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BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER. IV.

"Homekeeping youths have ever homely wits."

"ONCE away from England and the new crotchets," repeated the Vicar, "Alan will come round again."

"Do you think men *can* grow out of prigdom?" asked Lord Alwyne plaintively.

"Define me a prig," returned the Vicar.

"Definition requires thought. It is hardly worth the exertion."

Lord Alwyne sat up, and nerved himself for an effort.

"Yet you recognise a prig when he speaks, just as you know a cad when you see him, and before he speaks. Not only does the prig approach every subject from the point of view peculiar to prigdom: but all prigs speaks in the same tone. Do you remember the Oxford prig when we were undergraduates? He had advanced views, if I remember right, about episcopal authority. He was offensively and ostentatiously earnest too. But he was mild—our prig was mild—compared to the modern creatures, among

whom my unhappy son has thrown away his youth. Let us define a prig as a man who overdoes everything. He becomes a prig because he is not equal to his assumed position. He is not, for instance, equal to the duties of a critic, and falls back upon unquestioned maxims, which rule his opinions. And the universal maxim among prigs is that no one has a right to be heard outside their own body. "I wonder," he went on with a sigh, "I really wonder what unfortunate Oxford has done to be so plagued with prigs. You go to Cambridge, and you find them not—at least, I am told they are rare. At Oxford there are two or three gathered together in every Common Room."

"It is the effect of too much cultivation on a weak brain," said the Vicar, "and wears off as men get older. Affectations never last in theology, literature, or art. These young men have nothing new to say, and yet desire greatly to seem to have something new. So they invent a sort of jargon, and call it the only language for the expression of the 'higher thought!'"

"Yes," said Lord Alwyne, "everything

with them is in the comparative degree. There is the higher thought, the nobler aim, the truer method—meaning, I suppose, their own thought, and aim, and method. Well—well—and so you really think, Vicar, that my son will come back improved; will drop the livery of prigdom, and talk and think like other people.”

“I am sure he will,” said the Vicar confidently.

Alan was away for two years. During this space of time he went all round the world making observations, his object being chiefly to discover how best to lead his fellow-men.

First he went to Quebec. On the steamer he made the acquaintance of the third officer, a man of great experience, who had once been admiral in command of the fleet of the Imam of Muscat. He resigned his appointment because the Imam refused to rank him higher than the twenty wives' allowance, whereas he stuck out for such superior rank as is granted by right to forty wives.

“Not,” said the honest fellow, “that I wanted twenty wives, bless you, nor forty neither, being of opinion that a sailor gets on best when he's got nobody to draw his pay but himself. But the honour of my country was at stake. So I struck my pennant, and came away, and here I am, aboard the *Corsican*, third officer in the Dominion Line. That's a drop from an admiral, ain't it?”

Alan did not remember to have heard any of the customs peculiar to Muscat, and was surprised to learn that the people were most open to influence, and most easily persuaded. He asked how that influence was maintained.

“Give your orders,” said the ex-admiral. “If they don't carry out them orders, cut their livers out.”

This method, however effective, was clearly impracticable as regarded Alan's own tenants. And yet it seemed to himself by no means unsuitable to the people of Muscat. Why was this? Why should a thing good for Muscat be bad for England? He reflected, however, that he had not yet so far schooled himself in the enthusiasm of humanity to recognise an equal in every thick-skulled negro or wily Asiatic. So that it could not, really, be good for Muscat to cut out livers.

When he got to Quebec he began to make inquiries about the French Canadians. They bore the best character in the world. They were pious, he was told; they were sober;

they were industrious; they were honest; they were fond parents of a prolific offspring. He went among them. After, with great difficulty, getting to understand their language—their talk is that of a country district in Normandy, in the seventeenth century—he found out that they were all these things—and more. The more was not so attractive to the stranger. Their contentment he found was due to profound ignorance, and their want of enterprise to their contentment.

“You may lead the people,” a priest told him, “with the greatest ease, so long as you do not ask them to receive a single new idea.”

Now what Alan wanted was, to inspire his people with the newest of ideas, and with an ardent desire for new ideas. What seemed good for French Canadians was not good for Englishmen. So he went westward—stopped a few nights at Montreal, which is the place where the English Canuk, the French Canadian, the Yankee, the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Irishman, the German, and the Jew meet, and try their sharpness on each other. It is a very promising city, and will some day become illustrious. But there was little reason for a social philosopher to stay there. He went still westward, and reached Toronto. This was like being at Edinburgh. There, however, he heard of those backwood settlements, where the forests have been cleared, and the land planted, by men who went there axe in hand, and nothing else. It is only a single day's journey to get from the flat shores of Toronto, and the grey waves of Lake Ontario, to the hills and rocks, the lakes, firs, and hemlocks of the backwoods. And there Alan found himself among a people who were not led, but who moved on by themselves, under the guidance of their own sense and resolution. This phenomenon surprised him greatly, and he made copious notes. None, however, of the stalwart farmers could give him any philosophical reasons for the advance of the colony.

“We send the little ones to school,” one of them told him. “We have our singing choirs, and our lectures, and our farms to attend to, and we mean to push on somehow!”

That is the difference, Alan observed, between the common Englishman and the Canadian. The latter means to push on somehow. How to instil that idea into his

own people? He made more notes and returned to Toronto. Then he went to Niagara, and stayed there for a month, meditating over against the mighty Falls, till the echoes of the thundering river, rolling louder and louder, and the thought of the mass of ever-falling waters growing daily greater and greater, grew too loud and too vast for his brain; and then he came away. He was perplexed by the contrast of the French Canadians, led by their priests, who never want to move, and the English led by the one thought, that they "mean to push on somehow," which is to them like the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night. And he thought all the time of his own rustics who came like sheep to his lectures, sat like sheep while he delivered them, and went away understanding no more than sheep.

However, in the States he would certainly learn something. Everybody who is going to try a new social experiment should begin by going to America, if only to strengthen his faith. This, in new social experiments, is apt to be shaken by the fear of ridicule. Anything like a novel adjustment of the relations between capital and labour, landlord and tenant, farmer and labourer, buyer and seller, husband and wife, governor and governed, requires in England such extraordinary courage and confidence that it is absolutely indispensable first to visit a country where new institutions are attempted without such hesitation and fear. New things are tried in America which would be impossible in England, and yet they do not succeed, because, I suppose, the most red-hot reformer becomes Conservative when you touch the unwritten laws by which all his ideas are governed unconsciously to himself.

Alan Dunlop was going, somehow, to reconstruct the whole of the social fabric. He was about to show on the small scale of his own estates how culture—what his friends called "The Higher Culture," sighing when they thought how rare it is—may coexist with the necessities of the roughest daily toil, and differing in rank or station be recognised by those who are yet all equal in their love of "The Higher Art." It had been his favourite thesis, disputed by the rest, while still among the prigs, that this was not only possible, but within the compass and power of any one man.

"Why," he would ask, with as much

warmth as the fashion of his school allows, "why should a man, because he goes out hedging and ditching, because he carts muck, feeds pigs, even"—he shuddered—"even kills them, be unable to rise to the level on which We stand? Can we not imagine him, when his work is done, sitting with thankful heart in the contemplation of some precious work, over which thought may plunge ever deeper, and never come to the end of all it teaches?"

It was generally conceded that the imagination might go so far as to conceive this vision. Then Alan would continue to argue that whatever the mind of man can conceive, the hand of man can execute; in other words, that the ploughman might be gently and yet rapidly led upward, till his thoughts rested habitually on the highest levels. And this was his mission in life.

He visited, and examined with the greatest interest, all the new social and religious communities which he could hear of. There were those modern Essenes who have everything in common, and who neither marry nor are given in marriage; those thinkers who hold that divorce should be granted on the formal request of either party to the contract of that partnership, which we English hold to be indissoluble even by common consent of both husband and wife, except for reasons held by law sufficient; the community who divide the work among each other, and serve it out irrespective of liking or fitness, so that he who would fain be writing at home has to go out and weed cabbages or sell strawberries; the people who work or are idle just as they please; the institution—in this he was particularly interested—in which the rude farm-work of the morning is followed by transcendental discussion in the evening. Alan was disappointed here, because he only had one evening to spare for the place, and they asked so much about England that it was bed-time before the philosophy began. Then he visited a community in which emancipated woman ruled subject man, and let him have a rough time, until he either revolted or ran away. And he went to see the place where the Elect live together, and dance for the love of the Lord. Then he became acquainted with the doctrines and tenets of vegetarians, egg-and-fruit-arians, wheat-and-corn-arians, and total abstainers. He found a little knot of people who would have neither ruler, magistrate,

elder, priest, nor clergyman among them at all, but ruled their affairs for themselves by a parliament which sits every evening for seven days in the week, and where the talk never ceases. This is the reason why, outside their Parliament House, they are a silent folk. He also visited the Mormons, the Mennonites, and Oneida Creek. And everywhere he made notes.

In all his researches on the American continent, he was struck with the fact that the people had no leaders; they seemed to lead themselves. That unhappy country has no heaven-sent and hereditary officers. They have to live without these aids to civilization; and it must be owned they seem to get on very well by themselves. But the British labourer requires—he absolutely requires—thought Alan, to be led. And how to lead him? How to acquire influence over him? How to become his prophet? How to instil into his mind a purpose? This dreadful difficulty oppressed our inquiring traveller, followed him from one country to another, and became at times a sort of old man of the Island upon his shoulders.

"Send him over here, sir," said an American, with whom he discussed, without exposing his own views, the character of the British ploughman; "send him over here, sir! He can't sit down and be contented in this climate. Discontent is in the air; ambition is in the air; and there are no parish work-houses. What you've done with your labourer is this: you've planted him in a juicy and fertile country, where the rain and fogs make him crave for drink. He's got a farmer driving him at starvation wages on the one side, and the clergyman's wife and the squire's wife and daughters cockering him up on the other. What with too low wages and too much alms-taking, you've knocked all the man out of him. Here he gets no cockering; there's no squire, no vicar, no union, and no distribution of blankets and flannel. You go home, sir, and try your folk on our tack for fifty years or so."

That was absurd when Alan wanted to show his results in five years, or thereabouts.

"Of course," his American friend went on, "of course it is absurd to tell you, sir, because you know it already, the main difference between our men and yours.

"You mean——"

"I mean the land. When you get your

yeomen back again, if ever you do, you will find that out. Do you own land, sir?"

"I do."

"Then let your men buy it up on easy terms; and then you leave them alone to work out their own salvation."

This was a hard saying for a young man who had great possessions—give up his land, and then leave the people alone? What then was the good of having been a leader in undergraduate advanced circles, and an acknowledged exponent of the Higher Thought?

After his experiences in the Eastern States, he crossed the Continent, and visited California; there he went to see mining cities, the Yosemite Valley, the City of Sacramento, and the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. There were also the lions. From San Francisco he went to Japan, which he found Anglicised; and from Japan he went to Hong Kong. This enabled him to visit the sleepy old city of Macao, where the manners and customs are half of Portugal, half of China, and Canton. The student in social economy cannot get much assistance from the Chinese. A nation who, when they have got a man too lazy, too vicious, too worthless for anything else, make him a priest, may be used by advanced thinkers to point an epigram or illustrate a sneer, but cannot inspire such enthusiasm as leads to admiration.

Alan completed his journey round the world in the usual way—he went to Calcutta, Delhi, Cashmere, and Bombay. He landed at Suez, and after the usual voyage up the Nile and down again, he rode through the Holy Land, and thence across Asia Minor to Erzeroum, finishing the whole by travelling from Odessa to Moscow and St. Petersburg, and so home. I hope that he finds the observations he then made on Russian civilisation of use to him at the present juncture.

It is not given to every young man of three or four and twenty to make this extended survey of humanity in general. The general effect produced on the mind of this traveller was revolutionary. Partly as the Vicar anticipated, the old things fell away from him. He ceased to think in the narrow grooves of exclusive priggdom; he found that men and women may hold different views from himself, and yet be pleasant, and not Philistine; he saw that a good deal of the

Art he had been taught to reverence was but a poor thing, conveying in stiff pretence at ease, weak or well used thoughts with feebleness of expression; he understood what a wretched quality is that intellectual conceit which he had been accustomed to think a mark of distinction; and he really did quite succeed in comprehending that Oxford is *not* the centre of the universe; and he left off being sad. Now these were great gains. He wrote to Miranda on his arrival in London.

"I hope to see you the day after to-morrow. I have an immense deal to say, both of the past and the future. I think I have discovered my error in the past, and its remedy for the future. We tried to improve our people by injunction and precept, pointing out methods and rules. That I am convinced is not the best way. They will neither be led nor ordered. But suppose, Miranda, that one were to walk beside them, work with them, eat with them, play with them, be one of them, and thoroughly enter into their very thoughts—How would that do?"

"How would that do," echoed Miranda in dismay, as she read the letter. "And what in the world does Alan mean? Is he going to put on a smock-frock?"

CHAPTER V.

"Rich with the spoils of travel home he came."

ALAN came home. As a dutiful son he called upon his father, in his chambers. Both were agreeably surprised. The father did not seem to the son so frivolous as he had been, nor did the son appear to the father so weighed down with the responsibilities of his position.

"I congratulate you, Alan," said Lord Alwyne—it was at noon—the man of the world celebrated his son's return after the fashion of the world, with a little mid-day luncheon, which he called a breakfast. "I congratulate you my son. You have seen the world, and shaken off your Oxford crotchets."

"Say, exchanged some of them for new ones, and modified others," said Alan. "We were ignorant at Oxford; but we used to search for ideas. If I am changed, however, you are not."

"I am two years older, which is two years worse. In other respects, I believe I am much the same as when you last saw me. Life has nothing new to offer after fifty; and it is a good thing to enjoy the same old pleasures. I still find good wine desirable; I prefer young women to old; I like cheerful people better than those who weep; and though the cask is getting low, I am glad to say that it still runs clear."

His son looked round the room. His father was quite right, and there was no change. The same statuettes, pictures, and books, the same comfortable chairs, the same air of studied and artistic pleasantness about everything, as if the very furniture had to be consulted about its companions. And on the little table in the window, the same pile of letters and invitations; most of them in feminine handwriting. No change; and yet he did not find this kind of life so entirely frivolous as in the old days, when to think of his father's manner of living was to raise up the fifth commandment before his eyes like a ghost, with warning gesture. Surely Alan Dunlop had made a great step out of prigdom when he arrived at the stage of toleration for a life which was not tormented by a sense of responsibility. He even envied his father. Not that he would exist in the same way; but he envied the happy temper which enables a man to live in the passing moment, and to let each single day begin and end a round of endeavours after happiness.

"If one may ask, Alan"—his father was lying in one of those *chaises longues* which give support to the feet, his case of cigarettes was on a little table beside him, with a cup of coffee, and his face, after the excellent breakfast, was more than usually benevolent—"If one may ask, Alan, about your plans for the future? Let me see, when you went away it was after proposing to reform the world by means of evening lectures, I believe."

"Yes," Alan replied, a little shortly; "I was younger then. The people came, but they thought they were in church, and treated my lecture like a sermon; that is, they went to sleep."

"Just what one would have expected. By the way, your remark is a dangerous one in these Radical times. People might ask, you know, what kind of teachers those have been to whom we have committed the

care of the poor, if it is proverbial that sleep and preaching go together."

Alan laughed. This was one of the few points in which he could agree with his father. Nothing pleases the advanced thinker—say, a thinker of the higher order—than a sneer at the clergy. It is pleasant, I suppose, to feel one's self so much superior to the constituted spiritual teachers of the people.

"Lectures are of no use," Alan went on, "by themselves. We must not only direct and teach, but we must lead. My next attempt will be to lead."

"Ye—yes," said his father; "that sounds well as a general principle. To descend to particulars, now."

"My project is hardly ripe just yet," Alan replied; "when it is in working order, I will ask you to come down and see it for yourself. Will that do?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, Alan. Nothing is more wearisome than a discussion of probabilities. If I find your plan a failure, I can enjoy the luxury, since I know nothing about it beforehand, of swearing that I always knew it to be impracticable. Do not deprive me of that luxury."

Alan laughed.

"I am going down to the Court this afternoon," he said; "I shall talk over my schemes with Miranda, and take her advice."

"Miranda!" his father's face lit up, as it always did at the thought of a pretty woman. "Miranda! She was pretty when you went away; she is lovely now, and full of fancies. I love a woman to have whims, always looking out, you know, for the new gospel. It is delightful to find such a girl. She was up in London last season; turned the heads of half the young fellows, and all the old ones; refused a dozen offers, including Professor Spectrum, who thought she came to his lectures out of love for him, whereas she came, you see, because she thought physics and chemistry a part of the modern culture. Then she went back to her place in the country; and I believe she is there still. I will go down, as soon as these confounded east winds disappear, and make love to her myself. I will, Alan, upon my word, I will."

Alan looked as if he hardly approved of this frivolous way of discussing Miranda, and presently went away, whereupon Lord Alwyne sat down and wrote a letter.

"MY DEAR MIRANDA,

"It is two o'clock in the afternoon. I have written all my letters, had breakfast with Alan, smoked three cigarettes, and read all the papers; what remains, but to write a letter, all about nothing, to the loveliest girl I know? N.B.—This is not old-fashioned politeness, Regency manners, but the natural right of a man who has kissed you every year, at least once, since you were a baby in arms. You will have seen Alan before you get this letter. Tell me what you think of him. For my own part, I find him greatly improved. He has lost that melancholy which naturally springs from having had such very superior persons for his friends. He is livelier; he has more feeling for the frivolities of an old man like myself. He is, in a word, much less of a prig than he was. Imagine the joy of a father who hates prigs. I am not without hopes that he may yet come to the point of being able to laugh at a good story.

"Of course, he has a head full of projects, and he will carry them straight to you. I was afraid, at one point of the breakfast, that he was going to confide them to me; but he refrained, for which I am grateful. I forgot to tell you that he accepted the comfort of my chambers and the little light follies of my conversation without that mute reproachful gaze, which used to make me wonder whether he really was my son, or whether he had been changed at nurse, and belonged, perhaps, to the converted carpenter. As, however, his ideas, filtered through your brain, will assume a far more attractive form, I confess I should like you to write me word what they amount to; and, as I may be allowed to take some interest in his proceedings, I shall ask you to throw all the weight of your good sense in the scale. If he should propose to part with the property for any philanthropic schemes, I think I would go the length of locking him up in a private lunatic asylum, where they will tickle the soles of his feet with a feather.

"Writing to you about Alan makes me think of a conversation we had, you and I, that afternoon last year, when you gave up a whole day to delight an elderly lover of yours with your society. You remember the talk, perhaps. We were floating down the river under the Clieveden woods, you and I, in a boat together. I told you what were my greatest hopes. You blushed very prettily,

but you said nothing at first, and that elderly lover promised you, at your own request, never to speak of such a thing again; and never, even in the most distant manner, to suggest such a possibility to Alan.

"For once—I believe the very first time in all my life—I am going to break a promise made to a lady, and speak to you about 'such a thing' again. Those hopes have revived again, and are stronger than ever. 'Such a thing' would make me happy about Alan's future. As for his present, it is not right that a boy of his age, sweet five-and-twenty, should be chasing a philanthropic will-o'-the-wisp, when all round him, in this delightful world, there are flowers to gather, feasts to hold, and the prettiest women that ever were to fall in love with. Life ought to be to him, as it has been to me, one Eden of delight, and he makes it a workshop. Why, he even mentioned your name—yours, without any apparent emotion, without hesitation, blushing, or sinking of the voice. Think of it, when even I, after all my experience, handle the name of Miranda with a kind of awe, as befits that of a goddess.

"And yet he is my son, really. I must inquire about that converted carpenter. Sometimes I feel constrained—pity the sorrows of a poor old man!—to go straight on my less rheumatic knee, the right one, and offer you the devotion of the short remainder of an elderly life, as the man in the play says, as a substitute for youth, the absence of which no devotion could atone for, and the few fragments of a heart long since torn in pieces by a succession of beautiful and gracious girls, if those fragments are worth picking up; but, indeed, they are not.

"I wish I could be sitting with you in your own room, overlooking Weyland Park. I should come disguised as Cupid; I should bring bow and arrow, and when Alan came along with his long face as full of care as if he was a married pauper, I should let him have a shaft full in the place where his heart ought to be; but I don't think he has one.

"Good-bye, my dear Miranda. You know that I am always as actively devoted to your service as age and rheumatism will allow. Write me a long letter, and tell me everything.

"A. F."

CHAPTER VI.

MIRANDA wrote in reply almost by return of post.

"DEAR LORD ALWYNE,

"A thousand thanks for your letter. I wish I had a great many more lovers like yourself, as devoted and as unselfish. It is very delightful to have some one to say kind things and make one vain. I wonder if it is as pleasant for you to say them as it is for girls to hear them said. Come down and stay with us if you can make up your mind to a dull house, and only me for a companion. You shall sit in my room all day long if you like, and look out over Weyland Park, which is very beautiful just now; I think the place grows more beautiful every year. But I will not consent to disguises either as Cupid or anything else, and I will accept your devotion without any kneeling.

"It really was a delightful day that we had together on the river last year, and we must try for another. Only no pleasure seems able to be repeated exactly in the same way. If we were to go there again it would probably rain, or I might be in a bad temper.

"Alan came to see us as soon as he arrived. I saw him marching across the park, and I will confess to you that I took my opera-glasses in order to have a good look at him, while he was yet afar off. His shoulders have broadened out, and he walks more upright. He has lost that stoop which used to make him look as if he was always working out a difficult problem. I think his beard improves him, somehow; though you do not wear a beard, it makes him look more like you. His eyes, as he walked over the turf, had a far-off look, just as they used to before he went to Oxford, and was always dreaming about the future. So I saw he was back again in the world of imagination, and not thinking of me at all. To you, because Alan and I are and always will be brother and sister, I may confess that I think this brown-bearded man with blue eyes the handsomest man I have ever seen, as he is the most gentle and the most disinterested.

"When I thought he might be near enough to see me with my glasses, I put them down and went out to meet him. He was as glad to greet me as I was to greet him, I think.

"It was six o'clock. Mamma was well enough to dine with us—it was one of her

better days, fortunately. We had a talk in the garden before dinner, and after dinner a long talk, he and I alone.

"Your son is greatly changed, Lord Alwyne; in some respects completely changed. He looks at everything from a new point of view, and I can see that he has been thinking and studying during the whole of his two years' travel.

"All the old schemes are to be abandoned, and an entirely new plan adopted. I confess that at first I was amazed at his scheme, but I am beginning to believe that it is not only noble, but also feasible. It is, to put it in as few words as possible, this: There is to be no more lecturing and teaching. That, he says, is proved by experience to be useless. Any one can point the way like a sign-post; any one can stand on a hill and cry out to the people below to climb up if they can as he has done; any one can write books full of precious thoughts, if he have them himself; but you cannot always persuade people to read them. The lower classes, he says, all over the world are exactly alike, except in the United States. They will neither read, listen, nor see with understanding. They are slaves, not to laws, which touch them very little, but to habit and custom. The only way, therefore, to improve the masses, is to break down the slavery of habit."

When Lord Alwyne—he was reading this letter at breakfast—got as far as this, he put it down, and heaved a sigh.

"I asked her to bring him to common sense, and he has inoculated her. Habit and custom? And a very good thing for the people too. Let their customs be cleanly, their habits pleasant for other people, and their manners civil. What more does the boy want? Rigmarole."

"I am sure you will agree with Alan so far. In fact, all this is preliminary."

"Yes," said Lord Alwyne. "I knew that something more was coming."

"How then, asks Alan, is the task of substituting culture and inquiry for sluggish habit to be undertaken? There is, he says, but one way. By example. He will come down from his high place, descend to their level, work with them, eat with them, live with them, and endeavour to set the example of the higher life, and to show how that is possible, even with the surroundings of a cottage, and the pay of a farm labourer.

"Not what we give, but what we share:
For the gift without the giver is bare."

"The Devil!" This was the reader's interruption. "Now those two will go on fooling the rustics, till they make the whole country-side intolerable."

"I cannot say," continued Miranda in the letter, "how much I admire a man who gives himself. That is so much higher a thing—so much nobler—than to give money."

"If they had my money," said Lord Alwyne, "they might have me with it too for all I should care. Certainly I should not be of much use without it. Go on, my dear Miranda. It is pleasant talking over a breakfast table."

"It is like going out to fight for your country."

"Worse," murmured the reader. "Much worse. I've done that, and I ought to know. Except for the trenches, it wasn't bad fun. And at least one didn't live with rustics."

"Or it is giving up all that one has been accustomed to consider bare necessities: abandoning for a time the gentle life."

"I am glad it is only for a time. And I hope," said Lord Alwyne, "that it will be for a very short time."

"And it is certainly exposing one's self to the misrepresentation and ridicule of people who do not understand you; to unpopularity in the county——"

"Unpopularity indeed!" cried Lord Alwyne. "Now I hope to Heaven the boy will not meddle with the Game. Anything but that. And in such a county too!"

"And possible failure!"

"Ah! ha!" The reader laughed. "Possible failure! Ho! ho!"

"All these Alan will cheerfully face. He must have our support and sympathy, and we must wish him success.

"If you would like to hear more details of the plan——"

"I should not," said Lord Alwyne.

"Come down and stay with us. You might have Weyland Court all to yourself, and even sleep in the haunted room, if you prefer; but as Alan is entirely occupied with his plans, I think you would see little of him, and would be more comfortable with us."

"I most certainly should, my dear Miranda," said Lord Alwyne.

But he had to postpone his visit, because some one, who had a charming wife, who also

had two charming sisters, proposed to him that he should join them, and all go to Egypt together, to escape the English winter. When he returned, it was at the beginning of the London season, and he had so many people so see that he could not possibly get away till July. Finally, it was not till Nelly Despard took the vows that he was able to get down to Weyland Court. And by that time Alan's experiment was a year old.

CHAPTER VII.

"Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care."

AS Miranda told Lord Alwyne, no time was lost in putting the new plans into execution.

"By actually living among the people," said Alan, with the calmness of conviction, "I shall in a short time succeed in persuading them to look upon me as one of themselves—a simple fellow-labourer, who has received a better education, and had greater advantages to start with. I suppose one cannot hope wholly to eradicate the feeling of caste. And for the present, that seems not quite desirable. It is well, until all have alike the same education, that the better educated, who are also the richer and the more cultivated, should be looked upon as the natural leaders."

"Surely, Alan," said Miranda, "you are by birth as well as education the natural leader of these people?"

"I think I am," he replied, with that far-off look in his blue eyes which belongs to the enthusiast. "I am certain I am; otherwise there would remain nothing but to sit down in indolent ease at Weyland Court, and live the ignoble life of the country squire."

That is what he called it: the enviable life, where there are no duties, no daily mill, and no care for the yearly income, the life of the country gentleman—he called it "that ignoble life."

"It is a beautiful dream," said Miranda. "And, oh! Alan, I wish I could rise with you to the belief that the dream will ever become a reality. I want your enthusiasm as well as your self-devotion."

"It must—it will become a reality, Miranda, he answered, with a flush of conviction.

"I have chanced upon the one thing wanting in all the old schemes. *They* directed, *we* lead; *they* instructed, *we* set the example. Our sports, our labours, our joys will be what theirs should be; as their life ought to be, so will we try to make ours. In externals, at least, we shall be on the same footing; as our habits will be, so ought theirs to be."

Miranda listened with kindling eyes. Her heart beat with sympathetic fire in the presence of this strong and brave nature which dared to follow out a line of its own—the line of right. And she sought in vain for examples in history of others who had thus practically and earnestly devoted themselves to the safety or regeneration of mankind. Quintus Curtius, a leading case, narrowed his self-sacrifice to patriotism; monks and nuns still further narrow theirs to the advantage of their own individual souls; curates and parsons, who work day and night among the slums, gladly exchange these retreats for the more congenial sphere of country livings; professional philanthropists not unfrequently exaggerate the pecuniary value of their services, and have even been known to help themselves secretly from the treasury; but that a man like Alan Dunlop, with everything at his hand which men crave for, should voluntarily resign them all, and become a labourer amongst labourers, without hope or prospect of reward, was a thing wholly without parallel.

They were talking in Miranda's own room at Dalmeny Hall, the place which the young heiress had daintily adorned to suit her own tastes. It was a room on the first floor, which overlooked Weyland Park. It had a south aspect, it was fitted and furnished with everything that is delicate, pretty, artistic, and delightful, from the pictures on the wall to the carpets and the chairs. The time was just before the establishment of the Abbey, when Alan spent most of his leisure-time discussing things at Dalmeny Hall with the fair chatelaine, who alone of mortals regarded his project with sympathy and interest. It was a retreat kept quiet by an invalid mother, and yet full of liberty to the few who, like Alan Dunlop, Tom Caledon, Desdemona Fanshawe (she had long resumed her maiden name), and others had the *entrée*. Alan believed the more strongly in his own theories when that fair face looked up in his, and he read in those steadfast eyes the loyal faith of recent conversion.

"A beautiful dream!" she repeated. "The dream of a noble mind. But, oh! Alan, I cannot bear to think of you breaking your heart against the rocks of ignorance and stupidity."

"Ignorance," he replied, "we can overcome: stupidity may be met with patience. What I fear most is habit. That is the greatest enemy of all progress."

"But how can you live at the Court and yet live as a labouring man?"

"I shall not live at the Court; I shall leave it, and take a house in the village."

"And never come out of it all, Alan? Never come up here to see me? Not come and dine here, as you do now?"

He hesitated.

"What I want to do, Miranda, is to live in all respects as a labouring man may, upon his wages. If I come up here to dine, it would be a temptation in the way of luxury. I shall earn, I suppose, a pound or eighteen shillings a week. That will have to do for me. I think you must not ask me to dine here. But I will come up sometimes on Sunday mornings if you like, and report progress."

Miranda sighed. She was prepared to see her chief friend and adviser resign all—but herself. That was a practical outcome to the new theories of life which she had never contemplated. Life would be dull indeed without Alan Dunlop to enliven it.

The requisites of a prophet are, first, to believe in yourself; secondly, to believe in your theory; thirdly, to believe in your people. Alan Dunlop possessed all these requisites. As an English gentleman, he had the hereditary belief in himself, so that to stand in the front was, he felt, his proper place. He had retained this belief, and even strengthened it during the three years at Oxford, and subsequently while travelling round the world. He had thought so long over the duties which rise out of the Responsibilities of wealth, that he was by this time as profoundly convinced of his mission as Moses or Mahomet; and, lastly, he had a firm belief in the latent power of the common people for imbibing new ideas presented in the right way.

"Could you, Miranda," he asked once, in half-hesitating tones, "could you too give up this atmosphere of delicate culture, and change it for that of village life among the villagers?"

"I could not, Alan," she replied frankly. "I love to read about noble things and self-sacrifice. It is one of the pleasures of life to feel one's heart glow over some glorious tale. But the details, when one comes to realise them—think of living among the labourers' wives—Oh, Alan!"

"No," he said, with a sigh, "I suppose you could not."

"Had he proposed to her and been refused?" she thought when he went away, "Surely she had not refused him?"

"*Il y a toujours un qui aime et un qui est aimé.*" There were once two children. One was a boy, and one was a girl. The boy, who was named Alan Fontaine, was three years older than the girl, who was called Miranda Dalmeny. Their houses were half a mile apart. The boy was born at Weyland Court, and the girl at Dalmeny Hall. The former stood in a great park, the latter in nothing but its own gardens; but it overlooked Weyland Park; and the property belonging to its owner was almost as great as that enjoyed by Lord Alwyne Fontaine in right of his wife. Both owners, Alan's mother and Miranda's father, died. The boy and girl became heir and heiress. Alan Fontaine became Alan Dunlop, and for miles on either side of Weyland Park the broad acres of their lands marched side by side.

They grew up together, shared the same sympathies, had the same vague yearnings for that glorious future which is the dream of generous youth, when all noble things seem possible, and we are as yet but dimly conscious of that heritage of evil which, like Setebos, troubles all. They communicated their thoughts to each other, dwelling always on the plans of the after years. They read in the great library of Weyland Court strange old books which filled their minds with thoughts, not of the nineteenth century; and they rode about the country together, this new Paul with a new Virginia, talking, thinking, and dreaming poetry, sentiment, and enthusiasm.

When Miranda was eighteen Alan was twenty-one, and just returned from Oxford. By this time the girl had, after the fashion of her sex at that age, left off telling her thoughts, and kept them locked up in her own brain, waiting and accumulating until the arrival of the man with a right to them. Alan, as men will, went on telling his.

After his unsuccessful attempt to improve

the village by lectures, Alan went away on his journey round the world. It was, at first, very dull for Miranda at the Hall. Then Lord Alwyne persuaded Desdemona to go and stay with her as a sort of companion, and she went to town for the season, which was a diversion. At least, it would have been a diversion but for one thing. Her beauty, which was considerable, was naturally enhanced and set off by her income. A girl, whose rent-roll is told by thousands, is an object of general interest in herself, even if she has a face like a door-knocker. And at first it went to her heart to refuse the young men, who took every opportunity in conservatories, at dinner-tables, in the park, at garden-parties, at balls, and even in church, to offer their hands and hearts. They were so deeply in earnest, they felt so profoundly the enormous advantages of hanging up their hats in Dalmeny Hall, they had a respect so unfeigned for the beauty, the intellect, the desirable qualities of the girl who owned so splendid a property, that poor Miranda felt guilty, with shame to herself, for being so insensible, when they stammered forth the customary words and she had to send them away sorrowful. But when they came in swarms, when the memory of Impecuniosus the First, dismissed with sorrow and some sort of shame, was driven away by the advent of Impecuniosus the Forty-First; when she had learned all the various methods pursued by men who propose, and experience had taught her the best form of refusal, viz., that which leaves no room for hope, she ceased to pity her suitors, and even began to ridicule them to Desdemona and Lord Alwyne; grew hard-hearted, cut short the aspirant at the very first words, and sent him away without expressing the least sympathy. Everybody knew and everybody said, that her heart was given to Alan Dunlop, the queer, wild enthusiast of Oxford, who headed the road-makers. Certain it is that her happiest days were those when, from some far-off foreign place, a letter came to her in the well-known handwriting. And equally certain it is that wherever she went, there was always present the youthful form and face of Lord Alwyne, warding off the undesirable *partis*, protecting his ward against the wiles of the impecunious.

In the fulness of time, Alan came home rich with the spoils of all the world. There was no word of love between them before he went away. Among the many hundred let-

ters he wrote from various habitable points upon this sphere, there was no word of love; and when he came back, there was again no word of love. Miranda said that Alan was a brother to her. Probably Alan might have thought much in the same way of Miranda, with the difference, however, that the fondest brother contemplates the possibility of his sister's marriage without a pang, while Alan never for a moment imagined how he could get on without her.

Had she actually refused him? A burning spot rose in either cheek as she thought this over. But no; she remembered all her wooers and their ways. She recalled the signs, which she knew too well, of an intention to propose. They were alike in substance, though they differed in detail. There was the ardent but diffident young clerk in the Foreign Office, who laid himself with pitiful abasement at her feet, and there was the proud penniless peer who confidently proposed the exchange of a title for a rent-roll. But in Alan's question there was nothing of all this; neither doubt, nor anxiety, nor emotion of any kind—only a plain question.

To live among the wives and daughters of the labourers! Could she do this? Not even, she felt, for that which Lord Alwyne had told her in the boat under the Cliveden woods was the one thing which he hoped for his son. Dear Lord Alwyne! always so kind and thoughtful. And, oh! so very fond of saying pretty things to pretty girls. Other pretty girls, Miranda thought, with a little pang of jealousy, would have those pretty things said to them. And what would become of Alan's self-sacrifice? Would that go on all his life? Was he to be separated from her by half a mile of park and village, and yet to belong to her no more?

As for Alan himself, he was far indeed from asking for Miranda's hand. There had occurred to him for a moment only a beatific vision, in which he and Miranda—brother and sister labourer—should be living in the village among "the people," belonging to them: he to the men, and she to the women, so that while he introduced new ideas and combated old habits among one sex, she might be among the others, inculcating the arts of cleanliness, order, good temper, or the rudiments of that sweet culture which, in a very few years' time, was to make a home of

delight in every cottage, and to form a West-end club, except for the drink and luxurious living, and the cigars and the easy-chairs, in every village. But the vision was momentary. It faded before Miranda's resolute reply, and he walked away sorrowful. He would have to fight the battle single-handed.

Among the farms on his estate was one of three hundred acres, leased by a certain Stephen Bostock. It was the smallest—it was the lowest rented, the least productive, and the tenants were the least satisfactory of any upon his estate. He went to Stephen Bostock himself. He pointed out, having ascertained these facts from his agent, that he, Stephen Bostock, was getting deeper every year in the mire, that he had no money, that things were certain to get worse with him instead of better, and then he asked him what he proposed to do.

Stephen Bostock was a man with a very red face, as many rustics have, and a very long, square chin, as few rustics have. The red face was due to habitual intemperance, whenever he could find the money; the long, square chin was a mark and certain proof of cunning, obstinacy, and self-reliance. A long chin means tenacity—a square chin means resource. When you get them both together, you have such a man as Stephen Bostock.

Stephen Bostock was between forty and fifty years of age. He who has made no money at fifty never will make any. That is why a man of forty-five who has made none begins to grow anxious. Stephen Bostock had nothing in the world except the lease of a farm whose rent he could not pay, a dairy whose proceeds kept the house supplied with meat and drink, and a wife and daughter who looked after the dairy, kept chickens and ducks, and saw that the pigs were fed. He was a small tenant-farmer, one of the most hopeless class, rapidly becoming rarer, in this realm of England. If the land were their own, they could live on it, thrive on it, work on it, and be happy. But it is not, and so the class deteriorates, starves for a while, becomes bankrupt, either sinks back to the soil, or goes to Canada, where free-lands can be taken up, and men become at a stroke yeomen, after the fashion of their ancestors.

"You see, Bostock," said Alan, "things

seem getting worse instead of better with you."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "they certainly be. A little ease in the rent, now, might make everything right."

"No, it would not," Alan went on; "nothing will make everything right with you. The land is suffering from starvation and neglect. You have no stock, and next to no horses. You have got through all your money, whatever that was, and nothing can save you."

"A good spell of rainy weather," began Stephen, his mind turning feebly in the direction of turnips.

"No, no," said the Squire. "Now, listen to me, Bostock. Suppose I were to take the lease off your hands—don't speak, but listen. Suppose I were to offer you to remain where you are, in your own house, not as a tenant of the farm, but its bailiff, on a salary?"

"Oh!" said Stephen, startled, "on a celery" (he pronounced it so), "and in my own house! Without rent? As bailiff! Ah!"

"On a salary to be fixed between us." Stephen resolved that, if it depended on him, it should be fixed pretty high. "And that you should look after the practical business of the farm, which I intend to work on my own plans: that you should faithfully fulfil your part of the contract; that is, buy and sell, arrange the rotation of the crops, and direct the labour of the farm, to the best advantage of the proprietor, exactly as if it was your own."

Here Stephen Bostock, who began by staring hard, comprehended the position, and that so suddenly, that he was compelled to produce a red cotton handkerchief to hide a grin which, despite every warning of politeness, *would* spread from ear to ear.

"A celery: manage the farm for the Squire; go on living in the house, rent-free; buy and sell for the best advantage—ho! ho!—for the best advantage of the farm."

It really was too much.

Was it real?

Yes; before him stood the young Squire with grave and resolute face, square brows, and solemn blue eyes—eyes which somehow took the grin out of the corners of his mouth, and enabled him to lay down the pocket-handkerchief.

"Let me hear it all over again," he said.

"I'm slow by nature, but I'm sure. I am to live, rent free"—that was his own addition—"in the farmhouse. That's the first thing. I'm slow, but when I tackle a thing, I do tackle that thing. I am to sell the lease for a consideration." That was also his own addition.

"Not at all," said Alan. "You will not sell the lease; you will give it to me, to escape bankruptcy."

Mr. Bostock made a face. Nobody likes the ugly word bankruptcy.

"Well," he said, "you will have your joke, Mr. Dunlop. We'll say that I surrender the lease, not sell it. But I am to get something, I suppose. I am to give up the lease, am I? And then I am to be bailiff. On a celery. And what might be your opinion of the celery that I should be worth as a bailiff to this farm?"

"I have hardly thought about it," said Alan. Of course, a hundred a year would have been plenty for such a man. "But we might begin with two hundred."

"And fifty, if you please, Mr. Dunlop," said Mr. Bostock firmly. "And then we shall be going dirt cheap—dirt cheap. Two hundred and fifty, or three hundred. I think I ought to say a celery of four hundred. But, knowing you and your family as I do know you and your family, and having been a tenant for a many years, and my wife once a lady's maid to her ladyship, and all makes one inclined to cut down the figure."

"We will say, then, two hundred and fifty," said Alan. He was accustomed to make this sort of compromise, and thought it showed the prudence of a business man. The other contractor to an agreement, for instance, whoever he was, invariably asked him for three times what he ought to have demanded. Alan conceded twice, and congratulated himself on having shown extraordinary knowledge of the world. Then he offered the wily Bostock two hundred and fifty, when he might have got him for a hundred.

"Well," Bostock grumbled, "to please you, sir. But we must have the dairy, and a field for the cows, and the fowls, and the pigs, and the orchard, just as at present so arranged."

"You can have all those," said Alan, ignorantly adding another hundred to the new bailiff's salary.

"That," said Bostock, "won't make the

celery none too high. Besides, the dairy and the pigs is a mere nothink. But there ——— And when will you begin, sir?"

"As soon as I can," said Alan. "I am going"—here he hesitated a little—"to manage this farm on an entirely new principle, of which I will explain the details afterwards. That is, you will manage it, but the results of the farm—the profits—are to be applied on a new principle."

"I thought, sir," said Bostock—his face lengthened considerably at the prospect of the farm being managed on new principles—"I thought that I was to buy and to sell for the best advantage of the farm."

"Why, so you are. That is not what I mean."

"Oh!" said Bostock, relieved; "that is not what you mean, sir?"

"Not at all. You will really buy, sell, and do everything. You will be the responsible manager of the farm. The profits, however, deducting your salary first, and the necessary expenses of wages, stock, implements, and so forth, will be divided in certain proportions between myself and the farm labourers and you, as the bailiff."

Once more Mr. Bostock was obliged to take out that pocket-handkerchief, with which he blew his nose violently, choked, became crimson in the face, blew his nose again, choked again, and finally, resumed his calm.

"Oh!" he said; "the profits of the farm, after paying me, the bailiff, and the wages and the necessary expenses, will go to us all in proper proportions, will they? Well, sir, that's a most generous and liberal offer on your part. I don't think there's another Squire in all the country, as knows land as you know land, because you've been round the world and must know all the land as is fit to call itself land—no—not a single other Squire alive as would make that proposal. Mr. Dunlop, I'm with you, and if you'll shake the hand of an honest man"—he held out his horny paw—"there you are."

Alan took it, almost with tears.

"I believe you will serve the farm honestly and well, Bostock," he said.

"I will, sir," replied the new bailiff. "Look round you and see the improvements I've made already with my small means. Why am I poor man now and my neighbours rich? Because I put into that land what they take out of it. Look at the farm improvements—you'll buy them at a valuation, of

course; I'll value them for you. Look at the horses and the stock, look at the machines, look at the fields. People come—ah! for miles round—to visit this farm. It's been in print. Bostock's Farm, they called it. And after all these years, there's the rent unpaid, and—I'm not ashamed to say it, because the money's in the land, not in the bank—I go out of it and become the bailiff at a salary of two hundred and fifty, paid weekly, which is five pounds a week, and a house rent-free, and the dairy and a field for the cows, and the pigs, and the orchard, and the farm stock at my valuation. Squire, you've got me dirt cheap. I don't grudge the bargain, because my heart's in the work, and I shall have no more trouble about rent, and give my whole mind to the farm. You'll have to spend a little money on the place," he added, waving his hands with the air of one who commands. "But, Lord! it will all come back to you. Only you wait till we've been at work for a year or so. A little money here and a little there, a steam-engine here and another there. More cattle, more horses. Mr. Dunlop, I believe," he cried in a burst of enthusiasm, "I believe you'll say, come this day five years, that you never did a better stroke of work in all your life than when you got me, Stephen Bostock, to be your bailiff, dirt cheap. It isn't for me to say who's the best man in all the county. Go to Athelston and ask at the farmers' ordinary on market-day, and all I've got to say is—here am I, at your service. Trust everything to me, let me, Stephen Bostock, buy and sell all by myself for the best advantage of the farm, as you say, Mr. Dunlop, and no questions asked, nor interference, nor anything, and—and then wait for the profits to be divided between you and me and the labourers. It's the labourers," he added, after a pause, "that I think on most, not myself, nor you. You've got your rents, Mr. Dunlop. You're a gentleman. I've got my salary—on'y two hundred and fifty, but 'sufficient is enough to a contented mind, and better is a stalled ox with contentment than a dinner of herbs and strife therewith.' But they pore labourers, they've got nothing, only their wages. Well, sir, we'll make it up to them. You and me together, we will."

There was something contagious in the hearty, though vulgar, enthusiasm of the new bailiff, and Alan shook hands with him with effusion. When the Squire was gone

the bailiff, after watching him carefully across a field and a half, sat down and resumed openly that broad grin which he had before concealed behind the handkerchief.

"Me to buy and sell," he said. "And the two hundred and fifty! And rent free! And the dairy! And the pigs! And the cows! And all to the best advantage of the farm. Dammit, it's fine!" he said this critically. "That's what it is—it's fine." He lay back, and laughed low and long. Then a sudden thought pierced the marrow of his heart, and he sat up again.

"How long will it last? One year? Two years? Stephen Bostock, my lad. But make hay while the sun shines. Buy and sell as much as you can to the best advantage. Ho! ho!—the best advantage—ha! ha!—of the farmer—ho! ho!—and the labourers—ha! ha!—the labourers! Yar!" He added the last words with the most profound contempt, which it was as well that Alan did not witness.

CHAPTER VIII.

"That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat."

AFTER this gratifying interview with Farmer Bostock, Alan felt himself warranted in at once proceeding to business. Pending the signing of the agreement, which the honest bailiff undertook to get drawn up, he began by inviting the labourers on the farm to meet him on Saturday evening at the schools, when, after supper, he proposed to set forth in simple language, cautiously abstaining from eloquence or metaphor, his scheme for the advance of the higher civilization.

The men were invited to bring their wives, and those of the women whose family ties allowed, accepted with as much readiness as the men. Here it was felt, was a distinct step in advance. On the last occasion when the Squire met them in the school-room, he offered them a lecture, and never so much as a glass of beer to wash it down. Now, whatever suffering might be in store for them in the way of speeches, one thing was quite clear, that there would be compensation in the way of meat and drink. The butcher and the landlord of the Spotted Lion, indeed, were ready to state what amount of compensation.

"The supper," said one of the group in the Spotted Lion; on Friday evening, "is roast beef and roast mutton, hot, with potatoes and cabbage."

"Ah!" from all lips sympathetically.

"And beer. As much beer as we like. None o' your half-pints with young Squire. I seen the Squire's orders in writing."

"Ah!"—unanimously.

"Seems a kind of a waste now, don't it?" asked a venerable sage, smoking in the corner. "Saturday night an' all. Might ha' bin here as usual, and had the beer to ourselves, and kep' the beef for Sunday."

That was true, and feelingly put.

"And there's a lecture, William?" the ancient sage went on. "Same as two year ago."

"Ay. There's a lecture. But, Lord! after the beef—and the cabbage—and the beer—what's a lecture?"

Alan presided at the supper, supported by the Vicar on his right, and his new bailiff on the left. When every one had eaten as much beef as he possibly could, and the cloth was removed, the men were agreeably surprised by the production of pipes, tobacco, and more beer. The place, to be sure, was not what they were accustomed to for smoking purposes, and the tobacco did not possess some of the qualities which they preferred; but there was always the beer.

The women began to steal away when the pipes were lit, and by the time the room was quite full of smoke, and the Squire was choking, there were none but men present. Then Alan rose to make the speech which inaugurated his co-operative farm.

He saw with a sinking heart that they immediately assumed the attitude which long custom at church made them put on for the reception of a discourse. That is to say, they leaned back in their chairs, left off talking—some of them put down their pipes out of respect—and with eyes fixed upon the rafters, allowed their thoughts to wander in pleasant fields. There was, to be sure, a freshness in being allowed to drink beer and smoke during a sermon.

"My friends—" Here there was a general shuffling of legs, as every man helped himself hastily to another glass of gratuitous beer, the idea emanating from the aged philosopher. It might be—it would certainly be—their last that evening, because no doubt when the sermon was finished they would all

be dismissed with the benediction given, so to speak, dry, as on Sunday.

"My friends—" Alan gave them time to recover and began again. "I have asked you here to-night; not, as happened two years ago, to deliver a lecture, but to ask your advice." He paused here, and looked round, but on no single face did he discern the least gleam or glimmer of interest. Every man's eyes were steadily fixed on the roof, and every man was quietly but resolutely smoking, his mind, of course, in some more congenial place.

This was disheartening. Alan tried again.

"My friends," he said once more, "I want to ask your advice. I stand among you, the owner of this land, and the receiver of its rents."

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Bostock; and at an interruption so uncommon in a sermon, many of the hearers recovered consciousness suddenly, and found themselves not in church at all, but in the school-room. Then they realised the position, and relapsed again.

"An owner of land and a receiver of rents," Alan went on, "occupies a position, which, I believe, is only beginning to be generally recognised. He incurs responsibilities, in fact, of the most serious kind."

He paused again. There was no gleam of sympathy in any single eye. But that might be the effect of the tobacco haze.

"The conditions of agriculture are, in this country," he went on, "very different to those in any of the places I have visited. In all countries except England, men farm their own land. Mostly, they farm it with their own hands. Here we have not only the owner, a man of capital, but also the tenant farmer, another man of capital, to come between the labourer and the profits of his labour. That is a state of things which we cannot entirely alter, but may modify."

He stopped again. A low and melodious snore from the end of the table where one of the younger members had fallen asleep, increased his auditors' belief that they were really in church.

"An owner of land in England," Alan continued, "is a trustee; he is a responsible agent; he holds a large part of the public welfare in his hands. It is his duty to leave no stone unturned in the effort to secure the largest amount of happiness attainable by the general mass of mankind."

He thought that short sentences, delivered slowly, would have the effect of arresting the attention, and though the entire silence (except the single snore) and apparent apathy with which his words had hitherto been received were disheartening, yet he hoped that when he got through his preamble the men would receive his intentions with enthusiasm.

"I start, therefore, with the grand modern principle that labour must be paid a sufficient wage to keep the labourer and his family in health. So far, no doubt, you are all agreed."

Not a soul made the slightest response.

"Next, I advance the grand new principle in social economy that the labourers in any enterprise are entitled, in addition to their wages, to a share in the profits."

"Hear! hear!" from Mr. Bostock, which brought down the upward-turned faces. When, however, they found that the sermon was not finished, the faces all went up again.

"I am about to ask your assistance," Alan went on, "in the establishment of a farm conducted on these and other new principles. I have taken the farm previously held by our friend Mr. Bostock, and have undertaken to put the general management into his hands as bailiff. The details of this management I leave to you for settlement among yourselves."

"Hear! hear!" from Mr. Bostock.

The faces came down again, and looked wonderfully around them. They were all lost in the sleepy imaginations which belong to sermon-time: they were full of fat mutton and heavy beer: they were not—then—in church: and there was the Squire boomin' away. What was it all about?

"I propose that you hold a weekly Parliament in this room, every Saturday night, for the discussion of all and every topic connected with the farm. You will understand that on your own decisions will rest the prosperity of the undertaking and your own chances of profit.

"As regards the profits of the farm, I shall take for my own share a percentage to represent five per cent. on the marketable value: the bailiff will receive a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds; your own wages will, of course, have to come out of the annual returns; there will be a percentage set aside for wear and tear of farm implements: and then—then—my friends, we shall divide between us all the remaining profits. I, as the landlord, will take a certain share: the

bailiff, as superior officer and manager, his share: the rest will be divided among you equally."

There was not the slightest enthusiasm—not the least response; all the faces turned swiftly upwards contemplating the rafters—everybody silent out of respect. You don't interrupt a parson in a pulpit by singing out "Hear! hear!" or any such foolishness. Not at all—you sit and listen, and when he has done you go away. As for what he has said, that is his affair, not yours.

Alan was a good deal disappointed, but he persevered.

"You will elect your own officers, appoint your own hours of labour, provide for everything by free discussion and voting. For my own part," here he sank his voice, and spoke solemnly, because this was the real pith and gist of the whole thing, "I shall ask you to let me become one of yourselves, work with you, eat and drink with you, share your toil as well as your recreation, and contribute from the better chances I have had of acquiring knowledge all I can that may be helpful to the new community."

The faces came down when the voice dropped, because it was thus that the Vicar always ended his sermons. So that all heard the Squire, to their unspeakable astonishment, offering to live with them, work with them, and eat and drink with them. "Finally," he said, "I think, considering the advantages that we possess: a bailiff who takes a salary instead of a profit"—here Stephen Bostock pulled out his pocket-handkerchief to conceal the grin which once more involuntarily played round his honest lips—"a landlord who wants no more than a small percentage on the value of the farm, and a knot of hard-working, disciplined, and—and—intelligent men like yourselves—I think, I say, that we may begin by raising the wages three shillings all round."

Here the Squire sat down, and the men stared at him.

Three shillings all round. That they understood, and the fact, once fairly understood, sent their dull blood coursing more swiftly through their veins. Three shillings a week! Eighteen pints of beer! But the possibilities of such an increase cannot be grasped in a moment.

Alan rose again when the emotion had subsided, and pulled out a small bundle of papers. They were fly-leaves, on which the

principal points of his speech had been printed in clear type and in a few words. He put them on the table.

"Now," he said, "let this be the first evening Parliament of the new community! I leave these papers with you, so that you may understand, by reading them, exactly what it is that I propose, by your help, to institute. We shall now leave you to your deliberations. Pray send for any more beer that you may require."

The Vicar, Mr. Bostock, and the Squire gone, the men, alone and comfortable, looked at each other with amazed and turbid understandings.

"What did he say, William?" asked the same old sage who had lamented the loss of a Saturday night and the waste of good beef.

"Three shillin' a week," replied William.

"And the Squire, he'll come and live along of us."

"We don't want no Squire," growled the blacksmith.

"And farmer Bostock, he's to be bailiff."

There was another growl.

Then William, a young man, spoke again.

"Squire said we was to have what beer we wanted. How much do we want?"

One suggested a pint all round; another, and a thirstier, rose to a pint and a half. There were about fifteen men present. William, with a boldness which marked him out for future success, soared higher.

"Let's hev' a cask," he said. As there were fifteen men present, that was about three quarts apiece. The cask was brought, and instantly tapped. The deliberations were conducted as long as it lasted, which was at least three hours.

No conclusion was arrived at. But the imagination was let loose upon the Squire's future manner of life, and how his father would like it. "William," presently asked the old man, "they papers as the Squire left on the table. What's they for?"

"Pipe-lights, gaffer," said William promptly.

"Oh! and very thoughtful of the Squire, too. Reach me one, William."

This, alas! was the end of the Squire's little tract.

CHAPTER IX.

"Strong reasons make strong actions."

THE cottage in which Alan proposed to carry out his project was one of the humblest in the village. It consisted of two rooms; that on the ground-floor opening directly on the little front garden, and paved with stone, was ten feet square and eight feet high. That on the floor above was of the same superficial area, but had a sloping roof, so that the cubical contents were much smaller. In fact, it was a room in which a man would hesitate to swing a cat, from the dreadful uncertainty whether the cat might not clutch the walls and turn to rend him. The room was lighted by a small window containing two panes only.

"You must have a curtain across the door, Alan," said Miranda, inspecting the arrangements. "I will make it for you of some cheap stuff, so that it may be copied by the village. A flower-box may be put in the window for mignonette and wall-flowers. You may put a little bookcase opposite the window. And, for very comfort's sake, you must have some carpet over the cold stones. I can't very well send you blankets at Christmas, Alan, can I? Let me send you a piece of carpet instead—oh! good serviceable carpet; Kidderminster, not Turkey carpet at all."

"I have been thinking," said Alan, "that one way of getting to understand these people, will be by asking them here and giving them tea, with—with jam, I suppose, and so forth."

It was not till she was alone that Miranda felt a temptation to laugh over the picture of the peasants eating their way to the Higher Culture through piles of jam. They agreed that, as regards the furniture, simplicity must be studied first, and that æsthetic effect must be practically made of secondary importance. They fixed upon a wooden arm-chair, a deal table, unvarnished, and two or three common strong chairs for the coming visitors, who were to eat jam. The bookcase presented difficulties. Should it be fitted for the use of the village, or for that of the Squire? It was with a sigh that Alan pronounced for the village, and filled it with works on practical husbandry, political economy, agricultural chemistry, and other works known to be in constant demand by English villagers.

"I must devote my evenings as well as my days, Miranda," said Alan, on the eve of taking up his residence in the village, "to the people. But I shall be able to see you on Sundays."

"And, Alan, may I come to see you—in the fields?"

Alan laughed.

"You may, if you like. You will find me in a smock-frock."

"A smock-frock? You, Alan?"

Somehow the question of dress goes home to the feminine mind with greater force and directness than to ourselves. Miranda would have preferred seeing her new Crusader cap-à-pie in chain armour. But in a smock-frock!

Alan laughed.

"The uniform came home last night," he said. "In the solitude of my own chamber I put it on. Stay, Miranda. No one is about. Suppose I go and put it on again, for you."

He disappeared for a few minutes, and presently returned, disguised as a British labourer. He had on a smock-frock, a soft felt hat, leggings, gaiters, and corduroy trousers. He carried a whip in his hand, and wore a red cotton handkerchief tied round his neck. No one knows, until he has tried it, how vast a gulf separates those who wear from those who do not wear a collar.

"Alan?" cried Miranda, in a sort of terror, "I am afraid of you. Is it possible for clothes to make all that difference? You look *exactly* like a rustic. Even your own air of distinction, that I was proud of, has disappeared. I believe clothes are live things, after all. To be sure, everything is new, and if you only had a rose in your buttonhole, you would pass for a villager at the opera. But go away quickly, and change before any of the servants see you. If they do your authority is lost."

Alan took possession of his new house with pride mixed with anxiety. Like all genuine enthusiasts, he had very little care about what people said of him. That did not enter into his calculations. The pride arose from the realisation of a dream which had lain in his brain for two years and more; the anxiety from a fear that he might not be strong enough to carry it out. A woman whom he had engaged to wait upon him was in the cottage to receive him.

"You have got everything as I ordered?"

Alan asked. "Breakfast, such as the men all take; things for luncheon—I mean, dinner?"

Everything, she said, had been provided. Thus assured, Alan dismissed her.

It was eight o'clock and a cold rainy evening in October. The fire was burning, and the room was illuminated by a single tallow candle in a brass candlestick. The village was very quiet, and the rain fell outside, pattering upon his doorstep, cheerless. The sensation of being quite alone in a house, even a two-roomed cottage, was chilly. And there was the voluntary deprivation of tobacco, which was to begin from that evening. Abstinence from strong drinks, too, was to commence on the spot. Alan sat and meditated. He tried to picture to himself a village where the people were all cultured, all virtuous, all happy. He tried to lay down for himself laws to guide his conversation with the men, his daily toil, and his evenings. But it was an unpropitious time. For the moment, he took no joy in his projects. In all undertakings of difficulty, that moment is the most unhappy when it has been resolved upon, and on the eve of commencement, because then the dangers stare you most clearly in the face, and success seems most doubtful.

Ten o'clock. He was to rise early, and had better go to bed. He climbed the narrow stairs, bumped his head once or twice against the sloping roof and went to bed, feeling exactly like Alexander Selkirk. He woke in the night choked with the confined air of the little room. It was dark; he had no matches, and could not open the window. With the aid of a brush he smashed a pane of glass, and having thus established a simple ventilator, went to bed again.

He awoke at six, an hour late. Then a touch of human weakness seized him. He would not begin his farm work that day. Next day he would be called in time. And, he thought, as he was awake, he would get up. No one to bring him hot water, no hot water to bring; no use in ringing the bell, no bell to ring. He felt more and more like Alexander Selkirk. Alas, as he reflected, no fire lit, and breakfast to be made by himself.

Downstairs, he threw open the shutter and began with a foolish shame lest any one should see him,—to be sure it was not an occupation which offers, at the first blush, many attractions,—to lay the fire. This is

not difficult to do, but it requires delicacy in the handling, and there are certain details, such as the sweeping up of the cinders, which, although a part of honourable labour, is not the work one would wish to do in public. You have to go on your knees to do it properly; no man likes that attitude, unless he is at Wimbledon. The fire lit, it was necessary to boil the kettle for breakfast. Fortunately, the kettle was full. He had only, therefore, to put it on, lay out the things for breakfast, and take that meal.

When the fire was made, he began to feel in better spirits. Of course there would be hardships. That was to be expected. Many sorts of hardships. For instance, was not there a certain—hem!—an earthiness, a mouldy odour about the room, which he had failed to notice the night before? Perhaps, if he opened the door—he did so; outside, the rain was still pattering on his doorstep, and standing in great pools about the road. Clay soil, stone floor, ground heavy with rain—these were the generators of his mouldiness. He made a mental note anent foundations. Good; the kettle must be nearly boiling now; let us set out breakfast.

No tablecloth; bread—where is the butter? where is the milk? tea; the teapot; sugar—brown sugar. Nothing else? no bacon? no kidneys? nothing else at all? Do labourers make their breakfast off bread and tea, with brown sugar and no milk? Stay. In the corner there is something white lying on a plate. He set this down on the table and contemplated it with dismay.

Yet he had pledged himself to live like the farm labourers.

A piece of cold boiled pork, only the fat, not a morsel of lean—a lump of white, hard, unredeemed fat. Do our agricultural workmen, then, habitually devour the fat of pigs?

He took up a knife and fork, resolved to conquer this luxurious distaste for pork fat. He laid it down. Again, and with the same result.

Then he sighed. At what a price must his end be attained! Perhaps the kettle was boiling. There were none of the signs—no bubbling and running over. He poured a little into a cup. Heavens! it was hardly warm. He sat down with some temper; not the broad facts of disinterested devotion, but these little details worry and annoy one.

He drew his chair to the side of the fire.

If he kept the door open he would catch cold; if he shut it, there was that abominable mouldiness. Patience. Let the kettle boil.

The warmth of the fire, the early hour, the exertion of laying the fire, each of these influences falling singly and together upon him, presently caused his eyes to close.

The fire having made the kettle to boil, went on, in its zeal to do the work thoroughly, until it had boiled all the water away. Then it got the opportunity, which it never neglects, of burning a hole in the bottom of the kettle. By-and-by the door, which was unfastened, swung gently open, and the rain began to beat in upon Alan's new carpet. Then a cat, belonging to a neighbouring cottage, crept in softly, and sat down before the fire, pretending to have made a mistake about the house. As the sleeper took no notice, she rose and began slowly to explore the room in quest of breakfast for herself, if any were to be had. Nothing in the cupboard, nothing on the floor. On the table a piece of pork fat and a loaf of bread. The cat turned the pork over with her paws, smelt it, and finally, digging her teeth into a corner of the skin, jumped lightly to the ground with it and disappeared. But Alan went on sleeping.

Then two little boys, of three and four, looked in at the door. I do not know where they came from, but realising the situation—somebody sound asleep, rain and cold outside—they crept in and sat on the carpet before the fire, warming their hands and feet. Presently one of them, the more enterprising one, began to prowl round the room, and espied a sugar-basin. This he stealthily brought to his companion, and both, sitting down before the fire, fell to upon the sugar, each keeping one eye on the sleeper, without the necessity of speech. When the sugar was quite gone, they gently rose, replaced the empty basin, and crept away on the points of their toes like stage brigands. But still the sleeping man slept on.

When the children were gone, the rain and wind beat in at the open door at their will without awakening the sleeper. Alan was in the land of dreams.

Then there came along the street an old woman. She was going to buy a loaf. Seeing the door of the cottage open, she looked in, with the curiosity of her sex, to see how

the young Squire had furnished it. He was there himself, asleep by the fire. Seeing that he really was asleep, and took no manner of notice, she was emboldened to look round the room. From looking about the room to stepping inside out of the rain was but a natural sequence of events. But it was not in the natural order of things that, while her eyes watched the face of the sleeper, her right hand, while the accomplice left held up the apron, should steal forth and convey the loaf beneath that feminine robe proper for concealment. When she was gone, Alan's breakfast-table was as bare as Dame Hubbard's cupboard.

The morning advanced. All the men had long since gone off to their work ; but now the women, whose household duties were by this time pretty well accomplished for the day, came out and began to gossip at the doors. And then the rumour ran from house to house that the Squire was in his cottage, that the cottage door was open, and the Squire was sound asleep inside, for all the world to see.

When Alan awoke, which was about half-past eight, he sat up in his chair and rubbed his eyes. Before him, gathered together at the open door of his cottage, were the whole feminine population, with all the children who could not yet walk. There was the ancient gammer, her face seamed and lined, and her shoulders bent. There was the strong and sturdy housewife, mother of many, one of whom she was brandishing.

There was the newly-married wife, fresh from the wash-tub, the suds yet lying on her red arms. There was the maiden of blushing sixteen, carrying her infant brother. All were there ; all were staring with open mouths and eyes, whispering, tittering, and waiting.

When he sat up they started back ; when he opened his eyes they fled multivious ; so that all he got was a mere sense, or dim half-photograph, of the scene which might even have been a dream. But he heard the rustle of flying skirts and the skurry of retreating feet, and he divined what had happened.

But they ought not to have taken away his loaf, and his pork, and his sugar. That was carrying curiosity beyond its legitimate limits. And the fire was out, and the water had boiled away, and there was a great hole burnt in the bottom of the kettle. He looked round him in dismay. Up to the present he had succeeded in nothing but in making himself ridiculous.

Why is it, he asked, that a man will cheerfully bear insult, contempt, and misrepresentation, and yet fall into unphilosophic rages when he incurs ridicule ? It was a question to which no answer came.

Meantime, what was he to do ?

It was nine o'clock. He was hungry. He would consider this a day lost, and he would go over to Dalmeny Hall and ask for breakfast.

(To be continued.)

HOME.

HOME! in that word how many hopes are hidden,
How many hours of joy serene and fair,
How many golden visions rise unbidden,
And blend their hues into a rainbow *there*.

Round home what images of beauty cluster,—
Links which unite the living with the dead,
Glimpses of scenes of most surpassing lustre,
Echoes of melody whose voice is fled.

Home is the place where we have ever blended
Our hopes and happiness, our tears and sighs,
Whence our united worship hath ascended,
As grateful incense to the listening skies.

When we have nourished feelings while beholding
Some sun-eyed flower, that centre of our love,
And while we watched its gradual unfolding,
The angels came and carried it above.

Scenes gay and gladsome as the golden glory
Which decks the death-bed of departing day,
And many an old and spirit-stirring story,
Whose memory is fading fast away,

Flash o'er the spirit at the oft repeated
And ne'er to be forgotten accent, Home!
Friends whom a thousand times our-love hath greeted,
With whom our merry boyhood loved to roam ;—

A father's joy, a mother's deep devotion,
Untiring energy, and constant care,
The reverential love, the pure emotion,
The evening hymn, the heavenward wafted prayer ;

The Sabbath bells, whose glad and gentle pealing
Falls on the spirit like the early dew,
Evoking every high and holy feeling,
All that hath "power to chasten and subdue ;"

Sisters and brothers fondly loved and cherished,
Our comrades *then* in the stern march of life,
The early called who fought, and fighting perished,
And left us single-handed in the strife ;

The words and waters where our childhood flourished,
The hoary hills our wandering footsteps trod,
The fairy prospects which our fancy nourished,
The old church spire which pointed us to God ;—

Such are the visions which are ever stealing,
Around our spirits wheresoe'er we roam,
Full fraught with beautiful and hallowed feeling,
Evoked like phantoms by the spell of Home.

Needs there a beautiful ancestral mansion,
To mark the spot where household joys abide,
Bounded on all sides by a broad expansion
Of lawns and verdant vales and woodlands wide ?

No ! Home is not confined to halls of pleasure,
To regal pomp and dwellings of the great,
It is not meted to us by the measure,
Which appertains to things of low estate.

Where'er we find warm hearts and fond affection,
Whether in straw-thatched hut or gilded dome,
We find what claims our notice and reflection,
We find the primal elements of Home.

On Alpine mountains where the hunter buildeth
 His fragile dwelling like an eagle's lair,
 In southern climates where the sunlight gildeth
 The vine-clad hills with colours' ever fair ;

In Arctic regions when the winter heapeth,
 In hoary piles the everlasting snows ;
 And where the persecuted negro weepeth,
 His kidnapped kindred and his country's woes ;—

Where'er of fellow-men we find the traces,
 Where'er a wanderer hath his footsteps bent,
 In populous cities and in desert places,
 The Indian's wigwam and the Arab's tent,

Mankind, however fettered and benighted,
 Howe'er oppressed by penury and care,
 Have their existence by *one* beacon lighted,
 Have still *one* bliss which all may freely share.

Home ! cries the world-sick wanderer as he wendeth,
 With baffled footsteps o'er his weary way ;
 Home ! sighs the wretched outcast as he sendeth
 A longing look where once he longed to stray ;

Home ! says the toil-worn rustic when returning,
 From daily labour at the fall of night ;
 Home ! sings the emancipated soul, as spurning
 This world of woe, to plume its wings for flight.

Home, like the burning lens, collects together
 Into one point affection's scattered rays,
 And in the sternest storm, the wildest weather,
 Kindles a bright and spirit-cheering blaze.

Home is the watchword firing with emotion
 The patriot's heart, and nerving him to fight ;
 Home is the pole-star o'er the storm-swept ocean,
 Guiding the sailor through the gloomy night.

Home cheers the solitary student burning
 With high and heavenward hopes till he has furled
 His wings of fire upon the heights of learning ;
 Home is the lever that can lift the world.

A never-failing source of inspiration ;
 A fountain sealed with hidden virtue fraught ;
 The pilgrim's prayer, the poet's inspiration,
 The nurse of every noble deed and thought.

Home is a boon to erring mortals given,
 To knit us closer in the bonds of love,
 To lead our spirits gently up to heaven,
 To shadow forth the brighter home above.

SLEEP AND DREAMING.

DREAMING and the state of the mind during sleep are subjects upon which there has been a great deal of speculation, and it is curious to note the very different deductions that have been drawn from reported dream phenomena by persons seeking to bolster up their favourite metaphysical hobbies. From time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the subject of dreams has attracted the attention not only of the old women of both sexes, but also of the learned. Among the latter we find Dr. Reid, in his work on "Hypochondriasis," devoting an essay to sleep. Dr. Andrew Combe refers to dreaming in his "Observations on Mental Derangement;" also Dr. Noble in his "Elements of Psychological Medicine," Sir Henry Holland in his "Mental Physiology," Sir Benjamin Brodie in his "Psychological Enquiries," Dr. Carpenter in his "Mental Physiology," and Dr. Forbes Winslow in his work on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain." Sir John Herschel took an opportunity of touching upon the discussion in his "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects." Locke in his treatise on the "Human Understanding" makes frequent allusion to dreaming, and we find Lord Brougham upon the same topic in his "Natural Theology," as also Dugald Stewart in his "Philosophy of the Human Mind."

Among other poets Shakspeare, Southey, Shelley, and Byron have not omitted to dwell on the marvels of this great unreality, and any one who likes to refer to Bayle's Dictionary, Article Artemidorus, will see that dreaming was regarded as a matter of no small moment among the Romans; or, indeed, he may take up the Bible and there find many dreams recorded in a manner calculated to impress him with a sense of their extraordinary interest and importance.

It will be observed, that while the subject is approached by the giants of old in a spirit of superstitious awe, it is treated by the moderns with a view to scientific investigation; for the progress of education has by this time for the most part swept away the old-fashioned belief in the prophetic signifi-

cation of dreams, and the occupation of Artemidorus and his tribe is gone, except as regards the most grossly ignorant and illiterate individuals, who seem to exist for the express purpose of becoming the prey of sharpers and impostors.

It is not proposed in the present paper to seek to establish any particular theories, but merely to bring together a few of the opinions and observations of some recognised authorities in regard to the most striking phenomena of sleep and dreaming, and the relations between the states of dreaming and insanity.

Sleep has been defined as a general repose, during which almost all of the bodily organs are at rest. Doubtless, all who have considered the subject are familiar with the recognised principle that no living thing is capable of continuous or unintermitted activity; it being an inflexible law of nature that a period of work must be succeeded by a quiescent state, during which the organism may repair the loss entailed in its tissues by previous exertion. A muscle is capable of a certain amount of activity, but its energy, after a little while, becomes exhausted and the muscle itself powerless and flaccid. That which is true of one muscle, is true of the whole body and of its individual organs. We are told that even the heart, the action of which appears to be incessant, conforms to this universal rule, though its motions are not intermittent but rhythmical, and that there is a distinct period of rest between each pulsation. But it seems that in the case of the brain more than in that of any other organ, this principle forces itself upon our notice, inasmuch as every act of thought or volition is said to entail a certain loss or consumption of brain substance, and the period during which the brain rests for the repair of this loss, constitutes that portion of our existence which we term sleep. Sleep is, however, more than a general repose, and something more than a time of rest for the brain, inasmuch as it is the time during which the whole body recoups itself for such waste as has not been made good during the day, by the processes of nutrition. In connec-

tion with this point, medical science teaches that a local increase of activity in the system is always accompanied by a corresponding local increase in the circulation of the blood ; that a large proportion—about one-fifth—of the whole of the blood leaving the heart normally flows directly to the brain, and that an increase of activity in this organ—as deep thought—increases this flow ; and that the approach of sleep being accompanied by a gradual diminution of brain circulation and by a sensible collapse in the substance of the brain, as a consequence during sleep more than the normal quantity of blood is distributed over the remainder of the body, more especially over the surface and extremities. Any cause tending to promote circulation in the brain, such as worry or anxiety, tends to prevent sleep ; and, inversely, any cause tending to diminish the circulation in the brain induces sleep ; too sudden a diminution or entire cessation producing syncope or death. Among other influences calculated to induce sleep may be enumerated, warmth of atmosphere, darkness, and monotony of sound. (Many, doubtless, will have had an opportunity of noticing the soporific effect of monotony of sound in their churches)

As to the amount of sleep required by different individuals (including all the classes referred to in a trite proverb), it may be stated that the duration of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habits of the person ; or that it depends inversely upon the rapidity with which the repair of wasted tissues goes on in differently constituted organisms ; thus young children, whose tissues are in a state of rapid growth, sleep during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, while old people, on the other hand, whose tissues are in a state of gradual decay, require very little sleep indeed.

In his valuable work on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain," Dr. Forbes Winslow gives the following table of states in regard to the morbid phenomena of sleep and dreaming :

- A. Sleeplessness or insomnia.
- B. Abnormal disposition to excess of sleep.
- C. Morbid phenomena of dreaming.
 - A { A simple state of restlessness.
 - { A disturbed
 - { eccentric
 - { irregular
 - { cerebral
 - } repose.
 - An unrefreshing condition of slumber.

B—Morbid dispositions to excess of sleep.

Sopor—profound sleep.

Coma—a morbid state resembling sleep produced by compression of the brain and other causes.

Carus—profound sleep with quiet respiration.

Lethargus—marked drowsiness, or sleep which cannot be driven off.

And to this table we might add hypnotism, or artificially induced sleep. It is, however, with the third head of this classification that we are more particularly concerned, namely, the morbid phenomena of dreaming.

Day dreams or reveries we will pass over with simple mention, as appertaining to a waking state and therefore not strictly within the scope of the present paper. In the first place it would seem proper to give our attention to the causes of dreams. Hartley attributes them to three different sources, viz : States of the body and especially of the stomach during sleep ; ideas and impressions lately received ; and ideas restored by association. A more general classification than the above, of dreams as regards their causes, would be :

I. Those produced by subjective sensations (sensations arising from the working of the individual's own mind).

II. Those produced by objective sensations (sensations consequent upon any external change, or arising from physical impressions made within the body of the individual).

Now the aforesaid doctors tell us that the brain, though a unity, is a complex unity, and therefore while one portion of it rests others can go on actively. Hence the reflex actions of the brain take place as well, or even better, during sleep than in the waking hours. All ideas are the results of sensory impressions, of which the brain may be termed the organic register, and when we recall ideas we, in reality, re-excite exactly the same portions of the brain as were originally concerned in taking the impressions.

Conversely, strong ideas may and occasionally do cause absolute sensory impressions—optical illusions, for example, such as occur to "spiritualists" and persons labouring under many forms of insanity. Not only may ideal phantasms be thus produced, but pathological changes and even diseases may be engendered by a powerful imagination. Dreams are the revival during sleep of impressions registered during waking hours. None of their elements are or can be new ; the arrangement alone of the elements may

be novel. In short we have in dreams a series of permutations and combinations of facts that have come within our own past or possible experience or knowledge, and therefore to dream of future events is impossible. Incoherent dreaming is caused by a kaleidoscopic grouping of impressions. The causes that produce the re-excitation of mental impressions during sleep are various, but may usually be traced to some disturbing physical or physiological influences on the body or to the retention of some recent train of waking thought. Indigestion produces the familiar phenomenon of nightmare, by transmission to the brain of the sense of oppression on the chest; and concentration of thought on one subject during the great part of a day brings about a morbid condition of the brain-cells, which causes the imagination during sleep to revert to the strongly preoccupying subject. Here we may parenthetically insert the advice of old Burton, given in "The Anatomy of Melancholy": "Against fearfull and troublesome dreames, incubus and such inconveniences, wherewith melancholy men are molested, the best remedy is to eat a light supper, and of such meats as are easy of digestion, no hare, venison, beefe, &c.; not to lie on his back, nor to meditate nor think in the day time of any terrible objects or especially talk of them before he goes to bed."

Some writers on the subject are of opinion that no moment of sleep is without some condition of dreaming. Among these is Sir Henry Holland, who says: "To believe otherwise is to suppose two different states of sleep, more remote from each other than we can well conceive any two conditions of the same living being; one in which sensations, thoughts, and emotions are present in activity and unceasing change; another in which there is the absence or nullity of every function of the mind, annihilation, in fact, of all that is not organic life. Though we cannot disprove the latter view—and must admit the difficulty of explaining the sleep of an infant in any other sense—yet it is on the whole more reasonable to suppose that no state or moment of sleep is utterly without dreaming."

This notion that dreams are co-extensive with sleep, and therefore that we dream whenever we sleep although we may not be aware of that fact, recalls a passage in Locke "On the Human Understanding" (Book II, chap. 1): "It is strange," says he, "if the

soul has ideas of its own, that it derived not from sensation or reflection (as it must have, if it thought before it received any impressions from the body,) that it should never in its private thinking (*so private that the man himself perceives it not*) retain any of them the very moment it wakes out of them and then make the man glad with new discoveries."

Dr. Carpenter, Lord Brougham, and many others take the opposite side of the question, and affirm that we only dream during the instant of transition into and out of sleep. "For," says his lordship in his work on "Natural Theology," "that instant is quite enough to account for the whole of what appears in a night's dream. It is quite certain we remember no more than ought, according to the experiments that have been made; to fill an instant of time; and there can be no reason why we should only recollect this one portion if we had dreamt much more. The fact that we never dream so much as when our rest is frequently broken, proves the same proposition almost to demonstration. An uneasy and restless night passed in bed is always a night studded full with dreams. So too a night passed on the road in travelling by such as sleep well in a carriage, is a night of constant dreams. Every jolt that awakens or half awakens us seems to be the cause of a dream. If it be said that we always or generally dream when asleep, but only recollect a portion of our dream, then the question arises, why we recollect a dream each time we fall asleep, or are awakened, and no more? If we can recall twenty dreams in a night of interrupted sleep, how is it we can only recall one or two when our sleep is continued? The length of time occupied by the dream we recollect, is the only reason that can be given for our forgetting the rest; but this reason fails if each time we are roused we remember separate dreams."

Indeed it has been among the experiences of many to have awaked with the consciousness of having dreamed but without having the power to recall any of the circumstances of their dream. The dream, at the time it was passing before the mind's eye, may have had all the vivid distinctness of a life-like picture, but on awaking all the details seem to have faded out like the dissolving view that leaves no trace behind it; and during a night of troubled repose, of frequently inter-

rupted slumber, it has happened that dream after dream has succeeded another, and in the morning the dreamer knew only that he had dreamed. But when he had dreamed, he almost always was aware at least of that bare fact.

Says Dr. Carpenter, in his "Mental Physiology": "Most remarkable of all peculiarities in the state of dreaming, is the rapidity with which trains of thought pass through the mind. . . . A dream involving a long succession of supposed events has often distinctly originated in a sound which has also awoke the sleeper, so that the whole must have passed during the almost inappreciable period of transition between the previous state of sleep and the full or waking consciousness." In regard to the rapidity with which dreams pass through the mind, we quote the following from "The Philosophy of Mystery": "A gentleman dreamed he had enlisted as a soldier, that he had joined his regiment, and that he had deserted, was apprehended, and carried back to his regiment, that he was tried by court-martial, condemned to be shot, and was led out for execution. At the moment of the completion of these ceremonies the guns of the platoon were fired, and at the report he awoke. It was clear that a loud noise in the adjoining room had both produced the dream and awakened the dreamer almost at the same moment. 'There was another gentleman,' says Mr. Dendy, 'who for some time after sleeping in the damp, suffered a sense of suffocation when slumbering in a recumbent position; and a dream would then come over him as of a skeleton which grasped him firmly by the throat. This dream became at length so distressing that sleep was to him no blessing but a state of torture; and he had a servant posted by his couch to awake him at the very instant he fell asleep. One night, before being awakened the skeleton made his attack, and a long and severe conflict ensued. When fully awake, the dreamer remonstrated with the watcher for having allowed him to remain *so long* in his dream, and to his astonishment learned that his dream had been momentary. He was roused at the instant he began to slumber.' A very remarkable instance of the kind is related by the famous Count Lavalette. It occurred while he was confined in a French prison. 'One night, while I was asleep,' he says, 'the clock of the Palais de Justice struck

twelve and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep almost immediately. In this sleep I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me; all was still. Nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden, I perceived at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry; the men and horses, however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the flames of which illumined faces without skin, and with bloody streaks. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their large sockets, their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows in dismal silence; low, inarticulate groans filled the air; and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. This horrible troop continued passing in rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours, and they were followed by an immense number of artillery waggons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered. A disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force awoke me again. I made my repeater strike. It was little more than midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than ten minutes—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe, and the watchword short. The next day the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I, nevertheless, do not remember one single event in my life the duration of which I have been able more exactly to calculate than the time apparently occupied in the dream.'"

Says Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his "Psychological Enquiries," vol. 1, p. 131; "The late Lord Holland was accustomed to relate the following anecdote of what had happened to himself. On one occasion, when he was much fatigued, while listening to a friend who was reading aloud, he fell asleep, and had a dream, the particulars of which it would have occupied him a quarter of an hour or

longer to express in writing. After he awoke, he found that he remembered the beginning of one sentence, while he actually heard the latter part of the sentence immediately following it, so that probably the whole time during which he had slept did not occupy more than a few seconds." Mr. Babbage had a similar opportunity of measuring the real duration of a dream. While travelling with a friend in Italy, being much wearied, he fell asleep and dreamed a succession of events as having occurred in England. When he awoke, he heard the concluding words of his friend's answer to a question which he had just put to him.

Instances *ad infinitum*, might be cited as to the short time occupied by dreams which comprehend, perhaps, the history of a lifetime. The only phase of the waking state in which any such intensely rapid succession of thoughts presents itself, is that which is now well attested as a frequent occurrence, when there is imminent danger of death, especially by drowning, when the whole previous life of the individual seems to be presented to his view, with its every important incident vividly impressed on his consciousness, just as if all were combined in a picture, the whole of which could be taken in at a glance. Apropos of this phenomenon, Sir Benjamin Brodie tells us, in the work above mentioned, that Sir John Barrow, describing what happened to him when he was preserved from being drowned, said every incident of his former life seemed to glance across his recollection in a retrograde succession, not in mere outline, but the picture being filled with every minute and collateral feature, forming a kind of panoramic view of his entire existence, each act of it accompanied by a sense of right and wrong.

Sir Walter Scott, in his Diary printed in Lockhart's life, has given us some of his ideas in reference to dreaming, and among other phenomena has touched upon the loss of personal identity in that state. In that diary we find the following entry a few weeks after his wife's death: "June 11, 1826. Bad dreams, woke, thinking my old and inseparable friend beside me; and it was only when I was fully awake that I could persuade myself that she was dark, low, and distant, and that my bed was widowed. I believe that the phenomena of dreaming are in a great measure occasioned by the *double touch* which takes place when one hand is crossed

in sleep upon another. Each gives and receives the impression of touch to and from the other, and these complicated sensations our sleeping fancy ascribes to the agency of another being, when it is in fact produced by our own limbs rolling on each other." A little further on he says: "As I slept for a few minutes in my chair, to which I am more addicted than I could wish, I heard as I thought my poor wife call me by the familiar name of fondness which she gave me; my recollections on waking were melancholy enough. These be 'the airy tongues that syllable men's names.' All, I believe, have some natural desire to consider those unusual impressions as bodements of future good or evil. But alas! this is a prejudice of our own conceit. They are the empty echoes of what is past, not the foreboding voice of things to come."

Very remarkable is the renewal in sleep of impressions of memory, of which we have the following illustrations. Macnish tells a story about a Scotch gentleman who recovered in a dream the address of a solicitor with whom his father, on one single occasion, deposited an important document, on which the family fortunes ultimately depended; and a singular occurrence which took place at the house of a late Earl of Minto, in Scotland, can only be accounted for on the same principle. An eminent lawyer went to pay a few days' visit at Minto, immediately before the hearing of an important case in which he was engaged as counsel. Naturally he brought with him the bundle of papers connected with the case, intending to study them in the interval, but on the morning after his arrival, the packet could nowhere be found. Careful search was made for it, but quite in vain, and eventually the lawyer was obliged to go into Court without his papers. Years passed without any tidings of the mysterious packet, till the same gentleman found himself again a guest at Minto, and as it happened, occupying the same bedroom. His surprise may be imagined when, on waking in the morning, he found his long lost bundle lying on his dressing table. The presumption being, of course, that on the first occasion he hid them in his sleep, and on the second visit he found them in his sleep; but where he hid and found them was never discovered.

Mr. Coombe, in his "System of Phrenology," mentions a case which, though it oc-

curred not in a sleeping state, bears a strong family likeness to the preceding. He relates that an Irish porter forgot when sober what he had done when drunk, but being drunk again, distinctly recollected the transactions that had occurred during his former state of intoxication. On one occasion he had mislaid a parcel of some value, and in his sober moments could give no account of its *locus in quo*. He again became intoxicated, and then clearly recollected that he had left the parcel at a certain house, and, having no address on it, it had remained there, and was immediately given to the party who claimed it.

Mr. Braid, in his little book on "Hypnotism," has somewhat to say on what he calls the "double conscious state of sleep." He tells us that by that term is meant "a condition in which they [patients in a state of mesmerism or hypnotism] forget, on awaking, all which was done or said during the sleep, but which they will have a perfect recollection of when they pass into the sleep again. I have had striking instances of this in most respectable and intelligent patients, who have a minute recollection of what took place during the sleep six years ago, and have remembered and described the same feats many times since, when hypnotized, but who have never had the slightest recollection of the subject when awake, during these six years."

Sir Henry Holland states as reasons why some dreams are well remembered, and others not at all or very imperfectly—

1. That in the former instance the sleep is really less complete in kind; that peculiar condition of brain less marked, upon which the imperfection of memory, if not also the exclusion of sensations, appears to depend.

2. Another is that the images and thoughts forming some dreams are actually stronger and deeper in their impressions than those of others.

"There can be no doubt," says Dr. Carpenter, "that the materials of our dreams are often furnished by the 'traces' left upon the brain by occurrences long past, which have completely faded out of the *conscious* memory. And there is similar reason for believing that the course of dreams is sometimes determined by the 'traces' of impressions, which, if they ever affected the consciousness of the ego, did so in such a slight

and transient manner as not to be at all remembered."

Material for dreams may be drawn from the storehouse of the memory where it has been registered unconsciously and automatically, for, as the last quoted authority tells us: "That we are not always conscious of the working of this mechanism is simply because the sensorium is otherwise engaged: for just as we may not see the things which are passing before our eyes, or be conscious of the movement of our legs in walking if our attention be engrossed by our cerebral train of thought, so may we not be conscious of what is going on in our cerebration whilst our attention is wholly concentrated on what is passing before our eyes." Of this unconscious cerebration, called by Sir William Hamilton, "mental modifications—*i. e.* mental activities and passivities—of which we are unconscious," a remarkable instance in the waking state is the sudden dawning of the solution of difficulties and of recollection which must have occupied the mind unconsciously.

With reference to the material of which dreams are composed, the following suggestion by the author of "Lacon" is curious: "As all dreams, as far as I can recollect my own, or find out by enquiring of others, seem to be produced by vivid paintings on the mind's eye, it would be a matter of very interesting investigation of what forms, shapes, or figures, are the dreams of those composed who have been born blind. Do they ever dream? And if they do, can they explain what they have been dreaming about, by any reference to outward objects which they have never seen?"

The theory of unconscious cerebration during sleep has been carried by some speculators to great lengths. We are told by Dr. Forbes Winslow, in his treatise already referred to, that in dreaming, phases of intellectual vigour and states of mental acuteness are developed which were not normal manifestations during the waking hours, and did not exist in conditions of healthy thought; that the most exquisite creations of the poetic fancy have been engendered under these circumstances, and conceptions suggested to the dreamy consciousness which have paved the road to fame and fortune; that during the hours of sleep the intellect has, with rapid facility, solved subtle questions which puzzled and perplexed the mind when in full

and unfettered exercise of its waking faculties; that difficult mathematical problems, knotty and disputed questions in the science of morals, abstruse points of philosophy, have (according to accredited testimony) found their right solution during the solemn darkness of profound sleep. "Strictly speaking, however," says Rosencrantz, "intellectual problems are not solved in dreams, because intense thought is without images, whereas dreaming is a creation of images. I perfectly recollect having dreamt of such problems, and being happy in their solution, endeavoured to retain them in my memory. I succeeded, but on awaking discovered that they were quite unmeaning, and could only have imposed upon a sleeping imagination."

Sir Isaac Newton is alleged to have solved a subtle mathematical problem while sleeping; Condorcet is said to have recognised in his dreams the final steps in a difficult calculation which had puzzled him during the day, and Condillac says that, when engaged in his "*Cours d'étude*," he frequently developed and finished a subject in his dreams which he had broken off before retiring to rest.

The following singular anecdote is related of Tartini's "Devil's Sonata":—"Tartini, one night in 1713, dreamed that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and during this vision everything succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were anticipated and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. In short, he imagined that he presented the devil his violin in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, which he executed with such superior taste and precision that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized his fiddle in hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain. He, however, directly composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works, and called it the 'Devil's Sonata.' He knew it, however, to be so inferior to what his sleep had produced that he stated he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music for ever if he could have subsisted by any other means."

The most frequently quoted phenomenon of this description, however, is Coleridge's poetical fragment "Kubla Khan." It is alleged that it was composed during sleep which had come upon Coleridge while reading the passages in Purchas's "Pilgrimage" on which the poetical description was founded, and was written down immediately on awaking; the images (says Dr. Carpenter) rising up before him with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort.

Here as in many other cases, the doctors justify their reputation for disagreeing. Sir Benjamin Brodie *loquitur*: "I suspect that in many of the stories of the wonderful discoveries made in dreams, there is much of either mistake or exaggeration; and that if they could have been written down at the time, they would have been found to be worth little or nothing. Knowing how imaginative a person Coleridge at all times was, I may, I hope, be excused for saying that it is more easy to believe that he imagined himself to have composed his poem of 'Kubla Khan' in his sleep than that he did so in reality." On the same side Sir Henry Holland observes: "Much allowance must be made in these instances for that exaggeration which love of the marvellous is so apt to engender."

We are inclined to accept the view that the faculty of judgment is suspended and dormant in dreams; for, says the author of "Lacon," "the most glaring incongruities of time, the most palpable contradictions of place, and the grossest absurdities of circumstance are most glibly swallowed down by the dreamer without the slightest demurrage of the judgment. I remember that on conversing on this subject with a gentleman of no mean acquirement, he informed me of a curious circumstance with respect to himself. He dreamt that he saw the funeral of an intimate friend, and in continuation of the same dream, he met his dead friend walking in the streets, to whom he imparted the melancholy tidings, without experiencing at the time the remotest feeling as to the monstrous absurdity of the communication; neither was his conviction of that event shaken in the slightest degree until he awoke, by this astounding proof of its falsehood."

Our pompous and ponderous old friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, related that he had once in a dream a contest of wit with some-

other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. "Now," said he, "we may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of reflection; for had not my judgment failed me, I should have seen, that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much uttered by me as that which I thought I had been uttering in my own character."

The faculty of expectation by which, when awake, we anticipate the course of events, is often observable in dreams. The following extract from an article in the *Cornhill Magazine* on the "Laws of Dream-fancy," is an interesting statement of this view: "The dreamer's mind is absorbed, we will suppose, in watching some shifting scene, as a procession or a battle. New images crowd in from the two sources of peripheral and central stimulation. The pre-existing group of images gives a certain bent to attention, disposing the mind to see in every new dream-object a connected element, an integral factor of the vision. Thus the degree of coherence which we commonly observe in our dreams may be referred to the reciprocal modification of images by their respective associative forces, both definite and special and indefinite and general, under the controlling influence of attention, which again is stimulated by a semi-conscious impulse to secure unity. In this way whole scenes and chains of events are built up. When these aggregates reach a certain fulness and distinctness they become dominant influences; so that any fresh intruding image is at once transformed and attached more or less closely to the previous group.

"This process is clearly illustrated in a curious dream recorded by Prof. Wundt. Before the house is a funeral procession; it is the burial of a friend, who has in reality been dead for some time past. The wife of the deceased bids him and a friend to go to the other side of the street and join the procession. After she had gone away, his acquaintance remarks: 'She only said that because the cholera rages over yonder, and she wants to keep this side of the street for herself.' Then comes an attempt to flee from the region of the cholera. Returning to his house, he finds the procession gone, but the street strewn with rich nosegays, and there are crowds of men who seem to be

funeral attendants, and who, like himself, are hastening to join the procession. These are, oddly enough, dressed in red. When hurrying on, it occurs to him that he has forgotten to take a wreath for the coffin. Then he wakes up with beating of the heart.

"The sources of this dream are, according to Wundt, as follows: First of all, he had, on the previous day, met the funeral procession of an acquaintance. Again, he had read of cholera breaking out in a certain town. Once more, he had spoken about the particular lady with this friend, who had narrated facts which proved the selfishness of the former. The hastening to flee from the infected neighbourhood and to overtake the procession was prompted by the sensation of heart-beating. Finally, the crowd of red bier-followers, and the profusion of nosegays, owed their origin to subjective visual sensations—the 'light-chaos' which often appears in the dark.

"Let us now see for a moment how these various elements became fused into a connected chain of events. First of all, we may suppose the image of the procession occupied the dreamer's mind. From quite another source the image of the lady enters consciousness, bringing with it that of her deceased husband and of the friend who has recently been talking about her. These new elements adapt themselves to the scene, through the play of the reciprocal modifications already spoken of. Thus the idea of the lady's husband recalls the fact of his death, and the pre-existing scene easily suggests the idea that he is now the person buried. The next step is very interesting. The image of the lady is associated with the idea of selfish motives; this would tend to suggest a variety of actions, but the one which becomes a factor of the dream is that which is adapted to the other existing images, namely the procession on the further side of the street, and a vague representation of cholera (which last, like the image of the funeral, is due to an independent central excitation). That is to say, the request of the lady, and its interpretation, are a *resultant* of a number of reciprocal actions, under the sway of a lively internal attention. Once more, the feeling of oppression of the heart, and the subjective stimulation of the optic nerve might suggest numberless images besides those of anxious flight and of red-clad men and nosegays;

they suggest these, and not others, in this case, through the force of the pre-existing mental images."

In regard to exaggeration in dreams; though very often the power of association causes the modification of form & images or the production of new, it is a curious feature of dreams that in them all there is a grotesque tendency to exaggeration, either as to numbers or size. We again quote from the *Cornhill*: "A movement of a foot is taken for a fall of the whole body down some terrible abyss. In M. Maury's experiments, when the sleeper's lips were tickled the sensation transformed itself into an imagination of some excruciating torture. Again, the objects of our waking emotions seem to grow and expand in our dreams. The sick friend who causes us a solicitude becomes to our dream fancy overwhelmed with the most terrible sufferings, or the classic city in which we lately lingered returns to us in sleep, with its warm tints and picturesque outlines, beautiful above all earthly reality. To our frequent dream-terror forms appear of so vast a size and dire a mien, that we may try in vain, perhaps, to connect them with any waking perceptions. In many dreams, as Herr Volkelt observes, we may clearly observe the process of exaggeration going on. In dreams of terror, to which, like many other children, I was greatly liable, I frequently saw forms which gradually swelled out into unearthly proportions. Another form of this process is illustrated in De Quincey's dreams, in which space seemed to swell before his eyes, through a crowding in of multitudes of objects on his vision. This crowding of images is frequently referable to the subjective stimulation of the optic nerve, which produces the semblance of a number of points of light, called by the Germans the 'light-dust.' It is very common, too, in dreams, to have a succession of images, of which each new member is more imposing or more impressive than the preceding. Here is an example from Volkelt. He dreamt he gave up his hat and overcoat to an official at the cloak-room of a place of amusement, and noticed that the recipient instantly changed the hat for another. This process of substitution went on till he completely lost sight of his own articles. Thereupon somebody carried a heap of articles of attire out of the cloak-room. He inferred that there was an organized body of thieves

at the back, and turned to a policeman. Immediately he became involved in a hand-to-hand conflict with the thieves, and finally was stabbed in the abdomen. Here there is a clear ascending gradation in respect of the terrifying character of the dream.

"These various forms of the exaggerating tendency in dreams are to be accounted for by more than one consideration. First of all, since in sleep the area of distinct consciousness, or of attention, is so greatly circumscribed, the few sensations which happen to penetrate it naturally become exaggerated. Just as the click of a window is magnified at night, when we are seeking the quiet of sleep, and our attention is not diverted by other impressions, so any bodily sensation or emotion which enters into the dreamer's consciousness, and wholly engages the attention, becomes larger, deeper, and intenser than it would be in a waking condition of the mind.

"But again our sensations and other feelings are estimated during our waking states by comparison with one another, and when this comparison is wanting the sensation assumes an undefined and large aspect. Thus sensations of pleasure received through parts of the bodily service which are not habituated to such impressions invariably appear too large. So the cavity formed by the loss of a tooth seems too large to the tongue at first, because its discriminative sensibility in the estimation of distance is but feebly developed. Once more, when under the momentary excitement of a pleasurable or painful emotion, and incapable of judging the feeling by a recollection of previous like emotions, we invariably overestimate its magnitude. The present sunset always seems more wonderful and more splendid than all its predecessors. Now in dreams sensations and emotions are in a pre-eminent degree isolated feelings, which are incapable of being measured by the play of those ideal or reproductive elements which render our waking impressions distinct and sharp, and hence they tend to appear too large through being undefined. As a consequence of this, they assume a greatly transformed aspect, presenting themselves through images which are absurdly disproportionate to their real causes.

"Finally, one of the principal exaggerating forces in dream-fancy is the action of a persistent emotional state. We have already

seen how such a state serves to single out and to unite the images of the brain. Now this process necessarily involves accumulation and exaggeration. Each new image attracted by a dominant feeling reacts on this feeling, intensifying it, and this enables it to go on piling image on image. Since this process in dream-life is generally quite unchecked by any sense of probability or rational congruity, the result is a scene or an action which far transcends those of our real experience."

In states of imperfect sleep—conditions existing midway between wakefulness and profound cerebral and psychical repose—the will does not appear to be altogether suspended in its operations. Dugald Stewart* has commented on this fact. He observes when referring to this phenomenon: "It may be proper to remark that if the suspension of our voluntary operations in sleep is admitted as a fact there are only two suppositions which can be formed concerning its cause. The one is that the power of volition is suspended; the other that the will loses its influence over those faculties of the mind and those members of the body which, during our waking hours are subject to its authority. If it can be shown that the former supposition is not agreeable to fact, the truth of the latter seems to follow as a necessary consequence. That the power of volition is not suspended during sleep appears from the efforts we are conscious of making in that situation. We dream, for example, that we are in danger, and we call out for assistance. The attempt is in general unsuccessful, and the sounds which we emit are feeble and indistinct; but this only confirms or rather is a necessary consequence of, the supposition, that in sleep the connexion between the will and our voluntary operations is disturbed or interrupted. The continuance of the power of volition is demonstrated by the effort, however ineffectual."

In discussing the relations of dreaming and insanity, Sir Henry Holland gives as the conditions which associate the two respective states:

1. Loss partial or complete of the power to distinguish between unreal images created within the sensorium and the actual perceptions drawn from the external senses, thereby

giving to the former the semblance and influence of realities.

2 The alteration or suspension of that faculty by which we arrange and associate the perceptions and thoughts successively coming before us.

Insanity is said to be a waking dream, with this difference—the madman's conduct (as a general principle) is in correspondence with the delirious suggestions of his disordered, unbridled, and uncontrolled fancy, while the dreamer has not sufficient control over the voluntary muscles to reduce his ideas to action.

"How accurately" (we quote from Dr. Forbes Winslow on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain") "does Sir W. Hamilton describe the transition state of the mind intermediate between sleeping and waking, and how closely does it correspond with the operations of the intellect during the incubation of insanity, when the mind losing its sane consciousness of objects, approaches the confines of mental alienation. 'When roused from this mental condition, we find,' says Sir W. Hamilton, 'ourselves conscious of being in the commencement of a dream; the mind is occupied with a train of thought, and this train we are still able to follow out to a point where it connects itself with actual perceptions. We can still trace imagination to sense, and show how, departing from the last sensible impressions of real objects, the fancy proceeds in its work of distorting, falsifying, and perplexing these in order to construct out of their ruins its own grotesque edifices.'" Again: "In dreaming the mind is occupied with the incongruous conceptions and fantastic combinations of images, characteristic of many conditions of disordered intellect. There is as in the insane an incoherence of ideas, one conception following another, and this is succeeded rapidly by a series of mental impressions in opposition to all the acknowledged laws of associated thought. Associated with this condition of the mind we find a partial paralysis of the will over subjective phenomena, this faculty exercising no healthy controlling influence upon the train of suggested ideas."

In alluding to the rapidity of mental action, &c., occurring in dreams as illustrated by the dream of the famous Count Lavalette given above, Dr. Winslow proceeds: "How forcibly do these phenomena resemble the automatic operations of the intellect observed

* Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

in insanity? In the latter condition, the rapidity of, as well as the loss of, volitional power over certain trains of thought, are significant and characteristic symptoms. How distressing is the lesion of the will, painful the insane, uncontrollable impulses, agonizing the madness of the emotions, aberration of the ideas, exaltation and perversion of the passions. The melancholy sound of the wind whistling among the trees or through the lattice of the window has originated in an insane mind the idea of the boisterous and wild revellings of infernal spirits, or wailing anguish and bitter tortures of lost souls in Hell." "Again, how often all idea of duration appears to be obliterated from the mind of the insane during the continuance of the disease, the patient appearing, after many months, and sometimes years, of sad illness and distressing social isolation, to awaken as it were out of a fanciful and troubled dream, the healthy ideas that had occupied the mind a short period previously to the accession of the insanity, suggesting themselves to the consciousness (with all the freshness, vividness, and force of recently received sane impressions) contemporaneously with the restoration of reason to its healthy supremacy. In dreaming, as well as in some forms of mental aberration, the mind has occasionally a clear apprehension of its morbidly automatic condition. A person whilst under the influence of a series of fanciful occurrences, created by dreaming or insanity, will occasionally acutely reason with himself as to the reality of the images occupying the attention, and be fully conscious that he is insane or dreaming." As to statements made by patients after recovering from insanity, as to the condition of the mind when in a state of aberration, Dr. Winslow asks: "Is it possible for patients accurately to describe their mental state during a paroxysm of insanity? Can they have any recollection of their incoherent ramblings, wild and fanciful imaginings, horrible and frightful hallucinations? In order to thoroughly understand this subject we should bear in mind that insanity does not in every instance overthrow and alienate *all* the powers of the understanding, it is often a mixed condition, a combined state of reason and insanity.

"This theory does not militate against the view that I have elsewhere propounded as to what in legal phraseology is termed 'partial' insanity. Adopting the language of

metaphysicians I affirm that the mind is one and indivisible. A part of the intellect cannot be affected without, to a certain extent, influencing and modifying the whole of the operations of thought; nevertheless, there are in derangement of the mind occasional lucid moments, when the patient is conscious of his disorder, and is able to describe his sensations clearly to those about him. It occasionally occurs that after recovery those who have passed through acute attacks of insanity are able to recollect with singular clearness many things that occurred during their long and painful illness. As they, however, have frequently very confused and incorrect notions of such events, extreme caution should be exercised in admitting and acting exclusively (in Courts of law) upon their evidence, particularly if it materially involves the motives and compromises the actions of others. With a view of analysing the phenomena of morbid thought, persons have been asked to detail the actual operations of the mind during the incipient as well as advanced stages of mental disorder. In many cases it has been impossible to obtain any trustworthy representation of facts; in other cases they could not, without considerable and painful revulsion of feeling, revert, even for a single moment, to the past. In a few instances no difficulty has been encountered in persuading patients not only to talk about their past condition, but to write with great minuteness an account of their sensations, mental and bodily, while insane.

In concluding the present paper, we append a dream of which the genuineness has been doubted, whether on account of its coherence or the known whimsicality of its reporter—the poet Pope—we do not presume to decide.

Two days before Sir Godfrey Kneller's death, Pope paid him a visit, on which occasion Sir Godfrey related a strange dream that he had recently had. "I dreamt," he said, "that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking in a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people crowding round it. I walked on towards them. As I drew nearer, I could distinguish St. Peter by his keys, with some others of the Apostles; they were admitting the people as they reached the door. When I had joined the company I could see several seats in every

direction at a little distance within the entrance. As the first person approached for admittance, St. Peter asked him his name, and then his religion. 'I am a Roman Catholic,' replied the spirit. 'Go in then,' says St. Peter, 'and sit on those seats there, on the right hand.' The next was a Presbyterian; he was admitted, too, after the usual questions, and ordered to take his place opposite the other. My turn came next, and as I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so than St. Luke, who was standing by, turned towards me, and exclaimed, with much sweetness—'What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller from England?' 'The very same, sir,' says I, 'at your ser-

vice.' On this, St. Luke immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and made me a great many compliments on the art we had both of us followed in the world. He entered so far on the subject that he seemed almost to have forgotten the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said, 'I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you. But, *apropos*, pray, sir, what religion may you be of?' 'Why, truly, sir,' says I, 'I am of no particular religion.' 'O, sir,' says he, 'you will be so good, then, as to walk in and take a seat where you please.'

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

COMMUNISM.

I.

COMMUNISM is not a popular subject. In the minds of many persons it is associated with deeds of revolting cruelty. The abasement and misery of France consequent upon the Franco-Prussian war, the frantic uprising of the Parisian populace, and the abandonment of moral principles exhibited during the siege of Paris in 1871, are suggested to most people upon the mere mention of the word. It is unknown, or if known is lost sight of, that Parisian communism is but one form of a vast system; that it has appeared in other centuries than the nineteenth; that the bulk of the earth's population is governed by a communistic polity more or less developed; and that the society of Quakers is not more noted for peace-loving qualities, than are the communes of the United States of America. It is further forgotten that communism does not stand alone, and is not even pre-eminent in evil-doing; that in regard to cruelty, it has many companions nobly esteemed; that the blighting influence of unworthy deeds and inhuman exhibitions stains the advocacy of every sacred or important principle of our civilization. Probably no more abhorrent

crimes have at any time been perpetrated, than those which have been committed under misguided enthusiasm, in the name and for the honour of religion.

The fallacy of argument which would say that, because the expounders, advocates, or professors of religion were guilty of persecution, the religion they held is false, can be easily seen. May not the conclusion be equally fallacious which says that communism is a false system, upon the ground that its followers were guilty, not of indiscretion only, but of positive crime? But, be this as it may, a phase of civilization which gives its leading characteristic to many a polity of to-day; a form of society which arose and blazed prominently forth in one of the foremost countries of Europe, and in the first city of that country; a system which is deliberately adopted, and is tenaciously held in the nineteenth century by men and women of keen perception and high moral power, as a cure for the evils this age labours under; a system which could gather round it the chaotic forces of modern society, and inspire them with a purpose in behalf of which they would willingly die, must have in it some-

thing of importance, and is worthy of, at least, a passing consideration.

It is not my intention to excuse or palliate the course taken or the deeds done by the Parisian Commune, nor the conduct of their victorious opponents. I do not purpose tracing the rise, progress, and fall of the communistic movement in Paris. I will not uphold or advocate communal principles or doctrines, but would invite an examination of these principles, as shown in history. It will be my object to point out a few forms communism has assumed; the position of society, so far as may be thought necessary, in which these forms are found; and wherein the strength and weakness of communism lies.

For this purpose it will be convenient to consider communism as ancient and modern, and to divide each branch of the subject into two divisions: our first view of ancient communism will be in its social, political, or legal aspect; the second, ethical. For the first, we look to ancient law, and the manners, customs, and practices of barbarism; for the second, to the rise of speculative morality in Greece. Modern communism is either religious or economic. In a religious form we find it among the early Christians of Judea; as economic, it obtains in modern civilization. Ethical, religious, and economic communism have been so called because they have respectively arisen from moral, religious, and economic principles. The parts of communism indicated above as social and ethical, will be treated of in this paper; the religious and economic forms will be taken up in the next.

But, before proceeding further, it may be asked—What is Communism? Burke, in his elegant treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, says that a definition is more properly given at the end than at the beginning of an essay. There is good reason for the remark, because a definition is, or should be, a short yet full expression of the contents of a subject, the essence of the matter spoken of. It is a most difficult task to convey in few words the full meaning of a complicated subject, especially so when that which is to be defined is an entity conceived separately from our thought. The question continually arises: Does the definition correspond with the outward fact? Many writers have defined or attempted to define states of society and systems of government such as

barbarism and feudalism, monarchies and republics. But the definitions of our most accurate writers on these topics, no matter how well they may convey their author's thought, are found not to correspond with reality, when tested by experience. We have some of the mould of mediæval philosophy still adhering to our political conceptions. These definitions are found to be at times too narrow, at other times too wide; at all times too artificial. Many definitions might be given of communism, but they are definitions applicable to a particular form of communism only, and to that particular form which has appeared in modern times and in our western civilization.

Without attempting definition, a sufficiently accurate idea of our subject may be had from an illustration. Suppose two persons equally interested in a partnership business have, as the result of a year's work, realized in profit, say two thousand dollars. Upon division of the profits, each partner would receive one half of the whole sum; but before division neither is entitled to one thousand dollars—they are joint owners of the property, and are equally interested in every part of it. After division, each may use his share as his own exclusively; before division neither partner can appropriate to his private use any part whatever of the common stock. Should one take from the joint fund any part of the sum he would receive upon division, the other could compel him to restore it. The partners are joint owners and the property is common to both. Extend this idea of common, joint, or undivided rights, claims, and interests, not to the concerns of property merely, but to all the relations of life, social, national, religious, and you have an absolute communism.

It must not be supposed that an absolute communism has been found in any highly developed society in eastern or western civilization. We have no record of any such institution. Forms of communism more or less perfect are met with in certain stages of mankind's progress, and the debris of such civilization, or non-civilization, are not wanting in the laws and customs even of western nations.

To recur to the division of our subject adverted to above, let us look at ancient communism in its social, political, or legal aspect. To us, these words—social, political, and legal—convey definite and distinct ideas,

but it is otherwise in ancient law, thought, and feeling. As we trace back the course of events from ourselves, especially in the history of law, we find a gradual consolidation of relations, and at length reach a point where the differences almost vanish, and there is but one relation of man to society. To view the matter from a different standpoint, as we travel down the stream of time a continual subdividing of relations and a growth of new ones is perceptible; so that, what at one time was considered unity, is looked upon as manifold. Social, political, and legal relations in early stages of society are so interwoven, that it is difficult to speak of them separately, and they will therefore be considered here as one and not many, and chiefly with regard to the doctrine of rights.

We are accustomed to think and speak of separate or individual rights. We are, as it were, fenced round with social, moral, and legal rights and privileges, upon which none dare trespass. To invade or deny them is an act to be resisted. In such resistance we receive the support of the laws and the approval of society. A trampling upon our rights is followed by redress from constituted tribunals. So acknowledged and familiar have these become, that we forget their origin. We look upon them as part of ourselves, as inherent in our nature and inseparable from us, as the inalienable gift of sovereign nature, rather than the acquisition of history. We predicate these rights not only of the chief of a family, or of the adult man, but of that class in society who have heretofore laboured under the severest disability—married women. Whatever rights a married woman may have had in a social, religious, or moral point of view, the conferring upon her of legal rights is, for the most part, within the memory of men now living. But legal rights she has now secured to her, by a silent revolution, in civilized western nations. To understand ancient society and the communism prevailing there, we must divest our minds of the conception of individual rights, and recur to a time when the individual, whether man or woman, had no separate rights whatever, neither those of person, of conscience, or of property—a time when man's existence was merged in the family to which he belonged, when, instead of independent, he had common rights only.

The most perfect form of communism is found in the ancient family. The family, as we find it in the older laws of Greece and Rome, in the writings of Herodotus and Tacitus, and among barbarian peoples of today, is a gens, tribe, clan, or sept. With us, in a social and political as well as a legal point of view, where the artificial system of primogeniture is discontinued, a family is of a simple nature and recognised as being composed of a particular pair and their immediate descendants. These in a short time become enfranchised and independently possessed of particular rights and privileges. The ancient family is of a composite nature, and the particular member never becomes enfranchised, never becomes independent. Outside of his family he has no rights or privileges, and no claim to any. In it he lives, moves, and has his being. The family itself includes many, yet it is considered a unity. The members are regarded as contained in the ancestor from whom they trace descent, and in whom lies their claim to consideration. We still speak of the children of Israel, of Esau, and of Ammon; the *gentes* Julia and Claudia; the clans Campbell, Macdonald, and Macgregor. Though the members die, the family continues. A wrong done to one of a tribe is not an individual wrong only, or probably at all; it is a wrong done to the clan, an injury to be avenged by the tribe. Thus feuds and animosities, in ancient times and among barbarous peoples, descended from generation to generation unquenchable and entire; while with us they die with those who gave them birth. To us, the obligations of fealty, morality, and religion come from a source outside the family; the barbarian acknowledges no rights or obligations but those of his sept. His conception of morality and fealty is a family conception common to the tribe. It extends to his clan, but no further. The good man is he who performs his duty to his clan; the traitor is one who breaks in upon family usages. In thought and feeling, in law and morality, the tribe in ancient times is one and not many, in other words it is a community.

The common rights of the family are shewn in the ancient conception of property. The doctrine of the rights of property has been of slow growth, and has succeeded the conception of family rights over persons, as the system of government now prevailing

among advanced nations is territorial, and has succeeded that of authority by reason of family or race. Some tribes in Australia and the South Sea Islands are found, among whom there would seem to be no legalized or definite conception of property whatever; but, among all peoples who have advanced somewhat in civilization, a definite conception of rights of property is apparent. What Cæsar tells us of Britain, and Tacitus of Germany, as to property, is observable in the early law of Greece, and the Twelve Tables of Rome; among the undeveloped tribes of North America; in the village system of India; in the south of Russia and in Servia; namely, a communal holding of property.

In the tribe or village the clansman owns nothing, the chief nothing. The chief is the representative of the common ancestor, the custodian or trustee of the rights of the tribe; its leader in war and judge in time of peace. The property belongs to the family, and not to any individual members of it. It is common to every member of the tribe; none has an independent, but each has an undivided interest in the whole fund.

In sales and exchanges of property with strangers, the common rights of the tribe are seen. In certain tribes of to-day, nothing can be taken by a stranger from the family fund, just as with us, until lately, land would rather escheat than go to an alien. Where civilization is so far advanced as to permit of exchanges, the consent of the tribe is a necessary step in the negotiation of purchase. In India consent is procured by means of a common council; in Servia and Russia a similar means is used. The Mennonites, part of whom emigrated to Manitoba lately, hold property subject to the rights of the clan. Sales and exchanges, when permitted, resemble rather international negotiations than private transfers of property as carried out to-day; and are accompanied with solemn, sometimes with religious ceremonies in the presence of the tribe. The reason for such publicity beyond all doubt is this: upon every transfer of property so much is taken from a stock or fund upon which the family relies for subsistence, and in which each member has an undivided interest. An interesting negotiation for purchase is related in the 23rd chapter of Genesis.

The reversion of all property to the *gens* and thence to the tribe according to the early Greek and Roman systems, and as

shown by Professor Morgan among the Iroquois, points to the same conclusion. The practice of property reverting shows the existence of a claim and a superior right in the family; it shows a community of property in the members of the tribe.

The ideas and practices concerning persons which obtain in uncultivated tribes, especially regarding matrimony and the relation of the sexes—what we may call rights of persons, so far as communism is concerned—have struck with horror the pious missionaries of our religion, and caused them to describe their fellows as monsters of iniquity. Such, no doubt, the savages seemed, and judged by the missionaries' light, were; while, at the same time, the poor South Sea Islanders lived in as blissful ignorance of their guilt as did the barbarian tribes of whom Herodotus spoke, among whom similar practices prevailed. The missionaries, just, humane, and religious men, had been trained in an individual morality and religion, and were striving after a higher existence, in self-devotion to the cause of humanity and the service of the Supreme Being. They had not before met with, and did not understand a morality other than their own, undeveloped and poor, though it might be, yet a morality, and as such preferable to none whatever. The heathen did not see and could not appreciate the fine distinctions of good and evil introduced by the missionaries. These late apostles of Christianity made a mistake which is frequently made by writers on ethical subjects, that, namely, of attributing to man, in all ages and places, the refined, the developed, the cultivated conceptions of morals, peculiar to a highly advanced stage of society. Where the barbarians, judging by their light, saw no evil, but the acknowledged system of the family, our missionaries saw sins and crimes manifold. Thus, indeed, it will always be when a higher and lower civilization meet.

Cæsar says of the ancient Britons: "*Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes, et maxime fratres cum fratribus, parentesque cum liberis.*" The investigations made by missionary enterprise of late, disclose a state of society more completely communal than that spoken of by Cæsar, and have cast almost as much light upon the development of mankind as upon the subject of language. Whatever theory of the origin of society be taken—the patriarchal, so pow-

erfully advocated by Sir Henry Maine, the system of Lubbock, McLennan, or Morgan—there can be little doubt a form of marriage, absolutely communal at one time, prevailed among mankind. Indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise, where the distinct personality of individuals is unrecognised, where property, in which are based the chief relations of life, is held in common, and where exclusive rights are unknown. In Polynesia the language, the manners, customs, and practices of the natives point to an absolute communism and marriage of men and women in groups, that is, polyandry and polygyny within the tribe is their recognised system.

Could we stand by, and see a tribe or family advance from the lowest point at which we find barbarians to a high degree of civilization, or had we continued records of such development, instead of a high probability and desultory descriptions of a lower by a higher civilization, voluminous though they be, the course of such development would, there is the strongest reason to believe, be marked by three distinct stages in the conceptions of mankind as to the relations of the sexes: first, the lowest or communal stage; second, from intermarriage in groups to a system of polygyny, such as obtains in the patriarchal family; and third, from polygyny to that highest form, which is universal in our western civilization—pure monogamy.

It may not be unworthy of note, that the communism alone spoken of is one not outside but inside the family. It is the communism of a tribe or clan, and, therefore, to be sharply distinguished from a theoretical communism used by Grotius, Locke, and other writers as a basis for their conception of government. In establishing their system of rights, they say that at first all things were common unto all men, and that one had "as good a right" to seize to his own use whatsoever he found, as had another, so long as the article had not previously been appropriated. "As good a right," no doubt, if we understand by these words, no right at all, looking at the doctrine from an historical point of view. Locke's conception of right would not give rise to question, did it stand alone, and were it not used as an important step in a theory of society. It is founded on two premises, each of which is contradicted by experience. It views the individual as bearing at all times an inde-

pendent existence, so as to be the subject of individual rights; and also imagines that individual rights have at all times existed—in other words, it attributes to man universally that which he possesses only in advanced societies. If the word "might" were substituted for "right" in this theory, a nearer approach would be made to historical truth; might has preceded and established right, or, as Carlyle says, "rights are correctly articulated mights." We have only those "rights" which the "might" of mankind have gained for us. Our rights have grown with the advance of mankind, and strengthened with its strength. Their development is marked by stages—practices, customs, codes. From codes spring, in an incontrovertible form, law, order, and authority. By law rights are secured. The "rights of man" in our age are vastly different from the "rights of man" in another. There are no absolute rights of man, except in the sense that all well established rights are absolute. We are also told that upon entering society man gave up his most precious of rights for the benefit of society, or in exchange for the protection it afforded him; but it is a sufficient answer, that no man is conscious of so great an act of self-sacrifice, and that history shows that it is in, by, and through society that man acquired any rights whatever. The conception of rights is subsequent rather than prior to the establishment of society.

As between members of the same family there is, in ancient times, a community of goods appropriated and, if we go far back, of persons. But as between different clans or families a different rule obtains. The family, in ancient as well as modern times, seeks or possesses a fund on which to subsist, and, when advanced to any degree of civilization, guards its property and its rights of property jealously. Its authority over its members is likewise maintained, and the integrity of the clan asserted with power. It acts as one man, has extensive rights, and insists upon them. No family can interfere with the rights of other families except at its peril. They stand in awe of each other. A trespass means war, and even intercourse between families and the transfer of property are matters of negotiation.

It is said that "unity is strength." Where can be found more complete unity than in the ancient family, tribe, or clan? It is one

morally, legally, socially, and politically. Where is there greater strength? Revolutions have swept over the families of Asia and America without so much as affecting their organization. They have stood for ages the ravages of war, famine, and of pestilence. Time, that greatest of innovators, as Bacon terms it, has wrought no perceptible change upon them.

In communism ancient society found unity, and in unity strength, but it was a strength without progress, and a unity consistent only with common rights. On the basis of communism there may indeed be a development, but not a development of a high character. There is no room for independent action on the part of the individual. He is hedged in, controlled, and what is worse, confined by the many. The springs of feeling, thought, and action come not so much from himself as from the central power. Civilization descends, rather than ascends. If we compare the laws, practices, and customs, the modes of thought and feeling, in modern times and heathen nations, with those of ancient days and the civilizations of the East, nothing is more noticeable than the free scope given to individual exertion in the former. If mankind, as we have abundant evidence to believe, sprang from one source and developed from one form of constitution, and that constitution a communism, by what steps has the change from common to individual rights been brought about. 'The process of this change is to a great extent observable in the history of law.

Law may be called the official record of man's progress. Though the most conservative of all things, and ever binding us to the past, it is the child of Revolution. The stroke for liberty is for a code. Thus it was with the laws of Draco and Solon, the Laws of the Twelve Tables, Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, and the Code Napoleon. Periods of revolution, the results of which are reduced into law, form stages in the advancement of mankind, and serve as bases from which the genius of humanity stretches forth to greater triumphs. As we trace down the course of time, the authority of the family over the individual becomes weaker, and his independent rights grow stronger and more numerous. The clansman becomes emancipated now in one respect, now in another; and history confers upon him rights and

privileges of which he never so much as dreamed.

The steps of complete emancipation from patriarchal control are clearly traced in the Roman law; and in the law of England we see the process by which we were freed from the semi-patriarchalism of Feudalism. We see class after class rising; to a knowledge of, and claiming independent rights, not for the class but for the individuals of the class. We see a curtailment of indefinite and therefore arbitrary power, and a widening of rights of property and of person. We see a recognition of legal rights in those who formerly had none, means given whereby redress may be had for an invasion of these rights, and, especially, common reduced or converted into individual rights. The same process is still going on among all western nations; more quickly, surely, and beneficially to-day than heretofore. Our freedom and power are becoming greater, our individuality more express, the scope of our exertions more extended, and our civilization more changeable, progressive, and complete. We are moving from communism.

Deprive men of individual rights, introduce communism in any intelligible sense of the word, and you thrust the European back to the position of the Hindoo villager, who has no individuality, and whose civilization is stationary or but slightly developed. It would be a retrograde movement; would deprive the civilized man of almost every interest worth living for, and of those rights which have cost him so dear and are so highly valued. Our civilization progresses and our law develops from the family to the member, from joint to separate rights, from communism to individualism.

Having glanced at communism as a legal, social, or political system, we are now to consider it in a moral and political light; but politically only so far as it is an ethical system. The stage of advancement man had attained at the time of Plato was one in which politics and ethics were commingled. Plato treats of ethics in a political form; as he says, the State is the man writ large.

We have said that communism is antagonistic to civilization. That the Greeks were a highly civilized people can admit of little question. How could a people sunk in barbarism give birth to so many poets, historians, or philosophers; be possessed of suffi-

ciently subtle taste to appreciate the sparkling wit of Aristophanes, the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the rhapsodies of Homer; or have left to us so precious a legacy as their literature, philosophy, and law? But if they were so highly cultivated a people, how came communism to arise among them? To answer this question, a short view will be taken of the state of society in Greece at the time of Plato; for communism is pre-eminently a social subject.

As distinguished from an ancient family, a Republic of Greece or Rome was not a tribe, but a collection of tribes or families of independent origin, yet bound together by certain ties and fictions. Their separate origin is shown in their rights, usages, and customs, and especially in the ceremonies of adoption and religious observances. Family power, though still subsisting, was giving way before that of the State. The State settles quarrels, stops bloodshed, puts an end, in some rough way, to the animosities, rivalries, and feuds of families. It forms a theory of divine origin, demands, and after a time succeeds in obtaining, a claim on the individual superior to that of the patriarch, and finally transfers to itself the family's right of allegiance.

Taking its idea of power from the theory of the family, the State claimed an authority which was undefined, absolute, and exclusive. It permitted no outside influence to interfere in its concerns, and repressed any institution whatever from within which tended to limit its authority. With us there are bounds to the State's power; but in Greece and Rome the interior accommodation of families, the ordering and education of children, the clothes to be worn, and the food to be eaten, were each competent to legislation. He who should doubt the religion which had grown up in the State, and to which each family comprising the Republic had contributed its quota, as well as he who should disobey the laws, was obnoxious to punishment. Religion and politics were so blended together that doubt was considered an intense form of treason, and disbelief in monstrous absurdities was not seldom visited with exile and death. The duty of belief was unquestioned, but the concomitant right of individual knowledge, and therefore inquiry, was ignored. Though our religion is different from ancient forms, and fosters the spirit of enquiry, there is not

wanting in our practices some trace of the narrow views of old. No matter how eminent, truthful, honest, and accurate a declared atheist may be, or might become, his testimony is not admissible in a court of justice; while the evidence of an unthinking bigot, a polished hypocrite, is received without question.

We look on liberty as something to be enjoyed apart from governmental interference, and define it as "an absence from restraint." In Greece and Rome, liberty was differently viewed. As the clansman had no status or right beyond his clan, the citizen had no liberty outside his city. To him liberty meant citizenship—the rights, privileges, and suffrages of a citizen; in fine, what the Romans called the *civitas*. When a Greek or Roman lost the *civitas*, he lost his liberty; when he regained the *civitas*, he recovered his liberty. To him liberty was a positive, tangible benefit, conferring on its possessor certain esteemed privileges; to-day it is a negative attribute, which may be summed up in the impossible words, "*Laissez faire*." Our liberty is looked upon as an abstraction which, now and then, especially in poetry, becomes clothed in the robes of the ancient world.

Allegiance is not what it was in the palmy days of Greece and Rome. The barriers which formerly made enemies of nations are greatly broken down. Free intercourse with different peoples has dissipated prejudices and revealed the advantages and disadvantages of countries, institutions, laws, and customs. To-day men, as citizens of an enlightened world, enlist themselves in the ranks of that country wherein their interests are best conserved. But, together with this greater freedom, allegiance to the State, and the bond between those living under the same government, are correspondingly weakened. To the citizen of an ancient State all citizens were friends, and bound to him by the closest ties; those outside the city were either enemies or barbarians. The exigency of their position, the continual fear of invasion by which they were beset, the necessity of relying for safety upon the military prowess, fidelity, and trustworthiness of a limited number of citizens exclusively, the success of one State, and even its safety, being a standing menace to every other, strengthened the bond of union between the citizens, made the duties of allegiance more

strict, and the controlling powers of the State more complete. In Sparta, which is generally taken as the model of ancient States, all relations of man to man, except the relation of citizen, were as far as possible stamped out; the power of the Government was supreme in education, religion, morals, and law; property was common; and even the connection of a child to its parent was considered accidental, in the logical meaning of that word, its relation to the State necessary.

At the time Plato propounded his communism in Athens, all Greece was forsaking its primitive institutions and conceptions, especially Athens. Upon the defeat of the Persian and the success of the Athenian arms, trade sprung up between the Greek colonies and the mother-country. Adventurous warriors grew wealthy with plunder, and merchants with gain. Knowledge of foreign countries, the concomitant of commerce, extended, and the facilities and capacities of the Greek race, long dormant, expanded in a short time to an extraordinary degree, and in almost every direction. Literature was cultivated, taste polished, philosophy and learned speculation, beginning with set proverbs, assumed gigantic proportions. The traditions, institutions, laws, and customs of foreign countries were contrasted with those at home, and every department of enquiry was critically canvassed.

Wealth acquired by war is only in part public; wealth accumulated by trade is private. As trade extended in Athens the sentiment of individual property and rights became strong. That which was gained by individual exertion was not readily given to a common stock, either in the family or the State. To supply the demands of the time the law of Athens rapidly developed, but not so completely as the requirements of society called for, nor in such a manner as to conserve the strength and unity of the nation. There arose a contradiction between individual claims and the supremacy of the State.

In morality and religion the traditions, ceremonies, and beliefs of the State were treated with no light hand. Athens became a seat of adventurous literati or teachers of rhetoric, who, with singular acuteness, criticised and exposed the weakness of the State's traditions, mocked at its ceremonies,

and held its beliefs up to ridicule. The foundations of belief were shown to be contradictory, inconsistent, and not seldom tinged with individual immorality. So far as there was any positive teaching among the sophists, they taught that the most unjust was the happiest man, and that there is no such thing as truth. Sophist criticisms spread through the people, and scepticism overwhelmed Athens, so that Plato says the little sceptics could do nothing were it not for that great sceptic, the public. The state of Athens reminds one forcibly of that greater scepticism which convulsed Europe in the eighteenth century, but with this difference: in the latter case, religion being cleansed from certain retarding influences in the school of political theories and connections, is now on a firmer basis, and possesses a greater power for good than ever it did heretofore; in Athens, on the other hand, the religion had not sufficient vitality to bear up against the attacks of scepticism, and never recovered from the blow dealt it by the Rhetoricians.

In regard to private rights, in morality, and in religion, the State and the individual were opposed at the time of Plato. The breach was widening. At intervals, sufficient enthusiasm on behalf of religion could be raised to banish or poison a philosopher who expressed his disbelief in what all men doubted. But this did not cure the evils of the time. The elements of society became every day more opposed, until at length the divergence became so great that neither their private interests, nor the claims of kindred, patriotism, or allegiance, the former glories of the Republic, nor the thrilling eloquence of Demosthenes could rouse to more than a short-lived ferment a people who, of all antiquity, have left us the most admirable tokens of bravery, versatility, ingenuity, and acuteness of intellect. Their ardour quickly cooled, and Athens passed from the control of one despot to that of another, under the pretence of being each time restored to liberty.

The object of Plato in the "Republic" was two-fold—to raise the character of the individual, and to reconstruct the State. Setting out with the supposition that cities arise from wants, not wants from cities, he lays down the basis of government prevalent at his day—the undefined, absolute, and exclusive power of the State—and orders

his citizens into ranks, which resemble somewhat the castes of India, without the religious element. He gave to the supreme power authority over all citizens in religion, education, property, and rights generally, and by this means sought to secure the highest culture, the surest stability, and most complete unity. "Among friends everything is common property," he says. To allow separate rights and separate properties is, with Plato, to make many States and not one. The family tie gives rise to exclusive rights in individuals; Plato, therefore, abolished the family tie. The subjects of his State were citizens, and could recognise each other only as such. Family names were abolished. The State was to teach religion and enforce morality. Private judgment was disallowed, because its exercise interfered with absolute power; yet, as the traditional morality and religion were untenable and unbelievable, they were reformed. In Plato's State there were common gains and losses, pursuits and properties, pleasures and pains, education and religion, husbands, wives, and children,—in fine, an absolute communism.

The Republic of Plato never became an existing institution, and the system there expounded was never submitted to the test of experience, except to a small extent and among ecclesiastical bodies, yet it is important of consideration because it marks an era in the development of mankind from communism to individualism. Plato built his system not so much in the interest of the State as for the benefit of the individual. It is true he looked on man as an atom of disorder, of anarchy, and of confusion—or, as he says, as a wolf—that could be whipped into usefulness by the control only of a central power, using a defined system of education and training. It is true likewise that Plato's conception of morality is essentially political, but it was a political morality whose object was the cultivation of justice in the citizen. He gave absolute power to the Government that the individual might be perfected and live a moral life. The evil which, in his view, demoralized man and rendered government weak, was the possession of separate rights and relations by the citizen. To improve the individual and strengthen government he advocated communism.

In the "Republic" is found the first sys-

tematic exposition of selfishness in an ethical theory. By selfishness was meant individual rights, or the evil to which the citizen was exposed, and from which the "Republic" was to save him. Plato does not draw any distinction between private rights and their abuse, but comprehends both in the category of evils. As a fundamental principle he insisted upon a complete renunciation of separate rights, and the establishment of common rights and interests. In modern times we have a somewhat different view of selfishness. The rights of the individual, so long established in literature, law, philosophy, and theology, are now granted as sacred, and selfishness means not so much private rights as their abuse and the overriding of the rights of others. From Hobbes to Darwin this view continually recurs. The result of their observations and the foundation of their ethics are contained in the words: "Man is naturally selfish."

Leaving out of question the meaning of the word "naturally" (which is misleading), it would seem that selfishness, as condemned by Plato or as predicated of man by later philosophers, must not only have been subsequent to society but could have arisen only at some developed stage of mankind's progress. In an ethical view, selfishness pertains unto an individual and regards his position in relation to his rights, and to others and their rights. History tells us that in early times man had no individual rights and no conception of any, that rights and, *a fortiori*, the conception of rights have taken a long time in their production and elaboration. Observation among uncultured tribes confirms the conclusion pointed out by history. In the light of experience, then, the meaning to be taken from the doctrine, "man is selfish," is this: that he has a nature capable of being developed into that of a selfish being—a proposition which few would deny—a proposition based on fact.

We are told by many who have investigated the subject that children are selfish; by others, as great a number and as reliable authorities, that they are unselfish. What is meant by the word "selfish" is of easy determination, but the meaning of the term "unselfish" is indefinite and purely negative. It is applicable to a stone, a railway car, or an oyster. It may be said of everything in the universe which is not included in the

word "selfish." It tells us not what a person is, but what he is not. It is not distinctively moral, and when used to indicate a negative attribute may be a correct designation of an early period in the life of the individual. But if used in an ethical sense, or to imply in its subject certain moral attributes, the word "unselfish" is probably as inaccurate in its application to children as its opposite. Selfishness implies some knowledge or conception of *meum* and *tuum*, my right and thy right, a knowledge which children cannot be said to possess at a very early age. They have not reached the conception of selfishness or unselfishness. These ideas and the attributes pertaining to them are only reached after a lapse of time, and are developed by the tendency of the individual, the practice of his companions, and the example, precept, and authority of parents, guardians, teachers. As the race passes from family to state, and thence to individual rights, the individual goes through probationary stages in reaching the high position of an independent moral being.

To destroy selfishness, Plato would deprive man of private rights and property; and, to raise the individual, he would substitute a general or universal motive in the place of a particular impulse.

Bacon says "Wealth is the impedimenta of virtue." Property hinders virtue, yet virtue cannot proceed without property. It is as necessary as warlike stores or baggage to an army. The greater number of virtues require for their exercise the relinquishment upon one side, and the bestowal upon the other, of individual rights and properties. Suppose a state of society in which there are no private rights and no private property—a society Plato and certain modern communists advocate—where would the virtues which depend on property and rights for their exercise find place? Clearly nowhere. There would be no place even for that first step in morals and religion—self-sacrifice.

Many of the motives which most powerfully operate upon us are private motives or mixed motives, *i. e.*, motives which have a private object or partly a private and partly a general object in view. A motive purely for the public good or universal benefit, though it may be exalted in character, and in certain ways of widespread influence, is not so intense, does not effect so much

and is not found among so many individuals as a motive which is confined to one or two objects. The logical rule of comprehension and intention seems to apply. When Plato, therefore, in building his society, introduced public to the total exclusion of private and mixed motives, he substituted a weaker for a stronger principle of action. The world has advanced beyond the position wherein a purely private motive is considered necessarily evil. Duties to self are an important part of any scheme of morals, and, while these are insisted upon, general motives, so far from being excluded, are fostered with great care. While in Plato's communism there could be only one incentive to action, and that a comparatively weak incentive—the public good—society, as it is framed, has the benefit of all the stronger and weaker motives that can impel man.

The morality of Plato's communism was a state morality. Duties were state duties; its religion, a state religion. It was systematic and in character resembled somewhat the morality of Sparta and of early Rome. It is doubtful if, even at the time of Cicero, Rome had advanced to a higher conception of morality than that conveyed in the Roman definition of the good man: "*Quis est bonus? Is qui leges patrie senatusque decreta observat.*" It mattered not what the laws of fatherland were, or what the senate decreed, disobedience of or resistance to these constituted the extremest form of individual depravity known to the ancient world. One is much inclined to think, on reading his orations against Catiline, that Cicero himself was not altogether free from the same ideas. That Plato should have reverted to state theories is explicable from his circumstances. He saw that private rights were sapping the foundations of the State, that the State was decaying, and that scepticism and immorality were becoming prevalent; and he identified the State and the individual. But his system was unsuited to his times. A morality, to be valid among a people where private right is acknowledged, must be a morality which operates on that private right. As the moral code of the clansman—fidelity to his clan—would not suit a society formed of a collection of clans, but there must arise a higher obligation to the State, so, obedience to state decrees, and conformity with tradition, is an unsuitable conception of morality wherever independent private right is acknowledged.

A necessary part of Plato's communism is the destruction of the family tie. No one acquainted with the history or the writings of Plato would accuse him of immoral practice in life, or immoral intention in his works ; yet the obvious result of his system of politics would, in our civilization, be a general depravity. If we have any safeguard to morality other than religion, it is the sanctifying influence of the family tie. The best deserved compliment yet paid by religion to a social relation was that by which marriage, in a portion of the Christian Church, was raised to the dignity of a sacrament. Whatever the effect of communal marriage or no-marriage may have been in patriarchal times, or when the font and origin of obligation was the State, there needs not much examination to see, that in modern times the absence of marriage must inevitably lead to the opposite of the ennobling public good.

Plato's theory for the amelioration of society could not have been reduced to prac-

tice even in his own day. The teaching of the State, for a time sufficient, had brought forth powers of mind which criticized that teaching, and found it wanting. A further march in civilization was possible only upon the introduction of new principles and doctrines. The elements of these were not found in Greece. She had already exhausted herself, and was drifting into nothingness. She had no basis upon which to proceed forward ; and on looking back to the time of Plato, and considering the subsequent history of his country, one is inclined to think it a most fortunate circumstance for Western Europe, that, at the downfall of the State, Greece had no religious reformer, who, as Confucius and Mahomet, should improve, revive, and stereotype, as it were, for ever, the stale theories of an incomplete civilization. But the Greeks were a philosophical rather than a religious people.

T. B. BROWNING.

(To be concluded in next number.)

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

A HIGH and mighty Castle there stood in days of old,
Far o'er the land it glistened, to where the blue sea rolled ;
And 'midst its fragrant gardens of richly blooming flowers,
Sparkling fountains rose and fell in rainbow-tinted showers.

A proud King sits within there, whose sway far countries own ;
Gloomy and haggard sits he upon his blood-stained throne ;
For all his thoughts are Horror, Fury his ev'ry breath,
His very words are scourges, his every mandate—Death !

Once to this Castle journeyed, Minstrels a noble pair ;
One had shining locks of gold, the other thin grey hair.
The old man, harp on shoulder, a gay-decked palfrey rode,
While light of heart beside him his bright young comrade strode.

Then to the youth thus spake he : " My son now ready be
To conjure up thy sweetest songs of full-toned melodie ;
Sorrow and gladness blending with Music's utmost art,
Our task to-day to soften the proud King's stony heart ! "

Soon in the lofty-column'd hall, those peerless Minstrels stand ;
The proud King sits enthroned there, the Queen at his right hand.
With baleful splendour gleamed the King, like blood-red northern light ;
But sweet and mild the Queen was, like moon on cloudless night.

The grey-beard struck the harp strings, and wondrous 'twas to hear,
 How richer, ever richer, the sound swelled on the ear ;
 Above the harp's wild pleadings, divine the young voice floats,
 Like mystic Spirit-music chime in the Bard's deep notes.

They sing of love and spring-time, of the world's golden youth,
 Of freedom and of manfulness, of happiness and truth.
 They sing of all things precious, which can men's bosoms move ;
 They sing of all things holy, which raise men's hearts above.

Hushed is the swarm of courtiers, forgotten gibes and jests,
 Th' iron-hearted warriors bend their heads upon their breasts ;
 The Queen, her sad heart swooning with joy and anguish sweet,
 The rose plucks from her bosom, and flings it at their feet.

“Ye have seduced my people, would ye bewitch my Queen ?”
 Screams out the furious monarch, with rage-distorted mien ;
 At the young Minstrel's bosom his flashing sword he throws,
 And now whence flowed the golden song, the crimson life-blood flows.

As though by whirlwind scattered, the frightened courtiers fly,
 And, gasping in his master's arms, the youth sank back—to die.
 He wrapt him in his mantle, he sat him on his horse,
 Erect in saddle bound him, and led him forth—a corse.

Halting before the Castle gates, the grey-haired Minstrel stands,
 His wondrous harp, above all price, he raises in his hands ;
 Against a marble column, shivers that harp so dear,
 And then through grove and Castle his awful voice rings clear :

“Woe, woe to thee, proud Castle, may never dulcet strain
 Be heard within thy chambers, nor harp, nor glad refrain ;
 The timid tread of bondsmen, naught but their sighs and groans,
 Be heard until thy halls are dust, thy towers crumbling stones !

“Woe to ye, fragrant gardens, shining in May's clear glow,
 To ye the face disfigured of this dear corpse I show,
 That blight may seize your flowers, your springing founts run dry,
 So in the days to come ye shall barren and desert lie.

“Woe, woe to thee, foul murderer, thou curse of minstrelsie,
 To grasp the bloody crown of Fame, vain shall thy strivings be !
 In endless darkness sunken, thy name shall be unknown,
 Lost ! as in empty air is lost a wretch's dying groan !”

The aged Bard is silent ; just heaven has heard his cry ;
 The halls are now demolish'd, the towers in ruins lie ;
 Sole remnant of the splendour of the high column'd hall,
 One cracked and moss-grown pillar stands tott'ring to its fall.

And where bloomed fragrant gardens, stretches a waste heath land,
 No tree casts there its shadow, no stream bursts through the sand !
 No poet-song, no peasant-tales, the King's great deeds rehearse,
 Unwept, unsung, forgotten ! that is the Minstrel's Curse.

LITTLE GREAT MEN.

EVERY one must have noticed the great tendency that exists now-a-days among the smaller fry of the scientific and literary worlds to belittle the labours and the results of men who are, in verity, Tritons among these minnows. There seems to be no choice for writers who cannot be great scholars themselves, but to carp at those whose bigger brains and better directed industry have really achieved something for mankind: the position of appreciation from a lower level does not seem to occur to them; and every modern hod-bearing builder, just capable of running up a temporary house whose faults of construction are hidden with plaster and stucco, deems himself qualified to squint askance up the Pyramids and hint that the masonry, to say nothing of the design, of Cheops is no better than it should be, while he astonishes his own little circle of groundlings with an "an I would, I could."

I have lately learned from men of this stamp some surprising things in Art and Science. It was new to me, I confess, that Turner, of all men the most faithful lover and follower of Nature, and the most rewarded by her for that love and that pursuit, got his designs from letting children mix coloured beads together or by running damp colours promiscuously over his palate. With all the shifting imagery of cloud-scape and sea-scape before him, was Turner likely to have stooped to this? I could have marked this anecdote as a lying clot of dirt, flung from below, without the positive evidence afforded by the vast and inimitable series of sketches, still extant in every stage of finish, which he has left behind him to attest the fatherhood of his paintings and redeem them from such an imputation of bastardy.

All our great men are compelled in these times to take some particular department of truth under their cognisance. Science has extended its researches so far that another Verulam, if we had him, would have to drop that proud motto, "I have taken all Nature to be my Province." Spencer, perhaps, is the most extended thinker of the day and

the one whose range is widest; but the ordinary leaders of thought wisely confine themselves each to his own branch, knowing full well that there is more than *he* can master there; feeling that his investigation will aid the labourers in cognate fields of thought; and that when, for purposes of generalisation and of checking his own results, he desires to go outside his own section of nature, it will be better for him to accept the laws laid down by other specialists, than to plunge into the experimental verification of their rules at the cost of much precious time and energy. But while Huxley or Tyndall would not think of turning aside to impugn the accuracy of Dr. Hooker's account of a foreign flora they had never seen, and while the great botanist in turn would not care to controvert Max Müller's history of some obscure Semitic dialect, the ordinary little great scholar of the day (save the mark!) will rush in and set all four right all round! A political economist, like Mill, may expose as ludicrous the old Mercantile System, and the theory that whatever cause operated to keep cash in the country increased its wealth (no matter what the drain upon its resources might be), and that any state of things that tended to send gold away was ruinous, whatever other commodities might flow in to take its place. No modern student of that science will venture to support the demolished theorem, but I will venture to predict that yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, Canadian editors and Canadian politicians will be found depicting to a people not uneducated in political economy, the hard cash disappearing over the border-line and carrying Canada's prosperity away with it.

It was only the other day that a Professor* in a Canadian University, whose fame has not yet reached the dimensions attained by either Spencer or Tyndall, dubbed the latter a Philistine; kindly explaining that this term implied "impenetrability to ideas be-

* "Professor Tyndall's Materialism." By Prof. Watson, March number of CANADIAN MONTHLY, p. 282.

yond the more or less limited circle of conceptions within which the mind from habit finds it easy to move." Sometimes, as I find the case to be with this critic's own arguments, the "impenetrability" is not so much due to the obtuseness of the block-headed recipient as to the lack of point in the should-be-penetrative idea, and I would add that a greater feeling of modesty might have induced the Professor to ask himself whether Tyndall's smallest circle of conceptions might not be apt to overlap his own. It is of a piece with this, when Professor Watson in the same paper describes Herbert Spencer's philosophy, which he clearly fails to understand, as a "mechanical mixture of science and metaphysic," and tells us that no intelligible meaning *can* be extracted from this or that statement which it contains.

But the above examples sink almost into insignificance by the side of Professor Gregg, whose lecture on the Mosaic Authority of Deuteronomy set my mind at work upon this subject. His views are so refreshingly amusing, and at times so ingeniously open as to his own want of study of the subject, that I hope I may be permitted to run shortly over them. The difficulty is just this: Ewald and a host of other authorities, the leading lights among modern Hebraists,—and by Hebraists I mean those who have studied the history, customs, manners, and literature of the nation, as well as its mere naked language,—have come to the conclusion, after mature deliberation, that Moses did not write the fifth book of the Pentateuch. It would not be necessary for my present purpose, even if I had the material before me, to give the grounds and reasons they adduce for this belief. It is enough to say that most of the best critics concede that their position is unassailable, and that even those who differ from them yet allow that they are of all men the best qualified to speak upon such a subject. One would have thought that the evil fate which Boyle and Temple met with when they impugned the justice of Bentley's criticism upon the Epistles of Phalaris, would have taught all minor scholastic lights not to attack too rashly the soundness of the views held by men confessedly occupying the first rank in their profession; but it is not so. Luckily for himself, Professor Gregg keeps at a sufficient remove from the arcana of his subject

to prevent much risk of a rejoinder from any German scholar of notoriety.

In the first place, how touchingly candid is the admission our Professor makes, that the last chapter, recording the death of Moses, "*may* have been written" by some one else! There is an air, too, of coy reluctance about even this concession, as if the lecturer were aware how much his position is weakened by it! For the same hand that penned this finish may have added other parts, may have strung together traditions or even fragments of a previous record, originally compiled by one or more writers of different dates, thus accounting for the clear internal evidence detected by Ewald, and by others before him, that parts of the book in question were the work of a man who called his God by the name Elohim, and the rest by one who worshipped the Lord Jehovah, no mere verbal distinction, but one which coincides with two varying phases of belief in God and two comparatively distinct periods.

Professor Gregg then intimates that "no very profound scholarship is absolutely required" to settle this vexed question. According to him, "a diligent, judicious, devout student of a good English translation of the Scriptures, is fairly competent to discuss and pronounce a decision on the controversy, and is just as likely to arrive at a right conclusion as are those who make a great parade of scholarship," &c., &c. Now this flattery of your audience, "who do not pretend to be profoundly versed in oriental literature," will not deceive many. I, for one, am no Hebraist, but it does not require a knowledge of the mysterious vowel points to teach me that no common-sense student of our authorised version can pronounce the dogmatic decision which he is asked to do. When Niebuhr first analysed the legendary history of Rome and traced it back to its original ballads and oral traditions, he met with much opposition from pedants, but I have yet to learn that anybody ventured to say that the ordinary English reader of a translation of Livy could have adduced reasons against which Niebuhr's learned objections would not have "a feather's weight." And how much greater is the difficulty in this case. Adopting for the purpose of the argument the ordinary Biblical chronology, the question here is as follows: Professor Gregg affirms that Deuteronomy was written,

in the year 1451 B.C. Ewald, on the contrary, says it was written in the reigns of Uzziah (B.C. 810), Manasseh (B.C. 698), and Josiah (B.C. 642). But Ewald derives his argument from the Hebrew text, and Professor Gregg considers the English version, translated A.D. 1604—1611, sufficient to confute him with. Now, let us put a parallel case, so as to catch the ear unskilled in Hebrew and which may not fully fathom the enormity of the Professor's mistake. Taking the average of the three dates given by Ewald, we find the date of the production of the book in question would be some 750 years later on his hypothesis than it is on the Mosaic theory. Now, let us suppose that the history of our own English literature depended on the internal evidence it affords, and that, in the year of grace 2300, Macaulay's New Zealander undertook to translate those volumes of it which had survived. We will suppose that he did it faithfully and well according to the best of his lights, making no doubt sad hash of our idioms, and translating our birds and beasts pretty freely into the names of his own very distinct fauna. Now, we will further imagine that two schools of criticism exist in New Zealand, one of which (the heretical crew) affirms that "King Lear" was written by an unknown author in the sixteenth century, while the other (orthodox to the backbone) propounds the theory that because the scene is laid in England in shadowy prehistoric times we must date it back to A.D. 850 at least, or somewhere in the mists of the Haptarchy. The school of the unfaithful appeal to language and local allusions, to comparisons with admittedly sixteenth century works, and claim to number among their ranks the ablest New Zealand scholars in the English tongue in all its varying dialects, from the days of Cædmon to those of Elizabeth. No matter! The great Greggaki-Wai-Kato, champion of orthodoxy in general and of this book in particular, issues his fiat that the faithful need go no further than their own admirable Zealandese version to confound these abominable heretics and to confute their disturbingly new views and opinions. How well the professor's arguments would chime in! I can hear him deliver this crushing exordium: "Isn't it '*likely*,' judging from the brutal manners of these ancient Britons and Anglo-Saxons, that Lear's daughters would be unkind to him? There is '*at least a*

likelihood' that Lear would be very angry with them. Then '*is it not moreover likely*' that his brain would give way, and in that case what would be more natural than, the words we find put in his mouth? The theorists who attribute this book to a man who lived seven or eight hundred years afterwards '*virtually admit this likelihood*, for it cannot be supposed that any writer would have put his thoughts into the mouth of' Lear, 'unless there was at least some likelihood that the real Lear might have spoken as the imaginary one is made to speak.'" O, great is the power of your oratory, Greggaki-Wai-Kato; but do they teach logic in your New Zealand universities in the year of grace 2300?

As to the objections to the dramatic use of Moses' name, I suppose the worthy Professor adheres fully to the belief that Moses wrote Genesis, and with his usual candour will admit that "probably" he was not personally present at all the scenes and incidents he there depicts. Is there nothing dramatic in the scenes of patriarchal life? Nothing dramatic in old Isaac's querulous questionings as he feels the hands of Jacob, or in Esau's passionate wailing when he finds his brother has supplanted him a second time? If not, I do not know what the word "dramatic" means, and must suppose that Professor Gregg considers no writing is dramatic unless the name of each character is printed before his speech and the entrances and exits are marked in italics and between brackets. But if Professor Gregg concedes that Moses *did* write Genesis dramatically, not acting as a mere scribe to the Spirit in copying out the very words that Isaac or that Joseph used (for in that event the merest dullard who could hold a pen might as well have been the inditer), but that, moved by God to portray the fortunes of his race from the earliest times, he had set himself to work, employing the genius, the learning, and the industry God had given him, to embody all the floating traditions, all the few written records that might have been committed to papyrus since Jacob came down into Egypt, and in so doing had clothed those dry bones of fact with that love and tenderness which yet make us weep with Joseph over his returning and forgiven brethren,—if, I say, we are to admit that Moses blamelessly put *his* words in the mouths of the patriarchs, and was only careful not to obscure the great

moral lessons which the spirit of God pointed out to him in their actions, how then can we blame the anonymous writers of Deuteronomy if they acted in the same way towards Moses?

In neither case was there any deception or intention to deceive at the time. It must have seemed a pious work to collect together such fragments of the written or unwritten words of Moses as were extant at the time of Josiah, and fuse them into a new volume. The result of that work has probably been the preservation of what would otherwise have been lost, a risk it had already run several times. It may be fairly conjectured that it was the discovery of the book of the law by Hilkiah in the same reign, after it had been entirely forgotten, in some nook of the temple, that supplied the impulse and possibly in part the material for this compilation. For I am quite willing to concede that several of the commandments it contains were known long before the time of the kings. But what then? Does it follow, as Professor Gregg affirms, that therefore the book in question was in existence from the time of Moses downwards? Not at all. It merely shows that these particular commands were known, and had been handed down *somehow*, and proves nothing as to the existence of the book as a whole, which is the point in dispute.

Of all the Professor's other arguments, I will now only answer one, which is addressed rather to the over pious than to the over clever. As, however, the first class perhaps outrnumbers the latter, and as the point he attempts to make is very taking to the untrained eye, I will briefly reply to it. Quoting the conversation between our Lord and the Sadducees about the resurrection, he says that our Saviour, by his not contradicting the Sadducee when the latter said, "*Moses wrote unto us,*" and so on, "virtually professed to believe that the law in Deuteronomy was of divine authority and that it was written by Moses." Now, even if the context really bore out this contention, which it does not, how low a view does this take of our Saviour's mission! Admittedly, at that date, the book of Deuteronomy was treated in common parlance as the work of Moses. What then was our Saviour to do? Was He to unravel the knot of error which the evil

ingenuity of the Sadducees had extracted out of an old law, by appealing as He did appeal to the eternal verities of which God had himself witnessed to Moses? Or was He, as Professor Gregg it seems would have had Him do,—was He to stop at the threshold of the question, evade the one point on which the clustering multitude were thirsting for His authoritative decision, and, turning aside, to plunge into a question of literature and history, offending alike at one blow, both those who believed and those who disbelieved in a life after death, by thus shocking one of their most prejudiced national opinions? *

The Professor admits that, up to the time of the Reformation, literary criticism was asleep. It accepted the forged letters of Clement and Ignatius, many of the spurious and apocryphal books of Scripture, and the Mosaic authority of Deuteronomy alike. Mr. Gregg goes hand-in-hand with modern thought in rejecting most of these, but he still clings to the last volume of the Pentateuch. But surely it is argument run mad when he adduces the opinion of the world up to the time of the revival of learning as evidence in support of his theory as to Deuteronomy, and rejects it entirely as unworthy of weight as to the authenticity of the other documents!

I think I have said enough to show that a reliance on the best modern criticism as to the authorship of the books which compose our Bible is by no means incompatible with a firm belief in the golden thread of Divine teaching that runs through them all. It is much to be hoped that men like Professor Gregg may not succeed in inducing the youth of our universities to array themselves in opposition to modern research and enquiry, in the vain idea that these are forces antagonistic to Christianity, and that the Truth needs to be shielded by—Professor Gregg.

F. R.

* If Professor Gregg will kindly look up and read De Quincey's postscript to his "*System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's telescope,*" he will find that modern critics are by no means "driven to desperate shifts by the exigencies of their position" in this respect, and that it could not be even a *permissible* function in a Divine messenger to correct other men's errors in science or history.

ANCIENT SOCIETY.*

THE archaeology contained in the Book of Genesis recognizes an evolution in the progress of humanity. There is the simple story of a first pair living upon the fruits of the earth, to whom is granted that dominion over the animal creation which a great poet laments has "broken nature's social union;" there is mention of the first smith, the first minstrel, and the first mighty hunter. There is mention of sexual relations condemned by the laws of the people to whom the narrative was given. The constitution of Israel, moulded by a Sheikh of Midian, the existence of blood-feud, and the means provided for condonation of manslaughter and the restoration of the offender to society, the land law and marriage law, unfolded in the later books of the Pentateuch, suggest themselves as worthy of study in the light of advancing knowledge of archaic institutions. But the transition of the narrative from the mythic period of the paradisaical to the patriarchal state, though it covers an epoch of acknowledged length, is too rapid. The hint of ages of sin and darkness is all that is given, and we turn from its meagre outlines to the study of flint implements and crania, to broken potsherds and the barrows of the ancient dead, to the laws, folk-lore, customs, and languages of living savages, for information of the "phases of all forms" through which man has come, up from the hole of the pit whence he was dugged, to the state of civilization. The branch of enquiry most interesting to the general reader is that which deals with the growth of social and political institutions, and which has been discussed by Mr. Herbert Spencer from the *a priori* standpoint of his philosophical system, and by Sir Henry Maine as a proper legal study. Mr. Morgan's work deals with social systems revealed to him during the progress of his celebrated researches into the systems of consanguinity and affinity of the Human Family, the results of which are given in one of the

ponderous quartos published by the Smithsonian Institute.

In little more than half the time from the foundation of the Roman city until the appearance of the lofty figure of the first Cæsar (the highest product of Roman civilization as politician, statesman, and warrior) there has been established on the North American continent a civilizing power, in comparison with whose forces the might and majesty of imperial Rome are of significance merely to point a political moral. Before the hurrying concourse of the chariot wheels of the invading races the aborigines have been swept as withered leaves before the gale. The dry North American atmosphere is said to be so charged with electricity that the nervous activity it imparts wastes the reproductive powers, and that new migrations will be constantly required to feed the stream of living action destined here to cherish the earth, to enlarge the bounds of freedom, and to exalt the dominion of man over the forces of nature. May we not enquire if this new habitat of civilized man, endowed with such a natural stimulus of human development, did not also impart by its kindly air, by its rigours of heat and cold, and by the teeming fatness of its soil, some special activities for the elevation of its native peoples? What were the links which made the tribal bond? what rights and duties had their origin in tribal relations? and in what manner were they sanctioned by the law of tribal custom? Was the simple tribal code like to the rules binding upon uncivilized men under similar conditions elsewhere? Had it any inherent force or expansive energy, giving a foretaste of good things to come? Can we discern in the rituals, the folk-lore, the customs of the aborigines, any gleams of that Light over the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Day-spring from on High, the Dawn of the ever-growing sway of Moral Order? The central truth of Buddhism offers the only key for unlocking the mystery of human life and history: "The revolutions of matter, the destructions and renovations of the universe, are but the play of the transcendent forces of moral order and destiny, the product of moral determinations. Out of these

* Ancient Society; or, Researches in the lines of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1877.

imperishable germs of essential right, these loyalties of time and force to eternal law, comes the wind that breathes in the spaces of desolation from all sides, to renew the worlds; out of these the primitive energies which at enormous intervals destroy 'the worlds of form,' and through the 'emptiness' which intervenes between this destruction and the new birth of things, these moral destinies endure, the only germs of reconstruction." But this lofty idea is a product of human experience. The growth of law, of right-wiseness (to use a most significant Saxon word) is frequently mentioned by the Hebrew prophets. "The handful of corn on the mountain tops," the fruitful Word which is "seed to the sower and bread to the eater," the "Tree of Life" whose monthly renewed leaves are "for the healing of the nations," are metaphors wherein the Semitic mind clothed its notions of the permanence and expansive energy of moral order. Such was the faith by which the just lived when the earth's dark places were full of the habitations of cruelty. Such was the vision of Balak from the high places of Baal, from Pisgah, and from Peor; and such is the meaning of the great ethical myth of the Goths, of the tree Ygdrasill, whose roots extend through Hell and Earth and to the holy Urdar fount in heaven, hard by where is the dwelling of the Norns, who make the laws and determine the lives and destinies of men.

The customs of the American Indians, of the Polynesian and Australian races, and the social institutions imbedded in them, carry us a long way anterior to the patriarchal state and the beginning of landed property. The first institutions must of necessity have dealt with the relations of the sexes, and regulated for the males the selection of female mates by rules for the prevention of promiscuity and incest. Under the system of the Kamilaroi, an Australian tribe, the males comprise four gentes or clans, Ippai, Kumbo, Murri, and Kubbi; the females likewise four gentes, Ippata, Buta, Mata, and Kapota. The original law was: Ippai could marry no other than Kapota, Kumbo could marry Mata and no other, Murri could marry only Buta, and Kubbi only Ippata. Within each male clan the individuals were brothers, and within each female clan the individuals were sisters; but the male and female clans were brothers and sisters to each other in the or-

der named. The prohibition against marriage within the assigned limit was absolute; but without it the privilege of barbarism knew no law. A system somewhat similar, called Punalua, is found among the Hawaiians. Directed to the prevention of incest only, and not looking beyond, it retained a conjugal system nearly as objectionable, and what was worse, cast it into permanent form. The transition from clan polyandry to the polyandry of brothers was the next advance in the series of conjugal relationships. The latter is prevalent in Thibet, is met with in Ceylon, in the Aleutian Islands, and elsewhere. Traces of the system, become obsolete but still moulding the law of inheritance, are said to be found in the motive of that exquisite idyl, the Book of Ruth, and in the curious question put to the Saviour touching the seven brothers who had successively had one woman to wife. Mention of its prevalence in the ancient Cantium is made by Cæsar in the 14th chapter of the 5th Book of his Commentaries on the Gallic War: "Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes, et maxime fratres cum fratribus, parentesque cum liberis: sed si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum habentur liberi a quibus primum virgines quæque ductæ sunt." It was an essential characteristic of these social systems, under which paternity was uncertain, that heritable offices should descend on the side of the mother. Offices and distinctions were obviously the only subjects of succession before the institution of property in chattels and land. Long after polyandry had ceased and a modified polygamy had taken its place, this law of succession prevailed to regulate the descent of the office of sachem among the Iroquois and Algonquin Indians. The same rule forged the chain for the new-born child of a slave mother: "Paritus sequitur ventrum." The family, the unit of the gens, first became possible by means of gentile organization. With what modifications this organization prevailed, how it became the groundwork of the Iroquois league, as it was the basis of the earliest political institutions of Greece and Rome, is thus stated by Mr. Morgan:—"The experience of mankind has developed but two definite and systematic organizations of Society. The first and most ancient was a social organization, founded upon gentes, phratries, and tribes. The second and latest in time was a political organization, founded

upon territory and upon property. *Under the first a gentile society was created in which the government dealt with persons through their relations to a gens and tribe.* These relations were purely personal. Under the second a political society was instituted in which the Government dealt with persons through their relations to territory—e. g. the township, the county, the state. These relations were purely territorial. The two systems were fundamentally different. One belongs to ancient society, the other to modern. The gentile organization furnished the nearly universal plan of government of ancient society, Asiatic, European, African, American, Australian. By its means society was organized and held together. Commencing in savagery and continuing through barbarism, it remained until the establishment of political society. The Grecian gens, phratry, and tribe, the Roman gens, curia, and tribe find their analogues in the gens, phratry and tribe of the American aborigines. The Irish sept, the Scottish clan, the phrara of the Albanians, and the Sanscrit *ganas*, are the same as the American Indian gens, which has usually been called a clan. As far as our knowledge extends, this organization runs through the entire ancient world over all the continents, and it was brought down to the historical period by such tribes as attained to civilization. Gentile society wherever found is the same in structural organization and in principles of action; but changing from lower to higher forms with the progressive advancement of the people."

The sentence in italics seems to have been phrased in the swing of composition. It cannot have been so thought out by Mr. Morgan. "These temples grew as grows the grass." The gentile society *grew*, it was not created. Government there was none for the sanction of the customs which formed the gens and secured its permanence. It is difficult to account for the rigour and efficacy of customary laws among tribes so destitute of forms of administration as were most of the Red Indians. The tribal councils were purely deliberative. We may be helped to some notion of the force of tribal customs by consideration of the great number of customs and ceremonies binding upon every decent member of society, of those which are binding upon one sex only, of those which are binding only on certain classes, the origin of all which we seldom enquire,

but the breach of some of which would, without process of law, entail upon the offender consequences as serious, often as severe, as violations of written enactments. Gentes or clans, phratries or clan brotherhoods, and tribes or congeries of clans, *grew* in obedience to the instincts of gregariousness and fellowship, just as language grew out of the requirements of human intercourse. In the ninth book of the *Odyssey*, Homer makes the wise Ulysses say of the savage Cyclops: "They have neither councils nor judgments, but they dwell in hollow rocks on the tops of high mountains, and every one is the judge of his wife and children, and they do not trouble themselves about one another." Plato, in the third book of "The Laws," nevertheless, designates this archaic condition as a Polity.

The Six Nations of the Iroquois league numbered thirty-eight gentes. In four of the tribes there were eight phratries, in the others this organization seems wanting. The Senecas had two phratries of four gentes each. The ball game was played by phratries, one against the other. In the tribal council the sachems in each phratry seated themselves on opposite sides of an imaginary council-fire and addressed the opposite bodies as representatives of the phratries. Among all the Algonquin tribes the gentile organization is found. Mr. Schoolcraft, from the use of a totem by every gens, gave it the name of the totemic system. Thus the figure of a wolf was the totem of the Wolf gens. Among the Shawanoe, a tribe of totally different stock from the Iroquois, each gens had, as was the case with the latter, its own special names for persons within the gens which no other gens might use, so that the name determined the gens of the person. To the Iroquois gens, as *jus gentiliuum*, in addition to the obligation to marry out of the gens, belonged the council of the gens, with the right to elect and depose its sachem, the reciprocal obligations of blood-feud, a common burial place, and, says Mr. Morgan, "probably special religious rites."

The Latins at the beginning of the historical period appear organized into gentes, curiæ, and tribes, in which institution Romulus and his successors laid the foundations of the Roman power.

A gentilis, or member of a gens, was one sprung from the same stock and called

by the same name. The earlier genealogies show that marriage was out of the gens. Unlike the Iroquois rule of succession, the children born into a Roman gens were of the gens of their father, and the wife forfeited her agnatic rights upon her marriage. A common burial place was deemed indispensable. In the distribution of the public lands, allotments were made to certain gentes who held them in common. Ascending in the series of social organizations we meet the Greek phratry, the Roman curia, or brotherhood of gentes. It was an organic union of two gentes or more of the same tribe. A numerical uniformity was given to the composition of the Greek and Roman tribes by phratries or curiæ of gentes in the interests of symmetrical organization. In the case of the Luceres, the tribe of latest organization among the Romans, this appears to have been attained by the adoption of certain foreign elements. To the Greek phratry was committed the care of special religious rites, the condonation or revenge of the murder of a phrator, and the purification of the guilty after his escape from the penalty of his crime preparatory to his restoration to society. At a later period it enregistered descents, and was the keeper of the evidence of citizenship, and it prosecuted in court, on behalf of the organization, the murderer of a phrator. Mr. Morgan claims for the rituals of the Iroquois "more or less direct connexion" with the gentile organization. Each gens, he tells us, furnished a number of keepers of the faith, who after their selection were "raised up" by a tribal council with appropriate ceremonies. Men and women in equal numbers were chosen. They were the censors of the people, invested with power to report on the evil deeds of persons to the council. In the burial ground of the Tuscaroras at Lewiston, there is one row of graves of members of the Beaver gens, two rows of the Bear gens, one row of the Gray Wolf, one row of the Great Turtle, and so on, to the number of eight rows. Husband and wife are separated from each other, but mothers and their children, brothers and sisters, are found in the same row. The organization of gentes into phratries is a well marked feature in the tribal system of many North American tribes. The Mohegans, of Algonquin stock, were originally composed of three gentes, the Wolf, Turtle, and Turkey. The first is now a

phratry of four gentes, Wolf, Bear, Dog, Opossum; the second contains four gentes, Little Turtle, Mud Turtle, Great Turtle, Yellow Eel; and the third a phratry of three gentes, Turkey, Crane, and Chicken. The Munsees, a small tribe, have three gentes, Wolf, Turtle, and Turkey. The Delawares are also divided into three gentes of the same name; thus shewing that this tribe was formerly united with the Munsees. Moreover, the linguistic connection between the Delawares and Munsees is very close; but indeed the differences between all the Algonquin tongues are dialectic merely. Descent of the sachemship in the female line (except where modified by the teaching of missionaries, as in the case of the Ojibwas), and the prohibition of marriage within the gens, shew the gentile organization to have been the basis of the tribal system throughout all the divisions of the Algonquin stock. It has been traced also among the village Indians of New Mexico and among the Kolushes and Thlinkets of British Columbia.

What institution was it possible to build upon this social substructure? Among the Iroquois the gens or clan in council elected or deposed its chiefs and its sachems, elected keepers of the faith, it condoned or avenged the murder of a gentilis, and it adopted members of other gentes or foreigners into the gens. It often happened that the gens of the criminal called on the other gentes of their phratry to endeavour to effect an adjustment or condonation of the crime with the gens of the murdered person. After the election of a sachem or of a chief of the second grade the choice in some tribes required the confirmation of the phratry. Even the other phratries of the tribe were required to concur. In this manner unanimity in the selection of the sachems who represented the gentes in the confederate council was obtained. They were representatives of the gentes whose selection required approval by the tribe. At the foundation of the Iroquois confederacy several of the gentes of the original five tribes were empowered to elect sachems, and the right was made hereditary within each gens named. The Mohawks had nine, the Oneidas nine, the Onondagas fourteen, the Cayugas ten, and the Senecas eight sachemships. The Tuscaroras were affiliated some three centuries after the foundation. The sachems of the confederacy were sachems in their

respective tribes, and with the chiefs of these tribes formed the council of each, which was supreme in all matters belonging exclusively to the tribe. Unanimity in the confederate council was essential to every act, and the vote was taken by tribes. The tribal council had power to convene the confederate council, but the latter could not convene itself. Both the tribal and confederate councils were open to the orators of the people for the discussion of public affairs, but the councils alone decided. The confederacy had no chief magistrate or executive head, but for military purposes they appointed two general military commanders with equal powers.

Such was the constitution framed by the Romans of the New World. From the gens to the tribe, and from the tribe to the confederacy, the elements of the polity of these Indians were essentially natural. It is easy from our standpoint to discover the chinks and crannies through which the gusts of calamity made havoc of the structure; but it cannot fail to strike the beholder that within this constitution there were guarantees of liberty, equality, and fraternity, germs of a lofty social order, and assurances of progress as potent as any that have been begotten in the heats of political ardour upon the popular will. The coping-stone was wanting. The one great defect in this institution, as in the organizations of tribes elsewhere under similar conditions, was the want of a constitutional executive, responsible to the popular will, or responsible to law as the highest expression of that will. By reason of their compact settlement in a country which is "as the Garden of the Lord"—the lake region and valleys of the Mohawk and Genesee Rivers, in New York State—the Iroquois had special advantages over their numerically superior and not less intelligent foes, the Algonquins. In fact many tribes of the latter stock—the Delawares and the Shawonoe, for example—were intellectually capable of much higher attainment than the Iroquois, but the vastness of the area over which the linguistically allied members were scattered prevented confederate council and action.

The evolution from society held together by kinship to society settled upon land under tenures based upon kinship is a long stride, but it is the next stage in the series. Ages may have passed by from the institution of

tribes organized of gentes until the tribal territory was divided among the constituent clans. It is not a political change so much as a change in the conditions of existence, due to increase of population and a diminished supply of game; and it was in many cases, doubtless, imperceptibly progressive. "The gradual sunrise" of the first and noblest of arts "walked the gradual seas" whereon the life of the savage was tossed in the tempest of tribal wars, and from year to year brought to his view the bounteous bosom of ever-blessed earth, and nourished in him the love of her smiling plenty, and gave him "the harvest of a quiet eye" purged of its blurred vision by nature's "euphrasy and rue." The New Mexican villages had walled out barbarism, and the Wyandots and Iroquois had shown in their gravitation towards settled conditions in villages, and in their cult of Maize Festivals, the operations of that tendency "which makes for righteousness," ere the advent of the Pale Faces shook to its foundations the order of nature in which they lived. The communal dwellings and maize fields of the New England village Indians described by early observers, and their social organization, treated so exhaustively by Mr. Morgan, should undergo comparison with the state of society thus described by Sir Henry Maine in his "Early History of Institutions:" "By the Irish custom of gavelkind, the inferior tenancies were partible among the males of the sept, both bastards and legitimate; and after partition made, if any one of the sept had died his portion was not divided among his sons, but the chief of the sept made a new partition of all the lands belonging to that sept, and gave every one his part according to his antiquity." "Skene, in his work on the Highlanders, says: 'They are divided into tribes or clans under chiefs or chieftains, and each clan is again divided into branches from the main stock, who have chieftains over them. These are subdivided into smaller branches of fifty or sixty men, who deduce their original from their particular chieftains.' Such a body seems to be the Joint Family well-known to the Hindoos, in which all the property was held in common, and all earnings being brought into the common chest or purse, the lapse of any one life would have the effect, potentially if not actually, of distributing the dead man's share among all the kindred united in the family

group. This information (of the social organizations of the Irish septs, the Highland clans, and the Hindoo Joint Family) reveals to us a society of Aryan race, settled indeed on the land and much influenced by its settlement, but preserving an exceptional number of the ideas and rules belonging to the time when kinship and not the land was the basis of social union. This 'natural communism' does not arise from any theory or *a priori* assumption as to the best or justest mode of dividing the land of a community, but from the simple impossibility, according to primitive notions, of making a distinction between a number of kinsmen solely connected by their real or assumed descent from a common ancestor. The natural solvent of this communism is the land itself upon which the kindred are settled."

Having briefly sketched the case of the Kamilaroi, whose social requirements are of the rudest conceivable, reference was then made to the next step upward in the abandonment of tribal polyandry for that of brothers. The breaking down of this last system under natural exigencies, and the evolution from it to the higher form of monogamous or modified polygamous marriage has not been dwelt upon, but a discussion of the influences which induced the change may be gathered from the writings of MacLennan and Herbert Spencer. Setting out with the organization of society upon the basis of a joint family, gens, sept, or clan, the writer has, without criticism, sketched the scope of Mr. Morgan's work. It remains to point out that the earliest legal sanction or penalty was directed to the punishment of personal injuries in which the force of the clan, and frequently of the tribe, was invoked. By the terrible blood-feud, and its modified forms of the *lex talionis* and afterwards of a *weregild*, or price of worth, levied upon the society of the offender, man was educated to a sense of fellowship and fellow-trust. The intensity of the impression the blood-feud would impart was deepened with the acquisition of lands and goods, the loss of which would breed against the offending cause at least criticism, if not the desire for his punishment. Thus conscience was the creature of society. Out of society man has neither rights nor duties. The natural selection of acts fit and unfit has been a process of the experience of society, and the ethics men apply in their

judgments upon human conduct have been taught them by use of the test that this, that, or the other act is harmful to society.

The study of the devious ways of the pilgrimage of humanity from the house of its bondage in the periods of savagery and barbarism is of boundless concern to us now. Within the pale of civilization there are forces under repression which, were their bonds once broken, would sweep and garnish the house to let in more devils than have been banished from it. The science of anthropology is a necessary part of that culture which is the "armour of God" to all who "would fight the good fight of faith," for it will minister to an unbounded confidence in the progress of moral purposes and the expansion of human energies. The retrospect it gives is, however, saddened by the sense that the mills of God grind slowly, and that but a small part of the human family are enlightened. A polished stone axe, wrought with surpassing skill of adaptation to its work, perhaps beyond the average skill of English mechanics; some ancient story of persons coming and going at periodic times and bringing or taking away with them some of the sights and sounds of the circling year; the marvellous structure of some verbal language of a barbarian tribe, whose long-syllabled words hold the "mirror up to nature," and copy her every lineament with a faithfulness unknown to civilized man;—these bring the scoff of Prometheus to the lips, and the sigh for power—

"To break this sorry scheme of things entire.
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire!"

The eastern watchers of the starry sky could find solace "for their dark regrets, amid the strange, mysterious palms," in the contemplation of the precision and vastness of the movements of the celestial universe, whose perturbations are controlled by law. The movements of the hidden forces which from age to age among all classes and conditions of men, determine the bounds of their habitation (in the widest sense of the word) are not less certain or knowable. Be they ever so complex or of so sad import betimes, we know a truth that gives divinely courage: "For till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

JOSEPH BAWDEN.

A BARBECUE IN NORTH MISSISSIPPI.

I HAD been living in North Mississippi about three months. It was the beginning of July, 1869, and the crops had been laid by; that is to say, the cotton had grown so large that it was incapable of further cultivation. The fields were one tangled mass of verdure, radiant under the clear sky and blazing heat, and dusted over with the great blooms of yellow-white and rose-colour, resembling our garden hollyhock, to which, indeed, they are related.

There is rest now on the plantation for man and beast. The mules spend the hot day loose in the shady wood lot; the hands "loaf" and make leisurely preparation for the cotton-picking season, still five or six weeks in the future; and the master loiters through the fields on horseback, to mark the promise of the coming crop, or perspires in the shade.

This is the season for the summer holiday. Everything is full of life and vigour, and neighbours become gay and sociable now the spring work is over and the "sickly season" with its rank vegetation decaying in the heat and steaming forth malaria and plague is still far off. When that time comes the merry-makings will flicker out; the people, depressed under prolonged heat and the threatenings of fever and ague, will "seek to" religious excitement as a relief from morbid gloom, and revival meetings will prevail. Thus it comes about that over the South the hard-working spring is followed by a July of pic-nics and junketing, and an August of camp meetings and repentance. September brings the autumnal work, and common-sense resumes control.

Our neighbours had decided to hold a barbecue in Widow Christopher's Grove, not very far from our house, and as it was our first opportunity to see the people we had come to live among, our curiosity was considerable.

The preparations were great. Aunt Creasey, our black cook, was resolved that her chickens and fixings should not yield to what any other woman, black or white,

could show on the ground. She was oppressed, in fact, by her cares, and her spirits suffered, at least if one might judge by her repeated requests for a dram to support her in her efforts to do credit to the family. A jolly soul she was, Aunt Creasey, with her smooth, slippery tongue and her childish prattlings, especially when she wanted a dram or a bit of finery off the mistress's dressing-table; but as shrewd as a magpie and wonderfully quick to detect and profit by the weaknesses of her employers. She was our first cook and very popular with us till late in the summer, when she caught a touch of the chills, and became so cross and quarrelsome that we were thankful to send her away. She was a large mulatto woman, rather fat and not very young, but when arrayed in her clean white gown, with a white handkerchief round her head and a string of big red beads about her throat, as handsome a picture as one would wish to see, her great African eyes glowing and her white teeth shining as only African teeth and eyes know how. So she looked as she marched off through the grove, two darkey lads, Dan and John, following with her baskets, she herself carrying her peach pies and custards, afraid to trust them to those graceless scamps.

Down in a hollow at the end of the grove passes the high-road. By its side is a plot of green sward, short and thick, protected on either side by high, steep banks, whence ooze many springs which form themselves into a clear trickling brook. Scattered about are trees—oaks, sycamores, and gums—casting broad, cool shadows through which the hot day shoots down in passing glints. The hollow opens north and south, so the cool south breeze steals through it all day long. This was the scene chosen for the revel, and not many pleasanter nooks could have been found that hot summer day.

All the night before, preparation had been going on. A long, deep trench had been dug and filled with burning fuel. Over the hot coals were stretched on poles to broil the

solider part of the banquet; twenty shotes, to wit (*i. e.* half grown hogs), and half a dozen kids. Tables and seats were made of planks, and booths of branches to shelter the ice and the dancers from heat and dust, though, as the ground in the dancing booth was thickly spread with bran, it is probable the heat and dust would have been less had there been no booth to intercept the breeze.

Before ten o'clock the company began to arrive—men and women with youngsters innumerable trooping in from across the fields on all sides. There were the poor whites—a rough, weather-beaten crew, and wonderfully ignorant. Not a very pleasant addition, but always eligible and expected at a public gathering in those parts, where colour draws the line between the two great divisions of the people.

By and by the company on horseback began to arrive, lolling back in their Texan saddles with impossibly long stirrups; many with white umbrellas over their heads, and all at the walk. Owing to the badness of the roads, horseback is the prevailing mode of locomotion all over the South, and as time is plentiful and the heat somewhat soporific the horse is seldom urged beyond a walk. The riders dismount, hitching their horses to hanging branches, and the ladies, throwing off their ample riding skirts, appear in full fig ready to welcome the carriage company, who are now arriving in all manner of vehicles,—waggons, buggies, and such old-time carriages as have survived the general destruction of the war.

Altogether there was a gathering of from four to five hundred people, besides darkies, collected from far and near, like flies enticed by the savour of roasting victuals.

So now to business. The baskets and hampers are unpacked, and the tables duly spread. Eatables and fruit of all kinds are abundant, but crockery is scarce and cutlery not to be seen. That, however, is no matter. A slice of bread makes an excellent plate when you can get no other, and those people who object to eating with their fingers, have brought knife, fork, and napkins in their pockets.

The onslaught on the provisions is a serious affair. Profound silence seems to settle on the crowd, whose jaws are too busy for speech. Considering that salt pork and corn bread, with coffee and molasses, have been the sole diet of the less wealthy part of

the throng for the past six months, it is not surprising that the hot meats should be in request. But still the chunks of "shote" which we see made away with are a wonder. We can only hope digestion may wait on appetite, for now the music strikes up and the dinner ends.

The tunes are the good old reels and jigs, brought out of Virginia and the Carolinas forty years ago by the first settlers, when General Jackson brought in the white man, and moved the Indians across the Mississippi. The dancing is vigorous and the evolutions are as complicated as can be desired, but the bran dust and the heat are stifling, and the spectators soon move away.

All are taking their pleasure after their several lights. The cosiest of all is a conclave of ancient dames, who have gathered in a shady spot by the brook, the picture of coolness and comfort. Relieved for a day from the unending worry of the domestic nigger, they seem to spread themselves in bliss. Their chat trickles on unceasingly, and they revel in the half concealed luxury of a social "dip."

Of all the uses to which tobacco has been put, "dipping" seems the queerest and the least savoury. No one would suppose it, but of these respectable old ladies every one carries her box of Scotch snuff. Not obtrusively,—she is not proud of it,—but on confidential occasions out it comes. She has also in her pocket a brush, a bit of vine twig the length of a finger, bitten and gnawed at one end till the fibres stand apart. This brush she moistens and dips in the snuff, and then begins to polish her teeth. The process may be continued for hours, and it appears to afford great satisfaction. It must be exhilarating as well as soothing, if we may judge by the pleasant flow of talk, but it is not an indulgence recognised in polite society, and I am sure none of these old ladies would admit themselves guilty of it. Observe the energetic action of their fans, and the very unconscious look in their faces when any of the crowd approach. "Oh no, they would not do such a thing;" only I know I have seen the rite before and can detect the signs.

The men stand around talking "crop" or "nigger," and the never-ending botheration arising from the new relation between the coloured labourer and his white employer, complicated by his recently obtained voting power and the carpet bag influences that

control it. These troubles are righting themselves now, but in those days the outlook for the white man was sombre indeed.

In due time the musicians packed up their fiddles and started off to meet their train. Horses were hitched up and the

gathering dispersed ; and by the time the dew began to fall, no sign of life remained upon the scene, except the turkey buzzard that came to pick the very few bones which were all that remained of the Barbecue.

R. CLELAND.

AN APRIL DAY.

THIS is no day for sadness ;—let me breathe
 The sweet pure air, beneath the clear blue sky,
 While visions lovely in their vagueness wreath
 Their misty forms before the wandering eye
 Entranced to look upon their witchery.

This is no day for sadness !—when the sun
 Is draped in weeping clouds of sullen gray,
 Or when the tranquil autumn day is done,
 And the calm twilight sleeps upon the bay,
 Then may we sigh for loved ones passed away !

And yet why is it that, at times like these,
 When nature wears her fairest, sunniest face,
 When all the air is sweet with budding trees,
 And flowers bloom softly in each sunny place
 And clothe the waking earth with tenderest grace,

And joyous birds their merry carols sing,
 Our hearts can never rise to notes like theirs ;
 A strain of sadness wanders through the spring,
 The very perfectness of nature bears
 A spell that weighs our hearts down unawares ?

Is it that all the beauty of the flowers,
 The pure, fresh life that gladdens our dull earth
 Seems so in contrast with this life of ours,
 That *here* at least can know no vernal birth
 Anew,—and seemeth oft so little worth ?

Or is it that fair nature's unstained face
 Wakes yearnings for the purity we prize,
 And cannot reach,—that, sad and out of place,
 Our human hearts feel most when, to the skies,
 All fresh and joyous, nature's anthems rise ?

THE ETHICAL VALUE OF CONVICTIONS.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS, in one of his "Hints for Essays," says, "There has often been a fanciful discussion amongst thoughtful men as to the peculiar virtue, or quality, which, if increased, would do most service to mankind. I venture to put in a plea for moderation. If we look at history, or at the daily transactions, public and private, of our fellow-men, one of the most notable facts is their proneness to rush from one extreme to another. It may almost be maintained that mankind are always in extremes."

In few things perhaps is this tendency to extremes more manifest than in men's modes of holding and propagating their opinions. A striking illustration may be found in the prevalent views as to the value of opinions themselves and of tenacity in holding them. However the sectaries in the various domains of thought may wage war to the knife on other topics, on one point they seem pretty generally agreed. They have a common contempt for neutrality. Any opinion, so-called, however ill-considered, however baseless, is deemed better than no opinion. Business, politics, art, science, religion, all are alike intolerant of uncertainty, or suspension of judgment. It is not long since the writer heard a venerable preacher aver, in the most vigorous Anglo-Saxon he could command, his utter dislike "to have much to do, either in this world or the next, with the man guilty of being without clearly outlined and deep-cut convictions" upon those minor points of faith and practice so much in dispute amongst religious sects, or who was not ready to do battle for those convictions upon occasion. No purity of life, no deep-toned piety, no conscientious discharge of daily duty, not even glowing zeal for religious truth in its broader aspects, nor all of these combined, could, in the thinking of this grey-haired apostle of sectarianism, atone for the absence of those cardinal "convictions" upon the lesser issues, or, without such convictions, open the door to the narrow heaven of his conceptions, while, on the other hand, the sharpest disagreement, the broadest variance with the views he had himself reached, after, we must suppose, exhaustive and dispassion-

ate investigation, would be no barrier to the outflow of the good man's Christian sympathies, no bar to the enjoyment of his society either amidst the battles of this life, or the triumphs and felicities of that to come.

Few who have studied the various and in most other respects shifting phases of human thought and belief will fail to recognise in this stout old Valiant-for-Truth a but slightly exaggerated type of a very large class, to be found not only in the pews and pulpits of every church in Christendom, but in every association, for whatever purpose, entered by the password of a creed. The world of opinion is split up into fragmentary sections by ten thousand complicated lines of cleavage. Yet to confess oneself unable at sight to trace the minutest ramifications of all the various intersecting lines which map out one's own peculiar views of truth upon each of the thousand complicated questions supposed to come within the range of his thinking, is to write oneself to that extent a cipher in the opinion of the community. In short, what shallowness of scepticism, or wildness of fanaticism, or craze of so-called science, can draw from the average speaker or writer so many barbed shafts of denunciation or satire, as are ever flying thick around the poor unfortunate who is "upon the fence," rather than in the thick of every little fight.

Now why should any conviction be thought necessarily better than no conviction? Why should a state of uncertainty or mental equipoise, be counted by good people worthy of deeper reprobation than the most extravagant or baseless opinion, nursed into conviction and then loudly heralded and fiercely fought for? If intensity of belief were the guarantee of truth, or even the synonym of sincerity, the answer would not be far to seek. The first of these suppositions is too self-contradictory and absurd to be worthy of a moment's notice. The second will not be seriously maintained by any one who will consider that it generally requires less both of intellectual honesty and of moral courage to breast a current conviction, than to fall in with the tide of opinion and feeling amongst those with whom one has to live and act. There is, it is true, often to be found a petty

egotism which seeks to base a cheap reputation for originality upon a spurious independence, gained by shutting the eyes to fact and argument. But in most cases, to reject, even to hesitate in accepting unconditionally, the orthodoxy of the community, or party, upon any leading question is to gather around oneself a cloud of suspicion and dislike, sufficient often to darken a bright prospect and bring gloom to the bravest heart. Hence, it will be seen, that the presumption of genuine conscientiousness is very often on the side of the doubter. The pregnant words,

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds,"

have a significance reaching far beyond the religious sphere. Doubt on certain subjects, where the means of knowledge are not within reach, may be a nobler and loftier position than dogmatism. Just as in extemporaneous oratory the man of powerful intellect and cultured taste may stammer and hesitate by reason of the very abundance of his stores, while he, of one idea, and a loose habit of expression, goes fluently on, so narrowness of mental vision may beget strong convictions, while breadth and candour and conscientious thinking lead to moderation, or even indecision. And here it may be as well to say that these remarks are by no means intended to apply specially to questions of faith and unfaith in religion. If true they are, doubtless, more or less applicable in every sphere of opinion, but it can scarcely be denied that there is generally to be found more of sterling honesty, because more of intense and prolonged inquiry, on religious subjects than upon others which beget strong convictions.

If any one still holds to the very common prejudice, that strong conviction upon a given question is *per se* evidence of mental uprightness, a little reflection upon the origin of the mass of individual opinions will help to dissipate so ill-grounded an impression. Suppose the interviewer, that pestiferous modern invention, pencil in hand, to ask each of one hundred average men his opinion upon each of one hundred questions within the range of ordinary thought, such questions, for instance, as are constantly coming to the surface for revision and readjustment on matters of politics, economics, education, social ethics, and religion. Probably ninety

out of the hundred would be ready with cut and dried opinions upon ninety of the hundred topics, though probably to not one in ten of them has the individual ever given four hours of patient study or dispassionate thought. What are the origin and lineage of these respective opinions? The natural history of opinions would be a curious science. How interesting, for instance, would be a classification of those prevalent in a given community, upon the basis of descent, of relative importance in the view of the holder, of zeal displayed in propagation, of bearing upon the health, happiness, usefulness of the individual. And then what stupendous contrasts upon the more abstract points! Side by side, it may be, in the same soil would be found flourishing the most absolute faith in the divine right of a Bourbon, and the intensest communitistic zeal in the effort to bring such apothegms as "Property is robbery," and "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," to practical applications never dreamed of by their authors. The space occupied in one religious mind by meditations upon such themes as the nature of Deity and the immortality of the soul would be found in another devoted to reflection upon the orthodox cut of a chasuble, or the correct style of a genuflection.

If one would seek further for the rich results that lie along this line of inquiry, let him for a moment catechise his own individual consciousness. How many, not simply of our light and floating sentiments, but of our most cherished and, as we should say, deliberate convictions, have come down to us as heirlooms with our ancestors' goods and chattels? How many have been imperceptibly inhaled with the social atmosphere created for us by early associates and teachers, and the leading men in the little world of our youthful days? How large a percentage of the multifarious, possibly incongruous items which make up the sum total of our religious or political or scientific creed, have been imbedded in our minds by persistent iteration in the limited and probably one-sided stock of books, magazines, and newspapers which have been within our reach, and have supplied our chief mental diet? How many an opinion, first enunciated it may be at hap-hazard, or on the spur of the moment in consequence perhaps of that petty vanity or moral cowardice which makes us ashamed to say "I don't know," or first declared

merely for argument's sake in the social or debating club, or thrown forth under the impulse of that mental pugnacity which seizes one so irresistibly in the presence of certain dogmatists, has long since, by the pressure of habit and the heat of argument, been welded into the mass of our strongest convictions? And, on the other hand, how large a proportion of our most highly prized opinions can we affirm to have been deliberately embraced as the result of patient, unprejudiced, and, as far as possible, exhaustive investigation. For the honest truth-seeker such a self-study can have no terrors, but the effect in many a case would be a terrible shaking-up of the old foundations.

"But the man of convictions is the man of power, and so the useful, the indispensable man in a world so much in need of moral and social reform." This is the familiar rejoinder. And it certainly contains a moiety of truth which goes far to explain the common prejudice. So far as it is a simple recognition of the fact that the sense of right and of duty is the great motive force of the moral world—that which drives all the machinery of true philanthropy—it is not only a truth but a truism. The men of strong convictions have ever been the men of action, leading the vanguard, often the forlorn hope, of soul-freedom and human progress. They have furnished the apostles, the confessors, the martyrs of resurgent truth. But from whose ranks have been recruited all through the ages, the propagandists of pernicious error, the despots of persecution, the relentless foes of civil and religious liberty? Have not the latter often been fired by zeal quite as fervent and convictions no less unswerving? The great deliverances wrought in the world by the one are well-nigh counterbalanced, and have often been made necessary, by the unreasoning fanaticism of the other. Hence it is manifest that the proposition which would make strength of conviction, pure and simple, the hope of the world, stands sadly in need of enlargement. Strong conviction enlisted in the service of truth and right is indeed the predestined agent of human salvation. I plead not for less of honest zeal in action, but for more of it in investigation; in other words, for a profounder reverence for and a more absolute faith in truth. It does sometimes require a loyalty to truth which is simply sublime to deliver one from the temptation to burke in-

quiry and shut the door in the face of distrust with respect to the soundness of opinions which we have through long years "grappled to our soul with hooks of steel." But in such a case there is all the more need of leisure and encouragement to await the verdict of a calm and mature judgment. Such a verdict is hard to obtain amidst the din of a multitude impatient of hesitation and clamorous for prompt, unflinching action. Yet it would be a fruitful field of inquiry how often the discovery of those grand and enduring principles, in whose defence the men of action have won lasting renown, has been due to the patient thought of more evenly-balanced minds, that were never heard of in the din of the battle. Full many a thunderbolt, hurled with prodigious effect by the giant reformer, was first forged, all unheeded, in the quiet workshop of some unknown thinker.

Intensity of conviction, I repeat, though indisputably one of the chief elements of moral power, affords in itself no guarantee that that power will be available on the side of right and truth. Only when it happens to be enlisted upon that side does it become truly serviceable to humanity. I say "happens" advisedly, for there is in the innate or acquired tendency to such intensity no infallible prescience or intuitive discernment of truth. On the contrary the mental habit it pretty surely forms or indicates is, unless chastened to an unusual degree by a severe self-constraint, unfriendly to the exercise of that deliberative judgment whose function it is to weigh conflicting evidence and to put the stamp of its approval only upon the article that stands the test.

"But admit that many of our most precious articles of faith have been adopted without due inquiry and are held without adequate proof, this does not prove them necessarily false. The sterling value of an opinion, *i. e.*, the amount of truth in it, is not in any fixed ratio to the completeness with which the holder has mastered the evidence which proves, but neither creates nor constitutes it." I grant it. Truth has, I rejoice to believe, an intrinsic and eternal value quite independent of the candour or intellectual breadth of its possessor. In itself it is one of nature's universal and imperishable boons. It enriches and blesses its possessor, and becomes his by indefeasible right, however he may have gained it. It.

is the birthright of the race, which every one may enjoy without in the least impoverishing his neighbour. Neither the right of possession nor the present worth of the heritage, but only the power to hold and to impart it, is affected by the manner in which it has been come by. And not even with the latter aspects of the case have we now to deal. Our question regards only the amount of credit due to the possessor. That is quite another matter. The man who has received millions by heirship or gift may be as honest as his neighbour who earns his bread in the sweat of his face, but his wealth by no means proves him to be more honest. In the moral sphere a truth is surely of value only as there is a buttress of well-weighed evidence beneath it. To the gathering and weighing of such evidence the popular clamour for unflinching convictions on a multiplicity of points is one of the most serious obstacles. The general refusal of society to tolerate indecision or doubt upon any question it deems a cardinal one, is both one of the most dangerous foes to truth and one of the stoutest allies of hypocrisy. The young inquirer is denied time or, at any rate, encouragement for calm and complete investigation. He is often pushed forward to a position he has had no opportunity to reconnoitre, but upon the holding of which he soon finds his reputation and social well-being staked. He thus finds himself often committed to a thousand venerable dogmas, lying along various lines of thought and belief, long before he has reached the mental status which can enable him to grasp a tenth part of all that those dogmas involve.

"What then, alas! am I to do," I can fancy the self-analyst exclaiming as he turns bewildered and despairing from the work of introspection and sees spread out before him the shattered fragments of many of his cherished opinions, whose foundations have crumbled at the touch of this new and ruthless test. It is, indeed, too true, that not a tithe of what I have been wont to call my "convictions" have ever been fairly weighed against opposing views, or examined in the dry light of an unbiassed judgment. And worst of all, should I now decide to cast aside the *dissecta membra* and commence the work of reconstruction with fresh and proved material, the task set before me would be an utterly hopeless one. The little span of even the longest lifetime would not suffice

to collect exhaustively or weigh accurately the evidence in regard to one of a thousand of the more complicated questions of the day—social, political, scientific, metaphysical, moral, religious, even could I hope, as assuredly I cannot, now to acquire and maintain the mental equilibrium essential to success. Am I then to be condemned to a state of perpetual oscillation, or rather of mental equipoise, ever afraid to be in earnest lest I should be in error, or to utter an opinion lest my data should prove incomplete, or my synthesis illogical?

The absurdity of pushing the argument to so extreme a conclusion is, of course, apparent. Everlasting vacillation or negation would be as suicidal in philosophy or religion as in practical affairs. But the injury resulting to society and to the cause of truth and human progress, from the almost universal worship accorded to extremes in thought and opinion, is none the less real and deplorable. That great advantages would result from a general substitution of more deliberate methods, will be apparent by a moment's reflection.

The popular impression in regard to the moral power of strong convictions *per se*, is as much at fault as that in regard to their ethical value. The man who refuses to make up his mind on any important point until he has collected and impartially used, for himself, all the evidence within reach, must become in the end, other things being equal, the more self-poised, and so the stronger and more useful man. His opinions will carry weight. It cannot be that moral evidence is so different in its convincing power from mathematical, that whereas all attentive minds are forced to certain conclusions by a single demonstration in the one case, absolute certainty would not frequently be attainable in the other, were the verdicts pronounced by judgments equally unbiassed. Who can venture to say how large a percentage of the prevailing diversities of opinion on important questions is due to the presence of undetected lobbyists in the mind's council chamber, or of distorting elements in the media through which the facts are viewed? That truth suffers much from such influences is too patent to be denied, and we are all ready enough to admit it in the case of our neighbour. The very man who to-day is most violent in his denunciation of the weakling whose trumpet utters no certain sound upon some mixed

scientific or theological question, will often be heard to-morrow denouncing with equal vehemence the bigotry of his neighbour who has convictions on the wrong side, because he will not smother his prejudices and look at the evidence set forth for the cure of his heterodoxy. That is, the man deploras to-day the absence of the cause whose legitimate effects he will deprecate to-morrow.

Let us suppose now that in a given case the young man of good sense and judgment has succeeded in freeing himself absolutely from all disturbing influences, and sets out in quest of simple, unadulterated truth. May we not venture, without very great presumption, to forecast dimly some of the results?

I. Upon many questions which tax the energies of controversialists, he will find himself unable to reach any conclusion deserving the name of conviction. Some of these questions, he will find to be beyond the scope of our faculties, and so beyond the true sphere of philosophy. In regard to others no conclusive evidence will be attainable, and for want of it no worthy opinion can be formed, while in a multitude of cases the conflicting evidence will be so evenly balanced that he will be forced to believe that truth is the exclusive possession of neither, but lies hidden in some golden mean between the two. Often he will discover that so-called contradictions, fiercely defended by opposing hosts, are but the obverse and reverse of the same coin, or, it may be, only sides subtending different angles of a many-sided truth. Again, he will conclude that the issues involved in many a hot disputation are too trivial, in the presence of multitudinous questions of immense moment, to repay him for the time and toil necessary to ascertain whether the trinket can be recovered from the mass of superincumbent rubbish. And will he not end with feeling tolerably sure that much the greater number of the everlasting controversies which exhaust the time and energies of so many good men and true, are fought, not around the citadels of fundamental and eternal verities, but for the possession of comparatively worthless outposts. Broad, heaven-wide diversities there no doubt are upon questions of eternal moment. But in most cases the very solemnity of these great issues chastens the temper and tone of the discussion. The truth tersely conveyed in the homely adage, "the smaller the pit the fiercer the rats

fight," is susceptible of very extensive application.

II. In regard to a second class of subjects of considerable importance, our inquirer will find the evidence so nearly balanced as to render decision difficult, yet will himself eventually reach a conclusion. But here the clear view he has gained in the process, of the strength of his opponent's position, will have purged his opinion from every taint of bigotry, and will leave him with a genuine and permanent respect for the honesty and intelligence of those who have reached a different decision. In regard to such points he will never be able to satisfy the dogmatists upon his own side, and he has but calmly to make up his mind to trudge on in their company, even though he may sometimes feel himself to be an object of ill-concealed distrust or mild contempt.

III. But still and ever there will be a residue of questions, and those the questions which touch most closely our highest interests, in regard to which the well-poised, conscientious intellect neither can if it would, nor would if it could, rest in indifference or half-conviction. On these it feels instinctively conclusions are possible and must be reached—conclusions which shall be stable as the eternal hills. The soul cries out for the certainty of firm convictions, and can accept nothing short but at the cost of perpetual unrest. And now the very reserve of power which the heat of lesser controversies has not been allowed to dissipate, will stand it in good stead, while it summons all its forces to rescue these precious truths from the realms of doubt and darkness. And they, once fairly won, the rich possessor, entrenched in the logical fortress which his own hard thinking has made impregnable, will hold his convictions with a confidence, and utter them with a force denied to those who have gained the same position by a shorter and easier method. The latter may hold the self-same truth, resting not upon its own broad base, but upon a pedestal so narrow and insecure as to be a source of perpetual danger to the large human interests involved, those of the holder included.

I shrink from further speculation upon the transformations that would be wrought upon human thinking and belief by a complete emancipation of the understanding from all the tyrannies to which it is subject.

The infallible Teacher has said, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." The principle enunciated is a grand and suggestive one. But would the realization of the picture land us in a thought-world of absolute uniformity? We shudder at the conception. Such a world would be as unendurable as a physical one in which water and meadow and woodland were laid out in squares alternating with dismal and unending sameness. But a moment's reflection upon the limitation of human powers, and the infinity and infinite many-sidedness of truth, quickly relieves us from a dread so appalling.

The man who sets out resolutely with such an intellectual goal in view as we have tried to indicate, may not hope, it is true, ever to reach it. But his idea is the only truly noble one nevertheless, and its effect upon him who holds it constantly in view cannot fail to be both steady and stimulating. And it clearly is the only legitimate ideal for a being endowed with thinking faculties and consciously responsible for the use he makes of them. Who can doubt that in the balances of ethical justice a grain of the pure gold of truth, honestly gained by one's own conscientious toil, will outweigh a nugget purchased at the cost of a blind deference to authority or tradition. And then there are untold joys of possession and triumphs of victory attending every step of the pilgrim who shuns the enticing arbors of unearned repose, and marches firmly on in the king's highway of verification. The sister graces, Modesty and Charity—modesty in respect to his own opinions, charity in regard to those of others, will not fail to attend his footsteps. Seeing that the chances of himself being wrong in any matter that does not admit of the crucial tests of experience, mathematical or logical demonstration, or infallible authority, are so many, he will feel that there are always at least a few chances of his opponents being right. Finding the disturbing elements of ignorance and indolence and prejudice so prone to affect the operation of his own faculties, he can scarcely fail to cherish a large tolerance for the same defects in others. Thus he will find, in his own experience, the best antidote to bigotry, which is ever the offspring of narrowness and the foe to introspection. The man who is always ready to affirm with dogmatic earnestness where others equally wise and sincere hesitate, has never

yet, it may pretty safely be assumed, seen clearly more than one side of the question, or put himself into the mental attitude in which its real difficulties become visible.

One serious danger which is almost sure to beset the path of the *genuine* "free thinker," must be briefly adverted to. It would be an absurd, as well as dangerous fallacy, and what the Duke of Argyll would call an "Hibernicism in Philosophy" to conclude, as some wiseacres seem to do, that because Truth sits enthroned in an inner temple and admits to her most sacred precincts none but the devout and persevering worshipper, she therefore does not exist. Truth is none the less worthy of reverence because of the toilsome approaches to her shrine, and the defects of vision or of medium by which her fair countenance is often distorted in the eyes of half-hearted or imperfectly instructed votaries. There is a glory in her visage, and a heavenliness in the atmosphere which surrounds her, which cannot fail to ennoble those who succeed in obtaining partial glimpses of the one or momentary inspirations of the other.

But we must not let a metaphor betray us into assuming that partial and imperfect glimpses of truth are all that are attainable. There are, as I have tried to show, truths and truths. To be always paying tithes of mint and anise and cummin in questions of faith, to the neglect of the weightier matters upon which hang immense, vital, eternal interests, is to commit a fatal error. To deny the possibility of obtaining certainty upon the greatest and most momentous of all questions, is to charge the Creator of Mind and Author of Truth with want of wisdom or want of goodness. To aver, as was done a few years since by a body of *savants*, some of them divines, in London, at the formation of the "Free Christian Union," that "God holds men responsible, not for the attainment of Divine truth, but only for the serious search for it," is to do violence at once to the plainest teaching of the analogies of practical life and to our deepest moral instincts. God being admitted, and Divine truth, if that means, as is to be presumed, some knowledge of His nature and attributes, being admitted, the One surely could reveal the other and could authenticate the revelation by proof satisfactory to the earnest and devote inquirer. Who, believing in God and in truth, can doubt that He would?

J. E. WELLS.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

IT is always pleasant to find that others are interested in a subject especially interesting to oneself, and no one who writes under an adequate feeling of responsibility will have any desire that an inadvertent error into which he may have fallen, —chronological or otherwise,—should remain uncorrected. For both of these reasons Mr. McDonnell's criticism on the articles of FIDELIS on Buddha and Buddhism would have been thoroughly welcome had it been characterized by that scrupulous fairness and justice which we surely have some right to expect from professed champions of *truth*.

But Mr. McDonnell has so complicated the simple question of the bearing of a single date on a single hypothesis—only a side issue, after all—with criticisms of positions never taken by FIDELIS, and arguments quite uncalled-for by anything said in the articles under consideration, that any one who should read his article alone would receive a most erroneous impression of the contents and aim of the articles he criticises. Moreover, he not only does not define clearly the point at issue, he also does not distinguish between important points that should be carefully distinguished,—e. g., between the narrower and wider senses of the words "Buddhist Canon," "Buddhist Scriptures," as applied by Max Müller and others, sometimes to the Tripitaka or "Three Baskets" alone, and sometimes to the whole mass of texts and commentaries, numbering, in Tibet, for instance, 325 volumes folio. He makes no distinction, either, between the time when the original Canon or Tripitaka is supposed to have been *fixed*, and that when it was first *reduced to writing*, between this "Canon" and the legends which grew up much later, and between the time when writings are supposed to have first existed and the age of the oldest MSS. now actually existing. To one who writes with such serene disregard of somewhat important distinctions, it is a tolerably easy matter to make it appear that not only the quotation from FIDELIS regarding the life of Buddha,

but that the statement of Dr. Ernest Eitel also is conclusively refuted by the correction of a single date, and by quotations from Max Müller which do not affect Dr. Eitel's position at all. Furthermore, Mr. McDonnell makes a single chronological error—the only one, apparently, which he has been able to find—the basis, not only of much very irrelevant argument, but also of uncharitable insinuations respecting the "evasions and subterfuges resorted to" by Christian writers in general, and, of course, it is implied, by FIDELIS in particular. One would imagine that if a single mistake is found where all other facts and details are correctly given, it should not require any very great stretch of charity to attribute it either to inadvertence or to clerical error! But, unhappily, to Mr. McDonnell's mind, the fact that it is a *Christian* writer who makes the mistake is presumptive proof that it must be an "evasion" or "subterfuge resorted to" to strengthen a piece of special pleading in behalf of an utterly untenable faith!

The chronological error which Mr. McDonnell has discovered, and on which he lays so much stress, is simply the inadvertent substitution of the letters "A.D." for "B.C." in the passage he quotes. Where these *formulae* occur with such frequency, and in so close juxtaposition, as they do in Max Müller's discussions of the complicated question of the antiquity of Buddhist writings, it is not very extraordinary that such a mistake should have been made, and that, as the article in question was sent to the editor originally under some pressure of time, the mistake should not have been discovered by the writer. It seems superfluous to remark that no writer who knows how widely Max Müller's writings are read would have, *knowingly*, allowed such an error to appear, and FIDELIS is very glad to have the opportunity of correcting and explaining it. Max Müller does not maintain, either in the passages quoted by Mr. McDonnell, or in any other known to the present writer, that any

part of the Buddhist Canon *was committed to writing* earlier than "some time in the first century B.C." With this single correction, the passage quoted by Mr. McDonnell from FIDELIS cannot be shown to be incorrect, even on the authority of Mr. Max Müller; but is, on the contrary, borne out by his own words, as they will be quoted here. To illustrate the assertion that Mr. McDonnell makes no distinction between the date when the "Canon" was supposed to have been *fixed*, and that when it was committed to writing, it need only be observed that any one reading the extracts from Max Müller given on p. 397—put, as they are, in antithesis to the sentence of FIDELIS, with the words "*committed to writing*" italicised—would naturally suppose that Max Müller meant to say that the Buddhist books he refers to were actually *written* in the third century B.C. It is only necessary to read the passages in their context to see how erroneous such an impression is; but Mr. McDonnell's quotations on this head are not only "*limited*," they contain a *verbal error* of no little importance. Mr. McDonnell's quotation, p. 398, runs as follows:—"The Pitākattaya, as well as the Arthakathā, having been collected and settled at the third Council, 246 B.C., were brought to Ceylon by Mahinda, who promulgated them *openly*." Now, this last word is one of the most important words in the whole sentence, and in the original it reads, not "*openly*," but "*orally*," a word which, rightly given, would have at once shown that there was no *writing* in the question *then*. But why did not Mr. McDonnell continue his quotation to the end of the paragraph, so as to include a most *explicit statement*, as well as an interesting circumstance? Here is the continuation of it:—"It does not follow that Mahinda knew the whole of that enormous literature by heart, for, as he was supported by a number of priests, they may well have divided the different sections among them. The same applies to their disciples. But that to the Hindu mind there was nothing exceptional or incredible in such a statement we see clearly from what is said by Mahānāma at a later period of his history. When he comes to the reign of Vattagāmani, 88-76 B.C., he states:—"The profoundly wise priests had heretofore *orally* perpetuated the Pali Pitākattaya and its Arthakathā (commentaries). At this period

these priests, foreseeing the perdition of the people (from the perversions of the true doctrines), assembled, and, in order that the religion might endure for ages, *recorded the same in books.*" This, it is to be noticed, is put down by the Buddhist historian himself at 38-76 B.C. Now it is by no means intended to retort the imputation of dishonesty upon Mr. McDonnell, or to assume the verbal error to be anything more than a mere *lapsus penna* or typographical error, though it is one of some consequence. But, taking it in connection with the suppression of this important part of the paragraph, and with the impression of *earlier writings* given by the peculiar way in which preceding paragraphs are opposed to the quotation from FIDELIS, have we not every reason to conclude that, had the case been reversed, Mr. McDonnell would have found in these circumstances additional proofs of the "evasions and subterfuges resorted to" by Christian writers?

But the question whether some parts of the now extensive Buddhist Canon were first committed to writing in the first century B.C., or in the first century A.D., is not, after all, of so much importance to the point at issue, which is not at all that of the ante-Christian origin of the Buddhist doctrines or of the historical reality of Buddha. It is simply that of the explanation of certain incidents narrated in legends of the life of Buddha, which seem too strikingly coincident with circumstances in the life of Christ to be *mere coincidences*. Now, had we full evidence that these incidents were committed to writing only in the first century A.D., unless we could be sure that it was in the very end of the century, it would be too strained a hypothesis to suppose that they could have been so early derived from Christian sources. The real weight of the matter lies in the *latter part* of the sentence of FIDELIS, to which Mr. McDonnell objects, and this part of it Mr. McDonnell has brought no evidence to refute. The whole sentence must be quoted for the sake of clearness:—"This is easily accounted for, however, by the circumstance that no part of the Buddhist Canon was committed to writing till some time in the first century A.D. (erratum for B.C.), *while many portions of it were much more recent*, and that Eastern compilers of the Buddha's life, writing after a considerable knowledge of the life of Christ had pervaded the East,

by means of Nestorian missionaries and in other ways, would deem it no imposture, but simply due honour to Buddha to supply all that other sources suggested to add to his dignity, and to the veneration with which he was regarded." Now, with the single correction of *B.C.*, for *A.D.* and taking the expression "Buddhist Canon" in the larger sense in which Max Müller himself sometime uses it, and in which it was used here—including commentaries as well as more strictly canonical books—Mr. McDonnell has not adduced *any evidence whatever* to invalidate the correctness of this sentence, notwithstanding his strong language about "plain contradiction" to "direct and positive statements." Nor has he shown any evidence to refute the statement quoted from Dr. Ernest J. Eitel, that "there is not a single Buddhist manuscript in existence which can vie, in antiquity and undoubted authenticity, with the oldest codices of the gospels." The most "direct and positive statement" which the writer has been able to find in Max Müller's writings as to the age of *existing* Buddhist MSS., is this: "Nor is there any reason to doubt that such these texts existed in Ceylon in the first century B.C., they existed in the fifth century after Christ, when the commentaries were translated into Pāli by Buddhaghosha, and that *afterwards* they remained unchanged in the MSS. preserved by the learned priests of that island."* For these ancient MSS., then, Max Müller claims the antiquity only of the *fifth* century A.D., while the "oldest (existing) codices of the gospels" are, it is well known, ascribed to the fourth century.

But while Max Müller believes that the substance of these texts has remained unchanged since the first century B.C., his own words elsewhere freely admit the probability of many *additions* of a much more recent date. "Some scholars," he says, "who have written on the history of Buddhism have clearly shown too strong an inclination to treat the statements contained in the commentaries of Buddhaghosha as purely historical, forgetting the great interval of time by which he is separated from the events which he relates. No doubt, if it could be proved that Buddhaghosha's works were literal translations of the so-called

Attakathās or commentaries brought by Mahinda to Ceylon, this would considerably enhance their historical value. But the whole account of these translations rests on tradition, and, if we consider the extraordinary precautions taken, according to tradition, by the LXX. translators of the Old Testament, and then observe the discrepancies between the chronology of the Septuagint and that of the Hebrew text, we shall be better able to appreciate the risk of trusting to Oriental translations, even to those that pretend to be literal. The idea of a faithful literal translation seems altogether foreign to Oriental minds. Granted that Mahinda translated the original Pāli commentaries into Singhalese, there was nothing to restrain him from inserting anything that he thought likely to be useful to his new converts. Granted that Buddhaghosha translated these translations back into Pāli, why should he not have incorporated any facts that were then believed in and had been handed down by tradition from generation to generation? Was he not at liberty, nay, would he not have felt it his duty to explain apparent difficulties, to remove contradictions, and to correct palpable mistakes? In the broad daylight of historical criticism, the prestige of such a witness as Buddhaghosha soon dwindles away, and his statements as to kings and councils eight hundred years before his time are, in truth, worth no more than the stories told of Arthur by Geoffrey of Monmouth, or accounts we read in Livy of the early history of Rome."*

In fact, it is now one of the best established principles of criticism that Oriental and ancient literature is not to be interpreted by the rules which apply to our modern Western literature, and that the Eastern standard, especially of literary propriety and honesty, is very different from ours. In both history and biography large additions were often made by later writers without any idea of intentional deception. And, as we shall presently see, no farther back than the *last* century, large additions were made by the Brahman pundits to old Sanskrit MSS., in such a way as to deceive even Sir William Jones. If this was the case, even in a critical age, and if even Max Müller speaks as quoted above, is it at all extravagant or un-

* Lectures on Religion, p. 160 (Ed. 1872).

* Chips from a German Workshop, Vol. I., pp. 197-198.

reasonable to believe with Dr. Ernest Eitel that "almost every single tint of this Christian colouring which Buddhist tradition gives to the life of Buddha is of comparatively modern origin?" It is true that Max Müller, in his lecture on the *Dhammapada*, one of the divisions of the "Three Baskets," expresses an opinion that the so-called parables of Buddhaghosha may be safely referred at least to the third century B.C. But so far as the present writer can discover from sources within reach, these parables do not seem to contain any of the "peculiarly Christian characteristics" which Dr. Eitel says are not to be found in "the most ancient Buddhist classics." The "*Lalita-Vistāra*," or "Life of Buddha," though not a part of the "*Pittakattaya*" or Canon fixed, as we saw above, in third century B.C., is yet also ascribed by Max Müller "to an ante-Christian era, if, as we are told by Chinese scholars, it was translated from Sanskrit into Chinese, as one of the canonical books of Buddhism as early as the year 76 A.D." Here again we have to do with the "oriental idea of translation," and it is impossible, without access to fuller information, to know whether the "tint of Christian colouring" referred to is to be found in the "*Lalita-Vistāra*." Max Müller, who takes from it the outline of Buddha's history in his "*Chips from a German Workshop*," does not give one of the "peculiarly Christian characteristics." And certainly, in the utter absence of testimony to the contrary, which even Mr. McDonnell has not been able to adduce, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that Dr. Eitel, a writer of profound original research, in a book published at Hong Kong, in the very country where the ancient translation of the "*Lalita-Vistāra*" existed, would have, without good reason, committed himself to the assertion that "nearly all the above-given legends, which claim to refer to events that happened many centuries before Christ, cannot be proved to have been in circulation earlier than the fifth or sixth century *after* Christ."

So much for the question whether the "conclusive admissions" of Max Müller, &c., as cited by Mr. McDonnell himself, have in the least proved the hypothesis of FIDELIS and the assertion of Dr. Eitel to be "founded on the greatest misconception," and "in plain contradiction to the direct and positive statements of well-known scholars and

writers." The point in question is indeed a very simple one, a mere side issue, at best. There may be and have often been very remarkable "coincidences," which can nevertheless be believed to be mere coincidences. The other instances of "parallelism" which Mr. McDonnell adduces, *e. g.*, of Hercules, Esculapius, and Krishna, are limited to one or two ideas or circumstances, and do not suggest any special need for explanation. And the line between coincidence of ideas and plagiarism is sometimes very hard to define. But when we find a coincidence between two histories in a *succession of details*, it is natural for us to conclude that one must have borrowed from the other if there was any possibility of this having been done. Now, of the circumstances in the life of Buddha "which remind us of the life of our Saviour," there are but three possible explanations. First, that they were simply coincidences; second, that the later Buddhist writers borrowed from the life of Christ; or, third, that the authors of the Christian records borrowed from the life of Buddha. To believe in the last of these alternatives would be to suppose that obscure Galileans living in a country and nation which, of all others, was the most exclusive, the most separated from "Gentile" thought and literature, were so fully acquainted with the Buddhist literature of distant Ceylon, and so impressed with admiration for Buddha, that they interwove traditions of his life with their own accounts of Him whom they had "seen with their eyes and their hands had handled," and whom they sincerely believed to be their Divine Master and Lord. To state such an hypothesis seems sufficient to disprove it, to any intelligent reader. Max Müller notices the absurdity of those who assure us "that the Apostles, the poor fishermen of Galilee, were able to read the Veda; and that it was their greatest merit that they did not reject the miraculous accounts of the Vedic period, because the world was not yet ripe for freedom of thought." But is this a whit more preposterous than to imagine that they appropriated to the history of their Master fragments from the life of Buddha? If, then, Mr. McDonnell rejects as untenable the second hypothesis—that Buddhist legends had gradually acquired a Christian colouring, he is reduced to accepting the *first*, namely, that the parallelism is due to simple coincidence; and if he prefers this al-

ternative, he must be left in possession of it. There is no particular need of arguing the point. A Christian's belief in the truth of the Christian records, in a historical age, could in no degree be affected by the most remarkable coincidences in traditions handed down, with most palpable accretions of extravagant Oriental fable, from the fifth or sixth century before Christ.

Mr. McDonnell refers to certain "coincidences" relating to Krishna, one of the avatars of Vishnu, and in doing so quotes, among others, Sir William Jones and the "Asiatic Researches." Max Müller tells us that "in Krishna, the lovely shepherd-god, Sir William Jones recognises the features of Apollo Nomius, who fed the herds of Admetus and slew the dragon Python." He does not refer to any other resemblance, but he shews that the comparative mythology of Sir William Jones is very superficial, and that he endorsed, in his "Asiatic Researches," spurious translations from the Sanskrit, containing "remarkable coincidences" with Scriptural history which were palmed upon his contemporary Lieutenant Wilford by skilful interpolations by Brahman Pundits. Lieutenant Wilford afterwards discovered and acknowledged the imposture, but, as Max Müller says, the impostures "retained their place in the volumes of the 'Asiatic Researches,' and to the present day some of his statements and theories continue to be quoted authoritatively by writers on ancient religion." A similar, though a worse instance of imposture of the same kind, is the book of M. Jacolliot, entitled "*La Bible dans l'Inde*," from which Mr. McDonnell observes he could have given certain "startling extracts," containing "far more remarkable coincidences relating to Krishna," had not Max Müller "expressed himself against the authenticity of that work." Mr. McDonnell, then, knows the opinion of Mr. Max Müller regarding M. Jacolliot. Who would imagine, from this mild way of putting it, that Max Müller in one place pronounces that "no Sanskrit scholar would hesitate for one moment to say that the supposed translations are forgeries," and that in another passage he declares himself as follows—the passage is given entire, and from its opening sentences writers like Mr. McDonnell might take a useful hint: "A comparative study of ancient religions and mythologies, as will be seen from these instances, is not a subject to be

taken up lightly. It requires not only an accurate acquaintance with the minutest details of comparative philology, but a knowledge of the history of religions which can hardly be gained without a study of original documents. As long, however, as researches of this kind are carried on for their own sake, and from a mere desire of discovering truth, without any ulterior objects, they deserve no blame, though, for a time they may lead to erroneous results. But when coincidences between different religions and mythologies are searched out, simply in support of preconceived theories, whether by the friends or enemies of religion, the sense of truth, the very life of all science, is sacrificed, and serious mischief will follow without fail. Here we have a right not only to protest, but to blame. There is, on this account, a great difference between the books we have hitherto examined, and a book lately published in Paris by M. Jacolliot, under the sensational title of '*La Bible dans l'Inde: Vie de Jesus Krishna*.' If this book had been written with the pure enthusiasm of Lieutenant Wilford, it might have been passed by as a mere anachronism. But when one sees how its author shuts his eyes against all evidence that would tell against him, and brings together without any critical scruples, whatever seems to support his theory that Christianity is a mere copy of the ancient religion of India, mere silence would not be a sufficient answer.* Why, we may well ask, should Mr. McDonnell have referred at all to the "startling extracts" he generously forbears to give, from an utterly worthless source, unless it were to give some illusive strength to his position by referring vaguely to an authority or quasi-authority whom he does not dare to quote? And in the face of this estimate of M. Jacolliot, from his own chosen "learned authority," Mr. McDonnell calmly assumes that only *Christian* writers "resort to evasions and subterfuges!"

Mr. McDonnell refers to other "remarkable parallelisms," between Christianity and

* Lectures on Religion, p. 319, English edition, 1873. Max Müller further says of this book: "Many of the words which M. Jacolliot quotes as Sanskrit are not Sanskrit at all; others never have the meaning which he assigns to them; and as to the passages from the Vedas, they are not from the Veda, they are not from any old Sanskrit writer, they simply belong to the second half of the nineteenth century."

the legends of various mythologies, which, however, are merely general resemblances, not a succession of details like that in the history of Buddha. But what do these prove? Mr. McDonnell himself shows that Christian writers, from the first, far from denying these, gave prominence to them. As to the explanation that may be given of them, doubtless different writers will think differently, according to difference of standpoint and consequent difference of view. Christians who believe that God has never been "far from any one of us," and that His spiritual as well as His providential dealings with man have not been limited to any one portion of humanity, have no difficulty in regarding them as unconscious prophecies of what Jesus of Nazareth was to do and be; just as we now regard the old belief that "Arthur shall come again," and other similar predictions, as tokens of the "earnest expectation of the creature" awaiting the "far-off divine event" in which Christians most certainly believe—the reign in righteousness of the Prince of Peace. If we believe, as the present writer does, that "God has at sundry times and in divers manners spoken to our fathers;" and with St. Augustine, that "the thing which is now called the *Christian Religion*," "was not wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race until the time when Christ came in the flesh," it can be no cause for wonder or difficulty that not only Jewish prophecy, but the old world-beliefs of the Gentile nations should teem with anticipations of Him who, "when the fulness of the time was come," appeared "not to destroy, but to fulfil" the "hopes and desires of the whole world." But it is difficult to know how much of these "coincidences or parallelisms" is really historical. Would Mr. McDonnell venture to assert that they occupy anything like the same position of historical certainty with the leading facts of the Old and New Testament? If not, then no amount of "parallelism" can prove anything against the authenticity of the Christian records.

But what is Mr. McDonnell's standpoint, for we can never really do justice to a man till we understand that? It is somewhat difficult to arrive at his meaning, which is rather implied than expressed. But surely this is his contention: that Jesus was a man even as Gautama was, and that fables gathered round the story of his life. But to state such a position is to disprove it. For on the one

hand, all the earliest and most authentic accounts of Gautama show that he never claimed to be more than a man—that he never claimed the power of working miracles; and his royal position, combined with his moral and intellectual excellence, sufficiently explain his success. And as he was only a man, he could not make promises to his disciples. It was not his to "bring life and immortality to light." But, on the other hand, all the accounts we have of Jesus, and in an historical age—so that if we reject them we can have no history at all—show that He claimed to be more than man, to work miracles, to assert a Divine Sovereignty over the human spirit, to claim in His own person the fulfilment of all previous type and prophecy. We cannot then admit His excellence, even as a man, if He was not more than man. Nor were there in His case any of the fictitious elements of success which existed in that of Gautama. And so interwoven are the miraculous and the ordinary events in His life, that they cannot be disentangled, and hence, as Butler shows, we have the same evidence for the one as for the other. And He, being more than man, *could* make promises to His disciples. This Gautama could not truthfully do, and he was far too severely truthful to become, like Mahomet, a false prophet.

The question of the explanation of a certain set of incidents narrated in Buddhist legend, is really the only question of fact at issue between Mr. McDonnell and the present writer; yet the line of his subsequent argument, the uncalled-for tone of antagonism which he assumes in discussing the leading characteristics of Buddhism, would naturally lead to the conclusion that the articles of FIDELIS on Buddha and Buddhism had been a piece of special pleading in favour of Christianity, "ignoring the originality" of what was good in the doctrines of Buddha, and attempting to "show that the ancient theological or religious books of the Buddhist Canon were in some respects but a reflection of the Gospel." Not only was there no such idea existing in the mind of the writer, but no such idea can possibly be found by any candid reader in the articles. The desire of the writer was simply to give the truest attainable outline of the history and character of the man and the doctrine, believing that the fullest recognition and warmest admiration of all the excellence to

be found in Buddha and his system are perfectly compatible with the firmest allegiance to the divine claims of Christianity. The "high morality" of the Buddhist system, on which Mr. McDonnell thinks it necessary to insist was most fully admitted in words warmer than Mr. McDonnell's own. So was its "respect for the rights of conscience," and its "refusal to use the secular arm in support of its purely moral suasion," though, certainly, it was not and is not admitted that Buddhism "in this respect left Christianity far behind," if we take our idea of Christianity, not from the corrupt practice of a degenerate Church, but from the "pure words" of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Mr. McDonnell appears to take offence at the suggestion that Buddha did not originate his whole system. But why should he talk of "speculative doubters, who say this with FIDELIS," when he must be aware that every modern writer on Buddhism of any note says the same, including his "learned authority" Max Müller? "There are certain notions," he says, "which Buddha shares in common, not only with Kapila, but with every Hindu philosopher. The idea of transmigration, the belief in the continuing effects of our good and bad actions, extending from our former to our present, and from our present to our future lives, the sense that life is a dream or a burden, the admission of the uselessness of religious observances after the attainment of the highest knowledge,—all these belong, so to say, to the national philosophy of India. We meet with these ideas everywhere in the poetry, the philosophy, the religion of the Hindus. They cannot be claimed as the exclusive property of any system in particular.* And Mr. Samuel Johnson, author of "Oriental Religions," to whom Mr. Mills refers eulogistically in his preface, says:—"To define Buddhism, or assign a date for its origin, is far from easy. It is an element rather than a special movement; and perhaps we should not greatly err if we used the name to designate the ever-varying forms of a protestant, democratic, humane quality in the Oriental mind, as natural to it as the contemplative, and usually interwoven therewith. The birthplace of the Sāṅkhya has

never yet been found."† But Mr. McDonnell thinks that if these ideas of Indian philosophy "were deemed of sufficient importance to be embodied by Buddha, they may also have been considered of sufficient importance to be made attractive to some succeeding teacher." Does he mean to suggest that Jesus, "the carpenter's son of Nazareth," was familiar with Hindu philosophy, and reproduced portions of it in His own system? On the humanistic hypothesis of his life such a supposition is simply preposterous. On the Divine hypothesis it is, of course, superfluous.

Mr. McDonnell considers that thinkers who "hit upon some of the best established hypotheses of modern science," must have been, "for that early period, profound and advanced thinkers." Has any one questioned this? But while there was in the strange phantasmagoria of Buddhist philosophy, a certain curious anticipation or foreshadowing of certain hypotheses now regarded as established positions of science, these were no more than the happy "guesses at truth," which have often come to men of highly imaginative faculty. They could not be called *scientific*, for they were reached by no scientific process, nor was Buddha advanced beyond his age in scientific *knowledge*, for, as Max Müller observes, he "shared the errors current among his contemporaries with regard to the shape of the earth and the movement of the heavenly bodies," so that, we are further told, the Buddhist theologians on this account limited the omniscience of Buddha "to a knowledge of the principal doctrines of his system," a fact, as Max Müller observes, very creditable to these theologians. Mr. McDonnell, of course, makes the happy guesses of the Buddhist philosophy an occasion for a thrust at the supposed scientific intolerance of Christianity, forgetting that, here again, the "simplicity of the gospel of Christ" is not in the least to be confounded with the mistakes and infirmities of His imperfect followers.‡

† Oriental Religions: India, p. 587.

‡ It is interesting, in this connection, to note what Max Müller says of Christianity and the "Science of Religion":—"And let me remark this, in the very beginning, that *no other religion, with the exception, perhaps, of early Buddhism, would have favoured the idea of an impartial comparison of the principal religions of the world—would ever have tolerated our*

* Chips from a German Workshop, vol. 1, p. 226.

But Mr. McDonnell further asks triumphantly how we are to get rid of the "old floating ideas" which existed among heathen nations. So far as these floating ideas were true ideas, no one wants to "get rid" of them. The old time-honoured beliefs which have existed from time immemorial, but for some of which Buddhism could find no room; the eternal distinction of right and wrong; the recognition of an unseen and righteous Power, and of human dependence on His fostering care; the voice of conscience in the sense of guilt and unworthiness; the old Aryan confessions of sin, and prayers for its removal and forgiveness, are part of our most precious heritage from the past; are some of our strongest weapons against the encroachments of a blank, atheistic materialism, and are fully admitted in the Christian revelation: "God hath not left Himself without a witness;" "Certain also of your own poets have said, for we also are his offspring;" "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

Mr. McDonnell objects to the remark of FIDELIS, that the morality of the Buddhist system is far from being the highest because it teaches—"Do good *that you may be happy*, not do good *because it is right*." Now, to justify this remark, it is surely only necessary to look at the four "sublime verities," as given by Max Müller:—1st. That there is suffering. 2nd. That there is a cause of that suffering. 3rd. That such cause can be removed. 4th. That there is a way of deliverance, namely, the doctrine of Buddha. Here, surely the *end* proposed for attainment is the removal of suffering—personal suffering—which, if not happiness, is the only possible equivalent for happiness which such a system could supply. And so Max Müller tells us, that "*if to be is misery, not to be must be felicity,*

science. Nearly every religion seems to adopt the language of the Pharisee rather than of the Publican. It is Christianity alone which, as the religion of humanity, as the religion of no caste, of no chosen people, has taught us to study the history of mankind as our own, to discover the traces of a divine wisdom and love in the development of all the races of the world, and to recognise, if possible, even in the lowest and crudest forms of religious belief, not the work of the devil, but something that indicates a divine guardian, something that makes us perceive, with St. Peter, "that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

and this felicity is the highest reward which Buddha promised to his disciples;" and it may be added, the highest he *could* promise. No one would deny, or wish to depreciate, the love for humanity which led Gautama to devote his life to showing men the way to this negative felicity; still it remains true that the motive power he brought to bear was that of personal relief—in other words, of self-love. To speak of *humanity living* though the individual perished, is surely to forget that the great end proposed by Buddhism was the *extinction of existence*—the cause of misery. And how "the great interests of truth and virtue" are to live in a vacuum of non-existence, it is somewhat difficult to conceive. To speak of the consistent Buddhist as "dying and being extinguished for the life of the world," is simply playing with words, and importing into Buddhism ideas which it could not by any possibility have contained, on its own showing. Even if we impute to some of Buddha's sayings concerning the Nirvâna, some faint glimmering of the mystic blessedness of dying to self, and gaining a higher life, this is because we believe his religious intuitions were truer than his logic, and sometimes, at least, proved the stronger.

But how does Buddhism, in this respect, stand compared with Christianity? Mr. McDonnell speaks of the "*main inducements*" which are held out in the Scriptures, as being promises and rewards and threats. Is this a fair statement—provided *material* rewards and promises are meant? It is quite true that the Scriptures bring all motives to bear upon man—fear, hope, love. And why should not Infinite Wisdom—knowing every spring of the complex nature of man—avail itself of each and all to win man to seek salvation? If the Bible is, as we believe, a revelation from heaven, is there not every reason why it should reveal to man his extreme danger if he perseveres in evil? Would a skilful physician be either candid or kind if he did not warn his patient of the danger of allowing a fatal disease to remain unchecked, even though he knew well that *fear* would not cure him. And so the motive of fear is used to startle men into a sense of their actual peril and need—though *fear* will not bring salvation. But is either fear or reward the "*main inducement*" for right doing? Not even in the Old Testament, in which, as in the comparative child-

hood of the race, material motives bulk more largely than in the more purely spiritual revelation of Christ. Any earnest reader of the psalms and prophecies must see how continuously *spiritual* blessedness—"the fear of the Lord" in "departing from evil," "redemption from iniquity," "delight in the Lord," the "lifting up of the light of God's countenance" as a blessing infinitely surpassing all other blessings—is set in strong relief, as the inducement compared with which all others are poor and slight. And still more fully is this seen in the new Testament. What are the inducements Christ holds out? "That ye may be the children of your Father in Heaven;" "that ye may have the light of life;" "that my Father may be glorified;" "that *my* joy might remain in you?"

Had not controversy or criticism been foreign to the purpose of FIDELIS in the former articles, the passage which Mr. McDonnell quotes from Mr. Mills would have been given as an instance of a strange misconception of the meaning of Christ. One cannot help thinking that, had Mr. Mills only studied the teaching of Christ as carefully and candidly as he has done that of Gautama, he would never have made such a mistake as to say that "Jesus seems not to have been quite uniform, forgetting himself and preaching now the doctrines of noblest self-renunciation; then again somewhat asserting himself and making great promises in this life and the life to come to his chosen ones." Now there *are* paradoxes in the teaching of Christ which puzzled His disciples just as they now puzzle Mr. Mills, but these are to be clearly reconciled in the light of the spiritual teaching which Christ has promised to all who humbly seek it. And surely the true way to understand any teaching is to interpret it by itself. It is true that Christ *did* assert Himself. If His claims were true, He *must* assert Himself as the Light of the World—the Saviour of men—and the "Master and Lord" of His people. To have done less would have been false to His mission. He *did* give to His followers the "promise both of the life that now is and that which is to come," because it was His, and His alone to do it. But of what nature were these promises? Was he not ever enforcing upon the half-comprehending minds of His disciples, in every possible way, the hard lesson that His kingdom and His glory were not of this world? Did He not warn one who was

eager to follow Him, that "the Son of Man had not where to lay his head," and had consequently *no* earthly inducements to offer? Were not His disciples "offended in Him" because He showed them that the path in which they were to follow Him was no path leading to earthly glory and honour, but a *Via Dolorosa* leading to the Cross? And if he relieved the seeming darkness of such a picture by glimpses of the infallible blessedness which should more than compensate for the earthly life "lost" for His sake—is it not perfectly clear from the context, that such blessedness was a *spiritual* blessedness, the joy of restored harmony and communion with the Divine, the blessedness of which even Buddha seemed to have a glimpse, but which he could not reveal, just because he was a man and subject to human limitations—because his human intellect failed of the knowledge of God—because his human gaze failed to penetrate the veil of the unseen, and to show him the glorious vision of the spiritual blessedness he faintly conceived, carried on to a future life and made complete in "fulness of joy for evermore." Surely, then, it is most unreasonable to allege as a proof of the ethical superiority of Buddhism, the failure of Gautama to promise that which He only who came from heaven *could* see and *could* promise! Gautama saw much truth, and it must be a blind or a faithless Christian who could wish to detract from his spiritual insight. It was much that he should see the continuity of moral life, the inevitableness of moral retribution, the truth that in the freedom of the soul from the bondage of sin and sense lies the only true salvation. But, as Mr. Hodgson, one of the most devoted students of Buddhist writings, has said: "The one infallible diagnostic of Buddhism is a belief in the infinite capacity of the human intellect," and Buddha was destined to show its limitations by failing to reach the sublimest "verity," that of the One God and Father of all, which the old Hindu Rishis had attained and taught centuries before. He never seems to have felt what, as Max Müller says, "passed through the mind of the ancient Aryan poet when he felt the presence of an Almighty God, the maker of heaven and earth, and felt at the same time the burden of his sin, and prayed to his God that He might take that burden from him—that He might forgive him his sin. . . . In no religion are we so

constantly reminded of our own as in Buddhism, and yet in no religion has man been drawn away so far from the truth as in the religion of Buddha. Buddhism and Christianity are indeed the two opposite poles with regard to the most essential points of religion. *Buddhism* ignoring all feeling of dependence on a higher power, and therefore denying the very existence of a supreme Deity; *Christianity* resting entirely on a belief in God as the Father, in the Son of Man as the Son of God, and making us all children of God by faith in His Son." As this quotation is the remainder of a paragraph the rest of which was given by Mr. McDonell, it is to be supposed that he will admit it as a fair witness on behalf of Christianity. But it has evidently had but little effect on his mind. And Mr. Mills tells us most truly that "we do not want negation." Spiritual as well as physical nature abhors a vacuum, and Buddhists, deprived of a God, deified Buddha and other leaders; so that to-day the pure Buddhism of Gautama is buried beneath accretions of idolatry and superstition. Mr. Mills says again: "The world to-day needs more and larger, the inclusive affirmation. It looks for the synthesis, the great reconciliation. This is the at-one-ment for which the ages have been preparing." And it is because Christians believe that this larger affirmation, this synthesis, this at-one-ment is to be found alone in the Gospel of Christ, that they hold it the most precious thing in life and would fain bring others to so hold it also. Mr. Mills remarks of another "fatal shortcoming" of Buddhism, that "the monk, with staff and alms-bowl, asking for bread, is not quite honourable or manly in the midst of working mankind. He that is least in the kingdom of Heaven is greater than he." This is most true, and Christianity is as truly the religion of the busy, working, practical member of society as of the lonely, persecuted sufferer for Christ's sake. It goes with man into every relation of life, as a member of the family, the social circle, the state. In each and all its living influence is felt. No force has ever shown itself so potent to draw out the highest, fullest devotion as the "constraining love of Christ," or has nerved weak human nature to so many sacrifices. Christianity needs not to fear comparison with Buddhism or any other religious system, for while others have inculcated love and compassion among the duties

to be fulfilled, Christianity alone has shown that "love is the fulfilling of the law," and that to love God with the whole being, and our neighbour as ourselves—is salvation.

And while early Buddhism has become buried under a mass of superstitious observances, Christianity is as pure and vital a force in the hearts of thousands to-day as in the days of its earliest triumphs. Every day its vitality is showing itself more and more in the progress of Christian Missions. Every one knows what an immense impetus these have received within the last thirty years. Yet, thirty years ago, Frederick Denison Maurice could write:—"I know that the hearts of many of them [Christian Missionaries] have been so possessed with the love of Him who died for them and for all mankind, that they could not speak of Him as if he was their Teacher, the Head of their sect. By their language, by their acts, by that higher, simpler teaching which the Bible supplies, they must have carried home to many a broken-hearted creature, crying for a Comforter, the assurance that there is One who takes the nature, not of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, but of Man; who has entered into man's misery and death; has borne the sins of man; has encountered all his enemies and vanquished them. The more we admit the worth of such testimonies—(how great it has been we shall not know till the great day of revelation)—the more convinced must we be that the old proclamation of a divine kingdom, the old Gospel that the Son of God, the Deliverer of Man, has appeared, and will be shown hereafter to be the Lord of the Universe, is the only effectual one; that this is as fresh to-day as it was 1800 years ago, because it is a proclamation of that eternal law of the universe, which wears not out, which grows not old; is not, in any sense whatever, our scheme, or theory of the universe, but is sent to confound, to break in pieces, our schemes and theories of the universe; to show how feeble and contemptible we and they are; how little we or any human creatures want a theory; what absolute need all human creatures have of a Living God who will reveal to us Himself; what relation there is between us and Him; how He works in us to bring us to know His purposes, and to move in accordance with them." Writers like Mr. McDonnell would do well to consider carefully words like these before stigmatising those who firmly believe in Christi-

anity as "preferring pleasing delusion to the sternest fact," ignoring truth, because "determined to claim, if at all possible, the pristine conception of purity and truth for the Christian Scriptures alone." It is curious that such writers find it so difficult to believe in the possibility of arriving at a solemn conviction of the truth of Christianity after calm consideration and earnest examination, and that they find it so easy to believe that Christians have forgotten the maxim of one of their inspired writers;—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." To those who believe that Christianity is the truth which makes them free, it is strange to hear of its rejection as freedom from "orthodoxy, usurpation, tyranny, and mental slavery." And yet it is possible to hold even the truth in the spirit of a slave!

Mr. McDonnell says "that every lover of truth must expect and must be prepared to make a sacrifice in its behalf." This is most true. Only let each be sure that it *is* truth for which he makes the sacrifice, and then, let him make it ungrudgingly. There have been those in times past who have made certain sacrifices for this Christian faith, which must now be rejected as "tyranny." Here are some of them, as told by one who had his share:—"And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented: of whom the world was not worthy." Are *they* worthy who throw aside so dear-bought a faith which their own words show they have never fully comprehended?

And there are sacrifices made for this faith even *now*. While these pages were being written, the writer received, in a private letter, the tidings of the conversion to Christianity of two high caste Brahmins in Central India, not very far from the cradle of Buddhism, and they "have counted the cost, and are willing to leave wife, children, friends, and property to follow Christ." Where are the material compensations for such a sacrifice? But there is a sacrifice which all must make in order to follow Christ, and it is to some the hardest sacrifice of all,—the sacrifice of man's own righteousness, his self-dependence. It is as true as when it was first spoken, that except a man "receive the

kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Mr. McDonnell closed his article with quotations from Buddha and from the earlier Manu. It may be permitted to close this article with a quotation from the Christian poet Whittier, embodying, in exquisite verse, some of the thoughts and feelings which the present writer has most desired to express:—

"And I made answer: 'Truth is one;
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
In Vedic verse—in dull Koran,
Are messages of good to man;
The angels to our Aryan sires
Talked by the earliest household fires;
The prophets of the elder day,
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,
Read not the riddle all amiss
Of higher life evolved from this.

'Nor doth it lessen what He taught,
Or make the lesson Jesus brought
Less precious, that His lips re-told
Some portion of that truth of old;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years;
Confirming with His own impress
The common law of righteousness.
We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul,
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the book our mothers read,
And all our treasure of old thought
In His harmonious fullness wrought,
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's sown wheat.
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

'Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide
Or man for man hath calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head!
Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to His cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.
I trace His presence in the blind
Pathetic gropings of my kind—
In prayers from sin and sorrow wrung,
In cradle hymns of life they sung,
Each, in its measure, but a part
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart;
And with a stronger faith confess
The greater that it owns the less.
Good cause it is for thankfulness
That the world-blessing of His life:

With the long past is not at strife ;
 That the great marvel of His death
 To the one order witnesseth ;
 No doubt of changeless goodness wakes,
 No link of cause and sequence breaks,
 But one with nature, rooted is
 In the eternal verities ;
 Whereby, while differing in degree
 As finite from infinity,
 The pain and loss for others borne,
 Love's crown of suffering meekly worn,
 The life man giveth for His friend
 Become vicarious in the end ;
 Their healing place in nature take,
 And make life sweeter for their sake.

‘ So welcome I from every source
 The tokens of that primal Force,
 Older than heaven itself, yet new
 As the young heart it reaches to,
 Beneath whose steady impulse rolls

The tidal wave of human souls ;
 Guide, comforter, and inward word,
 The eternal spirit of the Lord !

‘ By inward sense, by outward signs,
 God's presence still the heart divines ;
 Through deepest joy of Him we learn,
 In sorest grief to Him we turn,
 And reason stoops its pride to share
 The child-like instinct of a prayer.

‘ The faith the old Norse heart confessed
 In one dear name—the hopefulest
 And tenderest heard from mortal lips,
 In pangs of birth or death, from ships
 Ice-bitten in the winter sea,
 Or lisp'd beside a mother's knee—
 The wiser world hath not outgrown,
 And the ALL-FATHER is our own !”

FIDELIS.

LAZY DICK.

I.

LAZY DICK.

“ I TELL you I can't do it, and that's flat.” The tone was one of good-humoured defiance, and the speaker, with an air of elaborate politeness, held out the letter he had been reading. “ Why don't you take it, Cissy ?” he added.

The Cissy appealed to was a pretty, lady-like-looking woman of thirty, or thereabouts, who sat at work in a shady corner of the verandah : a certain resemblance between herself and her companion bespoke their relationship.

“ I sometimes think,” she said, with the delightful candour of an elder sister, “ that you are becoming abominably selfish, Dick. What should hinder you from going to meet Miss. Travers ?”

“ Pressing engagements,” Dick answered solemnly. “ And I would have you remember, Cissy, that a sensitive nature feels keenly an unmerited rebuke.”

“ Then you must have suffered very little,” replied Cissy, laughing, “ for you deserve a great many scoldings that you never receive—unfortunately.”

To this speech her brother vouchsated no reply ; but stretching a hand out of the hammock in which he had been lazily swinging, he lifted up a little girl, who had been standing by all this time begging “ uncle ” for a ride, and set her down upon his own broad chest.

“ Now, Mistress May, steady, or as sure as Humpty Dumpty did we shall come to grief. Come, come ; no blows. Don't you know it's unfair to hit a man when he's down ? A woman always does it though,” with a sly glance at his sister, “ so you are no worse than the rest of your sex. A song, you say ? Bo-peep shall it be ? Very well, here goes.” And he trolled out, in a sweet voice, the nursery rhyme, his niece accompanying him with her tiny treble. Everybody said Dick's singing was very fine, and, indeed, I believe he thought so himself.

“ He's very good to the children,” thought Cissy, relenting, as she listened to their merry chatter. “ After all, he's little more than a boy still ; I mustn't be too hard on him.”

The “ boy ” at this moment, looking very tall and brown, and somewhat heated with exertions which he pronounced to have been “ superhuman,” got out of the hammock,

and challenging two children who appeared at the window, to catch him if they could, ran down the path to the end of the long garden, where, in spite of his "pressing engagements," he remained for over an hour amusing himself with his nephew and nieces.

Cissy, meanwhile, picked up the letter which had occasioned the slight disagreement above described, and proceeded to re-read it. It was from a very old friend of her mother's, and when the usual inquiries had been made concerning her husband and children, the writer proceeded to ask a favour of her dear Cissy. A lady, a very nice person whom she had known for some years, was coming down to Woodrich to take the situation of governess in the Edgars' family. Very nice people they seemed to be; she remembered Cissy mentioning them in her letters, but they were going to remain at the sea-side two weeks longer than they had at first intended, and had unfortunately neglected to inform the governess of this decision before she had purchased her ticket. "Would it therefore inconvenience you, my dear," wrote the kind-hearted lady, "to have my friend (Miss Travers) remain a fortnight with you until the Edgars return. Of course she does not wish to repurchase her ticket; and staying in a hotel is not altogether agreeable. The train arrives at Woodrich at 7 p.m., and if you could drive over to meet her, you would confer a great favour upon your old friend, Ellen Hood."

Cissy, or Mrs. Norman, as we shall now call her, was always ready to do a little service for anybody, and wrote to say that she would be most happy to receive Miss Travers, and having posted her reply, informed her brother of the proposed visit, requesting him to drive over for Miss Travers the following day.

Dick was spending the summer with his sister. He was fond of her and the children, and he got on very well with his brother-in-law, as in fact he did with everybody. He liked St. Agnes, too. It was a pretty village; the boating was excellent; and the Normans' house lay close to the river, just on the outskirts of the village. Woodrich, the county town, was about twelve miles from St. Agnes, and Dick, when he got tired of his bachelor lodgings there, was in the habit of driving over to his sister's, "just to see if any of you are in danger of remembering me," he would come in saying, with

his cheery laugh. Then his nephew and nieces would rush upon him with shouts of delight, for with children he was always a prime favourite. Good-humoured, good-looking "Dick Elton," as he was called, was everywhere popular. Women liked him, "because he was always a gentleman," they said; and it was pronounced by the Boating Club, which comprised most of the young men about town, and of which Dick was secretary, that he was "a very decent fellow." As this oracle was invariably right, according to its own profound conviction, we may be sure that Dick was so, for of course this had nothing to do with his being better off than a great many of his companions, and always free with his money. But the truth is, poor Dick was by no means perfect. His sister, who was a good deal older than himself, had been married very young, so, at home, Dick had been treated much the same as an only child, where his word was law in the household.

During her lifetime his mother did her best to spoil him, and after her death, his father, a grave, studious man, completely wrapt up in his books, left him pretty much to his own devices. The wonder was that the young fellow was not altogether ruined between the indulgence of one parent and the neglect of the other; but there was good stuff in him, in spite of his numerous shortcomings. Mr. Elton only survived his wife two years, and at his death left his son sole heir of a fortune, by no means large, but quite enough to satisfy our easy-going friend.

Since then Dick had travelled a good deal, and afterwards settled down to what he called "a life of elegant leisure." To be sure, his amusements were not very reprehensible, for Dick was not difficult to please, and had a natural refinement which had been his safeguard against many a temptation common to men in his position. Nevertheless, both Cissy and her husband had had occasion to remonstrate with him, more than once, about his idleness. Cissy wanted her brother to go through college, or become a civil engineer, for which his talents just fitted him, she thought; but Dick professed himself quite unequal to the task. "But, my dear fellow," John Norman, his sensible brother-in-law, would exclaim, "at twenty-four, with life before you, it is a sin and a shame to sit down and do nothing. If you dislike the idea of a profession, go into busi-

ness ; anything, rather than waste the best years of your life in idleness. No man is worth two-pence who does that ; and a youth of pleasure-seeking makes a sorry middle-age, my boy." At such seasons Dick would have the grace to feel ashamed of himself, and would promise to think about it, but it must have taken him a long time to make up his mind, since he was now twenty-six, and had not yet come to the end of his deliberations.

It was a pity his life had always been so prosperous, for, to use a homely phrase, he was too good to spoil. He laughed when his sister sometimes called him selfish, and had no idea that his own comfort and convenience were becoming the chief end of his existence, yet occasionally, to the eye of a keen observer, a very trifling incident would lead to that inference.

Dick had refused to meet Miss Travers under the plea of pressing engagements, but, if the truth must be owned, he might easily have broken them. When Cissy made her request, his thoughts had been something in this wise : "Extremely provoking ; I've had quite enough of that hot town lately, and really need a rest. It takes a day to go over to Woodrich and back, what with resting the horses, seeing the fellows, and so on. Besides, I promised Hudson to go fishing in the morning, and had better not put him off. A nice dark drive it'll be, too, at night ; no moon, and Miss Travers screaming out at every shadow. Of course she's timid ; those middle-aged ladies always are. The coachman can protect her quite as well as I can, and I'll go home with Hudson, so when she arrives she won't know there was any one else to come for her." And politely declining to oblige his sister, he had gone down, as we have seen, to the garden with the children. By noon, however, he began to think better of the matter, and was, perhaps, the least bit displeased with himself,—a most uncommon thing with the young fellow. The luncheon bell had rung, and he was going back to the house, when he heard some one calling him by name, and, turning round, saw Jack Hudson at the gate.

"I say, Dick," cried his friend, "we've decided to have the Club dinner to-morrow night ; you're coming of course ?"

"Am I ?" said Dick. "Well, I suppose you know best."

"I always do, though if you've only just

made the discovery you're even duller than I imagined. But about the dinner ; we'll change the night if you like, that is if it's not convenient for you."

"N-no," answered Dick hesitatingly, "better not do that, Jack."

I suppose by this time you have perceived that what Dick thought *better*, was often the best for himself.

"And you won't disappoint us, Dick ?"

"No, I can come."

The substance of this conversation Dick repeated to his sister at the table, adding,

"So you see, Cissy, I cannot go to meet Miss Travers, although if it had not been for the dinner I should like to oblige you. I thought afterwards, perhaps, I could put off the other things."

"Of course not, dear," said Cissy, who knew what a favourite Dick was with the Club. "I will send the carriage, and though it would have looked more polite for you to have gone with it, under the circumstances I am sure Miss Travers will willingly excuse you."

II.

MISS TRAVERS.

THE Club dinner passed off as such things usually do, the best part of it being the noise and laughter ; pleasant enough while it lasted, no doubt, but not worth looking back to afterwards. At least something like this was in Dick's mind as he drove home very late the next evening. "A lot of the fellows got drunk," he afterwards owned to Cissy, with some disgust. He did not come down to breakfast every early the following morning, and then he found the table deserted. They were all out in the garden, the servant told him. Had Mr. Norman returned then ? Yes, last night ; his business had not detained him as long as he expected and he had come down on the train with Miss Travers.

"Oh," thought Dick, feeling relieved ; for the small act of selfishness had troubled his conscience more than many a graver offence, perhaps because he rather prided himself upon his good-nature ; "that's all right, then, as she had John to do the civil." He finished his breakfast leisurely, yawned over the newspapers, and finally lounged into the garden. Half-way down among the currant

bushes, the children were squabbling over the fruit. "I'm going to give them to Miss Travers." "No, you sh'a'nt." "No, I am," were the sentences which greeted Dick as he approached the trio. Further down, under an apple-tree, his sister was talking with their guest, who had her back to the others and was standing up with her hat in her hand.

"Not a bad figure, by Jove," said Dick, as with a slight feeling of curiosity he went on. Just then Cissy saw him.

"My brother, Miss Travers," she said as he came up, and the girl turned. Yes, and such a pretty one too. Dick was so taken by surprise that he could not help looking a little confused. Mentally he was asking himself why he had been such an idiot as to take it for granted that Miss Travers was old enough to be his mother. Middle-aged ! why she must be four or five years younger than himself. How well that white dress became her ! He wondered why women did not always wear white. How lucky that John should have come home last night ; he hoped she would never find out he had refused to meet her. Meanwhile Miss Travers had bowed and was replying to some questions of Mrs. Norman's concerning the journey ; Dick seized the moment when she was looking away from him to observe her closely. She had a tall, fine figure, and her hands were filled with flowers, not more fresh and fair than the girl herself. A stray sunbeam stealing through the leaves overhead made a bright spot on her dark brown hair. Her eyes were grey and very clear, and had a brave, straight way of looking at you when she talked. Dick Elton was quite charmed.

"I have not seen John this morning," said Mrs. Norman presently, "so I must leave you, Dick, to amuse Miss Travers for a little while, as he said last night he had some matters he wished to consult me about," and Mrs. Norman departed, leaving Dick by no mean displeased with his task. Of course they became good friends at once. You and I, elderly reader, might be for weeks in each other's society, and never get beyond a formal acquaintance ; but these two young people, walking about in the bright sunshine, amidst the singing of birds and the blooming of flowers, in health and high spirits, were soon on almost intimate terms with each other. First, they played at croquet with two balls each, Dick magnanimously determining to give Miss Travers the game ; but when he

was leisurely bringing his ball through his third hoop she had hit the half-way stick with one of her own, and the other was far on its way towards becoming a rover.

"I say, this won't do," cried Dick, and straightway began to look about him ; but of course Miss Travers won the game, and then civilly inquired if he wanted to be beaten again. This time the young man was in earnest and played his very best, and proved that he was no mean antagonist, but, whether from luck or greater skill, Miss Travers was again victorious, playing all the time with one hand.

"Quite a masculine accomplishment, Miss Travers," said Dick.

"Yes, it's too bad that we should be allowed to practise it, since it's one of the few things men do well," said Katherine, with a humorous twinkle in her eyes.

"You are too severe, I declare," he answered, laughing, and he moved a camp-chair forward for her to rest upon. "How did you like the drive from Woodrich last night ; I suppose you were dreadfully frightened ?"

"Oh no ; why ?" she asked in surprise.

"It was so dark, you know, and there are some horrid holes in one part of the road."

"Mr. Norman was very kind," Katherine answered ; "he told me there was nothing to be alarmed about, and to catch hold of him when the carriage jolted."

"Well, John's not a bad protector," said his brother-in law, with kind patronage.

"Oh, as for protection," said Miss Travers, with a little defiant flush colouring her face, "that's another name for humbug at the present day. Women can take care of themselves in ordinary circumstances."

"By Jove, I believe *you* could," he cried. "But in such a case I'd rather like to be in John's place ;" and Dick looked sentimental, and then blushed, remembering that last night he might have been.

"But perhaps I shouldn't," said Miss Travers saucily.

"Thank you ;" and he made her a magnificent bow. "Miss Travers," he continued solemnly, "I fear you are dreadfully strong-minded."

"And I hope so without the fear," was her quick retort.

"But just think how much nicer it is to be prettily timid. Last night, for instance, we are driving along the road," said Dick,

stepping into John's place with the coolest audacity, "and after a while you become exceedingly nervous—"

"Y—es!" exclaimed Katherine mischievously; "not unlikely, when I have small confidence in the ability of the driver."

All this time the two elder children had been playing a game of croquet, declining the assistance of little May, on the ground of her being too small, in imitation of their uncle, who had given a similar reason with regard to themselves when he had played with Miss Travers a quarter of an hour before. So May had been sitting at the young lady's feet, regarding her with wide-open eyes, though the conversation was beyond the grasp of her small intellect; but by-and-bye, when, in reply to some remark of Miss Travers's, Dick professed himself only too willing to be of service to her, and begged her to command him, May's moral sense revolted against what she considered a barefaced falsehood, and she cried out, "Oh, uncle, you know it's a dreadful story."

Dick stared at the tiny creature a moment, and then burst into most honest laughter.

"You impertinent little monkey, what do you mean?" he cried, catching hold of her and tossing her up as if she had been a kitten, for Dick was as strong as a blacksmith.

"You know it's a story," repeated this *enfant terrible*, when he had set her down, flushed and panting, "for you wouldn't go to meet her yesterday when mamma wanted you to; and she asked you over and over again."

Poor Dick blushed hotly. He was extremely fond of his little niece, but at that moment he would have strangled her gladly.

"You don't know what you're talking about, May," he said hurriedly, scarcely daring to glance at Katherine.

She was looking on with provoking coolness, with just the faintest gleam of roguish malice in her grey eyes.

"I *do* know," persisted May, stating the fact with dreadful clearness, "for at lunch you told mamma again that you wouldn't have minded anything else so much, but you couldn't give up your dinner for her."

Dick was almost boiling over; all the more because there was no one upon whom he could decently vent his displeasure; but

the last sentence was too much for Miss Travers, and she broke into a ringing laugh.

"Pray don't apologize, Mr. Elton," she said, when she had recovered herself; "least said soonest mended, and it was such a very pardonable weakness." And then the wicked creature laughed again.

"It was a club affair, of course," said the young fellow wrathfully, and hastened to explain; but Miss Travers would not listen, and many a satiric allusion she made to it then and afterwards.

So Katherine stopped a fortnight with the Normans, and they all grew very fond of her, she was so merry and obliging. Dick was mightily attracted, and never went to Woodrich once during her visit, but often enough afterwards, it must be confessed, when he declared that the Edgars were remarkably nice people, and he went pretty regularly to call upon them. He got his sister, too, to invite them to her parties, and Miss Travers also; "for of course it would look so rude to leave her out," would remark this sly young man. Before Miss Travers went away, however, he had undertaken to show her all the beauties of the place, both of land and water; for Dick Elton was the best boating man in the club, and had won already three cups and a medal. Of course he had no objection to exhibit his prowess to Miss Travers, and, having persuaded her to let him teach her to row, soon professed to be very proud of his pupil's progress.

One day, coming back after one of these lessons, she was sitting in the end of the boat steering, and Dick, who was facing her, presently leant upon his oars, and so, floating with the current, they fell into a conversation.

"I wish life could be always like this," he said lazily; "wouldn't it be pleasant?"

"No," said Katherine thoughtfully; "I don't think anybody is worth much if he is *willing* to be idle when there is so much work to be done." She spoke in all simplicity, unconscious of her home thrust. But how was Dick to know that? He coloured painfully.

"But then just think," he continued ruefully, "how dreadfully work tires one."

Katherine looked at the brown, stalwart fellow and sighed, and then she laughed as upon a former occasion.

"I see that laziness does, at any rate," said this straightforward maiden.

"Upon my word that's a hard hit," said Dick meekly; "I wish I could deny it, but I can't," and for the first time in his life he was ashamed to meet the clear glance of a woman's eyes.

III.

ROBIN.

MRS. NORMAN learnt with some surprise that Miss Travers was not obliged to be a governess. She became one on account of her father's second marriage. Home was no home to Katherine with a step-mother in it, though she had borne that condition of things for three years for the sake of her young brother Robin, a boy of fourteen; the one person in the world that the girl loved with all her heart. But Robin at last, upon his stepmother's representations, had been sent to boarding-school by his father, and Katherine only wished to be a boy to go, too. His stepmother always declared that there was no boy in the world so bad as Robin; but then she had never looked for anything good in him; and Robin retaliated by disobeying her upon every possible occasion, and avowing that he would never call her anything but "steppy;" and he kept his word. So when Robin went, Katherine went too, each telling the other tearfully that home would be only bearable in the holidays. For if Robin was headstrong and determined in his hate, he was equally passionate in his love. There was no one like Katherine in earth or heaven; no one so ready to help a fellow out of a scrape; no one who sang so splendidly; the only person he was not ashamed to kiss; the only one in the world who loved him. This was the boy's profound conviction, and if any one dared to differ from him, if she wasn't a woman he'd just ask him to step out for a moment and knock him down before he could say Jack Robinson. As for Katherine, she was more like a mother than a sister to him; she watched over him, prayed for him, made a hundred sacrifices for him—in a word, loved him. Robin always wrote every week to his sister, and the following letter is so characteristic of the boy that I lay it before the reader.

MY DARLING OLD KATE OF KATES:—I like you like the Dickens and I wish you were

here. School's ever so much pleasanter than home and I like the rows better because you can fight the people who make 'em. I play cricket every day and you bet it's fun. When I am a man, see if I don't take the shakes out of everybody. Steppy sent me a cake the other day and I was exceedingly obliged to her. I meant to send her a civil thank-you, but found out it was stale just in time, thank goodness, so I gave it to the boys in the lower form and ever since they've treated me with apples. I didn't do it for that you know. I think perhaps when I'm a man I'll be champion cricketer of the world, but if any one beats me I shall go into a circus. I've been only thrashed once, and had the taws on the hand five times since I came here, and all the fellows say that's pretty good for a boy that's been a whole month in the school. Write often mind. I always sleep with your last letter under my pillow, but you're not to tell that to any body, it keeps away bad dreams. I think I'll have to stop now as I've tipped over the ink twice, and the boy who's been wiping it up for me can't stay much longer. So good-bye, Katie, you darling blessed old girl.

Your bully brother,

ROBIN.

His sister smiled tenderly over this letter, and may be shed a tear or two. Oh, tyrannical, affectionate, impetuous boyhood, who can help glorying in you?

Katherine became a great favourite with the Edgars, and brought her pupils on wonderfully, their parents said. The time passed quickly, as time always does with busy people, and Katherine found herself looking forward to Christmas and a speedy meeting with Robin. She was sitting alone one afternoon, about a week before the holidays, looking out of the drawing-room window for the postman, when Dick Elton came in. She told him that Mr. and Mrs. Edgar had gone for a drive with the children; however, he did not seem at all to mind their absence, but remained chatting with her for a good while. They were quite old friends, or perhaps something more, by this time. Presently a servant brought in a letter for Katherine, and begging Dick to excuse her she proceeded to read it. It gave him a quiet opportunity of looking at her, and I am sorry to say the impertinent young man took it, until he saw a deep flush of annoyance rise into her face

and something like tears in her eyes. Then Dick (who, as we have said, numbered among his other peculiarities an innate refinement) rose and walked over to the window, whistling in the most careless manner, though all the time he felt his heart beating fast with sympathy and an intense desire to be of some use to her. But Katherine spoke out directly almost, growing quite confidential in her anger.

"It's a shame, a shame!" she cried; "it's not true; she has done it to spoil our Christmas."

Dick turned round in an instant. The girl was standing flushed and defiant, much too proud to cry, but he saw the shine of tears under her long lashes. She looked so lovely, too, that he could have gone down and kissed the hem of her garment. Fortunately, however, he preserved his senses, and, in this incident in his life, at any rate, acquitted himself with great credit.

"What is it?" he said very gently. "Tell me, Miss Travers; I'm sure I can help you. You may trust me, I think," he added, with a youthful, but by no means ungraceful dignity.

"Nobody can help us when steppy is against us," said the girl bitterly, using Robin's obnoxious phrase. "What she says is that the scarlet fever is all about the neighbourhood, and it will not be safe for either of us to go home. Much she cares if we did take it. It is not true, or at least greatly exaggerated."

"I don't fret about it," said Dick quickly; "we will make your Christmas happy, Miss Travers. My sister told me, only this morning, that if you were not going home she wanted you to spend it with her, with us. I'm selfish you see, and I can't help saying it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"You don't understand," said Katherine, who was still very much excited. "What does it matter if Christmas is happy or not without Robin? I want my boy! Oh, I want my boy!"

The last words were uttered in a tone so piteous that it brought tears to Dick's kind blue eyes. He took her hand and pressed it between his two strong, brown ones, and was about to speak, but Katherine began to recover herself.

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Elton," she said, drawing away her hand again, "I don't

know what you must think of me; but you don't know what Robin is to me." At the last words her voice faltered. She changed the subject then and talked on as usual, but Dick saw that conversation was an effort to her and soon rose to go.

"Then I may tell Mrs. Norman you will come to St. Agnes," he said wistfully.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered slowly, and then remembered how rude she must seem. "Oh, Mr. Elton," she said, "please forgive me; you know of course how glad I should have been to come, but—but for Robin. It is very, very kind of you to ask me."

"Nothing of the sort," replied Dick, quite delighted with the confidence implied in the last sentence. And all the way down the street he had such a happy smile upon his face that two or three of his chums when they met him asked him what on earth he was grinning about.

IV.

ROBIN ADAIR.

A DAY or two afterwards Mrs. Norman drove over to Woodrich and took Miss Travers back with her, to remain till after the New Year. They were all very glad to see her, especially Dick, for every one knew by this time whom he was in love with. Mrs. Norman herself had long been aware of the fact, and was not opposed to the match. That Katherine was a governess did not seem to her to be an obstacle insurmountable; perhaps, because she was not obliged to be so; perhaps, because her own marriage had been a love match. "It would be the making of Dick," she said to her husband, "if he made a happy marriage, and would bring out some of the good that is in him."

The day following Katherine's arrival, that young gentleman informed Cissy that he would be absent the following day and should not return until the next morning.

"I wonder how you can tear yourself away," she said, teasingly; but Dick, having whispered something in her ear, she patted him on the head and said it was a good idea.

I do not know if Miss Travers confessed it to herself, but the house was not half so delightful after he was gone. She walked out with her hostess and the children in the afternoon, and made herself as agreeable as

ever in the evening, for it was not in her nature to make other people uncomfortable because she was unhappy herself. But when she went up to bed at night she thought a good deal of Robin, and I am afraid the poor girl cried herself to sleep. Next morning, however, she came down as merry as ever, with no traces of tears on her bright young face. After breakfast she was sitting by the fire working, when she heard the children shouting that uncle was coming, and rushing out to meet him. The next minute the door opened and Dick came in with somebody else, — somebody that Katherine sprang up and had in her arms in a minute, covering with kisses and tender caresses; and Robin had given her some great hugs that almost annihilated her pretty lace ruffles; but what cared Katherine?

"Why, Kate, old girl, how jolly you look! Wasn't it kind of Mr. Elton, and aren't we happy?"

Such a radiant, lovely face that looked up at Dick, and two soft hands went out to greet him. Dick felt well repaid for his trouble.

"It was perfectly splendid of you," said the grateful girl in her outspoken fashion; "thank you a thousand times."

"Pshaw!" said Dick, making light of it; but he looked immensely pleased.

"Now, sir, let me look at you again," said Katherine, turning to her brother.

He would bear close inspection, for he was a splendid little fellow, tall for his age and very athletic, with bright, tossed hair, and eyes like Katherine's, only darker, and a fine, brave way of carrying himself. He soon ingratiated himself with the others, who had been prepared to like him for his sister's sake, but speedily liked him for his own, for Robin was one of those human flowers that blossom at once in a generous atmosphere. He had a boyish admiration for Dick, who, he informed Katherine in private, "was a very decent chap and knew no end of things," and had advised him never to go into a circus because the work was too hard; at which characteristic speech of our hero Katherine smiled. Such delightful days that followed! Katherine was so happy, and Dick was in the highest spirits, in fact, perfectly uproarious at times. Robin had rather outraged Katherine's ideas of propriety by calling him Dick from the very beginning.

"Bless you, Kate, he told me to do it,"

said the simpleton, when she remonstrated. Truth to tell, the boy behaved with entire self-possession upon all occasions. Only two or three evenings after his arrival he had opened the piano and declared himself quite ready for music. Dick sang two or three songs to Katherine's accompaniment, and then Robin remarked with superb condescension,

"Pretty well sung. Dick, but we've had enough of it. Too spoony. Now, Kate, we'll have something from *you*."

"You rascal, I shall have to punch your head to-morrow," replied Dick laughing; but he was glad enough to listen to her.

Meanwhile Robin had pulled out some songs from the music-stand and brought them to the piano.

"Sing my song first, Kate, and afterwards I'll see what I can do," he said affably.

"You should wait till you're asked, dear," she gently expostulated.

"Why, Mrs. Norman told us to make ourselves at home, and so I'm doing it," replied downright Robin. "I call it *my* song; it's Robin Adair. Katherine sings it to me, though it was written by a lady to her husband, after he was dead; but it's my song all the same," and having vouchsafed this valuable information the boys sat down.

It was Katherine's best song; it suited her voice, and she sang the sweet, pathetic words with all her heart in them, thinking of another Robin who sat close by. It touched him too: if no one had been by he would have got up and kissed her; as it was he winked his eyes when she had finished, and began to hunt for the "Minstrel Boy" for himself. Katherine played for him, and then indeed they all listened in delighted astonishment. The boy had a voice like an angel's. It was marvellously sweet and clear, and Katherine had taught him very carefully.

The days flew by only too quickly. Robin and Katherine were very happy. On one occasion, when they were alone, the former remarked with a frankness, unfortunately unaccompanied by discretion,

"I like Dick better and better, but I suspect he's rather spoony on you, Kate."

"Be quiet, Robin, and never say such a thing again," said his sister, getting very red.

"I thought it was time to let you know," said Robin, rather proud of his wonderful discovery. "But you must say no," he con-

tinued, with the naked selfishness of boyhood, "because you are always to live with me, you know, and he might find me in the way. Though, if it wasn't for that, I'd be willing enough to give my consent and blessing."

His sister commanded him to be silent more imperatively than before, and was for once in her life really angry with him, and read him such a lesson upon that dreadful tongue of his, that was always getting him into trouble, that the boy was quite abashed and subsided into submissive silence. After this, therefore, the reader will not be surprised at the following conversation, which took place after Robin had gone back to school, and on the day Miss Travers was to return to the Edgars. She was sitting in the drawing-room when Dick lounged in. Somehow, though he was so big and brown, he never seemed awkward; there was a lazy grace about him. He looked handsomer than ever now, his dark eyes shining with suppressed excitement, and his hair tumbling over his forehead in tangled curls, for he'd just been romping with the children.

"I wish you wouldn't go to-day, Miss Travers," he said discontentedly. "Suppose you stay now. Do; why can't you?"

"Why, of course, I *must* go," said Katherine smiling.

"There's no of course about it," said Dick impetuously. "You know you've only got to hold out your hand and there's some one who would ask you to stay with him always."

But Katherine did not hold out her hand. Dick came and stood by her with a very pleading gesture.

"I know I'm not worth rouch, but I might be if you would take me in hand." Still she maintained a distressed silence. "Can't you say something?" said Dick, half alarmed.

"If I say *anything* it must be no," said Katherine slowly.

The reply gave Dick a great shock. He had never seriously contemplated a rejection. I have yet to find the man who has a humble opinion of himself; *that*, at least, cannot be imputed to the sex. Certainly Dick would have owned he was not worthy of Katherine, and would have believed it too, but then he did not know the man who deserved her any better.

"Why must you say no, Katherine?" he cried. "I hoped, oh, I so hoped your answer would have been different. You have

something against me," he added quickly; "isn't it my cursed idleness?"

"It is," she answered sadly.

"But, Katherine, you shall make me anything you like," he said energetically. "I know I am not fit to tie your shoe. But I do love you so! only take me and see how I'll reform."

If Katherine had been seventeen or eighteen I suppose she would have yielded; but she was two-and-twenty, and wisdom comes with years, which is one thing that all women ought to be devoutly thankful for. So Katherine Travers was firm.

"I don't know anything about a woman's influence before marriage, but I certainly don't much believe in it afterwards," she said in her straightforward fashion. "I'm sorry, oh, so sorry, to hurt or wound you, but I must say no. For your idleness is not a thing to be laughed at as a good joke; it is spoiling you, and that is such a pity. Is there nothing in this busy world that you could lay your hand to? I grieve to see a man of your abilities wasted: yes, wasted, for I don't know what else to call it. Do you think," she went on, warming with her subject, "that I could bear to see Robin growing up like you? He admires you; he imitates you; and yet I hope he will never be like you: I want my boy to be useful as well as ornamental."

Perhaps her words were rather hard, only poor Katherine had such a tender heart that she had always to arm herself against it.

"It's quite true, all that you say," said Dick gloomily; and then he brightened. "But I won't take this as final," he exclaimed. "I'll go away and get good and industrious; I'll work as hard as Jacob did for his wife, only it will be your fault if I have to wait as long; and when I come back, Katherine, you'll promise——"

But Katherine would promise nothing.

"You think it's only an idle fancy; you think I'll soon forget," said Dick bitterly; "but you give me credit for being worse than I am."

And he would have flung himself out of the room, but Katherine stopped him, and forgave him his injustice, for she took his hand.

"I'll say this for you at any rate, Dick," she said, "that if it were not for that one fault of which we spoke, you are the very best and manliest man I know."

Dick was too wise after that to renew his beseeching; it was something, he felt, to have heard such words; perhaps he might win her yet. He looked into her face tenderly, passionately; he stooped and kissed her, and I believe she forgave him that too; then he dropped her hand and went away.

V.

THE END.

THERE came a great change to Katherine and Robin before the end of the winter. Their father suddenly died. He was not a rich man, and in his will he left everything to his wife, except a small sum of money to be paid annually to Katherine for her own maintenance; and another sum, just enough to complete Robin's education and support him until he left college. Katherine and a brother lawyer he had appointed the boy's guardians. Mrs. Travers went back to live with her friends, and at last Katherine had her own way with Robin, Mr. Wilks, the other guardian, being quite willing to agree to her plans, since they showed good sense and judgment. So Robin was removed to an excellent school at Woodrich, where he and Katherine were able to see a good deal of each other, and spend their holidays together. For Katherine still retained her situation.

"You see, I like it far better than doing nothing," she said to Mrs. Norman, whom she consulted upon the subject; "and besides I shall now be able to save something for when Robin and I set up house-keeping."

Of Dick she saw and heard nothing, except that he was studying engineering and was too busy to have time for anything else. Dick too busy! What marvel could have wrought that?

So two years went by, bringing no fresh change to Robin and his sister, but a good deal to another person in whom we have been interested. Dick Elton had passed very creditable examinations, obtained an excellent appointment, and gone off to California nine months before, at the head of a surveying party.

Robin, too, had had his boyish triumphs, and came to his sister one day in high glee.

"Guess the news, Katie," he said.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The St. Agnes Cricket Club is the cham-

ption club of the Dominion. The first eleven I mean. Didn't you know *that*?" with a smile at her pitiable ignorance.

"I forgot, I'm afraid."

"Well don't again then, or people will think you're not a sporting character. What I was going to tell you is, that the second eleven are almost as good as the first," and—he broke off and looked at her with a face of beaming delight.

"Go on, go on!" said Katherine.

"And I'm captain of the second eleven. Hurrah!"

Katherine was almost as pleased as he was.

"You see," he explained, with the charming candour of boyhood, "I'm a first-rate player, so, though I'm the youngest in the club, that's why they chose me."

When the summer holidays arrived, Mrs. Norman invited them both to pay her a long visit, and they went to St. Agnes. She was a trump, Robin declared, for the cricket meadow was not far from the house, and the boy spent all his time at his beloved game.

"I have not heard from Dick for so long," said Cissy one day, "that I begin to think he intends to close the correspondence."

There came a morning, bright and beautiful, when the world without seemed one dazzling panorama of light and shade. The sunbeams, the fairy children of the sky, seemed to have come down to talk with the shadows, the pensive daughters of earth, though their mystic voices were all unheard, since the wind, glad-hearted, rustled the leaves together with a kind of song. On such a morning came Dick Elton home; taller, however, and manlier than ever.

"Why, you've actually grown," Cissy had cried in dismay; "as if you weren't big enough before."

"It's because I've got so good. That's the way it shows; bless you, there wasn't room for it before," said Dick serenely.

Cissy could not make out if he was pleased or otherwise to find Katherine there. He gave her face a rapid scrutiny, and then told her that *she* had not changed at any rate. That was all.

"You are going to take a long holiday now, I hope," said John Norman.

"Don't think so," Dick replied. "There's going to be a railroad in this part of the neighbourhood by-and-by, and I've got the contract for surveying the ground."

"Dear, how industrious you are becoming; you are 'Lazy Dick' no longer," said Cissy, laughing. "How did you ever approach your bugbear—work?"

"It's like a shadow, Cissy," said Dick, good-humouredly; "bigger far off than when you come close to it."

But Dick had not forgotten Miss Travers, as he very soon showed. When people once found their way to the soft spot in his heart he had a stupid trick of keeping them there, instead of taking a more sensible course and dislodging them. So he loved Katherine more than before, because he had grown in every way a wiser and better man; and he sometimes felt like flying off to California again, because he thought she did not care for him. It did not ease his mind to find that his old friend, Jack Hudson, was as enamoured as himself, and had been likewise refused. "For, by Jove! some other fellow 'll be carrying her off before I get a chance," he reflected wrathfully. The truth was, Katherine was becoming very shy with him, when she found that the bad boy was turning out so good. But at last a day came that they both never forgot.

It was noon, and rather warm, and Katherine was reading in the drawing-room, when Dick came quickly in; his face was white and startled, and she saw at once that something was wrong.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Promise not to be frightened, Katherine," he began; but her mother-instinct was too quick for him.

"Is it Robin?" she cried.

He tried to stop her, but she pushed him away and darted through the door. She had caught a glimpse of men in the hall, and they were carrying something. Too true! too true! It was Robin. Stunned! Dead, perhaps! with stains of blood upon his white cricket suit. They carried him up stairs to Dick's room (it came first), and Katherine hung about him, moaning like a wounded creature. He had been struck, with great force, in the side by a ball, and none knew the extent of his injuries. Soon after a doctor arrived, and proceeded to examine him. He was not dead, but unconscious, and after unwearied efforts on the part of Katherine and the physician, they succeeded in bringing him to life again. It is needless to recount all that followed. For days he was kept perfectly quiet and seemed

to be progressing a little; but then he would relapse into a state of great pain and weakness. He was always patient and cheerful, but then ill-temper had never been one of his faults. Dick was his great resource at this time. The young man was as tender to him as a brother. He spent hours in his sick-room, amusing him, singing, telling queer stories of his Californian wanderings; and sometimes Katherine was persuaded to rest awhile, and leave her boy in such good hands. But as time went on, all but Katherine saw how it would end. *She* would talk of his recovery as certain, and felt quite angry with Dick because he never spoke hopefully of the future. In truth, the doctor had long ago told him that the boy must have received some internal injury, and he feared the worst. For awhile, Robin himself was not aware of his condition, but he must have suspected it at last, for one morning he asked the doctor one of his old down-right questions, and Dick, coming in after he had gone, found the boy crying quietly.

"Go away," he said almost roughly, when he saw him, "I want Kate."

Katherine scarcely stayed to listen to Dick, but rushed to her boy.

"What is it, my darling, my pet?" and she was down on the bed with her arms around him.

"Oh! Katie, I'm going to die," said Robin, with a sob.

"Who said so? Who dared say so?" cried Katherine indignantly.

"The Doctor; I asked him."

"The wicked, cruel man,—" began the girl, but a glance from Dick stopped her.

"You are only making it worse for him," he whispered.

That was enough for Katherine. Straightway, she began to comfort him in low, tender tones. Dick felt it was a sacred scene, not for him to witness, and he went out and left the brother and sister alone.

When they had become more accustomed to the thought, they often spoke before Dick unreservedly; for Robin clung to him and loved him next to Kate, and often begged him not to go away.

"And I shall never play cricket again," once Robin said wistfully.

"Never mind, my Robin," she said, with a smile, though her heart was breaking "perhaps God wants you to do some work for Him now instead of play."

"Was the play for Him, then?" said Robin, wonderingly.

"I'm sure it was," she answered.

"Perhaps it was," said Robin musingly. "I remember I never felt cross, or wicked, or even angry with steppy, when I was playing."

One more glorious summer day: Robin's last.

He had been lying until noon, sometimes sleeping or waking, and at length he opened his eyes.

"Dick, are you there?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Give me your hand. How strong and kind it always was and is. Think of a fellow sometimes. Good-bye!"

Dick bent down and kissed him, with a lump in his throat; he could not speak. Robin turned to his sister.

"I'm so tired; I want to lie in your arms, Katie."

She sat down on the edge of the bed, but it was Dick who tenderly lifted him into them; she was not strong enough for that. Robin laid his head down on her shoulder with a little smile. "It's so jolly," he whispered. "I say, Kate," he said, by-and-bye, "I shall ask God to send for you soon. Nobody will be so kind to me, even in Heaven, as you; because you see we've always grown up together, and loved each other so."

"Yes, yes, my darling!" whispered Kate, kissing him.

Dick shivered, as with cold.

The clock was ticking out the hour slowly—slowly; the sunlight was filling the quiet room; merry, boyish shouts were heard from the cricket-field hard by; the little captain of the second eleven was failing fast.

His hand was creeping up into her bosom.

"Katie, old girl," oh so faintly!

"Yes, my darling."

"I'm not afraid now."

"Thank God for that, my Robin."

"Your Robin Adair," he said and smiled.

The meadows rang with distant laughter; the hand was pointing to the hour; the sun was shining there still; but—the two who had grown up together and loved each other so, were apart.

It was Dick who took the dead boy from her arms, and carried Katherine, not fainting, but in a sort of stupor of grief, from the room.

And it was many days before the second eleven found heart to elect another captain.

* * * * *

Weeks followed each other in dreary succession, but sorrow remained behind. Katherine wandered about in silent suffering, and none dared to comfort her. Of one thing she became conscious at last—Dick's ceaseless care and kindness. He did not say much, poor fellow, but his big, faithful heart ached for her. At last Mrs. Norman could bear it no longer, and she said to Katherine one evening, "Dear girl, try to be happy again, for the sake of others who, I sometimes think, love you too well."

It made the girl begin to rouse herself, and changed the sad current of her thoughts a little. It was a lovely, moonlight night, clear and soothing, and she strolled down to the apple tree in the garden to be alone for a while. I think she would have gone back to the house calmer and braver, but from the nursery window came little May's voice; she was humming a line of Robin Adair. It was too much for Katherine; she hid her face in her hands, and gave way to a sudden storm of sobs and tears. The child's voice ceased suddenly, and then she felt two arms round her, and a voice trembling and tender in her ear. It was Dick's.

"Kate," he was saying, "my own poor, poor Kate. Let me comfort you. Oh, my darling, I am breaking my heart about you. Won't you come to me at last?"

Mrs. Norman's words flashed through Katherine's mind; she felt what small count she had held of this loyal, faithful fellow. She looked up to him with sweet, sad eyes.

"Dear Dick, you're far better than I," she said, humbly; "but you know I've always loved you all along."

"God bless you, Kate," he said, fervently, and pressed her to his heart with tender pride.

The tears were yet in her eyes.

"I was so awfully lonely when you came," she whispered.

Oh, how dear she was to him; he pressed her closer still, and said most tenderly, yet most humbly,

"I will do my best to make you happy, if loving is of any use."

"It is the only good in life," said Katherine, softly; "and I am glad to be yours, Dick."

"Then," said Dick, with a great joy shining in his eyes, "kiss me, Katherine."

So she did.

What more is there to add, but this? that Katherine makes her husband's home happy with her sweet, bright presence, her pleasant songs, and gracious womanhood; and she herself is certainly a happy woman, although there is one very tender bit of her heart that long ago went away from earth to heaven, and there is one song, ah! forgotten! that she will sing in this life never

again—Robin Adair. Dick also is a very happy man, as, in spite of his faults, I, for one, say he heartily deserves to be; and sometimes sitting with his wife of a moonlight night—such a lovely one as that on which he won her—he kisses her and says—for there is some poetry in the fellow, though he never wrote a line of verse in his life, thank goodness:

"My Kate, I think your life is like the blessed stars up yonder. It shines so."

MAPLE LEAF.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

ALMOST every one is in the habit of using, in daily conversation, phrases and similes, either to convey a meaning or to add force and point to what is said; but how few know by whom these pithy sentences were originated. Upon examination it will be found that the majority of these "wise saws and modern instances," which have become "household words" amongst all classes, emanated from the brains of the men of the eighteenth century, some even earlier. It would be interesting, were it possible, to trace how these brief sayings have become common property: nothing but their force and pungency could have made them so. The nineteenth century is so barren of such brief truisms, that one would almost infer that our ancestors had anticipated everything which could be said to "point a moral or adorn a tale." The following examples are familiar to all, and a brief account of their origin will doubtless prove interesting:—

As plain as a pikestaff.—This is a very old simile, by the Latin author Terence, and occurs in the English translation in 1675. It was also used by Le Sage in "Gil Blas."

Outrun the constable.—A pithy phrase, used by the good knight Sir Hudibras, the modern application of which is well understood, though it is hard to comprehend how the original will bear the construction now put upon it. It reads as follows:

"Quoth Hudibras, friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last,
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute as senseless as untrue."

I smell a rat.—This was an expression made by the same old knight, significant of his suspicion; and this phrase, penned about the year 1660, is often now used when one wishes to express distrust, and at the same time to appear facetious. It would be inferred that the smell of a rat induced suspicion in the old man's mind, for,

"Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate."

All cry and no wool.—This is another witty utterance by the same worthy:

"Thou'lt be at best, but such a bull,
Or shear-swine, all cry and no wool,"

the significance of which is fully appreciated by this age.

Count our spoons.—This advice as to counting our spoons as soon as our guests have departed, was given by no less a person than Samuel Johnson, who says: "If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses, let us count our spoons."

Count our chickens before they are hatched.—This sage advice proceeds from the lips of Hudibras, who deems it folly

"To swallow gudgeons ere they're caught,
And count their chickens ere they're hatched."

Were this advice always followed, much trouble would be saved to humanity.

Die in the last ditch.—This expression was very rife during the last American war, as specially applied to the Southerners, and was doubtless thought by most to have arisen with the occasion; but William of Orange was the man who first resolved to die in this undesirable place. According to Hume, with reference to the unsatisfactory state of his country, he replied to an enquiry: "There is one certain means by which I am sure never to see my country's ruin, 'I will die in the last ditch.'"

The grey mare the better horse.—This phrase, the import of which is so well understood in domestic circles, Macaulay thinks originated in the preference generally given to the grey mares of Flanders, over the finest coach horses of England.

Escaped by the skin of his teeth.—The patriarch Job it was who escaped thus narrowly (see Job, chap. xix, verse 20), and in giving utterance to the phrase, he little thought that it would come into common use in the nineteenth century.

As good as a play.—This simile is in very common use when wishing to express appreciation, and was an exclamation of Charles I., who used to say, that the debates in parliament were sometimes as good as a comedy or play.

I know a trick worth two of that.—Thus cries a school-boy who fancies he can checkmate his opponent, little thinking that he is quoting Shakspeare, who, in Henry the Fourth, makes Gadshill say to a carrier, "I pray thee lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable." To which the carrier replies: "Nay, soft, I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith"—evidently not having much faith in Gadshill.

The almighty dollar.—This was an expression used by Washington Irving, in his "Creole Village." He styles the coin "the Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land."

Can't hold a candle to him.—This phrase is from the writings of John Byron, who says, in his rhymes upon the feud between Handel and Bononcini,

"Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle."

The main chance.—This expression, as a motive power, is more universally recognised than almost any other. Shakspeare uses it in Henry the Sixth, but not quite in the same sense as we now understand it. Hudibras used it as we now do, and writes thus:

"Y' had best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap."

Brevity is the soul of wit.—This was one of the maxims of that sage old philosopher Polonius, who says to the King:

"Therefore, as brevity is the soul of wit,
. I will be brief."

A nine days wonder.—This almost universal remark upon the occasion of some sensation of the day, had its origin in a play by Beaumont and Fletcher, called "The Noble Gentleman," about the year 1600.

A foregone conclusion.—These words were used by Othello in reply to that arch-villain, Iago, who was placing before him the proofs of his wife's supposed infidelity:

IAGO—Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO—But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Facts are stubborn things.—This often quoted and most undeniable truth was uttered by Le Sage in his incomparable "Gil Blas," and its truth has ensured its long usage.

Corporations have no souls.—This assertion, as a rule, is as true at the present time as when the great Sir Edward Coke pronounced it to be, in the year 1620. He said, in a case upon which he was engaged: "They [corporations] cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls," which fact has become so thoroughly acknowledged as to pass into an axiom.

Every dog will have his day.—Shakspeare originated this truism; he makes Hamlet, at the grave of Ophelia, say,

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

Thereby hangs a tale.—"As You Like it," contains this expression. Jaques narrates to the Duke how he met in the forest a fool, a portion of whose speech to him runs thus:

"And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale," an ending which affords much food for thought, like many of the wise sayings of the professional fools of that day.

His soul is not his own.—We often hear a person who is in supposed thralldom, domestic or official, described as one whose soul is not his own. Shakspeare thought that under no circumstances should such a state of things exist, for he puts it into mind of Henry the Fifth to say to William, one of his soldiers, "Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own." There have been some rulers who would hardly cede this latter point.

At their wit's end.—This common expression of embarrassment occurs in Psalms, xvii. chapter and 27th verse.

All is not gold that glisters (or glistens).—This trite opinion of the vanity of external attraction has been used in various forms by several authors. Shakspeare has it in the "Merchant of Venice." He makes the scroll in the *golden casket* say, "All that glisters is not gold." Middleton, Spenser (in the "Faerie Queene"), Herbert, and Lydgate have each used it in varied words.

The Devil take the hindmost.—This pithy exclamation, usually uttered on the eve of some "*savez qui peut*," occurs in Hudibras, who has given us so many of such expressions in common use :

"How will dissenting brethren relish it,
What will malignants say, videlicet,
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest,
And bid the devil take the hindmost."

Many a time and oft.—This poetical phrase forms part of a most sarcastic speech of Shylock to Antonio, commencing—"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft, on the Rialto, you have rated me about my monies and my usances."

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.—This much quoted sentence occurs in Gray's lines "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College."

Enough is as good as a feast.—To Bickerstaff, in his play of "Love in a Village," are we indebted for this homely truth.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.—This sentence is frequently misquoted, being made to read "When

Greek meets Greek," etc. This is an error. The original words occur in the play of "Alexander the Great" by Nathaniel Lee, about 1670, and read as quoted here, the idea being evidently how great would be the strength when Greek forces united; although the "tug" would be equally great in either case.

It out-herods Herod.—This application of comparison was used by Hamlet in his instructions to the players, when, in advising them to restrain all extravagance of manner in their acting, and to show his objection thereto, he says, "I would have such a fellow whipped for out-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it."

To teach the young idea how to shoot.—This well known expression will be found in Thomson's "Seasons." In the lines to Spring he says :

"Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

Experience hardly sustains this poetic language, and to few is it a delightful task "to rear the tender thought."

Turn over a new leaf.—This most significant phrase occurs in the play of "Anything for a Quiet Life," by Middleton.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—*Like angel-visits, short and far between.*—Campbell's exquisite poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," contains these two quotations: they read thus :

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

* * * * *

"What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angel-visits, short and far between."

Coming events cast their shadows before.—Campbell also supplies this beautiful thought. His poem of "Lochiel's Warning" reads thus :

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Hair-breadth escapes.—Who has not had such? and when so terming them, used the language of Othello in his speech to the Venetian Senators, explanatory of how he won the heart of Desdemona by telling her of his "hair-breadth escapes i' the imminent deadly breach," etc.

Out of sight, out of mind.—For this expression of an unfortunate truism we have to thank a writer of the 14th century, Thomas à Kempis, who says, in his "Imitation of Christ," "When he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind."

Eaten out of house and home.—This frequent lamentation of the poor father of an over large and hungry family was used by the hostess in Henry the Fourth, who complained to the Chief Justice against Falstaff. She says, "He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his."

Add insult to injury.—For the origin of this very common saying we must go back to the Latin author, Phædrus. His fable of the "Bald Man and the Fly," is as follows: "A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man; who, endeavouring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the fly, jeeringly; You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?"

To beard the lion in his den.—This expression, which furnishes so powerful a conception of an undertaking of extreme peril and rashness, occurs in "Marmion," where Lord Douglas, in reply to an insult by Marmion, exclaims:

"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?"

Adding fuel to the flame.—Milton uses this trite sentence. In his "Samson Agonistes" we read:

"He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?"

Leave no stone unturned.—Bartlett, in his "Familiar Quotations," says: "This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Plataea. The oracle replied, 'Turn every stone.'

No love lost between us.—This expressive phrase occurs in Goldsmith's beautiful play, "She Stoops to Conquer."

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.—To Congreve are we indebted for this fine description of the power of music, which is so often quoted. It has the ring of Shakspeare in it, and will be found in his play of "The Morning Bride," and reads thus:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

These quotations are all so well known and in such common use as to be called "household words," a term used by Henry the Fifth, just before the battle of Agincourt, in his last speech of encouragement to his soldiers. Anticipating the glorious issue of the day, he says: "Then shall our names, familiar in their mouths as household words, . . . be in their flowing cups freshly remembered."

E. R. B.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IT is an exquisite April day, trees budding, grass wearing its first fresh emerald green, young flowers opening their delicate petals, birds twittering busily over the important business of nest-making; all the opening promise and beauty and fragrance of spring filling the clear, sunny air. As I look from the open window, even the passers-by seem to feel the sweet influences of the blossoming life around them; all but one, who, from no fault of hers, poor girl, looks like an unnatural blot on the fair scene. It is a young widow, who seems almost literally buried under the thick folds of crape which drape her figure from head to foot, so that through the long black veil, even an intimate acquaintance would hardly recognise her. And all through our hot, burning summer weather she must wear this same barbarous costume, while every one around her is gladly

donning the lightest and coolest attire, and all the beauty of the summer landscape is almost blotted from her eyes by these gloomy folds of crape. We call the Hindoos barbarous because they take away the jewellery of their widows, give them one coarse garment to wear, and limit them to one meal a day. Are we, after all, so much better? Some people would rather bear the privation of food than be condemned, as our widows are condemned, to the frightful and most uncomfortable costume called "widow's weeds," and this often for years. For with many it is thought a slight to the memory of the lost husband to lighten this heavy mourning before at least two or three years have passed. And he who perhaps hated this unreasonable practice with all his heart, and was always anxious during his lifetime to save his wife the slightest discomfort, is supposed to be *honoured* by the performance of this dismal penance in his memory. Is it feared that the bereaved one may grow too soon consoled unless she is weighed down by this literal *load* of mourning? But human life is mercifully not intended to be utterly absorbed by even the heaviest grief, and it seems a presumptuous interference with the healing processes of nature to try to prevent the blessed soothing influences of summer sights and sounds and sunshine from having their intended effect. All our "mourning," indeed, is on far too conventional and tyrannical a scale. The black dress, devoid of ornament, is a natural expression of deep sorrow, and as such an expression is becoming enough. But when *fashion*, with her arbitrary rule, interferes and dictates the quantity of crape which each degree of relationship demands (utterly irrespective of degrees of *feeling*), the practice ceases to be becoming and loses its meaning. Where people do feel a death deeply they do not need the reminder of crape trappings. Where they do not feel it the crape trappings are simply a mockery. And every one knows how heavily the expense of arraying an entire family in deep mourning draws upon resources which, by sickness and death, have been reduced to the slenderest, and have the most urgent need of being saved for the necessities of life, of which people often stint themselves for the sake of the indispensable crape. And as this is ruined by rain, the wearers must stay at home from church if it threatens a shower, at the risk

of having the additional expense of renewing what has been spoiled. Is there any use in appealing to the common-sense of the higher and wealthier classes to change all this by setting the example of simple, less expensive, and less uncomfortable mourning attire? It would be no mere saving of discomfort. It would lighten the load of care that intensifies the grief of many a poor woman, "left" with a helpless family to provide for. It would lighten the tax which it is often felt to be to put a family in mourning for some one related to them, but for whose death they cannot in the nature of things feel much grief. Why should not all demands of *respect* be satisfied by the wearing of plain black for a few weeks without all the paraphernalia of "new mourning," except in cases of the closest relationship; while even in these, the use of crape should be discouraged as far as possible? Any one who should help to reform social custom in this particular would be a practical philanthropist to no little purpose, and every one could do something towards it by leaving written directions as to his or her wishes in this respect in the case of one's own death. If this were done more generally we should have fewer extravagant funerals and less extravagant mourning.

—It will be remembered that, some months ago, one of our friends at the Table presented us with a poetic appeal on behalf of keeping pure our "well of English undefiled," by not contaminating it with the muddy rills of slang which at present do so much abound. Another friend, in reply, put in a plea for the toleration of slang, on the ground that words at first introduced as slang sometimes become useful additions to the language. There is something to be said for this view of the matter, but it seems to me that the right view must be in recognising that the word *slang* is often used in two very different significations; referring promiscuously to words which are in reality *additions* to the language, and to modes of expression which are *degradations* of it. To the first class belong a number of words first current in our colonial *usus loquendi*, where they were first needed, which may eventually find a local habitation in the most approved and orthodox standards. There are the Australian "runs," for instance (I suppose that word, in its special signification, originated in Australia), and our own "shanty," both very

expressive words, and therefore quite useful additions to our vocabulary. There is our Canadian word "Fall," which ought to find favour with lovers of pure English, inasmuch as it is Saxon, and both more directly intelligible and more poetically suggestive than its Latin dissyllable equivalent, Autumn. There is no reason why our fresh colonial life should not enrich the mother-tongue, as well as the mother-land. But this sort of addition is *totò cælo* different from the *degradation of noble words*, which impoverishes the language as the debasement of coin does the country which permits it, and which is the production, not of rough, honest, primitive modes of life, but of a corrupted and debased state of taste and feeling. Take, for instance, the way in which the expressive and time-honoured word "awful" is abused, till its original signification is hardly recognizable! A pleasant pic-nic or party is, we all know, in the vocabulary of a large class of young people, "awfully nice" or "awfully jolly," while the latter expression is made to do duty in expressing every conceivable shade of approval, from a sermon down to a game of croquet! Now, it is very probable that, in a good many cases, this odd *façon de parler* proceeds partly from the *mauvaise honte* which some people feel at expressing any earnest feeling in earnest words, and partly from a reaction against old-fashioned stilted or sentimental modes of expression. But surely there may be a little lightness of touch in conversational usage without such utter trampling upon the meaning of words! People who aspire to some degree of culture need hardly be driven to imitate the "navvy" who declared that it was a "bloody fine sunset," and those who use such words as "awful," "frightful," "magnificent," on the most trivial occasions, will be painfully conscious of a limited vocabulary when the occasion arises for their graver use. Indeed, this poverty of vocabulary is one of the things that strikes one most in our ordinary "society" talk. And thought and language are so closely connected, that poverty of language is usually associated with poverty of thought, and *vice versa*. The degradation of words is generally followed by the degradation of ideas also, and it is very seldom, if ever, that the habitual flippant abuse of words which express grave and important ideas is found associated with any real earnestness or depth of character. Indeed it

is really a species of untruthfulness and of profanity; a deviation, at all events, from that simple, direct, truthful communication of ideas enjoined at once by good taste and by Christianity. I believe there are many who fall thoughtlessly into a flippant, slang way of speaking, injurious at once to themselves and to the standard of our national language and national character; and consequently I think that those who can see its tendencies should spare no pains to show that that sort of slang which consists in degrading our English tongue cannot be tolerated, and that pompousness and sentimentality may be avoided without stooping to profane the words and ideas which are part of our noblest heritage. I was glad, the other day, to see this so well and forcibly put by the Rev. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, in his Yale Lectures on Preaching, that I give the quotation with much pleasure:

"You have no more right to injure the national language than to chip a statue, or to run a penknife through a picture, in the national museum. To use words so loosely and inaccurately that their definite meaning is lost, is to commit an intellectual offence, corresponding to that of removing the landmarks of an ancient estate. To prostrate noble words to base uses is as great a wrong to the community as to deface a noble public monument. A word once degraded can rarely be restored to its original rank; the bloom once rubbed off by rude and unmannerly hands can rarely be recovered; when once defiled by gross and vulgar associations, its delicate purity is lost for ever.

"Your language is not yours,—not yours alone; it belongs to your country and to posterity. Maintain its ancient idiom. Honour the laws which have governed its structure. While a language lives it must grow. Old words must gradually fall from it like dead leaves from a tree in autumn. New words must express the new life, like the fresh leaves on a tree in spring. But if you are not the last to use the old words, do not be the first to use the new. A language lives on the lips of the people, not in the dictionary. A dictionary is not merely a home for living words; it is a hospital for the sick; it is a cemetery for the dead. We who have the ear of the people, can help to keep the best part of the language alive. Let us resolve that we will do nothing to

make Shakespeare and Spenser and Milton and Dryden, and Hooker and Howe, and Barrow and Baxter and Defoe and Addison and Bolingbroke and Swift and Burke, less intelligible to posterity than they are to ourselves."

—Have you a sweet tooth, my fellow guest? If so, did not your chops water, as a youngster, when you read that delicious biblical promise, "Butter and honey shall he eat?" How well the richness of the butter seemed adapted, to your youthful palate, to receive the superadded sweetness of the honey,—droppings from Hybla or from the comb of the bee that haunted the thymy slopes of Mount Carmel! The very mixture, the thoughtfulness that went about to blend the varying excellences together, gave the air of a real feast to the imaginary flavour that played round the gustatory surfaces, that was nothing akin to the mere every-day, hunger-compelled dipping of Jonathan's rod in the honeycomb. Now I have lately discovered a very delicious substitute for this delicacy; a variation as it were, which, like a lovely fantasy set to the same master theme, has a thousand lights and shades of difference, capricious ticklings of its own, points of originality which, while reminding one of the harmonious motive, still plague us with their hinted discrepancies and unexpected sweetnesses. Hark in your ear, brother epicure (only it must be an epicure in a mild way, for all others would laugh me to scorn); take you a dessert spoon and fill it two-thirds full with maple syrup. What a colour! The sun and the frost were teaching the sap what tints it should put on in the autumn when the forest will be ablaze again, but it was waylaid on its travels and gently simmered down till it has blabbed its secret and is ready to let us all into the counsels of the Hamadryads. Now for a touch of cream; let it fill your spoon steadily and watch how the two luxuries combine. The cream has a shuddering, contracting appearance, and splits into sharply defined segments as it fits into position and fills up the spoon, gradually becoming more and more minutely broken up. Raise it to your lips now, a fit libation for Pan and the rustic gods . . . "Did it go down sweetly?"

—In the writings of militant theologians ("gladiators of the pulpit," Prof. Tyndall

calls them) like the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, who deal with modern scientific ideas, as held by men like Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, one or other member of a certain class of words is constantly and conspicuously recurring. I refer to the group which consists of "material," "materialism," "materialist," and "materialistic." Even so able a controversialist as Prof. Watson, of Kingston, condescends to use such weapons, as witness his article in the last number of this Review. The truth is, that the four great writers abovenamed *all* strenuously and explicitly repudiate materialism. But, waiving this fact, what I wish to urge now is, that, though opprobrious epithets of the kind referred to are favourite missiles to fling at scientific men, they really accomplish little in the way of disposing of the difficult problems in the discussion of which they are so industriously utilized. For, after all, What is matter? What do we know of its ultimate nature? Simply nothing. What do we know of spirit, or of *its* ultimate nature? Nothing. Knowing nothing of either, then, why may they not be identical in essence?—or, as Herbert Spencer suggests, why may not each "be regarded as but a sign of the Unknown Reality which underlies both?" This question will perhaps create a smile, but let us look at the subject a little more closely.

According to one theory of matter—propounded by Boscovich and advocated by no less a physicist than Faraday—matter is simply a congeries of points of force without extension; in other words, in its nature spiritual. On the other hand, what answer is to be given to the question—does spirit occupy space? If it does not, how is it distinguishable from *nothing*? And *where* does it exist? *Nowhere*? Shall we, in these days of common-sense, argue, with the mediæval Schoolmen, that a million souls can dance on the point of a needle? If, to avoid these puzzling questions, it be admitted that spirit does occupy space, then, how is it distinguishable from *matter*? The ultimate test of matter—the property by which it is predicated of an entity that it is material—is, that it offers resistance, in other words, occupies space. And if spirit occupies space, then it is matter. This was the view of the older Christian Fathers—Tertullian for instance—who, as is well known, held that the human soul is material; that God is the only spiri-

tual entity in the universe. Curiously enough, the idea of the spirituality of the soul, so much insisted on by the orthodoxy of to-day, was derived by Christianity, not from the Bible—whether the Old Testament or the New—nor yet from the early Christians, but from the Greek philosophers of the school of Plato—that is, from paganism. A third verbally intelligible explanation of the mystery of spirit may be suggested, namely, that it occupies space but does not offer resistance. This solution, however, is as mysterious as the others, for if an entity occupies space, the inevitable inference is, that it offers resistance. The offering resistance is the only means we have of knowing that space is occupied.

Sir William Thomson's theory, that matter is vortex-rings of an infinitely elastic fluid, adopted provisionally by Messrs. Tait and Balfour Stewart, in their remarkable work on the "Unseen Universe," and apparently favoured by FIDELIS in an article on that work (see CANADIAN MONTHLY, June, 1876, p. 495), and by Mr. Le Sueur, in his article on "Science and Materialism" (see CANADIAN MONTHLY, January, 1877, p. 27), seems to me, with all deference to the able men who have propounded and adopted it, no explanation at all. One simple question appears to riddle the theory through and

through, and expose its utter hollowness. For if matter be "vortex-rings of an infinitely elastic fluid," what is this "infinitely elastic fluid?" The phrase instantly suggests *material* implications. The word "fluid" has no meaning unless a material one. And if the "infinitely elastic fluid" be matter, it is obvious that the attempted explanation is illusory. This conclusion is made more palpable by substituting the word "matter" as the equivalent of the phrase "an infinitely elastic fluid," when Sir William Thomson's definition would run thus: "Matter is vortex-rings of—matter." The unknown quantity reappears as an x in the solution of the equation. The fact is, as Herbert Spencer in his "First-Principles" irresistibly argues, the nature of matter is an insoluble mystery, and all attempts to explain it only serve to make the mystery more mysterious.

There is a growing tendency in the scientific world to repudiate the old notion of the Dualism of the universe,—the antagonism of mind and matter, or spirit and matter,—and to substitute for it the doctrine of Monism, which proclaims that the universe is a unity; that force cannot exist without matter, nor matter without force; that force and matter, spirit and substance, mind and body, are essentially one and indivisible.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THROUGH the gloom and uncertainty which enshroud the political outlook, a passing gleam of light has appeared in the cordial Address to their Excellencies from both Houses of Parliament. It is something that, even now, when party passion is at white heat, our legislators are able to unite in a hearty expression of esteem and gratitude to the representative—or representatives rather—of the Sovereign. The sinister training recently undergone by partisans may probably prevent them from indulging in the ceremonial hand-shaking of combatants eager for the fray; still there is some compensation in the warmth and sin-

cerity of feeling which, for a brief moment, rose superior to the puny rage of the hour. It may be that the near prospect of a deadly conflict at the polls mellowed their anger, imparted unwonted fervour to their speeches, and thus their final greeting to the vice-regal circle had "a dying fall," like that of the Roman gladiators—*Te morituri salutant*. Unhappily, in the past, even a temporary unanimity like this has more than once been out of the question; and however natural and proper it may have seemed, the other day, for party leaders to coalesce, there have been times when such an address as that presented to Lord Dufferin must have been.

hollow and insincere, on one side of the House or on the other. That the Governor-General is more fortunate than some of his predecessors is due, not to any chastening of political passions, or any enlightenment or quickening of the political conscience, but solely to His Excellency's consummate tact and firm constitutional bearing during the past six years.

In a country so thoroughly, as well as intelligently, loyal as ours, attempts are always made by parties to appropriate the viceroys and warp him to their purpose. When flattery and coaxing have exhausted their potency, the inevitable bullying and vituperation are brought into play, unchecked by a regard even for common decency, or by any natural twinges of remorse. It is not too much to say that, but for the *bouleversement* which followed the Pacific Railway investigation, his Excellency would never have had an hour's peace until he shook off the mire of Canadian affairs from his feet and left our shores forever. The proverbial bitterness of theological strife has been crystallized into a phrase; but the *odium factiosum* is quite as virulent, and on the whole more unscrupulous and vindictive. Lord Dufferin was favoured with a sample of the article early in his term of office; and, although it was a mild dose, when compared with the horse-draught administered to some of his predecessors, it was probably more than sufficient to satisfy him. The eight years immediately preceding His Excellency's arrival may be conveniently divided into two parts, the first comprising the latter part of Lord Monck's term, and the second the whole of Lord Lisgar's. In 1864 the deadlock was terminated by the formation of the Taché-Brown Administration and the party truce which brought about Confederation. It would be unjust as well as ungracious to attribute any but the highest motives to the leaders of both parties; they were undoubtedly sincere in the desire that some political *modus vivendi* should be devised, and, what was more to the purpose, the people were heartily sick of those unseemly wranglings on both sides. But these strange bedfellows did not at first foresee that they were, in effect, destroying the party system, and that when a split occurred, there would be no rag of principle left to contend about. They were hardly warm under the executive counterpane when dissensions arose, and Mr.

Brown, who scented the battle afar and began to perceive that his craft was in danger, kicked himself out of bed, in order to enjoy his little nightmare independently upon the floor. This *contretemps*, however, had no appreciable influence on public affairs; the people were in earnest about Confederation, and too intent upon seeing its machinery in good working order, to think much about the Grit Achilles sulking in his tent or careering wildly about on his war-horse, anathematizing like one of his countrymen "at lairge." In 1868 Sir John Young (Lord Lisgar), whose amiable character and sterling worth had little opportunity of fitting display here, arrived and passed through his term undisturbed by party abuse. But the old parties, though they had lost their war cries and parted with every distinctive principle, were soon in a ferment of unrest; having nothing particular to fight for but place and power, their acerbity and violence were naturally aggravated to the highest pitch.

Such was the aspect of affairs when Lord and Lady Dufferin appeared upon the scenes in which they have so ably and gracefully filled their parts for nearly six years. It was on the eve of a general election, and the Government of the day naturally took advantage of the loyal enthusiasm which greeted their Excellencies during their progress through the older Provinces. The contest of 1872 ended in a triumph for Ministers; but, in the sequel, proved not merely disastrous, but fatal to them. It gave rise to the Pacific Railway trouble, "big push" letters, and the innumerable progeny to which they gave birth. From that day to this, our political history has assumed the degrading form of a scandalous chronicle. In 1873, the storm which had been brooding so long, broke in a torrent which swept Sir John Macdonald from office, and gave His Excellency some idea of the violence of faction, and a slight taste of its unscrupulous rage against even the most constitutional Representative of the crown. The affability and *bonhomie* displayed during the first year of his term had probably deluded the partizans into the notion that he was pliable, and might be used to advantage; but it soon appeared that he was neither to be wheedled nor bullied out of the straight path marked out by the constitution. Lord Dufferin's first claim, therefore, upon the esteem and gratitude of the Dominion is this, that, at a peculiarly trying

and perplexing juncture, he held the balance fairly, as well as firmly, and adhered strictly to those sound maxims of responsible government which Lord Elgin first carried out practically in Canada. If His Excellency had done no more than place the relations of the Crown to its advisers and the people upon a firm and irrefragable basis, he would by that alone have secured a lasting place in the hearts of all who love the institutions under which we live and flourish. But the events of 1873, occurring happily at an early stage of his vice-regal career, have enabled him, by the comparative lull in constitutional matters, to effect much more that will prove of solid and permanent advantage to the Dominion at large.

In his reply to the Parliamentary Address, Lord Dufferin modestly declined to claim any "positive advantages" as the result of his administration. So far as grave and conspicuous measures are concerned, this is no doubt true; but the duty of the Queen's representative includes more than the initiation of sweeping changes, or the framing of attractive proclamations. It is no slight tribute to his Excellency's singular tact and ability that it is mainly to him we owe the consolidation of the Dominion by the influence of personal grace and skill in conciliation. His survey of the entire country, from ocean to ocean, the eagerness with which he has studied the wants, the resources, the aspirations, and the grievances of every portion of the people, irrespective of race, creed, or colour, and the warm glow of human sympathy which has made him and his amiable consort not merely respected, but beloved by all sorts and conditions of men, are benefits which are not to be measured by the arithmetic of politicians, but remain a substantial and abiding possession. It is a great achievement to win the affections of a people, and worth all the toil and care it costs. They are unselfish, and come from the heart; depend upon no mere calculations of national advantage; and will linger as a beneficent influence when those who have won them remain with us only as a cherished memory. The Address rightly coupled with the Governor-General's name that of her Ladyship; indeed, in taking a retrospect of their term of residence amongst us, it is impossible to separate the exertions of one from the atmosphere of grace and courtesy which has surrounded the other; and it is not too much to

say that, admirably suited to the exigencies as Lord Dufferin has proved himself, his administration would, nevertheless, have wanted an indefinable something to make it rounded and complete; but for that subtle and unobtrusive influence upon society always at work by his side. Above all things, the people love to see a cheerful and happy home, because in the domestic virtues they trace that hallowed power which makes nations great, and gives them that promise of peace and stability which can flow from moral vigour alone. Vexatious as the popular curiosity about exalted households may be, and impertinent as any rude uplifting of the domestic veil certainly is, there seems a substantial reason at its foundation. The consort of the Governor-General, as has been well remarked, is an official person, although her name does not figure in the Estimates, nor are her functions marked out by statute. Together their Excellencies have co-operated in the highest of missions, that of welding together the *disjecta membra* of a great Dominion, of diffusing taste and a love of culture around them, and so knitting all to that great Empire to which it is our pride to belong. In the elevation of art and literature, in all that makes a people refined and high-minded, as well as in every movement to improve the material, no less than the moral, interests of every class, their Excellencies have been unwearied workers. They take their leave of us at a time when party squabbles are running high, and a grave crisis may soon arise to perplex another viceroy; but the ties are not altogether to be broken. Henceforth we shall, in some sort, look upon Lord Dufferin as our own, share in his struggles and rejoice in his triumphs. Canada has a peculiar claim upon him, seeing that here his sound ability and statesmanlike tact and *savoir faire* have, for the first time, had ample play. We, as well as our fellow-subjects in the mother-land, have much to expect both for ourselves and for him; and it is not too much to hope that he may be enabled to assist in binding together intelligently, and, from an accurate knowledge of colonial needs and feelings, the congeries of nationalities which make up the British Empire. Be his Excellency's future in public life what it may, he will leave our shores with the deep regret, as well as the cordial and unfeigned regard of the people, without regard to party feelings and prejudices, and with their best wishes for

the happiness and success in life of both their Excellencies in the time to come.

The Quebec contest is now approaching its issue—where alone it can be practically and satisfactorily determined—by the people of the Province, in the exercise of their constitutional rights at the polls. Since last month, no new light has been thrown on the main point in dispute, although a great deal of irrelevant matter has been imported into the discussion, and much angry invective employed, of which the only merit seems to be that it is angry and vehement. To characterize an act as a violation of popular rights, when it in fact precipitated an appeal to the popular judgment, is perhaps as fatuous a method of dealing with a public question as can be imagined. All the wild talk about “outrage” and *coup d'état*, and the references, where there is no analogy, to Lord Metcalfe, in which the comparison usually drawn is in favour of the old Governor-General, are only the natural outcries of men floundering in a political morass, seeking for solid ground and finding none. It is noticeable also, that the theory of responsible government has been remodelled in a fashion which its authors and champions, in Canada at least, never contemplated for a moment. It is urged that the Crown and its representatives are only clay in the hands of the party potters; that no matter how outrageous or unjust a measure may be, so long as its authors command a majority in the existing House, the Crown must sanction it and finally give to it its assent from the throne; that it is quite unnecessary to submit any measure to the Sovereign or Governor antecedently to its introduction; and that if the Crown desires to know anything about the measures of its advisers, the proper way to glean the desired information—one open to the Governor as well as the day-labourer—is by a diligent study of the newspapers. This is the new Conservatism adopted *pro hac vice* and not yet intelligently formulated. Thirty-four years ago that party was the advocate of high-flying prerogative; now, having swung round to the other pole, it denies that the Crown has any rights its advisers are bound, in duty, no less than in courtesy, to respect. Seeing that the Lieutenant-Governor and the ex-Premier have presented their respective cases to His Excellency, and the subject has been discussed in both Houses at Ottawa, it may be well to

define once more the real point at issue, and endeavour to gauge the validity of the pleas on either side.

His Honour appears to us to have committed a tactical error in so disposing his materials as to weaken their effect as a whole, instead of bringing them to a focus and employing them with irresistible force upon the one weak and absolutely indefensible point in his ex-Ministers' line of defence. Naturally enough M. Letellier looks upon the Railway and Stamp measures as only the latest and most flagrant of a series of assaults upon the rights and dignity of his office; but he did not notice that a general charge of neglecting to consider his position, however firmly he may be personally convinced of its truth, is incapable of proof to others; and when he descends to particulars, M. de Boucherville finds no difficulty in mixing up subordinate and irrelevant minor questions with the main issue. Conversations and even unimportant matters of fact escape the memory or convey diverse impressions to different minds. The ex-Premier, although he does not affect to impugn M. Letellier's veracity, traverses his allegations with as much force and emphasis as if they really affected the constitutional question. The only sentence which we can recall in his lengthy communication bearing upon the relations of the Crown to its advisers, is unique as a declaration of opinion on this well-established branch of constitutional law: “As responsible Ministers we considered it to be our duty to advise his Honour, not to be bound to act upon advice from him.” This the hon. gentleman deems a sufficient reply to M. Letellier's complaint, that the recommendations he made to his Cabinet “did not receive the consideration” due to the representative of the Crown. Now, either the ex-Premier's rejoinder is an evasion of the point at issue, or it involves the unconstitutional doctrine, that responsible Ministers, although the advisers of the Crown, are entirely independent of it, and may do what they please, however illegal, unjust, or inequitable it may be, and, after they have done it, demand as of right the Crown's assent without listening to its remonstrance or advice. It so happens that M. Letellier did not assert that “they are bound to act on his advice;” he merely complained that they did not even consider his recommendations. M. de Boucherville appears to sup-

pose that the technical term, "adviser of the Crown," has some peculiar meaning, which makes it a sort of ceremonial hocus-pocus; or that it is a form of words signifying nothing. There never was a greater mistake. To give advice, as Minister, implies in the Crown a power of rejecting that advice in cases where duty demands the withholding of its sanction. No doubt the emergency must be a grave one, to warrant such a step; but either the Crown is a cipher, or it was the bounden duty of M. Letellier—had the opportunity been given him, and it was not—to refuse to permit the presentation of the Railway resolutions in his name, if, as he avers, they seemed to him "to be contrary to the principles of law and justice." Moreover, it is the Crown that acts, and the Ministers who "advise;" but M. de Boucherville seems to suppose that the latter do both—the advice being an empty form, and that action follows from it, whether it be accepted, objected to, or definitively rejected. No constitutional Sovereign or Governor would, it is true, oppose the wishes of his advisers on mere questions of ordinary policy; but it is altogether different when the assent of the Crown is deliberately given to measures its representative never did sanction or contemplate, for the simple reason that he had never been consulted on the subject. The plain doctrine of the constitution is, that when the Crown demurs to any measure, and persists in its objections, either the Ministry must modify or abandon the measure, or resign their places until the people pronounce upon the question in dispute. The De Boucherville Cabinet, "not possessing the virtue of resignation," were dismissed, because they introduced the Railway and Stamp resolutions without laying them before the Governor and obtaining his deliberate and intelligent assent to their introduction.

And this leads up to the real question to be determined from the constitutional point of view. Has the Crown the right, under responsible government, of dismissing a Minister or Ministers when they act as M. de Boucherville is compelled to admit that he and his colleagues acted? That is really the issue between M. Letellier and the ex-Ministers of Quebec, stripped of the irrelevant matter partizan admirers of the latter have gathered about it. Mr. Todd has admirably condensed within the limits of a pamphlet of only thirty pages the constitu-

tional law on the subject, as it obtains in England and has been applied in those colonies which enjoy responsible government.* This *brochure*, in addition to characteristic clearness and accuracy in its method and matter, has the merit of being a calm and dispassionate survey of the subject, by a gentleman who has more than a Canadian reputation at stake in every work proceeding from his pen. That passages should have been picked out here and there by partisans, so as to misrepresent the scope and drift of the essay, if not altogether creditable, is not to be wondered at, when the weight of the writer's name and authority is considered. Without attempting to give a *resumé* of its contents, we may briefly state its bearing upon the Quebec question. The Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governors occupy, so far as their advisers are concerned, the same position as the Sovereign (Lord Dufferin's Instructions and Commission 1872). One clause of the former reads thus:—"If, in any case, you see sufficient cause to dissent from the opinion of the major part, or the whole of our Privy Council for our Dominion, it shall be competent for you to execute the powers and authorities vested in you by our Commission and by these our Instructions, in opposition to such their opinion." The document then reserves the right to Ministers of recording in the minutes of Council "the ground or reasons of any advice or opinion" given. In the Commission both the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces have the right "to exercise as you may deem necessary all powers lawfully belonging to us, in respect of assembling or proroguing Parliament, or dissolving the House." Furthermore, as Sir F. Hincks has strongly insisted, the B. N. A. Act distinctly empowers the Lieutenant-Governor to choose as his advisers "such persons as he may think fit"—which, of course, implies the correlative power of dismissal.

It is unnecessary to repeat here Mr. Todd's weighty sentences on the constitutional authority of the Crown. One sentence will suffice:—"The Sovereign is no mere automaton or ornamental appendage to the body

* A Constitutional Governor. By Alpheus Todd, Librarian of Parliament, Canada; author of a Treatise on Parliamentary Government in England, &c. Printed for private circulation.

politic,—but a personage whose consent is necessary to every act of State, and who possesses full discretionary powers to deliberate and determine upon every recommendation which is tendered for the royal sanction by the Ministers of the Crown." In order that an intelligent determination may be arrived at, the details of every important measure must be submitted to the Crown, and its sanction obtained. If their recommendations be definitively rejected, "it is for them to consider whether they will defer to the judgment of their Sovereign or insist upon their own opinion, and, as a last resort, they must decide whether they will yield the point of difference or tender their resignations. For, in the words of Lord John Russell, a Minister in such a position 'is bound either to obey the Crown or leave to the Crown that full liberty which the Crown must possess of no longer continuing that Minister in office.'" But Lord John Russell's *dictum* has a closer bearing upon such dismissals as that of Quebec than appears in Mr. Todd's quotation. As we quoted them last month, his Lordship's words are, that, in return for receiving the confidence of the Crown, the Minister "is bound to afford to the Crown the most frank and full details of every measure that is taken, or to leave the Crown its full liberty," etc. Did, then, M. de Boucherville give M. Letellier "frank and full details" of the Railway and Stamp Resolutions before their introduction? Certainly not, as he is compelled to admit; pleading, at the same time, that to have obtained a blank form of authorization for finance resolutions—in fact, a message with the supplementary estimates—was a sufficient fulfilment of his duty to the Queen's representative, without not only "frank and full details," but any details even of the general features of his measures. It is no wonder that the Conservatives, from Sir John Macdonald downwards, have fought shy of the Palmerston case, to which Earl Russell was specially directing attention. Both the veteran statesman's speech and the Royal Memorandum upset their case at once, and the position there maintained has never yet been called in question by any constitutional authority. To urge general maxims about the Crown selecting its advisers from those having the confidence of the people is to shirk the real question in dispute, since M. Letellier has

not shown the desire or intention to do anything else; indeed the dismissal of his Cabinet was in effect an appeal from them to the people. M. Joly, finding himself in a minority, has dissolved the House, submitted his case to the electorate, and by its verdict he must stand or fall. That this is any "outrage" upon the principles of responsible government is palpably absurd. As Mr. Todd observes, after quoting Earl Russell as above, "In such an emergency, of course the personal will and opinions of the Sovereign, are for the time, apparent and predominant. But these occasions are of rare occurrence in the practical operation of parliamentary government. And when they do happen, all possible abuse is prevented by the necessity which then arises for the Sovereign to find other advisers who are willing to accept his views and become responsible for them to the parliament and the country" (*A Constitutional Governor*, p. 6). M. Joly, in his address to the electors, speaking of the dismissal, says:—"We assume all its responsibility." Parliament has been dissolved to give the constituencies an opportunity of deciding between the two administrations, and, therefore, every constitutional requirement has been fulfilled.

To sum up the results of the whole discussion, we may lay down the following statement of facts and principles as beyond dispute: First, that the Lieutenant-Governor has the right, under the Confederation Act, to select, as his advisers, "such persons as he may think fit." Secondly, that this right is only limited in constitutional practice by the necessity under which these advisers lie of obtaining a working majority either in the existing House or—after a general election, to be ordered without delay—in a new one. Thirdly, that the Crown has the undoubted right to dismiss Ministers who usurp the royal prerogative by using the name of the Sovereign or her Representative, in the introduction of measures, without sanction first had and obtained, after "frank and full details" of such measures have been submitted to the Crown. Fourthly, that even where such details are given, the Crown has the right to refuse its sanction, call in other advisers if the existing Ministers refuse to yield, and exert the powers conferred in the Royal Commission and Instructions. Fifthly, that, as a matter of fact admitted by the Premier, the Railway and Stamp Resolutions

were not submitted, as they should have been, with full details and explanations to M. Letellier. Sixthly, that the blank form of authorization for the estimates — or more vaguely, for “resolutions respecting finances” — was not a sufficient warrant for measures which superseded the Courts of Justice, and inaugurated an irksome and vexatious form of direct taxation. To use this blank form as the ex-Ministers used it, was an evasion, and not a fulfilment, of their constitutional obligations. Seventhly, that even if “full and frank details” of these measures had been submitted, the objections of his Honour were so grave and serious, that he could not have given his sanction to them; but by their action he was directly forced to do what would have been rendered unnecessary if they had properly discharged their duty as advisers of the Crown. In a normal state of things, they must have been content, like the French Marshal, *se soumettre ou se démettre*. The result would in the end have been much the same, if they persisted in pressing their measures, there being no practical difference between a forced resignation and a dismissal. From all these considerations, therefore, it seems far beyond the reach of cavil, that M. Letellier’s dismissal of his late Cabinet was not only legal but strictly in accordance with constitutional usage and precedent, under British Responsible Government. Under that system, the Crown or its representative has functions to perform, which are essential to its healthy action. The advisers have duties to discharge towards the Crown as well as towards the people, and neglect in the one case as certainly deserves condign punishment as in the other. The only violation of the constitution in this crisis was perpetrated by the late Administration, and they alone should be called to account before the people. Whether the electors will see fit to censure M. Joly’s Government, which is alone responsible at the polls, remains to be seen; whether they do so or not, it is safe to predict that no Quebec Minister will in future treat the Queen’s Representative either as a cipher or as the humble registrar of his decrees.

As might have been expected, resolutions were introduced into both Houses at Ottawa, so soon as M. de Boucherville’s halting apology saw the light—resolutions censuring M. Letellier. Between the somewhat osten-

tatious disclaimer of party motives by Sir John Macdonald, when giving notice of his motion, and the tale told by the course of the debate and the division-list, not to speak of that indecorous bedlam-scene at the end of the week, there was a melancholy contrast. And the reason is not far to seek. Whatever the real purpose of the Opposition leaders may have been, it was certain in advance that the discussion and the vote, as well as the practical advantage taken of it on the eve of the Quebec elections, would be strictly partizan. Sir John Macdonald was certainly correct in stating that Parliament had an undoubted right to discuss the constitutionality, or the reverse, of a Lieutenant-Governor’s acts. The precedents quoted from Hansard are no doubt relevant, so far as that goes; but whether the Opposition chose the proper time for such a discussion or, having chosen it, made out even the semblance of a case, are entirely different questions, not to be settled by references to the Eyre, Darling, and Hennessy cases. The peculiar relation in which the Provinces stand to the Dominion is one important feature of the case. To the Provincial Legislatures the management of local affairs has been committed; but the Dominion Parliament also legislates, although in a different sphere, for all the Provinces. The parties are essentially the same in Dominion as they are in Provincial politics, and, therefore, it is a matter of extreme delicacy to conduct any discussion on Provincial affairs dispassionately and in a judicial spirit at Ottawa. The event has proved that it is absolutely impossible to fling aside party prejudices there, and judge a Provincial question upon its merits. Not so in the Imperial Parliament, where both sides in a Colonial dispute are heard before a rigidly impartial tribunal and have a full and fair opportunity of stating their cases to unprejudiced judges. At Ottawa, the time selected for the discussion was doubly unfortunate and *mal à propos*, apart from the general disqualification to which we have referred. The constitutional question is actually *sub judice* before two courts, first, the electorate of Quebec, whose interests are more immediately concerned, and secondly, before the Governor-General in Council, to whom both the Lieutenant-Governor and M. de Boucherville have presented their cases. Unfortunately, the resolutions proposed would have missed their point and purpose, had they

been postponed until after the Quebec elections. Whatever Sir John's object may have been at bottom, he certainly knew the use that would be made of the discussion, in Quebec, and we contend that no similar motion would have been entertained, under the circumstances, in the English House of Commons. The terms of the motion, again, were such as to prevent any judicial examination of the matter in dispute; all that Sir John urged might have been fully stated on a motion for papers, and that is the form in which such a matter would have been approached in England, where the object is to bring out all the facts and afford both sides a hearing, not to snatch a party triumph by a formal motion of approval or censure. Where such a discussion takes place prior to a decision by the Colonial office, it assumes the form of advice to Government, and the presentation of such facts or considerations as may influence it in coming to a conclusion. Afterwards, should the Opposition deem the matter of sufficient moment, it is always open to it to call for a clear expression of parliamentary opinion. Sir John's claim to hold the Ottawa Government responsible before they had adjudicated in the Quebec matter breaks down, as his own authority, Earl Grey, shows. "The Crown," said his Lordship, "will recall any Governor who had failed to discharge his duty, *and if he refused to do so*, on a well-grounded complaint by the inhabitants of the colony, they were entitled to lay their grievances before Parliament." Now had Sir John Macdonald asked the Premier what course his Government proposed to take, he would probably have replied that the case was under consideration; and with regard to the "complaints," well-grounded or otherwise, of the people, it may be as well to receive them from the people themselves, and for them the right hon. gentleman should have waited. The remonstrance of a legislature in the throes of dissolution is of very little importance, when we can hear, in a week or two, from its masters. Of course, after the 1st of May, the matter will have been determined, and such a motion of censure would seem aimless; and that, as it appears to us, shows the essential impropriety committed in introducing it at such a time. Clearly, had the only purpose of the discussion been to vindicate the constitution, rather than to assist one party or the other in an electoral campaign, the resolutions would not have been

pressed just nine days from the date of M. de Boucherville's reply, in the absence of any rejoinder from M. Letellier, and without taking the trouble to ascertain what course His Excellency and the Council proposed to take. Now, as Earl Grey remarked in the passage quoted by Sir John, the Cabinet is the tribunal before which constitutional objections should be laid in the first place; and it is only when it refuses to act upon those objections that Parliament ought to take the matter into its own hands and pronounce judgment, not as Sir John Macdonald proposed to do off-hand in this case. Moreover, the justice or injustice, wisdom or unwisdom, propriety or impropriety of the Governor's act, apart from its constitutional significance, are matters which the people of Quebec have the means of settling for themselves, without extraneous assistance. After all, however, the partisans have been consistent in the thorough irregularity of their proceedings; so that to anticipate the action of the executive, or rather ignore its existence, and at the same time settle the affairs of Quebec, without awaiting the verdict of the people at the polls—preferring a judgment *for* the people, instead of *by* them—are quite in keeping with each other and with the absurd outcry about responsible government. It is observable that the constitution, like the Church, is always "in danger" when those who claim a prescriptive right to possess the ark, discover that it is passing into other hands.

The terms of the resolutions introduced by Sir John Macdonald have been discussed in a hypercritical spirit; more especially has the absence of the word "constitutional" been commented upon. Now, although the Senate resolution was much more strongly worded, simply, in all probability, because Mr. Campbell felt sure of a majority, there is no essential difference between the two motions. It may be well believed that Sir John Macdonald found himself standing on shifting and precarious ground, and, therefore, purposely employed phraseology more or less vague, as in better keeping with arguments which, he could not fail to foresee, must be either irrelevant or sophistical. The right hon. gentleman's speech was, in its acuteness and vigour, worthy of his palmiest days; and considered merely as a physical effort, it was almost wonderful, considering his

age, and the immense amount of wear and tear he has undergone in public life. Those who imagined, because they hoped, that the Opposition leadership would soon fall vacant on account of the "chieftain's" failing powers, must have been rudely awakened by this powerful address. It was certainly not the ex-Premier's fault that he was forced into a false position and compelled to champion a bad cause; and much to his credit that, as *advocatus diaboli*, he managed to put so plausible a face upon the matter.

Stripped, however, of all confusing and irrelevant adjuncts in the way of pleas, precedents, and authorities, the argument was a failure. Sir John triumphantly proved that the Crown must choose advisers who have the confidence of the people, as expressed by them either in Parliament or at the polls; but who ever denied the proposition either by word or action? Certainly not M. Letellier, whose new Ministers immediately appealed to the people, the only ultimate source and depository of all political power. No authority was, or could be, adduced to show that the Crown has not the right to appeal from a Parliamentary majority to the electorate; and Earl Dufferin's Instructions distinctly assert its power. Sir John Macdonald, indeed, admits it himself when he formulates his general proposition that the Crown must be advised by men having the confidence of Parliament; for, although he contends that without this "great principle," and unless we "hold to it, we are at sea, and in danger of being wrecked," he immediately renders his sheet-anchor flukeless, by introducing an exception to the constitutional axiom. If the Crown, he tells us, has reason to suppose that, although Ministers command a majority in Parliament, they do not possess a majority in the country, he has a right to insist upon a dissolution, and therefore to dismiss those Ministers or force them to resign. So that, after all, the accident of a Parliamentary majority is nothing, and it is the confidence of the people that forms the essential point. Ministers must be chosen, in fact, who can secure popular confidence, and to that rule, unlike Sir John's fundamental principle, there can be no exception whatever. To be of any service as a basic or vital principle of responsible government, any maxim must be of universal application; to talk of cases in which it may be disregarded, is as irrational as to

assert that two and two make four, or that oxygen is essential to animal life, but that there may be exceptions. To introduce exceptions into the operation of an essential principle, is either to impeach the validity or misapprehend the true purport of that principle.

Did space permit, it would be a very easy task to expose the fallacy of Sir John's contention by following him into detail. His distinction between what is legal and what is constitutional is unquestionably sound; but what has that to do with determining the character of an act which is both legal and constitutional? Take only one case, that of 1834. The right hon. gentleman quoted Knight; but what does he say? "The Sovereign has a constitutional right to dismiss his Ministers, but it must be on grounds more capable of justification to Parliament than the simple exercise of his personal will." Now, M. Letellier alleges three pleas in justification: first, that he doubted whether his advisers possessed the confidence of the Province, which, on Sir John's showing, was quite sufficient without any other; secondly, because his Ministers had introduced measures without laying them before him and obtaining his sanction—a sufficient reason in the opinion of Her Majesty and Earl Russell; thirdly, that, although his Ministers knew of his determined hostility to the Railway and Stamp measures, they passed them through, nominally with his approval, although he had never sanctioned them, instead of either abandoning them or resigning their offices. Any one of these reasons would, by itself, be sufficient, according to the law and the constitution under which we live, to warrant his Honour's course; taken altogether, they render his position absolutely impregnable.

With regard to the distinction between law and constitution, Sir John might have given a more salient instance than any he adduced. In 1858, only twenty years ago, a Canadian Ministry resigned office; their successors were appointed, and two days after resigned; thereupon the old Ministers returned to their places, without undergoing the constitutional ordeal of new elections. How was this piece of thaumaturgy accomplished? By taking advantage of the letter of a law designed for an entirely different purpose—that of ensuring the Independence of Parliament—and of a clause in that law

which had as its object, to facilitate mere interchanges of office, not the return to office of an entire Cabinet which had resigned and ceased to be. That act, usually known as "the double shuffle," was strictly legal; but, not to speak of the tampering with oaths, it was contrary to the spirit of the constitution, and even of the very statute under cover of which it was committed. That would have been a far more appropriate instance of the distinction Sir John Macdonald pressed upon the House, than any illustration from obsolete prerogative; but perhaps it had escaped the ex-Premier's notice, or faded from his recollection. Now, to return to the alleged exception to the vital principle of responsible government. There is, in the speech of the right hon. gentleman, a very curious hypothetical case put, which shows that the speaker would have no objection to the interposition of the Crown in the Dominion, if it were only to take place now, and on the right side. It is impossible, considering the outcry for a dissolution heard during the past twelvemonth, not to connect Sir John's reference to Mr. Gladstone's position at the close of 1873, with what he considers to have been Mr. Mackenzie's circumstances any time for a year or two past. The English Premier did not wait, we are told, for the Crown to insist upon a dissolution, as Sir John contends he might have done, even if the result had been the dismissal or a forced resignation of the Cabinet; on the contrary, Mr. Gladstone, taking the by-elections and his reduced majority into account, dissolved the House of his own accord. It is impossible not to see the inevitable consequence of this "exception," when practically applied in Canada. Mr. Mackenzie has been in Mr. Gladstone's position for some time, and yet has failed to take a leaf from the great leader's book; what was the Governor-General's duty then, under the circumstances? Clearly to fling "the great principle" aside, and go to work under the "exception"—the former being intended to operate for the benefit of our party, and the latter for the overthrow of our opponents. Evidently, had the bait thrown out to His Excellency been taken, there would have been no clamour about "outrage;" Sir John would have taken a brief from the side of prerogative; and the great speech, which pleases those who desire to be satisfied, would have been left unspoken. After all, then, the pitiful outcome

of a discussion, which was to be conducted with all the independence and impartiality of a judicial inquiry, is the plain declaration that the force and efficacy of our most cherished constitutional maxims depend upon the paltry question, to which party the gored ox belongs.

It is unnecessary to pursue the debate further, because if the right hon. gentleman's speech be carefully examined, the party *animus* will be so apparent that any reference to the violent declamation of M. Langevin and some of his compatriots must be superfluous. The shifting and precarious ground on which the speakers on that side stood was clearly exposed, as each tried to aim a blow from his own special standpoint. The fallacy running through their leader's special pleading was not more obvious than the ingenuous simplicity with which they contradicted him and differed from each other. Having laid down what we believe to be the teaching of usage and authority on the question, it only remains to refer to the divisions in Parliament. There evidently party spirit reigns supreme, and the sober consideration of a grave question in constitutional practice was manifestly out of the question. Firmly convinced, for reasons altogether superior to any which control or influence political parties, that the Government supporters had right on their side, we may yet see that they only voted right by accident rather than conviction. "Whether, indeed, they had really come to any conclusion on the subject does not appear from the debate. Right or wrong, they would have voted to sustain the Lieut.-Governor, and it was reserved for impartial men like Sir Francis Hincks and the learned Librarian of Parliament to place His Honour's case upon a firm and irrefragable basis. The division in the Senate, like that in the House, was predetermined by the comparative strength of the parties, and not at all the fruit of patient inquiry and sober conviction. It is perhaps well that the discussion was so completely bald and the conclusion so lame and unsatisfactory, because it may serve to convince an intelligent people that their rights, as well as the orderly working of their complex system of polity in all its parts, are never altogether out of jeopardy so long as they are at the mercy of party caprice and party prejudice. The constitution under which it is our pride and privilege to live is not the

creature of yesterday or to-day; it has "broadened down from precedent to precedent;" and its true interpretation depends upon a cheerful recognition of its historical character. It was not made solely for the Crown, nor wholly for Parliament, but for the people, that, under a free and elastic system, which has been evolved, not consciously created, by political agencies out of antecedent material, they may govern themselves mediately through their representatives in all time coming. Parties and ministries are the accidents of representative government; they are constitutionally limbs in the machinery as it is now in operation; but they are not essential to its proper working and may perish, as parties and ministries have often perished, without endangering the stability of the whole. In England the law recognises neither the one nor the other; and, therefore, their position is purely one to be determined by usage. It is the misfortune of our current politics that the success of party and the possession of power have become paramount considerations to so fatal an extent that our legislators have now grown incapable of grasping firmly the true and tried principles underlying our constitutional fabric. In their hands the governmental system is fast becoming what the ephemeral needs of the hour would fain have it be; and it is an ominous feature of this discussion that those who used to clamour most loudly for British institutions are the very men, when it suits their purpose, to break with the past and invent, at every crisis, a theory of the constitution which, being incomplete, maims, distorts, or caricatures its fair proportions, as party exigencies seem to require. To-day it is the fashionable or needful rôle to grow frantic over factitious outrages on popular liberty; to-morrow, if it serve their purpose better, the same men will perhaps be found, with the cry of loyalty on the lip, prepared to defend, with Mephistophelean calmness and unperturbed countenance, a real assault upon constitutional freedom. In the latter case, however, it will be because for the time being the *outs* of to-day have become the *ins* of to-morrow. How entirely reckless even statesmen, when they are violent partizans, can be one may gather from Sir John Macdonald's idle remarks about precedents, as if our unwritten constitution were not a bundle of precedents, some

of them musty with the dust and mildew of centuries. There is, in short, no paradox which a thorough-going party man is not prepared to maintain; no unhistoric absurdity he will scruple to commit; no thesis, constitutional or other, he is not ready to establish with a rhetorical flourish *ad captandum ignorantiam*. In such hands delicate questions of polity are not safe, because, under their rough manipulation, our system loses its stability and ceases to provide sure guarantees for popular freedom and orderly government, to become a supple nose of wax, which may be twisted hither and thither as party caprice may demand.*

The closing scenes of that futile debate in the Commons, after it had passed under the Lord of misrule, indecorous as they unquestionably were, have been used for party purposes in a most unjustifiable way. Both sides were obstructive in their object—the one desiring to stifle discussion, the other to arrest the progress of public business; both were to blame, no doubt, yet not equally so. That the discussion was irregular and unseasonable has been already contended; yet, after members on both sides had engaged in it, there was no reason why a summary halt should be called, simply because the Premier demanded it. This was not the first occasion on which Mr. Mackenzie had taken advantage of Friday night this Session to dragoon members to a vote before they desired it; and on this occasion certainly, there was no justification for it. The subject had certainly not been exhausted; at all events there was no reason why any who thought they could illuminate a question which had been made obscure, should be prevented from lighting their feeble rushlights. In a debate on con-

* The contributions of Sir Francis Hincks to this controversy, which may be now considered as finished, deserve to be preserved in some more permanent form for future reference. In the *Journal* of the 19th there is an admirable *critique* of Sir John Macdonald's speech in the House, with additional authorities. Reference is made to his apparently aimless supposition in Mr. Gladstone's case, and Sir Francis pertinently asks who is to know that the English Premier, instead of awaiting an intimation from the Crown, did not act in consequence of such an intimation. But Sir Francis fails to discern the purpose which lay at the bottom of Sir John's remarks. He was doing a good turn for M. de Boucherville at the polls in a *quasi*-constitutional discussion, and evidently thought it not amiss to profit by it for himself and his party in the Dominion.

stitutional questions, Ministers usually display more than ordinary courtesy and give broader latitude to the House, and, therefore, it appears clear that the discussion ought not to have been choked off, at two in the morning, by the peremptory fiat of the Premier. Those who are distinguished in political history, as leaders in our representative bodies, have always secured and retained their mastery by graceful concession, and not by the offensive assertion of mere voting power. Mr. Mackenzie has not attained that skill as a parliamentary leader which seems essential to solid success; and, therefore, it seems impossible to acquit him of the chief responsibility for these unfortunate scenes. So soon as it was evident that the Opposition were determined to prolong the sitting or obtain an adjournment, the Government should have submitted. Obstructiveness is a relative term, since it may be, as in the case of the half-dozen Home Rulers in England, a defiance of the House. But where the entire Opposition demand, *bonâ fide*, a prolongation of the debate, it should be granted at once, rather than risk such consequences as the stolid resistance of dogged majorities may possibly entail. The right to obstruct, by dilatory motions and speaking against time, is one which must be conceded to minorities of any size and political importance, and, in most cases, would not be called into play, if a spirit of tact or conciliation animated the majority. On the other hand, the practice of refusing to hear a troublesome speaker is a safeguard against impertinent intrusiveness and verbosity, but becomes exceedingly hard to defend when used by the majority against a large and compact minority. If the *Globe* had confined its comments upon this unhappy exhibition of obstinacy and tomfoolery, to the facts made public in the reports, its remarks would have been exceedingly just. Even that ghastly pun, imperceptible in all probability to the writer, in which M. Cheval's name was connected with the "horse-play" in which he was the master of the revels, was edifying as a light touch of humour in a heavy discourse. But when it descended so far as to talk of matters which were not obtruded upon public notice, and made random charges of inebriety against its opponents only, which may or may not have been true, but were certainly not to the point, it is necessary at once to protest against its sinis-

ter strategy. The counter-charges from the other side are just what might have been expected; and, as on one side, a curious public is informed that the colour of Sir John's beverage during his long and exhausting speech, was not that of water, so on the other it is asserted that, during that long and wearisome vigil, Mr. Mackenzie "fortified" himself with something which is cheering, and might, under some circumstances, be inebriating. It is the curse of modern sentimental morality, that it involves espionage, adopts the *rôle* of James Yellowplush, creeps up the back stairs of human life, and pries into the privatest of men's affairs. There can be no excuse for drunkenness in any walk of life; but there ought certainly to be greater delicacy and consideration shown by partizans, at a time when excitement was high, when all restraints of decorum had been thrown aside in the House, and the temperate man was barely distinguishable from his "elevated" fellow-member. If it be true that intoxication was a vice of the Opposition, during this debate, they certainly had it in their power to plead that they behaved better than the Pharisees or Rechabites, if such they were, on the other side. The follies of the drunken are usually overlooked, when they are not dangerous and malicious; but for the senseless bedlam of sane sobriety there is no excuse. At all events, whatever truth there may have been in this scandalous supplementary chapter to the history, charity and a chivalrous sense of delicacy in the intercourse of party with party, should have prompted even the least scrupulous of journalists to throw the veil of oblivion over an episode in our parliamentary history, which was disgraceful on other accounts than the intemperance of one or two members.

Not being particularly attached to the Senate as at present constituted, we have no particular reason for defending it, except because it is by law and by the Dominion Act a part of the governmental apparatus. Unlike the House of Lords, the Senate can never be anything but a partizan body; to talk of its being in any sense judicial or independent is nonsense. It is independent of the people certainly, and that does not appear to be much in its favour; but, as for independence in the higher sense of impartiality or freedom from party prejudices and predilections, it can lay no claim to the slightest

infusion of it. Given the length of time any party Administration was in power and the period its old opponents have had at their command to redress the balance, and a life-assurance actuary could tell you almost certainly how a party debate will result in a given year. The House of Lords is an hereditary branch of Parliament, and as sons, brothers, or nephews are not always of the same political stripe as those they succeed, there is some infusion of fresh intelligence, if not fresh blood into the Peers: in the Senate there is no correction of that sort. In England, men who have gained laurels in the arts of war and peace, on the bench, in art, science, literature, or otherwise, gain peerages, and they are not always, or even often, partizans; in the Senate, none but trained and well-tryed party hacks are stalled for life. There are thus, in Canada, two Houses, one representative of the people, after a fashion, and the other representing only the party which appointed them and themselves. They do not stand for any interest in particular, landed, financial, or ecclesiastical; and sit there, not eternally, like Theseus, but so long as they may choose and are spared, singularly careless about changes of popular opinion. Yet there they are, and however free others may be to cast a stone at them, it is not the business of the Hon. Mr. Brown, one of themselves, or of his journal, to do so. They have censured Mr. Letellier—and in that we believe they were wrong; they have rejected an ill-digested scheme for reconstructing the departments, and there they seem to have done well. Why they should be censured because they vote as partizans, after owing their appointment to the Senate to the fact that they were partizans, passes comprehension; and it is equally inexplicable why what is honourable and honest in a member of the House should be a crime in a member of the Senate. The Opposition in Parliament desire to render the Lieutenant-Governorship, in the words of Lord Elgin, as quoted by Mr. Todd, “a *néant* of mock sovereignty;” and the Ministerial chief of the back-stairs desires to perform the same good office for his own creation, the Senate. Now it is one thing to desire to abolish an office or a body or to deprive it of its constitutional functions, and quite another to question its rights and powers so long as they are exercised in a legitimate way. The one party is as bad as the other in this respect; for, as Sir John

Macdonald would not have been hurt if Earl Dufferin had insisted on a dissolution a year ago, even if Mr. Mackenzie's dismissal had been necessary, so Senator Brown would have been quite satisfied if the Senate were throwing out daily the measures of a Conservative Ministry which had the confidence of the House. It is to be hoped, speaking of the Senate, that the majority there will eliminate the clause in the Government Bill which makes a pariah of every retired civil-servant, and disqualifies him from serving his country in Parliament.

The Temperance Bill, as amended in the Senate, has been printed, and will doubtless come before the House in a few days. It is perhaps too much to expect that even those who are fully convinced of the injustice and inutility of this species of legislation, will do more than give it a feeble show of opposition. The number of members to whom the Bill must appear radically fallacious and indefensible can hardly be small; indeed, it may amount to a majority. Yet it is not at all likely that they will have the courage of their opinions, and it would hardly be surprising if the measure were read a second time without a dissenting voice. On the eve of a general election it is the vicious habit of politicians to coquette with all powerful interests, without regard to the nature or propriety of their demands. In this case, the machinery of Churches and crusading Associations is enlisted on the side of unreasoning fanaticism, and to the partizan there appears but one course safe for him, however unjustifiable—to outbid his opponents and give rash experiments in legislation as ample scope as the most chimerical can desire. During the present Parliament the real significance of the affected zeal for Prohibition has been palpably exposed, session after session; and although one may not be inclined to dispute the sincerity with which members express the desire to do what can be done to check the alarming prevalence of intemperance, that is quite a different thing from affecting to regard their concessions to the party of enthusiasm, as at all prompted by any belief in the efficacy of the proposed nostrum. With those who sincerely believe in the efficacy of the medicine, and think that men should be willing to sacrifice the earliest and most clearly defined of their personal rights to secure the extinction of a fearful evil,

it is impossible not to sympathize. Their zeal may not be according to knowledge, and their method appears, at times, almost touching from the ingenuous simplicity which confides in it; but they are at least in earnest; and the real end they have in view is certainly the ostensible one. Unhappily these good people are powerless to legalize their repressive system without the aid of a large and hungry crowd of party men, whom no powerful enthusiasm moves, and no philanthropic aspiration elevates by its purity and warmth of emotion. Hence such agitations as have been witnessed of late years entail the sinister growth of a terrible crop of arrant hypocrisy, and to it they owe at once their temporary success and their definitive and disastrous failure in the long run. The reflection that this is, and must be, the case certainly casts no reflection upon the earnest and sincere; but it should make them pause and examine dispassionately and afresh the ground on which they stand. There are doubtless religious hypocrites as well as prohibition hypocrites, but then religion is indisputably a good, while prohibitory legislation is not only of so exceedingly questionable a character, whether we regard it in theory or practice, that the simulation and dissimulation it evokes, must be thrown in the balance against it. It is part of the price paid for it, and therefore must be taken into account as a factor in the calculation. Moreover, religion would contain within it quite as much potency and promise of ultimate triumph, if there were but one faithful soul, such as Elijah in the wilderness at Horeb imagined himself to be, in a godless and depraved generation. But it is not so with coercive legislation. If it be unjust, majorities cannot make it otherwise; yet even though it be defensible in theory, its wisdom as well as its efficiency, depends upon the number of those who honestly support it. When these numbers are swelled by a herd of craven camp-followers who have no heart or honest enthusiasm for the movement, it is condemned already before the futile experiment is tried.

There not being much prospect that hon. members will deal with straightforward plainness with the principle of this Bill, even although they may honestly believe it to be indefensible, it may not be too much to hope that they will make some attempt to save it from the perilous infatuation of its authors.

Every attempt to deprive the ballot of its safeguard of secrecy should be rigorously resisted. The classes which are swayed into voting contrary to their convictions, because the Church or society looks askance at dissentients, do not deserve much sympathy on their own account; but it is sometimes necessary to protect society, if not themselves, against the pliability of the feeble-kneed, and certainly some such protection is imperatively called for here. It is difficult to say whether Section eighty-four, which threatens every one who "in any manner practises intimidation, or interferes with the free exercise of the franchise of any voter," is, like the Election law, applicable to undue clerical influence; if so, those who have been in the habit of dubbing men who "vote wrong" children of the devil and menacing them with eternal damnation, may see the propriety of amending their manners. Section eighty-one appears to prohibit the employment of paid agents, lecturers, or pamphlet, essay, or newspaper writers pending a vote on the law. This does not seem defensible, and yet the words, "who endeavours to procure or prevent the adoption of this Act," certainly covers all who use the art of persuasion, either with tongue or pen. Attention was called last month to the absurd position under which, supposing both the County of York and the City of Toronto were under the Act, those who desire to procure a supply of beer or wine in the one, must resort to some dealer in the other. If Mr. Cartwright desires to save his revenue by this clause, it ought to be altered so as to stand as in the Dunkin Act; if he must have "the wages of sin," as it is called, he might, at all events, devise a more rational scheme than this. Sections fifty-six and fifty-seven ought certainly to be amended in some way which will ensure that a petition must receive something more than a bare majority of the votes polled. These may be cast, and have been under the Dunkin Act, by not even a majority of the recorded votes altogether, yea and nay. Now, obviously, the Act has no chance of being effective where it is put in force by the votes of perhaps not more than a quarter or two-fifths of the qualified voters. Under such circumstances it must fail; and it ought to fail, because, bad in principle as it may be to allow a majority to tyrannize over a minority in a matter of food, drink, or dress, it becomes utterly

intolerable when the majority is dragooned, not into sobriety, but into total abstinence, at the will of a minority. A vigorous effort was made in the Senate—and it was almost successful—to ensure a clear and unquestionable popular judgment, and it is not too much to hope that the Commons will, at any rate, insist that the majority shall be at least equal to one-fifth of all the votes polled. Even the friends of the bill ought to see the propriety of an amendment which will give it a better chance of success. Senator Vidal wanted even to deprive the people of the *plébiscite*; but Senator Scott was not prepared to go quite so far. Finally, the attention of the House is again called to the impropriety of keeping a by-law in force for three years, even long after a large majority are entirely disgusted by experience with their fatuous leap in the dark. This clause is diametrically opposed to the very essence of popular government, and only serves to show that, if the party had the power of the Tudors, the Stuarts, or the Puritans, they would exert it quite as tyrannically. The spirit which animates this movement for legislation maybe, and no doubt is, nerved and vivified by a sincere desire to promote the best interests of mankind; but as much may be said for Torquemada, Alva, or any other of those more unscrupulous physical force religionists who persisted in doing evil that good might come.

The present Session of Parliament will have come to a close before our next number appears. It has not been an eventful one in measures of striking character or great practical importance. Considerable tinkering of old laws has been done, and the noise of hammering has rattled freely enough; but the forge was not Vulcan's, and no heroic shields have been turned out of the armoury. We live, politically speaking, in what is distinctively "the day of small things;" its utter paltriness and pettiness are, so to speak, the salient characteristics of the time. On the eve of a general election, when politicians usually desire to appear at their best, and when they are morbidly solicitous about the future, there is at least some affectation of high tone, of noble aspiration—something or anything to shed dignity and credit over the legislators' trade. It is vain to look for it now. Neither one side nor the other—and they are not wanting in ingenuity and "smartness"—could tell, were its champions

interrogated, what it is they are about to contend for. Or rather, they could tell, but dare not. The only two debates which had any real interest for the country, those on Sir John Macdonald's Protection and Quebec resolutions, were snuffed out by the Premier in mid-career. It is of more importance, apparently, to unravel the plot of the Moylan business, or to burrow for scandal on the Kaministiquia, than to devise a national policy for the country, or to calmly consider the relations between the Crown and its advisers. The essential pettiness of the time could hardly receive more graphic illustration than the attempts to belittle the character and give a second coat of mire to the back of Sir John Macdonald. Partizans hoped that "the great scandal" had smothered the veteran politician and buried him in slime and ooze beyond recovery. They were mistaken, and the cause of their mistake was that they imagined the people to be as implacable and resentful as themselves. Sir John's *fiasco* in 1872, if not condoned, has fallen out of the account; it is written off, and there is an end of it. Whatever party men may do, the ordinary honest farmer, merchant, or mechanic cannot affect a tempest of anger when he feels none; and the attempt, by nibbling investigations about this \$150 or that two or three thousand, are about as serviceable to the party that indulges in them as it would have been in the elder brother of the prodigal son to have pointed out some petty rent in his travel-stained garment. Not being attached to either party, and singularly indifferent to the fate of both, except in so far as the only principle at stake is involved in the issue, we can afford to look without bias upon the conduct and merits of both. It needs hardly be said that Sir John Macdonald is not our notion of what a statesman ought to be, but he has sterling ability, personal integrity, great experience, and, above all, a wonderful power of winning the hearts and affections of men. The attempts made to hatch new scandals about Sir John are exceedingly unwise and quite as nauseating as scandal about Queen Elizabeth was to the sage of *The Critic*. If the Government desires to elevate the ex-Premier in popular estimation, nothing yet remains to be done but to discover or invent something new savouring of corruption, he will then at once attain the unapproachable dignity of a persecuted hero, and the down-

fall of the Government cannot be far distant. No more serious strategical blunder was ever committed than the Moylan investigation, undertaken at this time of day, solely for hustings' purposes; and we are inclined to think that when hon. gentlemen begin the campaign, they will find their weakness where they confidently expected to feel their strength, in their assaults upon the leader of the Opposition.

It is a sign of awakening conscience, over the lines, that the House Judiciary Committee has come to the conclusion at last that the balance of the money awarded at Geneva, to compensate certain classes of losses by privateering, ought not to be given to classes definitely excluded by the tribunal. Most men, not altogether depraved, that is in private life, would not have had so much difficulty in deciding that, when Uncle Sam became a trustee for certain people and received from John Bull too large a sum to satisfy their just claims, the balance did not belong to the trustee, nor did it rest with him to distribute it according to his fancy.

When all the debts adjudged to be due by the International Court were satisfied, the balance was John Bull's, and unless the conscientious trustee were, under a little veneration, a rogue, it became him to pay it back again. Gen. Butler, who always puts in a good word for "the devil and all his works," proposed to pay the fishery award with the Geneva balance, although he contended that the Halifax arbitration was not binding. The proposal to pay a debt the United States did not owe with money which did not belong to them was a master stroke of Butlerism; but the point of the practical witticism lay in paying England with her own money, fraudulently pocketed. It is gratifying to find that the House Committee dares to tell the truth, and we only regret their proposal to refer the matter to the Supreme Court, because it appears like an attempt to escape from an admitted moral obligation to repay the unemployed balance, by some legal devices they expect the Supreme Court to concoct.

April 25th, 1878.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A MANUAL OF THE ANATOMY OF INVERTEBRATED ANIMALS. By Thomas H. Huxley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

Not a few people, even in this so-called cultivated age, believe that the chief function of a scientific man is to propound or attack some startling theory. When the gage of battle has been thrown down in the shape, we will say, of the principle of natural selection, it appears to common minds as though the world of Science contained no other object or aim, and as if Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and other well-known men rushed into arms with the sole purpose of defending their challenged thesis, and investigated and questioned Nature merely for the purpose of supporting their dogma, and with as little regard for the actual truth as is shown by a browbeating counsel determined, at any cost,

to elicit something damaging to his adversary's case from an unwilling witness.

That this is not really the case, and that the reputations of the great men whom we have named were not won by such ignoble tactics and partisan warfare, is well known to all who have followed them, however far off, in their labours and their struggles; and this book would alone suffice to show what a comparatively small portion of the scientific field is occupied by even such an all-embracing doctrine as that enunciated by Mr. Darwin. If that doctrine had never been propounded, naturalists would still have found "ample scope and verge enough" for their exertions in the investigation of the external shape and the internal structure of the living creation, in the determination of the distribution, in space and in time, of its individuals and of the classes to which they belong, and in the discovery of the laws regulating

those forces which are exerted by living matter alone upon itself and upon external objects. In other words, the three great heads of Morphology, Distribution, and Physiology attract the student before he can turn his attention profitably to the fourth head, Ætiology, which purports to explain to what causes the results hitherto obtained are attributable, and how any particular animal existence has attained its present form and position, and the enjoyment of its own peculiar powers.

With the world before him and his microscope in his hand, the first duty of the naturalist is to examine carefully and to record his results faithfully. From those results he is at liberty to theorize, but woe to his reputation if he permits his favourite theory to close his eye to a single fact, or, having seen it, to place upon it a forced construction. We will venture to say that this is so well understood now-a-days, and naturalists feel so keenly the ultimate detection that would ensue, with all its attendant shade of distrust thrown over the work of a lifetime, that when a Huxley writes a manual like the one now under review, it is accepted by men of all opinions as at least containing a faithful and unbiased representation of facts. Whether all animated nature sprang from a single germ or not, every one will agree that there is no lack of variety in creation as we now behold it, and that an intimate knowledge of its present condition is the only solid foundation upon which to build a theory as to its past or its future.

What fact is most borne in upon us by reading this work? Without the least hesitation we should say, the adaptability of matter, which, by almost innumerable varying means, seeks to attain, and does attain, results wonderful in their intimate connection, and no less wonderful in their apparent diversity. All animal life has primarily but three strictly necessary functions—those of nourishment (including under this head the functions performed by the organs, such as the mouth, which collect the food, by the stomach which digests it, and by the veins or canals which carry the elaborated nourishment to the places where it is needed to replace the waste incurred in the act of existence), excretion (which covers the functions of the respiratory, intestinal, and uropoietic systems, all of which are designed to clear the body from the carbonic and nitrogenous waste of the blood, and from substances incapable of assimilation), and reproduction. These are the strictly necessary functions, for our present condition of knowledge is not such as to allow us to lay it down as a broad rule that a nervous system is a *sine qua non* of life, and certainly such organs as eyes, ears, and the various shapes of legs, tentacles, feelers, and wings adaptable for locomotive purposes, are entirely supererogatory, and could be easily dispensed with.

However, we find that in the lowest form of

life existing (the simplest of the *Protozoa*) a vast stride has been made on the upward path towards the acquirement of even these organs. For the simplest form of life imaginable would be, as Mr. Huxley tells us, "a protoplasmic body, devoid of mobility, maintaining itself by the ingestion of such proteinaceous, fatty, amyloid, and mineral matters as might be brought into contact with it by external agencies, and increasing by simple extension of its mass." In such an imaginary and, so far as we know, non-existent animal, both nourishment and excretion would go on over the entire surface, and reproduction would be almost concealed from our notice, the individual apparently remaining always the same, but being, in fact, perpetually replaced by the substitution of new matter for that expended by the act of living. In the humblest *Protozoa* we find a mass of simple protoplasm, not differentiated into cells, it is true, but yet gifted with the power of contractility, and denser as you approach the exterior of the mass than it is at the centre, and visibly propagating itself by fission or division. The greater density of the periphery is the first step towards a cuticle or skin, and the next higher grade of *Protozoa* shows a rhythmically contractile vacuole; others again show a nucleus or rounded mass in the midst of the protoplasm. Instead of the primitive, nearly homogeneous mass, we have now a comparatively complicated animal, for the increase of density at the periphery and the segregation of atoms forming the nucleus have left a central sac available for the purposes of a stomach. The mouth and anal aperture are nothing but the two ends of this elongated sac,* where it approaches the periphery, for by this time our *Protozoa* has ceased to take in its food, save at a definite point of its surface. The contractile vacuole more and more tends, as we proceed on the upward scale, to draw out into a chain of canals for the conveyance of blood or other kindred fluids through the system, and the nucleus takes upon itself, with more or less definiteness, the character of a reproductive organ.

The *Metazoa* start from almost as primitive a type, the chief distinction being that the wall of the sac is double and composed of cells. The innermost of these two walls is the endoderm, the outer the ectoderm, and between them a third layer, the mesoderm, is formed. Upon this simple arrangement innumerable changes are rung, before we pass from the Turbellaria to the Insecta, the chief being the division of the mesoderm into segments (*somites*),

* The *Ciliata* show the connecting link between animals with and without an intestinal canal and anal aperture. The food is driven by hairs (*cilia*) to the bottom of the stomach, and then passes at intervals, in the shape of a food-vacuole, through the substance of the body, to the anal region, following a more or less definitely limited tract.

the outgrowth from each segment of its pair of appendages, and the differentiation of these appendages into such special organs as jaws, limbs, and respiratory organs, and branchiæ or fins. Out of these three layers or skins, all the important organs, alike in the Hydrozoan and in embryonic man, are formed; the part of the mesoderm nearest to the ectoderm furnishing the bones, muscles, and the teeth of *Vertebrata*; the ectoderm itself supplying the skin, nails, and enamel of the teeth, the sensory organs, and the ganglia of the nervous system; while the endoderm becomes the alimentary organs.

Let us take the respiratory apparatus, and glance briefly at the different modes in which the same result is attained in various animals. First, the lower *Metazoa* breathe all over their bodies; the *Annelids* develop branchiæ freely supplied with blood vessels or their equivalents, and fringed with cilia or hairs, the motion of which causes a current of fresh oxygenated water to flow past. The *Crustacea* attain the same object without cilia, the branchiæ being attached to the limbs, which move them to and fro at pleasure. We have now arrived at a special organ which undertakes the respiratory function itself, and an accessory organ (such as the limb in the above case, or the "mantle" of the mollusks) which regulates and assists the flow of the water to the primary breathing organ. The *Tunicata* have a different apparatus. Having taken in water at the mouth, it is driven out again from the cavity of the pharynx through lateral apertures, aerating the blood in its passage outwards. Some land-mollusks breathe by means of the folded lining wall of the mantle cavity, and this is appropriately termed an external lung. On the other hand, the *Vertebrata* have lungs composed of a portion of the alimentary canal, which has become specialized for that purpose; and in some of them the blood is forced into the lungs from without, whilst in the higher members of the *Vertebrata* the lung-chamber, by its expansion, sucks the blood into the lungs, the motive power being employed to form a vacuum within.

Space does not allow our going more fully into this subject, or showing from the history of the other organs how marvellously mobile and shifting are the materials of which Creation is made up, and in how many different ways the same end is attained.* When we find that a Barnacle may be described (p. 256) as a "Crustacean fixed by its head and kicking the food into its mouth with its legs," we must at least admit that animated matter displays a plasti-

* For instances of variations in position, see the opossum shrimp (*Mysis*), whose auditory organs are placed in the appendages of the last ring of the stomach; or the *Insecta* generally, where they are placed in the thorax and legs.

city and adaptability to circumstances sufficient to meet the requirements of the most ardent Darwinian.

Mr. Huxley is not disposed to consider classification as a very important element in natural history. He acknowledges its utility in pointing out common bonds of likeness, but draws attention to the fact that as new discoveries are made, the boundary walls between genera, classes, and families are apt to be more or less broken down, and it becomes every year more difficult to say to which family this or that new form belongs, when it combines to a great extent the peculiarities of several. The microscope also tends to show points of similarity hitherto unexpected, and while it unravels and makes as plain as day the mysteries of yesterday, it prepares in turn the *Œdipus*-like riddles of to-morrow. Thus Engelmann and others have disposed of a very peculiar form of generation noticed in the *Infusoria*, in a summary manner, by showing that the "so-called embryos" are only—parasites! But while this is satisfactory as far as it goes, we cannot dismiss these parasites without naming and describing them in turn, and the next generation of scientists will probably be investigating *their* parasites, "*ad infinitum*," as the immortal Hudibras puts it.

We cannot altogether praise the typography of this edition. Like most American reprints, it is full of misspellings, which are particularly annoying in a technical work. The plates are poorly reproduced, and their lettering is so small and indistinct as to be at times illegible. In looking up the references to the internal economy of some extremely complicated *Zoophyte* or *Brachiopoda*, it is extremely annoying to be told "letters same as in Fig. 40," which said figure is perhaps a dozen pages off. The author might, perhaps, have devoted more space than he does to the *Arthropoda*, considering the fact that it contains four times as many species as the rest of the animal kingdom put together. The *Insecta* in particular are treated very meagerly. We must also complain of the great need of a glossary to a work which teems with technical expressions, many of which are of recent coinage, and all of which need explanation to a student. In other respects the book is everything that could be desired.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. A Novel. By Walter Besant and James Rice, authors of "The Golden Butterfly," &c. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co. 1878.

MADAME GOSSELIN. From the French of Louis Ulbach. Collection of Foreign Authors. No. VIII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

Phillipsburg, collected a few militiamen in the vicinity, and, at 10 P.M., attacked the post, capturing six prisoners and ten horses, with arms and appointments. One dragoon was killed, and one dragoon and the sergeant severely wounded.

January 25th.—The thanks of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec were voted to Lieutenant-Colonel de Salaberry, of the Canadian Voltigeurs, and to the officers and privates under his command in the engagement at Chateauguay on the 26th of October, 1813; and to Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, of the 89th regiment, and to the officers and privates under his command in the action at Chrystler's Farm, on the 11th of November.

January 26th. — Captain Thomas Nairne (son of Colonel John Nairne, who had served with the troops engaged in the sieges of Louisburg and Quebec, and had subsequently been granted the seigniori of Murray Bay), of the 49th regiment, who was killed at the head of his company at the battle of Chrystler's Farm, was buried with the military honours due to his rank in the Protestant burying ground at Quebec.

January 28th.—The following notice appeared in the Quebec papers :—

“ Quebec, January 28th, 1814.

“ As the couriers between Montreal and Kingston have a liberal salary from the Post-office, they are no longer permitted to charge for the conveyance of newspapers to that Province. The postage of the number sent will be charged to the editors at the rate of 3s. per annum for each, in the same manner as those conveyed between Quebec and Montreal. The couriers are further enjoined to pay the same attention with respect to the delivery of papers as to that of way letters.

“(Signed) GEO. HERIOT,
“ *Dy. P.M. Genl.*”

February 5th.—The Speaker of the House of Assembly laid before the House a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel de Salaberry, expressing his gratitude to the Assembly for the vote of thanks to himself and the officers and men under his command at Chateauguay, which had been passed on the 25th of January. This letter was ordered to be entered on the Journals of the Assembly.

February 18th.—The House of Assembly of the Province of Quebec took into consideration the report of the Special Committee appointed to examine particularly the rules of practice of the Courts of Justice in the Province of Quebec, and to report in detail upon the principal points wherein they were contrary and repugnant to the law of the land; and the resolutions contained in the said report being agreed to, the House resolved to impeach Jonathan Sewell, Esq., Chief Justice of the Province of Quebec, and James Monk, Esq., Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench for the District of Montreal.

March 3rd.—The Speaker and Members of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, attended Sir George Prevost, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief, at the castle of St. Lewis, and presented the articles of impeachment against Chief Justices Sewell and Monk, requesting His Excellency to transmit them to His Majesty's ministers to be laid before His Royal Highness the Prince Regent. The Assembly also requested His Excellency to suspend the Chief Justices from their offices until His Majesty's pleasure should be known. His Excellency's reply was as follows :
‘ I shall take an early opportunity of transmitting to His Majesty's ministers your Address to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, together with the articles of accusation which have been preferred by you against the Chief

Justice of the Province, and the Chief Justice of the District of Montreal. But I do not think it expedient to suspend the Chief Justice of the Province, and the Chief Justice of the District of Montreal, from their offices upon an Address to that effect from one branch of the Legislature alone, founded on articles of accusation on which the Legislative Council have not been consulted, and in which they have not concurred." The House of Assembly took umbrage at the tone of His Excellency's reply, and on their return at once proceeded to pass a series of resolutions affirming their right to offer advice to the Governor-in-Chief without the concurrence of the Legislative Council; asserting that the charges exhibited by the House of Assembly were rightly denominated "*Heads of Impeachment*;" and concluding with the declaration that His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief, "by his said answer to the Address of this House, hath violated the constitutional rights and privileges of this House." These resolutions were followed on the 8th March by another, which reads: "That notwithstanding the perverse and wicked advice given to His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief, on the subject of the Constitutional Rights and Privileges of this House, and the endeavors of evil disposed advisers to lead him into error, and to embroil him with His Majesty's faithful Commons of this Province, this House has not, in any respect, altered the opinion it has ever entertained of the wisdom of His Excellency's administration of the Government, and is determined to adopt the measures it had deemed necessary for the support of the Government, and the defence of the Province."

March 15th.—A deputation of 23 Indian chiefs and warriors, representing the Ottawas, Chippewas, Shawnees,

Delawares, Mohawks, Saulks, Foxes, Kickapoos, and Winnebagoes, and accompanied by the sister of Tecumseh had arrived in Quebec, and were this day admitted to a special audience of His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief, who received them with a good deal of state, in the great room of the old castle of St. Lewis; the band of the 70th regiment was in attendance. Addresses were made to His Excellency, who replied in suitable terms. After the speeches had been delivered, Tecumseh's sister was presented to Lady Prevost. Refreshments were then served, and the Chiefs took their leave, apparently well pleased with their reception.

March 17th.—The session of Parliament closed; the Governor-in-Chief remarked in his prorogation speech: "I cannot but lament the course of proceeding adopted by you" (the House of Assembly) "has occasioned the loss of a productive revenue bill, and of the liberal appropriations you had made for the defence of the Province, and for ameliorating the situation of the militia; and I regret that in sacrificing these desirable objects, you should have been swayed by any considerations which seemed to you of higher importance than the immediate security of the country or the comfort of those engaged in its protection." Eleven bills received the Royal Assent on this occasion; of these, nine were to continue or amend existing laws; one was for the establishment of Post Houses in the different parts of the Province, declaring very minutely the duties of the *Maitres de Poste* as respects the accommodation to be afforded to the travelling public; the remaining Act was to exempt from duty salt imported for the use of the Fisheries in the Province.

On the 22nd March, Sir George Prevost issued a proclamation, which appear-

ed in the *Quebec Gazette*, dissolving the Parliament of Lower Canada, and directing the issue of writs for the election of a new Parliament, returnable on the 13th of May following.

March 26th.—A General Order was issued conveying the approbation of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of the gallant conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel de Salaberry and the officers and men of the Canadian militia under his command at Chateauguay, and stating that in accordance with the request of His Excellency the Governor-General, His Royal Highness had been pleased to direct that colours should be forwarded for presentation to the embodied battalions of Canadian militia, "feeling that they have evinced an ability and disposition to secure them from insult, which gives them the best title to such a mark of distinction."

March 26th.—A proclamation was issued, appointing the 21st of April a day of General Thanksgiving, for the great success which had attended the operations of His Majesty's troops in various parts of the world, and for the protection of His Majesty's dominions from the attacks of his enemies.

March 30th.—The outposts on the communications leading from Odelltown to Burtonville and Lacolle Mill, were attacked at an early hour by the enemy under the command of Major-General Wilkinson, who had advanced with a force of nearly three thousand men collected from Burlington and Plattsburg. The British picquets fell back in good order before the superior numbers of the enemy, disputing his advance. The advance on the Burtonville road was not persevered in, the whole of the enemy's force being directed against the post at Lacolle, under command of Major Hancock, of the 13th regiment. The picquets were soon driven in and the

enemy advanced in force and established a battery of three 12-pounders, with which they opened fire on the Mill Block House. Major Hancock ordered an attack upon the enemy's guns, which although executed with the greatest gallantry, failed in consequence of the large number of the enemy's infantry posted in the surrounding woods. A second attempt to capture these guns was made by the grenadier company of the Canadian Fencibles and a company of Voltigeurs, who having followed the enemy from the Burtonville road with the view of reinforcing the point attacked, made a most spirited attempt to capture the enemy's guns, and although foiled in this, they succeeded in gaining the Block House and reinforcing the garrison. Captain Pring, of the Royal Navy, brought up a sloop and some gun-boats from Isle aux Noix to the mouth of the Lacolle river, whence he opened a destructive and galling fire upon the enemy. Lieut. Creswick, R. N., succeeded in landing two field-pieces and stores, and getting them from the boats to the Block House. The enemy persevered in his attack until night-fall, when he withdrew his guns and retreated by the road to Odelltown, having sustained a severe loss. The loss of the British in this attack was two officers (Captain Ellard and Ensign Whitford, of the 13th regiment) wounded, 11 men killed, and 2 serjeants and 42 men wounded. Major Hancock expressed himself highly indebted to Capt. Ritter, of the Frontier Militia, whose local knowledge enabled him to afford the most essential service and to furnish most valuable information. The loss of the United States forces on this occasion, is said to have reached nearly 300 in killed, wounded, and missing.

April 24th.—A General Order was issued by His Excellency the Governor-

in-Chief and Commander of the Forces, announcing that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent had been pleased to direct that medals or other badges of distinction should be issued to such officers as were recommended by His Excellency who were engaged in the actions at Detroit, Chateauguay, and Chrystler's Farm.

April 25th.—A notice from the General Post Office states that the office will, on the 2nd May, be removed to the Freemason's Hall; and that, for the future, the mails will travel by night as well as by day.

June 14th.—Addresses were presented to Chief-Justices Sewell and Monk by the Legislative Council and the inhabitants of the city and vicinity of Quebec, expressing their strong disapproval of the action of the House of Assembly in preferring articles of accusation against the two Chief-Justices, and expressing their great confidence in and hearty sympathy with the accused.

July 14th.—The *Quebec Gazette* published the Proclamation of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, dated from Carlton House on the 6th of May, declaring the cessation of arms, as well by sea as land, agreed upon between His Britannic Majesty and His Most Christian Majesty, and enjoining the observance thereof.

August 2d.—H.M.SS. *Warspite*, 74, Captain Lord James O'Bryen, and *Ajax*, 74, Rear-Admiral Otway, arrived at Quebec from Bordeaux with troops, accompanied by the *York*, 74, and the *Vengeur*, 74, which last, however, remained at the Brandy Pots and transhipped their troops. With these ships there arrived forty-three transports, with troops from the Garonne—amounting, with the troops which had previously arrived, to a reinforcement of about 16,000 men.

The squadron on Lake Champlain having been placed in a state of efficiency, and the new frigate the *Confiance* having been rapidly pushed forward so as to take part in the contemplated service, a strong reinforcement of blue jackets was sent from H.M.SS. *Ajax* and *Warspite*, then at Quebec, for service on the lake. The naval preparations being thus completed, Sir George Prevost concentrated his army between Laprairie and Fort Chambly, having under him Major-General de Rottenburg, immediately in command, and Majors-General Power, Robinson, and Brisbane in command of brigades. On the 1st of September, this army crossed the United States frontier at Odelltown, and on the 3rd advanced and occupied Champlain Town, which was abandoned by the enemy on the approach of the British. On the 4th, the British advanced upon Plattsburg, upon which town the United States militia retired as the British advanced. From the 4th until the 10th of September, the British remained in front of Plattsburg waiting until the fleet could assist in the projected combined attack. On the 11th, at dawn of day, the troops were ordered under arms, and about 9 A.M. the *Confiance* rounded Cumberland Head, followed at some distance by the other vessels.

The enemy's squadron on Lake Champlain consisted of the *Saratoga*, 26; *Eagle*, 20; *Ticonderoga*, 17; and the cutter *Preble*, of 7 guns. The British had, besides the *Confiance*, 36, the *Linet*, 18; the *Chub*, 10; and the *Finch*, 10; and 12 gun-boats, mounting in the aggregate 16 guns. Shortly after rounding Cumberland Head, the *Confiance* found herself, about 8 A.M., in front of the enemy's line, and had to bear the brunt of the fire of the whole United States squadron; a fire which, however, she returned with considerable effect.