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THE CANADIAN MONTHLY.

THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND
NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME II.
JULY TO DECEMBER.



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THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 3.]

JANUARY, 1873.

[No. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT would be ungracious to send forth our first number for 1873 without expressing our gratitude to those who have supported our enterprise through its first year of trial. By their aid we hope we have been enabled in some measure to surmount the belief, which seemed to be fixed in Canadian minds, that, in a literary way, nothing good could come out of Canada.

The management and general principles of the Magazine remain unchanged. We shall still endeavour to combine literary amusement with the practical treatment of Canadian questions. We shall still, also, be entirely neutral between political parties, though we can never, in deference to party, abstain from giving utterance to what we believe to be the truth.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE DOMINION—CONSIDERED WITH
REFERENCE TO THE PRESENT SCALE OF PRICES AND WAGES.

BY E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D.

Under Secretary of State for the Provinces.

THE utter inadequacy of the salaries paid to the Ministers of the Crown, the Judges of our Courts, and generally to the public servants of the Dominion, has of late been frequently animadverted upon by the public press, and was, during the last Session of Parliament, frankly admitted on more than one occasion by members of the Government, both in the Senate

and the House of Commons. The fact itself has indeed for very many years past been painfully recognized by the persons most interested in the question—the entire body of the servants of the Government.

The present scale of official salaries in the Dominion does not differ materially from that which obtained 25 or 30 years ago in the old Province of Canada. In the interval,

however, and especially since Confederation, the responsibility and labour incident to the majority of public offices have materially increased, while the value of the money in which the official salary is paid,—that is to say, its purchasing power, or command over commodities and services,—has decreased probably 40 or 50 per cent, and is still decreasing.

During the same period, too, the condition and surroundings of most of the senior officials have in other ways been very materially altered. Let us take a single case by way of illustration.

Upwards of twenty-five years ago, a gentleman and member of the Bar gave up his profession and accepted one of the highest non-political offices in the service of the old Province of Canada, at a salary of £500 per annum. That gentleman now receives a salary (deducting superannuation charges) of £624. In view, however, of the depreciation in the interval of the value of money, his salary now should be £900 or £1,000, in order that his position, pecuniarily, should be as good as it was on the day when he entered the service. In effect, therefore, though his nominal salary is somewhat higher than it was 25 years ago, his real salary (measured by its purchasing capacity) is more than 30 per cent. less. But while this practical decrease of income was steadily going on, the demands upon his purse—for he married and had children—were as surely and steadily increasing. He may be pardoned if he does not consider the result as a very splendid reward for a quarter of a century of conscientious labour in the Public Service. Cases such as this, and the one we have cited is not by any means a solitary one, do not hold out any great encouragement to men of intelligence and education to enter our Public Service.

The extreme hardship of the present position of the officers in our Service, more particularly as regards the men of 20 or 30 years' standing, may perhaps be made clearer

by a hypothetical case. Let us suppose a Government organizing its Service for the first time. The scale of official salaries being formally established, the ranks of the Service are filled up. Before, however, the first pay day comes, the Government has caused an alloy of 50 per cent. to be mixed with the coin with which the public officials are paid. Instead, therefore, of receiving the salaries they had counted upon, they receive salaries in effect 50 per cent. lower. Now, assuming that in Canada the purchasing power of £100 has fallen 50 per cent. during the last 25 years, the hardship suffered by the Canadian official of that number of years service is precisely the same as in the case we have supposed. The only real difference in the two cases is that in one the currency is depreciated by the direct action of the Government, and in the other, mainly at least, by external circumstances over which the Government has no control.

What, we would ask, is the meaning of a fixed scale of salaries for the Public Service, if it does not imply that the Government will, under ordinary circumstances, secure to the recipient of such salary a certain definite share of the decencies and comforts of life. If it does not mean this, and means merely that the recipient shall be entitled to receive a certain amount of current money, (which may become as worthless as the French assignats) then surely a fixed salary is merely a mockery, a delusion and a snare!

The continuous, and extraordinary, though irregular, advance in wages and prices during the last quarter of a century, and especially within the last six months, are facts painfully familiar to all house-keepers at least. To attempt to establish this fact by elaborate statistics would be worse than a waste of time. The object of the writer of the present article will be rather to call attention to the efficient causes of this uncomfortable economic phenomenon, and to point out how this depreciation of the value of money, necessarily pressing

with peculiar severity upon that class of the community to which the Civil Service belongs—the class of persons living upon fixed incomes—demands a raising of the general scale of salaries.

During the recent session it was officially announced that the subject of the re-adjustment of the salaries of all public officers must engage the early consideration of Parliament at the next session; and it is in the hope that we may, in the meantime, be able to contribute somewhat to the forming of sound views on this large and important public question (for it is by no means a class question, affecting the service only), that the writer has been induced, after much hesitation, to prepare this paper.

Economists generally are agreed that the elevation of prices in the Old and New World during the last 15 or 20 years, is mainly due to the extraordinary influx of gold into the markets of the world from the apparently inexhaustible mines of California and Australia. June, 1848, the date of the first discovery of gold in California, may be considered as the commencement of the new era of high prices. So far back as the year 1856, the writer of this article read a paper* before the Canadian Institute of Toronto, calling attention to the marked effect which, even at that early day, the greatly increased production of gold had had in raising the general level of prices both on this continent and in Europe. To quote from that paper: "California and Australia, when they became "the centres of cheap gold for the world, "became of necessity, at the same time, the "centres of high prices. From those centres "the tide of gold has flowed over the civil- "ized world in all directions, and wherever "it has flowed, it has necessarily raised in a "greater or less degree the level of prices." That this astonishing influx of cheap gold (for it must be remembered that the gold of California and Australia was, and is, pro-

duced at a much smaller cost than the gold with which the world had previously been supplied) must necessarily bring about a rapid decrease of its value, or in other words a general rise in the level of prices, was from the first sufficiently obvious to all scientific economists, to all indeed who were willing to admit the elementary truth that the value of gold, like the value of all other commodities, is governed by the common law of "demand and supply."

So far back as 1852, indeed, Mr. Sterling, in his admirable work on the gold discoveries, writing with reference to the phenomena which had even then exhibited themselves in Australia, says: "The phenomena, as far as they have yet shown themselves, have occurred exactly in the order that might have been expected. First of all, we have a rise in the money prices of colonial labour, next in the prices of provisions and the other direct products of that labour; and lastly, and after a greater interval, we may expect to witness an elevation of the money value of commodities imported into the colony, with a corresponding rise of prices in England and the other countries whence those imported commodities are derived."

When we consider that for the decade of years preceding the gold discoveries in California and Australia, the average annual production of gold was probably under £11,000,000, and that ever since 1851 (when the Australian stream of gold came to swell that already flowing from California), the average annual production of gold has been between 40 and 50 millions, or more than four times the average of previous years; and that the amount of gold produced in the 20 years between 1850 and 1870 is double the entire quantity existing in the world before the more recent gold discoveries, our surprise will be, not that gold has fallen so much in value and prices risen so much, but that the fall in gold and the rise in the level of prices (for they

* See "The Canadian Journal," July, 1856.

are only different expressions of the same fact,) have not been much more sudden and more marked. We have said that the fall which has taken place in the value of gold as a necessary consequence of the increased production of cheap gold, and was anticipated by all persons acquainted with the first principles of political economy. It is indeed a much more difficult problem to gauge the ultimate extent of this fall, or to predict when prices will again have reached what we may term a "level of repose." The illustrious French economist, Chevalier, (whose exhaustive work on "The probable fall of the value of Gold," written in 1857, was translated by our countryman, Richard Cobden) discusses this branch of the question, and gives what appear to be good reasons for believing that the ultimate fall in the value of gold will be about 75 per cent. : "In other words that, to procure the same amount of subsistence as at present, it will then be requisite, all other things being equal, to give a quantity of gold greater than that necessary before 1848, in the proportion of four to one." "According to this," he adds, "we are still very far from the end of the crisis." We should not probably be far from the truth in estimating the fall which has already taken place in the value of gold at about fifty per cent. below its value at the beginning of 1848; that is to say, that £1,000 to-day would only purchase about the same amount of commodities and services as £500 would have purchased at that time. Be this as it may, it is at least clear that even now "we are very far indeed from the end of the crisis." The last few months have witnessed an extraordinary and sudden rise in the prices of coal and iron—two of the most important staples of commerce. When it is borne in mind that these articles, either one or both, enter into the cost of production of almost all manufactures, the inference is obvious that so far as the recent increase in their price is a permanent one (and there seems good reason

to believe that, to some extent, it will be so), to that extent must we look forward to a still further rise in the prices of almost all manufactured articles. Indeed, already we hear day by day the unwelcome news that the price of this or that article in daily use has been raised 20 or 30 per cent., in consequence of the recent rise in iron or coal.

We have said that we have not yet reached the end of this great economic crisis, and that it is probable some years will yet elapse before gold, having achieved its entire fall, shall again have acquired a settled value, and prices have reached permanently that higher "level of repose" which they are now seeking.

The entire period between the beginning and the ending of this economic revolution, be it long or short, must of necessity be a period "marked," as Chevalier says, "by innumerable shocks and sufferings," a period of unusual disturbance of wages and prices, a period of general social unrest, and of great and injurious fluctuations in the value of property. Transition states are proverbially uncomfortable, and this one is not an exception to the general rule. But, as we have already stated, persons living on fixed incomes are those who are doomed to feel, in all their unmitigated severity, the evils of this protracted crisis.

The incomes of professional men and the wages of the workingman rise naturally, though it may be irregularly, with the general rise of prices.

Indeed it could easily be shewn that the very circumstances which have caused the depreciation in the value of money, have given a great impetus to business and agriculture, and in this way helped to build up the incomes of professional and business men. But besides this, men in other professions or walks of life can more or less adapt themselves to the varying state of circumstances. The doctor, the lawyer or the merchant, increases his fees or adds a percentage to the prices he puts on his

goods, and thus compensates himself for the diminished value of the money he receives in payment. Again, the mechanic or agricultural labourer, nay, even the servant girl, may rectify his or her position, by the rough and ready, but effectual agency of a "strike," but none of these courses is open to the official. The Service to which he belongs lacks this happy self-adjusting faculty. It cannot suit itself to the altered nature of its surroundings. Like the cripple by the pool of Siloam, the official is unable to reach the healing waters unless some friendly hand come to help him in. He, alas! has no other resource but to appeal to the Government, whose servant he is, and urge them to submit his claim to the Legislature and to the country. But the position of the Government in the matter is no doubt delicate and embarrassing. The Members of the Government are themselves Civil servants, directly and personally interested in the question at issue. The salaries which they now receive are confessedly miserably inadequate, whether we consider the dignity and responsibility of the high offices they hold, the onerous and harassing nature of their duties, or the personal sacrifices which they are in most cases compelled to make in accepting office. Whenever, therefore, the subject of the re-adjustment of the general scale of salaries of the Public Service comes before the High Court of Parliament, the Government of the day will find themselves in the embarrassing position of being, at one and the same time, parties to, and judges in, the cause. We can well imagine that a feeling of delicacy, arising out of their personal interest in the question, may have caused the Government to delay so long bringing the general subject under the consideration of the Legislature.

We have said that the evils of this transition state must press with especial severity on the members of the Civil Service. On this head we would quote the language of Chevalier, when treating of the sufferings

incident to this transition period. He says: "It will be still worse for those whose incomes consist of a sum fixed in advance; they will live in a perpetual state of trouble, anxiety, and uneasiness. They will sink by whole sections from their present state to another in which they will enjoy only the half of their previous comforts; reasoning as I always do, upon the assumption that gold falls to the half of its present value. They will be flung headlong, without rule or measure, down to a lower station, and without ever having the chance of preparation; for it is the very essence of changes of this kind, subjected as they are to many opposing influences, to pursue an irregular and disorderly course." And again,—“We might add to this list, in a great measure, the multitude of Public Servants, Civil and Military. Not that they would be precluded from the hope, under such circumstances, of an augmentation of salary; we may suppose that a time would come when, by successive additions to their pay, they would receive in the number of *francs* double their present salary; but it is in the nature of things that additions of this kind arrive by very slow process. Inadequate salaries deter numbers of men who know their own value from entering the Public Service, and drive them into private employment. The best of natures may, under such circumstances, become embittered. No one can be more inclined than myself to bear testimony to the disinterestedness of French functionaries. They are, at least in this respect, upon a par with those of any other nation. But there is no reason why they should be subjected to the temptation which flows from straitened circumstances, and which has perverted the administrative morals of a certain great State which I could mention.”

Chevalier's remarks were specially intended to apply to the Public Service of France, but they are in truth equally applicable to the Public Service of Canada.

We would bespeak special attention to his just observations, in the extract above quoted, as to the effect of inadequate salaries in deterring good men from entering the Service, or driving them, if they have entered it, into private employment.

Those who best know our Service are well aware that, within the last few years, it has lost some of its most promising members, who have left it avowedly because of the inadequacy of their salaries. And the public generally will probably in this way account for certain recent resignations (which all parties must regret) in the very highest ranks of the Service. But in spite of these facts there are still some (we trust their number is daily decreasing) who from motives of mistaken economy would screw down the servants of the Government to the smallest possible pittance, wholly ignoring the fact that an underpaid Service must of necessity become in time ill-served and over-weighted; and thus, as in other ways, prove in the long run the most costly to the country.

As a matter of fact the Government of the United States, and we believe all the Governments of Europe, have, within the last twenty years, again and again been obliged to interfere to rescue their servants from the ruinous effects of the enhanced prices of labour and the necessities of life. In some countries, two, three, or even more additions have been made at various times to the scale of salaries existing twenty-five years ago. Within the first five years following the gold discoveries Congress raised the salaries of all its officers at rates varying from 25 to 40 per cent., and since that time we believe further additions have been made.

We learn also from the public papers that the Governments of Belgium and Germany have recently raised the salaries of their employés from 10 to 18 per cent.; what additions those Governments had

previously made to the rates of pay before 1848, we do not know.

In England, too, we believe several additions have been made during the last twenty years to the rate of official salaries, although we are not able to give the precise figures.

The English papers received since this was written, announce the fact that the scale of salaries in the Colonial Office has quite recently been largely increased. Formerly the entering salary of a junior clerk was £100, henceforward it will be £250, and will rise to £600 by £29 per annum, while the salaries of first class clerks range from £1,000, to £1,200.

Banks and other Public Institutions on this Continent and in Europe have also during the same interval made liberal additions to the salaries of their clerks.

In the preceding remarks we have spoken of the public servants as being in the same general category as annuitants and other persons living on fixed incomes. In one particular, however, the former are in a still more helpless position than many of the latter. The annuitant or other outsider who finds the sources of his income gradually drying up, may possibly find some means of eking out his shrinking income. He may engage in some business or calling, and thus supply, or more than supply, the deficiency. But the public official, both by the nature of his duties, and by the rules of the Service, is precluded from doing anything which can add one farthing to his salary. There is indeed one large class of persons whose position is, if possible, worse than that of those in the Public Service. We mean the ministers of our various religious bodies. These men, men generally of high education and refinement, are also living upon fixed incomes, with the peculiarity that it is only the *maximum* limit which is fixed, and that there generally is no *minimum*—they too, like the officers of the State, are debarred from engaging in

any secular work by means of which they might supplement their scanty salaries. We can only say that they have our most heartfelt sympathy. "We give to misery—'tis all we have—a tear."

Thus far we have argued on the assumption that the Public Service of the Dominion is inadequately paid. The fact is, we believe, sufficiently notorious; but it may be well, *pro for nã*, to establish the truth of this assumption,

This we propose to do by taking as examples the salaries paid to some of the higher and some of the lower ranks in the Public Service, and comparing the persons receiving such salaries with the classes of persons outside the Service receiving similar remuneration. We shall take, as illustrative salaries in the higher ranks, those paid to the Ministers of State and the Judges, and in the lower grades the salaries paid to some of the junior clerks in the executive departments of the Government.

The salary now enjoyed (?) by a Minister of the Crown is \$5,000 per annum—a rate of salary much lower than that paid to many of our managers of banks, and the exact sum (we believe) paid to the chief accountant of one of our large business firms. When it is remembered that for our Ministers we expect to command the services of the ablest men of the Dominion; that their departmental and parliamentary duties are most onerous and important; that the social obligations arising out of their position, though not always appreciated, are neither few nor small; that the holding of such office involves always many personal sacrifices, often separation from their families, and last, perhaps not least, a residence at probably the most expensive and least attractive city in the Dominion;* and when

to this we add that the tenure of office is precarious, and rarely extends beyond five or six years, it will surely be admitted that the holders of offices so dignified and exalted, and involving such sacrifices and such toil, should receive something more than the remuneration of a bank manager, however respectable, or of an accountant, however competent.

So much for the salaries of our Ministers of the Crown. Take now our Judges.

The salary now paid to a Puisné Judge of our Superior Courts, in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, is £1000 per annum—the exact sum paid to the same high functionaries 50 or 60 years ago, under the old régime. This salary is not a third or a fourth of the income made by many professional men at the bar of either of those Provinces, and is, we are informed the exact amount paid to the manager of an ordinary forwarding company, to the cutter in a tailor's establishment, or the foreman in

There is, indeed, one privilege resulting from a residence at Ottawa, which we doubt not the Ministers of the Crown, in common with the humbler members of the Civil Service, will appreciate as it deserves. We mean the privilege, so generously accorded them, of contributing quite out of proportion to any other class of the community, to the support of the flourishing capital of the Dominion. We find from the printed assessment rolls of the city for the current year, that the 290 members of the Civil Service resident at Ottawa have the honour of paying nearly, if not quite, one-third of the entire assessment of the city, on personal property and income. Indeed we know nothing which we could recommend as a balm to the hurt mind of the discontented and desponding official at all comparable to this assessment roll, provided only it be read with faith. He will discover from the figures there set down that, after all, his income (which he thought so small) is really as large as that of many of the wealthy merchants or most successful legal practitioners in Ottawa.

But if he be a philanthropic man, there will be a painful drawback to the comfort which the record would otherwise afford; he will be surprised and grieved to learn that many whom he regarded as well-to-do, if not wealthy men, have in truth *no income whatever!*

* We readily admit that Ottawa boasts many natural beauties, but still we believe that few, besides the natives of the place, will contend that compared with other cities in Canada, it possesses any permanent attractions as a *residence*.

a hatter's, in one of our smaller Canadian cities.

How it is that any man of really high standing at the bar is found willing to accept so laborious, responsible, and ill-requited an office, we know not, and we confess our surprise that we have not had to witness, what all would regard as a painful and unseemly spectacle, a Judge leaving the Bench and returning to the practice of his profession, because he could not afford to pay so dearly for the dignity of his position. *

We shall now turn to the salary which we have selected as illustrative in the lower grades of the Service, viz. : that of a junior second class clerk. The junior second class clerk commences with \$700, and his salary is increased by \$50 each year until it reaches the maximum of \$1000, and under ordinary circumstances, a young man must pass at least eleven years before he rises out of this rank. This maximum even now is below the wages earned by a carpenter or mason, and the minimum is about half the salary paid this year to the foreman of the lumberers' shanties, and yet for this miserable pittance we would fain secure the services of young men of education and good character. "Why expect to attract," we quote Sir J. Stephens' words, speaking of the Civil Service of England, "by such inducements as these, any man of ability to whom any other path of life is open?"

The inadequacy of the salaries paid to the members of the Public Service of Canada may be shown in another way, viz. : by comparing official salaries in the Dominion with those allowed to similar officers in the other Colonies of the Empire.

A glance at a table, which has been prepared by Mr. Courtney, will show how low the general scale of salaries in Canada is, compared with that in either Victoria or New South Wales, and yet in revenue, expenditure, imports and exports, Canada stands much

higher than either of these Colonies, while its population is more than three times the aggregate of that of both. The salary of the Governor-General of Canada is indeed the same as that of Victoria, which stands in that respect the highest in the Australasian group, but the salaries of the Ministers of State, Judges and other officers in Victoria and New South Wales, are double, and in some cases treble, the amounts received by similar officers in Canada. In addition to the liberal salaries paid to Ministers of the Crown in the Australian Colonies, they are in some, if not all of the Colonies, provided with official residences — a very substantial addition to their incomes. Even in Tasmania, with a population under 100,000, with only 20 miles of railway, and a revenue not equal to the Customs duties collected at the port of Toronto, and only about a quarter of those collected at Montreal, the scale of public salaries is generally higher than in Canada.

It may not be out of place to observe that the cost of living in Canada is believed to be quite as high, if not higher than in the Australian Colonies. House rent and servants' wages are, we believe, much the same in both; while butchers' meat, and many of the necessaries of life, are much cheaper in Australia than with us.

"It may be said, and with truth," observes an able writer in the *London Quarterly Review* for July last, "that money is not the sole measure of remuneration, nor the sole inducement to enter or remain in a profession. Honour, opportunities of distinction, social rank, congenial work, political power, professions which offer these may satisfy their members, and attract the highest class of aspirants, however low the rate of pecuniary remuneration. But then the Civil Service does not offer any of these things. The work of its members is done in silence and obscurity; — in hardly any case do they get the credit of it, save with their immediate colleagues, and with those chiefs

* This was written before the recent resignation of Mr. Vice-Chancellor Mowat.

who take the credit before the public. Opportunities of distinction are probably rarer in the service of the State than in any other walk of life."

If this be true of the Civil Service of the mother country, what shall be said of the Civil Service of Canada?

In Canada assuredly, the most successful official of 20 or 30 years standing—the envied possessor, it may be, of one of the few prizes which the Service has to offer—even he can hardly find much reason for self-gratulation, when he compares his position with that of others who started in life with him. He cannot fail to see, on every side, many of his contemporaries at school and college, nay, many of his juniors, who have already earned for themselves in their profession or in business a proud name and honourable rank, and have secured for their families a comfortable independence, while he is obscure and utterly unknown, and his family, hardly, if at all, raised above actual want;—and all the while he may feel keenly conscious that had he followed any other career, had he devoted to business, or to any of the open professions, the same energy and zeal which he has expended on the Public Service, he, too, might ere this have secured a name and position for himself and a comfortable maintenance for his family—that had he so done he would not be, as he now is, ever haunted by the feeling that at his death his wife and children must be left inadequately provided for, if not entirely destitute.

But if such be the feelings of the few so-called fortunate men in the Service when they look back on their past career, what must be the feelings of the crowds of the unfortunate men in the lower ranks of the Service? Many of these, gentlemen by birth and education, find themselves, at the end of 20 or 30 years of faithful service, the recipients of salaries below the wages earned by a stone mason or a carpenter. How, upon such slender pittance, they can eke

out existence, how they can put bread into their children's mouths, or clothes upon their backs, how educate them, and pay the doctor's bills, is one of those profound and mysterious social problems, into which it is perhaps charitable not too curiously to enquire. Without, however, attempting to pry too closely into such delicate matters, we believe we can safely assert that, if it were possible to arrive at an accurate knowledge of the internal economy and condition of the families of the Civil Service, it would be found that while, as a rule, they practise a rigid economy in their households, and have recourse to every legitimate expedient to keep down expenditure, while they systematically deny themselves almost all the decencies and comforts to which their social position would seem fairly to entitle them, while they even reluctantly withhold from their children many of the educational advantages which they ought to enjoy; still, in spite of all their efforts to minimize their expenditure, a large proportion of them have already become hopelessly embarrassed, and a still larger proportion feel themselves to be drifting swiftly and surely to inevitable insolvency.

True it is, no doubt, that there are here and there, in the Service, a few individuals, who, being unmarried, without children, or possessed of private means, are enabled to live in some degree of decency and comfort, and to exercise even to some extent the pleasant offices of hospitality. But these are the rare exceptions, the *nova exempla* of the Service, and cannot for a moment be considered as fair illustrations of its general state. As regards the great body of the Service we do not hesitate to assert, and we do so deliberately and with an earnest wish not to over-state or exaggerate the case, that no official of any rank, be he Minister of State, Judge of the land, or humble copying clerk, if he has a family of five or six children, and lives in one of our large cities, can, on his ordinary official income, main-

tain his social position, educate and support his family, and afford them the other advantages which are generally considered reasonable and proper for those who serve the State.

We have referred to the petty shifts and expedients to which the underpaid official is compelled to have recourse in his desperate but unsuccessful efforts to make both ends meet. We cannot bring ourselves to dwell on the degrading fret and worry every day brings with it respecting each paltry item of necessary expenditure. Often and bitterly must the unhappy official realize the truth of the words of the Roman satirist:—*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

But we can well believe that, so far as the official himself is concerned, the feeling of the ridiculous is lost in one of deep mortification, or replaced by a sense of injustice.

A country like Canada, which boasts, with reason, of its almost unexampled material prosperity, which can afford to expend upwards of one hundred million of dollars on one solitary public work, is certainly under no necessity to deal in this niggard spirit with her Public Service. Such a policy is not only illiberal, but, in the public interest, it is unwise. The servants of the State are no doubt the first and greatest sufferers, but in the long run the Government and the country must also suffer. It is not in human nature that underpaid, impoverished and therefore discontented employes, will long continue to discharge their public duties, as efficiently, zealously and honestly as if they received at the hands of the State, a fair and honourable remuneration for their services. The Public Service of Canada has hitherto been distinguished by the general integrity and high character of its members, but it is not right to try men too much. It is a significant fact that in no countries probably, is the remuneration of the employes of the Government on so low a scale as in Russia and the United States, and no coun-

try probably suffers to anything like the extent those two countries do from the wholesale corruption and dishonesty of their servants. Mortifying and humiliating as the present state of the Public Service of Canada is to all those who are engaged in it, it is their consolation to know that it has not been brought about in any degree through any fault or laches of theirs, but entirely by circumstances beyond their control. It is a still further consolation to feel that though their services may be under-paid they are not for that reason, under-valued. Within the last few months the character of the Public Service of Canada has, on more than one public occasion, been eulogised in high terms by the head of the Government. Again, some of the ablest and keenest men of the Opposition, men who have had the largest insight into the Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government, have recently taken occasion to speak in terms of commendation of the Public Service of Canada—upon whose members it is felt that all political parties in turn can rely to carry on the work entrusted to them with scrupulous honesty and impartial fidelity. But however soothing such praise may be to the *amour propre* of the Service, it can hardly satisfy their present urgent wants, unless, indeed, they are prepared to accept as the motto of the Service, *Laudatur et alget.*

The future of the Public Service of the Dominion is in the hands of the Government and of Parliament, and from the tone of the remarks made during the recent Session both in the Senate and the House of Commons, by members of the Government and members generally of both political parties, when questions connected with official salaries were under discussion, we allow ourselves to believe that during the coming session the question of the rectification or revision of the present scale of Government salaries will be dealt with in a just and liberal spirit.

Deeply interested as the Civil Service is in the decision then to be arrived at, the gentlemen composing that Service would scorn to present themselves at the door of the Legislature in the character of beggars craving alms, or as petitioners with "bated breath and whispering humbleness" supplicating a favour. The Service asks no alms, it solicits no favour,—it merely desires justice. Its members claim the right, the common right of all working men, to be paid for good and honest work a fair and reasonable remuneration. They demand no extravagant salaries, but they do claim that their salaries should be sufficient to enable them decently to maintain and educate their families. They do not ask, in truth, for any increase in their salaries, but they do ask that their salaries should at least be restored to what they were in the old Province of Canada before the commencement of the era of depreciated gold. As regards the older men in the Service, those who entered it previous to the commencement of the depreciation, this is asked for as a simple act of *justice*. As regards those who have more recently joined its ranks, or who may hereafter do so, it is asked on grounds of public policy, and with a view to the true interests not only of the Service, but of the country generally.

It is for the Government and the Parliament to determine how these not unreasonable claims are to be met. It is for them to decide whether in the future the Public Service of Canada shall become a by-word and reproach, a synonym with genteel beggary, or be regarded as it ought to be—as an honourable career into which a young man of intelligence and ambition need not be ashamed to enter—a Service worthy of a wealthy and enlightened country.

In accounting for the extraordinary rise of prices and wages in Canada during the last quarter of a century, we have purposely confined our attention exclusively to the effects produced by the fall in the value of

gold. This we consider as by far the most important factor in producing the phenomenon in question. Its influence in the case of some commodities, or classes of commodities, may, no doubt, be intensified by other causes; such as the general and increasing prosperity of the country—the large influx of foreign capital into Canada for the building of our great lines of railways—or again, increased taxation. Each of these causes, and there may be others, has probably done something to raise the rate of wages and prices. But we hold their effects to be insignificant as compared with the effect of the fall in the value of gold. Besides, there is a most important difference in the character of the effects produced on prices and wages by the fall of gold and those produced by any other agency whatever, inasmuch as the former is permanent, and affects all classes of commodities and services, and the latter are necessarily accidental, temporary, and for the most part affect only certain classes of commodities and services. A rise of prices occasioned by any of the former agencies might be adequately met, so far as the pressure on the Public Service is concerned, by a bonus, gratuity, or other temporary measure; but a rise of prices caused by a permanent fall in gold can only be adequately met by a permanent increase of salaries. There is another reason, too, why it appears to us desirable to fix public attention on the increased production of gold as the great efficient cause underlying the phenomenon of high wages and prices—it is because we are persuaded that it is demonstrable that the very same agency which is thus impoverishing the Public Service is enriching the Public Treasury.

The increased production of gold cannot fail to give an impetus to trade and commerce, and to augment the general expenditure of the country; but every development of the trade and commerce of the country, and every increase of the general

expenditure, must swell the revenues of the State. This is notably the case in the important matter of customs duties; as not only will the additional expenditure augment the quantity of imports, but the rise in the prices of the goods themselves must increase the customs duties on a given quantity of goods, notably so where the duties are *ad valorem*.

While, therefore, the increased production of gold diminishes on the one hand the value of each official's salary, and gives him to that extent a claim on the country, it augments on the other hand the receipts of the Treasury, and thus enables the Government to satisfy the claim which it has created.

THE TALE OF A TEMPTATION.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

HIS love was mine no more, mother,
 I read it in his eyes;
 I did not heed his tender words;
 I knew that they were lies.
 I could not be deceived, mother,
 For love had made me wise.

II.

You wondered why I was so pale,
 I would not tell a lie;
 And yet how could I speak a truth
 That almost made me die?
 So I lay on your heart and cried, mother,
 An exceeding bitter cry.

III.

A maiden's heart is lightly won,—
 He won mine in a day;
 How could I dream he wanted it
 To break and throw away!
 He had a noble face, mother,
 And yet he could betray!

IV.

My world had never looked so fair,
 He was the world to me;
 I feared no future day—with him
 What fear of woe could be—
 I fled to him as to my rest,
 And loved him utterly.

v.

I saw the rosy dawn, mother,
 Cloud over gradually,
 I saw the shadows deepen,
 And the last sunbeam fly,
 And then I cried :—" It is enough,
 Would God that I could die !"

vi.

At last he came, to blame himself
 For having long delayed ;
 I must not think he loved me less,—
 " No, surely no," he said ;
 He kiss'd me with a Judas kiss.
 I felt myself betrayed.

vii.

I would be strong, I would live on,
 And in the end forget ;
 But sometimes in the night I woke
 And found my pillow wet,
 And knew that all the years to come
 Must be a long regret.

viii.

Soon tidings came that changed my love
 To gall and wounded pride ;
 He who had knelt and sworn to love
 Me only—none beside—
 Had pledged his perjured word again,
 And won a richer bride.

ix.

I hated him, I hated her,
 I hugged my misery.
 I writhed 'gainst God, 'gainst Earth, and Heaven,
 I cursed my sunless sky ;—
 She to be building up her bliss
 Upon my agony.

x.

And then one day, from weariness,
 I slept till after dawn,
 And started at a clang of bells,—
 It was his bridal morn !
 The whole world seemed to keep a feast—
 And I was so forlorn.

XI.

I watched the clock—I told each beat,
 And, as the hours went by,
 I knew I must have cherished hope,
 For some hope seemed to die.
 I cried : “ They shall not build their bliss
 Upon my misery !”

XII.

I would go gliding up the church
 Right to the altar-stair,
 And steal, a spectre, to the feast,
 And break upon the prayer,
 And throw him back his ring, in sight
 Of all the people there.

XIII.

Small pity had he had for me
 That I should spare his bride !
 Nay, I would laugh to see the girl
 Turn pallid at his side ;—
 No mercy had been shown to me,
 I would show none, I cried.

XIV.

Then quick as thought, my heathen thought,
 I tore into the street,
 And plucked my shawl about my face,
 And never turned to greet ;
 But passed, like Vengeance, through the crowd,
 With wings upon my feet.

XV.

The solemn, solemn church, it soothed
 And healed me unaware ;
 The holy light came streaming in
 Like balm, on my despair ;
 —How could I harbour evil thoughts
 When Jesus Christ was there !

XVI.

And then I heard the organ peal,
 No gorgeous burst of sound,
 But a low, pleading, human voice,
 Soul-thrilling, passion-bound ;
 That seemed to say : “ My child was dead,—
 Behold the lost is found !”

XVII.

I looked upon her face, poor bride,
 So young, so true, and fair,
 And blushing, half with love, and half
 To see the people stare ;
 I quelled my soul, I hid my face,
 And clasped my hands in prayer.

XVIII.

I heard their vows, I heard *his* voice,
 I heard the priest who prayed ;
 I suffered still, yet, Christ be praised ;
 The thunder-storm was laid ;
 God had said "Peace be still !" and lo,
 The stormy heart obeyed.

XIX.

Through tears I looked upon my love
 In sadness—not in hate ;
 It was not he that wrought my woe,
 Not he—but only fate !
 Sorrowing, not sinful, bruised, not lost,
 I left the church's gate.

JEU D'AMOUR.

BY CYNIC.

How may all this be soe ?
 The fire it cannot frese,
 For it is not his kinde ;
 Nor true love cannot lese
 The constancy of minde ;
 Yet as sone shall the fire
 Want heat to blase and burne,
 As I, in such desire,
 Have once a thought to turne."

—*Surrey.*

I.

"COUNT Paul Rutkay, Hungary."
 Such was the entry that figured in
 the visitors' book at the *Stadt Praag* in
 Dresden, the old quarters of this nobleman,
 who there found a letter from his friend
 Francis Stanley, recommending to his care

and attentions his cousin Henry Woodville,
 then on his way through the capitals and
 sights of Europe.

Henry Woodville was a simple, good-
 natured young fellow, who, after taking his
 degree at Cambridge, had been sent forth
 on his travels under the charge of his former
 tutor, an excellent man, but little versed in
 the ways of life. How dreadful, therefore,
 to the worthy preceptor was the life which
 his pupil made him lead in Paris,—opera,
 ball, concert, rout, or other dissipation
 every night, and to fill the day, calls,
 lounges, drives, and riding in the *Bois*. A
 fortnight sufficed to completely knock up the
dominie, and Henry, who was almost as fond
 of him as of his own father, willingly agreed

to give up Paris for the present and to continue their journey.

They went by way of Strasbourg and Kehl to Carlsruhe and Heidelberg, where Dr. Harris spent whole days endeavouring to rival some leaders of young Germany in the art of drinking much beer and smoking much tobacco, and was at last told by Woodville that he was behaving just as ill as he had accused him of doing in Paris. Whereupon the poor old fellow called for the bill with tears of repentance in his eyes.

Thence to Frankfurt-am-Main—the way to it being taken up by a long lecture against the sin and folly of gambling, to which Henry listened with becoming gravity and inattention, promising himself to have “at least one shy” at *rouge et noir*.

On the very day of his arrival at Homburg he repaired to the “*redoute*,” and after leisurely strolling through the rooms, in one of which he unexpectedly encountered his chum, Bob Gresham, he staked a Napoleon on the red, and lost—another, lost;—another, lost again;—he walked away only to return ere long.

This time he staked five Napoleons, and won.

About two in the morning the doctor, who was peacefully snoring, was awakened by a terrible noise at his bed-head, and, opening his eyes, nearly fainted at the sight of two unearthly figures, the one entirely robed in flame-colour, the other in sable, standing on either side of him. Each bore in his hands a large silver tray, whereon rose a heap of gold, blazing gold—the blue flame licking the round pieces and curling up demoniacally. In a twinkling the sleeper—thoroughly awake now,—had recited half the litany and a dozen Latin prayers—a muttered exorcism died on his lips—the “*Abrenuntio*” changed into a hoarse whisper of terror as he beheld the evil spirits fade into thin air, and in their place the forms of Woodville and Gresham appeared clear in the light of two tapers.

“Lord, have mercy upon me! Where do you come from? Where are they? Who told them?”

“Why, my dear doctor, what is the matter? Who are you talking of? We have come from a late walk, after leaving the *redoute*, where, by the way, we have both won a good pot of money;—but what is the matter? There must be something wrong.”

“Never, never again will I sin,—Avaunt ye fiends! . . . Forgive me Harry—Mr. Gresham, is that you? I beg your pardon, but I have just seen a horrible sight.”

And the poor doctor related his vision.

“No offence, sir,” quoth Gresham, “but may I ask, did you spend all the evening on the promenade?”

“May I be forgiven—I did not. The devil tempted me into that cursed gambling hall, and I—I—

“Lost?”

“No, won. Won a great deal of money!”

“How much?”

“I do not know exactly—about a hatful. I gave it to the “*Trois des pauvres*” half an hour after. It burned me; I could not rest with it—and you see how it haunts me yet. Oh dear! oh dear! Shall I ever get over this night’s work! Harry, my boy, bring me a glass of water.”

“You disposed of your gains in a way that ought to set your conscience at rest—and your brain too. It is by no means agreeable to Bob and myself to be taken for the incarnation of *Rouge et Noir*;—throw off your surprise, sir, and throw on your clothes and come down to supper with us. A glass of that *Hochheimer* will dispel all your horrid visions.

“*Hochheimer*, do you say? It is rather strange getting up in the morning for supper, but I may as well look after you; and as sleep is out of the question, I will rise and be with you in ten minutes.”

The doctor never gambled again, but he never dared preach against it either.

On their arrival in Dresden, they found their apartments secured beforehand in the Moritz Strasse, as comfortable as could be desired by a couple of bachelors,—so comfortable, indeed, that as the town offered them numberless sources of amusement and instruction, they resolved to make a longer stay than they originally intended.

Whether or not this decision was brought about in a great measure by the charm which Henry Woodville found in the company of Diana Beachampton, to whose family he had a letter of introduction which he availed himself of two days after his arrival, it is not necessary to enquire. Evidently she was the chiefest attraction of Dresden for Henry, who constantly attended her at the Opera, at the Belvidere and Grosse Garten concerts, on her rides and drives, on the excursions to Neissen, to Tharandt, to Kriescha, and paid her such attentions that the circle of admirers which invariably surrounded the proud beauty soon began to yield him the place of honour beside her.

But little did it profit him. Diana Beachampton was a young lady who had “all her wits about her,” and cared very little about favouring one or the other of the more or less eligible “*partis*,” any of whom would have been too glad to lay hand, heart and fortune—the last two rather damaged in many of the suitors—at her feet. She was independent, careless, rich, and very much her own mistress in everything. Neither her father nor her mother would have thought of opposing the least of her wishes, and though both desired to see her married and settled, neither had ever dared broach the subject since an incident which occurred three years before.

They were then in England, living at Elton Chase, Sir Lionel Beachampton’s seat, and seeing, as they always did, a great deal of company. Chief of the guests was the Earl of Laxdale, a man of great personal attractions and immense fortune, who, con-

fidant of success, had asked the hand of Diana.

Merciful Heavens! How speedily he was *éconduit*—rank, coronet, fortune and all; and how deeply did Sir Lionel and Lady Elizabeth repent of having unguardedly spoken to their daughter touching her folly in refusing such a splendid match! Had she any other suitor whom she would prefer? Let her name him, and whoever he might be, he would be welcome. No! she knew of no other present applicant for her wealth whom she fancied. “But you must settle some day.” “I do not see the necessity of it,” answered the proud beauty.

“I cannot understand her,” quoth Sir Lionel to his lady, when taking his customary walk around the pleasure-garden, “she either has a decided antipathy to marriage, or—

“Or has given away her heart already.”

“Precisely. But to whom? that is the question. Of all the men we have had here soliciting her hand, there is not one whom I would not gladly have accepted as her husband. Look at poor Colonel Hamilton, at Norfolk Fitz-Maurice, one of the most dashing young men I ever met, at Lord Trelawney, at Ralph Harcourt, and last, though not least, at Count Rutkay. There was a match every bit as good as the Laxdale one! A fortune much superior to hers; a man known and esteemed in this country, a true nobleman, one of the *vicille roche*—no, Miss Di cracks her fingers at one and all.”

Yet Woodville was not deterred by this long tale of rejected suitors, duly related to him by the doctor, who was so sensitive to the feelings of his “boy” that the possibility of his proposing to and being refused by Diana Beachampton drove him to rash acts of predication, which Henry bore meekly, and wound up by proposing to call at the young lady’s house. No wonder then that he fell deeply in love with her, for she was thoroughly fascinating, and used her many

accomplishments with a perfect disregard of the effect they might have on the hearts of her admirers.

"She has no heart herself," said Harris, one day, "how can you expect her to treat you as if you possessed the article."

Now this captivation of Henry had been gradually consummating itself, and when Count Rutkay called on him at Moritz Strasse, he found him the blind slave of Diana's caprices.

"The grandest presence you ever stood in, Count; she is the most beautiful and accomplished being on the face of the earth. Do you know I only fear one thing, and that is—your rivalry."

"Impossible. Out of the question."

"You do not do yourself justice."

"I do not shine by modesty. You have mistaken my meaning."

"How?"

"To be your rival, I should have to be the lady's lover. I feel no inclination to commit the rash act."

"*Qui peut la voir sans l'aimer?*"

"I."

"Be not too sure of that, Count; she has upset every man's resolutions. I do not speak of mine; I am incapable of revolt now."

"And I of traversing your views."

"As to that you are at perfect liberty to do it. I do not pretend to be the favoured suitor."

"*Apropos*, of whom are we speaking? You have not mentioned the lady's name yet."

"True. I fancied no one could be in Dresden an hour without hearing of the beautiful Diana Beachampton."

"Beachampton! Diana Beachampton, did you say?"

"Yes—do you—"

"Well! If you mean Sir Lionel's daughter—Sir Lionel of Elton Chase."

"The same. Now I remember; you

were a guest at the Chase for some time, were you not?"

"Yes; that was three years ago. Since then I have been, as you are aware, travelling a good deal. So the Beachamptons are in Dresden!"

"As good as in it, at any rate. They have a splendid villa at Loschwitz. May I ask if you will do me the honour of accompanying me there? I was preparing to start when you were announced."

"With pleasure. I shall be only too glad to meet Sir Lionel and Lady Elizabeth; as for Miss Diana, I suspect she will not be very greatly delighted at my re-appearance."

Henry said nothing, but looked, as he felt, astonished.

"Because," went on the Count, "she considered me much too dogmatic and precise; slightly puritanical even, and certainly given to lecturing."

Miss Beachampton received Count Rutkay less coldly than the latter expected; to Henry there seemed to be real warmth in her welcome of the Hungarian, but when he said so, on their return to the city that evening, the Count laughed so heartily at the notion that it quickly faded from Woodville's imagination.

For several days after this the Count was a total stranger both at Loschwitz and at Moritz Strasse. He wrote a short note to Henry, stating that certain matters requiring his immediate attention would prevent their meeting, and begged him to present his excuses to Sir Lionel for not calling.

Miss Diana's lip curled with much scorn as she heard this—her father was looking at her—but when alone she gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

Great was her delight when, riding slowly home one evening, in company with her father and Henry, they suddenly met Rutkay at the junction of two roads. He was going their way, and must keep up with them.

The Count reined up, bowed, but seemed not to see Diana's proffered hand. For such an expert horseman it was strange he should be so greatly disturbed by the curvetting of his steed as he appeared to be.

Sir Lionel expressed his pleasure at the rencontre, and trusted the Count would join their party that evening.

"I am afraid not; I must hurry on to Pilitz, where I am expected."

"This evening!" cried Woodville.

"Yes, Von Braunstein sent me an express this afternoon."

"To which you pay most unwonted heed!"

"Unwonted, Miss Beachampton. How so, I pray you?"

"I speak from the Baron's report. He told me yesterday that all attempts to get you had signally failed;—'Express or no express,' said he, 'the Count is absent in the evening, and his valet knows not where.'"

"True, I have been much occupied of late. Business of a pressing nature—"

"Along the most solitary paths and bridle roads, eh, Count!"

"Certainly, one requires to shorten the way when one is in a hurry."

"And to fully bear out the old proverb, 'more haste, less speed,' we do not presume to urge our horse to a faster pace than a snail's walk. Ha! ha! Count Rutkay, you cannot deceive a woman on such subjects, however well you may blind statesmen and boon companions."

"I protest—"

"Don't. It would be useless. You have been accused, tried and condemned. But the jury unanimously recommends you to mercy. Ha! ha! ha!"

"I am delighted, Miss Beachampton, to afford any amusement to one who generally is so careless of gaiety. But may I know the crime I have committed, and which so provokes your mirth?"

"Ask my father."

"Ask not me," said Sir Lionel, "your conversation is a sealed riddle to my powers of understanding."

"Then ask Harry—I mean Mr. Woodville."

"Oh!" whispered the youth, "always call me Harry."

"Well, Mr. Woodville, can *you* acquaint me with the solution of this mystery?"

"I do not know what Miss Beachampton means, I——"

"Oh! he is as bad as you are, Count. One of these days *he* will have to be brought to the bar."

"I had rather it were the altar."

"To be sacrificed? You are vulgar in your tastes."

"Of course. It is not the noble Count Paul Rutkay," said Diana with visible irony, "who would suffer himself to be entrapped—is not that what you call it?"

"Forgive my reluctance to enter on a discussion of the subject. With such an adversary as you, Miss Diana, one may fairly retreat without loss of honour."

"The more so that having already rendered up arms to——"

"To no one, madam."

"How rude of you—interrupting me before I finish what I have to say. I was going to deal tenderly with you, Count, but you have put yourself in my power. Now listen, all of you. During the last week, if not more, the cold-hearted, sceptical Paul Rutkay has been nightly roaming on lonely paths and prowling around silent habitations. Sometimes on foot, more frequently on horseback; muffled up in a vast cloak—the image of the one rolled up on his saddle—and with his hat pulled well down over his brows, perhaps to preserve intact the bright flash of the eye meant for his fair alone. But he has appeared undecided, moving restlessly from place to place, now stopping opposite this house, now opposite that—now rapidly making his way to the town, now as slowly retracing his steps. Speaking half

aloud, after the fashion of desperate characters in melodramas, riding bare-headed when he fancied no one saw him; springing from his horse and plucking flowers, which, after passionately embracing, he threw again into the brook—to be carried where the Naiad might direct; soberly using pantomime to express the greatness of his passion, which, unfortunately, the fair one seemed not to understand, perhaps even not to see. Who she is I know not, and I believe the Count knows not either—else why his prolonged halts and musings before the various villas? One evening, indeed, a soft hope that I might be the fortunate maid who attracted this knight of evanescence, flitted across my brain and raised very tumultuous feelings in . . . Azor's heart, for he took to violent barking—as the unmistakable form of Count Rutkay appeared beneath our windows. But, alas, I was doomed to disappointment, and the halt made by this gallant was of very short duration. Had I at the moment owned a lute or guitar, I should have essayed to recall him with witching sounds, as he dashed off at topmost speed 'on business of a pressing nature.'"

As Diana finished this long tirade, she indulged in another burst of laughter, in which she was joined by Henry. Sir Lionel looked grave, Rutkay calm as ever. Not a muscle of his face moved; his glance did not flash, his brows did not bend. Only when Miss Diana had indulged her merriment long enough and mockingly called on him for his defence, he replied: "To such grave and weighty accusations, Miss Beachampton, you can not expect me to reply, either by denial or affirmation. I may or may not have been the mysterious horseman who has so much engrossed your attention. Should I be he, how flattered must I feel at having succeeded in fixing for one moment the gaze of the fairest, and, let me add, the most capricious of women. But such luck is not reserved for me, nor would I prize it much, I fear, even if it were.

Pardon my frankness, you know I have always been a Transylvanian bear."

"And you have not greatly improved your manners by travelling, that I must say."

"Diana!" said Sir Lionel, severely.

"Ah! Sir Lionel," broke in the Count, "pay no heed to Miss Beachampton's sarcasms. On me they fall harmless; I am so well protected against them that I am rather pleased to have them fired at me."

"And may your enemy inquire in what armour you have encased yourself?"

"My enemy taught me that *indifference*, which some call by the name of heartlessness, is proof to all reproach, to all rebuke, to all irony. As for tenderness, love, devotion, sacrifice, these are even less dangerous to the happy being fortified by indifference—it chills them ere they can approach."

"How cruelly hard that fair one must have been yesterday!"

"Nay, Miss Beachampton, she was no harder than is her wont."

"Then are you sure, Count, that your pretended indifference is not merely . . ."

"Merely . . . ?"

"Angry feeling? Stay, let me explain myself. Perhaps she is only so hard because she knows too little of you; if you *will* wrap your soul and heart in folds so thick that no eye can pierce them, how shall a woman ever give away her own trust and love to you, who obstinately refuse to let her read even a page of the book of your heart—who"

"Forgive my interrupting your plea, but I must repeat, you are in error. I had fancied you knew me sufficiently well to be aware that I could never endure to solicit the love of any woman. If you will have a confession, here it is: I loved but once in my life—a woman who could have made me happy. She soon discovered my affection, but it pleased her to laugh at it. I had no right to object to this, but I could and I did escape from a thralldom which was unworthy of me. I became free once more, I wan-

dered far and wide, and time and distance healed the wound I had received. When I met her again, she was brilliant and gay as of yore, but her power over me was gone, never to return. I looked on her, and feeling she was not changed, I rejoiced in my liberty. But do not imagine that the heart of a man is a marketable commodity; at least I valued mine higher, and as it had been once disdained, I buried it forever out of sight and out of mind."

"Now, Miss Beachampton, I trust your curiosity, which I easily perceive beneath your irony, is fully satisfied. I do not ask you to spare me your sarcasms; I can bear them well, as I told you, they fly off harmless. One thing alone would I wish you to respect, as you would respect a grave you strayed on by chance—the memory of my lost love."

With these words the Count bowed and dashed forward towards Pilnitz, waving an adieu to Sir Lionel and Woodville, who had ridden on in front.

Two days after he called on Henry, and finding him on the point of starting for Loschwitz, agreed to go with him. Lady Elizabeth received the visitors, and apologized for her daughter, who was out.

Poor Woodville was quite miserable. On his way he had confided to the Count his intention of declaring to Diana that he found it impossible to live any longer in his present state.

"I quite understand it, my dear Henry," said Rutkay. "Dr. Harris tells me that you have become most irregular in your habits. Is it true that you generally dine off a cigar and a letter?"

"I am afraid I do. I have never been so fearfully in love."

"Fearfully; you are right. Might I recommend the maxims of Epictetus to your attention. I would suggest your perusing them with diligence, especially those enforcing disdain of what we have not got."

"Don't banter me; I assure you I should

go mad if she were to refuse me—and yet here am I going to stake all my chance of happiness on"

"A woman's caprice, Mr. Woodville. I have no right to offer advice, but I have seen much of the world. I have studied to some purpose the hearts of men and women, and I would say to you: Be very sure before you venture to speak to Miss Beachampton on this subject. Remember what befell all your predecessors. Not that I would imply ought to your disadvantage—such is out of the question, for we daily see the noblest of women bend down to some man much inferior to them in every respect, and haughtily reject one who has conquered honourable distinction."

"You have not a very high opinion of Diana."

"Pardon me. No one more than myself admires the singular beauty of mind and person which is the share of Miss Beachampton, but where no heart beats, no lofty, sublime feeling can exist, and I am convinced that she is thoroughly heartless. Again, therefore, I say—be careful."

"What leads you to believe she is heartless?"

"Her contempt, so wittily expressed, of all that is noblest and best in our nature; her disdain for what is great, for what is tender, for what is sweet; the irony in her speech of men and their trust—far be it from me to say that men are always constant and true—but as I live, I believe they were first taught to roam and to deceive by the fickleness of woman herself. Have you ever seen her drink deep of the beauties of Nature? Have you ever seen her eye light up, her bosom heave at the recital of some deed of high daring? Have you ever seen the tear tremble, a crystal drop on her eyelash, when you read the writings of inspired men, who sing as birds sing, from fulness of heart? No, you never detected one flush, one change on that face; never traced the faintest emotion on that brow; never saw

the blood mantle more richly in that cheek. She has had lovers at her feet—how has she dismissed them? With scorn and haughtiness. She has seen men drawn to her by the irresistible force of her beauty, has she tried to warn them? Has she ever said to anyone, 'Seek not to win my heart; I can never love you'—even when she saw the fire of passion consuming the wretch? No; she allowed every one of her worshippers to sink into the whirlpool, and, Siren-like, she sang a joyous song as their remains, broken and mangled, were tossed up by the flood."

"Are you not rather hard on her?"

"Not one whit harder than her cruelty deserves. It is not idle talk when I speak of those she has destroyed. Did you ever meet Fitz-Maurice?"

"I saw him twice; once at a wine party that Harcourt gave shortly before leaving Oxford, and again at Marston Hall."

"That was just a week previous to his coming to Elton and seeing Diana. Eight months after Fitz-Maurice proposed, and was rejected with a coldness bordering on contempt. He had had every reason to believe that his love was returned, as far, at least, as such a woman gives reason—for all the family expected the match, and everybody rejoiced in it. In spite of her own deeds she threw him over—he left the Chase next morning, went straight to London, arranged his affairs, volunteered into the Garibaldian expedition, and died in my arms before Gaëta. Her name was the last sound that left his lips."

"You are not very encouraging," said poor Henry, with a dejected expression of countenance.

"If you came to me for encouragement in this matter, you made a greater mistake than you are about to make in proposing to Diana Beachampton. I should consider myself encouraging wanton destruction, certain as I am of what you will do should matters turn out as I foresee."

"Is there then no hope of any one ever gaining her affection?"

"Where is he that could do it? He would require a wondrous character; great qualities, immense love, powerful will. None of those who have yet sought her hand at all come up to that standard. Forgive me, Henry, if I speak so plainly; but I bear you peculiar good-will—you are a near relation of my dearest English friend, of one who has been to me a brother and a friend in very deed. So, moved by the remembrance of what *he* did for me, I now try to fulfil my task by warning you against Diana and yourself."

"I do believe you hate her, though you say it is she who detests you."

Had Woodville looked at his companion as he pettishly said these words, he would have been perplexed by the glance which shot from out the dark Hungarian eye.

"Hate her!" answered Rutkay, in a lower tone of voice; "hate her! No, I am sure I do not. I trust I hate no woman. I cannot say I hate no *man*, but I am convinced I never hated, and do not now hate, any woman. Hate her! How could I."

And he fell into a fit of musing which the younger man dared not break.

"How can one hate what is so beautiful?" exclaimed Paul at last.

"She may be heartless, but what a glorious intellect, what a great mind. Henry," and here he looked full at Woodville, "if you are accepted, remember that your trust will be immense. If you have gained her affection—supposing her capable of such—and do not make her grandly, serenely, sublimely happy, it were then better for you that you had never seen, never loved, never married her."

"One word, Count," broke in the Englishman, "awed by the portentous force which swelled in that speech, "and answer me. Do you not love her yourself, and are you not in this matter deceiving yourself? Are you sure that"

"No more, Henry. I guess what you would say. But stay not your purpose in this by any thoughts such as are now in you. Hear me—and that I speak the truth I call on Heaven to witness—if Diana Beachampton loves you, even one-tenth as much as I know you now love her, and will accept you, no one will more sincerely rejoice than I, Paul Rutkay."

Thus ended this singular conversation, and the rest of the road had been gone over in silence.

Deep, consequently, was the mortification of the young man on hearing of Diana's absence; he looked uneasily about him, evidently anxious to leave—perhaps to set off in quest of the fair one—and again threw himself back in the arm-chair.

As for the Count, impassible and careless though he strove to be, Lady Elizabeth discerned that there was something off his mind which had weighed him down at his first coming.

The talk fluttered from subject to subject, kept up mainly by the hostess and her older guest—Woodville only throwing in a few words here and there.

Suddenly, through the glass doors of the conservatory—which opened off the drawing-room in which the party were sitting, he perceived the approaching form of the proud girl. She was coming through the flowers and plants, ignorant of any one's presence so near her. Neither Lady Beachampton nor Rutkay saw her, both having their backs turned that way, but by the change of Henry's face, they were led to look round and follow the direction of his glance, resting admiringly on Diana.

She, too, had just perceived the party, and she, too, bent her eyes intently on one, and one only—on Paul. She stood within an arch of verdure, the deep-green fronds of the palms forming a waving background on which her white dress showed with weird brightness, the black mantilla over her shoulders gave additional force to the brilliancy

of her complexion, pure and transparent, and flushed with a faint tinge of rose unusual to her. Her eyes—but who ever yet described eyes—a woman's eyes. They were of such liquid depth, and filled with such worlds of thought and emotion, that the glance which flowed from them irradiated the room—they lived and burned—they spoke a language which yet was not understood of him to whom it was addressed. They changed, their glowing lustre softened, and was veiled by the droop of the long lashes; they were raised again—the old expression of indifference dulled them as before, and the spell which for an instant had fascinated all the actors of this scene, was dissolved.

Miss Beachampton came forward, exquisite in grace and beauty; adorable in her easy manner to both guests; inscrutable as to her inward self.

At her approach Paul Rutkay became constrained and embarrassed, silent and cold. His replies were now short and abrupt, and contrasted with the sudden lighting up of Henry's conversation.

Ten minutes of this tired every one.

"Come into the garden, both of you," said Diana. "I want you to admire a new bower I am having erected."

Henry sprang up joyously, glancing at the Count. The latter turned to Lady Elizabeth.

"Will you join the party?"

"With your leave, gentlemen, I shall let you escort Di alone. I feel so weary this morning, that I really must waive politeness for once."

"Pray, mamma," said Miss Di, "Do not let us interfere with the rest which you know you require. No doubt Count Rutkay and Mr. Woodville will do their duty as gentle squires, and attend me."

"Deeply do I regret, fair lady, that I at least must be a recreant knight, and that instead of wandering beneath the shade of boughs, must ride off on an errand . . ."

"Which always turns up most opportunely to remove you."

"You do me wrong, Miss Beachampton. Certes, were I sole disposer of my time and actions, I should gladly . . ."

"Go away, then; and Mr. Woodville, do not let me keep you either. You ought to have another engagement."

And Diana fled the room, now tenanted only by Rutkay and the crestfallen Henry, who sank listlessly into a chair.

"How in the name of Opportunity," he groaned at last, "I am ever to propose to her, is more than I can make out."

"This is, evidently, not the time."

"But if I do not speak now, I shall *never* do it. Do you suppose it is an easy matter to declare such sentiments as I feel to such a person as she is?"

"I have never declared anything of the sort to anybody, but it seems to me that, nevertheless, your best course is to delay."

"But I shall be ever so miserable!"

"Tush! Are you a man, or a—hm! On the point of forgetting myself.—Pardon me. Look quietly at the matter. Do you think Miss Beachampton was aware of your reason for coming here to-day?"

"I do not know, really. She may be, but . . ."

"She is; be sure of it. A woman will read a man's purpose in such things long before he has brought himself to the speaking point. I have often thought it must be most amusing to her to watch the absurd way in which the besotted fool flounders and staggers through the preliminaries, at one time verging on confession, and suddenly carried away from his aim by a spasm of terror; at another barely saving himself from undisguised revelation by a flight of fancy as absurd as it is unexpected. The tremors, spasms, flutters, contortions—mental and physical—the convulsions, the wishes, hopes and fears, which agitate him, the labyrinthine windings of his speech, the stuttered, choked utterance, the blank, nonsensical emanations

of his muddled brain, the strenuous efforts he makes to be equal to the situation, and their thorough failure, must all combine as elements of the broadest farce that she—the sufferer and bearer of the results of this mangled conversation—can ever witness. No wonder women think us fools when we can deliberately abase ourselves to fawn and cringe at their feet for a caress, for a smile, or—as I have myself witnessed—for the mere dropping of a cold glance, which sent the despicable wretch into a seventh Heaven, where—were I ruler of the gods—none but toadies and flunkeys should enter."

"But that can only be if the woman do not love too."

"How else? I suppose when *both* have lost their senses that they pay small heed to the other's manner of confessing. Yet I am sure that the woman, on such occasions, is always clearer headed than the nobler animal, who does stultify his intellect and his judgment in a way incomprehensible to me."

"Talk on, Count, I see *you* have never been in love."

"What makes you imagine that?"

"Your perfect disregard for the affections of women, to begin with. Then your cynical, abominable pictures of Diana."

"Sir?"

"Confess that I do not apply any worse terms to them than they deserve. You run down Diana . . ."

"Never, Sir. I may, and in so doing I fulfil a duty, warn you against her evident faults, and especially against your own blindness, but as to disparaging her in any way, the thought has never entered my mind."

"Well, your overdrawn—grant me that much—pictures of Diana's character, your contempt, so wittily expressed, for all that is . . ."

"Stay, stay; quote my words against me, if you will, but quote them fairly. It was not at the beautiful, the tender, and the sweet in love that I was aiming my darts, but at the ridiculous manner in which some

dolts will insist on boring with their declarations women who have done them no harm."

"To the rescue! What is there ridiculous in love? If some poor fellow, wanting the brilliant utterance of men as thoroughly masters of themselves as you are, Count, finds it difficult, from very excess of passion, to breathe forth the words that are to convey its acknowledgment, do you fancy he thereby becomes ridiculous? No; no more than the mourner who, choked by tears, can only gasp out words of gratitude for the sympathy shown him. You would laugh at him for his awkwardness, think him amusing. Oh! look here, you talk of heartlessness, well, I tell you, that heartlessness filled that speech of yours. You do not care for any woman—you have been able to resist, and therefore I pity you—the beauty and grace of Diana—and because of this you sneer at at me, who am in reality more human than yourself."

"Henry, you are verging on the declamatory, and, besides, you again mistake me. What I condemn in you, hear it now plainly spoken, is your wilful blindness. I tell you that, knowing Diana as I know her, I am assured she has no such feeling for you as you force yourself to imagine. You accuse me of heartlessness—just as I once accused the surgeon who attended me on the battle-field of cold-bloodedness, because he did not wince at or heed the groans which sounded all around him, but calmly pursued his task. I am neither heartless nor a sneerer, but I have never seen why one calling himself a man should permit puny troubles to overcome him, as you have been overcome. There you sit, almost crying because a proud, haughty woman will not listen to your doleful, and, to her, very well known tale of immortal affection and undying constancy. And you want me to pity you! I, who have seen men and women bear cheerfully through life the burden of a misery which you have never dreamt of, and sink into the grave

without one plaint, one murmur. Come, rouse yourself, and follow me. A long, swift gallop over the meadows will soon set you right. Come, the horses are pawing outside."

"Then you think there is no chance of her coming in again?"

"Do you want her to waste her time?"

"Waste her time?"

"Yes; she knows right well that whenever she may wish to see you at her feet, she will see you there."

"Oh! I am not so far . . ."

"Sunk? With me, then, and prove it!"

"Yet, if she were to come."

"Stay, idiot, and dance to her tune!"

And Count Rutkay strode out of the room, sprang on his horse, and flew down the avenue.

As his steed's hoofs rang on the pavement before the door, a window above was hastily closed. He glanced round and caught a glimpse of Diana.

"What I expected! Now she will make him pay for me too. And serve him right!"

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II.

COUNT Rutkay was sitting at breakfast the next day, entertaining his friends Von Braünstein and the Marquis de Vieille Roche, when to them entered, unexpectedly, Dr. Harris.

"What a pleasant surprise, doctor. Sit down and join us. But," added the host, noticing the altered countenance of the worthy man, "is there anything the matter?"

"Much, much. Can I speak to you for a few moments alone?"

"Certainly. Step into the next room. Excellency, Marquis, excuse me, in a couple of minutes I shall again be with you."

"Something gone wrong with Mr. Woodville, I presume," said the Marquis, as he poured out the Chambertin.

"I should then be inclined to suggest a lady's name," was the diplomat's answer.

"*Cela va sans dire*, and the Count is put into requisition for the purpose of cooling down the young Englishman."

"May he succeed! He is the only man who, to my knowledge, has neither fallen in love with nor proposed to ——," and the sentence was completed by a knowing wink, and a long draught of wine.

"*Messeigneurs*, permit me to formally introduce to you Dr. Harris, a most learned gentleman and an excellent companion. I neglected to do so at his first entrance, but his anxious appearance made me forget etiquette."

Bows were exchanged all round, and the new comer sat down to table. The breakfast went on now as gaily as before, every one, except the English *savant*, contributing his share to the enjoyment of the party.

At last, to the great relief of one at least, the guests rose to depart. Baron Von Braunstein's carriage whirled him away to Pilnitz—the Marquis sauntered to the café—and the Count, turning to the Doctor, said:

"Now, my dear sir, I think it will be best that you should not return to Moritz Strasse before me, or our young friend will suspect your move. Let me precede you, and return yourself in about half an hour, repairing to your own room without paying any attention to Henry's motions."

The news brought by Dr. Harris was what Rutkay expected. Henry had remained, seen Diana, proposed, and——been rejected. Thus much his tutor had been able to gather; of his movements since then he had not the slightest knowledge. He had returned that morning at about nine o'clock, his horse covered with mud and lather, himself in no better condition, and had immediately sat down to write letter after letter, interrupting himself frequently to walk up and down his room, uttering such horrible groans that poor Harris had taken fright and bolted for Rut-

kay, as people run for the doctor when death approaches, and after they have neglected his advice.

The Hungarian traversed rapidly the distance between his hotel and Woodville's rooms, went up, and was admitted by the valet.

"My master has locked himself in, sir, and won't answer."

"Very good. If any one should enquire for him or for me, say we are gone out."

And the Count strode in and knocked at Henry's door.

"Who's there?"

"Heartlessness."

"Enter and welcome!"

The door flew open, and the two stood face to face.

Rutkay at a glance saw how matters were. His quick eye rested on the case of pistols lying open on the writing-table. Without a word of greeting he crossed the room, locked the case, put the key in his pocket, threw a bottle of laudanum, which he perceived on the mantel-piece, into the fire, walked back to the door, closed it, locked it too, put two arm-chairs opposite each other, and said:

"Sit down."

Henry passively complied.

"Now, tell me all."

And out it all came. The whole story, with its minutest details, was inflicted on the listener, who sat leaning forward in a posture of deep attention. Out it all came. First confusedly, in detached morsels, that—for the clear-headedness of the older man—would never have fitted together; then more rationally, as the scene revived to the young man's recollection—for a few moments very distinctly—again rambling, and escaping into digressions on the fickleness of woman—whereat the Count drew out his cigar-case, lit a Havannah, and lay back in the arm-chair—then more wildly than ever—the narrator rushing about the room and inflicting severe punishment on his hair and nascent

whiskers—then, subsiding into a calmer glow, it ended with a half-sob.

Rutkay rose as Woodville finished his story, put back the key of the pistol-case into the lock, saying:

“You may be trusted now. I shall be back shortly.”

“Don’t leave me. I feel such comfort in your presence. Where are you going?”

“Never mind. Only do me the favour to change your dress—you are shockingly bespattered all over—and restore some order in your papers. Why, there is a regular mess on that table, and the oddest confusion of billets-doux and receipted bills. To while the time till my return you may breakfast—indeed you had better do so, you will bear your troubles more easily—and either take a turn in the gardens or drive for a quarter of an hour. But remember, no more extravagance or noise.”

The Count returned to his hotel, ordered out his horse, and in twenty minutes was at the Beachampton villa.

Miss Beachampton was in the garden and came to meet him. “Papa and mamma are both gone into town, Count, so that you need not dismount.”

“I came to see you, Miss Beachampton.”

“What condescension! Perhaps you will consent to sit in the arbour, then; ’t is very convenient for chatting in this hot weather.”

“Anywhere, provided we are secure from listeners.”

“Now,” said she, looking at him with a comically demure look, “do not take advantage of my solitude to read me a sermon.”

“That I have done with years ago, Miss Beachampton. I only want to tell you a little story, and to ask your opinion of the chief character.”

The grave tone in which this was uttered told Diana that the hopes which, for one instant, had beamed upon her, were futile and groundless.

The pair walked slowly to the arbour—a veritable nest of leaves and flowers, approachable only by one path, and looking as if designed for confidential converse. Diana sat down and made room by her side for Paul, who, however, waved his hand in refusal and leant against the entrance. Thereby his face was thrown into shade, and it was difficult for his companion to read it, even were it to bear another than the fixed and calm expression it now wore.

There was a silence of some moments.

“Well—when do you begin your story?”

“I was hunting for some mode of introducing it; I confess I scarcely know how to commence.”

“Spare me a long preface; of all things I abhor prefaces.”

“Do you? I pass on to Chapter the Third, in that case, and save you all description of my hero or heroine. I will only say that she was beautiful, accomplished, and proud—rich of course, and—as much of course—had lovers. Many lovers, who, as far as my memory serves me, she treated rather coolly when they offered all they had to offer. Some much love, others some love and much gold. I do not blame her for refusing them—I have nothing to do with that, I only relate—she had undoubtedly the privilege of dismissing them. But one trait about her is rather black: she was fond of refusing with marked contempt the very men whom she had previously seemed most to favour. Lord and commoner, wit and booby, soldier, lawyer, squire, all alike shared the same fate. One only saw the danger in time and wisely retreated—not without hurt though, for, in spite of his reserve, she had penetrated the secret of his passion—but with him we shall have little to do. He fled, and recovered.

“But the proud beauty wearied of her home, and quitted it after a time in search of scenes more varied. She came to a lovely town in a lovely land—and as in her own country, all flocked to swell her train. From amidst

that train she selected one, a young man, gay, bright, and happy; ignorant of life, of woman's arts, of the possibility of woman's falseness. Him she bade do her good pleasure, follow her wheresoever she went, anticipate her least wishes; him she fascinated with her beauty, and bound with chains all the stronger for being gilded and wreathed with flowers. He lived on her smiles, on her looks; made himself the willing slave of all her caprices, and fell deeper and deeper into the abyss she prepared for all who presumed to love her."

"Poor girl!"

"Poor boy, you mean. What did she know of deep feeling, of true passion, of passion in any shape?"

Here the speaker stopped for a time, as if feelings too great for words prevented his utterance. Diana looked at him with a long and searching gaze.

"Ah!" thought she, "how blind men are!"

And she, too, mused in silence.

"Well," at last broke in the Count, "this boy ventured to tell her of his love—as others had told of theirs before—and as she had been to all she was to him: pitiless, cold, and cruel. 'Look not for love from me,' said she, after teaching him to believe that his affection was returned."

"'Tis false! False! She never . . . but I interrupt your tale. Forgive me and proceed."

"She *had* encouraged him; she had favoured him more than all those who surrounded her; she had never forbidden him to talk of love, she had listened to his fervent outbursts without once warning him against the inevitable result, and when he came with words of passion, of heartfelt passion on his lips . . ."

"Heartfelt? You are a good advocate, Count."

"I am but a poor pleader, no eloquent one."

"Nay, nay. And what is more, so thor-

ough. Pity you are not also conscientious."

"Miss Beachampton!"

"Oh frown not! I can prove to you that your love for your hero has carried you too far."

"It has not."

"It has. You spoke of heartfelt passion. By your own acknowledgment, Count, you have yourself experienced this, now—answer truly—your hero's folly merits not the appellation of heartfelt, does it?"

"You press me hard, lady."

"But answer, answer."

"If you will it, I say it does."

"Oh fie! That *you* should say so. You who know that it is but the fancy of an hour, fanned into seeming flame by contrary winds."

"You have not yet heard all my tale. When I am done tell me whether even I may not call his passion heartfelt."

"Go on. But I *know* it is not."

This time it was Rutkay's glance that sought the other's face—in vain; Diana had buried it in her hands.

"He left her, maddened by disappointment, a world of misery and wretchedness in his heart; filled with distracting thoughts he dashed away—where he spent that night, no one knew, himself could not say. He had ridden long and fiercely, and, when morn was far advanced, his horse carried him, half insensible, to his home. The consciousness of his blasted hopes, of his rejected love, rose up once more before him. He wrote—scarce in his senses yet—a wild farewell to the mistress of his heart; he thought of his happy English home, and for a time calm returned to him. But only to leave him again desolate. Like one before him, he resolved to die."

Was that a sob that came from the bowed form?

"Already had he prepared the deadly weapons, when one entered—one by name Heartlessness—who drew from him the story

of his woe. Now this one had before lost a friend—sacrificed to the pride of this haughty girl—had before seen one expire in his arms, and breathe with his last breath the name of the woman who had—Oh! I cannot, must not recall this remembrance.”

Again there was silence.

“This man Heartlessness, after he had learned from the broken youth the whole sad story, heard within himself a voice, which he ever had trusted—and the voice told him that the proud girl loved the youth, but that pride alone, or haply some other reason, forced her to destroy his happiness and her own. And without telling the boy, the man came to the proud girl to entreat her to be true to herself, to her love—to spare and be spared. And he told her as well as he might, all the sufferings of the brave youth, and waited her answer—as I now wait.”

With these words, Rutkay bent down towards Diana, and listened for her reply.

How completely was he disappointed if he presumed that it would come in broken, mournful sentences, from a heart utterly stricken, from eyes red with weeping! Diana rose slowly, drew herself up to her full height, and with a voice clear and cold as steel said:

“I do not know what your reason for telling me this melo-dramatic story may be, but as you seem to expect me to answer for her whom you have made your heroine, I will tell you that she sees no necessity for withdrawing her previous refusal; and since she is already so stained with crime as you represent her, she fancies it will be easy to bear the burden of this additional one. As for the ‘poor boy,’ she bids me tell you that you need not distress yourself as you are doing; he will not kill himself. She thanks you for the tender and considerate way in which you have arranged the facts of her life, and does not deny your right to alter them to your own fancy. But she de-

clines the responsibility you would cast on her, and—bids you farewell.”

Wherewith Diana swept out of the arbour, walked down the path, and disappeared at length behind a clump of laurel.

“‘*Vae victis!*’ I am not to be envied. And why too should I insist on her loving some one or another—and pester her as I do! I cannot say that I have given proof of much discretion in this matter. Does she? does she not? How can I tell? Evidently, if she does, it is not that young sprig Woodville. She can see through bluster. As for the poor boy; how pleasant to be called the ‘poor boy’ that way! And as if it were not enough to have offended her once already in England, I must needs seize the earliest opportunity of quarrelling with her here! Idiot! Fool! No wonder she detests me! And yet, if only *she* would, how willingly would I, sign the peace! But these are dreams not fit for me. I must return to my Englishman, and get him to leave this place with me. I must not think of presenting myself again before Miss Diana. So farewell, dear spot where I have seen her; farewell dear flowers—not half so fair as she!”

III.

“‘**T**IS false! False!” cried Henry, passionately, and unconsciously repeating Diana’s own words. “I am sure she *does* love me. They say no one loves fervently but it awakens in another an equal love.”

“Who says so?”

“Everyone, every poet; Byron says it,”

“I have not read Byron for many years; but for all that I might well puzzle you by demanding a passage in support of your assertion. Don’t swear. I dare say you could quote readily enough any amount of ‘Remind me not!’ or of ‘Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me!’ but I object thereto, as it is neither appropriate nor polite.”

"Not appropriate ! I should like to know what is then ?"

" Pardon me, Henry ; but do you mean to say you received from the lady such undoubted pledges of affection as to warrant your raving in this manner ?"

" What you call pledges of affection may not be what she gave me. But look," said the excited youth, upsetting the contents of a desk, and ferretting out a withered flower, " she gave me this."

" Did she ?"

" And what does it mean, but that she loved or pretended to love me ?"

" Do crumpled-up, withered leaves, smelling of patchouli, mean ' I love you, or pretend to love you ?'"

" No ! No ! You unfeeling, cruel brute ! Oh, sir ! I beg your pardon."

" Go on ; I am not offended. You are desperately in love, and at the same time undoubtedly rejected, while I—am merely indifferent."

" These flowers—why she wore them a whole day—the day you met us on your road to Pilnitz ; and she gave me them after you left us so suddenly."

" Still I do not understand that the mere giving you these carried with it such a great avowal."

" But you know not what she said as she gave me them, and which emboldened me to speak to her—how else should I have dared ?"

" Stay. Before you tell me *what* she said, answer me this—was it solely on her gift, and on the meaning conveyed by the words which accompanied it, that you ventured on your rash declaration ?"

" Yes."

" And had she previously said nothing to reveal to you the state of her heart ?"

" No. But, Count, you are contradicting yourself. You remember, or ought to remember, that you deem her heartless."

" Not now. In spite of her firmness, of her impassibility—but this is needless talk.

What were the words that hurried you to your doom ?"

" I dare scarcely repeat them now. As she gave me the flowers she looked at me with a glance in which Heaven seemed to have concentrated all its fires and all its immensity, and said, " I would these were restored to me by somebody." ' By somebody ?' replied I, eagerly. ' Yes ; by somebody I love ?' And after that she was long silent ; indeed said not a word during the whole evening, except when we parted."

" And what did she say then ?"

" " Throw them away ; he will never come, I fear.' But I kept them, and I had resolved to offer them to her when I called yesterday. Would you believe it, I forgot them ! Now, however, they are needless, and therefore away they go !"

Out of the open window flew the faded leaves. Rutkay rose, removed his cigar from his lips, leaned out and watched the fragile parcel fall to earth in the court.

" Safely vanished into space. *A présent.* Having taken your farewell of your souvenirs, let us talk of what your next move is to be. Of course you leave Dresden."

" Of course. But where I shall go I know not. I thought of Algeria."

" Ha ! ha ! ha ! Why not Timbuctoo ? Why, my dear Woodville, do you suppose you will forget Diana in the African solitudes ? No, no. The only place where you can really act on your English Beaumont's advice to

" Fly lonely walks, and uncouth places sad—

Shun no man's speech that comes into thy way ;
Admit all companies"

is Paris. Paris, the lovely ; Paris, the enchanting ; Paris, the centre of the world, as those boastful French repeat. So to Paris ought you to go, or, if not caring to return so speedily to the gay capital, come with me to an almost as beautiful place—Vienna. Thence, if society really lose its charms for you, we can sail down the Danube into my

own country, and I warrant you that once there, in the midst of glorious scenery and unbounded hospitality, you will soon sing, with the divine Milton :

"Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

"I never can, never shall surmount this."

"Am I mistaken, or have you not a song, rather too popular, in your language, ending in every verse with 'never shall be slaves?'"

"What a comparison!"

"I do not see that it is at all a bad one. If you can ride the waves of ocean, why not, too, the storms of misfortune? Come, pluck up heart, and decide. Poor Dr. Harris must be by this time ready to assent to any plan with a glimmering of sense in it—the more joyfully, therefore, to one evidently good."

"I could not go to Paris, or to your Vienna either."

"Why?"

"I want solitude."

"Just what you should avoid. Only I have no doubt—however uncomplimentary this may sound—that you will soon sicken of yourself with nothing but remembrance for company."

"Oh no! I am used to being alone. I love it."

"Do you? Go to Iceland then; I should imagine there would be not much else than solitude in that country."

"No; but I will go to Norway. I have always had a vague hankering after Norway."

"And the salmon fishing? Well go there. And if you do not succeed in curing yourself, write to me, and we will go to Rome together for the winter."

"Will you not come with me now?"

"Truth to tell, I scarcely feel the same devouring anxiety to behold the North. I rather incline to my ancestral halls, which have not seen their owner for nearly four years."

"Travel with me as far as Copenhagen, at least."

"Well, that is feasible. But—," and here the Count stopped short.

"But!"

"Can you leave without saying good-bye to the family at Loschwitz?"

"Oh! I cannot again face her!"

"You must."

"I cannot. Count, will you do me one favour?"

"I am afraid I cannot say 'with pleasure.' I guess what you want."

"Yes. I wish you to bear my farewells to Sir Lionel and his lady, and—and—"

"Enough, Henry. I would rather face a hostile battery alone and unarmed than go up again there to meet—, but for your cousin's sake and yours, I will."

"Thanks, thanks. And when you return I will be ready."

"What! do you mean to go at once?"

"Naturally. Did you expect—"

"Oh! nothing. You are quite right; I strongly approve you. But, in that case I shall have to go at once too; shall I?"

"Pray do. Don't think me unmanly, but I would so like to know how she will take my departure."

"You incorrigible! Still a hope she may relent?"

"Those flowers, you know!"

"Well?"

"She said herself she loves some one."

"Who now won't find it out, for you have thrown away the flowers, and ere this the wind will have wafted them to Bohemia. At any rate, I promise you to go immediately, and to return shortly. I imagine we shall not have a very long interview. Meanwhile, cheer up and pack."

Count Rutkay started very slowly; and more than once was on the point of turning back. But his promise! So he kept on. He kept on, too, pulling out a certain sprig of withered flowers which the breeze had *not* removed from the place where they fell in the court-yard in Moritz Strasse. He reached

the villa. Sir Lionel and his lady had not yet returned, the lodge-keeper said. He entered the avenue, but scarcely went ten yards before he dismounted, led back his horse and gave it into the charge of the porter's son, a healthy, blooming German boy. And instead of directing his steps to the house, he half unconsciously wandered towards the arbour. Nearing it, he perceived some one there—some one leaning over the table, looking intently at something small. What was it made Paul Rutkay leave the path so suddenly, and recklessly tread over flowers, behind shrubs, screening his approach till he gained unnoticed the side of the arbour?

She who was sitting there, gazing at a portrait—his own, he recognized it: 'twas one he had given her when in England—was Diana! No word, no whisper escaped from her lips, pressed tightly together—no sound broke the stillness that reigned in that spot. Rutkay saw revealed to him in one glance the secret of years—a secret that else must have remained dead to all.

Without noise, gently, softly, he slipped round almost to her feet. He knelt, in his hand the withered flowers—the sun shot a glittering beam through the waving leaves—Diana looked up—half rose, and fell into his outstretched arms.

At last!

TO MY WIFE.

BY HON. JOSEPH HOWE,

Secretary of State for the Provinces.

MY gentle wife, though girlhood's peach-like bloom
 Perchance is passing from thy cheek away,
 And though the radiance that did erst illumine
 Thine eye be temper'd by a milder ray;
 And though no more youth's airy visions play
 Around thy heart or flutter through thy brain,—
 Still art thou worthy of the poet's lay,
 Still shall my spirit breathe the lover's strain,
 And, if approved by thee, not breathed perhaps in vain.

E'en as the Painter's or the Sculptor's eye
 Dwells on some matchless vision which combines
 All that they deem of Beauty, ere they try
 By inspiration's aid, to catch the lines
 To deck earth's highest and her holiest shrines,
 So did I oft my boyhood's heart beguile
 With one fair image,—and the glowing mines
 Of Ind would have been freely given the while,
 To bid that being live to glad me with her smile.

But when in maiden loveliness you came,
 Giving reality to all the fair
 And graceful charms that, blent with woman's name,
 Had seem'd too rich for earthly forms to wear,
 Yet stood beside me in the twilight there—
 Then came the agony, to artists known,
 The dread that visions so surpassing rare
 May fade away, and ne'er become their own,
 And leave their hearts to mourn, all desolate and lone.

Thou wert the guiding star whose living beam
 Flash'd o'er Youth's troubled thoughts and vague desires ;
 Something of thee was blent with ev'ry dream
 That fed Ambition's fierce but smother'd fires.
 The gentle fancies Poesy inspires—
 The hopes and fears of Manhood's early dawn,
 That lend their witchery to youthful lyres,
 Were of thy guileless fascinations born,
 And threw their spells around the fount whence they were drawn.

If in my youthful breast one thought arose
 That had a trace of Heav'n, it caught its hue
 From the instinctive virtue that o'erflows
 Each word and act of thine,—and if I threw
 Aside those base desires that sometimes drew
 My spirit down to earth's unhallow'd bowers,
 'Twas when I met, or heard, or thought of thee,
 Or roved beside thee, in those ev'ning hours,
 Beneath the boughs that waved wide o'er your Island flowers.

Thou canst remember,—can'st thou e'er forget,
 While life remains, that placid summer night
 When, from the thousand stars in azure set,
 Stream'd forth a flood of soft subduing light,
 And o'er our heads, in Heaven's topmost height,
 The moon moved proudly, like a very Queen,
 Claiming all earthly worship as her right,
 And hallowing, by her power, the peaceful scene
 Spread out beneath her smile, so tranquil and serene.

Then, as you wander'd, trembling, by my side,
 Gush'd forth the treasured tenderness of years ;
 And your young ear drank in the impetuous tide
 Of early passion—boyhood's hopes and fears—
 Affirm'd with all the energy of tears.

And then Love wove around our hearts a chain
 Which ev'ry passing moment more endears—
 Mingling our souls, as streams that seek the plain,
 Through wastes and flowers to pass, but never part again.

Years have gone by since then—and I have seen
 Thy budding virtues blossom and expand ;
 Still, side by side, amidst life's cares we've been,
 And o'er its verdant spots roved hand in hand ;
 And I have mark'd the easy self-command
 That every thought and movement still pervades—
 The gen'rous nature and the lib'ral hand—
 The glance that gladdens me, but ne'er upbraids,
 And the confiding soul whose faith faints not nor fades.

Like to the young bard's Harp, whose magic tone
 Delights, yet startles, when he strikes the strings,
 And stirs his soul with rapture all its own
 As an unpractised hand he o'er it flings,
 Thy heart was r'nce to me. But now its springs
 Of deepest feeling I have known so long,
 Its treasured stores of rich and holy things,
 Its sweetest chords round which soft accents throng,
 That life becomes to me like one inspiring song.

Nor think, my love, that time can ever steal
 Its sweetness from me. Years may wander by,
 And in their course the frolic blood congeal,
 Or dim the lustre of that hazel eye.
 But, even then, with proud idolatry
 On that pale cheek and wasted form I'll gáze,
 And wander backward to those scenes where I
 Bent o'er them first, in youth's primeval days
 Where memory all her wealth of hoarded thought displays.

The lonely beach on which we often roved,
 And watched the moonbeams flickering on the sea—
 The ancient trees, whose grateful shade we loved,
 The grassy mounds where I have sat by thee—
 The simple strains you warbled, wild and free,
 The tales I loved to read and you to hear,
 With every glance of thine so linked shall be,
 That every passing day and circling year,
 Shall to my faithful heart my early love endear.

I'll paint you as you bloom'd in that sweet hour,
 When friendly faces beamed on every side,
 And, drooping like a frail but lovely flower,
 'Fore God and man you claimed to be my bride :
 Or, as you now, with all a mother's pride,
 Fold to your beating breast your darling child ;
 And thus, though years beneath our steps may glide,
 My fancy still, by mem'ry's power beguiled,
 Shall whisper: Thus she looked—'twas thus in youth she smiled.

July, 1832.

OUR HIGH SCHOOLS.

BY A HEAD MASTER.

IT is the object of the writer of this article to give, in the following pages, a brief historical sketch of the High School System of Ontario, and to discuss its defects. These defects are of such a character that the evils arising from them will increase from year to year, and it is therefore the duty of the Government to seek immediately to remove them as far as that can be done by legislation. This duty it is generally understood they are about to perform, so that a discussion of the subject at this moment will be peculiarly seasonable.

Few general readers, probably, are aware that the High School System of Ontario is older than the Public School System. Such is, however, the fact. As long ago as 1798 an appropriation of wild land was made for the purpose of furnishing a permanent endowment for Grammar Schools. In 1806 an Act was passed granting the sum of £100 currency per annum to a Grammar School in each of the eight districts into which Upper Canada was then divided, and it was not until 1816 that any steps were taken by the Legislature to provide elementary instruction in Common Schools.

It must be remembered, in explanation of this fact, that at the beginning of this century there were but few persons who held the views which prevail at the present time respecting the paramount necessity for the instruction of the masses. The political tendencies of the times, arising from the natural revulsion of feeling excited by the French Revolution, were unfavourable to progress and reform in the New as well as in the Old World, and the peculiar circumstances of the history of Canada, and especially the fact that so many of its early settlers were men who had taken the losing side in the American Revolution, tended to give us the conservative position we still hold on this continent.

Before proceeding further it will be necessary to give explanations of the meaning of certain terms which will occur frequently in the course of this article. Neither the objects aimed at in the different Educational Acts of the Legislature, nor the functions which the different classes of schools have at different times been expected to discharge, have been always the same. This source of confusion was to be

anticipated. But there is another source of confusion to the enquirer into the history of school affairs, namely, that the names of the corresponding classes of schools under the different educational enactments have not remained the same. The schools for the elementary instruction of the masses are at present legally denominated Public Schools. Previously to 1871 they were legally known as Common Schools, and from 1816 to 1841 their legal designation was District Schools. There are at present two classes of superior schools: the High Schools, which are intended to be the finishing schools for the great bulk of the population, and the Collegiate Institutes, which are intended to serve as feeders to the University. Previously to 1871, these two classes of schools were both called Grammar Schools, and previously to 1839 they also were known as District Schools, while before 1816 they appear to have been called Public Schools. The term Grammar School originated at a time when the grammar of the Latin language was the only grammar taught, and therefore denotes a Latin school. In many of the cities of the American Union, however, the term is used to denote a school intermediate between the primary schools, in which reading, spelling, arithmetic, writing, and geography, are taught, and the High School. The distinguishing feature of these Grammar Schools is, that in them the study of English grammar is begun. In England again, the term Public School, which we have adopted for our elementary schools, is used to denote endowed classical boarding schools, such as Harrow, Eton, and Rugby. Throughout this article the terms Public School and Common School will be used as synonymous, and likewise the terms Grammar School and High School.

In 1816 the Grammar School and all the Common Schools of each district were placed under the control of a District Board

of Education. For several years three of the District Grammar Schools, namely those of the Eastern, Midland, and Niagara Districts, situated respectively at Cornwall, Kingston, and Niagara, were distinguished as Royal Grammar Schools, and received an additional grant of one thousand dollars, so that the total Government grant to them was fourteen hundred dollars per annum. It may be presumed that the object of this arrangement was the same as that of the Collegiate Institute clause in the Act of 1871, namely, to provide a few schools in which a respectable classical education could be obtained. These grants were, however, withdrawn about 1830, and the three Royal Grammar Schools were placed on the same footing as the other District Grammar Schools in respect to their Government grant.

With the increase in the number of districts, the number of District Grammar Schools increased, till in 1839 it reached thirteen. In this year the sum of £200 was offered to each district which would raise an equal amount for the erection of a Grammar School building. Also, the sum of £100 was offered for the establishment of a school at four towns in each county, provided that any town applying for this grant should be at least six miles distant from the county town. In consequence there were, in 1854, sixty-four Grammar Schools in twenty-eight counties and unions of counties. Some of these, however, were not equal to average Common Schools at the present time. Twenty-one are reported as receiving pupils unable to read, and thirty-six as receiving pupils unable to write. One did not teach arithmetic; one taught neither Latin, Greek, nor French; six did not teach geometry; eight did not teach algebra; and twenty-three omitted Greek from the programme of studies.

In 1853 an Act was passed which placed the Grammar Schools under the control of the Chief Superintendent of Education.

Among the other noteworthy provisions of this Act were: First, the retention of the division of the Grammar Schools into Senior and Junior County Grammar Schools, which had been established by an early enactment, the Senior County Grammar Schools being those situated in the county towns. Second, the allotment of \$400 per annum to each Senior County Grammar School, and \$200 to each Junior County Grammar School, and the division of the remainder of the income of the Grammar School Fund among the counties according to population. Third, the direction to the Council of Public Instruction to appoint Inspectors of Grammar Schools. Fourth, the prescription of the qualifications of head masters, and of the subjects of study in the Grammar Schools. Fifth, the investing of the Council of Public Instruction with power to prescribe text-books, courses of study, and general rules and regulations for the Grammar Schools. Sixth, the power given to the Boards of Grammar and Common Schools, in any locality, to unite the schools under their charge.

Under this Act the Grammar Schools still remained an independent and disconnected part of the educational system, with no regular arrangements for receiving a supply of trained pupils, and no well established connection with the University, except in the case of a few. The Council of Public Instruction prescribed an entrance examination to be passed by pupils entering the Grammar Schools, but as it was left to the local authorities to enforce it, and no supervision was exercised, it was not enforced, and pupils continued to be received at very early ages. The Act of 1853, indeed, contained a provision intended to draw closer the bonds of connection between the Grammar Schools and the other parts of the educational system, in the well known "Union" clause, which enabled Boards of Grammar and Common School trustees to unite the schools in their charge

under one management, and to provide for regular promotion from the Common to the Grammar Schools. But this clause, owing to the defective operation of another part of the bill, did not have the effect intended. Under this Act the number of the Grammar Schools rapidly increased, but the quality did not keep pace with the quantity. The County Councils were given power to establish new Grammar Schools wherever and whenever they thought fit, provided the state of the Grammar School Fund was such as to enable the Chief Superintendent to set apart the sum of two hundred dollars annually for the new school. By virtue of this power many of the larger Common Schools in towns and villages were nominally elevated into Grammar Schools for the sake of the Government grant, but in reality remained Common Schools. The process of reasoning which led the local authorities to desire the change, may be understood from the following supposed case—a case, however, very near the actual facts in many instances. Suppose that in a given village the trustees are paying the head master of the Common School a salary of \$500. They learn that by paying \$600 they can secure the services of a man legally qualified to act as a Grammar School master. The additional grant to the school as a Grammar School will be at least two hundred dollars. Subtract \$200 from \$600 and \$400 remain, so that there will be a net gain to the municipality of \$100 by having the school erected into a Grammar School. The County Council is applied to and grants the request of the petitioners; a few pupils are put into the Latin grammar to save appearances, and the municipality is saved \$100 per annum of taxation. In many of these schools no pupils ever advanced beyond the rudiments of Latin. The master's time was mainly occupied in doing Common School work, and being frequently an inexperienced young graduate, he did the work less efficiently than his experienced predecessor.

In 1865 the next legislation took place, and in 1865 the number of Grammar Schools had increased to one hundred and four, which is about the present number. By the Grammar School Improvement Act of 1865, the distinction between Senior and Junior County Grammar Schools was abolished; the income arising from the Grammar School Fund was annually apportioned among the schools on the basis of the average attendance of admitted pupils, obtained by dividing the aggregate attendance by the legal number of teaching days, whether the school was kept open every such day or not; a check was put on the creation of new Grammar Schools; and it was enacted that the local authorities should raise by taxation, annually, a sum of money for teachers' salaries equal to one half the Government Grant. The provision with regard to the apportionment of the Government money on the basis of the average attendance of admitted pupils was strictly carried out; and, by a regulation of the Council of Public Instruction, the Grammar School Inspector supervised the admission of pupils and carried a uniform standard of admission from one end of the Province to the other. This was a step in the right direction, but unfortunately it was only one step, and no other steps were taken at the same time. As the Government grant depended on the number of admitted pupils, and not on the progress they made after admission, it became the object of the local authorities to have as many pupils admitted as possible. The consequence was that, in many cases, the masters devoted a very large portion of their time, not to teaching the admitted pupils, but to preparing candidates for admission. Another curious result followed. The examination for entrance to the classical course was easier than that for entrance to the higher English course. In nearly every school there were some girls in attendance. In many schools they formed a moiety of the pupils. Very few of these were equal to the

work of passing the examination for the higher English course, and therefore they were put into Latin and counted as classical pupils.

The non-professional reader, if he have followed me through this somewhat dry account of the history of the High Schools, may feel inclined to ask how it happened that the entrance examination was lower for the classical than for the English course. The explanation is this. The men who prescribed these examinations held the view that it was desirable that those who were to study classics should begin young, and should not be kept out of the Grammar Schools by too severe an examination, while on the other hand the English department of the Grammar Schools should teach only such subjects as were beyond the curriculum of the Common Schools. Their opinions had many arguments to recommend them, but they led to grievous practical results.

Though under this Act the examinations for admission were rendered uniform, yet the business of examining the candidates for admission took up so much of the Inspector's time that he could not properly inspect the work done in the schools.

In February, 1871, the last amendment to our educational code was passed, and among the changes in the Grammar School System caused by, or connected with it, the following are the most important:—The appointment of two Inspectors instead of one; the establishment of Local Boards of Examiners, consisting of the County Inspector, the Head-Master, and the Chairman of the Board of Grammar School Trustees, to admit pupils to the High Schools; the establishment of a distinct class of High Schools to be known as Collegiate Institutes, for the purpose of preventing the decay of classical learning, which it was feared might follow from the operation of some other parts of the new enactments.

How does the present system work? It

is by no means perfect, but yet it would be folly to deny that since 1864 the improvement in the High Schools has been very great. The improvement has, however, been chiefly due to the improved method of inspection introduced by the Rev. G. P. Young. The example set by him of taking up certain points and fearlessly publishing the results of his investigations of the state of the schools in these respects, has been followed with the happiest results. The doubling of the number of Inspectors, in consequence of which each Inspector can thoroughly inspect every school in the Province once in the year, has been very beneficial. But the legislation we have had has not eradicated the abuses of the system, but only changed their character. There is no use in mincing matters. The abuses of the High Schools are as great as they were ten years ago, in spite of the improvement of the schools. The abuses of the Grammar School System have always arisen from the method of apportionment of the Government grant.

Head masters and trustees are but men, and if the conditions on which the money is granted to the High Schools are such that it is the pecuniary interest of the master or the locality to pursue some other object than efficiency, that other object will in nine cases out of ten be pursued. I do not mean to say that the head masters would set before themselves as a conscious aim the Horatian precept,

“rem, facias rem :

Si possis, recte, si non, quocunque modo rem,”

but I do mean to say that the *res augusta domi* of educated men, compelled to live, and in many instances support families, on salaries that averaged \$685 in 1865, has necessarily a very strong silent influence on their modes of thinking and acting. I am far from wishing to convey the impression that High School masters are more deficient in moral backbone than other classes of the community, but it requires no great penetra-

tion to discover that a sort of spinal curvature is apt to affect the moral perpendicularity of the average human being when his financial environment is unfavourable. Under the law as administered from 1853 to 1865 there was a strong temptation to the multiplication of nominal Grammar Schools. In point of fact, the Government offered a bonus for their establishment. By the Grammar School Improvement Act of 1865 that evil was partially checked, but another evil was called into existence and still survives. By the system of distributing the Government grant on the basis of average attendance, it becomes the interest of the local authorities to have as large an attendance as possible of admitted pupils, the consequence being, as I have said before, that the time of many of the masters is devoted to preparatory work instead of to the proper work of a Grammar School. Not only is this still the case, but by the Act of 1871 another abuse has been added to it. By that Act the business of examining the entrance pupils was transferred from the Inspectors to a local board consisting of the County Inspector of Public Schools, the Chairman of the Grammar School Board, and the head master. It was supposed that a Board so constituted would be free from the temptation to admit unfit pupils into the High Schools. They may be above the temptation in some places, but in the majority of cases they simply act as the head master wishes them to act; and, as it is generally his interest that the numbers should be large, very many unfit pupils are admitted. The following account is current among teachers with respect to the admission of pupils at a western school. The examinations, according to a regulation issued in August, 1871, must be in writing. The authorities had decided to admit two or three divisions of pupils from the Public School, and brought them up for examination. But when the answers were examined they were discovered to be very incorrect. The local author-

ities, not wishing to lose the grant of \$18 per head of average attendance, gave the answers back to the pupils, pointed out where they were wrong, made them correct them, then formally examined the corrected answers, and admitted the candidates on the strength of the answers so corrected. The school at which this was done is generally reputed to be a third-class school, but it receives Government money at the same rate as a first-class school. Whether the account given above be correct or not, it is certain that in one year the attendance at the school referred to increased from about 60 to about 260, while there was no improvement in the instruction given. The school in consequence receives about \$3000 more annually from Government than it previously did, and the municipality in which it is situated has been saved just so much taxation. For the same teachers who taught these pupils as Public School pupils now teach them as High School pupils, but instead of being paid from the Public School taxes they are paid from the Government grant for High School purposes.

Another portion of the present law which works badly is the clause relating to Collegiate Institutes. The object of the clause which empowers the Lieutenant Governor in Council to grant to any school having an average attendance of sixty boys in Latin, and employing the whole time of four masters in teaching them, the title of Collegiate Institute, and a bonus of \$750 per annum, is obviously praiseworthy; but as the title and bonus will be lost if the average attendance falls below the required number, the attention of a master whose average is just above sixty is constantly directed to keeping up the numbers instead of improving the condition of the school. The clause has also led to the erection of one or two schools into Collegiate Institutes which have been by no means prominent as classical schools, while some schools which are good feeders to the University have not received

the title and bonus on account of the smallness of their numbers.

The clause is faulty in another respect. It is calculated to make it the interest of the masters of the larger High Schools to give the classical departments of their schools a sort of hot-house culture in order to raise the average attendance in classics, if possible, as high as sixty. In this way the master, who ought to be the exponent of modern culture in the place of his abode, becomes inclined to take a position antagonistic to it, to the manifest injury of education. If he succeeds he will probably increase his salary, but the school will be less beneficial to the country than it was before, for the master will be compelled to continue to discourage the English and scientific course in order to keep up the attendance in classics.

It would be well, I think, to repeal the clause and to enact that Collegiate Institutes should give instruction only in the classical course; that they should be distinct and separate institutions from the High Schools in the same localities; that they should be established at the places in which they now exist, and, on the recommendation of the Council of Public Instruction, at any other places in the Province in which they are or shall be in its judgment required, on compliance with such of the following conditions as affect the local authorities: that two thirds of the original cost of land, buildings, and furniture, should be defrayed by the Government and one third by the municipality in which they are situated; that all subsequent expenses should be borne by the municipality; and that the Government should make an annual grant of \$3000 to each Collegiate Institute, on condition that the local authorities should provide \$1500, annually, exclusive of fees, and pay at least \$5000 for the services of the masters employed. Some such arrangement as the above would make the Collegiate Institutes real feeders to the University, and would ensure the existence of a few good classical

schools, whose existence would moreover be independent of fluctuations in their attendance.

Last August a regulation of the Council of Public Instruction was issued, the main object of which was to secure a uniform entrance examination to the High Schools throughout the Province. It directed the various local boards to hold the examinations on October 10th, and prescribed the method of examination minutely. Sets of questions were to be prepared in Toronto and sent under seal to each school, to be opened at 9 A. M. on the day of examination, so that at the same time throughout the Province the applicants for admission would be engaged in answering the same questions. The answers were to be valued by the local boards and afterwards transmitted to Toronto, along with the values given, in order that the High School Inspectors might test the fairness with which the work had been done, and either allow or disallow the admissions made. The plan was an ingenious one, and was not ill-devised except in one particular. The minimum for entrance was placed at 75 per cent. when 50 per cent. would have been sufficiently high. This, however, may have been an inadvertency, as the Council of Public Instruction afterwards, when it was too late, issued directions to reduce the minimum to 50 per cent. The plan, at any rate, deserved to be tried, but the fates were against it. Before the tenth of October came, the Lieutenant-Governor, by an Order in Council, rescinded the regulation on the ground that in making it the Council of Public Instruction were adding to, not administering, the law. There were whispers at the time about influence brought to bear on the Government by parties whose pecuniary interests were likely to be injuriously affected by the carrying out of the regulation, and in these whispers there was probably a modicum of truth. But though I think so, and though I think that the ef-

fect of rescinding the regulation will be bad though I think that its effect will be to give those managers of schools who are inclined to take advantage of it, full scope to exercise their ingenuity in obtaining an unfairly large proportion of the Government grant, yet I am far from thinking the action of the Government indefensible. The clause in the Act referring to the examinations is, in fact, so obscurely worded as to afford ground for arguments on both sides of the question, and if the Government has, as some think it has, rescinded the regulation with the view of settling the point by legislation, after due deliberation during the session of the Local Legislature, its course is worthy of praise. The question at issue is how far the power of the Council of Public Instruction should be allowed to extend in the way of supervising the examinations for entrance. I think it desirable that they should have the fullest power, but if the law does not confer it on them, the proper course is, not to assume the power, but to alter the law.

The reader who has followed me so far will have noticed that I admit that the intentions of the various Acts which have been passed to improve the High Schools, have been laudable, but that I contend that the provisions of the Acts have not been so framed as to carry out the intentions of the framers.

To what are we to attribute the failure in framing the laws? To the neglect of the subject by Parliament, and its mismanagement by the Education Department. The various measures proposed by the Chief Superintendent have all betrayed a certain crudity and lack of precision which have been fatal to their success. The head of the Education Department, whom I credit with the best intentions, and with the possession of no mean abilities, has often, I fear, been led astray by his hobbies, and by the advice of incompetent subordinates. It is of the utmost importance that the Chief Super-

intendent, whoever he may be, should be provided with competent advisers.

A body has, indeed, been provided to advise, and restrain if necessary, the Chief Superintendent, namely, the Council of Public Instruction. It consists of two classes of members, the members for all purposes, and the members who have a right to vote only on measures affecting the High Schools. This latter class consists of the president of University College and the presidents of all colleges affiliated to the University of Toronto. This class of men, did they attend, would be a valuable element in the Council, if for no other reason, simply because they are educated men, but as they all reside out of Toronto, with, we think, one exception, and as no allowance is made to members for travelling expenses, they are seldom present at the meetings. It is evident, however, that their services can be valuable in only one respect, namely, with reference to the connection between the High Schools and the University, unless, indeed, any of them happen to have an intimate knowledge of the working of the High Schools, derived from observation or experience. The members of the Council of Public Instruction for general purposes, have heretofore been selected with the view of securing the good-will of the stronger religious denominations for the national system of education. In consequence the clerical element has an unfairly strong representation in the Council, while the lay element is illiterate. It is unnecessary any longer to secure the good-will of the various sects for the system of education, as the people will never consent to its destruction, so that the present constitution of the Council renders it absolutely useless for any purpose. It has never served any purpose except the religious one; it does not consist of men able to advise Dr. Ryerson, and it is, therefore, no check at all on bureaucratic mismanagement.

A much better check on bureaucratic mismanagement and defective legislation would be the formation of a sound public opinion,

and the rise of a healthy interest in the subject of superior education. I regard the formation of a tolerably correct public opinion on this and other questions which do not touch the popular heart, though they are of immense indirect importance to the welfare of the State, as one of the most valuable functions of this Magazine. It is a function which can be discharged only by a national periodical. Magazines published elsewhere may satisfy the literary tastes of Canadian readers, but in no foreign magazine can room be profitably made for the discussion of Canadian subjects of local interest. In a new country like Canada, where the exertions of all are devoted to securing their material well-being, it is important that there should be some means of directing public attention to those subjects affecting the national welfare which yet never decide the casting of a single vote at the polls. If the *Canadian Monthly and National Review* succeeds in building up a proper state of feeling in reference to even one of these subjects, it will have bestowed on the country a greater benefit than can easily be repaid.

There is no doubt that there is in the minds of the people of this country an indifference to the subject of High Schools, arising from the opinion that the masses have no interest in them. It is true that they have no direct interest in them, that under the very best system only a very small percentage of the population can ever enter for educational purposes the doors of a High School, but yet it is not the less true that they are of immense indirect importance to the masses. Not only is it of importance that every lad who has the ability to profit by a superior education should have the means of readily obtaining it at hand; not only is it important to the general well-being of a community that it should have in it a body of highly cultivated men; not only are clergymen, lawyers, medical men, and teachers necessary, who must be trained in the High Schools, but the High Schools

are most advantageous in another respect, namely, in giving tone to the lower schools. If the High Schools are put in a thoroughly efficient state, the elementary schools will be immensely better than they are. The boys educated in the High Schools will, as men, be the natural leaders of the communities in which they reside, and must give a tone to everything in them. But it must be unnecessary to convince the readers of this Magazine that, next to the establishment of a system of elementary instruction, nothing can be more important than the efficiency of a system of schools immediately above the elementary ones.

I regard the dormant state of public opinion on the subject of superior education, and its activity with regard to popular education, as the reason why the Public School system of elementary instruction has been better managed than the High School system. For there can be no doubt that the Common School system has been, throughout the length and breadth of the country, a great success, while the Grammar School system has been, in most places, a comparative failure. There are, it is true, many exceptions. There are High Schools well managed, owing to the liberality of the trustees or the zeal of the masters. But it is undeniable that there are cancers in the system still, which must be excised before the whole body can be in a healthy condition.

The greater part of the avoidable evils which have arisen since 1853, have arisen from the injudicious methods of distributing the Government grant which have been adopted. The thirty-seventh section of the Act of 1871 provides that the grant shall be apportioned on the basis of the average attendance of pupils, their proficiency in the various branches of study, and the length of time each High School is kept open as compared with other High Schools. Are these conditions all that should have weight in settling the amount of the annual grant? I think not. Two other conditions should

be added: the quality of the instruction and the quality of the school accommodation. In regard to the first point it does not follow that the proficiency of the pupils will indicate the quality of the teaching. The pupils may not remain sufficiently long at school to benefit by the instructions of a good master, or after a change of masters a poor successor may, for some time, reap the benefit of the labours of a good predecessor. At any rate it is desirable to offer to localities in which, from paucity of numbers and the short period of attendance of the pupils, or from some other cause, there are special difficulties in the way of the improvement of the High Schools, some direct inducement to secure the services of masters who will be likely to bring the schools to the maximum of efficiency attainable under the circumstances. With regard to my second suggestion, I think it desirable that boards of school trustees that go to the expense of providing suitable and sufficient accommodation should feel that this will be directly instrumental in the augmentation of the grant.

The bases of apportionment, therefore, of which I would approve are five: average attendance, proficiency of pupils, quality of instruction, quality of school accommodation, and length of time during which the school has been kept open. The first and last of these bases are easily ascertainable, and it is on them that the apportionment has been made since 1865. Since 1871, when the basis of proficiency of pupils was first recognized, no attempt has been made to act on it from the difficulty of devising a fair method of comparing the different schools. A scheme has been proposed, known as the scheme of "payment for results," which covers the whole ground of the bases of apportionment, and seems likely, if adopted, to work better than any scheme which has yet been suggested. The following is the form of the scheme of which the writer would approve:

Let each Inspector be directed to classify each school he visits, in numbers ranging from six, the highest, to one, the lowest mark, in each of the following particulars :

- (a) Proficiency of pupils in Classics.
- (b) " " Mathematics.
- (c) " " English.
- (d) " " Science.
- (e) " " French and German.
- (f) " " History, Geography, Writing, &c.
- (g) Discipline.
- (h) Quality of Instruction.
- (i) Quality of School Accommodation.

The highest number of marks that any school could receive from one Inspector would be 54, from both Inspectors 108. The lowest number of marks that any school could receive from one Inspector would be 9, from both 18. After both Inspectors have visited all the schools, let them meet, add together their marks, and report them to the Chief Superintendent, who will apportion the money as follows :

Each school having 36 marks or under will receive a grant of \$10 *per caput* of average attendance, and each school having

Over 36 marks, and under 55,	\$15,
" 54 " " " 73,	\$20,
" 72 " " " 91,	\$25,
" 90 " " "	\$30,

per caput of average attendance.

In the preceding draft scheme I have divided the schools into five classes, and proposed to grant the money accordingly. But it would be easy to divide the schools on this principle into a much larger number of classes, and to proportion the differences in the payments to much smaller differences in their actual standing.

There is but one objection to the above scheme, that it puts too much power in the hands of the Inspectors. The objection is a serious one, I admit, but it is not so serious with two Inspectors as it would be with

one. The chances of error from negligence, prejudice, or active antipathy to particular individuals, are considerably lessened where there are two Inspectors. Still, it must be admitted that their responsibility would be great. It would not, however, be greater than that of a judge, and it would probably become with them, as with judges, a point of honour to do justice. The case of examiners is a parallel one, and it is with examiners a point of honour to mark fairly. Granting, however, that the power of the Inspectors would be great, and that it might be abused, the lesson that the whole history of the Government grants to the High Schools teaches me is, that large powers must be entrusted to somebody in order that the full benefit which the country has a right to expect from a large grant of public money may be realized. It will not do to retain the present system. It would be far better to go back to the system of making the grants to municipalities for High School purposes dependent on population or some other standard, the practical application of which could not be affected by the school authorities. The unseemly exertions now made to secure a large Government grant must be stopped, and they can only be stopped in one of three ways : by resorting to some arbitrary principle of apportionment, by the abolition of the grants, or by payment for results.

I may add that the preceding sketch of the scheme, though substantially the same as every sketch that I have ever seen, differs from all in its details. I prefer, however, to put the scheme in the concrete form in which I have put it in order that it may be generally intelligible. The system of payment for results which was adopted and afterwards abandoned as a failure in England, differed in principle from the one proposed above, which is simply a development of a suggestion thrown out by the Rev. G. P. Young. The English scheme required the Inspector to classify every individual pupil

in every school, and was found unfair in practice.

As so much power must be placed in the hands of the Chief Superintendent, it is desirable that his advisory body, the Council of Public Instruction, should be qualified to advise him. A good deal has been said of late years about the desirability of infusing new life into the Council. It was proposed in the Local Legislature, when the Act of 1871 was under discussion, to introduce representatives of the High School masters, the Public School masters, and the County Inspectors into the Council, but the motion was lost. The question has been frequently discussed in the Ontario Teachers' Association. There is one great difficulty in the way of all attempts to improve the *personnel* of the Council of Public Instruction, the difficulty of finding men not engaged in instruction who possess the requisite education, acquaintance with teaching, and knowledge of the requirements of the country, to fit them for a seat in the Council. For it would, in my opinion, be exceedingly injudicious to place a teacher engaged in the exercise of his profession in the Council. He would have a voice in the appointment of his own Inspectors, would have access to the private reports of the Inspectors, and would be in a position to obtain information which might give his school an unfair advantage over others, and he might assist in passing measures which would be for his personal interest. Notwithstanding the difficulty of finding suitable men, I am strongly in favour of an elective element in the Council. I would propose the election of one member, not a teacher or Inspector in actual employment, by each of the three bodies mentioned above, the High School masters, the Public School masters, and the County Inspectors. These members should not hold office for

life as the present members of the Council do; but their term should be limited to say three years, and they should be eligible for re-election. There would thus always be members of the Council who would make it their business to ascertain how any proposed measure would affect their constituents, and who would feel bound to understand the regulations that were proposed. It may very reasonably be doubted whether at the present time all the members of the Council, or indeed many of them, have any clear idea of the objects and probable effects of proposed measures. The elected members would all be men of some ability, and would add not a little weight to the Council. It would be desirable, in the event of any change in its constitution, that provision should be made for the payment of the travelling expenses of those members who do not reside in Toronto.

In a perfect school system it ought to be made the interest of every master to direct his energies to teaching to the best of his ability those entrusted to his care. He should not be tempted to reflect that if he can push this boy into the High School, or if he can induce him to study Latin, his salary will be increased by so much per annum. His interest should be solely in preaching and practising the gospel of human culture. A new pupil should be to him a bundle of undeveloped potentialities which are to be developed to the best possible purpose for the possessor—not for the master. It rests with society to see that the masters are put into such position that their duty and their interests shall coincide. In order that the educational mill may grind well let the millers be paid better for flour than for bran. Bran enough, indeed, will always be furnished for nothing.

HORACE, OD. III. 21.

“O nata mecum consue Manlio.”

My good contemporary cask, whatever thou dost keep
 Stored up in thee—smiles, tears, wild loves, mad brawls or easy sleep—
 Whate'er thy grape was charged withal, thy hour is come; descend;
 Corvinus bids, my mellowest wine must greet my dearest friend.
 Sage and Socratic though he be, the juice he will not spurn,
 That many a time made glow, they say, old Cato's virtue stern.
 There's not a heart so hard but thou beneath its guard canst steal,
 There's not a soul so close but thou its secret canst reveal.
 There's no despair but thou canst cheer, no wretch's lot so low
 But thou canst raise, and bid him brave the tyrant and the foe.
 Please Bacchus and the Queen of Love, and the linked Graces three,
 Till lamps shall fail and stars grow pale, we'll make a night with thee.

 HORACE, OD. III. 13.

“O Fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro.”

Spring of Bandusia, crystal clear,
 Worthy this cup of votive wine,
 And these first blossoms of the year,
 To-morrow shall a kid be thine.

Yon kid, whose horns begin to bud
 And tell of love to be, and fight,
 Is vain! The little wanton's blood
 Is doomed to dye thy streamlet bright.

The sultriest summer's burning ray,
 Taints not thy virgin wave, and dear
 Is its cool draught at close of day,
 To wandering flock and weary steer.

Thou too shalt be a spring renowned,
 If verse of mine can fame bestow
 On yonder grotto ilex-crowned,
 From which thy babbling waters flow.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP OF AN OLD STAGER.

IT is difficult to describe or explain the charm which things theatrical, the life behind the scenes, and those who live it, have for the general public, but certain it is that few subjects are more sure of finding readers than theatrical gossip. The wit of the green-room is so witty, its absurdities are so absurd, and its objects so exceptional, that the outside world is always ready to share the secrets and fun of the foot-lights. Besides there is the natural curiosity to know how those Shadrachs, Meshachs and Abednegos of ours, who pass nightly through the burning fiery furnace of public opinion, live in the daylight; whether they eat, drink, sleep and talk like other folk; what manner of men and women they are in private life.

A contribution has just been made towards satisfying this curiosity. J. R. Planché—a name familiar and dear to old country play-goers—has just published a couple of volumes of * “Recollections and Reflections,” full of the chit-chat supplied by his own long experience, which dates back as far as the peace of Amiens, celebrated in the April of 1802, and recalls the brilliant London illuminations which honoured that hollow farce.

Riding round the drawing-room in Sackville Street, London, on the gold-headed cane of its owner, Charles, 4th Duke of Rutland, whose duchess was extremely friendly with his mother, young Planché was in a fair way to have led his regiment at Waterloo, an ensign's commission being offered by His Grace for the boy, said boy then ætat. 4, remembering no more of the circumstance than that His Grace was “a fine tall young man of three or four and twenty, wearing a blue-tailed coat with gilt buttons, buckskin breeches and top boots.” The offer was not accepted, and a dramatist was thus preserved

* London: Tinsley, Brothers.

from being made food for powder. The *cacoëthes scribendi* set in with him early, and in company with other boys of similar tastes, one of whom is the present Chief Baron of the Exchequer in England, he wrote and acted plays, and at ten years old was already poet and dramatist; while at twenty-two, having strutted his hour on many an amateur stage meanwhile, a play of his, his first-born, was actually accepted for the boards of old Drury. By its success “Amoroso, King of Little Britain,” decided the career of its author, and with its hundred and seventy successors, placed him in intimate connection with the stars of the dramatic and literary world of the past half century. There were giants in those days when young Planché first went to the play-houses. Mrs. Jordan, the beautiful and witty, was before the public. George Frederick Cooke was playing Iago to Pope's Othello. John Kemble was electrifying the world with his wonderful impersonation of Macbeth, with Mrs. Siddons in the rôle of Lady Macbeth. Of her Planché writes: “Her whole performance impressed me with an awe that, when I met her in society, several years afterwards, I could not entirely divest myself of.” Mrs. Powell succeeded to the post held by Mrs. Siddons, a beautiful woman too, and with a wit as pungent as could be desired of a green-room toast. She was twice married, but for family reasons concealed her second marriage. An actress in the Covent Garden company, who bore the title of “Mrs.” by courtesy rather than of right, one night said before a crowded company with considerable malice—“Mrs. Powell, every body says you're married.” “Indeed!” retorted Mrs. Powell coldly; “everybody says you are not.” Those were the days of green-room wit and humour. All the chief writers, wits, and men of fashion and position, had

the *entrée*, and the green-rooms of the great London theatres were the most delightful resorts in town. The etiquette was severe. No visitor was allowed to enter who was not in full evening dress. The principal actresses each had her page waiting in the corridor to pick up her train as she issued from the green-room to make her entrance upon the stage, and everything was conducted upon courtly and drawing-room principles; only the result was vastly more amusing than the principles. Stephen Kemble, brother to the great Kemble, was at Drury Lane when Planché made his bow to the green-room belles and beaux; a man whose obesity was so great that he played Falstaff without stuffing! Enormous prices were paid for the rental of the big theatres. In 1821, when Elliston, the best general actor of his own or after days had Drury Lane, he was paying the sum of £10,200 per annum for rent, and in his company were Charles Young, Macready, Liston, and Miss Stephens. It was necessary that some one should "draw" under such circumstances. Admirers and detesters of the sensational school of play writing may be interested to learn that Planché himself, now some fifty years ago, brought out the first "sensation effect" scene on the English stage. The play was "Kenilworth," and by means of a "dummy figure," Amy Robsart was made to follow the text of the novel, and fall headlong down the trap set by Varney, in the face of the audience. The thrill of horror they felt was also a thrill of satisfaction, and the "sensation" "took" immensely. In these days, thanks to that first start, we shall soon have real murders, authenticated suicides, actual poison, and genuine executions. Of course, as the "sensation" is all that is required, our actors will be taken from the condemned cell straight; the only point is that we shall have to widen the net of our criminal law, so as to keep up the supply of histrionic talent.

To Mr. Planché the world is largely in-

debted for having been the first to notice and remove the barbarisms of the stage in the matters of costume and scenic detail. Garrick had been content to play Brutus in a bag wig, and Macbeth in a gold lace suit; while King Lear, in common with other plays founded on English history, was performed in the costume of the Elizabethan period. The sympathy of Kemble having been enlisted in the cause, King John was, after infinite trouble and research, produced with appropriate surroundings, armour and costume. The audiences were delighted, the house filled, the receipts increased immensely, and the first blow was struck at slovenly stage-mounting.

In 1826 one of the greatest of the world's lords of song, Carl Maria von Weber, wrote his opera "Oberon" for Covent Garden. It was his swan-song—his last. Planché was engaged to write the libretto, Weber having chosen the subject himself. As the great composer was at Dresden, the necessary conferences took place by means of letters, in an early one of which he writes, "I thank you obligingly for your goodness of having translated the verses in French; but it was not so necessary, because I am, though yet a weak, a diligent student of the English language." In another letter he says, "Russia, Sweden, Holland, France, Scotland, and England, have brought on the boards my performances without their being entitled to it; for my works have not been printed; and though I do not value money to take notice of it, the world forces me at last." Poor Weber! his was too great a soul to be vexed with the copyright question. He apologises for this plaint on the score that "poets and composers live together in a sort of angels' marriage." Criticism in England must have been in a poor way at this time. Weber's "Freischütz," which had come out just before, was only saved from condemnation by its "Huntsman's Chorus" and its general *diablerie*, the exquisite melodies in it being compared by musical critics to

"wind through a key hole!" "Oberon" came out with Madame Vestris, Miss Paton, Mrs. Keeley, Fawcett, and the greatest of English tenors, Braham, in the cast. The exquisite "Mermaid Song" was being sung at a full rehearsal, and the effect not being satisfactory, Fawcett cried, "That must come out!—it won't go!" Weber, who was standing in the pit, leaning over the back of the orchestra, being very feeble, shouted, "Wherefore shall it not go?" and, leaping over the barrier, snatched the baton from the conductor, and led the song himself. It is needless to say that it *went*. Braham afterwards being asked by Cooke, leader of the orchestra at Drury Lane, how "Oberon" was going on: "Magnificently!" said he, "it will run to the day of judgment." "My dear fellow," rejoined Cook, "that's nothing! ours has run five nights after!" One more anecdote of Weber should have place. At the rehearsal of his last concert, the chorus began to sing a certain prayer at the top of their lungs. Weber hushed them in a moment, exclaiming, "If you were in the presence of God Almighty you would not speak loud."

Planché tells a capital and hitherto unrecorded witticism of Tom Hood's, with whom he was dining at a party where one of the guests told wonderful stories as to his shooting. At the close Hood quietly remarked:

"What he hit is history,
What he missed is mystery."

In his last illness, being reduced almost to a skeleton, he noticed a large mustard poultice which Mrs. Hood was making for him, and exclaimed, "O, Mary! Mary! That will be a great deal of mustard to a very little meat!"

Going behind the scenes of the Coburg theatre one night, after being much struck with the merits of one scene, Planché complimented the manager on his artist. The answer was that the scene was painted by two boys, one of the boys, whom they discovered playing at leapfrog, was the afterwards re-

nowned Clarkson Stanfield, R. A., perhaps the greatest of our scenic artists.

The inauguration of the "Garrick" Club in 1831 was the means of gathering to one centre an unrivalled coterie of wit and talent, and the club-room took, to a great extent, the position once held by the green-room. Of titles and London swelldom generally there was no lack, but the charm of the place lay, of course, in the presence, as members, of the bright particular stars of the literary, artistic, and theatrical firmaments. Amongst the early members were James Smith, Poole, the witty author of Paul Pry, and Charles Mathews, the elder; while later on came the Rev. Richard Barham,— "Ingoldsby Legends" Barham—Theodore Hook, Thackeray, Charles Dickens, and a host of others, all men of mark. Hook and Planché were intimates despite the difference in their ages. Planché was present at a dinner given by Horace Twiss, where Hook, being pressed to sing one of his extemporaneous songs, agreed, saying that the subject should be John Murray (the great publisher), who was present. Murray objected, and a chase ensued round the room, in the course of which Hook let off his verses, commencing as follows:

"My friend John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,
And the wonder is, at this time of night, that John Murray is able.
He's an excellent hand at a dinner, and not a bad one at a lunch,
But the devil of John Murray is, that he never will pass the punch."

Thackeray at this time was a "slim young man, rather taciturn, and not displaying any particular love or talent for literature," but whose taste for sketching and caricaturing led him to cover the blotting pads of the club, and every available scrap of paper, with the most amusing specimens of his ability.

The non-engagement of Madame Vestris at Covent Garden was the cause of her taking on herself the cares of lesseeship at the

Olympic, and, in conjunction with Planché, inaugurating that brilliant series of productions which has handed her name and his down as the most tasteful of managers and the most brilliant of play-writers. How charming a contrast to the dull prose of one of our heavy courtesy dinners must have been a dinner the veteran describes with Bunn, where the party consisted of Malibran, De Beriot, and Thalberg, and where Malibran sang "notes" to Thalberg's improvised melodies, De Beriot accompanying on the violin. Then came an original performance of De Beriot's, in imitation of a Frenchwoman who had danced on the tight rope whilst playing the French horn. De Beriot with a bunch of keys tied to the strings of his violin, going through the performance on a chalk line drawn across the carpet, till a lovely summer morning found them all sitting out in the garden eating mulberries! Cliquot and Chateau Margeaux, Lafitte, and the vintage of '49, make poor weight against such good company. Poor Malibran! her early death was a great loss to English opera. When she was dissatisfied with the libretto of Bunn, who composed a libretto for her, she would send her music to Planché with the expressive notice "Betterer words here." In the March of '33 Planché saw Edmund Kean's last performance. He was acting Othello to the Iago of his son Charles, and having given the fine speech terminating with "Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone!" seizing Iago, as his use was, by the throat, he had scarcely uttered the words "Villain! be sure—" when his voice died away, his head sank upon his son's breast, and the curtain fell on the great tragedian.

It was a great victory for the right of brain to its own productions when in '33 the Royal assent was given to the Dramatic Authors' Act, and through the exertions of Planché and others, English dramatic authors were placed upon the footing of their continental brethren. The

vexed question of copyright is still a vexed question, but the injustice does not now exist which has left the families of Douglas Jerrold, Robert and William Brough, Mark Lemon, and hundreds of others in poverty, and the brain-work of a life is allowed to rank as a provision for the future as much as its physical work.

As this century went on new faces appeared on the horizon for the entertainment of the world, and new wits sprang up, amongst whom came the poet Rogers and his accomplished friend Luttrell. Of the latter a brilliant *mot* is told. Accepting a verbal invitation to dinner, he said "Who is going to dine there?" The answer was, "I believe the Bishop of — for one." "The Bishop of —!" exclaimed Luttrell. "Mercy on me! I don't mix well with the Dean, and I shall positively effervesce with the Bishop." Amongst the many associations of his busy life there was one which will be a source of regret to many, and to Planché himself must be one of the greatest annoyance and pain. In '38 he received an invitation to write an opera for Mendelssohn, and went so far as actually to write it; but when submitted to the great composer, he failed to feel himself in harmony with the plan or the character of the piece, and after a long series of letters, in which he expresses strong admiration of the poetry of the work, the negotiation fell through. There is one point of good about members of the "sock and buskin" order "which nobody can deny"—the ready, open-handed generosity with which they combine for the purpose of assisting an unfortunate brother or sister. Perhaps it is the consciousness of a Damocles' sword of failure which impends over all members of the profession, from the highest to the lowest, that makes them kind. Or is it that but few know the petrifying action of wealth upon the heart? The widow and children of Thomas Haynes Bayley were plunged into distress by the death of the "bread-winner," and a perfor-

mance was got up at Drury Lane for their benefit, in aid of which figure the names of Theodore Hook, Captain Marryat, and Miss Burdett Coutts. Of a thrifty soul whose aid was meagre and parsimonious, Hook wrote: "I have often heard of the golden *mean*. I now know what it is." The last few years of the famous old veteran, Thomas Dibdin, were cheered by the proceeds of an annual dinner got up by the Hon. Edmund Byng, at Evans' hotel, on his behalf. The following note from the poor old man, then just upon seventy, shows his appreciation of the kindness done him:

"Dear Sir,

"If words could express genuine thanks, you should have a specimen of more than common eloquence from a pen that can only plainly acknowledge your repeated and persevering kindness, exhibited on the birthday anniversaries of

"Dear Sir,

"Your truly obliged servant,
"THOMAS DIBDIN.

"King Street, March 24, 1839.

"R. PLANCHE, Esq."

The Roman augurs could never meet without smiling; the same freemasonry would seem to exist between actors. Munden, whenever he met Planché in the street, used to get astride his great cotton umbrella, and ride up to him like a boy on a stick. Meadows would seat himself on the curbstone opposite Planché's house in London; with his hat in his hand like a beggar, and remain in that attitude till one of the family threw him the beggar's dole of a halfpenny. Wallack and Tom Cooke would gravely meet, remove each the other's hat, bow ceremoniously, replace it, and pass on without exchanging a word, to the astonishment of the beholders. Sheridan Knowles was *the* eccentric of his time, and numerous are the anecdotes told of him. The following is no bad sample of his frequent absence of mind: Seeing O. Smith, the melo-dramatic actor, on the opposite side of the Strand, Knowles rushed across the road, seized him by the hand and enquired after his health. Smith, who only knew him by sight, said,

"I think, Mr. Knowles, you are mistaken; I am O. Smith." "My dear fellow," cried Knowles, "I beg you a thousand pardons; I took you for your *namesake* T. P. Cooke!" Of all literary men, poor Leigh Hunt, gentle, affectionate, simple-hearted as he was, was, perhaps, the most loved by his friends of any author, and Planché pays a just tribute to his memory. The following is a characteristic extract from a letter written by him in '46, on the occasion of the death of Planché's wife, to the bereaved husband:

"We shall all see one another in another state—that's the great comfort; and there too we shall understand one another (if ever mistaken,) and love and desire nothing but the extreme of good and reason to everybody. Nothing could persuade me to the contrary, setting even everything else aside, were it only for the two considerations—that the maker of love must be good, and that in infinite space there is room for everything."

It is no longer necessary for one to be an octogenarian to be a sharer in many of Planché's "recollections" at this date; the names we now come across are those familiar enough to most of those of us who hail from the white cliffs. Miss P. Horton (now Mrs. German Reed,) Alfred Crowquill, Mons. Jullien, whose monster promenade concerts drew so successfully, and our great tenor, Sims Reeves, who took the town by surprise at this date, and has held the lead, *facile princeps*, ever since, are names which are easily associated with personal recollections. Planché produced a long line of the most charming extravaganzas at the Lyceum, whose scenic wonders were created by William Beverley, then new to the public, but now long acknowledged as at the head of his profession, and the public taste went wild in favour of exquisite stage pictures, upholstery, and the *mise en scène*, till the mounting of the play was the consideration, and the drama itself became merely a peg on which to hang the pretty pictures. Twenty years have only strengthened this feature of the public taste, and the Herods of those days are out-Heroded in the mat-

ter of lavish expense in the get-up of a play. Those were the palmy days of pantomime when Bologna was Harlequin, Barnes the Pantaloon, and Grimaldi, the inimitable, the prince of Clowns, was clowning it to crammed houses at Sadler's Wells; but the pantomime of these degenerate days are very different matters. Is the world getting too old for the red hot poker of Grimaldi's time, or is the poker getting too old, "stale, flat and unprofitable" for the world? It probably shows a weak mind, but there are people who hold that the lovely fairy scenes, to which Planché, by the way, was the first to introduce us, are preferable to the poker; but then these are not days of simplicity, and Grimaldi himself would be yawning at or worse.

These later years of theatrical reminiscence, though they deal with some great actors and a very widely extended experience, are not yet distilled of their anecdotal treasures. It is only when a man dies that the world cares to hear much about his personal peculiarities, and the friends of the days of his flesh begin to grub up their divers items of gossip and scandal about him, or to overhaul their budgets of old letters

for specimens of his powers of domestic composition; and may such attentions be yet far removed from the names of those bright links of the present to the past, in things dramatic, whom we have yet amongst us.

Apart from purely theatrical and literary gossip, there is an immense fund of information and interest in Planché's "Recollections." He may be fitly styled the father of the drama of the present day. It is to his able guidance that we owe the present accuracy of detail in matters historical on the stage; the exquisite perfection to which scene painting has been brought is due to his taste; while, as we have incidentally observed, the dramatic author owes to him that just recognition of the dues of his brain productions, which gives him the fruits of his own works. As for his "Recollections," the revelations of such a memory as his are a reflex of the past, and his pages are a magician's mirror in which the great ones of by-gone times come before us "in their habit as they lived," and we learn to know our departed heroes with the intimacy of personal friendship.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

(From "The Ministry of Song.")

A PEARL-STREWN pathway of untold gladness,
Flecked by no gloom, by no weary sadness,
Such be the year to thee!

A crystal rivulet, sunlight flinging,
Awakening blossoms, and joyfully singing
Its own calm melody.

A symphony soft, and sweet, and low,
Like the gentlest music the angels know
In their moments of deepest joy;
Mid earth's wild clamour thy spirit telling
Of beauty and holiness, upward swelling,
And mingling with the sky.

A radiant, fadeless Eden flower,
 Unfolding in loveliness hour by hour,
 Like a wing-veiled seraph's face ;—
 Such be the opening year to thee,
 Shrouded though all its moments be,
 Unknown as the bounds of space.

Blessings unspoken this year be thine !
 Each day in its rainbow flight entwine
 New gems in thy joy-wreathed crown ;
 May each in the smile of Him be bright,
 Who is changeless Love and unfading Light,
 Till the glory seem to thy transcéd sight
 As heaven to earth come down.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE leading topic of our last paper was the Jesuit movement in the Province of Quebec. This movement, which has already produced the political revolution indicated by the fall of Sir George E. Cartier, and which threatens materially to affect the character of the Province and its relations to the other Provinces, is still the most important of Canadian topics, while its connection with a similar movement in all Roman Catholic countries raises it to the higher level of a subject of universal interest. Since we last wrote, the Jesuits have received a check in the refusal of the Pope to sanction the erection of a Jesuit University in Montreal, in opposition to the national and comparatively liberal University of Laval. But we strongly suspect that this check will prove merely temporary. The interests of the Papacy are completely identified with those of the Jesuits, and the fear of giving offence to the national church and hierarchy of Quebec will cease to restrain when Jesuit arts have made further progress among the people. The declaration of Infallibility and the Syllabus are the definitive

triumph of Jesuitism in the Church of Rome, and the logical consequences will everywhere ensue.

The ultimate aim of Jesuitism is, as it has always been, the extinction of freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, political liberty ; in a word, of that modern civilization from which, according to Pius IX, " come so many deplorable ills, so many detestable opinions ; which even countenances faiths that are not Catholic, which does not repel unbelievers from public employments, and which opens the Catholic schools to their children." Of the manner in which the Jesuits set about their work in a free country, and prepare, as it were, to strangle liberty with a cord woven by liberty herself, we have a striking example in the case of Belgium, the vaunted land of young constitutional freedom, which appears to be fast sinking under the fatal domination of this hydra. Our authority—and we could not have a better—is the eminent publicist Emile de Laveye, who has published a paper on the subject in the cosmopolitan *Fortnightly Review*. The first step is to get

hold of education. Already in Belgium, the institutions for securing a superior instruction belonging to the clergy number twice as many pupils as those of the State. The Ultramontane party being in power will give all the professorial chairs to men devoted to Ultramontane ideas. The parish schools for primary instruction have been clericalized by subjecting them to priestly inspection. The young ladies are brought up in convents, the daughters of the poor by the Sisters of Mercy. When the Ultramontanes have renewed, according to their own wishes, the staff of the schools and Universities of the State, they will be masters of the education of all classes; and as M. de Laveleye observes, he who is master of education is master of the future. Convents, another great instrument of ecclesiastical domination, are multiplying with such rapidity that they will soon absorb a large portion of the wealth of the community and of the influence attached to it. They are invading town and country alike. In large cities they occupy whole quarters. They erect magnificent buildings, but they invest the bulk of their wealth in shares and bonds so as to escape notice. In the twenty years preceding 1866 their number had nearly doubled, and the rate of increase has not slackened since that time. It is reckoned that there must be two convents to every three parishes, and soon every parish will have its own. There are laws restricting incorporation, but these laws are evaded, and, as soon as the Ultramontanes have grasped power, will be repealed. An attempt to repeal them was made by an Ultramontane ministry in 1859. The liberals of the cities then made demonstrations which compelled the withdrawal of the bill. "But," says M. de Laveleye, "the Ultramontane party will no longer tolerate such manifestations; it will employ armed power to repress them as it wished to do last November; it will sweep the citizens aside by grapeshot, and profiting by the terror inspired by a bloody

massacre of this sort, it will stamp out the last elements of resistance." The pulpit is systematically used for political purposes; attacks are incessantly fulminated from it in the name of the liberal party and their principles, they are denounced as without faith, immoral, and instinct with all the criminal propensities of the monsters of the French Revolution. As the elections approach, none but political sermons are preached. If a tavern or a café in a village ventures to receive a journal not approved of by the clergy, it is marked as a bad house, and loses character and custom. "The effect of this interdict is terrible; not a soul in the village dare resist the anathema. The apprehension of being denounced from the pulpit fills everybody with dread, and breeds a readiness to absolute submission." In proof of this M. de Laveleye mentions that in a village in the environs of Ypres, a few liberals used to meet once a week in a tavern to read a newspaper which one of them received privately. The priest got intelligence of it, patrolled with his breviary before the tavern at the appointed hour, and not one of the liberals ventured to enter. The confessional is an agency of still greater power. Absolution is refused to subscribers to liberal newspapers, even though the newspapers never touch on religious questions. In the confessional the Jesuits obtain from mothers of families that their sons shall be sent to Jesuit places of education. By the same means legacies for the endowment of congregations and the foundation of new convents are secured. The influence has been intensified by a system of confessional tickets, failure to be provided with which entails clerical wrath, with loss of customers and connection. What is still more sinister, and menacing to the very life of the community, the clergy, as M. de Laveleye asserts, begin to use the confessional as the means of obtaining decisions conformable to their interests from the judges. If a magistrate shrinks from deciding in the interest

of the Church, absolution is refused to him, and by this means the clergy will soon have the judiciary at their disposal. M. de Laveleye cites a recent case which he says made a considerable stir. A magistrate, M. Iveins, had decided in favour of the town of Ypres against a church fabric which claimed the property of a certain Lamotte endowment. Last Easter the vicar of the parish wrote to the magistrate that if he did not withdraw his decision and apologize for his fault, absolution would be refused to him. The magistrate complained to the (Ultramontane) Minister of Justice, who advised the Bishops to hush up the affair. What the Jesuits are doing with the judiciary they may also do in course of time with the executive, and the days may return in which a Jesuit confessor dictated to Louis XIV the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. When the elections are approaching the priest is actively at work. He visits his parishioners and enjoins them under spiritual penalties to vote for the candidate of the church. He addresses himself especially to the wife and daughters, and by speaking of refusal of the sacrament and eternal damnation, frightens them into procuring from the husband a vote pleasing to God and his ministers. The bishops publish mandates directing the elections, and the priests are beginning to follow their example. The clergy are learning to make a bold use of all the instruments of political agitation. They have electoral clubs, hold mass meetings, and send out addresses. They march at the head of their flocks of voters to the polls. They are setting up clerical associations for skittles and archery, the members of which are supplied with beer and tobacco at a low price. They are organizing conventual workshops to which they hope to attract the artizans. The aristocracy and the great landowners, who, in Belgium as well as in other countries, belong to the party of reaction, draw with them a multitude of dependents. "The interference of the priests in marriage

also gives them an ascendancy over many families. If a young man wishes to marry a rich heiress, he has only to get himself recommended by the dictator of conscience. The latter says to the mother that the young man is religious, has a good character, and is cut out for family life, and such testimony, coming from so high an authority, exerts an influence that is decisive."

"It would take a volume," proceeds M. de Laveleye, to describe all the means of influence that the clergy set to work. The fact is, that they have made themselves masters of the country. In the election of the 11th of June last, out of nineteen arrondissements which had to elect deputies, nine only fought for the liberals. In the ten others the liberal party abstained. When the clergy have once won an electoral college, the pressure which they exercise is so strong that candidates are no longer to be found. This is the case nearly throughout Flanders. At present, in all the Flemish part of the country, comprising something like half the total population, there are no more than two liberal representatives, and they only keep their places by virtue of their personal popularity." Thus Belgium, with all her constitutional liberties and all her hopes, is on the very point of being strangled by Jesuitism. For the final object, as M. de Laveleye says, in terms substantially identical with those we have used, "is, and must be, the restoration of the régime which the Vatican declares to be the only legitimate régime; in other words, that which once existed in Spain, at Naples, and at Rome itself."

The same process appears to be going on in Italy, where the priests, supporters of despotism while despotism can be supported, and moral gaolers of the dungeons of Naples, have now received the order from the Vatican to assume the part of the demagogue and throw themselves into the elections; and where a cry of anguish at the growing ascendancy of Jesuitism bursts

from the lips of Garibaldi. In the case of the State of New York, we on this side of the Atlantic have already had a specimen of the manner in which Jesuitism operates and compasses its ends, even in the most democratic communities of the New World. There, the Ultramontane party allied itself with Tammany and the New York Ring, receiving, as the price of its support, a large annual subsidy out of the State revenues, contrary to the fundamental principles of the Constitution, for the promotion of sectarian objects. Nor did it abstain from manipulating the judiciary, through the means which the calamitous system of electing the judges placed, it may be said legally, in its hands.

The danger, for the time, to all communities in which there is a strong Roman Catholic element, and in which the Jesuit has any footing, is great. Finally, of course, truth, morality, science, and civilization will prevail. That flood out of which modern society emerged with throes so terrible and volcanic, will cover the earth no more. In vain, in centuries gone by, the Jesuit laboured to rear again the throne of falsehood on court or cabinet intrigue; in vain he will labour to rear it on popular ignorance, the superstition of the masses, and woman's weakness, now. No really leading mind in philosophy, in science, or in any other department of intellect, has yet been seduced or terrified into abjuring its allegiance to the God of Truth. The nearest approach to such a case is the conversion of Dr. Newman, whose understanding is rather subtle than strong, who was bred at Oxford, and who, moreover, it is evident, has never been thoroughly incorporated and trusted by the Church of Rome. But for the time, we repeat, the danger is great. So thinks Prince Bismarck, though he meets it, as he has met every danger, with a strong heart and a strong hand.

The silence of our party organs on the subject probably arises from the political

connections which both parties have formed with Romàn Catholicism, and which will, no doubt, throw them into the same ludicrous and ignominious perplexities on the question of the Jesuit University, should it come before Parliament, as they did on the question of the New Brunswick schools. But an irrepressible conflict is at hand, and one which will not be averted by tricky amendments or double-faced manifestoes. The *Parti National*, which at present occupies the scene as the antagonist of Jesuitism, and which has of late induced the Rouges rather to keep themselves in the background, will fail and cease to exist; room for a Roman Catholic to be national or liberal, the Encyclical and the Syllabus leave none. The Rouges will then stand forth as the champions of modern society against the Jesuit. With them it will be a struggle for life or death: they will not allow themselves to be manipulated or trammelled for the party and personal objects of Ottawa politicians: and if they can nowhere else find a refuge from the coils of the hydra, they will seek one in annexation.

In the meantime, let it not be forgotten that the strength of Jesuitism depends on the absence of strong religious convictions and corresponding energy among Protestants and Liberals; in a word, on the prevalent scepticism of our age. The spell of the Jesuit will be broken when the world has received new assurance of a moral and rational faith; and that we may obtain such new assurance, it is at once our spiritual duty and our social interest to encourage free inquiry when carried on in a reverent spirit, with competent knowledge, and with a sincere desire to arrive at the truth. If free inquiry is outlawed, as it was in the last century, by a mistaken zeal for orthodoxy, it will again be, as it was in the last century, the assailant and the subverter, instead of the purifier and renovator of religion.

—The question of Dual Representation in the Quebec Parliament has brought on a collision between the two Chambers, which will, no doubt, stimulate the agitation for the abolition of the Upper Chamber. This occurs simultaneously with the grand collision between the two Chambers in Prussia on the subject of rural jurisdiction, and the coercion of the Prussian House of Lords by the iron will of the great Chancellor. What did people expect of the Prussian House of Lords but a defence of privilege, of which it is avowedly the embodiment? What do they expect of Houses of Lords generally but a similar course of conduct on all similar occasions? What do they expect of nominees of the Crown in the Colonies but collisions with the representatives of the people? It is amusing to hear the cry raised against the Quebec Upper Chamber by the organs of those very liberals who, when in power, signalized their liberalism by discarding the elective principle, and giving to a body of Crown nominees a veto on the will of the nation.

The whole theory of the second Chamber, as a necessary part of a constitutional government, seems to be traceable to a misconception as to the real character of the English House of Lords. The House of Lords, as we have pointed out before, is not a second Chamber, but an Estate of the Realm, the counterpart of similar Estates in other feudal kingdoms. Its separation from the other Estates in its place of sitting was an accident of English history; in other countries the Estates sat together, though they voted apart. In no instance can the House of Lords be shown to have exercised what are imagined to be the functions of an Upper Chamber, as an organ of more mature wisdom impartially revising the hasty decisions of the popular House. In every case its vote, whether right or wrong, has been clearly determined by its natural bias as a separate Estate. Tacitly per-

ceiving this, though always unwilling to recognize any ground for constitutional change, the British nation has now settled down into the habit of introducing every popular measure in the Commons, carrying it there, and then kicking the Lords into compliance. Such a system must be supposed to have some practical advantages, or it would not be adopted by the most practical of nations; but it has the not inconsiderable disadvantage of imparting to all important legislation a character of violence, and making it, in effect, a chronic revolution.

If the constructors of Upper Chambers in Canada, whether in the case of the Province of Quebec or in that of the Dominion, had any idea of the special material of which their Upper Chamber was to be composed, or of the special foundation on which its authority was to rest, they failed to impart that idea to the nation. The only notion they seem to have had was that of a legislative plutocracy, to which they gave feeble and illusory effect in the shape of a nominal property qualification. Very little foresight on their parts was required to show them that the nomination to their Senate would become simply an addition to the bribery fund in the hands of a party minister, and that the surest qualification for a place in the gilded hall at Ottawa would be the having spent a large amount of gold on the Government side in elections. Of course such bodies can command no respect. If, on any question in which the nation is seriously interested, they presume to have an opinion of their own, they will be swept like a straw over a cataract; and any resistance they may make will serve merely to inflame the violence of the people. It is impossible to divide the national will, though, by well devised forms of election and legislation, we may provide that its expression shall be deliberate.

—The Silver Islet case in Ontario has

unhappily found a counterpart in the Asylum case in Quebec. It seems to be clearly proved that a prominent member of the Quebec Legislature has been not only evading the law against Government contractors sitting in Parliament, but deriving illicit gains from a clandestine connection with an institution employed by the Government for Provincial purposes. We shall not waste any moral reflections on the subject. The politicians who do these things, and who leave honest callings in order that they may do them, are not to be deterred by any amount of denunciation ; and the public, having no practical remedy in its hands, languidly echoes the censure and goes about the business of the day. In course of time communities will learn that political corruption is a crime which, like any other crime, commercial fraud for instance, to be practically repressed, must be brought directly under the cognizance of the criminal law. Cataracts of denunciatory eloquence were poured forth in England, from the newspaper press and all other organs of morality, against commercial dishonesty with worse than no effect, since daily familiarity with an evil only breeds on the part of the public a lazy resignation to its continuance. At last, the mischief spreading beyond all endurance, the Fraudulent Trustees' Act was passed ; Paul and Strahan were seen undergoing penal servitude in prison clothes, and an excellent effect was at once produced. The framers of our Federal constitution omitted to provide a law and a tribunal, accessible to the public, for the repression of political corruption. If the omission is not supplied, we shall come at last to the lamp-post, as they were very near doing the other day in New York. To say that the malady of corruption is incurable, is nonsense ; it will not cure itself ; but it may be extirpated, and has often been extirpated, by the use of adequate powers, lodged in vigorous hands.

—It is announced that the rival claims of the two Pacific Railway combinations have

been reconciled ; that a united company will be formed, and that the work will commence. It is further announced that a constitutional security Directors, though not shareholders, will be excluded from Parliament, and that, as a national security, measures will be taken to confine the stock to the Province of the Dominion. Both provisions are nugatory, however well intended. If there is any tinge of corrupt influence, it will be just as great in the case of a shareholder as in that of a director ; and stock once offered for sale is thrown upon the market of the world. Canadian capital is wholly insufficient for the undertaking. British capital, already sickened by the Grand Trunk, will be still further repelled by the recent *éclaircissement*. If a prospect of profit appears, American capital will rush in ; this road, like so many of our other roads, will fall mainly into American hands ; and as political power on this continent gravitates more and more towards the depositories of commercial influence, the Pacific Railway may lead to consequences little contemplated by those who regard it as a great political, and military bulwark of Canadian nationality against the American Republic.

As to the commercial merits of the enterprise, apart from the political necessity of stringing together the long row of territories belonging to the British Crown, there are, it is needless to say, very different opinions. Many see in it a source of unbounded prosperity, and the realization of all the benefits hitherto sought in vain by the explorers of a North-West Passage. Others have deep misgivings ; and we are bound to say that in the latter class are to be found some of the most successful, sagacious, and clear-headed of our great merchants and financiers. The idea that we can command an unlimited supply of emigrant labour is, as we have already shown, fallacious. Wages in England and the other European countries have greatly risen, and are still rising, indicating that no large surplus now remains. The la-

bour for building the Pacific Railway will have to be withdrawn to a great extent from other Canadian objects ; and to this farmers and other employers must make up their minds. What we feel, however, is not so much that the case is clear either for the enterprise or against it, as that the decision of a government constituted like ours on commercial questions is untrustworthy ; and untrustworthy in direct proportion to the magnitude of the questions and to the amount of money which they involve. Political motives, connected with the maintenance of the party in power, inevitably come in and vitiate the commercial deliberation. When parties are evenly balanced especially, the excitement of the political gambling table becomes so intense that the most vital interests of the country lose all sanctity in the gamblers' eyes, and a scheme which may bring ruin in its train becomes simply a trump card. The only chance of evading calamity under the party system would be to relegate public works to commissions largely composed of professional men, who would answer with their professional reputations for the success of their plans. Happy Canada—happy in her present well-being and in her assured prospect of solid prosperity—if the politicians would only let her alone !

—Montreal has been the scene of an economical as well as an ecclesiastical crisis—the Servant question. That melancholy but ever-recurring theme of Canadian conversation has there come to a head, and meetings have been held by the despairing mistresses in the hope of finding, by common counsel, some relief from their daily misery. A homily was immediately read by some of our journals to the conveners of the meeting on the necessity of showing more consideration for their servants, but we believe that the implied reproach is undeserved. It appears to us that, in this country at least, the mistresses have pretty well learnt their lesson, and that servants, in most households,

receive more consideration from their employers than an apprentice receives from his master, or persons in the mechanic class, generally, from persons of the same class when placed over them. On the other hand, the behaviour of servants, even to the kindest of mistresses, is often rude and ungracious to an extent that would not be tolerated on the part of a lady of high rank towards her equal ; while their disregard of contracts and engagements would render the conduct of ordinary business impossible. We need not exaggerate the hardships of our peculiar lot. The "constant service of the antique world, when duty sweat for service, not for meed," had its existence mainly in the imagination of the poet. In the domestics of the good old time there was some fidelity and still more servility ; but, as all who are familiar with old novels and other records of the social and domestic life of our fathers know, there was also a great deal of idleness, roguery, and drunkenness. There were semi-slavish virtues, in short, and semi-slavish vices. Even in the age of chivalry, we find the death chambers of great kings, such as William the Conqueror and Edward III, pillaged, and their corpses deserted by the domestics who the day before had been serving them on the knee, and over whom they had exercised almost unbounded power. We look with envy to the old country, but even there, though there are still some households of the antique stamp, chiefly in the country homes of very quiet and old-fashioned people, the ancient relations between master and servant are rapidly breaking up, and the complaints of employers are almost as loud as they are here. Canadian servants, if they are insubordinate and sometimes uncivil, are as a rule honest ; and it must be remembered that they do, if not more work, more kinds of work than the servants of the old country, where, in the large establishments, each servant has a special function, often very limited and always tenaciously observed. Nor is there any-

thing to surprise us in the present state of things. The fact is, simply, that the scarcity of servants, and the great demand for them, have given them the upper hand. Their increased intelligence, the result in a great measure of popular education, has made them alive to their advantage; the example of the trade unions has not been lost upon them; in the democratic communities of the new world, the spirit of democracy has thoroughly entered into them; they are daily claiming, and probably will continue to claim, greater privileges at the expense of their employers, and, at the same time they are making their independence felt, as people of their condition are apt to do, by a change of manner and language of a very disagreeable kind. There are still exceptions not a few, and the difference between a kind and judicious employer and one who is not kind or judicious is seen in its effect on the person employed in Canada as well as elsewhere. But, as a general rule, a profound change is taking place in the relations between domestic servants and their masters and mistresses in this country. Nor do we deem it likely that the old state of things, or anything approaching to it, will ever return. In the other departments of labour, where it is merely a case of contract, and there are no personal difficulties, wages and other conditions of work having found their level, the present disturbances will subside. But the personal subordination of the kitchen to the parlour is a thing which, in a democratic society, it will be difficult to restore. The restless nomadism, indeed, which inflicts upon mistresses the nuisance of perpetual change, probably springs, in part at least, from the smallness of our households, and the consequent want of company for the domestics; in large boarding houses or hotels where the servants are company for each other, that particular annoyance, we believe, is not so much felt; but as the number of our domestics in ordinary households is likely to be diminished rather than

increased, an abatement even of domestic nomadism can hardly be expected.

Little comfort from any source is in store for those who, having limited incomes, are very dependent upon servants. To make ourselves as independent of them as possible is the only hopeful course. If we would be free from Bridget's growing tyranny, ourselves must strike the blow. Through increased self-help alone can we look forward with any confidence to domestic peace and happiness in the future. When families begin to do for themselves any part of what is now done by servants, invention will be at once stimulated to render the work lighter and less coarse. Children may be also trained to do a great many more things for themselves and even for the household than they do now, without any diminution of their happiness, or rather with an increase of it: for it is their restlessness that finds vent in mischief, and they are never better pleased than when they are being made useful. Their characters will be improved at the same time; and if a precedent for the employment of young gentlemen and ladies in household work is desired, it may be remembered that under the chivalrous régime of the middle ages, the young man of rank commenced life as a page. Help may also often be obtained from female relatives in need of a home. As to the artificial encouragement of immigration, to which people naturally turn first for a solution of the problem, there is little hope from that quarter. Servants' wages, like the wages of labour generally, are rising in England as well as here.

It will be no loss, but a great gain, if in order to meet this domestic exigency we are all compelled to adopt simpler habits of life. People little know the extent to which our social enjoyments are curtailed, and our lives robbed of gaiety and brightness by our slavish adherence to the conventionalities of the old world with its six course dinners, its crush-room receptions, its midnight balls and its morning suppers. These things be-

long to a land of great county families, where you rumble ten miles in a family chariot to a dinner party dull as Lethe. They belong to the solemn domain of grantees and butlers, in which the conversation of the butlers is as sparkling as that of the grantees. There, if you are rich, you have all the machinery for great entertainments ready made to your hand, and with every wheel well greased. The great lady simply gives her order to her housekeeper, and without any further trouble or anxiety on her part, the dinner for twenty appears with all its pomp and circumstance at the appointed hour. Here, the cares of preparation for a dinner party are enough to turn Delia's hair gray. We have a certain number of wealthy people in Canada who aspire to be Belgravians: let them do as Belgravia does. But Canada generally must strike out socially for herself. By the help of music and other amusements within everybody's reach, and without any cost or trouble but that of providing the very simplest refreshments, evenings may be spent far more agreeably than in those formal entertainments of which Sir George Lewis said, with a groan, that life would be pleasant enough if it were not for its pleasures. Anything on a larger scale may be done by those who desire, and can afford it, in public rooms or by contract, where the servant difficulty does not come in. By taking the lead in this direction the ladies of Montreal will render a great service to Canadian society, besides getting rid of what we suspect is often a heavy burden even to the most hospitably inclined.

— From recent occurrences in one of our Medical Schools, which were themselves the sequel of a previous disturbance in the medical world, the question between regular practitioners and quacks seems likely to force itself upon the attention of the public, and, perhaps, upon that of Parliament. It is easy to excite popular prejudice against the claims of the regular practitioners; but their cause is, in fact, that of the public. All civilized na-

tions have recognized the policy of requiring a regular preparation, duly certified, on the part of those who are to be licensed to deal with human health and life. In ordinary cases, the customer can protect himself, but he cannot protect himself against the ignorance of a physician, and the consequence of his error may be death. Nobody considers the law bigoted or exclusive because it requires that a druggist, before he opens his store, shall satisfy us that he knows arsenic from white sugar. The notion that by requiring medical men to be educated we interfere with the advancement of science is surely absurd. Let a practitioner be once duly qualified, and there is nothing to prevent him from introducing any new modes of treatment that he thinks fit. When he has shown that he understands the nature of aneurism, and also that of mustard poultices, there is nothing, so far as we know, to prevent him from curing aneurism with a mustard poultice, if he can. What the advocates of quackery have to prove is, that in the science of medicine knowledge is injurious to invention. But the public is indifferent, and the quacks will probably have their way.

— There has been a tightness in the money market, and a depression of stocks, caused partly by the issue of the new stock of the Bank of Montreal. In no other way can the Bank of Montreal, or any other bank, be really responsible, in any material degree, for the state of the market. At worst, they can only register somewhat inaccurately a stringency which they do not create. The immense absorption of money by France for the payment of her war indemnity, is probably felt through the whole financial world; as the waste and the interruption of production caused by the war are, no doubt, felt in markets of all kinds. But it should never be forgotten that the general cause of scarcity of money in the aggregate, as well as in individual cases, is over expenditure or over speculation, and that the balance can be restored only by frugality. At this moment,

however, the leaders of our commercial world are urging the country to undertake simultaneously a multitude of enterprises, to the completion of which we hope they see their way more clearly than we can pretend to do. It would be lamentable if men whose names have become blended for ever with the commercial glories of the country, should at last mar their splendid reputation by heading a mania for speculation which, in a community of limited resources like ours, may lead to the most ruinous results.

—The report of a December session of the British Parliament proved to be erroneous. It arose, no doubt, from a misconstruction of the ordinary form of prorogation. But we wish it had been true, because we hold that an important treaty, and especially one pledging the legislature to the expenditure of a large sum of public money, ought to be laid before Parliament without delay. The prerogative of making treaties without consulting the great council of the nation, claimed for the Crown but really exercised by the Prime Minister of the day, is one of a very equivocal kind, and by no means as is commonly assumed, an original part of the British Constitution. The consultative powers of Parliament were recognized not only by our early kings, but by William III. and Anne, the latter of whom submitted to Parliament, in the most formal manner, the proposed terms of peace with France. It was under the House of Hanover, and perhaps partly in consequence of the exigencies of the secret diplomacy rendered necessary by the disputed succession, that the present system of excluding Parliament from the deliberation was gradually introduced. These are not the days of secret diplomacy, at least in the case of free countries; and there can be no reason why the nation should not be taken into council through its representatives in all cases seriously affecting its purse, its territory, or its honour. The deference which has been already paid to the Canadian Parliament on

this subject must soon be paid equally to the Parliament of the Empire; and the result, as we believe, will be a great improvement in the diplomatic attitude of the nation.

—It was unpleasant to see that the insolent absurdity of Sergeant Bates in carrying the American flag through England was rewarded with something like an ovation by the Londoners. But the unfortunate policy of the Government in first refusing any reparation for their unquestionable want of vigilance in the case of the *Alabama*, and then giving, under the influence of a groundless alarm, far more than was in any sense necessary, has so broken the spirit of the people, that there is no knowing to what ignominy they may next descend.

—President Grant tells us that no shadow now rests upon the relations between the two countries. Having exacted far more than the due reparation for the wrong done to him, and having peremptorily refused any reparation for the far greater wrong done by him to others, he thinks that now all is as it should be; and in this we fear he perfectly represents the general sentiment of his nation. But we trust that Canada, at all events, will refuse to be a tacit accomplice in this outrage on international justice. We say it with the strongest sense both of the expediency of maintaining friendly relations with the United States, and of the propriety of accommodating our course of action in all matters as far as possible to the policy of the mother country. The money question must be regarded as settled by our acceptance of the Pacific Railway guarantee, though we cannot flatter ourselves that the transaction will shine a beacon of honour in Canadian history. But there still remains the duty incumbent on our national honour of shewing that we are not regardless of the blood of our citizens, shed by hordes levied for the invasion of this country, on the territory and among the population of the United States, with the full knowledge and permission of the American Government, and without the

shadow of an excuse afforded by any breach of international obligations on our side. If the Government of the Dominion does not feel itself at liberty to move a temperate and dignified protest against this great wrong, the duty ought to be assumed by the Opposition. Of course the American Government will take no more notice of that protest than it would have taken of a remonstrance from Nicaragua against the brigand invasion of that unoffending State by Walker and his filibusters, at which the Government connived just as it did at the Fenian raids. But this is no reason why we should desert our own honour.

—The hope entertained by the better class of President Grant's supporters, that he would discard his unworthy advisers and amend his ways after his re-election, does not seem likely to be fulfilled. At his right hand still stands Simon Cameron, not merely an unscrupulous politician, but a branded villain, whom Lincoln appointed to a place in his cabinet only after an agony of conscientious reluctance, and afterwards dismissed for offences which probably deserved a halter. Cameron's undiminished ascendancy has been signalized by a display of paltry spite, on the part of the Ministerialists whom he leads in the Senate, against the memory of poor Greeley. As we have said before, Grant is a well-meaning, though far from high-minded, man; but as a politician, he is ignorant and impotent; and, even if he strongly desired it, he would not know how

to extricate himself from the grasp of the political sharpers into whose hands he has fallen. Cameron and his crew are the organizers and upholders of the infamous misrule which has been going on at the South, and which we would commend to the notice of American moralists as not less deserving of their consideration than the wrongs of Ireland. The scandalous conflict at New Orleans is simply a struggle between two sections of the Carpet-baggers over their prey. Governor Warmoth was placed in office and held there by the aid of Grant's bayonets, to rob for the whole gang; but he has quarrelled with some of the other leaders, and a scene in the Executive Legislature and Judiciary of the State worthy of a brigand's cave is the result. The *New York Herald*, a strong supporter of Grant, calls upon him to put an end to the present state of things. He must now see clearly, it says, "that the rights and interests of the white citizens of the South are made the prey of an unscrupulous set of political adventurers, and that the Enforcement Act, instead of being simply a protection to the negroes, is used by designing men to destroy the last vestige of liberty in that unhappy section of the Union." We must go very far back in Old World history to find a parallel to the infamies of Carpet-bagging rule in the South, and in it we may see the foreshadowing of our own lot if Annexation should ever place us in the power of the party which rules at Washington.

SELECTIONS.

WORK.

(From "Character." By Samuel Smiles.)

"Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee."—1 *Chronicles*, xxii., 16.

"Work as if thou hadst to live for aye ;
Worship if thou wert to die to-day."

Tuscan Proverb.

"C'est par le travail qu'on regne.—LOUIS XIV.

"Blest work ! if ever thou wert curst of God,
What must His blessing be !"

J. B. SELKIRK.

"Let every man be *occupied*, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best."—SYDNEY SMITH.

WORK is one of the best educators of practical character. It evokes and disciplines obedience, self-control, attention, application, and perseverance; giving a man deftness and skill in his special calling, and aptitude and dexterity in dealing with the affairs of ordinary life.

Work is the law of our being—the living principle that carries men and nations onward. The greater number of men have to work with their hands, as a matter of necessity, in order to live; but all must work in one way or another, if they would enjoy life as it ought to be enjoyed.

Labour may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is also an honour and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. Were labour abolished, the race of Adam were at once stricken by moral death.

It is idleness that is the curse of man—not labour. Idleness eats the heart out of men as of nations, and consumes them as rust does iron. When Alexander conquered the Persians, and had an opportunity of observing their manners, he remarked that they did not seem conscious that there could be anything

more servile than a life of pleasure, or more princely than a life of toil.

When the Emperor Severus lay on his death-bed at York, whither he had been borne on a litter from the foot of the Grampians, his final watchword to his soldiers was, "*Laboremus*," (we must work); and nothing but constant toil maintained the power and extended the authority of the Roman generals.

There is, perhaps, no tendency of our nature that has to be more carefully guarded against than indolence. When Mr. Gurney asked an intelligent foreigner who had travelled over the greater part of the world, whether he had observed any one quality which, more than another, could be regarded as a universal characteristic of our species, his answer was, in broken English, "Me tink dat all men *love lazy*." It is characteristic of the savage as of the despot. It is natural to men to endeavour to enjoy the products of labour without its toils. Indeed, so universal is this desire, that James Mill has argued that it was to prevent its indulgence at the expense of society at large, that the expedient of Government was originally invented.*

Indolence is equally degrading to individuals as to nations. Sloth never made its mark in the world, and never will. Sloth never climbed a hill, nor overcame a difficulty that it could avoid. Indolence always failed in life, and always will. It is the nature of things that it should not succeed in any thing. It is a burden, an incumbrance, and a nuisance—always useless, complaining, melancholy, and miserable.

Burton, in his quaint and curious book—the only one, Johnson says, that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise

* "Essay on Government," in "Encyclopædia Britannica."

—describes the causes of Melancholy as hinging mainly on Idleness. "Idleness," he says, "is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the devil's cushion, his chief pillow and reposal. . . . An idle dog will be mangy; and how shall an idle person escape? Idleness of the mind is much worse than that of the body; wit, without employment, is a disease—the rust of the soul, a plague, a hell itself. As in a standing pool worms and filthy creepers increase, so do evil and corrupt thoughts in an idle person; the soul is contaminated. . . . Thus much I dare boldly say: he or she that is idle, be they of what condition they will, never so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy—let them have all things in abundance and felicity that heart can wish and desire, all contentment—so long as he, or she, or they, are idle, they shall never be pleased, never well in body or mind, but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasy or other."*

Burton says a great deal more to the same effect; the burden and lesson of his book being embodied in the pregnant sentence with which it winds up: "Only take this for a corollary and conclusion, as thou tenderest thine own welfare in this, and all other melancholy, thy good health of body and mind, observe this short precept: Give not away to solitariness and idleness. *Be not solitary—be not idle.*"†

The indolent, however, are not wholly indolent. Though the body may shirk labour, the brain is not idle. If it do not grow corn, it will grow thistles, which will be found springing up all along the idle man's course in life. The ghosts of indolence rise up in the dark, ever staring the recreant in the face, and tormenting him:

True happiness is not found in torpor of the faculties,‡ but in their action and useful employ-

* Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," part i., mem. 2, sub. 6.

† Ibid., end of concluding chapter.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices.
Make instruments to scourge us."

‡ It is characteristic of the Hindoos to regard entire inaction as the most perfect state, and to describe the Supreme Being as "The Unmovable.

ment. It is indolence that exhausts, not action, in which there is life, health, and pleasure. The spirits may be exhausted and wearied by employment, but they are utterly wasted by idleness. Hence a wise physician was accustomed to regard occupation as one of his most valuable remedial measures. "Nothing is so injurious," said Dr. Marshall Hall, "as unoccupied time." An Archbishop of Mayence used to say that "the human heart is like a millstone: if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat, it grinds on, but 'tis itself it wears away."

Indolence is usually full of excuses; and the sluggard, though unwilling to work, is often an active sophist. "There is a lion in the path;" or "The hill is hard to climb;" or "There is no use trying—I have tried, and failed, and can not do it." To the sophistries of such an excuser, Sir Samuel Romilly once wrote to a young man: My attack upon your indolence, loss of time, etc., was most serious, and I really think that it can be to nothing but your habitual want of exertion that can be ascribed your using such curious arguments as you do in your defence. Your theory is this: Every man does all the good that he can. If a particular individual does no good, it is a proof that he is incapable of doing it. That you don't write proves that you can't; and your want of inclination demonstrates your want of talent. What an admirable system!—and what beneficial effects would it be attended with if it wore but universally received!

"I don't believe," said Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby), at Glasgow, "that an unemployed man, however amiable and otherwise respectable, ever was, or ever can be, really happy. As work is our life, show me what you can do, and I will show you what you are. I have spoken of love of one's work as the best preventive of merely low and vicious tastes. I will go further, and say that it is the best preservative against petty anxieties, and the annoyances that arise out of indulged self-love. Men have thought before now that they could take refuge from trouble and vexation by sheltering themselves, as it were, in a world of their own. The experiment has often been tried, and always with one result. You cannot escape from anxiety and labour—it is the destiny of humanity. . . . Those who shirk from fac-

ing trouble find that trouble comes to them. The indolent may contrive that he shall have less than his share of the world's work to do, but Nature, proportioning the instinct to the work, contrives that the little shall be much and hard to him. The man who has only himself to please finds, sooner or later, and probably sooner than later, that he has got a very hard master; and the excessive weakness which shrinks from responsibility has its own punishment too, for where great interests are excluded little motives become great, and the same wear and tear of mind that might have been at least usefully and healthfully expended on the real business of life, is often wasted in petty and imaginary vexations, such as breed and multiply in the unoccupied brain.*

Even on the lowest ground—that of personal enjoyment—constant useful occupation is necessary. He who labours not cannot enjoy the reward of labour. "We sleep sound," said Sir Walter Scott, "and our waking hours are happy when they are employed; and a little sense of toil is necessary to the enjoyment of leisure, even when earned by study and sanctioned by the discharge of duty."

It is true there are men who die of overwork; but many more die of selfishness, indulgence, and idleness. Where men break down by overwork, it is most commonly from want of duly ordering their lives, and neglect of the ordinary conditions of physical health. Lord Stanley was probably right when he said, in his address to the Glasgow students above mentioned, that he doubted whether "hard work, steadily and regularly carried on, ever yet hurt any body."

Then again, length of *years* is no proper test of length of *life*. A man's life is to be measured by what he does in it, and what he feels in it. The more useful work the man does, and the more he thinks and feels, the more he really lives. The idle, useless man, no matter to what extent his life may be prolonged, merely vegetates.

The early teachers of Christianity ennobled the lot of toil by their example. "He that will not work," said St. Paul, "neither shall he eat:" and he glorified himself in that he had

* Lord Stanley's address to the students of Glasgow University, on his installation as lord rector, 1869.

laboured with his hands, and had not been chargeable to any man. When St. Boniface landed in Britain, he came with a gospel in one hand and a carpenter's rule in the other; and from England he afterwards passed over into Germany, carrying thither the art of building. Luther also, in the midst of a multitude of other employments, worked diligently for a living, earning his bread by gardening, building, turning, and even clock-making.¶

It was characteristic of Napoleon, when visiting a work of mechanical excellence, to pay great respect to the inventor, and, on taking his leave, to salute him with a low bow. Once at St. Helena, when walking with Mrs. Balcombe, some servants came along carrying a load. The lady, in an angry tone, ordered them out of the way, on which Napoleon interposed, saying, "respect the burden, madam." Even the drudgery of the humblest labourer contributes towards the general well-being of society; and it was a wise saying of a Chinese emperor that "if there was a man who did not work, or a woman that was idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger in the empire."

The habit of constant useful occupation is as essential for the happiness and well-being of woman as of man. Without it women are apt to sink into a state of listless *ennui* and uselessness, accompanied by sick headache and attacks of "nerves." Caroline Perthes carefully warned her married daughter Louisa to beware of giving way to such listlessness. "I myself," she said, "when the children are gone out for a half-holiday, sometimes feel as stupid and dull as an owl by daylight; but one must not yield to this, which happens more or less to all young wives. The best relief is *work*, engaged in with interest and diligence. Work, then, constantly and diligently, at something or other; for idleness is the devil's snare for small

¶ Writing to an abbot at Nuremberg, who had sent him a store of turning-tools, Luther said. "I have made considerable progress in clock-making, and I am very much delighted at it, for these drunken Saxons need to be constantly reminded of what the real time is; not that they themselves care much about it, for as long as their glasses are kept filled, they trouble themselves very little as to whether clocks, or clock-makers, or the time itself, go right." —MICHELET'S *Luther*, (Bogue's ed.), p. 200.

and great, as your grandfather says, and he says true.*

Constant useful occupation is thus wholesome, not only for the body but for the mind. While the slothful man drags himself indolently through life, and the better part of his nature sleeps a deep sleep, if it be not morally and spiritually dead, the energetic man is a source of activity and enjoyment to all who come within reach of his influence. Even any ordinary drudgery is better than idleness. Fuller says of Sir Francis Drake, who was early sent to sea, and kept close to his work by his master, that such "pains and patience in his youth knit the joints of his soul, and made them more solid and compact." Schiller used to say that he considered it a great advantage to be employed in the discharge of some daily mechanical duty—some regular routine of work that rendered steady application necessary.

Thousands can bear testimony to the truth of the saying of Greuze, the French painter, that work—employment, useful occupation—is one of the great secrets of happiness. Casaubon was once induced by the entreaties of his friends to take a few days' entire rest, but he returned to his work with the remark, that it was easier to bear illness doing something than doing nothing.

When Charles Lamb was released for life from his daily drudgery of desk-work at the India Office, he felt himself the happiest of men. "I would not go back to my prison," he said to a friend, "ten years longer for ten thousand pounds." He also wrote in the same ecstatic mood to Bernard Barton: "I have scarce steadiness of head to compose a letter," he said; "I am free! free as air! I will live another fifty years. . . . Would I could sell you some of my leisure! Positively the best thing a man can do is—Nothing; and next to that, perhaps, Good Works." Two years—two long and tedious years—passed; and Charles Lamb's feelings had undergone an entire change. He now discovered that official, even humdrum work—"the appointed round, the daily task,"—had been good for him, though he knew it not. Time had formerly been his friend; it had now become his enemy. To Bernard Barton he again wrote: "I assure you, *no* work is worse than overwork; the mind

preys on itself—the most unwholesome of food. I have ceased to care for almost anything. . . . Never did the waters of heaven pour down upon a forlorn head. What I can do, and overdo, is to walk. I am a sanguinary murderer of time. But the oracle is silent."

No man could be more sensible of the practical importance of industry than Sir Walter Scott, who was himself one of the most laborious and indefatigable of men. Indeed, Lockhart says of him that, taking all ages and countries together, the rare example of indefatigable energy, in union with serene self-possession of mind and manner, such as Scott's, must be sought for in the roll of great sovereigns or great captains, rather than in that of literary genius. Scott himself was most anxious to impress upon the minds of his own children the importance of industry as a means of usefulness and happiness in the world. To his son Charles, when at school, he wrote: "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that *labour* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life; there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*. . . . As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labour than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labour, therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up; but if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate."†

Southey was as laborious a worker as Scott. Indeed work might almost be said to form part of his religion. He was only nineteen when he wrote these words: "Nineteen years! certainly a fourth part of my life; perhaps how great a part! and yet I have been of no service to soci-

* "Life of Perthes," ii., 20.

† Lockhart's "Life of Scott." (8vo. ed.), p. 442.

ety. The clown who scares crows for twopence a day is a more useful man ; he preserves the bread which I eat in idleness." And yet Southey had not been idle as a boy—on the contrary, he had been a most diligent student. He had not only read largely in English literature, but was well acquainted, through translations, with Tasso, Ariosto, Homer, and Ovid. He felt, however, as if his life had been purposeless, and he determined to do something. He began, and from that time forward pursued, an unremitting career of literary labour down to the close of his life—"daily progressing in learning," to use his own words—"not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy."

The maxims of men often reveal their character.* That of Sir Walter Scott was, "Never to be doing nothing." Robertson the historian, as early as his fifteenth year, adopted the maxim of "*Vita sine literis mors est*," (Life without learning is death). Voltaire's motto was "*Toujours au travail*," (Always at work). The favourite maxim of Lacedæde, the naturalist, was, "*Vivre c'est veiller*," (To live is to observe) : this was also the maxim of Pliny. When Bossuet was at college, he was so distinguished by his ardour in study, that his fellow-students, playing upon his name, designated him as *Bos-suetus aratro* (the ox used to the plough). The name of *Vita-lis* (life a struggle), which the Swedish poet Sjöberg assumed, as Frederick von Hardenberg assumed that of *Nova-lis*, described the aspirations and the labours of both these men of genius.

We have spoken of work as a discipline : it is also an educator of character. Even work that produces no results, because it is work is better than torpor—inasmuch as it educates faculty, and is thus preparatory to successful work. The habit of working teaches method. It compels economy of time, and the disposition of it with judicious forethought. And when the art of packing life with useful occupations is once acquired by practice, every minute will be turned to account ; and leisure, when it comes, will be enjoyed with all the greater zest.

Coleridge has truly observed that, "if the idle

* Southey expresses the opinion in "The Doctor," that the character of a person may be better known by the letters which other persons write to him than by what he himself writes.

are described as killing time, the methodical man may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours and gives them a soul ; and by that the very essence of which is to fleet and to have been, he communicates an imperishable and spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies thus directed are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time than that time lives in him. His days and months and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the record of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.†

It is because application to business teaches method most effectually, that it is so useful as an educator of character. The highest working qualities are best trained by active and sympathetic contact with others in the affairs of daily life. It does not matter whether the business relate to the management of a household or of a nation. Indeed, as we have endeavoured to show in a preceding chapter, the able housewife must necessarily be an efficient woman of business. She must regulate and control the details of her home, keep her expenditure within her means, arrange everything according to plan and system, and wisely manage and govern those subject to her rule. Efficient domestic management implies industry, application, method, moral discipline, forethought, prudence, practical ability, insight into character, and power of organization—all of which are required in the efficient management of business of whatever sort.

Business qualities have, indeed, a very large field of action. They mean aptitude for affairs, competency to deal successfully with the practical work of life—whether the spur of action lie in domestic management, in the conduct of a profession, in trade or commerce, in social organization, or in political government. And the training which gives efficiency in dealing with these various affairs is of all others the most useful in practical life.‡ Moreover, it is

† "Dissertation on the Science of Method."

‡ The following passage, from a recent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will commend itself to general approval :

"There can be no question nowadays, that appli-

the best discipline of character ; for it involves the exercise of diligence, attention, self-denial, judgment, tact, knowledge of and sympathy with others.

Such a discipline is far more productive of happiness, as well as useful efficiency in life, than any amount of literary culture or meditative seclusion ; for in the long run it will usually be found that practical ability carries it over intellect, and temper and habits over talent. It must, however, be added, that this is a kind of culture that can only be acquired by diligent observation and carefully improved experience. "To be a good blacksmith," said General Trochu in a recent publication, "one must have forged all his life : to be a good administrator, one should have passed his whole life in the study and practice of business."

It was characteristic of Sir Walter Scott to entertain the highest respect for able men of business ; and he professed that he did not consider any amount of literary distinction as entitled to be spoken of in the same breath with the mastery in the higher departments of practical life—least of all with a first-rate captain.

Like other great captains, Wellington had an

attention to work, absorption in affairs, contact with men, and all the stress which business imposes on us, give a noble training to the intellect, and splendid opportunity for discipline of character. It is an utterly low view of business which regards it as only a means of getting a living. A man's business is his part of the world's work, his share of the great activities which render society possible. He may like it or dislike it, but it is work, and as such requires application, self-denial, discipline. It is his drill, and he cannot be thorough in his occupation without putting himself into it, checking his fancies, restraining his impulses, and holding himself to the perpetual round of small details—without, in fact, submitting to his drill. But the perpetual call on a man's readiness, self-control, and vigour which business makes, the constant appeal to the intellect, the stress upon the will, the necessity for rapid and responsible exercise of judgment—all these things constitute a high culture, though not the highest. It is a culture which strengthens and invigorates if it does not refine, which gives force if not polish—the *fortiter in re*, if not the *suaviter in modo*. It makes strong men and ready men, and men of vast capacity for affairs, though it does not necessarily make refined men or gentlemen."

almost boundless capacity for work. He drew up the heads of a Dublin Police Bill (being still the Secretary for Ireland) when tossing off the mouth of the Mondego, with Junot and the French army waiting for him on the shore. So Cæsar, another of the greatest commanders, is said to have written an essay on Latin Rhetoric while crossing the Alps at the head of his army. And Wallenstein, when at the head of 60,000 men, and in the midst of a campaign, with the enemy before him, dictated from headquarters the medical treatment of his poultry-yard.

Washington, also, was an indefatigable man of business. From his boyhood he diligently trained himself in habits of application, of study, and of methodical work. His manuscript school-books, which are still preserved, show that, as early as the age of thirteen, he occupied himself voluntarily in copying out such things as forms of receipts, notes of hand, bills of exchange, bonds, indentures, leases, land-warrants, and other dry documents, all written out with great care. And the habits which he thus early acquired were, in a great measure, the foundation of those admirable business qualities which he afterwards so successfully brought to bear in the affairs of government.

The idea has been entertained by some that business habits are incompatible with genius. In the Life of Richard Lovell Edgeworth,* it is observed of a Mr. Bicknell—a respectable but ordinary man, of whom little is known but that he married Sabrina Sidney, the *élève* of Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton"—that "he had some of the too usual faults of a man of genius : he detested the drudgery of business." But there cannot be a greater mistake. The greatest geniuses have, without exception, been the greatest workers, even to the extent of drudgery. They have not only worked harder than ordinary men, but brought to their work higher faculties and a more ardent spirit. Nothing great and durable was ever improvised. It is only by noble patience and noble labour that the masterpieces of genius have been achieved.

Power belongs only to the workers ; the idlers are always powerless. It is the labori-

* Maria Edgeworth, "Memoirs of R. L. Edgeworth," ii., 94.

ous and painstaking men who are the rulers of the world. There has not been a statesman of eminence but was a man of industry. "It is by toil," said even Louis XIV., "that kings govern." When Clarendon described Hampden, he spoke of him as "of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed on by the most subtle and sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts." While in the midst of his laborious though self-imposed duties, Hampden, on one occasion, wrote to his mother: "My lyfe is nothing but toyle, and hath been for many yeares, nowe to the Commonwealth, nowe to the Kinge. . . . Not so much tyme left as to doe my dutye to my deare parents, nor to sende to them." Indeed all the statesmen of the Commonwealth were great toilers; and Clarendon himself, whether in office or out of it, was a man of indefatigable application and industry.

The same energetic vitality, as displayed in the power of working, has distinguished all the eminent men in our own as well as in past times. During the Anti-Corn Law movement, Cobden, writing to a friend, described himself as "working like a horse, with not a moment to spare." Lord Brougham was a remarkable instance of the indefatigably active and laborious man; and it might be said of Lord Palmerston, that he worked harder for success in his extreme old age than he had ever done in the prime of his manhood—preserving his working faculty, his good-humour and *bonhomie*, unimpaired to the end.* He himself was accustomed to say that being in office, and consequently full of work, was good for his health. It rescues man from *ennui* that is the chief cause of his superiority over the brute—as it is the necessity which he feels for escaping from its intolerable suffering that forces him to employ himself actively, and is hence the greatest stimulus to human progress.

Indeed, this living principle of constant work, of abundant occupation, of practical contact

* A friend of Lord Palmerston has communicated to us the following anecdote: Asking him one day when he considered a man to be in the prime of life, his immediate reply was, "Seventy-nine!" "But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it."

with men in the affairs of life, has in all times been the best ripener of the energetic vitality of strong natures. Business habits, cultivated and disciplined, are found alike useful in every pursuit—whether in politics, literature, science, or art. Thus a great deal of the best literary work has been done by men systematically trained in business pursuits. The same industry, application, economy of time and labour, which have rendered them useful in the one sphere of employment, have been found equally available in the other.

Most of the early English writers were men of affairs, trained to business; for no literary class as yet existed, excepting it might be the priesthood. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was first a soldier, and afterwards a comptroller of petty customs. The office was no sinecure either, for he had to write up all the records with his own hand; and when he had done his "reckonings" at the custom-house, he returned with delight to his favourite studies at home—poring over his books until his eyes were "dazed" and dull.

The great writers in the reign of Elizabeth, during which there was such a development of robust life in England, were not literary men according to the modern acceptation of the word, but men of action, trained in business. Spencer acted as secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland; Raleigh was, by turns, a courtier, soldier, sailor, and discoverer; Sydney was a politician, diplomatist, and soldier; Bacon was a laborious lawyer before he became lord keeper and lord chancellor; Sir Thomas Browne was a physician in country practice at Norwich; Hooker was the hard-working pastor of a country parish; Shakspeare was the manager of a theatre, in which he was himself but an indifferent actor, and he seems to have been more careful of his money investments than he was of his intellectual offspring. Yet these, all men of active business habits, are among the greatest writers of any age; the period of Elizabeth and James I. standing out in the history of England as the era of its greatest literary activity and splendour.

In the reign of Charles I., Cowley held various offices of trust and confidence. He acted as private secretary to several of the royalist leaders, and was afterwards engaged as a private secretary to the queen, in ciphering and

deciphering the correspondence which passed between her and Charles I.—the work occupying all his days, and often his nights, during several years. And while Cowley was thus employed in the royal cause, Milton was employed by the Commonwealth, of which he was the Latin secretary, and afterwards secretary to the lord protector. Yet, in the early part of his life Milton was occupied in the humble vocation of a teacher. Dr. Johnson says, “that in his school, as in everything else which he undertook, he laboured with great diligence, there is no reason for doubting.” It was after the Restoration, when his official employment ceased, that Milton entered upon the principal literary work of his life; but before he undertook the writing of his great epic, he deemed it indispensable that to “industrious and select reading” he should add “steady observation,” and “insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs.”*

Locke held office in different reigns: first under Charles II., as secretary to the board of trade, and afterwards under William III., as commissioner of appeals and of trade and plantations. Many literary men of eminence held office in Queen Anne’s reign. Thus Addison was secretary of state; Steele, commissioner of stamps; Prior, under-secretary of state, and afterwards ambassador to France; Tickell, under-secretary of state, and secretary to the lords justices of Ireland; Congreve, secretary to Jamaica; and Gay, secretary of legation at Hanover.

Indeed, habits of business, instead of unfitting a cultivated mind for scientific or literary pursuits, are often the best training for them. Voltaire insisted with truth that the real spirit of business and literature are the same; the perfection of each being the union of energy and thoughtfulness, of cultivated intelligence and practical wisdom, of the active and contemplative essence—a union commended by Lord Bacon as the concentrated excellence of man’s nature. It has been said that even the man of genius can write nothing worth reading in relation to human affairs, unless he has been in some way or other connected with the serious every-day business of life.

Hence it has happened that many of the best

books extant have been written by men of business, with whom literature was a pastime rather than a profession. Gifford, the editor of the “Quarterly,” who knew the drudgery of writing for a living, once observed that “a single hour of composition, won from the business of the day, is worth more than the whole day’s toil of him who works at the trade of literature: in the one case the spirit comes joyfully to refresh itself, like a hart to the water-brooks; in the other, it pursues its miserable way, panting and jaded, with the dogs and hunger of necessity behind.†

The first great men of letters in Italy were not mere men of letters; they were men of business—merchants, statesmen, diplomatists, judges, and soldiers. Villani, the author of the best history of Florence, was a merchant; Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were all engaged in more or less important embassies; and Dante, before becoming a diplomatist, was for some time occupied as a chemist and druggist. Galileo, Galvani, and Farini were physicians; and Goldoni a lawyer. Ariosto’s talent for affairs was as great as his genius for poetry. At the death of his father he was called upon to manage the family estate for the benefit of his younger brothers and sisters, which he did with ability and integrity. His genius for business having been recognized, he was employed by the Duke of Ferrara on important missions

† Coleridge’s advice to his young friends was much to the same effect. “With the exception of one extraordinary man,” he says, “I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession; *i. e.* some regular employment which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far mechanically, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unalloyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial than weeks of compulsion. . . . If facts are required to prove the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment, the works of Cicero and Xenophon, among the ancients—of Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Paxter (or, to refer at once to later and contemporary instances), Darwin and Roscoe, are at once decisive of the question.”—*Biographia Literaria*, chap. xi.

* “Reasons of Church Government,” book ii.

to Rome and elsewhere. Having afterwards been appointed governor of a turbulent mountain district, he succeeded, by firm and just government, in reducing it to a condition of comparative good order and security. Even the bandits of the country respected him. Being arrested one day in the mountains by a body of outlaws, he mentioned his name, when they at once offered to escort him in safety wherever he chose.

It has been the same in other countries. Vattel, the author of the "Rights of Nations," was a practical diplomatist, and a first-rate man of business. Rabelais was a physician, and a successful practitioner; Schiller was a surgeon; Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Camoens, Descartes, Maupertuis, La Rochefoucauld, Lacedpede, Lamarke, were soldiers in the early part of their respective lives.

In our own country, many men now known by their writings earned their living by their trade. Lillo spent the great part of his life as a working jeweller in the Poultry, occupying the intervals of his leisure in the production of dramatic works, some of them of acknowledged power and merit. Izaak Walton was a linen-draper in Fleet Street, reading much in his leisure hours, and storing his mind with facts for future use in his capacity of biographer. De Foe was by turns horse-factor, brick and tile-maker, shopkeeper, author, and political agent.

Samuel Richardson successfully combined literature with business—writing his novels in his back shop in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, and selling them over the counter in his front shop. William Hutton, of Birmingham, also successfully combined the occupations of book-selling and authorship. He says, in his Autobiography, that a man may live half a century and not be acquainted with his own character. He did not know that he was an antiquary until the world informed him of it, from having read his "History of Birmingham," and then, he said, he could see it himself. Benjamin Franklin was alike eminent as a printer and bookseller—an author, a philosopher, and a statesman.

Coming down to our own time, we find Ebenezer Elliott successfully carrying on the business of a bar-iron merchant in Sheffield, during which time he wrote and published the greater

number of his poems; and his success in business was such as to enable him to retire into the country and build a house of his own, in which he spent the remainder of his days. Isaac Taylor, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," was an engraver of patterns for Manchester calico-printers; and other members of this gifted family were followers of the same branch of art.

The principal early works of John Stuart Mill were written in the intervals of official work, while he held the office of principal examiner in the East India House—in which Charles Lamb, Peacock, the author of "Headlong Hall," and Edwin Norris, the philologist, were also clerks. Macaulay wrote his "Lays of Ancient Rome" in the war office, while holding the post of secretary of war. It is well known that the thoughtful writings of Mr. Helps are literally "Essays written in the Intervals of Business." Many of our best living authors are men holding important public offices—such as Sir Henry Taylor, Sir John Kaye, Anthony Trollope, Tom Taylor, Matthew Arnold, and Samuel Warren.

Mr. Proctor the poet, better known as "Barry Cornwall," was a barrister and commissioner in lunacy. Most probably he assumed the pseudonym for the same reason that Dr. Paris published his "Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest" anonymously—because he apprehended that, if known, it might compromise his professional position. For it is by no means an uncommon prejudice, still prevalent among City men, that a person who has written a book, and still more one who has written a poem, is good for nothing in the way of business. Yet Sharon Turner, though an excellent historian, was no worse a solicitor on that account; while the brothers Horace and James Smith, authors of "The Rejected Addresses," were men of such eminence in their profession, that they were selected to fill the important and lucrative post of solicitors to the Admiralty, and they filled it admirably.

It was while the late Mr. Broderip, the barrister, was acting as a London police magistrate, that he was attracted to the study of natural history, in which he occupied the greater part of his leisure. He wrote the principal articles on the subject for the "Penny Cyclopædia," besides several separate works of great

merit, more particularly the "Zoological Recreations," and "Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist." It is recorded of him that, though he devoted so much of his time to the production of his works, as well as to the Zoological Society and their admirable establishment in Regent's Park, of which he was one of the founders, his studies never interfered with the real business of his life, nor is it known that a single question was ever raised upon his conduct or his decisions. And while Mr. Broderip devoted himself to natural history, the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock devoted his leisure to natural science, recreating himself in the practice of photography and the study of mathematics, in both of which he was thoroughly proficient.

Among literary bankers we find the names of Rogers, the poet; Roscoe, of Liverpool, the biographer of Lorenzo de Medici; Ricardo, the author of "Political Economy and Taxation,"* Grote, the author of the "History of Greece"; Sir John Lubbock, the scientific antiquarian;† and Samuel Bailey, of Sheffield, the author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," besides various important works on ethics, political economy, and philosophy.

Nor, on the other hand, have thoroughly trained men of science and learning proved themselves inefficient as first-rate men of business. Culture of the best sort trains the habit of application and industry, disciplines the mind, supplies it with resources, and gives it freedom and vigour of action—all of which are equally requisite in the successful conduct of business. Thus, in young men, education and scholarship usually indicate steadiness of character, for they imply continuous attention, diligence, and the ability and energy necessary to master knowledge; and such persons will also usually be found possessed of more than

average promptitude, address, resource, and dexterity.

Montaigne has said of true philosophers that "if they were great in science, they were yet much greater in action; . . . and whenever they have been put upon the proof, they have been seen to fly to so high a pitch as made it very well appear their souls were strangely elevated and enriched with the knowledge of things."‡

At the same time it must be acknowledged that too exclusive a devotion to imaginative and philosophical literature, especially if prolonged in life until the habits become formed, does to a great extent incapacitate a man for the business of practical life. Speculative ability is one thing, and practical ability another; and the man who, in his study, or with his pen in hand, shows himself capable of forming large views of life and policy, may, in the outer world, be found altogether unfitted for carrying them into practical effect.

Speculative ability depends on vigorous thinking—practical ability on vigorous acting; and the two qualities are usually found combined in very unequal proportions. The speculative man is prone to indecision; he sees all the sides of a question, and his action becomes suspended in nicely weighing the pros and cons. Which are often found pretty nearly to balance each other; whereas the practical man overleaps logical preliminaries, arrives at certain definite convictions, and proceeds forthwith to carry his policy into action.§

‡ Thales, once inveighing in discourse against the pains and care men put themselves to to become rich, was answered by one in the company that he did like the fox, who found fault with what he could not obtain. Thereupon Thales had a mind, for the jest's sake, to show them the contrary; and having upon this occasion for once made a master of all his wits, wholly to employ them in the service of profit, he set a traffic on foot, which in one year brought him in so great riches that the most experienced in that trade could hardly in their whole lives, with all their industry, haveraked so much together.—MONTAIGNE'S *Essays*, book i., chap. 24.

§ "The understanding," says Mr. Bailey, "that is accustomed to pursue a regular and connected train of ideas becomes in some measure incapacitated for those quick and versatile movements which are learnt in the commerce of the world, and are indispensable to those who act a part in it. Deep thinking and

* Mr. Ricardo published his celebrated "Theory of Rent," at the urgent recommendation of James Mill (like his son, a chief clerk in the India House), author of the "History of British India." When the "Theory of Rent" was written, Ricardo was so dissatisfied with it that he wished to burn it; but Mr. Mill urged him to publish it, and the book was a great success.

† The late Sir John Lubbock, his father, was also eminent as a mathematician and astronomer.

Yet there have been many great men of science who have proved efficient men of business. We do not learn that Sir Isaac Newton made a worse Master of the Mint because he was the greatest of philosophers. Nor were there any complaints as to the efficiency of Sir John Herschel, who held the same office. The brothers Humboldt were alike capable men in all that they undertook—whether it was literature, philosophy, mining, philology, diplomacy, or state-manship.

Niebuhr, the historian, was distinguished for his energy and success as a man of business. He proved so efficient as secretary and accountant to the African consulate, to which he had been appointed by the Danish Government, that he was afterwards selected as one of the commissioners to manage the national finances; and he quitted that office to undertake the joint directorship of a bank at Berlin. It was in the midst of his business occupations that he found time to study Roman history, to master the Arabic, Russian, and other Slavonic languages, and to build up the great reputation as an author by which he is now chiefly remembered.

Having regard to the views professed by the First Napoleon as to men of science, it was to have been expected that he would endeavour to strengthen his administration by calling them to his aid. Some of his appointments proved failures, while others were completely successful. Thus Laplace was made minister of the interior; but he had no sooner been appointed than it was seen a mistake had been made. Napoleon afterwards said of him, that "Laplace looked at no question in its true point of view. He was always searching after subtleties; all his ideas were problems, and he carried the spirit of the infinitesimal calculus into the management of business." But Laplace's habits had been formed in the study, and he was too old to adapt them to the purposes of practical life.

With Daru it was different. But Daru had the advantage of some practical training in

practical talents require indeed habits of mind so essentially dissimilar, that while a man is striving after the one, he will be unavoidably in danger of losing the other." "Thence," he adds, "do we so often find men, who are 'giants in the closet,' prove but 'children in the world,'"—*Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions*, pp. 251-253.

business, having served as an intendant of the army in Switzerland under Massena, during which he also distinguished himself as an author. When Napoleon proposed to appoint him a councillor of state and intendant of the imperial household, Daru hesitated to accept the office. "I have passed the greater part of my life," he said, "among books, and have not had time to learn the functions of a courtier." "Of courtiers," replied Napoleon, "I have plenty about me; they will never fail. But I want a minister at once enlightened, firm, and vigilant; and it is for these qualities that I have selected you." Daru complied with the emperor's wishes, and eventually became his prime minister, proving thoroughly efficient in that capacity, and remaining the same modest, honourable, and disinterested man that he had been through life.

Men of trained working faculty so contract the habit of labour that idleness becomes intolerable to them; and when driven by circumstances from their own special line of occupation, they find a refuge in other pursuits. The diligent man is quick to find employment for his leisure; and he is able to make leisure when the idle man finds none. "He hath no leisure," says George Herbert, "who useth it not." "The most active or busy man that hath been or can be," says Bacon, "hath, no question, many vacant times of leisure, while he expecteth the tides and returns of business, except he be either tedious and of no dispatch, or lightly and unworthily ambitious to meddle with things that may be better done by others." Thus many great things have been done during such "vacant times of leisure," by men to whom industry had become a second nature, and who found it easier to work than to be idle.

Even hobbies are useful as educators of the working faculty. Hobbies evoke industry of a certain kind, and at least provide agreeable occupation. Not such hobbies as that of Domitian, who occupied himself in catching flies. The hobbies of the King of Macedon, who made lanterns, and of the King of France, who made locks, were of a more respectable order. Even a routine mechanical employment is felt to be a relief by minds acting under high pressure: it is an intermission of labour—a rest—a relaxation, the pleasure consisting in the work itself rather than in the result.

But the best of hobbies are intellectual ones. Thus men of active minds retire from their daily business to find recreation in other pursuits—some in science, some in art, and the greater number in literature. Such recreations are among the best preservatives against selfishness and vulgar worldliness. We believe it was Lord Brougham who said, "blessed is the man who hath a hobby!" and, in the abundant versatility of his nature, he himself had many, ranging from literature to optics, from history and biography to social science. Lord Brougham is even said to have written a novel; and the remarkable story of the "Man in the Bell," which appeared many years ago in "Blackwood," is reputed to have been from his pen. Intellectual hobbies, however, must not be ridden too hard; else, instead of recreating, refreshing, and invigorating a man's nature, they may only have the effect of sending him back to his business exhausted, enervated, and depressed.

Many laborious statesmen besides Lord Brougham have occupied their leisure, or consoled themselves in retirement from office, by the composition of works which have become part of the standard literature of the world. Thus "Cæsar's Commentaries" still survive as a classic; the perspicuous and forcible style in which they are written placing him in the same rank with Xenophon, who also successfully combined the pursuit of letters with the business of active life.

To conclude: a fair measure of work is good

for mind as well as body. Man is an intelligence sustained and preserved by bodily organs, and their active exercise is necessary to the enjoyment of health. It is not work, but overwork that is hurtful; and it is not hard work that is injurious so much as monotonous work, fagging work, hopeless work. All hopeful work is healthful; and to be usefully and hopefully employed is one of the great secrets of happiness. Brain-work, in moderation, is no more wearing than any other kind of work. Duly regulated, it is as promotive of health as bodily exercise; and, where due attention is paid to the physical system, it seems difficult to put more upon a man than he can bear. Merely to eat and drink and sleep one's way idly through life is vastly more injurious. The wear-and-tear of rust is even faster than the tear-and-wear of work.

But overwork is always bad economy. It is, in fact, great waste, especially if conjoined with worry. Indeed, worry kills far more than work does. It frets, it excites, it consumes the body—as sand and grit, which occasion excessive friction, wear out the wheels of a machine. Overwork and worry have both to be guarded against. For over brain work is strain work; and it is exhausting and destructive according as it is in excess of nature. And the brain worker may exhaust and overbalance his mind by excess, just as the athlete may overstrain his muscles and break his back by attempting feats beyond the strength of his physical system.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE; Travels, Adventures and Discoveries in Central Africa, including four months' residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley, Travelling Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. (Canadian edition.) James Adam & Co., Toronto, 1872.

IT is not to be wondered at that the world, and foremost of all the American literary world, received with undisguised incredulity the announcement that a correspondent of the *New York Herald* had gone to Zanzibar by order of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, marched

from thence right into the centre of Africa, and meeting there the veritable Dr. Livingstone, about whom the aforesaid amiable and sympathetic world had been suffering in anxiety so sorely and so long, our travelling correspondent "walked deliberately up to him, took off his hat, and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'YES,' said he, with a smile, lifting his cap slightly." And so the great feat was accomplished—the lost one was found! It was enough to stir up the unbelieving into new faithlessness; and it looks more comical than ever as presented to us on the embossed boards

of Mr. Stanley's portly volume. A petticoated negro, of doubtful gender, stands in the centre waving a huge banner of the Stars and Stripes ; on the left Mr. Stanley, in bookbinder's gold-foil, lifts his cocked hat as he says " Dr. Livingstone, I presume ! " On the right, the Doctor in a short smock—so at least it seems—with three Arabs behind him, lifts the bluish cap with its faded gold band, and the feat is before us in grand tableau. But this climax of the exploring expedition is only reached by the reader at the 412th page. The reverse of the startling picture meets us in the introduction. Mr. Stanley is in Madrid, " fresh from the carnage of Valencia," when a telegram is handed to him with the laconic message : " Come to Paris on important business.—Jas G. Bennett, jun." On the following night this scene transpires at the Parisian bedside of Mr. Bennett :

" Come in," I heard a voice say.

Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

" Who are you ? " he asked.

" My name is Stanley ! " I answered.

" Ah, yes ! sit down ; I have important business on hand for you."

After throwing over his shoulders his robe-de-chambre, Mr. Bennett asked, " Where do you think Livingstone is ? "

" I really do not know, sir."

" Do you think he is alive ? "

" He may be, and he may not be ! " I answered.

" Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him ; " and so the matter is settled. Mr. Stanley does not conceal the fact that this " cool order to go to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead," looked something very much of a wild-goose chase. But Mr. Bennett's authority to draw on him for £1,000 at a time, till Livingstone was found, settled the matter. " The old man may be in want : take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Do what you think best—BUT FIND

There is a certain aged and venerable aspect of the traveller meets us again and again. Selim comes back to Stanley as he approaches Ujiji, and tells him : " I see the Doctor, Sir. Oh, what an old man ! He has got a white beard." There is indeed some confusion between pen and pencil in this same

matter of the beard. Stanley himself, in describing the first sight of him, says, " I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard ; " but in the accompanying illustration, as also in others of the numerous pictorial chroniclings, such as " Our levee at Magala, Urundi," and still more unmistakably in " Dr. Livingstone at work on his Journal," there is the smooth-shaved chin, in notable contrast to a pair of bearded Arabs who look in upon him. Here is the account of this bit of pencil-work in Central Africa : " We arrived at Ujiji from our tour of discovery, north of the Tanganika, December 13th (1871), and from this date the Doctor commenced writing his letters to his numerous friends, and to copy into his mammoth Letts' Diary, from his field books, the valuable information he had acquired during his years of travel south and west of the Tanganika. I sketched him while sitting in his shirt-sleeves on the verandah, with his Letts' Diary on his knee ; and the likeness on the other page (563,) is an admirable portrait of him, because the artist who assisted me has, with an intuitive eye, seen the defects in my sketch ; and by this I am enabled to restore him to the reader's view exactly as I saw him, as he pondered on what he had witnessed during his long marches."

Between Selim's " white beard," Stanley's " grey beard," and Stanley and his artist-with-the-intuitive-eyes " no beard," there is some discrepancy, which suggests somewhat of book manufacture, so far at least as the prolific pictorial department is concerned. If one but think of it indeed, unless Mr. Stanley had carried into Central Africa his friend with the " intuitive eye," it is not easy to see how, just at the time when, in the valley of the Loajeri, for example, and when, as he says, " the quinine which I had taken in the morning seemed to affect every crevice of my brain," he was planting a successful shot behind the shoulder of a fine buffalo cow, he at the same time accomplished the spirited picture of himself, Livingstone, the buffalo cow, and the fine theatrical ravine in which they are posed. Or again, just as he is scared out of his wits by a huge elephant, with nothing but " a pea-shooter loaded with treacherous sawdust cartridges " in his hand ; and moreover while congratulating himself that the " Tembo," or big elephant, has not pounded

him to a jelly, he says, "a wasp darted fiercely at me and planted its sting in my neck, and for that afternoon my anticipated pleasures were dispelled." These, accordingly, are the circumstances under which he made the charming study on p. 580, of himself, the "colossal monster, the incarnation of might of the African world, with his large, broad ears held out like studding sails;" and the young rascal Kalulu "flying as soon as he had witnessed the awful Colossus in such close vicinage." The truth is, such a picture as this is all very well for a child's story book; but that forest, elephant, Kalulu and Stanley finely attitudinising, and all else were drawn by our friend with "the intuitive eye," out of the depths of his inner consciousness, with such hints as the African adventurer might give him, is obvious at a glance. The "bush" in which the elephant stands so composedly was probably sketched in the vicinity of Hampstead Heath. It does not look much more tropical!

Among the illustrations are plates of native arms, implements, pipes, &c., groups of natives that look as if they had been photographed from nature; a fine, genuine-like head of Susi, the servant of Livingstone; with specimens of pottery, illustrations of native architecture, native idols, &c., all of which are interesting and valuable. Even the very magnificent portrait of the "proprietor of the *New York Herald*," with hair in elegant curl, and waxed moustache done up to the last degree of barberous perfectibility, is doubtless truthful; and the gold snuffbox, with the V. R. of its Royal donor in brilliants on the black ground of the tail-piece, is a no less appropriate finale. But the "attack on Mirambo," with "the Stars and Stripes" planted in the foreground; "the mutiny on the Gombe river," or—not to needlessly enlarge the list—His Sable Majesty, King Manyara, rolling on the ground and rubbing his stomach, while Stanley stands over him with the bottle of concentrated ammonia from which His Majesty has just been physicked;—such illustrations of a book of "Travels, Adventures and Discoveries in Central Africa," make one look with some incredulity on the accompanying maps of "Eastern Central Africa, *showing the routes and discoveries of Henry M. Stanley whilst in search of Dr. Livingstone, 1871-1872.*"

The "old man with the white beard" attracted our eye when we first opened the volume. Doubtless hardships, privation, and African fever have told on the indomitable, lonely man, who has for long years battled with the mystery of the great lakes which are the perennial feeders of the Nile; but reckoning by years, we have the best of reasons for saying that Dr. David Livingstone is a long way still from old age. Thirty-four years ago we remember him well, a bright, quiet, clever youth, busily engaged in the laboratory of Professor Graham, of University College, London. The Professor, himself a Glasgow man, was interested in the thoughtful, eager, dark-eyed youth; and then, and in at least one subsequent year, he continued to prosecute his practical studies under the great chemist whose statue has been erected during the past year, alongside that of James Watt, in his native city.

How time does run by with us all. When the quietest and most staid of mortals bethinks him of the circle of thirty-five years ago, the chances are that he has to hunt them up in fancy in every corner of the wide world. But this hunting up of Livingstone in the centre of Africa—not in fancy, but literally—is certainly one of the achievements worthy of a red-letter day in the calendar of 1872. At Zanzibar Mr. Stanley met Dr. Kirk, and in answer to his inquiry, "Where is Dr. Livingstone do you think now?" received the comforting reply: "Well, really, you know that is very difficult to answer. He may be dead; there is nothing positive whereon we can base sufficient reliance. Of one thing I am sure, nobody has heard anything definite of him for over two years;" and then Mr. Stanley reports some more of the British Consul's talk; which, if he had any idea of its being reported in the preface to such a sequel, he would have certainly kept to himself. According to him Livingstone is "not quite an angel," one who hates to have anyone with him; who if Burton, Grant, Baker, or Stanley himself were known to be nearing him, would "put a hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between him and them." Mr. Stanley says Dr. Kirk very kindly promised him all the assistance in his power; but he drily adds, "But I cannot recollect, neither do I find a trace of it in my

journal, that he assisted me in any way." It is not easy, we suspect, to be a friend of Livingstone and also of Dr. Kirk. Some others of Mr. Stanley's studies at Zanzibar are tempting, such as his sketch of "poor, dear Bishop Tozer, Missionary Bishop of Central Africa, inefably happy in his crimson robe of office, and in the queerest of all head-dresses, stalking through the streets of Zanzibar, or haggling over the price of a tin pot at a tinker's stall." But we must not follow the example of the Bishop of Central Africa, and stick fast on this island outpost; though with a volume of 700 pages, the most we can do is to glean a few characteristic episodes from the traveller's experiences and adventures.

Here is a piece of race-portraiture, sketched by the pen of an American among the woolly-haired negroes of Africa, worth reproducing: "The Wahumba, so far as I have seen them, are a fine and well formed race. The men are positively handsome; tall, with small heads, the posterior part of which project considerably. One will look in vain for a thick lip or a flat nose amongst them; on the contrary, the mouth is exceedingly well cut, delicately small; the nose is that of the Greeks, and so universal was the peculiar feature that I at once named them the Greeks of Africa. Their lower limbs have not the heaviness of the Wagogo and other tribes, but are long and shapely, clean as those of an antelope. Their necks are long and slender, on which their small heads are poised most gracefully. Athletes from their youth, shepherd bred, and intermarrying among themselves, thus keeping the race pure, any of them would form a fit subject for the sculptor who would wish to immortalize in marble an Antinous, a Hylas, a Daphnis, or an Apollo. The women are as beautiful as the men are handsome. They have clear, ebon skins, not coal black; but of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass pendent from the ears, brass ring collars about the necks, and a spiral cincture of brass wire about their loins for the purpose of retaining their calf and goat skins, which are folded about their bodies, and, depending from their shoulder, shade one-half of the bosom and fall to the knees."

Here again is a piece of royal state worthy of the meeting between a representative of

science and the sovereign of part at least of the Blacks' own continent. The Sultan of Manyara has come, with his chiefs, to visit the camp of the stranger. He has looked all around, examined the double-barrelled guns, the rifle, &c., and our traveller thus proceeds: "After having explained to them the difference between white men and Arabs, I pulled out my medicine chest, which evoked another burst of rapturous sighs at the cunning neatness of the array of vials. He asked what they meant. "Down," I replied sententiously, a word which may be interpreted medicine. "Oh-h, Oh-h," they murmured admiringly. I succeeded before long in winning unqualified admiration; and my superiority, compared with the best of the Arabs they had seen, was but too evident. "Down, down," they added. "Here," said I, uncorking a vial of medicinal brandy, "is the kisunger pombe (white man's beer); take a spoonful and try it," at the same time handing it. "Hacht, hacht, oh, hacht! What! eh! what strong beer the white men have! Oh how my throat burns!" "Ah, but it is good," said I, "a little of it makes men feel strong and good; but too much of it makes men bad, and they die." "Let me have some," said one of the chiefs; "and me," "and me," "and me," as soon as each had tasted.

"I next produced a bottle of concentrated ammonia, which, as I explained, was for snake bites and headaches. The Sultan immediately complained he had a headache, and must have a little. Telling him to close his eyes, I suddenly uncorked the bottle, and presented it to His Majesty's nose. The effect was magical, for he fell back as if shot, and such contortions as his features underwent are indescribable. His chiefs roared with laughter, and clapped their hands, pinched each other, snapped their fingers, and committed many other ludicrous things. The chiefs in turn had each a sniff at the same wonderful bottle. "Oh!" said the Sultan at parting, "these white men know everything; the Arabs are dirt compared to them!"

Of the meeting and intercourse between Livingstone and his enterprising friend, our readers will doubtless learn for themselves in the pages of his large but attractive volume. It is lively and well written, considering the haste, from beginning to end, of outfit, jour-

ney, book-making and all. It would be easy, of course, from a volume of upwards of seven hundred pages, to glean abundant extracts wherewith to swell out this notice; but we have probably said enough to tempt our readers to study it for themselves. They cannot fail—whatever other defects they may find—to admire the pluck, resolution, and perseverance with which Mr. Stanley undertook and carried to so thoroughly successful an issue, the seemingly hopeless, if not hair-brained, commission of seeking a solitary stranger in some unknown spot in the heart of an unexplored continent, the way to which had to be forced through jungle, fever swamps, faithless assistants, and hostile natives.

The maps, with their interesting details of lake and river, help to give countenance to the assumption of original exploration and geographical discovery, which it would be absurd to lay claim to seriously, as any source of Mr. Stanley's undoubted merit. By a bold dash he solved a mystery which seemed to baffle all the efforts of the Royal Geographical Society; and accomplished single-handed what neither their consular agent, nor the exploratory expedition they organized with so much effort, seemed equal to. But if the mystery of ages is to be solved by the raid of a *New York Herald* reporter in a single season, then the weary years of exile which Dr. Livingstone has endured in the fever-haunted regions, where he still lingers under the idea that the problem is still unsolved, are years of misspent labour and sorrow.

An outlet for Lake Tanganika is one of the great unsolved problems of African exploration. Captain Burton conceived it had no outlet, and Dr. Beke would give it none other than the skyward one of the tropical sun's evaporation. But Mr. Stanley has an astounding native story of the "Kabogo, a great mountain on the other side of the Tanganika, full of deep holes, into which the water rolls; and when there is wind on the lake there is a sound like thunder." Mr. Stanley believes in this subterranean outlet of the great lake, for he "distinctly heard a sound as of distant thunder in the west," and he accordingly enters into a careful calculation; which he thus sums up:—"Therefore the sound of the thundering surf, which is said to roll into the caves of Kabogo,

was heard by us at a distance of over one hundred miles away from them!" Bethink you, good reader, it is computed that the Niagara Falls discharge twenty millions of cubic feet of water per minute; and sharp ears are said to have detected the sound at Lewiston—seven miles below the Falls. But a hundred miles off!—what must that Kabogo be?

The mysterious river of Egypt owes its remarkable character to the relations it bears to two very diverse geographical areas. The annual overflow of the Nile, and the fertilizing mud which it deposits in the lower valley, are contributed by the tributaries of the great river which have their rise in Abyssinia. There the rainy season lasts among its highlands from June to September, while for the remaining nine months of the year the river is fed from the great equatorial lakes which Speke, Grant, Baker and Livingstone have made known to us anew, but which it is indisputable were already laid down in ancient maps of the Arabian geographers. Thus the perennial flow of the Nile is maintained from the latter source; while the annual overflow, on which the fertilizing of the great Egyptian river-valley depends, is secured by the floods of the Abyssinian highlands in our summer quarter of the year.

The celebrated traveller, Robert Bruce of Kinnaird, was the first to reveal, in modern times, the wonders of Abyssinia. He told a "traveller's tale" so full of marvels that no one would believe it. Of all his stories, that of cutting steaks out of the buttock of a live cow was received with most unbounded ridicule. But hardly a statement of the traveller which possessed any notable specialty escaped the stigma of falsehood; till this unjust incredulity and ridicule culminated in the extravagant satire of Baron Munchausen and his wonderful adventures.

It seemed for a time as if Mr. Stanley was to experience anew the fate of the great Abyssinian traveller; and none were so virulent in their aspersions as his own American brethren of the press. But we live in an age of more easy and rapid correction of misapprehensions such as this. The statements of Bruce have been proved to be correct by Salt, Burckhardt, Clarke, Belzoni, and every later traveller who has crossed his tract. But the assaults of malignant ignorance haunted the traveller to his

grave. For years before his death the only reference he ever made to his African travels was a remark to his own daughter, that she would live to see the truth of all his narratives confirmed. It has been far otherwise with Stanley. Ridicule and detraction have only added to the ultimate popularity of his adventures, and conferred on them even an exaggerated importance. A single season has sufficed to right his wrongs; and his handsome and highly attractive, though necessarily superficial volume, bids fair to return to its author a very substantial, though fully merited reward. Every admirer of the great traveller whom he has succoured owes to Mr. Stanley a debt of gratitude; and the closing words of grateful thanks and kindly congratulations sent to him by Queen Victoria, along with the more substantial memorial of Her Majesty's good will, are as welcome to the sympathetic reader as they can have been to himself.

THE ANCIENT STONE IMPLEMENTS, WEAPONS, AND ORNAMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By John Evans, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

In an elaborate and copiously illustrated treatise, extending to 640 pages, Mr. Evans here deals in exhaustive fashion with one of the most interesting phases of primeval archaeological history. The era of the Norman Conquest seems very ancient to us; Alfred and his Saxons lie on the mythic and legendary border-land of fable; and as for Arthur and his Britons, we are well content that our poet laureate should have them all to himself. Yet the oldest of those eras is but of yesterday compared with the eras of the "Stone Period."

That flint arrow-heads—such as are common enough on many Canadian localities—were of frequent occurrence in Britain, has long been known. Stone axe-heads, like the primitive tomahawk of the American savage, are equally abundant; but they remained for centuries the elf-bolt and thunder-stone of popular superstition. In an old Scottish trial for witchcraft, one of the witnesses describes, in all gravity and good faith, a cavern where the arch-fiend is known to carry on the manufacture of elf-arrows, surrounded by his attendant imps, who rough-hew them out of the blocks of flint. These were believed to be the sources of many evils, and especially of cattle diseases. Dr. Hykes writes to the old diarist, Pepys, how Lord Talbot did produce one of these

elf-arrows, which one of his tenants took out of a cow that died an unusual death; and also records a well attested story of an elf-arrow shot at a venerable Irish bishop by an evil spirit, in a terrible thunder-clap, which shook the whole house where the bishop was!

Such was the nature of current belief in these relics. Set in gold or silver, they were worn as amulets or charms; and they are similarly used by the Arabs of Northern Africa at the present day. They have been found on the field of Marathon; the last-mentioned relics of the barbarian hordes of Persia. They were almost the only ancient weapons which the antiquaries of last century did not class as Roman. But before the close of the eighteenth century, ere speculations as to the antiquity of the human race had begun to puzzle men's minds, a remarkable discovery of large, rude flint implements was made at Haxne in Suffolk, under circumstances which even then suggested to their observer, Mr. Frere, F.R.S., that they belonged "to a very remote period indeed, even beyond that of the present world." Fortunately, Mr. Frere presented some of these primitive implements to the Society of Antiquaries of London. They lay as mere "Celtic weapons," safe in the cabinets of the Society till, in 1859, Mr. Evans returned from an exploration of the famous drift deposits of Amiens and Abbeville, which were then exciting so wide-spread an interest, and recognised the very same characteristics in the Suffolk implements as in those which formed the noticeable type of those of France.

Implements of this type have been recovered in modern years from the same locality, alongside of the fossil deer, horse and elephant. Research has been extended in other localities. The disclosures of France have been followed by others of no less interest in Switzerland, Spain and Italy. The Palestine Exploring Expedition has sent home Syrian flint-implements, with their other relics of the Holy Land. Wherever research extends, fresh evidences present themselves of periods of great antiquity and long duration, during which man, in a state of the rudest barbarism, supplied all his tool-using requirements by means of flint or bone. What were at first but the vague disclosures of what was regarded as a primitive Stone Period, now marshals itself, under the intelligent systematizing of its students, into distinct periods of very diverse antiquity.

There is first and most modern of such primitive eras of barbaric art: The Neolithic period, with its varied implements of flint and stone, hewn, polished and decorated with the rudiments of artistic taste. To this period also belong many rude personal ornaments, vessels of stone, elaborately decor-

ated balls, table-men and other objects, supposed to have been used in games; beads, buttons, arm-lets, &c., of shale and other similar material. Some of them undoubtedly tell us of British arts of times coeval with the Roman presence in Britain; but others carry us backward to that primeval dawn in which the British Isles were first colonized by man.

But the very name of the Neolithic period implies that it is modern after a sort. Altogether behind this there reaches away into geological ages, before Britain was severed from the neighbouring Continent, in eras when the Mammoth and the Reindeer, the Cave Tiger and Cave Bear, the Irish Elk and creatures of equally strange character, were the living fauna, a Palæolithic period of vast duration, with its cave implements and its relics of a river-drift of remote antiquity.

This question of the Antiquity of Man, with its allied subjects, is the great question of the day. It involves results of momentous significance, and has to be faced and intelligently dealt with by all who recognize importance of the results which it involves. Mr. Evans discusses with great temperateness and the marshalling of all available evidence, the possible chronology of the periods embraced within the two great divisions, and produces the results of observations by some of the ablest and most distinguished English and Continental savans. The following is his own summing up:

"On the whole it would seem that, for the present at least, we must judge of the antiquity of these deposits rather from the general effect produced upon our minds by the vastness of the changes which have taken place, both in the external configuration of the country and its extent seaward, since the time of their formation, than by any actual admeasurement of years or of centuries. To realize the full meaning of these changes almost transcends the powers of the imagination. Who, for instance, standing on the edge of the lofty cliff at Bournemouth, and gazing over the wide expanse of waters between the present shore and a line connecting the Needles on the one hand, and the Ballard Down Foreland on the other, can fully comprehend how immensely remote was the epoch when what is now that vast bay was high and dry land, and a long range of chalk downs, 600 feet above the sea, bounded the horizon on the south? And yet this must have been the sight that met the eyes of those primeval men who frequented the banks of that ancient river which buried their handiwork in gravels that now cap the cliffs, and of the course of which so strange but indubitable a memorial subsists in what has now become the Solent Sea.

Or, again, taking our stand on the high terraces at Ealing, or Acton, or Highbury, and looking over

the broad valley, four miles in width, with the river flowing through it at a depth of about a hundred feet below its former bed, in which, beneath our feet, are relics of human art deposited at the same time as the gravels, which of us can picture to himself the lapse of time represented by the excavation of a valley on such a scale, by a river greater, perhaps, in volume than the Thames, but still draining only the same tract of country?" This is the great basin on which London stands, and has stood since Roman times; but its history and traditions lend us no help in reaching back even to the Bronze Age, much less to that Neolithic age which is still modern when compared with the era of the British Mammoth and Rhinoceros. Yet it is to this elder era that the palæolithic flint implements belong. The student of history, accustomed to deal with periods of moderate limits, is lost in amazement at the vista of antiquity which thus opens on his mental vision, replete in its remotest distance with evidence of the presence of man.

The work, as a whole, is a careful, judicious and temperate demonstration of the facts of an inquiry of surpassing interest. Mr. Evans has freely used the labours and researches of his predecessors, and everywhere gives reference to his authorities. In point of illustration, the work embodies a comprehensive series of carefully executed figures, showing the characteristics of human art in that primeval dawn, and thus placing the fireside student nearly on an equality with the traveller and scientific explorer by whom they have been handled and described. The American publishers appear to have been furnished with duplicates of the original illustrations, and the reprint does great justice to the author and the subject.

FOR THE KING. By Charles Gibbon. Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," &c. New York: Harper Brothers.

This is a tale of the Civil War in 1745. Its keynote is given in the quotation prefixed from the *Chronicles of the Rebellion*:—"The most intimate relations were suddenly broken off; friendship was forgotten in feud; families were divided, and, frequently, fathers and sons stood in opposing factions. Women shared in the wretched dissensions; and those of them who had favoured the Prince, or whose friends had done so, suffered much of the cruelties with which Cumberland followed up his victory at Culloden." The Earl of Strathroy is for the Pretender; his son-in-law, Sir Malcolm Oliphant, is for King George II.; his daughter, Lady Margaret, is torn between her duty to her father and her duty to her husband. Colonel Strang, a military adven-

turer in the service of the King, but in secret communication with the Pretender, and a rejected suitor of Lady Margaret, plays the villain of the piece, and certainly with the highest moral qualifications for the part. Dr. Fairlie, an eccentric, genial, shrewd old gentleman, plays the good angel. In character the tale is not very strong; but it is full of incident which most readers will find highly exciting, though the few will pronounce it too melodrama

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE REV. ALLAN NAPIER MACNAB, B. A. Toronto: Church Printing and Publishing Co., 1872. 8vo. pp. 33.

We have here an *In Memoriam* of a young man of great promise, a deacon of the Church of England, bearing a familiar name, historic in Canada. Judging of his character, as delineated in this pamphlet by a "friend of the family," and from the specimens of a few written relics here presented in print, we doubt not, had the life of Mr. MacNab been prolonged, he would have reflected honour on the name he bore. *Si qua fata invidi rumpas, tu Maycellus eris.* Such brief existences are not wasted. A young life worthily spent is not unfruitful. Its record retains an enduring charm, and often silently stimulates to emulation in quarters where such an effect might be little looked for. The premature death of young Thomas Whytehead, Chaplain to Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, just after the

arrival of the Bishop's party in New Zealand in 1843, will possibly be recalled. The history of the short career of that gifted and accomplished young man helped in no slight degree to inspire and maintain among English students a living interest in the New Zealand mission, which was finally crowned with such signal success. Short and simple annals, like those of the life of the late Allan Napier MacNab, circulating quietly in Canadian families, will, in an analogous manner, we feel confident, yield in the future results beneficial to the best interests of the local Anglican Church.

HERMAN AGHA. By W. G. Palgrave. (Leisure Hour Series.) Holt & Williams: New York.

Anything on the East from the pen of Mr. W. G. Palgrave is sure to be interesting; and Herman Agha possesses high merit, not only as a picture of Eastern life, character and scenery, but as a tale. Its weak point is at the end, where it runs off into something a little too wild and mystical. Some of the reflections are certainly not Oriental. But these have an interest of their own as expressions (we may presume) of the present creed, or no-creed, of one who, after being a High Anglican at Oxford, where he was distinguished as a student, became a Jesuit, and has now left the Order. We can confidently recommend the book as far above the common order of novels.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ATTENTION continues to be attracted to the so-called "Prayer Gage" and the controversies respecting the efficacy of prayer and the general relations between Man and the Deity, to which that strange suggestion has given rise. The "Contemporary" for October contained three letters on the subject, one from Professor Tyndall, the patron of the Prayer Gage, another from its anonymous projector, and a third from Dr. McCosh. Professor Tyndall tenders an important explanation. "The bone of contention at present is *the physical value of prayer*. It is not my wish to excite surprise, much less to draw forth protest by the employment of this phrase. I would simply ask any intelligent person to look the problem honestly and steadily in the face, and then to say whether, in the estimation of the great body of these who sincerely resort to it, prayer does not, at all events upon special occasions, invoke a

Power which checks and augments the descent of rain, which changes the force and direction of the winds, which affects the growth of corn and the health of men and cattle—a Power, in short, which, when appealed to under pressing circumstances, produces the precise effects caused by physical energy in the ordinary course of things. To any person who deals sincerely with the subject, and refuses to blur his moral vision by intellectual subtleties, this, I think, will appear a true statement of the case." It is under this aspect, according to Professor Tyndall, that the scientific student has any wish to meddle with prayer, which is forced upon his attention as a form of physical energy, and which he therefore claims leave to examine by scientific tests. The Professor admits that there is no inherent unreasonableness in the act of prayer. "The theory that the system of nature is under the

control of a Being who changes phenomena in compliance with the prayers of men, is, in my opinion, a perfectly legitimate one. It may of course be rendered futile by being associated with conceptions which contradict it, but such conceptions form no necessary part of the theory. It is a matter of experience that an earthly father, who is at the same time both wise and tender, listens to the requests of his children, and if they do not ask amiss, takes pleasure in granting their requests. We know also that this compliance extends to the alteration within certain limits of the current of events on earth. With this suggestion, offered by our experience, it is no departure from scientific method to place behind natural phenomena a Universal Father, who, in answer to the prayers of his children, alters the currents of those phenomena." Professor Tyndall, however, insists that this hypothesis shall be submitted, like any other hypothesis, to verification, and shall stand or fall by the result. Perhaps his religious antagonists might ask him whether even the alteration of phenomena by an earthly father, in compliance with the prayer of his child, can be absolutely verified—whether it can be scientifically proved, even in this instance, that the accordance of the event with the prayer is a consequence and not a coincidence.

The Professor protests that it is not his habit of mind to think otherwise than solemnly of the feeling which prompts to prayer, and that he does not wish it to be extinguished, but devoted to practicable objects. His tone is one of great reverence for religion and religious persons.

In a somewhat different tone, the author of the proposal vehemently maintains the validity and pertinency of his Gage, and argues that the Creator might fairly be expected to respond to such an appeal, if prayer was really efficacious.

He is evidently an ultra-physicist, excluding from his mind altogether the conception of a Personal God, which he stigmatizes as anthropomorphism. "An unerring order," he says, "which, in our experience, knows no exception, is all-sufficient, and furnishes to us, its children, the highest type and model of perfect organization. * * * *"

There is no influence so soothing, none so reconciling to the chequered conditions of life, as consciousness of the absolute stability of the Rock on which the physicist takes his stand; who, knowing the intelligent order that pervades the universe, believes in it, and, with true filial piety, would never suggest a pe-

tion for a change in the Great Will as touching any childish whim of his own." The answer to this seems to be one supplied by our actual experience. A man of the most perfect and settled character does not derogate from his consistency in granting the prayer of his child, because, in the act of preferring the prayer, the child alters his own moral state, and therefore his fitness to receive the benefit for which he prays. The writer, however, though he uses the expression "Great Will," evidently no more allows a will to God than he does to man. The only idea he has is an aggregate of necessary and unchangeable laws, which, *vi termini*, excludes prayer.

Dr. McCosh rebukes the physicists for forgetting that a man has to enter the spiritual kingdom, as he has to enter the kingdom of science, by attention to its laws, and argues that the proposal of the Prayer Gage is not consistent with the laws of the spiritual kingdom. In demonstrating that the answer to prayer may be determined in the Divine mind by circumstances which we are incapable of estimating, he is rather unfortunate in the selection of an instance. "A few years ago," he says, "the late Prince Albert was in a raging fever, and hundreds of thousands were praying for his recovery. Must God answer these prayers by restoring the Prince to health, and this whatever be the consequences? It is said—on what I believe to be good authority—that shortly after the death of the Prince, the wise and good Queen of Great Britain declined following the counsel of her advisers, when they wished to proclaim war, and she did so because her departed husband was always opposed such a fratricidal proceeding. We may put the supposition that the Prince, if alive, might not have had influence to stop the war, and that it could have been arrested only by the firmness of a woman, inspired by regard for the dead." In the first place the statement that the Cabinet wished to proclaim a "fratricidal" war against America is totally unfounded as well as most injurious to the characters of the statesmen concerned. In the second place, Dr. McCosh's opponents will ask whether it was not as much in the power of the Almighty to stop the war as it was to determine whether the Prince Consort should live or die?

The "Prayer Gage" may be said to have been an insult unintentionally offered to the feelings of religious people, by a physicist who could not enter into the idea of a Personal God, or of the relations between God and man which that idea involves

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

TIN IN AUSTRALIA.

FEW of the explored parts of Australia are possessed of greater natural attractions than Queensland, not the least of which is to be found in the recent discovery of tin in large quantity. This discovery is not like the "diamond swindle" of Arizona, or even like certain reported "finds," of which we have had experience nearer home. Though but a young colony, things of this kind are better managed in Queensland than in some other places which might be expected to show more sense. When any mineral discovery is reported in Queensland, a qualified "Mining Land Commissioner," retained by the colony as a permanent official, is dispatched to report on it to the Government, and his report is made public; so that fraud is rendered almost an impossibility. From a report, then, presented by the above named functionary to the Earl of Kimberley, we learn that the district in Queensland, in which tin has been discovered, is situated about the head-waters of the Severn River and its tributaries, comprising an area of about five hundred and fifty square miles. The district is described as an elevated granitic table-land, intersected by ranges of abrupt hills, some attaining an elevation of about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. The richest deposits are found in the beds of the streams and in alluvial flats on their banks. The aggregate length of these alluvial bands is estimated at about one hundred and seventy miles, and every linear chain of the stream-beds is calculated to yield about ten tons of ore. Not only is the ore found disseminated over the surface of the ground, but the actual veins from which it has been derived have also been in some cases discovered. Similar discoveries have been made in the most northern part of the colony of New South Wales, in the district known as "New England." There is thus every probability that Australia will in a few years be *the* great tin-producing country of the world. The value of the one hundred and seventy miles of stream tin works in Queensland alone is calculated at the enormous sum of

thirteen millions sterling; and it is stated as probable, that the production of tin ore from the district in New South Wales will reach, if not surpass, that of all the old tin mining countries combined.

LIVINGSTONE'S DISCOVERIES.

It will be long before we shall be able to speak positively as to the discoveries made by Dr. Livingstone during the last four years, and indeed we can hardly do so until he is once more restored to civilization in his own person. It is well known that his own belief, as stated in his letters, is that the mighty river which he has been following so long and so patiently—the Lualaba—is the Nile. It is well known also with what energy, not to say discourtesy, Mr. Stanley has met all attempts on the part of geographers at home to decide on the value of this belief. And yet its correctness can be to a certain extent decided, without actually penetrating into the interior of Africa, by data already in our possession; and these data go to show that the Lualaba cannot by any possibility be the Nile. The following is the summing up of this question given by Sir Henry Rawlinson, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, in his recently delivered inaugural address to that learned body:

"There can be no reasonable doubt that this great water-system of central Africa belongs to the Congo and not to the Nile. The proofs of the identity of the Lualaba and the Congo, derived from a comparison of height measurements, of volume of water, of the periodical rains, and the rise of the rivers, &c., have been put together very clearly in a paper by Dr. Behm, which has just appeared in the current number of Petermann's '*Mittheilungen*,' and many arguments arising from local information, as well as from coincidences of Natural History or Ethnology, might be added in corroboration. The only impediment, indeed, to a full and clear understanding upon this point is the remarkable fact that, although Livingstone had followed down the gradual slope of the Lualaba from the high plateau where it

rises, 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the sea-level, to a point where the barometer gave an elevation of only 2,000 feet—that is, to a point depressed 1,000 feet below the parallel Nile basin to the eastward; and although the constant trending of the waters to the west haunted him with misgivings, still he clung tenaciously to his old belief that he must be on the track of the Nile, and even speculated on the possibility of the great river he was pursuing debouching by the Bahr-el-Ghazal. It must be borne in mind, however, that Livingstone, in his African solitude, had no knowledge of Schweinfurth's discoveries. He had no idea that one, or perhaps two, watersheds intervened between the Luabala and the head-waters of the Bahr-el-Ghazal; nor does he seem to have been aware that his great river at Nyangwe contained nineteen times the volume of water contained by the western affluent of the White Nile. When this revelation breaks on him it is not too much to suppose that he will abandon his Nile theory, and rest satisfied with the secondary honour—if indeed it be secondary—of having discovered and traced the upper course of the Congo, which is emphatically called by the natives 'the great river' of Africa."

In connection with the above, it may be mentioned that a new expedition is in process of being fitted out by Dr. Livingstone's friends. It will be called the "Livingstone-Congo Expedition," and it is to ascend the Congo from above the rapids of that river. The intention is to try and penetrate to the equatorial lake where Livingstone's rivers are lost, and in the vicinity of which it is expected the great explorer will be found at the close of next year.

THE EMOTIONS AND THE HAIR.

That "deadly fear can time outgo, and blanch at once the hair" has long been an article of popular belief; and unlike many popular beliefs, modern science will allow us to believe that it is true. Though such cases are rare, there is no doubt that the hair does sometimes turn gray or white "in a single night," under the influence of some overwhelming terror, or some crushing sorrow. The cause of this sudden blanching of the hair has never been completely investigated, though recently a high authority has suggested that "during

the prevalence of a violent nervous shock the normal fluids of the hair might be drawn inwards towards the body, in unison with the generally contracted and collapsed state of the surface, and that the vacuities left by this process of exhaustion might be suddenly filled with air." Whilst grayness or whiteness of the hair or baldness may be produced by the influence of painful emotions, cases are not altogether wanting in which the hair which turned gray in the natural course of life, or has actually fallen out, may become dark in colour or may grow again under the stimulus of especially favourable circumstances. A singular example of this has recently been given by Dr. Daniel Tuke, in the *Journal of Mental Science*. An old Government employé of the time of George IV. became so disgusted at the vileness of the political atmosphere by which he was surrounded, that he threw up a lucrative position in one of the Royal Yards, and made up his mind, at the age of seventy-five, to emigrate to America, where he imagined he would find greater political purity and freedom. He took with him his wife, who was about seventy years of age, who had been toothless for years, and whose hair was as white as snow. Six or seven years afterwards, the old lady, then living in New York, was found with a new set of teeth (real, not artificial,) and with her head covered with a plentiful growth of dark brown hair! If Dr. Tuke was not imposed upon, we have here one of the most remarkable examples of which we have ever heard, of the wonderful effects of living under American "institutions."

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

Dr. John C. Draper, of New York, has recently been carrying out some careful experiments upon the effects produced by the application of cold to the surface of the body. He finds that the primary and most important effect of the application of cold to the whole surface of the body is to lower the action of the heart, and reduce its powers. This reduction is still further increased on removing the cold, if the application has continued for a sufficient length of time; and as a consequence of the reduction of the heart's action, the phenomenon of stupor or sleep appears, produced either by deficient oxidation, or by imperfect

removal of carbonic acid gas. There is also a tendency to congestion of various internal organs, especially of the lungs, whilst the ratio between the number of beats of the heart and the number of respirations becomes nearly the same as in inflammation of the lungs.

The Maharajah of Cashmere is desirous of having several scientific works translated from the English into the Sanscrit language; and as he understands that there are many able scholars in England and Germany, he has placed the matter in the hands of Colonel Nassau Lees, who is to select competent persons for the task. His Highness has had some works already translated in Calcutta. He has requested that, as the first instalment of the European series of translations, Prof. Liebig's work on Chemistry, or some other standard work on the same subject, should be one of the works translated. An undertaking of this kind ought to prove most useful, and cannot fail to exercise a most beneficial effect upon the future of India.

There is one respect in which scientific men—who are sometimes narrow enough in some matters—are more liberal in their views than the community at large, and more especially than either theologians or politicians, namely, in the position which they take up towards a man who has changed opinions which he formerly expressed. Instead of regarding this

either as weakness or as apostacy, they generally regard it as being a very creditable thing, and as showing that the mind is open to all the impressions of truth. In the words of Faraday, "the only man who ought really to be looked upon as contemptible is the man whose ideas are not in a constant state of transition."

Constadt, a well-known chemist, has recently shown that sea-water, in addition to silver, which has long been known to be present, also contains gold in small quantity. The gold is completely dissolved, and appears to be held in solution by iodate of calcium. The proportion is estimated to be less than one grain of gold to the ton of sea-water.

It has been often said that animals are not liable to disease until they are brought into contact with man, and there are many facts to support this view. Prof. Struthers, of Aberdeen, believes, however, that whales are very liable to rheumatism. He states that he has often seen examples of "rheumatic" inflammation of the bones in whales, which is very remarkable when it is considered how little whales are exposed to changes of temperature. It would be difficult, however, to prove that whales suffer from any disease at all comparable to rheumatism in man, and the facts brought forward by Dr. Struthers may admit of a different interpretation.

LITERARY NOTES.

The action of "Hepworth Dixon v. *The Pall Mall Gazette*," has been decided, after a four days' trial, nominally in favour of Mr. Dixon, for he has been awarded one farthing damages, but virtually in favour of the English newspaper. Criticism may be trenchant but it should not be reckless. While excessively pungent criticism at the same time is impolitic and likely to be undignified, there does seem occasion in these days of outrageous sensationalism to lay on the scourge and to expose the writer who degrades literature from its wholesome and elevating environment to the low level of sensuous indecency. Though there is much, however, that is objectionable in Mr. Dixon's *Spiritual Wives*, particularly in the tone of the work and in the straining after sensation-excitement which well merited the reviewer's censure, yet the decided virulence of the review, and its contemptuous allusions to the author could not be legally or morally justified. Is there not a lesson in this law-suit for our own writers and journalists?

If we have not positive indecency to complain of, it is fast becoming a public duty in Canada to repress the flippancy of the day in reference to sacred things; while, at the same time, the license of the press in its would-be facetious but, in fact, impudent trifling with the reputations of our public men, is a scandal and reproach to us as a people. We should be glad to see public opinion more wholesome and more active in regard to this matter.

The "Memoirs of Baron Stockmar" have now been issued from the press. The volumes will be found most important reading, as they are replete with interest on the subject of English and European politics during the early part of the Victorian era. The Baron was an intimate friend and adviser of Her Majesty, and his influence in royal circles and in the political world, during the period referred to, was very great. A cheap re-publication of these memoirs, on this side the Atlantic, will be a great boon to readers of political history, to whom we heartily commend the study of the work.

We regret, however, to find the book disfigured by considerable egotism and an undue laudation of the subject of the memoirs.

In the Department of Biography, also, may be noted as having just appeared, the second volume, from 1842 to 1852, of Mr. John Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," and a cheaper edition of Sir Arthur Helps' "Life and Labours of the late Mr. Brassy." The following announcement of forthcoming memoirs may interest readers:—"The Life of Baron Humboldt," compiled in commemoration of the centenary of his birth, and translated from the German; "The Life and Times of Sixtus the Fifth," by Baron Hübner, from unpublished diplomatic correspondence in the State Archives of the Vatican, Simancas, Venice, Florence, &c.; "The personal Life of George Grote," the Historian of Greece; "A Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne;" "The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas;" "Life and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, Bt.," comprising extracts from his journal during the Peninsular and Crimean Wars, &c., and the "Memoirs of the life of Sir James Y. Simpson, Bt.," the distinguished Edinburgh surgeon.

A memoir of the novelist who has given us the creations of "Midshipman Easy," "Jacob Faithful," "Peter Simple," and other characters dear to our early youth, appears in the "Life and Letters of Captain Marryatt," edited by his daughter; "Modern Leaders," a series of biographical sketches, by Justin McCarthy, reprinted from *The Galaxy*, should not be omitted in this category. A perusal of the work cannot fail to instruct and entertain the lovers of literary gossip.

If our civic fathers could be hired and paid to read Dr. Bastian's "The Beginnings of Life," (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) the sanitary condition of the city, we opine, would be more satisfactory. The results of the researches of the author are curious and interesting; if it is not alarming to know how amazingly productive Street *debris* and decaying vegetable matter is. In the approaching elections, let each alderman be provided with this valuable work; or with a good microscope, let him investigate for himself the phenomena of life-evolution from any specimens he may find in the back-lanes of the city. In the interest of sanitary science, if not of literature, let Dr. Bastian's work be perused.

"The True History of Joshua Davidson," (Strahan & Co.) is a work that will set society by the ears. It professes to be written by a Communist of the working classes; but the style and matter of the book would indicate a workman in the higher walks of literature. It is earnest and out-spoken, and deals some heavy blows at the oppression of the upper classes. Its humour carries a bitter sting.

Humour, in literature and art, combines to make "The World of Wit and Humour," (London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin) an acceptable volume. The collection is a good one, and the pictures add seasoning to the dish. "Humorous Poems," selected and edited by W. M. Rosetti, (Moxon & Co.) is a selection of over two hundred pieces of rare, versified fun, in the series of Moxon's popular poets. "Judy Comicalities" is a gathering of droll odds and ends, profusely illustrated from the pages of *Judy*, and uniform with the "Essence of Fun" expressed from *Fun*—both English Comic Weeklies.

Messrs. Scribner, of New York, have brought out an authorized reprint of the first volume of Mr. Froude's "The English in America in the Eighteenth Century," which is to be completed in another volume. Mr. Froude's presence on this side the Atlantic, on the Quixotic sort of mission on which he has come, together with the ever active interest in the fruitful theme of "Irish grievances," will incite many to read the work. Whether the reader, however, will make out that he has been reading history, fiction, or mythology, when he has finished the perusal of the volume, we will not be bold enough to say.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. send us Mr. Darwin's new work on "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," which, no doubt, will be eagerly read. The book has the attraction of a number of interesting photographs, illustrating physiognomical expression, which will be found very curious. We trust to notice the volume, critically, in our next issue.

The People's Edition of Thomas Carlyle's Works, lately issuing from Messrs. Chapman & Hall's press, is to be continued by the publication, in the same cheap form, of the author's "History of Frederick the Great." Volume I is now issued.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have been entrusted by the eminent orator and divine, the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., with the publication of a collected volume of his famous Lectures, together with several much admired Sermons. The work, which is designed to be a memorial of the distinguished gentleman's residence in Canada, is to appear in March, and prior to the author's return to England.

In "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Augustus C. Hare (Strahan and Co.), we are introduced into one of the finest types of English home-life—the domestic world of the Two Brothers, Julius and Augustus Hare, the authors of "Guesses at Truth." The "Memorials" appear principally in the form of letters and journals illustrating the family life of these devout and scholarly men, and the picture is one which cannot fail to deeply impress every reader.

The Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works of Henry Thomas Buckle, whose death limited the author's "History of Civilization" to a mere fragment of what was intended to be a colossal undertaking, are now ready. The new volumes are mainly made up from Mr. Buckle's commonplace books; and the abstracts here given reveal the various quarries in which the author had worked, and makes one more than ever regret the incomplete character of his great design.

Mr. Proctor's "The Orbs Around Us," is intended as supplementary to the author's recent volume on "Other Worlds than Ours." The subject of the plurality of worlds and of their habitable condition is discussed in the work, as well as the nature and meteoric properties of the planets, comets, &c.

"The Social Growth of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. F. R. Statham, is the substance of several lectures, delivered at Edinburgh, on the principal social movements of the day. The science of sociology is certain, in these utilitarian times, to become the most engrossing of studies.

The late Mr. Seward's diary of his "Travels around the World" is announced for early publication by Messrs. Appleton, of New York. The work can hardly fail to prove of interest, as it is heralded

by the announcement that the distinguished statesman, in his remarkable journey, crossed nearly all the mountains, rivers and oceans of the globe; and interviewed and chatted with Presidents, Kings, Emperors, Sultans, Khedives, Tycoons, The Pope, East Indian Potentates, and other exalted personages. The same publishers are to issue immediately a reprint of Mr Darwin's new work on "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," of the English edition, of which we learn, that over 6,000 copies were ordered by the trade at Mr. Murray's recent trade sale, and before the appearance of the work in London.

In "The Poet of the Breakfast Table," Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes has completed a triad of books as rich in literary entertainment as any the present century has produced. The present work is a fit companion to the "Autocrat," and the "Professor," and it lacks none of the charm of those books.

Another contribution to High Church literature, on topics for the times, appears in "Essays on Ecclesiastical Reform," edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley. Among the subjects treated of are the "Existing Relations between Church and State," "Creeds in Relation to Reform," "Rights of the Laity," "Decay of Discipline," "Ecclesiastical Suits," &c., &c.

Religious novels, as a rule, one has little patience to read. "Fleurange," by Mine. Craven, the author of a story which has won universal admiration, "Le Recit d'une Soeur," is an exception. It is a heart-stirring, high-toned, and gracious book. We wish it a world-wide circulation.

"Expiated," by the author of "Vera" and "Six Month's Hence," is a novel that will have many readers. The situations are dramatic, the characters well drawn, and the whole effect of the book pleasing. While on the subject of novels, it may interest our readers to know that Miss Amelia B. Edwards' new story is to bear the title of "In the days of my Youth."

Fiction is further represented this month in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by Wm. Black, of which there has been a popular American reprint, from the third English edition. This charming story has been appearing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and we would advise all who wish to make the acquaintance of a most attractive young lady, who enjoy descriptions of beautiful scenery, and can appreciate graceful narrative and natural incident, to procure and read this most fascinating novel. A new story, by the author of "Broken to Harness," "Dr. Wainwright's Patient," by Edmund Yates, is just ready, and will attract the many readers of this novelist. "The Vicar's Daughter," by Dr. George Macdonald; "At his Gates," by Mrs. Oliphant; and a new Christmas story, "The Wandering Heir," by Charles Reade, are introduced to Canadian novel readers by Messrs. Hunter, Rose and Co, of Toronto, who are fast becoming the Harpers of this side the line. The completion of George Eliot's great story, "Middlemarch," is among the notable events in this department of literature. No writer of the day can approach this author in the talent for delineation of character; and in the novel before us she is evidently in the maturity of her power.

As a contribution in Political Science, we have to notice the appearance of the new issue of the "In-

ternational Scientific Series," viz., "Physics and Politics; or Thoughts on the Application of the Principle of 'Natural Selection' and 'Inheritance' to Political Society," by Walter Bagehot—a work of solid and serviceable character; and the brilliant book, M. About's "Hand Book of Social Economy," a translation from the French of a series of papers on many interesting subjects in Political and Social Science.

"Brides and Bridals" is the subject of Mr. J. C. Jeffreson's new work, which will, no doubt, be eagerly scanned by the fair sex, who will learn from its historic pages from what tyranny and serfdom the civilization of to-day has emancipated them in the matter of matrimonial rites and customs. To the wife of to-day, the former times of feudal barbarism and marriage by capture, when the wife was the slave and chattel of her husband, were, verily, not better than these.

The second volume of the translation of M. Lanfrey's masterly and brilliant "History of Napoleon the First" is now before us, and embraces the thrilling period 1800 to 1806, in which the events—Jena, Austerlitz, and Trafalgar had their play. The author inveighs in bitter terms against the charlatany, the vanity and the blood-thirstiness that characterized his evil hero, while the aggressive and perfidious policy of the despot are severely lashed. M. Lanfrey, of course, is a stern republican.

A curious work appears in "The Geographical Distribution of Disease in England and Wales," by Dr. Haviland, illustrating by coloured maps and a series of tables, the local distribution in England of all the principal diseases. The chartographical study of diseases may be called a new science, but an important one, as indicating the relative mortality arising from the ravages of certain diseases, in the various counties of Britain.

An important historical work on "The Administration of Justice under Military and Martial Law" has just been published. It is written by the Solicitor to the War Office (Mr C. M. Clode), and does much to dispel the ignorance which prevails as to the administration of codes which regulate the military forces of modern nations, as well as to distinguish between them, and to explain the two systems of Martial Law and Military Law by legal trials.

A reprint, by Messrs. Harper, of M. Elisee Reclus' new work "The Ocean, Atmosphere and Life," appears. It is uniform with the author's former work, "The Earth, a Descriptive History of Life on the Globe."

"Enigmas of Life," is the title of a new volume by Mr. W. R. Greg, author of "The Creeds of Christendom."

A Professor of Comparative Literature at Florence announces a work on "Zoological Mythology," a series of legends of animals, in the various characters assigned to them, in the myths and legends of all civilized nations.

"Love is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond, a Morality," is the title of Mr. Wm. Morris' new poem. The admirers of "The Earthly Paradise" by the same author, will be eager, we trow, to make the acquaintance of this new issue. It is curious to observe that in the present poem we have the revival of the alliterative measure, long disused, in the metrical construction of the narrative. It is a most successful innovation, and produces a degree of melody most agreeable to the reader.