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THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

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

CHAPTER I.

"Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates Sorrow flies afar."

TWO novices are waiting for the ceremony of reception. They have been placed side by side upon a seat at the lower end of the great hall, and have been enjoined to wait in silent meditation. The low seat perhaps typifies the stool of repentance; but until the reception is over one hardly likes to speculate on the meaning of things. One of the novices is a man and the other a girl. Two by two the fraternity have entered into this ark, and two by two they go out of it. So much only is known to the outer world. The man is about thirty years of age, with bright eyes, and smooth shaven chin and cheek. If the light were better, you would make out that he has a humorous twinkle in his eyes, and that his lips, which are thin, have got a trick of smiling at nothing—at the memory, the anticipation, the mere imagined umbra of a good thing. This kind of second sight is useful for keeping the spirits at a uniform temperature, a simmering rather than a bubbling of cheerfulness. The unhappy people who have it not are melancholy in solitude, rush into any kind of company, often take to drink, commit atrocious crimes while drunk, and hang themselves in prison. Mr. Roger Exton will never, it is very certain, come to this melancholy end. He is extremely thin and rather tall; also his face is brown, of that colour which comes of long residence in hot climates. In fact Mr. Exton has but recently returned from Assam, where he has made a fortune—which we hope is a large one—some say by tea, or, according to another school of thinkers, by indigo. The question, still unsettled, belongs to those open controversies, like the authorship of "Junius," or the identity of the "Claimant," which vex the souls of historians and tap-room orators. The only other remarkable points about this novice were that his hair was quite straight, and that, although he was yet, as I have said, not much more than thirty, the corners of his eyes were already provided with a curious and multitudinous collection of crows' feet,

the puckers, lines, spiders' webs, and map-like rills of which lent his face an incongruous expression, partly of surprise, partly of humour, partly of craft and subtlety. The rapid years of modern life, though his had been spent in the quiet of the north-west provinces, had in his case, instead of tearing the hair off temples and top, or making him prematurely gray, as happens to some shepherds, marked him in this singular fashion.

The reasons why you cannot see things as clearly as I have described them are that it is past nine o'clock on an evening in July; that the hall is lighted chiefly by upper windows which form a sort of clerestory; that most of the glass is painted; that what amber twilight of a summer evening can get in is caught in the black depths of a fifteenth century roof, across which stretches a whole forest of timber, a marvel of intricate beams; or falls upon tapestry, carpets, and the dull canvas of portraits which swallow it all up. In the east, behind the pair who wait, is a rose window emblazoned with the arms and crest, repeated in every light, of the great House of Dunlop. Looking straight before them, the expectants could make out nothing at all except black shadows, which might mean instruments of torture. Half way up the wall there ran a row of tiny gas-jets, which had been lighted, but were now turned down to little points of blue flame, pretty to look at, but of no value as illuminators.

Over their heads was an organ-loft, in which sat a musician playing some soft and melodious sort of prelude. Of course there were lights in the organ-loft; but there was a curtain behind him, while in front the organ, cased in black woodwork of the last century, rich with precious carvings, was capable of absorbing, without reflection, all the light, whether from candles, gas, oxyhydrogen, electricity, or magnesium wire, which modern science might bring to play upon it. So that no good came out of the organ-loft lights.

The minutes passed by, but no one came to relieve their meditation and suspense. The soft music, the great dark hall, the strange light in the painted glass, the row of tiny gas-jets, the novelty of the situation, produced a feeling as if they were in a church where the organist's mind was running upon secular things, or else on the stage at the opera waiting for the procession to begin. An odd feeling—such a feeling as must have passed over the minds of a City congregation two centuries and a half ago, when their Puritan ministers took for Church use tunes which once delighted a court, and therefore belonged to the Devil.

The girl heaved a sigh of suspense, and her companion, who had all this time looked straight before him without daring to break upon the silence, or to look at his partner in this momentous ceremony, looked round. This is what he would have seen had the light been stronger; as it was, the poor man had to content himself with a harmony in twilight.

She wore, being a young lady who paid the very greatest attention to the subject of dress, as every young lady, outside Girton and Merton, ever should do, some sweet-looking light evening dress, all cloudy with lace and trimmings, set about with every kind of needlework art, looped up, tied round, and adorned in the quaint and pretty fashion of the very last year of grace, eighteen hundred and seventy-five. She wore a moss-rose in her dark hair, and a simple gold locket hanging round her neck by a light Indian chain. She is tall, and as is evident from the pose of her figure, she is *gracieuse;* she is shapely of limb as you can see from the white arm which gleams in the twilight; she has delicately-cut features, in which the lips, as mobile as the tiny wavelets of a brook, dimple and curve at every passing emotion, like the pale lights of an electric battery; her eyes do most of her talking, and show all her moods—no hypocritical eyes are these—eyes which laugh and cry, are indignant, sorry, petulant, saucy, and pitiful, not in obedience to the will of their mistress whom they betray, but in accordance with some secret compact made with her heart. Give her a clear-cut nose, rather short than long; a dainty little coral of an ear, a chin rather pointed, and an oval face—you have as a whole, a girl who in her face, her figure, the grace of her bearing, would pass for a French girl, and who yet in language and ideas was English. Her godfather called her Eleanor, which proved much too stately a name for her, and so her friends always call her Nelly. Her father, while he breathed these upper airs, was a soldier, and his name was Colonel Despard.

Taking courage from the sigh, Roger Exton tried to begin a little conversation.

"They keep us waiting an unconscionable time," he said. "Are you not tired?"

"This is the half-hour for meditation," she replied gravely. "You ought to be meditating."

"I am," he said, suppressing a strong desire to yawn. "I am meditating."

"Then please don't interrupt my meditations," she answered, with a little light of mischief in her eyes.

So he was silent again for a space.

"Do you happen to know," the man began again—men are always so impatient—"Do you happen to know what they will do to us in the ceremony of reception?"

"Tom—I mean, Mr. Caledon, refused to tell me anything about it, when I asked him."

"I hope," he said, fidgeting about, "that there will be no Masonic nonsense; if there is, I shall go back to the world."

"I presume," she said, "though I do not know anything about it, really—but I expect that the Sisters will give us the kiss of fraternity, and that——"

"If," he interrupted her—"If we have only got to kiss each other, it would be a ceremony much too simple to need all this mystery. After all, most mysteries wrap up something very elementary. They say the Masons have got nothing to give you but a word and a grip. The kiss of fraternity—that will be very charming."

He looked as if he thought they might begin at once, before the others came; but the girl made no reply, and just then the organ which had dropped into a low whisper of melodious sound, which was rolling and rumbling among the rafters in the roof over their heads, suddenly crashed into a triumphant march. At the same moment, the long row of starlike flame-dots sprang into a brilliant illumination: the double doors at the lower end of the hall, at the side opposite to that where was placed the stool of repentance, were flung open, and a Procession began, at the appearance of which both novices sprang to their feet, as if they were in a church.

And then, too, the hall became visible with all its adornments.

It was a grand old hall which had once belonged to the original Abbey which Henry VIII. presented to the Dunlop who graced his reign. It was as large as the hall of Hampton Court, it was lit by a row of windows high up, beneath which hung tapestry, by a large rose window in the east, and a great perpendicular window in the west. There was a gallery below the rose, and the organ was in a recess of *pratique* in the wall at the lower end. Along the wall at the upper, or western end, was a row of stalls in carved woodwork, the wood was old, but the stalls were new. There were twenty in all, and over each hung a silken banner with a coat of arms. Each was approached by three steps, and each, with its canopy of carved wood, its seat and arms in carved wood, the gay banner above it, and the coat of arms painted and guilded at the back, might have served for the Royal Chapel at Windsor. Between the windows and above the tapestry were trophies of arms, with antlers and portraits. And on the north side stood the great fireplace, sunk back six feet and more in the wall; around it were more wood carvings, with shields, bunches of grapes, coats of arms in gold and purple, pilasters and pediments, a very precious piece of carving. There was a daïs along the western end; on this stood a throne, fitted with a canopy, and overlaid with purple velvet fringed with gold. On the right and left of the throne stood two chairs in crimson velvet, before each a table; and on one table were books. In the centre of the hall was another table covered with crimson velvet, in front of which was a long cushion as if for kneeling. In front of the candidates for reception, was a bar covered with velvet of the same colour.

The novices took in these arrangements with hasty eyes, and then turned to the procession, which began to file slowly and with fitting solemnity over the polished floor of the long hall. The organ pealed out the march from Scipio.

"I haven't heard that," said the man, "since I was at Winchester, they used to play it when the judges came to church."

First there walked a row, in double file, of boys clad in purple surplices, with crimson hoods; they carried flowers in baskets. After them came twenty young men in long blue robes, tied round the waist with scarlet ropes; they carried books, which might have been music books, and these were singing-men and serving-men. After them, at due intervals, came the Brethren and Sisters of the monastery.

There were eighteen in all, and they

walked two by two, every Brother leading a Sister by the hand. The Sisters were dressed in white, and wore hoods; but the white dresses were of satin, decorated with all the splendours that needle and thimble can bestow, and the hoods were of crimson, hanging about their necks something like the scarlet hood of a Doctor of Divinity. If the white satin and the crimson hood were worn in obedience to the sumptuary customs of the Order, no sumptuary law prohibited such other decorations as might suggest themselves to the taste of the wearer. And there were such things in adornment as would require the pen of a poetical Worth to pourtray. For some wore diamond sprays, and some ruby necklaces, and others bracelets bright with the furtive smile of opals, and there were flowers in their hair and in their dresses—long ropes of flowers trailing like living serpents over the contours of their figures, and adown the long train which a page carried for each. As the two novices gazed, there was a gleaming of white arms, and a brightness of sparkling eyes, an overshadowing sense of beauty, as if Venus Victrix for once was showing all that could be shown in grace and loveliness, which made the brain of one of these novices to reel, and his feet to stagger; and the eyes of the other to dilate with longing and wonder.

"It is *too* beautiful," she murmured. "See, there is Tom, and he leads Miranda."

They were all young and all beautiful, these nine women, except one who was neither young nor beautiful. She was certainly past forty and might have been past fifty; she was portly in figure; she was dressed more simply than the rest of her sisters, and she walked with an assumption of stately dignity; but her face was comely still and sweet in expression, though years had effaced the beauty of its lines. The brother who led her—a young man who had a long silky brown beard and blue eyes—wore a grave and pre-occupied look, as if he was going to take a prominent part in the Function and was not certain of his part.

All the brethren were young, none, certainly, over thirty; they were dressed alike in black velvet of a fastness never seen except perhaps on the stage; and they, too, wore crimson hoods, and a cord of crimson round the waist.

Last came the Lady Abbess—the Miranda of whom the novice had spoken. She was young, not more than one or two and twenty; she wore the white satin and the crimson hood, and in addition, she carried a heavy gold chain round her neck, with a jewel hanging from it on her bosom. She, too, by virtue of her office, advanced with much gravity and even solemnity, led by her cavalier. Two pages bore her train, and she was the last in the procession. The doors closed behind her, and a stalwart man clad in white leather and crimson sash stood before the door, sword in hand, as if to guard the meeting from interruption.

The Brethren and Sisters proceeded to their respective stalls; the elder Sister was led to the table on the right of the throne, the Brother who conducted her took his place at that on the left; two stewards ranged themselves beside the two tables, and took up white wands of office; the boys laid their flowers at the feet of every Sister, and then fell into place in rows below the stalls, while the Lady Miranda, led by that Brother whom the novice irreverently called Tom, mounted the throne and looked around. Then she touched a bell, and the armed janitor laying down his sword struck a gong once. The echoes of the gong went rolling and booming among the rafters of the roof, and had not died away before the organ once more began. It was the opening hymn appointed to be sung on the reception of a pair of novices.

"You who would take our simple vows,
Which cause no sorrow after,
Bring with you to this holy house,
No gifts, but joy and laughter.

"Outside the gate, where worldlings wait,
Leave envies, cares, and malice,
And at our feast, with kindly breast,
Drink love from wisdom's chalice.

"No lying face, no scandal base,
No whispering tongue is found here;
But maid and swain with golden chain
Of kindliness are bound here.

"To charm with mirth, with wit and worth,
My Sister, is thy duty;
Bring thou thy share of this good fare,
Set round with grace and beauty.

"And thine, O Brother? Ask thy heart
Its best response to render;
And in the fray of wit and play,
And in the throng of dance and song,
Or when we walk in sober talk,
No borrower be, but lender.

"Stay, both, or go: free are ye still,
So that ye rest contented;
No Sister stays against her will,
Though none goes unlamented.

"And, last, to show where here below
True wisdom's only ease is,
Read evermore, above our door,
'Here each does what he pleases.'"

The first four lines were sung as a solo by a sweet-voiced boy—the first treble in fact in the cathedral choir three or four miles away. The rest was sung as a four-part song by the full choir, which was largely recruited from the cathedral, not altogether with the sanction of the chapter. But receptions were rare.

When the organ began its prelude, two of the attendants with white wands advanced side by side and bowed before the novices, inviting them to step forward. The man, whose face betokened entire approval so far of the ceremonies, offered his hand to the girl, and with as much dignity as plain evening dress allows, which was he felt nothing compared with the dignity conferred by the costume of the Brothers, led the new Sister within the bar to the place indicated by the stewards, namely, the small altar-like table.

Then they listened while the choir sang the hymn. The Brothers and Sisters were standing each in their stall; the Lady Superior was standing under her canopy. It was like a religious ceremony.

When the last notes died away, the Lady Superior spoke softly, addressing the Brother at the low table on her left.

"Our orator," she said, "will charge the novices."

The Brother, who was the man with the blue eyes and brown beard, bowed, and stepped to the right of the throne.

"Brethren and Sisters," said the Lady Abbess, "be seated."

"It is our duty," began the orator, "at the reception of every new novice, to set forth the reasons for our existence and the apology for our rites. Listen. We were founded four hundred years ago by a monk of great celebrity and renown, Brother Jacques des Entonneurs. The code of laws which he laid down for the newly established Order of Thelemites is still maintained among us, with certain small deviations, due to change in fashion, not in principle. In externals only have we ventured to make any alterations. The rules of the Order are few. Thus, whereas in all other monasteries and convents, everything is done by strict rule, and at certain times, we, for our part, have no bells, no clocks, and no rules of daily life. The only bell heard within this convent is that cheerful gong with which we announce the serving of dinner in the refectory. Again, whereas all other monasteries are walled in and kept secluded, our illustrious founder would have no wall around his Abbey; and, whereas it was formerly the custom to shut up in the convents those who, by reason of their lacking wit, comeliness, courage, health, or beauty, were of no use in the outer world, so it was ordered by the founder that to the Abbey of Thelema none should be admitted but such women as were fair and of sweet disposition, nor any man but such as was well-conditioned and of good manners. And again, whereas in other convents some are for men and some are for women, in this Abbey of Thelema men and women should be admitted to dwell together, in such honourable and seemly wise as befits gentlemen and gentlewomen; and if there were no men, there should be no women. And, as regards the three vows taken by monks and nuns of religion, those assumed by this new fraternity should be also three, but that they should be vows of permission to marry, to be rich, if the Lord will, and to live at liberty.

"These, with other minor points, were the guiding principles of the Thelemites of old, as they are those of our modern Order. It is presumed from the silence of history, that the Abbey founded by Brother Jacques des Entonneurs fell a prey to the troubles which shortly after befell France. The original Abbey perished, leaving the germs and seeds of its principles lying in the hearts of a few. We do not claim an unbroken succession of abbots and abbesses; but we maintain that the ideas first originated with our founder have never died.

"Here you will find"—the orator's voice deepened—"none of the greater or the lesser enemies to culture and society. The common bawling Cad will not be more rigorously exiled from our house than that creeping caterpillar of society, who crawls his ignoble way upwards, destroying the tender leaves of reputation as he goes. The Pretender has never in any one of his numerous disguises, succeeded in forcing an entrance here. By

her Ithuriel wand, the Lady Miranda, our Abbess, detects such, and waves them away. The fair fame of ladies and the honour of men are not defamed by our Brethren. We have no care to climb higher up the social scale. We have no care to fight for more money, and soil our hands with those who wrestle in the dusty arena. We do not fill our halls with lions and those who roar. We are content to admire great men, travellers, authors, and poets, at a distance, where, steeped in the mists of imagination, we think they look larger. We do not wrangle over religion or expect a new gospel whenever a new magazine is started, whenever a new preacher catches the town ear, and whenever a new poet strikes an unaccustomed strain. And we are thankful for what we get.

"Newly-elected Sister! newly-elected Brother! know that you have been long watched and carefully considered before we took upon ourselves the responsibility of your election. You did not seek election, it was conferred upon you; you did not ask, it was given. We have found in you sympathy with others, modesty in self-assertion, good breeding, and a sufficiency of culture. We have found that you can be happy if you are in the atmosphere of happiness; that you can be *spirituels* without being cynical, that you are fonder of bestowing praise than censure, that you love not downcriers, enviers, and backbiters, that you can leave for a time the outer world, put aside such ambitions as you have, and while you are here live the life of a grown-up child. We welcome you."

He descended from the throne, and advancing to the table offered his hand to the young lady.

"Eleanor Despard," he said, "at this bar you leave your name and assume another to be known only within our walls. Brethren and Sisters of Thelema, you know this novice; give her a name."

The Sister at the right of the throne—the one who was no longer young—called a steward, who took cards on a salver from her and distributed them among the fraternity. There was a little whispering and laughing, but when the steward went round to collect the cards, they were all filled up.

The list of proposed names was various. One wrote Atalanta, and there was laughter and applause, and Nelly looked surprised. Another wrote Maud, "because there is none like her;" then Nelly looked at the Brother whom she had called Tom, and smiled. Another proposed Haydee; but when Sister Desdemona read out the name of Rosalind, there was a general acclamation, and it was clear what her name was to be. The officiating Brother led her to the Abbess. She mounted the three steps and knelt before the the throne, while the Abbess bent over her, took her hands in her own, and kissed her lips and forehead.

"Rise, Sister Rosalind," she said, "be welcome to our love and sisterhood."

Then Sister Desdemona beckoned another steward, who came forward bearing a train and crimson hood.

"Sister Rosalind," said the elderly Sister, "I am the registrar of the convent. You must sign your name in our book, and subscribe our vows. They are as you have heard, three."

"First, 'I declare that I make no vow against the honourable and desirable condition of wedlock; that I will not defame the sweet name of love, and that I will never pledge myself to live alone.'"

Sister Rosalind blushed prettily and signed this vow, the light dancing in her eyes.

"The second vow in this: 'Seeing that riches give delight to life, and procure the means of culture and joy, I vow to take joyfully whatever wealth the Heavens may send.'"

Rosalind made no objection to signing this vow also.

"The third and last vow is as follows: "I will be bound while in this place by no conventional rules; in the Abbey of Thelema I vow to live as I please. What honour and gentlehood permit, that will I do or say.'"

Rosalind signed the third.

Then Desdemona produced a box.

"In this box," she said, "is the ring of fraternity. I put it on the third finger of your left hand. Here also is the collar of the order; I place it round your neck. Upon your shoulders I hang the mantle and the hood; around your waist I tie the crimson cord of our fraternity. Kiss me, my Sister; we are henceforth bound together by the vows of Thelema."

Thus equipped, Sister Rosalind again took the hand of her leader, and was by him presented solemnly to each Sister in turn, receiving from each the kiss of welcome.

"This is a splendid beginning," said the other novice to himself, standing at the bar alone, "I wish my turn were come."

The Brothers did not, however, he noticed with sorrow, salute their new Sister on the lips, but on the hand.

The presentation finished,--the Brother led Sister Rosalind to her stall, over which hung, as over a stall in St. George's Chapel, the silken banner wrought with her coat of arms and crest; and behind the throne two trumpeters blared out a triumphant roar of welcome.

Then it was the turn of the other.

The orator went through the same ceremony. First the stewards sent round the cards, and names were suggested.

There were several. One said Brother Panurge, and another Brother Shandy, and another Brother Touchstone; and the one on which they finally agreed was Brother Peregrine.

Contrary to reasonable expectation, the newly-elected Brother Peregrine was not saluted on the lips by the Abbess or by any of the Sisters. As a substitution of that part of the ceremonial, he received a hand of each to kiss, and then the trumpeters blew another blast of welcome.

Just then the organ began again playing softly, like music in a melodrama, while the orator again stood beside the throne, and prepared to speak.

"Brothers and Sisters," he said "we have this evening admitted two more, a man and a woman, to share our pleasures and our sports. Be kind to them; be considerate of their weaknesses; make yourselves loved by them; encourage them in the cultivation of the arts which make our modern Thelema worthy of its illustrious founder, those namely of thought for the joy of others, innocent pleasure in the delights which we can offer, and ingenious devices of sport and play. And all of us remember, that as the Egyptians, so we have our skeleton."

He pointed to the throne. A steward drew back a curtain, and shewed, sitting on the same seat as the Abbess, a skeleton crowned, and with a sceptre in its hand.

"We have this always with us. It saddens joys which else might become a rapture; it sobers mirth which else might pass all bounds; it bids us live while we may. Brethren and Sisters, at each reception this curtain is drawn aside to remind us of what we may not forget, but do not speak. Lady Abbess, I have spoken."

He bowed low and retired.

The Abbess rose slowly. Her white satin, her crimson mantle, her lace, the bright row round her waist, the spray of diamonds in her hair, her own bright eyes, and sweet grave face, contrasted against the white and crouching skeleton beside her.

"My Brothers and Sisters," she said, "there remains but one thing more; you have heard that our founder was the illustrious Friar Jacques des Entonneurs. It is true; but the *creator* of that monk, the real designer of our Abbey, was a far greater man. Let us drink in solemn silence to the memory of the Master." One of the stewards bore a golden cup to every Brother and Sister, and another filled it with champagne.

Then the organ pealed and the trumpets brayed, and as the Abbess bowed from the throne, an electric light fell full upon a marble bust which Rosalind had not seen before. It was on a marble pillar at the end of the hall. It was the bust of the great Master—François Rabelais himself—and beneath it were the words in golden letters,

"FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS."

CHAPTER II.

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

AFTER the reception, it was only natural that a ball should follow. By the time the first guests arrived the throne had been carried away; the crowned skeleton was removed to the place where such mementoes should be—a cupboard. All the properties of the recent ceremony—the red velvet bar, the tables and carpets, had been put away out of sight. Only the stalls remained, with their beautiful carved work in wood, and these were stripped of cushions, crimson carpets, and banners. The hall, save for the rout stools, was absolutely empty; the organ-loft was dark, and the band were collected in the music gallery, which ran along the east end of the hall, waiting for the dancing to begin.

There was no one to receive people; because none of the Order were present. But when a thin gathering of guests had arrived, the band struck up the opening quadrille.

It was not a large ball, because the number of possible *invités* was limited. Given a country place, four or five miles from a small Cathedral town, in a district where properties are large and owners few; given the season of mid-July, the possibilities of selection do not look promising. There was, however, the Vicar, with his wife and three daughters. This particular Vicar, unlike many of his reverend brethren, did not regard social gatherings, when young people dance, as a Witches' Sabbath of the Black Forest. He had in his early manhood perpetrated a play, which had been actually brought out, and which ran successfully for five-and-twenty nights, once a fair run. He had the courage to justify this wickedness by always going to the theatre when he went up to London, and by attending, officially as the Vicar of Weyland, whatever was going on in the country. "Why should a man," he was wont to say, "who has taken orders, pretend to give up one of the joys of the world, and keep the rest? Why should he go to a dinner and decline a dance? Why should he listen to a concert, and refuse to listen to an opera? Why should he read novels, and refuse to see plays?" As a matter of fact he wrote novels himself, under an assumed name. Does he not enjoy a feast still, in spite of his stiff collar? He was still ready, himself, for any amount of feasting. Does he not laugh at a joke? He himself laughed much, and made many jokes. He spoke good common sense; but I do not desire to see the black brigade in theatres, because the step is short from taking a part among the audience, to taking a part in the management, and then to claiming the whole share, so that one shudders to think what the stage might come to. The Vicar's daughters were pretty; they dressed in simple white frocks, with bright coloured ribbons; and enjoyed all that could be got in their quiet and innocent lives. Above all they enjoyed an evening like this, when to a delightful dance was added the joy of seeing the latest freak of the Thelema fraternity. There was a Canon of the neighbouring Cathedral of Athelstons, which furnished, besides, a good proportion of the guests. The Canon had a daughter who was æsthetic, dressed in neutral tints, parted her hair on the side, and corrected her neighbours in a low voice when they committed barbarities in art. She was not pretty, but she was full of soul, and she longed to be invited to join the Order. Then there were half a dozen officers from the depot twenty miles away, and such contributions as the neighbouring county houses could furnish.

"At the last reception," said Lucy Corrington, the vicar's eldest daughter, to her partner, "when they elected Sister Cecilia, —Adela Fairfax you know—they all wore the costumes of Henry the Eighth. No one ever knows beforehand how they will dress."

"Are you going to join the Order, Lucy?" asked her partner.

Lucy shook her pretty head.

"No! Papa would not like it. We are quiet people, and poor people too. We only look on and applaud. They have made the place very lively for us all; we are grateful, and hope it will last. You will persuade your son to keep it up, won't you, Lord Alwyne?"

"As if I had any influence over Alan," said his father, who was indeed Lucy's partner.

Lord Alwyne Fontaine was the fourth son of the fourth Duke of Brecknock. The red book told everybody what he could not believe, and yet could not deny—that he was fifty-five years of age. How could he be fifty-five? It was incredible. He was a man of moderate height, rather thin, and he had a face still youthful. His hair had gone off his temples, and was more than a little thin on the top. But these accidents happen to quite young fellows, say of forty, and are not at all to be taken as signs of age. His expression was uniformly one of great good humour and content, that of a man who had experienced no troubles, managed the conduct of life without excess, and yet with no solution in the continuity of pleasure, who had not hardened his heart by enjoyments purely selfish, and who still at five-and-fifty looked around him with as keen an eye as thirty years before; who was ready to enjoy life, and to enjoy it in the same way as when he began his career. No one ever found Lord Alwyne bored, out of temper, or *blasé*. No one ever heard him complain. No one ever heard him pour out the malicious theories in which some of his contemporaries rejoiced; he possessed those most inestimable qualities for a man of wealth, contentment of mind, a good heart, and an excellent digestion.

"I have not seen Alan yet," he went on.

"In fact I came down chiefly by invitation of Nelly Despard. She wanted me to see her in all her grandeur. When do they come in?"

"Directly," said Lucy. "They are never much later than half-past ten. Will not Nelly look beautiful? Here they come!"

In fact, as the clock struck half-past ten, the band, which had just finished a quadrille, burst out into a grand triumphal march; no other, in fact, than Liszt's "March of the Crusaders." The doors at the end of the hall were flung open, and the Monks and Sisters of Thelema entered in grand procession.

The guests ranged themselves in double line as the procession advanced, and when it reached the middle of the hall, they formed a circle round them. It was not quite the same procession as that of the reception. There were no choir boys or singing men; there were only two stewards. Sister Rosalind, the newly received, came first, after the stewards. She was dressed now, like all the rest, in white satin. She was led by Brother Lancelot, whom she had called Tom, after the manner of the world; and she bore herself bravely under the eyes of the multitude, who laughed and clapped their hands. The costumes were the same as at the reception.

"Let us talk all the scandal we can about them, Lucy," whispered Lord Alwyne.

Lucy laughed.

"For shame! There is Nelly. Did you ever see any one look so charming as Nelly? To be sure, she is always perfectly lovely, with her bright eyes and her beautiful oval face."

Lucy sighed in thinking of her own chubby cheeks and apple face, which she was disposed to deprecate at sight of Nelly's more unusual style of beauty.

"See, that is the collar of the Order which she wears round her neck; and that crimson cord round her waist is the girdle of the Order. They have christened her Sister Rosalind. You know their motto, do you not? '*Fais ce que vouldras*'—Do what you please. What a motto for a nun! And then, you know Tom Caledon, who leads her by the hand. Poor Tom! They call him Brother Lancelot in the Abbey. Everybody knows that he is desperately in love with Nelly, and she can't marry him, poor fellow, because he has no money, or not enough. Everybody is sorry for Tom."

"I dare say Tom will grow out of it," said the man of the world. "Love is a passion which improves with age—loses its fiery character, and grows mellow."

Lucy looked as if she didn't believe that story, and went on:

"There is your son, Lord Alwyne, leading Sister Desdemona."

"I see him. What is Alan's name in relig—I mean in the Order?"

"They call him Brother Hamlet, I believe, because no one can understand what he will do next."

"A very good name. I am glad the boy has got fun enough in him to enjoy a little fooling. And I am very glad that he is taking care of Desdemona."

"Do you know her, Lord Alwyne?"

"I remember her coming out at the Haymarket thirty years ago, in 'Othello.' She was Clairette Fanshawe. What a lovely Desdemona she made! And how the men went mad after her! Poor Clairette! She threw us all over, and married some fellow called Dubber, who lived on her salary, and, I believe, used to beat her. Four or five years later, her friends arranged a separation, and she retired from the stage. She has had a sad experience of life, poor Desdemona! Dubber succumbed to drink."

"She is the directress and designer of all their *fêtes*," Lucy went on. "She is indispensable. And they all do exactly what she orders. The next are Brother Mercutio and Sister Awdrey. They are a handsome couple, and if they could only agree for an hour together they would marry, I believe. But then they hold opposite opinions on every conceivable subject, and conduct two weekly papers, in which they advocate their own ideas, So that if they married they would have to give up the very chief pleasure of their lives—to wrangle with each other."

"Not at all, my dear child," said Lord Alwyne "not at all. Let me disabuse your mind of that fact. I have known many most excellent people, whose only pleasure after marriage was to quarrel with each other; and the more heartily the better."

Lucy shook her head. She preferred her simple faith.

"There come Brother Benedick and Sister Romola. She is engaged, I believe, to a man in India, and he to his cousin who is an heiress; but I should not be surprised to learn—oh! this is dreadful girls' chatter.'

"I like girls' chatter," said Lord Alwyne. "My son has got wisdom enough for the whole family. Go on, Lucy."

"Well, then—but I will not give you all the idle gossip. In such a dull place as this we talk about each other all the day. The next couple are Bayard and Cordelia. Bayard is a V.C."

"I know him," said Lord Alwyne.

"Then come Parolles and Silvia. Brother Parolles is a Fellow of Lothian College, you know. He is *dreadfully* clever—much too clever for a girl like me to talk to. We are afraid of speaking in his presence; and yet he puts us right very gently, and only as if he was sorry for us. His name is Rondelet."

"I know him too," said Lord Alwyne. "I met him once at Oxford when Alan was up. Now see the advantage we old boys have over the young fellows. We don't know any science, we don't care twopence about the new-fangled things in art; we prefer comfort to æsthetics in furniture. We have quite cold hearts towards china——"

"But you must let us like china a little," pleaded the girl.

"And we have no belief in reforming the world. In a word, my dear young lady, we exist only to promote the happiness of our youthful friends of your sex."

"That is very delightful, I am sure!" she replied. "Well, there go Crichton and Cecilia. He chose his own name because he said he knew nothing and could do nothing. And Cecilia plays. That is Lesmahago, the thin, tall man with the twisted nose; Una is with him. Then Paris and Hero; and last, the new Brother Peregrine—isn't he a funny looking man with his crinkled face? he looks as if he was going to laugh—leading the Abbess, Miranda. Which is the more beautiful, Miranda or Nelly?"

"I should say, Lucy, that for a steady, lasting pattern, warranted to wear, Miranda's beauty is superior to Nelly's. For a surprise, Neily is incomparable."

"Ah! and then Miranda always looks so queenly. She was born for what she is, the fair chatelaine of a stately place."

"Lucy, you must come up to London for a season, if only to rid yourself of a most unusual fault in your sex."

"What is that, Lord Alwyne?"

"You speak well of other girls."

"Oh! but why should I not? Miranda is the most beautiful girl I know; she is not like an ordinary girl."

She was certainly grand in her robes last night, and she looked her part as well as if she had been all her life an Abbess.

"She would not be Abbess at first," Lucy went on, "but Mr. Dunlop made it a condition of his lending the Court for the use of the Order."

"Hamlet has lucid intervals," said Hamlet's father—not yet the ghost. "Tell me who is the new Brother?"

"It is Mr. Roger Exton."

"Roger Exton! what Exton?" Lord Alwyne's knowledge of genealogies was extensive and profound, as becomes an idle gentleman of ancient lineage. "There are Extons of Yorkshire; is he one of them?"

"I do not know. He has not long come back from India, where I believe he made a fortune. And he has brought out a poem called 'Lalnee and Ramsami, or Love among the Assamese.' I have not read it, because papa will not send for it; but it is said to be clever."

"Pity," said Lord Alwyne, "that poets and novelists and such people are not kept under lock and key. The illusion is spoiled when you see them. Can't they go about under false names?"

"They are going to dance. See, Miranda goes out with Tom Caledon. She always opens with him, because he is the best dancer in England. I waltzed with him once at the last reception ball. O—oh!"

If there is any more stately dance, any more entirely delightful to watch, than the old-fashioned minuet, I should be glad to hear of it. There is the polonaise: there is a certain rhythmic march, whose name I do not know, which one sees on the stage: there is one single figure in the Lancers—the old Greek *entrelacement* of hands, right and left, girls one way, the men the other: all three have their beauty. And there is the waltz danced by a couple who know how to dance, who know that the Teutonic rapture is to be got, not out of a senseless scramble and a Dervish-like spin-totum movement, but by the skilful, swift cadences of feet and figure, when two pairs of feet and two figures move together, actuated by a single will. But the *minuet de la cour* is an altogether stately and beautiful dance. There are suggestions in it—the awakening of love, the timidity of the lover, the respect

due from cavalier to dame, the homage of the strong to the weak, the courtesy of man to woman—which are beautiful to look at when the thing is done as it was done by the Order, smoothly and perfectly. The best among them, despite years and figure, was Sister Desdemona, who trod the boards as if they were the stage, and took no more account of the spectators than if they had been so many faces in the stalls, or so many opera-glasses in the dress-circle.

When the minuet was finished, they had a grand quadrille; and then, forming once more in procession, the fraternity marched down the hall and disappeared.

The music struck up a waltz, and the dancing began again.

Presently the Monks and the Sisters began one by one to come back, this time in ordinary evening dress. The Abbess did not reappear, nor Brother Hamlet, nor Desdemona; but most of the others came in quietly, one by one, after they had changed their dress.

There was a rush for the Sisters. Crafty men, who knew all about the customs on reception nights, had been careful to fill up only the first dances on the card, keeping the rest free till the Sisters should appear. There could be no doubt in any one's mind that the fair inmates of the Abbey were, for the most part, fairer and much more desirable than the young ladies who were only guests Not only were the Sisters all young, but they were all beautiful, and represented nearly every conceivable type of beauty. So that, taken together, they were contrasts; and taken separately, they were models. And they were all young—the united ages of the nine, taking sister Desdemona out of the reckoning, would not make two hundred years—and yet they were not so young as to be girlish and silly. The charm of the very young lies wholly in innocence, ignorance, and wonder. That soon palls: take in its place the charm of a woman who, a girl still, has acquired the ideas, the culture, the sense, and the *esprit* which only a year or two of the world can give. It is a charm of which no man ever yet tired. Across the Channel our unfortunate friends of France can only get it in the young married women. Hence the lamentable tone of their novels, which no doubt represent, not the actual life of Paris, but only what daring novelists believe, or wish to be, the actual life.

Certainly no group of ten ladies more delightful than the Sisters of Thelema could be found in England—and if not in England, certainly nowhere else in the world. They were not united by any bond of common tastes or pursuits, but only by the light chain of gentle breeding and regard for others. Thus, Sister Silvia was a Ritualist, who thought that the oftener you go to church the better it is for your soul, and that Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were let off very, very cheap, with mere roasting. Cecilia, on the other hand was a Catholic, who held Ritualism in the contempt which is natural to one of the old creed. But she kept her opinion behind the portals of sight and speech, and did not allow it to be apparent. In the same way, both Silvia and Cecilia lived in amity and perfect love with Romola, who was scientific, had a laboratory, and made really dreadful stinks. By the aid of these she proposed to carry on a crusade against ecclesiasticalism among her own sex. Una, on the other hand, was artistic. She painted, modelled, sketched; she had strong ideas on the subject of form and colour; she had a tall and slender figure which lent itself to almost any costume; and she liked heroines of novels to be *sveltes*, lithe, and lissome. Sister Awdrey was a genius. She went to see all the new plays, and she had actually written a play all by herself. It was offered in turn to every manager in London. Their excuses were different, but their unanimity in declining to produce it was as wonderful as it is always upon the stage. For one manager while regretting his decision very much, said that if it wanted anything, there was a lack of incident; and another, that the overloading of incident rendered the play too heavy for modern dramatic representation; a third said that the leading incident was absolutely impossible to be put on any stage; a fourth, that the leading incident had been done so often as to be quite common and stale; a fifth, that the dialogue, though natural, was tame; a sixth, that the cut and thrust repartee and epigram with which the dialogue was crammed, gave the whole too laboured an air. And so, with one consent, the managers, lessees, and proprietors refused that play. In revenge, the author, who was an amateur actress, started it in her own company, and represented it whenever she could get a hearing. There was some piquancy at the idea of an

amateur play being given by an amateur company, but few of those who saw it once desired to see it again, and even the company rebelled after a time. So that now Sister Awdrey had only the reputation of an amateur success to go upon. She was planning a second play on the great Robertsonian model, which, like many other misguided creatures, she imagined to consist in having no story to tell, and to tell it in a series of short barks, with rudeness in place of wit. That was *not* Robertson's method, but she thought it was. A bright, clever girl, who, had she been content to cultivate the art of conversation, as she did the art of writing, would have been priceless. Sister Awdrey also wrote novels, for the production of which she used to pay a generous publisher £50 down, and afterwards, the cost of printing, binding, and advertising, multiplied by two. So that she did pretty well in literature. In her novels the heroines always did things just ever so little unconventional, and always had a lover who had, in his early and wild days, been a guardsman. He had an immense brown beard, in which she used to bury her innocent face, while he showered a thousand kisses on her tresses. And he was always punished by marrying the bad girl, who was big and languid, quite heartless, and with a taste for port, so that he lived ever after a remorseful life, haunted by the memories of his little Queenie gone broken-hearted.

Another of the Sisters, Cordelia, yearned to see womankind at work; broke her heart over committees and meetings for finding them proper work; lamented because none of them wanted to work, and because, after they had put their hands to the plough, most of them turned back and sat down by the fire, nursing babies. This seemed very sad to Cordelia.

Hero, again—she was a little bright-faced girl, not looking a bit fierce—was a worshipper of "advanced" women. She admired the "courage" of those who get up on platforms and lecture on delicate and dangerous topics; and she refused to listen to the scoffer, when he suggested that the love of notoriety is with some people stronger than the sense of shame.

The least remarkable of the Sisters, so far as her personal history was concerned, was the Abbess. Miranda had no hobbies And yet she was more popular than any. This was due to the charm of her manner, which was sympathetic. It is the charm which makes a woman loved as well as admired. Everybody confided in her; she was the confessor of all the Sisters and a good many of the Brothers.

As for these, we shall make their acquaintance later on.

All this time the ball is going on.

Nelly Despard found her card filled up in a few moments, save for two little scratches she makes furtively opposite two waltzes. She was flushed and excited by the strangeness of the whole thing: the reception, the *minuet de la cour*, and the ball itself; but the minuet above all. The reception was cold, comparatively, because there was no audience. For the minuet she had a large and appreciative assemblage.

Tom Caledon presented himself without any *empressement*, and quite leisurely.

"Did you think, Tom," she asked, with a little *moue*, "did you think that I was going to keep my card waiting till you condescended to ask me?"

"All gone, Nell? Not one left?"

"Suppose I have kept two waltzes waiting for you."

"Thank you, Nell; I knew I could depend upon you. You always were a good fellow. Which are they?"

Then she was caught up by her partner, and disappeared from his sight.

Tom went wandering around the room good-naturedly talking to chaperons, and asking wall-flowers to dance with him, and presently came his reward—with Nelly.

Two o'clock in the morning.

In the supper-room, Lord Alwyne, the Vicar, and the Prebendary.

"The Church should countenance all innocent amusements," said the dignitary. "Will you have another glass of champagne?"

"That is true," said Lord Alwyne; "but I have looked in vain for a Bishop at a Four-in-Hand Meet. It was very pleasant fooling to-night, glad to see Alan in it. I am going to visit him to-morrow at his cottage. Fancy the owner of Weyland Court living in a labourer's cottage. Fancy a man five and twenty years of age—sweet five and twenty—with Miranda only half a mile away, and this perfect Paradise of Houris in his own house, and yet—*can* he be my son?"

And at the same time, in another room in the Court, Alan Dunlop, Miranda, and Desdemona. These two ladies are sitting with shawls tied round their heads, at a window, opening to the garden. Alan is standing half in, half out the room. They have forgotten the fooling, and are talking gravely.

"And you are not satisfied, Alan?" asked Miranda.

"No," he replies, "I am very far indeed from being satisfied: every thing is going badly. I believe everything is worse than when I began; and I fail more and more to enter into their minds. We do not understand each other, and every day, the possibility of understanding each other seems more remote."

"All this trouble for nothing? It cannot be, Alan."

"I fear it is. But it is late, Miranda; I must go and get three hours' sleep. I have a thatching job to begin at six."

He left them, and walked rapidly away across the park.

Desdemona looked after him and sighed.

"What a pity," she said, taking a different view to the poet, "that he cannot give—to one—to a woman—that noble heart which he squanders on mankind!"

But Miranda would not discuss that question.

"Listen," she said; "that must be the last waltz. I almost wish I had gone back to the ball. But I wanted to talk to Alan quietly. Good-night, dear Desdemona."

CHAPTER III.

"They swore strange oaths and worshipped at strange shrines;
They mocked at what the vulgar hold for holy:
They scoffed at teachers, preachers, and divines:
And taught despair, with cultured melancholy."

"THE only fault in my son, Alan Dunlop," said his father, "is that he wants youth. He has never been young, and yet he is only five and twenty."

To want youth is a fault which, with most of us, grows every day more confirmed. It is an incorrigible vice, which only gets worse as the years runs on. Here indeed we are all miserable sinners, and the greater the sin, that is, the farther off we are from youth, the greater the sorrow. Which is as it should be.

Alan Dunlop as a boy was a dreamer, with a strong physique. This impelled him into action. The way to make a great reformer, is to get a boy whose brain is like a sponge for the reception of ideas, and like a hot-house for their growth; but when his physique is of iron, then you may make a bid at a Luther. No use, however, to produce boys whose ideas are magnificent, and temperaments torpid. He was brought up in the country altogether, at Weyland Court; and as his mother foolishly thought him delicate, he was educated till eighteen by private tutors, under her own eyes. He was not delicate at all. And one result of his training was, that he learned a great deal more of books than if he had been at Eton; but had no taste for boys' games, and read immensely. By his father's orders, he was made, when quite a small boy, to ride every day. Riding and walking were his only methods of taking exercise. His father, however, who spent a large part of his time in London, did not otherwise interfere; and on finding how very different from himself this son of his was likely to turn out, ceased to manifest much interest in his education. It was clear that a boy who would joyfully spend his whole day in reading philosophy and history, who delighted to hear conversations on books, and the contents of books, would never have many points in common with himself, who, as he frankly ackowledged, aimed at nothing more elevated than to get out of life whatever pleasures a cultivated creature can. He found that there are a good many pleasures accessible to the man who has health, a good digestion, and a longish purse; and he discovered as the years went on, that with the drawback of east wind in the spring, London offers a larger field of amusement than any other spot on the habitable globe. To be sure, Lord Alwyne Fontaine enjoyed exceptional advantages. He was the younger son of a Duke. That gave him social position, without responsibilities. He received an ample younger son's portion. He married a beautiful woman—beauty was a necessity in his scheme of life—who was also an heiress. Money was also a necessity in his scheme. With his own fortune, his wife's fortune, and the splendid estate and rent-roll which came to her, there was no obstacle to his gratifying any reasonable wish. On the other hand,

he did not go on the turf; nor did any sharks of the green table dip into his purse; nor did he bet, save in moderation; nor did he buy china.

When his son Alan was eighteen, and on the point of entering Lothian College, Oxford, his wife died. Weyland Court, with the broad acres round it, passed to the son, who took his mother's name. The widower for his share, had all that was left of his wife's original fortune.

Then Lord Alwyne took chambers in London, and lived there, seeing little of his son, who paid him dutiful visits at the beginning of vacations, if he passed through town, or when he came up to London, not with the frivolous hope of finding amusement and innocent sport in the "little village," as some undergraduates do, but in order to follow out some side-path which led in the direction of culture and light, generally something to do with art.

He was a shy, reserved man, while an undergraduate. He joined in none of the ordinary pursuits of the place; was not seen on the river or in the cricket-field; apparently did not know the meaning of billiards, and would have shrunk in horror from such a feast as a freshman's supper party, with songs after it. He rode a good deal, but chiefly in a solitary way. He furnished his rooms with great sumptuousness, and was always changing the furniture for new or old things, as, from time to time, he changed his notions of advanced taste. He read the customary things, but without enthusiasm, and subsequently obtained a "second." He wrote a good deal of verse, and astonished rather than pleased himself by getting the Newdigat.

He was not, however, given over to solitude. On the contrary, he lived a great deal with his own set.

This was the set who, in religion, politics, the science of life, and literature, possessed the advanced ideas. It was the "thoughtful" set. This class read Mill, or pretended to; read Comte, or pretended to; read Ruskin, and talked about putting his ideas in practice; read—which is the shortest road now-a-days to learning—all the reviews on all the new books, so that they could talk as if they had read the books themselves; stood before pictures in a row for half an hour together, in silence, as if the thoughts that arose in them were too deep for words; took up an engraving and laid it down with a sigh; circulated little poems, not unlike the sonnets of Mr. Rossetti, or the earlier poems of Swinburne, to whom indeed they owed their inspiration, which they showed to each other, and carried about as if they were precious things which only they and their set were worthy to receive. Mostly the verses turned on events of but little interest in themselves, as for instance one, written by Rondelet himself, mystic and weird, showed how the poet stood beneath an archway during a shower, and saw a girl, who came there for the same purpose, having no umbrella. That was all. That was the pathos of it; she had no umbrella. Some, of course, were on hazardous subjects, the disciples holding the creed, in common with the author of "Jenny," that Art can be worthily bestowed upon any subject whatever. They read, or affected to read, a good deal of certain modern French verse—not Victor Hugo's *bien entendu*.

When Alan Dunlop was in his second year, the Great Movement of the Nineteenth Century began; at least, that is what they called it. I believe it was Alan himself who started it. I mean, of course, the project for advancing humanity by digging ditches and making roads. They sallied forth, these pioneers and humanists, spade in hand; they dug and were not a bit ashamed: in the evening they came home slowly, with backs that ached a great deal, with hands blistered where they were not horny, and with a prodigious appetite, to dine in each other's rooms, talk much about the canons of Art, which they thought they understood, drank vast quantities of claret, spoke judicially on all subjects under the sun, sighed and became melancholy over the little poems of which I have spoken, and lamented the deplorable ignorance of their elders. A distinguishing mark indeed of the school was the tender pity with which they regarded the outer world; another was their contempt for all other views of life or things. If they met men who held other views—a thing which will happen to even the most exclusive set—they sought to overwhelm them with a single question—only one. They would look up quickly, when there was a pause, and fire their one question, after the manner of Sokrates, as they spelt his name. They did not look for a reply. Now and then they got one, and were even sometimes held up to public derision by some blatant North-

countryman, who not only would keep his own vile Philistine opinion, but also dared to defend it.

Their leader was Mr. Paul Rondelet, the author of most of the little manuscript poems. He really was almost too highly cultured, so much so that he could not possibly avoid pitying his fellow-creatures. He was rather a tall man, with a droop in his head; and he had long white fingers, which played plaintively about his face while he sat. He spoke in a low voice, as if exhausted by the effort of living among humans; and he spoke with melancholy as if his superiority were a burden to him; he affected omniscience; he talked in a vague way, but a good deal, about the *Renaissance*—an epoch which his school keep bottled up all for themselves, as if it were to be enjoyed only by the worthy—he said that we have only one great living poet, Mr. Rossetti; and one who would be great if his meaning were not so plain and simple, Mr. Browning. He said also that the greatest master of modern English is Mr. Pater, and that Mr. Whistler is the greatest artist. He shuddered when Christianity was mentioned; he groaned when any one admired any other modern writer, poet, or painter. As regards politics, he thought a refined despair the only attitude worthy of a great intellect, and he wished to convey the impression that behind his brow lay infinite possibilities—things—which would make the whole world wonder when they came to be actually done, could he be only—ah! if only—persuaded to pass from meditation to action. He had got a First in the History Tripos, and was a martinet in historical matters; went into agonies if any one used the word Anglo-Saxon; grew angry over the Holy Roman Empire; called Charlemagne, Karl, and Lorrane, Lothringen; spelt his Greek words as in the Greek character, and started the unwary by talking of Kuros, Thoukudides, Alkibiades, and Korkura, almost ahead of the most advanced line; admitted nothing good except in Germany, yet had a secret passion for Zola, Feydeau, Belot, and other writers. He had no money, being the son of a county vicar, with a living of £500 a year; and his fellowship would expire unless he took Holy Orders in a very few years. If it had not been for the amazing conceit in expression, in attitude, and in voice, Mr. Rondelet would have been certainly good-looking. Nature meant him even to be handsome; too much culture spoiled that intention.

It was, as a matter of fact, a school of prigs. The truthful historian cannot deny it. Many of them were unhealthy and even morbid prigs. Some of them are still at Oxford; but some may now be found in London. They lounge about sales of china and *bric-à-brac*, they take afternoon tea at the Club, and they worship at the Grosvenor Gallery. They are not loved by any men that I have come across, but are greatly believed in by certain women. They are always promising to do great things, but nothing ever comes. Meantime, they grow daily sadder and yet more sad over the wretched stuff which the outside world, the babbling, eager fighting world, calls art, poetry, and fiction. Alas! the outside world cares nothing for its prigs; it goes on being amused; it refuses any hearing to people who neither amuse nor instruct; it is, as it ever has been, a world of humanity and not a world of prigs. Things there are which one cannot understand about these young men. What will they be like when they grow old? Why do they all talk so much about the *Renaissance*? And will they go on thinking it a proof of superior intellect to affect the atheist of the Italian scholar type? Surely the works of Beccadelli and Fililfo must pall after a time.

Alan Dunlop was, as an undergraduate, no mean disciple of this academy; but he had saving qualities. He was in earnest, while the other men were mostly playing, and he had the courage of his convictions. He was the last to abandon the sacred task of digging ditches and making roads, and only gave it up when it became quite clear to him that he could do no more good, single-spaded, to humanity. Then he began to cast about for some other and some better way. Nothing was to be too rough, nothing too difficult; nothing was to require too hard work, if it only was the best thing to do.

He remembered, too, that he was wealthy, and with his friends of the exalted school, began to talk about the responsibility of wealth. It is rare and highly refreshing to find a rich man trying to pass with all his baggage on his back through that narrow archway, intended solely for unladen foot-passengers, known as the "Camel's Eye." Many, therefore, were the discussions held among the small circle of intimate philoso-

phers, as to the duties which this responsibility involved. Prigdom was agitated. As none of them had a farthing except Alan, all were agreed on the doctrine of self-sacrifice. The advancement of humanity was to be the aim: the means, so far as one set of most superior spirits could effect, were to be the fortune of the only rich man among them. There were some, Rondelet among them, who went so far as to hint at a general division of the property, so that, instead of one, there might be half-a-dozen apostles. Alan Dunlop could not, however, be brought to see things in this light, and it was clearly impossible to ask him to divide in so many words.

"There is no work," said Rondelet, who would not have gone a step out of his way to pick up a fallen man, "that is not honourable in the cause of humanity."

"True," murmured a certain weak brother whose faith was small, and who afterwards became that thing which young Oxford mostly contemns, a clerical fellow, and a methodical parish curate. "True; you remember, by the way, how Jerome Paturot, in the sacred cause of humanity, blacked the boots of the fraternity."

"Of course," Rondelet replied, "one means real work."

"Blacking boots *is* real work, as well as digging ditches. Try it for an hour or two."

"The thing is," said Dunlop, "to find what is the best work to do, and then to do it, whatever it may be. We have to find out, each for himself, our proper place in the great army, and our work when we get there."

"One thing at least is certain," said Rondelet, loftily; "it will be ours to command."

"Say, rather," Dunlop replied, "to think."

With that conviction, that his business was to lead, he left Oxford. It was not a bad conviction for a young man to begin the world with.

His friend, Rondelet, as I have explained, was fortunate in obtaining a fellowship. He remained behind to lecture; sitting sadly, for this was a sort of thing far below a man of intellect and culture, in the College Chappel; listening mournfully to the talk of the senior Dons, poor harmless creatures, contented with the wisdom of their forefathers; commenting to undergraduates on Plato with the melancholy which comes of finding that all modern philosophy and all modern theology are exploded things; an object of interest to some, and of intense dislike to others. As most of the undergraduates revolted from the new paganism of these young lecturers, and went over to Ritualism with a tendency to become 'verts, Mr. Rondelet grew sadder. Also it grew daily into a more melancholy subject of reflection with him, that unless he took Holy Orders, unless he became that despicable thing upon which he had poured out so many vials of pity and contempt, his fellowship would shortly leave him, and he would actually—he—Rondelet—become penniless. He, with his really cultivated taste for claret, and with a love for little dinners in which dining was exalted to a fine art, and with a taste for all that a young bachelor mostly desires!

For it is an extraordinary thing to observe how the superior class, while they can never sufficiently deride and pity the British workman who gets drunk, Tom and 'Arry who go down to Margate brandishing bottles of stout, and the honest British tradesman who when his income expands lets two puddings smoke upon the board, are of all men the least inclined to forego the pleasures of the senses. No anchorites, the prigs of the nineteenth century; and if they do not drink so much as their ancestors, it is that they have discovered the very much greater pleasure to be got by keeping the palate clean, in which we had better all imitate them.

At two-and-twenty, Alan Dunlop returned to the Weyland Court, eager to start upon his career as a regenerator of the world.

How to begin?

Miranda, who was now eighteen, and as beautiful as the day, was as eager as himself to witness the rapid strides in the direction of culture about to be made by the peasantry of the place. They held constant council together. The experiment was to be tried by Alan Dunlop on his own people first, and, if successful, was to be repeated on hers. That was right, because, as a girl, she would not enter personally on the struggle with such vigour or such authority as her friend. She would watch, while he worked; she would make notes and compare, and set forth results. Meantime, they had no doubt but that in a short time the manners of the people would be raised almost to their own level.

"Of course they will give up drink, Alan," said Miranda.

"That must be the first thing. I will begin by becoming a teetotaler." Alan said this with a sigh, for like the majority of mankind, the juce of the grape was pleasant unto him. "We must lead, Miranda."

"Yes." She too sighed, thinking of champagne at suppers and luncheons.

"And smoking too," said Miranda.

"Yes, I shall burn all my cigar-cases, and turn the smoking-room at the Court into an additional study." This, too, was a sacrifice, because the "school" at Oxford were fond of choice brands.

"And they must be encouraged to choose subjects of study."

"Yes," said Alan, "of that we must talk very seriously. What should they study first?"

It was decided that they could not do better than begin with the science of Hygiene.

The two conspirators took a leisurely stroll down the village street, which was half a mile long, with cottages on either side.

There was clearly a good deal of work before this village could become a city of Hygeia, and the hearts of both glowed at the prospect of tough work before them, just as the heart of Hercules must have glowed when he smelt and beheld the Augean stable; or that of Mr. Gladstone must bound with gladness when he stands before some more than usually tough monarch of the forest, while crowds are there to witness his dexterity.

Miranda Dalmeny, not yet Abbess of Thelema, was in one respect like Alan. She was an heiress and an owner of an estate, which matched with that of Alan Dunlop. Her father was dead, and by his death she became at once one of the richest girls in a county. Her house, far inferior in stately grandeur to Weyland Court, stood on the edge of Weyland Park. It was called Dalmeny Hall. Here she lived with her mother, who was an invalid; a fact which kept her almost entirely in the country. And here, from infancy, she had known Alan Dunlop. As children they walked, ran, and rode together; as boy and girl they played, quarrelled, made it up, and told each other all their thoughts. Then came a time when Miranda, *more feminino*, retired within herself, and felt no longer the desire to pour confidences into Alan's ear. He, however, went on still. So that she followed him through his boyish readings; through the speculations with which he amused his tutor in the critical age of sixteen to eighteen; and through the realms of impossible culture which his imagination, while an undergraduate, revealed to the astonished girl.

They were, in a way, like brother and sister. And yet—and yet—Brothers and Sisters may kiss each other with kisses, which Hood calls "insipid things, like sandwiches of veal." And indeed they do lack a something. Brother and sister may know each other's tendencies and motives without being told; they may tease each other; they may depend upon each other, ask services of each other, and exact as well as give. Alan Dunlop and Miranda did not kiss each other; they did not exact any service, nor did they tease each other, nor did they pretend to any knowledge of motive, tendency, or aim in each other. So far they were not brother and sister. Yet they always confirmed each other with the thought that such was their relationship. They wrote long letters one to the other, and they had long talks, rides, and evenings together. Weyland Court was a dull great place for a young man to be in all alone; and he spent most of his time, while in the county, at Dalmeny Hall.

Alan began his grand experiment in the advance of humanity with a lecture in the school-room.

The labourers all came, all listened with the same stolid stare or closed eyes with which they received the Vicar's sermon. The Vicar was there, too; he sat in the chair and contemplated the audience with a benevolent but incredulous smile.

When the lecture was over, he began to throw cold water, as experienced Vicars will, on the young Squire's projects.

"It was delightful, Alan, and so true," cried Miranda.

"Yes, yes!" said the Vicar. "Did you notice their faces, Weyland?"

"Not much, I was thinking of my subject."

"I did, they wore exactly the same expression as they have in church, during the sermon. My dear boy, I have watched them for five and twenty years; I have tried them with every kind of sermon, and nothing makes any difference with them."

Miranda looked as if the appearance of

a young prophet would make all the difference. The Vicar understood her look, and smiled.

The lecture had been on the "Beauty of Cleanliness." It will hardly be believed that next day not one single attempt was made to improve the village, and yet the language of the discourse was worthy of Ruskin, an imitation, indeed, of that great writer's style.

This was disheartening.

The young Squire tried another lecture, and yet another, and a fourth; yet no outward improvement was visible.

"You have sown the seed, Alan," said Miranda, consoling him.

O woman—woman! when disappointment racks the brow——!

But this was seed which, like mustard and cress, ought to come up at once if it meant to come up at all. It did not come up.

"What shall I do?" Alan asked the Vicar.

"You are young; you are anxious to do the best, and you do not see your way. That is all natural. Tell me, Alan, do you think that a three years' residence at Oxford has been quite enough by itself to teach you the great art of managing and leading men? Believe me, there is no task that a man can propose to himself more mighty, more worthy, or more difficult."

Alan assented to the objection.

"You think I have begun too soon, then? Perhaps a year's more reading—"

"Hang the reading, man! You have begun without comprehending mankind, Alan. Put away your books, and look around you. Whenever you are trying to find out how other people look at things, remember that there are a hundred ways of looking at everything, and that every one of these ways may be burlesqued and misrepresented, so as to become contemptible to ninety-nine men; but not to the hundreth man. That is the important thing. You've got to consider that hundreth man; you'll find him always turning up, and he is, I do assure you, the very deuce and all to manage."

Alan laughed.

"And if I were you, my boy, I would travel. See the world. Go by yourself, and forget your theories."

Alan consulted Miranda. She urged him, because, with womanly insight, she saw that he was yet unripe for the task that he had set himself, to take a year of quiet wandering.

"Travel," the Vicar wrote to Lord Alwyne, "will knock the new-fangled nonsense out of his head."

It would, in fact, do nothing of the kind, it would only modify the new-fangled nonsense, and give the traveller new ideas with which to mould his schemes.

Alan packed up his portmanteau, shook hands with Miranda, and went away by himself.

(To be continued.)

CANADA.

"The hulking young giant beyond St. Lawrence and the Lakes." W. D. HOWELLS in "Their Wedding Journey."

A YOUTHFUL giant, golden-haired,
With fearless forehead, eye of blue,
And large and clear its frosty depths,
With fire within its dark'ning hue.

His spear, which dwarfs the tallest pine,
Is bound around with yellow grain,
His shield is rich in varied scenes,
To right and left loud roars the main.

A-top eternal snow is piled:
Bright chains of lakes flash down through woods,
Now bleak, now green, now gold, now fire,
Touched by the seasons' changing moods.

He dreameth of unborn times;
With manhood's thoughts his mind is braced;
He'll teach the world a lesson yet,
And with the mightiest must be placed.

Heaven's best star his footsteps guide!
Give him to know what's truly great!
Not wealth ill-got or ill-enjoyed;
For power, no thrall to lust or hate;

But equal heart—the thirst for truth—
A mind strong to produce and pry—
The love of man—the generous heat
That makes the hero glad to die!

If pure in purpose as he's strong,
Nothing of danger need he fear;
But better far than base success,
To ride on an untimely bier.

But fear be hushed! Good omens beckon;
Who counselled wrong will soon be far.
Beyond the hill a voice is calling;
Its notes ring clear above the jar

Of passing strifes and paling passions—
Hell's wild battle 'mid mortal graves;
And with it, hark! the great bass mingles
Of Atlantic and Pacific waves.

Not Scotch, nor Irish, French, nor Saxon,
But all of these, and yet your own;
There are no beaten paths to greatness,
Who'll scale those heights must climb alone.

Ierne's heart, compact of joy
And sorrow, wealth of feeling brings;
France, sweetness for each word and act—
To gaiety that ever sings.

From Scotland thrift and strength you borrow—
John Knox's strength and Burns' liberal heart;
The Saxon breath and compromise
Shall lend; but you the larger part

Of your own destiny must be;
Yours to direct—you light the fire—
The animating soul's your gift,
For all fair things the high desire.

The voice dies o'er the dews of morn,
Which round him glitter while shadows flee;
Bright concord beams from shore to shore,
Glad union peals from sea to sea!

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES OF CANADIAN NATIONALISM.

IT is curious to observe the almost imperceptible process by which a nation is built up. It is very much like those processes by which innumerable islands are formed in the ocean by minute animals which, without even an instinct except that of self-preservation, build up all those great lime deposits, which have such an influence in determining the surface of the earth. In the same way the labourer, intent only on the welfare of himself and family, goes into the woods of a new country, and with sturdy arms soon lays out cultivated fields, blossoming with orchards and harvests. Then comes the merchant, intent merely on making money to supply the agriculturalists with those commodities which he can only obtain from foreign countries. We have, after him, the magistrate and the lawyer to interpret the different laws by which such different classes are governed and held together; and finally come the men of science and the ministers of religion, intent only on their peculiar functions, but all, nevertheless, building up unconsciously those fabrics called nations, which are the safeguards of the welfare, happiness, and liberties of the human race.

In observing the work of these different classes, one is not disposed to give them credit for the result of their united labours, as we see so easily that this result is altogether apart from, and outside of their several provinces, and is, indeed, the last thing which any of the classes enumerated think of. But there is a class whose acknowledged work is to direct the unconscious labours of all the best men to one focus, as the sun-glass concentrates the rays of the sun towards one object—that object, the forming of the whole into one integrated mass with the view of obtaining the greatest possible amount of happiness for the greatest number. These men are called statesmen. In the mass thus formed by them there are no doubt many evils; but these must be expected. Where the units are intent on individual or class benefit, there must necessarily be a great amount of evil in the whole, and he is the best statesman who can form his compact community or nation with the least amount of evil.

It is supposed by many that the labours of the statesman might be reduced to a minimum, or indeed dispensed with altogether, by the forming of individuals into smaller communities than nations, but all experience, so far, goes to prove that the evils of nations, such as war and a host of others, would only be multiplied by the application to humanity generally of what is known as Communism.

The reader can see at a glance the application of the foregoing remarks to our own country. Canada has passed the stage in the natural process when individual interests have ceased to be paramount; but classes still reign supreme. At present, even when an individual can divest himself of his unselfishness, he can look no further than the interest of his church, his class, or his party. It may be said that this is most natural at the present stage of the national work. To be liberal and broad in thought we must have intelligence and education; but it is useless to talk of a man's educating himself when all his time is taken up providing the means of living. We cannot expect to run before we can walk; and the true lover of his country will be satisfied if the community is advancing and is not stationary, knowing full well that that advance, made slowly and naturally, is more sure to be lasting than any spasmodic action can be. Canada should make no spurts on the road to freedom. The long, steady, measured stride which brings every one of her citizens with her is far more profitable and more conducive to her lasting prosperity and honour.

All this may be granted, but, nevertheless, there is a class in the country which thinks that more progress could be made compatibly with perfect safety to the state. This class is reproached with being young and inexperienced—with entertaining ideas which are nebulous and immature, and generally impracticable. What is the use, it is said, of asserting that the cultivation of a

national spirit is beneficial; every one now sees the necessity of something of the kind, especially in a country of the geographical position of Canada. In the first place, it is necessary to unite the different races, religions, and parties, and, in the second place, to protect it from the United States. "You send your young men to protect your frontier," said an eminent man, years ago, "but what is there to protect your young men?" Hence, a national sentiment is an absolute necessity to Canada. This statement seems very vague; something more definite must be enunciated, and it is with a view to supply this want that the present paper is written.

Now the first principle inculcated by Canadian nationalism is patriotism. Patriotism is limited philanthropy; and is really not so much a love for one's country as for one's countrymen. The question then which first arises is: Who are Canadians? This on the face of it seems easily answered; but unfortunately, under our present condition, it is one of the most vague and uncertain of questions. It used to be, in times now passed, that no one could throw off his natural allegiance—that is, a born Briton, German, or Frenchman, must always remain so. Blackstone gave as a reason for this, that the care bestowed on a man, during his helpless infancy, by the country in which he was born, created such an obligation that he could never throw it off. However this may be, it is certain now that any man can throw off such an obligation who is born in any of the principal countries of Europe, or in the United States. This has been effected by means of treaties between the different nations. For instance, a British or a German subject can throw off his natural allegiance at any time he pleases, and become a citizen of the United States. When he does so, he gets rid of all the obligations, such as military service, which he owes his native country; of course he also gives up the natural right he has to call upon his native country for protection, when outside of its borders. This, as has been said, he is enabled to do, because there are naturalization treaties between Germany and the United States. But whether there are treaties between England and Germany, or between England and the United States, has not the slightest effect on Canada, inasmuch as England has not conceded to Canada, as yet, the right to make a British subject. Canada can only enable a German, or any other foreigner, to vote in Canada; it cannot give him British protection. Hence the German who has lived all his life in Canada, and has during that time paid taxes and performed volunteer duty, has only to make a visit to Germany to be impressed into the army there, if the authorities should see fit to do so; or if he should go to Buffalo or Detroit on a visit, and get thrown into jail, or otherwise oppressed unlawfully, any application he might make to the British Consul could not be listened to; while if he applied to the German Consul, the reply might be: "You have chosen to live in Canada during your life, and you must put up with the fact that she is nothing but a colony and unable to obtain redress for you. At all events you have no right to look to me for protection, seeing that you left Germany and threw off your natural allegiance, so far as you could, many years ago."

From this it would seem that none but British subjects are Canadians; and it is almost certain that the children of foreigners, born in Canada, are not British subjects, and consequently are not Canadians, and indeed have no country whatever. Now, so long as this state of things exists, it is hopeless to expect immigration; it is impossible for Canada to progress, or to become a nation. Therefore, the first practical principle of Canadian nationalism is to obtain for Canada the right to make a British subject, or to be able to give foreigners an independent status as Canadian citizens.

This is necessary for the purpose indicated, but it is also necessary for the purpose of keeping Canadians in their own country. It is said there are five hundred thousand Canadians in the United States; and it is also said that nothing Canada could offer would induce any number worth mentioning to return. Indeed, it is said that the first feeling a young Canadian experiences, after being absorbed into the national life of the United States, is contempt for his own country. Now, why is this? It is said to be because the Americans have larger cities, and offer better positions and employment to young men, but the real cause will be found to be the fact that Americans offer citizenship and suffrage; and, wanting these things at home, the young Canadian will go where he can find and obtain them. Besides, if it be con-

sidered that the United States offer far stronger material inducements than Canada, plus citizenship and suffrage, it will be seen how necessary it is for Canada to give to her own sons what they can obtain from strangers, which, added to their natural love of country, would be likely to keep them at home. It will be said that they have British citizenship, but one must be blind not to see that it is too remote and impalpable, except to Canadians born in the old country; and even if Canadians have this, they have not the fruits of citizenship. They see that they are liable to the hardest duties—volunteer service for instance—without the privileges, and hence that feeling of dissatisfaction with their native land which induces so many Canadians to become and remain American citizens.

It may be said that it is not safe to give the franchise to young men without property; but it is too late to urge this. The principle of property qualification has been given up in Ontario. The sons of farmers and young men earning four hundred dollars a year are now entitled to vote, and it is but a very short step in advance to grant manhood suffrage. It may seem yet unjust, however, to our rulers to give the franchise to intelligent young Canadians who have passed through our Common Schools and Churches, risked their lives for their country, and are fulfilling all the duties of citizenship, granting it at the same time to such men as were influenced in the back townships a few years ago by the statement that one of the ministers had taken money out of the box in which the money of the country was kept, and similar stories of the politicians.

Manhood suffrage should therefore be a principle of nationalism, subject, however, to the limitation that British subjects, as well as people from other countries than Britain, should have to reside in the country from two to four years before being entitled to vote. In that time they would have some knowledge of the country and of the duties of citizenship, and could vote with intelligence on every question submitted. If this principle be adopted, it will be only an act of justice to our young men, it will assist to retain them in the country, and "crown the edifice" of Canadian suffrage.

It may be said by many that the "representation of universities" is necessary to complete the system; but it is submitted that Canada is the last country in the world where such a system as Hare's, or any other similar one, should be introduced. The efforts of every lover of his country are now required to try and unite the numerous classes of which our population is made up; but these efforts would be useless, if we had a system which is almost universally admitted to be specially adapted to perpetuate classes and keep up distinctions, under the specious pretence of doing justice to minorities.

Another very important measure, although little spoken of, is very necessary, in the present unsettled state of Europe, for the Dominion. The Confederation Act provides for a Deputy-Governor for the Dominion. Why should not a permanent Deputy-Governor be appointed? We see every year the inconvenience of the present system. Every year our present Governor has been away from the seat of government for three and six months at a time. It is unfair to add the duties of Governor to the other duties of the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. Besides, that functionary should not be mixed up in ordinary politics; for, in the first place, collisions with active politicians are apt to lessen the respect which should be entertained for such a high officer; and, in the next place, such a position must necessarily have a tendency to prejudice the minds of the people respecting his judgments in questions between the Crown and the people. For these reasons, and others which could be mentioned, the offices of Chief-Justice and Deputy-Governor should never be joined in the same man. The officer most fitted to discharge the duties of Governor is the Speaker of the House of Commons. At present he receives a large salary, and is Governor of the House when it is not sitting, and the judge of all questions of procedure when it is. The duties of the Governor then, in the absence of the Governor-General, or in case of his sudden death, could be more properly referred to that officer than to any other. It may be said that in that case the Deputy-Governor would be indirectly elected by the people of the Dominion. It is not supposed that this would be a serious objection to Canadians—more especially remembering that being Vice-President of the United States does not prevent that officer from performing the duties of Speaker or Chairman of the United States Senate.

In support of this measure it is not necessary to go into the old arguments in favour of vice officers. The self-governing powers of the people of this Dominion could not in the least be affected by the death of any one officer, nor could the slightest confusion arise—not to speak of anarchy—in the *ordinary* transaction of affairs; but it is well to remember, that the relations of England to the different powers of Europe are very complicated at present; that an universal European war is imminent; that we are in front of our watchful and unscrupulous neighbours; and that therefore we should not run the danger of being for one moment without a legal head of the state here in Canada. It is, therefore, submitted that the permanent appointment of the Speaker of the House of Commons to be Deputy-Governor of Canada, in accordance with the British North America Act, should be one of the practical principles of Canadian Nationalism.

The present tariffs in force in Canada and the United States are a subject which ought to be interesting to Nationalists. It is true, that the Canadian side of the question having been taken up by one of the present parties, has the effect of making people out of politics cease to speak of it. But it must be remembered, that incidental protection, or reciprocal tariffs with the people of the United States, is peculiarly a national question. It was seen at once by that greatest of all Canadian Nationalists, Sir Alexander T. Galt, shortly after Confederation, that to apply the doctrines of Smith and Mill to a country situated as Canada is, would be simply to commit national suicide. He therefore, so long ago as the year 1871, advocated and supported a national policy in this respect. By the ridicule, misrepresentation, and tyranny of the *Globe* newspaper, this policy was not allowed to live long, for the chief reason that it had the effect of shutting out English goods. It was soon seen, however, by the Conservatives, that a low tariff did not give the Canadian market to Englishmen but to Americans. Common sense should have told them that in the beginning. The climate and geographical circumstances of a large part of the United States are the same as they are in Canada; hence American manufactures are better adapted to our country. If to this fact be added the other facts, that the States produce the raw material, have just as cheap labour as England, and not one twentieth of the freights to pay on goods, it can be easily seen how a low tariff in Canada completely gives our country commercially to the United States. This seems very plain; and the issue is at once raised, shall we try to manufacture our own goods or be a dependency of the United States? Shall we pay twelve, or for that matter, twenty millions annually to the Americans for manufactures, or shall we pay it to our own people? Shall we Canadians be nothing but farmers and drovers, hewers of wood and drawers of water, or shall we be also merchants and manufacturers? Shall we drive our artizans and manufacturing capital out of the country, or shall we build up a nation? Shall we every year keep risking our eggs in one basket, by depending on the agricultural interest alone in an unstable climate like ours, and so liable to the disastrous years which bring periodical misery to so many Canadian homes when crops fail, or shall we have something else to depend on?

Political economists and Reform Tories tell us that whatever happens we must stick to free trade; that it is treason to England and injurious to Canada to abandon it. If political economy means anything, it means making the most of a country's resources. Now in old Canada we have not much land left for agriculture; all that is valuable or profitable is taken up. Again, owing to our climate, the greater portion of our people, especially agriculturalists, must remain in forced idleness for at least four months in the year, if they have no indoor occupations. Now, all wealth is superfluous labour. It is submitted, then, that it is a question that can legitimately be put to the political economist on his own grounds, how much does Canada lose every year by the enforced idleness of her people through want of manufactures to give indoor employment?

The argument is almost as strong in favour of natural productions; but as the ground has been gone over so often it is not necessary to go over it again. One simple illustration will explain the whole thing.

There is a large distillery in Canada opposite Detroit. The owner is an American. All his grain is imported from the United States. All his workmen come from Detroit. The whiskey is sold in Canada in immense quantities; and the profits are taken across

the lines and invested in brick blocks and a palatial mansion in Detroit. The free trader says this is all right; Canada gets cheap whiskey, and that makes up for the loss she sustains in freights and charges in exporting her own grain, and in looking after her drunkards.

But why go on? These arguments are not necessary to a Nationalist. To him they are entirely beside the question. He says, "we cannot live by bread alone—we cannot make bricks without straw; I support a reciprocal tariff because it will build up a nation and keep me my country; and if to do this it costs me a few dollars more for a short time I am perfectly willing to pay them."

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is almost universally conceded as a national requirement. The only difference is as to the manner of acquiring means to build it. In the glut of capital at present locked up in England, one would imagine there would be no difficulty in obtaining ample means, especially considering England's interest in the project as a highway to India. The necessity of building it will be more apparent in England now than it was before. There is no doubt that Russia, as the result of the present war, will have the free passage of the Straits which join the Black Sea and the Mediterranean; and, as a consequence, a safer route to India will eventually be looked for across Canada. If so, the obtaining of English capital to build the Canadian Pacific must, in a short time, be easily accomplished.

The principle adopted in electing the Canadian Senate was a subject of considerable prominence a short time ago. It was alleged that the present system is bad; and the present House of Commons passed resolutions adopting, with very slight difference, the American system of electing the Senate—by the Local Legislatures. In Canada the American system might for a short time work well enough; but in time our local Houses would become what they are in the United States—hot beds of corruption and the vile instruments by which railroad corporations and rings control legislation. Our present system, no doubt, is not adapted to the present wants of the country. Something more flexible and more susceptible to public opinion is required. It is not creditable to the Canadian constitution, that a deadlock between the two Houses of Parliament might take place without a constitutional remedy such as they have in England in the power of appointing Peers, or that old men, barely able to get to the House, should go there once a year for the purpose of drawing their salaries. But these defects might be remedied easily without the radical changes projected by the present House of Commons. The Senate might be remodelled on a system by which a third of its members would be appointed every five years by the Crown—*i.e.* the Cabinet. In this way, that body could always be kept in accord with public opinion, as every five years one-third of the old members would fall out and new ones be appointed in their room. Moreover, this system would only allow fifteen years for the longest term, so that if a person was appointed Senator at say fifty years of age he would only be sixty-five at the expiration of his term.

It might be objected, that this system would take the election of the Senators out of the hands of the people. But it would not do so any more than the election of them by the local Houses. In both cases, the Senators would be indirectly elected by the people. The people elect the members of the House of Commons, the House of Commons practically elect the Cabinet, and the Cabinet elect the Senators. It is one remove more from the people than the election by the Local Legislatures; but this makes the chance of having a pure Senate better, especially when one remembers that the Cabinet would have the assistance of the Governor-General in selecting Senators.

Slightly connected with this, is some measure for securing the independence of the Government and Houses of Parliament of Canada. The English school of Manchester politicians are just as selfish as any politicians in the world, as proven by Robert Lowe's paper in the October number of the *Fortnightly Review*. There must necessarily, in the future, be questions between England and the United States, in which English and Canadian interests will conflict. Now England—which may mean a selfish and patriotic Colonial Minister—in these cases should not have the power of affecting the judgment of members of the Canadian Government and Parliament, by conferring titles and pensions on them; and consequently a law should be passed that any member of the Government or Parliament of Canada,

accepting a title or pension from the Crown or any foreign power, should vacate his seat.

The present shipping question between France and Canada is the best illustration of the necessity of such a measure. All the foreign business of Canada must be done through England. The Imperial Government negotiates all our treaties. The English people want to sell their ships to Frenchmen ; so do Canadians. The English will not allow our ships to compete with theirs in the French market. Hence, we have to pay double the duty to France which England pays, to get our ships to its market. Why is this? Because Canada allows England to do her foreign business for her ; and when English and Canadian interests conflict, as in the Washington Treaty, Canadian interests must go to the wall.

The whole shipping legislation between England and Canada must soon be entirely remodelled. The shipping interests of Canada are growing too large, and are diverging too much from those of England, to have the power to legislate respecting them left entirely in the hands of the English Parliament. Where all legislation is for iron bottoms, it must necessarily tend against Canadian wooden ships—not to speak of the special Plimsoll legislation aimed almost entirely at wooden vessels, including Canadian. This legislation, applying as it does to Canadian ships, is taking freight from us and putting it into the wooden ships of Norway, Sweden, and other powers. Our captains and sailors are also harassed by English regulations. It is true, the tyrannical rules which prevented a doctor or officer with a Canadian certificate, from sailing on board Canadian vessels, have been abrogated. Nevertheless, a mate was prosecuted a short time ago in England for sailing on board a strictly British ship with a Canadian certificate. British laws should no more govern Canadian property in ships, than they do Canadian property in horses.

No doubt eventually Canada will make laws to govern her own shipping. It is just as well that our requests for further powers in this respect are complied with gradually by the Imperial Government. When we get full powers, we shall have to face the question of Canadian consuls in foreign ports, and a Canadian flag ; and it is to be hoped that, when the time comes, our self-reliance will be so developed that these will be no obstacles. The separated colonies in Australia fly a more distinctive flag at this present moment than the united Dominion of Canada with all her shipping.

However long Canada can afford to wait to get full powers relative to her shipping, she can afford no time in rectifying the present British copyright law. Any English author can at present sell to an American publisher copyright for the whole Canadian Dominion, which no Canadian publisher dares to violate, and this without paying to the Canadian Government one cent, and without giving to the Canadian author reciprocal rights either in England or in the United States. Not only can this be done, but the Canadian people can be deprived of any English book when the Canadian circulation is purchased with the first sheets—as it usually is—unless His Highness Mr. Harper, or Mr. Jones, of New York, or some other American publisher, sees fit to send the book for sale to Canada. We are reproached by the Americans with being behind the age. It is no wonder, when Imperial laws shut out the intellectual world of books from our people ; at all events they have this effect.

There is one more practical principle which should be mentioned as being exclusively "national"—that is, abstaining from the vicious practice of personally canvassing for votes. This is the source of nearly all the electoral corruption we have to contend against. Moreover it is practically forbidden by the Ballot Act. That act makes a man subject to fine who tries to ascertain how a man has voted, after the voting has taken place. What is the difference whether it is before or after? If it is wrong to do so after, it cannot be right to do so before. Besides, it is useless to canvass, for whatever a man may say, the ballot gives him the opportunity afterwards of doing as he pleases.

It will be admitted by every Nationalist that the isolation of our French-speaking countrymen is to be deplored. It is more than probable that their patriotism is more ardent and disinterested than that of English-speaking Canadians, as there is no other country to divide their affection, France having given them up over a century ago. Those English-speaking Canadians who speak their language, and have associated with them as cadets in military camps, say there is nothing to complain of on the score

of patriotism. Indeed some of these had reason to feel not a little ashamed of their English-speaking comrades at their stolidity in listening to the patriotic songs of Quebec. It is true, these songs were sung in French, and it is hard to appreciate sentiment in a foreign language. But something must be lacking when a man who understands French can stolidly sit unmoved while listening to the *Marseillaise* or *Mourir pour la Patrie* sung as some of our Quebec countrymen sing them. The appreciation of patriotic sentiment in a song may be a poor criterion to judge by, but nevertheless the world will not soon forget Rouget de Lisle.

However, we cannot judge properly the people of Quebec until we know them; and so long as we are separated as we are at present, we never can become one people. As Canadians, the people of Ontario cannot afford to have a strange people, over a million in number, in their own country, between them and their English-speaking countrymen of the Maritime Provinces; and if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to the mountain. The acquirement of the French language ought to be made compulsory in our common schools—it forms part of the course now in the grammar schools—and the study of French literature ought to be encouraged. Apart from patriotism this would be a benefit. Nothing can have more effect in training the youthful mind to study and reflection than learning a strange language, and it is especially beneficial in exercising and training the memory. Add to this, that the learning of French will bring us into communication with over a million of our countrymen, enable us to know them, dissipate their and our prejudices, and help to form us into one people, and its use as a study cannot be questioned.

As the school systems, however, are under the control of the local governments, it may not be so easy to introduce the necessary change; but it is to be hoped that the benefits flowing from its study, added to its patriotic use, may induce the Provincial authorities to insist on the learning of French as a compulsory branch of study in the elementary schools of all the English-speaking Provinces.

Hereafter French must be a necessity for every man in the Dominion who aspires to the legal profession, as Supreme Court judgments are now given in French and English.

It is submitted that the advocacy of these principles, that is: Power in Canada to make Canadian subjects, with the rights and protection of British subjects; manhood suffrage for the Dominion on two years' residence therein; a permanent Deputy-Governor for the Dominion—such Deputy-Governor to be Speaker of the House of Commons; a reciprocal tariff with the people of the United States, with the early settlement of the boundary between Alaska and our North-West; the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad; the appointment of a third of the members of the Senate every five years by the Crown; the incapacity of members of the Canadian Government or Parliament to receive titles or pensions from the Crown or a foreign government; the right of Canada to make laws respecting her own shipping and copyright within her jurisdiction; the abolition of personal canvass for votes; and making French a compulsory branch of common school education; must have a tendency to make Canadians patriotic, and to advance our country as a nation. It is asserted by anti-Nationalists that our principles are now too nebulous for any practical good; indeed recently we have been told by an authority which all Nationalists highly respect—the writer of "Current Events" in the CANADIAN MONTHLY—that "aspirations are in themselves good only so far as they lead to practical effort in a right direction, and it is by no means clear that a national movement is sustainable whose foundation is aspiration merely."

Such being the opinion of friends and foes, the present writer respectfully submits the foregoing principles as a basis for united action. It is to be regretted that national principles have not been enunciated by one of the gentlemen whom Nationalists regard as their leaders—Sir Alexander Galt, Edward Blake, and W. H. Howland. At a time like the present, however, when the young men of Toronto are talking platitudes about the "reformers" of past ages, while afraid or incapable themselves of throwing off the yoke of the *Globe*, or to withstand its invitations to take part in the vile politics which at present obtain, some one must speak out. Until such time as the abovenamed gentlemen think proper to teach us, Nationalists should go on advocating—no matter how

feebly—those principles which will advance our country towards her manifest destiny, looking, even beyond the accomplishment of all those things, to a time when the chaotic confusion which now reigns supreme in our laws and governments shall be turned into order and regularity, and a common code like that of Napoleon shall bind our country indissolubly together throughout all its vast extent.

WILLIAM NORRIS.

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE:

DE QUINCEY, COLERIDGE, AND POE.

IN that fair and beauteous passage in *Queen Mab*, where it is told how Ianthe, the spirit, rises at the bidding of her of the magic car from the earthy encumbrance of Ianthe, the body, and panting for her heavenly and eternal heritage,

> "Ever-changing, ever-rising still,
> Wantons in endless being,"

leaving behind that other Ianthe whose every organ "performs its natural functions," and yet is not Ianthe—we have a picture of the glorious change which takes place when any one whose song has cheered our path, whose beauty has filled our mind, or whose wisdom has helped us on, passes away to the Garden of Death, yet leaves with us the brightest and living part—the soul of him whose mere clay

> "Fleets through its sad duration rapidly;
> Then like a useless and worn-out machine,
> Rots, perishes, and passes."

And this is why when talking of those who are not, we may yet use the personal terms as to those who are still amongst us, since the *non omnis moriar* forbids us to think of them as dead, but, in sweet appeal, points to the still-living portion—which is indeed Ianthe—the spirit, living and panting for its heritage in our hearts, while we, perverse, cannot but mourn that other Ianthe—which is not Ianthe—which has perished and passed away.

So these Three Friends of Mine, though I know them not in the flesh, are yet living and real to me, more real indeed than those who are in the flesh, since their friendship can never fail, and their affection never become less warm,

> "Forever will I love and they be fair."

Changeless as spirits are, and yet warm and flush with human life, as having been of like dust with me, they walk and talk with me, nor ever do their steps falter, or their words lose their wisdom and sweetness. And yet, sooth to tell, while they dwelt amongst us their weakness was no common weakness, and their fall from the high standard of the world's morality no common fall. By no means is it common to see a man of such a mind as Poe's fall, done to death by joys of the wine-cup which many an ordinary soul has withstood; not ordinary is it for men of such souls of harmony as De Quincey and Coleridge to be broken, subdued, and slain by the potency of that golden drug, whose charms men of far commoner mould have resisted. And yet such men were these my friends. They all perished by the intemperate use of their favourite gratification, and yet they live,—live as not all the temperance lecturers that ever castigated with words of scorn such human weakness, will ever live—forever in the hearts of those who have stopped by the way to lend an ear to their singing. And what is the charm? Indeed hard to put into words. It may be, the sweet echoes of their melodies linger, never forgotten in the sense, giving music to what else were harsh and strange—the unvarying monotone of daily life. It may be memory refuses to part with, but retains in that rare storehouse of the brain where is treasured.

up forever the dear remembrance of happy childhood hours and a dead mother's love, the homelike words that give one the feeling they have been heard before, yet rich with such deep meaning and sounding harmony as tell one, that never were they heard by earthly ear, but that now has been woven into words the music which in purer and more solemn moments is heard murmuring within the being. Whatever it may be—lo! the charm is there. And this one great characteristic distinguishes the three, and this one great feature is common to these three and to none else beside, that, whether due to the wine or to the drug, they sing to us of the great dream-world, and we listen and recognise the voices as of beings of that great, fantastic fairy land—the land of dreams. They are inconsistent and purposeless; what dream was ever otherwise? They are fantastic and unreal; still like a dream. And again, as befits such dreamers, they are grand, far above earth, their music is of the spheres, wild and heavenly are the strains, for they tell of the unknown and the unknowable.

I do not purpose to analyze or compare these Three. Why try to explain the wherefore of our tears here; our glad sense of enjoyment there; our deep and solemn feeling, as of Wordsworth's child listening to the still murmur from within "the convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell," whereby the great and distant sea breathes its cadences to those who are far away, at another place? Enough that the gods have given to us such ones; enough that to us their song has been permitted; enough that we have what in them was; enough—quite enough that we may bow head and heart in thankful adoration, and enjoy neither too joyfully nor too tearfully the priceless boon.

And now, as one in the midst of much treasure, at a loss, amid so much of rare, how to pick and choose, not knowing of so many pearls which to take up or wherefore, let me in all humbleness offer a few as sample and allurement to entice into the king's treasure, to see for themselves, those who have passed by unnoticing.

To me it seems that of all fascinating things in literature, none so much rivets the attention by the splendour of its language, by the richness of its picturing, and by the melancholy tone that pervades its beauty, as De Quincey's relation of how that marvellous, fatal drug affected him. Listen to this and say, is it quite earthly?

"I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom I confess that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus;* especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king, sultan, regent, &c., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, viz., the period of the Parliamentary War, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival and dances. And I heard it said, or said to myself, 'these are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and daughters of those who met in peace and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but on the field of battle, and, at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship.' The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV., but I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve, and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*, and immediately came 'sweeping by,' in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagmos* of the Roman legions."

This has all the weirdness and exaggeration of a dream and it has more—it has all the vividness and terror of reality; and the following passage, in which he relates how in his dreams of lakes and expanses of water, "the human face divine" played so cruel a part, there is something almost maddening in its real, life-like horror:—

"Upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens, faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged up by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries;—my agitation was infinite,—my mind tossed and surged with the ocean."

But terrible as this is there was yet a deeper descent for the opium-eater. After

the year of happiness—the intercalary year which he paints in such warm and glowing colours, and withal with such innocent and perpetual beauty of language as siren-like lures us into the belief that lo! here is found, in "just, subtle, and mighty opium," the panacea for all ills, the Lethe for all sorrows—he passes on into the gloom, into the Iliad of woes, and cries out in anguish of spirit: "Farewell, a long farewell to happiness! winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep!"

That De Quincey did not end his days by a suicidal madness is to me one of the most curious features of his character. The hell beneath hell into which he descended; the dread and awful gorgeousness of vision which robbed him of all the gracious blessedness of sleep, and pursued him through all the live-long day till it returned with increased solemnity when his head again sought the pillow at night; these would have tortured out of life and power the reason of most of men. But for him, so frail and meagre in body, so grand and sweet in soul, they offered material and groundwork for such high and harmonious English prose as we find only, indeed, in the sublimest of Milton and Jeremy Taylor, only in the tenderest and most pathetic of Ruskin. While the memory of his Titanic frenzy is fresh upon him he sits down and tells us of the shuddering abhorrence he has for the vast and ancient Asia—birthplace of the human race—the *officina gentium*—its peoples—its customs—its religions.

"Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas; and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud."

And here let me give one more extract, which, to him who reads and considers well, must perforce, by the richness of the diction, the grandeur of the theme, and the peculiar and appropriate vagueness of the description—its parallel being found alone in Milton's account of the great prince of the hosts of hell—always seem one of the foremost examples of sounding and majestic melody, like the roll of a great cathedral organ.

"The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting—was evolving like a great drama, a piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the impression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. There came sudden alarms: hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! And with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—'I will sleep no more!'"

Writing such as this is not amenable to criticism; what indeed are we to criticise? We are led as it were by the hand—and by the hand of one we dare not question—in wonder like a curious child led through fairy palaces and gardens, trembling with reverential awe and lest a profane word or deed might dissolve the fair and wondrous scene. We are not at home; we may not stand, as of right, and question of this or that; we may but accept and glory in the gift. Like a recent critic we do not know what it

means; it is all music and beauty—but music indescribable and beauty indescribable. Wrapt, caught up to a heaven of wonder; all our senses steeped with the luxury, our souls filled even to satiety, filled, surrounded, and, for all answer, with Aurora Leigh's question on our lips:

> "If a cloud came down
> And wrapt us wholly, could we draw its shape
> As if on the outside and not overcome?"

Even so—overcome!

And now let us consider that other one—to whom also the subtile influence of that opium drug brought dreams and scenes of surpassing and cloudlike splendour, together with the same weakened purpose and shattered will. Alas, that such workmen should have had, after so long a life, to look back on so many sketches and studies—exquisite and divine indeed—but only sketches, only studies, and so little of work finished and complete! Alas, that musicians such as these should have struck the harp so capriciously—should have swept the chords so wanderingly—leaving indeed grand choral bursts—hymns and songs of most majestic melody, but only random strains—glorious preludes—and but here and there a great dead march or anthem of triumph; enough to witness that to them was handed the plectrum with power to strike the seven strings—but with this, also the curse, "unstable as water, shifting as sand."

And here, in passing to Coleridge, let me say the transition is easy and natural, for the highest form of prose is scarcely aught less than poetry. The same cardinal qualities are requisite in both—fitting and great theme, sufficient and worthy treatment, high imagination, and musical arrangement of words; these, with rhythm and a slightly inverted and archaic use of language, are poetry, without these latter adjuncts, prose. Indeed, did not previous knowledge interfere, it would be easy to believe that he who wrote that most awful and solemn dream just quoted was also the writer of that most miraculous and "wondrous of all poems," Kubla Khan. I do not by any means say that so near were these two—De Quincey and Coleridge—in manner and matter of intellect that, one might have performed the other's work. De Quincey could no more have written "Christabel," than Coleridge could have written "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts;" but I do say that in considering these two—the one the most musical of prose writers, the other the most musical of the writers of verse—it may be seen how in many points the highest prose is allied to poetry.

And now again, in all reverence, let me—never losing sight of this, that I am in the presence of one of the sweetest and most subtle masters of melody who have sung in any age or in any tongue—choose out here and there a chord to show how ample and full must be the glorious whole; dip a hand into the running stream, and pick out, as sample, here a nugget and there a nugget, to witness how beneath the clear and silver waves the bed is rich with purest gold.

Of this "Kubla Khan," then, the most delicate of modern critics says: "In reading it we seem rapt into that paradise revealed to Swedenborg, where music and colour and perfume were one, where you could hear the hues and see the harmonies of heaven. For absolute melody and splendour, it were hardly rash to call it the first poem in the language."

Just and generous praise! The poem is confessedly an opium-dream, and but the fragment of a dream; and if all dreams were only such, then ever more give us dreams! See the alliteration, rhythm, and music—a holy jingle of harmonious sounds—in the opening lines.

> "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree;
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

And again:

> "Five miles meandering with a mazy motion,
> Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
> Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
> And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
> And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard fromfar
> Ancestral voices prophesying war!"

This short poem is a very triumph of art. Every line is by itself a pure and perfect gem; and, crowned with a coronet of such rare and precious things, well might the poet leave to others to strive for the chaplet of bays, whilst, with a glorious circlet all his own, each single and separate stone flashing and reflashing back on its companions ten thousand dazzling rays, as the purple gleams of the amethyst mingled and commingled with the bright red of the ruby, and these entered into and lit up the subdued

glories of the emerald—a rainbow round of halo—he proudly took his seat among the immortals. But though the most marvellous, "Kubla Khan" is not the greatest nor altogether the loveliest of Coleridge's works. Two other poems—"Christabel," also a fragment, and perhaps "The Ancient Mariner"—have claim to be considered *the* monuments of his fame. But I pass by these, both because it is bootless to repeat words and verses which have already twined themselves round the hearts and feelings of all to whom the beauties and glories of our English language are a matter not of mere *head*-knowledge, but of *heart*-knowledge, and because I seek to preserve the unity of my trinity, and present these three in the light in which they so wonderfully harmonize with and are akin to each other. Great trigeminal brothers and dealers in mystery, to whom wide open have been thrown the portals of sleep, and to whom alone it has been granted to cull from the fleeting realms of fancy and the fair gardens of the midnight world, flowers of such brilliant dye—of such rare and eastern scent; out of reverence for you, it is not meet that in choosing a bouquet any flowers should be plucked where all are rare in scent and beauty, save those whose beauty is of a kindred and harmonious type, and whose various flavours, instead of neutralizing each other, should unite and make faint the sense with sweetness! Therefore I pass by and give as a kindred example a passage from that halting yet exquisite song, the "Circassian Love Chant."

"Hush'! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever;
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into the gentle river.
The river swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon;
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.
* * * * *

"Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care;
All pale and wasted I would seem,
Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind."

The last stanza, indeed, as it breathes in living tender words the "hidden want," the unexpressed and indefinite longing of the heart, the very sound and music of whose tones is in such happy and complete harmony with the meaning and feeling to be expressed, with nothing of harshness or discordance, and with not too light and uncertain a touch—is one of those absolute proofs of pure and perfect poetic nature in an author. Mark how little is said, and yet what a chord of kindred feeling is roused in the soul; this is a poet's special art—like nature, to "half reveal and half conceal the soul within"—yet only *half* concealment, showing glimpses of that greater soul which is within. The only parallel passage in English poetry I can recall equal to it is that in the "Princess," in which Ida hovers round the sick-bed of the sore-stricken warrior, and he, on the mystic borderland between sleeping and waking, life and death, asks her, half-doubting, for such a pledge of love as that he, thereby assured that she is not "that Ida," but another and yet the same Ida, noble and gentle as but in a dream could be, may fall back and die. We have, rising like an incense from the perfect words, the very twilight, subdued picture of the sick-room, in which, with such solemn accessories, the strange love scene is being enacted. Words low and soft, as if rather mused by one to himself in a day-dream than spoken directly to her they are addressed to, so apt and consonant with the rest of the picture that we rather feel than see before us the request made.

"'If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself;
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing; only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.'"

But now space forbids me to dwell longer on these perfect specimens of art and music. The more thoroughly we make Coleridge's imaginative poems our own, the more are we compelled to exclaim with another: "The world has nothing like them and can never have!" And now to the third of these wondrous and ever-living Three. And though for perfect and pure genius we must ever hold Poe inferior to the other two, yet, in kind of genius he is more famous than they. As Macaulay says of Horace Walpole,—"We may see another Milton, we may see another

Shakspere, but never another Horace Walpole;" so sooner should we expect another De Quincey or another Coleridge, than ever another Poe. Fantastic and diseased as his imagination was, it is to this very morbidness and disease we owe the peculiar and wild charm of his song; yet of poetry he has given to us such as evinces all the great characteristics of the other two. Pure and inexpressibly sweet is his lament for "Annabel Lee."

"It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me."

And then we are told how the angels, jealous of a love so beautiful and true, breathed coldly on her, his love, from a dark cloud, chilling and killing his Annabel Lee; and how away from him, by the angels —her high-born kinsmen—her body was borne, and enclosed in a sepulchre by the sea. And then follows the long result of having loved and lost:—

"Love, strong as death, shall conquer death,
Through struggle made more glorious."

Breathing the same high thought—"Love is love for evermore."

"But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we:
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

"For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

"The Raven" is another characteristic poem—characteristic that is of the Three—because possessing the same strange and unearthly features. It does not read like a scene from life; it does not read as of pure imagination; it reads like what might be seen by one in the tortures of delirium—by one who, between sleeping and waking, has with the aid of wine lost the golden mean of thought, and magnified and exaggerated, with a splendid eye, into a marvel of mystery and wonder such human sights and sounds as in the sober light of day would be most natural and common.

But more strange and fantastic than even "The Raven," more full of a subtler and diviner instinct; wild as the ecstasy of a madman's midnight terror, "Ulalume" stands forth like a monolith on the plain, a very Cleopatra's Needle in the realms of verse, a puzzle as well as a marvel to all beholders, an approach to whose like can never be seen again. If in making this my last, I also make it my longest extract, it is because neither one nor two stanzas would illustrate my meaning, or give an idea of the meaning of the poem. Through a strange freak and laughter of language the beautiful thought which informs the piece runs strangely, like a river in Greece, at one time plunging through the plain, then rumbling along its subterranean passage to reappear glistening in the sun further on, and, again disappearing, play its mad freak once more.

He begins by telling us mysteriously, as he takes us to the "dank tarn of Auber, in the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir," that it is "night in the lonesome October of his most immemorial year," and then comes the story:—

"Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul,—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll,—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole."

Here Psyche is lost sight of while he rolls out a ceaseless sound about 'scoriac rivers' and 'lavas that roll down Mount Yaanek in the ultimate climes of the pole, in the realms of the boreal pole,' and through a dozen more lines he wanders off about 'this night of all nights in the year,' and then another fantastic stanza:—

"And now as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn,—
As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,—
Astartë's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn."

And then in beautiful words turning to Psyche :—

"And I said, 'she is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,—
She revels in a region of sighs;
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies;
Come up in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes;
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes.'"

And then to Psyche's warning voice :—

"I replied, 'this is nothing but dreaming;
Let us on by this tremulous light;
Let us bathe in this crystalline light:
Its sibyllic splendour is beaming
With hope and in beauty to-night:—
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night.'"

And then trusting to the light they wander on till they are stopped by the door of a tomb :—

"And I said, 'what is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?'
She replied, 'Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!'"

At this dread answer all the beauty and hope took wing and flew away, and his heart "it grew ashen and sober;"—

"And I cried, 'It was surely October,
On *this* very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here!
On this night of all nights in the year,
Oh, what demon has tempted me here?'"

And now, in taking leave of these Three, let me say, that if, in thus with a loving step wandering through the golden lands beneath their sway, and at random pointing out such gardens and scenes as are of especial and eternal richness, I have quickened the love for what is good and beautiful, and therefore true—for "beauty is truth, truth beauty"—of one single soul, brightened with these sunlit gleams of splendour the sad heart of one who has for the moment sought without, the glorious beauty that can only be found within, my object is fulfilled. For this is true, that as love turns into something noble and sublime even the heart and soul that has been narrow and bestial in its ideas, so poetry, whether found in prose or in strict works of poesy, has the same effect. By drinking oft and deeply of the castalian spring a very fountain indeed of beauty wells up in the heart, casting its refreshing and purifying streams over the dry places of daily life, and with a Midas-hand changing aught dull and poor into a fair creation of gold, and clothing over the nakedness of life with fair and wondrous garbs of richness. And to all as to one will it be possible to speak these words, and to speak them not with lips only but with the heart: "Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward:' it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." And in reading, always let this be considered—that the object is to benefit and ennoble ourselves; and so, leaving to others to find fault, always to discover and extract the beauty of each one, like the dancing children of the sun hovering to draw out the sweetness from each flower that blows.

And not tempted to regret this, and that in an author's circumstances, as perchance having diminished the 'glow to which his crescent might have grown,' remember that from each we probably have all that in him was. Of all the thousand thousand poets that have sung, from the time Eden was the only spot on earth that felt the pressure of the foot of man upon its sod till now, when it would be hard to point out a spot that man's foot has not yet trodden, let us remember that never in just the same measure, or with just the same gifts, have the gods blessed any two; therefore, from each separate one there is to be culled many a flower, many a gem that is his and his alone. Remembering this, then, "let us give thanks for each after their manner and the fates."

ST. QUENTIN.

THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF HISTORY.*

THE present age has witnessed the occurrence of a large number of events, pregnant with important consequences for the future of mankind. During the last twenty years, we have seen the union of the Italians under one government, the union of nearly all the Germans under one government, and we are now witnessing a series of changes, one of the causes of which is the desire for the union of all the Slavs. We have seen the American civil war, the establishment of a republic for the third time in France, the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, and an immense change in the world of ideas caused by the general adoption under some form or other of the evolution hypothesis.

Underlying these events we perceive more or less clearly certain tendencies of our time. Among these we may note particularly the tendency of all the people speaking one language to unite under one government so as to make political correspond with national divisions; the tendency of all the governments of Europe, whether democratic in form or not, to consult the wishes of the people more than formerly, which may be regarded as to a large extent a consequence of the first mentioned tendency; and thirdly, the tendency in the world of thought to embrace the belief that all things are under the dominion of invariable and immutable laws. We can also discover causal connections between these events and tendencies and preceding events. The present French republic, for example, like the rule of Napoleon III. which preceded it, can be traced back to the first French Revolution, and this can, in its turn, be shown to have been caused by the misgovernment of the Bourbons. The prevailing tendency in favour of the political unification of nationalities may, with great probability, be attributed to the increase of the average of intelligence produced by the more general diffusion of knowledge in our times, and to the improvement in the appliances for conveying passengers and goods from one place to another by which travel and commercial operations have been much facilitated. These causes, particularly the latter, have done a great deal, by weakening or destroying sectional jealousies and petty antipathies, to pave the way for the ingress of broad political views into the minds of men at large. Again, the improvement in the means of communication just referred to may be traced back to previous improvments in other industrial appliances, and all improvements in industrial appliances may be shown to be both causes and effects of increases of knowledge.

The investigation of these and similar topics is the subject of what is generally called the philosophy of history, a department of thought to which considerable attention has been paid in recent times.

The introduction of the modern philosophical method of dealing with historical facts was a great step in advance. History, as it was formerly written, in the great majority of cases resembled nothing so much as the valley into which the prophet was led "which was full of dry bones." The bewildered student, like Ezekiel, passed "by them round about, and behold, there were very many in the open valley, and lo, they were very dry." An interminable record of names and dates, and victories and defeats, without a single glance at the condition of the masses or a single attempt to estimate the relative importance of events, was once considered a respectable history. That age has passed away, and no work is now considered worthy of the name of a history which does not undertake to give some notion of the relative importance of different occurrences and to explain their causal connections..

Undoubtedly the human intellect has always philosophized, as far as it was able, concerning the causes of events. The Homeric view, that the actions and plans of men, at least those which led to striking results, were inspired by spiritual beings, was an attempt at a philosophy of history. In ac-

* Read before the Canadian Institute on the 9th March, 1878.

cordance with the belief then held, that the world was full of deities of various kinds who interfered with, and in different ways influenced, the concerns of men, he who attempted in that rude age to ascertain the causes of events naturally sought them in the gods. This mode of explaining history has survived in some quarters to the present day. As Homer ascribes the pestilence which afflicted the Grecian host encamped before Troy to the determination of Apollo to avenge the insult offered to his priest, so, in like manner, some modern writers ascribe the woes of nations to Providential chastisement for certain sins.

This crude method of philosophising is equally repugnant to the modern religious and the modern intellectual spirit. The modern race of historians proceed on the assumption that the forces whose workings they undertake to describe are natural, and that the results of their operations can, to a certain extent, be foreseen. Some writers have attempted to trace the influence of climate, soil, food, or innate racial characteristics throughout the history of certain nations. Incidental speculations on such topics occur in many modern works. For example, Mr. Herbert Spencer has suggested the idea that there is a connection between racial energy and dryness of climate. According to him the conquering races have all originated in climates where dryness faciliates perspiration. On the other hand, M. Taine, the able and interesting French writer on English literature, connects Teutonic notions of morality with moisture. "Thrown back," says he of the Teutonic man, after dwelling at length on the humidity of the parts of Europe inhabited by him, "upon himself by the gloom and severity of his climate, he has discovered moral beauty, whilst others discover sensuous beauty."* From a survey of these facts it is obvious that the tendency of the human mind to classify multitudinous phenomena, and to try to discover the laws that govern their production, which has accomplished so much in other fields of intellectual labour, is at work in the historical field also, and the question is forced upon the mind, Is history, like the physical sciences, subject to law?

Before proceeding to discuss this problem, I wish to direct attention to the difference between it and the question whether the principles of the science of history are discoverable. So complex are the phenomena to be investigated, and so much are the difficulties attending their investigation increased by the fact that the mental and moral nature of the investigator himself is a part of the phenomena, that a believer in the universal reign of law might come to the conclusion that it is impossible to place history upon a scientific basis. At present, however, we are concerned only with the question whether there is good reason for believing that there are general principles which govern the occurrence of historical events.

In favour of this view we have the very strong presumption, rendered stronger indeed by every advance in knowledge, that the whole universe is under the reign of law. That the province of history is no exception to this rule may be inferred from the facts that we can to a certain extent ascertain the causes of past events and can even predict what the action of a nation will be in given circumstances. For instance, we can point to the causes of the late contest between Russia and Turkey, and we can predict that if the Russians were to overthrow Turkey in Asia, and to make preparations for annexing Egypt, the English nation would go to war. In fact, our philosophy of history appears to be a science in its incipient stage. We are in possession of a considerable mass of facts, through which we see certain connecting threads running. The connections between and relations among the parts which we see, naturally suggest the notion that, if we only knew enough, we could establish the necessary connection of the whole.

Against the view that history is subject to law, two arguments may be advanced. One is, that the supposition conflicts with the doctrine of an overruling Providence. If by an overruling Providence is meant a Being who is obliged to make up for lack of complete foreknowledge by interfering occasionally to tinker up the universe, the objection is well-founded, but indicates an intellectual obtuseness which nothing can convince. If, on the other hand, by an overruling Providence is understood a Deity engaged in undeviatingly carrying out an eternal plan, which is the view of the most intelligent apologists for Christianity at the

* Hist. of Eng. Lit., Book I., Chap. I.

present day, the doctrine is not only not inconsistent with the notion of a scientific causation of historical events, but, in fact, rather furnishes an argument for that view.

The other argument is that there can be no science of history because the will of man is free, and there is therefore a factor concerned in producing every historical result which acts capriciously, being subject to no laws. This is an objection which seems of great weight to many minds, and therefore deserves full consideration.

It is claimed that we are conscious that our wills are free. Now let us ascertain, if we can, exactly what that is of which we are conscious. Are we conscious that without any change in ourselves we, under the same circumstances and having before us the same motives, at one time act in accordance with one motive, and at another are swayed by another? We never can be conscious of any such thing, because the conditions can in no two cases be exactly alike. Even if all the external circumstances are the same, we ourselves cannot be the same. We must be older on the second occasion than on the first, and the lapse of time between the two, even though inconceivably small, must have wrought changes in us which may affect our volition.

Are we conscious of willing without being swayed by some motive or motives? We are not, and it accordingly follows that if we knew the character of a man at a given time, and the motives placed before his mind, we could predict how he would act. As a matter of fact successful predictions as to how given men will act in given circumstances are of ordinary occurrence.

Are we conscious that we are free to do or not to do the act which is the object of our volition? We are, and it is the consciousness of this freedom which has, in my opinion, given rise to the figment of the freedom of the will. I say figment, because freedom to act is clearly not freedom to will. I am supported in this view of the origin of the belief by the following passage from Mr. Goldwin Smith's first lecture on the Study of History, which is an exceedingly able argument against the possibility of a science of history: "Those who would found history or ethics on a necessarian, or, if they will, a causal theory of action, have three things to account for: our feeling at the moment of action that we are free to do or not to do; our approving or blaming ourselves afterwards for having done the act or left it undone, which implies that we were free; and the approbation or blame of each other, which implies the same thing."*

That we are conscious of freedom to act in accordance with the decisions of our wills requires no explanation, because this consciousness does not bear on the question. No one is conscious of freedom to will in opposition to the motive or set of motives which appears to him to be strongest.

The writer just quoted says, that "our approving or blaming ourselves afterwards for having done the act or left it undone, implies that we were free." Undoubtedly it implies that we could do the act or leave it undone, because if we were conscious of no alternative, conscience would give no sign. But the approbation or censure of conscience serves itself to show that the will is determined by the weight of motives; for that faculty has no *raison d'être* except that of furnishing motives to decide the will. In the same way, it appears to me that while the feelings of approbation or disapprobation which arise in the minds of others imply that acting or not acting was possible, they likewise imply that the will is governed by motives. This, indeed, no one who has looked into the matter can deny; but, as the same set of motives will cause one man to act in one way and another in another, nay, will differently affect the will of the same man at different times, many deny that there are any laws which govern human action. This difficulty is, however, only apparent. As a quantity of steam produced in the boiler connected with one set of machinery would produce very different results if its force were expended in driving other machinery, so the same motives acting on the wills of different men, or on the different wills of the same person, for no man's faculties remain absolutely unchanged for any appreciable length of time, may produce very diverse determinations.

But, says some objector, you make of man a mere machine, a complicated and very remarkable machine,—indeed, a machine which can to a certain extent change itself, can somewhat influence its own mode of acting and that of other similar machines; but, nowithstanding all his wonderful capacity

* Lectures on the Study of History, p. 52.

still a machine. I feel the full force of this objection. I know what are the gloomy and disheartening corollaries which are held by many to be deducible from the doctrine that man's volitions are governed by law. Yet, *amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* If it be true that no man is conscious of his ability to will in opposition to the motive which is to him the strongest, if in fact such a proposition involves a contradiction to its own terms, it follows that a man's decision at a particular juncture is determined by the effect on his mind of the motives presented to him. What that effect will be, will vary in accordance with his mental and moral constitution. The character of his mental and moral constitution at any period of his life will be the product of the influences of the circumstances of his past existence and his inherited tendencies.

This view of the constitution of human nature is confirmed by the fact that it is tacitly assumed in all systems of education. The universal postulate of educational systems is, that, if the child is subjected to the influences of certain sets of circumstances, a superior type of character will be formed. To aid in the formation of this improved type, the influence of the approbation and disapprobation of parents, teachers, and playmates is brought to bear, clearly on the principle that if a sufficient weight of motives can be placed on one end of the balance, it will decline. The great practical difficulty with educators is that the same motives do not produce the same results in all cases. This does not, however, prove freedom of will, but simply inborn difference of tendencies. Mr. Goldwin Smith says that action is a choice among motives. True, but that which determines the choice is the adaptation of the motive to influence the particular man's will.

The doctrine here presented, which is what is known as the doctrine of philosophical necessity, is rejected by many because they believe that it annihilates individual responsibility; but the doctrine that a man always acts in accordance with the strongest motive or set of motives, is the principle on which those proceed who wish to influence the deeds of others, and it may be shewn to be consistent with the doctrine of moral responsibility in the only form in which that doctrine is tenable.

The foregoing remarks are very far indeed from being a full discussion of a question which has engaged the attention of many acute intellects, but they serve to indicate the line of argument which seems to me to dispose of it. At any rate, the doctrine of the freedom of the will is very far from being generally accepted Accordingly he who holds that it is probable that history is governed by immutable laws may justly claim that his position is not inconsistent with any established truth.

If we admit that the domain of law includes history, the next question that arises is, to what extent is a scientific treatment of history possible?

As I have already said, an enquirer may reasonably come to the conclusion that there is a science of history, but that it is impossible to discover it. The complexity of the phenomena, the intimate relations of the investigator with them, the impossibility of experimenting, the gaps in our knowledge, the uncertain proportion of error in the information we posses, are barriers of defence that may well make the fortress seem forever impregnable. Yet so rapidly has the human intellect advanced in modern times, so numerous are the problems on which light has been let in, that one may without incurring the imputation of great rashness entertain the more hopeful view. Up to the present time, however, no one has been successful in dealing with history scientifically. A science may, in the words of Archbishop Thomson, be defined to be "a body of principles and deductions to explain some object-matter." As far as I know, no one principle of the science has yet been discovered. Certainly no body of principles has been established.

Of course, the only satisfactory proof of the possibility of discovering the science of history would be the enunciation of some of its laws. As this cannot be done, it may be well to examine the principal attempts which have been made to treat history scientifically. We may perhaps be able to form a more correct idea of the nature of the difficulties to be encountered and of the prospect of surmounting them.

The first person to undertake the task of reducing history under the domain of law appears to have been Giovanni Battista Vico, a little known Italian philosopher, who flourished in the eighteenth century. He held that, previous to the creation of the

world, there existed in the divine mind an eternal idea of the material world and an eternal idea of the history of mankind. The former of these is the basis of the physical sciences; the latter, the basis of the science of the history of man. Accordingly "the development of religious creeds, languages, social institutions, and systems of law"—the whole course of history in fact—"is determined by laws which are as certain in their operation as those by which the material world is governed." This is a strictly necessarian view, yet Vico reconciles it with the belief in the freedom of will. "The social world," he says, "is the work of the pre-development of the human faculties; and yet this world has issued from an intelligence which is often contrary and always superior to the particular ends which men have proposed to themselves." It is this fact, that men are the authors of the social world, which will render it more easy to explain the phenomena of history than those of the material universe. "When we reflect on this subject," says Vico, "we are indeed astonished at the hardihood of those philosophers who have attempted to acquire a knowledge of the natural world. God alone, who made it, is acquainted with it and possesses its law. These same philosophers have failed to study the world of nations, or the social world; and yet it, being the work of man, can be made familiar and explained by human knowledge."* From this the important principle follows that the laws of history may be discovered in the workings of the human intellect.† This principle, it will be seen in the sequel, has been adopted by many recent writers.

Proceeding on this basis, he examines universal history, and comes to the conclusion that the history of every nation tends to pursue a uniform course. The first governments are theocratic, these are followed by aristocracies, and these in turn develop into governments of which it is the distinguishing characteristic that all men are equal in the eye of the law. This last class comprises democracies and absolute monarchies. Absolute monarchy Vico considers the most conducive of all forms of government to the happiness of mankind. While a republic may supplant a monarchy, or a monarchy a republic, seeing that they are only varieties of the same kind of government, neither can retrograde into an aristocracy, nor can an aristocracy retrograde into a theocracy. To these three species of governments correspond three stages of human nature, the poetic or creative, the heroic, and the civilized; three stages of morals and manners, the pious, the violent, and the restrained; three stages of natural right, the first based on divine ordinances, the second on force, the third on reason; three stages in the art of expression, the language of religious gestures, that of military gestures, and that of articulate words; three stages of writing, the hieroglyphic or that of picture-writing, an intermediate stage, and the alphabetic stage; three stages of jurisprudence, that in which actions-at-law are determined on religious principles, that in which they are determined according to the letter, and that in which they are determined according to the spirit of the law; three bases of authority for laws, first, a supernatural sanction, second, the sanction of solemn enactment, third, that of the wisdom of the law-makers; three stages of policy, that based on supernatural guidance, that based on the interest of the state, and that based on equity; three kinds of legal decisions, first, those based on ordeals, second, on the literal meaning of the law, third, on equity; three divisions of time, the age of the gods or of divine government, that of the heroes, that of civilized men. In accordance with these principles Vico considered the dark ages theocratic, the period of the feudal system, aristocratic, and the modern times, an age in which the most perfect system of government, the monarchical, prevailed. True, some of the countries of Europe had not reached this stage. "Some," he says, "lying to the north, like Poland and England, retain an aristocratic government; but if the natural course of human and political affairs is not disturbed by extraordinary events, they will no doubt soon arrive at the perfection of monarchy.

Yet perpetual progress is not, according to Vico, the law of human affairs. At times there occur political cataclysms which bury existing civilizations, and after them new nations begin at the lowest rung of the ladder

* Vico, Scienza Nuova, Lib. I., De' Principj.

† "Questo Mondo Civile egli certamente é stato falto dagli nomini: onde se ne possono, perche se ne debbono, ritrovare i Principj deutro le modificazioni della nostra medesima Mente Umana." Vico, Scienz Nuova, p. 195.

to ascend as their predecessors did before them. In other words, history continually repeats itself.

These conclusions are undoubtedly erroneous, but they show that Vico was possessed of an original intellect, and that in his mode of viewing historical questions he was far in advance of his age. The work, *Principj di Scienza Nuova*, in which his views are embodied, is interesting not only on account of the general theory which he advocates, but also on account of the incidental dissertations on the authorship of the Homeric poems and on early Roman history contained in it, which show that Vico in many important respects anticipated the conclusions of Wolf and Niebuhr.

Though since Vico's time there have been many great writers of history, the next to attempt to lay the foundations for its scientific treatment was, as far as I know, the celebrated Auguste Comte. As is well known, the sixth and last of the sciences, according to his classification, is sociology, that is, the science of men in societies, which is, of course, the same thing as the science of history. Proceeding on a principle which Vico had already laid down, he discovers what he considers to be a fundamental law of history in a law of mind. According to him, every science must pass through three stages, the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive. Astronomy was in the theological stage when men thought that the motions of the heavenly bodies were produced by the immediate action of supernatural beings. It was in the metaphysical when men thought that they were caused by nature, or by any other name for our ignorance. It is now in the positive, because astronomers have given up the notion of seeking for causes, and content themselves with establishing laws. Closely connected with this view is his theory of the law of human progress. The most advanced portion of the human race has, according to him, passed through the theological stage; it is now in the metaphysical; it will soon enter the positive. The theological epoch embraces all history except that of the civilized races of western Europe during the last few centuries, and is distinguished by the prevalence of a general belief in the existence of supernatural beings, by the predominance of the warlike and sacerdotal classes, and by the existence of slavery. The metaphysical period, that in which we live, is distinguished by the belief in certain quasi-scientific formulas which are supposed to possess a mysterious efficacy and influence for good, but are really disintegrating agents of great power. Such, for instance, Comte would probably say, in the domain of religion, is the doctrine of the right of private judgment; in the domain of government, that of the efficacy of systems of checks to prevent an undue preponderance of influence on the part of any estate of the realm; in politics, the notion that all men are born free and equal. It is distinguished also by a negative and sceptical philosophy; by the increased importance of diplomacy; by a decline in the military spirit; by the enfranchisement of the labouring classes; by the subjection of the spiritual to the temporal power; and by a relaxation of morals. In the positive period, the worship of supernatural beings will be replaced by the worship of humanity, conducted by a new spiritual hierarchy. Morality will be regenerated; the reign of peace will be inaugurated; the highest position in the social scale will be held by the scientific and philosophical classes, and progress will ever be found compatible with order.

Though this law will hardly be accepted by thoughtful persons as throwing any light on the relations of historical events to one another, it must be admitted that M. Comte has advanced some views on historical subjects which possess remarkable interest. For example, his theory that the natural order of religious belief is first fetichism, then polytheism, then monotheism; and his theory of the cause of the development of polytheism from fetichism, and of monotheism in its turn from polytheism, are very ingenious, and appear to be in essence true explanations of the facts. His distinguishing social statics from social dynamics, *i.e.*, the theory of the spontaneous order from that of the natural progress of human society, seems likely to be of value in guiding the feet of other investigators. He thinks it probable that sociology, when established as a science, will give to the scientific world, in addition to the methods of investigation by observation, experiment, and comparison, already possessed, a fourth method, which he does not elucidate, called the historical.

An English writer, who adopted many of Comte's ideas, the late John Stuart Mill, takes up the question in his "System of

Logic," treats it in a similar manner, and somewhat develops the views of the French philosopher. According to Mill, there may be a science of human nature. This includes Psychology, or the science of mind; Ethology, or the science of the formation of character; and Sociology, or the science of man in society. Of the latter, there probably will be many subdivisions. In one, namely, political economy, considerable work has already been done. The logical method to be employed in pursuing the different branches of sociological inquiry is the inverse deductive, or historical. The laws that govern social changes or cause social equilibrium must, he thinks, be deductions from psychological and ethological laws. But in consequence of the complexity of the phenomena, and the immense number of circumstances to be taken into account, it would be impossible to deduce the order of human development and the general facts of history *a priori* from these laws. What must be done is to establish *axiomata media*, empirical generalizations, which, to be of any value, must not contradict known facts of human nature. When a sufficient number of such generalizations have been made, it will be possible, by comparing them and studying in connection with them the laws of psychology and ethology, to ascertain the reason why they are true, and to deduce them from the laws of those sciences. As very few psychological, and almost no ethological laws have been discovered, no work beyond the discovery of *axiomata media* can be done in the science of history until these other sciences are in a more forward state. Mill concurs with Comte in believing that intellectual progress is a measure of historical progress, and in holding that the law of the three stages indicates the natural order of human thought in speculating on any subject. This law he therefore regards as an *axioma medium*.

Since the publication of Mill's "Logic," Mr. John W. Draper, a physician of high repute in the city of New York, has published a work on "The Intellectual Development of Europe," in which an attempt is made to show that nations grow and decline like individual men. This, if true, would be one of those empirical generalizations of which Mill speaks. Dr. Draper supports his position with a considerable amount of learning. Two quotations will give a sufficiently accurate idea of the views. "A national type pursues its way physically and intellectually through changes and developments answering to those of the individual, and being represented by Infancy, Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old Age, and Death respectively."* "The intellectual progress of Europe being of a nature answering to that observed in the case of Greece, and this, in its turn, being like that of an individual, we may conveniently separate it into arbitrary periods, sufficiently distinct from one another, though imperceptibly merging into each other. To these successive periods I shall give the titles of—1, The Age of Credulity; 2, the Age of Inquiry; 3, the Age of Faith; 4, the Age of Reason; 5, the Age of Decrepitude."†

It is manifest that Dr. Draper means by the age of credulity, the age of the infancy, by the age of inquiry, that of childhood, by the age of faith, that of the youth, by the age of reason, that of the manhood, and by the age of decrepitude, the old age of a nation.

The analogy between the life of a nation and the life of a man has proved very attractive to some minds, but I cannot bring myself to think that there is an essential resemblance between them. It is true that many nations have, as it were, been born, have grown to manhood, declined, and perished,—

"Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?"—

but when we come to examine the parallel closely, the figure breaks down. A young human being is a well-defined, separate organism with a clearly marked beginning and end of existence. There are no nations that are in the same sense well-defined separate organisms, with clearly marked birth and death; there never were any such. The English nation had no natal day. By a process of gradual change a part of the descendants of the primitive Aryans became moulded into Englishmen, just as a part of some still more ancient aggregate of human beings became moulded into Aryans. Besides, no nation ever dies a natural death. As among some savage tribes it is considered the proper thing that kind friends should prevent the aged from cumbering the earth too long, so it appears to be the order of

*. Intellectual Development of Europe, Vol. I., Chap. I., p. 14.
† *Ibid*, p. 19.

history that every nation that dies shall die by the hands of some neighbour.

The fact of the matter seems to be that all things run their course, and that there is consequently a certain analogy between the history of the life of a man, and that of the duration of existence of any and every thing else. Thus we might talk of the infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, and death of the earth, the sun, the solar system, of the village communities, of a tea-pot, a house, etc. But this way of talking in no degree increases our knowledge. It means nothing more than that change bears sway over the universe, a very obvious truth.

> "What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
> Of change, the which all mortall things doth sway,
> But that thereby doth find and plainly feele,
> How Mutability in them doth play
> Her cruel sports."

A much abler work is Buckle's "History of Civilization in England." But it, too, after all, is only a magnificent failure. His account of the manner in which physical influences have affected the beginnings of civilization, though doubtless in some respects true, must be far from complete, and his doctrine, that intellectual discoveries are the all-important element in determining the progress of advanced races, cannot be accepted, if accepted at all, without considerable modifications. Buckle holds that, as the discoveries of moral truths of which we have any record are very few, and those of intellectual truths numerous, and as civilization in modern times has advanced *pari passu* with the increase of knowledge, the discovery of intellectual truths is the real motive power. Now this is not true historically. The increase of the knowledge of the Greeks was very great in the fifty years following the reign of Alexander, but civilization ceased to make progress among them. Knowledge made progress among the inhabitants of the Roman empire during the reigns of the first Cæsars, but civilization stood still and soon after retrograded. My position in regard to the question is, that where civilization advances, moral and intellectual progress go hand-in-hand. It is a mistake to suppose that there has been little progress in the discovery of moral truths during the historical period. The decalogue, strange as the assertion may seem, is very far from being a compend of the moral principles received and acted upon at the present time. The moral laws proscribing polygamy and slavery, the law that thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, the law of the right of private judgment in matters of religion, and a number of others have come into effect since then, while a whole series of laws based on the belief that the soul thrives in proportion as the body is abused, came into effect in Europe less than two thousand years ago and is now being abrogated. Mere increase of enlightenment is insufficient to cause progress; it can cause progress only by improving morals.

It may, however, be said that some, if not all, the recent improvements in the moral law were contained in essence in general principles long ago enunciated. It may, for instance, be said that slavery is prescribed by the law of altruism, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This is true in many cases, though not in all; but no inference oppugning my position can be drawn from this fact. For in morals, as in many other sciences, to make new correct deductions from general principles is to advance. In meteorology, for instance, we are acquainted with the causes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. If we could only deduce correctly the results flowing from the operation of these general causes in one instance, so as to account for the special character of a particular spring, summer, autumn, or winter, the advance would be enormous. The altruistic principle is one which is subject to modification by circumstances. To apply in all or even the majority of the acts of life, the principle of loving one's neighbour as one's self, would disintegrate society. Very benevolent men inflict injury on their fellows; the best men are those in whom the predominant selfish instincts are somewhat modified in action by the benevolent instincts. If any philosopher could determine what the proper compromise is, he would confer an inestimable boon on humanity. The civilized races of Europe, by deciding that slavery is wrong, have made an advance by lessening the number of doubtful cases.

The amount of scientific knowledge in the possession of a people is undoubtedly the most convenient measure of its advancement in civilization. But the strength of the tendency to strive for an increase of knowledge depends on the morale of the race, and the morale of a race does not always improve with the increase of knowledge. The Arabs

whom Mohammedan enthusiasm brought forth from their native deserts, increased their scientific knowledge wonderfully during a few generations, but their morale and with it their intellectual activity declined. It cannot, I think, be shown that to increase knowledge is to weaken morality; probably intellectual activity tends to strengthen the moral nature; but the tendency may be counteracted by others, and it is this fact which leads me to adopt the view, that moral progress has had fully as much to do as intellectual progress with the advances which the world has made in civilization. Each, in fact, tends to promote the other.

I have already said, the only satisfactory proof that could be produced that a science of history is possible, would be the science itself or some part of it. This brief notice of the principal attempts to do scientific work in history proves nothing except that there is an increasing tendency to adopt the view that history can be treated scientifically. I decidedly lean to that opinion, though I am far from thinking that much is likely to be soon accomplished. Sociology may be compared with Meteorology in respect to the complexity of the phenomena to be studied. In both subjects alike, tolerably successful empirical predictions may be made. Meteorology is so far ahead in the race that the predictions of the weather on this continent made for twenty-four hours in advance are accurate in a very large percentage of instances. On the other hand the student of sociology possesses this advantage, that he is able to compare past times with present. His records, though not as accurate, extend further back. He can supplement those records by gaining an acquaintance with the condition of savage races at the present day, and thus enable himself to form some idea of the state of the ancestors of existing civilized races in prehistoric times. It is, I believe, on the extension of our historical knowledge, so as to embrace epochs from which no written memorials have descended, that the possibility of discovering the science of history depends. If we can gain a tolerably correct general idea of the different spiritual, moral, political, industrial, and intellectual stages through which the human race has passed from its origin until the present time, we shall probably be able to lay the foundations of the science of history on a solid basis.

In proceeding, in accordance with the opinion just expressed, to contemplate the stream of history in order to attempt to ascertain its origin and course, we are brought face to face with certain important and fundamental questions. How did man come upon the earth? Has he progressed or retrograded? Is the nature of different races so similar as to justify us in reasoning from the nature of one to that of another? As the discussion of these subjects would unduly lengthen this paper, I do not purpose at present to enter upon it, and I shall content myself with remarking that one benefit at least must follow from the attempt to treat history scientifically. The limits of the capacity of the human intellect can be ascertained only by observing the results of effort, and accordingly, whether success or failure be the meed of those who are endeavouring to make history a science, no one can doubt that our knowledge of what it is possible for us to do will be made less indefinite.

J. M. BUCHAN.

THE RIDEAU CANAL.

IN the course of a recent debate in the House of Commons,* in relation to the expenses of the Rideau Canal, the idea was hazarded by one of the speakers, that the time had arrived when this magnificent work might be abandoned, and the first minister of the Crown, although doubtful as to the time, is reported to have expressed himself as inclined to think that, both as a military and commercial work, the canal is now all but useless.

It may not therefore be out of time or place, at this moment, to resuscitate in the public mind of Canada, the fact that there exists between the cities of Ottawa and Kingston, on a distance of 126 miles, a public work, undertaken by Great Britain in the military interests of the empire, and at an expense to the British treasury of £803,774 6s 5d sterling, or $3,911,701.47 currency, which reflects the brightest honour on those "*hommes de génie*," the Royal Engineers, by whose genius it was devised and under whose superintendence it was executed.

The Rideau canal, or rather the Rideau navigation, for the cuttings or excavations on the line, as a whole, hardly justify the use of the word "canal," was the result of great engineering skill applied to the attainment of a great object in the most convenient and expeditious, and at the same time in the least costly way.

The object to be attained was, in the event of a war with the United States, to provide the shortest and safest line of communication —that most free from interruption and attack —between Upper and Lower Canada. The war of 1812 had proved the risk and costliness of the line of the St. Lawrence as a channel of transport, where, at one time, as many as 10,000 *habitants* and *voyageurs* were employed *portaging* valuable supplies, which were not unfrequently cut off by the enemy. The loss of life and treasure, and the consequent interruption of operations, demanded a remedy, and we believe that to a Canadian mind may be ascribed the merit of having first suggested one.

We find in the June number of the *United Service Magazine* for 1848, a communication signed "Prilalethes," which assigns this credit to Colonel George Macdonnell, the "Hero of Ogdensburg," who captured that place 22nd February, 1813, contrary to orders and to all rational probability of success, having crossed the ice, which undulated under the feet of his men, in the face of a strong force and eleven pieces of artillery, all of which were taken. This dashing officer had raised the Glengarry Fencibles, and had lived in the Glengarry settlements and among the Glengarry men, and had probably derived from them the knowledge they had obtained on lumbering and exploring expeditions, that the sources of the Cataraqui, falling into the St. Lawrence at Kingston, and those of the Rideau, descending into the Ottawa, rose in close proximity—that the head waters of both streams were to be found in large and navigable lakes—that the isthmus connecting both systems was low, narrow, and easily surmountable, and that, upon this line a *portage* route might be established, superseding entirely the route by the St. Lawrence, with all its dangers and inconveniences. This information was conveyed by Macdonnell to Sir George Prevost, who authorized his enterprising informant to make a personal survey, which being speedily made, confirmed all expectations. But it does not appear to us that these expectations had then risen to the level of a canal. The idea then was to supersede the dangerous *portage* line of the St. Lawrence by an interior *portage* line from Ottawa to Kingston, not much longer and far more safe.

It is contended that Colonel Macdonell's plan and project were sent to England and finally utilized by the British Government without fair consideration for the gallant originator. Let this be as it may, the idea expanded and ripened in England into a system of navigation—a series of canals, each dependent on, and useless without the other,

* Session of 1877.

but the whole creating a perfect line of inland communication for military purposes between Montreal and Kingston. There can be no doubt but that the Duke of Wellington, with military prescience, took in the whole situation at a glance. In 1826, Sir J. Carmichael Smyth, Major-general, Royal Engineers, was sent to Canada to report on its defences. Shortly after, in the same year, the Ottawa canals at Carillon, Chute à Blondeau, and Grenville were commenced, under the superintendence of the Royal Staff Corps, and almost simultaneously—on the 21st September, 1826—the works of the Rideau navigation were planned and projected by Lieut.-Col. John By, of the Royal Engineers, and brother officers of the same corps, and the work stands to the present day a monument to their creative genius and practical skill.

The ruling idea of the line of the Rideau was not to excavate a canal, but to create a navigation by damming back long reaches of the natural waters, and by utilizing the lakes on the course of the Rideau and Cataraqui rivers, between Ottawa and Kingston. To attain a starting-point, to reach a long continuous level, the eight magnificent locks at Ottawa were constructed, which, at one leap, surmounted an elevation of 82 feet. The descent from the height of land to the level of the St. Lawrence, at Kingston, is mainly effected by a series of locks, marvellously designed, at Jones's Falls and Kingston Mills. It was our fortune to hear the present Duke of Buckingham, an eminently practical man, then Marquis of Chandos, in 1860, apply the term "stupendous" to the dam at Jones's Falls, by which the Royal Engineers dammed and closed up the Falls of the Cataraqui—a cataract 60 feet high—and forced the indignant river to apply its waters to a more useful purpose, the supply of the locks and reservoir basins. The locks and the dam at this and all other stations on the navigation are beautifully and massively executed, and an endurance of 45 years bears testimony to the excellence and stability of the workmanship. We remember to have heard American engineers, gentlemen deputed from the State of New York to examine the structures on the Rideau, loud in their praises of the works at Ottawa, and expressing wonderment greater still at their permanence. The character and faithfulness of the work was shown only the other day, when it became necessary to pump out the lowermost lock on the Ottawa river, to make repairs, when a flooring was discovered of massive cut stones embedded in concrete, and extending out into the Ottawa, a foundation destined to last to the end of all time. But the Royal Engineers built for eternity, and it would be well if more modern builders had followed their example.

It has been said, with a tone of reproach, that the Rideau Canal cost over much. The reproach may be just in the mouth of an Englishman, but the cheek of any Canadian using it should tingle with shame. The cost came out of the pockets of the British taxpayer. With the exception of the iron-work, all the materials were of Canadian product and manufacture; the labour was Canadian, and so was the characteristic shiftiness of some of the contractors, and the chronic exorbitancy of the landed proprietors. Nevertheless, every inch of land was paid for and every claim satisfied. The millions of dollars expended enured to the benefit of this country, and the men of Canada will not find fault with the British nation for providing them with a magnificent work of national defence, and paying them, if even extravagantly, for doing it.

It has been already remarked that the Rideau Canal was built as a military work; the commercial idea was secondary and subordinate. But to the early commercial enterprise of Canada it was for many years an encouragement and a boon. To it may be attributed the rapid progress of Canada West between 1832 and the opening of the St. Lawrence Canals in 1849. Commercially speaking, except for local purposes, its importance diminished on the completion of the St. Lawrence and Beauharnois Canals, but as a military work its value is as great as ever. At the first outbreak of a war, these last-mentioned canals would be destroyed by the enemy—if we did not destroy them ourselves in self-defence. The railroad on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, running for miles exposed to a hostile fire, would share the same fate. At such a crisis, the Rideau Canal, as a second, an interior, and comparatively safe line of military communication, would be invaluable. In this view the Rideau and Ottawa Canals were transferred to Canada, to be kept open and maintained in repair, with a purpose, a foresight, and an insight penetrating far below

the upper-crust of commerce. We believe that they are as essential to the defence or Canada as the fortifications of Quebec and Kingston, and indeed form a part of the same system of defence.

It is to be hoped that before this question comes up again for more serious consideration in Parliament, the Hon. the Premier, and all patriotic men who take an interest in the subject, will make for themselves opportunities of visiting the line of the Rideau Canal, and of judging of the importance of the work in all aspects. It will enable them to estimate the magnitude of the interests involved in its abandonment, the dissatisfaction it would create, and the immense cost for compensation which would naturally ensue from such an act of vandalism.

It is right that I should acknowledge that the greater part of the valuable information contained in this article was furnished to me by my very sincere and beloved friend the late Colonel W. F. Coffin.

WILLIAM MILLS.

SUCH A GOOD MAN.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

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

CHAPTER VII.

" 'Tis well to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

IT was all over then. Rose was engaged to her old playmate, and Julian was gone. That was what she said to herself, sitting beside her lover, who talked perpetually, and always of the life they were going to lead. It was a simple and honest life that poor John Gower pictured to himself, the best form of that kind of life which he knew. There was, as we have seen, to to be plenty of work in it—work every day and all day, with, for recreation, an hour of quiet talk over a pipe in the evening, It never occurred to him that to Rose such a life, even in a cottage " with a garden in front and behind," would be intolerable. Other women, those whom he knew, did not find it intolerable. That is, as they never grumbled, of course they liked it. That was to be presumed. The real fact, that the life of a woman in the class to which John Gower belonged is dull, monotonous, and circumscribed to a barbarous degree, was not one of those things which he had learned among his wheels. It is only in the lap of leisure that man finds time to think of the tastes and inclinations of woman. The men of action like their womankind to govern themselves by law, tradition, and the Median rules of custom, which cannot be broken.

All the afternoon, all the evening she endured his talk. He did not want her to talk to him. He was so absorbed in his own pursuits, that he had simply no room in his brain for anything else. Even his love for Rose was a part—so to speak—of his own private work, because he had retained her image in his brain through the years of his apprenticeship, and because in some vague way he had always looked forward to this engagement as one of his ends in life. The other ends were reputation and success. He wanted to be a great mechanician ; he wanted to become another Stephenson or an Armstrong.

He was not a selfish man, but he was too intense and eager to be sympathetic. He pressed on his own way, his eyes fixed straight on the goal before him. He had never dreamed of such a possibility as that Rose should cease to care for him in the way that he cared for her. And now that they were actually affianced, the question was less likely to be raised in his own mind than ever.

She was pale and spiritless, not like the girl of seven years ago, so full of life and fun; she was silent; she was undemonstrative. All that he put down to the London air, which he, unmindful of his own smoky town, set down as thick and unwholesome. A few weeks up in the north, in that cottage with a garden before and another behind, in the full enjoyment of the life he sketched out for her, the early breakfast, the one o'clock stoking which he called dinner (after a wash), the six o'clock tea, when he came home and "washed up for the evening," the two hours of quiet while he worked, and then the nine o'clock pipe, glass of grog, and talk. How that delicious, fresh, and eventful life would set her up. John grew romantic as he pictured his own domestic bliss.

He was not to blame; he did not know the companionship which had taken Rose out of her former life and made her look on things from the Life-of-Leisure point of view. One cannot represent to oneself too strongly the immense difference between the way in which people of wealth and leisure look on things and people who *must* work for their daily bread. Think what a difference there is between the lion of the forest and the sleepy good-natured creature in the Zoological Gardens. Suppose again the swallows, instead of alway going after the flies, had the flies brought to them. Life to Rose meant society, ways of pleasantness, softness, and art; to John it meant a struggle in which the strongest and the most persevering get the best things.

"My wife," he said to Rose, "will be never idle." He did not mean it as an admonition, but simply as a part of his dream for the future. Now Rose was always idle, and liked idleness, or at least such work as she could choose herself. "She will be sewing on my buttons and looking after my things and her own all the morning." Rose hated sewing. "She will look after the dinner herself"—was she going to be cook as well as wife? she wondered—"she will go for a walk or call upon her friends in the afternoon." Rose knew by recollection who and of what sort were the friends. "She will sew again or read all the evening. The time will never be dull, Rose, never wasted, never stupid."

He was so impetuous, this man of strong will, that his ardour fairly carried her away. She felt that, with him, she had no will, no power of self-assertion. She would be bound to obey him, whatever he ordered; and she felt without being told, that if he was ever offended, his wrath would be a terrible thing to face. She was afraid of him.

Rose was not one of those self-reliant heroines who can bring against a strong nature one as strong and as unbending. Like most girls she loved things to go smoothly, and would sacrifice a great deal to ensure peace. One result of the leisurely life is, that the combative element in our nature gets rubbed away. We no longer love fighting, even for a good cause, while fighting for its own sake is a monstrous thing. There is a tendency to shirk unpleasantness, which is not always healthy for the moral system.

But this future which lay before her. She was simply dismayed at the prospect. There was not one redeeming feature, not a single ray of light or hope. A husband whom she did not love and who terrified and repelled her by his intensity and strength: the deprivation of all the things which made up her happiness: the loss of her lover and the shame of feeling what he must think of her: a dreary stretch of years before her, in which there should be no relief, no change—no hope of any relief or change.

Perhaps she thought, while her hand lay in John's, and he went on talking, talking talking, talking about his work, his machinery, and his plans—perhaps she might die. Everybody in trouble hopes that. Death, so dreadful at other times, appears in such friendly guise in moments—thank God! life has but few of them—of agony, remorse, or shame. Surely she might die. After a year or two of misery, she might go into a consumption—many girls in books go into consumptions—and die. Perhaps from her deathbed she might send to Julian one last word asking for pardon.

She was only nineteen. She was in desperate trouble of soul. This imaginative nonsense may be pardoned her. Only a very young person would have made up such a drama in her own mind. When we get older, and think how best we might obtain relief, we generally begin with the death not of ourselves at all, but of the sinner who has caused us annoyance. That fellow dead, we think, how smoothly we should go! He deserves to die, confound him! How if he were to get run over in the street, or smashed in a railway accident, or drowned in a

boat, or carried off by typhus fever, or murdered by one of the other people whom he has afflicted? No doubt in old times one would be naturally impelled, after letting their imagination roam among these pleasant suppositions, to take a dinner-knife, and creep noiselessly through the forest to a place where one might meet him. One prod: so! no more trouble from you. And now, having enacted the part of Providence the Avenger, in removing a villain from the world, let us hope that no one will have observed the deed, and so go home with a grateful heart.

Presently John Gower left her, and she was able to go to her own room and rest. The sound of his voice, hard, ringing, and metallic, beat upon her brain like a hammer. And as she laid her aching head upon a pillow, there came upon her ears, as if by contrast, the soft voice and gentle tones of the lover whom she had sent away.

There was silence in the house; it was always a quiet place, except when Julian Carteret was in it, but to-day it seemed more silent than usual. Luncheon was served, but Mrs. Sampson was the only person present at the meal, and she was excited and restless, perhaps suffering from the depression of spirits natural to one who has just lost, so to speak, a third husband.

Luncheon over, she retreated to her own apartments, and then the house was perfectly silent.

About half-past three a note was brought to Mrs. Sampson.

"Lost Lavinia," it began, "grant one more interview, a farewell interview, to your unfortunate Bodkin."

He was waiting outside the house, the footman said, with a smile partly of contempt and partly of enjoyment, because everybody knew how Mr. Bodkin had let out at Sir Jacob. He would not come in without express permission of Mrs. Sampson.

"Show Mr. Bodkin to the morning-room," she said, with dignity; "let him await me there."

She kept him waiting for about a quarter of an hour, remorselessly. When she came down she was got up for the occasion in black silks and with a white pocket handkerchief, a little tear-stained, in her hand."

"Lavinia!"

"Henry!" she applied the handkerchief to the eyes.

A noticeable thing about Bodkin was the fact that he had already given up his semi-clerical dress, and had relapsed to the tweeds of his ordinary wear. These were tight, and perhaps, a little horsey.

"Lavinia, it is all over. The news of yesterday is quite true. Lord Addlehede is locked up for the rest of his natural life, and the Society for the General Advancement of Humanity is no more, I have this morning sold the furniture, which, with the first quarter's salary, will be the sole consolation and remuneration of the Secretary. It fetched £85 6s. 8d. And now, Lavinia, until better times shall dawn, we must part again. For the third time the cup has slipped. I knew what was going to happen when that glass of sherry slipped from my hands. I knew that something dreadful was hanging over our heads."

"Yes, Henry, we must part. What do you propose doing?"

"For the moment, Lavinia—let me rather say Mrs. Sampson—I am going to woo the smiles of faithless fortune as a—a—sporting prophet."

"Henry!"

"It is true, Lavinia. I am not yet certain whether it is more humiliation, or whether it is promotion. Literary work is the only kind of work I have never yet attempted: perhaps I shall succeed in it. Who knows? The name of Henry Bodkin—I have dropped the Theophilus for the time—may yet ring like a trumpet-echo in the ears of the English people. Prophet to the *Breakfast Bell!*"

"But what do you know about horses, Henry!"

"Nothing, Lavinia; but I have occasionally backed a horse that I was sweet upon, and I always lost. Also, I used to be very fond, when I could afford it, of going down to Epsom with a hamper. More is not wanted of a sporting prophet."

"And will it pay?"

"That, Lavinia, I cannot yet tell you. Suppose I come back in a few weeks, what would be the lowest figure, angelic one?"

"You must satisfy me that you can make four hundred a year at least. That, with my trifling income, would be sufficient to maintain us both in tolerable comfort. But, Henry, I cannot promise," here she blushed violently. "It may be—it has happened so twice already—that another—"

"Ha!" he cried. "Another? that would

be Fate's final blow. Have you any idea, Lavinia, who the other may be?"

"In fact, Henry," said Mrs. Sampson, "only last night, Sir Jacob, talking over—"

"Sir Jacob!"

"Talking over his niece's approaching marriage and his own loneliness, was good enough to express a hope that I would remain in the house as its mistress—Lady Escomb."

"Sir Jacob! The viper!"

Mrs. Sampson sprang to her feet.

"Viper, Mr. Bodkin? Is it thus that you dare to speak of my future husband?"

"I was your future husband the other day," he sighed. "It is all over now. Good-bye, *Lady Escomb*."

"Good-bye, Henry," she said softly; you can wait, can you not?"

"Hang it, madam," cried Bodkin, "are you beginning already to wish him gone after the other two?"

"You are brutal, Henry. Leave me, sir."

"Not but that you will grace the position, I am sure."

"Do you think so? Ah! Henry, if you were only a baronet! A title, a great house, a great income, a husband who is so rich and so good, Henry."

"Humph! yes—and so good, if you like. Well, I must stay here no longer. Farewell, Lavinia; and if you can—why, there, I suppose it must be for ever. I would back Sir Jacob, for holding on, against myself."

The sporting prophet disappeared, leaving Mrs. Sampson alone. She looked about her, and presently began to walk up and down the room, opening drawers in cabinets, pulling books from the library, arranging flowers as if she was already the mistress of the place. Lady Escomb! what a sweet name! what an engine for filling other people's hearts with rage, envy, malice, and spite. Lady Escomb!

"Good gracious! Mr. Carteret, how you frightened me!"

Julian came in, hoping to find Rose alone, through the conservatory.

"Sorry to frighten you, Mrs. Sampson. I met Bodkin at the gate. He looked very wobegone."

"Poor Henry!"

"Are his last chances gone?"

Mrs. Sampson shook her head.

"It is impossible to say what he may do in the future," she said. "For the present, as you say, his chances are gone. But you ought not to be here, Mr. Carteret. You know that Rose is engaged to Mr. Gower. You must not disturb her mind."

"Look here, Mrs. Sampson," said Julian, taking her hands—she was a soft, fat, comfortable figure of a woman, who really had a tender heart. "You and I have always been good friends, have we not?"

"Very good friends, I am sure."

"And you have known all along how much I loved Rose."

"Yes—all along—and very sorry I am for both of you, too."

"Well, I want to see Rose."

She shook her head.

"Anything but that, Mr. Carteret."

"I want to ask her a question, that is all."

"But that would be the very thing you must not do."

"Come, Mrs. Sampson, if you will help me, I will bribe you."

"It isn't right, Mr. Carteret. I am as much surprised at the thing as you can be; and the poor girl is miserable. But Sir Jacob has set his heart upon it, and they are engaged, and it would only make worse trouble."

"I am going to make more trouble," said Julian, doggedly. "I am going to make all the trouble I can. I want to see Rose first, and hear from her own lips what it means, and then I shall get hold of this young Lancashire lad and tell him what I can. And, lastly, I shall try Sir Jacob himself. Between the two of them I shall manage to make things disagreeable."

Julian spoke with great bitterness, being, in point of fact, beside himself with indignation and astonishment.

"But you do not want me to help in making things disagreeable."

"Yes, I do, Mrs. Sampson. Consider the position of things. Rose does not love this man; you know that, of course."

"Of course, any one not a blind bat, as the man is, could see it with half an eye," said Mrs. Sampson the experienced.

"And she does, or she did, love me," said Julian. "Will you not help me to have an explanation with her? I want to ask her why she did it. That is simple enough, is it not?"

"She ought not to think of you any

longer, Mr. Carteret." Mrs. Sampson was visibly softening. "I have had myself the same ordeal to go through. I was engaged to—to Henry Bodkin, many years ago. We had pledged our vows and sworn fidelity; but he had no money, and I was compelled to throw him over for the late Mr. Chiltern. It may have been criminal, Mr. Carteret, but I confess that when I stood before the altar with that good old man, I wished it had been Henry Bodkin instead."

"And you were happy with Mr. Chiltern, although you loved another man?"

"Happiness, Mr. Carteret, is a good deal mixed up with creature comforts. I liked even then, when I was much younger than I am now, to be quite sure that the house would go on and the butcher's bill get paid. I should never have had that assurance with Henry Bodkin. You see that consideration has great weight even with the giddiest girl. Dinner first, dress next——"

"And love last, I suppose."

"Love runs through all," said Mrs. Sampson sentimentally. "Love rules the roast as well as the court and camp. But oh! how much more fondly you love a man when you know that the butcher's and the dressmaker's bills are safe!"

"Well, but that is my case," urged Julian. "I am rich—that is, I am pretty well off. Sir Jacob has got seventy thousand pounds of mine locked up in a box somewhere, and there is another trifle in the Funds which brings in a few hundreds. My wife, at any rate, will have her dinner assured for the rest of her natural life. I never thought about it before, but now you come to mention it, there must be a good deal of anxiety going about the world in reference to next year's dinners. I wonder people marry at all unless they are rich."

Mrs. Sampson shook her head.

"Mr. Chiltern died a few years after our marriage," she said, "and left me with an annuity—a small one, it is true—as a reward for soothing his declining years. That was my reward. Had I married Henry Bodkin, what would have been the cares and vicissitudes of my life? And had Henry Bodkin only been in a position, after the first year of my widowhood, to keep up the expense of a small but tasteful home, I should not have married Mr. Sampson. A very different man from Mr. Chiltern, and perhaps the contrast, for a time, pleased; but——"

"Let us come back to Rose," said Julian abruptly; "I have no business here after yesterday's scene. I feel as if I was in an enemy's camp. Be merciful and send Rose to me."

She who wavers is lost. Mrs. Sampson wavered. Mrs. Sampson was lost.

"If I send Rose down to you," she said, "you will not let Sir Jacob know that I did it?"

"I will never let Sir Jacob know one word about it. Only let me see her."

For it occurred suddenly to the good lady that if Sir Jacob found her out interfering in his projects, there was small chance of her ever becoming lady Escomb.

She left Julian and hurried away.

Rose was lying down, half asleep.

"Rose dear," Mrs. Sampson whispered; "poor child! how hot your head is! Get up and brush you hair. You must go down to the morning-room."

She obeyed.

"Will he not leave me alone for a single hour?" she said wearily, thinking of John Gower. "Oh, me! it will be better when we are married, because then I shall only see him in the evening. Will that do, dear Mrs. Sampson?"

"Stay one moment. You have got no colour at all in your cheeks, my dear, not a bit of colour. Put on this ribbon at least."

She adorned the girl, womanlike, with a ribbon, and saw her creep slowly down the stairs; and then with a sigh of sympathy, she betook herself to the drawing-room, and tried to renew the sweet dream of ladyhood from which Julian Carteret had interrupted her.

"Rose!"

"Julian! oh! Julian."

"My dear love—my own girl." She was in his arms again, and felt at home. "Let me kiss you, just to make me feel that this is all real, and that, whatever happens, you love me still.

But she pushed him from her.

"Let me go, Julian. You must not—you must not. Did you not hear yesterday what I said? I am engaged—do you understand?—engaged to be married to John Gower."

"So I heard. What I want to know is, what it means."

"It means, really and truly, exactly what

the words mean. Julian it is the sad, sad, truth."

"But you *must* explain it all to me. What does it all mean? what does it mean? Have women a dozen hearts, that they can give one away on Saturday and one on Sunday and never feel the loss? Do you think, Rose, that you can accept a man one day and throw him over the next without even an explanation?"

"Oh! Julian, can you not take the fact, and—and not be cruel to me?"

"Good heavens! Rose"—she threw herself into a chair and buried her face in her hands—"good heavens! Cruel to you! But I want to know——"

"Julian, I have no word of explanation—none—none." She burst into a low moaning.

"You have done this thing, Rose, and you will not tell me why. By Heaven! it seems impossible. I had heard of such things, but I said to myself, 'Rose is true, Rose is constant.' What fools men are! We ask but one virtue in women—fidelity. We think we can supply all the rest. They may be frivolous, they may be foolish, they may be vain, they may be petulant, they may be full of whims and fancies: but if they are true, we forgive them all the rest."

Rose lifted her head.

"You never can forgive me, then, because I am not true. I can bear it better, Julian, when you speak like that—better than when you talk of loving me still. But let me go. I am frivolous and foolish, and all the bitterest things that you can think or say; but one thing I was not. I was not untrue when I told you that I—I——"

"When you told me, dear Rose"—he bent over her and caressed her shapely head—"when you told me that you loved me."

"It was true, Julian," she murmured.

"Why—why—then, Rose, if it was true then, it is true now; for I have done nothing to make your love grow less. If it was true, then, that I loved you, it is ten times as true, a thousand times as true, that I love you now—now that I seem to have lost you."

"It is not right, Julian—indeed, indeed it is not right. What you want is impossible. Oh! if I could tell you all!"

"Right—not right? If I love you, if you love me, what place is there more fitted for you than my arms? What have you to do with John Gower? By what right does he come between you and me?"

"By a right stronger than your love, even."

"Tell me, Rose"—Julian's voice was as resolute as John Gower's, and Rose quailed before it—"tell me, or I will go to John Gower and make him tell me what is that right." Had either of them looked round they would have seen a figure in the conservatory—none other than Reuben Gower himself. He stood irresolute for a moment, and then, with strange, pained face, hid himself behind the plants and listened—a mean thing to do at all times. But he did it.

"John Gower," Julian went on—"he has an honest face and will listen to reason. I will go to him and ask him by what right he is going to condemn a girl to a life of misery with a man whom she does not love and can never love. I will move his heart, if he has one, by such a picture of his own selfishness in exacting this sacrifice, and your wretchedness when the day will bring no change and the night will only throw a darker shadow over your heart, that out of very human pity, he will fain give you back to my arms. Remember, I shall say everything that a bitterly wronged man can say for himself, as well as for the girl he sees sacrificed."

Rose remembered all that was at stake. She sprang to her feet in alarm.

"You must not, Julian; you must not. You cannot guess the mischief, the terrible mischief, that will follow."

"I care for no mischief," said Julian, "I am fighting for my own hand. Do you think I am going to part from you without a struggle."

"Then," said Rose, "I must tell you all. I marry John Gower to save my uncle from ruin, perhaps from—from—I can hardly say the word—from disgrace."

"Your uncle—Sir Jacob—the millionaire!"

"He is no millionaire at all. He has no money and no means of meeting his securities. All the people he employs will be turned out into the streets, beggars; and—oh! Julian—all your money will be lost, too."

"Oh!" said Julian. "But how does this connect with John Gower?"

"Because he has made a great invention, on the security of which Sir Jacob can raise more money and carry on his works. I am to be the price of Sir Jacob's sharing in the invention. John Gower thinks that, because

we played together as boy and girl, I love him still. He has always remembered me, and always loved me. Look at those pictures, Julian. They are the plans of his invention. With that in his hand Sir Jacob can retrieve his fortunes; without it, he is a bankrupt."

"I see. This is a very pretty hobble. Poor Rose! And you were to pull us out of it, were you! My money gone, too. Serious for me."

"Yes, Julian. Your money is all gone, and you can if you like, my uncle says, prosecute him for not taking proper care of your fortune."

"Yes," Julian replied meditatively. "That is the way in which he puts it, does he? Blackstone and other authorities call that kind of behaviour by a different name."

"It is to save him, to save you, to save all those poor people, that I must marry John Gower."

"So this is all, is it, Rose? Then you never, never, never shall marry John Gower, that is flat, and I shall tell him the reason why. Sir Jacob a pauper, too!" At that moment, Sir Jacob, returned from the City, stood in the doorway, large and ponderous. Neither saw him. "Gad!" Julian went on, "we shall both look pretty interesting when the sad news falls on a sympathising world. The Jews have got a small trifle of bills of mine; there will be wailing among the tribes when they hear about it. Is that all, Rose—only your uncle ruined? Let him begin again. He knows as many dodges as any. Old Fox, he is sure to get on his legs. As for the poor people, if they are not employed by him, they will be employed by those who carry on the works for the bankrupt. My poor, dear darling girl! What a fuss about nothing! Why, there's Bodkin ruined, too. That makes three. Bodkin, poor beggar, who has lost his Lavinia with his secretaryship. I, who have lost my fortune and gained a bride. We shall have to live as the sparrows live, my angel, and pick up crumbs. Never fear, we will manage somehow. And there is Sir Jacob: he has lost more than either of us, because such a good man cannot afford to lose his name. However, now I have got you back, I am not going to let you go again for fifty Sir Jacobs. He can now, Rose, enjoy the luxury of doing good without drawing a cheque. No doubt he will begin a career of active personal benevolence among the poor. Ho! ho! And now I shall go and find out Mr. John Gower."

As he turned, he faced Sir Jacob, who advanced with grave deliberation and a very stately deportment.

"No, Julian Carteret," he said, opposing both hands. "No, you have done enough mischief already. It is nothing, as you say, that Sir Jacob Escomb is perhaps on the brink of ruin. Do what you please: institute a prosecution against me for your lost money, which is, I suppose, gone with the rest. But with these arrangements, with the solemn contract which I have made with the son of my old friend I will brook no interference. This marriage is no hastily concocted scheme to save me from poverty—the good man is not afraid of poverty—it is the purpose of a life. Reuben Gower is my oldest and dearest friend. We have together, he and I, frequently talked over this match; it is a settled thing for nearly twenty years. I will not consent, Julian, whatever reluctant admissions you have forced from this foolish girl, I will never consent to have her happiness—yes, I repeat it, her solid and permanent happiness—destroyed by your wanton and selfish folly. I thought better of you, Julian Carteret. At one time I thought you might settle down into a sober and earnest man. It grieves me to think that you are the last man in the world to whom I would entrust my niece's hand as your trustee——"

"Don't you think," said Julian, "don't you think that, after the mess you have made of it, the less you say about that trust the better?"

"We will not discuss that now. Leave us, and make no further interference in my plans. Go, sir. There is nothing more to be said."

It was Reuben Gower who stepped from the conservatory and stood between Sir Jacob, whose attitude, morally speaking, was grand, and Julian Carteret, who was hesitating what next to say.

"There *is* something more to be said," he began quietly. "There is a great deal more to be said. Rose, I have overheard all. Julian Carteret, it is true what Rose told you, that Sir Jacob is a ruined man. Look at him, sleek and bold of front as he stands, he is hopelessly ruined. No one can save him from shipwreck, except my son, and he shall not. For he has grown so used to deceiving

all the world, that he has even deceived me. He has deceived me. It is not true that the engagement was the scheme of twenty years."

"You wrong me, Reuben," said Sir Jacob with dignity. "Everybody wrongs me. But never mind. It was *my* scheme for twenty years. That is all."

Reuben took no notice of this interruption.

"The engagement was never thought of by Sir Jacob, or by me, until the night before last, when my boy, who has cherished ambitious schemes, made, as a condition of partnership, marriage with Rose Escomb. You may forgive him, Miss Rose, because he did not know how you have been changed from what you were. You do not understand me, Mr. Carteret. We Lancashire folk, living at home, in our old way, thinking the same thoughts every day, forget that people away up here in London may change. We did not know that you loved him no longer; that you were a London young lady instead of a sonsie Lancashire lass."

Here John himself, is his quick, rough way, appeared, with a bundle of papers in his hands.

"Here you are, Sir Jacob. Here's the deed of partnership. Let us sign, and have done with it."

Sir Jacob seized the pen. That, at least, might be signed before the inevitable explosion. But it was too late.

"John," said Reuben, "there will be no partnership."

"No partnership? Why not?"

"And no marriage."

"What do you mean, father?"

Reuben had his arm on his son's wrist.

"We have been deceived, you and I, John; we have been deceived. I knew, but I did not tell you, that Sir Jacob was on the very eve of being a bankrupt, when your invention interposed to save him. And it would have saved him, and it shall make you a rich man yet. But without Rose Escomb, my boy. Give her up."

"Give up Rose? and to whom? To that —popinjay?" He pointed to Julian.

"Thank you, my friend," said Julian. "Go on, Mr. Gower."

"What did Sir Jacob tell you about Rose? Was it this? You told him that you had never forgotten your sweet-faced playfellow, and that you loved her, after all these seven years, as much as when you were children together. He said that Rose had never ceased to speak of you, did he not?"

"Ay!"

"Have you ever spoken of him to your uncle, Rose?" asked Reuben.

Rose hung her head. The action was sufficient answer.

"After he had opened the matter to her, John, what did he tell you?"

"He said that Rose loved me still, and that I should find a cordial response to my affection."

"Yes," said Reuben bitterly; "that is what he said. He fooled you, boy. He fooled us both. Rose Escomb is not for you. She does not love you. She is wretched at the thought of marrying you; and she loves another man—this man, Mr. Julian Carteret. Give her up, boy."

"Is this true, Rose?" asked John Gower, whose face was white.

"Yes, John; it is true."

John Gower took the drawings of his invention from the table, rolled them up, and put them into his pocket. Then he seized the deed of partnership, and tore it in halves, throwing the pieces on the carpet before Sir Jacob. And then, without a word of reproach, he took his father by the hand and led him from the room.

Sir Jacob looked after them with sorrow rather than anger.

"They will be very sorry," he said. "Some day they will be bitterly sorry. So will you, Julian. So will you, Rose. The blow you have drawn down will fall most heavily upon yourselves."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

SO GREAT AND GOOD.

IT is a month later. The bankruptcy of the great Sir Jacob Escomb has long been published to the world, and commented on by the newspapers, and at every dinner-table in the country. There was a general feeling of sympathy for the fall of a man so prominent in all good works; and one enthusiast even went so far as to propose in the columns of a daily paper that a grand national movement should be set on foot, with a view to restoring Sir Jacob Escomb to his former greatness. This fell through, for want of

backers; but everybody applauded the idea, and for a single day all the world were eager to see all the world produce their money. However, as none was subscribed, the idea dropped.

It had been a sad month for poor Rose Escomb. Julian Carteret was busy looking after his affairs, which were in a glorious state of confusion; and as Sir Jacob would not allow him to call at the house, Rose had to meet him by appointment, chiefly in Kensington Gardens. Julian, at all events, was not broken in spirit by disaster. Not at all. He kept up his spirits, and promised brave things in a vague way.

It was a bad bankruptcy; and although Sir Jacob's friends went about railing at the Eldorado Government, it became known that his affairs had been for years in a rotten condition, and, which was more, that he himself had known it. An honest man, his enemies said, would have made the best compromise possible years before, and then gone on again.

Very little for the creditors out of such an enormous smash; but still, something. Julian found that, after all, he would find himself in possession of a few thousands for his immediate wants. After all, it is better to have a plank in a shipwreck, than to be swimming without one. There is a certain sense of safety connected with a plank, however small. And what next? Well, Julian was not a fool; he could look round him, and form plans at leisure.

It is a week before the day advertised for the Great Sale of Sir Jacob Escomb's Books, Pictures, Furniture, and Plate, two days before those on which the collections can be viewed, the last day that Rose has to spend in the place where she has known so many happy hours. During the last few weeks she has had little communication with her uncle. He has dined in town every day, and taken his breakfast in his own room; so that she has hardly ever seen him. This is the Baronet's way of showing his resentment. He does not reproach; he has no words of sarcasm; he keeps himself apart.

With the first breath of misfortune, Mrs. Sampson vanished, not without an affecting farewell scene, in which her elderly suitor expressed, in the most tender tones, his regret at the misfortunes which made the union, once so fondly thought of, an impossibility. To be Lady Escomb, Mrs. Sampson thought, without a carriage and servants, perhaps with a semi-detached villa at Hornsey, and a maid-of-all-work; most probably, with a husband perpetually lamenting past splendours, was altogether too gloomy a prospect. What she did not know, what nobody knew, was the very comfortable settlement, by which, on Rose's marriage, unless that were with Sir Jacob's consent, the Baronet would step into thirty thousand pounds. Now, with thirty thousand pounds, or fifteen hundred a year, a great deal may be done by an economical person. So Mrs. Sampson vanished. She had her faults; but it was with a sad heart that Rose saw her departure, and found herself left quite alone.

She did not see either Reuben or John Gower. They had both gone down into Lancashire; the former was employed by the trustees in the administration of the works, and the latter was still in uncertainty what to do about his invention. "Perhaps they had forgiven her," Rose thought. Angry or forgiving, they made no sign.

No one came to see her at all. The callers and visitors ceased as if with one consent on the day of the public announcement. No more carriages rolled up the smooth drive, no more invitations and cards came by footmen and by post; at one stroke Sir Jacob and his niece dropped out of society. And yet there was a universal murmur of sympathy. You have noticed how in a flock of sheep if one fall ill and lie down in suffering, the rest all go away and leave him to himself and die or get better if he thinks fit. That is what we do in this highly-civilised country. One of us drops down—it is not his fault, perhaps—he has been smitten by the "Visitation of God," through the crimes or laches of others, by wind and weather; as soon as he is down we all go away in a body and forget him. He no longer belongs to us. The Society of the Well-to-do has no room for those who have fallen out of their own lines. They pass by and forget them. The place of one parvenu is easily filled up by another, the reputation of one *nouveau riche* is very soon forgotten when it is replaced by that of another. Sir Jacob out of the way, Sir Esau supplanted him. No doubt he had excellent qualities of his own, though not resembling those of Sir Jacob. And the very contrast was charming.

It was the last morning. Rose went

round the room taking a melancholy farewell of all. Everything in the house spoke to her of past happiness. There was no ornament, no picture, no piece of furniture but had its association—and all with Julian Carteret, the man she had ruined, as her uncle was good enough to remind her.

Sir Jacob, while she was lingering about the piano, entered the morning-room. Still preserving his dignity, he had assumed a melancholy air which became the resignation of a good man. Sitting down, he lay back in the chair as one who suffers more than the outward world knows, and sighed heavily, allowing his left hand to hang below the chair-arm. It was an attitude of profound resignation.

"Uncle," cried Rose, hotly, "do not reproach me."

"I reproach no one, child," he said, as if he might have reproached all the world but refrained. "You have heard no word of reproach from my lips, not even against either Reuben Gower or Julian Carteret."

He did not say, what Rose felt, that to go round in silence, looking sorrowful reproach, was worse than to give angry words.

"Reuben Gower," he went on, "the man whom I cherished for thirty years and supported in affluence"—he did not say that Reuben was the man who had done his work faithfully, laid the groundwork of his fortune, saved him thousands, and was repaid by the affluence of three hundred pounds a year.

"Julian Carteret, whom you are, I suppose, still resolved to marry, is punished by the loss of his fortune. Against him reproaches were needless." He spoke, and for the moment the girl almost felt as if Heaven had declared against Julian.

"Well. The sale will take place in a week, child, and we leave to-day. Will you please to call in the servants? I should like to say a word to them before we part."

The servants presently came in a body, headed by Downing the butler. All Sir Jacob's servants were eminently respectable and most of them were middle-aged. They shared the universal sympathy with their master, whose failure they attributed to the machinations of the wicked. The housekeeper and the butler stood a little in advance of the rest, as belonged to their superior rank. Behind them were the two footmen, the hall-porter, the cook and her assistant, half a dozen maids, the coachmen and grooms, the gardner and his assistant, and a couple of pages; at the back of all, two stable-boys. It was an imposing assemblage.

Sir Jacob shaded his eyes for a minute or two as if arranging his thoughts. Then he slowly rose and spoke, leaning slightly forward, with the points of his fingers on the table. The same Sir Jacob as of old, with the gold eye-glasses, the heavy gold chain, the open frock-coat, and the breadth of shirt-front; but saddened by calamity, so that his voice was soft and his manner impressive. One or two of the maids burst into tears the moment he began, and the rest of the women got their pocket-handerchiefs in readiness.

"My friends," he began, "my lowly but respected friends, you have of course heard that a reverse of fortune, by which a proud man would be humbled, has happened to me. You have also read, perhaps, in the papers that it is my desire to act honourably by my creditors. I have resolved to part with everything in my possession"—he said this as if his creditors did not possess the power of making him part with everything whether he liked it or not. "In breaking up my establishment, however, I do not class you among my creditors, and by parting with a few perfectly private family jewels I shall be enabled to pay you all which is due to you in full, and with a month's wages in lieu of notice." Here there were murmurs of satisfaction, and more crying among the women. "I call you together to-day in order to bid you 'God-speed' on your departure, and that we may exchange those kindly words of friendship which remind us that we are all, from the man of title to the stable-boy—I say, to the stable-boy" (here all turned and looked at William and George)—"in a certain sense, brothers. Observe particularly, my friends, that the effect of a life devoted to doing good is all calculated to enable you to bear up against misfortune. My example may be a lesson to many: my reward is no longer in the purse. That is empty. My reward is *here*" (he tapped his breast), "and warms a heart which would otherwise be nipped by the cold frosts of poverty. There is left behind the consciousness of having done good. I may still help the good cause by counsels and experience, though no longer with money. Our house-

hold, my friends, breaks up immediately; this day week will see us all separated, never more to meet together again" (sobs from the women servants—all impressed against the two footmen, who would perhaps cry too were it not for the powder in their hair which any wrinkling of the scalp caused by emotion would derange). "I wish you farewell, my friends, and implore you to remember my last words—do good."

It was the butler who stepped forward as the spokesman of the servants.

"Sir Jacob," he said, huskily, "we thank you for your kind words: we've been proud to read your noble speeches, many's the time, reported in the papers, and proud to serve such a good man. And we wish you new success, like the old times; and we're all of us very sorry, Sir Jacob."

It was a genuine and heartfelt speech which the white-headed old man made. He had never had so good a place before, never been so entirely trusted, never been in any cellar—Sir Jacob bought the whole stock of the previous occupant, the Bishop of St. Shekels—where the port was so sound, and he has not yet got so good a place again. Perhaps he never may.

"Thank you, Downing; thank you all," said Sir Jacob—and the servants trooped away.

A beautiful account of the scene appeared in one of the morning papers next day, in which Sir Jacob's speech was given in the Thucydidian style, with many things which he had not said. It came from a certain tavern much frequented by butlers. In that tavern a certain Irishman, who made an honest living by purveying for the Press in a humble way, heard the touching incident in Sir Jacob's life, and wrote it down with embellishments, so that there was more sympathy with the insolvent philanthropist.

"And now, Rose," said Sir Jacob, when the servants were gone, "you will take care that everything, except your own dress and jewellery and such trifles, is left for the sale."

"Of course, uncle. May I not just have one or two little things from this table?" It was covered with the little pretty trifles which girls treasure.

"Certainly not, Rose. Leave every one of them. Nothing more reveals honesty of purpose than the abandonment of everything. Your aunt's jewels, of course, are not my own to give away, and the presentation plate, which was not bought, cannot be sold. Also there are a few portfolios of water-colours, which may be put up with our boxes. For the rest, let everything go—everything."

"But, uncle, the paintings—the jewellery—ought not they too, to go? Is it right?"

Sir Jacob at once assumed the air of superiority.

"You will allow me, Rose," he said, "to be the best judge of what is right in my own house. I am not, at my time of life, to be taught—I hope—common morality."

"Oh! uncle, it seems so hard, so dreadfully hard, for you. Where shall we go? Into lodgings?"

"Lodgings!" cried Sir Jacob, with ineffable disgust; "lodgings!"

Rose had visions of ruin as complete as any she had read of in novels.

"Till I can find a situation as a governess, and work for you."

"Find a situation and work for me!" Sir Jacob grew as red as a turkey-cock in the gills. "Find a sit—— Is the girl really gone stark staring mad?"

"If we are to bear poverty, dear uncle," Rose pleaded, "let us bear it with a cheerful heart. We can live on little, you and I, and I dare say I shall be able to use my little accomplishments. Perhaps we can sell the jewels."

"This girl," ejaculated Sir Jacob, "is gone clear out of her senses. Do you imagine, Rose, that I am in danger of starvation? Do you think that when a man like ME, like Sir Jacob Escomb, becomes insolvent for the moment, he fails like some bankrupt wretch of a small draper, who puts up his shutters and goes off to the workhouse? Understand, Rose, that while failure is death to the small man, to the great man it is only a temporary check."

"Oh! uncle, then there is some money left. How glad I am, because now Julian will get back part of what he has lost."

"Julian," responded Sir Jacob, coldly, "will get his dividend with the creditors. They talk of two shillings in the pound, but I have nothing, literally nothing to do with their arrangements. My lawyers will settle everything for me. Julian, who has behaved shamefully, may take his chance with the rest. Which reminds me, Rose, that I have to speak with you on another matter. You still propose to marry Julian Carteret?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Without my consent?"

Rose hardened herself.

"I owe you much, sir, more than I can ever think of repaying. But I do not owe you the happiness of the future. I obeyed you once——"

"And granted an interview to Julian immediately afterwards. Go on."

"I did not know he was waiting to see me. Had I been allowed to tell John Gower all, this would not have happened. Now I follow the dictates of my own heart and the guidance of Julian."

"Very good—very good. As you will. You know that the thirty thousand which your aunt bequeathed to you——"

"Are they not lost with the rest?"

"Not at all. They are in the Funds. The condition attached to them was that you should marry with my consent. If you marry without my consent the money becomes mine. I withhold my consent to your marriage with Julian Carteret."

He had fired his shot, played his trump card. There was nothing more to say. Stay —one thing more.

"I repeat, Rose, that these little knick-knacks, especially, must be left for the creditors. Nothing looks so well in cases of this sort as total resignation even of the smallest trifles. This clock"—there was a valuable little clock on the mantel-shelf—"belonged, I think, to Lady Escomb. Everything of hers, of course, will be saved from the sale."

He carried the clock away with him. When the sale came off, the creditors were astonished at the very small value of the articles of virtu and art, for which the house had been so famous. China? There was hardly anything; and yet people had called Sir Jacob rich in china, spoken of Chelsea monkeys, all sorts of things. Oils? Well, yes, there were a great many oils; but, somehow they were not worth much; mostly by rising artists, to buy whom was to speculate on the future and lock up your money. There were water-colours, too, portfolios full; but there was nothing of very great value. And as for his collections made for him in Italy, Constantinople, and Cairo, there was really nothing that was not as common as dirt. The sale, so far, was a failure. As for the books, they were handsomely bound, but there were no scarce books among them. People had been led to expect a library of rare and costly volumes. Really, only the books without which no gentleman's library is complete—Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, Macaulay, Carlyle, that kind of library. The furniture, it is true, realised one's fondest anticipations. There, at least, everything was handsome, costly, valuable, and in the best taste. And as the furniture, so the carriages and horses. Sir Jacob had been well served there. The wines were also quite beyond everything that was expected. As for wine, indeed, Sir Jacob was a sensible man. He knew that you can always get plenty of good wine by the simple process of going to a good wine merchant, of whom there is no lack. And he thought that he should not want wine any more, because he intended, for the present, at least, to live at the Club, whose cellars were as amply stocked as those of any merchant.

There are very few people, now, who are allowed the privilege of visiting Sir Jacob at his quiet chambers in Pall Mall. Some of those who do go there remark on the excellent taste and the intrinsic value of the things which decorate his modest three rooms. There is china, for instance, worth anything; there are water-colours by the dozen; there are rare old books in quaint and curious bindings; and there are a few oils, which make the mouths of connoisseurs to water.

"All these things," Sir Jacob says, "were the property of my wife, Lady Escomb. She bequeathed them to her niece, the wife of *my late ward, Julian Carteret, who gave them* to me. It is, in fact, lending them to me, because she will have them back when my course is run. It is the same with the Presentation Plate. I confess I was not sorry when the dear child refused to let those things go with the rest, at the sale of my effects."

But when he first told Rose what he intended to do, it seemed to her to be wicked. Girls understand the world so little. As if Sir Jacob could possibly do a mean or wrong thing. The whole business, indeed, seemed to her weak understanding cruel and wicked, and yet she dare not whisper her thoughts, even to herself. They, who had ruined so many people, were going from a large house to a small house, and from great magnificence to great comfort. Ought not *all* the money to be given up, everything? And as for her own portion, the fortune left by Lady Escomb

to herself, surely that should be surrendered?

"May I come in, Miss Escomb?"

It is Mr. Bodkin, clad in the tight tweeds, a pocket-book in his hand; of course, no one ever saw Henry Bodkin without a pocket-book in his hand. He peeped in with a curious diffidence unlike himself.

"May I intrude my unworthy presence?"

"Come in, Mr. Bodkin, come in," cried Rose, delighted to get for a moment away from herself; "I am always glad to see an old friend, and especially glad when we are in trouble. My fashionable friends have deserted me, Mr. Bodkin."

"Foolish persons, Miss Escomb." Bodkin placed his hat and stick very carefully on the table, a proof of social decadence, no secretary to a society would do that, "Foolish persons say that it is adversity which tries your friends. That is rubbish. It is prosperity. When you get up in the world your old friends, unless they are real friends, cling on to your skirts and want to get up with you. When you go down again—I am always up and down—you find the same old lot, the jolly helpless lot, in the same old pub., and all glad to see you back again. My old friends are always where I know where to find them, in one of the rooms of the Cheese. Of course when I was Secretary for the Society of—ah, dear me! Poor Lord Addlehede. I was forced to cut them all. Now, I am one of them again."

"And what are you doing now, Mr. Bodkin?"

"I would whisper it, Miss Escomb, did not the—the—uniform itself parade the fact. Does not my garb suggest my present calling?"

"Indeed, no, Mr. Bodkin; not at all. You were in black when I saw you last."

"Clerical black—secretarial black."

"And now you are in colours; but the colours tell me nothing."

"To the initiated, Miss Escomb, to those who attend the Sandown Park Race Course, the Kingsbury Meetings, the Croydon Steeplechases, and all the rest, they do more than suggest: they bawl out at the top of their voices, 'Turf—turf—turf!' I live on the turf."

"But how can any man live on the turf?"

"Hush! Miss Escomb. Let me whisper. I am the Sporting Prophet. I am 'Index' in one paper and 'Sorcier' in another. Enough of my present calling. It has its points. Tell me of yourself, my dear young lady. I see by the paper—here it is." He pulled a paper out of his pocket.

"The enormous extent of Sir Jacob Escomb's operations perhaps proved too much for the gigantic brain which conducted them, but most likely it will be found that the financial embarrassments which stopped them were the results of a complication of events which no human sagacity could have foretold. There happened one of those 'dead points' which occur in all machinery and can be provided for in iron, but not in human affairs. For once the securities by which this dead point could be passed over were not in hand, and the machine stopped. At a meeting of creditors held yesterday, a vote of sympathy was passed as a preliminary, and Sir Jacob, in a voice choked with emotion, informed them that he had already taken measures for the surrender of everything, even the minutest trifle in the house, to be sold for the benefit of his creditors. He added, what we hope will prove true, that he had still confidence in the providential good fortune which had attended him, and that he bade every man remember that full payment, with ample interest, was only a question of time."

"Now, Miss Escomb, directly I read that, I determined to come straight here at once and apologize for the hard things I said to Sir Jacob only a month ago. If he will not see me, will you tell him that Henry Theophilus Bodkin repents, and begs forgiveness and permission to be numbered still among Sir Jacob's humble admirers? Though on the turf, Miss Escomb, one may yet do homage to virtue."

"Thank you, Mr. Bodkin. This is very good of you."

"It is what poor Lord Addlehede would have done in his lucid moments," said Bodkin. "One moment, Miss Escomb, I may not have another chance. Everything going—everything to be put under the hammer. May I—may I—I am always near the bottom of the locker, but there is generally a pound or two left behind—will you let me have the great happiness of being considered in the light of—to put it poetically—a humble family Attenborough."

Rose laughed.

"I think I understand what you mean, Mr. Bodkin, and it is very kind of you. We are not so poor as—as perhaps people think—not quite destitute; but it is just the same, and we shall never, I am sure, forget this kind offer."

Mr. Bodkin took her hand and kissed it.

"We have all been your lovers, Miss Rose, ever since you came here, Reuben Gower and I, as well as Mr. Carteret. The sweetest girl—the nicest spoken that breathes. Were I rich, and were I twenty years younger, it would be hard on Lavinia, for she would find her nose put out of joint. Lavinia—as I remember her, a quarter of a century ago, with a narrow black ribbon tied round her forehead, her braid straight up and down, her sleeves like legs of mutton, and bonnet like a chimney-cowl—had her points—but to compare her with you, Miss Rose—rubbish!"

Rose was going in search of her uncle when she heard the sound of many voices in the hall.

"There's Reuben," said Bodkin. "Any one could tell Reuben's voice a mile off. And there's Mr. Carteret, and they are laughing. And there is John Gower, and he's laughing too. What does it mean, Miss Rose?"

They had little time for speculation, for the door opened and disclosed the very three men, all, curiously, talking and laughing together.

"Rose, my dear," said Julian—he did not look in the least like a ruined man, and kissed her openly before all the other men without any shame at all—"how are you, my angel? Let me kiss you again. It refreshes me like—like Badminton." He did kiss her again, but it was only the tips of her fingers. "I have brought you an old pair of friends, who want to shake hands with you."

"Reuben Gower?" she cried, "and John?"

"Yes, Rose—Reuben Gower—and very much ashamed of himself, too. Reuben Gower, who might have prevented all this mischief, if he had not been an old donkey. Why, I ought to have known that the thing was impossible, and instead of finding out quietly before John spoke to you, I egged him on. Mr. Carteret, my dear, has made me ashamed of myself."

"Don't, Mr. Gower, please," said Rose. "There is nothing to forgive. You acted for the best, I am sure."

"For a fool," said the penitent Reuben; "there is no fool like an old fool. Shake hands, my lass. Why, I've known you since you were that high, and to think that there should be an estrangement between us. And how many a time have you run in to tea with John; and toasted your own bread and butter before the fire. Lord! Lord! kiss me again, my pretty, like you did then."

It was John's turn next.

He spoke up like a man.

"It was a blow, Rose; I don't deny it. But I now see what I ought to have expected. You were in London growing into a fashionable young lady, with new tastes different from mine. Carteret has taught me how you live. You would never have been happy with me. But it was a hard blow. Let us be friends again, Rose, and forgive me"—more hand-shaking. "I called Carteret here a popinjay; that was because I was an ass. I've begged his pardon, Rose, and wished him joy. Now, Carteret, tell her what is coming."

"You see, Rose, I saw that John Gower here, this fellow with the square forehead and the square chin, was a devil of a fellow—by your pardon, the deuce and all, I mean, for work. So I set myself to find him out, and get him to inoculate me. First of all he was a bit sulky, but he came round pretty soon, and the result is, Rose, that we are going into partnership."

"You into partnership, Julian?"

"Yes, Rose, into partnership. Out of the wreck of my fortune, enough will be saved to start us, and John's invention shall be applied in our new works, bit by bit. We have no fear. With John as engineer-in-chief, myself as assistant in office work—don't laugh, Rose; it is sober earnest and reality—Reuben as adviser, and—and—some one if we could find such a man, is—" here Julian looked hard at Bodkin—"such a man—an active man"—here Bodkin started—"an energetic man,"—here Bodkin buttoned his coat vigorously and squared his arms—"one who adds intelligence and experience to zeal for the house which employs him—I say, Rose"—here they all looked at Bodkin—"if we could find such a man—at a salary of say four hundred to begin with, and five if things go well."

"There is such a man, Mr. Carteret," said Bodkin, trembling with excitement; "there is one such a man. I believe only one in all London. He has the experience of having tried all the ways by which men make money and failed in all. He stands before you—he is Henry Theophilus Bodkin."

"What, and give up the turf?"

"Sir, the turf may go—its own way. They may find another Judex. Do you accept my services, gentlemen?"

"We do, Bodkin," said Carteret. "Work for us; stick to us, and we will stick to you."

Bodkin took his hat and stick.

"I hasten," he said, "to convey the joyful news to Lavinia. I tremble lest that incomparable female be already snapped up—snapped up the third time."

"Stop a minute, Bodkin." This time it was of Reuben. "We are both desirous, John and myself, of clearing up our scores with Sir Jacob. We have talked everything over by ourselves, and we are sure that we have done him a grave injustice. I cannot forget that he is my old schoolfellow, and that he and I have worked together side by side for nearly fifty years."

Julian Carteret murmured something about a lion's share of the plunder, but his remarks were not heard.

"And so, Rose, if you will allow me I will ring the bell, and ask if Sir Jacob will see us."

"And me, too," cried Bodkin. "I also should wish an opportunity of expressing my sense of Sir Jacob's noble conduct."

Julian Carteret screwed up his lips, but said nothing; Rose blushed, with a confused sense that she herself ought to express her own sense of shame at certain injurious suspicions, but the shame was not there, somehow.

"I will go myself," she said, "and ask my uncle to see you all."

Presently she returned: Sir Jacob with her.

There was a momentary sensation at the appearance of the martyr. His face, much more solemn than it had been of old, and his deportment was majestic.

"You wish to see me, Reuben?" he said, quietly looking round the group, and of whom Julian was the only member who did not look like a culprit.

"Jacob," said Reuben, speaking in the old Lancashire blunt way, "Jacob, my chap, I'm vexed and troubled that there has come a cloud between us, and I'm more vexed because it has been my fault. I'm clean ashamed of myself."

"Reuben, do you believe that I"—the word choked him—"that I wilfully spoke an untruth when I said that a marriage between Rose and John had been my desire for years? Tell me, Rose—you will believe her, if you will not believe me—did I know at all that there had been any love passages between you and Julian Carteret?"

"No, sir," said Rose, "you did not know."

"Had you spoken to me, Julian? Had you given me any hint of what had happened?"

"No, Sir Jacob, I certainly had not."

"One question more, Rose. Had you or had you not repeatedly and in the most cordial manner spoken of your old friend John Gower when you first came to me?"

"Yes, uncle, often."

"Now, Reuben, and you, John Gower, is it so very improbable that I, a childless man, should have kept an eye upon the son of my oldest and most faithful friend, that I should have seen with pleasure that he was a hard-working and clever young fellow—that I should have looked upon him as the proper person to succeed myself, and that when he came to me with his invention I should see in the thing, not only a means of raising money to carry on my own work—not only, I say, a chance, in which the hand of Providence was clearly visible; but also an opportunity of carrying on my designs into immediate operation? Can you not imagine such a mode of showing my gratitude to you, Reuben, my care for Rose's happiness, and my own prudence for the future all combined? Tell me, is that possible or impossible? You, who know my life, Reuben, is it probable?"

"Jacob," cried Reuben, beside himself with remorse, "forgive me, if for once I doubted you. I will never doubt you again."

"And I too, sir," said John, "will you forgive me?"

Sir Jacob shook hands effusively with both.

"Mr. Carteret and I, sir," John continued, "are to enter into partnership in a modest way, and to carry out the invention."

"Why in a modest way, John? Why not on a large scale at once? The Escomb works have no master—why not take them? I can, I dare say, arrange for you to take them over."

"Take them over?" asked Reuben. "What the need? Take John and Mr. Carteret in."

"What do you say, Julian?" asked Sir Jacob. "Do you still bear resentment at the loss of your money? Do you still think that it was thrown away, instead of being invested prudently?"

"I think, Sir Jacob, that you must first give me leave to marry you niece."

Julian spoke bluntly, because he did not share in the general enthusiasm.

"Granted at once, Julian. Rose, tell your lover that you do not go to him empty-handed. Rose's fortune, conditional on my consent, Julian, is not lost. You have, with her, thirty thousand pounds. Remark, all of you, that if I withheld my permission, it would have reverted to me. Gentlemen" (he stood before them, this splendid shot having been fired, with both hands upraised, bending the fingers downward, as if *pronouncing an episcopal blessing*), "*I now* stand before you all, bereft of everything, everything except the clothes I am dressed in. But I have no longer the pain of feeling that those who know me best misunderstand me the most cruelly."

"The works shall still be Sir Jacob Escomb's," said Reuben, shortly. "Mr. Carteret shall invest his money, and John his invention, for shares in the business. Wish you luck, my boy—wish you luck, Mr. Carteret."

"May I," Bodkin advanced, "may I, Sir Jacob, crave pardon for words said in a hurry? Thank you, Sir Jacob. Your noble conduct, reported in the papers of this morning, went to my heart. He has given up all, they said—everything, to the minutest item, to pay his creditors. I have been bankrupt myself, Twice: Once, in the coal line, when my creditors did not wait for me to give up the sticks. They took them. The second time—after I had endeavoured to introduce the wines of Peru to an unsympathising public—there were no sticks left to take. I was in lodgings, and the Commissioners in Portugal Street said unkind things."

So the bankruptcy ended in the rehabilitation of Sir Jacob. He is more prosperous than ever; but he leaves his business entirely to Julian and John Gower. Bodkin, needless to say, is indefatigable.

Not one, except sometimes Rose, who has uneasy thoughts about her uncle; and Julian, who chuckles quietly to himself, but believes that the conduct of this philanthropist, martyr, and Christian was in every way *throughout this trying time worthy of him*; no one, except Rose and Julian, suspects that his apology to Reuben and John was an elaborate substitution of what might have been for what was; and no one, except those two, but believes but that his misfortunes, which were like a summer storm—black, but brief—were unmerited and nobly borne by this good man.

It is but an episode which we have told. In those volumes which Sir Jacob keeps locked up in his private safe may be found the real history of his career; in them, not in the newspaper reports and the general voice of fame, lies the instructive story of how a fortune can be made out of nothing and a reputation be built upon the shifting sands.

HEATHEN AND CHRISTIAN CANONICAL COINCIDENCES.

IN the numbers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY for January and February, 1878, there is an interesting account of the life and doctrines of Buddha, given by a contributor, FIDELIS, who, like so many others, while admitting the "blamelessness and beauty" of the character and teaching of the founder of what has been termed by some the "Christianity of the East," is, however, of opinion that the "circumstances" in the Buddhistic Canon which "remind us of the life of our Saviour," make "the parallelism far too complete and striking in all its details to be mere coincidence." That, "according to the statement of the Buddhist Canon, there was a miraculous conception, lights beaming from heaven to announce his birth, an acknowledgment of the child as a deliverer by an old Brahman, a presentation in the temple, a baptism of water and fire, a temptation in the wilderness, a transfiguration; a repetition, in fact, of almost every characteristic incident in that still more wounderful life which began five centuries and a half later, except only in the tragedy which closed it."

FIDELIS admits these and other recorded "concidences," but says: "This [*sic*] is easily accounted for, however, by the cirstance that no part of the Buddhist Canon was committed to writing till some time in first century A.D., while many portions of it were much more recent, and that Eastern compilers of Buddha's life, writing after a considerable knowledge of the life of Christ had pervaded the East by means of Nestorian missionaries and in other ways, would deem it no imposture, but simply due honour to Buddha, to supply all that other sources suggested to add to his dignity, and to the veneration with which he was regarded." An extract, mostly in support of these views, is then given from a lecture of Ernest J. Eitel on Buddhism: "It can be proved that almost every single tint of this Christian colouring which Buddhist tradition gives to the life of Buddha, is of comparatively modern origin. There is not a single Buddhist manuscript in existence which can vie in antiquity and undoubted authenticity with the oldest codices of the gospels. Besides, the most ancient Buddhistic classics contain scarcely any details of Buddha's life, and none whatever of those abovementioned peculiarly Christian characteristics. Nearly all the above-given legends, which claim to refer to events that happened many centuries before Christ, cannot be proved to have been in circulation earlier than the fifth or sixth century *after* Christ."

Now, these are very strong and very positive assertions, evidently founded on the greatest misconception, and were they not in plain contradiction to the statements, as direct and as positive, made by well known scholars and writers, certainly somewhat better acquainted with the origin and history of Buddhism, and with other ancient religions and traditions, than either FIDELIS or Ernest J. Eitel appears to be, we should only have to submit, and try to believe that all we have read of the real or the mythical in heathen and pagan theology, and of the admissions of the learned and impartial as to the undoubted antiquity and priority of pagan theological records, has been but the merest unreliable romance.

The question, however, to be decided is, whether the "striking circumstances" recorded in the Buddhistic Canon were introduced into these scriptures after considerable knowledge of the life of other "Saviours," more ancient than Christ, had been obtained; whether, for instance, is the probability—nay, almost the certainty—greater that "every characteristic incident," every "coincidence," every "tint and colouring," now alleged to be Christian, which cannot be established as drawn from actual fact, whether, we say, is not the likelihood, in a marked degree, more apparent that these had their origin in the pagan mind, and were prominent in the ideas and intuitions of primitive pagan piety; and, absolutely, whether they were not first outlined, record-

ed, and perused in the *Vedas*—having, it may be, been plagiarised even into these from far more ancient chronicles—instead of having been first discovered in the comparatively modern writings of the "oldest codices of the gospels?"

Before proceeding to exhibit the evidences and admissions of a few of the highest authorities yet known, respecting the early antecedent date of the establishment of the Buddhistic Canon, previous to the uncertain period in which the "oldest codices of the gospels" are supposed to have been eliminated from an accumulated mass of legends and apocrypha, and of the undoubted priority of the "circumstance," and "prefigurements," which are said to be so "complete and striking," it may be illustrative to notice something of what has been conceded relative to other teachers, saviours, and deified beings—prototypes as it were of Christ—who appeared among men, and whose peculiar doctrines had been incorporated into the religions of whole nations centuries *after* the Hindoo god, Chrishna; perhaps even long previous to the latest *avatar* of Vishnu.

There is nothing more embarrassing to the theologian, at least to the dogmatic and obstinate defenders of the Christian system, than the difficulty which exists in being able to account in a satisfactory manner for the singular parallelisms or coincidences in the lives of Chrishna, of Buddha, and of Christ. Numerous attempts have been made in this direction by the ablest exponents of Christianity, but it is scarcely necessary to observe that these, one and all, have reluctantly been admitted to be inconclusive and unacceptable. Christian commentators, though otherwise greatly perplexed by the many conflicting, contradictory, and irreconcilable passages to be found in the Scriptures, have, so far, met with no obstacle perhaps so insurmountable as the "circumstances" in the histories of the lives of Chrishna and of Buddha, which so singularly and mysteriously "remind us of the life of our Saviour."

To proceed, however, it is found that, besides these, there are other remarkable "circumstances" or "parallelisms," which it may be here useful to note. Much in the stories regarding Esculapius, Hercules, Prometheus, and others, is almost identical with much of what is related of Christ, or said to have been done by Him. The Rev. Robert Taylor, in his "Diegesis," says: "The worship of Esculapius was first established in Egypt, the fruitful parent of all varieties of superstition. Eusebius speaks of an Asclepios, or Æsculapius, an Egyptian and a famous physician. He is well known as the god of the art of healing, and his Egyptian or Phœnician origin leads us irresistibly to associate his name and character with that of the ancient Therapeuts, or Society of Healers, established in the vicinity of Alexandria, whose sacred writings Eusebius has ventured to acknowledge were the first types of our four gospels. The miracles of healing and of raising the dead, recorded in these scriptures, are exactly such as these superstitious quacks would be likely to ascribe to the founder of their fraternity." "By the mother's side Esculapius was the son of Coronis, who had received the embraces of God. . . To conceal her pregnancy from her parents, she went to Epidaurus and was there delivered of a son whom she exposed upon the Mount of Myrtles; where Aristhenes the goatherd . . . discovered the child, whom he would have carried to his home, had he not, in approaching to lift him up, perceived his head encircled with fiery rays, which made him believe the child to be divine."

Bell, in his "Pantheon," says: "Being honoured as a god in Phœnicia and Egypt, his worship passed into Greece, and was established first at Epidaurus, a city of Peloponnesus bordering on the sea." He was acknowledged by the dying Socrates, who said, "Remember we owe a cock to Esculapius." Justin Martyr, in his "Apology," says: "As to our Jesus curing the lame and the paralytic, and such as were cripples from their birth, this is little more than what you say of your Esculapius."

Middleton, in his "Free Inquiry," relates: "Strabo informs us that the temples of Esculapius were constantly filled with the sick, imploring the help of God; and they had tables (tablets) hanging around them in which all the miraculous cures were described. There is a remarkable fragment of one of these tables still extant and exhibited by Gruter in his collection, as it was found in the ruins of Esculapius' temple in the island of the Tyber in Rome; which gives an account of two blind men restored to sight by Esculapius, in the open view, and with the loud acclamations of the people acknowledging the mani-

fest power of the god." The "Good Saviour" was a title of Esculapius, and Bryant, in his annotations, vol. 2, p. 406, says: "Both Bacchus and Jupiter also were distinguished by the epithet, our Saviour." "Sir John Marsham had a coin of the Thaisons on which was the inscription (in Greek) of, Hercules The Saviour."

We shall pass over the adventures of Hercules by merely quoting what Professor Spence says in a note in his "Polymetics:" "Though Hercules was born not long before the Trojan war, they make him assist the gods in conquering the rebel giants; and some talk of an oracle or tradition in heaven, that the gods could never conquer them without the assistance of a man." Parkhurst, in his Hebrew Lexicon, p. 520, writes: "But the labours of Hercules seem to have had a little higher view, and to have been originally designed as emblematic memorials of what the *real Son of God* and *Saviour* of the world was to do and suffer for our sakes." Commenting on this, the author of the "Diegesis" expresses surprise that, while certain Christian divines "*boast* of the resemblance between Christian and Pagan mythology," others should assert that "the very idea of naming Christ and Hercules together is held as the most frightful impiety."

Concerning Prometheus, the Rev. R. Taylor writes: "The best information of the character, attributes, and actions of the deity, is to be derived from the beautiful tragedy of 'Prometheus Bound,' of Æschylus,* which was acted in the theatre of Athens 500 years before the Christian era, and is by many considered to be the most ancient dramatic poem now in existence. The plot was derived from materials, even at that time of an infinitely remote antiquity. Nothing was ever so exquisitely calculated to work upon the feelings of the spectator. No author ever displayed greater powers of poetry, with equal strength of judgment, in supporting through the piece the august character of the divine sufferer. . . . The majesty of his silence whilst the ministers of an offended god were nailing him by the hands and feet to Mount Caucasus, could be only equalled by the modesty with which he relates, while hanging on the cross (the cross referring to the attitude of the sufferer), his services to the human race, which had brought on him that horrible crucifixion." "In the catastrophe of the plot, his especially professed friend, Oceanus, the Fisherman, as his name Petræus indicates, being unable to prevail on him to make his peace with Jupiter, by throwing the cause of human redemption out of his hands, 'forsook him and fled.' None remained to be witnesses of his dying agonies, but the chorus of ever amiable, ever faithful women which also bewailed and lamented him. . . . Overcome at length by the intensity of his pains, he curses Jupiter . . . immediately the whole framework of nature became convulsed; the earth shook, the rocks rent, the graves were opened; and, in a storm that threatened the dissolution of the universe, the curtain fell on the sublimest scene ever presented to the contemplation of the human eye—a Dying God." †

A great deal of that which is related of Pythagoras and other deified beings could here be added, but though there may even be much that is mythical in the accounts already given, no one can doubt the strong type of resemblance, or the prefigurement or coincidence with the apostolic story of later centuries. Even could it be proved (as has been attempted in relation even to the actuality of Christ) that these celebrated characters never had an existence, it would not do away with the facts that certain prominent incidents recorded as being exclusively belonging to the life and time of Christ, while on earth, and that certain leading doctrines which He is said to have first taught, were known to the ancient religious world as being prominent incidents in the lives of other "Saviours," who inculcated identical or similar moral truths hundreds of years before the alleged fulfilment of time for "the latest incarnation," or the latest visitation among men of "God manifest in the flesh."

That admissions to this extent have been made by leading theologians none properly informed can now deny. The feeble and futile attempts to show that the ancient theological or religious books of the Buddhistic Canon, for instance, were in some respects but a reflection of the gospels, are useless against notorious facts, and only go to prove to what desperate shifts those are reduced who will ignore the originality of certain doctrines and moral maxims traceable in pagan writings and traditions, and are de-

* See Potter's translation of Æschylus.

† Diegesis, pp. 192-3.

termined to claim, if at all possible, the pristine conception of purity and truth for the Christian Scriptures alone.

The persistent effort, however, though unfair, and, it might be said, not strictly moral, is, at the present day, to a great extent unsatisfactory and unserviceable. So remarkable have been the coincidences, and so comparatively pure the teaching of ancient pagan religions, that, without quoting others, the admissions of a few able historians and divines alone are, it is presumed, quite sufficient to settle the question.

Clark, a Christian writer, in his "Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion," says: "Some of the ancientest writers of the Church have not scrupled expressly to call the Athenian *Socrates*, and some others of the best heathen moralists, by the name of CHRISTIANS, and to affirm that as the law was, as it were, a schoolmaster to bring the Jews to Christ, so true moral philosophy was to the Gentiles a preparation to receive the Gospel" (p. 204).

Lactantius, the Christian Father, wrote: "And if there had been any one to have collected the truth that was scattered and diffused [by Pagans] among sects and individuals, into one, and to have reduced it to a system, there would indeed have been no difference between him and us. Yes, indeed, they do very many, and often approach the truth; only their precepts have no weight, as being merely human, and nobody believes because the hearer thinks himself as much a man as he who prescribes them." (Lactant. Lib. 3–7.)

Arnobius, who wrote a commentary on the Psalms in the fifth century, admits that "If Cicero's works had been read as they ought to have been by the heathen, there would have been no need of Christian writers."

St. Augustine declares: "For the thing itself which is now called the *Christian Religion* really was known to the ancients, nor was wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race until the time when Christ came in the flesh, from whence the true religion, which had previously existed, began to be called Christian; for this in our days is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received this name." (Vol. i., p. 12.)

Justin Martyr, in his "Apology," written in the year 141 A.D., pleading for the Christian religion—the new religion of his day—says: "If then, we hold some opinions near of kin to the poets and philosophers in greatest repute among you, why are we thus unjustly hated? For in saying that all things were made in this beautiful order by God, what do we seem to say more than Plato? And by declaring Christ to be born of a virgin, without any human mixture . . . we say no more in this than what you say of those whom you style the sons of Jove." "There's Mercury, Jove's interpreter, in imitation of the Logos, in worship among you. There's Esculapius, the physician, smitten by a bolt of thunder, and, after that, ascending into heaven. You have your Mercury in worship, under the title of the *Word* and *Messenger* of God. . . As to the objection of our Jesus being crucified, I say that suffering was common to all the forementioned sons of Jove. . . . As to his being born of a virgin, you have your Perseus to balance that, as to his curing the lame, and the paralytic, and such as were crippled from their birth, this is little more than what you say of your Esculapius."

As but a limited number of quotations from Mr. C. D. B. Mills, and from Max Müller have been given by FIDELIS in the articles on "Buddha and Buddhism," it will be serviceable to supplement them by further extracts from the same authorities, especially the latter, who is perhaps the most distinguished Sanscrit scholar in Europe.

Now, in proof that the Buddhistic Canon of Scriptures was written, established, translated from the original tongue, and circulated far and wide long before the time of Christ, in a note on page 54 of Mr. Mills's work on "The Indian Saint, or Buddha and Buddhism, a Sketch, Historical and Critical," 1877, we read: "The agreement in the accounts [of Buddha] preserved among the Northern Buddhists and Southern respectively is singularly close, and shows clearly that they have all guarded with scrupulous care their sacred records, in this regard, from essential change since their separation, and gives good ground to believe that we have them now, in all important respects, as they were when first committed to writing. How soon this was done we do not know, but there is evidence that the Salita Vistara, the chief book of the kind among the Northern Buddhists, and

rendered early into Chinese, Thibetan, &c., is of a date previous to the Christian era." In another place Mr. Mills says: "The Canon is said to have been ratified in the first Council, held a few days after the death of Buddha, but this is doubtful. It is not probable that anything we have was put on record, or at least formally passed upon, earlier than the Council held in the time of King Asôka, and perhaps a good portion of it is of not so early a date as that. According to the Singhalese the Canon was first written down considerably later, say nearly 100 B.C., and according to the Thibetan only at the time of King Kanishka, about the commencement of our era. Still there are two or three small books, as we shall see, that probably are genuinely authentic utterances of the Master, bearing an internal character that gives them decided superiority over most others" (p. 79).

We shall here follow with the important, and, it might be said, the conclusive admissions of Max Müller, taken from his "Lectures on the Science of Religion." On page 16 he says: "No one would venture now-a-days to quote from any book, whether sacred or profane, without having asked these simple and yet momentous questions: When was it written? Where? and by whom? Was the author an eye-witness, or does he only relate what he has heard from others? And if the latter, were his authorities at least contemporaneous with the events which they relate, and were they under the sway of party feeling, or any other disturbing influence? Was the whole book written at once, or does it contain portions of an earlier date; and if so, is it possible for us to separate these earlier documents from the body of the book?" Further on he says: "We have in the history of Buddhism, an excellent opportunity for watching the process by which a canon of sacred books is called into existence. We see here, as elsewhere, that, during the lifetime of the teacher, no record of events, no sacred code containing the sayings of the Master was wanted. His presence was enough, and thoughts of the future, and more particularly of future greatness, seldom entered the minds of those who followed him. It was only after Buddha had left the world to enter into Nirvana, that his disciples attempted to recall the sayings and doings of their departed friend and master" (p. 19).

We are acquainted with the great difficulties which were experienced during successive Christian Councils, in order to discover or determine which books were proper to include in the sacred Canon, so called apocryphal writings being so numerous. A similar difficulty has been found when councils met for the completion of the sacred Canon of Buddhism. Respecting this, Max Müller says: "We know of King Asôka, the contemporary of Seleucus [B. C. 246], sending his royal missive to the assembled elders, and telling them what to do and what to avoid, warning them also in his own name of the apocryphal or heretical character of certain books which, as he thinks, ought not to be admitted into the sacred canon" (pp. 19-20).

In further contradiction to the statement that "no part of the Buddhist Canon was *committed to writing* till some time in the first century, A.D.," and as to the actual time when the Canon was settled and fully established for the benefit of believers, our learned authority again writes: "We should, therefore, be perfectly justified in treating the parables contained in Buddhaghosha's Pali translation of the Arthakatha, *i. e.*, the commentary on the Dhammapada, as part of a much more ancient work, namely, the work of Mahinda, and it is only in deference to an over-cautious criticism that I have claimed no earlier date than that of Buddhaghosha for the curious relics of the fable literature of India. I have myself on a former occasion pointed out all the objections that can be raised against the authority of Buddhaghosha and Mahinda; but I do not think that scholars calling these parables the parables of Mahinda, if not of Buddha himself, and referring their date to the third century *before* Christ, would expose themselves to any formidable criticism" (p. 158).

Again: "If we read the pages of the Mahâvansa without prejudice, and make allowance for the exaggerations and superstitions of Oriental writers, we see clearly, that the literary work of Buddhaghosha presupposes the existence, in some shape or other, not only of the canonical books, but also of their Singhalese commentary, The Buddhistic Canon had been settled in several councils, whether two or three we need not here inquire. It had received its final form at the council held under Asôka in the year 246 B. C. We are further told in the

Mahâvansa, that Mahinda, the son of Asôka, who had become a priest, learnt the whole of the Buddhist Canon in three years; and that at the end of the third council he was despatched to Ceylon in order to establish the religion of Buddha. . . . . The Pitakattaya, as well as the Arthakathâ, having been collected and settled at the third council, 246 B. C., were brought to Ceylon by Mahinda, who promulgated them openly" (p. 159).

And again: "It is easy to shrug one's shoulders, and to shake's one's head, and to disbelieve everything that can be disbelieved. Of course, we cannot bring witnesses back from the grave, or from the Nirvana, into which we trust many of these ancient worthies have entered. But if we are asked to believe that all this was invented in order to give to the Buddhist Canon a fictitious air of antiquity, the achievement would, indeed, be one of consummate skill. When Asôka first met Nigrodha, who was to convert him to the new faith, we read, that having refreshed the saint with food and beverage which had been prepared for himself, he interrogates the Sâmanera on the doctrines propounded by Buddha. It is then said that the Sâmanera explained to him the Apramada-varga Now this Apramada-varga is the title of the second chapter of the Dhammapada. Its mention here need not prove that the Dhammapada existed previous to the Council of Asôka, 246 B. C., but only that the Mahânâma believed that it existed before that time. But if we are to suppose that all this was put in on purpose, would it not be too deep laid a scheme for the compiler of the Mâhavansa?" (p. 161).

On this matter, Max Müller thus concludes: "I believe we may safely say that we possess Buddhaghosha's translation of the Arthakatâ as it existed in the fifth century of our era; that the original was first reduced to writing in Ceylon in the first century *before* our era, having previously existed in the language of Magadha; and that our verses of the Dhammapada are the same which were recited to Asôka and embodied in the canon of the third Council, 246 B.C."

In addition to Max Müller's statements, in an article on Buddhism in Chambers's Encyclopædia it is said: "The most important point in the history of Buddhism, after the death of its founder, is that of the three Councils which fixed the canon of the sacred scriptures and the discipline of the church. . . . These canonical writings are divided into three classes, forming the Tripitaka or 'triple basket.' The first class consists of the *Soutras*, or discourses of the Buddha; the second contains the *Vinaya*, or discipline; and the third the *Abidharma* or metaphysic. The first is evidently the fundamental text out of which all the subsequent writings have been elaborated. The other two councils probably revised and expanded the writings agreed upon at the first, adding voluminous commentaries. As to the dates of the other two councils, there are irreconcilable discrepancies in the accounts; but at all events the third was not later than 240 B. C., so that the Buddhist scriptures, as they now exist, were fixed two centuries and a-half *before* the Christian era."

Besides many of the parallelisms between Buddhism and Christianity which are said to be so "complete and striking," we must not overlook the moral equality—in some respects the superiority—of the teaching of Buddhism. It inculcated the virtues of mercy, charity, temperance, and chastity. Hospitals were established, agriculture encouraged, roads were opened, and human life held in such regard that under King Asôka capital punishment was abolished. In fact, it gave to the world "advanced ideas upon the great problems of life. Under the influence of its missionaries, the most savage tribes became gentle and submissive, and the undoubted superiority of the whole system consisted in its broad toleration, leaving, in this respect, even Christianity far behind.

As to its morality, Max Müller says that "no religion, not even the Christian, has exercised so powerful an influence in the diminution of crime, as the old simple doctrine of the Ascetic of Kapilavastu." This opinion could be supported by numerous quotations to the same effect from Bishops and other Christian writers. As to the toleration of Buddhism, a single extract from Mr. Mills may be sufficient: "It never lost its pacific, gentle character; never, at least in the early centuries, raised the hand of persecution or oppression, although it long had at its bidding the arm of the civil power. It carried all its conquests by persuasion and the force of character. It suffered wrongs, sometimes great violence, at

the hand of its enemies . . . But the same features of gentleness, reverent regard for life, forbearing to hurt the smallest creature that lives, distinguish the faith to this day."

The undoubted similarity which exists between Buddhism and Christianity is generally admitted by all denominations to be most striking and remarkable, but then we have speculative doubters who, say, with FIDELIS: "It is not probable, however, that Buddha originated his whole system. It is much more likely that he embodied and combined in it many of the floating ideas that had existed long before him among a people especially given to knotty questions, paradoxes, and intricate and sublimated thought." And, further, that, "by a strange coincidence or anticipation, the Buddhist natural philosophy hit upon some of the best established hypotheses of modern science." Now it would naturally strike one, that persons whose thoughts could run on such high subjects must have been, for that early period, rather profound and advanced thinkers. If it is probable that such "floating ideas" had existed "long before Buddha," and were deemed of sufficient consequence to be embodied by him, is it not perhaps equally probable that they were also considered of sufficient importance to be made attractive to some succeeding teacher? Is it not also made evident that the Buddhistic religion must have shown more regard for science than has been exhibited by a later faith, which has persecuted the philosopher, and which even now questions the orthodoxy and the motives of those ardently given to scientific investigation.

However, while some feel obliged to make admissions in one direction with regard to the excellence of Buddhism, they are just as ready in another way to assert that its most marked superiority becomes apparent because of its "Christian colouring."

"It appears," says Max Müller, "as if people had permitted themselves to be so liberal in their praise of Buddha and Buddhism, because they could in the end condemn a religion which, in spite of all its merits, culminated in Atheism and Nihilism." And again: "The opinion, for instance, that the pagan religions were corruptions of the religion of the Old Testament, once supported by men of high authority and great learning, is now as completely surrendered as the attempts at explaining Greek and Latin as corruptions of Hebrew. The theory again that there was a primeval preternatural revelation granted to the fathers of the human race, and that the grains of truth which catch our eye when exploring the temples of heathen idols, are the scattered fragments of that sacred heirloom—the seeds that fell by the wayside or upon stony places—would find but few supporters at present; no more, in fact, than the theory that there was in the beginning one complete and primeval language, broken up in later times into the numberless languages of the world" (p. 24). Further still, he says: "Yet between the language of Buddha and his disciples, and the language of Christ and his apostles, there are strange coincidences. Even some of the Buddhist legends and parables sound as if taken from the New Testament, though we know that many of them existed *before* the beginning of the Christian era."

Even now, however, after all the admissions that have been made as to the existence of pagan virtues, FIDELIS looks back, as it were, and says: "Yet viewed theoretically, and taking motives into consideration, the morality of the Buddhist system is far from being the highest. It teaches, 'Do good *that you may be happy*,' not 'Do good *because it is right*.'"

Now, in reply to this, we would say, first, that the writer who has drawn a distinction between the motives for doing good has, to all appearance unwittingly, stepped upon slippery ground, for it brings to remembrance the main inducements which are held forth in the Scriptures—the promises and rewards which are in fact made and offered—in order to have us do good. All through the Bible, is not *fear* also made one of the principal agents in reform? "If ye walk in my statutes and keep my commandments, and do them; then I will give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit. And I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid" (Lev. 26). "Who will render to every man according to his deeds: To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life: But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath" (Rom. 2). "I will forewarn you whom

ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he has killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him (Lk. 12). "Tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil" (Rom. 2).

In fact, all through the Scriptures we find promises of rewards freely offered as incentives to do good, other than those which would follow from the performance of a good act in itself; and we find threats—some of a very terrible nature—freely used in order to urge us to do that which is right. No one can question this fact; it may be called one of the peculiarities of the Christian faith. Intelligent atheists are often asked—and this is not suppositional—"With your belief, or rather, with your disbelief in a Supreme Being and in future state of rewards and punishments, what motive can you have for doing good?" "Well," they reply, "we do so because it is our duty to society—because it is more agreeable than to do wrong—because virtue is its own reward." They are then sure to be told by the orthodox man: "Well, if I had no other restraining motive than that, I should consider myself free to revel in the grossest indulgence, or even free to commit any crime."

Commenting on the superiority of the Buddhist doctrine, Mr. Mills writes: "Probably there never has been a system of morality so purely unselfish offered to the world. It held out no rewards, not even the personal existence of the saint as a thing to be preserved at all; it was pure renunciation, divorce from all regard for one's self. The individual may perish; humanity, the great interests of truth and virtue, welfare of the universe, shall live. I am to die and be extinguished for the life of the world. We compare this man here with the saint we all venerate, the Jesus all our western world prays to, and the comparison is not unfavorable to the former. Jesus seems not to have been quite uniform, forgetting himself and preaching now the doctrines of noblest self-renunciation, then again somewhat asserting himself and making great promises in this life and the life to come to his chosen ones. Sakya Muni *does this last never*. He offers throughout *no rewards other than self-denial and virtue itself*. The self, the person is so far forgotten that he seems extinguished in the work and the grand destiny. Man is to be glorified in humanity. And so the doctrine has been thought but a gospel of annihilation. There are no conquests, no power, no wealth in store. In this we think Sakya Muni is not the inferior of the Galilean youth. It is said that this is taking us to an atmosphere of great rarity, that few here can respire. It may be true, but it indicates the elevation of the founder of this faith, that he would know nothing at all save the great verities that are the life and the end of man—and before which all else is naught" (pp. 130-1).

Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that the Buddhist Canon was neither written nor circulated until long *after* the time of Christ, leaving it possible for those who wish to "honour a venerated teacher" to give a "Christian colouring" to his life in order "to add to his dignity," and admitting also that all we have read or heard of still more ancient "Saviours," "Words," "Messengers," and deified men, as but creations of the merest idle fancy,—now, conceding all this, how are we to get rid of the "old floating ideas" that had "existed among a people especially given to knotty questions, paradoxes, and intricate and sublimated thought?" In fact the question, put in this form, will, it is probable, be found to be itself a knotty one, for the moment we sweep away, say Buddha and his cotemporaries, we have the spectre of Chrishna and *his* "remarkable coincidences" at once looming up before us; and where shall we find sufficient faith to remove this mountain? How are we to engulph and put out of sight the hoary Atlas who bears upon his shoulders a whole world of superstition? But as we have caused him to reappear in this character, as it were, bent and balancing a mighty globe, let us hear something of *his* history—a mere summary will be sufficient.

Chrishna is said to have been the eighth avatar of Vishnu, and more celebrated than all those whom he had succeeded. Among certain prophecies in the ancient books of the Brahmins, which we are informed related to his birth, one of these from the Vedangas says: "It is on the bosom of a woman that the ray of the divine splendour will receive human form, and she shall bring forth, being a virgin, for no impure contact shall have defiled her."

Chrishna was the son of a virgin named Devaci, or Devaki, and of the second person of the Indian trinity, the god Vishnu. Devaki was the daughter of a royal line, and was also the wife of Vasudeva. Before the

birth of Chrishna, "the planetary bodies moved in brilliant order in the heavens. . . . . The virtuous experienced a new delight, the strong winds were hushed, and the rivers glided tranquilly. At midnight, when the supporter of all was about to be born, the clouds emitted low pleasing sounds, and poured down a rain of flowers. Kansa, a mighty demon, being, however, apprised that a child would be born that was forever to overthrow his power, summoned all his principal asuras or infidels, and told them: 'Let active search be made for whatever young children there may be upon the earth, and let every boy of unusual vigour be slain without remorse.' The child Chrishna was saved, however, by means of Nanda, a cowherd, whose wife had a child of the same age, who was also a portion of the divinity Vishnu, and who, under the name of Rama or Bala Rama, is therefore spoken of as the brother of Chrishna. Chrishna was brought up by the herdsman Nanda, along with Rama."

The learned Sir William Jones, in his "Asiatic Researches," writes: "That the name of Chrishna, and the general outline of his history, were long anterior to the birth of our Saviour, and probably to the time of Homer, *we know very certainly* . . In the Sanscrit Dictionary compiled more than two thousand years ago,* we have the whole story of the incarnate deity, born of a virgin, and miraculously escaping in his infancy from the reigning tyrant of his country . . . He passed a life of a most extraordinary and incomprehensible nature. His birth was concealed through fear of the tyrant Kansa, to whom it had been predicted that one born at that time, in that family, would destroy him."

According to the further accounts of the same learned authority, "Chrishna, when a boy, slew the terrible serpent Caliya. . . . He saved multitudes, partly by his arms and partly by his miraculous powers. He raised the dead by descending for that purpose to the lowest regions. He was the meekest and best-tempered of beings. He washed the feet of Brahmins and preached very nobly indeed. . . . Chrishna, the incarnate deity of the Sanscrit romance, continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women. The sect of Hindoos who adore him with enthusiastic and almost exclusive devotion, have broached a doctrine which they maintain with eagerness, that he was distinct from all the avatars (or prophets), who had only a portion of his divinity, whereas Chrishna was the person of Vishnu (God himself in human form)."

Another authority, in Taylor's "Diegesis," p. 173, shews further coincidences, viz., that "the reputed father of Chrishna was a *carpenter*, and that he was put to death at last *between two thieves;* after which he arose from the dead, and returned again to his heavenly seat in Vaicontha; leaving the instructions contained in the Geeta to be preached through the continent of India by his disconsolate son and disciple, Arjun."

Far more remarkable coincidences relating to Chrishna could he added, were certain "startling" extracts from Jacolliot's "La Bible dans l'Inde," given, but as Max Müller has expressed himself against the authenticity of that work, it may be laid aside, as sufficient quotations from undoubted sources have, it is presumed, already been given. Other coincidences have been discovered in what has been recorded of Osiris. For instance, Wilkinson, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," says: "At Philæ, where Osiris (the Egyptian Saviour and incarnate God who came down to earth to battle with Typho, the evil spirit) was particularly worshipped, and which was one of the places where they supposed him to have been buried, his mysterious history is curiously illustrated in the sculptures (made 1720 B.C.) of a small retired chamber lying nearly over the western adytum of the temple. His death and removal from this world are there described; the number of twenty-eight lotus plants points out the period of years he was thought to have lived on earth; and his passage from this life to a future state is indicated by the usual attention of the Deities and Genii who presided over the funeral rites of ordinary mortals. He is there represented with the feathered cap which he wore in his capacity of Judge of Amenti, and this attribute shows the final office he held after his resurrection, and continued to exercise toward the dead at their last ordeal in a future state." "Osiris was called the 'the opener of truth,' and was said to be 'full of grace and truth.' He appeared on earth to benefit

* Bunsen says: "The oldest of the Vedas, the purely popular, cannot be younger than 3000 B. C. See Max Müller's "Chips," also Bunsen's "Egypt's place in Universal History."

mankind, and after having performed the duties he had come to fulfil, and fallen a sacrifice to Typho, the evil principle (which was at length overcome by his influence, after leaving the world), he arose again to new life, and became the judge of mankind in a future state."

Hittel informs us that "Herodotus saw the tomb of Osiris at Sais, nearly five centuries before Christ. Similar redeemers were worshipped in other lands, and like Jesus many of them were born of virgins. Grote, speaking of the early legends of Greece, remarks that the 'furtive pregnancy of young women—often by a god—is one of the most frequently recurring incidents in the legendary narratives.'"

Goethe somewhere says: "The phrases which men are accustomed to repeat incessantly, end by becoming convictions, and ossify the organs of intelligence." We have evidence day after day of the tenacity with which persons will cling to old ideas which they have been accustomed to receive as truth. We all see what evasions and subterfuges are resorted to in order to keep from being forced into an unpleasant admission; and the reluctance with which many give in at last often leads one to suppose that, were it not for the veriest shame's sake, the old pleasing delusion would still be preferred to the sternest fact; some, even after every evidence, yet refusing to look beyond the variegated cloud or vapor which hides the shining verity.

Every lover of truth must expect and must be prepared to make a sacrifice in its behalf. In doing this a most unpleasant duty has very often to be performed, and very many know—even by personal experience—how devotedly, and at what a cost, this has been done by those who have ventured to step outside of the sacred circle of sacerdotal authority, and who have been misrepresented, calumniated, dispised, and rejected, particularly by the servile followers of the dogmatic creed which may for the time be the most popular. It can be truly said that it has caused many the greatest regret to feel that they must turn aside from the old well-beaten paths of youth, and of perhaps happier days, and, in a manner, to leave father and mother, and wife and children, to go on even alone along some less frequented track; but in doing this there is a pleasing consciousness that you are free from orthodox usurpation and tyranny, and from the most galling and cumbrous of all fetters—these of mental slavery.

It may be well to close these imperfect observations by a verse from Buddha: "He who lives a hundred years, not seeing the highest law, a life of one day is better, if a man sees the highest law;" and by another text from Manu: "As the most obscure soldier of an army may sometimes by a fiery arrow destroy the strongest fortress of an enemy, so may the weakest man, when he makes himself the courageous champion of truth, overthrow the most solid ramparts of superstition and error."

W. McDONNELL.

SONNET.

FROM morning's train a radiance streams
To tint each modest wild-wood flower
With richer dyes; and in the beams
That bathe its leaves with freshening power,
Its dew-clad glories quick unfold,
And richer fragrance, pure and rare,
Breathes sweetly on the stilly air,
From petals barred with fretted gold.
Lo! as the lustrous, vermeil gleam
Of morning gems with fairer hue
The forest buds, a brighter beam
Would fill those languid eyes of blue
If *Love's* bewitching power had shed
His sweet and all-resistless ray
Within their depths the warmth of May,
And wreathed a glory round thy head.

MARVIN SEATON.

DENISON'S HISTORY OF CAVALRY.*

ABOUT three years ago the Russian Government, through the Grand Duke Nicholas, their Inspector of Cavalry, offered prizes for the best three essays on the "History of Cavalry." Though the subject of cavalry had been treated incidentally by many skilled writers, no history, properly so called, of that arm of the service had been written. Vast improvements in modern weapons had changed to a great extent the conditions of warfare; the sphere of the cavalry service had been much narrowed; opinions were divided upon the relative advantages of the sword, the revolver, the breech-loading rifle, as the proper armament for the cavalry service; so that it had become of the greatest importance to evoke a critical discussion of the lessons of the past as regards the use of cavalry, and the probable necessities of the future existence of an hitherto formidable arm of military service. The door of competition was thrown wide open and all nationalities were given a fair and equal chance.

The time allowed for sending in essays was two years and a half. At the expiration of that period, although twenty-three competitors had sent in their "mottoes," yet we believe but three completed essays were lodged in accordance with the conditions of the offer. Among those who entered the lists was Lieutenant-Colonel Geo. T. Denison, of Toronto, a native Canadian volunteer officer, who, though he had neither a military college education nor experience in the regular army, had always proved himself a dashing cavalry officer and an indefatigable student of military science. It was a bold thing for a Canadian militiaman to dream of success in such a venture when pitted against the scientific soldier of Europe, surrounded by great libraries and having all the advantages incident to the neighbourhood of experience and counsel.

But the pluck which prompted the effort was backed by the industry necessary to give it success, and Lieut.-Col. Denison's work achieved rank as the most meritorious. The result may be best explained in the author's own words: "General Leontieff assured me that my translation was utterly worthless and could never be published in the form in which it was. He had run his eye hastily over the works in the original, and said that my book was undoubtedly the best, but they did not know what to do about the question of the translation. It appeared that the officer who got the first prize was bound to publish his work in the Russian language and was to receive a royalty on every copy sold. I said I had done everything possible to obtain a good translation, and that I did not now know the beginning from the end of it. I asked if they would not allow me to publish my English edition and let them read the proof sheets along with the Russian translation. They agreed to do this; 'but,' they said, 'how about the publication? If you have an award, then you will get the benefit of the publication in Russia.' I said 'If you give me the first prize, appoint one of your best literary Russians to translate it, and let him have the profits; or better still, appoint an officer of ability to translate the book, and let the government publish it at cost price to the army.' In September I received a letter from General Leontieff, telling me the award of the Commission, which was, that under the terms of the competition, it was impossible to give me the prize, but that the Commission had made a special report to the Government, in which they stated that my book had incontestible scientific merits, was likely to be of great use to the army, and they would suggest to his Majesty that a new translation should be made by the Russian Government at their own expense from the English text, and published for the use of the army; and that the 5,000 roubles should be awarded to me."

In glancing through the work under consideration one is struck by the curious features presented by the origin and development of the cavalry service. The horse, when first employed in war, was used to con-

*A History of Cavalry, by Lt.-Col. Geo. T. Denison. London: Macmillan & Co., 1877.

vey the warrior to the place where he was to fight, and the war chariot was not an offensive weapon but solely a means of rapid conveyance. For a long period horsemanship as an art was little practised. The details of fighting at the siege of Troy, as given in the Iliad, the absence of sculptured Egyptian evidence, or of a satisfactory record in the Bible until after the time of David, seem to justify the conclusion that the horsemen of those times were but charioteers. The Assyrian sculptures indicate more clearly the growth of the idea of cavalry in the modern acceptation of the term. When Herodotus wrote, horse soldiers had been in general use in Asia for a length of time, and it is conjectured that the nomadic Scythians were the first people to use the horse to ride upon. The Thessalians were the first among the Greeks to use cavalry, but among the early Greeks the mounted service was not popular, the whole confidence being placed in the phalanx. Their cavaliers used neither saddles nor stirrups, nor were their horses shod; they either mounted their horses barebacked or placed upon them a light mat of skin or cloth. Alexander the Great formed dragoons, or soldiers carried on horseback, but intended to fight either on foot or on horseback, and apparently was the first to form the idea of using the horse and his rider as a projectile weapon; in other words he was the inventor of the modern cavalry charge. The Romans were not naturally a cavalry nation; it was with their infantry that they conquered the world.

Like Alexander in the East, Hannibal in the West obtained a series of most brilliant successes against the finest infantry of his age by the skilful use of his numerous and well-trained Numidian light horse, who rode almost naked and managed their horses without reins, stirrups, or saddles. The wars with Hannibal taught the Romans a lesson which Scipio Africanus turned to good account in creating and drilling a force of cavalry, and whereby he was enabled to win the battle of Ilingo, carry the war into Africa, win Zama, and settle the fate of the world. For 150 years before Julius Cæsar, a flank attack of a largely superior force of cavalry had almost invariably secured the victory to the general who skilfully employed it, but that consummate master of the art of war adopted precautions which successfully protected him against it, and showed that infantry could still be made to hold its own against cavalry. In Vercingetorix, a chieftain of the Gauls, he met a general whose cavalry tactics were based upon the proper principle, namely, the obtaining of success by the rapidity and force of heavy cavalry charging in a compact mass to burst through the enemy's lines, and so making an opening by which the light cavalry getting through, might fall upon their opponents in flank and rear. While Cæsar was gaining victories in the West, Crassus was being beaten in the East by the Parthians, who united great range of projectiles with superior mobility. It is not difficult, therefore, to trace the idea of using the horse as a means of rapid conveyance to the combat, then the use of the horse mounted for the same purpose, then the fighting from the horse itself and the development of the idea of the charge and the use of the weight and speed of the horse as an element of force.

The growth of the feudal system gave an ascendency to the landed aristocracy and to the heavy-armed horsemen. Continuous wars and skirmishes between rival feudal chiefs destroyed the art of manœuvring in large masses, and gave constant opportunities for the display of personal prowess. This paved the way for the foundation of chivalry, for the confidence of these mail-clad horsemen in their personal skill in the use of arms increased their courage and made them greedy of renown. There was then no system of tactical formation, and a battle became simply an aggregation of thousands of single combats. So for a time the military art was lost. Each knight, aided by his own squires, fought a small battle on his own account. Their heavy armour, their skill in the use of weapons, the weight and strength of their horses, and the contempt into which the infantry service had fallen, resulted in making cavalry not only the all-important, but practically the only service in the armies of the day. But the knights, putting their trust in armour, increased its weight and multiplied its pieces until it became so burdensome that the warriors were worn out by the exertion required to carry it, and half stifled by the closeness of the head covering. It could not take long for the infantry to begin again to hold their proper relative position. The Crusades had the effect of dissipating the wealth of the powerful families, and while the monarchical principle acquired

strength, the cities did not lose the opportunity of benefiting by the needs and embarrassments of the nobles, and bands of more reliable foot-soldiers at once made their appearance. The English archers soon made themselves felt. Their weapon was the great bow, over five feet in length, made of yew, and capable of discharging a strong barbed arrow 240 yards. The Swiss pikemen also contributed to the overthrow of chivalry. It remained but for the introduction of missile weapons of sufficient force to pierce the massive defences of the men-at-arms to complete the discomfiture of the encased warriors. The introduction of gunpowder brought this about, though it was long before firearms reached the proper degree of nicety in workmanship to give the invention its full effect. Heavy cannon are first mentioned in 1301. Portable firearms were a somewhat later invention, and they are first mentioned among the Flemings about the middle of the 14th century. The rifled barrel was invented in Germany; the flint-lock in France, about 1640, and soon afterwards the bayonet, with a socket, was introduced into the French army by Vauban. As firearms improved, so did the infantry improve their position relative to cavalry, and the cavalry found it necessary to avail themselves of similar weapons. At first they used the petronel, and then the pistol; in fact, the importance attached to their use led to special organizations of cavalry, based almost entirely upon the idea of making use of the arquebus, pistol, and carbine.

In the Thirty Years War, Gustavus Adolphus produced a new epoch in military reform. When he came on the scene, cavalry tactics were of the clumsiest and slowest type. The charge at speed was unknown until he gave cavalry freedom and mobility, and taught them to rely mainly upon their dexterous use of hand-to-hand weapons. Cromwell proved himself a great cavalry commander, and the cavalry operations of the war in which he was engaged, were marked by solid energy, impetuosity, and iron will. The battles of Marlborough laid the foundation of the system of Frederick the Great, who, of all generals of modern times, most clearly appreciated the effect of the shock of a whole wing of cavalry at full gallop, in close order, and with a regular alignment. His system has been for many years the controlling one in most armies. His first change was to prohibit absolutely the use of firearms mounted, relying upon the charge at full speed, sword in hand. He also trained his squadrons to preserve close order and a correct alignment in an advance of a considerable distance, so that by constant attention his cavalry were enabled to go through all their manœuvres in good order at full speed. Out of 22 great battles fought by him, his cavalry won at least 15 of them. For nearly fifty years both horse and foot in all armies had been relying mainly on firearms. The infantry had abandoned the pike and adopted the bayonet, which, although a good defence against cavalry charging at a slow trot, was not very available against a charge at full speed. Frederick also made improvements in the organization and tactical methods of using cuirassiers, dragoons, and hussars, the first-named being placed in the first line, the hussars on the flanks, and the dragoons in an intermediate position.

The principle of the rifle barrel was well understood so far back as the 17th century, but as the weapons were loaded from the muzzle, the bullets had to be forced with difficulty into the barrel, and this tedious operation was quite unsuited to troops intended to fight in line of battle at close ranges. It was not until 1853 that the elongated bullet was invented by Captain Minié, of the French service. This bullet, which expanded after loading, by the force of the explosion, and so took the shape of the grooves, at once did away with the difficulty of loading, and gave to the infantry a weapon which, to greatly increased range and power of penetration, added much greater precision of aim. This invention has materially affected the tactics and employment of cavalry. The final abolition of armour and the revival of the infantry service were caused by the great power of penetration obtained by the use of gunpowder. The invention of the Minié trebled the range and increased the accuracy of fire; and being followed by effective and practical methods of loading firearms at the breach, increased the rapidity of fire four fold. The effect of rifled and breach-loading weapons upon the mounted service is most marked. In the Crimean War there were few opportunities of testing the value of the cavalry as against the infantry. It is contended that the incident of the 93rd Regi-

ment, under Sir Colin Campbell, meeting, while deployed in line only two deep, the Russian cavalry, teaches nothing, as the Russian cavalry had no intention of charging, but were simply making a demonstration to oblige the allied troops to display their arrangements, and when the 93rd showed their line upon the hill, the object was gained and the cavalry withdrew. In the Italian campaign of 1859 the deadly effect of the new rifles created a sort of panic in reference to the cavalry service. The American Civil War brought with it new lessons, gained amid new conditions. The rifle has been all along in America as necessary as the axe, and the character of the people has been formed under the influence of individual trial and hardship. In illustration of the aptitude of the volunteers of America for the use of weapons, the Battle of Chateauguay, in 1813, is cited: "In this action some 400 Canadians, with their axes and rifles, posted themselves across the path of an American army of some 7,000 men, under the command of General Hampton. Skilful axemen, deadly shots with their rifles, these Canadians used both weapons, and slashing down long lines of trees in the form of abattis, they impeded the march of the American column, while with their rifles they poured in well-directed volleys upon the front and flanks of their enemy. The Americans, entangled in the forest, unable to penetrate the masses of fallen timber which surrounded them, and suffering from the dropping fire of small arms, withdrew in haste, followed and harassed by the victorious Canadians" (p. 437).

In 1812, the idea of mounted riflemen, equipped to fight on foot in case of need, was adopted, and at the battle of Moravian Town, Colonel Johnson and his Kentuckians defeated the British infantry and their Indian allies, under Tecumseth. At the end of the war between North and South, the Northern States maintained no less than 80,000 cavalry, almost all mounted riflemen. The European maxim was that cavalry relying on firearms must suffer defeat. In the American civil war the greatest contempt was felt for the sword. The rifle and the revolver were the favourite weapons, and the feats of Morgan's, Stuart's, and Forest's cavalry, armed with these, seemed to justify the conclusion that the days of the sword were almost numbered. In the Franco-German war of 1870, the most improved projectile weapons were used by trained armies. The cavalry charges at Woerth, Vionville, and Sedan, settled the question of cavalry charging infantry armed with breach-loaders. The result was a fearful loss of life with no gain. The great success of the Prussian horse in the early part of the war was attributable to the extraordinary inefficiency of the French cavalry rather than to any powerful superiority in arms or organization of the uhlans.

It is conceded that the conditions of warfare have changed to so great an extent, that the sphere of the cavalry service has been much narrowed. The infantry have obtained the upper hand. The question of to-day is how the cavalry shall be armed. The Franco-German war furnished ample proof of the inefficiency of the sword as a weapon. According to the official returns, the losses of the Germans amounted to 65,160 killed and wounded. Of these, 218 were killed and wounded by the sabre and clubbed muskets; only six were killed by the sabre. In the American war, where revolvers were freely used on both sides, Mosby's cavalry in one skirmish killed 24 and wounded 12 with their revolvers out of a force of 100. The conclusion is easily enough arrived at, that the sabre should be maintained for use in the pursuit and in combat with the enemy's horsemen, where, through being able to attack without heavy losses in the advance, order might be better preserved and the sabre used to better advantage. Col. Denison candidly admits that the cavalry proper should consist of only one-fourth of the mounted force of an army, as the sphere of cavalry having been so much limited, it would be useless to keep up too large a force of a kind not likely to be much used. But he maintains that the light cavalry intended for protecting convoys, raiding, obtaining information, and covering marches and camps will always be necessary. He contends that mounted riflemen have now an opening such as the old methods of armament did not afford. They can place their horses in the rear, and, taking up a defensive position can begin to annoy at 1000 paces, to inflict loss at 600, and after that to pour in volleys, so that the action may be decisively settled before the approaching enemy can come within 200 yards. There is nothing to prevent them, if their horses are under cover, to

remain fighting until the enemy comes within 150 yards, and then run to their horses, mount, and gallop away in case of being overmatched. In the Franco-German war, the firing of the infantry lines against each other commenced at the distance of 1500 paces, and they rarely came within 200 paces without one party giving way. The crisis of the fight was generally at about 400 paces. Another advantage in mounted rifles is, that if accompanied by light artillery, a movable army is secured which, with the rapidity of movement of cavalry, combines the power of acting on any description of ground either offensively or defensively, mounted or on foot. A breech-loading carbine, a revolver, and a sword, to be used when mounted, are considered the proper armament of the mounted rifle, and the less baggage carried the better. The theories advanced by Col. Denison are supported by facts and arguments which cannot fail to convince the reader of his very interesting book that no exertion has been spared to collect reliable information from all quarters, and his condensed logic carries one along perforce.

The fact of the book under consideration being the production of a Canadian volunteer, leads one naturally to think of the force of which Col. Denison is a worthy officer—our volunteers. Sir Selby Smyth, in his last report on the state of the militia, says: "The Canadians possess in a marked degree qualities to make excellent soldiers, being both hardy and industrious, used to rough life, easily subjected to discipline, and willing to submit to necessary authority: the habit of adapting themselves to the different conditions of life peculiarly fits them for the requirements of a soldier. Accustomed to horses, they ride and drive with ease and self-possession, and these habits are proved by the manner in which their cavalry can be handled and the facility with which their field batteries are manœvred." The active militia of the Dominion is at present constituted as follows: cavalry, 1,803; field artillery, 1.326; garrison artillery, 3,048; engineers, 232; infantry, 27,990; rifles, 9,330; total, 43,729. The reserve militia comprises 655,000 men. Speaking of the cavalry, Sir Selby says: "I am sorry it has not been possible for me to see much of the cavalry this year, owing to the uncertain periods of drill, but this useful arm is in fairly good order for service, and the squadrons in general commanded by officers who have made a study of the service. . . Canadians ride well and are accustomed to horses from their early years; they are good horse-masters, and as they have proved themselves before, so I am confident they would again be a most useful force in the field as the eyes and ears of an army. Among many excellent cavalry officers, I must take the opportunity of specially referring to Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison, the author of a treatise on Modern Cavalry, and who this year was fortunate enough to bring himself, and through him the militia of Canada, into enviable notice, by gaining the first prize of 5000 roubles for the best 'History of Cavalry.' It cannot but be a source of much satisfaction that the prize for this history, completed after much laborious research, though open to all nations, should have been carried off by an officer of the Canadian cavalry against all competitors." The general's report is very severe on the guerilla-like appearance of the Ottawa troop of cavalry.

F.

WILLIAM PENN.

DURING the Wars of the Roses there lived in Bucks, near the town of Beaconsfield, England, an ancient family—the Penns of Penn. The Penns have long since become extinct, but the name will never be forgotten, for WILLIAM PENN, the founder of Pennsylvania, is imperishably written on the world's great muster-roll of worthies, a man who lived in advance of his age, the illustrious champion of civil and religious liberty.

At a very early date a branch of this family went to reside in the north of Wiltshire, where they had a small landed estate, yielding £100 a-year, called Penn's Lodge, a "genteel, ancient house." In December, 1637, Captain Giles Penn, who owned a ship and traded between Bristol and Barbary, was appointed consul at Sallee, Morocco, by Charles the First. When Captain Penn went to Sallee, he left his son, William, in charge of his vessel. At Rotterdam, the youthful Penn fell in love with a daughter of Hans Jasper, "a girl with rosy flesh and nimble wit, and being taken by her comely face, had offered her his heart and taken up her own in pledge." Being a discreet young man, he left his *innamorata* in her father's house until he could provide a suitable home for her. In 1639, when Tromp, the Dutch admiral, hove in sight of Dover Castle, Charles suddenly became aware of his poverty. Ships and men were soon obtained, and Penn's vessel was hired by the Crown, the future admiral entering the service with lieutenant's rank. At twenty-one he was made captain, and shortly after received a regular commission, with the promise of the first ship worthy of his fame. Upon receiving his commission he went to Rotterdam and was married.

The *Fellowship*, a vessel of twenty-eight guns, was given to Captain Penn, who received orders to sail, and having dropped down the Thames, was suddenly called back to his house on Tower Hill. The *Fellowship* lay in the river three weeks, and during this time the subject of our sketch was born, on Monday, October 14th, 1644, just thirteen days before Oliver Cromwell bore himself with such distinguished bravery at the battle of Newbury. "Round in face, with soft blue eyes and curling hair, the boy was 'a love,' not only in his mother's eyes, but in his father's heart."

When not quite eleven years old, his mother removed him from Chigwell, where he was at school, to Wanstead. Here he got into a low state of mind, and, sitting in his room one day, he beheld a vision. A strange feeling seized him, and a sudden radiance filled the place. He could not tell what it was, but "he felt a joyous rush of blood along his veins, and saw his chamber fill with what he called a soft and holy light." He was unable to interpret its meaning, but the incident was never forgotten.

At about fifteen he entered into all kinds of youthful sports. He progressed rapidly in his studies, and the admiral, in conversation with his friends Ormonde and Boyle, determined that his son should enter college. He went to Oxford in 1659, and matriculated as a gentleman commoner at Christ Church. John Locke was then a student of Christ Church, but being Penn's senior by twelve years, it is improbable that these two men formed anything but a casual acquaintance. In after years, however, the friendship was renewed, and in the hour of need each proved to the other "a friend indeed." Penn took a good stand at college, and subsequently became an accomplished linguist. He read the principal writers of Greece and Italy in their native tongues, acquired a thorough knowledge of French, Dutch, and German, and afterwards added to this stock two or three Indian dialects.

He took a deep interest in the doctrinal discussions to which the Puritans gave rise. While the controversy between Cavalier and Puritan was going on at Oxford, one Thomas Loe began preaching the doctrine taught by George Fox. The simplicity of the Friends' form of worship attracted Penn and others, who rebelled against the restoration of Popish services in the Church of England, and objected to wearing college gowns. The young con-

verts to Quakerism were fined for attending Loe's preaching. This incited them to revolt, and the youths, banding themselves together, tore the offensive gowns from the backs of their fellow-students. In all encounters of this nature young Penn took the lead. For this uncomely conduct he was censured and expelled from the University. His father was greatly vexed at his behaviour, and some say he beat him and turned him out of doors. The admiral was occupying a fine position in the world; he was a Naval Commissioner, a Member of Parliament, Governor of Kinsale, Admiral of Ireland, a Member of the Council of Munster, and a favourite of the Duke of York. He brought his son to London, thinking that "a course of dining and late dancing might do him good." Broome's comedy of the "Jovial Crew" was being acted about this time at the old Cockpit, and Sir William took his son to see it. Pepys writes, under date of November 1st, 1661: "To the theatre, to see the Jovial Crew. At my house Sir Wm. sent for his son, William Penn, lately come from Oxford."

The theatre failed to make any impression upon the young man. Sir William tried every means with him, but all to no purpose, and he could not be convinced that he was in error in opposing the king's orders in regard to the college gowns. He was a universal favourite, and possessed great strength of character.

His father sent him to France; he stayed a short time at Paris, where he was presented to Louis Quatorze, and was always welcome at Court. While at Paris he formed the acquaintance of Robert Spencer, son of the first Earl of Sunderland, and Lady Dorothy Sydney, sister of Algernon Sydney. He had been but a few weeks amidst the gaiety of French life, when he threw off his grave manner. One night, upon returning late from a party, he met a stranger who told him in angry tones to draw and defend himself, at the same time flourishing his sword. He accused Penn of treating him contemptuously, said he had taken off his hat in bowing to him, and his salutation was not returned. Penn declared he had not seen him, and could have no motive in showing such discourtesy to a stranger. The latter made a pass with his rapier. Penn, thoroughly angered, returned the attack, and by an adroit move, threw the Frenchman's blade in the air. He picked up the sword and handed it back to the stranger with his politest bow.

Sir William was pleased when he heard of the change in his son's living, and arranged with Prof. Amyrault, of Saumur, on the river Loire, to board and teach him. At nineteen young Penn left Saumur, and, in company with Spencer, travelled through Switzerland and Italy; meeting Algernon Sydney there in exile, he became his pupil and friend. In the summer of 1664, being recalled by his father to London, he returned immediately, having been absent two years. Quite a change had come over him—Pepys says: "A most modish person, grown a fine gentleman . . . . Something of learning he has got, but a great deal, if not too much, of the vanity of the French garb, and affected manner of gait and speech."

He "wore French pantaloons, carried his rapier in the French mode, doffed his hat on going in a room, and his French was perfect. He was a strong, graceful, handsome man; his face was mild and almost womanly in its beauty, his eyes soft and full, brow open and ample. Like Milton, he wore his hair long and parted in the middle." He was placed by his father at Lincoln's Inn to study law. After the breaking out of the plague, in 1665, Penn resumed his serious manner, left off speaking French, and spent his time in reading. His father sent him to Ireland, where he was appointed Clerk of Cheque at Kinsale Harbour.

While in Dublin, in May, 1666, a mutiny broke out at Carrickfergus. Lord Arrán, son of the Duke of Ormonde, received instructions to put down the rebellion, and Penn joined service with his friend. He distinguished himself by his great bravery and coolness, and Lord Arran was well pleased with him. The Duke of Ormonde notified Sir William that he would confer on his son the command of the company at Kinsale Young Penn was delighted with the prospec. of a captaincy, and had his portrait paintedt dressed in uniform, the only picture he ever, had taken.

Being in Cork, he heard Thomas Loe, the Quaker, preach from the text, "There is a faith that overcometh the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world," and that evening he resolved to become a Friend. Attending a meeting of Quakers in Cork, on September 3rd, 1667, he, with

others, was arrested, taken before the Mayor, and imprisoned. He was soon afterwards released, by appealing to Lord Orrery, President of the Council of Munster, with whom he was quite intimate.

He returned to London near Christmas, 1667, and refusing to uncover his head, his father asked him what he meant. Young Penn replied: "I am a Friend, and Friends take off the hat to none but God." Upon being asked how he would conduct himself at Court, he asked time for consideration. "Why?" demanded his angry parent; "in order to consult the ranters?" "No Sir," he quietly answered, "I will not see them; let me go into my room." He retired, and after praying over the matter, returned with his final answer; he "could not lift his hat to mortal man." "Not even to the king and to the Duke of York?" "No, Sir; not even to the king and to the Duke of York."

His father was greatly annoyed, and turned him out of doors. Lady Penn pleaded for her son, and through her influence he was allowed to return home. His religious convictions cost him some sacrifices; he was obliged to resign his commission as ensign, and also his Clerkship of the Cheque. He "hung up his sword and coat of mail; put into a trunk his lace and plume, and dressed in homely garments."

About this time he wrote a tract called "Truth Exalted; in a short but sure testimony against all those religious faiths and worships that have been formed and followed in the darkness of apostacy—and for that glorious Light which is risen and shines forth in the life and doctrines of the despised Quakers, is the alone good old way of life and salvation." On the afternoon of December 16th, 1668, he was thrown into the Tower for the atrocious crime of "*printing a tract without the license of the Bishop of London!*" In this enlightened age it is hard to conceive of such tyranny. During his imprisonment he wrote the most celebrated of his books, "No Cross, no Crown," and "Innocency with her Open Face," a vindication of himself. Through the influence of the Duke of York he was released from prison on July 28th, 1669. On 14th August, 1670, he was again apprehended for preaching, and confined in the Block Dog, in Newgate market. On the 16th September, with William Mead, a celebrated Quaker, he was put on his trial at the Old Bailey. Through the firmness of a juror named Bushel, who urged his fellow-jurymen to stand firm against all the threatenings of the court, the prisoners were acquitted.

On his return home his father was on a dying bed. The valiant old admiral said to him: "Son William, I am weary of the world. I would not live my days over again, if I could commence them with a wish: for the snares of life are greater than the fears of death. Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of living, you will make an end of priests to the end of the world." Sir William died in September, 1670, and left all his property (with the exception of a life interest reserved for Lady Penn), amounting to about £1500 a year, and claims against the Government to the amount of £16,000, to his Quaker son.

In 1671, the young dissenter was again cast into the Tower for preaching, and, refusing to take an oath at his trial, he was committed to Newgate for six months. In prison he wrote four pamphlets; one of them, called "The Great Cause of Liberty of Conscience," was a complete exposition of the doctrine of toleration.

After the expiration of his imprisonment he visited Holland and Germany in company with Fox and Barclay. From the Countess Palatine, Elizabeth, granddaughter of James I., he received much kindness. On his visit to the continent he made several converts to Quakerism. Early in 1672, he married Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett. During the next three years he wrote twenty-six books of a controversial nature.

In lieu of the large amount of money due his deceased father, none of which he had received, he offered to accept a tract of land about 300 miles long and 160 broad, lying beyond the Delaware towards the west. After a year had been consumed in debating the matter, Charles signed the charter on February 24th, 1681, making Penn owner of his vast estates. A council was held on 5th March, at Whitehall, at which Penn was present. He had decided to call his province New Wales, but Secretary Blathwayte did not want the Quaker desert named after his native country. Penn proposed Sylvania on account of its forests, but Charles good-naturedly urged the prefix Penn. To this Penn objected, fearing that some might call it vanity in him, and offered twenty guineas

to have the name changed, but his efforts were unavailing.

About a month after Penn had received his charter, he sent his cousin, Col. William Markham, with orders to take possession of the country and to notify the natives that he held friendly feelings towards them, and would soon be over. Upon receiving the charter, Penn said: "God hath given it to me in the face of the world. . . . He will bless and make it the seed of a nation." His intention was to establish a government suited to his views and opinions —"a civil society of men enjoying the highest possible degree of freedom and happiness."

He authorized Philip Ford, a Quaker of Bristol, to act as his agent in the new world. This man was a most consummate villain, and cheated Penn out of a large amount. Penn's sole desire in settling the new country was to act in every instance in the most upright manner, and when the Indians were asked by Markham if they would sell a piece of their land to Penn, and for what amount, they were taken by surprise. He was making active preparations to visit his newly acquired territory. In those days a voyage might last from six to fourteen weeks, and it was necessary to provide provisions for the longer period.

An idea of the "bill of fare" in "ye olden time" may be derived from the following list of "comforts" put on a vessel leaving the Delaware, for a Quaker preacher:—"32 fowls, 7 turkeys, 11 ducks, 2 hams, a bbl. of china oranges, a large keg of sweetmeats, a keg of rum, a pot of tamarinds, a box of spices, ditto of dried herbs, 18 cocoa nuts, a box of eggs, 6 balls of chocolate, 6 dried codfish, and 4 shaddock, 6 bots. of citron water, 4 bots. of madeira, 5 doz. of good ale, 1 large keg of wine, and 9 pints of brandy. There was also much solid food in the shape of flour, sheep and hogs." Really, the unpleasantness of a long voyage would be lessened to a great extent by the prospect of such sumptuous living. This preacher was, to say the least, a "moderate drinker." Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his interesting "History of William Penn," says: "Imagine one hundred emigrants so furnished, and the reader has a picture of the *Welcome*, as she lay off Deal, on the 1st September, 1682, waiting the arrival of Gov. Penn. In an age of 'ferries,' it is not easy to conceive the feelings of a man about to make the voyage to America. Half a century later a Yorkshire squire conceived it necessary to make his will before starting on a trip to London. Penn wished to take his family with him, but information as to perils and privations, consideration for Guli's health, and the education of his children caused him to abandon the idea. He made his arrangements as if he were never to return, wrote at length parting admonitions to his wife and children. Wishes Guli to be economical though not parsimonious, not to spare in the education of his children. On the 1st September the *Welcome* weighed anchor at Deal and passed the Foreland with a light breeze. At Deal they shipped a case of small pox; before they reached the middle of the Atlantic, nearly every man, woman, and child was sick. During two weeks some one died almost every day, more than thirty fell. By day and night Penn sat in the cabins of infected persons, speaking words of comfort and giving medicines. October 27th, 1682—nine weeks after quitting Deal, the *Welcome* moored off the port of Newcastle in Delaware."

He went through the legal process of taking possession the day after he landed. The meeting was held in the Dutch courthouse; the Duke of York's agents yielded up the country in the name of their master by the custom then in practice, "giving earth and water." Shortly after this, the first Parliament elected by universal suffrage assembled at Chester, in the Friend's meeting-house, a "plain brick edifice." Nicolas Moore, an English lawyer, was elected speaker. The frame of government and provisional laws were discussed, amended, and received with favour. The members evidently worked hard, and wasted no time in "want of confidence" motions. On the third day the session was completed and the House prorogued. The members "had left their ploughs for half a week, they had met together and made a state."

On the 30th November of the same year, Penn held "that memorable Assembly, to which the history of the world offers no parallel, at which this bargain was ratified, and a strict league of amity established." The meeting took place at Shackamaxon, under an immense elm tree. "Artists have painted, poets sung, philosophers praised this meeting of the white men and the red.

There the dense masses of cedar, pine, and chestnut, spread away into the interior of the land, here the noble river rolled its majestic waters down to the Atlantic. . . . Here stood the gigantic elm which was to become immortal from that day; there lay the verdant council chamber formed by nature on the surface of the soil. . . . In the centre of this group stood William Penn, in costume undistinguished from the English settlers, save by the blue silk sash of office. His dress was not ungainly. An outer coat, reaching to the knees, with rows of buttons, a vest of other materials, trowsers extremely full, slashed at the sides and tied with strings, a profusion of shirt sleeves and ruffles; and a hat of the cavalier shape (wanting only the feather) from beneath the brim of which escaped the curls of auburn hair, which were its chief and not ungraceful ingredients." When he rose to address the Indian chiefs, a lady who was near him said he was "the handsomest, best-looking, lively gentleman she had ever seen." This treaty of friendship was faithfully adhered to on both sides. Proud says it was "a friendship which for the space of more than 70 years was never interrupted, or so long as the Quakers retained power in the Government."

Philadelphia, which was then called Wicocoa, was owned by three Swedes, and Penn bought it from them on their own terms, judging it to be the most desirable locality in every respect for the capital. Before a stone was laid he had planned out the whole form of the future city in his mind. "Philadelphia was to co , with its houses, squares and gardens twelve square miles. Two noble streets, one of them facing a row of old red pines, were to be connected by the High Street, an avenue perfectly straight, 100 feet wide. At a right angle with the High Street, Broad Street, of equal width, was to cut the town in equal halves from north to south. The whole city, therefore, was divided into four sections. In the exact centre a public square of ten acres was reserved, and in the middle of each quarter a similar square of eight acres set apart for the comfort and recreation of posterity."

One hundred houses had been built one year after he landed, and in three years there were six hundred. Penn wrote to Lord Halifax: "I must without vanity say I have led the greatest colony into America that ever any man did on private credit." To Lord Sunderland: "With the help of God and such noble friends, I will show a province in seven years equal to her neighbours of forty years' planting." The first school was opened in December, 1683, by Enoch Flower, in a shanty built of pine and cedar planks, and consisting of two rooms. "To learn to read, 4s. a qrtr.; to write 6s.; boarding a scholar—to wit, diet, lodging, washing and schooling—£10 the whole year." Eighteen years elapsed in Massachusetts before a book or paper was printed, and in New York seventy-three years. An almanac for 1687 was the first book published in Philadelphia.

In 1684 Penn returned to England, in the hope of securing redress for the injuries of his persecuted brethren. His influence with James II. was very great, and he had the pleasure, in 1686, of seeing a proclamation issued, giving freedom to all persons incarcerated on account of their religious convictions, and over 1,200 Quakers were immediately released. He was accused twice of treason after William III. ascended the throne, but was acquitted each time. In 1691 he was arrested the second time for conspiracy, but through the influence of his friends Locke, Tillotson, and others, he was honourably set free. A short time afterward his wife died, and in less than two years he married Hannah Callowhill, a lady of Bristol, whom he had known for a long time. On the 9th August, 1694, an order in council was passed, restoring to Penn his vast province, which had been tyrannically taken from him in March, 1692. On September 9th, 1699, with all his family excepting his son William, he sailed in the *Canterbury* for Philadelphia. About the end of 1701 he returned to England, and found himself nearly ruined by the scoundrelism of his agent, Ford. He was very anxious to return to his province, but had not the money to carry him there. He wrote to his agent, "I assure thee that if the people would only settle £600 a year upon me as Governor, I would hasten over. . . Cultivate this among the best Friends." The "best Friends," however, would not accede to this reasonable proposal. His constitution had become greatly shattered by paralysis, and he died at Ruscombe in Berkshire, July 30th, 1718. On the 5th of August he was buried at the village of Jordans, by the side of his first wife and his first-born son. "A great crowd of people followed the

bier from Ruscombe to the grave-yard, consisting of the most eminent Friends from all parts of the country, and the most distinguished of every Christian Church near Ruscombe, When the coffin was lowered into the grave, a pause of silence followed: after which the old and intimate friends of the dead spoke a few words to the assembly; and the people went to their several homes subdued and chastened with the thought that a good man and a great man, who had done his work and earned his rest, had been laid that day upon the bosom of his mother earth."

William Penn's character and his code of laws have been eulogized by the most brilliant writers, of which the following brief extracts are examples:—"In the early constitutions of Pennsylvania are to be found the distinct annunciation of every great principle; the germ, if not the development, of every valuable improvement in government or legislation which has heen introduced into the political systems of modern epochs."

"To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first in human history establishing the *Law of Love* as a rule of conduct in the intercourse of nations."

"His name has become throughout all civilized nations a synomym for probity and philanthropy."

"Penn's residence in the colony was more beneficial to the colonists than to himself. He suggested, he promoted, many reforms; above all, he inculcated and gave the example of that humane spirit in which he was so far before his age. He branded as iniquitous negro slavery, and to the aged, the sick, and the destitute he was a bountiful almoner. Free from frailty no man is; free from vanity perhaps Penn was not. But his integrity is unimpeachable. Penn cried 'No Cross, no Crown.' He bore the cross, and let us not snatch from him the crown, which the unanimous veneration of mankind has bestowed."

"William Penn deserves to be held in honourable remembrance as an illustrious pioneer in the cause of religious freedom. He showed on all occasions that he well understood and appreciated the free principles of the constitution, and that he was resolved not to surrender one iota of that liberty of conscience which he claimed for others, as well as for himself."

In addressing a committee of the House of Commons in favour of Quakers being allowed to make affirmations instead of oaths, Penn said: "I am far from thinking it fit because I exclaim against the injustice of whipping Quakers for Papists, that Papists should be whipped for their consciences. No, for though the hand pretended to be lifted up against them hath lifted heavily upon us, and we complain, yet we do not mean that any should take a fresh aim at them, or that they should come into our room, for we must give the liberty we ask, and would have none suffer for a truly sober and conscientious dissent on any hand."

He asserted that to "live honestly, to do no injury to another, and to give every man his due, was enough to entitle every native to English privileges."

We cannot do better, in closing this article, than to quote the following beautiful words of Penn, whom Montesquieu styled "the modern Lycurgus:"—"The humble, weak, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls, are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers."

T. C. B. FRASER.

IDEALISM IN LIFE.*

THE great problem of philosophy is to render an account of consciousness. The conscious mind arranges, and in a certain sense explains, the facts of which it is conscious; but how it stands related to those facts is a question which has hitherto evaded solution. The metaphysician has applied to it his subtlest formulas; but the true equation has never been reached, and perhaps never will be reached. The highest form of consciousness is self-consciousness. We can imagine a certain sensibility to impressions without any reference of these impressions to a permanent personality to whom they constitute moments of experience. But when an organism not only feels, but says "*I* feel," then the highest mode of being known to us, or indeed conceivable by us, has sprung into existence. Mr. Spencer tells us that there may be some mode of existence as far transcending conscious intelligence and will as the latter transcends mere mechanical action. P ibly. It would indeed be arrogant in man ı claim to have exhausted the highest possibilities of being, and to say that what his faculties cannot grasp can have no existence anywhere; but certain it is that our highest thought at present stops at personality,—at the mode of existence which our own self-consciousness reveals to us.

A being possessing mere sensibility without self-consciousness must necessarily be under the law of external circumstances. It is acted upon and re-acts but it is powerless to shape its own destiny or even to step for one moment aside from the narrow path in which it has been bidden to move. The moment, however, that self-consciousness enters upon the scene, everything is altered. Law is not abolished, and yet in a very real sense liberty is established,—liberty within the bounds of law. The self-conscious being says: "I *feel*, I *desire*, I *know*. The whole mystery of the universe is wrapped up in these words, and it were vain to ask ourselves now how their utterance becomes possible, how a mode of being that has absolutely no analogy with the laws of physical nature is superinduced, so to speak, upon a physical organism. What we are concerned with now is the enormous change which the development or apparition of self-consciousness works. The self-conscious being knows what he wants, and within certain limits can gratify his own desires. He does not escape from the control of mechanical or chemical laws; but he can, to a large extent, modify the incidence of those laws. He cannot make the wind blow less keenly, but he can provide himself with clothing; he cannot bring down more rain from heaven, but he can dig wells; he cannot avert a storm, but he can shelter himself from it. He can court this natural influence and shun the other, and thus he can make nature do his work, and subserve his highest interests. Only as his knowledge widens, however, will he thus free himself from the thrall in which all unconscious beings abide. The pestilence and the lightning will smite him till he has learnt the conditions which call the one into malign activity and those which render the other innocuous. Thus he suffers *till he knows*. St. Paul has spoken of all creation "groaning and travailing together being burdened," and true it is that the human race, just in proportion to its ignorance of the laws of nature, does groan and travail, being burdened. There have been cases in which even prolonged and multiplied experiences of the most painful kind have failed to set the essential facts in such a light as to suggest a remedy. The obstruction in some cases is a false theory, in others it is the absence of the habit of analysis; in others again the complexity of

* An address read before the Progressive Society of Ottawa, on Sunday, the 10th March, 1878. The reader will, I trust, bear in mind that these few pages were primarily designed, not as a literary essay, but as a contribution to the proceedings of a Society whose members meet for mutual help and instruction; as otherwise he might be tempted to some severity of criticism in regard to the fragmentary manner in which a subject, well worthy of careful and extended treatment, is here presented.

the phenomena defies all analysis. Yet for all that, self-consciousness means freedom, for it involves the power of choice, and gives promise of the future solution of many questions hopeless enough now.

The highest realization of liberty lies in that force of self-consciousness to which I propose at present to give the name of "Idealism." If self-consciousness involves the perception of an end, idealism, I should say, involves and is based upon the perception of a perfect end. To the mind exercising its faculty of choice, many objects, many possible courses present themselves. Of these, which shall it choose? Shall it be the easiest or the most difficult? the one which promises immediate gratification, or the one which necessitates a long waiting for the desired results? Shall appetite or reason be listened to? the suggestions of selfishness or the dictates of justice? Shall the standards of society, of the world, be accepted as adequate and final, or shall a higher law prompt to higher deeds? I call that man an idealist who aims at bringing his life under the government of a perfect law,—who asks, regarding an action, not whether it is profitable, or safe, or calculated to win applause, but whether it is *the* action which, under the circumstances, ought to be performed. Why do I call him an idealist? Because he pursues ideals; because he believes in something as the best, and tries to realize that best in action. Everybody acknowledges that the artist should be an idealist,—he must be either that or a mere copyist; and the least reflection will enable any one to perceive that if art had confined itself to copying, its highest glories would never have been won. The questions, therefore, which the artist has to ask himself continually,—be he poet, painter, sculptor, or musician,—are, how would this or that sentiment or passion express itself in its purity? What forms would it take? What accessories would be best adapted to bring it into most effective relief? And with these questions he grapples and struggles with an intensity of effort which even the lust of gold has never drawn from its votaries. The world understands, or at least in a general way consents to this. Let the artist, if he will, consume himself in the task of finding perfect forms and bringing to light hitherto unimagined combinations. That is his business; and as his works sometimes bring a high price, the business is, perhaps, as legitimate as another. So judges the world, not, however, without a secret contempt for a class of men who, though they may occasionally make money, do not as a rule seem to *think* money, and who would much rather miss making money than be unfaithful to their art. In most pursuits, money, broadly speaking, is the great criterion and measure of success. In the region of art it is a standard no longer; for the artist worthy of the name does not ask what people are willing to pay for, but what, in the highest sense, it is best he should produce. If he cannot work for this generation he will work for the next, and let who will minister to the taste of the hour.

But the great truth to which the eyes of the world are sealed is this, that the law which the artist is indulgently allowed to govern himself by—the law that binds him to the true and beautiful—is the law which ought to govern all mankind. If we are not all artists it is our own fault; for there is an art ready to our hand which we all might practice, in which we could all do faithful and lasting work, in which some of us might perchance rise to great pre-eminence,—in which we all at least might have the satisfaction of feeling that we were working in the artist spirit, patiently, humbly, loyally, trustfully, looking within and not without for our rule of action and our reward. Do you ask what this art is for which we all have capacity? I answer, it is the *art of life*. Truth and beauty are not confined to the realm of art in its narrow or professional sense; they may shine forth in the actions of the humblest son of toil, or they may add lustre to a throne. "E'en in a palace," said Marcus Aurelius, "life may be lived well;" and, if in a palace, then anywhere. But how many are they who conceive of life as an art, having its own rules quite apart from the maxims which teach how to win what, in the world, is called success. How many are they who ask what is best and highest in their own natures, and who seek above all things, to do justice to *that*, to bring it to its highest development? How many are they who have an equal respect for what is of most worth in others, and who would therefore refuse to have any part in what might tend to lower the tone of another's thought, to debase his taste, or make him less sensitive to the appeals of his higher nature? I should be sorry to under-

rate the good that is in the world; the human race has lived too long upon the earth not to have learned many lessons of mutual helpfulness; but, at the same time, if I say that the conception of life as an art—not as a trade—is as yet present to but few minds, I shall hardly encounter contradiction. Yet eighteen hundred years ago there was one who dealt with life in his addresses to the multitude, and who never presented it in any other light than as something more solemn, more sacred, than any special art that ever engaged human genius in its service, as something whose rules were not to be sought in the customs of the market-place, but deep down in the most secret and intimate convictions of the individual soul, as something whose standard was nothing short of the eternal beauty of holiness. Say, if you like, that he was an enthusiast, that some of his maxims were impracticable, and that the great mass of the Christian Church, in its worship of wealth, and the general poverty of its aims, has turned its back on nearly all that he taught. All this may be admitted, but the great fact remains that he dealt with life in the light of eternal principles, that he raised the hearts and roused the consciences of men, that he made truth and duty supreme over all lower motives, and pronounced a condemnation that has rung, and shall ring, through the ages against every unworthy form of compromise, against every bartering of gold for dross, against every act that could dim the light of truth in the human soul. He was the highest type of an "idealist," as I am now using the word; and the maxims he uttered, he uttered as binding on all mankind. And why not? A gospel like this may in point of fact be embraced by but few; its beauty may be seen by but a a few; but no one can be shut out from it, inasmuch as there is no valid reason why one man, as much as another, should not embrace the highest rule of life, and reap the reward of perfect peace.

Now the practical question for us to consider is, whether we shall strive to maintain our conception of life at the level established by the founder of Christianity; or whether we shall discard that conception for a lower one. Whatever we do let us do it with our eyes open. The great world—the world of business and of fashion—says, in effect, that it will not have this man to rule over it; and accordingly it makes maxims of its own which it does not require any great exercise of virtue to observe. Self-interest is supposed to be a sufficient guide for every one, and by the balancing of opposing interests social equilibrium is maintained, If any man is better than his fellows, better than he need be in fact, he is a fool for his pains. The first great commandment of society is to make money: the second is like unto it—make more money. If you do not make money it is not said that you shall go to hell; but it is tacitly assumed that you are in hell already—the one palpable, material hell about which the modern world has no shadow of doubt. But let us seriously ask ourselves if there is any moral safety in the renunciation of a high ideal, of high conceptions of duty, for a rule of life more consonant with what we are pleased to regard as our interests. Where are we to stop? We adopt a compromise; we are not going to be "righteous overmuch;" we will just give ourselves fair play in a world where a good deal of sharp practice prevails. Supposing then our "interests" seem to require just a little more scope yet—and a little more. Why should they not have it? We have abandoned the ideal; we have come down to the practical; why should we cramp ourselves? And so the world abounds with dishonesty that just stops short of the penitentiary, while now and then an over close calculator finds that he has crossed the line.

But some one will say: "How can *one* adopt an ideal rule of life when all around him recognize nothing higher than custom or expediency." To this question I am not bold enough to reply as Christ would have replied: "He that saveth his life," *i.e.*, carefully and narrowly guards his interests by the ordinary means used in the world, "shall lose it; and he that loseth his life," *i.e.*, risks everything for duty, for the ideal, "shall save it." Yet though I do not feel like using these words, something tells me they are true—something tells me that the world owes much to those who have thought enough of their principles, of their ideals, to suffer and even die for them. What or where would we be now if no patriot had ever faced death, if no martyr had ever triumphed over agony, rather than betray the cause in which he believed? We can only say that our moral inheritance from the past would have been a much poorer and meaner one than it actually is, and that hu-

man history would have been robbed of all its dignity, pathos, and grandeur.

Without, however, attempting to solve any radical question—such as whether absolute subjection to the ideal is possible in a world so full of imperfection as ours—I would endeavour to throw out a suggestion or two in aid of idealism in life. The first thing, it seems to me, that a man has to do who has any desire for initiation in the higher life, is to reduce himself to moderate and reasonable dimensions in the great map of humanity. The natural man has a projection of his own for making maps of the world, according to which self stands out considerably larger than all the rest of mankind put together; and this same exaggerated self he carries about with him as no small burden, though perhaps he may not see the burden nor realize its existence. There can be no ideal life, however, while this distortion exists in a man's thoughts. He must realize that he is *not* of so much consequence as he has hitherto imagined; and that upon a map of the world, drawn upon any true scale, he is a very small speck indeed. This is the beginning of wisdom, and the beginning of peace—of wisdom, for now he can see other things in their true proportions; of peace, because he feels that he has got rid of a pestilent delusion, that he will no longer tax the indulgence of others by an inordinate self-love, and, lastly, that what is left of him is the true man, and is all there. The ways in which this wholesome reduction would work are very numerous. "Who am I that I should do this, that I should speak thus, that I should assume this tone, that I should hold others in subjection and sacrifice their comfort, their wishes, their tastes to mine?" are questions which never occur to many men, but which to the "regenerate" man seem to be at hand as often as he is tempted to transgress the bounds which moderation, and a just regard for the rights of others, impose upon his conduct. To observe how some men comport themselves, in their households particularly, one would imagine that they were absolutely irresponsible beings, raised high above all law, and free to indulge every passing humour, without a moment's consideration for the inferior beings by whom they are surrounded. They may refrain from actual blows, but their words are blows which bruise the heart and crush self-respect. Or perhaps it is mere contempt and indifference which the lordly being's actions express. He was made to be amused, and when his household cannot amuse him, he feels entirely free to seek his amusement elsewhere. He never dreamt of entering into any engagement which would bind him to do his full share towards making others happy: he is a master; do not ask him to descend from his high eminence and help others to bear the burdens of life. Oh man, have *you* then no master? one is tempted to exclaim. If you have lost all sense of an eye that watches your every action, is there still nothing that tells you that your whole line of life is false, that there is nothing in it that is either true or sweet or wholesome, but that it is a fraud, a tyranny, and a nuisance—a thing that the world were well rid of—a thing for Oblivion to hide with her darkest mantle? If there be no master for such, there is at least a moral order of the universe, the violation of which brings its own punishments. Are such men, with their tempestuous passions and selfish ways, happy? Far from it. Happiness is not won upon these terms. "Great peace have they," said the Psalmist, "who love thy law;" and happiness ever comes, not of a constrained, but of a voluntary subjection to *law*—not to an outward code of observances, but to that inward voice which bids a man ever to seek and practice the best.

There are all grades in human character; and the cases are perhaps rare in which we see a systematic ignoring of the higher law; yet how often men of whom better things might be expected give way to despotic or inconsiderate courses of conduct, acting as though their advantages of position, whether as husband, as father, as master, as capitalist, or be it what it may, carried no responsibility whatever. I think that the idea presented in the New Testament, that we are all servants of a higher Master, is a very wholesome one; and, at any rate, whether we can entertain the idea or no, it is well, it seems to me, to put the case from time to time to ourselves thus: "*If I had* a master, one who judged of things by a perfect standard, what would he think of my dealings with my fellow-servant?" To judge thus, to apply such a check to ourselves in our daily business, is what I call idealism in life; it is the pursuit of the perfect and the true.

It would be a very great mistake to sup-

pose that a man, by reducing himself to his proper place and dimensions in the world, must lose either force of character or influence. A French writer, I forget who, has said that this is an age when modest people are very quickly taken at their word; but it is small loss to the modest man to lose the advantages he might gain by brag or bluster. There are abundant means of influence open to him in his intercourse with his fellow-men; and when people see that he does not make too much of himself, that he has no wish to engross an undue measure of attention, or to encroach on anybody else's rights, they give him ready access to their minds and hearts. The humility enjoined in the New Testament has nothing mean or grovelling about it. Neither Jesus Christ nor Paul will ever teach any man to be a flunkey. "Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but let him think soberly." *Soberly*—that is the word.

There is another form which idealism will take which I should be sorry not to commend to your attention, viz., the idealism what craves for intellectual truth, which abhors compromise where truth is concerned, which refuses as far as possible to allow convenience, or interest, or prejudice, to arrest enquiry, to suppress its results, or to have any voice whatever in the shaping of opinions. Madame de Stael, in her brilliant and instructive book on Literature, says that "multitudes of men will never admit any general principle without first comparing its results with their own actions and interests," —of course to see whether they can admit it without inconvenience to themselves. It is needless to say that this habit is far from having died out of the world; and it is equally needless to say that it is the very negation of idealism. Truth is a word that has been sadly bandied about in all ages; it has had abuse enough to crush all meaning out of it, had that been possible; but it was not possible, and so the word and its meaning survive. To arrive at truth, however, is not the prerogative of every one. Some men in all their reasonings and observations simply dig pitfalls for themselves. They collate facts, they go through forms of reasoning, and they are not wiser, but less wise, than they were at the beginning. They fare precisely as those do who go to the Bible to prove a doctrine true; the proofs come to hand with delightful ease, and the ingenious individual wonders that all the world is not of his opinion. The first requisite for the discovery of truth is disinterestedness, and the second, I should say, is patience. How is a man to know, some one may ask, whether another man is disinterested? Every student of physics knows that the generation of heat in certain cases is the result of undue friction. Now, where I see undue heat or bitterness developed in connection with the discussion of a question, there I suspect the friction of interest or prejudice, The intense heat that an Orangeman, for example, will display in talking of Popery is hardly to be set down to a disinterested sympathy for those of his fellow-men who are bound in Romish superstition, or to a purely patriotic zeal for civil rights. The bitterness, again, that characterizes the language of some Radicals when speaking of the doctrines of Christianity, *may be* pure zeal for truth, but I confess I am apt to suspect an admixture in it of something else. As to the language which we sometimes hear from the pulpit in regard to free-thought and free-thinkers it bears too obviously the stamp of self-interest and fear to be accepted for a pure apostolic fervour. Let a man, then, judge himself as he would judge another, note the points where he breaks into language more violent or less charitable than he is wont to use, and try to overcome the friction *there*.

I have spoken of patience as the second great condition for the discovery of the truth. Some excellent people insist on treating certain questions as vastly more simple than they really are. They like short deductive cuts—"cross lots," as our neighbours say—to their favourite conclusions. To such I would respectfully tender this advice: When the process of reasoning by which you reach your conclusions is *very* obvious, *very* simple, rather suspect that it is unsuited to the matter in hand than that men as honest and able as vourselves have failed to see it. It has an odd effect to find a person holding up his hands in astonishment that so and so—a man of great eminence and high character, perhaps—had failed to perceive something which, if it had any bearing on the case, would be as conspicuous as the sun at noonday. Far better, I think, to conclude that there are other elements in the question which we do not allow for, than that men who enjoy in a high degree the respect of their contemporaries, are either stark fools or

shameless knaves. Suppose that we have to sacrifice in some measure the definiteness and absoluteness of our own opinions in order to do full justice to those of others—what of that? Any sacrifice for *justice* is worth making; and it is enough for a man to surround himself with an atmosphere of truthfulness, to know himself, and to be known by others, as open to the truth at all times, and above all as true in deed. A man who can do this may keep a great many speculative questions open without much injury to his character.

And now a few words in conclusion as regards the main sources of idealist inspiration. I have already stated that I find in the New Testament idealism in its most perfect form. In saying this I do not for one moment shut my eyes to all that modern criticism has established in regard to that book; but I see there the teaching of one who presented life in its highest conceivable aspect, as a struggle towards perfection. Next to the New Testament for intensity of ethical emotion, I would place the immortal work of Thomas à Kempis—the "Imitation of Christ." I need not tell the members of this Society that the book in question is pervaded by the monastic spirit; its origin and the date of its production would answer sufficiently for that. Its monasticism, however, does not rob it of its power as an instrument of moral culture, does not destroy its hold upon the hearts of many who have left, not monasticism only, but much else, far behind them. When I read such sentences at the following: "What does it profit thee to engage in deep discussions on the Trinity, if thou art lacking in humility, and so render thyself displeasing to the Trinity?" "Many words do not satisfy the soul; but a good life does refresh the mind, and a pure conscience gives great confidence towards God." "O divine truth, make me one with thee in perpetual charity!" "What is a greater impediment and trouble to thee than thine own immoderate self-love?" "A humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a profound search after knowledge; yet is not knowledge to be blamed, which is a good thing considered in itself, and ordained of God; but a good conscience and life are to be preferred to it." When, I say, I read such sentences as these and scores of others, I feel that the author was toiling in the upward path, and his strong yet simple words are as a helpful voice from the darkness of the past. There is idealism of the highest order in Shakspere and in Milton. Shakspere, it is true, gives us everything; but the pure mind chooses and dwells on what is best, and the best is incomparable. As a literary artist alone Milton carries the mind to a very high elevation; but in addition he makes life what every poet should make it,—a theatre of noble effort and pure aspiration. Coming down to more modern times, we find in the poet Shelley a passionate idealist. His "Alastor," his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," and his "Hellas," are each sufficient to make an epoch in the intellectual history of any one who can read them with adequate preparation of mind. In our own day, Tennyson and Browning, not to mention many other lesser poets, are full of the finest enthusiasm for the perfect life. To read these poets sympathetically is indeed to see the world with purified eyes, to see evil in all its hatefulness, and virtue in all its beauty. And yet there is, perhaps, a greater name still to be uttered,—Thomas Carlyle, with all his faults one of the noblest of human souls, and a mighty preacher to this generation. Such a man, overflowing with prophetic fervour, can afford to make a thousand mistakes, and the world will be his debtor still. He takes his stand upon no creed, but he makes the human conscience itself thunder against all baseness and falsehood. In the case of a lesser man his errors might have been more potent than his truths; but the impulse to righteousness that Carlyle has given will, I believe, be more than sufficient to carry his readers safely over the dangerous portions of his philosophy. Nor can I forbear, in this enumeration, to mention the name of Emerson,—a pure soul if ever there was one, a man of infinite delicacy, tact, and insight, inflexible in principle, radiant with hope, and unconquerable in faith. It is his especial gift to refine everything he touches, to breathe upon everything the best and richest influences of human culture. Let us make these men our company, without making them our oracles, and we shall grow into the likeness of what we behold, we shall imbibe their spirit, and receive a portion of their power. The great question for each of us is not, Shall we be free from this or that false opinion? but, Shall the world be beautiful for us, shall our minds be filled with pure thoughts and gen-

erous purposes? Shall we form a noble or a mean estimate of men and things? Shall we walk in a narrow, treadmill path of barren reasoning, or shall we have some sense of the richness and fulness and glory of the universe, and of the infinite resources of the spirit of man? Shall our lives be harmonized and dignified by a moral aim of which reason shall approve; or shall we shuffle through life, infirm of purpose, and trying to content ourselves with a partial rationalization of our conduct? In a word, shall we idealize life, or shall we vulgarize it? That, I say, is the question which concerns us all. Of the two courses open to us, if we choose the second our path may be an easy one, but it will lead away from the proper goal of human effort, and clouds may settle heavily upon it before the close; if we choose the former we choose struggle, but the struggle will be ever upward, and our last days shall be our best.

W. D. LE SUEUR.

HYACINTHUS.

I.

BRIGHTLY on the walls of Sparta,
Streamed the rays of Phœbus' wain;
From the briny baths of Ocean
Climb his steeds of ruddy mane.

And Eurotas, many-murmuring,
Poured its rocky bed along,
Choiring many a Doric herd
In a rugged Doric song.

But the reeds that waved beside him,
As the breeze began to move,
Seemed to rustle and to falter,
Whispering melting notes of love.

And no wonder, for beside them,
All the balmy spring-tide night,
Jolly Pan and all his satyrs
Revelled 'neath the fair moonlight;

And the music of their pipings,
Tangled in the listless reeds,
Waited but the breath of morning
To be wafted o'er the meads.

Now from forth the ancient gateway
Laughing came a youthful crowd,
Sons of Lacedæmon's heroes,
Singing Phœbus' praises loud.

'Twas an ancient, healthful custom,
Handed from their sires of old,
That when morning brushed the hill-tops
With his quiv'ring crest of gold,

All the youth of mighty Sparta
Should, beneath its frowning towers,
Lave them in the cold Eurotas
Bubbling 'mid its rocks and flowers.

Of these youths was one most lovely—
Laughing, rippling, sunny hair,
Eyes as blue as Jove's own heaven,
Skin as Indian ivory fair;

Cheeks that bloomed with Venus' roses,
Graceful lips of equal glow,
Where Dan Cupid oft reposes,
Whence 'tis said he shaped his bow.

Yet withal a manly vigour
Heightened these his other charms;
In the ancient two-kinged city
None more feat at deeds of arms;

In Palæstra, nurse of heroes,
None could better bend the bow;
Or among his youthful compeers
Farther none the discus throw.

So upon this fatal morning
With the other youths he came;
While upon the Grecian mountains
Woke the day in purple flame.

II.

Now among the crystal eddies
Of Eurotas gurgling deep,
Plunged the youth, and scattered from him
All the lingering dews of sleep.

Then, as he was wand'ring homewards,
Holy promptings filled his breast
To enwreath with chastest vervain
Great Athene's altars blest.

So to cull the pleasing off'ring
O'er the dewy meads he sped,
Little dreaming of the evil
E'en then hanging o'er his head.

Now the Archer, King Apollo,
Loved this Lacedæmon boy,
And to meet him and embrace him
Hastened with exceeding joy;

Bearing both his lyre and quiver,
And his mighty-sounding bow,
And the dark and weighty discus,
Which they both rejoiced to throw.

Then the two in friendly contest
Pitched the heavy quoit of stone,
Laughing each as by the other
Was his comrade's mark outthrown.

But the envious Zephyr saw it,
Straight his heart was filled with rage
That so wholly should his rival
Thus the Spartan's love engage.

For the Zephyr also loved him;
And when from Hesperian seas,
In the waking of the spring-time,
Coming back, he kissed the trees;

Then whene'er at sultry noon-tide
On a bank the youth lay sleeping
'Neath a myrtle through whose foliage
Gentle rays of light were peeping,

Would the Zephyr sweetly hover
O'er that bank and od'rous bower,
And with gauzy opal pinions
Fan him in his drowsy hour;

Play about his rosy temples,
Dally with his sunny hair,
And with soothing, soft embraces
Clasp his hands so lithe and fair.

Jealousy now seized upon him;
All his love was turned to hate;
Deeply in his breast he pondered,
Working out a direful fate.

So as once the quoit was winging
Through the stilly air its way,
With his angry wing he struck it,
Marred the pleasure of the day;

For it smote fair Hyacinthus,
Felled him to the dewy ground;
While from out his wounded temples
Flowed his blood full fast around.

Then the Zephyr all relenting,
Sighing, trembling, hovered by;
While with mournful cries Apollo
Seemed to rend the sunny sky.

Though he strove to staunch the life-stream
Pouring in a purple tide,
Unavailing were his efforts,
For at noon the Spartan died.

But within that pleasant meadow
Where his young heart's blood was shed,
Sprung there up a lovely blossom
Painted of a blushing red.

III.

And still when in early spring-time,
Speeding o'er the azure sea,
Come the twittering, swift-winged swallows;
Wake the flowers on hill and lea;

When the Zephyr mourns the sweetest,
When the crocus bursts to flame,
And amid the greening forest
Gentle wood-doves 'gin to plain;—

Then in many a mossy dingle,
Where in conclave sweet are met
Daisy stars, and snowy lilies,
And the tearful violet;

There this flower ambrosial-breathing,
Named of him from whom 'tis sprung,
'Neath the Zephyr's glowing kisses
Opes its bells before the sun.

For the sorrowing West Wind loves it,
Tends it as his proper flower,
As of old, fair Hyacinthus,
Slumbering 'neath a myrtle bower.

R. T. NICHOL.

ROUND THE TABLE.

A WRITER in the "Contributor's Club," of the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, endeavours to meet an idea which seems to have become prevalent in the United States, that the Canadian policy towards the Indians is very greatly superior to that of the United States Government. As the same idea has been a favourite one among ourselves, it is as well to see what is to be said to the contrary. The writer in question enumerates several differences between the circumstances of the two countries, as regards the Indians. He refers to the immensely greater number of Indians that the United States Government has to deal with, as compared with ours. This is true, but there is also a difference between a people of four millions, and one of more than forty. He says that they have to deal with wild Indians, we with tame ones. This is true only to some extent. Our North-west tribes are just as much "bold hunters of the buffalo" as any as theirs, and many of them just as untamed; while every one knows what the Mohawk and Iroquois Indians of central Canada were in the infancy of this country. He remarks, further, that the existence of the large class of half-breeds is a connecting link acting as a means of mutual comprehension, and a help to good feeling and good government. This is quite true, and so also is the remark, that the great organization of the Hudson's Bay Company has always acted as an important agent in the management of the Indians. But after making all deductions that can be fairly made, and admitting that the superiority of our policy has been somewhat overrated as regards its *intrinsic* merits, there seems no reason for asserting, as the writer in the *Atlantic* does, that, even if our "policy were perfect, as it is not, it would not apply." There is no reason why what is good in it should not apply. Although our policy may be by no means *perfect*, still it has always been based on two great principles, which should be of equal application to their circumstances and ours—the first being to found all negotiations with the Indians on principles of equity and good faith, recognising their right to the soil; the second being to carry these principles out by means of thoroughly trustworthy agents. We have not been in the habit of giving very liberal prices for land we have purchased from them, but whatever arrangements we have made with them *have been scrupulously adhered to.* The Indians have not felt themselves at the mercy of whatever might happen to be the convenience or caprice of their nearest neighbours, who might drive them away from their reserves if it so pleased them. Take the following quotations from the speeches of a Comanche and a Waco Indian, extracted from an American official report: "Many years ago we lived in Texas, where the Government opened farms, and supplied us with all other domestic animals, which prospered and made us happy for awhile, but the citizens of that country soon said, 'the Comanches are bad,' and arose and drove us from these homes, destroying all we had. Brothers, I'm very glad to see you doing so well, but my heart feels bad when I look back and think what I might have been had not Texas treated me and my people so bad. . . . When we left Texas, we stopped on the Washita river; here we tried again to live as we had in Texas, but the white man's war came up and compelled us again to leave our homes." So speaks the Comanche; here is the Waco's statement: "It is many years ago since the Wacos commenced to live like the white man, in Texas, and I've often thought had they not been disturbed by the whites, they, at this time, would have been equal in civilization to any tribe, perhaps, in the Council. But we were driven away from our homes there, into Kansas; and when we had made another commencement, we were again driven away. So that, even now, though we are doing comparatively well, *our hearts are not strong, for we are by no means certain that we will not again be driven to some other place.* The Waco's history shows that whenever the white man thinks the Indian

is in his way, he has but to arise in his might and drive him, for there is no law to which the Indian can appeal for protection." This complaint is just. No law exists (unless it has been made very recently) to which an Indian may appeal for the punishment of any wrong done to him by a United States agent. And while the negro freeman is a citizen, the red man is not only a foreigner, but destitute of the rights accorded to unnaturalized aliens in American courts. The Rev. Principal Grant, in his book, "Ocean to Ocean," the new edition of which, I am glad to see, has received well-deserved commendation in the last *Westminster Review* (another proof that Canadian literature is beginning to receive recognition "at home"), thus explains the success of our Indian policy (pp. 385 and 388). "What is the secret of our wonderful success in dealing with the Indians? It can be told in very few words. We acknowledge their right and title to the land; and a treaty once made with them, we keep it. Lord Dufferin has pointed out what is involved in our acknowledgement that the original title to the land exists in the Indian tribes and communities. 'Before we touch an acre, we make a treaty with the chiefs representing the bands we are dealing with, and having agreed upon and paid the stipulated price, we enter into possession, but not until then do we consider that we are entitled to deal with an acre.' It is well that this should be clearly understood, because the Indians themselves have no manner of doubt on the subject. At the North-west Angle, chief after chief said to the Governor: 'This is what we think, that the Great Spirit has planted us on this ground where we are, as you were where you came from. We think that where we are is our property.' . . . Something more than making a treaty is needed. It must be kept to the letter and in the spirit. I am not aware that the Indians ever broke a treaty that was fairly and solemnly made. They believe in the sanctity of an oath; and to a Christian nation a treaty made with true believers, heretics, or pagans, with mosque-goers or with church-goers, should be equally binding. To break a treaty made with these old lords and sons of the soil would be worse than to break one made with a nation able to resent a breach of faith." In such views, and in acting on such views, lies I think our "sovereign" method of dealing with our red brothers, which our neighbours would find equally efficacious in dealing with theirs.

—What can be done, or can anything be done, to avert in any degree the almost certainly demoralizing effects of the next general election? In the keenness of the party contest which we know will ensue, how many falsehoods will be told, wilful misrepresentations originated or repeated, uncharitable and unkind shafts of personality launched at political opponents? And how many of these things will be done by men whom, in ordinary life, we are wont to regard as at least fairly truthful, honest, and kindly disposed? But can the experience of yielding to the temptation to be dishonest for party purposes leave a man as honest as it found him? All known rules of morality must be wrong if it does not demoralize him just in proportion as he yields to the temptation. And—making all possible allowance for the mental discolouration of party bias, for ignorance, for misconception—we admit to ourselves that instances of actual dishonesty among political partizans are far more common than, for the moral and Christian credit of our country, it is at all pleasant to recognize. And the very commonness of the evil has become a plea to be used in defence of it. What everyone, or almost everyone does in politics must be right, or at least not very wrong. This, though generally put in more euphemistic phraseology, is the substance of the justification. And what a man does in political life is held as quite distinct from what he does in private life, so that even a professedly Christian man is held, by some Christians, to be not altogether inexcusable for his falsehood so long as it is a *political* one! "All is fair in love and war!" How often do we hear that wretchedly immoral saying, as if it were quite a sufficient salve to any over-sensitive conscience. But have we, as moral beings, the slightest right to make any such distinction? Christianity as well as conscience teaches that it is not lawful to do evil that good may come; how much more that it is not lawful to do evil for a man's political advancement or that of his party, which is, after all, only an enlarged selfishness. Wherein does a lie for *political* advancement differ from a lie for *pecuniary* advancement? The fallacious idea that it does has done more to demoralize the public life of Canada than perhaps any other

influence. Now, is it not time that we should be growing out of this utterly untenable idea? Should not all persons in influential positions, who care about the morality of their country—ministers, professors, teachers—set themselves in determined opposition to the idea that "politics" form any excuse for any kind of immorality whatsoever? Do we not need special organizations to meet this evil as well as intemperance, for really it is growing quite as common? Why should not high-toned and patriotic men on both sides of political parties unite in a society for the purpose of discouraging utterly all political dishonesty, misrepresentation, unjustifiable personality, or any other wrong? Is there any sufficient reason why this should not be done? Have we not ten (political) men righteous enough to begin such a movement? If nothing is done, the next general election will certainly leave us lower in the moral scale than we stand now.

—If the country wants to be demoralized and means to be demoralized, I do not see how we are going to help it. Every intelligent man knows the hollowness if party cries, the falsity of party statements, the hypocrisy of party pretensions; and if men who know all this are still willing to be made tools of and ready to throw up their caps and drum up votes for the "standard-bearers" of party, they must e'en be allowed to have their own way. "The end is not yet." We should consider this, however, that, in an imperfect state of society, disinterested desire for the public good will never be a very powerful motive among the masses, and that consequently the only way in which interest can be kept alive in public matters is through a large admixture of personal and selfish motives. If we could suppose for a moment party spirit suddenly to flag in presence of a general election, the eloquence of Dr. Tupper, of Sir John A. Macdonald, and of Mr. Mackenzie to fall flat and dead on the ears of their former followers, and the voice of pure reason and patriotism alone to be heard in the land, what would the result be? The result would be that not one-tenth of the whole vote of the country would be polled, and that elections would go just as local interests and private feelings might determine. Does it follow that we all ought to be zealous partizans? By no means. A demonstration that superstition is a natural growth of the human mind does not bind one who has shaken off superstition to try and re-enslave his intellect. No, let us watch the struggle and do what we can to make rational views prevail; but let us not be unduly discouraged if party passions seem to carry everything before them. They must have their fling. The torrent throws up a vast quantity of weed; but there is force and life in it; and anything is better than the cold calculations of selfishness, which would be only too likely to prevail if party spirit suddenly ceased to act. In allegiance to party there is at least a visible advance on simple allegiance to self, and that is something to be thankful for.

—In the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Professor Huxley has an instructive article on William Harvey, of which, however, the last page or two suggests the possibly uncharitable idea, that the article might have been written to bring in at the end a masked battery against the opponents of vivisection. He says, indeed, that he does not think the occasion a fitting one "for the discussion of the burning question of vivisection." But he, nevertheless, does discuss it with no little animus and misrepresentation of those who oppose vivisection on the ground that "might" does not constitute the "right" to inflict cruelty, and whose indignation has been stirred—*not* by experiments like that of Harvey, on a "demonstrably insensible animal," but by authentic reports of horrible cruelties perpetrated on highly sensitive creatures, such as dogs, cats, and other domestic animals, the almost humanly intelligent companions of our daily life. And in many cases the experiments had not even the excuse of "the good of the human race," being performed simply to gratify curiosity in verifying the previous experiments of others. The learned Professor closes with a remarkable paragraph, in which he evidently considers he has brought the matter to a *reductio ad absurdum*. He says, "Possibly the world is entering upon a phase in which the recognised whole duty of man will be *to avoid the endurance or the infliction of physical pain*, whatever future alleviation of misery may be its consequence, however great the positive benefit to mankind which may flow thereupon." Observe the words in italics. Professor Huxley puts the endurance and the infliction of pain

upon the same level, as if both were equally heroic! Regulus we all call a hero (never mind that we are told now that his embassy was a myth), but his torturers and he have always been supposed to be morally antipodal. But "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" In the light of modern morality, we shall have to look on inquisitors as no less praiseworthy than their victims, because they at least professed to be guided by the motive of "positive benefit to mankind," and they were so brave in—*inflicting* pain, because they certainly feared not (in Professor Huxley's words) at least "to *inflict* pain" in a good cause! We have always venerated the heroism of the physician who dared personal suffering and death that he might find the secret of some fatal disease. *Now* it turns out that he would have been just about as praiseworthy had he devolved the "vicarious suffering" on some miserable slave! For if a man may cruelly torture an animal because he thinks it is in his power to do so, and because he thinks it for the good of the human race, there are, on Professor Huxley's principles, no reasons why he might not with equal justice, torture some helpless fellow-being, if this also were for the good of the race. Why should a "race" which can claim on no reasonable grounds a higher life than the animal one, be so insufferably arrogant in declaring that all the rest of creation may righteously be tortured for its good? Or if indeed there is a future life after all, and one of these same vivisectors should, on entering it, find himself as absolutely in the power of some member of a superior "race" as the animal was here in his power, what moral plea would he have to urge why he might not in his turn be as relentlessly tortured for the good, physical or moral, of other superior beings? Probably he would then see it in a different light, the light in which a vivisector's victim, if suddenly endowed with reason, would be likely to see it *now*. He goes on to say, however, that when the world has entered upon the phase he describes, various terrible things will happen. First, "crime must go unpunished, for what justification is there for 'torturing' a poor thief or murderer except for the general good of society?" Natural enough for a utilitarian, but he seems to forget that in such a new "phase," it is possible that an old-fashioned idea called "moral desert" might have some influence. Furthermore, "there will be no means of transport, or nothing to ride except steam-engines and bicycles, for the 'torture' involved in the training and in the labour of beasts of draught and burden will be insufferable." Well, we *have* heard it suggested that our methods of *training* might and ought to be improved, so as to avoid the "torture," and that the cruelties inflicted in the *use* of such animals are a fair subject for our humanitarian societies to prevent. Wouldn't this be a possible alternative? But further: "No man will think of eating meat or killing noxious insects." Here again, surely we have heard of "painless killing," which most intelligent people regard as a simple duty towards the animals we use for food. "Sport," terrible to say, "will be abolished." *Ruat cœlum!* But the people who do not see the high moral influence of *battues* and pigeon-shootings, and putting thousands of innocent birds annually to a death of lingering torture may be excused for thinking this not so terrible an evil after all! And—climax of all—"war will have followed it, not so much because war is fraught with evil to men, but because of the awful 'torture' which it inflicts directly upon horses and mules, to say nothing of the indirect dyspeptic sufferings of the *vultures and wolves, which are tempted by our wickedness to over-eat themselves!*" Surely, such gross and heartless flippancy in dealing with such a subject is unworthy of a man of Professor Huxley's standing! It seems superfluous to remark that most people in this age have been in the habit of considering war, in *all* its aspects, unnatural, horrible, alike opposed to the spirit of Christianity and of true civilization, and would joyfully welcome a "phase" of the world in which it should disappear. But Professor Huxley tells us he would "be somewhat loath to exist in a world in which his notions of what men should be and do will have no application." He might then have some sympathy with those who now often find *their* "notions" placed out of relation with the actual, and their joy of existence marred by such things as war and *battues*, and the countless miseries which man inflicts on the creatures under his control, human or otherwise. This subject may be a difficult or a perplexing one, but Professor Huxley's remarkable *reductio ad absurdum* will hardly throw much light upon it.

—It seems to me that every one must agree in the condemnation above pronounced upon the tone and language indulged in by Prof. Huxley. The eminent anatomist has never been distinguished for delicacy of moral feeling or of taste. It would almost seem as if constant and prolonged study of nature, "red in beak and claw with ravine," had given him a tendency to shriek against any gentler creed than that of "the survival of the fittest." But—some one may say—we do not choose creeds for their gentleness, but for their truth; and if the "survival of the fittest" is the master principle on which nature works, why should we not adapt all our thoughts and feelings to it? Why should we not brand as sentimentalism every mode of feeling that stands in the way of the fullest recognition and acceptance of that principle. Well, here is just the issue that I should like to see joined, viz., whether the principle of competition, of struggle, involving the destruction or the debasement of the weaker by the stronger, is applicable to the moral and social development of humanity. There is no doubt at all that, in the consideration of social problems, many persons are to-day profoundly influenced by the truth, which only of late years has been duly realized, that throughout nature there is an unceasing struggle for life, and that types are perfected by the destruction of all their weaker representatives. Why should this not hold good in human civilisation? Why should we put forth a hand to help the weak, instead of leaving him to perish in his weakness? Why should we redeem any one from the consequences of his fault, and thereby thwart the teachings and intentions of nature? This drunken man whom we see lying by the roadside on a bitter night should be left to freeze, inasmuch as that is nature's method of punishing such recklessness as his. You need not mind his wife and children; if they perish also that is only what commonly happens to young birds and beasts when deprived of their natural protectors. I say that this mode of viewing things is becoming much more common of late years; and I should like to see it pushed, in theory, to the utmost consequences, in order that we may see whether it is one that we can safely trust in human matters. What has been said above of the drunken man would apply equally to your friend who has casually fallen into the water, and is drowning before your eyes. Some act of heedlessness has brought him to his present position; and why should he not suffer the consequences? Similarly, in the competition of life, everyone should take the fullest advantage of every point in his own favour. For the strong to place their strength at the service of the weak is flying in the face of nature, which says that the weak should be improved off the face of the earth. If this principle, however, cannot be applied in its purity; if human society would sink to the level of the vultures (the regularity of whose digestion Prof. Huxley thinks will engage so much tender solicitude in years to come) were it to adopt any such code as that which maintains the balance of life in the lower creation; then would it not be well to cease from tacit references to that code, and to shun altogether that tone of savage impatience with weakness and savage contempt of compassion? There must be a *human* method of dealing with weakness, and it is for men and women to find it out. The first interest to be saved is the interest of human character. We cannot allow that to be brutalized for any theory. It has been elevated in the past by examples of heroism and self-sacrifice; and if it is to be elevated in the future we may be pretty sure it will be by the same means. The struggle for existence may have made us men; but if we would rise above our present level it will be by a struggle for the higher life of charity and self-renunciation.

—A friend of mine, who was afflicted with an exasperatingly pious servant, used to complain bitterly of the ready and orthodox excuses which the domestic would bring forward in palliation of her misdoings. There seemed to her something essentially mean and underhand in the sneaking way in which the burden was shifted off the offender's shoulders by the ready "Oh, yes, ma'am, I'm very sorry, but I was tempted beyond my power to resist," or the "Indeed, ma'am, it must have been the Evil One himself who whispered such a thought into my ear." These justifications were generally brought forward with such an air of being entirely innocent of the whole affair, such a readiness to hold one's self disconnected from all blame, and so much pharisaical contempt for one's quondam associate in guilt, that I think my friend's indignation will be quite understood, and her vigour of speech ap-

plauded, when I mention that her usual reply was, "That's right, lay all the blame on poor Satan!"

Burns, if I remember right, had the same soft spot for "auld Nickie," and the servant girl had her prototype in Eve, with her "The serpent tempted me, and I did eat." It is a kind of inverted humility that leads us to hand over our bad deeds, like a bankrupt's stock, *en bloc*, to the Father of Lies, and we feel as if a kind of moral whitewashing brush has passed over our souls accordingly. It is *such* a relief to us, and he—why he is so badly off already that an additional turpitude or so can't weigh much with him. In the old wanderings in the desert, when the High Priest had laid his hands, heavy with the curse and the iniquity of an entire people, upon the forehead of the scape-goat, and that unfortunate animal had turned aside to die in the famine-stricken plain, no one would have scrupled to have vented his wrath in a private imprecation upon its devoted head. To add a span of years to eternity would be as futile and unmeaning as to impute another blackness or two to the Devil; so our repentant criminal feels that in blaming Satan, who won't care, and who is not jeopardised in any way, he is, as nearly as practicable, annihilating his fault altogether — surely a very desirable result.

I have been led into this train of thought by the not unnatural idea that, just now, "poor Satan" is having the faults of a prominent temperance lecturer scored down to his account by some hundred cold-water-cure organizations all over the Province. The Devil, and perhaps the Distillers, are credited with the whole affair; whereby, naturally, great honour and glory redounds to the Temperance Cause, whose advocates are found worthy to be tempted by two such powerful adversaries.

Now for a thought to wind up with. What do you say?—'tis my wife that interrupts me. "It is true that men are apt to lay their bad deeds upon the back of the Devil; and not less true nor less natural is it, that they claim all their good deeds as their own."

—Have you never been disappointed, when exercising what Canon Farrar calls "the divinest perogative of friendship," namely, that of communicating to others what you find to be healthful to yourself, to find that the friend to whom you have confided your burning thought has not met you with that sympathy you looked and waited for, that he merely answered you with a "yes, a very pretty idea," calmly spoken, or "a happy suggestion," or something equally commonplace and wholly inadequate to your feelings? You have felt then that what had been to you a rush of refreshing water, where previously there had been dry land, was to him a mere statement "stale, flat, and unprofitable," stirring nothing within him.

I think we ought to bear in mind in these cases that just when a fresh thought comes to us our minds are in perfect readiness and fit to entertain it, and that this is why we "receive it gladly" and it brings forth fruit. On the other hand, our friend's brain has not been working on the same plan as our own, and is consequently unfit to take in our suggestion; probably, too, it is swayed by some dominant idea of its own.

It was a delicate, pale flower that I was watching that made me think of all this, and I was just going to observe to my companion how calmly and quietly it seemed waiting for light and beauty to come to it to make it still fairer and fuller of life, and how contentedly it was "letting be," reminding one of some remarks of the good Dean of Norwich, that we should not flare our light (perhaps, too, an imaginary light—a very will-o'-the-wisp) in other people's faces, saying, "Look here, here's a light!" but remember the Divine command to "*let* it shine." I say, I was going to say something like this to my acquaintance, when I was suddenly seized with the idea that he would certainly respond "h'm," or something equally refrigerating.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ON the eve of a general election in the Dominion, and amid the din of party preparation, public affairs in Quebec have suddenly acquired an interest which fairly entitles them to unusual prominence in a review of current events. It is much to be regretted that the issue to be submitted to the Province at the polls should be so blurred and confused in the presentation. Instead of being required to pass judgment upon the financial or general policy of the late Administration and the programme of M. Joly, the people are called upon to decide a grave and delicate constitutional question, which it is antecedently improbable they will consider calmly, dispassionately, and upon its merits. Apart, however, from the purblind rage of party conflict, there is an essential unfitness in the tribunal to which the appeal is made. The people are the best and surest defenders of popular freedom; and yet it is indisputably true also that, on the finer issues arising from the relations of the Crown to its advisers, they are not competent judges. The broad lines of defence with which our constitution has hedged about the liberties of the people are well marked and easily discernible by them; they can mark the towers and tell the bulwarks with unerring exactness; but it by no means follows that the management of operations within is best conducted by the rough and ready means of a *plébiscite* or a Parliamentary election. No one can possibly go further than we are prepared to go in ardent attachment to representative institutions, and that best form of them known as responsible government; yet it is impossible to conceal the fact that, although all power must come from the people, and all authority be ultimately responsible to them, the inner machinery of government is far too complicated and delicate to be improved by rude overhauling at the hustings. The *ad captandum* appeals to popular fears and prejudice, as well as popular ignorance, now being made, are sufficient evidence that those who raise constitutional issues regarding the Royal prerogative are of the same opinion. A system which "broadens down from precedent to precedent" requires, from those who would rightly comprehend it, something more than a vague enthusiasm for popular rights, or an unreasoning panic over supposed assaults upon them. To call up the ghost of George III., or of Lord Metcalfe, is to unhinge the public mind and unfit it for the exercise of its political functions, to raise false and irrelevant issues, and to appeal rather to the unruly passions of the electorate than to its sober and cultivated common sense.

Let us endeavour, therefore, to strip this Quebec crisis of all adventitious surroundings and examine it in the light of constitutional history. The survey must necessarily be brief; but it may be none the less complete and conclusive; and first, for the facts. The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, on the 1st of March, dismissed his Conservative Ministers, and subsequently called upon M. Joly, the Liberal leader, to form a Cabinet This having been accomplished, His Honour, by the advice of the new Government, dissolved the House. The reasons assigned for the dismissal were two:—first, that the De Boucherville Cabinet had "submitted several new and important measures to the Legislature without having previously, in any manner, consulted with the Lieutenant-Governor;" and, secondly, that one, at least, of these measures seemed to him "to be contrary to the principles of law and justice." M. Letellier, it must be mentioned, distinctly acquits the Premier of the intention of claiming any right of having "measures passed without his approval, or of slighting the prerogatives of the representative of the Crown;" still, "although not so intended, the fact exists," and "gives rise to one of those false positions which place the representative of the Crown in a difficult and critical position with reference to both Houses of the Legislature. . . . The Lieutenant-Governor cannot admit the responsibility of this state of things to rest upon him." The late Administration and its supporters contend that the Lieutenant-Governor has no right to dismiss a Ministry which is sustained

by a majority in the House, but must accept them and their measures, so long as they are so sustained. They suggest that M. Letellier's act is the result of party or personal feelings; that they are the victims of a misunderstanding; and that, at the last moment, they were willing to reserve their own Bills, to be vetoed at Ottawa, rather than yield the places they occupied with the sanction and approval of the Legislature. It would appear also that they protest against the dissolution granted to M. Joly.

Now, if there be one constitutional principle more clearly defined than another, it is this, that the choice of its advisers is absolutely within the power and prerogative of the Crown, subject to the approval of the people's representatives, either in a House actually in being or a new one to be elected after a reasonably short interval. In dismissing a Cabinet possessing the confidence of a majority in the existing House, the Crown or its representative no doubt incurs a grave responsibility; but of the necessity or propriety of that step the Sovereign is the sole judge, the penalty of a mistake being the return of an ejected Ministry to office. The serious character of such a dismissal is a sufficient safeguard against its frequent recurrence; and so far from being an assault upon responsible government, it is its surest bulwark. The notion that a change of Ministry, with an appeal to the people, is an outrage upon representative institutions, appears to be about the wildest hallucination that ever haunted the addled brain of a political enthusiast. It assumes that, although the existing Government, with its majority, may violate every principle of equity, treat the Crown as a lay figure or a cipher, and resist an appeal to the people, the representative of the Sovereign is to submit to be ignored, to gather all he knows about public affairs, as ordinary people do, from the newspapers, sanction everything, read the little speeches put in his hands, and be content. That, as we shall soon have occasion to perceive, is not the theory of the British constitution; it is only referred to here as connected with the absurd cry of "responsible government in danger." The Crown has duties to perform towards the people as well as the Cabinet or the Commons; indeed, it may sometimes be the better exponent of popular opinions and wishes, and it is therefore the height of absurdity to urge that an appeal to the people is a violation of their rights, or that those rights should be considered of less importance than the partizan views of a moribund Legislature. Without the power of dismissing advisers, responsible government could not possibly exist. A refractory Minister might easily set his colleagues at defiance, as Lord Palmerston did for some time after the French *coup d'état*; the Crown, which is the balance wheel of the constitutional machine must cease to work, and the whole be thrown into confusion because of the usurpation of sovereign authority by the advisers of the Sovereign. There is nothing a corrupt ministry, backed by a servile majority, might not do, until it reached the end of its tether. Popular opinion and political morality might be set at defiance, and, although the day of retribution might come, incalculable mischief might have been done in the interval. Will any one contend that if Lord Beaconsfield were dishonorable enough, in England, to propose a Silver Bill, or the repudiation of a solemn award by arbitrators, the Queen, because he happened to command a majority in the Commons, would or ought to sanction his measures? Is the Crown alone to have no conscience? Is it to permit the good name of the country to be sullied and its own dignity lowered without the power of dismissing the offenders and appealing from them to the country? So much for the common-sense view of the matter; now the precedents may be examined.

The old exercise of the veto in England fell into disuse from the moment Parliamentary rule became a reality. The last occasion on which the Sovereign employed it occurred in 1707, when Queen Anne vetoed the Bill to settle the militia of Scotland. The reason why this prerogative has fallen into abeyance is, as Cox observes, "because the Crown acts under the advice of Ministers responsible to Parliament, and those Ministers do not offer measures to Parliament in opposition to the will of the Sovereign." Obviously, therefore, the Sovereign must be fully informed of the nature and scope of any such measures, and whatever may be said of George the Third's theory of government or his want of fidelity to advisers he accepted, precedents in his reign must carry due weight with them on the point here at issue. There is a steady progress in the

history of the constitution; but there is no breach of continuity, and, therefore, precedents not subsequently overruled are still in full force, no matter whether they are met with under the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, or the House of Brunswick. George III. erred not in exercising "the constitutional right of dismissing a Minister" (the phrase is one used by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria), but in plotting against his Ministers, using the influence of his name against them, and seeking counsel from irresponsible advisers. The Fox-North coalition of 1783 was personally distasteful to him, and he complained that they had put £100,000 in the estimates for the Prince of Wales without consulting him, and that the East India Bill was not properly explained to him. He dismissed them, appointing Pitt, and in 1784 his course was ratified by the people. In 1807, the Ministry of "all the talents" was virtually ejected, because they had, as the King alleged, introduced a Catholic Emancipation Bill without fully informing him of its nature. He was indignant that the Bill should be fathered on him, protested that he would never sign it, demanded its immediate withdrawal and a pledge that Ministers would not introduce a similar Bill in future. The result was a change of Government; Perceval advised a dissolution and carried a majority on the appeal to the people. In 1832, although Earl Grey obtained a majority of two to one on the Reform Bill in the Commons, he was forced to retire—in fact, dismissed—when the King refused to create Peers. In 1834, on the death of Earl Spencer, Lord Althorp, his son, leader of the House of Commons, was removed to the Lords. Thereupon William IV., who was opposed to a majority of the Cabinet on the Irish Church question, dismissed them. Sir R. Peel succeeded and appealed to the people. He was defeated at the polls and Lord Melbourne returned to office in 1835. In 1839, Her present Majesty refused to allow Sir R. Peel liberty to dismiss two ladies of the bedchamber, and he was kept out of office; but in 1841, Sir Robert triumphed in the elections and was made Premier on his own terms. All these precedents bear upon the Quebec case, more or less, and in none of them was any objection made on the ground that the Royal prerogative had been exercised unconstitutionally. The closest parallel, however, occurs in a precedent only twenty-six years old, and appears to have been overlooked during the recent discussion.* Earl Russell was Premier in 1852, certainly, but the objections to Lord Palmerston's course were precisely those made by M. Letellier to that of M. De Boucherville, and similar to those of George III. Let us quote briefly from the *Hansard* of that year; it will be seen that had Lord Palmerston been Premier, instead of Foreign Secretary, the entire Ministry would have been dismissed. In speaking of the position of the Crown in relation to its advisers, Lord John Russell said, "that when the Crown, in consequence of a vote of the House of Commons, places its constitutional confidence in a minister, that minister is, on the other hand, bound to afford to the Crown the most frank and full detail of every measure that is taken, or to leave the Crown its full liberty, a liberty which the Crown must possess, of saying that the minister no longer possesses its confidence. Such I hold to be the general doctrine But as regards the noble lord, it did so happen that in August, 1850, the precise terms were laid down in a communication on the part of Her Majesty," &c. Now here are the Queen's words:—"The Queen requires first, that Lord Palmerston should distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she is giving her Royal sanction. Secondly, that having once given her sanction to a measure, that

* Since these remarks were put in type, Sir Francis Hincks has acknowledged the article in the *Journal*, and fortified his position by a second, which renders it absolutely impregnable. The case of Lord Palmerston is cited from Mr. Todd's valuable book; but one circumstance is omitted that renders it peculiarly apposite to the present discussion, As Lord John Russell stated, the royal memorandum was written, not in 1852, but in 1850. On receiving it, Lord Palmerston had said: "I have taken a copy of this memorandum of the Queen, and will not fail to attend to the directions it contains." In less than eighteen months, he repeated his offence, as above stated, and was dismissed. Singularly, in November, 1877, according to M. Letellier, the ex-Premier of Quebec, having been remonstrated with for acting without the sanction of the Crown, promised that it should not occur again. Early this year, with far less justification, he was once more treading on unconstitutional ground, and was therefore dismissed. It may be remarked, by the way, that the Opposition journals are invoking the Governor-General's personal interference in this matter, without asking or taking the advice of his Ministers; in short, they expect his Excellency to violate the cardinal maxim of responsible Government at Ottawa, in order that he may rescue it from an imaginary peril at Quebec.

it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. Such an act she must consider as failing in sincerity towards the Crown, and justly to be visited by the exercise of her constitutional right of dismissing that Minister." It also "so happens that just before the royal memorandum was penned, the House of Commons, after a debate—memorable as the occasion of Sir R. Peel's last speech, only a few hours before the fatal fall from his horse—had distinctly expressed its approval of Palmerston's foreign policy by a vote of 310 to 264. Nor could he have been ejected from the Government if the sovereign had not had power to carry out the Premier's advice to dismiss him. His first offence was committed in the matter of the Hungarian refugees in Turkey, and the second consisted in writing a dispatch approving of the Napoleonic *coup* of the 2nd December. It is hardly necessary to remark that both the Queen and the Premier state a general constitutional doctrine, applicable to all measures, legislative as well as diplomatic; and that the second complaint of Her Majesty was merely an aggravation of the offence charged impliedly under the first head. In 1852, he certainly did not obtain the Royal sanction at all, and that was the immediate cause of his dismissal.

With regard to the dissolution, there is no need to speak at length. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that in 1701, William III. dissolved Parliament, contrary to the wish of his Cabinet, of his own mere motion, because of dissensions between the two Houses and the growing unpopularity of the Commons. From that time, however, no dissolution has taken place except on the advice of responsible Ministers. For example, in 1710, Queen Anne dismissed the Ministers, appointed Harley, and, at his suggestion, dissolved Parliament. These precedents, at least the first, would not bind us without subsequent confirmation, and how the case stands may be gathered from Lord John Russell's Memorials of Fox:—"The precedent of 1784 therefore establishes this rule of conduct—that if the Ministers chosen by the Crown do not possess the confidence of the House of Commons, they may advise an appeal to the people, with whom rests the ultimate decision. This course has been followed in 1807, in 1831, in 1834, and in 1841. In 1807 and 1831 the Crown was enabled, as in 1784, to obtain the confidence of the new House of Commons. In 1834 and 1841 the decision was adverse to the existing Ministry." Three of these cases have already been referred to; the dissolution of Parliament in 1831 was occasioned by the failure of the Reform Bill; that of 1841 by the defeat of the Whig Government, when contending for a fixed duty on corn as opposed to Peel's sliding scale.

The refusal of Sir Edmund Head to dissolve the Canadian House in 1858 has been repeatedly referred to, and therefore deserves a passing remark or two. His Excellency was made the victim of much unmerited vituperation at the time, and, although we think he was clearly wrong, after giving his confidence to the Brown-Dorion Ministry, in refusing a measure absolutely essential to their existence for twenty-four hours, it appears to us that he was only guilty of an error in judgment. Having deliberately invited the Hon. Mr. Brown to form an Administration, he was constitutionally bound to accept him and his colleagues without reservation. Mr. Brown was quite justified in refusing to accept any conditions Sir Edmund might think fit to impose, or the claim to reject his proposed Minister's advice before it was offered, or any opportunity given for offering it. His notice in advance that he would not dissolve the House was a clear proof that he knew such a dissolution must necessarily be asked; and, therefore, to invite Mr. Brown to form a Government under the circumstances, cannot be justified. The fact that the hon. gentleman was the leader of the Opposition might have been the cause of the summons; if it was, either the new Government should not have been accepted and sworn in at all, or the Governor-General should have placed himself unreservedly in their hands, until a general election confirmed them in their places or turned them out. His Excellency, in his explanations, stated, as one reason for his refusal to dissolve, that he believed it possible to form an Administration which would command a majority; if so, considering the nature of the vote which ejected the former Government, he should have at once called upon the man about whom the majority might be expected to rally, and not upon Mr. Brown, whom he had determined not to accept as Minister before he entrusted him with the task of forming a Government. The con-

siderations urged by Sir E. Head are not without weight, and may be fairly admitted as having, in fact, determined his course. The late Government, as subsequent events proved, possessed a working majority in the House, and were only defeated by a union of local jealousies on the Seat of Government question. Moreover, the general elections had only just taken place, and His Excellency was not unnaturally disinclined to plunge the constituencies so soon into the turmoil of an electoral contest, especially when the issue on which the late Ministry retired would certainly not be that upon which the elections must turn, but questions decided already towards the close of 1857. Yet, after an interval of twenty years, the deliberate judgment of dispassionate inquiry must, we believe, be recorded against Sir E. Head. Apart from the objections already suggested, there was an evident want of a broad and comprehensive view on the needs of the time. No attempt was made to effect a fusion of parties, either before or after Mr. Brown's brief tenure of office; perhaps none was then practicable; yet His Excellency could not forecast the results of another appeal to the people, when the pressing and growing difficulties of the time were fully laid before them. A dissolution would not, in all probability, have enabled the new Premier to hold his own; indeed, all the chances were against him; still some *rapprochement* of the leaders might have been hoped for from the altered position of parties, and the country spared the unseemly faction and sectional squabbles of the ensuing six or seven years.

Recurring to the Quebec question, it remains to adjust theory to fact.* Were details of the De Boucherville financial policy, and especially of the Railway and Stamp Bills, to use Lord Russell's phrase, "frank and full," given to M. Letellier prior to their submission to the House? Were the measures "distinctly stated," to quote the Royal memoradum of 1850, so that His Honour might know "as distinctly, to what he was giving the Royal sanction?" If these questions must be answered in the negative, and that we take to be beyond the possibility of dispute, then M. Letellier's course in dismissing his Ministers stands upon irrefragable ground. The notion that a general authorization to use His Honour's name in bringing down the estimates could possibly be strained to cover the Railway Bill, is utterly untenable; and it is certainly a novel constitutional doctrine that the Crown or its representative is to gather the Ministers' policy, not from "a frank and full" exposition of it beforehand, but from newspaper reports of proceedings in the Legislature, after the Government had committed itself before the country, and all the mischief had been done. There appears to have been some misunderstanding as to the extent of the Governor's disapproval of the Railway Bill, but that the Premier anticipated some active step is evident from the memorandum of the Hon. Mr. Angers, which ought not to be lost sight of. His words are, that the Premier "would have, under the circumstances, recommended that it be reserved for the decision of the Governor-General, being in doubt as to the Lieutenant-Governor having the right of his own accord, *proprio motu, to exercise the prerogative of veto.*" Clearly, then, according to their own account, Ministers were not ignorant of M. Letellier's determined opposition to the measure they had introduced without his sanction. It is quite certain that it would have been contrary to every constitutional principle to *veto* the measure without being advised to do so by responsible Ministers, and that could only be done by dismissing those who had urged the measure through without the clear and deliberate sanction of the Crown even to its introduction. The proposal to reserve the Bill for the consideration of the Governor-General was of a piece with their unconstitutional course throughout. Such a step as that of a Ministry reserving an Act passed by both Houses at its own instance—an Act not *ultra vires*, but entirely within the scope of Provincial legislation—would have been entirely without precedent. The New Brunswick School

* The views which follow were formed independently, and before the extremely able and forcible article in the Montreal *Journal of Commerce* appeared. Sir F. Hincks has been mentioned as the author of that article, and although we were not unaware of his reputed connection with the *Journal* before, we should not even now have violated the privileges of an anonymous writer. Inasmuch, however, as the name of Sir Francis has been so frequently used, there seems no reason why we should not have the full weight of his great authority in favour of sound constitutional views, more especially as he certainly cannot be accused of undue bias towards the Liberal side. It is not surprising to learn that Sir Alexander Galt has pronounced an equally clear and distinct opinion to the same effect.

Bill might have been within recollection, and the course taken by Mr. Mowat regarding the Orange Incorporation Bill in Ontario might have served as a warning. In the latter case, the question was an open one at that time, and Mr. Mowat had, as a private member, supported the measure; but in order to cast the odium of vetoing it upon Sir John Macdonald's Government, he reserved it, purely as a piece of party strategy. It was sent back with the information that it was a matter of Provincial concern. Now that Mr. Joly has taken office in Quebec, perhaps it is the only prudent course open to him; his hands are free in the matter, and therefore he is quite at liberty to advise his Honour to reserve the Bill. His predecessor could only have stultified himself and trifled with the Legislature by the reservation he intended to propose. It was a weak device to extricate himself from an awkward predicament of his own creation—a straw snatched at to save the Ministry from drowning.

Complaint has been made that M. Letellier did not arrest the Bill during its progress; the answer is that beyond verbal protest to Ministers he had no opportunity for action; and if the step he ultimately took was as grave and serious as the Conservative party contend, he was fully justified in taking it into earnest consideration, and delaying to take so important a resolution until fully satisfied that he was warranted in doing so. The only breach of the constitution, the only violation of the principles of responsible government—which covers as well the rightful prerogative of the Crown as the Parliamentary responsibility of Ministers—must be laid at the door of the late Government. It was not the Lieutenant-Governor, but the Ministry, who inflicted a deadly blow at our constitutional system, and they alone ought to bear the blame. The very fact that his Honour was compelled to ask for the documents necessary to enable him to form a judgment at the last moment, is clearly sufficient to convict the Ministers of having ignored the Crown in a matter where its name and authority were used more directly than usual. It is not our intention to examine the proposed legislation at any length on this occasion; yet its cause and pretext —the financial necessities of the Province— ought not to be overlooked. Within a few years the reckless expenditure of its rulers has reduced Quebec, to quote from the *Herald*, "from solvency to the verge of ruin." They had reached the end of their tether, and were compelled to resort to any device, just or unjust, equitable or the reverse—as starving men who have flung aside their control of conscience—in order to keep themselves alive. They ventured to constitute themselves into a tribunal to judge the recalcitrant municipalities, and, as M. Letellier complained (Feb. 25), not content "with the provisions of the statute and public laws, and with those of the civil code of the Province, for the recovery of the sums of money which might become due by the said corporations, but without in any manner previously consulting with the Lieutenant-Governor, to propose *ex post facto* legislation to compel them thereto." Ministers were to be plaintiffs and and judges in their own cause; they were to sign and issue debentures in a number of municipalities of their own motion; they were to employ the Sheriff and his *posse comitatus* to seize their property in default of payment; in short, instead of submitting the case to the arbitrament of the Courts, they chose to adopt the most ruinous and wasteful method possible of enforcing their claims. The only pretext upon which this high-handed step was taken is, that they were "impecunious" and could not wait long enough to have the matter properly adjudicated upon in a normal and legitimate way. That is the real issue upon which they are now appealing to the Province; from a constitutional point of view they have not a leg to stand upon.

Imperfect as our review of Quebec affairs has necessarily been, it has absorbed a disproportionate share of our limited space. The proceedings of the Dominion Parliament, however, have not been so interesting as to demand any extended notice. There is a great deal too mach squinting askance, with one eye on Mr. Speaker and the other on the polling booth, noticeable during the Session. The industry exhibited in raking up trifling matters of so-called jobbery and corruption would be laudable if it had been exerted in a nobler and better cause. Mr. Dymond's prominence in this unsavoury work is much to be regretted. He was certainly made for better things than foraging

for complaints against Col. Bernard out of Public Accounts ten years old, on feeble and trivial grounds, simply because he is Sir John Macdonald's brother-in-law. There seems such an essential spitefulness and pettiness in this contemptible job-hunting, that one is surprised to notice the member for North York joining, and even leading the political jackals. He is, to some extent, no doubt, fettered by his connection with the *Globe;* but it is decidedly unfair as well as ungenerous to taunt him with it. The independent action of the journalist, and the power and influence of journalism are clearly incompatible with the continued system of petty persecution to which Mr. Dymond has been subjected; and these are surely matters of vital concern to all writers in the periodical press, irrespective of party views and predilections. Now that Mr. Dymond has, somewhat petulantly, asserted his personal independence, it may be hoped there will be no more assaults upon him of that sort. Our complaint against the hon. Member is of an altogether different character. Dealing with him as a public man, with a clear head, a good stock of political knowledge, and a ready faculty of speech, it seems lamentable that his advantages should be frittered away in the unsavoury work of mud-flinging. There is an evident degeneracy in his manner and tone of late, and the appearance of a semi-sanctimonious air which is exceedingly offensive in point of taste. One expects to hear of "the consciousness of sin" at church, but not in the House, where there is no public man of mark who is in a position to cast a stone. Mr. Dymond's language is growing coarse, also, and we are afraid that "a superfluity of naughtiness" must be charged against him, as well as a superfluity of cant.

Into the charges and countercharges of peculation and jobbery we do not propose to enter; their name is legion and their only object, apparently, to pile up against opponents so grand a mass of prejudice as to be serviceable, on one side or the other, with uncritical audiences during the canvass. The fiscal question is the only one which fairly challenges the examination of the electorate, and even upon that unhappily there is no clearly defined issue. It has been presented in bad form from the first, and now, as we predicted, there is a painful certainty that it will be strangled in the party *mêlée*. Sir John Macdonald's motion, notwithstanding his protest to the contrary, was a non-confidence motion, as every such amendment to going into Committee of Supply must necessarily be. Indeed, at the close of his speech, he distinctly announced that his party pledged themselves "to fight the battle *à outrance* at the polls and in the country." The consequence was that supporters of the Government who have committed themselves to a national tariff policy were forced into line whether they desired it or not. It was no doubt Sir John's purpose to place these gentlemen in a false position before their constituents for party purposes; but that only furnishes another proof that the existing parties are a stumbling-block in the way. Party obligations, according to the prevailing code of political ethics, must be paramount considerations in the conscience of every party man. It is a standing maxim that a member of any such combination must surrender his reason, warp or stifle his most sincere convictions, and vote, as he is bidden, at the beck of his leaders. He must be clay in the hands of the ministerial potter, or, like a well-ordered automaton, move as he is moved by the concealed machinery within. Partizans contend that their factions must possess a certain power of cohesion or cease to exist; but, although the surrender of all independence in critical times may be a necessary evil, there can be no possible excuse why the despotism of party discipline should be so grinding when there is hardly a single principle at stake. And yet, at such a time as this, when men ought to sit loose to these supposed obligations, they seem inclined to hug their chains more closely and fondly. The pretence that the existing practice is essential to the working of parliamentary government is not well founded. "We look in vain for any trace of it," says an English constitutional authority, "in the best epochs of the history of Parliament," and the advocates of the system "do not consider that, in that history, only a very small space is occupied by party Government, and that it has prevailed only for comparatively short and interrupted periods of the last and present century." The pleas on behalf of party obligation, continues Cox, "are founded on speculative and not on historical considerations; that they advert not to evils which have resulted, but to evils which are deemed likely to result from the abolition of party obligations."

As might have been anticipated, the subject of tariff readjustment, at first more or less an open question, has gradually been appropriated by the Opposition, and is not to be decided at the polls upon its merits, but according to party prejudice and at party dictation. It has become a mere shuttlecock—a thing of cork and feathers, as Bulwer says in his comedy—to be hurled to and fro by those who wield the battledores of faction. The Ministerial *doctrinaires* have grown more and more fanatical and dogmatic. Mr. Cartwright has gone out of his way to prove that he has completely emancipated himself from the pestilent theory of Protection. Wherever he fancies an increased duty might by any possibility foster a nascent industry, he is sure to shun it as he would the plague. Even where it is a matter of indifference, from a revenue point of view, upon which of two commodities a new or increased impost be placed, he is sure to choose the raw material or the article we cannot produce in Canada, rather than that which, by judicious protection, might prove the source of a flourishing manufacture, increasing the wealth of the country and affording new openings for the employment of both capital and labour. Indeed, one would suppose the Finance Minister to cherish the settled conviction that manufactures are absolutely a hindrance to national prosperity and the accumulation of wealth, so violently is he opposed to their successful introduction or extension in Canada. His policy is not only unpatriotic but absolutely disloyal. It has made us dependent on the United States, so far as fiscal legislation can effect that result; and is, as fast as possible, paving the way for annexation to that country. He has virtually determined that, save agriculture, lumbering, and mining, Canada shall have no industries at all, except such as Brother Jonathan may concede to her. The time is not so far distant when the mineral resources of Ontario will alone remain unimpaired to her. With lands impoverished and forests laid low, whither is the Province to look for a renewal of her strength in the absence of manufacturing industry? Canada, in short, if the present policy be persevered in, will remain an abortive nationality, maimed and incomplete, ready to be plundered or absorbed by the rapacious and unscrupulous freebooter across the border.

Such appear to be the drift and tendency, we do not say the purpose, of the Government policy; nor has that of the Opposition been much more sagacious or satisfactory. Sir John Macdonald's amendment, which he intends as an electoral manifesto, was framed too obviously for the purpose of catching votes, rather than to serve as a plain and definitive statement of principle. All are fish that come into his net; and therefore it seemed necessary to provide a bait suitable for all sorts and conditions of the finny tribe. Moreover the Opposition speakers and journalists are clearly injuring their cause by constantly pointing to the United States, where extreme protection finds its *reductio ad absurdum*, not as a warning, but as an example for Canadian imitation. If the phrase "reciprocity of tariff" means anything at all, it certainly foreshadows the adoption, in the mass, of the American system, "Chinese wall" and everything else. Now that is a policy which, could it be carried out, and happily it cannot, would prove quite as disastrous as that of Mr. Cartwright, perhaps more so. The charge of insincerity preferred by the Reform party, and caught up, in its "invincible ignorance," by the London *Times*, has acquired a certain verisimilitude from the wild utterances of Conservative speakers and writers. The true needs of the Dominion may be fairly and cogently stated, without resorting to extravagance of language or economical absurdity in announcing a fiscal policy suited to the country. On our southern frontier, for thousands of miles, we have a neighbouring nation which has had the start of us in manufacturing industry; it is a stronger and wealthier nation than Canada, and thus has the power to exert an extremely pernicious influence on Canadian progress. Even with free competition, the Americans would have the advantage in many ways; but with a tariff virtually excluding our products there, and an extremely low tariff here, how can Canadian manufactures be expected to spring into existence or continue to exist where they have gained a precarious footing? No reasonable man desires a fiscal scheme like that of the United States: what is required is simply that, inasmuch as the bulk of the Dominion revenue must be derived from Customs duties, these duties shall be so adjusted as to protect such manufactures as may be profitably carried on

amongst us. This policy may be called Incidental Protection, or as Sir Alex. Galt suggests, "Modified Free Trade;" the name is of slight consequence as compared with the substance, which is of urgent and momentous importance. No one who has followed the course of the Cobden Club, the utterances of the younger school of English free-traders, or of the modern French economists in sympathy with them, can fail to see that experience has materially changed the views of the party. In the present state of opinion, there is nothing to prevent Sir A. Galt, Mr. Goldwin Smith, or any other "theoretical free-trader," from advocating a Canadian national policy without rendering himself obnoxious to the charge of inconsistency.

If Mr. Cartwright had deliberately framed his policy with the avowed object of preventing Canada from becoming a manufacturing country, he could not have devised a more promising and sagacious plan. So convinced do his supporters appear to be of this obvious fact, that they are driven to argue as if there were no alternatives but suicide on the Cartwright system and suicide by ultra-Protection. Whenever politicians rush into one extreme, from fear or horror of the other, it is a certain proof that their reasoning is fallacious, and their mental balance wavering and unsteady. During the debate on Sir John A. Macdonald's amendment, Messrs. Dymond and Charlton, on the Government side, delivered able and exhaustive speeches; yet the essential weakness of their position was obvious, even in the mist of special pleading and confusing statistics they had accumulated. Figures in the hands of a skilful manipulator are always potent weapons, and Mr. Charlton came with his quiver full of them. His returns from agricultural implement makers, and others who need no protection, were evidently considered a sufficient reply to the complaints of those who have a different story to tell, much as the old bachelor objected to State education, because he had no children and therefore failed to see the necessity for it. The hon. member should also remember that it was scarcely ingenuous to quote figures from the decade covering the American war and apply them to the existing condition of things. With his change of opinion, since 1876, we are not much concerned; he certainly piped in a very different key two years ago; but party obligations, of course, are a sufficient ground for occasional somersaults, and Mr. Charlton has performed his ground and lofty tumbling in good company. Mr. Dymond's speech, although the early part of it was devoted to the exposure of Conservative inconsistencies, real or supposed, was an extremely forcible and effective one—the best, it appears to us, from that side. He seemed, however, to forget, like Mr. Charlton, that 1868 and 1878 represent two entirely different aspects of the fiscal question, and that a low tariff in the former year would be the equivalent of a higher tariff than that now in force. The hon. member ably disproved the idea that England is losing her commercial supremacy in the world. England's manufactures and shipping were nursed into sturdy life at an early date, and were only let out of leading-strings when they could go alone. Her industries have been unquestionably expanded by her free-trade system; but then it was not adopted until they were strong enough to compete with all rivals. The mother-country, in fact, had got the start of other nations; much as the United States have got the start of us. Mr. Dymond's arguments range over too many points to be reviewed at length; they were ably urged and deserve attentive consideration.

In proposing his amendment, Sir John A. Macdonald delivered one of the most forcible speeches he has yet made on the subject, and in it, although not by any means too soon, he repudiated any desire to copy the American tariff. His motion, however, was unfortunately worded, and Mr. Mills had ample ground for referring specially to the phrase "reciprocity of tariffs." The right hon. gentleman strongly asserted the sincerity of his agitation for tariff reform; yet, though it cannot be said that he protested too much, he certainly promised far more than his Finance Minister will find himself able to perform. The idea of "levelling up," which Sir John has probably borrowed from his political exemplar, Lord Beaconsfield, may possibly tell at the polls; but it is extremely visionary and altogether impracticable. It is this coquetting with all the interests which has given plausibility to the assertion that the ex-Premier is playing a part, as well as giving factitious strength to the cause of his opponents. There were many well-reasoned addresses delivered on the Opposition side, but that of Mr. Colby,

of Stanstead, was indisputably the best, because it showed an intimate acquaintance with the subject, acquired by long and assiduous study of the country's needs. His address was argumentative simply, and he very ably brought out the facts regarding the attitude of England and of the United States in fiscal matters. Mr. Gillmor, from Charlotte, N. B., on the Free Trade side, did much to relieve the heavinesss of the debate by a facetious speech—more laughable than decorous, it is true— which ought to make Mr. Rymal look to his laurels. The amendment, was, of course, defeated on the strictly party division of 117 to 76—a majority of 41.

The Senate has been showing unwonted activity this Session of a spasmodic character. Indeed, it has shown far too much energy to suit the Hon. Mr. Brown and his journal. It was not to be expected that the Hon. Mr. Macpherson would consent to lie under the charge of falsifying facts and figures, and he therefore obtained a Committee to investigate the Kaministaquia purchases of land and premises, and also the propriety of constructing the Fort Francis Lock. Now it is not our purpose to enter into these matters —they go by the name of "jobs," and we have had a surfeit of jobs. Still, it would be improper to conceal the conviction forced upon one by a careful perusal of the evidence, that there has been gross peculation committed in the North-west, especially in the Neebing Hotel matter. The Hon. Mr. Scott very properly contended that the Government cannot be held responsible for the acts of all its subordinates; still there must be a limit to the application of that doctrine. The dealings of Oliver, Davidson, and Co with the Government, clearly show that, through the negligence of public officers, the country has been cheated right and left; and when the magnitude of future operations on the Pacific Railway is considered, and the vast field for jobbery opened up to view, the prospect is appalling, This appears to be the natural result of undertaking so enormous a work directly by the Government. Had Sir Hugh Allan's company, or Mr. Macpherson's been entrusted with its construction, the harpies of party would, in a great measure, have missed their prey; certainly the contractors would have looked too sharply after their own interests to be fleeced as the Government has been and will continue to be to the end of the chapter. The Senate Committee has been charged with pottering "over two barrels of plaster and a bundle of shingles,"—the *Globe's* euphemistic description of an outrageous and successful fraud. Moreover, the Senate has been lectured upon the propriety of keeping its proper place. The House of Commons has, it is said, the sole control over money matters, and as the Senate does not represent the people, it has no right to act for the people. It is not so many years ago, since, at the instance of the Reform Opposition, the Legislative Council of old Canada threw out a money Bill, and stopped the supplies. It is only two or three years since Mr. Mills was roundly abused for daring to belittle the value and insult the dignity of the Senate; and yet now, on the plea that financial considerations are involved, the monstrous proposition is advanced that that body has no right to inquire into improper expenditure. With the voting of the people's money they have certainly nothing to do, that is, in detail; but over the manner in which it is spent they ought equally with the Commons to exercise the strictest supervision. To all appearances the closest vigilance which both Houses can possibly employ, will be needed in the era of jobbery which has dawned upon the country. The *Globe's* objection to the Senate's investigation really is that it is too searching. It would prefer that any inquiry into the public expenditure should be conducted before a tribunal which is prejudiced in favour of everything done by any servant of the Government, can suppress impertinent curiosity, and is quite prepared to acquit any supposed delinquents without hearing the case for the plaintiffs or the people. The experience of the last four years, and of many previous years, plainly indicates the futility of investigations conducted by Government majorities, whether Reform, Conservative, or otherwise. The Public Accounts Committee makes a great figure in the Parliamentary system; but it is high time that its powers of inquiry were transferred to some other body which, by its independence and impartiality, could elicit the whole truth regarding public expenditure, and by so doing command popular confidence. The determination of election petitions has been removed out of the party arena and committed to the Courts; there seems no reason why the expenditure of the preced-

ing year should not be submitted also to an impartial tribunal. Partizans would not then be prosecutors or defendants, lawyers and judges at the same time; the inquiry might be to the full as thorough and exhaustive; and the public mind would be freed from apprehension of improper appropriations, so soon as it could repose implicit faith in the board of audit. Nor would such a system in any way fetter the action of the House; matters of great importance might still be referred to Select Committees, and when the facts were ascertained, discussed in the House. The paltry matters with which the time of the Commons is now wasted, would cease to be magnified into undue importance; and the unceasing displays of ill-temper, so unhappily frequent at present, and so often occasioned by sheer misapprehension, would certainly grow fewer in number and less virulent in type. It is not our intention to enter upon the discussion raised by the motion of the Hon. Mr. Macpherson, on the public expenditure; the old ground is being traversed and the same figures are twisted hither and thither, until they seem to fit into shape either as an indictment against the Government, or for its vindication; our only purpose in referring to the debate springs from the desire to congratulate the Hon. Mr. Brown on the possession of his wonted fire and energy in debate.

The Government has done well in introducing its Permissive Liquor Bill in the Senate. The Hon. Mr. Scott, in submitting the measure, professed his willingness to consent to any amendments suggested with a view of improving its scope or machinery. In the Senate such alterations may be made more calmly and profitably than in the House, and the Bill will go down to the other branch of the Legislature in a more definite shape. It is scarcely necessary to repeat the arguments often presented in these pages against attempts of this sort to prevent, not merely drunkenness, but drinking *per se*, no matter however moderate or even salutary it may be. There is little use in reasoning with those who are the thralls of emotional enthusiasm; and yet the more intelligent of them ought surely to perceive that even though the desirable purpose of preventing the sin of excessive drinking, and the terrible evils it entails upon society, could be effected by statute, the price to be paid for it, in the abridgment of personal liberty, would be far too exorbitant, in exchange for any supposed, still less for any real and substantial benefit that might follow. Measures of this trenchant kind are foredoomed to failure, because they transcend the proper sphere of legislation, and trench upon those individual rights which, as they are the primitive heritage of humanity, admit, less than any others, the arbitrary interference of law. No majority, however large, has any pretext for meddling with the right to choose foods, drinks, or dress, at will, of any minority, however insignificant. In matters of purely personal concern, the tyranny of the *plébiscite* is as outrageous as the single-headed despotism of a Cæsar, a Tudor, or a Bourbon; they are not within the legitimate scope of Governmental agency, and with them no power, be it that of king, oligarchy, or democratic majority, has anything to do. The contrary theory of legislation, if it were carried to its logical results, would involve the interference of the State for the suppression of moral evil in innumerable forms, by means the most odious and oppressive. There are other forms of sin in the world not less pernicious and appalling, though not so obtrusive, as drunkenness, which the legislator who once launches upon this Quixotic sea of adventure, is bound to suppress, no matter how stern may be the necessary discipline or inquisitorial the means employed for their detection. The events of the last few years have shown how widely a perversion of the sexual instinct has spread in Canada, and we are not surprised to find some amateur moral reformers endeavouring to add seduction, and even illicit commerce of any kind, to the list of penal offences. Indeed, there is no halting-place between stringent regulation and the paternal system, which finds its most salient example in the Blue Laws of Connecticut. And when it is further considered that the odious character of repressive legislation renders its successful enforcement out of the question; that the primal instincts of mankind are arrayed against it; and that it will chiefly affect the vast majority who use without abusing, it should be clear to any reflecting mind that prohibition is as futile and impolitic, as it is unjust and oppressive.

The Government measure is unquestionably a great improvement upon the Dunkin

Act. Paradoxical as it may appear, after what has been said, we approve of the more complete prohibitory character of the Bill. If Parliament is to commit itself to this fallacious system at all, it should embrace the policy of "Thorough." It was that which brought Strafford and Laud to the block, and it will effectually strangle this modern engine of tyranny. Sympathy is not so powerful a lever, in most cases, as selfishness, vanity, and the desire to stand well with society or sect; and it is beyond question that hundreds have voted for Dunkin by-laws, who would not have done so if their own exhilarating beverages were to be cut off, or if they had not been in danger of being treated as pariahs by their spiritual masters and fellow church-members. With many the power of selfishness will prevail; and with others, where vanity is also in play, the ballot will also step in as a shield. How far the religious thumb-screw has hitherto been applied must be within the knowledge of every one who has followed the agitation in Toronto or elsewhere. Nothwithstanding the plain teaching and example of the Divine Founder of Christianity, and the express exclusion of meats and drinks from authoritative or compulsory regulation by the Apostle, the new lights have endeavoured to make compulsory abstinence a dogma of the Christian faith. Regardless of the sinister effect such an extravagant course must tend to have upon all doctrinal religion, they have not hesitated to supplement Scripture with an Apocrypha of their own; to speak of those who support their cause as being on God's side, and all who either drink, or refuse to prevent others from using a natural right, as children, or at least allies, of the wicked one. From considerations such as these it seems best that if the "boots" are to be applied, they should press equally on all sides, and it is absolutely essential to complete freedom of action that the vote should be taken by ballot. The clause requiring at least one-fourth of the registered electors' names to be attached to a petition, should be increased to one-third, and some precaution taken that that they are *bonâ fide* signed by the parties themselves. Moreover, if the law is to be in any measure successful, a provision ought to be introduced requiring a clear majority of at least one-fifth of the whole votes cast. The Government ought firmly to oppose any attempt to extend the Act so as to apply to Provinces, because the interests of different sections of the same Province will often conflict, and what might suit some counties, might be not only inoperative but opposed to public opinion in others, or in cities. The ten-gallon clause strikes one as strange, but it may presumably be accounted for by the needs of the revenue. Still it seems absurd that if a man in Toronto wants a ten-gallon cask, he must repair to Yorkville, and *vice versâ*. If Mr. Cartwright and his colleagues are prepared for so hazardous an experiment, they ought to be prepared to pay the cost. The Bill very properly abstains from interfering with the operation of the Dunkin Act where it is now in force; at the same time, the new Act onght to be applied there, in so far as the voting machinery is concerned, and no farther. There should be vote by ballot and one day's polling, where a vote is taken for the repeal of the by-law. Three years is not too long between every two submissions of the by-law; but it is not short enough when its repeal is demanded after the temporary excitement has passed away, and men have had an opportunity of calmly reconsidering their previous action. It is one thing to impose repressive legislation upon a municipality, and quite another to relieve them of the burden; they ought not, therefore, to be put on the same footing.

The other Government measures hitherto introduced do not call for special remark. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Casey will press firmly for real Civil Service reform. There is, it would appear, to be a change in Cabinet offices, on which the only remark needed is that it seems contrary to precedent to make the Attorney-General a subordinate law-officer of the Crown, unless Mr. Laflamme is to pose as a Canadian Lord Chancellor. In this connection it may not be out of place to notice the repeated assaults made by some of the French Conservative members upon the Supreme Court. At one time it is the expensive fees or the heavy expenditure in salaries, &c., and at another MM. Masson and Mousseau are exceedingly enamoured of the Imperial Privy Council. On the latter point, so far as they advocate the privilege of appeal to England, we agree with them, because there are not so many links binding us to the mother-country, that we can afford to have one of them rudely severed. But that is not the ground taken.

by these hon. gentlemen. Their complaint is that the Supreme Court does not understand Quebec law, whilst at home there are civilians who can argue and adjudicate intelligently. That may be, or it may not be, true so far as the Canadian tribunal is concerned; yet the Guibord case ought to give them pause. The real trouble is that the learned Judges will take no account of the Canon law or the Syllabus, and the recollection of their outspoken judgment on sacerdotal interference rankles in the Ultramontane heart—*hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

The Independence of Parliament Bill appears to be a well-considered and unexceptionable measure as a whole, and it is satisfactory to find Sir John Macdonald ready to keep it out of the category of party measures, and assist in making it as complete as possible. We are inclined to agree with M. Masson that the clause disqualifying those who, having been civil servants, are in receipt of pensions or retiring allowances, or even entitled to them, is unjust. Messrs. Laurier and Mills defended the clause on the ground that superannuated officers were liable to be recalled to active service. As the member for Terrebonne urged, the superannuation allowances are deducted regularly from the salaries of civil servants and paid *en bloc* for past services. On the recipients of them the executive ought not and cannot exercise any undue influence. The money they receive has been earned already, and no Minister could so much as threaten to deprive them of it. They are as independent of Government influence as any one qualified to sit in Parliament can possibly be, far more so, indeed, than those n. members are who have been purchased, along with their constituencies, by the promise of a graving-dock or a winter port. As Sir John Macdonald, in his able and pointed remarks, justly observed, "the supply of good and able men eligible for election to Parliament is by no means equal to the demand." Retired civil servants have served a long apprenticeship in administration, and the country has a right to avail itself of their knowledge, abilities, and experience. Mr. Langton, and other public officers who might be named, would be of eminent service in Parliament, and it is an affectation of purism, or rather purism run mad, to prohibit any constituency from sending them there, not only if they receive what they have already earned, but even if they are entitled to a pension or allowance and decline to receive it. So indefensible a proposal cannot fail to degrade the Civil Service by depriving those who enter it of their rights as British subjects, even after they have ceased to be Government officers, and would prevent the people from selecting representatives from a class admirably fitted to serve them intelligently and well. If there be any point in the plea urged by Messrs. Laurier, Mills, and Laflamme, the Civil Service Act or regulations should be overhauled rather than the Independence of Parliament Act. It is altogether without justification to disqualify men who have earned a reward by serving the country faithfully for a term of years from serving it in another and higher capacity. Such a provision will not elevate the character of the House, and it will certainly lower the tone of the Civil Service. Instead of making its officers serfs or political dependents for life, Parliament should, by some such scheme of reform as that contemplated by Mr. Casey, purge the service of party influence, and so make it the recruiting-ground from which the people might with confidence enlist able and trustworthy representatives.

The third Dominion Parliament will expire by effluxion of time early in 1879; but, in all probability, the Government will see fit to dissolve it either before or after the garnering in of this year's harvest. The people of Canada cannot be too early or too profoundly impressed with the gravity of the task soon to be imposed upon them. The outlook is far from satisfactory or reassuring, since the electorate will be called upon to decide between one party, which was driven from office more than four years ago with a besmirched reputation, and another which, not to speak of innumerable charges preferred against its leaders, for the most part baseless, has definitively arrayed itself against a national and patriotic fiscal policy. Were the people free to choose, as their representatives, their ablest and purest politicians, irrespective of party leanings—men upon whom they could rely as the faithful exponents of cherished principles—all would go well. Unhappily, it is far otherwise. The machinery of central committees, caucuses, and conventions, imported from the United States, has virtually deprived candi-

dates of freedom of action and the electors of freedom in the choice of members. Except where local feeling is unusually prominent, the wires are so adroitly manipulated that the ultimate selection is a foregone conclusion. The affected regard for the opinions of the party is sheer deception; the rank and file have no choice whatever, save Hobson's. The candidate in favour at head quarters is always imposed ultimately upon the constituency, and, as a matter of fact, it is not really more free than the credulous youth upon whom a juggler succeeds in forcing his card. It is a singular illustration of the mote and the beam, that whilst Canadian journalists are constantly dilating upon the evil tyranny of American party organization, they are doing their best to root the same pernicious system in Canadian soil. The result is seen in the selection of incapable and too frequently self-seeking and corruptible representatives. Ability, knowledge, integrity, count as dust in the balance when loud mouthed professions of party fidelity are flung into the other scale. Instead of independence of thought and action, men are taught to bow down to the party fetish, and deprived of all chance of success before the people, unless they pronounce with unctuous fervour the party shibboleth. The very writers who are ready to protest against the iron uniformity of creed imposed by the Roman Catholic Church, are the most strenuous advocates of what is called "party discipline." To differ from one's leader is to be a political heretic, and he who dares to have a mind, or even an opinion, he can call his own, runs the risk of being cast out of the party. Now the existing party system is precisely the sacerdotal theory copied in political practice, with the additional objection that it is not nearly so defensible. If the Church believes that she is constantly under Divine guidance, and that to fall into doctrinal error imperils the eternal welfare of the soul, she is justified in forcing upon men a "leaden uniformity" of creed; but although political parties sometimes claim to be impeccable, their infallibility has not yet been raised to the dignity of a dogma. Honest opinions, even should they prove erroneous, are not supposed to entail upon any man ulterior consequences of so terrible a character. It is, therefore, outrageous that the suffrages of the people, who are supposed to be free and intelligent agents, should be actually at the disposal of a double set of wire-pullers. Formerly it was the fashion to impose "platforms" upon candidates—a scheme for binding the candidates hand and foot, and effectually preventing any independent action. These "platforms" were the Athanasian creeds of party, and the man who refused to assent "without doubt perished" politically, unless he and the electors were courageous enough to rend their chains. This cunning device, against which Sir F. Hincks successfully rebelled in 1851, has grown obsolete, because it long since became impossible for the most ingenious political carpenter to get together sufficient "planks" to construct a "platform." The only pledge now expected by parties without principle, is fidelity to the leaders and the party, "right or wrong."

Recent events in East Montreal and the lawlessness on a large scale in Toronto, on the 18th, may well give rise to serious reflection. The assaults committed in the commercial metropolis were isolated crimes, and will probably cease now that the people of the district have undertaken to prevent breaches of the peace. The riotous proceedings in this city are only a repetition of what has occurred before; and in both cities these lamentable events are distinctly traceable to sectarian feuds and animosities. The capital of Ontario has been the stage upon which many outrageous scenes have been enacted; but no previous *émeute* was ever so utterly without excuse, or so profoundly humiliating as the latest on record. The invitation to O'Donovan Rossa, the chief vagabond of the Fenian crew, was an atrocious insult to the loyalty of the city, and a serious blow to the self-respect of honest Irishmen. It shows too plainly that there is in our midst a clique of crazy fanatics, who delight in hearing treason spouted on British soil, whom no revelations of the swindling character and essential baseness of these villanous rogues can purge of their credulous blindness, and who vilely misrepresent the nationality to which they unhappily belong. But the crime and blunder these gullible victims of misplaced confidence committed was as nothing compared with the disgraceful proceedings of the 18th. Not satisfied with yells and stone-throwing and cries of *à la lanterne*, at the scene of the lecture, a lawless mob brutally assailed

the police, who were simply discharging an arduous and painful duty, attacked a Roman Catholic institution, and went a mile and more out of their way to demolish the house of a man, whose property has been destroyed wantonly and without provocation more than once before. Unhappily the story of that night's disgraceful deeds does not need recapitulation. Had these lawless roughs treated the Fenian leader with the contempt he deserved, his utter worthlessness would have been made manifest and the reputation of Toronto vindicated. The only advantage gained by the riot, the shooting and the destruction of property, was abundant proof that the Fenian Bombastes is a bag of wind, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," and an abject coward to boot—all which everybody well knew before, and certainly ought not to have been brought to learn at such a terrible price. The Catholic Bishops of Ontario did everything to prevent the possibility of disorder, and the vast majority of our Irish Catholics cordially seconded their spiritual leaders; they are certainly not to blame. Neither are we disposed by any means to press too heavily upon the Orangemen, who, as a body, certainly deplore these untoward events. Still it is to be expected that they will at once disclaim all sympathy with the rioters and purge themselves of the unruly element which unquestionably exists amongst them. That there was a nucleus of disciplined men and boys in the crowd is unquestionable, since the notes of the bugle and the word of command were heard and promptly obeyed. It would not be more just to blame the railway men in Pennsylvania for the lawlessness which destroyed five millions worth of property last July than to lay these outrages to the charge of the Orange Association. Still the latter riot gave an opportunity for action to the roughs of Toronto, and it becomes a serious question whether such an organization, which trains up bigots and fanatics from boyhood, ought to receive encouragement from any enlightened Protestant. Had there been no such body, it is not at all probable that the baser elements of the population would have had any pretext or opportunity for the display of their peculiar talents or tendencies. Unhappily, every such disturbance aggravates the mischief, and no one can look forward to the next twelfth of July without terrible misgivings.

March 25th, 1878.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND. By Florence J. Duncan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

We cannot praise Mrs. Duncan's novel, and yet it is by no means bad enough to be spoken of severely. Like Mahomet's coffin, it hangs suspended between heaven and earth, but, unlike that phenomenon, excites no curiosity in our minds as to how it got there. The process is too clear. Mrs. Duncan is, presumably, a steady novel reader, and, from the awe with which she first assayed the flavour of a work of fiction, has gradually fallen into that state of familiarity which is too apt to breed something worse. Seeing a certain number of incidents cropping up in all the multitudinous tales that are flooded upon the market by prolific writers, with just so much difference as is noticed in a badly shuffled pack of cards, our authoress has tried the daring feat herself, believing that originality lies in the sequence in which the pasteboard aces and knaves are played. So our old friends the concealed marriage, the deserted wife, the school life, the rich, but too-soon ruined father, the hidden attachment, and the confidential correspondence are whisked together again for our delectation; the deaths are sprinkled in with unusual depth of determination towards the end, and the whole bolus is sugared up with the oil of reconciliation in the last chapter.

The heroine, unsophisticated Lucia, makes our acquaintance at a convent. The school at this convent is chiefly patronised by Protestants, and the Sisters are most strict in not attempting any proselytising. This we are told without the least attempt at irony, although we find the children taught to repeat "Hail Mary's," to say their "rosaries," and to pray for each other's "intentions." Here they are taught rhetoric, but, judging from the only specimen given of the lectures they received on this subject, we fancy our authoress must have meant the less grand, but more prosaically useful one of grammar. Of this, indeed, the Unsophisticated and her "Intimate Friend" must have been in considerable need, if we can form an opinion from the following sentences: "I do not know *as* I ever entertained the idea," "I

don't know *as* it was wicked," "Did I speak *cross?*" "She sang as *merry* as a lark." Perhaps this phraseology may be held to have a peculiar beauty in American eyes, which may also look down on us as captious for objecting to the sentence, "By the time we reach the restaurant we *will* be ravenous." Then the expression that a person could not hear her *own ears* may be idiomatic, but strikes us as more quaint than forcible, and the description of a picture of a "pretty *wood* interior" leaves us entirely in the dark as to what the subject of the picture was. It might be the recesses of a forest, or the inside of a frame-house, or, stay, a section of pine log would suit as well. The question further suggests itself whether all American ladies, married or unmarried, are called "Madame" in common parlance, and our ignorance of the conventionalities of life in New York must excuse us for asking whether it is usual for young unmarried gentlemen to take their unmarried lady friends of the highest respectability for walks and drives alone in the Central Park, and to treat them to breakfast or dinner at a restaurant?

Certainly, if a British novelist wrote such things, or depicted an American hero so much a snob as to draw a sketch of a young lady he hardly knows, while in church, and on coming out to accost her, show her the drawing, and say he has been watching her for three-quarters of an hour, we fancy that British novelist would "with a blush retire" before his reviewers of the Broadway. Or if he depicted, as Mrs. Duncan does, a literary blue-stocking appealing in utter ignorance for information as to "who the *Mater Dolorosa* was?" the unfortunate man would sink, deservedly, to the rank of a caricaturist.

In the course of the tale Lucia pays several visits to Ottawa, and gives entrancing accounts of fancy-dress balls at the Governor-General's, and other intensely interesting events of a kindred nature. Over this masquerade Mrs. Duncan waxes poetical to the verge of vagueness. After trying several times we gave up the vain attempt at extracting any meaning from this pen portrait of one of the characters; perhaps our readers may have better luck: "A French peasant girl, not in sabots and Jewish hair, but as she was in her apotheosis when Eugénie transfigured her in those last days of her personal empire, ere she discarded forever the girl dress even in a masquerade." *Jewish* hair? —*personal* empire, as opposed to what other kind of empire? Our reason totters and we give it up.

As a finishing touch to our perplexity, we are almost driven to doubt whether, after all the descriptions of the Ottawa River, Government buildings, &c., which our authoress gives us, she has ever been in Canada at all. How else can we explain the astounding assertion made on p. 62, that the Unsophisticated was easily known as an American, on account of the stupid mistakes she made about the Canadian money. Are we dreaming, or is it not a fact that the decimal coinage of dollars and cents is common to both sides of the St. Lawrence? Could Lucia be so very unsophisticated as to think we still clung to the old pounds currency? or how else can her mistake be explained, for her shopping can have hardly been large enough for her to be puzzled over the difference in purchasing power between a dollar in greenbacks and a Canadian dollar. All we can do is to dismiss Mrs. Duncan and her book, with strict injunctions to do better next time, which, judging from the liveliness of her descriptive powers as shown in several of the passages, she ought to find no impossible task. In particular, the pictures of farm life round Ottawa, with the startling contrast between the *modus vivendi* of the Lower Canadian French settler and the strict Scotch Presbyterian, are remarkably well adapted to convey a good idea of Canada to readers across the border. Mrs. Duncan's book will probably find plenty of readers in the Dominion as well, and we hope the pecuniary results will be such as to dispel all lingering doubts in her mind as to the nature of Canadian currency.

RENEE AND FRANZ. By Gustave Haller. Collection of Foreign Authors, No. 7. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

We have often thought that the expression "Platonic love" should bear the blame for the general incredulity that exists as to the very existence of the state of feeling which those words are supposed to indicate. It is an unhappy phrase, expressive of an amphibious nature, standing "one foot on land, and one on sea," half owning allegiance to Dan Cupid, and the other half to the ancient philosopher and his scholastic disciples. And these conflicting interests, like the unmatched horse of the desert and patient steer, evilly yoked together, do generally end by jerking the persons who experience their struggles into some more or less miry ditch. At least, that is the fate we have generally found in store for the fictitious characters whose authors have led them a dance after that will-o'-the-wisp, Platonic affection.

But why should this be so in real life? As we advance farther from the stage of the oriental despot, with his harem of caged slave-wives, may we not expect to find more and more real friendship and to experience more kinmanship of soul between man and woman, apart from any thought or desire of marriage? As soon as the sexes are more evenly educated, and the avenues to learning, and to that practical use of learning which is its end, are thrown open to all comers, it stands to reason that a man's

friends will be no longer all men, but will embrace women as well. Of these he can but love one, using the word in its usual sense; but none the less will the others be dear to him. It is no answer to this to say that the tie of marriage is a higher and holier one than that of mere affection, however high and purely inspired. There is room in man's heart for both, just as much as the deep skies can burn with the glory of Arcturus or Sirius, and yet find place for stars of lesser degrees of glory, differing one from another in their magnitude, and none the less shining although they are not so bright. He would be a sorry gardener who, loving the rose "not wisely, but too well," should shut out the violet from his shady borders. Between love and mere acquaintanceship, how wide is the gamut! and as in a perfect instrument there is no note but can be struck into harmony, so here in the chords of life "there is no such thing as a useless affection." The note may be jarred, the brotherly love of man for maid may be used as the means of basely appropriating an unsuspecting heart, but for all that, the note's natural bent is harmony, and the brotherly unselfish affection is harmonious too It is very often the fault of those who prophecy evil from such an affection that their forebodings come true. So sang old Dr. Donne, whose poetry shone too strongly to be obscured by the curious trappings and conceits which the bad taste of his age comdemned him to wrap it up in.

"If, as I have, you also doe
Vertue attired in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;
And if this love, though placed so,
From prophane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow
Or, if they doe, deride;
Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did."

Renée and Franz have done this worthy act, and the mode of its coming about and its results form the subject of a charming little tale. Renée is a young girl in a higher rank of life than Franz, who is only a rich young farmer of Alsace with dreamy, passionate German blood in his veins. From first to last, the affection which these two have for each other is unspotted by any different feelings, although, as usual, their neighbours and friends cannot believe the strange phenomenon. It is, however, placed beyond a doubt by the fact that both the young girl and Franz love two other persons, one of whom marries Renée. The other, a cousin of Renée's, is a blonde, young, lovely, with hair which is lighted up here and there by silvery gleams, and with large steel-blue eyes. With this enchanting mademoiselle Augusta, poor Franz falls passionately in love; but yet, in his moments of deepest infatuation, and even when he discovers that she returns his love, he feels a presentiment that she prefers the world of fashion and the admiration of society to that quiet home and country life which he has marked out for his future. While helping Renée and her lover to overcome the difficulties in the way of their marriage, and in order to aid them, he willingly throws a great temptation in Augusta's way, in the shape of a rich and noble Russian *boyard*, who wishes to marry her.

The character of Augusta is perhaps the most powerfully drawn in the book, though by no means the most pleasing, and her struggles between love for Franz and her distaste for farm-life are very well told. Here is a picture of her, when she tried for a few weeks the life of a mistress of the farm: "For the first time I believed in the possibility of Augusta's becoming my wife. She looked like a veritable peasant woman, her rich complexion only rendering the alteration more complete. I was amazed and bewildered. She had arranged all her hair in one heavy braid after the manner of our country-women. This simplicity showed the luxuriance and beauty of her blond tresses, even more than their usually elaborate arrangement. A calico dress, with soft, flat folds, displayed the graceful outlines of her form, and fell straight to her ankles, the white, flowing sleeves leaving the round white arms two-thirds bare..... Her voice had a decided tone which I had never heard in it before—a tone which gave assurance that she would be obeyed. A sheaf of straw had fallen down; she seized it in her own hands and flung it back."

Some of Franz's friends consider this only a piece of serio comic acting on Augusta's part, but we will not divulge the secret whether Augusta's better nature prevails or M. Katchkoff succeeds in drawing her away with the superior attractions of Parisian society. For this, and for the fate of Renée and her husband, the reader must consult the book itself, which is well translated, and keeps up the high standard for which we have already had occasion to congratulate the publishers of this interesting series.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND. A Novel. By Florence J. Duncan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

RENEE AND FRANZ (*Le Bleuet*). From the French of Gustave Haller. (Collection of Foreign Authors, No. VII.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

PRIMER OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING. By Franklin Taylor. With numerous examples. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

ERRATA:—Page 351, line 14 from the bottom, for "To gaiety," read "The gaiety."
Page 354, first column, second line from the bottom, for "universities" read "minorities."

On the side of the British five officers were killed and seventy-nine men. General Riall was wounded and taken prisoner. General Drummond was also wounded, as were Lieutenant-Colonels Morrison, Pearson, and Robinson, Majors Hatt and Simons, and thirty-three other officers, and five hundred and eighteen men; and six officers and two hundred and twenty-nine men were missing, making a general total of killed, wounded, and missing of eight hundred and seventy-eight men.

July 25th.—A communication from His Honour Lieutenant-General Drummond, President, administering the Government of the Province of Upper Canada, announced the result of the proceedings of a special commission, held at Ancaster, in the Niagara District, on the 23rd of May, for the trial of persons charged with high treason. Fifteen persons were convicted and condemned: of these, eight—the principal offenders—suffered the awful sentence of the law, at Burlington, on the 20th of July. Seven were reprieved until His Majesty's pleasure respecting them should be made known. His Honour concluded his communication by making a public acknowledgment to the gentlemen who composed the grand and petit juries under the Special Commission, for their patience, diligence, firmness, and justice in the discharge of the solemn duties imposed upon them.

August 1st.—The United States fleet sailed from Sackett's harbour and proceeded to the head of the Lake, but finding no land force to co-operate with, the United States troops being invested in their entrenchments round Fort Erie, soon returned to port.

August 12th.—Captain Dobbs, R.N., captured with his boats (which had been conveyed overland from the Niagara River) two United States' schooners—the *Ohio* and the *Somers*—which were lying off Fort Erie for the purpose of flanking the approaches. Each schooner was armed with three long twelve-pounders, and had a complement of thirty-five men.

August 13th.—General Drummond, having determined to storm the enemy's entrenchments, opened fire from a battery which he had erected, with such effect as to induce him to attempt the assault on the 14th, on the evening of which day three colums were formed; one under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, of De Watteville's regiment, consisting of his own regiment, the 8th, detachments from the 89th and 100th regiments, and some artillery; a second under Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, which was composed of the flank companies of the 104th and 41st regiments, and a body of seamen and marines, under Captain Dobbs, R.N.; the third was composed of the 103rd regiment and two companies of the Royal Scots, and was commanded by Colonel Scott, of the 103rd regiment. The first of these columns obtained possession of part of the enemy's works, but was compelled, for want of support, to retire with heavy loss. The other two columns succeeded in obtaining a lodgment in the fort, and seized the Demi Bastion, the guns of which they turned against the enemy; but, unfortunately, a quantity of ammunition underneath the platform upon which the guns were placed exploded, causing the British troops severe loss, and throwing them into a panic from which it was impossible to rally them; whilst the enemy, profiting by the confusion which the explosion had caused, pressed forward with a heavy and destructive fire, and compelled the assailants to retire from the works they had so gallantly carried. In this attack the loss of the British was

very severe. Colonel Scott and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond fell at the head of their respective columns whilst nobly leading the assault on the works. Captain Torrens, of the Royal Scots, and Lieutenant Noel, of the 8th, were also killed. Four officers and fifty-four men were returned as killed, and twenty-four officers and two hundred and eighty-five men wounded. In addition to these, nine officers and five hundred and thirty men were missing, most of whom were subsequently ascertained to have been killed.

The United States force only admitted a loss of eighty-four in killed, wounded, and missing.

A few days afterwards, the 6th and 82nd regiments arrived to reinforce General Drummond, who did not deem it expedient to hazard another attempt to gain the fort, but was satisfied with continuing the investment, and by thus cooping up the United States army within their entrenchments, compelled them to procure all their supplies from their own country, and rendered the occupation of the fort of no service to them.

Having learned that General Brown had established his magazines at Buffalo, General Drummond, on the night of the 3rd of August, directed a force, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker, of the 41st regiment, to ascend the Niagara and to attack that post. The United States commander had, however, taken measures to guard against any surprise in this direction, and on reaching the Conajocta Creek, Colonel Tucker found the bridge destroyed and a force on the opposite bank, posted behind a breastwork of logs, ready to dispute the crossing. It being impracticable to force a passage at this point, Colonel Tucker next tried to cross at a ford on his left flank, but this too was so well defended by a body of Morgan's riflemen that the attempt was abandoned, and the troops were therefore re-embarked, and returned to the British side of the river.

The United States Government, being very unwilling that the British should retain possession of the fortified posts on the Upper Lakes, directed, in April, the organization of an expedition having for its objects the seizure and occupancy of a new post alleged to have been established by the British at Matchedash, and the recapture of Michilimackinac. Owing, however, to various causes, this expedition did not actually start until the 3rd of July, on which day a detachment of the United States regulars and militia, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Crogan, embarked at Detroit, and sailed for Matchedash. The weather proving unfavourable, the attempt on Matchedash was abandoned, and the fleet bore up for St. Mary's, where Captain Holmes landed and pillaged the stores of the North-West Company, and then burned the place. After the capture of St. Mary's, the expedition left the Sault and proceeded to Michilimackinac, where it arrived on the 26th of July. Colonel Crogan landed his troops on the 4th of August, and advanced to the attack. The British, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel McDonall, were quite prepared to receive him, and after a sharp skirmish, in which Captain Holmes and seventeen men of the attacking force were killed, Colonel Crogan withdrew his troops and re-embarked.

On the way back to Detroit the expedition ran into the Georgian Bay and attacked Nottawasaga, where a schooner and a block-house were destroyed. On leaving Michilimackinac, Colonel Croghan had directed two cruisers, the *Tigress* and the *Scorpion*, to remain in the neighbourhood, as they might be useful in intercepting supplies destined

for the garrison. A small party of seamen, under the command of Lieutenant Bulger, of the Royal Newfoundland regiment, succeeded in capturing the *Tigress* on the evening of the 3rd of September, and the *Scorpion* on the morning of the 5th. After the capture of these two vessels (each carried a long 24-pounder, and had a complement of thirty-two men) no further attack was made upon Michilimackinac.

Lieutenant-Colonel McDonall, who commanded at Michilimackinac, despatched Lieutenant-Colonel McKay, of the Indian Department, early in July, with six hundred and fifty men, to attack the United States post at Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi. On the 17th of July, Lieutenant-Colonel McKay arrived at this post, which was situated on a height, and was defended by two block-houses, each mounting six pieces of cannon, and in front of the fort, in the middle of the Mississippi, was stationed a large gun-boat, carrying fourteen pieces of artillery. The fort having refused to surrender, Colonel McKay opened fire upon the gun-boat, which he soon compelled to cut her cable and drop down the river for shelter. On the evening of the 19th of July, Lieutenant-Colonel McKay, having thrown up breastworks at a distance of four hundred and fifty yards, prepared to open a cannonade upon the fort, when the enemy hoisted a white flag and sent an officer to announce their surrender. The British immediately occupied the post, the surrender of which was of great importance, as it at once secured the ascendency of British influence over the Indian tribes of the West.

August 16th.—A detachment of the enemy, accompanied by a number of Indians, landed at Port Talbot, a settlement on the shores of Lake Erie, founded by Colonel Talbot, surprised the place, and plundered the inhabitants of all they possessed, leaving them utterly destitute and almost naked; even women and children were robbed of their clothing in the most shameless manner. Upwards of fifty families, numbering over two hundred persons, suffered by this raid. The Burwells were particularly unfortunate on this occasion—five heads of families of that name being included in the list of sufferers. Mahlon Burwell, a Member of the House of Assembly, although ill of fever and ague, was bound like a felon and carried away as a prisoner. Colonel Talbot escaped with much difficulty, but was unable to save a single article.

September 17th.—The United States garrison at Fort Erie made a sortie in the afternoon, and attacked the lines of the British investing force with the whole strength of the garrison, amounting to upwards of five thousand men. At first the enemy gained some advantage, and turned the right of the British line of piquets, gaining possession, after a hard fight, of two batteries. Reinforcements were, however, rapidly pushed forward, and the enemy was driven into the fort with considerable loss. Both sides suffered severely in this affair. The United States commander admitted a loss in killed, wounded, and missing of five hundred and nine men, including eleven officers killed and twenty-three wounded.

The British lost three officers and one hundred and twelve men killed, seventeen officers and one hundred and sixty-one men wounded, and thirteen officers and three hundred and three men missing (these men it was subsequently ascertained were captured in the first rush upon the British entrenchments; they were sent prisoners to Albany, where they arrived on the 9th of October); total, six hundred and nine of all ranks.

Mr. Willcocks, at one time a member of the Assembly of Upper Canada, against whom a presentment for libel had been made by the grand jury, in 1808, for seditious libel against the Government and the Lieutenant-Governor, and who had subsequently gone over to the United States and joined the invading force under Brigadier-General Ripley, was killed in this sortie.

After this affair, General Drummond, finding that his troops were encamped in a low situation, which the late rains had rendered very unhealthy, raised the investment of Fort Erie, and on the evening of the 21st of September fell back upon Chippawa, the enemy making no attempt to interfere with his movements.

October 22nd. — Brigadier-General McArthur crossed the St. Clair river with a force of mounted Kentucky riflemen, for the purpose of making a raid in Western Canada. He succeeded in reaching the Grand River, where he encountered a detachment of the 103rd regiment, supported by a party of Indian warriors, who at once disputed his passage. Finding his further progress thus summarily stopped, General McArthur retired towards Detroit, being followed for a short distance by a party of the 19th light dragoons, having only succeeded in burning a few mills and plundering a number of settlers of their private property, their whole course being marked by wanton plunder, devastation, and indiscriminate pillage, conduct repugnant alike to the dictates of humanity and the usages of war.

November 5th.—The United States troops, under command of Major-General Izzard, blew up the works at Fort Erie, destroyed the place, and retired to their own territory, thus relieving the inhabitants of Upper Canada from the distress occasioned by the enemy's occupation of that part of the frontier.

November 10th.—The British fleet returned to Kingston, having on board Lieutenant-General Drummond and his staff, the 41st regiment, and a few convalescents.

December 24th.—A treaty of peace between His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America was signed at Ghent.

January 9th.—The General Orders of this date acknowledge the receipt of a report, through Colonel Sir Sidney Beckwith, from Captain Barker, of the Frontier Light Infantry, of the complete success of an expedition committed to the charge of that officer against the posts and depots of the enemy at Derby, in the State of Vermont, which were taken possession of on the 17th of December, 1813. Barracks for 1,200 men, recently erected, were destroyed, together with all the stables and storehouses; and a large quantity of military stores were brought away. Captain Barker reported Captains Curtis and Taplin, and Lieutenants Messa and Bodwell, of the Townships Militia, as having rendered valuable service on this occasion.

January 13th.—The fifth session of the seventh Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened by His Excellency Sir George Prevost, Governor-in-Chief. His Excellency congratulated Parliament on the defeat of the United States army at Chateauguay by a mere handful of Canadian militia, and on the victory obtained over Major-General Wilkinson's forces at Chrystler's Farm, events which had nobly upheld the honour of His Majesty's arms and effectually disconcerted all the plans of the enemy for the invasion of the Province.

January 16th.—Captain McGillivray, of the 3rd Embodied Militia, having learned that a sergeant and thirteen United States dragoons had been posted at Clough's Farm, on the lines, near