

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
							✓				

THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 3.]

FEBRUARY, 1873.

[No. 2.

CANADA ON THE SEA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

NO country in the world possesses more admirable facilities for the prosecution of all the branches of maritime enterprise than the Dominion of Canada. Looking eastward we see the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with an extensive line of sea-coast, indented, especially in the case of the latter, with bays and harbours offering every possible inducement to commerce. Still further to the east lies the island of Newfoundland, the Prima or Buena Vista of the early navigators, in the midst of the finest fishery of either continent, destined ere long to form a part of the Confederation, and become the headquarters of an immense trade. As one great island forms the eastern barrier, so another, smaller in extent but equally important in a maritime point of view, defends the approaches to the Pacific Coast of the Dominion. While the eastern and western extremities of Canada are washed by two oceans—the one the road to Asia and the other to Europe

—Nature has given her a system of internal communication unrivalled even by the Republic on her borders. The St. Lawrence runs through a large portion of her most valuable and at present most populous territory, and carries to the ocean the tribute of the great lakes and the noble rivers that water the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick both possess numerous rivers, some of them of very considerable length and magnitude, and connecting the most inland counties of those provinces with the sea-board. By energetically availing themselves of these natural advantages, the people of British North America have been able, in the course of a very few years, to attain a commercial position which is most creditable to their industry and enterprise.

The people who own this immense stretch of country, extending from ocean to ocean, are of the same races who, from times immemorial, have been famous for their achievements on

the seas. They take as much pride as the men of Devon themselves in the record of Grenville, Gilbert, Frobisher, Raleigh, Drake, and all those gallant men whose names are so intimately associated with the maritime triumphs of the parent state, and with the history of discovery on the continent of America. If there is an era in English history specially interesting to Canadians, it is that Elizabethan age when England laid deep and firm the foundation of her maritime superiority, and her adventurous sons, above all "the sons of Devon," went forth to plant her flag in Prima Vista, in the ice-bound regions of the North, or on the islands and coasts of the Tropics.

But whilst the energy and enterprise of the British races have to so large an extent made Canada what she is now, we must not forget that it was to England's great rival across the Channel that we owe the first settlements on our shores. The Basques, the Bretons, and the Normans, themselves a maritime people by virtue of descent and occupation, were the first to till "the deep sea-pasture" of American waters. From Dieppe, St. Malo, Rochelle, and other ports of France, came those maritime adventurers who, in frail craft hardly larger than the smallest fishing schooners on our sea-coast, dared all the dangers of unknown seas, and planted the first colonies on the banks of the St. Lawrence or on the shores of Acadie. With wonderful discrimination they selected those harbours and bays which are best adapted for trade, and modern enterprise has not denied in a single instance the wisdom of their choice. Quebec, Montreal, and New Orleans, still remain to attest the prescience and sagacity of the French pioneers. Louisbourg, it is true, is only the abode of a few fishermen, but its natural position for trade is unrivalled, and sooner or later we must see a town rise above the green mounds which now alone remain to tell of its greatness in the days of the French régime.

The early history of Canada is a record of tumult and war, and if we would follow her commercial and maritime progress we need not go back many years. Traffic in fish and furs was prosecuted to a limited extent during those times when the French and English were establishing themselves on the continent, and struggling for the supremacy. Next followed the War of Independence, and many years later the War of 1812-14, to the great injury of Canadian industry, then in its very infancy. But since those warlike times in the early part of the century, there has been an era of peace, only disturbed by the political dissension and strife of 1836-7, and Canada has been able to go steadily forward in the path of commercial and industrial progress. Year by year, since 1815, the pioneer has advanced up the St. Lawrence, and made his settlement in the Western Province. Craft of various sizes soon commenced to whiten the waters of the lakes, and eventually the population and commerce of the west so increased that canals had to be built to give speedy and secure access to the ports of Montreal and Quebec. Railways followed canals, and steamers the clumsy schooners and flat-boats of old times, while cities and towns grew with unexampled rapidity throughout the Province, where not a single settlement of any importance existed in the days of French rule on the St. Lawrence. The population of Ontario, or Upper Canada, in a very few years from the date of the Union considerably exceeded that of the French Canadian Province, which had been given so long a start in the race of civilization. The provinces by the sea, then politically isolated from the country on the St. Lawrence and lakes, also made, during this era of peace, steady advances, especially in maritime enterprise. But in tracing the commercial progress of Canada we cannot fail to remark that it really dates from the extension of her political privileges, and the removal of those restrictions which England imposed on Colonial trade and navigation

during those times when sound principles of political economy were hardly understood, and commercial fallacies lay to a great extent at the basis of all her commercial and fiscal legislation. The result of the statesmanlike policy that the mother-country, within a quarter of a century, has adopted towards Canada, in common with other Colonial dependencies, has not only tended to stimulate the energy and enterprise of the Canadian people, but has equally benefited the manufacturing and mercantile community of Great Britain, inasmuch as the provinces are now far larger consumers of British merchandize than would have been possible under the old system of monopolies and navigation laws. Fifty years ago the whole population of all British North America was not equal to one million of souls, whilst it is in excess of four millions at the present time. The total trade did not exceed twelve millions of dollars in value; whereas it may be estimated at very little below two hundred millions of dollars in 1872. This is the natural result of the peace, and the political and commercial freedom which we have now so long enjoyed under the protecting guidance of the parent state.

The commercial progress of Canada has been so fully illustrated of late, that it is superfluous for me now to dwell on the subject of trade in general; and all that I propose to attempt in the present paper is to give some facts and figures to prove the value of her maritime industry. In her extensive range of sea-coast and river navigation, in her unrivalled fisheries, in her wide sweep of forests, and above all in the energy and endurance of her inhabitants, we see the elements which have enabled her to reach a foremost position among maritime nations—equal, in fact, to the country which gave birth to Cartier and Champlain, and far ahead of the Spaniards and the Dutch, supreme on the ocean when the name of Canada was never heard of. For a great change has taken place since the century

when many stately Spanish galleons crossed the ocean from the Spanish Main, and Van Tromp swept the seas with a broom hoisted at his masthead.

The Fisheries have naturally laid the foundation of the maritime industry of the provinces. From the earliest time of which we have any record, fishermen from the Basque and Norman coast have flung their lines on the banks of Newfoundland, and carried home full fares long before a single English vessel ventured into the same seas to prosecute this lucrative branch of industry. But the French settlements on the Lower St. Lawrence, on the shores of the Gulf, or on the coast of Acadie, had but limited opportunities of following the fisheries in the warlike times which preceded the conquest. Louisbourg was then the headquarters of the French fishermen who yearly resorted to American waters, and it is recorded that in the year preceding the capture of that fortified town by the English fleet, under Warren, and the fishermen of New England, under the command of Pepperrell, France had some 600 sail, manned by 20,000 sailors, employed on our shores. For many years after the conquest of Canada the French did not prosecute this branch of industry to any extent; but during the past half century it has revived. Of all the possessions France formerly owned in America, she now only retains the insignificant islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, to the south of Newfoundland, and enjoys certain fishing privileges on a large portion of the coast of that colony. Though the number of vessels varies according as there is peace or war in Europe, yet she has not failed to send out a fleet from year to year to St. Pierre, where a little colony of officials, merchants, and fishermen has been established. The official statistics for 1865 show that 530 vessels were employed in the French cod fishery, with a combined capacity of 65,929 tons, and manned by nearly 11,000 men; and so far as I can learn from sources within my reach, the amount

of tonnage at the present time is between 60,000 and 70,000, whilst the total value of the product, exclusive of the bounty she pays on each ton, may be estimated at between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000. Slight as is the hold France now retains on the northern half of this continent, she values it highly and clings to it with tenacity, because it gives her a *point d'appui*, or base, for the prosecution of the fisheries, which she has followed for so many centuries with such valuable results to her material wealth and her naval strength. She may colonize the islets of St. Pierre and Miquelon, but she cannot build fortifications or keep an armed force, except a few *gens d'armes* for police purposes. Under the Treaty of Utrecht it was also allowed the subjects of France "to catch fish, and to dry them on the land, in that part only, and in no other besides, of the said island of Newfoundland, which stretches from the place called Bona Vista to the northern part of the said island, and from thence running down by the western side, reaches as far as the place called Point Riche." By a subsequent treaty it was agreed that the French rights should extend from Cape St. John to Cape Ray. The French have more than once asserted an exclusive right to the fisheries on that coast, but it is now understood that they only enjoy a "concurrent right" with British subjects. The existence of these rights has long caused considerable irritation to the people of Newfoundland, and no doubt in the course of time, when the island forms a part of the Dominion, and the French coast is required for purposes of trade and settlement, some understanding will be arrived at with the French Government on the subject of these claims.

The people who have most coveted the British American fisheries are the inhabitants of the Atlantic States, who have long fished in our waters and drawn from them a considerable portion of their wealth. The importance and value of these fisheries can be

immediately seen from the disputes and difficulties that have, for half a century, arisen between England and the United States on account of the determination of the latter country to have access to these fishing grounds at all hazards. The British Government has, however, never acknowledged the validity of these claims, but has excluded the Americans from the Bays of Chaleurs and Fundy and the Strait of Carlsö, and from fishing anywhere within three miles of the shores, harbours, and bays of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. The fisheries most valued by the Americans are those of the Mackerel, which are only now to be prosecuted with profit in Canadian waters—off Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, and in the Bay of Chaleurs especially. They have also, during the times they have been given access to our grounds, availed themselves largely of the cod and herring fisheries within the three-mile limits of the shores of the Maritime Provinces, but it is the mackerel they chiefly covet, and for which they have always been prepared to make certain commercial concessions. Now that they are again to enjoy the rights they possessed under the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854-65, it is important to consider the value of the fisheries we concede to them, and the value of the privileges we receive in exchange. I shall, therefore, attempt to present certain facts and figures which will best illustrate a subject of considerable interest at the present juncture, when a commission must shortly sit at Halifax to consider the question whether any pecuniary compensation is due to us over and above the right which we are to enjoy—of taking our fish free into the American market.

It is very difficult to get full and accurate statements of the tonnage and value of the fish actually caught by the Americans in our waters. According to a return lately issued by the Secretary of State, Washington, the following represents the tonnage employed

for a number of years in the deep sea fisheries :

Year.	Mackerel.	Cod.	Year.	Mackerel.	Cod.
1820	60,843	1863	51,019
1830	35,973	1864	55,498
1840	28,269	1865	41,209
1850	58,112	1866	46,589
1860	26,111	1867	31,498
1861	54,296	1868	83,828
1862	80,597			122,863

Massachusetts is the State of the Union which devotes most attention to the mackerel fishery—the total value of the catch in 1855 having been \$1,355,332, in 1865, \$1,886,837. The value of the cod fishery of the same State in the same years, was \$1,413,413, and \$2,689,723 respectively. The total value of the Fisheries in 1864-5, while the Reciprocity Treaty was still in operation, but when the civil war had sadly disturbed this branch of industry, is put down as follows, by the same authority :

Whale fishery.....	\$4,871,347	in gold.
Cod and Mackerel fishery...	4,026,849	"

Total \$8,898,196

But if we go back to 1860, before the war occurred to cripple this branch of industry—especially in the case of the whale fishery—we find the amount of tonnage employed was, in the aggregate, nearly double that of 1865, and the catch may be fairly valued at between \$14,000,000 and \$15,000,000—the value of the whale fishery alone having been \$6,504,838. Mr. E. H. Derby, in his official report laid before Congress in 1867, cites authority to prove that, during the two last years of the Reciprocity Treaty, the United States had, fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay of Chaleurs, no less than 600 sail, which must have taken fish to the amount of \$4,500,000. The same authority says that “nearly one-fourth of our fishing fleet, with a tonnage of 40,000 to 50,000 tons, worth \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000 annually, fish near the three-mile limit of the Provinces”—“near” being Mr. Derby’s euphemism for “within.” Since the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty and the disturb-

ance of industry by the civil war, the fisheries have not been prosecuted to the same extent as they were up to 1865, but the moment the new treaty comes into force American fishermen will flock in larger numbers to the gulf and bay, and enter into the most active competition with our own people. Even under the license system, which was so persistently evaded, 454 permits were issued in 1866 to American vessels, which by no means represented the total number known to have fished within the three-mile limit. The Minister of Marine and Fisheries calculates that the Americans employ between eight and eleven hundred vessels in our fisheries, and that their annual catch, chiefly within the three-mile limit, may be valued at upwards of \$8,000,000. It is safe to say, with all these facts before us, that the money value of the concessions made to the United States will be between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000, Canadian currency, a year—a very moderate estimate if the New England fishermen go into the fisheries with anything like the energy they displayed under the Reciprocity Treaty.

Now, in considering the value of the concessions on the part of the United States, we may as well leave altogether out of the account the privilege of fishing on the American coast—a privilege which will not be used by Canadians to any extent worth mentioning. The repeal of the duties on the Canadian fish brought into the American market, however, is a valuable concession to a leading interest of the Dominion, but it is still very far from being adequate compensation for the use of the fisheries. According to the same authority from which we have already quoted—and on a question of this kind it is advisable, when practicable, to quote from American official documents—the United States received the following produce of the fisheries from all British North America, and collected the following duties thereon :

		Value.	Duty Paid.
Mackerel, bbls.....	77,503..	\$675,986..	\$155,006
Herring, bbls.....	97,595...	321,404...	97,597
Salmon, bbls ...	6,216...	125,413...	18,648
Other fish, bbls. ...	152,688...	152,688...	36,943
Fish not bbls—lbs. 6,505,942...		197,686...	32,529
Oil, seal, gals ...	340,035...	185,132...	18,513
Whale & cod, gals..	180,504..	115,360...	23,072

Total. \$1,773,669 \$382,308

The same authority gives the following table of the value of imports of similar produce from the Provinces for a term of years :

1858.....	\$1,500,000	1864.....	\$1,477,155
1860.....	1,500,000	1865.....	2,193,384
1861.....	1,797,722	1866.....	1,627,000
1862.....	1,078,073	1867.....	1,773,669
1863.....	957,166		

If these figures prove anything it is this, that the value of the export from all British North America into the United States has varied very little before and since the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty. The Canadian returns give the total value of all the fish exported to all countries in 1870-71 as about \$4,000,000, of which not more than one-third was sent to the United States. It may be safely estimated that half a million of dollars will, for some years, represent the total value of the remission of duties on Canadian produce imported into the American market. It may, indeed, be urged that the free use of our fisheries will increase the catch of the American fishermen, and, consequently, tend to diminish the sale of our own in the American markets. At all events, it is reasonable to suppose that the quantity henceforth exported by Canada to the United States will not be much greater than heretofore. The Americans, under any circumstances, would have to buy a certain quantity of our fish, and in case of a duty, the consumer would necessarily have to pay it. We must remember, too, that instead of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty crippling us to the extent expected, it has stimulated our energies, and forced the Canadians to seek new markets for the sale of their surplus products. It is now within our power to supply South America more cheaply with the fish which the Americans have hitherto

bought from us and re-exported to those Southern countries. Under these circumstances the American trade, valuable as it is, is not indispensable to Canada, and cannot be considered anything like an equivalent for the fisheries we give up.

The growth of the fishery interest of British North America has been steady during the past twelve years. In 1860 the value of the fish caught in the Dominion was about \$4,000,000, and adding \$4,440,000 for Newfoundland, and \$272,532 for Prince Edward Island, we have an aggregate value of \$8,712,532. In 1866 the value of the Dominion catch was estimated at \$6,263,000, and at \$10,837,000 for all British North America. The actual product of the fisheries, exported and consumed within the Dominion, was estimated by the Marine and Fishery Department at about \$8,000,000 in 1870, and adding the proportion caught by the other Provinces, we have an aggregate of some \$16,000,000. While the tonnage of the American fishing interest has steadily declined since 1860, the value of the same branch of industry in the Dominion, as well as in all British North America, has about doubled. The value of the exports in 1871 was as follows :

Nova Scotia..	\$2,852,255	Quebec	\$678,162
New Brunswick	374,379	Ontario.....	89,479

Total for the Dominion \$3,994,275, equal to whole product of 1860.

Newfoundland \$7,825,159 | P. E. Island...\$350,000

Total for B. N. A.. \$12,169,434

The value of all the fish caught in British North American waters may be estimated as follows :

By B. N. America	\$16,000,000
“ United States	8,000,000
“ France	3,000,000
Total.....	<u>\$27,000,000</u>

British Columbia, as yet, prosecutes the fisheries to no extent worth mentioning, but she possesses great quantities of salmon, and is within easy reach of the valuable whale and cod fisheries of the North Pacific. At

the present time California has some thirty vessels engaged in the cod fishery, principally in the vicinity of the Chamouguin and Fox Islands. British Columbia also sends several small schooners to the Russian coast, where there are numerous cod banks. Of late years the number of American whalers that resort to the northern waters has been steadily decreasing—from two hundred and seventy-eight, in 1852, to some eighty or ninety at the present time—and the whales are consequently increasing in numbers and becoming less wild; and, perhaps, when the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed, and population and capital have found their way into that distant Province on the Pacific coast, it will engage largely in the whale and cod fisheries, and help to swell the aggregate of the product of the Dominion.

In the men that sail the fishing fleets of Canada, we see the elements of a very powerful marine, which will be found invaluable in time of national danger. Should ever a national exigency demand the services of this class, they will prove as useful auxiliaries as ever were the fishermen who first captured the most powerful French fortress on this continent, or as were their descendants, who again rallied to the public defence during the Civil War, and manned the navies of the Republic. It may be estimated that the number of men employed in the fisheries of all the Provinces is about 75,000.

On the energetic prosecution of the rich fisheries of this continent rests the very foundation of our national strength in the future. It would, indeed, say little for our energy or industry were we to allow ourselves to be beaten by foreigners in the competition in our own waters; but the figures we have given prove that we have made rapid progress in the development of this source of wealth, and now stand the foremost people in the prosecution of the sea fisheries—the aggregate of the product now exceeding that of Great Britain, France, United States, Norway, Holland, which have always devoted a

large amount of labour and capital to the development of this branch of industry.

No doubt, if Canada could enjoy the exclusive use of the fisheries, she would soon control the fish markets of the world, and make immense additions to her wealth in the course of a few years, but such a contingency is unlikely under the circumstances. We have never refused to Americans the right of fishing in our waters, when they have consented to deal with us in a spirit of fairness and justice. We have recently agreed to the Treaty of Washington out of deference to the wishes of the Imperial Government, and under the strong conviction that it is most desirable to avoid any unpleasantness with our Republican neighbours. Any serious difficulty in connection with the fisheries would precipitate a conflict which would soon entail a loss on the Dominion of more consequence than any gain we might make by shutting out all foreigners from the use of our fishing grounds. We feel, too, that as the fisheries are at our very doors, and our taxes lighter, we are in a position to compete successfully with the energy and enterprise of the fishermen of New England. The Americans themselves see this fact, for we find this language in an official document:—
 “The contrast in the condition of the re-
 “spective fisheries of the United States and
 “the Provinces is now still more in favour
 “of the latter than in 1853. The salt in
 “both cases may be considered free of duty.
 “They are, therefore, on a par in this re-
 “spect. The advantages, however, possessed
 “by the Provinces, of proximity to the fish-
 “ing grounds, and of the employment of
 “boats, rendering it unnecessary, in a great
 “degree, to invest a large capital in vessels
 “and outfit; the low duties imposed upon
 “tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, &c., and on
 “woollens, cordage, duck, &c., in compari-
 “son with those imposed by the tariff of the
 “United States; the cheaper labour; the light
 “dues exacted from American fishermen, all
 “tend to enable the Provinces to undersell

"the United States in exterior markets." But the fact that we enjoy these advantages does not depreciate the value of the concessions we have made. If we admit the American fishermen to a partnership in the fisheries, we can fairly ask them for a considerable amount of capital as their payment on coming into a remunerative business all ready for their use.

It is to the fisheries we owe, to a very great extent, the origin and prosperity of the mercantile marine of British North America. Though our commercial history only commenced as it were yesterday, yet we already own an aggregate of tonnage exceeding that of all other countries in the world except Great Britain and the United States, and equal to that of France. The little Province of Nova Scotia alone possesses a navy nearly, if not equal, to that of Holland, whose marine also sprung from the successful prosecution of the fisheries—whose capital, it has been said, was built on a foundation of herring-bones. Shipbuilding was carried on in the Provinces with great activity between 1840 and 1865. In the latter year,

	Vessels.	Tons.	Value.
Nova Scotia built...	294	56,768	\$2,481,752
New Brunswick " ...	148	65,474	2,618,960
Ontario and Quebec " ...	—	63,915	2,556,600
P. E. Island " ...	130	26,193	916,753
Newfoundland " ...	71	2,010	80,400

Total value.....\$8,654,465

The increased demand for steam and iron vessels has of late years interfered very materially with the construction of the wooden vessels built in the Provinces; but, nevertheless, the interest is flourishing, as the following return for 1871 shows:

Ontario built...	55 vessels equal to	7,777 tons.
Quebec " ...	80 " "	20,604 "
New Brunswick " ...	108 " "	33,355 "
Nova Scotia " ...	146 " "	44,307 "

But the Provinces now chiefly build vessels for their own commerce, and, consequently, own and sail a large amount of tonnage.

In 1806, all British America only owned a tonnage of 71,943; in a quarter of a century it had reached 176,040; in fifty years it had more than doubled, 399,204. In 1867, the mercantile marine of Canada showed 224,000 tons increase over 1801, and was distributed as follows:

	No.	Tons.	Value.
Ontario.....	481	66,959	\$2,787,800
Quebec.....	1428	155,690	4,633,945
New Brunswick...	826	200,777	5,904,505
Nova Scotia.....	3,087	352,917	10,256,812
Total for Canada...	5,822	776,343	\$23,583,062
Newfoundland.....	1,557	82,939	3,117,560
P. E. Island (about)	280	40,000	1,600,000

Total for B. N. A...7,659.....899,282... \$28,300,622

We have not the complete returns of the census of 1870 at hand, but it is estimated, on good authority, that the total tonnage of the Dominion at the present time is at least a million, and that of all British North America as probably one hundred and fifty thousand tons greater. Of this aggregate there is a considerable part made up of small vessels engaged in the fisheries. Of late years the Maritime Provinces have embarked more largely in the fisheries in the Gulf and on the Banks, which can only be prosecuted in schooners. Still a great proportion consists of vessels of a large class, many of which are classed A1 at Lloyds', and carry freights in every quarter of the world. Propellers are rapidly taking the place of sailing vessels on the lakes, and already not a few of them are of a size beyond the capacity of the canals. It was a Nova Scotian, Sir Samuel Cunard, who established the most efficient and successful line of steamers that has ever carried the British flag across the ocean. A firm of Montreal merchants, the Messrs. Allan, are also the proprietors of another line of ocean steamships, equally famous for their speed and safety. This company was formed in 1853, and now owns some twenty steamers, those of the main line ranging from 4,000 to 2,000 tons, and not surpassed by the Cunarders in all the essentials of comfort.

Whilst the marine of Canada is making steady progress, that of the United States is exhibiting a rapid decline. Shipbuilding has almost ceased in the New England States; the bulk of foreign commerce is carried in foreign ships; not a single line of Atlantic ocean steamers is owned by the United States. The depredations of the Confederate cruisers no doubt did much to injure American shipping; the preference given to iron vessels, over wooden ships, has also tended in the same direction; but the real causes of the silence that still exists in the once noisy shipyards of Maine and Massachusetts, and of the decadence of the American marine generally, must be sought in the fiscal legislation of the United States. From 1861 to 1870 the amount of the foreign trade carried in American vessels decreased some 40 per cent. as compared with 1860, when the great proportion of the foreign trade was carried under the American flag. In 1860 the total tonnage belonging to the United States was 5,353,808, but by 1868 it had decreased to 3,674,482, and there has been no improvement up to the present time. The tonnage of vessels engaged in the fisheries has decreased from 323,606 in 1860 to about one-half in 1870-1. With an irredeemable and fluctuating paper currency in circulation; with a high rate of wages; with a large increase in the prices of necessaries and the cost of living generally; with an exorbitant duty on coal, iron, and other materials, the energy and enterprise of the people of the United States have naturally been paralyzed, and the American marine has been unable to compete with the marine of other nations on the broad field of commercial rivalry. On the other hand, the commercial policy of Canada has been based on those liberal principles which are best calculated to develop trade and enterprise. When the Americans, so foolishly for themselves, repealed the Reciprocity Treaty, under which a lucrative trade had grown up to afford employment to Ameri-

can shipping, Canada never exhibited the same selfish and domineering disposition, but threw open her fisheries on the payment of a nominal license fee, and always showed a willingness to come to some arrangement with her neighbours on matters of trade. Her tariff has been so adjusted as to encourage the shipping interest, by the free admission of all materials that enter into the construction of vessels. Large sums of public money have been annually expended for the improvement of our lake and sea-coast navigation; a careful system of steamboat inspection has been devised, and so efficiently carried out that fewer accidents occur on our inland waters than on those of the United States; legislation has been passed for the relief of sick and distressed seamen, and for the examination of masters and mates, who henceforth can rate with the same class in England. All this Canada has done with the view of promoting her great maritime industry, and her wise policy stands in remarkable contrast with the illiberal and indiscreet system of her American neighbours, under which the American marine has so rapidly declined. At the last session of Congress, the question of reviving shipbuilding was discussed, and an Act passed to allow a rebate on certain articles used in the construction of vessels, but so far this legislation has resulted in no practical result whatever. It is now believed that an attempt will be made during the present session to repeal that feature of the old navigation laws which prevents American citizens from buying foreign built vessels for an American registry, and exacts that coastwise trade shall be done in American bottoms. Such legislation has long been anxiously desired by the people of Canada, for it will still more stimulate shipbuilding, and increase the profits of the shipowners of the Provinces. The Americans are now awakening to the consequences of their short-sighted policy, and can fully appreciate the significance of the warning which Mr. Secretary McCulloch gave them

a few years ago. "It is a well established fact," he said, "that the people who build ships navigate them; and that a nation which ceases to build ships, ceases, of consequence, to be a commercial and maritime nation. Unless, therefore, this state of things is altered, the people of the United States must be subjected to humiliation and loss. If other branches of industry are to prosper, if agriculture is to be profitable, and manufactures are to be extended, the commerce of the country must be sustained and increased."

Of the future of our maritime industry we need have no fears, while Canada enjoys peace within her borders, and a broad enlightened policy prevails in her councils. Since the Provinces are no longer isolated from each other, but firmly united for their mutual development and expansion, their progress must be more rapid in the future than in the past. The construction of canals and railways must necessarily give additional employment to her marine, and place it eventually in the very foremost position. Sooner or later the bulk of the carriage of the trade of the great West, of the United States, and Canada, must follow the natural route of the St. Lawrence in Canadian ships. The fish, coal, lumber, and grain alone of Canada, should give abundant employment to her ships, for these products of her soil and waters are in ever increasing demand, and are every day finding new avenues of trade. The coal-fields of Nova Scotia are inexhaustible, and must be developed hence-

forth to an extent of which the past few years can give no adequate conception. Even now the proprietors of mines find it difficult to charter vessels to supply the orders they are receiving. The iron exists alongside of the coal in the same Province, and must soon be largely manufactured into railway iron and other hardware, constantly in demand, and there is little doubt that in the course of time iron vessels will be built within the Dominion itself. Between 1860 and 1871, under an ordinary condition of things, British America doubled her tonnage, and it is safe to predict that, in view of the more rapid development of her commercial and industrial resources, and the stimulating influence of territorial expansion and public works, the increase of her mercantile marine will be still greater within the next decade. The prospects of the maritime industry of the Dominion were never more brilliant than they are now, and must be viewed with the deepest satisfaction by all who take an interest in the welfare and prosperity of this portion of the British Empire. The same adventurous, courageous spirit that in days of old carried the maritime heroes of England to unknown seas and continents, and has founded new states throughout the habitable globe, still exists in all its pristine vigour among the Canadian people; and as this spirit now impels them to energetic action in building up their commercial and material prosperity, so in the hour of national danger will it animate them to the performance of deeds of "bold emprise."

THE FATHERLAND.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

(*Author of the BIGELOW PAPERS.*)

WHERE is the true man's Fatherland ?
Is it where he by chance is born ?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned ?
O, yes ! his Fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is ?
Where God is God and man is man ?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this ?
O yes ! his Fatherland must be
As the blue heavens wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair :
There is the true man's birth-place grand—
This is a world-wide Fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birth-place grand—
This is a world-wide Fatherland !

REMINISCENCES OF A YOUNG SOLDIER IN HOSPITAL.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

(Translated from the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.)

CHAPTER I.

OUR train sped swiftly towards Rouen, and had passed Amiens about midnight. We were soldiers of the 20th *Chasseurs* who, after a month's sojourn at Boulogne, where the dépôt was, were returning to rejoin our corps in the Army of the Loire. We were crowded together in third-class carriages of angular compartments, and being encumbered by our numerous military equipments, each of us was obliged to take his seat at hap-hazard. There had been no lack of gaiety along the road; no end of laughter, puns and jokes at the expense of the Prussians. We sang patriotic songs, the voices from each carriage joining in chorus, and, when we reached the stations, our clarions sounded the charge right cheerfully. But when night came on all the enthusiasm of departure had calmed down, and even the most excitable among us would fain have slept. As for myself, when getting on board the train I became separated from my squad, and was only able to discover one of my friends, Paul V . . ., an enlisted volunteer. I was seated opposite to him, and, overcome with fatigue, had dropped asleep. Suddenly there came a tremendous shock, and we felt ourselves raised from our seats; the partitions were all crushed in around us, the benches shattered, the window-panes and lamps shivered into a thousand pieces, and we, mangled and crushed, seeking vainly to escape from the confused mass of muskets, knapsacks and fragments of wood which overwhelm and lacerate us, are carried off in the vortex. This, however, lasted only a minute, but it was a frightful, agonizing

minute, with its shrieks of pain, cries of rage, prayers, and blasphemies. Then a last vibration was felt and all was still.

Later I learnt the details of the accident. At the time we left Amiens, the station-master of Critot, a little village of the environs, had been apprised of our departure. Either from forgetfulness or some other cause he neglected to place a man at the switch, who would have given us notice; consequently, on arriving at Critot, instead of following the main road the engine ran on the side track, struck the signal tower and broke the masonry which supported it, traversed about thirty metres off the rails, and, with a last bound, buried itself several feet in the earth. The succeeding carriages endeavoured to surmount the obstacle, but the shock had been so violent that the chains of the fifth carriage broke, proving the salvation of those that followed. Unfortunately for me I was in the first part of the train. I was severely bruised and suffered the most excruciating pain. When I found breathing time, I discovered myself on the track, my body entangled in an immense heap of wreck, from which alone my head protruded; I was choking. With my left arm, which was free, I endeavoured to raise myself slightly in order to get breathing room; but my mutilated wrist would not support me; the very effort had the effect of bruising me still more, and I fell back with my face to the ground. A little above me, in the last agonies, lay a poor young *Chasseur*. Caught between two timbers his bruised body remained suspended, and his warm life-blood trickled in large drops on my forehead.

Meanwhile the excitement among the rest of our comrades was intense. Their first idea was an attack by the Prussians, and every one alighted. The soldiers were lastly loading their muskets, while the officers, sword in hand, endeavoured to rally them, and shouted "Forward." But the sad reality was soon apparent to them. They met two or three of the wounded, thrown on the road by the violence of the shock, dragging themselves slowly and laboriously along the declivity. There was no light: voices called to each other in the gloom; the night was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the forms of those who so cautiously advanced by the light of the wrecked locomotive. Recognizing friends at last, I called. They hastened eagerly forward, removed the mass which was weighing me down, and in less than a minute I was extricated. They wanted me to stand up; but alas! that was too much for my disjointed limbs, and I fell back with a groan. Raising me gently, four of them carried me into a meadow bordering on the track. There, lying on the grass, I found about thirty men dead or dying. The one I was placed beside was no other than my friend Paul V. . . . With the aid of a lantern I could see that his right foot was terribly shattered, and was uncovered by either shoe or gaiter. I had as yet not lost consciousness a single instant, and was perfectly aware of all that had occurred; but from time to time the great pain I suffered wrung a cry from me. Paul V. suffered without complaint. Here and there we heard our names called by those who sought us, but had not strength to reply.

Immediately after the accident the clerks had come out of the station-house in order to see what had happened. By-and-bye a train arrived with workmen, torches and tools. At the same time the country people began to awake. The two church bells of the little village tolled dolefully, carrying afar the bad tidings. Believing it was a Prussian attack, the peasants armed them-

selves with pitchforks and muskets, and prepared to make a vigorous resistance. When undeceived, they set to work at once to relieve the sufferers. Thanks to this reinforcement the labour went on rapidly. The bodies were laid out in a line in the meadow. The scene was a strange and truly mournful one—more than a hundred bodies were lying in the plain; we had all been covered with the short blue cloak of the *Chasseurs*. The lips of some of those near me were black, their teeth clenched, their eyes wild and staring, and their heads turned convulsively, telling of terrible sufferings. In their agony they dug their nails into the frozen ground. A shadowy group, with torches in their hands, flit from one to another; these were our officers, seeking to recognize their men; they stooped to look at the faces, the rosin trickling down their fingers. The night was starless, and the mist of early morning, falling on the plain, encircled the flame of the torches with a halo which, from a distance, gave it a bloody hue. With the officers came a medical student, a pupil of the Parisian hospitals, then residing at Critot. He also stooped and gazed; occasionally he spoke a few words, and then the body was carried away and placed near the declivity where the other dead had been piled. Behind the group came a priest. When they approached me, one of the officers, a lieutenant, recognized me and shook hands; the young student who had just left Paul V. . . . looked for a few moments at my features, distorted by suffering, said "Well, well!" and then passed on. In front of me was a poor fellow whom I had heard complain a little while before, but now he no longer moved. Two several times the student held a glass to his lips. "He is dead," said he at last, and the new corpse was taken away.

Here my recollection stops; the trial had been too great, and I fainted. I only regained consciousness when I was hoisted, with other unfortunates, into one of the two-wheeled carts used by our peasantry. In

stalled as comfortably as possible, we proceeded slowly on our way to Critot. Every jolt of the cart on this stony road renewed our sufferings, and caused us to utter cries of pain. In one of the jolts my hand came in contact with my neighbour on the right, whose arm I felt already stiff under his cloak, and when he was taken out he was, indeed, a corpse. But I could no longer distinguish the surrounding objects, and must have been delirious. At the entrance of the village was a barn, where we were placed side by side; a few bundles of straw spread on the barn floor formed a bed for our mutilated bodies. A smoky candle, whose waning light trembled on the walls, barely lit this large room, leaving the corners and the beams of the roof in darkness.

Racked with fever and thirst, we had just enough feeling to suffer. Thus passed the night, and in the morning we witnessed the arrival of six or seven physicians and surgeons, brought here by special train from Rouen. They were provided with their cases of instruments, and wore their aprons ready for operations. Without loss of time they applied themselves to dressing our wounds. As for me, my left leg and right thigh were fractured, my left arm shattered, and my head badly cut, besides other wounds. Alas! poor me, who had confided so much in my ardour, and in the strength of my twenty years, and had resolved to fight the enemy so valiantly.

No sooner were my wounds dressed than I was placed on a litter and carried to the station, to wait for the train which was to take us to Rouen. The report of our deplorable accident had already spread all over the country, and attracted a crowd, who were moved to pity on beholding us. The waiting-room in which I was placed contained four or five wounded. I recognized one of them, Coulmy, an old soldier of the Crimean and Italian campaigns, whose breast was fairly covered with medals. He had enlisted in order to gain the Cross, and now

the poor man's left leg was completely crushed. We were kept waiting more than four hours. The inquisitive multitude crowded round the waiting-room and looked eagerly through the windows, loudly giving vent to their sympathies. I heard the murmur of voices indistinctly, and in my feverish hallucination all the figures seemed to grin through the panes and dance before my eyes. At last the train arrived; we were installed in the cattle vans, so that we might not be incommoded by the seats, and started for Rouen.

All these movings had greatly fatigued me, and the last was not by any means the least painful. I saw the General Hospital of Rouen, with its grating, its long avenue, planted with linden trees, and its old blackened buildings. By especial favour, Paul V . . . and I got a little private room, while the other wounded were conveyed into the public wards. Our room was in the second story, and contained four beds. Beside me lay an honest pensioner of the hospital, in front Paul V . . . , to the right, a poor old man in his dotage, whose regular and monotonous wail continued far into the night. Between the two beds at the far end was the window, whence were seen successively the avenue, the walls of the hospital, and the entrance to the station. The iron bedsteads were provided with little white curtains, hung on rods. The furniture consisted of some straw-bottomed chairs, a table of varnished wood, a stove in the centre of the room, and on the wall hung an old cracked piece of canvass, which represented a cardinal, whose name I could never discover. An unskilful hand had touched up the cardinal's features, the ample scarlet robe and curling moustaches giving him a resemblance to Richelieu. The fresh paint, with its bright colours, looked like stains on the tarnished background. How often, during my long sleepless nights, have I seen this figure come out of its unguilt frame, walk towards my bed, and, fixing on me its vacant gaze, fill my

mind with *Lar*. The red cloak, with its deep folds, lengthened immoderately, the thin lips moved, the right hand raised as if to bless, suddenly made threatening gestures. Even awake, I had to struggle against this nightmare. Such was the room in which I was confined nearly eight months.

The first few days I lay between life and death. My lucid intervals were quickly followed by fits of fever and delirium. It was during one of these sad attacks that the funeral of those who had been killed took place. The train in which we came to Rouen brought also a dozen corpses; they were placed in the hospital over night, and buried the following day. All the troops then quartered in the town, some battalions of *Mobiles* and a few hussars, had been mustered for the ceremony. The drums, draped in black, were beating funeral marches. Doubtless suffering had deadened all my energy, but this muffled sound, ascending to my ears through the avenue, occasioned a singular emotion in me; I felt a choking sensation in my throat, and put my head under the pillows. I was afraid. Towards evening our officers and a few comrades came to bid us farewell as they were to set out at day-break. All were painfully affected: of the three hundred who had started, scarce one hundred and fifty were left, and this without even having seen a battle-field.

As is the custom when there is no barrack accommodation, our *Chasseurs* had been quartered among the inhabitants. One of them was gloomy and dejected, and spoke to no one. On this same day, the eve of their departure, he was leaning his elbow on the marble mantel-piece, weeping silently and refusing to eat. When asked the cause of his grief—"Ah!" said he, "I leave here one of my dear friends whom I will never see again!" Some time afterwards I met by chance the people who had entertained him. By the description they gave me of his short bristly hair, large frank eyes, strong and regular features, I recognized

him at once as George E——, one of my old companions. We had studied law together, and had enlisted at the same time. Alas! two months later he fell, struck by the enemy's bullets, and I survive him who went for me. In truth it now seemed as if my end was nigh; and it was only by the care which was lavished on me that I was saved from certain death. Many people nursed me assiduously; first of all the nun in our ward, whose silent shadow I saw gliding every minute along the bed-curtains. Whenever she was near I felt more at ease. Every morning, about six o'clock, the hospital doctor visited us. It was no trifling matter to dress three fractures on one body, and sometimes he remained over an hour at my bedside. In the evening a young house-surgeon came to ascertain our condition and dress our wounds for the night.

I had caused my family to be apprised of my condition. A young *Mobile*, who slept in an adjoining room, had undertaken to write the letter. One day—the doctor having just left—the door opened and I saw my mother and little sister enter, both clothed in mourning. In spite of her efforts at self-control my mother turned frightfully pale on beholding my livid and emaciated face, in which she could with difficulty recognize the features of her son. She approached, and without speaking imprinted a long kiss on my forehead. Large tears filled her eyes. Though I was excited by the presence of these two beings, who were so dear to me, yet, to reassure my mother, I began to talk and laugh, turned a cigarette in my fingers, and even managed to draw a few whiffs out of it. A mother's heart requires hope—mine little suspected that the doctors had given me up. She spent every afternoon with me without speaking, for fear of fatiguing me. My sister was there also, and equally still; she had undertaken to supply me with lint. When I turned my head a little on the pillow, which was the only movement allowed me, I saw her with bent head, her fair curls

falling around her cheeks, busily unravelling the linen with her slender little fingers; happy, when the woof was easily undone, to witness the threads piled up in the basket, forming a little white mountain.

However the Prussians were expected. For a month past it had been given out that they were marching towards Rouen. When once communication had been cut off, what would become of our grandmother, whose great age had kept her at the other end of Normandy? Rent with conflicting affections, my mother still hesitated. A few kind words from the Doctor decided her, and I was once more alone. Alone, I am wrong to speak thus, for had I not Paul V . . ., now my companion in suffering as he had formerly been of my games and pleasures? The poor fellow was very ill, the inflammation had spread from his foot to his leg; they had been compelled to bind him to his bed to prevent his moving, and he ate nothing. His strength visibly declined. When I watched his hollow eyes, his wan and sallow forehead, and his emaciated features through the white bed-curtains, I could not but fear for him. I, on the contrary, felt my appetite revive, and catching hold of the little wooden bar, which in hospital beds assists the patients to raise themselves, I would get into a sitting posture. One day he asked me to sing. Sing! I could not have done it; but in a low tone of voice I recited a few of the songs we liked so much and which but lately we sang together. "Le lac" by Lamartine, and the poems of Alfred de Musset; then I spoke of the past. Carried away with the tide of my recollections I reminded him of the College of Saint-Barbe, where we had both been educated. Then I spoke of our youth, of our first days of liberty which we spent so gaily. A thousand details came into my mind; the recollections revived me and wholly absorbed in my egotistical pleasure I still went on. Paul V . . . said not a word. Leaning his head on his hands, and with eyes full of tears,

he smiled sadly at these pictures of a past which it was pleasant for me to conjure up, but which saddened him, for he was going to die.

At day-break, I was wakened by the croaking of the crows that had alighted on the bare trees of the avenue. I saw them wheeling slowly round in sinister flight ere perching on the branches, and their large black wings grazed the window-panes. At the same time, in the yards of the neighbouring barracks, the clarions of the hussars sound the reveillé, at times interrupted by the distant neighing of the horses. A balloon had arrived bringing delegates from the Government at Paris. Enthusiasm was at its height in the whole town, the crowd hurried to the station, and we could hear the cheering and hurrahs from a distance. All this mixed us up in some degree with the war; and even in our misfortunes we experienced a strange comfort in putting up prayers for France. On the 26th of November I received a letter which bore the red cross seal of the ambulances—it was from R . . ., another of our comrades with whom we had left Paris. In his first engagement, at Saint-Laurent des Bois, he had been wounded by a musket-ball in the thigh; his wound was not dangerous, however, and he hoped soon to return to face the enemy. The 20th *Chasseurs* had conducted themselves bravely throughout, and M . . . and George E . . ., two of ours, were to be promoted. He, in conclusion, hailed the day when, once more reunited, we five could shake hands and relate our sufferings.

This wish, alas! was never to be realised. I handed Paul V . . . our friend's letter, but noticed that instead of reading it he muttered incoherently. Two days before hemorrhage had set in, which had only been stopped with great difficulty. The overseer whose duty it was to watch us had absented himself. At the cry which Paul V . . . uttered when he felt his life ebbing away, the feeble old man whose bed

was beside mine, bounded to his paralytic limbs. I see him yet, though quite impotent, bending and leaning on the walls for support, drag himself quickly to the door and call for help. From this day the hours of my unfortunate comrade's life were numbered. His last agony soon commenced, and extended over forty-eight hours. One night, overcome with fatigue and emotion, I had fallen into a doze. On awaking I glanced instinctively towards the bed in front. The little night-lamp on the table shed a feeble light through the room—the bed was empty. I remained dumb, motionless; my eyes were haggard; I still gazed, failing to understand. Then the paralysed man, who was watching my waking, stooped towards me and said, in a low voice—"He is gone."

CHAPTER II.

IT was now the beginning of December. The arrival of the Prussians had been heralded so often that the people refused to believe in it; so that when, on the morning of the fourth, they appeared before Rouen, the surprise and terror were extreme. Nobody was prepared to give or execute orders; the National Guards and *Mobiles* threw down their arms—worthless fellows took possession of them and rushed away to break the windows of the Town-hall. They believed in riot and plunder. A few hours later a deputation of the principal magistrates repair into the presence of the enemy's officers and invite them to enter the town. The only incident worth recording was the inconsiderate act of a poor grocer who fired at a Prussian officer and was immediately shot.

Snow had fallen during the night, and the sky was of a dull, leaden hue. By raising myself slightly in bed, I could distinguish through the window the rampart of the hospital, covered with a vast white cloak. The suburbs were deserted

and silent. Four Uhlans appeared first, passing over the Pont de Pierre. Musket in hand, and with body bent over the saddle, they advanced abreast on the whole width of the road, cautiously, steadily, on their slow-pacing bay horses. Looking persistently from right to left, they appeared anything but confident. After these came eight, then sixteen, then thirty, and still more. As soon as the first had traversed about two or three hundred metres, they turned off to those who followed, and four others disengaged themselves in their turn to explore the ground. The same manœuvre was renewed in each group; from time to time a shrill and protracted whistle was heard. The prudent tactics of the Prussian scouts, however, are well known. An hour passed thus in marches and counter-marches, and the main body of the army arrived. It was then about one o'clock in the afternoon. Soldiers with every style of arms, and from all the different countries, passed along—Bavarians, Saxons, Prussians, Wurtembergers, some with pointed helmets, others with round berets, of coarse blue cloth. They marched in fine order, with close ranks, to the sound of music in which I seemed to recognize some bars of our national airs, which were interpolated to insult us. Apart from this, everything was quite opposed to the idea we have in France of a military march. The shrill sound of the fife predominated, alternately mingled with the roll of the drum. At intervals a superior officer would gallop past, and shout out some order in a guttural tone of voice, which others would repeat after him; at the word of command we could see the battalions quicken or slacken their pace. The defiling lasted thus until evening. Then the artillery came; we heard it passing through the avenue the whole night long; the cannon and waggons rolled heavily over the beaten snow-track, and their clumsy jolts shook the ground. The manœuvres were directed by whistling. The old invalid in our ward did not cease his plaintive

wail, as if he understood what was going on. My heart was very heavy, for I had just witnessed the invasion, and I now more than ever felt my own misfortune and utter powerlessness.

The following day there was more defiling. The rear-guard of the Bavarian *Chasseurs*, with their little oil-skin shakos, large visors, and iron-grey cloaks, trotted laboriously through the mud, and seemed overcome with fatigue. During these first few days, I had at several other times the opportunity of seeing German troops pass. Perhaps this was but a stratagem of our enemies, multiplying their movements to deceive us in regard to their numbers. In reality a French corps still had possession of the neighbouring country. One fine morning the cannon commenced to roar; there was a fight at Moulineaux, above Rouen. In that place, one of the finest sites of Normandy, and on a rising ground, is a heap of shapeless ruins, known all over the country as the castle of Robert le Diable. It is there, intrenched behind the crumbling walls and ancient moats, that some *Mobiles* of Ardèche were surprised, or, perhaps betrayed, and struggled energetically during three hours, managing their weapons like old soldiers, and occasioning great loss to the Prussians. In Rouen there was a moment of insane exultation, not kept in check even by the presence of the invaders. In proportion as the struggle was prolonged, hope and confidence returned to our hearts. On the watch, and trembling with emotion, I exchanged a few words with my right-hand neighbour, Father Gosselin, as he was familiarly called. Since Paul V's death I had become intimate with him, and we frequently chatted together. Formerly a *garde-mine*—exposed by his profession to sudden changes from heat to cold—he was at an early age attacked with rheumatic pains, which had by degrees robbed him of the use of his legs. The modest pension he was paid enabled him to get nursed at the

hospital, which he had not quitted for fifteen years. He was accustomed to his life there, and provided nothing interfered with his simple habits, if his tortoise-shell snuff box was filled with fresh tobacco every week, and his clean linen was deposited on the foot of his bed, he was perfectly satisfied. As we had opened the window to hear better, I said to him:—"Listen, they are fighting, the wounded will arrive presently." "Yes, corporal," he replied, alluding to my gold lace, which I had not worn for a very long time. "Ah! I am scarcely in good health, and it is with great difficulty that I can keep on my legs, and yet I would be delighted to yield my place to one of our brave soldiers."

The wounded did not arrive till the following day, and then under the care of a Prussian *Hauptmann*. Immediately on their entry into the town, without loss of time, but with the systematic regularity for which they are distinguished, the Prussians had taken possession of all the public buildings. A strong detachment watched the hospital, while their physicians went through the wards and examined the patients. They touched our sores, probed our wounds, and assured themselves with their own eyes that it was really French blood that stained the lint. Among us were several *franc-tireurs*, poor creatures who had been detained on the road, some by the enemy's balls, others, and by far the greater number, through misery and cold. Now the Prussians had the reputation of not liking the *corps-francs*; they were even already speaking of retaliation and revenge. The nuns at once hastened to throw into the fire every article of clothing that might compromise us. There still, however, remained the cards hanging over each of our beds, with different inscriptions, such as: "Avengers of Havre," "Hussars of Death," and such like pompous names, with which our volunteers loved to baptize their battalions. They hastened to change these cards, and with pious fraud replaced those by others, more modest ones, such as

“Mounted Scouts.” The good Germans doubtless ignored the fact that our regular army never had any corps thus designated, so they appeared convinced. However, their vigilance was not easily baffled. Two days after their occupation, while still asleep, I felt myself touched on the shoulder. I turned round. The steward of the hospital stood before me, and with him a tall, dark, stern looking man, with thick black moustaches. This was the Prussian doctor, who was commissioned to question me. He wore a little cap with a red border, and high yellow boots; a large furred cloak covered, without concealing, his short blue tunic, ornamented with large gilt buttons. He wore several decorations, among others the Iron Cross. Two rows of gold lace were on his sleeves. Other officers were heard speaking in the lobby. “Your name?” he asked drily. I pointed to my *Chasseur’s* certificate, which lay on a shelf at the head of my bed. He took it and began to read.—“Where were you wounded?” he continued, after a moment. “In a railway accident at Critot,” the steward answered for me. The German approached the table and was taking notes. “Ah, yes,” said he, speaking by jerks, and seeking his words, with a very Teutonic accent, “yes, we saw it in passing, carriages heaped one above the other, and the locomotive shattered—oh! it was a sad accident.”

Presently, as if seized with sudden suspicion, he advanced towards me, and with a quick gesture raised the bed-clothes. Doubtless what he saw reassured him as to my condition, for he hesitated no longer; he replaced my certificate on the shelf, slightly touched his cap with the tip of his finger, and went away. This visit was repeated every week.

Several wounded Prussians had been brought to the hospital along with our own men, for, as may easily be conceived, our conquerors had assigned a part of the buildings to their soldiers, and there was no

lack of invalids among them. Every morning they crossed the avenue in bands of thirty or forty, pale and emaciated, followed by some comrades in better health, who carried their muskets and knapsacks. The wards which had been reserved for them were situated in a private part of the building in the rear of the hospital, but they did not remain there. They were scarcely convalescent ere they issued forth into all the corridors, prowling about, rummaging, and seeking to penetrate everywhere, nor did we dare to order them away. Their clumsy, heavy step, was easily recognized. Sometimes one would come into our ward; through the embrasure of the half-open door I have detected a broad face with large round eyes and neglected reddish beard. The intruder would gaze a moment with a scared look, and then, embarrassed by our silence, would disappear as he had come. A great deal too much has been said about the German taste for the ideal: those people thought of nothing but eating, and fortunately there was always something to cook. The nuns were incessantly obliged to protect the stoves in which the rations for the sick were cooking against their claims. Being refused, they would bow their heads and retire obediently, murmuring “ya, ya,” but would presently return.

In Rouen it was a very different matter. Bloody conflicts broke out at every turn between the foreign soldiers and the inhabitants, and scarcely a day passed without some unfortunate being brought to the hospital who had his head split open with a sabre-cut. It is true the Prussians lost men in this way, and soon an order was issued forbidding them to appear on the streets after dark. The curfew tolled at nine o’clock, and sounded so sad and doleful that it seemed like a prolonged sigh. I eagerly welcomed all reports from the town. Sometimes I heard that ten Prussian soldiers had been publicly decorated for having killed the same number of French officers; sometimes, on the con-

trary, that one of theirs had been shot in the public square of Rouen, for disobedience towards his superiors. Even in a conquered country the iron discipline of the Prussians abdicated nothing of its rights. At other times, when an officer died in consequence of his wounds—and this occurred pretty frequently—the funeral was celebrated with great splendour, the regimental bands playing funeral marches, and I could hear, in the distance, the large brass instruments wailing like church organs.

One fine day Prince Frederick Charles arrived. He was cheered a thousand times by the Germans, but in the town many houses had hoisted the black flag, at the risk of having to lodge a double number of Prussians the following day—which really often occurred. At the same time the strangest and most contradictory reports were circulated respecting events at Paris: General Ducrot had broken through the lines—King William was flying from Versailles—the National Guard was marching on Etampes, where the junction with the provincial troops was to take place; and the same evening everything would be denied. Alternately experiencing such different sentiments, either boundless joy or the most cruel despondency, we no longer knew what to believe, and we scarcely dared face the future. If a letter, even a note, from some relation, bearing truth within its folds, could have reached us, who knows if the interchange of our patriotic sorrows might not have restored our courage and confidence? But the Prussians had looked to everything. Communication with the outer world had been cut off, no mails arrived; perhaps one, and that not the smallest reason of our enemy's success, was this void and silence, this atmosphere of doubt and ignorance with which they knew so well how to surround each town and every province of the besieged country, so that France, dis severed and dismembered, no longer felt her strength or her unity.

Shortly before the Prussians entered the town, one of the 20th *Chasseurs* passed through Rouen; he had been wounded at the battle of Villepion, and was returning to the depot. From him I learned that George E—— had so far escaped every danger, and I hastened to send the good tidings to my friend's old mother. I had time to get an answer; this, however, was the last letter that reached me. Madame E—— thanked me for the interest I took in her son, and, being reassured for the present, she formed wishes for our future happiness. Poor woman! six months had elapsed ere I heard that the very evening of Villepion, at Loigny, after the good luck of the day, as our soldiers were compelled to fall back in a last bayonet charge, George E—— was struck in the forehead by a ball. Some comrades saw him fall; unfortunately, he was not lifted, but as his name appeared on none of the ambulance registers, and on none of the interment lists, for a long time one might have thought he was merely a prisoner: but he never appeared again.

Meanwhile I began to improve. By degrees all the dressings of my fractures were left off, and it is impossible to express the comfort and relief I experienced on once more feeling myself free, for the torment had lasted four months. Although, when moving them, my legs as yet felt heavy as lead, I now foresaw the day when I could get up. At first this was not accomplished without great difficulty: it required no less than four persons to move my sluggish body. Very cautiously I was placed in a large easy-chair, with two cushions under my feet. I did not wish to wear hospital clothing, so, at my earnest request, they had repaired my blue trowsers and my *Chasseur's* coat, although some drops of blood still tarnished the gold lace on the latter. Let him who will laugh at this feeling, but the soldier's costume, for which I had suffered so cruelly and so long, consoled me and raised me in my own eyes.

I had been placed near the window for a few minutes, but it was in vain that I tried to deceive myself and master my fatigue the fresh air intoxicated me, and I had to be taken away at once. By degrees, however, my strength returned, and I was at liberty to remain up for a longer period, and, consequently, spent many long hours reclining in my easy-chair, gazing at the horizon through the open window. Winter was rapidly passing away; the sun showed himself more frequently and emitted more heat; in the avenue, also, the ripe buds on the trees burst through their brown covering. Facing the hospital, beyond the rampart, was a rugged and stony hill. Neither houses nor any signs of cultivation were to be seen; but, half-way up the hill, there was a large space encircled by a stone wall; this was the private cemetery of the hospital. Owing to the situation of the ground, I was able to notice its minutest details. One can fancy nothing more bare and desolate than this "field of the dead." No monuments or grave-stones were to be seen, only a few black wooden crosses about two feet in height. Large square grassy mounds marked the common graves, which had been filled, one by one, with the victims of misery and sickness; the newer graves were distinguished by the freshly turned sod, which was plainly visible in the grey back-ground. From time to time the chapel bell tolled with a solemn and mournful sound, at which summons a hearse would issue from one of the lower buildings, bearing a narrow coffin, scarcely covered by a thin black cloth; a priest marched in front, in his long white alb, chanting the service for the dead in a low tone; in the rear followed the whole procession, consisting of two or three old hospital pensioners. The funeral train wound slowly up the rugged slope, entered the dismal enclosure, wended its way onwards, and halted at length before a newly dug grave. Then, assisted by the old men who had followed, the grave-digger would

set to work. From the summit of the hill a few unoccupied Prussians would watch the proceedings with an air of indifference.

And I, silent and thoughtful, was lost in dream-like meditation, for one of my dear friends lay there beneath the turf. Poor Paul V——! thus wast thou borne to thy last resting-place. His grave had been pointed out to me; it was far up the craggy slope to the left—a sweet-scented linden-tree, planted at his feet, gave promise of some shade and verdure during the heat of summer. Suddenly I dispelled the charm, and shaking my head, as if to dissipate my low spirits, I looked around. Time had flown—the war was at end—the truce signed. One consolation was left me in the midst of my misfortunes: at last I was to see my home again, and know the fate of my friends. Spring-time returned joyously, with its train of fine days and beautiful flowers. The warm, genial air came laden with balmy perfumes. They brought me from the garden the first sweet purple violets, fragrant roses, and beautiful clusters of lilacs, and placed them on my bed. I took them up in handfuls, and plunging my head into their midst, inhaled long draughts of their sweet perfume; then I felt revived, an indescribable feeling of freshness pervaded my whole being; hope was born again within me. I was happy and wished to live.

CHAPTER III.

THANK God I had youth on my side, and this, combined with the good nursing bestowed on me, prevented my succumbing under my misfortunes. My fractures became consolidated, as the doctors say, and I was now confidently looking forward to the time when I could leave the ward and traverse the avenue on crutches.

Oh, those dear crutches! In my pardonable impatience I had had them made three weeks beforehand: there they were in a cor-

ner of the room, all padded with leather, and I looked at them with longing eyes. What a sad change had come over me ! Here I was, at the age of twenty, sighing for those pieces of inanimate wood after having had the unimpaired use of healthy limbs, but I strove to avoid this thought, in order to give myself up wholly to the pleasurable anticipation of moving about once more. The long looked for day came at last, and, after a few preparatory trials, I ventured down stairs. Proceeding slowly and carefully, and supported on all sides, I accomplished the journey safely, and found myself in the yard. The glorious spring sun illuminated the long avenue with its clumps of trees, its lawn, and the walks, with their pretty green rustic seats. To the right I saw the dissecting-room whence the hearses issued, and then, quite in the background, appeared the grating looking out upon the rampart and the porter's lodge. Gouty and infirm men, as well as the pensioners of the hospital, were basking in the sun and chatting ; one blind man was sitting on a bench, manufacturing little wooden articles with an old clasp-knife. At a little distance from this group were some young convalescents playing cards on the sand. I walked to the grating, where an easy-chair had been placed for me, and seated myself, feeling greatly fatigued. But my misfortune had procured me friends. Young and old, on seeing me pass, had stopped their chat or their game, and several rose to shake hands with me. It was on this same day that I formed the acquaintance of M. Louis Chapelle, from Havre, a volunteer of 1814-15, and defender of the fortress of Vincennes, as he delighted to call himself. Lively, sanguine and impulsive, he reminded me of my maternal grandfather, a simple-minded and good old soldier now long dead. M. Chapelle was then fully eighty years old, but he would not confess his age, and we teased him somewhat about this little whim ; otherwise he was the most charming old man it was ever

my good fortune to come in contact with. Whenever bad weather compelled me to keep my room, he would come in about noon, seat himself at the head of my bed with an easy air, and the hours would slip away in pleasant chat. After a dull and monotonous life, such as many people lead in the Provinces—he had been a bookseller or stationer—old age had overtaken him. Having no family, he sold his business and retired to the hospital, where he could, at least, have ease. Oddly enough it seemed as if this intervening part of his existence had left no traces in his recollection. He ever recurred to the adventurous times of his youth. Ah, that was because he had so many incidents to relate. He could show a white scar close to his temple, the mark of a sabre-cut which he had got from a Cossack, and which added another wrinkle to his aged head. From his old stock-in-trade he had reserved a few coloured pictures, such as are now nowhere to be seen except at the print-sellers. Seven or eight grenadiers on either side, some blue and red paint, the wheel of a cannon in the foreground, a general on horseback lost in smoke, represented the great battles of the First Empire,—Wagram, Friedland, Jena, or Austerlitz. Under these coarse colours, by the light of his own recollections, the good man recognized our victories ; he got excited in speaking of them, would get up, become restless, raise his voice, and even swear a little. When the German troops filed off under our windows, headed by their brass bands, then was the time to hear him. "Come my friend," he would say, "take courage, don't grieve so much. They are in our country to-day, but that proves nothing. 'Tis true they have come for the second time ; I have seen them here before, I who am speaking to you now ; but Frenchmen can do wonders too when they set about it. We will pay them back yet. Listen, I will sing a song to you which I have sung to them before their very face. It was my Lieutenant of Vincennes who

composed it ; I was sergeant-major. We had not surrendered, as you know, but when Louis XVIII. returned we had to come to terms and be amiable. Some foreign officers had come to visit the fortress : I sang the lieutenant's song to them, and they were furious I can assure you, and would willingly have had me shot, as one of them told me. Listen now !" and with a voice cracked by age, but still animated, he sang the stanza :

"Contens de vos nobles prouesses,
 "Allez cultiver vos guérets ;
 "Si vous emportez nos richesses,
 "Vous n'emportez pas nos regrets ;
 "Et quand, nous prenant pour des lâches,
 "Vous croyez nous avoir vaincus,
 "Souvenez-vous que vos moustaches."

"But M. Chapelle," here gravely interrupted the nun, "what is all this noise about? You are the only one that is heard to-day !"

"All right, sister, I will be silent," said he, much crest-fallen, and the song was ended abruptly.

I also had now become one of the habitual frequenters of the long avenue. Every day after dinner, provided the sky bore no threatening aspect, I left the room warmly clad, and repaired to the little grating, where I sat down. The convalescents walked, played, or chatted around me ; several of them were *Chasseurs*, victims of the same accident as myself, others soldiers who had been wounded at Moulineaux. It was truly a melancholy sight to behold all these uniforms, which were far too ample for the emaciated bodies, or falling loosely over an amputated limb.

The passers-by stopped and gazed at us through the grating with looks of pity. One day an elderly woman, who by her dress was easily recognized as belonging to the poorer class, approached the bars. I was stretched, as usual, in my easy chair, my body concealed under my wraps. She looked at me for a while, then I saw her rummaging in

the pocket of her old discoloured print dress, and turn aside a little. "Corporal, corporal," cried she, and a little package fell at my feet ; they picked it up for me. I unfolded it and found seven *sous* wrapped in a piece of paper. Need I say how deeply touched I was. The poor woman had, perchance, a son in the army ; perhaps he, too, was wounded, and thinking of him she had given me her mite—all that she was able to give. How could I refuse such alms ? how repulse the hand stretched forth to aid me in my distress ? I could not, and when I raised my head to thank the good woman, she had already disappeared.

From my usual seat I could see the square where, for whole days, the Prussians were drilled. As a contrast I could also see, on the arrival of the trains, our own disarmed soldiers passing in long files across the boulevard—artillerymen, troops of the line, cavalry men and *Mobiles*, poor fellows sent home without bread, without clothes, and without shoes ; their wretched and pitiful appearance made them the laughing stock of our enemies. Myself a French soldier, this laughter caused me deep pain, and increased my hatred of the foreigner. A number of Germans were still being tended at the hospital, and their physicians came to see them every evening. One of them, a grey-haired man, with a kind and gentle face, saluted me in passing. I know not whether he had ever seen me before ; at all events he retraced his steps, and, after a slight hesitation, stopped before me. "Both legs ! are you wounded in both legs ?" he asked, in very poor French. As I did not reply, he looked for his cigar-case, and, selecting a "Londres," offered it to me. I refused it by a gesture. "Oh, why not accept it ?" replied he, "you appear to be very melancholy ; if I could do anything for you, believe me I should be delighted. I have a wife and little children in Berlin. Being a physician, I do not wage war, but tend the sick. Accept the cigar, I pray you." All

this was said in a persuasive and touching tone. It is necessary, however, to beware of this, perhaps assumed, good-nature of the Germans. As for me, I consider them rather impressible than tender-hearted; good people, but egotistical even in their tears. They weep because it is a kindness to weep, moved to pity by the misfortunes they have themselves caused. They offer you a cigar, and at the same time ruin and mutilate your country. I gave him such a cold look that he became silent; he took a few cigars out of his pocket, and throwing three on my counterpane, hastily retired. From that day I saw him frequently; he always saluted me but never stopped, and I simply returned his greeting.

The walks in the avenue sufficed me no longer. Thanks to the general benevolence, I was allowed to move through all the buildings of the hospital. Sometimes I went to visit the old pensioners in their little rooms, and gossiped with them. The *Commune* and civil war had now succeeded to the foreign war, and they brought me newspapers and news from without. Sometimes I visited in detail the sick wards, the refectory, the kitchens, with their huge stoves, surmounted by enormous brass kettles, or else the chapel, with its wooden benches and its simple frescoes. At last I asked permission to go out. My first visit was to the cemetery; I bought a few flowers—heliotropes and daisies—and, in company with Louis Chapelle, proceeded to place them on the grave where my friend Paul V—— was buried. Another time I wanted to see the town, which was as yet strange to me. I was swaddled like an infant, lest the keen morning air should strike me, and, more than reclining, my head alone protruding from the coverings, I was placed in an open carriage. My old friend was seated by my side. For this occasion he had donned his best attire, and wore his St. Helena medal, suspended by a new ribbon. After all I did not see the town, being entirely taken up with a very

different sight. Germans were to be seen in all directions—in every street, in every square, at the corner of barracks and coffee-houses—soldiers, and their stiff and haughty officers dragging their unwieldy sabres along the quays. A Saxon battalion was drilling near the cathedral; Silesian sentinels were on guard in front of the city hall; others again were promenading in the *Grande Rue*, smoking their long china pipes without uttering a word. When the carriage approached they moved slowly to the sidewalk, and then fixed that long and vacant stare upon us which with them seems to take the place of thought. It was wonderful then to see Louis Chapelle hold up his head proudly, and examine our vanquishers from head to foot with a look of scorn and hatred. It was doubtless a very harmless hatred, but it was the only style allowed us. Were we not, we two, as we there found ourselves—the brave old man with his glorious recollections, and poor I with my shattered body—were we not a true picture of France?

The sojourn in the hospital had at length become intolerable to me, and I was eager to leave the tainted air and saddening sight of so many miseries. In order to complete my recovery, I required my mother and my native air. I applied to the Administration, and after various delays, occasioned by the inevitable confusion which recent events had caused, I got my papers. One detail struck me on perusing them: on the convalescent page the column set apart for the particulars of wounds had proved too small to contain all the details of those I had received, and the doctor had, therefore, been compelled to cut them short. But what after all did it matter? I was free, I was out of danger. I bade adieu to the ward where I had come into such close contact with death, where I had lost my friend; I bade adieu to the doctors, to the nuns who had cared for me so tenderly, and to the poor old men whom misfortune had made my comrades, and under the charge of an overseer of the in-

firmly, I left the walls of the hospital for ever. At the time of my departure I thought I saw Father Gosselin secretly slipping a piece of money into the hand of my guide, and recommending me to him. On arriving at the station I was struck with the general confusion; the employés were running about in a scared manner, no longer knowing whom to listen to; on the platforms enormous piles of merchandise and baggage were heaped *féle mêle*, careless of the rain; the waiting-rooms were overflowing with travellers. The concourse was so great that there was no distinction of classes, every one being seated according to his fancy. In the crowd were many returned prisoners, whose hollow eyes and drawn features, and clothes soiled by eight long months of captivity, were really painful to see. Several approached me on beholding my uniform; they asked my history and related their own, how they had lived too long in Germany, fed upon an abominable preparation of millet, crammed by hundreds in casemates, and the greater part of them ill from misery and despair.

I suffered much during the journey. The line was not yet wholly restored; the bridges of Elbeuf had been cut by the enemy, and did not allow of our crossing the river. I was obliged to take the road to Serquigny; there take train again as far as Mantes, in the neighbourhood of Paris. The stoppages were renewed at almost every station. After ten hours we were as yet only a few leagues past Rouen. At last we arrived at Argentan. The sun had risen in the horizon, and his golden rays danced on the windows of the carriages, dispelling all inclination to sleep. I looked out—further than the eye could reach extended the rich plains of Normandy, covered with clover and lucerne, their beautiful green intermingled with large red flowers. Forming the border round the meadows were apple-trees, loaded with small scarcely formed apples, and bending their heavy branches lazily to the ground. I

could distinguish the young colts, the timid sheep and the herds of beautiful cows, all leaving grazing for a minute to watch us pass by. It happened to be Corpus Christi day. On all sides was heard the merry chime of the bells, and on all the roads and paths which wound across the plain, the good women, with the usual high head-dress worn in the country, the lads in their holiday attire, and young girls decked in ribbons, were to be seen walking in animated groups, with their prayer-books in their hands. I had already seen these fields, apple-trees and villages, for it was in their midst my childhood had been spent, it was of them I thought so frequently on my bed of agony, it was near them that, from the shadow of death, I came to regain strength and health.

The train halted at Vire, but we had still two hours to travel. The morning air had given me an appetite, for I thought I already discovered a faint briny odour, a little sea-breeze. I left the station, and at a little distance perceived a humble public-house surrounded by a trellis-work fence, its exterior very neat and prepossessing. As soon as I appeared the whole household ran out to receive me; the mother, a good peasant woman, the old grandfather, still active in spite of his seventy years, and the little girls in their fine attire as they had just returned from mass. They prepared a little table for me in the open air, and placed a few simple viands on the white table-cloth; the country butter, in which still scintillated little drops of whey, some of last year's cider, and one of those omelettes which form the pride of our housekeepers. During breakfast the fowls came and familiarly picked up the crumbs at my feet. On leaving I embraced the children, who looked wonderingly at my crutches, and two hours later I was at Granville. There my mother and sister were waiting for me. I alighted from the train, receiving looks and tokens of pity and sympathy from all around. "Oh, merciful Saviour! the poor gentleman!" exclaimed the

good villagers in their sweet and drawing tones, and the men uncovered their heads. Thus I arrived at our house, which was perched above the town, and continually exposed to the sea-breezes. I saw the good Lisa once more, who had dandled me on her knees when I was quite a child, and who, after having tended the grandfather, was henceforth to watch over the grandson. I saw once more the terrace, our little garden, and the beautiful marsh mallow with its glazed metallic leaves and large late flowers: I saw again the sea and the shore. All was unchanged save myself!

It will not be hard to understand how sweet home life seemed to me after such a long absence, so many trials undergone, and so many sufferings. Yet one thought pursued me, which saddens me even now at times. At Granville I met again a friend of my youth, who had been absent a long time. He had served in the marines, and had lost his right leg at the commencement of the war. Made equal by misfortune, we soon renewed the bonds of our former intimacy. In the evenings we met on the sea-shore, and I experienced a sad pleasure in questioning him. He, at least, had been in the field, had inhaled the odour of gunpowder, had heard the cannon roar, and the grape-shot whistle past him; he had fallen on the day of battle, in the hour of success, in the midst of fallen foes. The landing party had penetrated into the village, after having expelled the Germans; but three hundred Bavarians still held out in the church. The doors were broken in with cannon, and our soldiers entered, charging with the bayonet. The foremost fell, others followed, and making way, step by step, over the corpses of their fallen comrades, passed the church door. Then the conflict was terrible. In vain did the Bavarians, now huddled against the walls, beg for mercy, throwing down their muskets. They were pursued even into the galleries and under the organs. Some, mad with

fear, endeavoured to climb along the stove-pipes: their fingers slipped on the polished surface; with bayonet thrusts and blows from the butt-end of their muskets our soldiers struck without mercy, and, grappling with them, hurled the bodies into the space beneath, where they were bruised on the pavement; the organ, struck on the way, giving a hollow groan. My friend fell a few minutes later, but still he had taken vengeance. These tales of war and massacre made my blood boil in my veins; my heart beat tumultuously, my head became dizzy, in fact I was maddened. I was jealous of the brave fellow's glorious wound, and looked with an envious eye on his wooden leg.

And yet why should I complain? Is it not a consolation to have done one's duty? If our native country has really a claim to all our love, let us, also, sacrifice our little vanities in her cause. There were five of us in Paris in the month of August, when the enemy invaded our frontiers. We had enlisted together, to share the same fortune and encounter the same dangers. Of this number two are now dead, one wounded; another was taken prisoner at Mans, and, as I heard later, only returned to France three months afterwards; and I, probably the most unfortunate of all, am lame, crippled, a pensioner at the age of twenty, and useless forever. Ah, I would have liked, one day, to face the enemy I had gone in search of, and had not been able to find! At the first signal I should have liked to enlist again, shoulder my knapsack and musket, and take my share of revenge. This hope is denied me; but I have brothers and friends animated with this sacred hatred, and full of faith in the destinies of France, appealing from the unjust present to a glorious future.

You asked me, my friend, for the history of my sad campaign: here it is, written to wile away the tedious hours of a long convalescence.

THE OLD GOVERNMENT CLERK.

(From "London Lyrics," by FREDERICK LOCKER.)

WE knew an old scribe, it was "once on a time,"
 In an era to set sober datists despairing ;
 Then let them despair ! Darby sat in a chair
 Near the Cross that gave name to the village of Charing.

Though silent and lean, Darby was not malign,
 What hair he had left was more silver than sable ;
 He had also contracted a curve in his spine,
 From bending too constantly over a table.

His pay and expenditure, quite in accord,
 Were both on the strictest economy founded ;
 His rulers were known as the Sealing-wax Board,
 And they ruled where red tape and snug places abounded.

In his heart he look'd down on this dignified knot ;
 For why ? The forefather of one of these senators,—
 A rascal concern'd in the Gunpowder Plot,—
 Had been barber-surgeon to Darby's progenitors.

Poor fool, what is life ? A vagary of luck !
 For thirty long years—of genteel destitution—
 He'd been writing despatches, which means he had stuck
 Some heads and some tails to much circumlocution.

This sounds rather weary and dreary ; but, no !
 Though strictly inglorious, his days were quiescent.
 His red-tape was tied in a true-lover's bow
 Every night when returning to Rosemary Crescent.

There Joan meets him smiling, the young ones are there ;
 His coming is bliss to the half-dozen wee things ;
 The dog and the cat have a greeting to spare,
 And Phyllis, neat-handed, is laying the tea-things.

East wind, sob eerily ! Sing, kettle, cheerily !
 Baby's abed, but its father will rock it ;—
 His little ones boast their permission to toast
 The nice cake the good fellow brings home in his pocket.

This greeting the silent old Clerk understands,
 Now his friends he can love, had he foes he could knock them ;
 So met, so surrounded, his bosom expands,—
 Some tongues have more need of such scenes to unlock them.

And Darby, at least, is resign'd to his lot ;
 And Joan, rather proud of the scene he's adorning,
 Has well-nigh forgotten 'nat Gunpowder Plot,—
 And *he* won't recall it till ten the next morning.

A day must arrive when, in pitiful case,
 He will drop from his Branch, like a fruit more than mellow ;
 Is he yet to be found in his usual place ?
 Or is he already forgotten ? poor fellow !

If still at his duty he soon will arrive ;
 He passes this turning because it is shorter ;
 He always is here as the clock's going five ! . . .
 Where is he ? . . . Ah, it is chiming the quarter !

THE IRISH QUESTION.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

[This paper contains the substance of a lecture recently delivered by the writer on the same subject. The views embodied in it were formed in Ireland, and when the writer had the advantage of intercourse with some who, he believes, may be numbered among the best of Irishmen and of Catholics. With the historical part of the subject he dealt about ten years ago, in a short treatise entitled "Irish History and Irish Character," in which an attempt was made to show the untenable character of the extreme partisan views on both sides, and to refer the calamities of Ireland to their true sources in history.]

THE Irish Question divides itself into two parts, the responsibility of England for the past, and her proper line of conduct for the future. The first part has recently been the subject of angry controversy between two disputants, one of whom the writer has learned profoundly to mistrust as a historical authority, while the harangues of the other, however effective in their way, evince a spirit so much the reverse of judicial as to render them unworthy of serious notice. The second part forms the more rational as well as the more fruitful subject of discussion. When existing institutions are to be reformed, the reformer must point to experience in proof of their bad effects ; but otherwise, good sense as well as charity would restrain us in practical debate, from raking up the errors and offences of the past. It may be that the policy of England towards Ireland, at the present day, is unjust or unwise ; but the Englishmen of the present day are not responsible

for any actions but their own. The personality with which we invest nations is figurative, not real, though figures of speech are always being confounded with realities. No living Englishman was a party to anything done to Ireland before Catholic Emancipation. The utmost with which any living Englishman can be charged is tardiness in completing the work of justice which was then begun; and even of that tardiness the source must be sought, to some extent at least, in influences more general than the depravity of British hearts. While in Catholic communities intolerance still reigned; while in the countries most under the dominion of the Church of Rome Protestants were still persecuted, driven into exile, forbidden to worship publicly, denied the rites of burial; while such cases as that of the young Mortara still occurred; it was not wonderful that the more enlightened men in Protestant countries should have some difficulty in overcoming the prejudices of the mass. The division of England into Roman Catholic bishoprics, announced in the most offensive strain of ecclesiastical conquest, while it ought to have been met by the British Government with dignified indifference, was evidently calculated to provoke the outburst of Protestant indignation which ensued. Even now, any Roman Catholic capable of reflection must see that the recent Papal manifestoes cannot fail to excite in Great Britain, as well as Germany, feelings of resentment and alarm very embarrassing to those who wish to pursue to its completion a policy of justice.

There are, at all events, three circumstances which have greatly influenced Irish destiny, but for which England cannot be held responsible—the country, the race and the religion. The first two were the acts of Nature; the last England has done her best to change, though not in the right way.

To take the country first. Examining it on the map, we shall see that the evil destiny of Ireland is written, as it were, by Nature on

her face. She is by far the smaller of the two islands, and cut off by the larger from the continent; certain therefore to fall, in some way or other, under the power of the larger island; almost certain in that primitive age of violence, when conquest was the universal law, to be conquered by her more powerful neighbour. At the same time there are features likely to render the conquest slow, the conflict cruel, the fusion of the conquerors with the conquered incomplete. Ireland lies at a distance from London, the centre of English power, the channel to be crossed is considerable, and the point for crossing is in North Wales, a mountainous country, and an asylum of the Celtic race which long held out against the Anglo-Norman power. Feudal monarchs had no standing armies, no military or fiscal means of steadily prosecuting distant enterprises; it was generally as much as they could do to keep their own crowns upon their heads. Consequently the subjugation of Ireland was in effect left to private enterprise, by which the work was feebly, fitfully and imperfectly done. In England the Norman invaders, spreading themselves over the whole country, formed a national aristocracy, which gradually blended everywhere with the people. In Ireland they formed only a military colony, known in history by the ill-omened name of the Pale, between the inhabitants of which and the natives raged a constant border war. Thus were perpetuated the distinction of races and the hostility between the Anglo-Norman and Celt, to which, more than to anything else, the calamities of Irish history are to be ascribed. Had Celtic Wales been as large as Celtic Ireland, and divided by as considerable a barrier from the mass of the Anglo-Norman power, conquest might have been followed by the same train of disasters there as in Ireland. In Scotland, when the Celtic clans of the Highlands were comparatively powerful, and cut off from the Saxons and Normans of the lowlands by a mountain, relations between the races almost as unfor-

tunate as those between the Pale and the Irish septa continued down to 1745.

Again, the climate of Ireland is very wet. Grain does not ripen with certainty in the western parts of the island, nor is it very good in any part which is not sheltered by hills from the rain-clouds of the Atlantic. This was unfavourable to early civilization, which is closely connected with the growing of grain, and with the fixed tenure of land usual among agricultural tribes, while pastoral tribes commonly continue nomad. Population would probably always have remained proportioned to the limited supply of food afforded by a grazing country, as it is in the grazing country of the Alpine districts, had not the fatal potato come to furnish to miserable multitudes the means of a precarious and barbarous subsistence. Ireland has hardly any workable coal or minerals of any kind; consequently she has had no manufactures, except that of linen—introduced by Strafford—to absorb the surplus population of the rural districts, as it has been absorbed by the great manufacturing cities in England. Hence over-population, chronic penury, and frequent famines, of which the last and most terrible was that in 1847, which cast crowds of destitute wanderers on these shores. The Irish in America say that England has robbed them of their country. But suppose all the millions of Irish in America, and all those who have found refuge in England herself, or her colonies, were restored to their country, what would be the result? It will presently appear that the natural checks to the growth of population have been weakened by an agency with which England had as little to do as she had with the agency of soil or climate.

The coast of Ireland is beautiful, especially on the western side; and as civilization advances, as wealth increases, and sentiment grows more refined, beautiful scenery acquires a commercial value, and becomes an actual element of prosperity. Irish hills might have risen in price like Scottish moors,

and have been studded with the villas of the rich; but this was precluded by political agitation and agrarian war.

Then as to the race. From her position Ireland became, like the Highlands of Scotland, like the mountains of Wales, like the Pyrenees, like remote and inhospitable Finland, one of the asylums of an aboriginal race driven before a conquering race in the course of that series of migrations and invasions which make up the history of the primeval world. The writer holds no fatalistic or inhuman theories about race. Leaving physiology to the physiologist, he would say, that all that falls under the cognizance of history appears to him consistent with the belief that God has made all men of one blood, to dwell together on the earth. Philology identifies the Anglo-American with the Hindoo. The history of manners and customs identifies the Semitic with the Teutonic tribes. The tribal customs disclosed in the books of Moses are essentially the same as the tribal customs of the Anglo-Saxon. At all events, this is certain—the best individuals of different races, when brought under the same culture, are thoroughly assimilated; the special defects of the nationality, whether English, French, or Irish, disappear; so that the diversity, if it is original, is not indelible. Perhaps the weaker races may have compensating gifts, which will be appreciated by an improved civilization. It is hard to see, indeed, why, as it is, the qualities which engage affection are not as valuable as the qualities which command success. Compared with certain developments of the Anglo-Saxon, there is not a little to be said for Connemara. Still the conquering races were strong, the conquered were weak, and not only on the field of battle. In France the Celt has had the fairest opportunities, yet political weakness is stamped on the history of France. Any excuse for severity derived from the defects of the conquered, of course diminishes in force with the advance of morality and civilization. But, with the advance of

morality and civilization, the policy of England towards Ireland has been always growing milder, till, in fact, no grievance but the union is left.

The third circumstance deeply affecting Irish destiny, for which England cannot be held responsible, is the Irish religion. Let us speak with respect and tenderness of every Christian Church, even of that Church which Protestants believe to have departed most widely from the Gospel type, and notably in this respect, that she refuses communion with other churches. No great charity or range of mind on the part of a Protestant is needed to understand how men cleave to what was once the religion of Western Christendom, or even how, amidst all the doubts and divisions of this age, men go back to what wears the aspect of a Universal Church and a Church of authority, much better as most of us may deem it to watch one hour, and wait till it shall please God to give us new assurance of the truth. The writer may truly say that he thinks with unfeigned affection and reverence of Catholics whom he has known, though in them Roman Catholicism seemed to him to be lost in Christianity. The study of Irish history has also led him to feel high respect for that peasant clergy which, through the long night of calamity and suffering, has guided, comforted, and, so far as such circumstances permitted, civilized, the Irish under its control. Closely united with the people from which in other countries their order was severed, poor while in other countries their order was corrupted by wealth, persecuted while in other countries their order was persecuting, the Irish priests have exhibited Roman Catholicism in its most favourable light, and fairly earned the influence which they enjoy. Their virtues are attested by the best informed and the most clear-sighted of the Protestant administrators of Ireland; and if in political agitation they have done, and still do things which are blameworthy and degrade their calling, great allowance is to

be made for those who have so long been the only tribunes of a down-trodden people. They were opposed on religious grounds to the French Revolution, and they would have remained loyal, and probably have kept their flocks loyal, had not the dominant party, in its cruel panic, goaded them into rebellion. But if England is charged with retarding the material progress of Ireland, she is entitled to answer that Roman Catholicism has not been found favourable to the material progress of any nation. She is entitled to point to those countries which, like Ireland, have been greatly under the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, to Spain and her colonies, to Portugal, and to the most Catholic parts of Italy, the States of the Church, Naples and Sicily. She is entitled to invite a comparison between the Catholic and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, between Northern and Southern Germany, between the Province of Ontario and the Province of Quebec. In the case of countries divided, as France and Belgium are, between an Ultramontane and a Liberal element, she is entitled to ask whether the springs of progress are on the Ultramontane or on the Liberal side. In the case of Southern Italy, Spain, Portugal and Mexico, we see some of the fairest portions of the earth stricken with a blight which assuredly is not the work of England. Nor does induction point to any cause other than the religion of the people. It may be said that Roman Catholicism was the religion of the whole of Europe during the Middle Ages, and that Europe advanced notwithstanding. But it may be replied, first, that the leading shoots of progress, the commercial cities and the universities, were least under Papal influence; and, secondly, that when progress had reached a certain point, there broke out a general rebellion against Roman Catholicism which extended over the most progressive nations, and the course of which was checked only by the power of the reactionary monarchies exerted in aid of the reactionary priesthood.

Since the Reformation the Papacy has been, and is more than ever at the present day, in conflict with political liberty, freedom of thought, science and the other agencies and influences on which the material as well as the moral progress of society depends. Science itself, with the practical invention to which it leads, is the great source of material progress; and how many Roman Catholics, since the Reformation, have attained the highest eminence in science? Roman Catholicism will hardly claim Galileo; it will hardly claim even the Jansenist Pascal. It will certainly not claim D'Alembert, Buffon or Laplace. In Ireland the Government was always looking out for Roman Catholic men of science to hold professorships in the Queen's Universities, but they were scarcely to be found.

Besides, Roman Christianity is essentially ascetic, and asceticism is unfavourable to industrial exertion, perhaps to exertion of any kind. Monachism in these days is still more obviously so. M. About smartly said that the peasant in the States of the Church was so lazy that he would not work, though he had more than fourteen thousand monks always preaching to him the duty of labour. The economical effects of the monastic system in fact greatly contributed as a secondary cause to the movement which resulted in the Reformation; and it is highly probable that the fresh accumulation of property in monastic hands, which is now going on in almost all countries, including Canada and the United States, will in time compel society again to relieve itself of the incubus by exceptional legislation. It need not be assumed that a religion unfavourable to material progress is necessarily a false religion.

The ascetic theory may after all be true, and the lazzaroni of nations may be the favourites of St. Januarius and of Heaven. But those who wish to form a fair estimate of the evil effects of English policy on the material prosperity of Ireland are bound to

take as their standard of comparison Portugal and not Holland.

In two ways the priests have still more directly contributed to Irish distress. They have always encouraged early marriages and discouraged emigration. Without impugning their motives in either case, it must be said that they have made themselves, in no small degree, responsible for the vast increase of population beyond the means of subsistence. Nor let it be forgotten that England has a ground of complaint against Ireland and the Irish priesthood on this score. She, as well as the United States, has been the receptacle of swarms of Irish emigrants, who have filled her cities with pauperism, disease and crime, enormously increased her poor-rates, and cancelled, by their contagious influence as well as by their competition in the labour market, the efforts made by the English and Scotch workingman to raise himself in the industrial and social scale.

Then, to come to the history of Ireland itself. It will be found that the portions of that history on which the ministers of discord delight to dwell, are as remote from our present responsibilities as the siege of Troy. They belong to bygone phases of European society, through which all the nations passed, and of which England is answerable, at all events, only for her own share. We begin with the primitive Ireland of the tribes and the tribal wars. What a state of tribal war is we know from the analogy of the Highland clans, and plenty of other analogies, from the land of the Red Indian to that of the Maori. The Church, the sole organ of civilization in those days, feebly struggled with the barbarism which surrounded her; she was oppressed, pillaged and desecrated by the half-pagan chiefs, who seem to have sought to reduce her to an appanage of the clan, as the powers of feudal countries sought to reduce her to an appanage of the fief. Her condition at that time is symbolized by those curious round

towers, about which so many fantastic theories have been woven, but which seem, in fact, to have been ecclesiastical buildings, and "asylums of the priests and their holy things, when the country was swept by plundering clans. Heathen superstitions and heathen rites still largely prevailed among the people. The Church herself, in spite of an early period of missionary enterprise, the brilliancy of which is unquestioned, and an early distinction in learning, which is, perhaps, not so well established, was, in the eyes of Roman ecclesiastics, rude, irregular and semi-schismatic. So she appeared to St. Bernard, the typical Roman ecclesiastic of that age. Her prelates, especially those of Scandinavian origin in the Norse settlements on the island, stretched out their hands for aid against clan oppression to their more powerful brethren of the Anglo-Norman Church. A correspondence was opened with the Anglo-Norman Primate, Lanfranc, and afterwards with Anselm; and perhaps it is with reference to the correspondence with Lanfranc that the Saxon Chronicle says, that had William the Conqueror lived, he would have won Ireland without stroke of sword. A Papal Legate found his way into the island in the person of a Bishop of Limerick, who expounded to the Irish the canonical customs:—"To the end that their diverse and schismatical orders, wherewith, in a manner, all Ireland was deluded, might give place to one Catholic and Roman office." Subsequently Pope Adrian, by his bull, commissioned Henry II. to conquer Ireland and reform, that is Romanize, the Irish Church. In the same way Hildebrand, ruling the Roman Council in the Pope's name, had commissioned William of Normandy to conquer England and Romanize her national and half-independent Church. The cry of the perishing Anglo-Saxon people was heard at Rome, but it smote in vain the stony heart of the aspiring monk. The fact that the Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland was

the supplement of the Norman conquest of England, and that both were in part Papal enterprises, conceived and executed with Hildebrandic ruthlessness, ought to be better known than it is. Irish Catholics, indeed, can hardly be expected to remember with complacency that the Pope granted Ireland, as a barbarous and half-schismatic island, to the Angevin Henry II., much as later Popes granted the lands of the heathen to Spain. However, before the king could execute the Papal bull, private enterprise commenced the conquest. Dermot, an Irish chief, worsted in tribal war, called the Norman adventurer Strongbow to his aid. Strongbow, with his mail-clad and disciplined warriors, gained an easy victory over the hostile tribe. After the victory a pile of heads was made, and Dermot, picking out the head of his enemy, tore off the nose and lips with his teeth. Let not "Tara's Halls" delude us into the belief that there was no age of barbarism in Ireland. Of course, as in the case of Cortes and the Tlascalans, the too powerful allies became the masters, and when resisted, slaughtered the half-armed and undisciplined natives like sheep. Strongbow seemed to be on the point of founding for himself a Norman principality in Ireland, when the king took the alarm, came over in person, executed the Bull of Conquest, though very imperfectly and superficially, took possession of the island as a feudatory of the Holy See, and held a Synod at Cashel, in which, according to his compact with the Pope, the Irish Church was reformed in the same sense in which the English Church had been reformed by William and Lanfranc at the Synod of Winchester, that is to say, thoroughly Romanized and brought into complete subjection to Rome. The payment of tithes was enforced, clerical property liberated from the exactions of the chiefs, and clerical dues secured. In all this there is surely nothing for which Ireland can call to account the Protestant Church of England, or any-

body, unless it be the Pope, who gives himself out as the representative of an immortal and infallible Church. To call the mass of Englishmen to account for the acts of their own conquerors, would be like calling Aztecs to account for the acts of Cortes.

Yet, of these events all the calamities and horrors of the following period, extending over three centuries, were the inevitable sequel. Attention has been called to the geographical circumstances which prevented the conquest from being complete, and led to the formation of a military colony, or Pale, instead of a national dominion. Between the Anglo-Normans of the Pale and the Celtic clans, which continued to occupy the rest of the island in their primitive barbarism, raged, for three centuries, a desultory and indecisive border war, marked by the deadly rancour, the ferocity and treachery which are invariably bred by a protracted conflict between a semi-civilized and a barbarous race. It resembled the struggle, still going on, between the Americans of the frontier and the Indian tribes; nor could any of its incidents much exceed in atrocity some to which that struggle has recently given birth. The Pale was as little under the control of the Government at London in feudal times, as the border is under the control of the Government at Washington. When a king did visit Ireland, even such a king as John, there was some improvement for the time. A detailed narration of these butcheries and perfidies is the most senseless as well as the most repulsive task in which a historian can engage, and the interest excited by such narrations is nearly on a par with that excited by the sensation novels whose authors deface our walls with their pictorial appeals to the vulgar love of horrors. What have the countrymen of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, on the one side, or the countrymen of Bishop Moriarty and Lord O'Hagan on the other, at the present day, to do with such brutalities of a remote

past? No more than they have with the struggles of antediluvian monsters tearing each other in primeval slime.

Under the Tudors, the power of the monarchy having greatly increased, the kings began in earnest to prosecute the subjugation of Ireland; and now, after a sharp pang, there would probably have been peace and ultimate fusion of the races. Unhappily, at this time, both England and Ireland were drawn into the vortex of the great European conflict, brought on by the disruption of Christendom at the Reformation. When the Pale became Protestant, the Celtic tribes became more intensely Catholic. The Catholic monarchies, under the auspices of the Papacy, were struggling to extirpate Protestantism with the sword. Protestantism was fighting desperately for its life; Ireland was stirred up against England by Rome and Spain; troops landed there from the same ports which sent forth the Armada. The Irish suffered in that mortal conflict some of the cruelties which their fellow Catholics inflicted upon Protestants elsewhere, though Ireland was never the scene of a Protestant Inquisition, or of a religious persecution at all approaching in character to that of Alva in the Netherlands. The war of races still went on, and formed the main source of evil, as it has continued to do down to the present day. But the bitterness of religious war was added to it; while England, threatened by Spain, and compelled to employ her main forces in the Continental struggle, was unable to complete a conquest which would, at all events, have been followed by peace. Let Americans, if they are to be the judges, imagine the fury and the peril of their late war with the South raised to a far higher pitch, and let them suppose the Indians to be ranged on the Southern side, and to be receiving Southern auxiliaries into their territory; they will then be able at least to understand the feelings with which the English of the sixteenth century regarded the Irish. The American Re-

public has no history ; it has inherited the fruits of the great Reformation struggle, as well as those of other struggles, without paying the cost, or contracting the stains of conflict, and its advocates are at liberty to prove the iniquity of England by loading with obloquy the memory of Sir Francis Drake. But Americans had ancestors, and they can conceive, without a great effort of imagination, what the feelings and the conduct of a New England Puritan, on the morrow of the St. Bartholomew, would have been toward an Irish kerne in league with the Guises and Philip II. Perhaps even Father Burke may be able to conceive what would have been the fate, in the sixteenth century, of a rebellious Protestant dependency of Catholic Spain.

The period of religious war through Europe, and of mortal danger to Protestantism in England and elsewhere, lasted to the end of the seventeenth century ; for Ferdinand II. of Germany and Louis XIV. of France took up the work which Philip II. and the House of Guise had begun. To put down Protestantism and liberty with it, not to liberate the Irish people or found an Irish Republic, Louis XIV. sent to Ireland James II. with the French troops which had butchered the Protestants of the Cevennes. With the close of the seventeenth century the danger ceased : and from that time the laws against the Catholics both in England and Ireland were partially relaxed, and the spirit of persecution began to die away. Probably we should not find any serious inhumanities practised either against English or Irish Catholics, on account of their religion, later in date than the last *auto-da-fe*, or so late in date as the murder by French Catholicism of the Protestant pastor Rochette, of Calas and of La Barre. The growing toleration of the eighteenth century was fully represented in the vice-royalty of Chesterfield, a man of sense and humanity, in spite of the fashionable immoralities of his letters. Pitt was thoroughly tolerant. He gave an

unstinted measure of religious liberty to the Catholics of Canada. The persecuting code was probably on the point of being swept from the Statute Book, when there came that greatest of all the calamities in history, the atheist and terrorist revolution in France. This threw all governments and nations for the time into violent reaction. Justice to Catholics was afterwards retarded by the resistance of privilege, embodied in the Established Church and in the House of Lords. But so was justice to Protestants and justice to the whole of the Three Kingdoms. The Established Church and the House of Lords were not fetters riveted by English tyranny upon Ireland. They were fetters left riveted on England herself by the Feudalism and Catholicism of the Middle Ages. Those religious institutions, which upheld ascendancy, were the lineal descendants of the theocracy which had massacred the Albigenses.

Nothing need here be said about the Ulster massacre, or Cromwell's policy, or the Acts of the Irish Parliament of James II., or the atrocities of Vinegar Hill. These details are irrelevant as well as repulsive. It is enough to show that all these events belong not to us, but to periods of history remote in every sense from ours—that they are things buried deep in the grave of the past—things for which no living being is, in the slightest degree, to blame—things the evil memory of which no rational man would allow to interfere with our policy at the present day.

If, however, we wish, for historical purposes, to form a right judgment respecting any of these events, and the characters of the men who took part in them, we must observe the laws of history. We must judge Cromwell, for example, by the morality of his own time—not by the morality of ours. He prohibited the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, a measure easily condemned by us, who have been nurtured in the principles of a more truly Christian

age ; but he did not establish a Protestant Inquisition ; he did not send familiars into households or put conscience to the rack. He confiscated the lands of the Catholic proprietors, who, as a class, had taken part in the rebellion. Catholic Austria, in the same way, confiscated the lands of the Protestants in Austria and Bohemia for their share in the insurrection against the intolerant policy of Ferdinand. There was, in fact, no other way of securing the permanent submission of a conquered province in the days before standing armies. But Cromwell did not exterminate the Catholic people of Ireland as the Duke of Savoy exterminated the Protestants of Piedmont, as Louis XIV. exterminated the Protestants of France. He assured them of his protection so long as they would dwell in peace. He put to the sword the rebel garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford. It was a merciless act, which he had at least the grace to deplore as a sad necessity, instead of exulting in it like the literary worshippers of force at the present day. But, in that age, it was the universal law of war that a garrison holding out after summons, upon the place being stormed, was not entitled to quarter. The Catholic generals, Alva, Parma and Tilly, constantly put to the sword the garrisons and even the inhabitants of Protestant towns taken by assault. We must compare the treatment of Drogheda and Wexford not with that of Sebastopol, but with that of Magdeburgh. Moreover, without plunging into the vexed question of the O'Neil massacre, it may be taken as certain that Cromwell at least believed the Protestants of the North of Ireland to have been massacred wholesale by the Catholics with every circumstance of cruelty. That forty thousand had been massacred was the belief of Clarendon, who had every opportunity, as a friend of Ormond, of ascertaining the truth, and who was not by any means disposed to exaggerate the wrongs of the Irish Puritans. The natural feelings of Cromwell and his officers were like those

of British commanders in India after the massacre of Cawnpore. Let Cromwell be judged by the lights and by the practice of his own age, and the balance will be found to be in his favour. But what is here maintained is that he and all his doings belong wholly to the past.

There was, indeed, one way in which the Irish Catholics, at any period of history, might have extorted from posterity an absolute and unqualified condemnation of their persecutors. They might have done this by themselves protesting against the persecution of the Protestants in countries where the power was in Catholic hands, by denouncing the Spanish Inquisition, the murderous tyranny of Alva, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Smithfield burnings, the French Dragonades. But ask any historian whether they did this—he will answer with a smile.

No doubt the past, though dead, has bequeathed legacies of evil to the present. It has left traces on national character and sentiment against which both nations, if they mean their mutual relations for the future to be governed by reason and morality, are concerned to guard. It has bequeathed, unfortunately, more palpable and substantial legacies than these, legacies which, though the present generation is utterly irresponsible for them, have formed the great impediments to peace, union and justice down to the present day. In the first place from the Pale, that military colony of the Anglo-Normans, has descended the antagonism of races in that part of the island. In the second place, from the colonization of Ulster by Scotch Presbyterians, before, be it observed, the union of Scotland and England, has descended the still more bitter antagonism in that district, and the chronic riots of Belfast. Whether it is something in the theology or something in the character of the Scotch, they have always been very severe towards subject races. Then from the Cromwellian confiscations and the Cromwellian proprietary

has sprung what of late has been the greatest bane of Ireland, proprietary alien to the people in race and religion, and, as the necessary consequences, estrangement of classes, absenteeism, middlemen, agrarian war. In the agrarian war the passions aroused were so demoniac that they rose almost to a heroic height. A party of Whiteboys entered a house in which were a man, his wife and their little daughter. The Whiteboys dragged the man out and murdered him. His wife and child were left in an upper room where there was a closet with a hole in the door, through which a person placed in the closet could see into the room. The woman put the little girl in the closet and said, "Now, child, they are murdering your father down stairs. When they have murdered him they will come up here and murder me. Take care that while they are doing it you look well at them, and mind you swear to them when you see them in court. I will throw turf on the fire the last thing to give you light, and struggle hard that you may have time to take a good look." The child did as her mother had bidden her; she looked steadily at the murderers while her mother was being murdered; she swore to them in a court of justice; and they were convicted and hanged upon her evidence. Sir Robert Peel used to tell this story, which seems to have touched his feelings, and may have been not without effect on his Irish policy. Such are the fires which glow beneath the embers of Irish history; such are the passions with which tranquillizers of Ireland have to deal.

Three legacies of the evil past have been named. There is a fourth, less palpable but not less noxious—the want of political training which the sad accidents of their history have entailed on the Irish people. Between the primitive condition of the clan, in which Norman conquest found the native Celts, and the elective institutions extended in full measure to Ireland by the liberalized England of the present

day, no gradual preparation for self-government under the feudal system or any other system has intervened. The mass of the Celtic Irish are still politically the debris of broken clans. Their tendencies are still like those of the clan, patriarchal, not constitutional; their attachment is to persons, not to principles; their virtue is loyalty, not love of ordered freedom. A part of this is due, as has been stated already, to the original character of the race, and is found in the Celt of France as well as in the Celt of Connaught. But historical accident has withheld the corrective of original weakness; and the thorough incorporation of the Irish into the constitutional system of England must be expected to take time. In all bosoms, even in those of the strongest and most self-reliant races, the love of constitutional government is a plant of slow growth. The gulf between clan loyalty and constitutional citizenship might have been happily bridged over for the Irish if the kings of England had personally done their duty to Ireland, by residing there at times and presenting an object to the loyalty of the people. Every royal visit has been received with a joy which showed the power of the talisman if its holder would only use it. But in nearly two hundred years, the British sovereigns have not spent collectively more than two months in Ireland. They have left their place to a viceroy, and a viceroy reigns over no hearts.

As has been already said, it is only since yesterday that the English people have been really their own masters. Before the Reform Bill of 1832, they were completely governed by a close oligarchy, the organs of which were the rotten boroughs, the hereditary peerage, and the Established Church; and which, as a matter of course, was led both by sympathy and interest to uphold the reign of exclusive privilege in Ireland. Justice to Ireland has kept pretty even pace with the enfranchisement of England. Catholic Emancipation, though it preceded the

Reform Bill by a couple of years, was carried by the same movement. The extension of the suffrage in 1867 was immediately followed by two great measures of justice, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the reform of the land law in Ireland.

The writer of this paper was present when a continental statesman of the highest eminence—one who had more than once had his diplomatic differences with the British Government, but who knew England and English affairs thoroughly—touched in conversation on the Irish question. He had retired from public life, so that he was perfectly at liberty to speak the truth. He pronounced emphatically that the conduct of England to Ireland for the last thirty years had been excellent. He was reminded of the existence of the Protestant Establishment, which had not then been abolished. "Yes," was his reply, "the Protestant Establishment must go and will go; but, I repeat, the conduct of England to Ireland for the last thirty years has been excellent." Which sentence is most likely to be recorded in the chancery of heaven, that of this independent statesman, or that of the American politicians, the Fenians, and Father Burke?

There are many who would welcome the disestablishment of the Irish Church on higher; at least on broader grounds, than that of justice to Ireland—who hold that the founder of Christianity meant what he said when he declared his kingdom not to be of this world, and that the history of all political churches is a fearful confirmation of the truth of his words. In the case of the Church of Ireland, it is difficult to understand how any of its members who regard it as a spiritual community, and study its interests from a Christian point of view, can fail to rejoice in its liberation from a position in which it was not so much a church as an ecclesiastical garrison and an outwork of Ascendancy. It had its good men, such as Bedal, whose evangelical vir-

tues protected him in the midst of massacre, and who was laid in a grave of honour by Catholic hands; it had its learned men, though its theology was deeply infected by its position as the organ of a dominant race. But its history on the whole was one of religious failure and of shame. Its tithes were collected literally at the point of the bayonet. We are told that its state, since disestablishment, is critical. But so is the state of its sister Church in England, and from the same cause—the conflict between her Protestant element, comprehending the bulk of its laity, and the Roman Catholic element retained in her by the policy of her Tudor founders, and comprehending the most active and aspiring of the clergy, which showed its force in the days of Laud, and is showing its force in Ritualism now. Catholic Emancipation, which partly removed the unjust privileges of the Church of Ireland, was followed by an immediate improvement in its character, and an immediate increase of its spiritual energy. There is no reason for believing that the completion of the process will be followed by a worse result.

The disposal of the fund was a difficult question; but the main object was not so much money as conciliation, and the best scheme would have been that which was most acceptable to the Irish people.

Those who denounce disestablishment as sacrilege, denounce the reform of the Irish land law as confiscation. Anything really deserving the name of confiscation could, of course, be justified only by the same dire exigencies which justify violent revolution. The security of life and the security of property are the first conditions of civilization. But it is sometimes necessary, in the interest of property itself, to control the abuse or even the extreme consequences of ownership. Especially is this the case with regard to land, which is not merely property but the native soil, the country, the basis of national

life. It might not be fatal to the commonweal to permit a dozen Vanderbilts to own bonds and stock sufficient to buy all the land of Rhode Island ; but it would be fatal to the commonweal to permit them to buy the land of Rhode Island and evict the inhabitants. To rights of property, however, of all kinds, there must be limits ; a government cannot be expected to uphold for ever, by force, that which, though in strictness legal, fills the country with disaffection, and places the nation in constant peril. From causes mainly historical, and which have been partly traced in this paper, Irish landlordism had got into utterly hopeless relations with the people. The State interposed and made the best settlement in its power. It seems that this settlement has been accepted by the mass of the landlords, and that they feel their position to be at least as good as it was before. Nor has it as yet been followed by any of the moral consequences which would have followed confiscation. Property throughout the Empire is felt to be just as secure and as valuable as ever.

Nor is there any occasion for disappointment at the political result. Pacification has not been immediate ; but discontent has assumed the milder form of a legal agitation for Home Rule ; and no one who knows Ireland can doubt that, by the concession of religious equality, the hearts of a large number of the educated Catholic laity have been ranged on the side of the Government, though there is among the Irish, as among the French, a want of political courage which interferes with the open avowal of conviction. Still the effect is not what it might have been had British justice been swifter of foot. The essay on Irish history and Irish character, mentioned at the head of this paper, concluded with two proposals : the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the reform of the land law. Those proposals, regarded as revolutionary ten years ago, when they were published, have since been carried into effect ; that relating to the reform of the land

law in a manner more drastic, and more at variance with the ordinary principles of legislation, than the writer would have ventured to suggest. But in the meantime has occurred the Fenian agitation ; and concession, by losing all its grace, has lost half its virtue. "Concession to Ireland," say the orators and the organs of reaction, "does no good ; the Irish are as discontented as ever." Concession to Ireland has done great good : it has turned the pikes of '93 into the Home Rule orations of '71. But it would have done infinitely more good had it not been delayed by your obstruction. Had Catholic Emancipation been granted when it was proposed by Mr. Pitt, had disestablishment been carried when it was proposed by the Reformers of 1832, the state of Ireland would be very different now.

In effect, however, all grievances have now been removed, except the union. Now the author of this paper will not be accused of being a fanatical advocate of British aggrandizement. He belongs to a school which has incurred a good deal of obloquy by maintaining against the advocates of aggrandizement the principles that extension of territory is not increase of power or happiness, that the law of justice binds nations as well as men, and that morality alone is strong. In common with other adherents of that school, he shrinks from dominion over subject races. When such dominion has been inherited, and we cannot retire from it without allowing anarchy to rush in, we must do the best we can with our heritage ; and probably we are doing the best we can in the case of our Indian Empire. Yet it is with reference to that very case that Lord Elgin says in his journal, "It is a terrible business, this living among subject races." "I have seldom," he proceeds, "from man or woman, since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or In-

dians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their salaaming, one feels a little ashamed. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them not as dogs, because in that case we would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course, those who can speak the language are somewhat more *en rapport* with the natives, but very slightly so I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are engrafted on this indifference, the result is frightful—an absolute callousness as to the sufferings of the object of those passions which must be witnessed to be understood and believed." If this had been said by any one of the Manchester School, it would have been denounced as Quakerism, but Lord Elgin was not a Quaker; and the pages of his journal teem with appalling illustrations of the state of feeling which he describes. It is not easy to forget the hideous outbursts of blood-thirsty and tyrannical passion which followed the Sepoy mutiny, and the disturbances in Jamaica. We then saw educated people of both sexes, literary men, men of science, even Christian ministers, degrading themselves to the level of French Terrorists or Malays. We were enabled in some measure to imagine what it had been difficult to imagine before, how nature produced Robespierre and Marat, and those monsters in female shape who used to sit knitting round the guillotine. Exactly the same state of feeling between the dominant race and the subject race prevailed in Ireland under the old Ascendancy régime. Lord Elgin's description of the mental attitude of the Englishmen in India towards the servile native has a counterpart in Arthur Young's description of the habitual treatment of the Irish peasant by the Anglo-Protestant squire. His description of the vengeance of the dominant race and caste after a victory over native insurrection—of the reign of terror

which followed the suppression of the Sepoy mutiny at Delhi and elsewhere—has its counterpart in the letters written by Lord Cornwallis, as Viceroy of Ireland, after the rebellion of '93. In one of those letters Lord Cornwallis dwells on the horrors of a state of martial law administered in Ireland (as it was again the other day in Jamaica) by passion and revenge. "All this, however," he says, "is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever. The Yeomanry have served their country, but they now take the lead in rapine and murder. The Irish Militia, with few officers, and those chiefly of the worst kind, follow closely on the heels of the Yeomanry in murder and every kind of atrocity; and the Fencibles take a share, although much behind hand with the others. The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood; and the conversation even at my table, where, as you will suppose, I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c. And if a priest has been put to death, the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company. So much for Ireland and my wretched situation." In another passage he states that the principal persons of the country, and the members of both Houses of Parliament, are averse to all acts of clemency, and would pursue measures "that could only terminate in the extirpation of the greater number of the inhabitants and the destruction of the country." This, be it remarked in passing, is that national Parliament of Ireland, to the patriotic rule of which some Disunionists still look back with wistful eyes. One of the Yeomanry shot an innocent boy, on his own hearthstone, before the eyes of his mother, who clung to the muzzle of the gun; and a court-martial, presided over by a nobleman, found that the ruffian had shot the boy, whom it gratuitously styled a rebel, but without murderous intent. Lord Cornwallis

could only vindicate humanity and the honour of England by breaking up the court and dismissing the murderer from the force. But it is hateful to call up again these gory phantoms of the past. Such are the consequences of a conqueror's rule, of a union of force. That our high civilization affords no moral security against their recurrence, India and Jamaica afford terrible proof. The most loyal of Englishmen, if he understands the highest interests of his country, would wish that rather than those days should return, rather than another representative of the nation should be placed in the situation of Lord Cornwallis, England might be reduced to what she was under Elizabeth, or to what she was in the time of the Heph-tarchy. This Christianity which we profess, is it a state religion of pontiffs and augurs sanctimoniously licensing the State in any iniquity which it has a mind to commit, or is it a thoroughgoing principle of justice, mercy and goodwill among men?

A free and equal Union with Ireland is the only union that an Englishman who loves his country wisely and morally can desire. Equal the Union already is, so far as legislation can make it so. In no respect is the law of Ireland worse than the law of England; with regard to land, it is much better for the great mass of the people. Ireland has her full share of the representation: she has every security for freedom of election which England possesses; and if her representatives would have stood by each other, and by her, instead of quarrelling among themselves and being bribed from their duty by Galway contracts, justice might have been done in half the time. In the matter of taxation Ireland is treated with special consideration; and, as has been already said, England bears to a great extent the burden of the pauperism which Irish improvidence creates.

On the other hand, it is not so easy to maintain that the Union is free. A free union would virtually have been entered

into in 1799, if it had not been for the fatal influence of ecclesiastical bigots and political intriguers playing on the unsound conscience of King George III. If the expectations held out by Pitt through Lord Cornwallis to the Catholics had been fulfilled, there would have been such an acquiescence on the part of the Catholic clergy and the great mass of their people as would have set the moral question at rest for ever. The Catholic clergy and their flocks saw the advantage of being transferred from the local tyranny of the Ascendancy Parliament to Imperial justice; from the rule of the Beresfords and Fitzgibbons to that of Lord Cornwallis. But at the critical moment the King's ear was privily beset by Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, best known to posterity by the sinecure office of £10,000 a year which he transmitted to his son, and Wedderburn, a Christian statesman of whom, when he died, the King himself said, after positively assuring himself of the fact, that so great a rogue was not left in his dominions. To the agency of these two men is clearly traceable the long train of calamity which has followed the forfeiture of Pitt's pledge. Pitt ought to have spurned these intriguers aside; he ought to have held, as a constitutional Minister, firm language to the misguided King: and if he had done so, the King would have given way. But unfortunately Pitt had been made Minister by the personal act of the King against the principles of the Constitution, and the fiend now claimed his bond. To the vote of the Ascendancy Parliament of Ireland we cannot expect Irishmen to ascribe any kind of moral value. That Parliament, in the first place, in no way represented the country: and in the second place, its vote was obtained by lavish bribery, as we know on the evidence of the agents in the transaction. It had treated Ireland as booty, and it sold its booty to Pitt for bags of money, peerage and pensions. There is much to be said in defence of Pitt. He had to get

out of his way an obstacle to the suppression of the vilest of local tyrannies and to the just government of Ireland. It would have been far better if he had been able to do this by force; to say to the Irish Parliament, "Your tyranny and corruption have ended at last in a sanguinary anarchy. You have brought the Empire to the brink of destruction. The time is come when your affairs must be wound up." But even if he had been so minded, the English oligarchy of that day would not have allowed him to take this course. The English oligarchy was the confederate of the Irish oligarchy and its partner in the plunder. Pitt probably had no course open to him but that of buying up the Irish oligarchy, and we may be inclined to justify him in so doing. But Irish patriotism will not regard such a sale as binding: English patriotism would not regard as binding a similar sale of England. English patriotism would not rest till such a sale was cancelled, and England had recovered the free disposal of her own destiny.

On the other hand, that a free union is the best thing for Ireland, as well as for England, is the firm and sincere conviction of the writer of this paper. Placed where she is, and after what has happened, Ireland could hardly be an independent nation living on ordinary terms of amity with England. There are small nations, no doubt, subsisting by the side of great nations—Switzerland, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Portugal—and the inviolability of such nations is the triumph and the pledge of a moral civilization. But in all these cases the small state has been, for ages at least, independent of its powerful neighbour. Belgium had been united to Holland, but it had not, except during the transient ascendancy of Napoleon I., been united to Germany or France. Irish independence would be a disruption, and the relations between her and England would almost inevitably be hostile. In any European contest the two nations would almost certainly be

drawn to opposite sides, and the calamities of the sixteenth century might be renewed. If the contest was one between Germany, as the great Protestant power, and France as the leader of Catholicism, the past might repeat itself in a remarkable degree. Ireland would be as Scotland before the Union was—the virtual dependency of some great enemy of England; and like such dependencies in general, she would bear the brunt of every war. When the French Directory proposed to Bonaparte, then meditating the Egyptian expedition, to make one more effort for the liberation of Ireland, his answer was, "Ireland has made a diversion in our favour; what more do you want with her." It may be said that the more powerful nation ought to suffer quietly the destruction of her security and greatness; but we know that as a matter of fact, power would not, and has never done so. Cause enough for war would soon be afforded by Irish animosity, and the reconquest of Ireland would be the result. But what would be the state of Ireland internally after the repeal of the Union? Let Irish patriotism reflect. Ireland is not inhabited only by Catholics and Celts. There is a large population of English Protestants in the east, a large population of Scotch Presbyterians in the north; there are English and Scotch Protestant proprietors scattered all over the country. And these antagonistic elements have been further estranged by long and bitter conflict with each other. What common government could they set up? A Catholic Monarchy? Would the Protestants submit to it? A republic? Would not the Catholics dominate in it, and would the Protestants remain quiet under this domination? When some ultramontane measure was passed, would not they stretch out their hands to their brethren in England and Scotland for aid, and would not that aid be given? A Fenian must be very bloodthirsty who can look forward without remorse to seeing his

country, backed perhaps by some foreign power, engaged in a death struggle with England—England fighting with the energy of despair, and having a strong party of supporters in Ireland itself. Reckless hatred may exult in such a prospect, but only reckless hatred can. And let those Irish Protestants who, because they have been deprived of Ascendancy, are inclined to indulge their resentment by tampering with Disunion, meditate on the prospect as well as the Fenians.

There are some who propose a middle course—what they call a federal union of England and Ireland, with two parliaments under one crown. This seems to be the aim of the Home Rule party. But such a union has been tried, both in the case of England and Scotland, and in that of Ireland herself, which had a separate and independent legislature from the repeal of Poyning's Act to the Union. In both cases it was found intolerable. And if it was intolerable then, much more would it be intolerable now, when the personal government of the sovereign is at an end, and when in point of fact it is Parliament that rules, through the parliamentary advisers of the Crown. The two Parliaments might vote different ways, not only on the most essential questions of home policy, but on questions of peace or war. They might vote different ways on the appointment of a regent. A division of the Parliaments would in fact be a division of the nations, with only a frail thread of nominal union, the snapping of which would very likely be a civil war. Either this would be the result, or a government of the Irish Parliament by intrigue and corruption, such as there was before the Union.

Suppose, then, there were a single Parliament with federal functions, how could we distribute the representation? How could we create anything like a balance of interest and power? What should we have but Ireland always voting against Great Britain and

Great Britain always voting Ireland down? Suppose we were to repeal the Union between England and Scotland and make them separate states, as the advocates of Imperial Confederation propose to do; still England would be entitled to more than double the representation of the other two states put together, and a perpetual struggle of the other two states against her would be the result. Peculiar conditions—a pretty numerous group of states, pretty equal among themselves, and strong community of interest—are requisite to constitute a Confederation. It is a difficult structure to rear at best, as the people of the Canadian Dominion have some reason to say already, and may perhaps have more reason hereafter. Besides, in the federal councils of England, Scotland and Ireland, foreign intrigue as well as federal jealousy would always be at work. A bag of vipers is a byword; but it would be concord to this federal union.

British statesmen cannot fail to see that if there is to be a change at all, their policy points to one which shall at least give England the full advantage of separation—which shall enable her, with undivided councils, to take direct measures of precaution against Irish hostility, to protect her people, and especially her working class, if necessary, against the excessive influx of Irish pauper emigration, and to compel the Irish element in England itself, now disaffected and dangerous, to choose between allegiance and departure.

On the other hand, the writer cannot help sympathizing to some extent with the Home Rule movement. He has long thought that Ireland was too much governed from England. He has long thought that England herself was too much governed from London. Centralization, like other agencies in politics, is a thing of which you cannot say absolutely that it is good or bad. It is good for one stage in a nation's growth, and bad for another. It is necessary at one period

in order to unite and civilize : afterwards a reversal of the process may be beneficial. There is great capacity among the British people now for local self-government, and in the more democratic era into which they are apparently advancing, the value of local self-government, both as a basis and as a training school, will be greatly enhanced. Parliament is completely overburdened, and it is difficult to tell how the Queen's Ministers get along under their load of business. The point of absolute breaking down has, in fact, been nearly reached. Then there are questions—public education and the liquor question are perhaps among the number—the difficulty of which arises partly from our having, under the present legislative system, to impose the same solution of them on the whole of a nation, the different sections of which vary very much in circumstances, character, social organization, and aptitude for giving effect to any particular scheme—from having, in fact, to make Manchester and Dorsetshire always march abreast. But Ireland, especially, has peculiarities of all kinds which it is impossible to ignore. She cannot be treated merely as a group of English counties divided from the rest by the Irish Channel. Moreover, thanks to Royal neglect and to the efforts of those who so long obstructed justice, the feeling of separate nationality has assumed so much consistency, and taken so definite a form in patriotic literature and in other ways, that it has probably become necessary to provide for it some sort of satisfaction. A plan suggested some years ago may be again brought forward with the more confidence, since in the interval it has been independently proposed, so far as regards Ireland at least, by a practical statesman of great eminence. It was, instead of a special measure for Ireland, (and special legislation for Ireland should be avoided by unionists and statesmen as far as possible,) to introduce a general measure of increased local self-government for the whole United Kingdom, by incorpo-

rating the counties and assigning to their local legislatures power, not only over the county purse, but over such other subjects of legislation as might seem expedient, subject to the supreme authority of Parliament. If the counties in Ireland were deemed too weak to act as legislative units, legislatures might be given to each of the four provinces ; and this would have the further advantage of allowing Ulster, which is to a great extent Protestant and Teutonic, to pursue its own course on such subjects as public education. If the unity of the empire is to be preserved, we must preserve the unity of the law ; but there seems to be no reason why the Supreme Court of Appeal should not sometimes sit at Dublin. It would be a good thing if Parliament itself could sometimes sit there. British statesmen are unsentimental ; and they do not know what a difference it makes with an imaginative people like the Irish never to feel the majestic presence of the great council of the nation. It may be doubted whether even Englishmen would revere Parliament as much as they do if, instead of sitting at Westminster, it sat in College Green.

The Home Rule question will probably come to a head at the next general election. The question of next session is likely to be Irish University Education ; and on this subject the Government will have to contend with great difficulties. An extreme Anti-Catholic policy will be pressed upon it by some of its Liberal supporters, and a breach may ensue in the Ministerial ranks, of which advantage will be taken by a Tory Opposition desperate enough to plunge into household suffrage for the purpose of overthrowing the Government. But Liberals must remember that the Prime Minister of England is not a despot or a Bismarck. He must act as the representative of the people, whether the people be Catholic or Protestant. The Catholics of Ireland have votes, and if they insist upon a Separate University Education in Ireland, such as they possess at

Laval in Lower Canada and at their own colleges in the United States, a Separate University Education they must have. For all but Catholics there is a simple solution of the University question. It is the one suggested by the constitution of the English Universities. The English Universities are federations of colleges; the University carrying on the superior teaching through its professors, holding the examinations and conferring degrees; the colleges undertaking the domestic discipline and tuition, with the personal superintendence of the students. As it has happened the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge have hitherto been all Anglican, as before the recent legislation were the Universities also; but they might be of any denomination, and each of them might carry on its own religious system, taking advantage at the same time of the superior teaching, the examinations, degrees, libraries and general apparatus of the University, as well as of that atmosphere of science and learning which a great University creates. The Ritualist founders of Keble College at Oxford have in effect adopted this course, which has the further recommendation, in the eyes of all in whom the sectary has not extinguished the citizen, of preserving the unity of superior education for the youth of the country. But we cannot avoid acknowledging that a Catholic has difficulties in connecting himself even with a neutral University. There is a positive antagonism between Catholicism and modern science, between Catholicism and the philosophy of history, between Catholicism and the free teaching of almost any subject except languages and pure mathematics. It would be hard to avoid theological objections and wars of conscience about University teaching and examinations. Nay, there is something in the very aspect of intellectual authority, independent of the Church, hardly to be brooked by a religion of which the absolute subjection of the intellect to church teaching is the cardinal tenet. However,

the fairest and safest guide which a Parliamentary Government can have on this subject is the opinion of the best and most sensible among the Catholics themselves. If such men as Bishop Moriarty, Dr. Russell of Maynooth, and Lord O'Hagan say that on conscientious grounds a Separate University is really essential to Catholics, Government may consider itself warranted in proposing to Parliament to give them their share of the national endowments in that form. And the endowments of Trinity College must be considered national, for the national church was regarded as legally co-extensive with the nation; and it was expected that all non-conformists, both in England and Ireland, would ultimately, and indeed speedily, conform.

There is, however, one special difficulty at the present time in the way of coming to fair terms with the Catholics. Rome is making what Protestants believe to be about her last great effort to crush modern civilization, and regain her lost supremacy over the reason and conscience of the world. The principal organ of this effort is Jesuitism. Jesuitism is dominant in the Councils of Rome. Jesuitism dictated the Syllabus and the Encyclical. Jesuitism called the Ecumenical Council and framed the dogma of Infallibility, which is the dogma of Jesuit supremacy. Jesuitism is at work in every country, organizing a movement, the object of which is the extinction of Protestantism and of modern civilization. This movement has made great progress in some European countries, especially, as we learn on the best authority, in Belgium, where it is getting hold of education, of the polls, of the judiciary, of all the organs of national life. It is advancing in Italy, where the priests, moral gaolers of the Bourbon dungeons while Bourbon despotism lasted, have now received orders to play the demagogue and throw themselves into the elections. It is advancing in Lower Canada, as we saw the other day, when the veil was lifted by the

Jesuit orator, Father Braun; and, if our party organs are silent on the subject, or try indirectly to divert the national mind from it, this is merely an instance of the manner in which Jesuitism gains political influence and paves the way to its ends. The Jesuit comes in time to the polls, the legislature, the judiciary, the executive; but he first lays his hand upon education. In French Canada he is now working for the establishment of a University of his own Order. He was checked for a moment by the resistance of the Gallican clergy, but in the end he will succeed; and the Jesuit University of Montreal will become, like Ingoldstadt in former days, the centre of a crusade against liberty and truth. Now Catholicism is a religion, and under the law of religious equality we are bound, as citizens, to treat it as we would treat any other religion, giving it free course and a fair share in all the advantages of the State. As Christians we are bound to regard it with charity, and to overcome it, not with evil but with good. But Jesuitism is not religion; Jesuitism is, and always was, conspiracy. It conspired of old with Catholic despots for the overthrow of Protestant governments, and of the liberty in which Protestantism has its being. It conspires with factions for the same purposes now. When Bismarck expelled the Jesuits, we were told that he had cruelly banished a set of pious men, entirely engaged in performing the offices of religion, ministering to the sick and educating the poor. In which of these pious offices were the Jesuits engaged when they secured by their intrigues the arms of Philip II. and prepared the way in England for the Armada; when they dictated to Louis XIV. the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the extermination of the French Protestants; when they instilled into English Catholics the treasonable sentiments which led to the conspiracy of Guy Fawkes; when they filled the Swiss Confederation with malignant jealousies, brought it at last to civil

war, and compelled a Republic in which Catholic and Protestant have long dwelt together at peace, to send the Order over the frontier; when, the other day, they instigated the French invasion of Germany, for the purpose of destroying a great Protestant power? Those machinations against German unity, which they were continuing to carry on, and which brought down Bismarck's heavy hand upon the authors of them, did they belong to the duty of performing religious offices, or of educating the poor, or of ministering to the sick? The Jesuit has no country, no tie or restraint of patriotism, no regard for the nation on which he operates, no compunction in bringing on it war or any other calamity, provided he can quench its free life, and turn it into one of those living corpses which Loyola enjoined his disciples to be. He strangles free communities as offerings to his Spanish deity, as human beings have been immolated by those fanatical Eastern sectaries, whose devotion of body and soul to their secret society or chief equals that of the Jesuit to Loyola. The very mystery with which he shrouds himself is a proof that he is a conspirator; honesty, even honest fanaticism, never shrinks from the light of day. Against conspiracy society has a right to guard itself, though it has none to interfere with the exercise or the propagation of any religion. The main object of a Jesuit University would not be education but intrigue. It would be a centre, established by the nation, of conspiracy against the national life. The British Parliament is bound to refuse its sanction to the establishment of a Jesuit University or a University to which Jesuits are to be admitted; so is any Canadian Legislature, and the Dominion Parliament, if the question ever comes before it, as the case of the New Brunswick School Act shows that such questions may.

To efface the past, to unite Ireland firmly to England, is a hard task for British statesmen. They have to carry it on in face, not

only of internal difficulties, but of the hypocritical intrigues of every enemy of Great Britain. But let them walk steadily in the path of Justice, and do right, even though at the time it should seem to be to their own hindrance. No measure of justice, even in the case of Ireland, has yet really failed to produce its effect. However good the con-

duct of British rulers may be, they will not get credit with Fenians, or Father Burke, or from America, or France or Russia, or, perhaps, at first from the Irish people. But they will get credit with the Power that upholds right, and their policy will be wise with the wisdom that does not err, and strong with the strength that does not fail.

SONGS.

(From "LOVE IS ENOUGH," the new work of WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Earthly Paradise.")

LOVE IS ENOUGH : though the World be a-waning
 And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,
 Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover
 The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder ;
 Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder,
 And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed over,
 Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter ;
 The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
 These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

* * * * *

Love is enough : have no thought for to-morrow
 If ye lie down this even in rest from your pain,
 Ye who have paid for your bliss with great sorrow ;
 For as it was once so it shall be again.
 Ye shall cry out for death as ye stretch forth in vain

Feeble hands to the hands that would help but they may not,
 Cry out to deaf ears that would hear if they could ;
 Till again shall the change come, and words your lips say not
 Your hearts make all plain in the best wise they would,
 And the world ye thought waning is glorious and good :

And no morning now mocks you, and no nightfall is weary,
 The plains are not empty of song and of deed :
 The sea strayeth not, nor the mountains are dreary ;
 The wind is not helpless for any man's need,
 Nor falleth the rain but for thistle and weed.

O surely this morning all sorrow is hidden,
 All battle is hushed for this even at least ;
 And no one this noontide may hunger, unbidden,
 To the flowers and the singing and the joy of your feast
 Where silent ye sit midst the world's tale increased.

Lo, the lovers unloved that draw nigh for your blessing !
 For your tale makes the dreaming whereby yet they live
 The dreams of the day with their hopes of redressing,
 The dreams of the night with the kisses they give,
 The dreams of the dawn wherein death and hope strive.

Al! what shall we say then, but that earth threatened often
 Shall live on for ever that such things may be,
 That the dry seed shall quicken, the hard earth shall soften,
 And the spring-bearing birds flutter north o'er the sea,
 That earth's garden may bloom round my love's feet and me?

* * * * *

Love is enough : it grew up without heeding
 In the days when ye knew not its name nor its measure,
 And its leaflets untrodden by the light feet of pleasure
 Had no boast of the blossom, no sign of the seeding,
 As the morning and evening passed over its treasure.

And what do ye say then?—that Spring long departed
 Has brought forth no child to the softness and showers;—
 That we slept and we dreamed through the Summer of flowers;
 We dreamed of the Winter, and waking dead-hearted,
 Found Winter upon us and waste of dull hours.

Nay, Spring was o'er happy and knew not the reason,
 And Summer dreamed sadly, for she thought all was ended
 In her fulness of wealth that might not be amended;
 But this is the harvest and the garnering season,
 And the leaf and the blossom in the ripe fruit are blended.

It sprang without sowing, it grew without heeding,
 Ye knew not its name and ye knew not its measure,
 Ye noted it not 'mid your hope and your pleasure;
 There was pain in its blossom, despair in its seeding,
 But daylong your bosom now nurseth its treasure.

* * * * *

Love is enough : draw near and behold me—
 Ye who pass by the way to your rest and your laughter,
 And are full of the hope of the dawn coming after;
 For the strong of the world have bought me and sold me
 And my house is all wasted from threshold to rafter.
 —Pass by me, and hearken, and think of me not!

Cry out and come near, for my ears may not hearken,
 And my eyes are grown dim as the eyes of the dying.
 Is this the gray rack o'er the sun's face a-flying?
 Or is it your faces his brightness that darken?
 Comes a wind from the sea, or is it your sighing?
 —Pass by me and hearken, and pity me not!

Ye know not how void is your hope and your living:
 Depart with your helping lest yet ye undo me!
 Ye know not that at nightfall she draweth near to me,
 There is soft speech between us and words of forgiving,
 Till in dead of the midnight her kisses thrill through me.
 —Pass by me and hearken, and waken me not!

Wherewith will ye buy it, ye rich who behold me?
 Draw out from your coffers your rest and your laughter,
 And the fair gilded hope of the dawn coming after!
 Nay this I sell not,—though ye bought me and sold me,—
 For your house stored with such things from threshold to rafter.
 —Pass by me, I hearken, and think of you not!

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Grit party has put on its armour at a grand banquet, under the presidency of its Extra-Parliamentary chief. The speeches were able, the cheers were hearty, and the denunciations of the foe were loud, but little transpired as to the policy or the prospects of the party. Its prospects depend upon the effect of the arguments which the leaders of both parties have, no doubt, been emulously addressing to the reason and conscience of the independent members for the Lower Provinces. No encouraging sign from those gentlemen appeared at the Grit banquet. It was rather ominously announced, some days before, that distance would preclude their presence; but they might have sent letters of adhesion, which, we will venture to say, would have been read amidst the loudest applause. If independence has determined to "stay bought," the Government will open the session with a safe majority of fifteen or twenty, which will probably increase as the session goes on.

Looking at the matter from a national point of view, we should find it difficult to form a strong wish for the triumph of either party. Whichever wins, Faction will reign. Faction will shape the public policy according to its own exigencies. Faction, not merit, will make the appointments. Fidelity to Faction will prevail over duty to the nation. The most obvious and certain result of a change of Government under the party system unfortunately is that there is a new set of partisans to be fed.

In vain we looked through the speeches of the Grit leaders for the enunciation of any principle forming a permanent ground of division on which a party can be rationally and morally based. They vigorously impugned special acts of the Government, and, in our opinion, there was much justice in their complaints. The refusal of a reform of

the Election Law, the manner in which the Elections were conducted on the part of the Administration, the personal demeanour of the Prime Minister, not only on one unfortunate occasion but throughout the campaign, the tampering with the principles of representation in the cases of British Columbia and Manitoba, the agreement binding us to construct the Pacific Railway without proper surveys or definite estimates, and the defiance of constitutional rules in which the Prime Minister, while backed by a large majority, indulged with regard to the position of members of the Legislature who might compromise its independence by taking part in the Pacific contracts, are most serious grounds of mistrust, and such as no lover of his country can contemplate without being filled with the gravest anxiety for her future. But all these are special acts of the present Administration; not organic questions, or permanent differences of national opinion. They furnish, severally and collectively, reason for criticizing, for watching, perhaps for censuring, possibly for overthrowing the Government. They furnish no reason for calling upon all the inhabitants of the Dominion to divide themselves into two organized factions eternally waging political war upon each other. No body of citizens maintains that Government ought to be corrupt, that bad election laws ought to be upheld, that the representation ought to be tampered with, or that jobs ought to be perpetrated in connection with public works. The Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was guilty of corruption by selling Masterships in Chancery; and was impeached accordingly. If the English Government of the day had identified itself with his malpractices it would have been itself attacked, and, if public morality was sound, it would have fallen. But the British nation would not have orga-

nized itself for ever into two parties, one in favour of selling Masterships in Chancery and the other opposed to it.

Party is, to a certain extent, the necessary instrument of organic change. The political history of England has consisted of a series of organic changes through which the nation has been passing, from Tudor despotism to Elective Government, and which has not yet terminated; the hereditary peerage, the remaining restrictions on the franchise, and the Established Church being still subjects of contention. Thus Party in England has been morally justified, and allegiance to a party has been rendered compatible with the paramount duty of a citizen; while for the same reason party leaders have retained some dignity of character, and the corruption by which alone mere factions are held together, has to some extent been kept at bay. But in this country, since the inauguration of Elective Government with an extended suffrage, and of religious equality, no really organic question has remained. If there is one, it is that relating to the mode of appointment to the Senate; and on this question, strange to say, the real leader of the so-called Reform party is on the side opposed to Reform. Not only so, but he is personally responsible for what it would scarcely be an exaggeration to describe as the most reactionary measure carried by legislative means in any country during the last fifty years.

Go to a party banquet in England and read the mottoes with which the room is adorned. You will find that they are expressions of a real antagonism of opinion, that they denote great legislative innovations which, as the case may be, the party advocates or resists. But what were the mottoes at the Grit banquet? Emblazoned, we are told, in the most conspicuous place in the room, were "two prime Reform sentiments." These two sentiments were "Representation by Population the basis of our National fabric" and "Efficiency and Economy in every department of the Public Service." What body

of men in the country, if questioned as to the principle, would not say the same? Then follows a string of secondary mottoes:—"Purity of Elections enforced by Law"—"Thorough Diffusion of Popular Education by National Institutions"—"The promotion of public works conducive to the prosperity of the whole people"—"The principle of a Money Payment for the concession of Territorial Rights has ever been repugnant to the feelings of the Canadian people"—"Provincial Expenditures from Provincial Revenues"—"Total separation of Church and State." It is obvious that these are either commonplaces to which everybody would assent, or, as in the case of the Pacific guarantee, allusions to acts of the Government, which, whether good or bad, are confined to a particular matter and involve no general principle of antagonism on which a party can be based. The last of the series indeed might have a very important meaning if it pointed to the tithes and other ecclesiastical imposts in the Lower Province: but the debate on the New Brunswick School Act furnished a clear indication that the Grits are too much trammelled by their Roman Catholic alliance to venture to move in that direction.

The formation of a Coalition Government marked the definitive close, in this country, of the struggle for organic change, and, consequently, of any rational justification for dividing our people into two hostile camps, and labouring through the press and in every other way to keep up dissension and ill-feeling between them. But it did not put an end to the game of politics or to the excitement which engrosses the souls of those who have once played at that game as completely as *rouge et noir* engrosses the soul of the ordinary gambler. Nor did it put an end to the rivalries which in fact broke up the Coalition Government, and which have been, to a great extent, the mainspring of the party conflict ever since.

We dwell on this subject of Government

by faction, because now, on the eve of a great faction fight, is the time to direct public attention to it, and because it is one of urgent and supreme importance. An honest, stable and vigorous administration, in the interest of the whole community, while it is essential to the well-being of any country, is especially essential to the well-being of Canada, and will give her an incalculable advantage in her race with her vast and opulent, but faction-ridden and faction-corrupted rival on this continent. It is satisfactory to see that the awakening of the public mind has commenced, and that the discussion is going on. The literary advocates of the system have singularly enough pointed to St. Paul as its type and exemplar. St. Paul, we are told, was an excellent party man. Not only was he an excellent party man, but what was still better, he was an excellent Grit, while St. Peter was a Ministerialist, and would accordingly have come in for hard measure in the speeches at the Grit banquet. No doubt St. Paul was an excellent party man! No doubt he devoted his life to the work of organizing a party against St. Peter, pushing himself and his partisans into power and place, driving out St. Peter and his adherents from church offices, and keeping together a following by wire-pulling, gerrymandering and a judicious use of patronage! No doubt he preached party morality, and entreated his supporters to draw the party lines sharp, enforce party discipline, and go it blind! No doubt he had a party journal to puff him and traduce St. Peter every morning! This is exactly the notion of him which we get from the Acts and his Epistles! We should have thought that St. Paul was the pattern of that which is exactly the opposite to a party man—a man who, having a great principle to advocate, as St. Paul had in the Council of Jerusalem, advocates it earnestly, but declines to cabal or canvass even on behalf of that principle, and, having gained his cause, absolutely merges himself again in the community and positively refuses to lend his

name as the symbol of any narrower organization. We should have thought that if ever the spirit of party had been condemned in burning words it had been so condemned by him. St. Paul! Surely people must have become to a singular extent biased by habit before they could compare the Apostle, contending for Christian liberty, to the leader of a band of political adventurers scuffling for place, tripping their rivals up with intrigue, bribery and slander, and calling it the advocacy of great principles and the only mode of arriving at political truth.

If remote historical types of party spirit are in request, perhaps we can point to one more applicable than the Apostle of the Gentiles. In Florence the Guelph party, having gained the ascendancy over the Ghibellines, carried the party system to its highest perfection. They had four magistrates appointed, called Captains of the Guelph party. These men, whom a native historian describes as "born for the public ruin," caused a law to be passed under which any citizen holding any office in the Commonwealth might be either openly or secretly accused before the tribunal of the Captains of the Guelph party of being Ghibelline, *or not genuine Guelph*. If the accusation was supported by six credible witnesses, the accused might be condemned to death or fined at the discretion of the Captains. In either case the person so condemned and his defendants were for ever incapacitated from holding any office in the State. No proof of the innocence of the accused could be received. To make the pattern perfect, we have only to add that the name Guelph had by that time become as devoid of meaning in Florence as Grit or anti-Grit is among ourselves. The opponents of free Government have alleged that Florence fell in spite of the ardent patriotism of her citizens because she was a democracy. "The statement," says an eminent historian, "is profoundly erroneous. The gross want of pa-

triotism among her leading men was fatal to her ; again and again all but fatal, and finally utterly fatal. True, these men, Guelphs and Ghibellines, Bianchi and Neri, loved Florence, were proud of her greatness, and ready to give of their substance or of their blood to rescue it. They loved Florence, but they loved revenge on and ascendancy over their political adversaries far better. The two loves were not compatible, and they deliberately again and again gave the preference to the latter."

We are told that party is not only a political but a metaphysical necessity, "people being so constituted as to differ and differ rationally on most subjects." We do not find that in Grit orations people of the opposite party get much credit for the rationality of their difference ; as there painted they are rather fools or malefactors than instances of a providential arrangement and fulfilments of a providential design. No doubt people are so constituted as to differ ; at least till discussion or experiment brings them to an agreement ; but the shades of difference are innumerable, and melt into each other by the most imperceptible degrees. To divide all the world into two parties by the constitution of their minds is preposterous ; you must have parties without number, as many parties, in fact, as there are minds. It is the bisection of a rainbow, the demarcation of a wave. And why does nobody think of applying the system to any subject but politics ? Differences of mental constitution are manifested not only in relation to political questions but in relation to questions of science, of literature, of art, of economical and social arrangement. Why are not parties organized for the promotion of scientific or literary or economical truth ? The answer is that they would be organized if lucrative offices, titles and patronage were to be obtained by so doing. They would in that case be organized on all subjects, and whereas the main object of those who take part in discussion now is to produce

agreement, the object would then be, as it is with the leaders of political factions, to perpetuate difference of opinion. Another consequence would follow ; the largest and most generous minds, repelled by the ignoble strife, would leave the service of Science as they do now that of the public, and the narrowest and most selfish, the meet slaves of Faction, would take their place. We can see this and other consequences of government by faction in the case of the United States—why should we ignore them in our own ?

No party can be placed more above the ordinary inducements to factiousness than the Conservative party in England. It is a party consisting for the most part of men who have a great stake in the country, whose social position is high, and who are personally indifferent to office. Its position, in presence of advancing Democracy, is critical, and such as can hardly fail to infuse unusual sobriety into its councils. Yet this party was brought to vote unanimously for household suffrage, in the very face of the recently recorded convictions of every member of it, solely for the purpose of ousting the other party from power. The election addresses, in which the Conservatives had protested against any great extension of the franchise as ruinous to the national institutions, must have been fresh in the minds of every one of them as he walked into the lobby to vote for a larger extension than "Jack Cade" himself had proposed. And in this sacrifice of principle to faction they were led by Lord Derby. If an Earl with two hundred thousand a year, a Knight of the Garter and the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, will "take a leap in the dark" with the highest interests of his country, for the sake of "dishing the Whigs," what can we expect of the men who "go into politics" in a country like ours.

In all the manœuvring and mud-throwing of which Ottawa will soon be the scene, the paramount object, as everybody knows, will

be not the public good, but the retention or capture of the offices of Government by a certain group of men. In the excitement of the struggle, while personal hatred mingles its fury with political ambition, all regard for anything but victory will be lost even in breasts naturally patriotic. The violence and recklessness of the fray are ever increasing, and it is always drawing the vital interests of the country more into its vortex. From appointments to offices and Silver Islet jobs, it has now extended to subjects so great and momentous as the Treaty with British Columbia and the Pacific Railway. Canada has not the vast resources and the boundless recuperative power which enable the United States to endure with comparative impunity the excesses of faction. Ruin threatens our commonwealth, unless our people can fling off the superstitious belief, which rare habit has impressed on them, that while all other governments—those of municipalities, corporations, societies and communities of every kind—can be administered impartially and in the interest of all concerned, the government of a nation can only be administered sectionally and in the interest of a section; and unless we can at the same time get rid of the correlative notion that while common integrity is expected in every other trust, in the highest trust of all roguery is inevitable and honour a Utopian dream. Nor will the mischief be confined to the political sphere. The demoralization which commences there extends by the contagion of sentiment as well as by corrupt agencies of a more direct kind to our commercial and social life. The restraints of principle are weakened everywhere, and the clerk in the merchant's office, as well as the journalist and the political aspirant, learns to talk of scoundrelism with a leer, and to worship the triumphant rogue. We once more point to the condition of the United States as the mirror, not we trust of what we are, but of what we may soon be.

There is, as we have said before, a simple and obvious remedy, not indeed for all political evils, but for those great and growing evils which have their source in the system of making the Government the prize of a perpetual struggle between two contending parties. It is, instead of allowing the Cabinet to be irregularly nominated by the faction which chances to have a majority for the time being, to enact that it shall be regularly elected by the whole Parliament, with a proper system of rotation to keep the executive in harmony with the Legislative, and a minority clause to prevent the ascendancy of sections. It is said that the proposal of a minority clause recognizes the necessary existence of party. It recognizes party as an evil tendency against which it will always be necessary to guard. With government by faction, corruption of the kind which government by faction entails, especially in elections, will be swept away. For corruption of other kinds, we repeat, an application of the criminal law, administered by a suitable tribunal and with due facilities for setting public justice in motion, will be found the proper cure. The vaunted vigilance of rival factions is no safeguard against corruption at all, as any one who will look at the facts as they present themselves here or in the United States, instead of repeating the platitudes of conventional optimism, may easily discern. Faction merely raises, by its reckless invective, a cloud of indiscriminate slander under which real guilt escapes scot-free, while the social atmosphere is filled with malignant suspicion and the public is habituated to a daily feast of calumniated reputations.

The Grit party is singular in being pre-eminently the party of a journal, the organ of the leader who presided at the Grit banquet, and who, through that organ, directs and wields the party in conformity with his own views and his own antipathies, virtually designating its Parliamentary chiefs. Such is the popular impression, with which all the

visible symptoms accord. In the case of some of the ostensible leaders of the party in Parliament the connection could not be more complete if they were actually on the staff of the journal. Not only does the journal constantly show its knowledge of the party councils, by publication of programmes and appointments in advance of its fellows, but it shapes the party policy, as was especially manifest in the case of the Washington Treaty. No reflection on anybody is implied in the statement of the fact. It could not fail to be so when the old leader commands the organ, the support of which is to all the subordinates the breath of political life. But it is a bad thing for the party, as the Parliamentary leaders must already feel, and as they will feel to a still greater degree as soon as their feet touch the steps of power. No nation looks up with pride or with entire confidence to a Government which is believed not to be its own master. In this respect Mr. Blake's renunciation of office, if he persists in it, will be peculiarly injurious to his cause. He has succeeded not only in attracting to himself a considerable amount of personal enthusiasm, but in convincing the people that he has force enough to secure his independence. The public fondly attributed to his jibbing a temporary departure from the scene which we fear was due only to the weakness of his health. So long as the contest is supposed to be between two old rivals, one of whom challenges the combat in the open field, while the other keeps in retirement, the Minister will always be able to make a telling appeal to the popular heart against the subterranean machinations of his foe. The people care for the so-called principles as little as the politician himself—less perhaps, for the politician, in his oratoric moments, probably works himself up into a frame of mind which simulates belief. They look upon the contest, the real object of which they instinctively apprehend, pretty much as a cockfight, and their personal sympathy is with the more pugnacious bird.

—In Mr. Blake's speech at the banquet there was one passage of much more importance; than the rest of the after-dinner utterances, especially considering that he has recently returned from intercourse with English statesmen. "He believed that the discussions upon the Treaty, and the feeling with respect to it both here and in the mother country, in reference to the general Colonial question, would tend—and perhaps in that case good might come out of evil—to some solution calculated to perpetuate what we all desired—the intimate union of the British Empire. He did not believe that Canada would be long prepared to have her interests disposed of without her having a voice in the disposal of them. And he did not believe that she was prepared to say that the mode in which she was to acquire that voice was by a disruption of the Empire. We looked to a brighter future—to the reorganization of the Empire on another basis, which would open to us a wider and higher destiny as a member of the great British Empire." In a speech made immediately after his return to this country Mr. Blake threw out an intimation of the same kind, coupled, if he was correctly reported, with a pretty strong expression of opinion as to the irrational character of the present Colonial system. On that occasion he said that he should feel degraded in nationality if he were only a Canadian. Without cavilling at his words, or pretending to believe that his attachment to Canada is less strong than ours, we may say that even if a man were only a Canadian he need not be ashamed of his country. Nations, far inferior to ours both in physical advantages and in the moral qualities of the people, have been famous names in history and worthy mothers of great men. But not to dwell on this, we trust we may infer from Mr. Blake's words that the question of Imperial Confederation is at last about to emerge from its nebulous state, and to become a definite subject of parliamentary consideration. There will never be a

fairer opportunity than the present. No angry question is open between the mother country and the colonies,—the feeling on both sides is on the whole excellent, and the world is at peace. Such a concurrence of favourable circumstances may not present itself again. To-morrow war may break out in Europe. Russia may come down on India, or the progress of the tariff question may embroil the government of some colony with that of the mother country. Now is the time for a statesman to take up practically that with which so many of them have theoretically played. Now is the time either to show that Imperial Confederation is possible, and put it in the way of realization, or, if it be found impracticable, to clear it once and for all out of the way, and let its misty presence cloud our perception of our own destiny no more.

—The enthusiasts of Imperial Confederation are in the habit of pouring contumely on the recent Colonial policy of England as sordid, mean, cowardly, and altogether unworthy of a great nation. A notable specimen of this kind of writing is furnished by a recent article entitled "Empire or no Empire" in Fraser's Magazine. It is desirable that those who hold this magnificent language should have their own schemes brought to the test, and that outpourings of petulant ingratitude against the mother country shall be brought to an end. Careful inquirers more than one, Bastiat among the number, have come to the conclusion that the task which England has undertaken of training colonies under the parental tutelage is a hopeless task; and that the only sound system of colonization was that of the Greeks who took the sacred fire from the maternal hearth, and set up for themselves at once as independent states, retaining only the tie of filial affection to the mother country. They deem it unfortunate for Old England that the founders of New England should have drawn with them across the Atlantic that thread of feudal

allegiance, the rupture of which at a later period, though inevitable, could hardly have taken place without a quarrel. But taking things as they are, and regarding the conduct of England as that of an imperial nation dealing with colonial dependencies, it may safely be said that her policy has not only been superior both in magnanimity and wisdom to that of any other nation in similar circumstances, but that it stands alone and unapproached in history. Let us not allow loose language about the Treaty of Washington, or any other subject of temporary disagreement, to render us forgetful of our debt to our mother country, or to tempt us to traduce our own honour by reflecting on that of the illustrious commonwealth from which we spring. Nothing will look more ignoble in the pages of future history than the malignant hatred with which the American Colonists of England, heirs as they are of the rich heritage of her free institutions, nursing their temporary quarrel with her, continue to pursue their fatherland.

But there is no denying the fact that diplomatic tutelage is fast becoming almost as difficult and as pregnant with causes of strife as political tutelage was in former times. Mr. Blake says that Canada will not be content any longer to have her dearest interests disposed of without having a voice in their disposal. He might say the same of any other adult Colony. Evidently disputes on the subject of commercial treaties are in store in the case of Australia. It is impossible that the diplomacy of England should continue to suit the Colonies, because the diplomacy of England is in fact shaped by the Parliament of England, in which the Colonies are not represented. A despotic government may possibly act in the interest of its distant dependencies as entirely as in that of the country which is its immediate seat; but the scope of action in the case of a representative assembly must be bounded by the views of the constituents. And the English constituencies neither know, nor

can be expected to know, much about any country but their own. They are occupied, like other people, with their own business, they have not leisure to attend to the business of people on the other side of the Atlantic or at the Antipodes, however kindly may be their feeling towards their kinsmen when anything occurs specially to call it forth. "It is of very great importance to me," wrote Lord Elgin when Governor-General of Canada, "to have the aid of a sound public opinion from without to help me through my difficulties here; and as I utterly despair of receiving any such assistance from England (I allude not to the Government but to the public, which never looks at us except when roused by fear ignorantly to condemn) it is of incalculable importance that I should obtain this support from America." A most pregnant and ominous admission! We have no right to blame the English people. In spite of all the fabulous anecdotes current on the subject, they know a good deal more about us than we know about our kinsmen and fellow-subjects in Victoria or at the Cape of Good Hope. But the general fact is so; and when a question arises (as in the Oregon case) between the territorial interests of Canada and the commercial interests of the British taxpayer, the British taxpayer alone being represented in Parliament we must expect the interests of Canada to go to the wall. Perhaps the ordinary British tradesman, farmer or man of business ought to be a knight-errant eager to embrace any occasion of sacrificing himself and his family for the sake of an idea; but as a matter of fact he is not, and he has many companions in his baseness. If it came to the point he would fight for a colony—of that there would be no doubt; but he will give up a good deal of territory that he has never seen or heard of, and from which he does not expect ever to receive a sixpence, rather than incur that disagreeable necessity. And can we Canadians lay our hands on our hearts

and say that we would see our commerce destroyed and let our homes be imperilled rather than consent to the cession of a slice of Bahar or Rohilcund. Perhaps some of our readers hardly know exactly where Bahar and Rohilcund are. Yet they are possessions which more directly touch the material (we do not say the moral) interests of the British tax-payer than any colonial dependency. It is easy, by culling all the editorials favourable to the Colonies from the English papers and printing them together, to produce an appearance of great excitement on the subject among the British people. But how deep does the excitement go? Were those editorials read by half as many people or with half as much avidity as those in the next column on the Claimant or the strike of the gas stokers? What is of far more consequence, what is the amount of steady and intelligent attention to Colonial subjects? Whoever saw a Colonial journal or magazine in anybody's hands in an English reading-room or club? When did an election, when did even a single vote turn upon a Colonial question? Were the Colonies ever a prominent subject in a party manifesto or even in a candidate's address? A person who had taken a very active part in Colonial discussions, and had become specially identified with a particular view, has been heard to say that in half a dozen negotiations which he had with different constituencies, not the slightest allusion was ever made to the subject. That a British Parliament, therefore, or a Cabinet which is the organ of a British Parliament, should ever act for a Colony as vigorously as it acts for England, and guard Colonial interests with the same care as English, seems past hope, however loud and however sincere the professions of British statesmen and British journalists may be.

But besides this, there are strong reasons why Canada in connection with the other Colonies should welcome a change which, if she can never aspire to be a nation herself, would make her an integral part of a na

tion. At present she is a dependency; a dependency with a large measure of self-government it is true, but still a dependency, and not a nation. And she feels and exemplifies the evil of that condition. There is a comparative poverty of spirit among her sons. We fancy that Englishmen despise us when in point of fact it is we that half despise ourselves; and the reason for this self-depreciation is not that the territory of Canada is narrow, or her resources small, or her people deficient in strength either of sinew or of brain, but that she is not a nation. National spirit can no more be infused into the body of a dependency, however well protected and well fed, than the spirit of a lion can be infused into the body of an ox. A Colonist is not truly proud of his country or of anything belonging to her. Stamp anything, whether it be an article of manufacture or a literary work, Colonial, and you lower it in his eyes. Be it what it may, he prefers to it an inferior article which bears the stamp of England. He does not really regard the Colony as a country. When he leaves it, he says that he is going home. Immigrants, whether British or of any other nation, are not absorbed as they are in the United States, because there is no nationality to absorb them. They remain half strangers and sojourners, often depreciating the land of their exile. Our great merchants and financiers regard the Colony as a place in which money is to be made, and when made carried off to be enjoyed "at home." In the United States rich men expend their wealth to a very remarkable extent in public objects which bring them social consideration and perpetuate their names. In England they at least expend it among the people by whose labour it is has been made, and, if they are ambitious, in competing for native honours. But the rich Colonist seldom founds public institutions, nor does he even expend his wealth among those who have made it, or in competing for anything which a Colony can afford. His aim

is a house in May Fair and a place in the society of an English county. England is now full of returned colonists who seek to identify themselves with the local aristocracy, and necessarily diffuse a low estimate of the society against which they are known, as soon as their money-bags were filled, to have shaken off the dust of their feet. If anything like contempt for things Colonial exists among the people of the mother country, this is its main source. Your Colonial heiress goes home to find a worthy match; a marriage with a Colonist would be a marriage of disparagement. Nor is the mere exportation of our wealth by any means the worst part of the matter. The worst part of the matter is the comparative indifference of many of our wealthiest and most influential men to the welfare of the country while they remain in it. When they have swept their money from the board, why should they care what state of things they leave behind? Note that our statesmen are thoroughly identified with the country. Downing Street and its honours are always sufficiently before their eyes to produce at least a perceptible effect on their political character. They have an aim beyond the interest, and a hope beyond the gratitude, of the nation which they serve. We must be permitted to add that Downing Street sometimes acts in the distribution of its honours as though services to the Colony were by no means the standard of desert.

Meantime, in the case of Canada, a sinister process is silently going on. The German, French and Italian cantons of Switzerland, firmly bound together by nationality in spite of their diversity of race and language, have no tendency to break the union or to gravitate to the great kindred masses on which they border, and to which, ethnologically speaking, they respectively belong. But Canada has no such moral safeguard of her independent existence; she has no national spirit sufficiently strong to repel for ever the attraction of a great homogeneous mass. Ac-

cordingly any one who will look closely may observe the progress of a moral annexation which, under the pressure of commercial distress or other accidental causes, may any day lead to a political catastrophe. The line of demarcation is being blurred by the constant migration of Canadians into the States and the settlement of Americans for commercial purposes among ourselves. Our railroads and our commerce generally are falling to a great extent into American hands, and in these days, where commercial influence is, there, in spite of laws and constitutions, will political power be also. American literature overflows us and meets no strong barrier of national taste to check its inroads. General assimilation of every kind, if not visible to our own eyes, is visible enough to those who observe us from without. It is true that among the people of British Canada, especially in the rural districts, there is a decided Anti-American feeling, which the Americans have been kind enough to keep alive by fostering Fenianism and by offering Canada every annoyance and insult in their power. But this antipathy is not a rampart of adamant—it falls down at the clinking of a purse. A wealthy American comes over the line, is naturalized at once, scatters about a little money, and takes his seat in Parliament for as loyal a county as any in the Dominion. The belief that annexation would be commercially advantageous to us, is constantly in the minds of our people and not seldom on their lips. Even the writer of the paper in *Fraser* to which we have referred, amid all his rampant Imperialism and heroic disregard of sordid objects, dallies ominously with the idea of the rise in the value of Canadian property which, as he fancies, annexation would produce. The patriotism which is the offspring of an assured nationality banishes such temptations from the thoughts. The Genevans do not indulge in calculations of the commercial profit which they would reap by ceasing to belong to Switzerland and be-

ing annexed to France. We have been speaking of British Canada. As to French Canada, there is no reason why it should not under the influence of a confirmed nationality be as completely identified with British Canada as French and Catholic Valais is with German and Protestant Zurich. But at present its attachment to the Confederation is merely of a negative kind. We support what is to all intents and purposes a Roman Catholic establishment in Quebec, and for the sake of this establishment and of seclusion from the anti-sacerdotal influences of American society, the clergy inculcate on their flocks tranquil allegiance to the British Crown. That they do not succeed in producing any feeling more enthusiastic seems to be proved by the musters of the militia of the lower Province on the occasion of the last Fenian raid. But French Canada is being Americanized—it is even being rapidly Americanized—through the French peasants who, driven in large numbers by the penury of their own country to seek employment in the neighbouring States, still keep up their connection with their old home and become channels of American sentiments, and we believe in many cases, of a mental independence very inimical to the ascendancy of the priests. We have called attention more than once to the train of ecclesiastical events which appears to be opening in Quebec, and which in its onward course may profoundly alter the position of the national clergy, and perhaps lead one party among them to think that their best hope for the future lies in union with the great mass of Irish Ultramontaneism in the United States. At best, French Canada consents to union with us only on the condition of our recognizing and respecting her separate nationality. She has not fairly cast in her lot with ours, or entered into a union of hearts. Any measure therefore, which will invest us with a really national character, and infuse into all the members of the Confederation the spirit of a thoroughly united, vigorous, self-reliant and

self-respecting nationality, will be welcome as pregnant with much good and as the means of averting a great evil.

We are not called upon here to discuss the practicability of the plan. Some of the advocates of Imperial Confederation have declined to commit themselves to any definite proposals. Others have committed themselves to definite proposals which will scarcely find a seconder. A seconder will scarcely be found in Great Britain at least for the proposal to dissolve the union between England, Scotland and Ireland, in order to reduce to federal elements the materials of the Confederation and create a balance of power among its members. The gates of Bedlam would open wide for any British statesman who, for the sake of a political union with the Antipodes, should consent to a dismemberment of the United Kingdom in the face of menacing enmities, and in the midst of a world in arms. Nor does it seem to us that the difficulties which presented themselves to the mind of Burke have practically lost much of their force. A British member of Parliament the other day, on his return from a visit to this Dominion, reported to an applauding audience that he had found Canada no farther distant from England than Scotland was in the Middle Ages. But this gentleman must use a historical atlas not in the hands of ordinary students. If, by the introduction of steam and electricity communication has been made more rapid, the march of events has been accelerated also. In the case of each of the three last great European wars the thunderbolt fell out of a clear sky. Before Europe knew what was coming, vast armies, their movements winged by all the appliances of modern science, were moving to battles which swiftly decided the fate of nations. Short would be the notice of French aggression on Belgium, or of German aggression on Holland. Short would be the shrift of India if Russia's ambition had resolved to swoop upon its long coveted prey. Even the Allan

Line would scarcely bear the representatives of Canada to the Federal Council of the Empire in time to provide against the storm. Some have suggested, that the Colonial members of the Federal Parliament should be always resident in England, so as to be ready for all contingencies. But, in that case, how would they keep up their relations with their constituents? And what sort of representatives would they be? There are few men of leisure in the Colonies, and our men of business could scarcely afford to reside in England for the whole term of a Parliament. We have our misgivings, too, as to the willingness of Colonists to be taxed for Federal armaments, the maintenance of which out of the common purse, as well as under common control, is the primary condition, and indeed the one great object, of Confederation. However, these are points on which we need not dwell. Our purpose, as we said before, is to enforce the necessity of bringing the question of Imperial Confederation without needless delay to a practical issue. The Duke of Manchester seems to have placed himself at the head of the Confederationists: let him move in Parliament if nobody else will. Various courses of action may be statesmanlike; but it can never be statesmanlike to brood and dissertate over a visionary scheme to allow it to interfere with the clearness of our view, and to paralyze practical effort while the vessel drifts rudderless into an uncertain—or rather, in our case, a too certain—future.

—We are glad to see that an impression has been made by Mr. Meredith's appeal in our last number, for justice to the Civil Service, and that the subject has been mooted in the Parliament of Ontario. Some demur on the ground that by raising salaries we might be encouraging increased expensiveness of living, and that it would be better to preach a return to the frugal habits of the last generation. A general return to frugal habits might be a very good thing, but it would be hard to enforce sumptuary

reform only on a particular profession. Things which may in themselves be superfluities, when they are the universal fashion, become necessities to any individual who is not willing to lose his place in society. However, this is not the point. It is not augmentation of salaries that is sought, but merely rectification in view of the diminished value of money. The State, it is alleged, has taken people from other callings into the public service, undertaking to pay them a certain salary, but it is now paying them nominally that amount, but in reality far less. Their position, it is said, is in fact the same as though an annual deduction was made from the promised sum. The principle of rectification of salaries to meet the changing value of money has been recognized by the British Parliament, which some years ago sanctioned, in the ordinances regulating anew the stipends of Fellows and office-holders in the Universities, clauses embodying that principle. On the other hand, we cordially concur with those who deprecate anything rash in the way of wholesale augmentation. The best course, as it seems to us, is that which is frequently adopted by the British Government—the appointment of a committee, or commission of inquiry, consisting of entirely disinterested persons, to examine and report upon the facts. It would not be easy, otherwise, uninvincibly to raise the salaries of the Ministers themselves, which is the very reform most urgently required by the public service.

—A strong agitation is on foot in England, under powerful leadership, for the abolition of the Income Tax, the inequalities of which, its injurious effect on public morality, and the offensive and inquisitorial manner in which it is collected, have at last exceeded all power of endurance. The tax was originally imposed by Pitt to meet the tremendous exigencies of the French war, with a promise that when it was ended the tax should cease. That promise was fulfilled. But Sir Robert Peel, on his accession to

power in 1841, found himself called upon to cope with a financial exigency of another kind—the large deficit produced by the incapacity of the Whig Chancellors of the Exchequer. At the same time he wished to try the great experiment of reducing customs duties, in the expectation that increased consumption would countervail the immediate loss of revenue, and he required something to shore up the financial edifice while this experiment was going on. He accordingly proposed an income tax for three years, which Parliament granted, as an extraordinary expedient for the restoration of public credit, in compliance with his earnest appeal. But at the end of the three years he proposed a renewal of the tax, as the means of effecting further relaxation of the tariff; and the country, then rioting in railways, and intoxicated with anticipations of boundless prosperity, was ready to grant anything which its great financier asked. Subsequent Chancellors of the Exchequer have naturally desired to enjoy in their turn the popularity of reducing duties on articles of general consumption, and they have wheedled the Legislature into the retention of the Income Tax, but never, we believe, without admitting its evils and holding out expectations of its speedy repeal. The inquisitorial authority and the power of virtually arbitrary taxation (scandal and annoyance being the penalty of resistance to any assessment however unjust,) which the tax places in the hands of government officials, are enough in themselves to condemn it in any free country, without reference to the grave moral and economical objections, the existence of which nobody ventures to deny. The inspection of a merchant's books, perhaps at a critical juncture of his affairs, for the purpose of extorting from him an increased payment to the government, would have been deemed odious and tyrannical in the days of the Star Chamber. Yet we in Canada, who deem ourselves preeminently free, put our necks under the yoke. Not

only so, but the engine which the British Parliament reluctantly entrusts for great national objects to a government completely under Parliamentary control, we entrust to the hands—at once obscure and practically uncontrolled—of a municipal corporation, whose petty officers we empower to scrutinize our private affairs and surcharge us at their pleasure. In addition to all the evils which have excited discontent in England, there is, in communities like ours, a dormant virus in the tax which the progress of faction, or demagogism, may any day awaken into pestilent life; and which in fact displayed itself at one time in full force in one of the violently democratic cantons of Switzerland, where the income tax was so graduated in favour of the democratic masses as to amount to confiscation in the case of the wealthier class. If we have had no reason as yet to complain of such abuse, it does not follow that we shall not have, when the budding power of the ward politician shall have arrived at its destined fulness. That the liability is present is indicated by the clause in the statutes of Ontario, exempting the income of the farmer, between whose case and that of the storekeeper fiscal justice can draw no line, but whose political power ensures to him, both here and in the United States, a measure of the same immunity which was enjoyed by privileged classes in the Old World.

An income tax in the proper sense of the term, that is a tax levied not only on property, whether real or personal, but on the profits of trades or professions, and assessed by means of information as to private affairs arbitrarily extracted from the taxpayer himself is, as a permanent tax, utterly indefensible. It can be justified only by great national emergencies, which at the same time, by the general enthusiasm which the effort to meet them creates, produce comparatively honest returns and obviate the moral evils of the tax. The same objections do not apply to the taxation for national purposes of stocks

and shares, which, equally with land, are realized property, enjoying the protection of the National Government, and upon which the tax may be levied in the hands of the companies, without danger of fraud or inquisition into private affairs. But it seems to us that municipal rates ought to be levied on real estate alone, or at most on real estate, house furniture and equipments. Such property alone receives the benefits of the municipal administration for which exclusively the power of levying rates is conferred. If it is objected that a millionaire living in lodgings uses the pavement and the street gas, the answer is that his landlord pays, and he pays the landlord. But his being a millionaire makes no difference: a millionaire can no more be justly called upon to pay extra for his gas or his sidewalk, than for his groceries or his coat; though people are very apt to forget this, and to fancy that whereas private persons are authorized only to take what is due for their goods or services, Government is at liberty to take what it finds convenient, and that injustice becomes just when it is styled public. To this argument from morality against municipal income taxes may be added another from expediency which will probably be more efficacious. Real estate, however vexed and harried, cannot make to itself wings and flee beyond the municipal limits: but personal property can. An unwillingness to lend money on mortgage or other securities, and a general tightness of money within the jurisdiction, would be the certain result of a municipal income tax high enough to be seriously felt; and if the tax is not high enough to be seriously felt it is almost wanton vexation to inflict upon the community the annoyance and the exposure of private affairs incident to collecting such a tax at all.

—The Session of the Ontario Parliament has opened well for the Government, the head of which fulfils—as a speaker more than fulfils—the general expectation. On the other subjects of proposed legislation we

will reserve our comments ; but the re-appearance of the Goodhue case, in the form of a bill to supply the omissions which caused the objects of the promoters of the former Act to miscarry in a Court of Law, leads us, in common with all who respect law, to uplift a warning voice against legislative tampering with private wills or contracts. We speak of contracts as well as wills because it is impossible to draw any distinction of principle between them as subjects of direct legislative interference. It is possible that large powers might be vested with advantage in courts of law to relax provisions in wills found to be inconsistent with the improvement of the property, especially in a country so rife with enterprise and change as ours, though this would scarcely apply to any case but that of real estate. But in any case the function of the Legislature—the only function which it can safely exercise—is that of passing a general law. Such legislation as that which has been attempted in the Goodhue case opens a vista of evil which it would be invidious to describe. The power of Parliament is of course indisputable ; but so is its obligation to use that power consistently with the objects for which Parliaments exist.—Shortly after the appearance of our last number Mr. Froude concluded his ill-starred mission. That any man should select the people of the United States as impartial judges of the question between England and Ireland, or any question in which it is possible for the mind to be prejudiced by Anti-British feeling, seems to Canadians almost incredible. Yet there may be an excuse for Mr. Froude's error, and one partly applicable also to what appear to us the exceedingly awkward attempts made to propitiate the Americans by English statesmen. The common American feeling against England is not one of which intelligent and cultivated Americans can be very proud ; it is essentially a vulgar feeling. Consequently the intelligent and cultivated American habitually disclaims it in society, and most

vehemently of course when he is a guest in England ; though the very same man, if he were transferred to a platform in his own country, would too probably chime in with the popular sentiment. It is probable that Mr. Froude was in this way beguiled into the belief that American hostility was merely diplomatic, and that there was goodwill towards the old country in the heart of the people. In that case there was nothing extravagant (supposing him to have been invited to lecture in America) in his choosing Irish history as a subject, authentic information about which would be welcome to the Americans and might have a salutary effect on their minds. He is only to be blamed for having too much assumed the character of a missionary, which, among other objections, was hardly consistent with that of a paid lecturer. No doubt, in spite of the hospitality with which he was received, and in which Americans never fail, the truth soon dawned upon his mind. A misgiving must have arisen as soon as he read the newspaper report of his first lecture, headed "The British Monarchy Exposed—Ireland's Wrongs Confessed." The effect we fear will be bad. Little harm will have been done among the Americans, who are not likely to be offended by having been taken for serene arbiters of international morality any more than they would at being taken for dukes ; and all this fizzing and bouncing of Father Burke and Bridget will subside, so far as the Irish in the States are concerned, like a temporary excitement at Donnybrook Fair. But we are not so sure that Father Burke's lectures will not do mischief in Ireland at a rather critical moment. As to Mr. Froude, we suspect that he fled not only from the thunders of Father Burke or the broomstick brandished by Bridget, but from the really far more formidable opposition of Colonel Meliae, whose criticisms, brought into general notice by the other affray, have seriously, and in the absence of any reply to them we must think

justly, damaged Mr. Froude's reputation as a historian in the judgment of the most eminent literary men and the best literary journals of the United States.

—Before the appearance of our next number the British Parliament will have commenced its sittings. Accurate programmes of the Ministerial policy have, of course, been published in advance by journals possessed of exclusive sources of information. But European statesmen have learned the art of being interviewed. It is easier to say that the county franchise and the land law are the great questions of the day in England than to tell whether they are coming before Parliament. The question of County administration, however, is pretty sure to be brought forward, and the Government can hardly avoid facing that of University Education in Ireland, about which there is certain to be a fight. There will, of course, be a debate at the opening of the session on the Treaty of Washington, and among other matters connected with the Treaty, the state of feeling in Canada will no doubt be a subject of discussion. Independent Canadian journals may therefore do a timely service by correcting the error of a portion of the British press which persists in representing our people as in a state of violent exasperation against the Treaty, and in ascribing to this cause the losses of the Government in the recent elections. No one living in Canadian society could for a moment be under this impression. There is among our people a strong feeling, which we entirely share, that while reparation was made to the Americans for the wrong done them in the case of the Alabama, reparation ought to have been exacted of them for the far greater and more flagrant wrong done to Canada and the Empire in the case of the Fenian raids. There is a strong feeling, which we equally share, that the general bearing of the British Government shows a great want of appreciation of the character of American politicians, and a lack of dignity calculated to increase

the danger which dignity is sacrificed to avert. There is a conviction, in which we concur, that it would have been better to keep the special questions between Canada and the United States distinct from what was, in fact, a negotiation for a treaty of peace between England and the United States, terminating the state of moral war to which the Alabama affair had given rise. There are also doubts, which experience alone can set at rest, as to the operation of the clauses of the Treaty affecting our territorial rights. But anything like violent exasperation there is not, and there has never been. The Opposition journals, as a matter of course, denounced a Treaty made by the Prime Minister. The Government journals were also tuned at first to a certain degree of opposition with a view to justifying the demand for the Pacific Railway guarantee. But the commercial community of Montreal accepted the Treaty at once; it was soon accepted by the fishermen, though their employers were more adverse; while in Ontario, which is strongly under the influence of the leading journal of the Opposition, there was a certain amount of adverse feeling, and a general conviction that the British Government had been rather disgracefully overreached; but all attempts to lash the people into fury totally failed. The vote of our Parliament was an accurate registration of the sentiments of our people. The losses of the Government in the elections were chiefly in Ontario, where the Liberal party simply gained an ascendancy which had always belonged to it, and which it lost at the last general election only owing to the exceptional state of public feeling produced by the desire to give a fair trial to the first Confederation Government, and by the impression that it had not received just treatment at the hands of the Liberal chief. If any special cause contributed to what was in the main the result of revived party strength and discipline, it was the Scott murder, and the equivocal relations of the Government with the murderer Riel. Sir

George Cartier's defeat at Montreal was caused by the breach between the Gallican and Ultramontane sections of the Catholic party, combined with his departmental unpopularity as Minister of Militia. So far as we can see, the Government has lost no votes in the Maritime Provinces, which are especially affected by the Treaty.

—"I have loved justice and hated iniquity: therefore I die in exile." If these words were warrantable in the mouth of Hildebrand, the Imperial adventurer whose death in exile is the great event of the day, had no such reason for arraigning the moral government of the world. Twice—at Strasbourg and again at Boulogne—in the interest of his own ambition, and with no other pretext whatever, he attempted to kindle the flames of civil war in a country then in the full enjoyment of liberty and prosperity under a constitutional government. Afterwards carried by a mere turn of fortune's wheel, in the bringing about of which he had no share, to the presidency of the French Republic, he at once began to conspire with a knot of needy adventurers, men of desperate character, against the constitution which he had solemnly and repeatedly (for he voluntarily repeated his perjury,) sworn to uphold, debauched the army, and at last consummated his design by a military usurpation, accompanied by massacre. Having ostentatiously declared that his empire was peace, he thrice plunged Europe into war for the purposes of his dynastic ambition, combined on the last occasion with the fanaticism of the bigoted though luxurious and frivolous partner of his throne. The cunning with which he crept, under cover of the most explicit disclaimers, to the annexation of Savoy and Nice, and the hypocrisy with which that act of spoliation was consummated, with the forms of a free popular vote guided by French bayonets, totally estranged from him the confidence of Lord Palmerston, who up to that time had been his warm and somewhat too trustful friend. In spite of the explana-

tions which do so much credit to the ingenuity of M. Benedetti, nothing has occurred to invalidate the documentary proof of the fact that the ex-Emperor, while professing with his usual unctuousness his goodwill towards England and his personal affection for the British Royal Family, was plotting the forcible annexation of Belgium in defiance of the British guarantee. There are some who seem to think that above the morality of conscience and its author, there is a morality of a more brilliant and grandiose kind, which sanctions great and successful crime. The maxim that honesty is the best policy, if taken in the vulgar sense and limited to the present life, is confuted by the triumphant career of many a villain; but the advocates of this "higher law" may safely be challenged to point to any case in which the interests of humanity have been really advanced by the disregard in high places of those rules without the observance of which by ordinary men society could not hold together for an hour. The cost of the Napoleonic dynasty to the world in bloodshed, in suffering, in material and moral havoc, in the weakening of mutual good faith and respect for law, in the kindling of evil passions the effect of which Europe will long feel, is such as no mortal pen can sum. It is instructive, altogether apart from theology, to compare with the work of the two Bonapartes that of those peasants of Galilee who, without costing mankind a drop of blood or a tear, or even the price of their own subsistence, founded an empire compared with which that of the Bonapartes is as a child's house of sand to the Pyramids. But there is little use in attempting to pass judgment on a career, the facts of which are equally known to us all, and about which everyone will form his own opinion. Two things, however, may be noted. The first is the evidence which the history of Bonapartism affords of the instability of personal compared with constitutional government, even when the dynasty

is exceptionally strong. Had Napoleon III. died on the throne, it is plain that confusion would have ensued ; so much is implied in his desperate effort to restore the falling prestige of his dynasty, and secure the succession to his son, by plunging into the German war. The break-up would probably have begun in the Council of Regency with a quarrel between the Emperor's Jesuit wife and his Jacobin cousin ; each would have appealed to party support, and civil war would probably have ensued. As it is, government at all events goes on, and would be more sure of lasting than it is if it were not to so great an extent the personal government of M. Thiers. The second thing to be noted is that by the fall of the Empire England is freed from a great danger. A process of induction pretty costly to humanity had proved that war was as much a necessity to an Empire founded on the passion for military glory in the case of the second Napoleon as in the case of the first ; and had Germany succumbed, the next object of attack might, and indeed probably would, have been England. That the ex-Emperor was personally well disposed towards us is very likely, but the Belgian plot is proof enough, if proof is wanting, that his affections would not have been allowed to stand in the way of his policy, if the time had arrived for playing his last card. The Empress and her Jesuit advisers would have been as eager in the case of England as they were in the case of Germany, for a crusade against a great Protestant power ; and they would have been further tempted by the hope of securing Ireland from England, and erecting it into a Catholic monarchy under some faithful son of the Church and faithful satrap of the house of Bonaparte. As to the personal friends and advisers of the Emperor, they were desperadoes who would have set the world on fire rather than relinquish their immense booty. In their mode of showing alarm the English people were not very rational or dignified ; but the alarm

was well founded while the French army and fleet were wielded by the despotic and irresponsible hand of a man of such character and habits, placed under such circumstances and with such councillors around him as Napoleon III.

The ex-Emperor's son will, no doubt, in due time assume the title of Napoleon IV. (a title involving, like that of Napoleon III., a patent historical falsehood), and become one of the multitude of Pretenders to Crowns which now forms a considerable addition to the vagrancy of Europe. Chiselhurst, or the residence of the Empress wherever it may be, will become the gathering-place of exiles and the focus of intrigues, for which it appears, notwithstanding the Emperor's solemn declaration through his Secretary that he had left France in a state of patriotic poverty, sufficient funds had in fact been provided. "Nothing is certain but the unexpected" is a French saying, peculiarly applicable to French politics ; and all we can affirm is, that the return of Napoleon IV. to his father's throne would be a singular fulfilment of that saying. He is a boy, while France needs a man ; he is a shadow, while France needs a substance ; he represents defeat, while France of all nations most worships success. His mother, who would be regent in his name, is an Ultramontane like the Count de Chambord, with a more violent and dangerous temper ; she is, in a great measure, personally responsible for the recent calamities : and her undisguised exultation at the outbreak of the war which she had contributed to bring on, shows that in her character there is a union of religious bigotry with a want of common morality, which recalls the most sinister examples of female rule in France. Moreover, as Napoleon IV. claims neither by merit nor by possession, but by right of birth, like the Bourbon pretenders to the crowns of France and Spain, his pedigree will probably become the subject of genealogical controversies, which, in the case of

his father, were set at rest by bayonets. The belief prevalent in France that he is not really the child of his reputed parents is, we are persuaded, a destitute of foundation as the warming-pan story was in the case of the English Pretender, though in both cases circumstances singularly favoured the suspicion. But it is the conviction of the best informed and most cool-headed persons that the late Emperor was not a Bonaparte, and could consequently transmit no Bonaparte blood to his child. Assuredly the efforts, desperate as they were, of court painters and sculptors never succeeded in concealing the total want, in Napoleon III. of those well known lineaments which characterize more or less every genuine Bonaparte, and which were especially marked in the late Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, the son of Napoleon's brother Jerome by Miss Patteson. That marriage, though cancelled by the imperious will of Napoleon I., was a perfectly valid marriage by the law of man as well as in the sight of God; and a descendant of it still remains in the person of a young Jerome, grandson of the King of Westphalia and an officer in the French army. Possibly in the whirligig of time this young Jerome may appear upon the scene, and there may be an exciting question between the claims of undoubted legal legitimacy with a doubtful pedigree on the one hand and those of doubtful legitimacy with an undoubted pedigree on the other.

Had the death of Napoleon III. taken place a year ago, it would have strengthened the hands of the Monarchists by removing one of the three pretenders whose conflicting efforts propped up between them the feeble and tottering Republic. But the Republic has now acquired, if not more positive force, at least the force of inertia. The priests wish to overturn it at any cost, but the people seem more and more inclined to prefer it, at least in the Conservative form which it has assumed under the Presidency of Thiers, to another revolution. It seems even to be receiving the adhesion

of the peasantry; and the unwillingness of all sections of the Monarchists in the Assembly to appeal, by a dissolution, to the country, is a conclusive proof that in their judgment the national interest is gaining ground over those of the pretenders. What is the state of feeling in the army it is not easy to discover; but it must be remembered that the old Republic as well as the Napoleonic Empire had its military glories, the popularity of which has been revived by the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, and which did not end in a Waterloo or a Sedan.

We must not suppose, in casting the horoscope of France, that the elements of political calculation remain unchanged, and that the future is sure to revolve round the same circle as the past. Three great changes of national sentiment and of the moral forces in action have recently taken place. The legend of Napoleonic glory and plunder, embodied in the history of Thiers, which overthrew the pacific and bourgeois throne of Louis Philippe and revived the military Empire, has been deprived of its fatal charm; the passion for reproducing the events and characters of the first revolution which found its expression in Lamartine's *Girondins* and in the works of Louis Blanc, and which, though sentimental and even histrionic, exerted a very noxious influence in politics, has expended itself in the insurrection of the Commune; and the same event has terminated the reaction against Red Republicanism which always inclined the wealthier classes to despotic government, and conspired with the love of military glory to restore the Empire. The war spirit, which is always adverse to Republicanism, is, no doubt, still strong, at least in the army. But the financial difficulties which are already disclosing themselves can hardly fail to enforce a reduction of armaments. On the whole the chances are now in favour of a Conservative Republic: and if a Conservative Republic is established in France a new political epoch will be opened for the whole of Europe.

SELECTIONS.

THE TOILETTE AND ITS DEVOTEES.

[The following selection is taken from a work entitled "Salad for the Solitary and the Social." (New York: De Witt, C. Lent & Company, Publishers.) We observe a few inaccuracies in the book—as, for instance, the statement that Nelson's last words were addressed to Collingwood, while they were really addressed to Hardy—and the ascribing, in the paper which we quote, a poem to Leigh Hunt which was written by Wordsworth. The volume, however, is very lively and pleasant reading.]

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Pope.

"WOMAN was made 'exceedingly fair,' a creature not only fitted for all the deference and homage our minds could bestow, but obviously intended for the most elegant wardrobes and brilliant trousseaux our purses could furnish. But, however we may fall short of our duty to the sex in this latter respect, let no woman, therefore, suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. Of course, the immediate effect of a well-chosen feminine toilette operates differently in different minds. In some it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others a consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some it is intensely felt while present; in others only missed when gone. None can deny its power over them, more or less; or, for their own sakes, had better not be believed if they do."*

The intimate relations between woman's beauty and her mirror render it impossible for the fair possessor to be unconscious of her endowment; and consequently it would be always at a premium.

"Smilingly fronting the mirror she stands,
Her white fingers loosening the prisoned brown bands
To wander at will—and they kiss as they go,
Her brow, and her cheek, and her shoulders of snow;
Her violet eyes, with their soft, changing light,
Growing darker when sad, and when merry more bright,
Look in at the image, till the lips of the twain
Smile at seeing how each gives the smile back again."

The looking-glass, although it is personal in its *reflections*, yet they are given silently, so that however much we may feel our pride mortified occasionally by its revelations, we never fail to cherish a friendly feeling for so faithful a monitor. Kinder, also, is the looking-glass than the wine-glass; for, notwithstanding the tendency of the former to self-flattery, when it reveals our defects, it does so confidentially; whereas the wine-glass makes us betray our own frailties alike to friends and foes.

It has been observed that God intended all women to be beautiful, as much as he did the morning-glories and the roses. Beauty is

"Like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

The love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into woman's heart; the girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily was fadeless, and the stream a mirror.

Southey, in his *Omniانا*, relates the following: "When I was last in Lisbon, a nun made her escape from the nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted was a looking-glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face." There was some excuse for her wishing to peruse her own features.

A mirror has been thus variously described: as the only truth-teller in general favour—a journal in which Time records his progress—a smooth acquaintance, but no flatterer. We may add, that it is the only tolerated medium of reflection upon woman's beauty, and the last discarded; Queen Elizabeth, we learn, did not desert her looking-glass while there was any

* Quarterly-Review.

vestige left in the way of beauty with which to regale herself.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny. Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world.

Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex, when he compares women and clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and prove very productive.

Lord Bacon justly remarked, that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express. Yes, beauty is indescribable and inexplicable; all we know is, that it fascinates, dazzles, and bewilders us with its mystic power. No wonder the poets define woman as something midway between a flower and an angel.

In truth it is difficult to form any fixed standard of beauty. Qualities of personal attraction, the most opposite imaginable, are each looked upon as beautiful in different countries, or by different people in the same country. That which is deformity at Paris may be beauty at Peking.

—“Beauty, thou wild, fantastic ape—
Who dost in every country change thy shape;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there
white!”

The frantic lover sees “Helen’s beauty in an Egyptian brow.” The black teeth, the painted eyelids, the plucked eyebrows of the Chinese fair, have admirers; and should their feet be large enough to walk upon, their owners are regarded as monsters of ugliness.

With the modern Greeks, and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, *corpulency* is the perfection of form in a woman; and those very attributes which disgust the western European form the attractions of an Oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of his countrywomen that Rubens in his pictures delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness:—when this master was desirous to represent the “beautiful,” he had no idea of beauty under two hundredweight.

The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which

colour is most becoming. We account red hair an abomination; but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore what are called red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

Lord Shaftesbury asserts that all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.

It has been well observed, that homely women are often altogether the best at heart, head, and soul. A pretty face frequently presides over a false heart and a weak head, with the smallest shadow of a soul.

“The bombastic misrepresentations of the encomiasts of Beauty,” observed Ayton, “have exposed her just claims to much odium and ill-will. If a perfect face is the only bait that can tempt an angel from the skies, what is to be the recompense of the unfortunate with a wide mouth and a turn-up nose? The conduct of men, since the Deluge, has proved, however, that love (the true thing) is not mere fealty to a face. If an ugly woman of wit and worth cannot be loved till she is known—a beautiful fool will cease to please when she is found out.”

“After all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing woman’s work in the world—making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has forsworn beauty altogether. The world of action is a world of ugliness. But woman does for mankind what man has ceased to do. Her aim from very childhood is to be beautiful. . . . There is a charm, however, of life’s after-glow over the gray, quiet head, the pale, tender face, lit up with a sweetness—a pitifulness that only experience and sorrow can give. It is there, at any rate, that we read a subtler and diviner beauty than in the rosy cheek of girlhood—a beauty spiritualized, mobile with every thought and emotion, yet restful with the rest of years. An infinite tenderness and largeness of heart, a touch that has in it all the gentleness of earth, a smile that has in it something of the compassionateness of heaven—this is the apotheosis of pretty women.”

"The divine right of Beauty," said Junius, "is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist."

Woman has never failed, since the world began, to illustrate, in instances, the glory of her nature—never ceased to manifest the divine in the human. With the regal Esther, yearning to bless her enslaved kindred, and the filial-love-inspired daughter, who sustained the life of her gray-haired father through prison bars, there have not been parallels wanting in all ages to prove that the angels of God still wander on earth, to remind man of Eden, and give him a foretaste of heaven.

Of such type of virtue were Penelope, weaving amid her maidens through weary years the web that shielded her virtue, until her royal husband returned from his wanderings, and was to gladden her heart; or courteous Rebecca at the well; or timid Ruth, gleaning in the field; or the Roman Cornelia, who, taunted in Rome's decaying age by rivals, with her poverty, held up her virtuous children, exclaiming, "These are my jewels!" Fit woman to have been the mother of the Gracchi.

Richter observes, "A woman's soul is by nature a beautiful fresco-painting, painted on rooms, clothes, silver waiters, and upon the whole domestic establishment."

"Comets, doubtless, answer some wise and good purpose in the creation; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful, and eccentric; so are women. Comets shine with peculiar splendour, but at night appear most brilliant; so do women. Comets confound the most learned, when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and of the clod of the valley; so do women. Comets and women, therefore, are closely analogous; but the nature of both being alike inscrutable, all that remains for us is, to view with admiration the one, and devotedly love the other."[†]

Coleridge used to say "that the most happy marriage he could imagine would be the union of a deaf man with a blind woman." Years before he was not so much of a cynic, when he wrote those tender lines about the wooing of the love-sick *Genevieve*.

After all that may be said or sung about it,

beauty is an undeniable fact, and its endowment not to be disparaged. Sidney Smith gives some good advice on the subject:

"Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face, for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth." Instantaneous and universal admiration—the eye-worship of the world is unquestionably the reward of the best faces; and the malcontents had much better come into the general opinion with a good grace, than be making themselves at once unhappy and ridiculous, by their hollow and self-betraying recusancy.* Now an ill-conditioned countenance, accompanied, as it always is, of course, with shining abilities and all the arts of pleasing, has this signal compensation—that it improves under observation, grows less and less objectionable the more you look into it, and the better you know it, until it becomes almost agreeable on its own account—nay, really so—actually pretty; whereas beauty, we have seen, witless beauty, cannot resist the test of long acquaintance, but declines, as you gaze, while in the full pride of its perfection; "fades on the eye and palls upon the sense," with all its bloom about it.

"He that loves a rosy cheek, or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek fuel to maintain
his fires,

As old Time makes these decay

So his flames must waste away;

But a smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts
and calm desires,

Hearts with equal love combined kindle never
dying fires.

Where these are not, I despise

Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes."[†]

Byron also condenses the same sentiment in a single line—

"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes."

The last word—eyes, and the eloquent lan-

[†] Hood.

* Ayton's Essays.

[†] Carew.

guage they express—has been a prolific theme with the poets. Some have dilated on their brilliancy till they have been bewildered and blinded to all things else around them, and some are fastidious as to their colour, size, and expression. One thus describes the respective claims of black and blue :

“ Black eyes most dazzle at a ball ;
 Blue eyes most please at evening fall.
 Black a conquest soonest gain ;
 The blue a conquest most retain ;
 The black bespeak a lively heart ;
 Whose soft emotions soon depart ;
 The blue a steadier flame betray,
 That burns and lives beyond a day ;
 The black may features best disclose ;
 In blue may feelings all repose.
 Then let each reign without control,
 The black all mind—the blue all soul.”

Leigh Hunt says of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards—“ I must give here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humour and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from a habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face ; it can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good ; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another ; or rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling tenderness ; of a sharp sorrow, of a full-breathing joy, of candour, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy.”

“ There is a charm that brighter grows mid beauty's
 swift decay,
 And o'er the heart a glory throws that will not
 fade away,
 When beauty's voice and beauty's glance the heart
 no longer move,

This holy charm will still entrance, and wake the
 spirit's love.”

Long hair in woman is an essential element of beauty. The Roman ladies generally wore it long, and dressed it in a variety of ways, bedecking it with gold, silver, pearls, and other ornaments.

The custom of decking the hair with pearls and gems, although not a modern invention, is still in vogue with royalty and courtly circles ; yet the author of *The Honey-moon* thus repudiates the fashion :

—“ Thus modestly attired,
 A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair.
 With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
 No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
 Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them ;
 With the pure red and white, which that same hand
 Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks ;
 This well-proportioned form (think not I flatter)
 In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
 And thy free tresses dancing in the wind,
 Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
 Can meet without a blush.”

The Roman patrician ladies had numerous slaves chiefly appointed to attend their toilette. Their hair used to be perfumed and powdered with gold dust.

Of all the articles of luxury and ostentation known to the Romans, pearls seem to have been the most esteemed. They were worn on all parts of the dress, and such was the diversity of their size, purity, and value, that they were found to suit all classes, from those of moderate to those of the most colossal fortune. The pearl ear-rings of Cleopatra are said to have been of fabulous value. After pearls and diamonds, the emerald held the highest place in the estimation of the Romans.

In France, during the reign of Louis XIV., the use of diamonds revived. Robes were embroidered with them, besides forming necklaces, aigrettes, bracelets, &c. This costly fashion subsided about the end of the French Revolution.

“ There are certain moralists in the world who labour under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the

jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other are enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is untidy, or, being old, fantastic or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference.*

The true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is that those who are the favourites of Nature become animated, and are in a capacity for exerting a controlling influence; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable, in a great measure, of finishing what she has left imperfect.

Chevreur remarks: "Drapery of a lustreless white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very light white draperies, such as point lace, have an entirely different aspect. Black draperies, lowering the tone of the colours with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear, relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist."

"If Nature has given man a strong instinct to dress," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "it is because she has given him woman as an object for it; whatever, therefore, may be the outward practice of the present day, the moral foundation is right. She dresses herself to please him, and he dresses her to please himself; and this is a distinction between the two which may apply to more subjects than that of dress."

Pride of personal appearance is naturally one

result of a passion for dress, which is alike evinced by the rude trappings of the savage and the gorgeous appendages of refinement and luxury:

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station;
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people, in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That Wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation."*

It is in fact difficult to determine whether the same may not be affirmed of those who affect the greatest simplicity in their habiliments—for it is not certain that the Quaker, even, is wholly divested of vanity, although he may be of the finery he repudiates.

If any fair nymph is in quest of further details as to the accessories of the toilette, here is ready prepared a catalogue of moral cosmetics:

An enchanted mirror.....*Self-knowledge.*
Lip-salve.....*Truth.*
Eye-water.....*Compassion.*
For the voice.....*Prayer.*
For wrinkles.....*Contentment.*
An elastic girdle.....*Patience.*
Solid gold ring.....*Principle.*
Pearl necklace.....*Resignation.*
Diamond breast-pin.....*Love.*

Fashion, the veriest despot in her decrees, arbitrates through the agency of her devotees—the milliner, the modiste, and the tailor—the style and manner of one's habiliments; and so absolute is her sway in this matter, that it is difficult, perhaps, to indicate any class who may boast exemption from her jurisdiction.

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable for her sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes—or chokes us with a tight handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our bodies by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed when they ought to be up. She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to live idle

* Chambers.

* Saxe.

and useless. She makes people visit when they would rather be at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasure and interrupts our business. She compels people to dress gayly—whether upon their own property or that of others. She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life and occasions premature death. She makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of us all. She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality, an enemy to religion, and no one can be her companion and enjoy either. She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning—and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, all strive to see who shall be most obsequious. Fashion obtains in all countries—there being ever some Beau Brummells at hand to issue her mandates and illustrate her Protean shapes and endless metamorphoses.

“ Oh, Fashion! it were vain indeed to try your wondrous flights to follow :
 Onward at such a pace you speed, beating the *Belle Assemblée* hollow.
 One moment hovering in our coats to change the cutting of the skirts :
 Then, with rude grasp you seize our throats, altering the collars of our shirts ;
 Now trimming up with ribbons gay, and flowers as well, a lady's bonnet ;
 Then with rash hand tearing away each bit of finery upon it.
 Shrouding one day the arm from sight, in sleeve so large that six might share it ;
 And making it next month so tight 'tis scarcely possible to bear it.
 Upon a lady's dress again, with arbitrary hand it pounces,
 Making it one day meanly plain, then idly loading it with flounces.”

There are few things that have not been done, and few things that have not been worn, under the sanction of fashion. What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the fourteenth century? He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knee by gold or silver chains; hose of one colour on one leg, and another colour on the other; a coat, the one-half white, and the other black or blue; a long silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals,

dancing men, &c. This dress was the height of the mode in the reign of Edward III. In view of such facts, shall we upbraid woman for her vanity and love of finery?

Leigh Hunt informs us that fashions have a short life or a long one, according as it suits the makers to startle us with a variety, or save themselves observation of a defect. Hence fashions set by young or handsome people are fugitive, and such are usually those that bring custom to the milliner.

The *Edinburgh Review* observes: “ Peculiarities of dress, even amounting to foppery, so common among eminent men, are carried off from ridicule by ease in some, or stateliness in others. We may smile at Chatham, scrupulously crowned in his best wig, if intending to speak; at Erskine, drawing on his bright yellow gloves before he rose to plead; at Horace Walpole, in a cravat of Gibbon's carvings; at Raleigh, loading his shoes with jewels so heavy that he could scarcely walk; at Petrarch, pinching his feet till he crippled them; at the rings which covered the philosophical fingers of Aristotle; at the bare throat of Byron; the Armenian dress of Rousseau; the scarlet and gold coat of Voltaire: or the prudent carefulness with which Cæsar scratched his head, so as not to disturb the locks arranged over the bald place. But most of these men, we apprehend, found it easy to enforce respect and curb impertinence.

A recent writer says he likes “ flounces when they wave and flow, as in a very light material—muslin, or gauze, or barège—when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel or a ‘dissolving view;’ but he does not like them in a rich material, where they flop, or in a stiff one where they bristle; and where they break the flowing lines of the petticoat, and throw light and shade where you do not expect them to exist.”

“ The amply-folding robe, cast round the harmonious form; the modest clasp and zone on the bosom; the braided hair, or the veiled head—these were the fashions alike of the wife of a Phocion and the mistress of an Alcibiades. A chastened taste ruled at their toilettes; and from that hour to this, the forms and modes of Greece have been those of the poet, the sculptor, and the painter. The flowing robe, the easy shape, the soft, unfettered hair, gave place

to skirts shortened for flight or contest—to the hardened vest, and head buckled in gold or silver."

Thence, by a natural descent, we have the iron bodice, stiff farthingale, and spiral coiffure of the middle ages. The courts of Charlemagne, of Edward, Henry, and Elizabeth, all exhibit the figures of women as in a state of siege. Such lines of circumvallation and out-work; such impregnable bulwarks of whalebone, wood, and steel; such impassable mazes of gold, silver, silk, and furbelows, met a man's view, that, before he had time to guess it was a woman that he saw, she had passed from his sight; and he only formed a vague wish on the subject by hearing, from an interested father or brother, that the moving castle was one of the softer sex.

These proposterous fashions disappeared in England a short time after the Restoration:

"What thought, what various numbers can express
The inconstant equipage of woman's dress."

It is not so much the richness of the material as the way it is made up, and the manner in which it is worn, that give the desired elegance. A neat fit, a graceful bearing, and a proper harmony between the complexion and the colours, have more to do with heightening woman's attractions than many are willing to believe.

Attention to a few general rules would prevent a great many anomalous appearances; for instance, "a woman should never be dressed too little, nor a girl too much—nor should a woman of small stature attempt large patterns, nor a bad walker flounces—nor a short throat carry feathers, nor high shoulders a shawl. From the highest to the lowest, there is not a single style of beauty with which the plain straw hat is not upon the best understanding. It refines the homeliest and composes the wildest—it gives the coquettish young lady a little dash of demureness, and the demure one a slight touch of coquetry—it makes the blooming beauty look more fresh, and the pale one more interesting—it makes the plain woman look, at all events, a lady, and the lady more lady-like still."

Then all the sweet associations that throng about it! Pictures of happy childhood and unconscious girlhood—thoughts of blissful bridal

tours and healthy country life. Bonnets, too, are an index of character. Some wag has furnished the following "Recipe for a Bonnet," free of cost:

"Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace,
A shower of French rosebuds to droop o'er the
face;
Fine ribbons and feathers, with crape and illusion,
Then mix and *de-range* them in graceful confusion;
Inveigle some fairy, out roaming for pleasure,
And beg the slight favour of taking her measure;
The length and the breadth of her dear little pate,
And hasten a miniature frame to create;
Then pour, as above, the bright mixture upon it,
And lo! you possess 'such a love of a bonnet.'"

In searching for some of the absurdities of the toilette we meet with the following: The ladies of Japan are said to gild their teeth, and those of the Indies to paint them red, while in Guzerat the test of beauty is to render them sable. In Greenland the women used to colour their faces with blue and yellow. The Chinese must torture their feet into the smallest possible dimensions—a proof positive of their contracted understandings. The ancient Peruvians, and some of our Indian tribes, used to flatten their heads; and among other nations, the mothers, in a similar way, maltreat the noses of their offspring.

Rings are of remote origin; their use is mentioned by many of the classic writers, and also in the Scriptures.

The armet or bracelet is also of equal antiquity; its adoption is referred to in the Book of Genesis. Ear-rings, or, as they were formerly styled, pendants, are worn by most nations, and, in many instances, by both sexes. In the East Indies they are unusually large, and are generally of gold and jewels.

Of head-dresses, the earliest kind upon record seems to have been the tiara; the caul is also mentioned, in Holy Writ, as having been in vogue in primitive times. It was usually made of network, of gold or silk, and enclosed all the hair. Some of the various items of a lady's wardrobe it will not be our venture to dilate upon; we may, however, just refer to the corsets. Tradition insists that corsets were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century, as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious, and, finding nothing

would cure her, he put corsets on her, in order to take away her breath, and so prevent her, as he thought, from talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other heartless husbands. The punishment became so universal at last, that the ladies in their defence made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present day. The fair sex of our own day seem economic in this respect, for however prodigal they may be in other matters, they are for the least possible *waist*. Soemmering enumerates a catalogue of ninety-six diseases resulting from this *stringent habit* among them; many of the most frightful maladies—cancer, asthma, and consumption—are among them. Such unnatural compression, moreover, seems to indicate a very limited scope for the play of the affections, for what room is there for any heart at all? As if to atone for brevity of waist, the ladies indulge then in an amplitude of skirt. The merry dames of Elizabeth's court, in a wild spirit of fun, adopted the fashion of hideously deforming farthingales to ridicule the enormous trunk-hose worn by gentlemen of that period—determined, if not successful in shaming away that absurdity, at least to have a preposterous contrivance of their own. The idea was full of woman's wit. But, alas, they were caught in their own snare. Precious stones were profusely displayed on the bodices and skirts of brocade gowns, and vanity soon discovered that the stiff whalebone framework under the upper skirt formed an excellent showcase for family jewels. The passion thus gratified, the farthingale at once became the darling of court costume, and in its original shape continued in feminine favour till the reign of Queen Anne, when it underwent the modification lately revived for us—the Hoop. In vain did the *Spectator* lash and ridicule by turns the “unnatural disguisement;” in vain did grossest caricatures appear and wits exhaust their invention in lampoons and current epigrams; in vain even the publication of a grave pamphlet, entitled *The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop Petticoat, as the Fashion now is*; the mode, for once immutable, stands on the page of folly an enduring monument of feminine persistency.

Encouraged by the prolonged and undisputed sway of the farthingale, the hoop maintained an absolute supremacy through the three succeeding reigns, though often undergoing

changes which only served to make it more and more ridiculous. The most ludicrous of these alterations were the triangular-shaped hoops, which, according to the *Spectator*, gave a lady all the appearance of being in a go-cart; and the “pocket-hoops,” which look like nothing so much as panniers on the side of a donkey—we mean the quadruped. Quite a funny incident is related by Bulwer about the wife of an English ambassador to Constantinople, in the time of James I. The lady, attended by her serving-women, all attired in enormous farthingales, waited upon the sultana, who received them with every show of respect and hospitality. Soon, however, the woman's curiosity got the better of her courtesy, and expressing her great surprise at the monstrous development of their form, she asked if it were possible that such could be the shape peculiar to the women of England. The English lady in reply hastened to assure her that their forms in nowise differed from those of the women of other countries, and carefully demonstrated to her Highness the construction of their dress, which alone bestowed the appearance so puzzling to her. There could scarcely be a more wholesome satire upon the absurd fashion than is conveyed in the simple recital of this well authenticated anecdote.

“It was but a year or two ago that complaints were loud against the amplitude of ladies' dresses. The extent of ground they covered was almost fabulous, and the consequent cost of a gown was a serious item of expenditure, and alarmed young men and old. The young feared an entanglement which might lead to matrimony, when a lady's dress was so costly, and their means were not great; and their elders looked with apprehension upon a state of things which, if it should find its way into their homes, would paralyze all their energies and exhaust their resources. But now the complaint is that, while the dresses are plain in front, they have such immense trains that they actually interfere with the enjoyment of the public. A lady who walks in the Park with a long train trailing behind her in the dust and dirt, occupies so much space that no one dares to follow within three or four yards of her. Imagine, then, what the inconvenience must be in large assemblies within doors, where space is not illimitable, and where the trains are even longer than

those for morning wear. The inconvenience has been felt to such a degree that it has given rise to a different kind of costume for those who care for walking exercise, and dislike equally to hold up their dress and to suffer it to sweep the ground. Their costume consists of a petticoat, a short dress which shows the petticoat, and a kind of cloak or mantle to match.*

But, leaving the *hoop* dragging along the dusty avenues of the long-trodden past, with all the accumulated ridicule of ages clinging to its skirts, let us be thankful that the decrees of Fashion have at length forbidden their further extension and expansion amongst us.

Feminine fashions repeat themselves. In Pepys' Journal, 1662, he says "The women wear doublets, coats, and great shirts, just for all the world like mine; so that was it not for a long petticoat dragging under their skirts, nobody could take them for women in any way whatever."

Another impeachment concerning cosmetics we find levied by John Evelyn, in his Diary (1654), where he says: "I now observe that the women begin to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing." In the question of face-painting there is neither right nor wrong; it belongs to the inferior considerations of pretty or ugly, and it cannot be treated on serious grounds. Well, be it so; and when

"Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows on her cheek the roses of eighteen,"

let us only inquire why she does it? She does it unblushingly, as might be expected, but does she do it to command admiration? Of course we speak of the painters of to-day, not of those who belonged to a past generation.

Not long since it was the fashion to dye the hair red and gold, and make the skin white with paint, the cheeks pink with rouge, and the eyelids stained; but now this capricious goddess, whom fine ladies worship with such devotion, prefer dark hair and olive complexions, and the rage is now for brown washes as it used to be for white. The blue-black hair and dark skin of the gypsy have become the envy of the ladies of fashion, and they hope, by means of washes and dyes, to make themselves "beautiful forever."†

The head-dresses of the fair sex in our memorable year, 1776, were sometimes simply remarkable for their enormous height. Fashion ruled its votaries then as arbitrarily as in our day; the *coiffure* of a belle of fashion was described as "a mountain of wool, hair, powder, lawn, muslin, net, lace, gauze, ribbon, flowers, feathers, and wire." Sometimes these varied materials were built up tier upon tier, like the stages of a pagoda!

"If we were called upon to say what is the distinctive characteristic of the age in which we live, we should be inclined to designate it as an age of shams. Unreality creeps into everything. The gravest matters are tainted with it. Even in religion, where unrealities should find no place, there is contention about externals which are devoid of any real meaning. Bishops and clergy contend for pastoral staffs and vestments, when they no longer have the things they symbolize. Language is made to conceal the truth, exaggeration distorts it. Professions of friendship are hollow, and treachery undermines the closest ties. In the political world we hear it forever stated that parties are betrayed by their chiefs, and that principle is at a discount. And in the smaller details of life we find that, instead of the instincts of nature rebelling against anything that is unreal, there is an appetite for it; that shams are in favour, and that every one is attracted by them rather than otherwise.

"In the matter now before us we find this to be especially the case. False hair, false colour, false ears, are used without compunction where they are considered to be needed. The consequence is that woman has become an imposture. We do not, of course, refer to those perfectly innocent embellishments which relate to the preference of one dress for another, or for one style for another. These are most legitimate and innocent. We refer to those impostures in dress by which things seem to be which are not, and the adoption of which is in itself a great indignity to the whole race of womankind. No one is bound to dress herself unbecomingly; but, on the contrary, is more than justified in making the best use of Nature's gifts. Our protest is against the introduction of novelties by which women are taught to impose upon the world, which cannot fail to have a demoralizing influence over them, and which desecrate that

* Saturday Review.

† London Society.

modesty which is the best jewel a woman can wear." †

In the early ages of Christianity gloves were a part of monastic custom, and, in later periods, formed a part of the episcopal habit. The glove was employed by princes as a token of investiture : and to deprive a person of his gloves was a mark of divesting him of his office. Throwing down a glove or gauntlet constituted a challenge, and the taking it up an acceptance.

Fans have become, in many countries, so necessary an appendage of the toilette with both sexes, that a word respecting them in this place seems demanded. The use of them was first discovered in the East, where the heat suggested their utility. In the Greek Church a fan is placed in the hands of the deacons, in the ceremony of their ordination, in allusion to a part of their office in that Church, which is to keep the flies off the priests during the celebration of the sacrament. In Japan, where neither men nor women wear hats, except as a protection against rain, a fan is to be seen in the hand or the girdle of every inhabitant. Visitors receive dainties offered them upon their fans : the beggar, imploring charity, holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may obtain. In England, this seemingly indispensable article was almost unknown till the age of Elizabeth. During the reign of Charles II. they became pretty generally used. At the present day they are in universal requisition. Hats and bonnets are of remote antiquity : it is difficult to say when they took their rise. Of perfumeries, also, little need be said ; they were always, like flowers, artificial and real, favourites with the fair, as they ever should be.

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly, in spite of the enactment of sumptuary laws. In the reign of Richard II., the dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than fifty-two new suits of cloth of gold tissue. Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice. It cannot be denied that the votaries of fashion too often starve their happiness to feed their vanity and pride. A passion for dress is nothing new ; a satirist thus lampoons the ladies of his day :

" What is the reason—can you guess,
Why men are poor, and women thinner?
So much do they for dinner dress,
That nothing's left to dress for dinner."

It is not women alone that evince a proclivity in this direction ; there are as many coxcombs in the world as coquettes. The folly is more reprehensible in the former than the latter because it has even less show of excuse.

Leigh Hunt says : " Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful ; not the graceful, but the fantastic ; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes—the vulgar. It is the vulgarity that can afford to shift and vary itself, opposed to the vulgarity that longs to do so, but cannot. The high point of taste and elegance is to be sought for, not in the most fashionable circles, but in the best-bred, and such as can dispense with the eternal necessity of never being the same thing."

The mere devotees of Fashion have been defined as a class of would-be-refined people, perpetually struggling in a race to escape from the fancied vulgar. Neatness in our costume is needful to our self-respect ; a person thinks better of himself when neatly clad, and others form a similar estimate of him. It has been quaintly said that " a coat is a letter of credit written with a needle upon broadcloth."

Character is indexed by costume. First impressions are thus formed which are not easily obliterated. Taste and neatness in dress distinguish the refined from the vulgar. Persons of rude feelings are usually roughly attired ; they evince none of the grace and delicacy of the cultivated in intellect, morals, and manners.

Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold ; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. " My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, " we receive an un-

† London Society.

known person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit.”

Ben Jonson, in one of his plays, expresses the same opinion :

“ Believe it, sir,
That clothes do much upon the wit, as weather
Does on the brain ; and thence, sir, comes your proverb,
The tailor makes the man.”

One of our greatest historians says : “ Dress is characteristic of manners, and manners are the mirror of ideas.”

Old coats are essential to the ease of the body and mind ; and some of the greatest achievements of men have been executed when the owners were in rags. Napoleon wore an old, seedy coat during the whole of the Russian campaign ; and Wellington wore one out at the elbow at Waterloo. Poets are proverbial for their *penchant* for seedy garments.

“ A hat is the symbol and characteristic of its wearer. It is a sign and token of his avocation, habits, and opinions—the creature of his phantasy. Minerva-like, it bursts forth in full maturity from his brain. Extravagance, pride, cold-heartedness, and vulgarity, with many other of the ruling passions, may be detected by its form and fashion. One may ascertain whether a man is whimsical, grotesque, or venially flexible in his taste, by this test. Much may be deduced from the style in which it is worn.”

The celebrated poet and professor, Buschin, who was very careless in his dress, went out in his dressing-gown, and met in the street a citizen with whom he was acquainted. The gentleman, however, passed him, without even raising his hat. Divining the cause, the poet hastened home, and put on a cloak of velvet and ermine, in which he again went out, and contrived once more to meet the same citizen,

who this time raised his hat, and bowed profoundly. This made the poet still more angry, when he saw that his velvet cloak claimed more respect than his professorship and poetical fame. He hastened home, threw his cloak on the floor, and stamped on it, saying, “ Art thou Buschin, or am I ? ”

It is a well-known fact that ladies seldom become gray, while the heads of the “ lords of creation ” are often early in life either bald or gray—sometimes both. Douglas Jerrold tells a piquant joke as follows : “ At a private party in London, a lady—who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring—said to Jerrold, ‘ I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn gray ; I sometimes fancy it must be the “ essence of rosemary ” with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. ’ ‘ I should rather be afraid, madam, ’ replied the dramatist, ‘ that it is the essence of Time ’ (thyme). ”

“ What is life—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow which to-day
Wears her green flush, and to-morrow is hay.”

Compared with earlier times, with some slight exceptions, our modern costume certainly has the pre-eminence : it has been said that to this cause is to be attributed the seeming absence, in our day, of any transcendent instances of remarkable beauty in the fair sex : all may be *made up* attractively where even Nature has been niggard of her endowments. Dress confers dignity and self-satisfaction, besides possessing the advantage of attractiveness. We are startled to hear a man well attired use vulgar speech, but our amazement is materially lessened if the party be attached to a very menial employment and is enveloped in meaner clothes. Over-fastidiousness at the toilette is, nevertheless, an evil equally to be deprecated : a fop is as much to be despised as a slattern or shrew—both are obnoxious to good taste.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS IN MAN AND ANIMALS. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. London: John Murray. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

That Mr. Darwin is the author is a sufficient guarantee that the work is an interesting one; and the present is, perhaps, the most generally interesting of all his publications. It is, also, of a more popular character than his celebrated works on the Origin of Species and the Descent of Man, though assuredly it does not come under the head of "light reading." Nevertheless, it is thoroughly readable by any one who will bring a fair amount of attention to the task; and it has the advantage of being the kind of book which no one will like to confess to not having read, or, at any rate, dipped into. It is rendered still more attractive by the nature of the illustrations, which are mostly photographs by the heliotype process. All of these are necessarily true to nature, and some of them are remarkably good; whilst others are by no means as clear as they ought to be.

As we have said, the present work is of a more popular character than Mr. Darwin's other publications; but the reason of this, when we come to look into it, is a somewhat disappointing one. The truth is that it is hardly possible that the book should be other than popular in its character, seeing that it deals with a subject on which we are at bottom profoundly ignorant. It is not that observations are wanting as to the manner in which the emotions are expressed by man and by various of the lower animals. On the contrary, the works of Sir Charles Bell, Lavater, Duchenne, Gratiolet, and others, teem with admirable word-pictures and equally admirable illustrations of the signs by which man gives evidence of his various emotions. Mr. Darwin's own book is a perfect mine of facts of this kind, and any one who chooses to study it will be able to accurately name the very muscles which he employs under the stimulus of tear, agony, contempt, love, or other emotional impulse. It is not even that we have no theory capable of uniting and binding together these innumerable and admitted facts. We have several of such theories, and Mr. Darwin's will serve the above purpose as well as any other. The real fact is that no satisfactory theory of the expression of the emotions is even conceivable, unless as based upon a satisfactory and intelligible theory of the connection between

matter and mind, the body and the spirit, the muscle which expresses and the soul which feels the emotion. It is hardly necessary to say that we have no such theory; we know less than nothing as to the connection between the material and immaterial, which, rightly considered, is the great wonder of our earthly existence. We talk of "nerve force," "principle of association," "reflex action" and the like, but these are in truth merely phrases by which we conveniently conceal our excessive ignorance. Of course, we know quite well what we mean when we talk of a "reflex action;" but then we can merely apply the term to the *method* in which the action is performed, and we know nothing whatever as to its true nature. We know that the will can act upon certain of the muscles and make them contract; we know that the emotions can do the same, without the co-operation of the will, or even against its consent; but we do not know how it is that *any* muscle can be influenced by the mind at all, nor do we know the manner in which this influence is effected. In other words, we are profoundly ignorant of the nature of the connection between the soul and the nervous system on the one hand, and between the nervous system and the muscles on the other hand.

The expression of any emotion depends upon three elements, if we admit, that is, that emotion is a spiritual and not a physical phenomenon. In the first place we have the particular form of mental excitement which constitutes the actual emotion, whatever that may be. Secondly, we have this excitement producing a corresponding perturbation in the nervous centres. Thirdly, the nervous excitement thus generated is conveyed by appropriate channels to some particular muscle or muscles. These then contract, and we get the peculiar, visible change in the face or figure which constitutes the *expression* of the emotion. Most writers upon the subject admit that this is the succession of phenomena concerned in the expression of the emotions; but very various opinions have been entertained as to the nature and relative value of these phenomena. The older view, that man was created with certain muscles specially adapted for the expression of his feelings, may not be tenable; but there are certainly strong grounds for believing, with some of the most illustrious of modern physiologists, that our ignorance of the fundamental elements of the case is too great to allow of our forming any theory as to the manner in which man expresses his emotions.

Mr. Darwin, however, in the present work, has undertaken to supply this want, and he furnishes us with a theory of the emotions, which is complete so far as it goes, though confessedly leaving much unexplained. Very naturally, indeed almost inevitably, he links on his theory of the expression of the emotions to his theory of the descent of man from a lower animal form; and those who reject the latter will infallibly reject the former. "No doubt," he says, "as long as man and all other animals are viewed as independent creations, an effectual stop is put to our natural desire to investigate as far as possible the causes of Expression. By this doctrine, anything and everything can be equally well explained; and it has proved as pernicious with respect to Expression as to every other branch of Natural History. With mankind some expressions, such as the bristling of the hair under the influence of extreme terror, or the uncovering of the teeth under that of furious rage, can hardly be understood, except on the belief that man once existed in a much lower and animal-like condition. The community of certain expressions in distinct though allied species, and in the movement of the same facial muscles during laughter by man and by various monkeys, is rendered somewhat more intelligible, if we believe in their descent from a common progenitor. He who admits on general grounds that the structure and habits of all animals have been gradually evolved, will look at the whole subject of Expression in a new and interesting light."

It is absolutely impossible to criticise the mass of facts which Mr. Darwin has accumulated in the present volume. To form any judgment as to these, it is necessary to read the work itself, and we venture to think that the reader, whilst unlikely to agree with the author's general conclusions, will not lay down the book without a strong admiration for the ingenuity and industry displayed by its writer. Mr. Darwin, however, formulates three principles, which may be advantageously stated in his own words, as he believes them "to account for most of the expressions and gestures involuntarily used by man and the lower animals, under the influence of various emotions and sensations." They are, as it were, the key-note to the whole of Mr. Darwin's theory of Expression, and though they may seem slight and shallow enough when we have them presented to us in print, it is easy to believe that they were not arrived at without a good deal of thinking. At the same time we are bound to say that we cannot admit that these three principles afford even a "fairly satisfactory" explanation of the Expressions of Man and Animals. They doubtless are true in part, and explain just so much of the phenomena as can be explained upon a purely material view of the

subject; but they leave us just as ignorant as we were before of the true nature of all Expression.

The first of these "principles" is that "certain complex actions are of direct or indirect service under certain states of the mind, in order to relieve or gratify certain sensations, desires, etc.; and whenever the same state of mind is induced, however feebly, there is a tendency through the force of habit and association for the same movements to be performed, though they may not then be of the least use." This "principle of serviceable associated habits" is a kind of utilitarian view of Expression which, in reality, is an almost unavoidable deduction from Mr. Darwin's formerly promulgated belief that all instinctive actions are the result of "inherited habit." Much might be said against this view of instinct, and similarly a great deal might be brought forward against the present principle. Like the principle of "natural selection," it is, however, no doubt a perfectly true and efficient cause, so far as it goes. Unfortunately Mr. Darwin has in both cases pushed his principle much beyond the solid ground afforded by facts. The actions which he thinks can be explained by this first principle are exceedingly numerous. Amongst them he places all those actions which a man learns to perform when young, and which afterwards become so natural as to be performed automatically and without the co-operation of the will as a necessary element of the case. Here also he places most, or all, "reflex" actions, such as coughing, sneezing, clearing the throat, winking at the approach of danger, etc. He believes, of course, upon his own principle, that all these actions were originally performed only by a deliberate act of volition, and that it has only been by the effect of "inherited habit" that they have finally become what might be called "natural" to us. He is obliged to admit, however, that there are some of these actions which can not be explained in this way, since they are performed by organs which have been at no time under the control of the will. Thus, the wild throbbing of the heart under fear or other powerful emotion, and the contraction of the pupil of the eye under the stimulus of a bright light, are actions which can not possibly have been originally performed voluntarily and afterwards fixed into a mechanical habit by long-continued inheritance. Mr. Darwin's first principle, therefore, breaks down on one very important class of cases.

Mr. Darwin's second principle—the "principle of antithesis"—is stated as follows: "Certain states of the mind lead to certain habitual actions, which are of service, as under our first principle. Now when a directly opposite state of mind is induced, there is a strong and involuntary tendency

to the performance of movements of a directly opposite nature, though these are of no use ; and such movements are in some cases highly expressive." Thus, when a dog approaches a stranger, "his head is slightly raised, or not much lowered ; the tail is held erect and quite rigid ; the hairs bristle, especially along the neck and back : the pricked ears are directed forwards, and the eyes have a fixed stare." On the contrary, when the same dog approaches his master, "instead of walking upright, the body sinks downwards, or even crouches, and is hrown into flexuous movements ; the tail, instead of being held stiff and upright, is lowered and wagged from side to side ; his hair instantly becomes smooth ; his ears are depressed and drawn backwards, but not closely to the head ; and his lips hang loosely." These opposite states of mind, with the opposite actions which respectively express them, are illustrated by four capital drawings, and Mr. Darwin explains them upon the "principle of antithesis." The actions of the first series are believed to be serviceable actions, produced under the first principle ; and the actions of the second series are supposed to be useless, and to be merely produced by the involuntary tendency which the dog feels to perform in his loving and joyful condition the very opposite of what he did in his hostile and suspicious frame of mind. The idea is an ingenious one ; but we must confess that Mr. Darwin has failed to convince us by any of the examples which he has adduced, that it affords any real explanation of the case.

The third principle—that of "the direct action of the nervous system"—is founded upon the belief that there are certain actions which are due to the constitution of the nervous system itself, independently from the first of the will, and independently to a certain extent of habit. "When the sensorium is strongly excited, nerve-force is generated in excess, and is transmitted in certain definite directions, depending on the connection of the nerve-cells, and partly on habit ; or the supply of nerve-force may, as it appears, be interrupted. Effects are thus produced which we recognize as expressive." A good example of the actions which Mr. Darwin includes under this head is the trembling of the muscles which is produced by fear, violent anger, or excessive joy. Mr. Darwin admits that this subject is "very obscure," and, for our own part, we do not think that enough is known of the physiology of the nervous system, and of its connection with the mind, to render any discussion of this subject of any scientific value. It is all very well to talk of an "overflow of nerve-force" being generated, of its "manifestly" taking the most habitual routes, and of its then overflowing into the less habitual routes ; and to say

that when nerve-force is "liberated in excess" it *must* "generate an equivalent manifestation of force somewhere." These are but phrases which cover a vast deal of ignorance. We know nothing of what "nerve-force" is, how it is generated, or how it is transmitted along the nerves. We come back, therefore, to our original proposition that any satisfactory theory of the expression of the emotions must be preceded by, and based upon, some genuine knowledge of the relationship which subsists between man's spiritual essence and its corporeal instrument.

Mr. Darwin's book is likely to be widely read, and it deserves to be so. It exhibits all his wonted ingenuity, his power of marshalling a vast array of facts in ordered sequence, and we may add, his usual candour and fairness in stating what he believes to be the weak points of his own theory. We question if it is likely to add much, if anything, to his scientific reputation ; but it can hardly fail to be highly appreciated by the reading public at large.

THE HIGHER MINISTRY OF NATURE, VIEWED
IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE AND
AS AN AID TO ADVANCED CHRISTIAN PHI-
LOSOPHY. By John R. Leifchild, A.M. Lon-
don : Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Leifchild's work is one of the latest, and perhaps not the least successful, of the numerous attempts which have been made to bridge over the gulf which has opened of late years between the Natural and Physical Sciences on the one hand, and Theology on the other. That the revelations of modern science can ever affect those primitive religious truths which lie at the very foundation of man's existence as a spiritual being is not to be seriously supposed for one moment. These fundamental truths may be obscured in the minds of some few who have devoted themselves so entirely to the knowledge which is to be derived through the senses that they have come to disbelieve in the existence of any other kind of knowledge : but that is the worst which is to be apprehended. All scientific theories which strike at these primitive spiritual truths must fall sooner or later ; for they are opposed to the deepest instincts of man's nature, and increasing wisdom is sure to show that they are false to fact. On the other hand, the antagonism between modern Science and Theology—the latter being at bottom nothing more than our human interpretation of these fundamental truths—is one which will probably be ended by mutual concession. That modern Theology will in the long run more than hold her own against modern Science is the conviction of some of the wisest minds of the present century ; but this

desirable consummation will not be furthered by any claim to infallibility on either side. Theology and Science alike, are human explanations of divine truths, and both alike partake of man's fallible nature. Both cannot be right as regards the questions at issue between them, and upon *a priori* grounds alone it were unreasonable to suppose that either is wholly wrong as to all the matters in dispute. Reconciliation is, therefore, likely to be produced by a compromise in which both sides will be the gainers. Theology, without abandoning any of her vital tenets, will admit that her interpretations have not been always sound; and science will unquestionably have to confess that her conclusions have, in some cases, been premature, and have been founded upon the study of a single department of knowledge to the neglect of others equally important, though not capable of elucidation by the scientific method of research.

As before said, Mr. Leifchild's work is an attempt to bring about such an agreement between Theology and Science, and to demonstrate that the phenomena of nature, if rightly interpreted, are not only not incompatible with religious truths, but are in the most thorough and complete accord with them. For the first time is, perhaps, not yet ripe; but in the second half of his task, it is not too much to say that Mr. Leifchild has so acquitted himself that his position will be conceded by all who will bring patience and an unprejudiced mind to the consideration of his arguments. It were difficult, and certainly unprofitable, to attempt any analysis of a work as comprehensive as this; but we may shortly look at what Mr. Leifchild means by the "Higher Ministry of Nature;" since this is the title of the book, and its import is not, perhaps, evident at first sight.

For the purpose of his argument, Mr. Leifchild distinguishes between what he calls the Lower and the Higher Ministry of Nature. The former is that by which nature "subserves our present individual and collective interests, makes highly civilized man what he now is, and proposes to make him even more than he now is, and to place him on the highest eminence of physical attainments." In other words, the Lower Ministry of Nature is the relation between the requirements of man's material existence and his knowledge of the world in which he lives. It concerns the scientific aspect of nature, and is the record of the material benefits which man has derived from his investigation of external phenomena. Whilst no right-thinking man will be disposed to ignore or undervalue these benefits, none but the ignorant or wilfully blind will be inclined to deny that nature has a higher ministry than this, and that her benefits to man are not bounded by these improve-

ments in his physical condition. "One of the deepest desires of every high-minded student of nature is to know its end, its relation to man in time and in eternity. The soul that strives to free itself from the baseness and paltriness of present human pursuits, earnestly seeks for every observable token of the presence—the all-pervading presence of God in nature—such a soul is not content with physical or utilitarian ends. These may be good, but they terminate with the present life, and if there be nothing higher within human reach, then all this unfolding magnificence and endless complexity of nature seem superfluous. Much less would have sufficed for man's ordinary wants; if he needed only food and raiment, light and heat, a little cradle and an obscure grave, the world is too good and too grand for him. Nature is, in such a case, a richly-embroidered garment wrought by royal hands for a beggar and an outcast. It does not suit him; it does not fit him, and it renders his very wretchedness the more conspicuous by its richness and ornamentation. True that no one can positively say what the entire relations of nature to man actually are. Still many of these may be conjectured, discovered, and to a great extent gathered from a careful and reverent consideration of the antecedent history of our earth and our race, and from an examination of the emotions and courses of thought which nature excites in the most cultivated and contemplative minds. If nature should awaken similar emotions in many similar minds, if the wider the cultivation the greater the appreciation of her manifold characteristics, if souls seeking after communion with God should frequently find that, in an enlightened communion with nature she lifts them up heavenwards as though on eagle's wings; if the successive discoveries of science shall, when rightly regarded, be capable of arrangement into a series of altar steps stretching through space upwards towards the throne of the Invisible Almighty One, then nature has a higher ministry than is known to the unreflecting, or cared for by the mere utilitarianism of this life.

The object then of Mr. Leifchild's work is to expound this "Higher Ministry" of nature; and it is hardly necessary to say that his views involve a very high appreciation of the value of science in education. He believes, as he may well do, that no man can be said to be properly educated who has not some knowledge of the marvellous world in which we live, its phenomena, and the laws which regulate those phenomena. "If by assiduity and thought we can learn, and record, and leave behind us some certain knowledge of this vast external world, of its hidden secrets, of its general constitution, of its majestic order, and of its impressive grandeur; above all if we can show how these its cha-

acteristics illustrate the Omnipotence, Providence, and the Bounty of the Creator of the entire universe of things, and how He designs that we should see them in His works, and be drawn nearer to Him in spirit by the examination of what He has set in glorious order before our eyes, then we shall have served one principal object of our earthly existence He who has passed through our great school of nature without learning its important lessons—without regarding it, and listening to it as a teacher of great truths, and a symbol of things higher and nobler than itself—might as well have been placed in a chaotic and barren planet. He has neglected to gather and store the sweetest fruits of time—fruits which bear in them seeds that may germinate and mature in eternity. That man who goes from this world with no other acquisition than gold, or the memory of bodily satisfactions and enjoyments, is most fitly symbolized by the Egyptian mummy, which bore no other final token of its earthly grandeur or industry than a few dead leaves under its arm."

All who are interested in the bearing of scientific research upon religious thought—and there are happily many such—should read and ponder carefully over Mr. Leifchild's book. If somewhat discursive, it is, nevertheless, one of those thoughtful books which will bear careful reading. It is by no means a book to be taken up for amusement, but there is nothing in it which ought not to be intelligible to every educated person. Above all, the results arrived at in it are such as ought to recommend the book to all who have watched with alarm the attitudes which some leading authorities in purely scientific matters have taken up towards those higher truths which man does not acquire his knowledge of through his senses. In the words of the Rev. Dr. Crosby, the chancellor of the University of New York, and the editor of the American edition of the work, "it is a book that should find its way into every parlour where the materialistic poison has been scattered, to straighten and strengthen the weak knees and give colour to the pallid cheek, letting the light upon the frightful spectre, and showing it to be but a man of straw."

SANITARY SCIENCE, AS APPLIED TO THE HEALTHY CONSTRUCTION OF HOUSES IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By R. Scott Burn. Glasgow and London: William Collins & Sons, 1872.

This is an excellent little treatise; plain, but in the highest degree practical, upon the sanitary laws which it is necessary to observe if we wish to live in healthy houses. The author seems to be fully

impressed with Lord Derby's dictum that "sanitary instruction is even more essential than sanitary legislation;" and it certainly cannot be imputed to him if a perusal of this book leaves us in the dark as to what are the requisites for a healthy house.

Unfortunately too many of us are in these matters at the mercy of our landlords, not to speak of the municipal authorities of the town in which we may happen to live. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and we doubt if there is much satisfaction in having an accurate knowledge of what is wanted to make one's house healthy, when it is absolutely impossible to remedy its defects, or to obtain one in which similar disadvantages are not present. For those, however, who are meditating building houses for themselves, we can most cordially recommend a careful perusal of Mr. Burns' work, in the full conviction that they will derive therefrom many valuable hints. Amongst the subjects treated of are the healthy arrangement and construction of dwelling-houses; the ventilation and heating of houses; the smoke nuisances in towns and cities; water and water supply, and the treatment of town refuse. The last two chapters, on the water and sewage questions, deserve consideration at the hands of all who live in towns and pay municipal taxes. The nature of the work is not such as to admit of our making any quotations: but we may say that the style in which it is written is remarkably clear, whilst illustrations have been introduced wherever they are necessary.

AT HIS GATES. By Mrs. Oliphant. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1872.

This is the Canadian copyright edition—neatly printed and handsomely bound—of Mrs. Oliphant's latest work of fiction. The complaint was made a year or two ago that our author was growing lugubrious and cynical—that her views of life seemed to be darkening with each succeeding novel. A similar objection may be urged against other female writers from George Sand and George Eliot down to Miss Braddon. This tendency would, perhaps, admit of easy explanation; but in "At his Gates" Mrs. Oliphant has made a successful effort to escape from its influence. The main incidents, it is true, are not of a cheerful nature, but they serve to indicate the purpose of sorrow in the discipline of life. The light and shade are distributed so equally that the misfortunes which disturb do not destroy, but rather heighten the interest of the reader. As a whole, it is a very interesting novel; instructive without being didactic, entertaining also, with no obtrusive pretensions to humour. The first chapter is rather

too finely spun out—it is apt to tire the reader not yet absorbed in the plot which follows. There are some mistakes which it may seem hypercritical to mention: for example, Medusa was not one of the Furies, as Mrs. Oliphant appears to think (p. 85). It surely was an error to put into the mouth of little Norah such a “*demi-mondish*” remark as this,—“Ned is a horsey, doggy sort of a boy” (p. 212).

It seems to us that there are also some improbabilities in the plot; but we leave these without further remark, because we are sure Mrs. Oliphant's readers will lose sight of them in the general interest of the story. Reginald Burton's character is powerfully drawn, and, with feminine clemency, Mrs. Oliphant makes her heroine spare the man who had wrought her husband's ruin. Carker is crushed to death by a locomotive, and Davenport Dunn committed suicide, but Reginald Burton twice escapes Nemesis through Robert and Helen Drummond. Stephen Haldane is a very touching delineation of character. The poor paralytic with intellect unclouded desiring still to do his work; a dissenting minister with views too liberal for his flock; worried even in his misfortunes by such beings as Mrs. Wigginton, who insists that Haldane shall be kept to “fundamentals,” and believes that a preacher's work should be “profitable for doctrine,” but not for “reproof and for instruction in righteousness.” Mrs. Burton is a strange compound of pride and vanity. She is never offended at anything bizarre in conduct, “it was human nature.” The last and only outbreak of feeling over Ned, Norah's fiancé is well described. Dr. Maurice is a fine soul, and shrewd also, in spite of his abortive offer of marriage. Golden is the heavy villain in the story, and, we must say, he does not receive poetic justice at Mrs. Oliphant's hands. The rector and his family, and the half-human, half-patrician Cyril Rivers; Susan, who feared to be “put upon;” Rebecca, who always believed the newspapers, and other *dramatis personæ* remain behind. Of the journals, the *Daily Semaphore*, the *Sword*, and the *Looker-on* are easily identified with the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. The story altogether is one of the best Mrs. Oliphant has written, and we cordially commend it to our readers.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. II.—1842-1852. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The second instalment of Mr. Forster's biography covers a period of about ten years—from Dickens' return to England, after his American tour, to the completion of *David Copperfield* and the removal from Devonshire Terrace. A chapter on the autobiographical novel is still wanting to complete the

the sory of this decade. In this volume we miss the romantic vicissitudes which attracted the reader in the first. The Portsea, the Blacking Warehouse, the Wellington House Academy, Mrs. Roylance, and the Marshalsea prison have disappeared, and the experiences of all that bitter past are outlived, save where they left indelible marks upon the character of the man. Comfort and fame seem secured; yet still the onward progress of the novelist continues to interest us deeply. His path was by no means traced for him across a level plateau, but upwards by rugged, toilsome and precipitous ways. To those who desire to read the inmost nature of Dickens—to understand the wonderful vitality of the man, his sensitive temperament, his earnestness in the work he had set himself to do, and above all, his noble and unselfish character, this volume will be read with great pleasure. The abrupt termination of Dickens' own MS. is rather a gain than otherwise: for we have now a much more complete portrait, pieced together in the mosaic, from his correspondence with Mr. Forster. These letters, extending over many years were as certainly written for the purpose, as those from abroad were intended to form, and did form, the *substratum* of his *Pictures from Italy*. It is desirable that this fact should receive due weight, because certain of the critics have made the prominence given to these letters the ground of much ungenerous remark. It is quite clear that Mr. Forster was Dickens' most intimate and cherished friend; that he was consulted on all matters of importance; that, at a very early period, the novelist had fixed upon him as his biographer, and, with that view, had made him the sole partner of his thoughts, anxieties and aspirations. The publication of correspondence with other friends, literary, or artistic, even if accessible, would have rendered the book unwieldy and could have contributed little to the purpose of the work. Some of the aspersions cast upon the biographer seem to owe their origin to political animosity; others are merely examples of a tendency in the professional critic to take revenge by injustice to the living, for the tribute they are obliged to pay to the memory of the dead. In any case, Mr. Forster has one consolation of which no critic can deprive him, that the spirit and style of his work would have been warmly approved by his deceased friend. *A propos* of critics, we may mention that M. Taine receives some well deserved raps over the knuckles in this volume. The Frenchman's misconception of Dickens' comical creations, coupled with his characteristic self-confidence, are simply ludicrous—in fact he seems to possess as little idea of English humour as the King of Siam is said to have of water in a solid state. A critic who degrades Sol Gills, the mathematical instrument-maker, into the keep-

er of a marine-store, or "junk" shop, is capable of any absurdity.

During the ten years under review we have Charles Dickens at his best. It is the period of the *American Notes of Martin Chuzzlewit* and the early Christmas Stories of *Dombey* and *Copperfield*, and the establishment of *Household Words*—of the Italian and Swiss years, and a three months' sojourn at Paris.

Mr. Forster's critical remarks on the stories while in progress and when complete are welcome additions to the biography proper. On one point, however, we feel constrained to join issue with him. His advice to Dickens was, in the main, sound and valuable; but we are decidedly of opinion that the suppression of the introduction to the *Notes* was injudicious. So far from aggravating the original offence, this chapter would probably have tended to reconcile the Americans to the freedom of the author's criticisms. They are an over-sensitive people; but an appeal to their good sense in the characteristic style of Dickens would not have been without its effect. The truth seems to be that, as a nation, our neighbours bored him excessively; at all events he was at no pains to conceal his dislike in private letters. When he met them in detail, on the other hand, he was very friendly even when the recognition took the *outré* form—"I'm blarm'd if it ain't Dickens." Whatever vexations he suffered in America, there can be no question that he returned from it "with wider views than when he started, and with a larger maturity of mind." Judging from his keen appreciation of scenery, and his entertaining sketches of individual character, his residence on the continent was of great benefit to him in a similar way.

As we have already hinted, the salient features of Dickens' character are vividly presented in this volume. That he was, above all things, a man of feeling and impulse, may be gathered from his works; but to how large an extent the "feminine side of our nature" held the supremacy in his opinions, his acts, and even in the minutest details of his method as an author, we may glean from this volume. The religious element formed an essential part of his character; but his faith was characteristically of the heart and not of the head. The preamble to his will shows at once the unwavering faith of the man, and his settled dislike for formulated statements of dogma. *The Life of Dr. Arnold*, as he remarked, was "the text-book of his faith"—in modern phrase he was a Broad-churchman. In politics he was, of course, a Liberal, but even here, as Mr. Forster remarks, as he had not made them a study, "they were always an instinct with him rather than a science." Earl Grey offended him, no

doubt, because he appeared disposed to shrink from entering upon the path of social reform; but his principal objection to the Whig premier appears to be summed up in a "dislike of his style of speaking, his fishy coldness, his uncongenial and unsympathetic politeness, and his insufferable, though gentlemanly, artificiality." On the other hand a simple touch of nature in the Iron Duke seems in a moment to have softened strong political dislike. In ethics he was an "intuitionist" by nature, and with the hard and rigid maxims of political economy he was constantly at war, "Bear in mind," he writes to Mr. Forster, "that the *Westminster Review* considered Scrooge's presentation of a turkey to Bob Cratchit as grossly incompatible with political economy."

It used to be the fashion to denounce the novelist's appeals for the poor as the "mawkish sentimentalism" of a mere *litterateur*. His life shows that this sympathy was really "a passion of his life" In the noblest sense he had the poor always with him—in his heart. He "sympathized and sorrowed," and wrote for them, but he planned and worked also in manifold ways. Schemes of popular education and of emigration, the ragged schools, sanitary reform, baths, asylums, and plans by which the poor might learn providence and foresight constantly engaged his attention. It is to his credit that he diverted the liberality of Baroness Coutts into the channel of practical philanthropy. From the first he was the suggesting and directing spirit in all her generous schemes. His exertions for individual sufferers, especially those connected with his own profession, were indefatigable.

One curious feature of his character was his inveterate cockneyism. There is not an odd scene on the continent, which is not compared with some locality or other in London. Even the Swiss shooting ground is not measured by yards or *metres*, but as "extending about the distance across the ornamental ground in St. James' Park." During his residence on the continent, Dickens constantly complained of his "want of streets and faces"—not, as might be supposed, to suggest subjects to a faltering imagination, but to get rid of the crowd of beings he had created. They clung about him and clogged his progress, clamouring for recognition from the parent who had begotten them. The wearying effect of writing is often pathetically described—the despondency at commencing—the constant anxiety,—the difficulty in the selection of names and titles—and the poignant regret at parting with the creatures of his imagination, appear strange to us, who admired the apparent ease and facility with which he seemed to write. His peculiar temperament will, in some measure, account for this—it coloured every-

thing he wrote or did. His imagination was vivid, his heart was thoroughly in earnest, and thus to him the creatures of his fancy became real, substantial creatures, of flesh and blood. When he had finished the *Chimes* he wrote:—"I have had what women call a real good cry;" and when *David Copperfield* was completed in the words which close the volume:—"If I were to say half of what *Copperfield* makes me feel to-night, how strangely, even to you,

I should be turned inside-out! I seem to be sending some part of myself into the shadowy World."

We should like to make some reference to the literary friendships of Dickens—his eager recognition of genius in others—his entire freedom from professional jealousy, and other noble traits of character revealed in Mr. Forster's volume; but our space is exhausted, and for innumerable incidents which have interested us we gladly refer the reader to the work itself.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Honest, thorough and steady labour, we are told, is fast dying out in England. Heedless and unreasoning strikes, increasing drunkenness, and general demoralization among the labouring and artisan classes, is said to be the cause. However this may be in the general, yet, in the industries connected with the publishing trade, there is little apparent evidence of it. The holiday season has brought us a more abundant supply of suitable literature than we have ever had in previous years. It may be that the publishers have had more to pay for its production; and, distant as we are from the producing centres, we may know nothing of the serious effort of getting such a mass of matter issued; but, looking at its extent, its multifariousness, and the variety of its attractions, we have no heart to find fault with the industry or the character of the labour which has produced it. In art table-books, *editions de luxe*, illustrated works of travel, collections of the poets, the juvenile and nursery literature, and the thousand issues of Christmas extras, holiday numbers of current serials, almanacs, diaries, and other publications belonging to the season, we have had an unstinted supply; and such a supply in point of merit and taste as only the most hyper-critical reviewer could take exception to.

Of course, one may take an unsentimental and matter-of-fact view of the industry of the period, and estimate the expenditure of labour, thought and money in its production as an evidence of folly and weakness, while being of no service to literature or art. But it would be unfair to say that the publications of the season are all ephemeral in their character: many of them, born of the luxurious wants of the season, will live as monuments of the skill and taste of the age we live in, while the holiday seasons that gave them birth have been long garnered with the past; and the others, if not worthy of such honour, will have served their end in being the offering from hand to hand, expressive of a kindly custom, if not, of a warm and friendly regard.

But passing from the mere holiday issues, which have come upon the literary world this season with something of the force of a freshet, and in character, seemingly, with the furious rainstorms which have deluged England during the month of December, we come once more to the steady stream of current publication, which has set in with the opening of 1873. And here, again, is begun the round of the Magazine clock, for the monthly numbers, with their accustomed regularity, are forward with their initial issues for the new year. But in our limited space, and with the mass of material before us, we can only make a transfer of their dial-plate to these pages, and refer our readers to the periodicals themselves.

Blackwood opens the year with no paper of particular moment, but still sullenly refuses to herd with his shilling confreres. "The Parisians," and "A True Reformer" are continued in its opening pages. "An Arthurian Idyl," and a paper on "Christian Philosophy in England," occupy the balance.

Fraser delivers itself of its editor's (Mr. Froude) phillipic, in the Association Hall, New York, against Father Burke—an indictment equally disastrous to both parties in the Irish controversy. In the subject "Hereditary Improvement," by Mr. F. Galton, the author, ingeniously argues for an improved species of the human family by the influence of "race," as freely developed in the new colonies through emigration, and by "nurture," in an increased attention to physical and sanitary laws. A short sketch of the early career of M. Thiers, and an article on the metaphysician of the days of Queen Anne, the third Lord Shaftesbury, suggested by a resuscitation of the philosopher's works by a German enthusiast, comprise the best part of the remaining pages.

The Contemporary continues Mr. Herbert Spencer's interesting papers on "The Study of Sociology," taking up "Subjective Difficulties—Emotional," as the subject of elucidation. The Rev. Wm. Knight, of Dundee, adds to the literature of the "Prayer-gage," by an article on "The Function of Prayer in

the Economy of the Universe." "Ireland of the Irish," by Mr. O'Connor Morris, and "On Creeds in Church and Chapel," by Mr. Vance Smith, occupy several pages which will attract many readers. Dr. Carpenter contributes a curious paper "On the Hereditary Transmission of Acquired Psychical Habits,"—a contribution which will be read in connection with Mr. Galton's paper in *Fraser*; and a reprint concludes an excellent issue of this important monthly, of Mr. Goldwin Smith's exhaustive article on 'The Labour Movement,' which appeared in our December pages.

The Fortnightly discusses in a paper, by Mr. Frederick Harrison, the "Principle of Authority," and reviews, by the pen of Mr. E. W. Gosse, the course of "Forty Years in the House of Lords" in reference to the question now at the bar of public opinion as to the service to the State of that adjunct to the Imperial legislature.

Cornhill and Temple Bar, in the domain of lighter literature, entertain their readers with the usual quantum of fiction and light essay. An account of the recent "Marriage of the Emperor of China," smuggled from the Celestial land, and the continuation of Miss Thackeray's story "Old Kensington," appears in the former; while a tale "Under Cloak," by the author of "Cometh up as a Flower," and a further instalment of Mr. Wilkie Collins's novel, "The New Magdalen," does duty in the latter.

Macmillan's bill of fare for the month comprises three additional chapters of a "Slip in the Fens"—a story of high promise; the conclusion of Mrs. Oliphant's story, "The Two Marys;" and a paper by Mr. C. J. Wallis on "Constitutional Government in France; its History and Prospects." The latter thoughtfully reviews the present political situation in France; and endeavours to decipher the 'signs of the times.' Considering the political inconstancy of

the French people, this must be the merest guessing. The magazine closes with an able review of Mr. Froude's "English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," by Mr. W. H. Lecky, author of the "History of Rationalism," &c. In earnest language the critic arraigns the author for his intemperate deification of force and success, and his more than Carlylean enthusiasm of despotism. "Partial, intolerant, and intemperate," are the terms applied to the author; and the opinion is expressed that Mr. Froude, in his recent work, has "thrown a new brand of discord into the smouldering embers of Irish discontent."

Fully occupied as the field of periodical literature would seem to be, we still find new claimants for public favour and patronage entering the lists. A new magazine in the interest of the arts and sciences, is announced under the title of "The Practical Magazine." It is to be originally published in England but it be circulated on this side the Atlantic by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston. A prominent feature of the periodical will be its elaborate illustrations, connected with scientific and artistic matters.

A new Canadian venture comes to us from the Lower Provinces, in an elegant and very presentable dress. It is published by the Messrs. Macmillan, of St. John's, N.B., and bears the title of "The Maritime Monthly." It is designed to be an eclectic periodical, though its pages will be open to original matter to some extent. We have also to welcome the advent of a new religious monthly, issued by the Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto, entitled "Earnest Christianity." Its editor is the Rev. Mr. Sutherland, of the city—an eloquent and devout minister of the Methodist body. We wish it an active and prosperous career.

LITERARY NOTES.

A question of some importance to the literary world has arisen with regard to the Lecture on the Irish Question given the other day by Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the invitation of the trustees of one of the Churches in this city, and for the benefit of the Church. Mr. Smith, in accepting the invitation, stipulated that his lecture should not be reported, giving as his reason that he

wished it to appear in an authentic form under his own supervision. Nevertheless, when about to deliver his lecture, he found that reporters were present. He accordingly before commencing explained to the representatives of the press the conditions under which he had consented to lecture, and appealed to them to respect his literary property. One of our two leading journals

reported the appeal and complied with the lecturer's wish. The other suppressed the appeal and published the lecture.

The suppression of the appeal serves to show that the manager of the journal knew what the verdict of society between him and the lecturer would be. His representatives, it was understood, pleaded on his behalf their legal right, having paid for their tickets, to carry away anything they could and make any use of it they choose. Legal right is not moral right; there is a law which is made by Parliament and there is a law which men of honor make for themselves. So far as we know there is nothing in the Statute Book to prevent the editor of a newspaper from publishing private conversation provided he keep clear of the law of libel. The purchase of a ticket for a lecture no more gives the purchaser a moral right to deprive the lecturer of his literary property, than the purchase of a copy of a book gives a right to pirate the contents. In the case of a book, morality is protected by law: in the case of a lecture, it has hitherto been generally guarded by the rules of society and by the respect of the Press for the rights and property of literary men. The Press of the United States enjoys what, in the eyes of men of honor is a somewhat unenviable reputation for "enterprise;" but we believe it habitually respects the property of lecturers; so undoubtedly does the Press of England; and so, we may add, does the Press of Montreal.

The lecturer immediately concerned happens to be one who lectures but seldom, and only for charitable purposes, or in compliance with friendly invitations. His remedy, therefore, if he wishes to escape annoyance, is simple and obvious. But he is not the only or the principal complainant; and in his person a right important both to literary men and the community is imperilled. Public lecturing is a regular calling, and one which, to be carried to perfection, requires a remarkable combination of literary and personal perfection. It exacts much preparation and careful training. At the same time it is one to which the people of this continent owe much and are bound to see justice done. Among a population with little access to books, or too busy to read them, the public lecturer has kept alive intellectual tastes and interests, carrying the lamp of culture into regions where it

might otherwise have been entirely extinguished. The history of the lecturing system in the United States would be that of one of the most beneficent agencies on this continent. Nor is this special utility of the system yet exhausted, even were it likely that the day would ever come when people would prefer the lifeless page to the living presentment of thought and emotion. But it is evident that public lecturing will cease, and that this fountain of popular entertainment and culture will cease to flow, if a lecture which has cost long and laborious preparation, as every good lecture must, is, upon its first delivery, to be reported in the newspapers and rendered unavailable for the future. In the cases of great notabilities, people sometimes go rather to see the man than to hear the lecture; but in general cases, few people will purchase a ticket to hear repeated in the evening what they have read in their morning paper.

A question also arises as to our liberty of addressing a particular audience or congregation without addressing the public in general, as speakers and preachers may often have occasion to do. Is no meeting or society to be allowed to keep its sentiments and affairs to itself without taking legal precautions against publication? Is every pew-owner to be entitled to publish in the newspapers anything which a minister may address to his own congregation? The vulgar lust of publicity which is so rampant in the United States, and which is rapidly spreading in this country, will in the end subvert freedom of speech and reduce all utterances of which a reporter can get hold to a wash of unobjectionable milk and water. Already a fatal effect is being produced on manliness of character and boldness of moral bearing. For one man in the United States who is looking straight to the mark of action there are three looking at their own shadow in the Press.

In general cases social opinion is the only restraint. But in the case of public lecturers there is a definite injury to property against which the law might probably guard. It might perhaps be enacted that a notice in the advertisement and on the tickets that the right of publication is reserved should be equivalent to registration of copyright in the case of a book. Such a provision would be an effectual safeguard, and we see no difficulty in carrying it into effect.

Residents of the New World have not, generally, been much interested in traditional gossip or antiquarian lore. The occupations and pursuits of the present have been the absorbing themes, rather than the records or legends of the past. It has, however, been the incidents which have transpired in the past, and the personages who have already played their part in the drama of life, that have made history for us, and given the student of to-day materials for the entertaining and profitable study we possess.

Compared with the mother-land our antiquities may seem but the things of yesterday; and the chronicles of the past, in which the denizen of the new world has borne a part, may seem bald and vapid when contrasted with those of the peoples from whom we have sprung. But it must be remembered that the old world is rich in her proud annals as the aggregate of fame's wealth derived from conquest and achievement in such lands as ours, and that the lustre which shines on her history has been lit, in some degree, from the events in which we, too, claim to be proud.

It is not only, however, in connection with events in which the old world prides itself, that we have a past that is worthy of study. Events in the new world move rapidly. Within the compass of a few decades we seem to have crowded the interest of a century's history of the old world. A new world has been opened up; nature has been wrestled with; races have been conquered; tribes subdued; civilization has displaced the rude and primitive; savagery has given place to law; the discoverer has become the pioneer; the pioneer the colonist; and from the colony we have now the nation.

In such conflicts and achievements, and in so great a stride in material and moral progress, it could not fail that much that is rich in association, and stirring in story, should result and become the heritage of the present.

And in so far as the stage upon which all this has been enacted, and upon which so many notable personages have figured—"Toronto of old" is concerned—for it is the perusal of the advance sheets of Dr. Scadding's delightful volume, on the Early Annals of Toronto, which has led us into these reflections—it must be matter for extreme gratification that the capital of the Province will now be made to tell its early story. That so much has been preserved of the early annals of Toronto, and of the social life and settlement of the Province, as we find in this work, will surprise while it delights the reader. Thanks, indeed, to the author, whose unwearied research and many years of zeal and industry have gathered for us the results of such a past. In its faithful and graphic pages times gone by re-appear, and every street is made to tell the story of what once was.

On this page, the tradition of the early settler presents itself; on that, we have a picture of the city's budding life. Here, a glance at the Council Halls of the young Province; there, a sketch of one of its prominent characters. This chapter takes a peep at school life and the famous dominion; that, photographs a gathering for worship. This section gossips about a quaint advertisement; that, amusingly depicts early social manners and customs.

In short, as a continuous panorama of colonial life, from its early up-shootings to its latest developments, the work is of abounding interest even to the stranger; and as a repository of everything eventful

in the early annals of the country, it is all-important to the native reader.

Few memorials or reminiscences, which intimately link the present with the past, have been of so unique a character; and rarely has there been a more important contribution to our national literature. Its speedy publication, we feel safe in saying, will be eagerly sought; and there can be no doubt that, when issued, it will find a place in every library in the country.

The work will be published by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co., of Toronto.

The same publishers have in the press an authorized Canadian reprint of Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Lectures on the Study of History," to be issued shortly in a cheap form. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that when these Lectures were delivered the author was Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. The Rev. Canon Liddon, of St. Paul's, in his recently published Lent Lectures on "Some Elements of Religion," after referring to the author as "a distinguished living layman, who certainly cannot be supposed to have approached" the subject "with any strong ecclesiastical bias," quotes, at some length, "the eloquent and sincere words of Professor Goldwin Smith" (on the unapproachable excellence of the historical Christ), as needing "no recommendation or comment." As a tribute from one of the ablest and most effective preachers in the Anglican communion, we gladly substitute Dr. Liddon's remarks for any eulogy of our own.

There is much "excellent fooling" in "My Little Book," by Salathiel Doles, author of, "Etc., Etc.," (Adam, Stevenson & Co.), and something more than fooling, a spice of good-natured satire. Australian and American humour, seem somewhat akin; and yet our author has managed to strike out an original path for himself. Doles does not entrap his readers by bizarre orthography; his fun is dressed, for the most part, in unexceptionable English; and to compare styles, his is a sort of cross between Mark Twain at his best and "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," without his professorial stilts. The inimitable Pat, the Men who have Risen, Jagg, the Australian Boswell and Joe Throttleby, are amongst the best of the many funny sketches in the "Little Book."

Messrs. A. & C. Black are bringing out yet another edition of the "Waverley Novels." It is to be a pocket edition, 16mo. in size, comprised in 25 volumes, and to sell in Canada at 45 cents a volume, in cloth binding. The same publishers have published a new edition of Lord Cockburn's "Memorials of his Time," and "Life of Francis Jeffrey," in 2 vols., at \$3. They have been out of print for some years. Now, no doubt, there will be a revival of their sale.

The joint work of Blanchard Jerrold and Gustave Doré—"London; a Pilgrimage," is now complete. It forms a handsome volume, illustrated by nearly 200 engravings from Doré's drawings—though very Frenchy in their character. A much more natural work, in the way of London illustration, we should say, and one which will be largely subscribed for, is the new publication of Messrs. Cassell—"Old and New London," by Walter Thornbury. The editor is well fitted for his task, as his book, "A Tour round England," shows us, and the publishers have the amplest facilities for accurately and skilfully embellishing the book.