always frustrate his designs by falsehood and stratagem; a burden which his best feelings compelled him to carry, but which stifled all his high resolves, and made life in its noblest sense a failure; a *basil plant*, living and flourishing on the brains of his murdered

genius. Erasmus, in a letter to Buctæus, in which he speaks with approbation of the learned education Sir Thomas More gave his daughters, says, "Nothing is so intractable as ignorance;" and Lydgate is only a type of a certain order of men who have painfully experienced this neglected truth.

It would be strange and sad indeed, if two fine spirits, touched to fine issues, could not blend in a perfect marriage, and walk the world

"Yoked in all exercise of noble end."

Those "married lovers," the Brownings, offer a supreme instance of such a happy union. Every reader must remember Browning's beautiful dedicatory poem, entitled "One Word More;" and if we may interpret some exquisite lines in "The Ring and the Book" as all true and tender hearts would wish to interpret them, the soul of the living poet still reaches towards the soul of his poet-wife, not lost, but gone before; his heart still holds her heart in its embrace. The happy effect which Shelley's love for his gifted wife, who "walked with him the paths of high intent" where, till then, he had "wandered companionless," had on his whole being, may be read in the "Dedication to Mary" prefixed to the "Revolt of Islam;" and that her worship for him, living and dead, was not lessened by her capability of sharing his thoughts and imaginations, and understanding his genius, her life and writings testify. Though not a poet in words, Robert Schumann was a poet-musician, and he, too, had the solace of an appreciative as well as a loving wife. "Won after many troubles, and the obstinate resistance of her father (Friedrich Wieck), Clara Schumann remained always her husband's truest friend and helpmate; affianced to him not only by the power of love, but also by the elective bond of genius. It has seldom been the happy lot of an artist to see his most intimate feelings and aspirations so perfectly understood, nay, even interpreted to the world by the mother of his children. Her great musical powers as a pianist, and her whole life since his death, have been devoted to the loving labour of expounding his works, and proving his claim to rank with the greatest masters of his art."*

But it is not only to poets and artists that the intellectual sympathy and enlightened help of women have been valuable: men of science, philosophers and statesmen have found their toils lessened and illuminated, their hopes kindled, and their homes made happy, by wives capable of comprehending and sharing their pursuits.

Mrs. Carlyle is known to have been a highly informed and intellectual woman, and her invaluable worth to her husband is recorded in the epitaph he wrote for her gravestone: "For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and, by act and word, unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out." That a similar happy union existed between the great historian of Greece and his clever and devoted wife, the "Personal Life of George Grote" abundantly proves.

But the most remarkable wedded union of kindred minds—remarkable from the great literary and philosophical eminence of him who has recorded it, and the perfect blending of two existences which it seems to have been—is that of which we read in John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty," on his wife's tombstone at Avignon, and in his "Autobiography," lately published. "The Autobiography," he tells us, was written to make acknowledgment of the debts his intellectual development owed to other persons, some of them of recognized eminence, others less known than they deserve to be, and the one to whom most of all was due—one whom the world had no opportunity of

* Frantz Hüffer, in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, 1873.

knowing. This *one* was his wife, to whom, a reviewer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, much of "The Autobiography" is a kind of hymn. His account of her perfections, this reviewer declares, cannot possibly be true of any human being, and is due to the exaggerated idolatry of a passionate lover. It may be so; but when we remember that Mr. Mill belonged to the severest of all intellectual schools of philosophy, and was universally acknowledged to be the fairest, the most impartial, and most competent of critics; that his eminence as a thinker and reasoner was so great that "even for those able men who did not accept his doctrines he determined the questions they should think about;" it would seem that his opinion as to the mental power and moral greatness of one so intimately known ought to have some weight. He and the lady he married had been friends for many years, during which, he says, her incomparable worth made her friendship the greatest source of happiness and improvement to him. Their thoughts and speculations were completely in common, and their marriage was a partnership of their entire existence. "For seven and a half years," Mr. Mill writes, "that blessing was mine—for seven and a half only. I can say nothing that could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was, and is. But because I know that she would have wished it, I endeavour to make the best of what life I have left, and to work on for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her and communion with her memory."

Goethe tells us that it is not the worth of the object beloved, but the lover's power of loving, that determines the strength of the love; but we need not deny the truth of this dictum—we need not ignore the comedy of Queen Titania and Bottom, or shut our eyes to the deep tragedy underlying such vagaries of passion and freaks of fantasy as Andrea del Sarto's infatuation for his Lucrezia, or Hazlitt's idolatry for his false goddess, and yet believe that the perfect love of a noble nature cannot, for any length of time, be given where there is not an answering nobleness. The woman who inspired John Stuart Mill with a love and admiration that lasted with undiminished fervour for nearly thirty years of her life, and with sublimed intensity for fifteen years after her death, could have been no ordinary woman; and such a love must have been something more than an illusion of passion, or "a romance, thrown into syllogisms" (as his unfriendly reviewer sneeringly calls it); certainly to him it was a great reality, and one in which he found the happiness of his life.

Perhaps even more wonderful things than her husband said of Mrs. Mill have been affirmed of another woman, who left behind her no proof of intellectual greatness that the world could recognize, though "in her lifetime she thought, did, and said many things that attracted notice and admiration, spreading ever wider and wider." A woman of whom it was affirmed that she had the head of a sage and the heart of an apostle. This singular biographic phenomenon, as Carlyle calls her, was Rahel Leven, the wife of Varnhagen Von Ense, who, "without beauty, without wealth, foreign celebrity, or any artificial nimbus whatever, had grown in her silent, progressive way to be admired, almost worshipped by all people of genius and cultivation in Germany. A woman of genius, of true depth and worth, whose secluded life, one cannot but see, had in it a greatness far beyond what has many times fixed the admiration of the whole world—a woman equal to the highest thoughts of her century, in whom it was not arrogance, we do believe, but a just self-consciousness, to feel that the highest philosoper, poet or artist, was not above her, but of a like element and rank with her. Yet her genius has passed away leaving no visible impress behind."*

* Review of Varnhagen Von Ense's Memoirs in *London and Westminster Review*, 1838.

Mr. Mill's estimate of his wife can scarcely be called higher or more impassioned than Mr. Carlyle's eulogium on Rahel, and there may, therefore, be some reason for believing that to those with whom she came in contact—and especially to her husband—Mrs. Mill, like Rahel, was "a great silent force" that has helped to kindle and illuminate the thought of the world. At all events, while the name of John Stuart Mill lives—and while pure living and high thinking are prized in England it cannot be let die—her memory must be joined with his as his loving and beloved helpmate. Both now lie together in Avignon, where, during the fifteen years he survived her, he resided whenever it was possible, and every day visited her garden-like grave.

Mr. Disraeli has said that most great men, if they were candid, would acknowledge the advantages they owed to the sympathy and encouragement of women. A female friend, amiable, clever and devoted, is, he tells us, a possession beyond all price, without which, as few men succeed in life, so none are content. It would scarcely lessen the value of such a friend to a man if she happened to be his wife, unless home and wife were such ideas to him as they appear to have been to the famous Frenchman who would not marry the lady whose society had been his greatest enjoyment for years, because he would then have nowhere to spend his evenings.

It is, indeed, generally conceded that the moral and imaginative sympathy of women is of much worth to men: this slight paper is an attempt to show that their intellectual sympathy is of equal importance. It has been proved again and again, by numberless examples, that a fine and highly cultivated intellect, instead of being incompatible with the perfect fulfilment of a woman's proper duties, is the surest guarantee that they will be rightly performed, yet the popular prejudice against "ladies intellectual" still lingers. There are, unhappily, women who seem to regard husbands merely as an institution to provide their wives with exquisite personal adornments, the newest style of furniture, and all the paraphernalia of fashion; and worse, and more unnatural still, there are those who call themselves women, and yet are so dead to the tenderest, holiest, sweetest emotions of humanity, as to think their little children a burden instead of a joy, and with an odious scorn and flippancy sneer at loving and devoted mothers as mere "producers and caressers of babies;" but it is not in those pure regions in which the faithful students of star-eyed science and divine philosophy habitually dwell that such monsters are to be found. It is in the ranks of the heartless and empty-minded followers of pleasure and excitement they are to be seen—the will o' the wisps of a vain, luxurious and self-indulgent society born of its corruptions, and glittering and dancing their baleful lives away amidst its unwholesome vapours. If there are, or can be, any who so distort and misuse intellectual gifts and acquirements as to make them an excuse for neglecting and contemning the sweet and holy charities of wifehood and motherhood, they have their existence in some unnatural phase of a forced civilization, where a dilettante science and literature are stimulated artificially, and a display of superficial learning commands the applause of their clique, as the exhibition of lighter accomplishments does elsewhere.

The women who now-a-days write what are called, *par excellence*, sensational novels, in which the heroes are compounded from those of Mr. Lawrence and Alexandre Dumas, while the heroines have the dangerous beauty of the syren, the fatal fascination of the serpent, or the fierce fury of the panther, and over all the sumptuous surroundings are showered gems and gold with barbaric splendour and profusion—novels which, according to the critics, are all characterised by inconsequence, flippancy, bad grammar, bad taste and bad morals, can

scarcely be regarded as specimens of intellectual women. Clever writers some of them are, no doubt, whose literary talents, like those of many clever men, are put to an ignoble use. "Write a book, my son," says Lord Lytton's favourite philosopher, "write a book. Not necessarily a book that is trash, but one that, whether trash or not, will be read." These ladies have obeyed Mr. Caxton's precept, for it is impossible to deny that their books are read. And not by women only. They are the favourite reading of the average male novel reader, who, while he will pish and psha at "Middlemarch" and "Romola," and declare them dry and pedantic, and throw aside Mrs. Oliphant's and Miss Mulock's tales as tame and slow, will devour the novels of Ouida, Miss Braddon, Miss Marryat and Miss Thomas with avidity, *ad libitum*. Wise men condemn these novels and the women who write them, but in doing so they ought not to forget that novels of sensation were first initiated by men, and that in this matter women are only following the example set them by the stronger sex.

Mr. Caxton, to quote Lord Lytton once more, tells us that the wisest of mankind seek in the weakest of womankind a pleasing relaxation from the austere occupations of their lives. But as it happens that women cannot be made mere objects of amusement and relaxation, and as on them devolves some of the most important work of the world, it may be doubted whether that "serene nothingness" supposed to be so restful to stronger minds, or the distinction of being the most foolish of their sex, for which pre-eminence Talleyrand professed to have chosen his wife, are the qualities that will best enable them to perform that work to the advantage of their children and dependants, the satisfaction of their husbands, and their own happiness and well-being. Every day it is more clearly seen that the future of humanity depends on the manner in which children are taught and trained in their early years; and how can women, who are themselves only children of a larger growth, teach truth and nobleness by wise training or worthy example? If women are

> —— "Small, slight-natured, miserable,
> How can men grow?"

In every way women have always had, and no doubt always will have, influence over men, not only socially but politically—often being veritable "ministers without portfolios;" and if it be true that their political influence has been generally wielded for evil, their ignorance and narrow-mindedness have been the cause. Women whose education has made them just and reasonable, and capable of knowing and feeling the burden of a great responsibility, far from meddling with such weighty matters to gratify small vanities or petty ambitions, would never attempt to interfere in them unless their position made it a duty to do so.

It is much to be deplored that so many clever men still do what lies in their power to keep women from self-improvement by dressing out weakness, folly and insincerity, with all the charms their imagination can furnish, and exhibiting this creation of theirs as the ideal type of womanhood. It would take up too much time and space to recapitulate all the instances of this to be found in the current literature of the day, but Mr. Charles Reade's books may be mentioned as the most noticeable examples. His most charming heroines have the small deceits, the cowardly subterfuges and petty contrivances which are the besetting sins of feeble and shallow natures, and never found united with a fine and clear intelligence. In his latest novel, which concludes with the apotheosis of a simpleton, he describes the heroine as volatile, capricious, cunning, with crocodile tears and shallow wiles at will, weak, hysterical, unreasoning and unreasonable: and assures us that when those qualities are united with beauty, innocence and an affec-

tionate disposition, you have before you the girl that men, literally and metaphorically, kneel to. The harm such books do to foolish girls, and still more to foolish young men, is incalculable.

As a matter of taste, Mr. Reade and others may prefer simpletons, but as a matter of fact there is abundant proof that, among all the mistakes made in this erring world, there is none greater than the belief that a cultivated intellect, the love of noble literature, or the study of science and art, are inconsistent with "distinctive womanhood," or with those sweet and gracious qualities without which no woman is, or can be, lovable. The largest and most rational minds, in women as well as in men, are likely to be the most benevolent, patient and tolerant. Above all, it is only in such minds we need hope to find truth, justice and candour, and that willing submission and obedience to the right which is the nearest approach as yet discovered to making "duty one with beauty and with joy."

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE response to the appeal made to the country has given the new Ministry a majority fully as large as could be desired, and probably larger than will be found practically useful. There has been no parallel to the unanimity with which the country has decided—the Pacific Scandal being the main issue—since 1848, when the electorate expressed its disapprobation of the abuse of the powers and functions of Governor-General by Lord Metcalfe, one freak of whose administration was that he carried on the Government during a period of nine months with the aid of a Secretary of State, leaving all the other departments vacant. On that occasion, as on the present, there was something more than a party victory or a party defeat. Then, as now, the voice of the country was heard above the din and strife of party. Then, the issue was the vindication of Responsible Government, struggling for the final supremacy; a struggle which had been hopeless so long as the rule was to direct the whole policy of the Government from the Colonial Bureau in Downing Street. Now, the country has pronounced its condemnation of the Pacific Scandal. If any one indulged a belief in the existence of hard-and-fast party lines held more sacred than the interests or the honour of the country, he is now undeceived. The country, when there is any adequate occasion for the exertion of its power, is always found an overmatch for party. When the completion of Confederation was uppermost in men's minds, in 1867, whatever had the semblance of party opposition was doomed to inevitable defeat.

On both sides there is a disposition to treat the victory which the Ministry has just obtained as a purely party triumph. For once a ministerial and a party triumph are not in all respects identical. While the Ministry has triumphed, the triumph is due to the uprising of the nation—not to the unaided exertions of a party; and the Minister, looking to his following, can boast that, with the nation at his back, he is something more than a party leader who has just come successfully out of an election contest. A victory, national in its character, creates a necessity for a broad national policy. If any one undertook to trace out all the relations of cause and effect operating in the elections, we think he would find that the completeness of the victory was in some slight

degree due to the declaration of the Premier, during the elections, that the administration of the Government would be so conducted that no one would have to fear injustice on account of his political opinions or party alliances. The worst service that any one could do to the Minister would be to advise him that a national victory can be best utilized by the adoption of a narrow party policy. A Government strong in Parliamentary support occupies a high vantage-ground. When so entrenched it has the means of doing what it deems best for the public interest. It can afford to despise petty cabals, and can look without dismay on individual desertions originating in any motive alien to the public interest; it can frame its own policy, in its own way, by the best lights within its reach, and can defy the terrors of alien dictation; it is not obliged to yield principle to pressure, or to do acts which it abhors as a condition of its official existence. All this a strong Government can do, and do without arrogance or narrowness—qualities which, more than anything else, would prove its bane and bring about its destruction.

Nothing so much conduces to an independent tone of discussion and independence of action in a legislative body as an absence of such party exigencies as are induced by the Government being in constant straits to maintain a majority, and obliged, on every important division, to make a remorseless use of the whip. It is when parties are most evenly balanced that party lines are most rigidly drawn, the Government under strongest temptation to yield to pressure which it ought to resist, and the Opposition most strongly tempted to bribe by the offer of the reversion of offices which a few votes more may place within its grasp. An independent line of action, taken under the feeling of security which a large ministerial majority induces, if followed out may lead to secessions and a recasting of the original complexion of the House. If criticism be confined to a small and feeble minority, there will be little chance of improving any measure in its passage through Parliament. The criticism of an angry Opposition is directed to the object of damaging the Ministry rather than of improving its measures; while that which results from the natural freedom of debate and has no ulterior ends to serve is wholly corrective: its value, other things being equal, is in proportion to the purity of the motive in which it originates. If the Ministry chafe under such criticism, become at first irritable and finally lose the golden temper, well-intending and useful critics may be driven into chronic opposition. There is a tendency in all overweighted majorities to break to pieces; and in this way the very extent of the numerical success which Ministers have obtained, though it may now seem to be a thing to rejoice over, constitutes a latent danger which no degree of good fortune can be counted on to avert. If the Opposition overdoes its part, the force of antagonism may keep even an unwieldy ministerial majority nearly unbroken. It is probable that the unnecessarily large majority which the Ministry now finds at its back will, sooner or later, prove a source of danger. We mistrust all estimates which profess to give the exact relative strength of parties; but the Government members count over two-thirds of the whole House.

A party resuming office after a long period of opposition generally finds assailing the Treasury a crowd of eager and impatient expectants, whom it has no means of satisfying; for one draft on the fund of patronage which it has in its power to honour, it is obliged to let five hundred go to protest. This is a natural cause of decay common to all Ministries; and though the mischief may be aggravated or palliated by the manner in which the distribution is made, the germ will remain and the circle expand from day to day and from month to month.

The simultaneous appearance of three dif-

fficult questions admonishes the Government that all its tact and statesmanship will be required for the emergency. British Columbia insists on the strict fulfilment of the conditions of the Treaty by which it became a member of the Confederation; Riel, backed by the whole French press of the Province of Quebec, makes a formal demand for amnesty to cover the Manitoba troubles; while Mr. Costigan, on behalf of the Catholics of New Brunswick, threatens to renew the Separate School question in a spirit hostile to the Government. The announcement that it will be necessary to extend the time for building the Pacific Railway has acted on British Columbia like a lighted match on gunpowder. In view of the waste of time that had occurred before the commencement of the work, Mr. Mackenzie, seeing the impossibility of completing it within ten years from the admission of that Province into the Union, announced the intention of appealing to the Pacific Province to recognize the fact and to alter the stipulated time so as to bring it within the possibilities of the case as now presented. Though the question in its broader aspect does not seem to have come before the local Legislature, the Government had brought in a Bill to authorize the acceptance of a money payment in lieu of the graving-dock which the Ottawa Government is under stipulation to build, and the measure was on the point of passing when a demonstration of popular feeling rudely arrested the action of the Assembly. A public meeting having been held, at which resolutions were passed against the acceptance of the proposed commutation, and protesting against relaxation of the terms of the original compact until the question could be passed upon by the electors, a petition in this sense was presented to the Legislature by the petitioners, in a body, to the number of about a thousand, which must be nearly one-fourth of the whole white male population. A demonstration of force intended to overawe the Legislature is a procedure which must be condemned as a direct blow struck at the free deliberation so necessary to the exercise of constitutional liberty. In assembling to draw up resolutions and petition the Legislature, the people were acting within the limits of their rights; but in invading the Legislature, instead of causing the petition to be presented in the regular way, they were acting in defiance of rules which exist for the general protection. Such an irregularity may, at some future time, be set up as a precedent to the injury of the present actors; and it only requires the practice to become chronic to sink the community in which it occurs to a level with Mexico and those States of South America from which all the guarantees of liberty have fled.

The candid way of dealing with the Pacific Province was that of appealing to it as Mr. Mackenzie did; a more politic way, it is easy to see after the event, would have been to commence the work as intended, on the Pacific side as well as on this, at the earliest moment, and leave the question of time to be settled when it assumed a practical shape, after the lapse of some years, when—the work being far advanced—the difficulty, if not entirely removed, would have been reduced to a minimum. The small Provinces have, so far, shown no disposition to yield any of their stipulated rights; and more than one of them has, by advancing new claims, been granted "better terms." British Columbia was not likely to set an example of abnegation which would have distinguished her by contrast from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. That she will, at present, refuse to make any formal relaxation of her stipulated rights, even on the point of time, may be taken for granted; unless some monetary compensation—to which the public journals point—be given. But when the road has been loyally commenced, and vigorously pushed forward as intended, and British Columbia finds herself in a fair way of getting what she has a right

to expect, there is every reason to believe she will resume her former confidence, and be satisfied to get the railroad as soon as it is possible to build it. The election of DeCosmos, against whom, as Premier, the recent movement was principally directed, shows that the feeling is not so deep as first appearances indicated.

The irrepressible Riel has again managed to make himself a subject of conversation. Simultaneously with his re-election for his old constituency, he has issued a manifesto making a formal demand for an amnesty, which he enforces by allegations equally startling and novel. If we are to believe his statements, the rebellion he led was an act of loyalty, having for its object to give the North-West Territory a provisional government at a time when it must otherwise have been left without any government at all. For this the British Government was duly grateful, and in some undefined way recognised his services. Macdougall was an invader, Boulton and Schultz the real rebels and disturbers of the peace. Colonel Dennis breathed nothing but war against an unoffending people. Scott, a dangerous ally of Macdougall and Schultz, revolted against the authority of the Provisional Government and entered Winnipeg in the trappings of a warrior, the band he collected being guilty, among other crimes, of the assassination of Sutherland and Parisien. Bad as he was, the humane President of the Provisional Government tried to prevent his execution. In prison, Scott and McLeod conspired to overpower the keepers, forcing open the door of their room, attacking them and calling on their companions to do the same. The indignant and injured Métis took the rebel Scott outside of the building; and now it was that the humanity of the President was exerted in vain to save the reprobate. He beseeched him to remember the position he was in, and to keep quiet in his prison as the means of preventing the necessity of his being sent for trial before the Council of the Adjutant-General. But Scott, the manifesto adds, far from taking this advice, disdainfully persisted in his bad conduct. At this time Schultz, not daring to remain at Red River, went to Canada to poison the mind of the Government against Riel and his brother officials, and to prevent the delegates from the North-West being received. Scott was, under these circumstances, sent before a court-martial, convicted and condemned to death. We must here quote the words in which Riel justifies the murder of Scott. "Next day after the trial, the fourth March, 1870, the authority of the Government, which had been provisionally confided to us for the benefit of an English colony, and which for three months of bitter warfare we had used for the purpose of disarming our enemies, we at last exerted in its full severity. Scott was executed because it was necessary that public order should be made to triumph, and that we should thus do our duty in causing it to be respected." The Hudson Bay Company, of whose government Mr. Macdougall had proclaimed the *déchéance*, fully recognised the legality of Riel's authority. When he was about to be relieved by a representative of the British Crown, Colonel Wolseley, to whom the President was prepared gracefully to give way, without so much as asking further shelter in Fort Winnipeg, he learned with equal pain and surprise that the new representative of Imperial authority, instead of presenting himself amicably, as all commanders of military expeditions ought to do, "and as the law of nations made it his duty, his arrival was as that of an enemy."

We have not in this abstract exaggerated the style and assumption of Riel, when he comes forward to demand an amnesty. He ends his memoir by demanding, in the name of the inhabitants of the North-West, the loyal execution of the Act of Manitoba, as if that implied an amnesty: "Nothing more, but nothing less." Insolent as are the pretensions of this man, he is not without a

strong backing in the Province of Quebec. The French press of all hues of politics—Ministerial, Opposition, National, Sacerdotal—joins in the demand for an amnesty, and it is made a matter of reproach that any one should be ever so distantly related to any one else who did not by his acts prove his friendship for Riel. The Opposition *Minerve* tauntingly reminds its confreres that there are men in the present Government who set a price on the head of the liberator of the Métis; the Opposition *Canadien* hopes he will be as well treated by the present as he was by the last Government; to which the Sacerdotal *Nouveau Monde*, in reply, expresses its belief that it will treat him much better. The Premier expresses the predominant feeling of Upper Canada —a feeling once wrought up to a white heat —when he declares his intention to bring Riel to trial whenever the opportunity shall offer. He would find it very difficult to carry this intention into effect, on account of the universal opposition of the French inhabitants of Quebec. Mr. Dorion, when he appeared before his constituents, was obliged to encourage the hope that an amnesty might be forthcoming, and an Opposition journal makes the proud boast that M. Langevin, in a Ministerial caucus at the commencement of last session, threatened to resign unless an amnesty were accorded, and that Sir John Macdonald promised "to meet the legitimate desire of the entire French Canadian population." Whether these statements be true or false, the fact that they are repeated with vehement persistence attests the strength of the feeling in the Province of Quebec in favour of an amnesty, and gives us some measure of the difficulty which would stand in the way of any serious attempt to bring Riel to trial, should he place himself in a position to be arrested.

The pretence of Riel, that the Provisional Government was a continuation of British authority, necessitated by the absence of any other organ through which that authority could be exercised, besides showing the weakness of his case, betrays a want of moral courage. It is an attempt to cover all the acts of his Government, including the murder of Scott, with the mantle of legitimacy. A Government that should have stepped into the breach in the way he describes, would need no amnesty; and the demand for one proves that he has no faith in his own statements. He does not even present the matter in the best light for himself. If, instead of denying his rebellion, he had pleaded that he placed himself at the head of the only Government there was in the country for some months, during which the authority of the British Crown was practically in abeyance, and unable to afford its subjects any protection, and raised the question whether obedience was due where protection was not given, he would not have made out his case for an amnesty, but he would at least have occupied an intelligible position. But to pretend that his rebellion against the Crown was in the interest of the Crown is, whether he intends it or not, a piece of irony far too coarse to be at all enjoyable, did the subject and the occasion permit the use of that weapon. It is not likely that Riel will present himself at Ottawa to demand his seat while the liability to be arrested for the murder of Scott is hanging over his head.

The reference of the New Brunswick school question to the Privy Council, which was made at the instance of Mr. Mackenzie, may enable the Government to parry the threatened attack of Mr. Costigan. The Premier will not have to defer a change of front on this question: all he has to do is to abide by the action which he induced the House to take when the question was previously before it. The present question is not one of legislation; it involves a choice between the exercise of the veto and a resolution of the difficulty by judicial progress. A public man who opposed the reference and demanded the exercise of the veto, is not

bound to carry his opposition farther when the reference has been made: so long as he is in the minority he is bound to submit to the adverse decision, and if he afterwards takes his place among the majority, in a new House, he is not bound to attempt to reverse the decision of a previous Parliament. What he is bound to do is, in good faith, to take whatever course will best subserve the public interests in the altered position in which the question is placed.

Meanwhile, the two parties that take sides on this question in New Brunswick are buckling on their armour. The Catholics are circulating petitions calling on the House of Commons to cut the knot of the question by an assumption of legislative jurisdiction, and to decide it in their favour. On the other side, the friends of the Local Government assert that an appeal will be made to the electors if necessary, for an expression of opinion in favour of Common Schools; and the Government itself makes public its determination to stand by the law. Should the Privy Council decide that the law is constitutional, as it is almost certain to do, the most natural disposition will have been made of the question. Would the Catholics accept such a decision as final?

By the resignation of Mr. Blake the Ministry loses one of the ablest of its members. On the formation of the Government we expressed a doubt that he would long be willing to assume the responsibility of measures which he could not take a leading part in framing. Refusing to accept a portfolio, on account of the labour its possession would impose, it was evident that he could not do justice to his reputation, and meet the expectations formed of him, if he continued to spend his time and waste his energies at the Chancery Bar. It has often been noted in England, that lawyers who undertake a duality of duties, the successful discharge of which demands the attribute of ubiquity, must fail on the one side or the other; and the failure comes on the side on which they are weakest—which they have done the least to strengthen and support. Mr. Blake's failure has been on neither side, but simply in his health; and he has been unpleasantly reminded that the strongest man cannot with impunity long continue to work double tides. The event was one in which he was compelled to act. Mr. Blake has afforded some evidence that he is capable of sustaining as brilliant a career as a statesman as he has sustained at the Bar. Of all our comparatively young politicians, he is the ablest and the most promising, though probably wanting in some of the qualities that make up the successful leader. Should he determine to remain in public life—and a large majority of the population think it most desirable that he should do so—he will be no worse for avoiding the responsibilities of office for a while; and if, at some future time, he should assume office, and devote himself wholly to public affairs, we very greatly err in our estimate of his powers if he should not attain a high degree of success as a statesman. From his example politicians who belong to the legal profession may learn this truth, that they cannot do two things well at the same time, without undergoing a wear and tear of constitution incompatible with the preservation of health—if at all. No one can neglect politics till the middle of life, or anywhere near it, and then expect to master them so as to pass for an ordinarily well-informed public man, without undergoing a vast amount of special labour; and even when he has done this, the results will sometimes betray evidence of 'cramming.' We should be puzzled if asked to point to any public man who, giving attention to politics for the first time after several years' absorbing practice at the Bar, mastered the leading questions of the day, and was able to connect them with the past, in so short a period as it took Mr. Blake to rise to eminence.

Turning to the Legislature of Ontario, the

first measure that attracts attention is Mr. Crooks' Assessment bill. In explaining this he described it as an attempt to establish an equitable relation between the payment of local taxes and the benefit derived from their expenditure. The principle on which he proceeds—that a municipality ought only to tax a man in proportion to the benefits he derives from living within it—is unassailable. Whether he is able to carry this principle to its legitimate extent is doubtful. But much is gained by having the principle clearly affirmed, and so far applied as to remove the most flagrant inequality of local taxation—the taxation of bank stock in its capital form. Mr. Crooks had obtained a basis of special facts on which to build. He ascertained the proportion of taxes, in 1870, spent on local improvements by which real estate was benefited, in several cities and towns. In Toronto and Peterboro' it was fifty per cent.; in Kingston sixty; Brockville seventy; St. Mary's seventy-seven. Of the effect on the value of that species of property produced by the large sums spent by many municipalities upon railways, there can be no doubt. Taking these into account, Mr. Crooks estimates that the expenditure by which real estate benefits is one-fourth greater than that spent upon all other objects. Besides these special and direct benefits conferred on realty, nearly all—if not all—other expenditures indirectly tend to the same result. The police expenditure is necessary for the protection of buildings, though not to the same extent as moveable property, and the same may be said of almost every other item of expenditure. These indirect benefits are not capable of anything like direct measurement. Coming to the other side of the account, Mr. Crooks finds that local taxes fall upon personal and real property respectively in the proportion of one to five. We are still far from having a positive measure, capable of being expressed in figures, of the relative burthens which the two kinds of property ought to bear; but we are convinced that personal property ought, in equity, to bear very little.

If we look to England, we find that of something over twenty-two millions raised by local taxation in 1871–2, more than eighteen millions were the product of rates — of which there were no less than sixteen, including highway, police, town improvement, borough, poor and local board rates—the rest being derived from tolls and dues on traffic and a fraction from duties on consumable articles. The question of allowing municipalities to tax income, though raised in England, was at once negatived; and public opinion here is fast settling into the conviction that local rates should be the chief reliance of the municipalities. The principal feature of Mr. Crooks' Bill is that it relieves bank stock from the exceptional taxation to which it was subject, and places the assessment on the dividend, or income, instead of the capital. The injustice of the confiscation-tax levied on bank stock last year was so flagrant that it was impossible a session should pass without relief being granted against the oppression. In the present state of opinion it would perhaps have been impossible to go further; though it would be very difficult to show why income derived from bank stock should be subjected to exceptional treatment as compared with income derived from other descriptions of stocks. Banks derive large privileges from their charters, but they do not owe these charters to the favour or consideration of municipalities; nor do we think it could be proved that a tax on their dividends is no more than a fair equivalent for the police protection they receive. But the owners of bank stock will probably accept with thankfulness the large instalment of justice offered them in the meantime, whatever plans they may form or hopes they may entertain for the future.

The finances of the Province continue in a prosperous condition. The Treasurer stated, in his Budget speech, that at the end

of the year he expects a cash surplus, after all charges are paid, of $1,632,887; to which there has to be added the amount of $2,699,407, now in the hands of the Ottawa Government, making a total of $4,323,000. Mr. Crooks, quoting the words of an English statesman, expressed his disbelief in a policy which would shut up the consolidated revenue in a box instead of making use of it. This protest against the policy of accumulating an overgrown surplus is timely and sensible. There is a notion, accepted by many, that the true test of talent in a Finance Minister is the ability to be able to boast the possession of an immense surplus. We can imagine only two cases in which the obtaining of a large surplus for investment should be made the aim of a definite policy: one is when there are debts falling due against which it is well to provide a Sinking Fund in this shape; the other is the capitalization of certain annual receipts, which are not properly revenue and which are in their nature transitory. For instance, the Crown Lands and Crown Timber are in process of alienation; and when the last acre and the last tree have been sold and paid for, the annual receipts from this source will cease. If the amount received yearly from Crown Timber and Crown Lands be treated as revenue, the time must be looked forward to when, there being nothing more to receive, this source of revenue will be dried up; but if the receipts were treated as capital and all over the expenses invested, this source of revenue would be made perpetual. Whether it would be sound policy to treat those receipts as capital, it would at least be intelligible: a surplus obtained in this way, and employed for the purpose of making the public lands a permanent source of revenue, would have at least a definite end in view. We are not prepared to say that the proceeds of Crown Lands and Crown Timber sales ought to be converted into a special fund; we incline to think that the policy would not be economically sound or in any way judicious. The investments would bring, say, five per cent., much less than the tax-payers could make if the money never left their pockets; the difference, whatever it was, would represent an annual loss to the country. The fund would invite all sorts of raids on the Treasury; and the chances are that it would soon disappear. The Government of Ontario is in the happy position of having the bulk of its revenue raised for it indirectly, through the general Government; and there are few taxes which it has been in the habit of levying or which it has the power to remit. The fact that the first Premier of the Province found the financial system was open to attack only on one side—that he would not have to incur the odium of imposing taxes,—may have led him unduly to strengthen the side on which he foresaw all the force of the assailants of his financial policy would be brought to bear. However this may be, he made saving a policy, and made up his mind to augment the revenue by interest from the investments he was able to make. His successors have not reversed that policy, though they were under the disagreeable necessity of spending immense sums in settling the Municipal Loan Fund difficulty. The policy of aiding railways, common to both Governments, has received additional development under the present, and been chiefly instrumental in giving the Province one thousand four hundred and eighty-four miles of new railways in five years. This is only one of the ways in which the revenue of the Province has taken a capitalized form: another is to be found in a series of public institutions for the reformatory restraint of the vicious and the merciful aid of the unfortunate. The money thus employed has had a better destination than if it had been hoarded up and put out at interest. One year with another, no more revenue should be collected than suffices for the needs of the Government; and we believe that the policy of accumulating an increasing surplus, which some would make

a test of statsemanship, to be economically unsound and incapable of justification.

Mr. Mowat's Public and High Schools Bill has mainly two objects in view: the popularising of the Council of Public Instruction and giving School Trustees and corporations the option of purchasing for school libraries such books as are authorized by the Council of Public Instruction from booksellers, without being obliged to deal with the Book Depository at the Education Office. The eight members of whom the Council of Public Instruction is composed, besides the Chief Superintendent of Education, are now practically appointed for life. Under this Bill, the High and Common School teachers and the County Inspectors are each to have a representative at the Board, elected every two years. The Universities affiliated with the University of Toronto are to elect their representatives, and the nominees of the Government are to be appointed for the same period. This popularizing of the Council will give it new vigour and increased utility. If the Depository be obliged to charge all its expenses, and every year give a clear balance-sheet, separate from the rest of the accounts, a new test will be applicable to it, and one by which its future will be determined.

The Department of Education is itself an anomaly in our system of government. It is presided over by a perpetual head instead of a responsible Minister. He may be, and sometimes is, at variance in opinion on questions of legislation with the responsible Ministers; he has no voice in Parliament and is constantly in the habit of resorting, partly from necessity and partly from choice, to written appeals to the public, through reports, pamphlets and letters in the public journals. There is a general agreement that the anomaly of an irresponsible administration of the Department of Education must be got rid of; the only question is of the time when the change is to be made. No one doubts that Dr. Ryerson, as he was the first, will be the last permanent head of the Department.

England, like Canada, has just passed through the agony of a general election. The contest was attended with considerable turbulence, amounting occasionally to riot; an unfavourable contrast to the uniformly peaceful conduct of our elections. The Gladstone Government having been beaten lost no time in resigning, and Mr. Disraeli has once more to be accepted by a reluctant party as the leader of a new Tory Government. The record of Mr. Gladstone's administration contains some memorable measures. The majority of the Irish people has been relieved from the incubus of an alien church, and the Irish farmer has obtained a recognised property in his improvements; Army purchase has been abolished, and over the voter who is not free to give an independent open vote the protection of the Ballot has been thrown; the groundwork of a system of national education has been laid, though not in a way to give universal satisfaction. These objects have not been gained without a loss of support from various quarters. The abolition of purchase was distasteful to the influential part of the army; Land and Church reform in Ireland have been dreaded as a menace to two powerful interests in England; there are many who will insist on seeing in the ballot only an unmanly and un-English mode of taking votes. While Mr. Gladstone's policy alarmed the timid, it was becoming too halting to meet the views of the advanced Liberals. On the Education question the Ministry was itself not an unit; and Mr. Forster and Mr. Bright could not conceal their differences from the public. Mr. Lowe's arbitrary temper was constantly exciting irritation and fostering hostility to the Government. Mr. Bright's return to the Cabinet gave the advanced Liberals, who were fast becoming discontented, only a faint hope of a new onward movement; and the misgiving was

strengthened when Mr. Harcourt came out as a champion of the Church establishment, and when he adopted a general tone which had a close resemblance to that of Mr. Disraeli. When Mr. Gladstone announced his policy to the electors, he counted too much on the effect of a declaration that the state of the finances was in a condition to justify him in pledging himself to a repeal of the income tax. This tax has always been unpopular; but it has advocates among the advanced Liberals. There is a large class of voters which the income tax does not reach at all, and which has no motive for desiring its repeal; and it is conceivable that many, to whom the repeal would have been a boon, may have thought the time of proposing it objectionable. The influence exerted by the publicans against the Government was very great. The haste with which the elections were brought on was offensive alike to friends as foes, as an attempt to gain an advantage by a surprise. The extension of household suffrage to the counties, more than half-promised by the late Premier, meant votes for the bulk of the agricultural labourers. The mere mention of such a thing was sure to arouse the opposition of the farmers, to whom the labourers are becoming formidable since they have been taught by Mr. Arch the value of organization. The farmer and the squire will not willingly consent that political power shall be shared by the labourer; and they would naturally use the votes they possess to prevent Mr. Gladstone from being able to redeem his promise. The labourer, so long as he was isolated and uncomplaining, so long as he had no means of making himself heard, was politically an object of indifference to the classes immediately above him; but the Labourers' Unions have given voice to griefs which had heretofore to be borne in silence, and Hodge begins to assert his humanity. At present the question between him and the voting class, with which he is in daily contact, is one of wages: household suffrage would make the struggle one for political power. Enfranchisement will come to his relief, but not through grace of the class to which he has hitherto been only a hereditary and ill paid servant. In the absence of the ballot, this motive for opposing the extension of household suffrage to the counties would have been made less; for then the labourer would scarcely have ventured to vote otherwise than as his employer desired. But the idea that a farmer who employs six labourers may see them outvote him in the proportion of six to one, would be scarcely less startling to farmers of the present day than it would have been to either of the two extinct specimens whom the Poet Laureate has immortalized, and with both of whom he had an actual acquaintance, while they were in the flesh. The labourers will not get the suffrage till they have shown themselves too formidable to admit of its being prudent longer to withhold it. That demonstration will be found, sooner or later,—it may be soon—in their Unions; and Mr. Disraeli, ghastly as are the images he sees in Workingmen's Unions, is perhaps as likely to be the man to call the time, when it arrives, as any one else. We do not lose sight of the provisional finality of his last franchise measure, for what was said of it can only be truly characterized by some such term of self-contradiction.

The Liberals, being now out of office, will get that breathing-spell which exhaustion and lassitude rendered desirable, and in which they may mature a new programme, to have ready for application when Mr. Disraeli has finished his term of power. By that time, if the counties be still without household suffrage, those now foremost in opposing it may have come to see that further opposition would be not only useless, but mischievous. There are a number of other questions which Mr. Gladstone was able to do little more than catalogue in his election address, but which, by the time the Liberals return to power, may be ripe for a definite treatment. He named,

one after another, the game and liquor laws, the laws which regulate the transfer, descent and occupation of land, the laws which affect the relations of employer and employed, local government and taxation, as questions likely to come before the Legislature. Of all these questions, that of the Game laws is about the only one on which opinion has taken shape, and even it was the subject of no less than three different bills last session. The advent of a Conservative Government to power will scarcely be able further to postpone legislation on this question. But it cannot be said that the question of the Land laws is ripe for any but the most superficial treatment. Mr. Bright is one of the very few public men in the kingdom who have fully made up their minds on the subject; but before his definition of the term "Free Land" is accepted as the basis of legislative action, the question must be subjected to a much more thorough discussion than it has yet been. In view of the unmatured state of public opinion on several of the questions pointed to by Mr. Gladstone as subjects for future legislation, it is doubtful whether the advancement of Liberal legislation will be much retarded by the change that has taken place. The Liberals needed time to recruit and gather new strength after the exhaustion and disintegration consequent on the legislative victories of the last five years. The Gladstone administration had reached its natural term, and progress will not be the slower for the momentary halt. In the meantime, there can be no real reaction; the utmost Mr. Disraeli can do will be to refuse to move forward; and, if he arrest the stream of progress for a while, the only effect will be to give the pent-up waters additional force when he is no longer able to resist their accumulated pressure. If Mr. Gladstone persist in absenting himself from the House of Commons, the question of the leadership of the Liberal party will present a serious difficulty.

England may now be willing to pass through a period of comparative political inaction under a Conservative Government. What Mr. Disraeli will do no one knows. He has stated his readiness to do something to relieve the pressure of local taxation; in this regard following the lead of Mr. Gladstone. He is not prepared to repeal the income tax in preference to reducing duties on articles of general consumption, nor to extinguish altogether any existing source of income. He will try to ward off claims to tenant-right, by giving the tenant a right to two years' notice to quit. If he is pledged to any thing, it is to pursue a vigorous foreign policy, with a view, no doubt, of distracting attention from domestic politics. His majority is compact, and may be counted on as thoroughly reliable for two or three sessions; after which it may be expected to begin to show signs of restiveness, and gradually to fall away.

The first account received in England of the taking of Coomassie was premature, as well as deficient, in omitting all notice of a great battle, before the Ashantee capital was reached, in which the expeditionary force suffered a loss of nearly three hundred. The statement has at length been officially made that Coomassie was taken on the 4th February, after five days' hard fighting. The previous accounts of the capture of the King and his agreement to pay £200,000 indemnity, none of which gave the date later than February 2, though inaccurate, were repeated in many forms and accepted as true for three weeks, before a word about the great preliminary battle was heard. General Wolseley has won new laurels by the accomplishment of a most difficult enterprise, in which the West India regiments bore a conspicuous part.

In a speech before the Trades' Union Congress at Sheffield, Professor Goldwin Smith committed the grave offence of saying

a word, in kindness and season, in favour of Canada as a suitable field for certain classes of English emigrants. In the criticism which that utterance evoked we have some measure of the hostility with which the employer class there begins to regard emigration. It is, perhaps, natural that such a feeling should exist, when emigration has come to be presented, in the agricultural districts, as the alternative of other plans for bettering the condition of the labourer. So long as there was a prospect that the quantity of labour in the market would be constant, so long would there be a given number of persons to live or starve on the wages which the labourer could obtain; but when emigration came to his relief, and showed a means of regulating the supply and demand of labour by lessening the competition for work, a feeling of alarm took possession of employers. It is impossible to revive the old restrictions upon emigration, or, as in Germany, to silence any one who says a word in favour of it. But the resource of vehemently crying down every word, be it ever so measured or cautious, said in favour of emigration to Canada, is quite in order; and it must be admitted that the daily press of England has, in the case of Mr. Goldwin Smith, made the most of it. Unless the actual occurrence were before us it would be difficult to believe that so slight a cause could produce such a wide-sweeping storm of vehement hostility. In the matter of emigration, Canada has long been used to receive scant justice at the hands of the English press. When the Colonies have been spoken of, Australia has generally had the preference; and when the writers turned their eyes towards America, the focus of their vision was either too contracted to embrace this half of the Continent, or it was unfavourably contrasted with the other half. If this happened when these jaunty economists were speaking of man being a drug in the market, what may we not expect when the competition is almost as often among employers for labour as among labourers for employment? We have the answer in the outburst of virulent criticism with which Mr. Goldwin Smith's qualified recommendation of Canada as a field for emigration was met.

The chief ground of Mr. Goldwin Smith's preference of Canada over the United States was that a British emigrant would naturally feel more at home in a part of the British Empire than in the United States, where his ears would be saluted by unpleasant expressions of ill-feeling towards the country of his birth. The existence in the United States of the feeling in which these expressions take their rise has been questioned and even denied. If these writers had chanced to be travelling in that country during the Crimean war, they would have found the sympathy in favour of Russia all but universal; if they had been there during the Sepoy rebellion, they would have heard expressions indicating a general wish that the insurrection would end in throwing off the authority of the British Crown. Besides the inherited antipathy, which had its spring in the unfortunate manner of the separation from England, this generation received a large increase of the feeling from the attitude of a powerful class in England towards the States during the civil war, a class which it was natural for Americans to confound with the British nation. We need not quarrel about a word; but whether we call it hatred, dislike. prejudice, or by any other name, we cannot conjure away its existence or make its expression agreeable to the ears of British immigrants.

Another offence of Professor Goldwin Smith, in the eyes of his critics, is that he failed to find in Canada, what does not exist, an exact reproduction of aristocratic and privileged England. It is unquestionable that many emigrants on leaving England go to the United States to avoid, as they wrongly suppose, an exact counterpart of England in Canada; and from the same mistaken motive, nearly the whole of the Ger-

man emigrants keep clear of this country. The point is one which, where representatives of working men formed the audience, any unprejudiced speaker in possession of the facts could do Canada a real service by clearing from the misconception in which it is involved. If we look at the conditions under which the English agricultural labourer lives, there will be no difficulty in understanding why, if he makes up his mind to emigrate, he does not want to find in his new home everything he found disagreeable in the old. If he worships at the dissenting meeting-house he can well afford to dispense with the deep sense of pity, and we fear it must be added the equally deep sense of dislike, with which he knows the rector of the established church views all erring dissenters. If, when he looks out of the little window beneath the thatched roof of his cottage, and sees, by the light of the moon, a hare cropping the cabbages in his garden patch, he thinks for a moment of compensating himself for the loss by killing the animal, the thought is soon checked when he calls to mind the fate which the act might entail upon him: a fine, which he could not pay, and behind it the prison, with loss of reputation; for there is no one, in the estimation of the squire and the parson, who is so certainly on the way to the gallows and perdition as the poacher. The name is the synonym of all crimes. If this man thinks of emigrating, would he wish to remove to a country where the blessings of the English game laws would be continued? He has a vague notion that wild birds and wild animals are not the special and exclusive property of any one; he has heard it said that a special property in what God made wild is obtained by feeding it, and he knows his cabbages fed the hare; but the rule was not for him. If he resolve to emigrate, he will desire to leave this part of the blessings of English law behind him. No! Canada is not an exact counterpart of England; if it were, in these respects, it would be in vain to invite emigrants of the labouring class to come to it; and whoever points out to intending English emigrants the difference does a good service to Canada. If you expect to get at the mind of the English labourer, you must look at these questions from his point of view. While the Canadian loves England and feels proud to think that he is a partner in her greatness and an inheritor of her glory, he knows that it would have been impossible to transplant all her institutions without modification to the soil of America, and that if it had been possible it would not have been desirable.

The United States have another Indian war on their hands. Rumours of raids on cattle and assassinations at the Indian Agencies, in Nebraska and Wyoming Territory, have been rife during the month. Two or three white men being killed in these raids, General Sheridan was ordered to move against the Indians and punish their acts of violence. The Sioux and Cheyennes were represented as having exhausted the supplies of beef served out to them and as being without the means of purchasing more. If, with plenty buffalo within reach, they have come to rely on supplies of beef, these Indians must have reached a fatal stage of demoralization. The practice of paying their annuities partly in the shape of beef, would tend to foster their natural habits of indolence, to exchange self-dependence for a dangerous dependence on the white man. There would, in the progress of cultivation, come a time when the errant tribes could no longer live by the chase; but, though that time is not yet, it may be hastened by encouraging the vice of idleness and destroying their independence. It may be that these raids and assassinations are in the nature of retaliation—the hereditary law of Indian existence—for acts of injustice to which they have been subjected by lawless frontiersmen, with whom the life of an Indian is scarcely more sacred than that of one of

the lower animals. Indeed, it is stated that the trouble, in one instance, arose from the fraudulent practice of serving the Indians with damaged and worthless flour. Officers of the American army, who have spent the best part of their lives on frontier service, will tell you that in nearly every dispute between the Indians and the border settlers, the white man is the aggressor, and that if the Indian be treated with common justice, life on the most exposed frontier is at least as secure as in the City of New York. The ultimate extermination of the Indians seems inevitable; and it is melancholy to think that the white man's whiskey and rifle are likely to be the most potent instruments in hastening that event.

The financial crisis is over, but it has left behind desolating traces of its passage. Though there is no lack of money at moderate rates, industry has not yet resumed its normal condition. Many manufacturing establishments reduced their productions and were obliged to part with a portion of their workmen; others preferred to go on as usual, caring only to cover expenses in the meantime. There was much suffering among the unemployed. Many classes of American goods sold in the Canadian market at from forty to fifty per cent. under their previous cost; but a rise of prices, to take place from this date, marks an improvement in the condition of the manufacturing operatives. Some of the social phenomena observable in Europe, when masses of men are thrown out of employment, occurred in the period of distress which the States have just passed through; but, except in the case of some railway employes to whom wages overdue were not forthcoming, there was no violence: the company was stopped from running trains while the wages overdue were unpaid. Bands of unemployed elsewhere did not go beyond displays of physical force and menaces which created momentary alarm. These occurrences must have impressed careful observers with the uniformity of the operation of economic laws.

That international arbitration is not without its perils, Venezuela affords melancholy proof. In 1866 a treaty was entered into between the United States and Venezuela to settle certain claims of American citizens against the latter Government. A commission was to sit in Caraccas. Mr. David M. Talmage was appointed on behalf of the United States, and Mr. J. G. Villafane by the Government of Venezuela. Colonel Stilwell was American Minister to that State, and his Secretary of Legation was a person named Murray. This Secretary of Legation arranged with many of the claimants to obtain settlements, on condition that they would give him fifty per cent. of the amount awarded; agreeing at the same time to divide the spoils with the commissioners. Some of the claims were doubled, and others trebled in amount, to furnish plunder for the Ring A mere boy was fixed on as umpire. Awards to the amount of over a million and a quarter of dollars were made; but the Venezuelan Government, detecting the frauds, forwarded under protest to the State Department at Washington one hundred and thirty thousand dollars as interest. The exposure of the frauds was made by one of the claimants writing to Senator Sumner. It seems probable that these fraudulent awards will have to be paid. The only response to the protest of Venezuela of which the public has heard is a paragraph in President Grant's last annual Message, in which that Government is described as not realizing the character of its obligations; while the forbearance to press for payment is treated as a mere matter of expediency arising out of the financial embarrassment of the defaulting Republic. Some suits have been brought in the New York courts to recover from Talmage certificates which he had failed to hand over to the claimants; and Ben Butler being engaged as counsel, advised his client to demand one hundred thousand dollars which Talmage was to have retained under the fraudulent

compact. Butler is represented as having departed from his duty as advocate and purchased this claim, which it is thought he will succeed in recovering. When the amount of the claims rejected before the Alabama Commission is remembered, England may congratulate herself on her escape from the kind of justice that was dealt out by a similar tribunal to the Republic of Venezuela.

A near approach to the prayer-test proposed by some latter-day philosophers in England is being made by an enthusiastic army of female advocates of Temperance in Ohio and Indiana. Their petition does not involve the violation of any natural law, unless it be contrary to nature to expect that the heart of the publican will be softened, in this way, into the abandonment of his calling. These heroic women, who seem to be under the influence of an effort of despair, go in a body to the places where liquor is sold and try to persuade the owners to quit their business. They hold prayer meetings inside the buildings, when allowed to do so, and when they are ordered to leave, they merely step outside and perform the service in the street. They meet many rebuffs and some success. Doctors they ask to sign a pledge not to prescribe liquors except in cases of extreme necessity, and druggists not to sell them unless on the prescription of a medical man. Ohio and Indiana both tried prohibition, and both abandoned it. Moral suasion, in its most urgent form, accompanied by an appeal to religion, is the new weapon now brought against the great, and in some places—though by no means everywhere—growing evil of intemperance. No estimate can yet be made of the probable success of the women's temperance movement.

The hatred and distrust which the late war left behind it are showing themselves both in Germany and France. The Ultramontanes of France carry their sympathy for the recusant German bishops to the extent of intimating that recuperated France will one day fly to the aid of the Pope. Bismarck chafes under these menaces, and there can scarcely be a doubt that it was at his suggestion the French Marshallate suspended the *Univers*, the most violent Ultramontane organ published in any country. An attempt has been made to prove, by reference to dates, that the act was spontaneous; but it is incredible that the French Government should go out of its way voluntarily to silence a journal which, perhaps better than any other, expressed the views of that Government. The Government of France has fallen very low when, in so purely domestic a matter, it is obliged to deal a blow at one of its most conspicuous friends at the dictation of a foreign State. Germany is strengthening her military system, with the view of maintaining a better military organization than France. When France copies what Germany had done before in that way, Germany takes a further step in advance. This motive was avowed by General Von Moltke when the new Military Bill was under discussion in the Reichstag; and he predicted that the new acquisitions of the late war would have to be guarded by half a century of military vigilance. Meanwhile, Bismarck's embroilment with the Ultramontanes goes on and may produce difficulties for the government which are scarcely yet foreseen. The imprisonment of Archbishop Ledochozski, at Ostrama, in Posen, on account of his refusal to pay fines, attracts attention where the arrest of simple priests was passed over, and the effect may be to create a strong sympathy for the victims of these laws, if they come to be looked on as martyrs. Even if Bismarck be clearly right he may find the policy he is pursuing not without danger.

While this is going on between Germany and France, the Czar comes forward with an assurance that the peace of the world will be preserved by Germany, England, Austria and Russia. It may be taken for granted

that this has no reference to any formal alliance, and cannot be taken to indicate more than a good understanding between the powers. Dynastic alliances count for little in these days; and no one supposes that Russia is going to abandon its traditional policy on account of the marriage between the Duke of Edinburgh and a Russian princess.

France has a deep-rooted habit of looking forward with much interest to red calendar days. If the Napoleonic dynasty had survived, the coming of age of the Prince Imperial would have been an event, and on its celebration Paris would have been in a blaze of illumination. As it is, whatever celebration there will be on that occasion will be in exile. It is impossible that the Duc de Broglie can feel alarm at any demonstration which may then take place at Chiselhurst; but, by way of cataloguing the prominent adherents of the fallen dynasty, he orders the Prefects to keep their eyes on those who go on that pilgrimage. His correspondents may be relied on to do their work zealously.

The Government of Marshal Serrano, in spite of the vice of its origin, is doing what it can to restore internal order in Spain. The Carlists show more tenacity of purpose than could have been anticipated; and if the Government has the vigour to put them down, it will, in spite of the objectionable nature of its origin, have rendered a real service to the country. They were beaten in an engagement near Lerida with heavy loss; but this reverse was fully balanced by success elsewhere. No material change in the political situation need be looked for till the Carlist insurrection is crushed; then a plebiscite will determine whether the Government of the future is to be Republican or Monarchical. The thirty-third section of the Constitution of 1869, which reads: "The form of Government of the Spanish nation is the Monarchy," has not been formally superseded. The appeal to the nation will be made in favour of the Republic—Serrano having the Presidency in view for himself and a promise of the support of Castelar. The influence of the Government, as Louis Napoleon showed in France, is very great, when it has the power to put the question as it pleases. Spain will probably be asked to decide the question, "Shall the form of the Government of Spain be the Republic?" in which case experience would lead to the conclusion that an affirmative decision will be given.

SELECTIONS

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

THE famous Episode of the Shield of Achilles in Homer is, in its conception, alike daring and simple; in its execution alike complete and gorgeous, from the nature of the topics and the telling sharpness of outline with which they are presented. The employment of a Divine personage as the artificer of the Shield seems to show that the design went far beyond anything which the eyes of his countrymen had been wont to view, and was in effect conceived in the mind of the Poet, not founded as a whole upon experience, and not representative of, but very much more advanced than, the Art of the period in which he lived.

This introduction of the god has the advantage, too, of enabling the Poet, without extravagance, to push to its furthest limits the *vis vivida*, the living and life-giving power, of his genius, and not only to introduce successions of events into one and the same scene, but to endow the things and persons represented with other incidents of vitality; as when the upturned earth darkens behind the plough, and we are made to see the actual progress of the dragging of the slain out of the battle.

The Art of the Shield is in thorough consonance with the spirit of the Homeric Poems: that is to say, its basis is thoroughly human, thoroughly objective, and thoroughly realistic. It does not seek aid from the unseen; from the converse of man with his own spirit; from ideal conceptions; or even from history or legend. Human interest in the actual known human life, with its terrestrial abode, its pursuits, its simple institutions, its vicissitudes, is the keynote of the whole.

For us and for our time, it may seem that realistic means prosaic; and for corroborative emblems of this proposition may be chosen some of our statues in coat, waistcoat and trowsers; some of our highly conventional paintings; and the large measure in which our poetry, since the days of Scott and Crabbe, has quitted this field, like an animal flying from some recurrence of the glacial period in these latitudes to seek a more congenial clime. It is the voice of humanity, no longer young, which says to us,—

"The things which I have seen I now can see no more,"

and,—

"I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

But what is flat and stale to us was intensely poetical to the youth of our world. The cup which we have drunk was but just presented to its lips. The bloom was yet on the grape, the aroma yet in the draught. The first perception of the forms of beauty seems to have a life and force for the race, as well as for the individual, which is peculiar to itself, and which cannot be retained. We may be thankful that some of it, at least, has been precipitated into palpable and lasting forms for our behoof.

It appears to me, indeed, that the genuine realism of Homer not only is observable in this famous episode, but even reaches its climax here. Never was outward Fact so glorified by the Muse. Nowhere in poetry, to my knowledge, is there such an accumulation of incidents without crowding. The king is glad as he watches his reapers and his crop; but with this exception, there is hardly anywhere the description of a pure mental emotion. It is sometimes well to employ statistics in aid of criticism. Let us test the Shield by the number of its epithets. I have counted them, endeavouring to separate between those which belong to the *quid* from those which belong to the *quale*. The latter alone, I apprehend, are epithets proper:

and I cannot reckon of these more than sixty-eight in one hundred and eighteen lines: a number surprisingly small when it is remembered that the whole consists of strictly descriptive poetry.

There is, however, one point in which, above all others, the Shield of Achilles is distinguished by its daring form from most, if not all, other poetical representations of a work of art. It is the degree in which it is charged with life and activity. Of the twelve pictures descriptive of scenes familiar to the eye, almost every one contains a narrative; and this narrative is made to pass before the eye with a vivid rapidity which is alike enchanting and impressive. There is but a single exception, and it is admirably chosen: the sheep at pasture give us a piece of still life, with a subject most appropriate to the mode of representation. Even the description of the heavens is animated with the spirit of movement. Orion is watched, or waited on, by the Bear. And the moon is a filling or waxing moon. So I have translated it, in opposition to Pope and to high lexicographical authorities, after consideration, and with confidence. The genius of the present participle (πλήθουσαν), to say the very least, seems to warrant that mode of rendering. But pictorially, I find it hard to believe that Homer meant to place a little round moon in competition with a large round sun. And, so far as poetry is concerned, it is surely in the spirit of this most animated episode to represent the moon as growing, rather than as stationary in figure. We cannot fail to observe how much more this is in keeping with the Poet's treatment of the Sun. Here he has no change of shape to call in aid: so he touches him with the spark of life in another form, by calling him the unwearying Sun. This phrase at once brings before the mind his daily journey, how he climbs and then descends the heaven.

Upon the whole, I would venture to submit it, for the consideration of those who have a more extensive and accurate command of poetical literature than myself, whether any poet of any age has been so hardy and so powerful as Homer in the imaginative handling of material objects of Art for the purposes of Poetry? This hardiness and power of Homer unquestionably reach their climax in the "Shield."

It has already been noticed that legend does not enter into the representations of the Shield. The short roll of nascent Greek history or tradition had already, at the epoch of the Trojan War, yielded at least two great enterprises of historical interest to posterity; the voyage of the ship *Argo*, and the War of the Seven against Thebes. But it was only thus making its beginning; it perhaps was neither rich and full enough, nor as yet familiar enough to the mass, to make it more suitable for representations like that on the Shield, than the purely unattached and impersonal representations with which it is filled.

It may be also that the Eastern character, still attaching to the god-artificer Hephaistos, would have presented an incongruity in the treatment of purely national legends, which is not felt where the delineation of life, though thoroughly Greek, is still general, and where much of the subject-matter presented was probably common to Greece and to the Syrian and Assyrian East.

Virgil, on the other hand, has with perfect propriety adopted the basis of history and legend for his otherwise derivative representation of the Shield of Æneas.

But perhaps we are warranted in saying that the entire absence of tradition from the Homeric Shield not only accords with the recency of Greek national or quasi-national existence, but also with the belief that Art had not yet become, so to speak, endemic in Greece; as we may feel certain that the intense patriotism which pervades the Iliad would at a very early stage of development have impressed upon Greek art a national character by the free use of legend for the purpose.

The materials used in the composition of the Shield deserve notice. The metals cast into the furnace are copper, tin, gold, and silver; and in one passage we find what may be a reference to κύανος, or bronze, resulting from a mixture of tin and copper; but it is a question whether the mixed metal yielding the dark colour is intended, or the dark colour only. Nowhere else in Homer is there a reference to the making of a mixed metal. In general, to say the least, the workmanship of the Shield is employed upon the several metals, single and uncombined; and it is probable that the Poet meant, by their free intermixture, to aim at the effect of colour. This likelihood is confirmed by his repeated use

of the word ποικίλλω, to variegate, which seems to be taken from the sister art of embroidery, and which is applied with a peculiar propriety to the most brilliant of all the representations, that of the Dance at the close.

The reader, even in a translation, cannot fail to observe the highly archaic picture of life presented by the scenes upon the Shield. The scene of the trial respecting the fine for homicide belongs to a stage of society anterior to law, though forms of polity have begun to exist; and when corruption, by the receipt of gifts other than the acknowledged public premium for superior judgment, (*dorodokia*,) had not yet come in. That of the harvest, where the master of the reapers is also the King, is yet nearer the patriarchal stage; but some difference is to be expected between the country and the town; which are distinct from one another in the Shield as they are also in the Iliad. In no particular do the manners of the Shield appear to differ from those of the Poems generally: they are certainly not less primitive.

In the main it may be said, as to the subject-matter of the episode, that the Poet represents, upon the surface offered by the great defensive weapon of the Warrior, first, through its outline, a figure of the universe, such as he conceived it; secondly, a collection of all those scenes and events of human life which were at once the most stirring, the most familiar, and the most important.

A question may be raised, whether we ought to conceive of the form of the Shield as oblong or as round. This is not the place for a discussion on the subject: no epithet is used, in the description of the process of manufacture, which determines it; but I have taken the Shield to be oblong; and I may observe that Pope, who treats it as round, in reliance apparently upon an erroneous rendering of a word (ἀντυξ), assumes for it a diameter of no less than four feet.

It is probable that the boss in the middle was meant, in the Poet's mind, to afford space and a suitable shape for the representation of the vault of heaven.

The scenes wrought upon the Shield are as follows:—

1. The Earth, Sea, and Heavenly bodies.
2. In a city at peace, we have
   a. Marriage processions and festivities.
   b. A judicial suit, tried by the people, under the presidency of the Elders.
3. In a city at war,—
   a. A scene before the ramparts:
   b. An ambush and surprise:
   c. A bloody fight.
4. The ploughing of a field.
5. The harvest, and the meal in preparation.
6. The vintage, with music, and march (or something more than march) to time of the vintagers.
7. A herd of cattle attacked by lions.
8. Sheep at pasture and their folds.
9. The Dance.
10. The great Ocean River, encompassing the whole; as, in the mind of Homer, it encompassed the surface of the Earth.

The two grand over-ruling conditions of human life, and the prevailing and elementary pursuits of human industry, are thus placed before us with a remarkable comprehensiveness. We see Peril and Safety, Stir and Calm, Toil and Pleasure; the repast prepared to reward the one, music and movement enlivening the other.

The alternations of the scenes are both skilful and studied. From the bloody fight we pass to the activity of peaceful industry; from the furious assault of the lions to the deep repose of the pasturing flocks; and from these again to the rapid and sparkling animation of the dance.

We may however remark upon what the Shield does not contain as well as on what it does. We do not find on it any scene of

1. Navigation:
2. Hunting:
3. Any domestic art or trade:
4. Religious rite or observance.

As to the first it is plain, from the Poems generally, that Navigation had not yet become a characteristic or familiar feature of Greek life. We hear nowhere of a trading ship, except in connection with the Phœnicians.

As to the second, we must bear in mind that the hunting of the Homeric times was not a pastime, but a pursuit of direct utility, intended to rid the land of a nuisance, and to provide for the safety of property. When it is thus viewed, we have the substance of hunting given us in the singularly animated scene of the lions and the bull.

With respect to the third head, we may bear in mind that the useful arts of the period were for the most part homely, sedentary, and single-handed. Even for his similes, Homer has but little employed them : much less could they come up to the dignity of these more stirring exhibitions of life. Even the combined labour of the damsels in the Palace of Alkinoos —the only instance given us in the Poem of such combination—would have supplied but a tame and poor picture for the Shield. Moreover it is rather a Phœnician than a Greek picture.

The absence of any scene representing the rites and observances of religion opens much wider questions.

The great and standing institution of ancient religion was sacrifice.

We have this in Homer as associated with particular places, like the grove and fountain of the Nymphs near the town of Ithaka ; or with rare and solemn occasions, like the hecatomb to Apollo in the First Iliad, and the sacrifice of Agamemnon in the Third. Lastly, it is an incident of the common meal, as we see both in other places, and in this very description, where the Heralds had "sacrificed," that is, had killed and cooked, a great ox for the meal of the reapers. None of these three occasions of sacrifice were available for a prominent position on the surface of the Shield ; the first and second, because they were occasional, not ordinary ; the third, because it could not command the requisite breadth and liveliness of interest as a separate or special subject. In truth the observances of religion filled no large place in the Greek mind, even in the Homeric times. And this leads to a wider form and scope of observation. We find here, in this extraordinary poetic achievement of Homer, an early indication, an embryo, so to speak, of that principle which was to reach its fullest manifestation in the Greek of the classical period, the principle of the sufficiency of this, our human, earthly life, without any capital regard to what is before us in futurity ; or what is above and around us in the unseen world. Hence the Shield contains no Birth, and no Funeral, of man. The beginning and the end of life are endowed for Christians with so intense an interest that we are apt to forget how different an aspect they offered to those beyond the pale. Both of them are swathed in weakness or distress, and the Greek had no charm in his possession which could invest distress and weakness with beauty, or infuse into them the glow of life. Sorrow had not yet been glorified. Scenes like these, he would say, do not make up the completeness of life, but impair it : they are not to be acknowledged as legitimately belonging to it ; we submit to them, for we cannot help submitting ; but they form no portion of our glory, and we put them out of sight.

Fulness of energy in the powers of body and mind, and fulness of delight following their exercise ; action rewarded in itself, and sustained by this reward ; a sphere bright, brilliant, bounded, self-contained, self-supported, full of all things glorious, beautiful. and strong ; such was the aim of life for the Greek, and all that tended to break and banish the illusion was carefully kept away from thought and view. The spirit which pervades the action of the Shield is therefore the spirit of joy : joy in movement, joy in repose ; joy in peace, and joy in battle : anywhere and always joy, until the day that must come shall come, and the final plunge is made into the Darkness, where a Sceptre, ruling all the dead, is not worth as much as is the mess of a labourer for hire, though the master be poor, and can give but scanty cheer, if only it be had beneath the cheerful sun and in the abode of the living.

In writing thus I am not unmindful of the Greek Tragedy. But I do not think it qualifies the general truth of my position ; and I would recommend those who doubt to consult the remarkable observations of Bishop Butler, in the *Analogy*, on passive habits.

Upon the Translation I have only to say that I have aimed at great fidelity—in a word, at the representation of Homer as he is ; though well aware in how slight a measure this object can have been gained ; for in the effort to hold firmly by the bone and sinew of the Poet, the ethereal parts escape.

I have given to the obscure word *eirai* the sense of ramparts, which the context seems almost to require : and I have not attempted to render by any exact equivalent the expression *periclutos Amphigueeis ;* even Chapman in this place recoils from the letter, and translates the phrase 'the famous Artsman.'

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES,
WROUGHT BY HEPHAISTOS.

Il. xviii. 468—608.

I.

SO He spake, and left the goddess ;
Straightway to the bellows drew,
Fixed them fireward, set them blowing ;
Mouths a score in all they blew,
Reddening, whitening all the furnace
With their timely various blast,
As the god and work required it,
Slower now, and now more fast.
Precious gold, and stubborn copper,
Silver store, and tin, he cast
In the flame. The ponderous anvil
Next upon its block he tries ;
One hand grasps the sturdy hammer,
One the pincers firmly plies.

II.

First of all the Shield he moulded
Broad, and strong, and wrought throughout,
With a bright and starry border,
Three-fold thick, set round about.
Downward hung its belt of silver,
Five the layers of the Shield,
And with skilful mind he sculptured
Rare devices o'er its field.

III.

There he wrought Earth, Sea, and Heaven,
There he set the unwearying Sun,
And the waxing Moon, and Stars that
Crown the blue vault every one ;
Pleiads, Hyads, strong Orion,
Arctos, hight to boot the Wain.
He upon Orion waiting,
Only he of all the train
Shunning still the baths of Ocean,
Wheels and wheels his round again.

IV.

There he carved two goodly Cities
Thick with swarms of speaking men.

V.

Weddings were in one, and banquets,
Torches blazing overhead,
Nuptial hymns, and from their chambers
Brides about the city led.
Here to pipe and harp resounding
Young men wildly whirling danced ;
While the women, each one standing
By their porches, gaze entranced.

VI.

But the townsmen all assembled
In the forum thronging stood ;
For a strife of twain had risen,
Suing on a fine of blood.
All was paid, the first protested,
Pleading well to move the crowd ;
Nought was had, upheld the second ;
Each to obey an umpire vowed ;
And the hearers, as they sided
This or that way, cheered aloud.
And the heralds ordered silence ;
And, on chairs of polished stone,
Ranged in venerable circle
Sate the Elders. One by one
Each the clear-toned herald's sceptre
Took, and standing forth alone
Spake his mind. Two golden talents
Lay before them, to requite
Only him, among the Judges,
Straightliest who should judge the right.

VII.

But before the second City
Bright in arms two Armies lay.
Evil choice one gave the other :
Either half the goods to pay
In that smiling town, or see it
Given to fire and slaughter. They
Brooked it not, but armed for ambush.
Wives beloved, and stripling hands,
And with these the age-bound grey-beards,
Guard the wall. Off march the bands.

VIII.

Arès and Athenè lead them ;
Gold, and golden-clad, they gleam,
Fair, and large in aims, and towering
Right and left, as gods beseem.
Dwindled either host beside them.—
One to ambush held its way,
Where the folk was used to water,
And along the river lay
Wrapt in swarthy armour. Yonder,
Twain for scouts they set, to keep
Watch for the expected booty,
Curly-hornèd beeves, and sheep.

Soon it comes in view. Two shepherds
Mirthful music heedless play
On their pipes. Forewarned, the army
Quick made havoc of the prey,
Snowy flocks, and droves of oxen,
And the swains beside them slay.

IX.

When the hosts before their ramparts
Heard the bellowing din from far,
Mounted each man on his chariot
Drove the prancing steeds to war:
Quick they came. They closed in battle
Ranged along the river's banks,
And they hurled the sharp-tipped lances
Each athwart the other's ranks.
Strife and Tumult there were mingling,
There destroying Fate he drew;
Some alive and still unwounded,
Some she grasped, with gashes new;
Some, now corpses, through the turmoil
Draggling by the feet she bore,
And her shoulders had a mantle
Dabbled foul with human gore.
Like to living men they mingled,
Fought alive with might and main,
And, alive, to either army
Dragged the bodies of the slain.

X.

There he set a loamy fallow,
Three times wrought, full soft and wide
Many a team, and many a ploughman
Down and up the fallow plied.
And as each, the boundary reaching,
Turned, would one that stood beside
Give into his hands the wine-cup
Honey-sweet. So each more fain,
Wheeling down the deep soft furrow,
Eager strove the bound to gain.
And the darkening glebe behind them,
All along, albeit of gold,
New wrought earth in hue resembling,
Gave a marvel to behold.

XI.

There he set a field corn-laden.
In that field the shearers reap,
Grasping close their sharpened sickles.
Down the furrows, heap on heap,
Falls the grain to ground. The binders
Sheaves, in order following, bind;
Binders three: to whom unwearied
Carrier-lads their armfuls bring.
Watching from beside the furrow,
Silent near them stands the King,
Staff in hand, and glad in spirit.
By an oak o'ershadowing,
Heralds, for the feast preparing,
Slay a weighty ox, and dress;
And the women strew thick o'er it
Barley-meal, the reaper's mess.

XII.

There he set a goodly vineyard,
Laden with its grapes of gold:
Silver-pales the pendant clusters
Glossy-black all through uphold.
Moat of bronze around the border,
Round the moat a hedge of tin;
One small path, at time of vintage,
Lets the gatherers out and in.
And the train of youths and maidens
In the wicker-baskets brings,
Blithe of thought, the luscious fruitage.
Daintily a stripling sings
To his clear-toned lyre, amongst them,
So as Linos sung of yore:
They too, frisking, shouting, singing,
Stamp the time upon the floor.

XIII.

There a herd of kine he moulded,
Some in tin, and some in gold,
Lowing they, with horns uplifted,
Rushed afield from out the fold,
Where the wavy reed-bed quivered,
Where the sounding river rolled.
Golden herdsmen four attend them,
Nine swift dogs behind. When lo!
Dread to see, a pair of lions,
Mid the kine that foremost go
Seized a bellowing bull, and dragged him
Roaring. Dogs and men pursued.
They, the huge hide tearing open,
Lapped the bowels and the blood.
While the herdsmen, void of purpose,
Chid the swift hounds to the proof,
These, as loath to grip the lions,
Bayed at hand, yet held aloof.

XIV.

There a pasture, broad, and gleaming—
White with sheep, in beauteous glade,
And with hut, and roof-clad pen, and
Stall, the mighty Master made.

XV.

There a Dance the mighty Master
In the broidered metal wrought.
Such to rich-haired Ariadnè
Daidalos in Knossos brought,
Spacious Knossos. Youths and maidens,
Maidens grown of age to wed,
Hand on wrist, each one with other,
Through the mazes lightly sped.
These are robed in rarest muslin,
Those fine-woven tunics wear,
Soft with glaze of oil, and glistening,
These are crowned with garlands fair,
Those their golden poniards, hanging
From their belts of silver, bear.
Now with trainèd feet careering
All the troop in circle flies,
Like the potter's wheel and gearing,
Which for speed he sits and tries;
Now each rank in backward movement
On the rank behind them fall.
Charmed with those bewitching dancers,
Throngs a gazing crowd. Mid all
Harps and sings the sacred minstrel:
Ever, as his notes begin,
Tumblers twain are wildly whirling
Round the open ring within.

XVI.

Ocean's might, resistless River,
Last of all, his labour sealed,
Rolling round the outmost border
Of the deftly-fashioned Shield.

OUIDA'S NOVELS.

(*From the Contemporary Review.*)

Chandos; Strathmore; Held in Bondage.—CHAPMAN & HALL, LONDON.

I.

"CHANDOS," like "Tricotrin," takes its title from the name of the hero of the book. His "two special weaknesses were perfumes and female beauty;" and we find him breakfasting at noon in his chamber, which is fit for—

"A young princess, with its azure hangings, its Russian cabinets, and its innumerable flowers, scented and shaded, and cooled with rose-water, and his attendants Georgian and Circassian girls he had bought in the East and appointed to his household. The world had been a *little* scandalised at these lovely *slaves*" in free England; "but Chandos had soon converted his friends to his own views regarding them. 'Why have men to wait on you?' he had *argued*, 'when you can have women—soft of foot, soft of voice, and charming to look at? To take your chocolate from James or Adolphe is no gratification at all; to take it from Leilah or Zelma is a great one.' And his pretty Easterns were certainly irresistible living proofs of the force of his *argument*. They were fluttering about him now with silver trays of coffee, sweetmeats, liqueurs, and fruit, dressed in their own Oriental costume, and serving him with most loving obedience. A French Duke and two or three Guardsmen were breakfasting with him, playing *a* lansquenet, at noon, *from which* they had just risen. Men were very fond of coming to take a cup of chocolate from those charming young Odalisques. Chandos rose with a farewell caress of his hand to the bright braids of gazelle-eyed Leilah. Are you all going? To be sure!—The Drawing-Room, I had forgotten it: we shall be late as it is. Au revoir, then, till we meet in a crush."

The Court of St. James must be sadly changed from what it was in the days of the Georges; for we learn, with dismay, that it is

the "hottest, dullest, drowsiest, *frowsiest*, and least courtly of courts;" and nothing would induce the slave-owning Chandos to leave his Pashalik in Park Lane for that "frowsy" abode of royalty, "if it were not for our lovely—what is her name?—Queen of Lilies."

He rolls off thither with this parting recommendation to a low-born friend, who afterwards ruins him:—"Amuse yourself with my pretty Easterns then, though, on my word, Trevenna, you never seem to know whether a woman's handsome or not." While in the mazes of the hottest, dullest, drowsiest, frowsiest, and least courtly of courts, he meets "the young Duchess of Fitz-Eden, a beautiful brunette, with whom, righty or wrongly, society had entangled his name in a very tender friendship." He catches sight of the "Queen of Lilies" "as she sweeps towards the throne."

"Her loveliness drifted across the thoughts of Chandos, to the detriment of much of the beauty that was about him, and he waited for it impatiently where he stood among the circle of princes, peers, and statesmen about the throne. His loves had been countless, *always* successful, *never* embittered, intensely impassioned while they lasted, swiftly awakened, and often *as rapidly* inconstant. The very facility with which his vows were heard made them as easily broken; he loved passionately, but he loved so many."

"'Passionless'" he says,—"'they must wrong her; they have not known how to stir her heart,' he thought, as he followed her with his glance still, as she passed onward and out of the throne-room; and through the rest of the *gorgeous* and tedious ceremony" (in the *frowsy* court);—"Chandos let his thoughts dwell on those deep gazelle eyes and those soft, silent lips, musing how easy and how beguiling a task it would be to teach the one the 'looks that burn,' and woo from the other their first and lingering caress."

We find that "her remembrance haunted him in the palace," which is not surprising, as "her form was simply perfect, and it was in its fullest loveliness too, *for* she had been some years in Rome, and successive deaths in her family had kept her long in *almost comparative* seclusion." We never knew before that the air of Rome was necessary to give the human form "its fullest loveliness;" nor that *almost comparative* seclusion—not to speak of successive deaths in the family—was likely to contribute to that result. Chandos, however, is a man of the world: "for the first time he thrust such a remembrance away. 'Bagatelle!' he thought, as he threw himself back among his carriage-cushions and drove to Flora de l'Ormes. 'Let me keep to beauty that I can win at no cost but a set of emeralds or a toy-villa; the payment for *hers* would be far too dear.'"

The man who thus hastens to the toy-villa inhabited by one of "his lovers,"—has the genius of a Goethe, and "the grandeur of a Chatham." He began his career, of "lovers" in toy-villas, and Georgian and Circassian girls in Park Lane, &c., at the age of seventeen; and when he is introduced to us, at the age of forty, no signs of the physical Nemesis generally attending such a career among mortals are visible in this "god-like" being. On the contrary, such is his "dazzling beauty," with his "magnificent brow"—"meditative enough for Plato's;" his eye, "thoughtful as might be that of Marcus Aurelius;" his "gold-hued hair, bright as any Helen's;" and his mouth "insouciant and Epicurien as the lips of Catullus," that "a painter would have drawn him as Alcibiades," or "idealized him into Phœbus Lykêgenês, so singularly great was his personal beauty."

Extremely singular: an ordinary man who had led the life of Chandos would have become something not easily described in these pages. Ouida herself is so enamoured of her hero, that after telling us how one of his many mistresses whispers in his ear that he is "the darling of the gods," she herself turns back, like a fond parent, to recall the glorious days "when he had been but a child, *in his laces and velvets;*" and when "princes had tossed him bon-bons, and *royal women* caressed his loveliness." Alcibiades has, however, somewhat nasty tastes, we think; for we find that in the toy-villa one of "his lovers" leans over him "and twists, Catullus-like, in the masses of his long golden hair a wreath of crimson roses *washed in purple Burgundy*," and he in return "bends down and kisses that Southern loveliness while he laughs under his diadem of flowers." At this time he has a Madame de la Vivarol at home, jealous of him and meditating revenge, although herself the wife of "a thoroughly *well-bred* man,

who *knew the destinies of husbands*, abhorred a scene, and neither sought a duel nor a divorce."

Ouida's high-bred puppets appear to entertain great contempt for that old-fashioned institution—marriage.

"Fratres mei," says one of them, "believe me the chorus-singer whom you establish in her little bijou villa, and who, though before she came under your protection she thought it the height of good fortune to be sure of bread and cheese, now will touch nothing meaner than champagne and chicken, does not weigh you more entirely by what you are worth to her than *nine-tenths* of the *delicate high-born* ladies to *buy* whom you must barter your freedom."

Chandos, when "dryly" asked by a Duke whether he was going to marry, "moved restlessly;" "he did not like the introduction of a painful topic." "'If you do marry,' pursued the Duke, remorselessly, 'take the Princess Louise.'" Could the Duke have been so "remorseless" as to allude to a Princess of the "*frowsy* court?" It looks like it, for, a few hours later, we learn that Chandos dines at Buckingham Palace. The Duke's reason for the suggestion is, however, his excuse: he reminds Chandos that the Princess "has the only rank from which a woman could love *you* without a suspicion of interested motives."

Nevertheless, "the subject was not acceptable" to this Phœbus Lykêgenês, so, before starting for Buckingham Palace, he—

"Turned with a sudden thought to his maître d'hôtel, as he passed him in the hall. 'Telegraph to Ryde, Wentwood, for them to have the yacht ready; and tell Alexis to prepare to start with me to-morrow morning. I shall go to the East.'" Of course his "yacht was always kept in sailing order, and his servants were accustomed to travel into Asia Minor or to Mexico at a moment's notice; and the next morning the *Aphrodite* steamed out of Ryde harbour on the way to Italy, the Levant, and Constantinople, whilst its owner lay under an awning, with great lumps of ice in his golden cool Rhine wine, and the handsome eyes of Flora de l'Orme" [the same whose Southern loveliness he had bent down to kiss in the toy-villa at Richmond] "flashing laughter downward on him while she leaned above, fanning his hair with an Indian feather-screen."

Ouida is intensely un-English in her utter want of humour. Had she possessed a spark of it, she could never have invented the Munchausen-like feats and adventures of her preposterous heroes. The following specimens will suffice to prove this:—

"'He would shoot *you*, mon cher, and stand all the better with madame for it,' said the Duc, dryly: 'Strathmore is the crack shot of Europe; he can hit the ruby in a woman's ring at a hundred yards—saw him do it at Vienna!'"

This encounter with a tiger is perhaps still more ridiculous:—

"A tigress sprang out on them *as they strolled alone through the jungle*—sprang out to alight, with grip and fang, upon Strathmore, who neither heard nor saw her, as it chanced. But before she could be upon her victim, Erroll threw himself before him, and *catching the beast by her throat as she rose in the air to her leap*, held her off at arm's length, and fell with her, holding her down by main force, while she tore and gored him in the struggle—a struggle that lasted till Strathmore had time to reload his gun, and send a ball through her brain; a long time, let me tell you, though but a few short seconds in actual duration, to hold down and to wrestle in the grip of a tigress of Scinde. 'You would have done the same for me, my dear old fellow,' said Erroll, quietly and *lazily*, as his eyes closed and he fainted away from the loss of blood. And that was all he would ever vouchsafe to say or hear said about the matter. He had risked his life to save Strathmore's; he knew Strathmore would have acted precisely the same (*sic*) for him. It was a type of the quality and of the character of their friendship.'

As an illustration of Ouida's utter ignorance of human nature, we may point to the scene where Chandos, sunk to the lowest depths of poverty, lies sick of a fever at a lodging-house connected with a "gambling hell" in Paris. He is tended, after a sort, by "an old Auvergnat woman," "a hideous, brown, wrinkled shrivelled being of nigh eighty years, with avarice in her black glance, and a horrible old age upon her," who swears "by the mother of God" that she would have "turned him into the streets long ago, if he" (this more than middle-aged debauchee) "were not as beautiful as a marble Christ," and she declines with a "darkling and evil glance," to send him to the mad-house because—

"'They would shear all *that* in a mad-house!' she said, drawing through her hard withered hands the silken fairness of his hair. 'When I was young, I would have given my life to kiss that gold—when I was young!'

"The words lingered half-sullenly, half-longingly on her lips; the memory made her touch gently, almost tenderly, the locks that lay on her horny palm. She *felt for him*—this battered, evil, savage old creature of Paris; but she would strip the linen from his limbs to thieve and sell, for all that."

Of Ouida's ignorance in other matters—less important, but in which correct knowledge is, nevertheless, desirable in a novelist of such pretensions—we might quote a hundred examples: we will content ourselves with noticing *two;* the blame of which cannot, we think, be cast upon the printer. She calls a *Berrichon* a *Berrois*, and quotes the celebrated verse of Henri IV. thus—

"Souvent femme varie
Bien fol *à qui se fie.*"

II.

"Love," of the kind we meet with in Ouida's novels, is, unfortunately, so common in the world, that we do not need to find it idealized (!) in works of fiction. Of anything higher than the animal instinct—of love, in the sense in which the word is used by pure men and women, we find no examples in her volumes. Her first novel was written with an object, namely, "to warn young men against that *worst of all evils*, early marriages." Till they have been "steeped to the lips with delicate sensuous delights," it is better, Ouida thinks, to content themselves with "love," which can be "bought." This is the old vulgar notion of sowing aristocratic "wild oats;" a habit which education, by awakening a higher sense of human dignity in the poor, ignorant, or starving people among whom they are for the most part sown—and the deeper the shame—will ultimately put an end to in real life, as the good taste of all authors worthy the name has excluded its idealization from works of fiction. The latest novel was not published till several others from Ouida's pen had seen the light. We question whether any writer, even Ouida, would have ventured to come out with such "morality" as is contained therein, without preparation. But having educated her public down to her own level, she is able to venture even on it. The hero, Granville de Vigne, is a "dip.," which is, we find, the abbreviation used, in the highest circles, to signify a diplomatist. According to his own tale, this scion of a right noble race fell in love with his mother's maid at the age of seven, and had been in love ever since, till expelled from Eton "because he wanted to see a little of life." While rusticating on this account, he has a splendid-looking "Orientalesque-Junoesque" mistress, a certain milliner called "the Davis," a girl of seventeen. When he leaves that neighbourhood, he leaves "the Davis" too, like a cast-off coat, only offering to provide for her handsomely. She is not satisfied, scolds, and is in high passion; says he promised to marry her; and leaves him, at their final interview, vowing vengeance. The hero, after a few years of London life,—the most noble employments in which seem to be lolling about on sofas, smoking Manillas, playing cards, and talking of women and horses,—again meets the Davis under the name of "the Trefusis," but does not recognize her. She reigns the belle of the London season, floating in the *crême de la crême* of society (God help us, if there were no other cream of society than that which settles on the top of Ouida's adulterated mixture!). Her manners and conversation are good; but her jewelled hands are not the hands of a lady of race,—in fact, somebody remarks that there is no "race" in them, by way of guarding De Vigne against the mad passion for her which is rising in him. He is not to be deterred in that way, however. He marries her. The ceremony being completed, the bride signs herself *Davis*, not Trefusis, and reminds him that she is his cast-off mistress, and asks him to reflect on her promise that she would be revenged. Whereupon the hero gasps out something almost as sublime as the utterance which broke from the impassioned lips of the scion of another noble house,—"The arms of the Squeers's is tore!"—and rushes off to India to fight for his country. Ouida's own virtuous indignation rises to the boiling point at such an outrage to society; Granville de Vigne, the boast of whose race was that "the men had been brave and the women chaste" (mark the clear distinction!), to soil his name by marrying his former mistress!

Then there is a scion of another noble house,

whose young life had also been steeped in luxury and in "a delicate sensuous delight;" he is a "libertine," "a devil of a fellow for women" (we quote Ouida), and his life had been "one long *liaison*." He is haunted with a secret; he had been married to a voluptuous, beautiful Italian woman, while his life was still steeped in the above-mentioned sensuality. She was of poor birth, vulgar manners, and bad temper. He also suspected her of infidelity; so he left her, came to England, and continued the dissolute life already indicated, remaining, nevertheless, so noble, so high-souled, and so great a man, that his immoral habits were a mere detail. When considerably past middle age, this high-souled debauchee, hearing that his wife is dead, is on the point of marrying a beautiful, charming girl, about half his own age,—an angel who is loved and loves very much, and who, not being strait-laced, can yield to her lover's peculiarities. But, coming from the theatre in Paris one night, he is accosted by a beggar, who addresses him in sweet Italian, and begs him, for the sake of heaven, to give her a copper, as she is nearly dead with hunger. She recognizes in the alms-giver her virtuous lord; faints, and is carried to her wretched lodging, where, in the course of an hour or two, after having wrung from him a conditional *forgiveness* (!), she dies. He hurries away rejoicing in his liberty; marries the angel, and lives happily ever after.

Meanwhile the god-like hero, Granville de Vigne, having also sown a sufficient quantity of wild oats, and become a middle-aged man, condescends to fall in love with the daughter of this gentleman and his Italian wife, a beautiful, pure, fresh violet, half-child, half-woman, who adores him and looks up in his face with "the trustful love of a faithful spaniel," which is Ouida's favourite simile for a pure woman's love.

There is a *Deus ex machinâ* in the shape of a secret marriage on the part of the Davis before she had married De Vigne; but she is arrested and carried off to justice; her "delicately perfumed dress" leaving an odour behind it amongst a party chiefly composed of *demi-monde*, with which she is then picnicking, and thus the god-like hero is free to marry the pure violet, which he does; and they also live happily ever after.

III.

Ouida's heroes, notwithstanding their "god-like" qualities and genius, chiefly converse upon women and horses, in a style which, we are assured by the authoress, is brilliant and witty; but which, to our plain mind, appears unequalled for flatness and silliness by any traditional "bread-and-butter miss" who ever saw the light. Moreover, the talk of bread-and-butter misses, if silly, is at least clean: which is by no means the case with these brilliant gentlemen, as the following specimen may suffice to show. The speaker is looking at "a Daphne flying from Apollo, and just caught by him, shrouded in rose-coloured curtains." "Nice little girl this," he remarks; "rather enticing; made to look alive with that rose-light; *tantalizing* to know it's nothing but marble."

The men who talk in this refined manner belong to the *monde*: one of their chief occupations appears to be gazing out of club-windows upon women who, although they drive "their exquisite little fou in-hand cream-coloured ponies," are *demi-monde*; a distinction without a difference (unless it be to the *dis*advantage of the men) which is strictly maintained by Ouida. The men of *monde* speak of the women of *demi-monde* as if they were horses, with the definite article before their names. Love (*i. e.* desire), wealth, enjoyment,—such is the trinity these high-born heroes worship. They are vultures seeking after something to eat, and only shriek dolefully when carrion enough is not given to them;" but what of this since—being rich enough to purchase a sufficiency of "carrion,"—their lives are "steeped in a delicate, sensuous delight;" they are happy; they "enjoy."

When Ouida says anything as coarse and disgusting as the following, she is under the impression that she has not only said something smart, but done her stroke of work against existing evils: "To advance in civilization is, after all, only to perfect cant. The nude figure remains the *same* delight to the precisian as to the profligate; he drapes her discreetly in public, whilst he gloats over her *un*draped *in petto*." The "morality" of her books is like the veneering of rotten wood. We give, as an illustration, the morality of the "high-souled" philosopher, Tricotrin. When a young "prince in his purple" has indiscreetly attempted to "kiss

the ripe scarlet mouth" of the "waif" whom Tricotrin protects, that philosopher, in a burst of righteous indignation, threatens to make known to his father the fact that the "orgies" of his heir in Paris have not been such as became a youth of "race;" that, instead of making his life "an erotic *poem*," he has been so base as to content himself with erotic *prose*; and the philosopher concludes his virtuous harangue thus: "Now shall he hear the whole vile truth, or will you *purchase my silence* by leaving in peace what *I* cherish?"

This moralist had himself "known *oftentimes* the love of a man for the fair eyes and the smiling mouth and the white limbs of the woman's beauty that tempts him," but "it had ever been a gay, wind-tossed, chance-sown flower in his path."

Erotic poems, however, cannot be enacted without utter destruction to the chance-sown flowers in the path of the poet, who flings them aside to be trodden under foot in the mud of erotic prose. This is of no importance in Ouida's code of morality—which is, in this respect, alas! the world's—so long as the poet abstains from plucking flowers from the garden of men of race. We know that men of race must have ripe scarlet mouths to "kiss in lawless sovereignty, *because they are men*;" but, in the name of all that is moral and proper, Ouida would have them forbear to "poach" on the "preserves" of their fellow-*sovereigns*, or the very foundations of *Society* will be shaken! With this proviso, they are free "to enjoy."

To enjoy.

It is because these words—which aptly sum up the aim of Ouida's works—throw an evil light upon the social corruption of which they are an exhalation, that we hold ourselves justified in directing attention to them. Precisely as certain diseased conditions of the body give rise to a craving after unnatural food, so do certain morbid conditions of the mind produce an appetite for literary food which a sound mental organization would reject. Individual instances of such morbid affections are fit subjects of study for the physician only, and the fact that a silly and ignorant woman should write novels which are at once vulgar, nasty, and immoral in tendency, could not, in itself, be matter of interest for readers of the *Contemporary Review*. But that such books have a very large and increasing circulation should be matter of painful interest to every decent man and woman in England. The price at which they are published renders them inaccessible to those whom it is customary to call "the people," and it is clear that a writer who tells us that "a gaunt, buli-throated, sanguinary brigand" is "*the type* of the *popolares* of all time," does not address herself to them. These books are issued by one of the first houses in the trade; they are written for and read by society.

Is not the motto of Ouida's heroes—"to enjoy"—the motto of society, and every day more openly, more shamelessly avowed? We believe it is, and we believe further that the society which reads and encourages such literature is a "whited sepulchre" which, if it be not speedily cleansed by the joint effort of pure men and women, will breed a pestilence so foul as to poison the very life-blood of our nation.

JONATHAN'S SENTIMENTS TOWARDS JOHN.

[It is not our practice to insert in these columns articles from the daily or weekly press of the United States. If we make an exception in favour of the following, from the pen of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in the *Christian Union*, we do it on behalf of a gentleman who is not here to answer for himself. It will be observed that, whilst disputing the general assertion made by Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Beecher gives it all necessary corroboration in the sequel.—ED. CAN. MONTHLY.]

MR. Goldwin Smith, if he be correctly reported, has lately been telling his countrymen a great secret. It is that Americans in general hate Englishmen in general, and that they do this with a hatred that is very strong and very deep-rooted. For ourselves, we cannot agree with Mr. Goldwin Smith in this opinion; neither can we agree with those American journals that are just now covering him with reproach for having expressed it. We think that he has fallen into a mistake; but that, under all the circumstances of his peculiar experience among us, if he had not fallen into that mistake it would be something extraordinary.

At the breaking out of our civil war, Mr. Smith was residing, as Professor of History, at the University of Oxford—the venerable and serene castle of antique learning that still "whispers from its towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age;" and from the very heart of that stronghold of Toryism his voice—among the foremost in England—pronounced a strong vindication of our national cause, and an unhesitating faith in it. For that service, so rare in that land in those days, and so exquisitely sweet to our hearts, we all gave words of love to Goldwin Smith; and when, a few months later, he came among us, and passed through city and camp a studious spectator of the great strife, he was everywhere greeted, by scholars, statesmen, soldiers, and citizens, with warm expressions of gratitude. He is one of the most sincere of men, and one of the most sensitive. A recluse, a simple-hearted scholar, he accepted all these affectionate words as though they meant just what they seemed to mean. He went back to England with a delight and a confidence in our national cordiality not unlike that which at present fills the genial heart of Tyndall with sunny memories; so that, at the close of the war, giving up his chair in one of the oldest universities in England, it seemed easy to Goldwin Smith to return to us and take up his residence at the newest university in America. His relations to that university, and to many movements for popular education in this country, had all the beauty of perfect disinterestedness. He would take no compensation for anything he did. He gave his time, his invaluable counsels, his charming gifts as a teacher, his instructive services as a public lecturer—all without money and without price. Nay, he was, in the matter of money, a benefactor rather than a beneficiary. He brought over his rich private library, and gave that to the university to which he had already given himself; he aided poor students; he was the adviser of those who had doubts and difficulties; he was the quiet, helpful friend of mechanics and working men; and in ways innumerable, without the least noise or ostentation, he went about doing good. His life among us has perhaps but one precedent in American history, and that is the memorable and benignant visit of Bishop Berkley a hundred and fifty years ago.

It was in the midst of these experiences that the Alabama claims were presented against England, and by invitation of the good citizens of Ithaca, Goldwin Smith made a speech there embodying his views of those claims. His speech was, of course, from the stand-point of an Englishman. It was in good taste and in good spirit; it was courteous, thoughtful and candid—but it was the speech of an Englishman. It is needless to say that he differed from the American view of the Alabama claims; and for the atrocious crime of saying so, Goldwin Smith was at once subjected to that punishment with which we usually repay our own noblest public men the moment they dare

to have an idea that is not for the moment popular. The American press opened upon him its batteries. All his friendly services were forgotten. The unselfish and devoted life that he was still leading among us went for nothing. He was taunted and fleered at, and decorated with the hardest names to be had; and with an injustice that has no other palliation than that it was the result of ignorance, he was coarsely told that while he subsisted on an American salary he must not have the impudence to hold any other than American opinions. We punished him for his intellectual independence, just as we have before and since punished other good men for the same thing—Salmon P. Chase, Horace Greeley, and Charles Sumner. But in the case of Goldwin Smith this recoil, where there there had so recently been tenderness and love, gave a wound to the heart—not anger, but grief, and a not unnatural conviction of national hatred to himself and to all his countrymen. And this is the meaning of his recent speech in England —that all Americans hate all Englishmen.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

A THEORY has recently been started that diamonds are of meteoric origin; but it is certain that this is an error, though the mode of production of this precious gem is still very obscure. That the diamond is crystallised carbon is a fact with which everyone probably is familiar, but crystallisation implies previous fusion or solution in some fluid medium, and so far we have neither succeeded in melting carbon with any heat that we have been able to produce, nor have we been able to discover any liquid in which it will dissolve. Still, there are some facts known about the diamond which prove that it is surely a terrestrial production, and the most striking of these is the occasional presence of microscopic plants in the interior of the crystals. "As surely as flies in amber prove the presence of animal life during some stage in the formation of that singular substance, the vegetable organisms found in diamonds are proofs that these gems were formed amid surroundings not inconsistent with the presence of vegetation, perhaps in water: a supposition that finds support not only in the fact of their occasional inclusion of organic matter, but still more in the presence of *dendrites*, such as form on minerals of aquatic origin, in a diamond belonging to Prof. Goeppert. Crystals of gold, iron, and other minerals have also been found inside of diamonds; still other diamonds are superficially impressed by sand and crystals, which leads some to believe them to have been originally soft; though it is quite as probable that these foreign substances may have interfered in some way with the perfect development of the diamond crystals, forcing them to grow around or partly around the obstructions."

Mr. R. A. Proctor, one of the most charming of writers on Science, and also a most eminent scientific observer, in a recent lecture on the sun, makes use of a simile which brings forcibly before us the great distance between ourselves and the central body of our system, and also admirably illustrates the great comparative slowness with which impressions travel along the nerves, as compared with the rate of transmission of light and electricity. "Let us suppose," he remarks, "an infant with an arm of the inconvenient length of ninety-one millions of miles, who should stretch forth his hand and touch the sun. His finger, of course, would be burnt; but, so slow is the rate at which sensitive impressions are conveyed along the nerves to the brain, namely, about one hundred feet in a second, that he would be about one hundred and forty years old before he could be conscious of the fact. If he trusted on the other hand, to the sense of vision, he might discover the condition of his digit in the short space of eight minutes, so much more rapidly does light travel than nervous impressions. In any case, however, the mandates of the will are transmitted along the motor nerves even more slowly than impressions by the sensitive nerves; and hence it would be about one hundred and fifty years more before he could withdraw his finger, after he had discovered its condition."

A memoir, by Mr. D. Honeyman, in the proceedings of the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science, gives an interesting account of the structure of the Cobequid Mountains, which have been recently laid open by railway cuttings. The axis of the mountain chain is occupied by a great mass of syenitic rocks, which cover an area nearly five miles in width at the surface. This throws off on either side a great metalliferous as well as marble-containing series of strata, which contain numerous interstratified igneous rocks in their lower portion, and which can be shown to be of Lower Silurian age by the possession of a series of exquisitely preserved organic remains. The Lower Silurian Rocks are in turn succeeded on each side of the axis by thick deposits of Upper Silurian age, which, on the Colchester side, contain the well-known iron ores of Londonderry. The Upper Silurian is succeeded on both sides by rocks of carboniferous age, which carry workable beds of coal on the Cumberland side of the chain, but are destitute of limestone, gypsum, and coal on the Colchester side of the axis. Finally, the carboniferous beds are overlaid by strata belonging to the Trias or New Red Sandstone, and these extend along the line of railway as far as Truro, on the Colchester side, but are absent on the Cumberland side.

A paper has been published by Prof. Whittlesley, on the fluctuations of level in the waters of Lake Superior—a subject to which he has for years devoted special attention, but which he has not yet succeeded in fully elucidating. According to *Nature*, his present communication is confined to the consideration of these fluctuations which are not only transient, but which, in some instances, occur with the regularity of a wave—those low pendulum-like oscillations which are probably common to all lakes, but which, from its great size, are most noticeable in Lake Superior. Until a better theory can be found, he adopts the explanation that these undulations are caused by atmospheric movements.

If we may trust the *Medical Record*, a curious ethnological discovery has been made in Africa. It is stated that the Geographical Society of Italy has received from Alexandria, along with the news of the explorer Miani, two living individuals of the tribe of the Akka or Tikku-Tikki, whom the learned traveller had bought of King Munza, and had forwarded home for the delectation of European *savants*. These individuals—of whom one is eighteen years old and forty inches in height, and the other sixteen and thirty-one inches high—are stated by Miani to belong to the race of dwarfs described by Herodotus, and recently re-discovered by the German explorer, Schweinfurth, who described them carefully. They are very thin-limbed and knock-kneed, with globular skulls and projecting jaws, their limbs being very long, their skin copper-coloured, and their hair crisp and tow-like.

CURRENT LITERATURE

THE *Fortnightly Review* for February opens with an article, the last public utterance it would appear, of Joseph Mazzini. It is, in form, a review of Ernest Renan's work on "Intellectual and Moral Reform;" in effect it is an outpouring of despair for the future of France—despair resulting from the evident unconsciousness of its leaders that it stands in need of self-examination, repentance and amendment. The opening sentences give the key-note of Mazzini's desponding view of France and its future:—"This book, which, from the importance of the subject and the name of the author, I opened full of desire and hope, has left my mind penetrated with a sense of deep discouragement and sorrow for France. Truly has she need of moral reform! A nation alternating between an indifference which allows her inertly to contemplate the dismemberment of her soil, and a vandalism which transforms the sanctity of the Republican faith into a passion of hatred and vengeance, and the divine aim of life into an idolatry of the senses and greed of material good—is irrevocably lost if some immense effort be not made to restore her to the sphere of high thoughts, the adoration of the ideal, the lost religion of duty and sacrifice, and recall all her children to communion in love and works."

Mr. Francis W. Newman contributes an article on "Organized Priesthood,"—a laboured plea against religious organizations in general, and the endowment of the Church of England in particular. Mr.

Newman's writings are always fresh and original in tone, but we cannot say that this particular essay will add anything to his reputation.

Mr. Henry Fawcett follows with a thoughtful paper on Co-operation. One of the results of the Conservative re-action has been the exclusion of this independent thinker from Parliament. It is certainly a matter of deep regret that Brighton could find no better place for the courageous Professor than the bottom of the poll. Professor Fawcett is a man who can be badly spared at a time when mediocrities on both sides are coming to the surface. Mr. Sotheby gives a very interesting paper on Belli's Roman Sonnets, which are trenchant satires on the Papal Court during the time of the last Gregory. Mr. Tollemache criticizes Mr. Tennyson in a kindly spirit, although he finds fault with the poet laureate for his optimist views both in Church and State. He is particularly severe on the bard for his feeble views on female capacity and the higher education of the sex. Mr. Leslie's "Essay on the Incidence of Taxation on the Working-classes," is in effect a plea on behalf of the income-tax. He urges that the inequalities complained of in the levying of this tax are not peculiar to it, "being incident also to all duties on articles of common consumption." His conclusion is that "to substitute a naked property-tax for the income-tax is to tax the houses and savings of poor working people in order to exempt the income of the Rothschilds from taxation." Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Review of Public Affairs" is as fresh and pointed as usual, with the added interest of a controversy between the editor and his contributor. Mr. Harrison is a determined enemy of Bismarck's ecclesiastical legislation, and, as a consistent Liberal, can offer no apology for it. We quote a sentence or two to show the earnest spirit of the writer: "There is ground for thinking that the Catholic Church itself would willingly surrender its entire State endowment, which merely amounts to £60,000. But this is the last thing which the Prussian Government desires. Prince Bismarck, before all things, 'will not let the people go.' He has no wish to disestablish and disendow the Catholic Church. He is bent on making it a State machine. He wants a mere official body. He needs it to control the Catholic population in the interest of the State. He wants to make that bargain with it which in some slight degree it was once suspected our Government wanted to make with Archbishop Cullen. The most dreadful alternative of all to Prince Bismarck would be that the Church in Prussia should be as little of a State Church as the Catholic Church in Ireland. He will not suffer the Catholic population of Germany to pay their own priests and to maintain their own schools. His grand idea is a pliant official bureau (whether worked by renegade Catholics, Old Catholics, or common tools, is unimportant) which shall use the name of the Catholic religion to control Catholic votes, to drill the Catholic schools—in a word, to govern the Catholic population—through an obsequious priesthood." Mr. Morley replies to these strictures upon Prussian policy in a lengthy foot-note, but not, in our opinion, with his wonted vigour and effect.

Macmillan for February is an unusually lively number. The new serial, "Castle Daly," opens with promise, and the anecdotes of Sir George Rose, "the last of the great wits," are new and amusing. The reminiscences of Mendelssohn and the extracts from his correspondence are continued. The writer on Spanish life and character, in his Fourth Part, deals with the decay of faith throughout the Iberian peninsula. This is traced with singular clearness to its causes. "My religion has broken down," was the remark of a Spanish boatman, and the complaint appears to be universal in the nation. Want of faith in anything settled in faith, in government or morals, seems to be the peculiar malady with which Spain is at present afflicted. For the present, there seems no choice between the blind devotion of the women and the declared unbelief of the rest of the population—from the grandee to the peasant. There are "no signs of life" in the Spanish Church; everywhere a breaking-up, without apparent aim or concert in the movement. As the writer remarks, the Spaniard who deserts the national Church has no other refuge:—"Alone you pass out into the great darkness; yea, even a darkness which may be felt; alone must you wander upon the mountains, seeking some track to guide your weary footsteps; alone must you lie down, as the shades of your last long night draw on—confused, bewildered, baffled, deserted and in pain. It is so. He who leaves the 'one fold' in Spain has '*no* place to flee unto, and no man cares for his soul.' In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief, for him there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness; it is '*chacun pour soi*' in every thing." A lady contributor gives the first of a series of sketches of the Merchant-printers of Italy, opening, of course, with Aldo Manuzio, the founder of the Aldine press; and Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the substance of an Address delivered before the elementary Teachers of the Wesleyan Training College, exposes what he considers the ungrounded pretensions put forth in favour of American primary education. The article which concludes the number is on "Vivisection," by Dr. Michael Foster. It is, perhaps, one of the most specious, as well as one of the boldest defiances of all popular feeling on the subject of human dealings with the lower creation we have met with. Like "the nigger," under American

slavery, the cat, the dog, or the rabbit have no rights which "the white man is bound to respect." The scientific professor may torture them, not merely for the purposes of scientific experiment, but also for mere physiological demonstration. In other words, he may train his students to take delight in the infliction of pain when it can be of no use except as a source of delight—when there is nothing to be discovered that was not established before, and nothing to be gained by the vivisection, unless the brutalizing of human hearts can be called a benefit. As a specimen of the kind of work physiology requires of its students, let us quote a few lines from the "Handbook" recently issued in London:—"Germination of the cells of bone may be induced in the long bones of mammals *by passing a red-hot needle as deeply as possible into the bone*, previously freed of the soft parts covering it, and then cauterizing the hole with a pointed stick of nitrate of silver. * * Inflammation of the tissue of the liver may be induced by passing a needle into the organ. Twenty-four or forty-eight hours after the injury, the animal must be killed." How Guinea-pigs can be preserved for repeated acts of brutality is explained in detail under the head:—"Mode of Producing Biliary Fistula in Guinea-pigs." Not to follow the sickening details, we content ourselves with the conclusion:—"When the bile duct is tied, the Guinea-pigs die in less than twenty-four hours, *but when it is not* tied, they will live for a week."

We should like to have referred to several instructive articles in the *Contemporary Review*, but our allotted space has already been exhausted, and we must reserve our remarks upon them for a future number. Meanwhile, we may commend the papers by Messrs. Grant-Duff, St. George Mivart and Lady Pollock, to the attention of our readers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WILKES, SHERIDAN AND FOX: The Opposition under George III. By W. F. Rae. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. 1874.

Macaulay introduced the fashion of writing Whig history; Bulwer and Disraeli replied with Tory romance; Mr. Rae has struck out the new line of writing Whig biography. His is the most honest course; and his volume, being from its form more lively and personal than any professed history of party could be, gives an interest to the chief acts of the party whose cause he believes "that of universal brotherhood and perpetual peace; whose victories are those of justice over prejudice; in which reason has acquired the ascendency; and through which the happiness of the people has been increased." His covers sport Fox's colours of buff and blue, and so thoroughly has he imbued himself with the literature of the period, that in places he scarcely resists the temptation of joining in the wordy fray as an actor rather than as chronicler or critic.

The period of time during which Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox were prominent politicians, covers the whole of the reign of George III., from his first attempts to form his own Ministries and "be indeed a King," to the Regency. Mr. Rae brings out with great success the true issues on which Wilkes so long fought and finally succeeded. Previous accounts have laid so much stress either upon the purely legal details, or upon the popular excitement of the time, that most students have vague ideas of the real issues; Mr. Rae has condensed them in a masterly manner. Sheridan's life, as a politician, was much less eventful than that of the other two, and most readers will be surprised to find that, while careless in excess of his own means, he exercised a never-failing scrutiny into the public expenditure, and his quoted speeches shew him a singularly acute critic of schemes of taxation.

"Opposing the repeal of the Receipt Tax, on the 4th of December, 1783, he said that 'in his mind the great recommendation of the Receipt Tax was that, being paid directly, and not indirectly, the public felt it, and it naturally led them to consider the state of the nation. This was the excellence of the tax, and a right principle of taxation. If he might presume to lay down a principle of taxation as fit to be adopted in an arbitrary and in a free country, taxes should be imposed as indirectly as possible in the former, and the giving alarm to men's feelings ought to be most studiously avoided. The reverse exactly should be the case in a free country; the taxes there ought always to be direct and open. The subject, when he paid any of them, should know that he paid a tax, and his attention should in consequence be

provoked to an examination of the country's debts, the weight of which, being obliged to be borne by all, they necessarily concerned all in an equal degree.'"

We have all heard of Sheridan's famous orations on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and those of us who have tried to read the printed versions have been surprised that such bombastic nonsense should have been deemed eloquence. Fortunately short-hand reports have been preserved, and Mr. Rae has done good service to Sheridan's fame and the taste of our ancestors by reproducing portions of the real addresses.

In almost every speech reported in this work we find passages bearing upon questions beaten threadbare here within the last few years. This quotation from Sheridan would have been refreshing: "These gentlemen, speaking to each other, might thus address each other: one might say, 'I supported Lord North during the whole of his administration, but left him at last, when I found he had formed a coalition with that abominable man Charles Fox.' Another might reply, 'And I joined Mr. Fox for many years in his opposition to Government; till at last I found it necessary to abandon him, when he disgraced himself by a coalition with that abominable man Lord North.' If the state of the public credit and the funds should become the subject of discussion in that House, one of the members of the Treasury Bench may very probably say, 'It was the cursed American war of Lord North that brought this ruin upon our funds.'

"This would instantly call up his friend on the same Bench, who would immediately reply, 'No; the American war was a just and constitutional war; it was the opposition given to it by the rebel encourager, Charles Fox, which caused the failure of it, and this brought ruin on the country.' Thus a Treasury formed on anti-coalition principles was itself a chain of coalitions."

Or this, from Fox: "One of these matters was in the power of the Minister, the other in the power of the House of Commons, which reminded him of a scene in an excellent comedy, wherein the father takes out a bond, and the son says, 'Let me hold it in my hand!' The father says, 'What signifies which of us shall hold it—neither of us shall hold it.' And then he puts it in his pocket. The Minister asked what difference there was between an adjournment and a prorogation? The difference was, that he had the bond in his pocket if there was a prorogation."

As the greatest politician, the leader, almost the founder of the party, the biographer of Fox brings out the enthusiasm of the author, who, though eminently fair and striving to do justice to George III., Pitt and other politicians, in the effort exalts his hero and his principles. Fox is to him what William III. was to Macaulay, or William of Orange to Motley. He says that George the Third "determined to be guided by his own opinions or prepossessions, to appoint no Minister who thought and acted in a way displeasing to him, or, if forced by circumstances to appoint any one to high office against his own wishes, to withhold from that Minister his confidence and co-operation. Many applauded his procedure. * * To this system, which had no justification according to the spirit of the Constitution, George the Third had in Fox a consistent, an indefatigable and unyielding opponent. The statesmanship of the Whig leader was antagonistic to the Sovereign's policy. Fox was ready to respect and anxious to uphold all the just and innocuous privileges of the Crown, but he was still more inclined to sustain and defend the acknowledged rights of the people. Chief among the latter he ranked the principle that, whenever Parliament advised or intimated that a Ministry ought to be changed, the change should be at once made by the King. He thought Parliament should govern and the Monarch reign. George the Third thought that Parliament ought to defer to his opinions; that, as the father of his people, it was for him to decide what was best for them; that he alone was competent to interpret the Constitution in doubtful cases; that whatever he determined and performed must be for the best, provided it had the approval of his own conscience. In practice he prudently confined his antagonism, not to Parliament as a whole, but to a section of it; he held that all who were not with him were against him; that all who voted against the Ministry of his own choice formed a factious opposition; and he knew that the ruling spirit in that opposition was Fox."

Speaking of the party, he says: "To his (Sheridan's) immortal honour, he remained true to what he believed to be the cause of liberty, which was, in fact, the cause of justice. As a member of the small minority which rightly prided itself upon being the real Constitutional party, he did a service to this country which no unprejudiced reader of our history can now recall without gratitude, mingled with regret that it never received its due reward. * * If enthusiasm, energy, and the profession of genuine Constitutional principles could have counterbalanced numerical inferiority, this little party ought to have had the ascendency on every division. * * As a general rule the majority in every community must decide for the whole, because in human affairs there was no umpire but human reason."

Glancing shortly at the most important issues of the period, we find that while the first half of Wilkes

victories were over the Crown, the second half—and the chief—were over the tyranny and the usurpation of the House of Commons. The American War of Revolution was most popular through the country, and the mere fact that they were the advocates, and the Opposition the opponents, of the war, enabled the blundering and incompetent Ministries of the day to retain power. Mr. Rae candidly admits that when defeated, in 1784, by Pitt, the decision of the country was unmistakably against Fox, and that the members of his party lost their seats by overwhelming majorities; that in 1792, the oldest friends of Fox differed with him and deserted to the Ministry—that Pitt, while a favourite of the King, held office by the parliamentary tenure of majorities during his twenty-two years of power. He also admits that on many points of policy Fox was wrong and Pitt was right.

Taking all these things into account, we think that Mr. Rae unduly debits George III. with many of the evils he complains of in his volume. He says the King's policy met with tacit or open approval in Parliament and throughout the country; that the mistakes of his Ministers made that policy unpopular. But he ought to credit George III. with the fact that, after his first Minister's defeat, the King's wishes and those of the majority seem generally to to have been in accord, and that during this long reign we find a steady and regular advance. "Stop, you old fool! that's over long ago," said Wilkes to the old woman who shouted "Wilkes and Liberty!" and Fox in his old age could have uttered a similar remark.

Party government will fail to command the confidence of any people; there will be reactions against the best, and party history gives us a distorted view of facts. Who, in the United States, reads a true account of their Revolutionary struggles? Mr. Rae believes Fox was right in opposing the American War; yet in that country hundreds of thousands believed it a just and holy one. A great merit of Fox, in the author's eyes, is his praise of Washington and his country at the very time that American Tories were reduced to penury and driven into exile. The Whigs believe in peace—yet peace may be secured at the price of honour and of a country's colonies sacrificed at its shrine.

The leader of an Opposition who is reduced to criticism appears at a great advantage; the points in which he was right will be approved in time; his errors are unnoticed; but those of a Minister are disastrous.

This book, however, is by no means confined to politics. Mr. Rae's references to authorities are full, and he has brought to light facts and documents which show the care with which he has traversed this well-worn period of history. The criticisms of Sheridan's speeches and plays are acute and able. There is much to interest the general reader, and the style is one which carries him unweariedly from the first page to the last.

THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY, BEING AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ENERGY AND ITS LAWS. By Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Henry S. King & Co., London, 1873.

This admirable work may be regarded as an introduction to the more profound study of the great generalizations of modern science involved by the now familiar phrases, "conservation of energy," "correlation of the physical forces," and "dissipation of energy." Dr. Stewart's exposition of these generalizations, as embodied in the volume before us, may safely be said to form the best and most attractive of the volumes of the "International Scientific Series," so far as these have gone at present, and so far as we are justified in supposing that the object of this series of works is the instruction of the general public, and not the edification of trained men of science. The author's style is singularly clear and forcible; his illustrations of the various steps in his argument are so homely and so plain that they must prove comprehensible even to those who start with the disadvantage of having had no previous training in the mathematical and physical sciences; and the entire work might be taken as a model of what a treatise on any branch of "popular science," in the best sense of the term, really ought to be.

The first chapter deals with the question of what is understood by the term "energy," which is defined as the power possessed by any body of doing work. The standard adopted for the strictly scientific measurement of work is pointed out, and the relations between velocity and energy are clearly shown. At the commencement of the next chapter the student is asked to contemplate the apparently anomalous fact that a body absolutely at rest, as a stone on the roof of a house, may nevertheless possess a vast amount of energy, and the nature of "energy of position," as contrasted with "energy of velocity," is illustrated by various apposite examples. From these elementary considerations the author passes to the question as to what really is to be expected from machinery, the allowance to be made for friction, the appearance of heat when motion is destroyed, and the nature of heat itself, with the relationship between this and mechanical energy. The succeeding two chapters are of great interest and importance, and treat of the various natural forces, their correlation with one another, their indestructibility, and the law of their conservation, concluding with

an excellent summary of the "transmutations of energy." The fifth chapter deals in as satisfactory a manner as can be expected in such a short compass, with the "dissipation of energy;" and the last treats of the nature of vital energy as compared with the ordinary physical forces. As an excellent example of our author's method of treating his subject, we extract a short passage in which the vital energy of the living organism is compared to the commander of an army. After pointing out that every animal is a machine of such delicacy of construction as to be practically infinite, so that there is "a transparent absurdity in the very thought that a man may become able to calculate his own movements, or even those of his fellow," Dr. Stewart proceeds as follows:—"Let us suppose that a war is being carried on by a vast army, at the head of which there is a very great commander. Now this commander knows too well to expose his own person; in truth, he is never seen by any of his subordinates. He remains at work in a well guarded room, from which telegraphic wires reach to the head-quarters of the various divisions. He can thus, by means of these wires, transmit his orders to the generals of these divisions, and by the same means receive back information as to the condition of each. Thus his head-quarters become a centre, into which all information is poured, and out of which all commands are issued. Now, that mysterious thing called life, about the nature of which we know so little, is probably not unlike such a commander. Life is not a bully, who swaggers out into the open universe upsetting the laws of energy in all directions, but rather a consummate strategist, who, sitting in his secret chamber, before his wires, directs the movements of a great army." Every biologist, not indissolubly wedded to pure materialism, will recognise, in spite of the unpretending language in which it is couched, the force, beauty, and truth of the above illustration.

In conclusion, we can very cordially recommend all students of physical science, as well as all those interested in knowing something of the fundamental laws which govern this universe, to the perusal of this most interesting and intelligible volume, the best, we repeat, of the series to which it belongs, so far as that series has gone.

ANIMAL LOCOMOTION, OR WALKING, SWIMMING, AND FLYING, WITH A DISSERTATION ON AERONAUTICS. By J. Bell Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S. Henry S. King & Co., London, 1873.

Whilst still a medical student in the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Pettigrew raised himself by a single step to a recognised position in the scientific world by a dissertation on the anatomical structure of the heart, which displayed high original genius combined with great patience of observation, and an extraordinary aptitude for delicate experimentation. The early promise thus held forth has been sustained by a series of masterly essays on various physiological subjects, and to-day Dr. Pettigrew may fairly claim to be the first British authority upon the subject of which his present volume treats, and to which he has for the last ten years devoted special attention. As a consequence of this, however, his work is necessarily of a less popular nature than that of Dr. Stewart, being to a large extent original, and frequently demanding considerable knowledge of anatomy as well as of mechanical laws. Indeed, the chief defect of the work seems to arise from this very fact; the author showing an obvious consciousness that he is endeavouring to accomplish the difficult task of expounding a purely scientific subject in such a manner as to be intelligible to general readers, and being thus occasionally led into the employment of vague and unsatisfactory expressions.

The first portion of the work treats on animal locomotion in general, and lays down the general principles upon which progression is effected. The succeeding three sections treat respectively of progression on the land, as exhibited in terrestrial animals, progression on and in the water, as seen in the various inhabitants of a fluid medium as well as in those which only occasionally betake themselves to the water, and progression in and through the air. A special and elaborate account, in connection with this last section, is given of the wings of insects, bats and birds. Finally, an interesting chapter is devoted to the general principles of Aeronautics, and to the past, present and future of this science.

From the above bald enumeration of the heads into which Dr. Pettigrew's work is divided, it will be seen that it constitutes a treatise of necessarily greater interest to the strictly scientific reader than to the general public. There is much in it, however, to interest any well-informed and instructed reader, however unscientific, and the attractions of the work are greatly enhanced by a copious series of artistic and extremely effective engravings, most of which have the advantage of being original.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA; or the Land we Live in. A Delineation by Pen and Pencil of the Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, Forests, Shores, Valleys, Cities, and other Picturesque Features of the United States. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

No one who has travelled much in the neighbouring Republic, or who is at all familiar with photographs of American landscape, will deny that the

picturesque element enters largely into the composition of its natural scenery. The wide range of territory, embracing the snows of the White Mountains and the tropical verdure of the far South, with the graduating changes lying between these extremes, gives room for that variety of character in nature so inciting to the play of the artist's pencil. The natural phenomena of landscape, in a single valley of the country, is so varied that the true artist might find occupation for his pencil for years; but with half a continent to traverse—with its watersheds, its mountains, its cañons, its coasts and its cities, how much is there to delineate, and what variety is there to portray.

Tempted by the wealth of material for illustration, and ambitious to present an appreciative public with the result, the Messrs. Appleton have taken the field, and have aimed at producing an artistic souvenir of their country which will remain an enduring monument to their enterprise, while it marks an era in the artistic culture of the Republic. The result so far before us, while it is highly creditable to American art taste, is indicative also of the excellent engraving skill of her draughtsmen and the admirable *finesse* of the printer's handicraft.

Under the general editorship of the Poet Bryant, with a staff of special writers and the best artistic talent of the country, the work has been issued as far as part 36, of a total of 48 parts, and we do not hesitate to say that few more sumptuous books have been published, and rarely has book illustrating been made more attractive.

To particularize the beauties of the work would occupy more space than we can afford: were this otherwise, it would be difficult to limit our commendation to the labours of any one artist, or to the attractions of any one locality described. Each has its features of interest and excellence. The sublimities of the Sierra Nevada, the *abandon* of the sea coast, the repose of the inland waters—all have their charms, and bespeak the spirit of the scenes they portray. Nor is the interest in the work confined to Nature's solitudes. The scenes of human activity, in its varied play—in the north, the south and the west are also represented; and the draughtsman, while faithfully depicting city and village life, has not made them devoid of artistic value. A feature not unworthy of notice is the effective display and ingenuity of contrivance in adapting the pictures to the letter-press, or *vice versa*. We have thus the most graceful effect of the pencil interlacing with the pen to adorn and enrich the page. Particularly striking also is the effect rendered by the setting given to the drawings, and the happy point of view from which the artists have chosen to produce their work. This is very noticeable in the illustrations of Messrs. Harry Fenn and Granville Perkins.

We have but space left us to add that the views of the cities are spirited and pleasing, and the steel engravings, one of which is given in each part, are well executed and exceedingly effective.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA: Its Organization and Present Condition. By Lieutenant-Col. Davis.

According to this writer the Volunteer Militia is in little better than a hopeless state of disorganization. Some of his suggestions for militia reform are sound and sensible; but we think he proposes to attempt too much, when he suggests that the whole arms-bearing population should be required to undergo a short term of military duty. If the term were annual, it would necessarily be so short that it would be of little value, while the universality of the training would be felt to be oppressive; and if it were only for once, or at very long periods, what little was learnt would be forgotten or of no value. The volunteer organization is treated as a failure, and the substitution of the system in force in England is recommended, with such modifications as the difference in the circumstances of the two countries would require. The writer, from whom we differ on many points, shows conclusively that the present military schools have not answered the purpose for which they must be supposed mainly to have been established—the education of volunteer and service militia officers. Half the number who attended them, he says, belonged to neither one or other arm of the service; and that, for want of the means of compulsion, large numbers of officers never qualified for their positions. Very few infantry officers, we are given to understand, could pass the examination required from a lieutenant in the line before he can be promoted to the rank of captain; while the artillery officers, if we exclude the two schools of gunnery at Kingston and Quebec, are for the most part ignorant of even the rudiments of mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, drawing, surveying, field-works and fortifications; and the lieutenant-colonels generally know nothing of strategy, or those higher duties of the military profession which, from their rank, they ought to know. This is a formidable indictment; and whether it be true to the extent which the writer assumes or not, the recommendation that all officers should be required to learn their duties or to resign is a good one. There is, probably, much in the argument that, without general officers of the line, the education of Canadian officers cannot be made what it should be. The writer seems to agree with Sir James Lindsay that it is absolutely necessary to have one or more general officers in command of the

militia; but if this be true at present, surely the education of Canadian officers would prevent this necessity from being perpetuated. It may be true, as alleged, that the militia is the most neglected and the worst remunerated service in the Dominion; but it scarcely serves any good purpose to compare the wages of labour with the pay of volunteers on drill, unless it be to show that the pay of those who do military duty in Canada must be relatively high. If it be true that not one volunteer out of twenty has a pair of boots fit to march in, and that half a company marched from Clifton to Niagara barefoot in 1872, the facts are not creditable to them. Some of the suggestions in this pamphlet may be useful, though we confess we do not quite like its tone, and it contains much to which we cannot give assent.

MEMORANDUM ON THE MILITIA SYSTEM OF CANADA. By Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards.

The author of this pamphlet, the reader need not be informed, is Military Secretary to the Governor-General. The pamphlet is an argument in favour of doing thoroughly whatever is done in the training of the militia. Colonel Fletcher holds, and in this we think he is correct, "that a small force, well trained, and officered by men who have learnt their profession, has become a necessity for Canada." He argues that we cannot safely rely upon obtaining from England, in the event of war, a supply of trained officers; since at such a time the resources of England, both in officers and men, would be taxed to the uttermost. To provide educated officers for Canada the establishment of three training schools is recommended, for the details of which we must refer to the work itself. It is a wholesome, if not quite pleasant truth, which Col. Fletcher deserves credit for frankly stating, that "at present, the Dominion swarms with officers of high rank who have received little instruction, and have seldom or ever held military command; consequently, as in the case of the United States, military titles are held in little esteem." There can be no question that this style of things would be most disastrous in case of war; and Col. Fletcher deserves the thanks of the public for having called attention to the subject, and pointed out the remedy.

THE NORTH-WEST OF CANADA. By Charles Horetzky.

The reading of this brief sketch of the North-West has impressed us very favourably. The author has brought together in a few pages a great deal of valuable information. Having been attached to the Pacific surveying party, he does not favour the route of the Tête Jaune Cache, but inclines to the opinion that the Peace River Valley will afford the best crossing. Before reaching the Mountains this route would pass through a thickly wooded country, into which the roving Indians of the Plains do not penetrate. The estimates of arable land cannot be expected to present more than an approximation to the truth. The projectors of railroad connection with James' Bay will not find much encouragement in the statement that, owing to the shoal water which extends out a distance of twenty-five miles, the coast can only be approached by vessels with the greatest difficulty, and that, at that distance from Moose Factory, the annual vessel of the Hudson's Bay Company visiting there has to lighten before she can cross the bar. At this point land is nowhere visible, and the Company has erected a beacon light eighteen miles from the Factory; from which, at a distance of nine miles, the cargo has to be transferred to small craft. This being the character of the coast everywhere on James' Bay, shows that nature has put its veto on all schemes which imply the formation of a good and secure harbour there. The author contemplates the publication of a larger work on the same subject, which can hardly fail to be interesting and valuable.

A CANADIAN POLITICAL COIN. A Monograph. By William Kingsford.

The attempt to give the true reading of legend on a Canadian copper coin, of political origin, struck in 1811, which no one had previously done with success, will be interesting to the numismatist; and here we must refer to the pamphlet for the solution of the enigma. To the general reader the disquisition on the administration of Sir James Craig, from a new and independent stand-point, will be more interesting. The writer's appreciation of that episode in the history of Lower Canada seems to us to be just. The pamphlet will well repay a perusal.

LITERARY NOTES.

Native publications are represented this month by the following reprints or special editions manufactured for the Canadian trade:—Messrs. Dawson Brothers issue Captain Butler's new work "The Wild North Land,"—an exploration, in picturesque narrative, of "Higher Latitudes" to those traversed in the author's previous book "The Great Lone Land." Canada has never had a more adventurous spirit abroad in her wild domains, or a more graphic delineator of the features of her vast possessions, than she has in Captain Butler. The book, we feel sure, will have many readers. Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., issue "The Parisians," by the late Lord Lytton; and announce for early publication two new novels and two volumes of verse. The former are "Lady Anna," by Anthony Trollope, and "Second Cousin Sarah," by F. W. Robinson, and the latter, a collection of native verse by Alexander McLachlan, and a reprint of some classical studies, "Fables in Song," from the pen of "Owen Meredith," the present Lord Lytton. Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.'s contributions embrace of original publications a new and cheaper edition of Dr. W. Morley Punshon's Lectures and Sermons, and an issue of the "Canadian Monthly," for the years 1872 and 1873, in two annual volumes, in elegant bindings. The latter will be found more compact for reference than in the four single volume form. In the department of original literature, they will issue immediately a volume of choice Sermons, by the Rev. Wm. Cochrane, M. A., of Brantford, under the title of "The Heavenly Vision," &c., and an important work on Canadian Agriculture, entitled, "The Canadian Farmers' Manual of Agriculture; the principles and practice of mixed husbandry as adapted to Canadian soils and climate," by C. E. Whitcomb, Esq., late editor of *The Canada Farmer*. The special editions issued by this firm for the native market embrace Mr. W. F. Rae's interesting volume on "Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox—the Liberal Opposition under George III.," "French Home Life," a reissue from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and "Business," a volume of Essays, by a Merchant. As these will find extended notice under our Book Reviews, we simply chronicle their appearance here. Mr. Lovell's useful publication, "A Gazetteer of the British North American Provinces," noticed at some length in a previous number as in press, completes the issues of native publications for the month.

The third and completing volume of Mr. Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" has been published. The period covered by the narrative is from 1852 to 1870—a period fruitful of literary labour.

The Colonies of the Crown are receiving considerable attention in the world of letters of late, incited, no doubt, by the desire of the emigrating classes for reliable information as to their several attractions. Recently we had a work on "The Dominion of Canada," by Mr. Charles Marshall —an interesting and faithful narrative. We have now "The Dominion of Australia," by Mr. W. H. Ranken, and a revised edition of "New Zealand," by Mr. A. Kennedy, both of which seem to express accurate and intelligent views in regard to their respective subjects.

Mr. Motley, the historian, has been continuing his researches into the material which has made the Continent of Europe so historic. As the result of his recent labours, we are promised immediately a work on the "Life and Death of John of Barneveld," including the history of the primary causes and movements of "The Thirty Years' War."

Messrs. Scribner, of New York, issue a reprint of a charming story by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," entitled "A Very Young Couple." We have read few stories of late more delightfully written. "A Princess of Thule," the new novel by William Black, author of "Kilmeny," "A Daughter of Heth," &c., has just appeared in Harper's series of select novels. Few novels of recent years are likely to win more upon their readers than this exquisite tale. Its incidents possess a power of fascination which few will be able to resist.

The current literature of fiction is also represented this month in a new and clever novel by Miss Broughton, author of "Cometh up as a Flower," &c., entitled "Nancy;" also, in "Publicans and Sinners," by Miss Braddon.

The new volume of the International Sunday School Lessons series, has reached us from the Philadelphia publishers, Messrs. Claxton, Remsen and Co. It is a commentary on the Book of Exodus, with notes, exegetical, practical and devotional, designed for

Pulpit, Family and Sabbath-school use, by Dr. Nevin.

A new series of Mr. Hayward's Biographical and Critical Essays from the Reviews, will shortly be published by Messrs. Longman. This firm also announce a new work by Mr. Proctor, the writer on Astronomy. The subject is the Coming Transits of Venus, and will present some new views respecting the Constitution of the Heavens.

The religious world is to have another "Life of Christ," written for Messrs. Cassell, by the Rev. Dr. Farrar, the well-known Bampton lecturer. Each volume, it is said, will contain an illustration from an original sketch, made expressly for the work, by Mr. Holman Hunt.

Messrs. Longman announce Vols. 2 and 3 of Mr. Froude's work on "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," completing the work.

Mr. Arthur Clayden, who accompanied Mr. Arch in his recent visit to the Free Grant Lands in Ontario, is about to publish his letters to the *Daily News*, London. The volume will embrace a sketch of the rise and progress of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, and will bear the title of "The Revolt of the Field."

An interesting account of the Glacial Epoch with reference to its changes of climate, &c., appears in a volume by Mr. James Geikie, of the Scottish Geological Survey, entitled "The Great Ice Age and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man."

The Constitutional History of the Mother Country has been enriched by a work on its origin and development from the pen of the present Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford—Professor Stubbs, M.A. A useful compend of the subject is also presented, with copious quotations on the leading events from contemporary writers, in a work prepared by Mr. H. R. Clinton, Instructor of Candidates for Public Examinations.

Messrs. A. & C. Black are about to proceed with an enterprise of some magnitude, involving vast literary labour and a large expenditure of money. We refer to the re-issue of the "The Encyclopædia Britannica," the ninth edition of which it is contemplated to send to press. All the old articles will be thoroughly revised, condensed and brought up to the present time, while in many features of the work much improvement will be introduced. The new edition is to be projected on the same scale as the last, and the same manner of publication will be adopted. It is noticeable as a feature in the growth of literary talent in Canada, that among the contributors to this work, several Canadians will figure.

Mr. Murray announces the third thousand of his recently issued "Memoirs of Mrs. Somerville," whose labours in the field of physical science have enriched the literature of that department with many important contributions.

A "History of Scottish Philosophy" is announced for early publication, from the pen of Dr. McCosh, of Princeton. It will be largely biographical, comprising notices of the lives and work of over a hundred Scottish thinkers.

Messrs. Scribner announce, by arrangement, an American edition of "The Grand Duke Alexis's Account of his Tour Around the World, including his Travels in America."

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have just published an important biography, which will take high rank in the political and parliamentary literature of England. We refer to the "Life of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval," by his grandson, Mr. Spencer Walpole. The biography comes late in the day to do justice to an able and exemplary statesman, but it will be nevertheless welcome now.

The expiration of copyright of the "Earlier Essays of Lord Macaulay" has brought into the English publishing field a number of shilling editions of these brilliant productions. The sale of these, however, will be somewhat forestalled by the issue, by the late author's publishers, Messrs. Longman, of an edition of the "Complete Essays," with the historian's annotations, in sixpenny parts.